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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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A GROUP OF SYRIAN SINGERS IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO, EGYPT (SEE PAGE 5)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

L. J. E., Blevins, Tenn. Is there any hope that the heathen who died without hearing of Christ may eventually have an opportunity of being saved?

As nothing is revealed to us in the Bible on the subject, it is useless to speculate about it. We may be quite sure that God will deal justly with them. Christ said (Luke 12:48), "He that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes." There can be no question of our duty in the matter, which is to preach the gospel to those still living. Those who are dead are in the hands of God, and of their fate, whatever we may hope, we can know nothing.

Dan Carpenter, Barry, Mo. Was the Babylonian captivity of seventy years a consequence of the people neglecting to observe the Sabbatical years?

The direct cause of the captivity was the repeated revolt of Judah against the power of Babylon. Relying on the help of Egypt, the king broke his promise of fidelity and refused to pay the tribute he had promised to pay. The prophets uttered many warnings against this suicidal course, and still more against the idolatry and accompanying immorality which prevailed. They assured the nation that, beset as Judah was, by dangers from her powerful neighbors, she would be safe, if only she would be faithful to God. But the king and people were continually forsaking him and turning to evil courses, until at last God gave them up to their enemies. This was the cause of the captivity. The neglect of the Sabbatic years, mentioned II. Chronicles 36:21, was only one of many provocations. The writer mentions it incidentally, to show that what the people would not do voluntarily, was done when they were carried away and the land rested seventy years.

M. M. G., New Mayville, Pa. Is it possible to live without sin?

For how long a time? There are hours and possibly days in the Christian experience, during which as it seems to us no conscious sin is committed. But we think few, if any, could point to a year in their lives in which there has been no sin. Temptation comes, or there is some moment when the flesh asserts its power, or when vigilance is relaxed and a sin is committed. The power of Christ to keep those who rely on him, free from sin, is never weakened, but there are times when we trust ourselves, and then we are liable to fall.

Martin R., Brooklyn, N. Y. What Pontiff was it who kicked off the crown of a kneeling monarch?

It is related of Pope Celestine III. (A. D. 1191) that in order to show his prerogative of making and unmaking kings, he kicked the crown off the head of Henry VI., Emperor of Germany, when the latter knelt to him.

B. W., Jersey City, N. J. Are the great foreign public libraries any larger than our own?

The great libraries of England, France and Germany are the accumulations of many generations, and therefore, need not be compared with our Smithsonian, Congressional, Astor, and other collections of comparatively recent date. Few American collections have anything like 100,000 volumes. The State library in Munich, Bavaria, has 900,000; Berlin Library, 800,000; Strasburg, 600,000, and the libraries of Hamburg, Dresden, Leipzig, Heidelberg and Wurzburg follow in diminishing ratio. Much larger than any of these are the collections at the British Museum, London, and Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris.

Mattie D., Covington, Ky. What are the names of the seven stars mentioned in Amos 5?

They are the Pleiades, and their names are Alcyone, Maia, Merope, Electra, Tayageta, Sterope and Celaemo. They are also called the Atlantides and the Hesperides.

E. W. T., Burdickville, Mich. Who are the children of the kingdom, who Christ said (Matt. 8:11, 12) would be cast out?

Primarily, Christ was referring to the Jews. They prided themselves on being the descendants of Abraham. He was warning them that their natural descent did not give them a title to enter the kingdom of God. There were other people whom they despised who, being regenerated, would be admitted to heaven, while they, in spite of natural descent from Abraham, would be cast out. His words also apply to people in Christian countries who having a knowledge of the things of God, do not live according to their knowledge. They, too, will see people who had not their advantages, admitted while they themselves are excluded.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF OTTAWA, CAN.

Ottawa is the capital of the Dominion and of Carleton County, and has a population of over 50,030. The census of 1891 gave it as 44,154. It is the seat of government and the residence of the Governor-General. The city lies on the south bank of the Ottawa river. Many of the public buildings—notably the Parliament House, Public Library, and Rideau Hall, rank among the finest specimens of architecture on the American Continent. The photograph is taken from "Government Hill."

L. B., Pittsfield, Mass. 1. Should a child of nine years, who has been received into church fellowship, be allowed to partake of the Lord's Supper? 2. Does not a child violate a temperance pledge by communing at that age?

1. If the child was deemed fit for church-membership, there is no reason for forbidding him to come to the Lord's table. He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," would surely be pleased to see a child at his table, if the child has given his heart into his keeping. 2. All the temperance pledges we have seen permit the signer to drink wine at the Lord's Supper.

Ebb, Louisville, Kans. Is it the duty of a Christian to persevere in showing kindness to a neighbor, when that neighbor is ungrateful, and by misrepresentation alienates other friends? Or should he hold no further communication with such a neighbor?

There are cases of extreme misconduct which justify a complete severance of friendly relations (see Matthew 18:16, 17), but that is only a last resort, after other measures have failed. If you are trying to be like God, you will be kind "even to the unthankful and the evil." Perhaps by continuing your friendship you may redeem your neighbor. At least you will be setting him a good example in returning good for evil. If you can help him to be a better man, you will render him good service, and incidentally your own soul will be helped by the exercise. There is no need for intimate friendship, but both you and he would be the better for your continuing neighborly kindnesses.

Mrs. Charles O., Hull Prairie, Ohio. As I take your paper and am very much interested in its pages, I thought to address you for the purpose of ascertaining about the church at Porto Rico. I saw a piece telling about the church there and we would be glad to help in some way. We are a small church ourselves, but are doing quite well as we are prospered.

The intention is to open up Sunday School work in Porto Rico, and we are now making the necessary arrangements. Any sums sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for that work will be duly acknowledged and applied.

Wm. G., Wilmington, Del. Why is God's name not mentioned in the book of Esther?

It is supposed that the author was fearful of causing offence to persons in the Persian court, and possibly provoking a persecution of those Jews, who were then captives in Persia.

——, Montreal, Can. What is the difference between the Methodist, the Methodist Episcopal and the Episcopal churches?

Between the first two there is, we believe, no doctrinal difference. In England, the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist churches are governed by general conferences. In the United States there is also a general conference, but bishops are elected to have the oversight of the churches. In England the Methodist churches have no bishops. The third church you mention is, we suppose, the Protestant Episcopal Church, which is practically identical with the Church of England. That also has bishops, but it differs from the Methodist churches in its services, having a liturgy, in its requirements as to membership and in its church government. From its thirty-nine articles, which any clergyman will show you, you can see wherein it differs from the Methodist Church.

L. M., St. Thomas, Ont. How could the Israelites in the wilderness tempt Christ, as stated in 1. Cor. 10:19, when they knew nothing about him?

The passage does not say that they tempted Christ. The Apostle urges his readers not to tempt Christ by such misconduct as the Israelites were guilty of. The wording of the Authorized Version is unfortunate, and the construction you put upon it has often been made. In the Revised Version, it reads, "tempt the Lord," which is more reasonable.

Subscriber, Selma, Cal. What is the cost and time required to train a Christian worker?

The cost of training at the Moody Institute is $100 a year. The time required is usually two years.

B. S., Holton, Kans. Does the prohibition in Rev. 22:18 against adding to or taking away, apply to that particular book or to the whole Bible? If the latter, is not the Revised Version, which does omit certain verses a violation of it?

It is generally believed to apply to the Book of Revelation. It is by no means certain that it was the last of the New Testament books written. The Gospel of John and the Epistle to the Hebrews, both appear to be of later date. If this is true, the prohibition could not apply to the whole Bible, as some parts of it were not written. In any case, the Revisers would not incur the penalty, as their whole effort was concentrated on making our version accurate and bringing it into accord with the oldest manuscripts in existence.

Reader, Hamilton, Can. Is there any sufficient reason why churches should not be kept open every day in the week, as a refuge for any person who wishes to spend a quiet moment?

Many churches are so kept open, but they are as a rule little used. If a majority, or even a large proportion of the membership of a church desired it, the matter could be easily arranged. Many people, however, are so favorably situated that they can secure privacy in their homes if they so desire, and can there enter into their closet and, shutting the door, commune with their Father. A prayer is not any the more likely to be heard for being presented in a church.

K. A. L., Richfield Springs, N. Y. When was the first census taken, of which history makes any record?

The earliest is believed to have been taken in China in 2042 B. C. Moses (about 1491 B. C.), laid down the law regulating the Israelitish census, which was probably taken after the Egyptain model. It is doubtful whether the most ancient census included the whole population, or had reference only to the property-owning or tax-paying portion. Slaves were probably omitted.

A. J., Stevens Point, Wis. Does God send evil spirits as implied in 1. Samuel 16:14?

The author of the book conceived of Saul's madness as a punishment from God, as it undoubtedly was. At that time, both mental and physical disease were attributed to evil spirits. It was, therefore, in accord with generally accepted ideas, for the writer to reconcile the two theories by representing God as sending the evil spirit. The mystery of evil we cannot solve, but we may be sure that in all the universe, there is no being beyond God's control.

M. McD., Des Moines, Ia. Is it a sin for a son or daughter, twenty-one years of age, to disobey their father and mother?

The injunction to filial obedience is not affected by age. (See Eph. 6:1.) After a child has reached manhood or womanhood, however, the paternal authority should be relaxed to suit changed conditions and responsibilities. Any command by the parent which conflicts with the conscience of the young man or woman, may be set aside. (Matt. 10:35; Eph. 6:1-4; Col. 3:21.) When a child has reached the age of discretion, there is no moral compulsion to obey an unrighteous command, even though given by a parent.

W. A. L., Milwaukee, Wis. We believe not.

T. B. E., Clifton, Va. Apply to the Light-House Board, Washington, D. C.

Annie S., Dickinson, Va. Any good U. S. history will give you the desired information.

Subscriber, Chittenango, N. Y. 1. Protestant. 2. Send to the nearest hospital, mission, or prison.

Subscriber, Shamokin, Pa. See "Proper Names" as an appendix to Webster's and Worcester's Dictionaries.

J. P. R., Pleasant Lake, Ind. 1. No; he is a writer on phrenology. 2. You should place no confidence in the claims of such persons.

Lucy C. S., Burnettsville, Ind. John R. Spears has written a book on the subject. Write to Scribner's or Harper's, New York.

C. J. B., Greencastle, Ind. The lines occur in Milton's sonnet on his blindness, and were probably based on the incident recorded in I. Sam. 30:23, 24.

Albert J. G., Aurora, Ind. The leading authorities, both secular and ecclesiastical, are agreed upon the definition of usury as it appeared in THE MAIL-BAG.

Anxious, Harrison, Tenn. Use medium size, ruled paper, written on one side, and with the lines wide apart. A margin of from an inch to an inch and a half should be left at each side.

Reader, Edward S. Ellis, in his standard history, says Mason and Dixon's line includes "the western boundary of Delaware, which is to all intents and purposes part of the same line."

ON THE GREAT ALASKAN TRAIL

Philanthropic and Christian Work Among the Miners—Preaching the Gospel in Tents, on Icy Highways and on the Great Glaciers — A Battle with Mosquitoes — Honest Indians and Dishonest Whites—An Interesting Letter From a Traveler on the Trail

AMONG the many thousands who have gone to Alaska during the last twelve months, there are probably less than a score who have not been lured thither by the passion for gold. Those rare exceptions are the little handful of devoted Gospel workers, who have braved the icy dangers of that frigid land for what is infinitely more precious than the product of the richest mines—for the sake of winning souls to Christ. Our readers will be interested in the following account (written by one of those missionary laborers), of the work now carried on in the famous Copper River Valley of Alaska, and along the trail into the interior:

REV. F. L. BENEDICT

"Almost every profession is represented among the multitude attracted to that country. I found preachers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, brokers, and mechanics of all trades. It was not a conglomerate mass of hoodlums, but men of families—respectable men, with loved ones at home who were mindful of the absent. The work began on board the steamer bound for Valdes, situated on the most northerly arm of Prince William Sound. Services were held in the cabin of the steamer, to which nearly all of the seventy odd passengers came and listened to the 'Old, old Story.' At the close of the service, on the suggestion of one of the men, an offering was taken (amounting to $6.75), and it was voted to use this in mission work in Alaska.

"After the service, a large number of the men introduced themselves to me. I found men of all denominations, some of whom were officials in church societies at home. They showed much interest in the prospect of having divine services on the trail and in the interior wherever a settlement was founded. Many of the men gave me their personal pledge of support, both in building a chapel and in carrying on the work; but alas! all those gilt-lined hopes have vanished as the mist before the sun, and many of those men are home again.

"A few days after landing at Valdes, a Christian Endeavor Society was organized with a membership of about fifteen. That it still exists, the accompanying photograph bears evidence. At first services were held in an eight-by-ten tent; but it was too small, and after a time a large tent was secured. Still later, a log cabin was erected, and in this building services are held each Sabbath. Nor did the society confine itself within the walls of that snug log cabin; but reached out to grander achievements. A tent was placed on the glacier at a convenient point, where men, returning from the interior over the glacier, could find shelter and good warm blankets to sleep in. This work of love alone has been the means of lessening the hardships to be encountered in a trip across the glacier during the summer; and possibly in the saving of life.

"As to the services on the trail, they were held as often as possible, and genuine interest was manifested. The men wore their hats; so did the preacher. The air being quite cool, this was necessary, but when the preacher removed his hat during the prayer, every other hat came off reverently.

"It may seem a simple thing, but it was very impressive, and when we prayed, 'God watch between us and our loved ones at home,' many a brawny hand stole toward the eye, to wipe away a tear. It was the time of all times, when we thought of home. Some of the men had their Bibles with them. In fact, there were very few men on the trail who did not have a Bible or Testament.

AN AUCTION SALE ON THE VALDES TRAIL

THREE SONS OF CHIEF STICKWAN

AN INDIAN SQUAW AND CHILD

"There was an odd incident connected with one of our services during the summer. It was a sultry day—hardly a breath of air was stirring—consequently, the mosquitoes were every where. The meeting, which was well attended, was no sooner opened than preacher and congregation were set upon by myriads of these pests. The northern mosquito has a method of presenting its bill, peculiarly its own. There is no harp-string solo to lull the victims to passive moods; he seems to come at you with his suction pump extended, much after the fashion of a ram. When he lights, it is usually with sufficient force to cause this ram to penetrate the skin; and he is down to business in an instant. For a time it seemed as though we would have to disband.

"There were several funerals on the trail, at two of which the preacher officiated. One was a Catholic, but the trail is a place where denominational lines are wholly obliterated. We were not Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, or even Catholics there; we were men away from home and loved ones; away from the sanctuary, and its blessed privileges, and we wanted spiritual comfort for our lonely hearts, so we worked along the line of thought in II. Cor. 1:3, 4.

"The Indians of that region belong to the Greek Church, and, although they have no places of worship, yet they are strong in their faith. We had read of the 'savages' on the Copper River, and that many massacres had occurred; but from what evidence we were able to gather, it is believed the massacres were on the part of the perpetrators of the story, and that they frightfully massacred the truth. The fact of the matter is, most of the Indians have more truth and honesty about them than many white men. Chief Stickwan preached one of the most powerful sermons on stealing that we had heard. Some thieving white men had broken into a *cache* belonging to the chief. When he discovered the theft he was angry, and came over to a large camp to let the white man know that such things would not be tolerated. His English vocabulary was very limited, but he managed, by acting out his thought, to preach a sound lesson. Pointing toward his *cache*, he said, 'White man, steal gun, furs.' It seemed a shot-gun and a few of his best furs were gone, the thief, or thieves having gained an entrance by deliberately breaking the door from its hinges. Looking fiercely on the attentive group, he repeated, 'White man steal, white man no good!' Then, throwing down on the ground his knife and a few other things, he very dramatically pointed to them, and in his best English, said: 'Indian leave.' Flourishing his hand he then added, 'Indian go way. Bym-by, Indian back. Find there. Indian no steal. White man steal. White man no good!' I think the reader will be able to gather the idea. It is this: When an Indian left anything along the trail, he could always find it where he had put it, for no other Indian would touch it; but the white man, seeing the things apparently without an owner, appropriates them to his own use.

"It would not have been safe for the thief, had he been found in that camp. There was some talk of finding him and shooting him in the presence of the Indians, to let them understand how the white man regarded a thief. It was never executed, however. The men did all that was in their power, and gave the chief flour and clothing.

"Sometime after this occurrence, Chief Stickwan came into my tent to buy sugar. I sold him a dollar's worth, and when he handed me the money, I gave half of it to my partner, and it seemed to puzzle him. Looking curiously at me, he touched my knee with his hand, saying, with gesture, 'Why.' I tried to make him understand he was my partner. He seemed to grasp the idea, and patting me on the knee, he said, 'Good.' I told the old chief that all white men did not steal. He grasped the idea, and quickly replied, holding up two fingers, 'No, two white men, steal.'

THE ENDEAVOR LOG CABIN

"At another time, when Stickwan and his wife had their picture taken, he pointed at the kodak, then at himself, and asked, 'me die?' He thought, in his superstition, that to have his picture taken, would, in some way, bewitch him, and he would die. When, however, it was explained to him that when he did die his wife could see his picture, he was comforted, and smiled his sweetest for the kodak. It took the combined efforts of four of us, for half an hour, to make him understand this.

"The Indians of that country are fast dying out. Nearly every one we met had a consumptive cough, and asked repeatedly for medicine. F. L. BENEDICT."

A COPPER RIVER INDIAN FAMILY

[Rev. F. L. Benedict, our correspondent, left the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church, at Elmira, N. Y., to undertake mission work in the gold fields of Alaska, hoping, if possible, to support himself, and to be aided by the miners. The Presbytery sanctioned the movement, and every preacher he consulted advised him to go. No gold was found, and nearly all the miners returned, leaving not more than 300 to winter there, and these anticipated proceeding up the Copper River and over the divide into the Yukon country. Mr. Benedict could get no support from the Presbyterian Board because of a lack of funds, and the miners were helpless themselves. No permanent work could be carried on in the Copper River district, so he returned.]

A Curious Tree

There is a curious tree in Australia known as the "Angry Tree." It grows rapidly, reaching usually the height of eighty feet. At sunset the leaves fold up and the tender twigs coil tightly. If the shoots are handled the leaves rustle and move uneasily for a time. If this queer plant is moved from one spot to another, the leaves stand out in all directions, like the quills on a porcupine. A most pungent and sickening odor, said to esemble that given off by rattlesnakes when angered, fills the air, and it is only after an hour or so that the leaves fold in the natural way. Some unfortunate people are, by nature, as irritable as this tree. It is useless to bid them "control" the disposition. Their only help is in a change of nature which comes through [illegible] on the loving power of Christ.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

A New Year's Greeting

A New Year's Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Genesis 47: 8, ... } How old art thou?

THE Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges there had been brought to it from India frank incense and cinnamon and ivory and diamonds; from the north, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and silks; from Greece, some of the finest horses of the world, and some of the most brilliant chariots; and from all the earth that which could best please the eye, and charm the ear and gratify the taste. There were temples aflame with red sandstone, entered by the gateways that were guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphics and wound with brazen serpents and adorned with winged creatures—their eyes and beaks and pinions glittering with precious stones. There were marble columns blooming into white flower-beds; there were stone pillars, at the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom.

Along the avenues, lined with sphinx and fane and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palanquins, carried by servants in scarlet, or elsewhere drawn by vehicles, the snow-white horses, golden-bitted, and six abreast, dashing at full run. On floors of moasic the glories of Pharaoh were spelled out in letters of porphyry and beryl and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wood of tamarisk, embossed with silver breaking into foam. There were footstools made out of a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hides of leopards. There were sofas footed with the claws of wild beasts, and armed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea on a summer day, and look either way, and there are miles of breakers, white with the ocean foam, dashing shoreward, so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles flung itself up into white breakers of marble temple, mausoleum and obelisk.

It was to this capital and the palace of Pharaoh that Jacob, the plain shepherd, came to meet his son Joseph, who had become Prime Minister, in the royal apartment. Pharaoh and Jacob met, dignity and rusticity, the gracefulness of the court and the plain manners of the field. The king, wanting to make the old countryman at ease, and seeing how white his beard is and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into his face and says to the aged man: "How old art thou?"

Last night the gate of Eternity opened to let in, amid the great throng of departed centuries, the soul of the dying year. Under the twelfth stroke of the brazen hammer of the city clock the patriarch fell dead, and the stars of the night were the funeral torches. It is most fortunate that on this road of life there are so many mile-stones, on which we can read just how fast we are going toward the journey's end. I feel that it is not an inappropriate question that I ask to-day, when I look into your faces, and say, as Pharaoh did to Jacob, the patriarch: "How old art thou?"

People who are truthful on every other subject lie about their ages, so that I do not solicit from you any literal response to the question I have asked. I would put no one under temptation; but I simply want, this morning, to see by what rod it is we are measuring our earthly existence. There is a right way and a wrong way of measuring a door, or a wall or an arch, or a tower; and so there is a right way and a wrong way of measuring our earthly existence. It is with reference to this higher meaning that I confront you this morning with the stupendous question of the text, and ask: "How old art thou?"

There are many who estimate their life by mere worldly gratification. When Lord Dundas was wished a happy New Year, he said: "It will have to be a happier year than the past, for I hadn't one happy moment in all the twelve months that have gone." But that has not been the experience of most of us. We have found that though the world is blasted with sin, it is a very bright and beautiful place to reside in. We have had joys innumerable. There is no hostility between the gospel and the merriments and the festivities of life. I do not think that we fully enough appreciate the worldly pleasures God gives us. How many joys have breathed up to you from the flowers, and shone down to you from the stars, and chanted to you with the voice of soaring bird, and tumbling cascade, and booming sea, and thunders that with bayonets of fire charged down the mountain-side! Joy! Joy! Joy! If there is any one who has a right to the enjoyments of the world, it is the Christian, for God has given him a lease of everything in the promise: "All are yours." But I have to tell you that a man who estimates his life on earth by mere worldly gratification is a most unwise man. Our life is not to be a game of chess. It is not a dance in lighted hall, to quick music. It is not the froth of an ale-pitcher. It is not the settlings of a wine-cup. It is not a banquet, with intoxication and roystering. It is the first step on a ladder that mounts into the skies, or the first step on a road that plunges into a horrible abyss. "How old art thou?" Toward what destiny are you tending, and how fast are you getting on toward it?

Again, I remark that there are many who estimate their life on earth by their sorrows and misfortunes. Through a great many of your lives the ploughshare hath gone very deep, turning up a terrible furrow. You have been betrayed, and misrepresented, and set upon, and slapped of impertinence, and pounded of misfortune. The brightest life must have its shadows, and the smoothest path its thorns. On the happiest brood the hawk pounces. No escape from trouble of some kind.

And yet it is unfair to measure a man's life by his misfortunes, because where there is one stalk of nightshade there are fifty marigolds and harebells; where there is one cloud thunder-charged, there are hundreds that stray across the heavens, the glory of land and sky, asleep in their bosom. Because death came and took your child away, did you immediately forget all the five years, or the ten years, or the fifteen years, in which she came every night for a kiss, all the tones of your heart pealing forth at the sound of her voice or the soft touch of her hand? Because in some financial Euroclydon your fortune went into the breakers, did you forget all those years in which the luxuries and extravagances of life showered on your pathway? Alas, that is an unwise man, an ungrateful man, an unfair man, an unphilosophic man, and, most of all, an unchristian man, who measures his life on earth by groans, and tears, and abuse, and scorn, and neuralgic thrust.

Again, I remark that there are many people who estimate their life on earth by the amount of money they have accumulated. They say, "The year 1866, or 1870, or 1898, was wasted." Why? "Made no money." Now, it is all cant and insincerity to talk against money, as though it had no value. It may represent refinement, and education, and ten thousand blessed surroundings. It is the spreading of the table that feeds the children's hunger. It is the lighting of the furnace that keeps you warm. It is the making of the bed on which you rest from care and anxiety. It is the carrying of you out at last to decent sepulchre, and the putting up of the slab on which is chiseled the story of your Christian hope. It is simply hypocrisy, this tirade in pulpit and lecture-hall against money.

But while all this is so, he who uses money or thinks of money as anything but a means to an end, will find out his mistake when the glittering treasures slip out of his nerveless grasp, and he goes out of this world without a shilling of money or a certificate of stock. He might better have been the Christian porter that opened his gate, or the begrimed workman who last night heaved the coal into his cellar. Bonds and mortgages and leases have their use, but they make a poor yardstick with which to measure life. "They that boast themselves in their wealth and trust in the multitude of their riches, none of them can, by any means, redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him, that he should not see corruption."

But I remark, there are many—I wish there were more—who estimate their life by their moral and spiritual development.

It is not sinful egotism for a Christian man to say, "I am purer than I used to be. I am more consecrated to Christ than I used to be. I have got over a great many of the bad habits in which I used to indulge. I am a great deal better man than I used to be." There is no sinful egotism in that. There are Christian men here who have become swarthy by hammering at the forge of calamity. They stand on an entirely different plane of character from that which they once occupied. They are measuring their life on earth by golden-gated Sabbaths, by pentecostal prayer-meetings, by communion-tables, by baptismal fonts, by hallelujahs in the temple. The darkest night their soul is irradiated, as was the night over Bethlehem, by the faces of those who have come to proclaim glory and good cheer. They are only waiting for the gate to open and the chains to fall off and the glory to begin.

I remark again: There are many—and I wish there were more—who are estimating life by the good they can do.

John Bradford said he counted that day nothing at all in which he had not, by pen or tongue, done some good. If a man begin right, I cannot tell how many tears he may wipe away, how many burdens he may lift, how many orphans he may comfort, how many outcasts he may reclaim. There have been men who have given their whole life in the right direction, concentrating all their wit and ingenuity and mental acumen and physical force and enthusiasm for Christ. They climbed the mountain and delved into the mine and crossed the sea and trudged the desert and dropped, at last, into martyr's graves, waiting for the resurrection of the just. They measured their lives by the chains they broke off, by the garments they put upon nakedness, by the miles they traveled to alleviate every kind of suffering. They felt in the thrill of every nerve, in the motion of every muscle, in every throb of their heart, in every respiration of their lungs, the magnificent truth: "No man liveth unto himself." They went through cold and through heat, foot-blistered, cheek-smitten, back-scourged, tempest-lashed, to do their whole duty. That is the way they measured life—by the amount of good they could do.

Now, I do not know what your advantages or disadvantages are; I do not know what your tact or talent is; I do not know what may be the fascination of your manners or the repulsiveness of them: but I know this: there is for you, my hearer, a field to culture, a harvest to reap, a tear to wipe away, a soul to save. If you have worldly means, consecrate them to Christ. If you have eloquence, use it on the side that Paul and Wilberforce used theirs. If you have learning, put it all into the poor box of the world's suffering. But if you have none of these—neither wealth, nor eloquence, nor learning—you, at any rate, have a smile with which you can encourage the disheartened; a frown with which you may blast injustice; a voice with which you may call the wanderer back to God. "Oh," you say, "that is a very sanctimonious view of life!" It is not. It is the only bright view of life, and it is the only bright view of death. Contrast the death-scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard with the death-scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Or, compare it with the Christian death-bed that you witnessed in your own household. Oh, my friends, this world is a false god! It will consume you with the blaze in which it accepts your sacrifice, while the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance, and when the thrones have fallen, and the monuments have crumbled, and the world has perished, they shall banquet with the hierarchs of heaven.

This is a good day in which to begin a new style of measurement. How old art thou? You see the Christian way of measuring life and the worldly way of measuring it. I leave it to you to say which is the wisest and best way. The wheel of time has turned very swiftly, and it has hurled us on. The old year has gone. The new year has come. For what you and I have been launched upon it, God only knows. Now let me ask you all. Have you made any preparation for the future? You have made preparation for time, my dear brother; have you made any preparation for eternity? Do you wonder that when that man on the Hudson River, in indignation, tore up the tract which was handed to him, and just one word landed on his coat-sleeve—the rest of the tract being pitched into the river—that one word aroused his soul? It was that one word, so long, so broad, so high, so deep—"eternity!" A dying woman, in her last moments, said, "Call it back." They said, "What do you want?" "Time," she said, "call it back!" Oh, it cannot be called back! We might lose our fortunes and call them back; we might lose our health, and, perhaps, recover it; we might lose our good name and get that back; but time gone is gone forever.

Some of you, during the past year, made preparation for eternity, and it makes no difference to you really, as to the matter of safety, whether you go now or go some other year—whether this year or the next year. Both your feet on the rock, the waves may dash around you. You can say, "God is our refuge and strength—a very present help." You are on the rock, and you may defy all earth and hell to overthrow you. I congratulate you. I give you great joy. It is a happy new year to you.

I can see no sorrow at all in the fact that our years are going. You hear some people say, "I wish I could go back again to boyhood." I would not want to go back again to boyhood. I am afraid I might make a worse life out of it than I have made. You could not afford to go back to boyhood if it were possible. You might do a great deal worse than you have done. The past is gone! Look out for the future! To all Christians it is a time of gladness. I am glad the years are going. You are coming on nearer home. Let your countenance light up with the thought. Nearer home!

Does not our common-sense teach us that it is better to be at the centre than to be clear out on the rim of the wheel, holding nervously fast to the tire lest we be suddenly hurled into light, and eternal felicity? Through all kinds of optical instruments trying to peer in through the cracks and the keyholes of heaven—afraid that both doors of the celestial mansion will be swung wide open before our entranced vision—rushing about among the apothecary shops of this world, wondering if this is good for rheumatism, and that is good for neuralgia, and something else is good for a bad cough, lest we be suddenly ushered into a land of everlasting health where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick."

In 1835 the French resolved that at Ghent they would have a kind of musical demonstration that had never been heard of. It would be made up of the chimes of bells and the discharge of cannon. The experiment was a perfect success. What with the ringing of the bells and the report of the ordnance, the city trembled, and the hills shook with the triumphal march that was as strange as it was overwhelming. With a most glorious accompaniment will God's dear children go into their high residence, when the trumpets shall sound and the Last Day has come. At the signal given, the bells of the towers, and of the lighthouses, and of the cities, will strike their sweetness into a last chime that shall ring into the heavens and float off upon the sea, joined by the boom of bursting mine and magazine, augmented by all the cathedral towers of heaven—the harmonies of earth and the symphonies of the celestial realm making up one great triumphal march, fit to celebrate the ascent of the redeemed to where they shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

FEEDING HAVANA'S POOR

President McKinley Orders Supplies of Food and Medicine to be Distributed Forthwith Through the War Department—Private Co-operation Invited—Opening Gospel Work

IN pursuance of the policy long since announced with regard to relief work in Cuba, President McKinley has issued an order to the Secretary of War, directing that commissary, quartermaster and medical supplies be immediately distributed to the starving Cubans in Havana and Guines. Although these two places are named in the official order, it is understood that the relief is by no means to be confined to Havana and vicinity, but will be extended to all parts of the island, wherever the need is found to exist. Secretary Alger has communicated the order to Gen. Lee, commanding Havana Province, urging that it be carried out without delay.

It is learned that the need of the Cuban poor was very urgently brought to the President's attention recently by reliable persons who had just returned from that island, and who represented the distress in Havana Province as being widespread and appalling. After issuing the order to the War Department, setting the relief work in operation, the President, it is said, expressed the hope that the people of the United States would aid in the work, and that every charitable organization and individual would co-operate. He had nearly completed an arrangement with Gen. Garcia before the latter's death for the payment of $100 to each soldier in the Cuban Army, and he thought that much of this money would be used by the men themselves for buying oxen and ploughs. This would probably amount to some $2,000,000 and if half of it was used for this purpose, it would go far toward supplying this great agricultural need. This money was not to be taken from the United States Treasury, but was to be advanced on pledge of return from the revenues collected at the Custom House in Havana.

In the western part of the island, it is reliably learned that the conditions among the poor are much better than in Havana and vicinity, and that ample rations are supplied at Santiago and other points to prevent the possibility of any of the Cubans suffering by hunger.

THE Y. M. C. A. TENT AT MANILA

To Begin Gospel Work in Cuba

"TRANSPORT *Michigan*, Dec. 13.

"*Editor 'The Christian Herald':*

"As soon as orders came for the departure of the 7th Army Corps to Havana, the Army Y. M. C. A., which has been with the 7th Corps since the war broke out, made preparations to leave with them. An order was issued by Gen. Lee, and also by Adj.-Gen. Corbin for the free transportation of all supplies, including those of the Secretary. I have been the Secretary in the 2nd Illinois Regiment since last summer, when the regiment was stationed in Jacksonville, Fla. We moved to Savannah, Ga., in October, and our stay there will long be remembered in the hearts of the men on account of the kindness shown to us by the people of Savannah. Wealthy and cultured ladies would leave their beautiful homes, and come out to the camps. Thanksgiving day they furnished a fine dinner to the entire army, and even came out to the camps to serve it. The spiritual welfare of the men was also well looked after. Services were held by prominent ministers and evangelists. Many of the men came forward and resolved to lead better lives. I have seen many touching incidents—one in particular, which I wish to relate. It was at a Sunday afternoon service. The speaker had been referring to the homes and mothers of the men. After the meeting, I spoke to a young soldier. He was anxious to talk with me, and said he was worse than a drunkard. He was a gambler, and the vice had taken a terrible hold upon him. He said he had a good mother, and showed me a letter from her, begging him to be a good boy. He was open to conviction, and I talked to him of Jesus, who can help us overcome all things. I asked him to pray for forgiveness. With tears running down his cheeks, and sobs shaking his body, he bowed his head and prayed. Then I prayed with him, and I believe there was joy in heaven that day over one saved soul.

"On our departure from Savannah, the 2nd Illinois regiment was assigned to the transport *Michigan*, and on Friday, December 9, they marched down to the wharf to embark. There was some delay and confusion about loading, so that it was Saturday night before we sailed down the river. It was a cold and rainy day. The transport was formerly a cattle ship, and was not in good condition to carry men. They were packed in like sheep. On account of the small capacity, we were obliged to leave one battalion behind. When once out to sea, the weather was better. We expect to reach Havana to-night. The temperature is seventy-two degrees in the shade. On account of the crowded condition of the men, we couldn't hold a service, but the chaplain, Dr. Bolton, has been busy taking to the men.

"As soon as we land in Havana, I shall have a large tent put up, and do all I can for the comfort of the men. If the people of the north could only realize the dangers the men are exposed to morally, I am sure they would do all they could to keep up this work. I believe it is the only way of saving many a boy from ruin. I am going where I know there will be many harships and dangers. I am almost alone in my mission; but I love the boys, and if need be, I am willing to die trying to help them lead a better life. My prayer is that you will not forget your boys in Cuba. E. H. CHAPIN,"

Army Y.M.C.A. Sec'y, 2d Ill. V. I., Havana, Cuba.

Y. M. C. A. Work at Manila

From far-off Manila comes the news that Y. M. C. A. work in the Philippines has actually opened. Messrs. Chas. A. Glunz and F. A. Jackson, writing to the Association in New York City, under recent date, says:

We have three meetings on Sundays: at 10:00, 3:00 and 7:30, with sermons by chaplains, and prayer-meetings Thursday evenings. Frank held a service with the Third Artillery, across the river, last Sunday evening, and on Wednesday evening organized a Y. M. C. A., which we expect to complete this evening.

The troops are doing guard duty all over the city, so are quite scattered, companies being placed in different sections. All the police and fire stations are being used, as well as a number of the barracks. There being no available buildings near the centre of the city, owing to the crowded condition of the troops, we have made application for ground near the large bridge across the Pasig river, upon which to erect our tent. This will be in a central location, and will be handy for many men.

THE MUSIC OF SYRIA.

(See illustration on first page.)

MUSIC had its birth in the Orient, and from the days of Jubal to the present time, a multitude of skilful methods of producing the "concord of sweet sounds" has been devised, many of which are still in use. It has been remarked by critics that the music of the East, with the exception of the Hebrew, is plaintive in character. Our illustration on the first page of this issue presents a scene that will be recognized by many who have traveled in the East. It is a group of Syrian singers—traveling musicians—of the class who perform for public or private entertainment. In Syrian homes, music often forms a prominent feature of the hospitality, and the zither (or an instrument closely resembling it), the tambourine and drum are used on such occasions. Syrian vocalism is usually rather shrill, but pleasanter to the ear than Arab singing, which is doleful in the extreme. Such a concert of voices and instruments, as our photograph represents, would probably be enjoyed by European or American auditors more as a unique feature of Oriental social life than as a musical treat. The picturesque figures, the weird and often discordant music, and the charm of the old-world surroundings, combine to make it sufficiently interesting, wholly apart from considerations of musical culture. Sometimes the strain is a grave, dignified, or cheerful one, but never sprightly, and there is in it no quality of genuine gayety such as is found in the music of the West. The Hebrews alone have preserved and developed the wondrous musical genius which had its birth in ancient Egypt and Assyria, but which, save among the Chosen Race, seems to have long ago died out in the Orient.

These Syrian musical itinerants have much in common with the wandering minstrels of colder climes. The old "minnesingers" and harpers of Europe sang of great heroes and glorious victories, and they kept alive in song many a tale and tradition that must otherwise have been forgotten. In the East, too, the vagrant players sometimes tell, in their droning recitative, of the deeds of other days. The Arab story-teller, like the singer, delights to laud bravery and daring. But in a majority of instances, the music evoked by the itinerants is a simple, thrumming melody, accompanied by a chant, which is often apparently as meaningless as it is unmusical.

THE LEPER MISSIONARY

The Extraordinary Recovery from Leprosy of Miss Mary Reed, of Pithoragarh, India

MANY of our readers were deeply interested in the thrilling story of Mary Reed, the leper missionary, which Dr. Louis Albert Banks told in this journal on June 9, 1897. They will be

MISS MARY REED

delighted to hear the sequel to that story which has just been received with a photograph of the lady, which we reproduce in this column.

Miss Reed is a native of Lowell, Washington Co., O., where she was born December, 1854. For several years she taught school in neighboring towns, until the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, accepted her offer to go as a missionary to India. She arrived in that land September, 1884, and began work at Cawnpore.

It will be remembered that Miss Reed, who had been laboring among the lepers of India, was on her way to her home in Ohio for a brief period of rest and recuperation, when she saw, with consternation, spots on her hand and arm which she recognized as the first symptoms of leprosy. She had seen too many victims of the dread disease to have any doubt about the nature of the malady which produced these ominous spots. But in order to satisfy others, she consulted eminent specialists in London and Paris, and they confirmed her own diagnosis.

She immediately came to the conclusion that her terrible condition was a direct indication of God's will as to her future course. Instead of collapsing under the discovery and lamenting the evil which was blasting her young life, she turned her face toward the abode of those similarly afflicted, and promptly returned to India to give her life to service among the lepers. On her arrival her friends were inexpressibly shocked to learn the cause of her sudden and unexpected return. They begged her to consult the famous brigade-surgeon of India, Dr. J. H. Condon, whose knowledge of the diseases of India is unsurpassed. To content them she consented, though she foresaw the opinion he unhesitatingly pronounced, that she was undoubtedly a leper. He gave her the usual directions and prescribed for her the remedies which alleviate the sufferings of the victims of the disease. Miss Reed also asked the prayers of her friends and then, bidding them farewell forever, went direct to the leper settlement at Pithoragarh, to give the remainder of her days to ministry among the afflicted inmates.

For some months past the letters that have reached her Ohio home from her retreat, have described her health as wonderfully improving. Now, to the surprise and joy of her friends, there has come extraordinary news. Miss Reed has paid another visit to Dr. Condon, and to his own surprise as much as to that of all who know her case, he pronounces her cured. "I am cured," Miss Reed writes, "not by medicines, but by the Great Physician in answer to prayer." So marvelous a recovery is a matter for devout thankfulness, and it will bring joy to the many people in this land, who have made her case a matter of prayer.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

CHRIST'S FIRST MIRACLE

S. S. Lesson for January 15. John 2: 1-11

Golden Text, John 2: 11

BY REV. W. HAYES.

OUR Lord's temptation seems to have closely followed his baptism by John the Baptist (Matt. 3: 13-17; 4: 1-11). He had now returned to Galilee, from whence he had come to Bethabara beyond Jordan (John 1: 28), where John the Baptist had borne testimony to him, and where he had called his first disciples. Returned then to Galilee, he was called, and his disciples who had followed him thither, to a marriage. The very fact of the presence of our Lord on such an occasion is evidence that as "the express image" of the Father (Heb. 1: 3), he blesses marriage, and looks with no favor upon the enforced celibacy of superstitious religions.

The mother of our Lord saw that there was a difficulty. Probably they were very poor, and the small means at their disposal had left much to be desired in the supply; they had not the usual supply of wine. What should she do? Her first impulse was to turn to Jesus. No record of any miraculous power in his previous life is recorded in Holy Scripture, but his mother knew that his very existence was a miracle: "That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God" (Luke 1: 35). Mary knew that her Son was the Messiah, however much appearances were against it, and there was an evident expectation on her part of some deliverance from him out of her present difficulty. Mary did right to appeal to him, but wherever true faith exists, it must be tested, and the answer of Jesus, which sounds like a rebuff, brought her into the true position to receive the help she needed. "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come."

"Woman!" It was not "mother." And yet up to the time of his baptism and public ministry, in all probability he had called her mother. After the incident in the temple when, in the midst of the doctors of the law, he had caused astonishment by his understanding of the Scriptures and his answers, he had gone down with Joseph and Mary to Nazareth, and "was subject unto them" (Luke 2: 51). But now he was in no sense in his minority. For a long time after his majority at twelve years of age, even until he was thirty, he had continued in a subordinate position. But now although subject still, it was no more to Joseph, but to his Father in heaven. And Mary must learn now that the time had come when she must take her hands off him: and that in relation to his ministry she had no authority.

"Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." Mary's object was to make use of the power which she believed was in Jesus to serve her own ends, and extricate herself from a difficulty. But we must never come to God as though he were our servant, as though he existed for us. Things are quite out of course when we act thus. "After this manner therefore pray ye, Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done." And then, "Give us this day our daily bread," etc. Always and in everything, God first. Even the virgin Mary had to learn this lesson. Oh, how many prayers are unanswered from this very fact that we have not really put God first, nor left to him what he shall do, how he shall do it, and when he shall do it. We have presumed to dictate to the most high God, and until we have learned to take our true position as deserving nothing, and as coming only through the merits of Jesus, and seeking first the glory of God in what we ask, his time is not come to answer.

Fully and quickly the mother of Jesus learned her lesson, and turning to the servants, she said, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." There was not a shade of wounded feeling, no self-pity that she had to yield. Like John the Baptist, she must decrease as her divine Son must increase, and she simply yielded up to him the whole situation, and gave up the very control of the servants to him. Jesus had waited only for this. Truly now his hour was come. All was ripe now. His mother, the servants, the governor of the feast, all would now be blessed.

"Fill the waterpots with water." The command was instantly obeyed: the servants filled five waterpots of stone, which were standing there, up to the brim. "Draw out now and bear unto the governor of the feast." No word had been spoken to bring it about, no action on the part of Jesus, and yet the water was water no longer; it had become wine!

What a lesson for us as to the ways of God. When all is ripe: when we come over on to his side of a matter, then he can go forward and do his mighty works. But when we pray and clamor for things to be done in our own way and in our own time, we hinder him who hath made all things beautiful in his time (Eccl. 3: 11). As soon as we will, with God, understand God, enter into his purposes, and walk continually with him, God undertakes. Everything changes its nature as soon as it passes out of our hands into the hands of God. Our poor resources are just like the water, which in the hands of God becomes the new wine of the kingdom.

The ruler, or steward of the feast, tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was, but the servants which drew the water knew. They had learned that without a word and without an action, power had gone out from Jesus. Then the ruler of the feast called the bridegroom and said unto him, "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now." Yes indeed, all that is human, and all that is earthly, has a tendency to deteriorate.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory, and his disciples believed on him. How close is this connection with the opening petitions in the Lord's Prayer! "He manifested forth his glory." "Hallowed be thy name." If in our petitions, our main desire is that his name may be hallowed, that he may manifest forth his glory, we shall not insist that God shall answer us in our time and in our way, [illegible] and he waits generally for us to come into line with him. He makes all things work together for good to them that love him, to them that are the called according to his purpose, *i. e.*, that they should be conformed to the image of his Son. If we are one with him in the great purpose of his unspeakable grace, we shall have patience to wait until his hour is come, and then worry, anxiety, impatience and despondency will flee from a heart which is thus settled in the will of God.

RUINS ON THE SITE OF CANA OF GALILEE

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

TRUE to his purpose of narrating the events in the life of Christ, which had impressed the disciples with a belief in the divinity of his person and mission, John describes this miracle at Cana, which evidently had a profound effect on their minds. It revealed Christ as one who controlled nature, and as one who sympathized with the needs and pleasures of ordinary life. To the men who had been with John the Baptist, Christ's conduct in going to the wedding would be a surprise. Still more astonished would they be when they saw him miraculously contribute to the enjoyment of the company. It is a surprise to us when we think of the experience of the previous six weeks. Christ had been in the wilderness contending with temptation. A fierce and bitter conflict was only just ended, and, as he returned to society, we would expect him to preach and begin his mission with some striking manifestation of power. Instead, we find him one of a group of guests at an ordinary wedding, and the first exercise of superhuman power is the increase of the resources of his hosts. It suggests the nearness and brotherliness of Christ, and perhaps he may have had that in mind when he began his ministry in this social way. It is worthy of notice, too, that his sympathy should have been shown in that particular way. He had refused to turn stones into bread to satisfy his own hunger, but he turns water to wine to save the wedded pair from mortification. What he would not do for himself, he would do for others, and the same principle governed all his life. Various attempts have been made to explain away the miracle, but they are not worth consideration. The narrative, evidently that of an eye-witness, shows that the change was miraculous, and that its completeness was proved by the remark of the man who presided, and who did not know how the wine had been produced. The question will arise whether the wine was intoxicating. Though there is no proof, one way or the other, we may infer from the fact that unfermented [illegible] would have appealed to Jesus in the difficulty [illegible] was the beginning of miracles, implies that Mary had never seen him work a miracle; yet she evidently thought that he would remove the difficulty. Perhaps it was the coming of Jesus and his five disciples which had caused it, and Mary's words may have been intended to remind him of the fact. She did not, however, ask him to do anything; but was content to tell him of the need. Her example is worth following. In our prayers we sometimes ask for a specific interference, when it would be wiser to state our case and leave God to take his own way of dealing with it. The story is told of a man who needed a sum of money to pay off a mortgage. There was another man in the same town who could lend it to him, and he went to his minister and asked him to join with him in prayer that God would influence this man's mind to lend it. The minister said, "No, let us tell God of the need, and leave him to find the way of satisfying it." But that would not content the would-be borrower, and he urged his petition in his own way. But his application was rejected, and he mourned that his prayer was unanswered. Yet it was not unanswered. An old debt that he had long regarded as hopelessly bad was unexpectedly paid, and he had then no occasion to borrow, as he had sufficient funds of his own to pay the mortgage.

Woman, what have I to do with thee? This expression was not so harsh as it appears in translation. "Woman," as Christ used the word, was a term of respect, such as would be used by a comparative stranger. It was like the word "Lady," that a car-conductor will use now in speaking to a passenger. It was, however, a reproof, as is indicated by the question. Jesus, apparently, meant Mary to understand that her maternal authority, which he had recognized for so many years, did not apply to his mission. It was for him to decide in what way he would manifest his power. The time still comes in some lives, when a man must refuse the request of one whom he tenderly loves, in order to obey his conscience. There is a famous picture of a Huguenot, a tall, handsome young man, who is looking lovingly, but firmly into the eyes of a beautiful girl, as she tries to tie a scarf around his arm. It tells its own story. On the eve of St. Bartholomew's day all the Huguenots in Paris were to be massacred. The Catholics had planned that not a Protestant should be left alive. The token that ensured safety was a scarf bound around the left arm. The girl knew it, and wanted to fasten one on the arm of her lover, but it would practically be a declaration that he was a Catholic, and he would not wear it. In his face are signs of the struggle between conscience and love, a struggle that many a man since his time has known.

Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it. Mary evidently thought in spite of Christ's answer, that he would in some way interpose. Her charge to the servants was one that might be given to every one of his followers now. It may have seemed a foolish thing to the servants to fill the water-pots with water, and then draw it out and carry it to a man who did not want water, but wine. They did it, however, and the result justified their obedience. The story is told of a switchman on a railroad who was horrified to see his dearly loved child standing on the track in the way of an approaching express train. If he could leave the switch he could snatch her from danger, but that would involve catastrophe for the train, and he dare not do it, even to save that precious child's life. He called to her to lie down. She threw herself prostrate instantly, and the train passed harmlessly over her. But what if the child had hesitated? Or had doubted the wisdom of her father's order? Prompt, unquestioning obedience saved her, and it is this kind of obedience that God expects of us.

SOBBED WITH JOY OVER A PARDON

A Remarkable Scene During Mr. Moody's Visit to the Colorado State Prison — Convicts Cheering and Weeping After a Thanksgiving Sermon

DURING Mr. D. L. Moody's visit to Colorado, he addressed a large number of gatherings under Y. M. C. A. and other auspices. While all were notably successful, in a spiritual sense, there was one gathering, the memory of which will remain with the evangelist as long as life lasts.

D. L. MOODY

For many years past Mr. Moody has never missed an opportunity to carry the Gospel to those in prison. He believes that within the walls of our penal institutions, there is one of the best fields for Gospel effort that can be found in the whole world. Accordingly, when the invitation came to visit the convicts in the State Prison at Canon City, Col., it was cordially accepted.

On November 24, the great evangelist stepped on the platform in the prison chapel, and was introduced to his waiting audience by Mr. Burns, the prison chaplain. Hundreds of eager-faced men and women sat before him, and upon every countenance there was a mingled expression of interest and anxiety. Many of them had heard of the evangelist—some possibly had listened to him in other gatherings—but in his coming thousands of miles to deliver the Gospel message to them, at that Thanksgiving season, there was something so unusual that all felt specially drawn to the earnest, cheery-voiced speaker.

A Strange Audience

It was, indeed, a gathering that needed just such a message as he had to bring. Age and youth were there; gray-haired criminals, and novices serving their first term; men and women with hard-seamed visages, and some from whose faces the soft lines had not yet faded and who, but for the look of settled care, might have seemed even attractive. But as soon as Mr. Moody began to speak, after the prison-choir had finished the opening hymn, and the last notes of the organ had died away, the entire audience became alive with interest.

The evangelist took for his subject, "Regeneration." At the close of his address, he announced that he was the bearer of an important communication from Hon. Alva Adams, Governor of the State of Colorado, which he would now present to his hearers, together with the usual Thanksgiving pardon. His words seemed to act electrically upon the prisoners. Necks were craned toward the platform, as Mr. Moody took from his pocket and slowly unfolded the documents which all wished to hear.

It seemed at that moment as though every man and woman in the prison chapel had a secret hope that, through some extraordinary piece of good fortune, he or she should receive freedom through the gubernatorial clemency.

In slow and measured tones, each syllable dropping from his lips with clear distinctness, Mr. Moody read this letter:

STATE OF COLORADO, }
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, DENVER, NOV. 23, '98. }

My Dear Mr. Moody:

At your prison service to-morrow, will you—if the warden has no objections—present the Thanksgiving pardon, which Secretary Stonaker will deliver?

Mr. Stonaker will give the particulars of the case, and the motives that induce me to give freedom to this poor woman. That this day of Thanksgiving may be to her the birthday of a new, clean, honest life is my prayer.

Very truly,
(Signed) ALVA ADAMS.

Silence prevailed so intense as to be painful. Men and women scanned each other's faces, as though they might read the secret so well kept; for up to that moment none save the evangelist, Warden Cleghorn and Matron Jordan knew the name of the prisoner for whom Governor Adams had reserved this precious boon.

Mr. Moody then unrolled the pardon and began to read it. When the name of Mrs. Susan J. Emerson was announced as that of the fortunate one to be liberated, there was a sudden outburst of enthusiasm from the convict audience that shook the building. This applause, so emphatic and general, told more than any words could do how gratified the prisoners felt at the choice the Governor had made.

At the first mention of her name, the woman had sprung to her feet, and even when the demonstration had subsided, she stood there, flushed and blinded with the fulness of her new-found happiness. Her body swayed from side to side, and she seemed to fall, when, suddenly she moved forward and sank to her knees, her hands outstretched to the warden and matron on either side. There she remained for an instant, her head bowed to the floor, her slender body shaken with convulsive sobs, as she vainly attempted, in broken and incoherent exclamations, to give voice to her gratitude. But the few words that could be heard went right to the hearts of all; they understood, and their overflowing sympathy found expression in another demonstration, similar to the first, during which the poor face, upon which smiles and tears fought together for the mastery, was again raised for an instant, only to be sunk, sobbing afresh, upon the matron's lap.

"WHILE THE CONVICTS APPLAUDED . . . SHE SANK ON HER KNEES, SOBBING"

Prisoners in Tears

There were few dry eyes at that moment in the prison chapel, and Mr. Moody, accustomed as he is to scenes of emotion, found it difficult to control his feelings. Unwonted tears were trickling down many hard-lined faces in the audience, and many a furtive sleeve wiped the tears away.

The pardoned woman was led to a seat, but her emotions were so deeply stirred that she had no power to speak, and sat quietly, sobbing and rocking herself to and fro, her eyes bent on the floor. It was an occasion which none who were present will ever forget, and was a most fitting conclusion to the sermon that had been preached by the great evangelist.

Terse and pointed were Mr. Moody's remarks that day. The following extracts from his sermon show how, with homely illustration and epigrammatic force, he made the unregenerate people in his audience understand what they needed and what was their only hope:

"I was twenty years old before I ever heard a sermon on regeneration. I was told to be good, but you might as well tell a black man to be a white man, as to tell him to be good without telling him how. You might tell a slave to be free, but that would not make him free, if you didn't help him. Christ not only tells us to be free, but he frees us. In the third chapter of Genesis we read how man lost life. In the third chapter of John we find how he gets it back again.

"We are a bad lot by nature. It is astonishing how the devil does blind us and make us think we are so naturally good.

"Suppose that your sins could all be stamped on your forehead, do you not think there would be a stampede? Take the best man there is here, the natural man that never has been born from above, never has been born of the Spirit, and suppose that everything in his heart could be brought to light. Suppose a photographer could take a photograph of the heart, do you think they would find any one who would be willing to have such a photograph taken? Ladies crimp their hair and put on their best clothes, and men dress up and go to the barber's to get shaved, and they go and have their pictures taken; and if the photographer flatters us and makes us look ten years younger, we say, 'You are the first man to do me justice,' and we take ten dozen and send them to all our friends. That isn't a real photograph. Suppose he took a photograph of your heart, would you send those around? Not much; you would break the plate and abuse the photographer. Don't talk to me about people being naturally good and angelic.

God's Image Effaced

"We are naturally bad, the whole crowd of us. The first man born of woman was a murderer. Sin leaped into the world full blown, and the whole race has been bad all the way down. Man is naturally bad.

"Man has lost the image of God. Take just one picture that Christ gives of the human heart: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies; these are the things which defile the man." Now I want to ask you how in the world can you get a pure stream when you have such an impure fountain? The trouble with people is that they are trying to make that stream good while the fountain is bad. It isn't patching up the old man that is needed, but it is hewing down that tree and putting a new graft in. It is an entire change, a new creation. I have heard of reform, reform, until I am tired and sick of the whole thing. It is regeneration by the power of the Holy Ghost that we need. It isn't this trying to make men believe that they have just come a little short of the glory of God, and if they just apply a little whitewash on the outside, they will be all right. You may whitewash a pest house, but it will be a pest house still. I heard an Englishman tell of a man who bought a farm. There was a well on that farm, and they told him there was poison in the well. He said, 'All right, I will fix it,' and went and painted the pump, thinking he was going to make the well all right by painting the pump. There are a lot of people who think they are going to make the well all right by painting the pump. What you want is to go to the source. Make the fountain good, and the stream will be good. Let the heart be right, and the life will be right, the hand will be right, the foot will be right. The seat of trouble is the heart, and what man needs is a new heart, a new creation.

The Swan and the Crane

"In India the swan is considered a sacred bird, but they have a legend there that one day an old crane was out on the beach looking for snails, and down came a big white swan. The crane stretched out its great long neck and said to the swan:

"'Where do you come from?'

"The swan said he came from heaven.

"'Heaven,' said the crane, 'I never heard of that place. Is it far away?'

"'Oh, yes.'

"'Is it a good country?'

"'Oh, yes.'

"'Is it better than this?'

"'Oh, far better;' and the swan went on expatiating about heaven, about its lakes and its rivers and its fountains and its climate. The old crane stood there listening, and when the swan got through, said:

"'Have they any snails there?'

"The swan drew itself up and said, 'No, vile things! They wouldn't have them in heaven.'

"'Well, then,' said the crane, 'you can have your heaven: I don't want it. I want snails.'

"Don't you see a mighty truth wrapped up in that legend? I have had mothers come to me and say, 'Mr. Moody, isn't it strange that my boy doesn't like spiritual things? Isn't it strange that he would rather have low earthly things than spiritual things?' Strange? No! the natural man likes natural things, of course. The worldly man likes worldly things. Why shouldn't he? And the spiritual man likes spiritual things. Did you ever see a young man that has a beautiful mother, a lovely home, a godly father, and loving brother and sisters, and the home a little paradise on earth; and he will turn his back on that home and go to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and get into what you call the slums, and he will go down, down, until he gets to a miserable old saloon where he is willing to clean out spittoons for drink. Tell him his mother wants him, is praying for him, and will give him a warm welcome, and tell him how his father will receive him, tell him there is going to be rejoicing in his home if he will come back, and tell him how his brothers and sisters long to have him come back, and he will turn and say,

"'No, I want whiskey.'

The Old Nature

"He has the old nature. He wants snails.

"Tell him that he is going to lose his soul, tell him he is making shipwreck of his life, in fact he has made shipwreck of his life, and tell him about the glories of heaven, and he will say,

"'You can have heaven with all its glory. You may have my mother; I will crush her under my heel. I despise Christianity.'

"He has the old carnal nature. But if he gets God's nature, he gets out from those surroundings pretty quick. You can't keep him there. What men want is to be born from above, born again, born of the Spirit. And then they will live for heaven; and you will never get a man or woman to live for heaven until they are born from above, until they get the divine life."

THE
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
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Freshen Up!

HOW to get out of the old rut without twisting off the wheel, or snapping the shafts, or breaking the horse's leg, is a question not more appropriate to every teamster than to every Christian worker. Having once got out of the old rut, the next thing is to keep out of it. There is nothing more killing than ecclesiastical humdrum. Some persons do not like the Episcopal Church because they have the same prayers every Sabbath, but have we not for the last ten years been hearing the same prayers over and over again, the product of a self-manufactured liturgy that has not the thousandth part of the excellency of those petitions that we hear in the Episcopal Church? In many of our churches sinners hear the same exhortations they have been hearing for the last fifteen years, so that the impenitent man knows, the moment the exhorter clears his throat, just what is going to be said; and the hearer himself is able to recite the exhortation, as we teach our children the multiplication table forward or backward. We could not understand the doleful strain of a certain brother's prayer, till we found out that he composed it on a fast day during the yellow fever in 1821, and has been using it ever since. There are laymen who do not like to hear a sermon preached the second time, who yet give their pastors the same prayer every week at the devotional meeting, that is, fifty two times in the year, with occasional slices of it between meals. If they made any spiritual advancement they would have new wants to express and new thanksgivings to offer. But they have been for a decade of years stuck fast in the mud, and they splash the same thing on you every week. We need a universal church cleaning, by which all canting and humdrum shall be scrubbed out.

If we would keep fresh, let us make occasional excursions into other circles than our own. Artists generally go with artists, farmers with farmers, mechanics with mechanics, clergymen with clergymen, Christian workers with Christian workers. But there is nothing that sooner freshens one up than to get in a new group, mingling with people whose thought and work run in different channels. For a change, put the minister on the hayrack, and the farmer in the clergyman's study.

Let us go much into the presence of the natural world if we can get at it. Especially if we live in great thoroughfares, let us make occasional flight to the woods and the mountains. Even the trees in town seem artificial. They dare not speak where there are so many to listen, and the hyacinth and geranium in flower-pots in the window seem to know they are on exhibition. If we would once in a while romp the fields, we would not have so many last year's rose-leaves in our sermons, but those just plucked dewy and redolent. We cannot see the natural world through the books or the eyes of others. All the talk about "babbling brooks" is a stereotyped humbug. Brooks never "babble." To babble is to be unintelligent and imperfect of tongue. But when the brooks speak, they utter lessons of beauty that the dullest ear can understand. We have wandered from the Androscoggin, in Maine, to the Tombigbee, in Alabama, and we never found a brook that "babbled." The people babble who talk about them, not knowing what a brook is. We have heard about the nightingale and the morning lark till we are tired of them. Catch for your next prayer-meeting talk a chewink or a brown thresher. It is high time that we hoist our church-windows, especially those over the pulpit, and let in some fresh air from the fields and mountains.

A Slandered World

THERE has been a great deal of wholesale slander of this world. People abuse it, and the traveler on the mountain curses the chill, and the voyager on the deep curses the restlessness, and there are those who say it is a mean, old, despicable world, and from pole to pole it has been calumniated, and if the world should present a libel suit for all those who have slandered it, there would not be gold enough in the mountains to pay the damages, or places enough in the penitentiaries to hold the offenders.

The people not only slander the world, but they slander its neighbors, and they belabor the sun, now because it is too ardent, and now because it is too distant; but by experience I have found out, when there is anything wrong, the trouble is not with the sun, or the moon, or the stars, or the meteorological conditions; the trouble is with myself. Judging from the reports that come from the astronomical observatories, I believe that in all the universe, excepting heaven, this is the most comfortable and convenient world. Some of these other worlds are all water, others are all rock, others are all fire. Some are swept with electric cyclones and others are upheaved by volcanoes that toss whole continents into the air at one jerk. And if Dr. Chalmers was right in his theory that other worlds are inhabited, I am sorry for them. I wish all these agonizing climates might have an elysium, and that the unfortunate inhabitants might have genial skies like those which bless us, and as blushing a sunset, and as glorious a morning in which the archangel of sublimity and pomp spreads his pinions over cloud and mountain and sea, incubating a new day! Before God launched this ship of a world from the dockyards of eternity he so splendidly fitted it up—the cabins, the masts, the wheelhouses, the decks—that though the world has been beating on the rocks for many years because of man's poor pilotage, it is magnificent still, and good men are trying to get the ship off the rocks, and before long the wreckers with the pulleys and tugs will have completed their work, and through all the earth and all the heavens will be heard the cry: "She floats, she floats!"

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE PEACE OF THE WORLD

DURING the closing weeks of the year 1898, a tremendous impetus has been given to the movement for International Peace. The proposals issued by the Czar of Russia for a Peace Conference at which all the important governments on the globe should be represented, have been discussed in all the European Cabinets as well as in our own.

One of the most earnest advocates of the International Peace movement is Mr. W. T. Stead, of London. He writes:

I have seen the Czar. I have heard from his own lips the earnest desire of his heart that something practical should be done, and that quickly, to divert to the service of humanity some of the many millions now devoted to preparation for war. He has taken the initiative in summoning the Conference. He is pledged to give earnest of his sincerity by proposing the limitation of European armaments. But unless he is supported by those who detest militarism as well as by those who groan under its burdens, his well-meant endeavor will fail.

The American people can, if they will, prevent [illegible]. At the present moment [illegible] the whole powers [illegible] position of the question [illegible] of the governments. But to do this it will be necessary to act, and act at once.

These Russian proposals, stated briefly, are: (1) That there should be declared a truce of God for five years; (2) that during that period the governments should not increase their expenditure on armaments beyond the figure stated by them at the conference as the maximum of their needs; (3) that some international [illegible] arise between the signatories of this pact, bind them always to invite the mediation of neutral powers before appealing to the sword.

No more glorious crusade was ever begun, in the name of Christianity, than this, which has for its object the pacification of the whole earth. And if all Christians in civilized lands unite, the governments cannot resist the influence that will be brought to bear upon them and will fall into line for "peace on earth and good will to men."

With a pact of peace, embracing the great nations; with an international patrol on the seas in the interests of peace, and with an international tribunal before which all causes of quarrel should be compulsorily brought for adjudication, the clash of arms, the useless shedding of blood, and the needless destruction of human life would be wholly averted. It has been well said that war settles nothing, that the morality or justice of a cause cannot be decided by a resort to arms. And what, in our age of advanced Christianity, can be said by those who are the provokers and inciters to war?

"I have never made anybody happy—not myself, nor my family, nor anybody else." Prince Bismarck is reported to have said during his last illness. "But how many have I made unhappy! *But for me three great wars would not have been fought, eighty thousand men would not have perished. Parents, brothers, sisters and widows, would not be bereaved and plunged into mourning* . . . I have had little or no joy from all my achievements; nothing but vexation, care and trouble."

Putting the past behind us forever, let the Christian people of the United States now come to the front, as the advocates of international peace, as the supporters of a world-wide "truce of God," to which all the great nations shall be signatories. Our seventy millions of population should speak with a voice so loud and emphatic that the whole world will hear and understand.

The first step is for *every adult reader of this journal to use his or her personal influence* in aid of this beneficent cause, by addressing our National Executive, urging action to secure the much-desired object. If every godly man and woman in America were to write a letter to President McKinley—a brief, courteous, earnest appeal in behalf of national co-operation for universal peace—the attitude of our government would be determined speedily, and, as Mr. Stead has declared, this country would prevent a catastrophe. Since the Almighty has made of us a powerful nation, it is our sacred duty to employ that power for the spiritual and material welfare of humanity. That power cannot be better utilized than in the interests of universal peace.

It has been suggested that in addressing the Executive the following form may be adopted:

[illegible] and Date.

To His Excellency, the President of the U. S.

Sir: It is respectfully urged at this time of [illegible] and [illegible] that the United States [illegible] through the proper channels, accord the fullest co-operation to the movement [illegible] for International Peace [illegible] by the Czar [illegible] the European Governments. Our State Department and Congress should take such action as may be necessary to put this nation on record as favoring:

1. An International Truce between the great nations, for a period of years.
2. The creation of an International Court of Arbitration, to which all disputes arising between nations during the [illegible] of the truce, may be submitted, instead of appealing to the arbitrament of war.
3. The creation of an International Ocean Peace Patrol for the preservation of peace on the seas and the protection of commerce.

These [illegible] be [illegible] by the progressive spirit of the Christian age. The time is ripe for good men everywhere to speak and act for universal peace and for the brotherhood of the human family. To this end, we should extend our heartiest co-operation to [illegible] proposals and thereby [illegible] tian nation, in the solution of problems that affect the future welfare of the entire race.

It is well worth while for all to work and pray for such a glorious consummation—the peace of the world!

BRIEF NOTES

The number of communicants in Bishop [illegible]

[illegible]

The Church Missionary Society has received [illegible]

The Baptist Missionary Board makes an appeal [illegible] Cuba.

The Salvation Army has already begun work in Manila, the capital of the Philippines. [illegible] filled nightly by English-speaking people.

The women of Massachusetts are preparing to grapple with the curse of the "sweat-shops." [illegible] will be attached to garments made under proper sanitary conditions.

One step in the direction of temperance has been taken in France. A company having four hundred restaurants in various districts in Paris has announced that the use of spirits of all kinds is now prohibited in all its establishments.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the City Temple of London, of which Dr. Joseph Parker is pastor, has established a home of rest in a salubrious neighborhood near the sea, for the benefit of ministers and others needing recuperation.

According to a recent census in India, there were nearly a half million married children under nine years of age, and over 250,000 widowed children under fifteen years of age, doomed by the customs of the country to the ignominy of a life-long widowhood.

News comes of famine in Persia. Dr. Shedd says that already wheat is in some districts three, four and even five times the normal price, and instances have occurred of girls being sold as slaves to save their parents and brothers from starving to death.

The latest reports concerning the Anglican Church in Hawaii, which may be transferred to the American Episcopal Church, show that there are on the islands seven clergymen, seven churches, and a membership of 1,500, of whom fifteen are Hawaiians.

Invitations have already been issued to the various national and international temperance societies to make arrangements for a world's temperance convention to be held in London in the year 1900. They are signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The last time such a convention was held there was in 1846.

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Dutch Reformed Church has made the appropriations for the year 1899. The Missions in their estimates, ask for $123,119. The Board appropriated for the Missions and their work during the coming year, $92,381. This is a reduction of $30,743, or almost exactly twenty-five per cent.

The Reports of the Protestant Episcopal Church show that during the past year sixty-two dioceses and missionary jurisdictions had an increase of 22,259 communicants, and thirteen dioceses and missionary jurisdictions had a decrease of 1,850 communicants, being a net increase of 20,409 communicants during the year.

At a recent meeting of the Salvation Army, Commissioner Booth-Tucker made an earnest appeal for money to carry on the Army's work. A plainly-dressed lady in the audience responded by passing up a slip of paper, on which was written a promise to give realty valued at $20,000. She desired the gift to be anonymous, but it is found that her name is Mrs. Fuller, a widow of Bayonne, N. J.

A testimony to the benefit of Sunday observance comes from an unexpected quarter. Mr. F. F. Mackay, President of the Actors' Society of America, has issued an appeal to the ministers of New York, asking their aid in discouraging Sunday performances in the theatres. He says that the actors have for several years protested against the Sunday performances, which they regard as a radical wrong.

THE LAFAYETTE MEMORIAL

THE project of presenting to the French people an imposing memorial of Lafayette by the people of the United States has evoked an appreciative response in Paris. A large space in the garden of the Louvre has been set apart for it, and will be called Lafayette Square. The site is a most appropriate one for a memorial or a statue of heroic proportions, and had already been selected for the purpose under the Second Empire. Napoleon III. arranged to erect upon it a statue of his illustrious uncle, Napoleon I. This is proof that the French Government has appropriated to the projected tribute one of the finest sites at its disposal. This cordial response will give an impetus to the work of raising the fund for defraying the cost of the memorial. Mr. George Peck, United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, who originated the project of erecting a memorial to Lafayette, in Paris, is anxious that the fund for the purpose should be raised by the children in the public schools. No child graduates from our schools without full knowledge of the services the distinguished French Marquis rendered to our fathers in the critical time when they were struggling for the liberty that they bequeathed to us. They know that the enthusiastic Frenchman risked his life in the cause of the young nation and made its interests his own both in the battle-field and in the French Court. More than a century has passed away since those services were rendered, but the glorious story of the Revolution is rightly told, and will be told to every generation, and it cannot be told without its mead of praise to the valorous French nobleman who did all that it was in his power to do to bring it to success. By the courtesy of the New York *Herald*, we are able to give a picture of the memorial it is proposed to raise in his honor in the country of his birth, as a tribute from young Americans. If, as we hope, the project is successful, it will show that the children appreciate the liberty they enjoy, and are grateful to the man who aided in securing it. We may hope, too, that they will remember that the true freedom they may attain was won for them by One to whom their life-long gratitude is due, and that they may show it by making their lives a memorial of Him:

If ye continue in my word then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free (John 8: 31).

To Regulate a New Territory

The bill to provide a government for the new Territory of Hawaii has been introduced in the United States Senate, and favorably reported by the Committee on Foreign Relations. It was originally prepared by the Hawaiian Commission, but it has been amended in several important points at the suggestion of the Committee, and it will in all probability pass in its present form. It provides for the election of a Territorial Legislature of Assembly and Senate having powers similar to the Legislatures of existing Territories. The only modifications are such as will prevent the change being too abrupt from the customs in vogue under the present government. It is provided that no person shall be eligible for election to the Senate who does not possess property worth $1,000, and the same qualification is required to entitle a citizen to vote for a Senator. There is no property qualification for a member of the lower house. All the persons who were citizens of Hawaii on August 13, 1898, become, under the bill, citizens of the United States. This provision will be very gratifying to the Hawaiian people, and they will change their allegiance joyfully. It is much to be wished that there was similar alacrity in the people to whom citizenship in the kingdom of God is offered, but many fail to avail themselves of the offer though the privileges it confers are infinite.

They who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world . . . . are equal unto the angels and are the children of God (Luke 20: 35, 36).

A Miniature Sun

One of the most notable results, says a scientific journal, arrived at by experimenters who have dissected the electric arc light, is the fact that practically all the energy of the light, either in the form of light, heat, or anything else, radiates from a small dot, which is invariably found in a pit on the end of the carbon, called the "crater;" the radiant energy of this dot has been measured, and found to have a curious correspondence with the compound radiant energy of the sun's surface, viz., at the rate of 100,000 horse power to the square meter. Observation shows that there is always a definite ratio between the energy of any body and its temperature, so that if the radiant energy of two bodies is the same, so is their temperature—that of the radiant dot of the electric arc is nearly 6,500 degrees Fahrenheit, hence the probability of the sun's surface being the same, in view of the correspondence in measure of energy. It is so in the spiritual world. The disparity between God and man is infinitely greater than that between the sun and the little crater of the electric arc, but we are assured that when God kindles his light in a man's soul his own nature is imparted in such measure as humanity can contain it.

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

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THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO LAFAYETTE IN PARIS

The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord (Prov. 20: 27).

Adopting a Chinese Child

The Supreme Court has been called upon to decide a dispute as to the custody of a child of Chinese parents. Some time ago, a lady who does mission work in the Chinese quarters of New York, noticed a child whose parents neglected her and seemed to consider her a burden. The missionary found a friend who would adopt her, and would give her a home and Christian education. An adoption paper was drawn up which the mother signed, and the child was transferred to her new protectress. After some months, however, the mother claimed the child, and being refused, appealed to the court. The judge decided that she should remain with the lady who had adopted her. He said: "As the well-being of the child is the main question to be considered in cases of this character, I am unwilling to send the little girl back to parents who are opium smokers and dealers in opium, and who have heretofore neglected the child." The judge's decision was wise, but how many parents would now be mourning the loss of their children, if God dealt so with them! There are few who deserve the encomium pronounced on the patriarch:

I know him that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord (Gen. 18: 19).

A Wedding Above the Clouds

A singular scene for a wedding was chosen recently by a Canadian bride. She proposed that the marriage be solemnized on the top of Mount Sullivan, the highest mountain in Kootenay, where her prospective husband lived. With the deference which bridegrooms pay to the wishes of their brides, the young man consented. A few days ago, the wedding party clad in furs, climbed the mountain, and shortly before noon stood on the top, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Above and around them the day was bright and clear, but below them dense clouds shut out the view. It is sometimes difficult to believe when the storms of trouble come upon us that there is any brightness or peace anywhere. If in after-life this couple should have such an experience, the recollection of their marriage day may suggest the thought that there is a refuge in the skies, for those who seek it, where all storms and trials are left behind.

In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forever more (Ps. 16: 11).

Deserted by Sleep

Wisconsin journals, reporting the death of a successful business man of that section, mention a strange experience in connection with him. During the time that he was building up his business and accumulating a fortune that at his death amounted to several millions, he was indefatigable in his devotion to work. He was not satisfied to leave the supervision of any department of his factory to a subordinate, but superintended the work of every room. This involved him in conducting his correspondence, etc., after the factory was closed for the night, and he frequently stayed in his office working at his books until four or five o'clock in the morning. A few years ago he retired from business. Then he made the discovery that the power to sleep had deserted him. He had practically no cares and no troubles, but he could not sleep. All his efforts seemed to be directed to finding some means of wooing slumber, but seldom succeeding. His physical nature was exacting a terrible penalty for his long neglect of its laws. It denied him the blessing which he had formerly rejected. It is so with God's spiritual blessings. When a man deliberately rejects them that he may enjoy the pleasures of sin, he frequently has to seek them in vain when sin has lost its charm.

They would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way and be filled with their own devices (Prov. 1: 30).

Surprised Wedding Guests

At a recent wedding in the town of Derry, Conn., there was a singular surprise in store for all the parties present, principals and guests included. The only person who did not share this general feeling was the aged father of the bride, a millionaire manufacturer, whose daughter, a lovely, dark-haired girl, was about to be united to a young business man belonging to a neighboring town. After the ceremony at the church, and when the gay party had assembled at the bride's paternal home, the father handed his daughter a check for $250,000, and presented one for $150,000 to the young bridegroom. In addition, he gave the newly-wedded pair a third check for $50,000, which he desired them to spend exclusively upon the wedding trip, as he wished them to take an extended tour to Cuba and Europe, and make the honeymoon one to be pleasantly remembered all their lives. There were many other wedding presents from wealthy friends, some of the gifts being choice and costly, but the unexampled munificence of the father cast all else into shadow. He has probably achieved the distinction of having given the costliest wedding present ever recorded in this country; yet it is by no means certain that it was the wisest. The possession of wealth sufficient to assure independence at the very outset of a career may have a tendency to discourage effort and retard the development of talents and qualities which, under other circumstances, might have found their fruition in true nobility of character. The young people are, however, well equipped for the duties of charity and helpfulness. In that sphere they will find abundant opportunities for their energy and their wealth, and need have no fear of the evils coming on them which, according to the prophet, befell people in his time similarly situated:

Pride, fulness of bread and abundance of idleness were in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy (Ezek. 16: 49).

"A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY"

A New and Charming Serial Story, Written Exclusively for "The Christian Herald"

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

SUMMARY OF THE STORY

In Barbadoes, Lenox Hildreth, a New England gentleman of learning, culture and wealth, was living with his only daughter, Evadne, a beautiful girl, who, at the opening of the story is sixteen years of age. Mr. Hildreth, though charitable and kind, was an infidel, but in his later years turned in faith and love to Christ. He intended telling his daughter of the change, but a sudden seizure of illness found him with the disclosure not made. With his dying breath he enjoined her to make it the business of her life to seek Christ. The girl, whom he had reared a pagan, could not understand his injunction. After his death, she removes to the home of her uncle, Judge Hildreth, at Marlborough, in New England, to whom, as his only brother, Lenox Hildreth confided her and her large fortune. On her way, intent on obeying her father, she asks a fellow-passenger, a bishop's wife, how she can find Christ; but the lady thinks her irreverent, and does not satisfy her. Arriving at Marlborough, she receives a formal welcome from her uncle's wife and daughters. On a farm in the neighborhood of Marlborough, John Randolph, a young man, is trying to shape his life on the principles of Christ's teaching.

CHAPTER VI.

Light From the Stable.

EVADNE found herself one morning in Judge Hildreth's roomy coach house, watching Pompey as he skilfully groomed her uncle's pets.

It had been decided that after the summer holidays, she should become a member of the fashionable school which Isabelle and Marion attended—in the meantime she was left almost entirely to her own devices. Her uncle was away all day, Louis at college, and her aunt busy with social duties. Her cousins had their own particular friends, who were not slow to vote the silent girl with the mournful gray eyes, full of a dumb questioning, a bore; while Evadne, accustomed to being her father's companion, listening to his sprightly conversation and sharing in all his scientific researches, found their vapid chatter wearisome.

Horses she had been accustomed to from her early childhood and she loved them. She noted with pleased interest Pompey's deft manipulations. She stood for a long time in silence. Pompey had saluted her respectfully and then kept on steadily with his work. Dexterously he swept the curry-comb over the shining coats, and then drew it through the brush in his left hand with a curious sibilant vocal accompaniment, something between a long-drawn whistle and a sigh, and the horses laid their heads against his shoulder affectionately and looked curiously at the stranger out of their large bright eyes.

"Did you really know my father?" she asked at length.

"Laws yes, Missy!" and Pompey's honest black face grew tender with sympathy. "Mass Lennux stayed with the Judge 'fore he went to Barbadoes, and he spent powerful sight of his time out here wid me and de horses. He wus alwers del'cut—warn't able to do nothin' in this yere climate, but he hed sech a sperit!—he wouldn't ever let folks know when he wuz a sufferin'. He use ter call me Pompous," and Pompey chuckled softly. "He say when I git inter my fur coat I look as gran' on de box as de Jedge do inside; an' one day he braided de horses' manes inter a hundred tails and tied 'em wid yeller ribbun, 'cause he said de crimps wuz in de fashion, and yeller wuz de Jedge's 'lecshun color. De Jedge wuz powerful angry. He don't like sech tricks wid his horses. But laws! he couldn't keep angry wid Mass Lennux! He jest stood wid his han's on his sides, an' larf an' larf, till the Jedge he hev to larf, too, an' he calls him a graceless scamp an' he say he send him ter Coventry; an' Mass Lennux he say all right, ef de Jedge he go 'long too, and take de horses—he couldn't do widout dem, no how."

"Were these the horses my father used to ride?"

"Laws no, Missy. Dey wuz as black as night. Mass Lennux use ter call 'em Egyp' and Erybus."

Pompey's face softened.

"When my little gal died, he jes' put his han' on my shoulder, an' sez he, 'Pompous, you jes' go home and cheer up de missus, yer don't hev no call ter worry 'bout de horses.' An' he took care of 'em jes' as ef he'd been a coachman. We'll never fergit it, Dyce an' me."

Evadne's eyes shone. That was just like her father!

"'Specs little Miss is powerful lonesum 'thout Mass Lennux?"

The soft voice was full of genuine regret. Evadne sank down on a bench which stood beside her and burst into tears.

"Oh, Pompey, I wish I could die!"

"'Specs little Miss hez no call ter wish dat," said Pompey gently, "'specs de Lord Jesus wants her ter live fer him."

Evadne opened her eyes in wonder.

"The Lord Jesus!" she repeated. "Why, Pompey, do you know him?"

A great joy transfigured the black face.

"He is my frien'!" he said simply.

Evadne leaned forward eagerly.

"Oh, Pompey, if that is true, then you can help me find him!"

Pompey smiled joyously.

"Miss 'Vadny don't need to go far away for dat. He is right here."

"Here!" echoed Evadne faintly.

"'Lo, I am wid you all de days,'" Pompey repeated softly. "De Lord Jesus don't leave no gaps in his promises, Miss 'Vadny. He's alwers wid me wherever I is workin', and when I is up on my box a drivin' troo de streets, he's dere. He's wid me continuous. Dere's nuthin' can seprate Pompey from de Lord," he added with a sweet reverence.

"How can you be so sure," she asked wistfully.

"I hez his word, Missy. I believe him like I specs you alwers believed your father. He says: 'I will not leave you orphuns, I will cum ter you.' I specs dat verse is meant speshully fer you, Miss Vadny."

"But we can't see him," said Evadne.

"Only wid de eye of faith, Missy. We trusts our friens in de dark. You didn't need ter see your father ter know he wuz in de house?"

"Oh, no!" Evadne's voice trembled.

"It's jest de same wid my Father, Miss Vadny."

"How can you call God so, Pompey?"

A great sweetness came over the homely face.

"'Cause he hez sent his sperit inter my heart, an' poor black Pompey kin look up inter de shinin of his face an' say, my Father, 'cause I'se hidden away in his Son. I'se a little branch abidin in de great Vine. I'se one wid de Lord Jesus."

"I don't know where to look for him," Evadne cried disconsolately.

Pompey laid aside his curry-comb and brush and folded his toil-worn hands. "Lord Jesus," he said quietly, "here is thy little lamb. She's out in de dark mountain, an' she's lonesum and hungry an de col' rain of sorrow is beatin upon her head. Lord, thou is de good Shepherd. Let her hear thy voice a callin her. Carry this little lamb in thy bosom and give her de joy of thy love."

* * * *

This was the first of many conversations with Pompey, whose simple faith and warm affection touched Evadne deeply. Above the coach-house was a large room, where Pompey kept a store of hay and grain, and there Evadne often found herself ensconced with Isabelle's Bible, during the long mornings when she was left to amuse herself as best she might. The atmosphere of the house stifled her, and Pompey had loved her father. It was scrupulously clean. Under Pompey's regime, spiders and moths found no tolerance, and a fine black cat effectually frightened away the audacious rodents, that were tempted to depredations by the toothsome cereals in the great bins. In one corner Pompey had improvised for her a luxurious couch of hay and rugs, and in this fragrant retreat Evadne studied her strange new book. She brought to it a mind absolutely untrammelled by creed or circumstance, and in this virgin soil God's truth took root. Slowly the light dawned. Hers was no shallow nature to leap to a hasty conclusion and then forsake it for a later thought. Gradually through the darkness, as God's flowers grow, this human flower lifted itself towards the light.

Sometimes she would sit for hours with the stately cat upon her knee, thinking, [illegible] while Pompey sang his favorite hymns about his work and the mellow strains floated up the stairway and soothed her lonely heart. His childlike [illegible] to her like a tower of refuge, and often when bewildered by life's inconsistencies, she felt as if the eternal realities were vanishing into mist, she was calmed and comforted by his happy trust.

"I cannot imagine, Evadne," said Isabelle one evening at dinner, "what pleasure you can find in sitting in a stable in company with a negro. It certainly shows a most depraved taste."

"What is there depraved about a stable? It should not have bad associations for a Christian. Christ was born in a stable, Isabelle."

"What in the world has that to do with you?"

"I am beginning to think he has everything to do with me," answered Evadne, quietly!

"Well," said Isabelle, with a toss of her head, "we are known by the company we keep. I should imagine Pompey's curriculum of manners was not on a very elevated plane."

"Pompey, Isabelle!" said Judge Hildreth suddenly. "Why my dear, Pompey is a modern Socrates bound in ebony. There is no danger to be apprehended from him."

"Well, it is a peculiar companionship for Judge Hildreth's niece, that is all I have to say," said Isabelle, coldly, "but every one to his taste."

"I read this morning in the Bible you lent me, that God had chosen the 'base things of the world, and things which are despised, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are.' What does that mean, Isabelle?"

"Really, Evadne, we shall have to send you to live with Dr. Jerome," said her aunt, with a careless laugh. "You are getting to be a regular interrogation point. We are not Bible commentators, child. You cannot expect us to explain all the difficult passages."

"The Embroidery Club meets here today, Evadne," exclaimed Marion, "and I don't believe you have ever touched your table scarf since they were here before! What will Celeste Follingsby think? She works so rapidly, and her drawn work is a perfect poem."

"No, I have not," confessed Evadne. "It seems such silly work, to draw threads apart and then sew them together again."

Isabelle elevated her eyebrows with a look of horror. Louis laughed. "She's a hopeless case, Isabelle," he said. "You'll never convert her into an elegant trifler. You might as well throw up the contract."

"It seems to me, Evadne," said his sister, icily, "that you might have a little regard for the decorums of society. Don't, I beg of you, give utterance to such heresies before the girls. And I wish you would not call it my Bible, I did not make it."

"That is quite true, Evadne," said Louis, gravely. "If she had there would have been a good deal left out."

Isabelle shot an angry glance at him, but made no remark. Her brother's sarcasms were always received in silence.

"Eva," she said, after a pause, "I intend to call you by that name in future—your full one is too troublesome."

Evadne shivered. Her father was the only one who had ever abbreviated her name.

"I shall not answer to it," she said quietly.

"Why, pray?"

"Because, I suppose, in common with the rest of the lower animals, I have a natural repugnance to being cut in two."

"How tiresome you are," exclaimed Isabelle with a pout. "I do not object to my first syllable. All the girls at school call me Isa. Mamma, did you remember to order the tulle for our wings? Claude Rivers has finished hers and they are perfectly sweet! She showed them to me this afternoon."

"Wings, Isabelle! What in the world are you up to now?"

"A butterfly social, papa. We must raise money in some way. The church is frightfully in debt."

"That is a deplorable fact, but I did not know butterflies were famed as financiers."

"Oh, of course it is just for the novelty of the thing. The last social we had was a Mother Goose, and we have had Brownie suppers and pink teas and everything else we could think of. We must have something to attract you know."

"I wonder if it really pays?" ventured Marion. "It seems [illegible] much left, after you deduct the cost of the preparation. People might as well give the money outright. It would save them a world of trouble."

"Why, you silly child, it is to promote sociability in the church. As to the trouble, of course we do not count that. We must expect to make sacrifices."

"But they do not make the church any more sociable," said Marion boldly, who having struck for freedom of thought, was following up her advantage. "The same people take part every time and the others are left outside."

"Nonsense!" said Isabelle hotly. "It is only those who cannot afford to take part who are outside and it is a treat for them to look on."

"A sort of half-price theatre!" said Louis with a sneer.

"I don't believe they find the looking-on such fun as you think," said Marion, who was astonished at herself. "Suppose you try if they wouldn't like to take part, and offer your place in the cantata to Jemima Dobbs."

"Well done, Sis!" and Louis applauded softly.

Isabelle's lip curled. "Upon my word, Marion, you bid fair to become as hot an anarchist as Louise Michel! It is a mystery to me where you find out the Christian names of all the ungainly people in the congregation."

"Jemima Dobbs isn't dynamite, and I have no anarchical tendencies," persisted Marion stoutly, "but beauty is only skin-deep, Isabelle. She supports a sick mother and five children, and that is more than any of the rest of us could do," and Marion, frightened at her momentary temerity, shrank back into her shell.

"It is a most unaccountable thing, Lawrence," said Mrs. Hildreth, "why the church should be so heavily encumbered. I am sure you contribute handsomely and the pew rents are high. There is always a large congregation. I cannot understand."

"It is largely composed of tourists though, my dear, and they never carry more than a nickel in their pockets; so the weight of the burden falls upon a few. The expenses are very heavy. Jerome wants to make it the most popular church in the city, and the new quartette proves an expensive luxury."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Hildreth, "of course one cannot grudge the money for that; professional singing is such an attraction. The way Madame Rialto took that high C last Sunday, was superb."

"Well," said Isabelle, "I don't think there is any doubt that Dr. Jerome is the most popular preacher in the city. He is going to preach next Sunday on the 'Moral Progress of Social Science,' and next month he commences his series of sermons on the 'Social Progress of the Day.' He takes such an interest in sociology."

"But why doesn't he preach Jesus Christ?" asked Evadne wonderingly.

"You will get to be a regular fanatic, Evadne, if you ring the changes on that subject so often. Dr. Jerome says he wants his people to have an intelligent idea of the progress of events. Of course, every one understands the Bible."

"I do think he is the loveliest man!" she continued rapturously. "He is so sympathetic, and Celeste Follingsby says he is perfectly heavenly in affliction. Her little sister died last week, you know. It is so awkward that it should have happened just now. She will not be able to take any part in the cantata, and she had the sweetest dress!"

"Very ill-timed of Providence," said Louis gravely. "What a pity it is, Isabelle, that you couldn't have the regulation of affairs." He yawned and strolled lazily towards the fire-place. When he looked round again, Evadne was the only other occupant of the room.

"Well, coz, what do you think of the situation? I belong to the worldlings, of course, but I confess the idea of Jesus Christ at a Butterfly Social is tremendously incongruous. You'll find it a hopelsss task Evadne, to make the Bible and modern Christianity agree."

"So much the worse, then, for modern Christianity," said Evadne. "I know little of it, but I am learning about Christ."

(To be Continued.)

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

FEATHERED FRIENDS

Studying the Ways of the Doves and Pigeons —Suggestions for a Home Club

WHAT the rose is among flowers, the dove is among birds. As there are unnumbered varieties of the one, there are numberless species of the other, doves and pigeons being first and second cousins, and belonging alike to the one great family-group. Many of our little readers have pigeon-roosts or dove-cotes. All who have, we are sure, never forget their birds when snow is on the ground and their pretty charges are dependant for daily fare upon a little master's or mistress' thoughtful provision of crumbs. Perplexed mammas, who want to entertain little folks during long winter evenings, might find a study of the dove or pigeon interesting to possessors of such pets.

The study of doves and pigeons will lead the children far afield into enchanted countries and ages, to the Holy Land and to the study of Christ's life. On the standards of Assyrians and Babylonians, the dove went before them into battle—strange place and circumstance for the symbol of peace and gentleness! In Syria and Phœnicia, the dove was a pagan ensign and divinity; and as a sacred bird, its flesh was forbidden food. Egyptian priests sent carrier-doves forth from temples, bearing grave and sometimes cruel messages; kings entrusted secrets of state to their conveyance; the prisoner sent and received words of comfort, and the lover sings:

> I wrote a letter to my love,
> And gave it to a tender dove.

The naval and military service of the world to-day seeks to utilize the homing instinct of the pigeon where telegraph and mail-bags would be unavailable. So dove and pigeon, representing the world's first postal system, in spite of the wonders of progress and invention, are still expected to do high service. The dove's flight possessed, in pagan eyes, prophetic significance; and soothsayers in the East still watch the flight of doves for purposes of divination. In parts of Russia, doves and pigeons are held in superstitious veneration; no one kills them, and a hungry mujik will share his scanty fare with them.

The children will be sure to read and to tell of the doves that hover about the wonderful old church of St. Mark's, in Venice. Tourists feel that a visit to Venice is incomplete unless they have fed these birds. Each child will have his version of how St. Mark's doves, fluttering down familiarly upon the helmets, sabres and muskets of Napoleon's invading soldiers, turned their attention from ruder occupations to the most gentle pastime of feeding and caressing these pretty, cooing visitants.

The dove sent forth from the ark was the world's first messenger. Doves were the only birds in the ancient sacrificial code of the Hebrews, and were substitutes where parents were too poor to buy lambs. Thus, we read that when Jesus was eight days old, "they brought him to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord . . . and to offer a sacrifice . . . according to the law of the Lord, a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons." When Jesus was baptized, the Holy Ghost descended "like a dove upon him."

Ornithology will show the children that the dove has some ways which might be improved upon—for instance, Mrs. Turtle-dove might mourn less and build her nest better. Wild pigeons have been common to America in such numbers as to ruin crops; Wilson (Audubon's comrade), estimated one flock which he saw at nearly twenty-five million birds; and now, they have been slaughtered to such extent, that the danger arises of their total extermination. The children will find that ornithology, like history, is an enchanted land, wherein stand the great pigeon-towers of Persia; through which fly the white-and-rose carrier-pigeons of Scandiroon; and in which the ways of one's own every-day pets—the birds which fly down from their cote to take their dinner out of one's own hand or sister's apron, have honorable place. Studying the ways of pigeons, little folks pay passing compliments to other birds; they acquire habits of observation; and learn to treat with respect the lives and rights of our winged friends—of the very humblest of whom, the little sparrow—Jesus said: "Not one of them is forgotten before God."

FEEDING THE DOVES IN WINTER

A New Boys' Brigade

A new kind of boys' brigade, which has been recently started, and which eliminates the military element, will doubtless be organized in many Sunday Schools during the new year. It is known as the "Boys' Life-Guard Brigade." It has ambulance drill, fire drill, and saving-from-drowning drill. Its standard of heroism is high and practical; and yet it teaches that true heroism must be a matter of every-day life—entering into all its common-place details. On its roll of honor will be inscribed the name of any boy who rescues a life from fire, water, or other peril, or the boy who by his example truly influences the lives of other boys. Members must be over the age of twelve, total abstainers, and are required to conduct themselves in a quiet and orderly manner.

"Beautiful Mother"

"My mamma is the prettiest," said Bessie. "No, mine," insisted Sue. "My mamma," Baby Will stoutly declared, "is the prettiest ever was;" and so the contention went on in the nursery where Bessie was entertaining friends, until Bessie's mamma had to act as umpire and settle the question by assuring each little one that of course his or her mamma was prettiest for him or her. Was there ever a mamma whom her little ones did not think beautiful? Many famous men and women have carried this belief all through life, as did George Ebers, for instance. In his writings he dwells on his mother's tenderness, on her beauty, and her influence. In fact it runs like a silver thread through all his reminiscences.

The Guest in the Home

There are guests, says Margaret Sangster, in *Home Life Made Beautiful*, who can come into the family like a tone of music sounding in harmony with the family chord. They do not ignore with cool indifference the children or the aged. They do not keep meals waiting; they do not order the servants; they do not presume upon the hospitality shown to cause inconvenience or in any way interrupt family life. They do not mar the beauty of the guest-room by disorder; their presence is a benediction; their going causes heartfelt regret. Such guests do not accept hospitality and afterwards speak slightingly or critically of their entertainers. Such guests are ever welcome.

OLD DAYS AND NEW

AS the musician's deft touch wakes
An unforgotten strain,
Whereat eyes sparkle, or grow moist—
Hearts throb with joy, or pain;

So would my feebler pen invoke
O'er memory's realm a spell,
To win for us, from auld lang syne,
Treasures we loved so well.

Home of our youth! echo again
Our laughter, sport and song;
Again our peaceful refuge be
From peril, fear and wrong.

Have these fled joys the power alone,
Fond memory's ear to charm?
Faith listens too, and, smiling, says:
"Dear hearts, have no alarm;

A home more joyous far, more fair,
Your loved ones now behold,
And hand in hand with them, you shall
Walk through its streets of gold."

WM. S. HARTT.

Brothers and Sisters

"I COULD never be satisfied to marry a man who was not as good as my brother." It was at an afternoon tea-party, and a group of girls had drifted into the discussion of motives for marriage. An absent member of their circle had married a man "to reform" him, and now the girls, hearing of grave misfortunes that had come upon her, were planning a way to help her.

"Somehow," said the speaker, "I always blame a girl's brother if she likes unworthy men. Hal has made that sort of thing impossible to me. He is such a paragon that he has trained me to expect extraordinary things of men. And my heart just aches for girls who have wicked brothers. I feel that their future is so unsafe. Dissipated men bring their associates around—and then they carry their own atmosphere with them, and their sisters learn not to expect much of men; they have no true ideal of manly character. Rob was introduced to Margie by her own brother." Perhaps the speaker went too far, but there is a good deal of truth in what she says—a truth that we mothers may turn to large advantage. There isn't a brother in the world that will not be a better man for realizing that his character will effect his sister's character and her fortune in life. We continually and rightly tell our little girls that they must so be and so live that their brothers will think highly of women; and this incentive has been productive of much that is excellent and beautiful in womanly character. Are we equally kind to our little boys? Do we as constantly and faithfully impress upon them as upon our girls, the creed that they must so be and so live that their sisters will think highly of men? Our boys will respond to this argument when we bring it home to them with careful, prayerful, loving force. Teach them, as little fellows, to "help sister to be good."

A Letter from Admiral Dewey

The following letter shows a hitherto unknown side of the character of the hero of Manila and America's man of steel. Jesse Noss belonged to the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers; his daughter, referred to in the letter, was born after his departure, and died after he fell. The letter is dated from Manila:

MY DEAR MRS. NOSS:—I wish to express to you my deepest sympathy. It must lessen your sorrow somewhat to know that your young husband fell fighting bravely for his country. From the *Olympia* I watched the famous fight on that fearful night and wondered how many American homes would be saddened by the martyrdom suffered by our brave men, and my sympathy went out to each and every one of them. Your loss has been sadder than the others, and I am unable to express the sorrow I feel for you. Tears come to my eyes as I read the sad story of the father who never saw his child, and then the loss of all that was left to the brave mother. It is hard sometimes to believe, but our Heavenly Father in his infinite goodness always does things for the best, and some day father, mother and daughter will be joined never again to be parted. With my tenderest sympathy, believe me your sincere friend.

GEORGE DEWEY.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL

Amiable Fault Finding. A Perplexed Girl. Social Duties of a Pastor's Wife, etc.

I SUPPOSE there is not one of us dear friends, who does not now and then exclaim, apropos of some act or speech of our sons and brothers, "Just like a man!" Occasionally, too, the man retorts good humoredly, when some word or deed of one of us strikes him as a wee bit out of proportion, "Just like a woman!" Taking us big and large as a race, human beings have very much in common, but there are little peculiarities and distinctions which appertain to sex, which make the man especially manly, and the woman notably womanly. When we glibly use the phrase above quoted, however, we seldom do it in a spirit of admiration. It is usually in a mood of banter, perhaps of amiable fault-finding that we fling our little pebble of amusement at our blundering Johns and Harrys, and laughing at their odd ways, say, "Isn't that just like a man?" And I haven't the least doubt that with John and Harry the case is much the same.

* * *

I HAD a letter last night from a perplexed girl, who writes to me to complain that her father, an excellent parent in other respects, and a thoroughly good man, I fancy, is unreasonably inconsiderate of her mother and herself, in the matter of tidiness. "I like to see the house pretty, and I work hard to have it nice and neat, and papa throws his things about, and takes no care whatever. He just upsets and makes confusion, and I am at my wit's end, and so is mamma."

Well, my dear, I cannot comfort you with the hope that your father will be very likely to change his habits. I know some charming men, a number of them, in fact, who have a similar disregard for the orderly arrangement of the home, who must be followed about and picked up after, and allowed to be comfortable without too much nagging. There are men who may be tracked from room to room in the house by the trail of dropped newspapers, handkerchiefs, hats, etc., etc., which they leave in their wake. If a young woman happens to marry one of these dear, disorderly people, she need not expect to reform him, and may just as well lovingly condone the little inconveniences of her lot. For my part, as between the masculine Miss Nancy, who has a finger in every domestic pie, and the masculine Sir Heedless, who takes no note of affairs not in his province, and needs a good deal of motherly, wifely and sisterly caretaking and excusing, I prefer the latter. Of all trying and irritating personages, a martinet man of the house carries off the palm.

* * *

BUT the remedy for the really exasperating footlessness of certain good men, who do seem to blame in their bull-in-a-china-shop careers through home-life, is in the hands of mothers. To begin with your daughter-in-law's husband, and train him to have a place for everything and everything in its place, is your right and bounden duty, dear lady, whose small John is to-day under your hand, to govern and mould for all the coming days.

* * *

M. F. G. It is not customary to exact calls on the congregation from the wife of the pastor. She is usually very much pleased to have the ladies call on her, but you can readily see that if she is compelled to call on all the families in the church, she will have very little time for any of the other duties which fall on her, as her husband's wife, the mother of his children and the mistress of his house. When your pastor and his wife set aside and announce a weekly afternoon and evening when they will be at home to the members of the congregation, they are showing real hospitality, and making it easy for every one to know when to find them at leisure. The people should frankly avail themselves of this courtesy, and should be at liberty to go often on the appointed evening, not confining themselves to a single call. But I do not think they should expect, Madame, the minister's wife to call generally on the congregation. She is at liberty, like any other lady, to select her special circle of intimate acquaintances. The pastor, too, ought not to use up valuable time in calls that are merely social, though, if aware of need for his presence, he will always call on the sick and the afflicted. It is only fair to a pastor to notify him when his visits are especially desired.

* * *

SUSIE V. T. Do not be afraid to wash your face every day with hot water and a good toilet soap. Of course, having made a lather and carefully rubbed it into the pores with gentle, not rough, pressure you must rinse it thoroughly off. Use soap only once a day. By looking at a lace veil and seeing how much dust lodges in its fine meshes, you can get an idea of how the pores of the skin become clogged with dust.

Margaret E. Sangster

Strange New Shrub that Cures Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, etc. Free.

We have previously described the new botanic discovery, Alkavis, which proves a specific cure for diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or disorder of the Kidneys or urinary organs. It is now stated that Alkavis is a product of the well known Kava-Kava Shrub, and is a specific cure for these diseases just as quinine is for malaria. Hon. R. C. Wood, of Lowell, Ind., writes that in four weeks Alkavis cured him of Kidney and bladder disease of ten year's standing, and Rev. Thomas M. Owen, of West Pawlet, Vt., gives similar testimony. Many ladies also testify to its wonderful curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. The only importers of Alkavis so far are the Church Kidney Cure Co., of 409 Fourth Avenue, New York, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of *The Christian Herald* who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative power.

Chambard's Tea. [illegible] medicine in France for biliousness, constipation, indigestion [illegible] Tea [illegible] Legoll's [illegible]

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The Government Investigations show Royal superior to all other baking powders in purity and strength.

Wool Soap

is all soap—no rosin, no filling, no adulteration—positively pure, and absolutely safe for toilet and bath.

Swift and Company, Chicago

The only soap that won't shrink woolens

$2.75 BOX RAIN COAT

A REGULAR $5.00 WATERPROOF MACKINTOSH FOR $2.75. **Send No Money.** Cut this ad out and send to us, state your height and weight, state number of inches around breast desired, [illegible] express C. O. D., subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found exactly as represented and by far the greatest value you ever saw or heard of, pay the express agent our special offer price, $2.75, and express charges. THIS MACKINTOSH is made of extra heavy waterproof, tan color, genuine Davis Cravet Cloth, extra long, double [illegible] Sewed, Satin Yoked [illegible] Storm Collar, waterproof [illegible] and guaranteed absolutely waterproof, and is the greatest value ever offered by us or any other house. For Free Cloth Samples of Men's Mackintoshes up to $5.00, and Misses' Mackintoshes up to $3.00, and Measure Blanks, write for Free Book No. 109. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

LADIES WANTED to sew at stamping at home. We pay $6 per week for their whole [illegible] H. F. JONES, Dept. H, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rheumatism

Sciatic,
Inflammatory,
Acute, Chronic,—

[illegible] felt, is painful, irritating, agonizing. It is caused by acid in the blood settling in the joints. Hood's Sarsaparilla neutralizes this acid and cures rheumatism, as the experience of multitudes has proved. William H. Lester, [illegible] and decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking it a short time I was entirely well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine for rheumatism. Sold by all druggists. Price $1.

Hood's Pills [illegible]

No dirt escapes Pearline

DR. HUNTER'S

NEW... ....BOOK ON **Consumption**

AND ALL LUNG DISEASES
PUBLISHED FOR FREE CIRCULATION.

DR. ROBERT HUNTER, recognized everywhere as the greatest living authority on diseases of the [illegible] tells plainly the true nature of Consumption: its causes: its unmistakable symptons: how to prevent, and HOW IT CAN BE RADICALLY CURED.

The book is of such great importance to the welfare of the whole people that it has been decided to issue an edition of 50,000 copies in paper covers for free general distribution.

[illegible] have been reported, effectually remove all doubts as to the curability of this dread disease."

Any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can secure one of these free paper covered copies by simply sending a request to

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[illegible] Address Paris Silk Agency, [illegible] N. Y.

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Mackintoshes Cameras Watches Furniture Bicycles Mandolins etc. etc. absolutely **Free** for a **few hours work** introducing our high grade [illegible] among your friends. **No money required.** Write for list of premiums and full information. **BULLOCK, WARD & CO.,** 330 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

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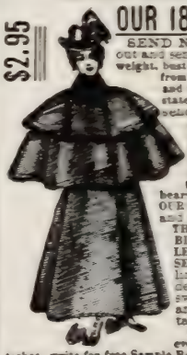
Free Trial. [illegible] $250 Kenwood Piano for $145. [illegible] $75 Kenwood Organ for $52.50. [illegible] $125 Kenwood Piano for $85. [illegible] $21.75. Large illustrated catalogue FREE. [illegible] CASH BUYERS' UNION, 160 W. VanBuren St., B-18, Chicago, Ill.

Big Drop in Dress Goods:

Every one can now buy Dress Goods of every description and from one yard upwards, for just as they buy from the largest merchants, and have [illegible] a book of 60 cloth samples of latest things in all [illegible] also full instructions how to order, etc., if you will cut this notice out and mail it to the big reliable [illegible] SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago.

WANTED—A [illegible] RIPANS [illegible] Now the word RIPANS [illegible] RIPANS [illegible] Ten samples and one [illegible] mailed to any address for [illegible] the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

$2.95



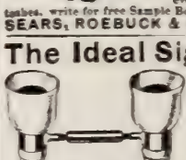
OUR 1899 MACKINTOSH

SEND NO MONEY, cut this ad out and send to us, state your height and weight, best measure, length of garment from collar down back to waist line, and waist line to bottom of skirt; state color wanted and we will send you this mackintosh by express C. O. D., subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found exactly as represented and by far the greatest value you ever saw or heard of, pay your express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, $2.95, and express charges.

THIS MACKINTOSH is made of BLACK or BLUE genuine RAINSLEY double texture, waterproof SERGE CLOTH, with fancy plaid [illegible] velvet collar, double detachable cape, extra full sweep cape and skirt, guaranteed latest style and finest tailor-made.

FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of everything in ladies' mackintoshes, write for free Sample Book No. 85 C. ADDRESS SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL.

The Ideal Sight Restorer.



A MOST VALUABLE AND SUITABLE PRESENT. THE INESTIMABLE BLESSING OF SIGHT. AVOID SPECTACLES, HEADACHE AND SURGICAL OPERATION. READ ILLUSTRATED TREATISE ON THE EYE. PAMPHLET MAILED FREE. THE IDEAL COMPANY, 239 BROADWAY, N. Y.

STUDY AT HOME and prepare for a good position. We [illegible] Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Letter Writing, Commercial Law, etc., by MAIL. It is a [illegible] Ten Years' Success. References from [illegible] Catalogue free. Mention this paper.

BRYANT & STRATTON'S COLLEGE, 375 College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y. **BY MAIL.**

BUY YOUR WALL-PAPER BY MAIL from the manufacturers. Samples sent free. Prices as low as [illegible] KAYSER & ALLMAN, 1214-1216 Market St., Phila.

A PRESENT HELP

THERE is never a day so dreary,
But God can make it bright;
And unto the soul that trusts Him,
He giveth songs in the night.
There is never a path so hidden,
But God will show the way,
If we seek for the Spirit's guidance,
And patiently watch and pray.

There is never a cross so heavy,
But the loving hands are there,
Outstretched in tender compassion,
The burden to help us bear.
There is never a heart that is broken,
But the loving Christ can heal,
For the heart that was pierced on Calvary,
Doth still for His people feel.

There is never a life so burdened,
So hopeless and so unblest,
But may be filled with the light of God,
And enter His promised rest.
There is never a sin or a sorrow,
There is never a care or a loss,
But we may carry to Jesus,
And leave at the foot of the Cross.

What more can we ask than He's promised,
And we know that His word cannot fail,
Our refuge when storms are impending,
Our help when temptations assail.
Our Saviour, our Friend, and Redeemer,
Our portion on earth and in heaven;
For He who withheld not His own dear Son,
Hath with Him all things freely given.

Changed by the Gospel

"Have you ever heard the Gospel before?" a Chinaman was asked, who had come into a mission room for the first time. "No," he replied, "but I have seen it! I know a man who used to be the terror of his neighborhood. If you gave him a hard word, he would shoot at you, and curse you. He was as dangerous as a wild beast, and a hard opium smoker; but when the religion of Jesus took hold of him he became wholly changed. He is gentle, moral, and has left off opium. Truly, the teaching is good."

Consumption and Other Lung Diseases Cured by a New Discovery.

As stated in a previous issue the Alpha Medical Institute posseses the secret of a positive cure for Consumption and allied Lung Diseases. Additional testimony to this great discovery is daily accumulating. Many remarkable letters are to hand, including sworn testimony from sufferers cured of most severe cases of Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma. Among these are letters from Hon. A. J. Farrow, Morton, Ind.; Rev. M. W. Kenney, La Crescent, Minn.; Mrs. John Lexa, Manly, Iowa, and many others. To prove its great power, the Institute will for the next sixty days send this New Treatment entirely free to all who apply. If you are in need of help we advise you to accept this most generous offer. Send your address, name of nearest express office and all particulars of your disease to the Alpha Medical Institute, No. 562 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will at once send you their Book and free Home Treatment as stated.

Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine by its purifying action neutralizes the acidity of the blood and builds up the system.

RHEUMATISM QUICKLY CURED.

In an article contributed to the London Lancet, a Philadelphia physician says: "Tartarlithine has given me results beyond all comparison superior to any preparation which I have tried. The promptness of its action is in many cases astonishing, a subsidence of distressing symptoms quickly following the administration of three doses of five grains each, taken four hours apart in a half pint of water on a reasonably empty stomach. The use of the preparation in the quantities named has sufficed in all cases so far treated, about twenty in number, to practically cure the disorder, temporarily at least.

Regular package $1.00.
Of all druggists or post-free by mail.
Pamphlets with Testimonials FREE.

McKESSON & ROBBINS,
91 Fulton Street, . . New York.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

You Can Pay Off Your Mortgage

This winter by working evenings for

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

500 best agents get $11,500 divided among them in addition to good pay for work done.

The Curtis Publishing Company
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RUBIFOAM

the perfect liquid dentifrice, is children's delight. Its delicious fragrance and flavor makes cleaning their teeth a pleasure.

Many careful mothers preserve the temporary teeth by the daily use of

RUBIFOAM

thus ensuring their children sound permanent teeth.

Popular price, 25c. Send 2c. stamp for sample vial. Address E. W. Hoyt & Co., Lowell, Mass.

AN UNCROWNED KING.

Every American boy is an "Uncrowned King."

Some, having inherited robust constitutions are well equipped to fight the battle of life; others require special attention and extra nutriment from the day of birth.

In this case parents should consider the value of **FINE FLOUR of the ENTIRE WHEAT** as ground by the **Franklin Mills.**

It will supply the child with just the material for real growth and sustenance, and will build up a strong and vigorous constitution.

If your grocer does not keep it, send us his name and your order—we will see that you are supplied.

Booklet Free.

The genuine made only by the
FRANKLIN MILLS CO.,
Lockport, N. Y.

THE STORY OF THE
Life and Missionary Labors
of JOSEPHINE S. WILLIAMSON,
IN THE SLUMS, DIVES AND OPIUM JOINTS.....
OF NEW YORK CITY,

As told by the secular and religious press; sent prepaid, bound in paper, on receipt of **TEN Cents in Stamps or Coin.** Address

Mrs. JOSEPHINE S. WILLIAMSON,
159 E. 113th St., New York City.

"The more you say the less people remember." One word with you, **SAPOLIO**

EucalolCuresCatarrh

. . Nasal and Post-Nasal Catarrh, . .
Dry Catarrh, Ozena, Catarrhal Headache, Catarrhal Deafness,
. . and Acute Cold in the Head . . .

Two months ago we advertised our free trial offer of the Eucalol treatment for Catarrh in this publication. The response has been beyond our expectations. Thousands have accepted our offer, have tried and paid for the treatment. Our mail is crowded with letters expressing gratitude to us for the offer, and bearing testimony to the effectiveness of the cure. In almost no instance (not one in a hundred) has the medicine been returned, proving: First, that Americans are honest; second, the Eucalol treatment does all we claim for it; that is, it *Cures* Catarrh. We shall continue our

Unequaled Free Trial Offer:

In order to prove the curative power of Eucalol and our confidence in it, we will gladly send to any reputable person a complete outfit, with full directions, for two weeks trial. If at the end of that time it has not benefited you, return it and no charge will be made. If you find it helpful, send us 75 cents by mail or express money order.

BUSTIN & PORTER,
Barristers at Law, etc.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 14, 1898.

To the Manager of the Eucalol Co., New York.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find express order for 75c., in payment for your medicine sent to me on trial. It has done me a great deal of good for the short time it has been used, and I am trying to get my druggist, Mr. Dick, of this city, to handle it. Thanking you for your courtesy. Yours truly, *S. B. BUSTIN.*

EUCALOL treatment is based on antiseptic cleanliness—the method used in the nose and throat hospitals of New York and Philadelphia. It is not the catch-penny cure-all of the quack, but a prescription perfected by years of scientific trial and study by the leading specialists in the world.

It consists of an antiseptic wash to thoroughly cleanse the nostrils, removing all accumulated mucous and dry scabs, and the application of the antiseptic **Eucalol Cream,** healing and soothing the irritated mucous membrane. Both are pleasant to use, the effect is instantaneous and delightful, and persistency in their use is sure to effect a cure. **The Eucalol Treatment** is so cheap as to be within the means of everyone. The free trial offer makes it possible to try it without risking a cent. Address

THE EUCALOL COMPANY, 108 Fulton Street, New York.

Eucalol Cream Cures Cold in the Head—25c.

When Beauty Reigns

health is the power behind the throne. The greatest charm of woman is the evidence of physical health. The woman who lives a life of freedom in a Ferris Waist enjoys the distinction of looking well, the joy of feeling well, the blessing of being well.

This represents Style 220 medium form $1.

Ferris' Good Sense

Corset Waists

are fashioned to fit the form perfectly, naturally, beautifully, whether the wearer is tall or short, stout or slender. There is a lesson in the art of healthful dressing in the new Ferris Book. It's a plain book, full of plain truths which no thoughtful woman can misunderstand. Sent free.

Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waists are sold by all leading dealers. Do not take substitutes. Ladies', $1.00 to $2.75; Misses', 50c. to $1.00; Children's, 25c. to 50c. Made only by

THE FERRIS BROS. CO., 341 Broadway, N. Y.

Will Carleton's MAGAZINE "Every Where."

You have all heard of **Will Carleton,** the famous poet and editor, author of "Farm Ballads," "City Legends," etc., etc. His magazine, "EVERY WHERE," contains his latest poems, sketches and stories. Best of additional literature.

50 Cents a Year

SPECIAL OFFER: 4 Months for 10 Cents.

Every Where Publishing Co., Dept. B. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAFNESS Relieved Positively. Can hear Whispers with Walsh's Telephonic Ear Tube. (Patented). Doctors approve it. Descriptive circular for stamp. R. Walsh & Co., Bayonne, N.J.

Church Hymns and Gospel Songs

By SANKEY, McGRANAHAN & STEBBINS.

The long wished for combination of the best "Standard Church Hymns" and the most popular "Gospel Hymns" has been made.

10 Copies, Edition with Music, half bound, 120 Copies, Words only, cloth covers,

130 COPIES FOR $15.

A splendid outfit for the Church and Prayer Meeting. Returnable copies of the two books sent for examination on receipt of 25 Cents.

May be ordered through any bookseller.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

THE HAIR 27th Ed. Its Care, or Shampoo, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARRY PARKER. D. G. TONG & CO., 161 Arch St., Phila., Pa. "Every one should read this little book."—

WHITHER AM I GOING?

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Jan. 15. Ps. 119: 57-64

A MORE important question can no man put to his own soul. It is necessary to ask it because of the common tendency to drift. There is no standing still in life. Every year finds us farther in one direction or the other, than the former year. The progress may be almost imperceptible, but it is sure. It is well therefore, that at frequent intervals we examine ourselves and ask the question, "Whither am I going?" The answer must come from existing tendencies that can be easily recognized. Our course in this world is like that of a boat on a river. If the rower sits idle, the course of the boat will be with the stream. If he wishes to go up the river he must put forth his strength and exert himself to overcome resistance. And this effort is precisely that which everyone who aspires to do the best with his own life, must make. His physical nature tends downward. If he yields to its desires and appetites and indulges them, his tendency is to the level of the brutes. His body may develop, but his spiritual nature degenerates. That is the easiest course, and it is the common one. The spiritual does not acquire and maintain rule over the animal in human nature without vigorous and persistent effort. Thus the question, "Whither am I going?" must be determined by self-examination, for it depends on this struggle. The way of self-indulgence is toward the rapids; but the way of self-control is upward toward the throne of God itself. But self-control to the one who finds that he is on the wrong course is impossible. Happily for us, there is a better word that has power in it. Our failure discourages us, until we learn to substitute for self-control, Christ-control. To give our lives into his hand, to receive into our souls the power of his divine nature, is the only way to success. With that, we cease to drift, and begin the course which leads to infinite development. In all the ages, there has been no secret like this. The drunkard, the gambler, the libertine, have tried it, and have found their downward course arrested, and have begun the course heavenward. Therefore, let the question, "Whither am I going?" fill no one with despair. Christ will give the victory to all who put their trust in him.

The Tract Society and the War

The American Tract Society has done a large amount of work in the army and navy during the past summer in the distribution of literature, and including also extensive service in the hospital. The demand for the service continues in the army of encampment and occupation. Many do not realize this, but those who are face to face with the situation feel that the necessity for it is quite equal to that which existed during active hostilities. The missionaries of the American Tract Society were active in the hospital work as well as in camp and on shipboard.

"God Claims You"

It is [illegible] that when he was a mere lad he once heard three words which made a memorable impression upon him—"God claims you." Then came the question, "What am I going to do with the claim?" He answered, "I will own it, and give myself to God." He [illegible] told his mother, "God claims me." At school and college his motto was, "God claims me." As a member of Parliament, and subsequently as Lord Chancellor, it was still, "God claims me." When he was appointed Lord Chancellor, he was teacher of a large Bible-class, and his minister, thinking that now he would not have time to devote to that purpose, said to him, "I suppose you will now require to give up your class?" "No," was the reply, "I will not; God claims me."

A GOOD PRACTICE.

If You Want a Good Appetite and Perfect Digestion.

After each meal dissolve one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in the mouth and mingling with the food, they constitute a perfect digestive, absolutely safe for the most sensitive stomach.

They digest the food before *it has time to ferment*, thus preventing the formation of gas and keeping the blood pure and free from the poisonous products of fermented, half-digested food.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets make the complexion clear by keeping the blood pure.

They increase flesh by digesting flesh-forming foods.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the only remedy designed especially for the cure of stomach troubles and nothing else.

One disease, one remedy, the successful physician of today is the specialist, the successful medicine is the medicine prepared especially for one disease.

A whole package taken at one time would not hurt you, but would simply be a waste of good material.

Over six thousand men and women in the state of Michigan alone have been cured of indigestion and dyspepsia by the use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per package.

Send for Free Book on stomach diseases to F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

The good name of

Allcock's
POROUS PLASTERS

has induced many persons to deceive the public by offering plasters which are not only lacking in the best elements of the genuine article, but are often harmful in their effects.

The public should be on their guard against these frauds, and, when a plaster is needed, be sure to insist upon having the best. When you buy Allcock's you obtain absolutely the best plaster made.

Most of Eve's Fair Daughters

love flowers, and look to us each year to supply their garden wants. Our 1899 Catalogue of

Everything FOR THE Garden

is a 190-page book, 9x11 inches, containing over 700 engravings and 6 superb colored plates of Seeds and Plants. And as all are drawn from nature, we show, as in a looking-glass, the best of the old and the latest of the new.

To trace advertising, and give our Catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following unusually liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash.

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses us **10 cents** (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send, **free of charge**, our famous **50-cent "Empire State" Collection** of Seeds, containing one packet each of New Large-flowering Sweet Peas, New Butterfly Pansy, New Jubilee Asters, New Golden Rose Celery, New York Lettuce, and Ponderosa Tomato, in a red envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK

$2.90 BUYS A $6.00 TANK HEATER

Five cents worth of soft coal per day and this tank heater will heat the water for 50 head of stock, can't burn out, made from heavy GALVANIZED STEEL, 36 inches high, will keep the water from freezing in largest tank in zero weather, fire never goes out, ashes can be removed without disturbing the fire or removing heater from tank, will burn anything, no heater made requiring so little attention, nothing more durable. WRITE FOR OUR FREE AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT CATALOGUE.

Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago.

FENCING For poultry, half cost of Netting. Also farm, yard, cemetery fences. Freight paid. Catalogue free.
K. L. SHELLABERGER, 72 F St., Atlanta, Ga.

The woman who has a heavy task before her—dishes to wash or a floor to scrub has a friend in this great cleaner

GOLD DUST
Washing Powder

Harmless, yet efficient —costs so little the mite is never missed. Largest package—Greatest economy.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston. Philadelphia.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on."—*Shakespeare, "Tempest," act iv., sc. 1.*

Sold by mail, only **$15.**

Size 4 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. 3 in. **Made in two parts, 50 cents extra.**

Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress.

We KNOW that we make the best mattress in the world, but it is hard for us to convince YOU, individually, of it without a trial. Perhaps you don't need a mattress now. Don't let that keep your from sending for our Free book, "The Test of Time." It costs us 25 cts. to answer every inquiry, but we will get it back if we can interest enough people merely to send for our book; write to-day.

GUARANTEE: Sleep on it for a month, and if it isn't all you hoped for in the way of a mattress, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

OSTERMOOR & CO., 115 Elizabeth Street, New York City.

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium,
FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF **CANCER**

Tumors and all Forms of Malignant and Benign Growths

Without the use of the Knife

THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.

We have never failed to effect a permanent cure where we have had a reasonable opportunity for treatment.

Please state your case as clearly as possible and our book with complete information will be mailed free. Address

Drs. W. E. Brown & Son, North Adams, Mass.

SEND US ONE DOLLAR and this ad. and we will send you this big 325-lb. new 1899 pattern high grade RESERVOIR COAL AND WOOD COOK STOVE, by freight C.O.D., subject to examination. Examine it at your freight depot and if found perfectly satisfactory and the greatest stove bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the freight agent our SPECIAL PRICE, **$13.00** less the $1.00 sent with order, or $12.00 and freight charges. This stove is size No. 8, oven is 16½x18x11, top is 44x28, made from best pig iron, extra large fire-box, heavy covers, heavy linings and grates, large oven shelf, heavy tin-lined oven door, handsome nickel-plated ornamentations and trimmings, extra large deep genuine Standish porcelain lined reservoir, handsome large ornamented base. Best coal burner made, and we furnish FREE an extra wood grate, making it a perfect wood burner. WE ISSUE A BINDING GUARANTEE with every stove and guarantee safe delivery to your railroad station. Your local dealer would charge you $25.00 for such a stove; the freight is only about $1.00 for each 500 miles, so we save you at least $10.

WRITE FOR OUR BIG FREE STOVE CATALOGUE

Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.** Incl. CHICAGO.

MONUMENTS

DON'T buy marble or granite till you investigate WHITE BRONZE

More artistic and enduring; less expensive. Prices to suit all. Work delivered everywhere. Cost greatly underrated. Write for designs and our finished cost guaranteed prices.

NO MOSS GROWING. **NO** CRUMBLING CLEANING CRACKING.

THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.,
70-80 Howard Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure, we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO. Box 707, DETROIT, MICH.

PURE WATER

Is destroyed when boiled. Nothing but distillation will eliminate both organic and inorganic impurities. An ordinary cook stove is all you need with

The Sanitary Still....

to give plenty of pure, sparkling water, aerated with sterilized air. Free booklet.

Our $10.00 Still has twice the capacity of others.

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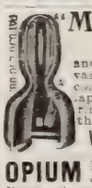

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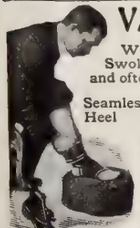

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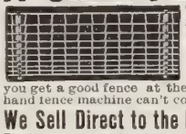

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This is a sad and pitiable form of delusion. It is not our business here to discuss the reason of it. Its prevalence, however, is beyond all doubt, and we feel that we are right in holding it responsible for a neglect of serious sible dangers. Nobody can afford to neglect them or "let them wear out," or "get better in the spring," or any other tomfoolery that leads only to wreck and ruin. Lung troubles don't move backward. Weak lungs don't grow strong by themselves—you must heal them and strengthen them and rid them of the very earliest germs of disease or you are simply committing a form of suicide. Either you must cure your lung troubles or THEY WILL KILL YOU.

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lung troubles in ourselves and others—that it is almost criminal.

How many a poor bread-earner there is who keeps on and on at his daily toil, taking cough medicines by fits and starts, but never quite curing his cough, while this same cough is but a symptom of decay that is eating into his lungs, and will in time cause their destruction. Thus does a wife observe her husband, or parents witness the struggle of a darling child, the youth or the maiden who was to rejoice their later years, while no steps are taken to battle with the evil until consumption has seized on one more victim. It is simply terrible to think how far we may be guilty by our indifference to the lung troubles of those near and dear to us. It is also a sad thought that we may hug a delusion as to our own health that we only get rid of when life itself must pay the forfeit.

Let us quit the distressing subject to come to what is practical. Nobody can afford to think lightly of lung troubles. Nobody can afford to be mistaken about their possible dangers. Nobody can afford to neglect them or "let them wear out," or "get better in the spring," or any other tomfoolery that leads only to wreck and ruin. Lung troubles don't move backward. Weak lungs don't grow strong by themselves—you must heal them and strengthen them and rid them of the very earliest germs of disease or you are simply committing a form of suicide. Either you must cure your lung troubles or THEY WILL KILL YOU.

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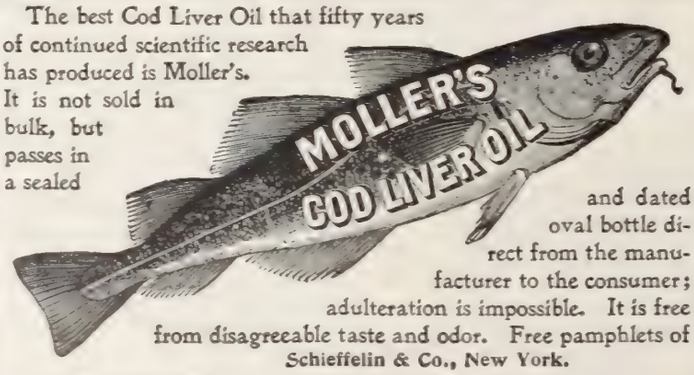

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VOLUME 22—NUMBER 2

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JANUARY 11, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Pastor of Eight Churches

Rev. Warren G. Partridge and his Far-Reaching Spiritual Charge in Cincinnati—The Ninth Street Baptist Church a "Mother of Churches"—Revival Fires Kept Brightly Burning, and a Great Army of Organized Christian Workers Laboring Earnestly for Souls

STATION A, HUNT STREET

"MOTHER of Churches" is the endearing name which has been fitly given to the remarkable church organization, the outlines of whose history are given below. The record may serve as an encouragement to other churches and a stimulus to all who love the association of fellow Christians in the service of the Master. . . . The Ninth Street Baptist Church, of Cincinnati, O., was organized on the ninth of Nov., 1830, sixty-eight years ago. There were only nineteen members at that time, but now there are about 1,600, it being the largest Baptist congregation in Ohio, and one of the largest Baptist churches in this country. The historic edifice has had very distinguished pastors, and the following names may be mentioned: Rev. Samuel W. Lynd, D.D., Rev. E. L. Magoon, D.D., Rev. Ezekiel Robinson, LL.D., who became President of Brown University; Rev. Wm. F. Hansell, Rev. E. T. Robinson, Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D., Rev. F. M. Ellis, D.D., Rev. Reuben Jeffery, D.D., Rev. Samuel W. Duncan, D.D., Rev. Johnston Myers, D.D. The present pastor is Rev. Warren G. Partridge, D.D., who is serving his fourth year.

The Ninth Street Church is the mother of Baptist churches; and her members have scattered all over this country, and are now working in other cities. Two Baptist churches have gone out from this church, as colonies, and are now strong Baptist churches in Cincinnati. Many rich members have been lost in this way, in order to build up other churches. Ninth Street Church is a down-town church, and is at the centre of a vast population of almost 500,000 souls in this great city. This down-town church has made a successful attempt to reach the masses. While some other churches have moved to the suburbs, or have closed their doors, or are one-quarter filled with people, this church has enlarged its boundaries, and augmented its numbers and power, amid the increasing difficulties of the down-town population.

This remarkable church has some very unique characteristics. It has built chapels in the most neglected parts of the city until it now has seven of these "stations." These chapels are situated in different parts of the city, and are all the way from one to five miles from the home church. The mother church is thus the centre of power and influence, and is surrounded by her seven daughters. The mother church thus reaches out her seven great motherly hands to save the city. Here are, then, eight evangelistic centres. On Sunday nights, in all seasons of the year, the home church is crowded, often chairs being used in the aisles, while preaching services are being conducted at the same hour at the seven chapels. The revival fires are thus kept burning all the year round; and there are baptisms of happy converts at the home church on almost every Sunday in the year. There is a great "after-meeting" at the home church after the sermon on every Sunday night in the year; and the large Sunday School room is crowded in July and August, as well as in winter. From 600 to 700 people attend this wonderful meeting every Sunday night. The singing is very enthusiastic and inspiring. This church has no quartette or choir. A precentor leads the people in congregational singing. A cornetist also leads in this part of the service. The pastor, Dr. Partridge, has but one male assistant, Wm. E. Parry, who, with consecrated laymen, preaches at the seven chapels on Sunday nights. This work has developed laymen who prove themselves very efficient in practical city mission work. Many men and women cheerfully give their services, without compensation, to this work of city evangelization.

There are no wealthy people in the church, and the members make great sacrifices in time, money and strength to carry on this remarkable work. The buildings together have a seating capacity of over 4,000. Over 1,000 people attend the prayer meetings weekly, and the attendance at the Friday night prayer meeting at the home church will average about 600. Many people from different parts of the country attend this meeting, and pronounce it a meeting of great power and inspiration.

Another characteristic of this working church is the system of branch Sunday Schools. In the neglected part of the city, amid the densest population, Sunday Schools have been started, until this church has now nine Sunday Schools with over 3,000 scholars. There are nine superintendents and over 200 teachers. The Sunday School at the home church is held at 9 A.M., and the other eight schools are held at 2.30 P.M. Some teachers teach two classes every Sunday. Many teachers live in the suburbs; Rev. Dr. Lasher, editor of *The Journal and Messenger*, comes about twelve miles every Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, to teach his Bible class. Others come long distances, either on the steam cars or on the electrics. When the Sunday School picnic is given in the summer, it requires about three trains of cars to convey the great crowds to the picnic grounds. Some years, at Christmas time, a great Christmas festival has been held in the immense music hall, which has been crowded with the scholars and their friends, altogether about 7,000 people being present. Last month there were eight Christmas entertainments at the home church and the seven chapels, and about 5,000 people were in attendance at the eight entertainments.

Another feature of the church work is the Institutional Department. Four years ago the church bought a large public school property adjoining the church. It was one of the large intermediate school buildings of the city. This building has been utilized for institutional methods of modern church work. It is called "The Annex." It makes a splendid parish house. In this department of work there are maintained the following branches: daily free kindergarten, kitchen garden, sacred literature class, eight industrial and sewing schools, eight singing schools, Chinese Sunday School, children's meetings, boy's and girl's brigades, employment bureau, ice-water fountain in front of the church in summer, men's club, relief department for the deserving poor, reading-rooms, gymnasium, literary societies, services for deaf mutes, drum corps, hospital corps, night classes in stenography, etc., lectures and entertainments. This is one of the most active institutional churches in this country. All the seats are free. The work is carried on by voluntary offerings. There are over eighty different services every week, or over eleven services every day. The doors are open, day and night. Its ideal is to be a ministering church. It ministers to the physical, social, moral, intellectual, and spiritual needs of mankind. But its great aim is to save the souls of men. Soul-winning goes on during every week in the

(Continued on Page 19)

REV. WARREN G. PARTRIDGE, D.D.

UNDER WHOSE MINISTRY MANY NEW CHURCHES HAVE SPRUNG UP

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

A New Census

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: II. Samuel 18: 3. . . . Thou art worth ten thousand of us

ONE of the most wondrous characters of his time was David. A red-haired boy, he could shepherd a flock, or carry "ten loaves and ten slices of milk cheese to his brothers in the regiment," or with leathern thong, stone loaded, bring down a giant whose armor weighed two hundred weight of metal, or cause a lion which roared at him in rage to roar with pain as he flung it, dying, to the roadside, or could marshal a host, or rule an empire, or thumb a harp so skilfully that it cured Saul's dementia—a harp from whose strings dripped pastorals, elegies, lyrics, triumphal marches, benedictions. Now, this man, a combination of music and heroics, of dithyrambs and battlefields, of country quietudes and statesmanship, is to fit out a military expedition. Four thousand troops, according to Josephus, were sent into the field. The captains were put in command of the companies, and the colonels in command of the regiments, which were disposed into right wing, left wing, and centre. General Joab, General Abishai and General Ittai are to lead these three divisions; but who shall take the field as Commander-in-chief? David offers his services, and proposes to go to the front. He will lead them in the awful charge, for he has not a cowardly nerve in all his body. He did not propose to have his troops go into perils which he himself would not brave, and the battlefield required as much courage then as now, for the opposing forces must, in order to do any execution at all, come up to within positive reach of sabre and spear. But there came up from the troops and from civilians a mighty protest against David's taking the field. His life was too important to the nation. If he went down, the empire went down; whereas, if the whole four thousand of the ranks were slain, another army might be marshalled and the defeat turned into victory. The army and the nation practically cried out, "No! No! You can not go to the front. We estimate you as ten thousand men. 'Thou art worth ten thousand of us!'"

That army and that nation, then and there reminded David, and now remind us, of the fact which we forget, or never appreciate at all, that some people are morally or spiritually worth far more than others, and some worth far less. The census and statistics of neighborhoods, of churches, of nations, serve their purpose, but they can never accurately express the real state of things. The practical subject that I want to present to-day is that those who have especial opportunity, especial graces, especial wealth, especial talent, especial eloquence, ought to make up by especial assiduity and consecration for those who have less opportunities and less gifts. You ought to do ten times more for God and human uplifting than those who have only a tenth of your equipment. The rank and the file of the four thousand of the text told the truth when they said, "Thou art worth ten thousand of us."

In no city of its size are there so many men of talent as are gathered in this capital of the American nation. Some of the States are at times represented by men who have neither talents nor good morals. Their political party compensates them for partisan services by sending them to Congress, or by securing for them position in the war or navy or pension or printing departments. They were nobodies before they left home, and they are nobodies here. But they are exceptional. All the States of the Union generally send their most talented men, and men of exemplary lives and noble purposes. Some of them have the gifts and qualifications of ten men, of a hundred men—yea, of a thousand men—and their constituents could truthfully employ the words of my text and say, "Thou art worth ten thousand of us."

With such opportunity are they augmenting their usefulness in every possible direction? Many of them are, some of them are not. It is a stupendous thing to have power—political power, social power, official power. It has often been printed and often quoted as one of the wise sayings of the ancients, "Knowledge is power." Yet it may as certainly be power for evil as for good. The lightning express rail train has power for good, if it is on the track, but horrible power for disaster if it leaves the track and plunges down the embankment. The ocean steamer has power for good, sailing in right direction and in safe waters and under good helmsman and wide-awake watchman on the lookout, but indescribable power for evil if under full headway it strikes the breakers. As steam power or electricity or water forces may be stored in boilers, in dynamos, in reservoirs, to be employed all over a town or city, so God sometimes puts in one man enough faith to supply thousands of men with courage. If a man happens to be thus endowed, let him realize his opportunity and improve it. At this time millions of men are atremble lest this nation make a mistake and enter upon some policy of government for the islands of the sea that will founder the republic. God will give to a few men on both sides of this question faith and courage for all the rest. There are two false positions many are now taking, false as false can be. The one is that if we decline to take under full charge Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines, we make a declination that will be disastrous to our nation, and other nations will take control of those archipelagoes and rule them, and perhaps to our humiliation and destruction. The other theory is that if we take possession of those once Spanish colonies, we invite foreign interference, and enter upon a career that will finally be the demolition of this government. Both positions are immeasurable mistakes. God has set apart this continent for free government and the triumphs of Christianity, and we may take either the first or the second course without ruin. We may say to those islands, "We do not want you, but we have set you free; now stay free, while we see that the Spanish panther never again puts its paw on your neck." Or we may invite the annexation of Cuba and Porto Rico, and say to the Philippines, "Get ready, by education and good morals, for free government, and at the right time you shall be one of our territories, on the way to be one of our States." God is on the side of the right, and by earnest imploration for divine guidance on the part of this nation we will be led to do the right. We are on the brink of nothing. There is no frightful crisis. This train of Republican and Democratic institutions is a through train, and all we want is to have the engineer and the brakemen and the conductor attend to their business and the passengers keep their places. We want men in this nation with faith enough for all. We want here and there a David worth ten thousand men.

A vast majority of men have no surplus of confidence for others and hardly enough confidence for themselves. They go through life saying depressing things and doing depressing things. They chill prayer-meetings, discourage charitable institutions, injure commerce, and kill churches. They blow out lights when they ought to be kindling them. They hover around a dull fire on their own hearth, and take up so much room that no one can catch the least caloric, instead of stirring the hearth into a blaze, the crackle of whose back-log would invite the whole neighborhood to come in to feel the abounding warmth and see the transfiguration of the faces. As we all have to guess a great deal about the future, let us guess something good, for it will be more encouraging, and the guess will be just as apt to come true. What a lot of ingrates the Lord has at his table! People who have had three meals a day for fifty years, and yet fear that they will soon have to rattle their knife and fork on an empty dinner plate. How many have had, winter and spring and summer and fall, clothing for sixty years, but expect an empty wardrobe shortly! How many have lived under free institutions all their days, but fear that the United States may be telescoped in some foreign collision! Oh, but the taxes have gone up. Yes, but thank God, it is easier, with money, to pay the taxes, now that they are up, than it was without money, to pay the taxes when they were down. We want a few men who have faith in God and that mighty future which holds several things, among them a millennium. Columbanus said to his friend, "Deicolus, why are you always smiling?" The reply was, "Because no one can take my God from me!" We want more men to feel that they have a mission to cheer others and to draw up the corners of people's mouths which have a long while been drawn down—more Davids who can shepherd whole flocks of bright hopes, and can play a harp of encouragement, and strike down a Goliath of despair, and of whom we can say, "Thou art worth ten thousand of us."

The regiments mobilized for the defence of the throne of Israel, were right in protesting against David's exposure of his life at the front. Had he been pierced of an arrow, or cloven down with a battle-ax, or fatally slung from snorting war-charger, what a disaster for the throne of Israel! Absalom, his son, was a low fellow, and unfit to reign, his two chief characteristics were his handsome face and his long hair—so long, that when he had it cut, that which was scissored off, weighed "two hundred shekels, after the king's weight," and when a man has nothing but a handsome face and an exuberance of hair, there is not much of him. The capture or slaying of David would have been a calamity irreparable. Unnecessary exposure would have been a crime for David, as it is a crime for you.

Some people think it is a bright thing to put themselves in unnecessary peril. They like to walk up to the edge of a precipice and look off, defying vertigo, or go among contagions, when they can be of no use but to demonstrate their own bravado, or with glee drive horses which are only harnessed whirlwinds, or see how close they can walk in front of a trolley car without being crushed, or spring on a rail train after it has started, or leap off a rail train before it has stopped. Their life is a series of narrow escapes, careless of what predicament their family would suffer at their sudden taking off, or of the misfortune that might come to their business partners, or the complete failure of their life work, if a coroner's jury must be called in to decide the style of their exit. They do not take into consideration what their life is worth to others. Taken out through such recklessness, they go criminals. I warrant that you will die soon enough, without teasing and banteri casualty to see if it can launch you in the next world.

In nine cases out of ten, the fatali every day reported are not the fault engineers or brakemen or conductor cab-drivers, but of the stupidity and r lessness of people at street or rail crossing. They would like to have Chicago limited express train, with hundred passengers, and advertise arrive at a certain hour in a certain slow up to let them get two minutes er to their destination. You hav right to put your life in peril, less by such exposure something is gained for others. What imbeci thousands of Americans during our Americo-Spanish war, disappoint cause the surrender came so soo they could not have the advantag ing shot at San Juan hill, or down with the yellow fever, and on a litter to transport steamers so many floating lazarettos, in thanking God that they got no the slaughter than Tampa or Cha or the encampment at their o capital, mad at the government God, because they could not g front in time to join the four corpses, that are now being tr from the tropics to the national

had been dedicated to God, was transferred to that religion which has Mohammed for its prophet. One day, centuries ago, a hundred thousand people had fled between its walls from the devastating war of the Turk, but all in vain, for Mohammed II., on horseback and followed by infuriate mobs, rode into that church, the hoofs clattering on the sacred floors, while the conqueror shouted the victory of superstition and invoked Allah, the god of Arabs and Turks, to accept the stupendous pile in dedication. What a desecration, and what world-wide despair! But that which the nations now most need is a hero, a leader, a champion, an incarnated God, to turn all the mosques of superstition and all the basilicas of sin into temples of righteousness, and to rededicate this world, so long given up to wickedness and sin, to the God who in the beginning pronounced it very good. Such a hero, such a leader, such a champion, such an incarnated God we have. He comes riding in upon the white horse of eternal victory, and we can, in more exalted sense than that which the soldiers of David felt, cry out, "Thou art worth ten thousand of us."

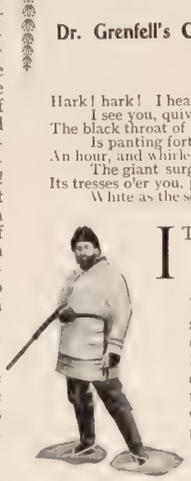
The world has had other conquerors, yet they subdued only a nation or a continent; but here is One who is to be a Conqueror of hemispheres. Other physicians have cured sufferings, but here is a Doctor who gave sight to those who were born blind, and without surgery straightened the crooked back, and changed the numbness of paralysis into warm circulation, and who will yet extirpate all the ailments of the world. There have been other merciful hearts all up and down through the ages, but here is One who loves us with an everlasting love, and whose mercy antedates the birth of the first mountain, and the wash of the first sea, and the radiance of the first aurora, and the chant of the morning stars at the creation, and will continue after the last rock has melted in the final conflagration, and Atlantic and Pacific oceans have rolled out of their beds, and the last night shall have folded up its shadow, and our Lord shall have cried out in the same words that sounded through the night of John's banishment on Patmos, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then all the mightiest of heaven will gather around the incarnated God of whom I preach, each one saying it for himself, but altogether uttering it in mighty chorus, "Thou Son of David, thou Son of Mary, thou Son of God, thou art worth ten thousand of us!"

But I must not close without commending to you this wonderful Christ here and now as your pardon for all sin, and your solace for all grief, and your triumph in all struggle. Down at Norfolk, Virginia, a few days ago, a gentleman was telling me of one of our war-ships in Cuban waters. Before it left a Northern harbor, some Christian ladies at much expense and with fine taste, bought and furnished for that war-vessel a pulpit, from which the chaplain might read the service and preach while on shipboard. The pulpit was made in the shape of a cross, and it was beautifully damasked and tasselled. The ship got into the battle before Santiago, and the vessels of the enemy began to sink, and their crew were struggling in the waters, when, from this ship I speak of, the officers and sailors began to throw over chairs, planks, tables, to help the drowning save themselves. After a while everything movable had been thrown overboard, except the pulpit in the shape of a cross. After objection by some that it was too beautiful and valuable to be cast into the waters, the cross was dropped into the sea. One of the drowning men seized it, but let go, and another seized, and the shout went from many on deck to those struggling in the waves, "Cling to the cross! Cling to the cross!" Several of the drowning took the advice and held on until they were rescued and brought in safety to deck, and shore, and home, and I say to all the souls today sinking in sin and sorrow, now swept this way and now that: Though the guns of temptation and disaster may splinter and knock from under you all other standing, and everything else goes down, take hold the cross and cling to it for your present and everlasting safety. Cling to the cross! for he who died upon it will save to the uttermost, and he is so good, and so lovely, and so mighty that he is worth infinitely more than ten thousand of us.

A MISSION ON ARCTIC SEAS

Dr. Grenfell's Cruises on the Gospel Ship, "Albert," Among the Labrador Fishing Fleets and the Native Eskimo

Hark! hark! I hear you, whistling shroud,
I see you, quivering mast;
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast.
An hour, and whirled like winnowing chaff,
The giant surge shall fling
Its tresses o'er you, pennon staff;
White as the sea-bird's wing.
—*O. W. Holmes.*



THE MISSION DOCTOR

IT is now seven years since the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen began medical mission work along the coast of Labrador. Six years have elapsed since they sent out the Hospital Mission vessel, *Albert*, under the care of Dr. Grenfell. The fisher folk who remain all winter on the coast, together with some two thousand Eskimos, are cut off from civilization from December to June by the frozen sea. They are miserably poor, and in a sub-Arctic climate, frequently short of the necessaries of life. Until the advent of the Mission Hospital ship, the people every year endured much unnecessary suffering; lost limbs for want of proper medical treatment, and were thus deprived of the means of earning a livelihood for themselves or their families. Many died because of the impossibility of geting skilled assistance. Twenty-nine persons died at one harbor of diphtheria, absolutely without assistance.

DEEP SEA FISHERMEN OF LABRADOR

Subsequently two small mission hospitals were erected on the coast, 200 miles apart. A trained nurse and qualified medical missionary are maintained at each. One hospital is kept open all winter, and one doctor travels the entire coast in summer with a small steamer and in winter with an Eskimo dog-sleigh.

The northern boundary of Labrador, from Cape Webech to Cape Chudleigh, is the proper home of the Eskimos, who number about fourteen hundred. Of these one hundred are heathen, who live at the north of Ramah, the northernmost station of the Moravian Mission. There are in the interior of the country Indians who are called "mountaineers," or "hunting Indians." They once formed a great nation, and could bring into the field a thousand warriors to repel the incursions of the Eskimos, with whom they were constantly at war, and for whom they still have a bitter hatred and contempt.

Traveling in that land of snow and barrenness is a trying experience. A very long, narrow sled is drawn by six dogs, who branch out with single lines attached—the most intelligent dog being a "leader." On the sled is strapped the mother, and on her back is her babe tucked snugly into the hood of her fur jacket. The mother is dressed precisely like the father, in fur from head to foot, and unembarrassed by long dresses. The man of the family is seated in front and is whirling his long lash over the dogs who are racing at full speed. Some Moravian missionaries who have been working among the Eskimos for many years told me that every bit of thread used in the sewing of their garments was made from the seal skin, and the long skin boots were brought to perfection by the perseverance of the Eskimo women. These people have huts that are movable, and often travel with them to better quarters, to avoid the avalanches of snow and ice, or to be nearer the hunting grounds. Frequently the food supply is exhausted, and the dogs then become ravenous, and turn upon their drivers. Again, a favorite dog has been known to go to the nearest neighbor, ten miles away, in search of food, and return in time to save the life of his master.

To the noble Moravian missionaries, who have endured poverty and sacrifice unspeakable, is due the foundation of a civilized life among the Eskimos of Labrador. It was not an easy task to teach these people. The missionaries had first to acquire their language—a most difficult one. The faces of the people have a stolid expression. On the whole they are a great ethnological study. They are a musical people. In summer they board the mission ships, by whose workers the Gospel of Christ has been carried to them. Their voices, which are sweet and musical, join in the hymns, and they accompany their singing by their orchestra of no mean pretensions.

Of the present work of the hospitals established on that barren coast, and the mission and medical ships which visit them, it would be impossible to speak too highly. There is no lack of funds for carrying on the work. Her Majesty, the Queen, is a leading patron of the mission. The generosity with which the Deep Sea Mission is supported by people in England and elsewhere is shown by the enormous bales of clothing sent out to the workers for distribution among the poor, the supply being sufficient to clothe a large proportion of the people on the coast. This gratuitous distribution of clothing tends to lower the self-reliance and independence of the beneficiaries.

The whole winter population along the coast does not amount to more than three thousand, and including the Eskimo and Moravian settlements, it is probably something over four thousand. These Eskimos call themselves "Innuits," which means men. Eskimo, it is said, was a name originally given to them by the early Arctic voyagers, and means, literally, "eaters of raw flesh." The population in summer is over twenty thousand, large numbers coming from the northern bays of Newfoundland. They are a religiously inclined people, and have been accustomed, from their early days, to regular church-going. Their time on the Labrador coast is from six to twelve weeks. Many of these fishermen conduct prayers of the church and hold prayer-meetings on board their own boats; indeed, scarcely a vessel can be found on board which there is not a Bible, a prayer-book, and a hymn-book.

BATTLE HARBOR HOSPITAL

Thus it will be seen that the Deep Sea Mission do not appeal to heathen. The services of the mission workers are welcomed by the fishermen, and the doctors are a great blessing. Every coasting steamer is employed to carry mails and passengers from July 1—the commencement of the fishing season—to its close, and to carry a government doctor. The government steamer, going and coming, makes one hundred calls. The patients are taken on board and treated, and the government doctor is enabled to attend to all but the most serious cases occurring on the coast, and in these latter we have the work of the Deep Sea Mission medical steamers. The hospitals do a vast amount of gratuitous philanthropic work. The resident doctor not only attends to his particular duty, but makes occasional visits to the neighboring harbors.

A writer who has been among the fishermen, gives this interesting reminiscence of the mission's work in the earlier days:

Year in, year out, there are, in that wide expanse of troubled waters, several big fleets of fishing vessels. Each smack has eight weeks at sea, followed by eight days at home. Before the mission was started, the fisherman, even in his hour of leisure, had nothing that would enable him to escape the painful monotony of such a life. In this, certain cunning minds saw an opportunity. From one of the Dutch ports, a vessel would put out laden with liquor, usually aniseed brandy of the vilest sort. Now, to the fishermen, tobacco is almost a necessity. These vessels—*copers*, their captains were called—accordingly brought tobacco. They knew the men would be only too eager for it, and it was used as the bait to get them on board, so that they might be supplied with alcohol. The state of affairs that prevailed in the fleets for years, consequent upon the presence of these *copers*, defies description. Many lives were lost after whole crews had been drinking on these wretched vessels. Men slipped overboard getting into their boats, and were drowned; or maddened by drink, plunged into the sea, and were never seen again. With all the hands on a smack the worse for liquor, tragedies of all sorts were numerous. All this has been changed. The *coper* has been banished forever.

I may add that the work of the Deep Sea Fishermen's Mission is regarded by all fishermen, especially in its medical apartment, as their greatest friend! It follows faithfully the instructions and methods of the Master, who chose for some of his disciples such as these simple fishermen. They need the Divine Pilot on board their frail boats, tossing on the great sea, and He is brought very near to them all by the efforts of these consecrated workers of the Deep Sea Mission.

MABELLE BISSELL.

The Sunday School

CHRIST AND NICODEMUS

S. S. Lesson for January 22. John 3: 1-16

Golden Text, John 3: 16

BY MRS. M. [illegible]

FROM Cana of Galilee, Jesus went to Capernaum, and thence to Jerusalem for the passover. "During the feast, many believed on his name, beholding his signs [or miracles] which he did" (John 2: 23). Thus in Jerusalem as well as in Galilee, the fame of the Lord Jesus went forth. At this time an unusual inquirer came to him, a Pharisee, who was at the same time a man of distinction, "a ruler of the Jews," named Nicodemus. The poor people and those who had been healed by him were, of course, strongly prejudiced in favor of the new Teacher, who had appeared among them as one of themselves, with no mark of superiority or assumption of authority, and whose only distinction was in the wonderful works of healing and the wonderful words of God which marked his ministry at all times.

In his own secret heart Nicodemus was convinced that this Jesus was no ordinary man: he was at least a prophet. Could he be the expected Messiah? He resolved to have a personal interview with him. But how could a man of his position pay a visit to the humble Carpenter of Nazareth without bringing down upon himself the scorn, the contempt and the ill will of all the other rulers? He determined to seek him out by night and pay him a secret visit. The Lord Jesus never refuses an inquirer under any circumstances, and he received Nicodemus, who said to him, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a Teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him." "Verily, verily, I say unto thee," was the answer, "except a man be born from above [marg.], he cannot see the kingdom of God." "We know," said Nicodemus. "I say unto thee," said the Lord Jesus. Generalities in such an intensely important matter as the soul's salvation must be dropped. Every true inquirer must let God make it a personal matter. Unless it comes to "I say unto thee," nothing can be accomplished. "We know," said Nicodemus, and Jesus began by telling him what he did not know. "How can a man be born when he is old?" was his reply. "Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?" Earthly conceptions! The ruler of Israel was blind. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (I. Cor. 2: 14). "What man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God" (I. Cor. 2: 11). And Nicodemus had not the Spirit of God.

Nicodemus was out of his depth. He was ready to enter the lists with anyone in intellectual discussion, but here was a territory where intellect was nonplussed. If it were a question of doing, Nicodemus would have been at home: but here was something altogether new—it was being, and being something that one could not make oneself. All he was, all he had done, all he had learned, came short here. He did not know what it was to be born again.

How many there are who think they are all right, when, in point of fact, they are all wrong: they want to bring about in themselves, by themselves, by the resources at their command, a change which can only take place by a new creation of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and flesh cannot produce spirit. It may be intellectual flesh, it may be emotional flesh, but it is not spirit. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creation: old things have passed away, behold all things are become new" (II. Cor. 5: 17, R. V.). The proof of a new birth is a new life: tastes and dispositions no longer after the flesh, but after the spirit, no longer pleasing self, glorifying self, depending upon self, but pleasing, glorifying and depending upon God. No outward reformation can bring this about, no outward religious practices, no mental apprehension of truth. The birth of "Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Col. 1: 27) takes place in "the hidden man of the heart" (I. Peter 3: 4).

"How can these things be?" is the question of every honest inquirer, and Jesus answered Nicodemus, "Art thou the teacher of Israel and understandest not these things?" (R. V.) Just as later he said to his disciples regarding the parable of the sower. "Know ye not this parable? How then will ye know all parables?" These are the rudimentary things, the first principles of the life of Christ. Without these we have no eyes to see either the Kingdom of God or the King. "Verily, verily, we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen (the characteristics of true witnesses), and ye (rulers) receive not our witness. If I have told ye earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?"

"We speak that we do know." Our Lord unites himself with every witness of the new birth. Speaking to Nicodemus he says, "Thou hearest the sound" of the wind when it blows, and so thou canst perceive the presence of the spirit in a man who is born in the spirit. Thou knowest he is not an ordinary man: but thou knowest no more of how he became so than of whence the wind cometh and whither it goest. But we do know, we have seen. God has revealed these things by his Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God (I. Cor. 2: 10). "And no man has ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven." More than ever was Nicodemus out of his depth. What, could the Son of Man be talking with him on earth by night, and yet be the Eternal Son, one with his Father in heaven at the same time? Yet thus it was.

And now our Lord begins to put down the ladder of truth low enough for any sinner to step out upon it. It is the lesson of the Cross, the beginning of all things for the sinner, even if he be a teacher. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." Here then is the way to be born again. The serpent's deadly bite has poisoned the blood of every living man: all have sinned and come short of the glory of God: all we, like sheep, have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way (Isa. 53: 6). That which is born of the flesh is not only flesh, but corrupt flesh, poisoned flesh, condemned flesh. But a life message comes from our gracious, merciful God: and as Moses put the brazen serpent on a pole that every death-stricken Israelite might look and live, so has God in his unspeakable grace sent his Son to hang upon the cross, and he had "laid on him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53: 6).

He that believeth, in the very doing so, receives spiritual life. How it comes or whither it goes, no man knoweth. But thousands upon thousands can testify, "I [illegible] and I have everlasting life." How the life-power came into the man [illegible] to him, "Stretch forth thine hand," and, believing that Jesus was not mocking him, he did the impossible—who can tell? The fact was there, but how life came, God only knows. The condition is clear enough repeated again and again. It is believing, reckoning on God, that he will be true to his Word. In this our own will is our part, the Spirit of God is the enabling power which works with our will.

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

HOW much we are indebted to John for the report of this conversation between Christ and Nicodemus, which he alone gives! It is the whole Gospel condensed into a few words. The conversation may have occurred at John's house: in any case, he appears to have been present. The word "we," in the eleventh verse, suggests the presence of one or more of the disciples. Christ appears to have read the thoughts of Nicodemus, and to have replied to them, rather than to his words. He perceived that there were three misconceptions in the mind of his visitor, which he proceeded to remove. As these errors prevail at the present time, Christ's statements are of vital interest to us. The first related to Christ himself. Nicodemus greeted him as a teacher, and referred to his miracles. But it was not as a teacher or as a miracle-worker that Christ came. His object was to impart life. The second error was as to the nature of the kingdom. It was not to be the material, earthly kingdom that Nicodemus and other Jews were expecting, but a spiritual kingdom exclusively for spiritual men. And the third error was as to the qualifications for membership in it. They were not birth, or parentage, or education, but a change of nature so radical that it was equivalent to a new birth. Astonishing as all this appears to have been to Nicodemus, a still greater surprise was conveyed in the intimation that he, and such as he, must undergo that change before they could see the kingdom of God. In spite of his quibble, there is no doubt that Nicodemus knew what Christ meant. The very phrase Christ used was familiar to the Jews of the capacity for a higher life. It crawls into its cocoon, and in a few days, its skin is split, and out of it comes the butterfly, which ranges at will over the garden. It has had a new birth into a new life.

FROM AN OLD PAINTING

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN CHRIST AND NICODEMUS

admitted to Judaism, as being born again. The difficulty with Nicodemus was [illegible] must be born again to become a Jew, so the Jew must be born again before he could see the kingdom of God. There was need for the pardon and cleansing symbolized by the water and for the inspiration and power imparted by the Spirit. The lesson has still to be learned. Men cannot become Christians as they become Republicans, or Democrats, by adopting a certain set of principles, nor by education nor development. There must be a change of heart, which the Holy Spirit is ready and willing to effect.

Born of the Spirit. Carlyle's interpretation of Goethe's parable of the fisherman's hut, is an illustration of the transforming power of the Holy Spirit. There was a lamp placed in the hut, the light of which illuminated the bare boards and made them look like silver. Gradually under the light the boards changed their nature and were transformed from within to without into solid silver. And then the hut grew taller. It lost its squalid proportions and assumed a graceful shape, and rearing its head toward heaven was turned from a hut into a beautiful temple. So the man whose heart the Holy Spirit enters becomes a temple of the Lord.

Except a man be born again. This is a spiritual mystery, but there is an analogy in nature that may help to an understanding of it. If the caterpillar that crawls from leaf to leaf could speak, it would tell us that it knows nothing of the beauty of the world. It has no life beyond the leaves of the tree on which it feeds. But we know that it has within it the capacity for a higher life. It crawls into its cocoon, and in a few days, its skin is split, and out of it comes the butterfly, which ranges at will over the garden. It has had a new birth into a new life.

That which is born of flesh. All life has its limitations. As Professor Drummond pointed out, lower life can rise into higher life only by life imparted. The stone cannot grow into a plant. The mineral kingdom cannot produce the vegetable, unless vegetable seed is received into it. "The living soul," as Paul described our great progenitor, must wait for spiritual life, until the appearance of "the quickening spirit."

The serpent in the wilderness. The reference is to the events described in Numbers 21: 5-9. The serpent-bitten Israelite had to look to the brazen serpent, thereby proving his faith in the remedy. So the sin-cursed human race must look to Christ for relief and cure for the universal malady. A famous writer tells the story of a young physician who settled in a large town. He had made a special study of fevers, and treated them on what was then a new principle—strengthening the system instead of bleeding. The chief physician of the town laughed the new system to scorn, and argued learnedly to prove that it was wrong. But the young doctor cured his patients, in spite of his opponent's arguments. The old physician himself fell ill with a fever, and as it grew worse and his life was in danger, his friends besought him to call in his rival. After a time he reluctantly yielded, and allowed his daughter to go for him. But the young physician would not come. "I could do him no good," he said. "He does not believe in my methods. If he summons me himself, I will go." The sufferer realizing that his case was desperate, wrote a note asking his rival's help, and he came at once. He asked: "Will you pledge yourself to follow my directions implicitly and not apply leaches, or do anything of yourself? Will you trust your case to me?" The patient promised. "Then," said the young physician, "I can cure you." And he did.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

WINTER IN FLOWER-LAND

Flowers of the Golden State — Seasons of Southern California — The National Flower

SPRING is well under way in Southern California, where they have but two seasons—summer, lasting from April to November, and spring, from November to April. In the summer, or dry season, hills, mesas, and valleys are often brown and bare, save for the green of live oak, peppers and eucalipti. After the first few rains, the earth begins to don her spring array of bud and blossom. "Baby-blue-eyes," a dear little blossom, whose name describes it, is one of spring's first heralds, and is followed hard and fast by a beautiful and bewildering procession of primroses, larkspur, morning-glories, violets, mountain lilacs, pansies, roses, asters, and flowers without number that are strangers to us "back East," as our California friends describe our locality. While we are wrapped in cloaks, overcoats and furs, and our lakes and rivers are full of ice, they are sitting in the open air, watching the flowers bloom; and the housewife is gathering fruit and vegetables for her table from garden and orchard. "Everywhere else," writes a dweller in southern California, "flowers die in autumn, plant-life rests in winter; but in this land of contrarities, vegetation starts in winter and rests in summer. Nature has her Easter morning at New Year." A native poet begins a midwinter carol thus:

Winter! and the air is as fragrant as roses,
Or as spring with wild sweets on the hill;
As warm as when summer reposes,
At eve, and the wind is still.

Exotics, which we raise here at any time only under glass, glorify lonely foothills or untrodden plains. A little chat about some of the more than 2,000 flowering plants which our sister State on the Pacific produces, will be interesting to our readers, many of whom love flowers so that they give much time and care to the little window-garden which is such a delight to home folks and guests. There is the "Candle of the Lord," or "bayonet plant," as we call it here. Its stalk, rising fifteen feet high, from a cluster of great, bayonet-shaped green leaves, bears as many as 2,000 flowers, "fairy-bells of white," fragrant as orange blooms.

The "Candle of the Lord" thrives best on deserts or bare mountain sides. The wild mustard is like that of the Scriptures, "in the branches of which the birds of the air may nest." Readers of *Ramona* will recall how eloquently the author speaks of this plant, whose shoot, so slender that dozens can find starting-point in an inch, runs up straight ten, twenty feet, and then sends out a multitude of fine feathery branches, interlocking with those of their neighbors; this lacelike mass bursts into yellow bloom, more feathery and lacelike. "With a clear blue sky behind it, it looks like a golden snowstorm." For all its beauty, it is a trial in the flesh to the farmer. The California State flower—the golden poppy, with its "cup of finest gold," and which "broiders valleys and foot-hills until they look like a 'field of cloth of gold'"—was well chosen.

Sun and star did sow down in the fields below;
Up the gold did burn and in its turn,
Matched earth with heaven's glory. The story
Of our poppy's told—our blossom of the gold.

California boasts 500 members of the aster family, to which belong the homely sunflowers, daisies, and thistles, that are common United States properties; and also the royal chrysanthemum — the "Christ flower"—which grows nowhere in more gracious luxuriance than in the Golden State. Our picture of a typical California scene shows a walk, bordered with chrysanthemums in abundant bloom at a season, when, if we have them, we must pay from ten to twenty-five cents for a single flower at a florist's stand. But nature's favors are evenly distributed. Presently, when our trailing arbutus shall be telling us that spring is here, Southern California's flowers will be going into their summer sleep to be awakened when spring comes to them next winter.

Portugal's Queen a Doctor

Amelie, wife of Portugal's king, studied medicine and won the degree of M.D. in the University at Lisbon, working in the hospitals and taking her course in the most democratic manner. She did this, because of her husband's ill-health, and because she felt that no one would give even a king the attention that a wife would. Her Majesty has practiced her profession in various emergency cases and among the poor. She is also an artist in bonnet-making, and one day, while out driving, she saw a crowd surrounding a girl who had fainted, stopped her carriage, gave the girl professional attention, had her brought to the palace, inquired into her history, and found that she was a milliner out of employment and with an invalid mother to support. What does Her Majesty do but make three bonnets and hand them to the milliner, saying, "Take these models, call them 'bonnets Amelie,' and tell your customers you can make bonnets after the queen's own fashioning." The milliner found ready custom, and is to-day the employer of over two hundred women.

A MIDWINTER WALK IN CALIFORNIA

The Chinese Baby's Nap

In China, when baby goes to sleep, people think its soul has gone out for a walk. If it sleeps long, its mamma is alarmed, fearing that baby's soul has wandered too far away and cannot find its way home. If it does not come back, of course the baby will never waken. Sometimes men are sent out on the street to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home. If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another, the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So, whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away. They think of the soul as a bird hopping after them.

The Hindu Girl and Marriage

It is strange to our Occidental notions to read that in India, the land of child-marriages (where little girls of six or eight years, or even of as many months, are brides), that marriage is suggested to little girls as soon as they know anything, and is associated in their minds with plenty of sweet-meats, fire-works, gorgeous dresses, and a ride on a horse or in a palanquin in an evening procession. We remember once, says a writer in the *Bombay Guardian*, a Hindu friend called on us, and took our little girl upon his knee. He wanted to say something to her suitable for a child, and he said the first thing he would naturally have said to a little Hindu girl. He asked in a laughing way, "Well, when are you going to get married?" Our little maid looked at him with great wondering eyes, and soon forgot the query, but we never did, and many a time as we tucked her in her bed at night, or watched her eager enthusiasm over her studies, or watched her guardianship over her brother, or felt her loving care that saved us some burden, have we thanked God that no iron custom had power to take her from our sheltering love and care, until she was able to stand alone, or choose for herself.

Women in Japan

Perhaps nothing indicates more clearly the rapid advance of Japan than the establishment at Tokio of a university for the higher education of women, under the substantial patronage of the Emperor and Empress, and the Japanese Court. When Commodore Perry opened the ports of Japan to the world, its women were practically slaves. Now, even the masses are becoming permeated with the Christian ideal of womanhood; Japanese home-life is responding to its influence. No nation can boast such rapid elevation of its women as Japan, since it came in touch with Christian civilization.

MY CASTLE

YOU may tell in glowing language of your grand ancestral halls,
Where the glint of golden sunshine in its splendor ever falls;
And recite to me the story of the greatness of your clan
They who wore the royal purple better else than any man
But your story will not turn me from the visions of my youth;
Gilded falsehood cannot tempt me from the path of righteous truth.
Rather than your storied towers, O, I would that you might see
My childhood's charming castle—home, sweet home, at mother's knee.

There I knelt beside my mother in the twilight's solemn hour,
As the vesper bells were tinkling from the village church's tower,
And repeated as she told me, "Now I lay me down to sleep;"
Softly then we'd say together, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
Then with that fond love that mothers are the only ones who know,
Gently she would take and rock me in her dear arms, to and fro.
No, the castle in your story could not be a home to me,
When compared with childhood's castle—home, sweet home, at mother's knee.

Mother's love is not forgotten tho' her counsels are denied;
Tho' I follow not the pathway that she taught me at her side.
Mother's kiss upon my forehead would alleviate all pain,
And the sun would shed its radiance over all the world again.
In her arms I found a refuge from the dangers of the day,
And I would that she were with me now to brush my cares away.
All the gifts that I might offer I would gladly give to be
Once more the happy-hearted boy I was at mother's knee. —L. A. EWING.

Peace in the Home

"BLESSED are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Father and mother must be beautiful and undivided in their lives if they want their children to dwell together harmoniously. It is not an easy thing for even the most excellent people to live together in harmony, if they have clashing tastes and temperaments, but when differences are overcome they are means of grace, and some of the most beautiful married lives in all the world are the result of unions of so-called "incompatibles" who took their troubles to God. In *Stepping Heavenward*, the author says she and her husband began, and kept up their married lives by saying together every evening a little prayer that they might love each other better and be kinder to each other day by day. Troubles came, and differences came that might have grown serious but for the little evening prayer. At a good old age the couple were happy and lovers still. A part of every child's evening and morning prayer should be the petition for a loving spirit, for the love that "believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." In the interests of peace—and of even better things than peace—several very simple rules need to be impressed on the growing members of the family circle. Here are a few Don'ts: Don't tell tales; don't criticise behind each others' backs; keep engagements and pay your debts as punctually in the family circle as among outsiders; be as prompt and pleasant at meal times as possible; don't nag; don't lose your temper. Remember that a temper is an excellent thing—to keep. A great many placid people have the fatal gift of ruffling everybody else. Remember that virtue consists not merely in being good yourself, but in helping others to be good also. Like the Ten Commandments, the whole matter can be summed up in St. Paul's oft-repeated words: "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

A Queer Traveling Companion

A Western paper tells of a little lass of eleven who traveled from Wichita, Kan., to Rochester, N. Y., with no companion but her kitten. It is against railroad rules to admit cats to passenger coaches, but kitty and her mistress were so well mannered that they won right of way. So much for raising kittens up in the way in which they should go!

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The Mormons and Congress

NATIONAL attention, at the present moment, is riveted upon the issues of a controversy over the admission of a confessed polygamist to a seat in the House of Representatives. Mr. Roberts, the candidate in question, makes an open fight and descends to no subterfuges or denials. He avows his Mormon principles openly, admits that he is living in polygamy, and bids defiance to statutes and morals. He declares the Edmunds Act a preventive rather than a repressive measure, dealing with new offenders only, and he asserts that there is nothing in the Constitution of the State of Utah, or the acts of its legislature, that affect his own case, or the thousands of similar cases existing in Utah at the present time.

If his contention be sustained, the efforts of our National Legislature to suppress polygamy, and the conditions imposed on Utah upon which its admission to the sisterhood of States depended, were absolutely futile and worthless as legislative remedies. But we cannot believe that Congress will take this view of the matter. It has within its own hands the power to accept or reject such a candidate, and it may base its action, if it chooses, on the ground that the self-acknowledged representative and champion of a cause which has incurred the obloquy of national condemnation, should not be permitted to share in the deliberations of our nation's law-makers.

Mr. Roberts is a type of the true Mormon polygamist. His admission would mean letting down the bars of public morality and giving the highest official sanction and approval to a system which is a foul offense in the eyes of the American people—a system which has been responsible in the past for innumerable nameless sins, and for some of the darkest tragedies in our history. Founded in fraud, imposture and deceit, Mormonism has only been held in check by the severest measures and incessant vigilance. Yet, in spite of all, its emissaries are to-day spreading their doctrines of lust and license in our towns and villages in many States, and homes and churches have been invaded, to their everlasting sorrow and ruin. It is a system to which all who love honor, purity, the dignity of womanhood and the integrity of the home, are unalterably opposed, and which nothing could ever induce them to tolerate or condone. It is a noxious relic of barbarism, which should be rooted out of the soil of our civilized and progressive land, or at all events, rendered impotent for further evil and incapable of further growth.

This is what the country expects and has a right to demand of Congress: That it should exercise its prerogative by emphatically declining to receive an avowed polygamist as a member of the House of Representatives, and a fit person to make laws for the nation; and also that it go a step further, and record its unqualified condemnation of the Mormon system as a whole. For the case of Mr. Roberts, as an individual, we care nothing. He may be a man of the highest talents and eminently qualified for public office. His election may or may not be legal. His claim to a seat may be valid, regarded from the usual political standpoint. It is enough that he brings into the honored halls of Congress the vile stain of polygamy, and that he glories in a thing which every true citizen regards with loathing and disgust. The honor of American manhood, the dignity and purity of American womanhood are assailed, and these we look confidently to Congress to preserve and defend, by every means within its power.

A Good Day

WE ought to rise in the morning rested; and in the vast majority of cases we shall find a good day beginning at six or seven o'clock. Further, a good day begins with God. A wise merchant would no more think of going to business without communion with Christ, than of going to the store without coat, or hat, or shoes. We used to have a very poor watch, and we had to set it every morning in order that we might make from it a guess about the time of day. Our souls are poor timepieces, utterly disordered; and every morning we need to set them by the Sun of Righteousness. Before we start off to the shop we need to pray for patience. We shall be harassed and perplexed; men will wrong us and impose upon us, and cheat us; and before the day is past, if you have not laid in a large supply of patience, you will half swear with your lips, and perhaps make a whole swear with your hearts.

You need to pray in the morning for help in business. If you want money, ask for it. God's hand is on all business affairs. He controls the machinations of all gamblers. You will not make a dollar unless God wills that you make it; or lose it unless God wills that you lose it. If you want success in worldly matters, at the throne of grace every morning ask for it.

That is a good day on which you make some one happy. It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. Feel that the day is wasted in which you have not succeeded in this. Never put upon any one an unnecessary burden. Never tell a man what mean things you have heard of him. If you find in a newspaper an unpleasant paragraph in regard to him, do not cut it out and send it to him by post. Do not write him a valentine. About the best man in the world we could rake up in society enough unpleasant things to make him supremely miserable.

Further, a good day ends with God. You will at the close of the day find that you have made many mistakes, said things you ought not to have said, and done things you ought not to have done. Confess it frankly in your prayer to God. Say: "O Lord, forgive me that I got angry with that customer!" "Forgive me that I lied just a little about those goods!" "Forgive me for kicking that beggar so roughly out of the shop!" Go to bed at peace with all the world. Soothe your feelings for slumber by a snatch of Christian song. And in eternity, you will look back and think of some day in your life begun in prayer, conducted in usefulness, and ended in thanksgiving, and you shall record that it was a good day.

The Happiness of Having a Hobby

EVERY one has a dormant hobby, which only needs cultivating; and if we consult our habits and tastes, we shall be led without a mistake to this essential condiment of every-day happiness. In the [illegible] we must [illegible] and [illegible] are very interesting things. A person is crotchety, when so much under the dominion of one idea, that their judgment is impaired by their partial, or one-sided views of a subject. A crotchet is a creature of the brain, which [illegible] understanding. A hobby, from its lowest point of view, means pure gain of some innocent pleasure. A crotchet is always mischievous. A hobby is beneficial, for it gives zest to that portion of life which is not spent in work or sleep, or in personal attentions; in fact a good hobby may be the informing spirit of nearly a third part of our existence.

Yet a legitimate hobby never interferes with the business or duties of life; indeed it generally runs in an absolutely contrary direction. Mr. Trollope's rich breeches-maker's hobby was to ally himself with the aristocracy through his daughter; but this did not prevent him from measuring his noble customers [illegible] stantly protested against this service. A hobby then, as regards business, should be strictly some pursuit which accompanies, but does not supercede the work of life. It must own its suzerainty, and be content with the remnants of time, which actual duty permits.

The difference is easily illustrated. Music is Sousa's business; but music may be our hobby. Military tactics are General Miles' business; but how many thousands of militiamen have taken to shouldering arms in the pure spirit of a hobby? Not any doubt of their patriotism is implied; but when men, in their leisure hours, speak and write and read about nothing but battalion drill, we may be very sure that they find in it that satisfaction which supplements business; and which, without the least disrespect, may be called a hobby. Again, literature is Kipling's and Howell's business; but a large majority of people make a very delightful hobby out of writing a book. The book may never be published—perhaps it is better it should never be published—but if in any single case it has concentrated all the spare energies of a man or woman, and gathered together the waifs and strays of their experience, and so given purpose and interest to their hours of leisure, it has answered one of the best purposes of a hobby. Only this fact is to be kept in mind: That the profession or business or service, which constitutes our daily labor for daily bread, is our chief work; and our hobby—whatever it may be—is our off-work.

Leisure hours, both spiritually, mentally and physically, are very important hours. If we do not find a good, sensible, or an innocent hobby to fill them, we know who is credited with finding thoughts for the vacant head, and work for the idle hand. Leisure is a debatable land, liable to be invaded from many points. Generally speaking, we fall in one of two extremes—restlessness, or stagnation. Perhaps no people have a greater respect for summer leisure than we have; and none know less how to use it. Either we permit our minds and bodies to lie fallow, and soon find the want of work insufferably tedious; or we go rushing from one point of the compass to the other, without any special interest, or available object. So we gain nothing, and we attain nothing, and return home with such a sense of our failure to compass happiness and rest that we are irritable and fretted over our inabilities. A hobby followed out with intelligence and tenacity would have filled every hour with pleasure, and brought us back to work, healthy and cheerful. For there is this peculiar satisfaction in a hobby—it goes with us, wherever we go, and its presence enables us to defy ennui; for when we are accompanied by our hobbies, we are not easily dissatisfied; we carry with us one of the secrets of happiness.

Some people would be utterly despicable, but for their hobbies. In their business life they know nothing but the mere accumulation of gold; but their hobby saves them from entire contempt. One man of this kind had a taste for landscape gardening, and in this labor of love he tried to cultivate his stupid brain. He read volumes on the science and history of the art; and if he knows anything worth knowing, he owes it to his hobby. It is remarkable in this connection that people of an obstinate dictatorial temper generally choose some hobby which brings them only into relationship with inert matter, or else with matter that is easily subordinated. In gardening, a man can tyrannize at will. If he objects to a flower or a plant, he can tear it up by the roots. He can dictate as to their locality, and they must live there to please him, or die to [illegible] If a [illegible] of a tree of [illegible] his eyes he can [illegible] it. Nothing resists him. He can do his very worst, if desperate things generally, [illegible] at two very best among the [illegible] and [illegible] Happy, and in this department really clever. One of the secrets of our natural liking for hobbies is that our hobby is [illegible] to be well-read and strong; and we respect knowledge and strength, and are aware that [illegible]

Blessed are they who, when they grow past the working hours of life, have the leisure for many little hobbies, and can give to each of them that delightful holiday character, which is their true atmosphere. Such men and women will be "well-to-do" in soul, and mind, and body. And if these hobbies be commensurate with their highest faculties, and look to the noblest possible purpose—that is, making happiness through the happiness of [illegible] They fulfil the [illegible] Himself.

It is difficult, then, to say how much happiness a hobby confers. For a hobby is not a lump of happiness that is defineable and measureable; it is rather a little current of enjoyment, flowing through many delicate channels, flavoring all our days, taking our thoughts in the sunshine, warming our feelings, and giving to us the sense of recreation and play-time, even in old age, and until our eternal youth begins.

Amelia E. Barr

BRIEF NOTES

The 29,000 German Baptists in the United [illegible]

Rev. Thomas Harrison will begin a ten-days' revival work at the Market Street M. E. Church, Paterson, N. J., on January 11. Rev. D. R. Lowrie, D. D., is the pastor. A great spiritual outpouring [illegible]

The death is announced of Mr. J. H. Mills, [illegible] Carolina. Mr. Mills was known and honored throughout the State as "The Orphans' Friend," a title any man might be proud to wear.

[illegible] sity. Dr. Merrill is a graduate of Harvard, and is fifty-two years of age. He is the author of the famous work on the manuscripts of the Bible.

The plan projected for a Naval Young Men's Christian Association has been approved by the Secretary of the Navy, and Commander Philip has been elected to supervise the Army and Navy Department of the Young Men's Christian Association [illegible]

W. S. Caine, M. P., an English authority on life insurance, recently stated publicly that the records of the life insurance companies showed that on the average a total abstainer might be expected to live nine years longer than a man who habitually used intoxicating liquors.

The American Institute for Spanish girls which was formerly located at San Sebastian but on the outbreak of the war was removed to Biarritz, France, will now it is hoped, be established in Madrid. An appeal has been issued to American Christians for funds to defray the cost of necessary buildings.

Mr. Robert R. McBurney, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of New York, is dead. His loss is severely felt. He had been secretary for thirty-six years, and during that time had given his time and talent and labor unreservedly to the cause. Many associations in other cities have benefited by his advice and encouraging words.

The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations has issued a call from its Student Department for a universal day of prayer for students. The day appointed is the second Sunday of February, which was the day adopted by the World's Student Christian Federation. The same day is now observed in all Christian countries.

An interesting addition was made to the First Presbyterian Church of Lawrenceburgh, Ind., on December 25. Among the new members to whom the pastor, Rev. Mr. Shirey, gave the right hand of fellowship was a whole family, consisting of father, mother and their four children, who all joined the church at the same time on confession of faith.

Mr. B. C. Randall, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who has commenced work in Manila in the Philippine Islands, has received a cordial welcome from the United States Consul. The first day he sold twenty Bibles, seventeen Testaments and forty-five Gospel portions. On another day he sold fifty-six Testaments. All these of course, were in Spanish. He describes the people as densely ignorant, but eager for teaching.

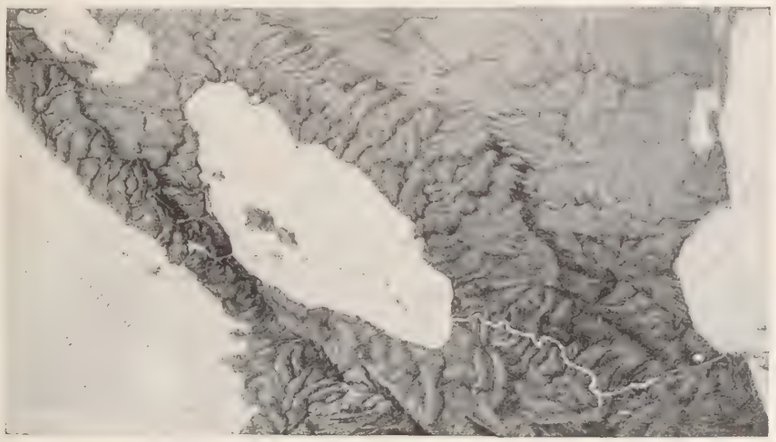
The first number of *The New Africa*, Bishop Hartzell's new monthly magazine, published in the interest of the Methodist Missions in Africa, has just been issued. It is a handsome 32 page publication, well illustrated, and replete with interesting information concerning the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the Dark Continent. After the present number, it will be set up, printed and issued at Monrovia, the Liberian capital, all the mechanical work being done by negroes. Every one who will send to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a contribution of $1 or more for Bishop Hartzell's African Gospel work will receive [illegible] of the same, and will also receive a free mail subscription to *The New Africa* during the year 1899, according to the Bishop's promise, which appeared in a recent issue of this journal.

THE NICARAGUAN CANAL

FROM the Nicaraguan Canal Commission, of which Admiral Walker is Chairman, comes a preliminary report of a most encouraging character. The Commission has examined all three of the routes proposed and pronounces all of them feasible of construction. The low level route, which Admiral Walker deems the most expensive, would, in his opinion, cost not more than one hundred and twenty-four million dollars. The Commission has not yet had time to prepare a complete report, but it is nearly finished, and will be submitted to the Senate Committee at an early date. The physical difficulties in the way of the work are thus shown to be surmountable, and the pessimist view of it must so far be abandoned. There are, however, the financial difficulties and the obstacles of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, under which the United States are pledged not to undertake the enterprise, still to be dealt with. But both of these will, it is believed, be overcome. The advantages which will be derived both by the Atlantic and Pacific States by piercing the isthmus between North and South America are so obvious that it is marvelous that it was not done long ago. A glance at the map shows how much time and expense would be saved if it were possible for a ship on its way from New York to San Francisco to pass through the isthmus, instead of going around Cape Horn. The distance traveled would be reduced from 13,099 miles to 5,005. A voyage from New York to Yokohama, Japan, would be reduced from 13,040 miles to 9,915. Our illustrations show the route which is most likely to be adopted, and a scene in the town of Managua, the capital of Nicaragua. The project has many advantages over that commenced in 1881 by M. Lesseps, the famous French engineer, who constructed the Suez Canal. Although the isthmus is narrower at the point where he began work, it has not there the advantage of the great lake which, on the Nicaraguan route, relieves the engineers of a great part of their work. Besides this, the climate on the Nicaraguan route is healthy, while that of Panama proved fatal to the workers. It remains now to be seen whether Congress will take up the project, which, in view of our acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, is of the utmost importance. It will be a pity if party disputes or political jealousies should delay the necessary legislation. One might use to politicians who, from unworthy motives, obstruct the progress of the needed improvement, the words that the prophet addressed to the stubborn among his people:

Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of my people (Isaiah 57:14).

REAR-ADMIRAL WALKER, U.S.N.



MAP OF THE ROUTE OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL

An Irregular Call

A curious instance of humanity restricted by red tape, is reported by the New York *Sun*. Four men were returning in a carriage from a public meeting, which had been protracted till midnight. In crossing Sixth Avenue the carriage was struck by a southbound electric car. The men inside the carriage escaped with a few bruises and a severe shaking, but the shock threw the driver from his seat. His left leg was broken by the fall and he was badly cut on the head. One of the men in the carriage hurried to the nearest public telephone station and called up a hospital. He stated what the accident was and asked that an ambulance be sent for the injured driver, who was then lying on a snow-bank on the sidewalk. The night-clerk of the hospital replied that it was a rule of the hospital to send an ambulance only at the request of a policeman. As the case was urgent, and there was no policeman at hand, the man pleaded for the rule to be relaxed in this case, but the clerk refused. Happily a doctor was found, who gave the injured man temporary attention and he was sent to his home for treatment. The Superintendent of the hospital admitted that there was such a rule as the clerk had quoted, but he said that employees were expected to use their common-sense and not allow a rule to obstruct humane action. Other people beside hospital employees need a caution of the same kind. Too many are unwilling to recognize the brotherhood of those who are not endorsed by their own denomination.

We forbade him because he followeth not with us; but Jesus said Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us (Luke 9:49).

A Father's Embarrassment

One of the most painful positions in which a father could be placed, is described in a press despatch from Hartford, Conn. It reports that among the prisoners recently brought to the State prison, was the son of the warden. The young man had formerly been his father's clerk, and had been employed in keeping the prison accounts. While serving in that capacity, he had raised the amount on several checks, and kept the difference between the sums for which the checks were originally drawn, and the sums to which he raised them. He was detected and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. As he entered the gates of the prison with the other prisoners, he looked anxiously into his father's face, but the father who, as warden, was waiting to receive the prisoners, did not show that he recognized his son. To him the young man was only one of the prisoners committed to his custody. With the customary signal of a wave of his hand, the warden turned the file of handcuffed men over to the deputy, who led them away to shave and bathe them and measure them by the Bertillon system. Within an hour the young man was learning the lock-step with the other prisoners. It is said that he is bitterly disappointed. His father had been a loving and indulgent parent, and the son had unbounded faith in the continuance of his affection. He forgot that his crime had placed him in a new relation to his father, whose duty to the State required him to treat him as a convict and not as a son. There is reason to fear that many people are cherishing similar hopes as to their eternal future. While it is true that God is love, it should not be forgotten that he is also just:

Then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence and thou hast taught in our streets. But he shall say, I tell you I know not whence ye are; depart from me all ye workers of iniquity (Luke 13:26).

Collision with a Lighthouse

The Captain of the steamer *Strathard*, which arrived at Philadelphia a few days ago, told a reporter of the *Times* of that city, a strange story of misadventure. He had come from the east, and had passed through the Suez canal on his way home. It was in the darkness before dawn, that he entered the canal. As he reached Bitter Lakes, a sheet of water about sixteen miles from the southern entrance, he was surprised to see the lighthouse in the far distance, apparently ten miles away. Knowing that the channel at that point was less than five miles wide, he realized that the light must be much nearer than it appeared. He attributed the delusion to the well-known refraction of the atmosphere, which in those regions, produces the mirage. He asked the pilot how far off the light was, and the reply was "About three miles." As he spoke, the man on watch struck three bells. The strong vibration seemed to produce a quiver in the air and instantly the light which had appeared to be so far away shone at its true distance—less than two hundred feet away. It was impossible to stop the ship in time to avert a collision. She went head on and struck the lighthouse with a crash. Fortunately the speed, in accordance with the canal regulations, was slow, otherwise she must have foundered. As it was, she had five feet of water in her fore-peak when she reached Port Said, where she had to stay for repairs before the voyage could be continued. It was singular that the vessel should have collided with the very edifice that was set for a warning. Analogous catastrophes occur in the spiritual world. Many a man has wrecked his whole future for this world and the next by attacking the Bible which God gave as a guide and a beacon to the world.

Whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder (Luke 20:18).

SCENE IN MANAGUA, THE CAPITAL OF NICARAGUA

Crazy Self-mutilation

A shocking act of a demented woman is reported from Paterson, N. J. For some weeks past, the neighbors of a woman living in that town have noticed that she was acting and talking strangely. She had been deeply grieved by the death of her daughter, which occurred last summer, and she never recovered the shock it gave her. To any one who would listen to her she would talk mournfully of her lost child, and bemoan the cruel fate which had despoiled her home. Her grief preyed on her mind until it became unbalanced, and she would rave distractedly for hours and then sink into gloom. One morning last week she was in one of her melancholy moods when her husband left to go to his work. About an hour later a neighbor went to her home and found her bleeding profusely from the mouth. She ran out and gave an alarm, and an ambulance was called. The doctor found that she had cut nearly an inch off the end of her tongue. At the hospital she gave conflicting accounts of the cause of her injury, but the neighbors say that she inflicted it herself, because she thought that she talked too much. There are many persons who are sadly conscious of that fault, but only one who is demented would think of applying so heroic a remedy. If the poor crazed creature had possessed reason she might have perceived that there was no need for self-mutilation to correct her fault while the power exists to which the Psalmist appealed:

Set a watch O Lord before my mouth; keep the door of my lips (Ps. 141:3).

An Alleged Leper

By a decision of a Grand Jury of Pennsylvania reported by the New York *Herald*, a man is to be released from solitary confinement. He has been kept secluded for seven years under the belief that he was a leper. When he was first taken ill he went to a country doctor who was unable to diagnose his case. He saw other doctors and finally a consultation was held at which the decision was reached that he was suffering from leprosy. The town officials being notified of the fact, sent him to Lima, Pa., where a hut was erected for him in the centre of a field. A few articles of furniture were placed in it and a trough stood outside, in which, at regular intervals his food was put by an attendant from the poor-house. Fuel was also supplied as he needed it. There the man has remained for seven years, seldom seeing the face of man, and holding no communication with the outside world. It is now discovered that he is not, and never was, a leper. He is to be set at liberty, but he does not appreciate his good fortune. The seven years of isolation have left him a wreck in mind and body, more like an animal than a man. And the saddest feature of his case is that his suffering was unnecessary. His disease was not contagious, but as the opinion of the doctors was that it was, he was secluded lest others might contract it. It would be well if like care was exercised to keep the malady of sin from spreading, for, as we are warned by the wise king, it is contagious.

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away (Prov. 4:14).

"A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY"

A New and Charming Serial Story, Written Exclusively for "The Christian Herald"

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

ONE night Judge Hildreth sat in his library far into the small hours. He was reading for the twentieth time the letter from his dead brother which Evadne had placed in his hands on the evening of her arrival, and as he read he frowned.

"It is ridiculous—absurd!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Just of a piece with all of Len's quixotic theories. By what possible chance could a child of that age know how to manage money? She would make ducks and drakes of the whole fortune in less than a year!"

A letter, addressed to Evadne, lay upon a pile of legal papers in an open drawer at his side.

"I enclose herewith a letter to Evadne," his brother had written, "giving full and minute explanations as to her best course in the matter. These she will follow implicitly, under your supervision, and I feel confident the result will be a well-developed character along the lines on which women, through no fault of their own, are so lamentably deficient, namely, the proper conduct of business and management of money."

Judge Hildreth looked again at the envelope, with its clear, bold address. "That is not the handwriting of a fool," he muttered. "I wish I could make up my mind what to do."

He was silent, and through the solemn hush of midnight his good and evil angels contended for his soul. As the Judge pondered, it seemed to him that it was less his own mind than some spirits that argued one against the other, and this was what they said:

"It is not a question to be decided by your judgment. There is no other course left open to you."

"It is a most unprecedented proceeding. You should have been appointed her guardian with sole control."

"It is your brother's last will and testament."

"Some wills are made to be broken. It is against sound reason."

"It is the only honorable thing to do."

"It is unnecessary. The child need not know, and, if she did, would thank you from saving her from care."

"It is your brother's money. He had a right to do as he would in arranging for his own daughter."

"If he had known to what straits this year's speculations have brought you he would have been glad to give you a lift."

"Your niece will be anxious to have your advice as to profitable investments. You can borrow money from her."

"That would be awkward, in case the bottom fell out of the mine. A little capital in hand would give you a chance to water the Panhattan stock, and develop a new lead in the Silverwing."

"If you use money that does not belong to you, you will be a thief."

"If you do not use it, you will be a pauper. You have paper out now to five times the amount of your income. This is an interposition of Providence to save you from ruin."

"What right had you to put yourself in the way of ruin?"

"You did it to advance the interests of your family. The Bible says, 'If any provide not for his own kindred, he is worse than an infidel.'"

"If you do this thing you will be dishonored in the sight of God."

"If you do not save yourself from this temporary embarrassment, you will be disgraced in the eyes of the world. You owe it to your position in society, and the church, to keep above the waves."

The listening spirits heard a low malicious laugh, and the white robed angel turned sadly away.

Judge Hildreth had thrust Evadne's letter with his own far under the pile of papers and locked the drawer.

But he must say something on the subject to Evadne. His conscience would not let him be wholly silent. Perhaps she would make some admission of her own incapacity to manage her fortune, which would justify him in investing it for her. Such a conversation would be managed better away from home, when there was no danger of interruption from his wife and daughters.

"I am going for a long ride in the country, Evadne," he said the next morning, "would you like to come with me?"

Evadne gave a glad assent. After her beautiful tropical life, it seemed to her as if she should choke, shut away from the wide expanse of sky, which she loved, among monotonous rows of houses and dingy streets.

As they left the city behind them and the road swept out into the open, she gave a long sigh of delight. Her uncle laughed.

"Well, Evadne, does it please you?"

"It is the first time I have felt as if I could breathe!" she exclaimed.

"So you don't take kindly to Marlborough? Well, I suppose it is a rude awakening from your sunny land, but you will get used to it. We grow accustomed to all life's disagreeable surprises as time rolls on."

Evadne shivered. "I do not think I shall ever grow accustomed to it, Uncle Lawrence."

"Ah, you are young. We grow wiser as our hair turns gray."

"If that is the only way of getting wisdom, I do not care to grow wise, Uncle Lawrence."

"Not grow wise, Evadne!" said her uncle, quizzically, "in this age, when women claim a surplusage of all the brain power bestowed upon the race! What will you do when you have to attend to business?"

"Business," echoed Evadne, "I have never thought about it, Uncle Lawrence."

"No turn for dollars and cents, eh? Did your father never consult you about his affairs?"

Evadne's lip quivered. "Oh, yes," she said, and her words were a cry of pain, "he consulted me about everything, but I do not think there was ever any mention of money. Does money constitute business, Uncle Lawrence?"

"Wealth gives power, Evadne. Money is one of the greatest things in the world. While we are on the subject, I may as well tell you that your father has written me concerning the disposition of his property. I shall look after your interests carefully, together with my own, and give you the same quarterly allowance that my own girls have. When you are older I will go more into detail, but it is not worth while now to worry your head over columns of uninteresting figures. I shall open an account for you at the National Bank, and you can draw on that for your expenses. Your aunt will initiate you into the mysteries of shopping. By the way, you must have gone through that experience in Barbadoes. How did you manage there?"

Evadne turned her head away and clenched her hands tightly, as the flood of bitter-sweet memories threatened to engulf her. "Papa always went with me," she said slowly; "whatever he liked, I chose."

Judge Hildreth gave a sigh of relief. He had extricated himself from a difficult position with diplomatic skill. It did not occur to him that a lie which is half the truth is the meanest sort of a lie. He had acquainted his niece with all that was necessary for her to know at present, and at the same time left himself a loophole of escape from the imputation of disregarding his brother's wishes. When she became old enough to assume the responsibility, and he got his affairs straightened out sufficiently to admit of transferring to her care the funds which were so absolutely essential to his present success, he would put Evadne in full possession of her inheritance. Evadne's admission of her inexperience had proved the wisdom of his decision. By her own acknowledgment, his niece had never given a thought to the subject. His brother's plan would be an imprudence from which he was bound to shield her.

In Evadne's mind also, thought was busy. "Money is one of the greatest things in the world," her uncle said, and she had read that morning, "tongues shall cease, and knowledge shall be done away, but love never faileth. Now abideth faith, hope and love, the greatest of these is love." Was her cousin Louis right? Did Christians and the Bible not agree? And the business of her life was to find Jesus Christ. Was there any money in that?

Hollywood, Mr. Hawthorne's beautiful home, was the Judge's destination. As he turned out of the main road, John Randolph, who as usual was busy about the farm, opened the gate for him, and the Judge gave him a familiar nod and a "Thank you, John."

When they reached the house where Judge Hildreth had business with Mr. Hawthorne, Evadne was in an ecstasy of silent rapture. She had never dreamed what a New England farm might be. Its varied beauty, clad in the dazzling robes of early summer, came upon her with the suddenness of a revelation. She begged to be allowed to wait for her uncle out of doors, and wandered slowly on, past the great barns, to where the wide gate stretched across the green road. When she reached it she stopped, and looked with keen delight at the beautiful creatures in the fields on either side. The sunshine fell upon her with a loving warmth; in the distance she could hear the whir of a mowing machine, and the shouts of the men at work; a magnificent young horse thrust his head familiarly over the fence near by, and under the shade of a great tree Primrose, with her graceful calf beside her, was lazily chewing her cud.

Everything spoke of contentment and comfort and peace. An unutterable longing seized upon the lonely girl. Here at least she would have God's creatures to love, and his woods, and the sky! She laid her head down upon the gate with a smothered cry.

"If I only belonged, like the cows—."

"Pitty lady."

"Startled by the sweet baby voice, Evadne looked up, to find a pair of laughing blue eyes peeping sympathetically at her. The sunbonnet had fallen back and the golden curls were tossed in luxurious confusion over the little head.

Evadne caught the child in her arms.

"You little darling."

"Yes, me is," said the child, resting contentedly within Evadne's embrace, as if, with the mysterious telepathy of childhood, she recognized a spiritual affinity which she was bound to help.

"Me's very nice! Don says so!"

"And who is Don?" asked Evadne.

"Don's my bootiful man. Me's doin to marry Don when me gets big. Oh, dere he is!" and breaking from Evadne, she rolled herself between the bars of the gate, and ran at the top of her speed towards John Randolph, who just then appeared around a bend in the road, one arm thrown lightly over the neck of the horse he had been training.

"Hulloa, Nansie." Evadne heard his cheery greeting, saw him stoop and lift the child on to the horse's back, and was so interested in the pretty scene that she forgot she was a stranger. When she came to herself with a start, the little cavalcade had reached the gate, and John Randolph stood before her with his hat in his hand.

Evadne bowed.

"It is so beautiful," she said. "I have been waiting for my uncle, and lost myself among the harmonies of nature."

John Randolph's eyes lightened.

"It is God's world," he answered, with a sweet reverence.

Evadne looked full into the shining face.

"Do you know Jesus Christ?" she cried impulsively.

The face softened into a great tenderness. "He is my King!"

"And do you love him?"

"With all there is of me."

A servant came just then to say the Judge was waiting.

"I will come at once." Evadne said courteously. Then she turned once more to John.

"And what do you think of life?" she cried softly.

"Life," he said, and there was a strange exultant ring in his voice.—"Life is a beautiful possibility."

There was no time for more, but in the spirit realm of kinship no multitude of [illegible] had passed, yet in that little space two souls had met. What did it matter if the devious turnings of life should lead them far apart, or the barring gate of circumstances forever separate them. They had found each other.

"Pitty lady, Nan loves you dear," and the child, whom John had seated on the broad top-rail of the gate, held up her rosy lips for a kiss.

Instinctively Evadne held out her hand to John. Spiritual ethics laugh at the conventionalities of time.

"Good-bye," she said, "and thank you."

She looked back once to wave her hand to little Nan. John was standing as she had left him, one arm encircling the child, who nestled close to him, while over his right shoulder the horse had thrust his handsome head. Always afterward she saw him so.

Long after the sound of the carriage wheels had died away, John stood motionless, beholding again as in a vision, the earnest face and wonderful gray eyes. Then he stooped for his hat, which had fallen to the ground when he had taken her hand in his. As he did so, he saw a dainty bit of lawn lying on the other side of the gate. He put his hand between the bars and caught it just as the breeze was about to blow it away. He looked at the name which was delicately traced in one corner with a stange sense of pleasure. Evadne.

"It fits her," he said to himself. "There's a sweet elusiveness about her. She makes me think of a bird. She'll let you come just so far, until she gets to trust you, and then you'll have all her sweetness.

He drew a long breath, which was strangely like a sigh, and folding the handkerchief carefully, put it in his pocket.

"Pitty lady," murmured little Nan drowsily, and John caught her up and kissed her—he could not have told why.

"I do think Dorothy Bruce is the kindest creature!" exclaimed Marion one Saturday morning, as they lingered with a pleasant sense of leisure over the breakfast table. "She offered to give up the whole of to-day to me. I thought it was lovely, when she works so hard all the week."

"Give it up to you! Why, what do you mean, Marion? We never have anything to do with her in school. What could you possibly want of her here?"

"Oh! It is that doleful algebra," sighed Marion. "It is utterly impossible for me to get it into my head, and Dorothy takes to it like a duck to water, and she is a born teacher. Madame Castle says her aptitude for imparting knowledge amounts to a genius. You must allow it was kind of her, Isabelle."

Isabelle shrugged her shoulders.

"Self interested, likely. That sort of people would do anything to obtain a foothold."

"Oh, Isabelle!" cried Evadne. "Do have a little faith in your fellow-man! Why should you set yourself up on a pinnacle and despise everyone who is poor?"

Louis looked up from the paper he had been reading.

"There are two things Isabelle has no faith in, Evadne. The Declaration of Independence and the book she lent you. One says all men are free and equal, the other that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth. Her serene highness objects to this. She will have the blue blood come in somewhere, though where she gets it from heaven only knows."

"Louis, I do wish you would not be so radical!" Isabelle said peevishly. "You must admit there is such a thing as culture and refinement."

"Certainly, I admit it. The only thing I object to is that you talk as if you possessed a monopoly of the article, whereas I hold that it is just a question of environment. It is no thanks to you that you were not born a Hottentot or a Choctaw. Give yourself the same ancestors and surroundings as your chimney-sweep and wherein would you be superior to him? And when it comes to ancestry, by the way, probably Miss Bruce can trace her's back to some of the grand old Highland chiefs who covered themselves with glory long before the lineage of Hildreth had emerged from obscurity."

(To be Continued.)

THAT "RAFFLE FOR SOULS"

It is Now proved beyond all Dispute, that the Raffle Actually Took Place in Mexico

SOME time ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a brief article relative to a "Raffle for Souls," which was said to have taken place in a Catholic Church in Puebla, Mexico. The statements in that article (which was reproduced from a contemporary), were immediately denied in interested quarters, and the production of proof was challenged.

In order that all question as to the accuracy of the statements published in these columns might be set at rest, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has procured from Mexico the necessary corroborative evidence.

A "*Gran Rifa de Animas*" (or "Raffle for Souls"), was announced in the issue of *El Amigo de la Verdad* ("Friend of the Truth"), published at Puebla, Oct. 19, 1898. On the first page of that journal there appeared an announcement, signed by Perfectus, Bishop of Puebla, stating the object of this raffle, which he designated as a "*Loteriae pro Animabus Purgatorii*" ("Lottery for Spirits in Purgatory"). Printed circulars, bearing the stamp of the Curacy of Puebla, were extensively distributed. These circulars described the object of the lottery, and stated the prices to be paid for tickets. Each circular was marked at the bottom, "A copy of the original."

A well-known paper in the City of Mexico is *El Universal*. In its issue of Oct. 12, 1898, it published this timely article in which the "raffle" scheme was fully ventilated:

"PIOUS RAFFLES

"The friars have always got to be as God made them. Not only are they agreed to keep the multitude in a state of fanaticism and brutality, but they also endeavor, by every means suggested by their infernal malice and cunning, to make the most money they can out of the faithful by masses for souls.

"In some of the parishes of the suburbs, they have established the custom of Raffles of Souls, which consists in drawing a number representing so many souls which will come out from Purgatory, only because the pious believer has drawn them out of the globe of the lottery.

"Of course, this ticket costs some cents, and if, for example, the wife of a poor laborer goes devoutly to hear mass, she does not count on this raffle of souls, which is proposed to her by the sacristan or the father almoner, and often finds herself hard put to it to pay for the number of the drawing, which may fall to her by luck."

It would seem that further evidence of the existence of the custom of holding these raffles "for the liberation of souls from Purgatory" was not needed; yet it is at hand from other sources whose reliability is beyond question. Rev. Francis S. Borton, a missionary of the M. E. Church of the United States, now stationed at Puebla (and who is known to Bishops Fitzgerald, Fowler, Joyce and Hurst), writes as follows:

"PUEBLA, OCT. 24, 1898.

"'*The Christian Herald*,' *New York City:*—

"I send you under another cover: (1) a copy in the original Spanish of the Soul Raffle announcement, (2) a paper containing a letter in Latin and Spanish by the Bishop of Puebla, admitting the truth of such raffle, (3) a supplement of the *Christian Advocate* of Mexico, in Spanish, with full description of such raffles. The English translation with notes, is in press, will be out this week, and I will at once send you a copy.

"The matter has been talked of in the secular and religious press of the civilized world from here to New York, to Rome, and to Buenos Ayres. It has been denied and lied about, but never disproved. The Bishop of Puebla has been forced to confess, over his own signature, that such raffles of souls are practiced in his diocese. Furthermore, he has, during the last ten days, published a decree forbidding the practice of these soul raffles in his diocese this year, in the churches; but has said that all who cared to raffle for souls could do so in the Episcopal Palace, where he lives. This I have from undeniable authority. We are scoring a big point in the reformation of Mexico, when we succeed in doing away with this abominable, heathenish practice.

"F. S. BORTON."

Theda A. Parker, of West Alden, N. Y., former missionary in Puebla, writes:

"It was my custom while living in the city of Puebla, Mexico, to frequently take a walk before breakfast, and on such occasions I often stepped for a few minutes into two or three of the more than seventy Catholic churches which the city contains. I had become curious to know whether at the same seasons the same ceremonies were being conducted in the different churches. I thought I could judge from the appearance of the churches whether this was so, for I had noticed that the placing of some of the images on certain great days depended on the event to be celebrated.

"Nearly every block of this city has its Catholic church. The one in our block was called Santa Catarina. On the first Monday in November, I entered this church, and saw immediately that something unusual was going on. In the centre of the church was what looked like a small church tower, the lower part square, the upper pointed. It was black, and the three sides that I could see contained windows, with black curtains draped inside. On the side, away from the altar, sat the Bishop of Puebla, facing the black structure, with priests to the right and left of him, also seated. More priests than usual were officiating at the various altars, and I was much puzzled to know what was the nature of the service. Returning home, I asked the cook (a Catholic) what kind of a service was being held in Santa Catarina, and described what I had seen. She answered:

"'I don't know, Senorita. They do many things here which I never saw done in the little town I came from.'

"At supper time she said, 'Senorita, I have found out what was going on at Santa Catarina this morning. I asked Rosa (an old blind woman, who came to the house every day for the remnants of the dinner). She said that during the month of October, the Sisters go about among the Catholic families, asking if any one has died during the year whose soul the family would like to have come out of Purgatory on the first Monday in November. If such is the case, they pay a peceta (twenty-five cents), and the name of the dead friend is written on a slip of paper and given to the Sisters.

"'These are kept until the first Monday in November, when the Bishop goes to one of the churches, and, after certain ceremonies, draws slips, and those whose names are drawn are delivered from Purgatory that morning. So their friends are told.'

"'This is called a 'rifa de animas', or raffle for souls, and takes place every year on the first Monday in November.'"

It may be added that either of the missionaries named or the editors of *El Universal* will be glad to furnish any other details desired concerning the "raffles for souls."

BOOKS RECEIVED

History of the English Bible. Studied by the Library method. By S. G. Ayres, B.D., and Charles F. Sitterley, Ph.D., with an introduction by Henry M. McCracken, LL.D. Pp. 126. Price $1. Published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York.

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The Adoption of a Child - Exacting Husbands - How to Receive Callers, Etc.

A QUESTION so vitally affecting the best interests of a family, and concerning its whole future so directly as the adoption of a child, should not be settled without much thought and much prayer. It is, however, a question for a husband and wife to answer for themselves, determining on their own course of action, without being overruled by relatives on either side. A bereaved mother, in a sweet and touching letter, tells me that her arms are empty, for God has taken away her dear little child. She and her husband have decided that they will, if their kindred do not continue to oppose them, adopt an orphan child, and bring it up as their own; surely a beautiful and Christian thing to do. But on the one hand, the husband's people cry out against the expense the child will be, as though the little one in heaven would not have been an expense had not God taken it hence; and on the other, the wife's kin exclaim that the care and bother will be too great for her, as though she would mind either, in case the child were her very own.

You must put aside these objections, dear friends, if you are in earnest, and act with independence. When I remember how many homeless children there are, how many are in institutions who would better be in families, I long to hear fathers and mothers speak as you do. To adopt a child, and give it pious, watchful nurture and a fair chance in this world, seems to me an act on which God must look in with peculiar approval.

But you must not overlook the possibility that you may yet have children born to you, children who will be bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. In that case, you will need to be entirely just and fair to your adopted child, recognizing its rights and privileges, and not treating it with coldness, because other claimants on your love and income have arrived. Can you trust yourselves thus far? Settle the matter in your closets and before the searcher of hearts.

I have known several cases of adoption which have turned out most happily and blessedly for all concerned. I have never in a single instance known of the adopted child's proving ungrateful and unsatisfactory. In one family, known to me, a childless pair sought a public institution where the waifs and foundlings of a great city found such asylum as public charity gives the flotsam and jetsam of its streets. They chose a wee baby girl, in utter ignorance of her name and parentage; she was only a few months old; she never knew in after years that she was not their own child, and she developed into a noble and charming childhood, a girlhood of grace, a womanhood of rare talents and abilities. She was, you see, one of God's children, and he blessed the home which adopted her.

* * *

A FRIEND. You tell me that your husband has grown selfish and exacting; that although you once loved him dearly, your feeling is gradually changing to something very like hate. My dear, let me tell you frankly that I do not believe in love which changes so easily. Try on your own part to be thoughtful and solicitous of him, and see if it does not produce a change. Do not lay up remorseful regrets for yourself in days to come.

* * *

S. E. J. I think it is very sweet to be the older of two daughters and to be able, when mamma is engaged, to receive her callers, and to help in many ways as the daughter of the house can. When your mother is present, she will, of course, advance first to receive a visitor. In her absence you simply step forward cordially and offer your hand to any friend who enters your parlor. I have seen young people bow stiffly in their own home, but I have always been sorry to notice the omission of the pleasant handshake. When presented to strangers outside of your own house, it is not necessary to offer your hand; usually it is enough to bow pleasantly. If people say kind things to you, you have simply to make a polite answer in your turn. Always do what you can to contribute to the pleasure of a guest. Manners at the table are like manners everywhere else. They need simply to be quiet, gentle and unselfish. The essence of good breeding is unselfishness.

* * *

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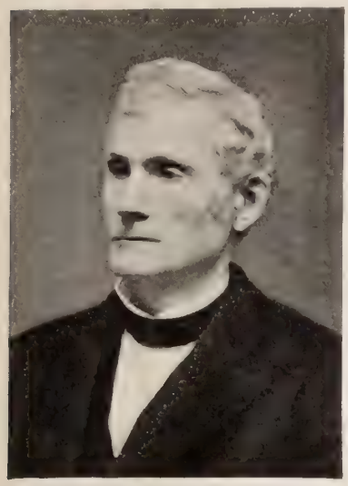
The Founder of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting Passes Away

WITH the recent death of Mr. J. C. Lanphier, the founder of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, there passed away a personality which had become familiar to many thousands of New Yorkers. And not to New Yorkers alone, but to thousands of Christian men throughout the Union, for Mr. Lanphier was in a sense a national character.



THE LATE MR. J. C. LANPHIER

Founder of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting

He was an earnest Christian business man, who loved the Lord's work and who gave up a lucrative business that he might devote himself wholly to bringing wandering souls into the Redeemer's Kingdom.

In 1857, during a time of great business anxiety and distress, the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting was founded. It had been decided by the Old North Dutch Church in Fulton street to adopt new methods of reaching outsiders with the Gospel message and to employ a missionary to go from house to house, visiting the sick and the discouraged. To this task Mr. Lanphier, then an active, energetic and magnetic man in the prime of life, was assigned. He devoted himself to it heart and soul, and it proved a blessing to all that section of the city. It became his habit to turn into the consistory room of the church every day, and there "shut to the door and commune with his Father who is in secret," and gain fresh spiritual strength for his duties. It occurred to him that there must be many, in that time of anxious concern, who would benefit by such seasons of prayer. He spoke of it to a few friends, who agreed with him. The consent of the consistory to hold the meetings in their room was obtained, and notices of the first meeting were issued. Mr. Lanphier was punctual at his post, but for nearly half an hour no one joined him. He remained, however; and presently one person came and afterwards four others. At the next meeting there were twenty present. The meetings were held every Wednesday, but at the fourth, when there was a large attendance, one of the persons present spoke of the benefit he had derived from the meeting, and urged that it be held daily. His proposal was put to the vote and carried unanimously. From that time to the present, a period of forty-one years, there has been no interruption. Regularly at noon on every business day, the voice of prayer and praise has gone up from the company of believers at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. It was necessary, as the number grew, to transfer the meeting from the consistory room to a larger hall.

Until September, 1893, the meeting continued under the charge of its founder, Mr. J. C. Lanphier. But the infirmities of age began to press heavily on the venerable Christian worker, and it was evident that he must soon give place to another. On the thirty-sixth anniversary of the first meeting, he formally committed the charge to Mr. C. F. Cutter, who has conducted the meetings ever since.

During Mr. Lanphier's incumbency as conductor of the work, 11,232 meetings were held, over 36,000 prayers were offered, and nearly a quarter of a million requests for prayer were received and laid before the meetings. It is on record that a multitude of the prayers offered in the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting have been most wonderfully answered. Probably no similar work in any country in the world has been more marvelously productive of spiritual results.

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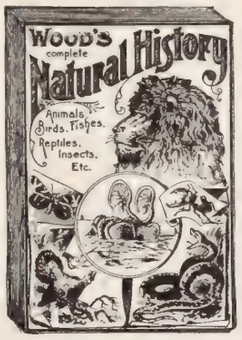

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Its **author,** the world famous naturalist, **Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S.,** devoted years of his life in preparing the **charming descriptions** and **delightful anecdotes** of **all animals,** both **domestic** and **wild,** and in describing in the **simplest language** the **habits, haunts, diseases,** and **peculiarities** of the **entire** animal kingdom. This book is a **recognized** authority, and is intensely interesting.

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AND ALL LUNG DISEASES PUBLISHED FOR FREE CIRCULATION.

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Dept. 67, 215 S. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

TO EVANGELIZE PORTO RICO

Mr. Frank L. Smith Arrives, Ready to Begin Spiritual Work on the Island

AS we go to press, a brief message comes to us from Porto Rico, announcing the arrival of Mr. Frank L. Smith, who is commissioned to survey the field with a view to establishing Sunday Schools at San Juan, Ponce, Mayaguez, and other available points on the island. Writing from Ponce, Mr. Smith states that as he passed through the town on December 20, the children were being presented with American flags by the Grand Army of the Republic, amid much enthusiasm. The one little Protestant church in Ponce—the only one on the island—was open for preaching on the Lord's Day, by the chaplain of the American military post. *There was no Sunday School.* He did not discover any religious work there, but several schools are open to teach English and Spanish.

Mr. Smith, who has formerly been the Camp Secretary of the International Committee of Y.M.C.A., for the Seventh Army Corps, commanded by General Fitzhugh Lee, since its organization, is now transferred to Porto Rico, commissioned to organize a general work on Associational lines, with special reference to the needs of our soldiers. Mr. Smith writes:

On reaching Santiago, one of the healthful signs of religious activity among the denominational boards in the States came to my notice. Dr. W. R. Lambuth, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, M. E. Church, South, has been here in company with Rev. H. W. Baker, mission pastor at Key West, and rented a commodious building for mission purposes. The plan includes a primary department with three teachers, a school for business men to learn the English language, and a Spanish school where Americans may acquire Spanish. Religious services will be held statedly by the mission pastor, who will also act as Spanish teacher. They hope to begin operations on January 1. Santiago needs the Gospel. The streets are lined with liquor stores, and American visitors are the best customers. A Cuban friend said to me: "Wine and liquor has killed more of your countrymen than war and camp fever."

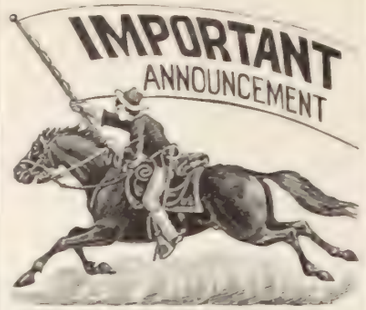
My next, I hope, will announce the successful institution of our work in San Juan, among the soldiers.

The "Father of the Senate"

Senator Justin Morrill, of Vermont, who passed away, December 28, at his home in Washington, was known by this peculiar title, having served continuously in the United States Senate a greater number of years than any of his colleagues, and because of his venerable age. He entered the Senate, March 4, 1867, and there is not a member living to-day who was Senator when he took his seat. His paternal title now falls to William B. Allison, of Iowa, and John P. Jones, of Nevada, who entered the Senate together, March 4, 1873. The former has been for many years Mr. Morrill's coadjutor on the Committee of Finance, of which the Vermont Senator was long the chairman. There are many members of the Senate over three score years and ten; Mr. Pettus' colleague, Mr. Morgan; Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut, and his colleague, Mr. Platt; Mr. Stewart, of Nevada; Mr. Hoar and Mr. Turpie.

A Life of Christian Service

On Dec. 1, 1898, at West Brattleboro, Vt., Mrs. S. E. Atwater, a noble Christian worker, passed away. For nearly thirty years she was principal of Oak Hill Seminary, West Haven, Conn. She was a graduate of Mount Holyoke Seminary. A few years later she married Rev. Edward Wright. They soon settled at West Haven and there her work as a teacher was begun. Mr. Wright died, but though his loss was a heavy blow to the young wife, she resolutely carried the work along. Many came to Oak Hill Seminary from various parts of the United States, and many went from it better fitted for life's work, some as wives, some as teachers, and some as missionaries to foreign lands. For nearly thirty years she continued this work. She was afterward married to Rev. Jason Atwater, whom she also survived. The infirmities of age and financial embarrassments at last led her to give up her work. Mrs. Atwater was much interested in temperance and missionary work, and did much for the education of the poor whites and negroes of the South. Her labor on earth was faithfully done, and she looked forward to a home with Jesus, and a happy reunion with kindred gone before. L. J. ROOT.



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PURCHASE FROM US DIRECT.

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"Everything for the Garden" is the title of our Catalogue for 1899, and it really **is a 190-page book, 9x11 inches, containing over 700 engravings and 6 superb colored plates** of Seeds and Plants. And as all are drawn from nature, we show, as in a looking-glass, the best of the old and the latest of the new.

To trace advertising, and give our Catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following unusually liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash.

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses us **10 cents** (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send, **free of charge**, our famous **50-cent "Empire State" Collection** of Seeds, containing one packet each of New Large-flowering Sweet Peas, New Butterfly Pansy, New Jubilee Asters, New Golden Rose Celery, New York Lettuce, and Ponderosa Tomato, in a **red envelope**, which, when emptied and returned, will be **accepted as a 25-cent cash payment** on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & Co.
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$1.95 BUYS A $3.50 SUIT

3,000 CELEBRATED "KANTWEAROUT" double seat and double knee, Regular $3.50 Boys' 2-Piece Knee-Pant Suits going at $1.95.

A NEW SUIT FREE for any of these suits which don't give satisfaction.

Send No Money. Cut [illegible] out and send to us, state age of boy and we will send large or small for age, and we will send you the suit by express, C.O.D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory and equal to suits sold in your town for $3.50, pay your express agent our special offer price, $1.95 and express charges.

THESE KNEE-PANT SUITS are for boys from 4 to 15 years of age, and are retailed everywhere at $3.50. Made with double seat and knees, latest 1899 style as illustrated, made from a special wear-resisting, heavy-weight, ALL-WOOL Oakwell cassimere, neat handsome pattern, fine serge lining, Clayton patent inter-lining padding, staying and reinforcing, silk and linen sewing, fine tailor-made throughout, a suit any boy or parent would be proud of. FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of Boys' Clothing suits, overcoats or ulsters for boys 4 TO 19 YEARS, write for Sample Book No. 90C, contains fashion plates, tape measure and full instructions how to order.

Men's Suits and Overcoats made to order from $5.00 up. Samples sent free on application. Address,

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were famous years ago—their fame grows every year—as the seeds most to be relied on—as always the best. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Five cents per packet and always worth it. Insist on having them. Don't be put off with substitutes. If your dealer does not keep them—buy Ferry's. Ferry's Seed Annual is free.

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UNRIVALLED OVER BELLS OF BETTER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE, OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.
Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

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NEW CROP SEEDS. Agents wanted in every section. Quick sales. New plan. Good pay. Extra long and 4 pack Flower Seeds in Catalogue **FREE.** Frank H. Battles, Seed Grower, Rochester, N. Y.

ARE YOUR LUNGS WEAK?

To Every Sufferer from Catarrh, Lung Weakness or Consumption a Great Specialist Sends His New and Wonderful

TREATMENT FREE.

[illegible] will regard it as a kind of insult to be asked if they have weak lungs. All seem to have a solid faith in the soundness of their own breathing machine. In cases of trouble they will admit there is a "heavy cold," "a touch of bronchitis," or even "a spell of Asthma," but as to weak or unsound lungs, never, NEVER. Even the poor consumptive who scarcely speaks without coughing, whose cheeks are wasted, hollow and bear the hectic flush of doom, will assure you with glistening eyes that his cold is on the mend and he will be all right when the weather changes.

This is a sad and pitiable form of delusion. It is not our business here to discuss the reason of it. Its prevalence, however, is beyond all doubt, and we feel that we are right in holding it responsible for a neglect of serious sible dangers. Nobody can afford to neglect them or "let them wear out," or "get better in the spring," or any other tomfoolery that leads only to wreck and ruin. Lung troubles don't move backward. Weak lungs don't grow strong by themselves—you must heal them and strengthen them and rid them of the very earliest germs of disease or you are simply committing a form of suicide. Either you must cure your lung troubles or THEY WILL KILL YOU.

That's the whole situation in a nutshell.

Never was there a cure for lung troubles equal to the newly discovered Dr. Slocum treatment. It is [illegible] a system of three remedies that are used simultaneously, and supplement each other's curative action. The treatment has immortalized Dr. Slocum's name. It cures weak lungs, bronchitis, asthma, coughs, consumption, catarrh and every other ailment

Free to... Christian Herald Readers.

The Dr Slocum Treatment is Medicine Reduced to an Exact Science by the World's Most Famous Physician.

lung troubles in ourselves and others—that it is almost criminal.

How many a poor bread-earner there is who keeps on and on at his daily toil, taking cough medicines by fits and starts, but never quite curing his cough, while this same cough is but a symptom of decay that is eating into his lungs, and will in time cause their destruction. Thus does a wife observe her husband, or parents witness the struggle of a darling child, the youth or the maiden who was to rejoice their later years, while no steps are taken to battle with the evil until consumption has seized on one more victim. It is simply terrible to think how far we may be guilty by our indifference to the lung troubles of those near and dear to us. It is also a sad thought that we may hug a delusion as to our own health that we only get rid of when life itself must pay the forfeit.

Let us quit the distressing subject to come to what is practical. Nobody can afford to think lightly of lung troubles. Nobody can afford to be mistaken about their pos-

of the pulmonary region. It destroys every germ that can affect the respiratory system, and even in advanced stages of lung trouble positively arrests the tubercular growth, while it also builds up the patient so that his system is enabled to throw off scrofula, rheumatism and other wasting diseases. Thousands of cured cases already prove these claims. Thousands of grateful people bless the discovery.

Dr. Slocum wants everybody to know the surprising merits of his system. He has arranged to give a free treatment (three bottles of the cure) to all sufferers who will apply to him by letter, mentioning The Christian Herald. Full instructions for use accompany each treatment. Your correspondence on the subject is strictly private and your three free bottles come to you in a plain package. Surely if you have weak lungs you will be glad to get a free treatment that is offered in such a generous spirit.

Write to Dr. T. A. Slocum, 98 Pine St., New York City, giving full address.

Delay only makes your trouble worse.

THE REJOICING CONVERT

FREE from the burden that grieved me,
I'm washed in the Saviour's blood.
Jesus has kindly received me
As one of the children of God.

Now, with my ears will I listen,
List, to discover his will;
Ready to hear, and to hasten,
Every command to fulfill.

Now, with my tongue will I praise him.
He is the author of light;
Each distant planet obeys him,
Keeping their vigils by night.

Now, with my hands, will I gather
Sheaves for his garner above;
Trusting my Heavenly Father
Will fill my soul with his love.

Now, with my feet, will I follow,
Whither his Spirit shall lead.
He who provides for the sparrow
Surely his servant shall feed.

Then, when my work is completed,
Jesus will bid me to come.
I at his side will be seated,
Safely in Heaven—at Home.

Amityville, N. Y. DELANCY H. MILLER.

A Prehistoric Monster

The petrified bones of the most gigantic animal ever unearthed, have lately been discovered in Wyoming, by Prof. W. H. Reed, Assistant Professor of the geological department of the State University, and are in process of reconstruction. The smallest bone of the skeleton is more than a man can lift; and in comparison to a mammoth, this animal was in size as a horse is to a dog. The only fossil which can be placed in even approximate comparison with it, is Prof. Marsh's famous brontosaur, also discovered in Wyoming, by Prof. Reed; and this is a child beside it, weighing in life, according to estimate, about 80,000 pounds, while the dinosaur must have tipped the scales at 120,000. There were no scales however, in the Jurassic age—to which this creature belonged—and if there had been, the dinosaur would hardly have been invited, for the price of several "pennies in the slot" to test his weight upon it; for, says Prof. Reed: "Every time he put his foot down, it covered more than a square yard of ground, and must have fairly shaken the earth." Prof. Reed, further describes what his dinosaur must have been:

He had a neck thirty feet in length, a tail perhaps sixty. The cavity of his body, with lungs and intestines out, would make a hall thirty-four feet in length, sixteen feet in width, and arched over probably twelve feet in height. Such a space, if properly arranged, would seat at least forty people. A set of fours in cavalry could easily have ridden abreast between his front and hind legs, provided he had not objected. The smallness of the head of this animal is a peculiar thing. I should say that the head of this mighty dinosaur, was probably not larger than a ten-gallon keg. He must have been a very sluggish creature, as the brain cavity would certainly not warrant the belief that his brain weighed to exceed four or five pounds.

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"OUR FAVORITE GOLD ENAMEL"...
to gild a small frame, also a brush to apply it with, to anyone mentioning this paper and enclosing a 2c stamp for postage. This is not a gold paint, but a Gold Enamel, can be washed or handled without tarnishing. It will beautify hundreds of articles in your home. We go to the considerable expense of sending these samples to demonstate the absolute superiority of our goods, which we know you will appreciate after using. Address
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For Rheumatism and Sleeplessness

We Offer the Simplest and the Best Treatment Free.

To all who know the misery and hopelessness of days and nights tortured with rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness and pains in the trunk, muscles and bones, we make a plain and fair proposition, which we believe is filled with hope for sufferers.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD, of Paris, said that these ailments arose from a too great flow of electricity from the body. He thought that if this flow could be stopped the vital forces would be so invigorated as to overcome the troubles. Experimenting on this line led to the discovery of the **Slayton Electric Switch Glass Casters.** Used on a bed they insulate the occupant completely. They prevent any flow of electricity from the body to the earth. Thus none of the natural forces is weakened. The curative results are wonderful.

No one can fully *explain* why so simple a remedy can drive away forever these terrible evils. The great, saving fact remains, however, that the use of the **Slayton Electric Switch Glass Bed Casters** is every day completely curing cases of rheumatism and like diseases which seemed desperate.

Read the following testimonials and see if it is not worth your while to at least make a test of this wonderful treatment, which costs absolutely nothing to try, and which cannot possibly harm you in any way.

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THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO.,
Gentlemen:—I saw your ad. in "The Literary Digest," sent for your rollers and put them under my wife's bed without her knowledge the next morning she reported having enjoyed the best night's sleep for many weeks. She has continued to be benefitted. Cannot return them, so send you the money herewith enclosed. Yours, Rev. F. B. HARVEY.

TECUMSEH, Mich., Sept. 9, 1898.

SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO.,
Gentlemen:—Since using your Electric Casters neither Mrs. Frost or myself have been troubled with rheumatism. Mrs. F. was scarcely ever free from it before using the casters, but now says she never has a twinge of it.
Yours sincerely,
W. E. FROST.

SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO., Tecumseh, Mich.,
Gentlemen—Now after three weeks' test of your Electric Casters, Mrs. Glidden and myself are satisfied that they are proving a real benefit to each of us, and are all you represented them to be, and wish to retain them permanently. With thanks for your courteous treatment. Very respectfully,
ITHACA, Mich, Dec. 12, 1898.
Rev. N. D. GLIDDEN.

FREE TRIAL FOR ONE WEEK. We will gladly send anyone mentioning this paper a set of the Casters on receipt of 17c. for postage. Try them for one week according to directions. If they do not help you send them back by mail and no charge will be made. If they do help you, send us $2.00 in full payment.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO., 206 Main St., Tecumseh, Mich.

$2.75

SPECIAL $2.75
Examination Free. Cut this ad. out and send to us; SEND NO MONEY. State your height and weight, number of inches around body at Bust and Neck, whether Black or Blue is wanted, and we will send you this cape by express C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine and try it on at your nearest express office, and if found exactly as represented and the best value you ever saw or heard of, and far cheaper than any other house can offer, pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL PRICE, $2.75, and express charges.
THIS CAPE is the very latest style for Fall and Winter, made of Black or Blue all wool genuine Clayton Beaver Cloth, 28 inches long, very full sweep, 12-inch upper cape and large storm collar, beautifully edged with fine Black Baltic Seal Fur, trimmed with one row wide and two rows narrow Mohair braid. This garment is fine tailor-made throughout and equal to capes that sell at more than double our price. Write for our free Cloak Catalogue of everything in women's and children's wear. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. CHICAGO.

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Dixon's
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are made for every use mentionable—over 700 styles; 30,000,000 made yearly. Acknowledged as best the world over.
Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.,
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Why will you suffer when you can be assured of an absolute CURE by writing to the Boynton Medical Co., Cincinnati, O., who will send you their Remedies, FREE

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make irritable people. A food that is nourishing and that does not cloy the appetite is
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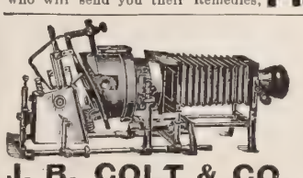

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because it is free from all disagreeable taste and odor.
Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil,
always of the highest standard of quality, is now prepared by a new process, whereby the Oil is kept from atmospheric contact from the beginning of the process of manufacture until it is safely corked up in bottles, thus preventing contamination of any kind and excluding all impurities.
Give this new Oil a trial. Ask for Peter Moller's Oil and see that the bottle -- a flat, oval one -- bears our name as agents. Notice the date in peforated letters at bottom of the label.
Schieffelin & Co., New York.

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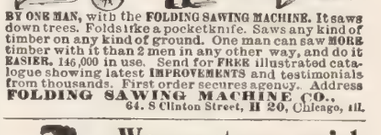

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FILL Your own TEETH Dr. Truman's Crystaline Stops Pain and Decay. Lasts a lifetime. Circulars FREE. E. B. TRUMAN, Bainbridge, N. Y.

A PREACHER'S DISCOVERY.

Dr. Blosser, the well-known Minister of the Gospel, and medical specialist, is the originator of one of the world's most valuable means of curing disease. It is a fact well known among physicians, as well as by sufferers, that while there are many proposed remedies for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., heretofore there has been known no reliable cure.

Dr. Blosser, in his regular practice, had under his care many patients suffering from these diseases, and after trying all the remedies recommended in the medical books, without satisfactory results, he was driven to the necessity of devising an entirely new mode of treatment. He discovered a combination of medical plants, which when smoked and inhaled, applies a warm medical vapor to every diseased part, destroying the germs of the disease and healing the ulcerated mucous membrane, without injury to the most delicate constitution.

Having demonstrated in his practice the wonderful curative properties of this remedy, he publicly announced his discovery and during the past twenty-three years thousands of helpless sufferers have been cured. He cured one case of 45 years' standing, and others of 15, 20 and 25 years' standing. These facts warrant us in announcing to sufferers the world over, that a positive cure has been found for catarrhal diseases.

50,000 Trial Packages FREE.

We have recently given away 100,000 trial packages of Dr. Blossers's Catarrh Cure to persons afflicted with Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness, etc., and now offer 50,000 trial packages, absolutely free. If the trial package does not impress you favorably you will have been at no expense. If you wish to give the remedy a more thorough trial at once than the sample affords, inclose us $1.00 for one month's treatment, by mail, postpaid. If you wish a free package, write a letter or postal card at once to

DR. J. W. BLOSSER & SON, 50 Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Below are Letters from Ministers, Physicians and Other Prominent Men, Recommending this Great Remedy:

Prominent Minister Cured Bronchitis and Ulcerated Throat 15 Years' Standing.

I had [illegible] years' standing, having spent hundreds of dollars for medicine that did not cure me. Five bottles of your Catarrh Cure, used according to directions, cured me [illegible] stop using the remedy as soon as partial relief was obtained. [illegible]

(Note.—Mr. Mangum [illegible] and states that recently [illegible] the disease since.)

Certificate of an Eminent Physician.

[illegible], N. C., July 21, 1898.

Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son,

Gentlemen: I tender you my sincere thanks and take great pleasure in recommending your remedy to the profession, and to the public, as a safe, pleasant and most reliable remedy for catarrh. I have purchased [illegible] friends who suffered very much as I did, and they have reported to me as having received very good results which attended my own case. I have received many letters during the past year from various sections of the United States asking me as to the certificate I gave you being a genuine one. I have replied to each and have advised them to give the remedy a fair trial, and I believed they would be cured. I have used it in my practice whenever a case presented. I have

R. K. GREGORY, M. D.

Deafness Cured

[illegible] old, suffered severely for nine years with nasal ca[illegible] your Catarrh Cure advertised in the Arkansas Methodist, for our boy has used four boxes of it and we now rejoice in the happy results of his hearing being perfectly restored and the nasal trouble, of so many years [illegible] has nose was eaten through, has almost wholly disappeared, so that we can only see slight symptoms of it when he has contracted a severe cold. I heartily commend your remedy to others. Yours truly,

[illegible] D. C. Ross.

Catarrh Cured.

[illegible], Ark., April 2, 1897.

Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, Atlanta, Ga.:

Dear Sirs: I [illegible] Catarrh Cure all right. It proved to be more than you advertised. [illegible] She had tried various remedies but received no benefit until she tried yours. I would advise any sufferer to give your remedy a fair trial. I have recommended it to many others [illegible] way. I remain, yours very truly,

[illegible]

Evangelist Cured 15 Years Ago No Return.

[illegible] Ga., Sept. 21, 1897.

Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen: I was a sufferer from nasal catarrh for [illegible]

[illegible]

A Minister of the Gospel Cured of Asthma.

[illegible] Ga., Sept. 21, 1897.

Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, Atlanta, Ga.:—

[illegible] Catarrh Cure [illegible] I [illegible] I [illegible] I

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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EUROPEAN MEMBERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

1. BARON DE FAVA, ITALY. 2. SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, GREAT BRITAIN. 3. COMTE DE CASSINI, RUSSIA. 4. M. HENGELMULLER VON HENGERVAR, AUSTRO-HUNGARY. 5. COUNT DE LICHTERVELDE, BELGIUM. 6. HERR VON HOLLENBEN, GERMANY. 7. M. JULES CAMBON, FRANCE.

See Page 35.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

We have received a number of letters containing inquiries concerning the prospects of opening up the proposed Sunday School work in Porto Rico. Among those who have written on this subject are: W. D., Friendly, W. Va.; A. de B., Marshfield Hills, Mass.; Geo. F. M., Little Marsh, Pa.; D. D. A., North Yakima, Wash.; Mrs. Emma G., Spokane, Wash.; Miss E. L. B., Baton Rouge, La.; H. C. M., Philadelphia; Mrs. A. W. B., Worcester, Mass.; N. S. P., Groton, N. H.; D. J. T., Syeamore, Kan.; G. L. L., Bradenville, Pa.; Miss M. B., Ticonderoga, N. Y., and others. Several of those mentioned in the foregoing list have volunteered for service. Our friends, and especially those who are interested in Gospel work in Porto Rico, will be pleased to learn that Gen. John Eaton has gone to San Juan on an important mission (as stated in another part of this issue), and we hope, after he has had opportunity for investigation to hear fully from him as to the best methods of beginning operations on the island.

G. W. D., Norway, Me. Is it a sin in God's sight to commit suicide? Could a man hope that in killing himself he might at once join his beloved kindred in heaven?

There is not the slightest ground for entertaining such a hope. We are distinctly told that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him; and a suicide is a murderer. The suicide, in taking his life, would be taking the surest of all means for making the separation between him and his dead Christian loved ones, eternal. His course should be to live so that he may hope to join them when his time comes to go. The suicide shows that he cannot trust God; that he is unwilling to do his will in the world, and that he is a coward in running away from his duty. Put the thought out of your mind. You will live to thank God that you did so.

"Anxious Christian," Cincinnati, O. Would it not have been better for God to have refrained from giving Adam and Eve the choice between good and evil, seeing that their choice of evil has brought so much misery on their descendants?

Why do you trouble yourself about Adam and Eve? Every man has the power now of choosing between good and evil, and he has before him innumerable examples of the consequences of choosing evil, yet he chooses it. There is no need to worry about Adam and Eve when we in our own persons are repeating their sin. Neither are we justified in criticizing God's ways. We do not and cannot fully understand his purposes. It may have been that he designed to produce a race so high in the scale of being as to be endowed with the power of choice, which should by choosing evil learn by experience the consequences of evil, and should finally be redeemed and voluntarily choose the good. If you wanted your son to grow up a strong, godly man, you would not restrict his liberty and keep him shut up in your home. You would warn him of the consequences of evil, and train him to overcome temptation. He would not be strong if he were not tried.

G. A. H., Fisher, Minn. Why is it that Christ's lineage is traced by Matthew through Solomon, and by Luke through Nathan?

The differences in the two genealogies have given rise to many theories. The most probable is that Luke gives the genealogy of Mary, while Matthew gives that of Joseph. Evidently the two evangelists would otherwise have contradicted each other at the first step; for Matthew says Joseph was the son of Jacob (1: 16), while Luke says (3: 23), he was the son of Heli. In Luke, however, the word "son" is not in the original, but is supplied by the translators to make sense. If the theory mentioned above is correct, the word they supplied should have been "son-in-law."

Reader, Flint Hill, Va. Is the habit of drinking strong drink, to excess, hereditary?

Some physicians and physiologists contend that no habits are hereditary, but observation is against their contention. The children of drunkards may have witnessed so much of the evil of drunkenness that they make a hard and successful fight to keep themselves from falling victims to the habit, so that statistics would be untrustworthy. But the testimony of many drunkards has been that their parents—one or both—were drunkards, too.

Many of our readers have been specially interested in the letters that have recently appeared in THE MAIL-BAG from owners of very old Bibles. Some of these Bibles are held as very precious heirlooms, having been handed down from generation to generation. Intelligence of other very old and greatly treasured Bibles reaches us from several points. Mrs. [illegible]

Seeing an account of the oldest Bible in THE [illegible] write to say I have an older Bible than the above mentioned, which is dated as published in 1637. "Newly translated out of the originall tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared [illegible] appointed to be read in churches." It is written in old English, and while discolored by age and use, is yet quite well preserved and easily read. A few [illegible] ments in one volume, without notes, and also the [illegible]

Major Stark, Alpha, Tex., writes:

I have a Bible in the old English black letter, [illegible] the king, and bearing date 1615. It has a concord- [illegible] to Christ. This edition is called by some the "Breeches Bible." In Genesis, where it speaks of [illegible] aprons, my Bible reads, "they made themselves [illegible]

H. Whitmore Dodge, Commerce, Mo., writes: "I have a Bible dated 1526, printed by William Tyndale."

We would be pleased to hear from any other reader having a Bible still older than those already mentioned.

Reader——. Why is **Acts 8: 37 omitted** from the Revised Version of the Bible?

Some of the ancient manuscripts did not contain the verse and some only part of it. The revisers, therefore, drew the inference that it had been inserted at a date later than that of the original work, and omitted it. The omission is explained in the middle column of the page in the Revised Version issued by THE [illegible]

J. D., Reading, Pa. Where can I get full and re- [illegible] of the Mormon question with relation to creed [illegible]

You should procure a copy of the pamphlet, [illegible] forty pages of accurate information on the subject. It is published by General Eaton, The Concord, Washington, D. C. Price, five [illegible]

M. S. H., Brighton, S. I. What right [illegible] to translate the Bible so as to alte[r] [illegible]

The best of all rights—that of truth. Do [illegible] ing to righteousness of rule. The wicked of [illegible] man which will survive the body. The Bible tells us what it is, and assures us of a future life.

[illegible] struck the Lord with his spear?

According to tradition, it was Longius, a Roman soldier. It is added that Joseph of [illegible] when he visited King Pellam, and that Sir Balim, a heathen, seized the weapon and wounded the king. A great war followed, devastating three countries and involving the loss of thousands of lives.

E. A., Cuero, Texas. [illegible] necessary to an [illegible] nation necessary, if not accepte[d]

1. To a formal tea, yes; to an [illegible] no. Your acceptance will be tak[en] [illegible] without a reply being sent. 2. [illegible] is a duty to excuse yourself, w[hether] [illegible] fair be formal or otherwise.

Geo. A. F. There are few things that will go farther towards demoralizing a church than godlessness in the choir. Those who are specially chosen to sing the praises of the Lord in sight of the congregation should be exemplary Christian people, of good reputation, modest and neither disposed to vanity nor levity. Possibly all that was needed in the case you mention could have been accomplished by a quiet private admonition from the pastor. See answer to W. S. S., Shreve, O., in THE MAIL-BAG of Dec. 28th last, which [illegible]

J. H. F., Harristown, Ills. Is it a sin [illegible] not of his own denomination and to worship there when he does not [illegible]

Such a one would do much better to attend services at his own church, instead of wandering off in other directions for the sake of novelty or sensation. Some, from the very love of change, become little better than spiritual vagrants, without a permanent church home, and consequently with a poor outlook for spiritual development.

K. D. S. Is anything known as to the identity of the lost ten tribes?

You are probably aware that an effort has been made to identify them with the Anglo-Saxon race. Some of the reasons advanced by the advocates of the theory are weighty. It is probable, however, that through intermarriage with the peoples among whom they were scattered their identity as a separate people was lost. Many of them doubtless returned individually with the Jews under Ezra and Nehemiah.

C. C., Wabash, Ind. Is there any foundation for the statement that the Pharaoh of the Exodus did not perish in the Red Sea, at the time the Israelites crossed dryshod?

A doubt about his having been drowned at the time, was first aroused by the records on the monuments which narrated events of his career of a later date than the Exodus. This is confirmed by what is known of his character. He was a timid, cowardly man, very likely to have remained on dry land, while his generals led the army in pursuit of the Israelites. Moses knowing that he was in command of the Egyptian army, and knowing that the army was drowned, might have assumed that Pharaoh was drowned, too, without actual proof of the fact.

J. A. V. D., South Branch, N. Y. Yes, from [illegible]

A Reader, Illinois. We cannot supply the information.

Aspirer, Allen, Neb. You should deal with the publishers direct.

W. M. Stewart. There is none yet issued. Watch the announcements.

R. A. Shennock, N. C. We would suggest [illegible]

Mrs. A. T. K., Hamilton, N. Y. We have not heard of it and do not believe it.

C. Y., Maryland. Address U. S. [illegible] Commission, Washington, D. C.

A. B. C., New York. Write to Thos. Cook & Sons, Broadway, New York, for all information.

E. G. S., Rice, Tex. The information you want may possibly be obtained from some railroad journal.

Subscriber, Newark, N. J. The past is forgiven and should be forgotten. We are all one united nation now.

Maude M., Fredtown, Mo. Write to a pension agency, or to the Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C., for the information.

Frank L. M., Parkville, N. Y. It can be prosecuted as a public nuisance. There is no law in this State of the sort you mention.

J. E. H., Winfield, N. Y. No. On the contrary, part of Queens, Kings, Richmond, New York and Westchester counties are included in the Greater New York.

IN THIS OLD BUILDING, REV. H. W. BEECHER IS SAID TO HAVE PREACHED HIS FIRST SERMON

There are conflicting claims as to the scene of the commencement of famous ministries. It is generally stated in the published biographies of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, that his first ministerial charge was at Lawrenceburg, a small settlement near Cincinnati, on the Ohio River. Batavia, O., however, now claims the distinction of being the place where he preached his first sermon. Mr. Wm. Ronster, of Belfast, O., has forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this photograph of the old building—once a church but now a barn—in which that event is said to have taken place.

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of the leaves in the first of the book are missing. It contains "The Psalms of David, of the old translation, printed as they shall be said or sung in churches." Then follows: "To the Most High and Mighty Prince, James, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith," etc. There are eight or ten pages—a kind of preface—"The Translatours to the Reader." There is also the full Apocrypha. "The whole book of Psalms is given in metre, with apt notes to sing them withall." These notes, arranged to direct the time, are certainly unique music for only the treble. It is claimed that this book came over with some of the earlier settlers, and for many years belonged to different members of the Gould family of New York State. It came to me through Grandmother Gould in 1869.

Mrs. J. A. Hatley, Tarrytown, N. Y., writes: "I have a Bible in my possession, an heirloom; on the title page is printed, 'Edinburgh. Printed by the heir of Andrew Anderson, printer to His Most [illegible] MDCLXXXIII'"

Rev. J. P. Lee, brother of Daniel Lee, missionary to Flat Head Indians, Oregon, writes from University Station, Los Angeles, Calif.: "I have a Bible translated by Thad. Boza, 1615. Please inform me how I can find a purchaser for it."

Mr. Geo. F. Burns, Toronto, Can., has also a very old Bible. He writes:

It was published in London in 1637, by Robert Barker, printer to the "King's Most Excellent Majestie." It contains both the Old and New Testa- you not wish so important a book to be true and accurate? All the labor bestowed on the revision, all the learning brought to bear upon it and all the money expended, were for the purpose of getting the exact meaning of the original. We do not like to have errors in any book, least of all in the Bible. The Revised Version is not absolutely perfect, but it is much better than the ordinary or Authorized Version.

Reader, N. B., Mass. When was Utah taken into the Union as a State and upon what condition?

The act of admission became a law July 10, 1894. The basis was the renunciation of polygamy.

A. P., Worcester, Mass. Many think that there is no life beyond the grave. Is there, apart from the Bible, proof that there is?

Not absolute proof. How could there be? It must be a matter of revelation, seeing that none who die return to tell us. But there are inferences which we may draw. One is the universal longing for another life, which we think would not be in the mind if it was not to be satisfied. Another ground for belief is that our lives here bear the impress of preparation. They seem to be a training, an education, a discipline for something greater. A third reason is that so much here needs adjust

HOME LIFE OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

. . . AT OUR NATION'S CAPITAL . . .

A Glance at the Most Picturesque and Attractive Side of Diplomacy — Representatives of the Great Governments of the Globe, their Wives and Social Surroundings—The European Embassies

COUNTESS DE LICHTERVELDE, (WIFE OF THE BELGIAN MINISTER), AND BABY

MARIE SOPHIA SANTO-THYRSO, DAUGHTER OF THE PORTUGUESE MINISTER

WASHINGTON is the most cosmopolitan city of the Western Continent. The sight of an Oriental in his long silken robes, or wearing a red fez, gay-colored trousers, and girdle, passing along the public streets, awakens no wonderment in the mind of the Washingtonian. He knows that the strangely attired man is either a member of the Diplomatic Corps or one of the constant stream of visitors who are always present at the National Capital.

Thirty-three foreign governments are represented at Washington, and five of them own their mission property. There are two classes of ranking diplomats: ambassadors, and ministers plenipotentiary, and it has only been within the past five or six years that our government has raised its missions abroad to the rank of an embassy. We now have six ambassadors; they are stationed at London, Rome, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg and the City of Mexico, and as an offset, these countries have six ambassadorial representatives at Washington.

BARONESS VON HENGERVAR
Wife of Austro-Hung'n M't'r

LADY PAUNCEFOTE, WIFE OF THE BRITISH MINISTER

MME. DE SANTO-THYRSO
Wife of Portuguese Minister

MLLE. DE CASSINI
Grandniece of the Russian Ambassador

The British Embassy is out in the west end of Washington on Connecticut Avenue. It is a commodious brick building, plain and substantial, and very much after the style of an English gentleman's country residence. It stands in a small yard and is surrounded by a rather high picket fence of iron. It is a bit of English soil right in the heart of our American Capital, for the British government bought it nearly thirty years ago, and have owned it ever since. It is a handsomely furnished house. The front doors open into a broad hall running through its centre, and on the first landing of a fine, black-walnut stairway.

At the foot of the hall hangs a life-size painting of Queen Victoria. She stands in her regal robes with her sceptre in hand, and is the object of all others which catches the eye on entering the front door.

Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefote are elderly people. They have four grown daughters, and they all take a prominent part in the society affairs of the Capital. They are, of course, members of the Church of England, and are pew-holders in the old Saint John's Church on Lafayette Square. The little church, which has stood there since very early in the century, and which was attended so long by the Presidents and their families that it is still called "The Church of the Administration," is the most aristocratic place of worship in the town. Sir Julian has passed the age of retirement from the diplomatic service, but owing to his wide experience and skill he was retained at this post during the late war and the adjustment of peace. His successor is likely to be named at any time now.

Upon Sir Julian's retirement, the Italian ambassador, Baron de Fava, will become the Dean of the Corps, but there is little probability that he and the Baroness will make any attempt to fill the social position occupied by the retiring British official. Several years ago they lost their only son, a brilliant young man, who so ardently admired our republican form of government that he renounced his right to the family title, became an American citizen, and, at the time of his death, was occupying a professor's chair at Columbia. His untimely end was such a blow to his parents that they have remained in Italy almost continuously since, although it is probable that they will again take up their residence in Washington this winter.

The German Ambassador, Herr von Hollenben, is a bachelor, a very congenial, pleasant gentleman; and notwithstanding the fact that the palatial embassy on Highland Terrace has not a woman connected with it in any capacity whatever, it is managed in an admirable manner, and the social functions which take place there every season are decidedly successful. The embassy is the property of the government, and is filled with rare old German furniture and tapestries. Herr von Hollenben and his suite are Protestants, and he is an attendant at the Reformed Lutheran Church on Vermont Ave.

M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, was the gentleman who negotiated the peace protocol for Spain, and his name is familiar to every one in consequence. He received his Washington appointment last January, and when he came there a few months later he did not bring his family, and so has taken but little part in the social life of the Capital. The embassy is in the historic Porter House on H St.

Comte Cassini, of the Russian embassy, is the first ambassador to be accredited from Russia to Washington. The Comte is a widower, but his grandniece, who is his ward, has made her home with him since her babyhood, and she is the hostess of the embassy. She is a remarkably bright and attractive girl of eighteen and something of a linguistic wonder, as she speaks seven languages with ease.

While there are but six ambassadors at Washington, there are twenty-seven ministers plenipotentiary and resident, and they come from all parts of the world. The Netherlands, Sweden and Norway, and Denmark are represented by bachelor diplomats who maintain their legations in an unostentatious manner. They are all Protestants, and while not actively connected, they are communicants of the Lutheran churches. The Austrian-Hungarian government own their legation property just opposite the British Embassy on Connecticut Avenue, and a very smart place it certainly is. Mme. Hengelmuller von Hengervar, the minister's wife, has a taste for the beautiful, and under her regime the legation has been furnished exquisitely. In the dining-room there is a complete collection of portraits of the rulers of the house of Hapsburg. Viscountess de Santo-Thyrso, the wife of the Portuguese minister, is considered the beauty of the corps. She is as beautiful in character as she is in face and figure, and her little kindly deeds greatly endear her to her friends.

In future letters, I shall have something to say concerning the picturesque groups of diplomats from Asia, and from the various republican governments of Central and South America.

ABBY G. BAKER.

COUNT SANTO DE THYRSO
Portuguese Minister

M. PIODA
Swiss Legation

MR. A. GRIP
Minister of Sweden-Norway

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

A GREAT WOMAN

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: II. Kings 4: 8, ...

Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman

THE hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balcony overlooking the valley of Esdraelon is offered him, in a private house, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy—a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a candlestick by which to read, and a bed on which to slumber, the whole establishment belonging to a great and good woman. Her husband, it seems, was a godly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellences; just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the centre of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature wielding domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial and business affairs. The wife's hand on the shuttle, or the banking-house, or the worldly business. You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful. If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silent partner in the firm, there may be only masculine voices down on Exchange, but there oftentime comes from the home-circle a potential and elevating influence. This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. He, as far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day, a man of large fortune and only a modicum of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place without moving hand or foot, if you say "Yes," responding "Yes"; if you say "No," responding "No"—inane, eyes half-shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text says, was a great woman. Her name has not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess, or princess, or queen—what would escutcheon or gleaming diadem be to this woman of my text, who, by her intelligence and her behavior, challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV. have been forgotten, and the brilliant women of the court of Spain have been forgotten, and the brilliant women who sat on the throne of Russia have been forgotten, some grandfather will put on his spectacles, and holding the book the other side the light, read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and courteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great woman.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitalities. Uncivilized and barbarous nations have this virture. Jupiter had the surname of the Hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled it in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious on this subject, and among some of their tribes it is not until the ninth day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest "Who and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honored among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to use hospitality one toward another without grudging?

Of course, I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place, ranging their whole lifetime, perhaps, under the auspices of some benevolent or philanthropic society, quartering themselves on Christian families with a great pile of trunks in the hall and carpet bag portentous of tarrying. There is many a country parsonage that looks out week by week upon the ominous arrival of wagon with creaking wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighborhood. Let no such religious tramps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality. Not so much the sumptuousness of your diet and the regality of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold, as the warmth of your greeting, the informality of your reception, the reiteration by grasp, and by look, and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome, though you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem. Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I have always been pastor of churches where strangers are welcome. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for awhile and then make a pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until, flushed and excited and embarrassed, he started back again, and coming to some half-filled pew, with apologetic air, entered it, while the occupant glared on him with a look which seemed to say, "Well, if I must, I must." Away with such accursed indecency from the house of God. Let every church that would maintain large Christian influence in community culture Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality.

A good man traveling in the far West, in the wilderness, was overtaken by night and storm, and he put in at a cabin. He saw firearms along the beams of the cabin and he felt alarmed. He did not know but that he had fallen into a den of thieves. He sat there greatly perturbed. After a while the man of the house came home with a gun on his shoulder and set it down in a corner. The stranger was still more alarmed. After a while the man of the house whispered with his wife, and the stranger thought his destruction was being planned. Then the man of the house came forward and said to the stranger: "Stranger, we are a rough and rude people out here, and we work hard for a living. We make our living by hunting, and when we come to the nightfall we are tired and we are apt to go to bed early, and before retiring we are always in the habit of reading a chapter from the Word of God and making a prayer. If you don't like such things, if you will just step outside the door until we get through, I'll be greatly obliged to you." Of course the stranger tarried in the room, and the old hunter took hold of the horns of the altar and brought down the blessing of God upon his household and upon the stranger within their gates. Rude but glorious Christian hospitality!

Again, this woman of my text was great in her kindness toward God's messenger. Elisha may have been a stranger in that household, but as she found out he had come on a divine mission, he was cordially welcomed. We have a great many books in our day about the hardships of ministers and the trials of Christian ministers. I wish somebody would write a book about the joys of the Christian minister, about the sympathies all around about him, about the kindness, about the genial considerations of him. Does sorrow come to our home, and is there a shadow on the cradle, there are hundreds of hands to help, and many who weary not through the night watching, and hundreds of prayers going up that God would restore the sick. Is there a burning, brimming cup of calamity placed on the pastor's table; are there not many to help him drink of that cup and who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh! for somebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian ministry—about his surroundings of Christian sympathy. This woman of the text was only a type of thousands of men and women who come down from mansion and from cot to do kindness to the Lord's servants. I could tell you of something that you might think a romance. A young man graduated from New Brunswick Theological Seminary was called to a village church. He had not the means to furnish the parsonage. After three or four weeks of preaching a committee of the officers of the church waited on him and told him he looked tired and thought he had better take a vacation of a few days. The young pastor took it as an intimation that his work was done or not acceptable. He took the vacation, and at the end of a few days came back, when an old elder said: "Here is the key of the parsonage. We have been cleaning it up. You had better go up and look at it." So the young pastor took the key, went up to the parsonage, opened the door, and lo! it was carpeted, and there was the hat-rack all ready for the canes and the umbrellas and the overcoats, and on the left hand of the hall was the parlor, sofaed, chaired, pictured. He passed on to the other side of the hall, and there was the study-table in the centre of the floor with stationery upon it, book-shelves built, long ranges of new volumes; far beyond the reach of the means of the young pastor, many of these volumes. The young pastor went up-stairs, and found all the sleeping apartments furnished: came down-stairs and entered the pantry, and there were the spices, and the coffees and the sugars, and the groceries for six months. He went down into the cellar, and there was the coal for all the coming winter. He went into the dining-hall, and there was the table already set—the glass and the silverware. He went into the kitchen, and there were all the culinary implements and a great stove. The young pastor lifted one lid of the stove and he found the fuel all ready for ignition. Putting back the cover of the stove, he saw in another part of it a lucifer match, and all that young man had to do in starting to keep house was to strike the match. You tell me that is apocryphal. Oh no! that was my own experience. Oh! the kindnesses. Oh! the enlarged sympathies sometimes clustering around those who enter the Gospel ministry. I suppose the man of Shunem had to pay the bills, but it was the large hearted Christian sympathies of the woman of Shunem that looked after the Lord's messenger.

Again, this woman of the text was great in her behavior under trouble. Her only son had died on her lap. A very bright light went out in that household. The sacred writer puts it very tersely when he says: "He sat on her knee until noon and then he died." Yet the writer goes on to say that she exclaimed: "It is well!" Great in prosperity, this woman was great in trouble.

Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of this great Sahara? Where are the soldiers that have not bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glassy sea that has not after awhile been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earth ly comfort but trouble hath hitched up its fiery and panting team, and gone through it with burning plowshare of disaster? Under the pelting of ages of suffering the great heart of the world has burst with woe. Navigators tell us about the rivers, and the Amazon, and the Danube, and the Mississippi have been explored: but who can tell the depth or the length of the great river of sorrow, made up of tears and blood, rolling through all lands and all ages, bearing the wreck of families, and of communities, and of empires, foaming, writhing, boiling with the agonies of six thousand years. Etna, Cotopaxi and Vesuvius have been described, but who has ever sketched the volcano of suffering retching [illegible] and pouring them down the sides to [illegible] I could gather all the heartstrings, the broken heartstrings, into a harp, I would play on it a dirge such as was never sounded. Mythologists tell us of Gorgon and Centaur and Titan, and geologists tell us of [illegible] than Gorgon or Megatherium, and not belonging to the realm of fable, and not of an extinct species, a monster with an iron jaw and a hundred iron hoofs has walked across the nations, and history and poetry and sculpture, in their attempt to sketch it and describe it, have seemed to sweat great drops of blood. But thank God there are those who can conquer as this woman of the text conquered, and say, "It is well: though my property be gone, though my children be gone, though my home be broken up, though my health be sacrificed, it is well, it is well." There is no storm on the sea but Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the ship and hush it. There is no darkness but the constellation of God's eternal love can illumine it, and though the winter comes out of the northern sky, you have sometimes seen that northern sky all ablaze with auroras which seem to say, "Come up this way: up this way are thrones of light and seas of sapphire and the splendor of an eternal heaven. Come up this way."

We may, like the ships, by tempest be tossed
[illegible]
Though Satan enrage the wind and the tide
The promise assures us, the Lord will provide.

Again, this woman of my text was great in her application to domestic duties. Every picture is a home picture, whether she is entertaining an Elisha, or whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy, or whether she is appealing for the restoration of her property. Every picture in her case is one of domesticity. Those are not disciples of this Shunemite woman who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home—the duty of wife, of mother, of daughter. No faithfulness in public benefaction can ever atone for domestic negligence. There has been many a mother who by indefatigable toil has reared a large family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian principle, starting them out, who has done more for the world than many a woman whose name has sounded through all the lands and through the centuries. I remember when Kossuth was in this country, there were some ladies who got honorable reputations by presenting him very gracefully with bouquets of flowers on public occasions: but what was all that compared with the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in her simplicity. When this prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king, what did she say? She declined it. She said: "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say, "I am satisfied with my lot: all I want is my family and my friends around me; I dwell among my own people."

Oh! what a rebuke to the strife for precedence in all ages! How many there are who want to get great architecture, and homes furnished with all art, all painting, all statuary, who have not enough taste to distinguish between Gothic and Byzantine, and who could not tell a figure in plaster of-paris from Palmer's "White Captive," and would not know a boy's penciling from Bierstadt's "Yosemite." Men who buy large libraries by the square foot, buying these libraries when they have scarcely enough education to pick out the day of the month in the almanac! Oh, how many there are striving to have things as well as their neighbors, or better than their neighbors: and in the struggle vast fortunes are exhausted and business firms thrown into bankruptcy, and men of reputed honesty rush into astounding forgeries. Of course, I say nothing against refinement or culture. Splendor of abode, sumptuousness of diet, lavishness in art, neatness in apparel—there is nothing against them in the Bible or out of the Bible. God does not want us to prefer mud hovel to English cottage, or untanned sheepskin to French broadcloth, or husks to pineapple, or the clumsiness

of a boor to the manners of a gentleman. God, who strung the beach with tinted shell, and the grass of the field with the dews of the night, and hath exquisitely tinged morning cloud and robin-redbreast, wants us to keep our eye open to all beautiful sights, and our ear open to all beautiful cadences, and our heart open to all elevating sentiments.

But what I want to impress upon you, my hearers, is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life among the indispensables, and you ought not to depreciate this woman of the text, who, when offered kingly preferment, responded: "I dwell among my own people." Yea, this woman of the text was great in her piety. Just read the chapter after you go home. Faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolaters. Ah! woman will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under paganism and Mohammedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle on the shambles. Slave of all work, and, at last, her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her husband. Above the shriek of the fire-worshipers in India, and above the rumbling of the Juggernauts, I hear the million-voiced groan of wronged, insulted, broken-hearted, down-trodden woman. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris, the La Plata, and on the steppes of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Indus and the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a lake, or a sea but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her. But thanks to God this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the chains of this vassalage are snapped, and she rises from ignominy to exalted sphere and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh! if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification.

THE GOSPEL IN PORTO RICO

It will be good news to all who are interested in the work of evangelizing and educating the natives of Porto Rico, to learn that Gen. John Eaton, ex-United States Commissioner of Education, sailed last week on a highly important mission to that island. He has been specially invited by the Insular Cabinet, and acting under the authority of our Government, proceeds to San Juan to organize and personally supervise a system of education which shall meet the needs of the population. The choice has the fullest approval of the Commanding General of the American forces in the island of Porto Rico. In view of General Eaton's life-long familiarity with educational methods, the appointment is an eminently suitable one.

While engaged in this educational work, Gen. Eaton will have ample facilities for surveying the field and investigating the opportunjties presented for various forms of Christian work, and more especially for the establishment of Sunday Schools at San Juan, Ponce and Mayaguez. We hope to have from him a full report on these matters at an early date, and also to have his co-operation in the opening stages of the work, at least. His letters will be published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The following contributions have been received in aid of the proposed Sunday School work in Porto Rico:

Rev Henry C Mayer	$1 00	James E White	1 00
Mrs W C Bratton	1 00	Jas Riggs	3 00
J S B, Waynesville	1 00	Missionary Com, Y P ——, Pawtucket	2 00
F E Nettleton	10 00	S C E Union, Bath	3 00
"Christmas Offering"	2 00	W E Keeler	7 50
Mrs M L B, Indianola	1 00	Mr & Mrs J P McNay	10 06
Joseph H Pedro	1 00	Mrs W Nicholas	25
Melissa Elberson	25	I H N, Armstrong	5 00
Mr & Mrs Julia Reinhart	2 00	Chas H Lemon, Kalamazoo	1 00
John Q Sumner	2 00	L C Downing	2 00
A sub'r, Leominster	3 50	Total	$59 56

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

RELIGION IN CUBA AND PORTO RICO

Decline of the Spanish State Church—Only one poor Protestant Church in Eastern Cuba amid a multitude of Catholic Cathedrals—Religious tolerance now the rule for all

DOWN in Santiago de Cuba, on Calle Enramadas, a few blocks from the Government Palace, is a one-story adobe building, fronted by the usual roofed veranda. The house is of crude construction, and there is nothing in its external appearance different from that of its neighbors. On certain evenings in the week, and on Sundays, the passerby will hear the tuneful notes of old familiar hymns floating from the open, wooden-barred windows, but there is a certain discord in the notes as if the voices are wandering over new paths. And the language is not English, but the softer tongue of the Latin races.

THE ONLY PROTESTANT CHURCH IN SANTIAGO DE CUBA

This building, which stands side by side with shops and private residences, which has neither cross nor spire to mark its mission, which, usassuming and lowly, fronts the narrow thoroughfare, is the first and only Protestant church inaugurated in the eastern capital of the Island of Cuba—Santiago. It has neither nave nor vestry; its parsonage is a small room off the church proper, and its seating capacity will not exceed a hundred; yet it represents in that city of over fifty thousand souls the only place where the Protestant can worship.

It is more than that, however. It is the first drop of the coming flood of religious enlightenment, the first crumb of the fall of religious manna now hovering over the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico, and for that reason, if no other, the little adobe building will prove of lasting interest to the Christian world.

It is one of eleven churches in Santiago—the others are part and parcel of the Spanish State church. Almost within a stone's throw of it will be found the Cathedral, a massive, gray, gloomy pile occupying an eminence which raises it above the other buildings of the city. The two—the modest Protestant mission and the great, formidable, impressive Cathedral—typify the flow and the ebb, the beginning and the end of two religions in that part of the Island of Cuba.

The defeat of Spain is proving a sore blow to the Church in the West Indies. It was built up by four centuries of hard, tireless labor, and it has reached that point where comfort and prosperity and success come as a reward for work thoroughly done. The power of the Church was supreme. It had been uplifted from the uncertain niche of support, by voluntary contribution, to the complacent and satisfactory platform represented by a permanent place in the annual State budget. It was, in fact, at the very top notch of its greatness. Then came the decline, fast following after defeat.

The success of American arms has brought into being a rather peculiar state of affairs in both Cuba and Porto Rico. It has placed the church upon the horns of a puzzling dilemma. Its source of income is entirely cut off. Impoverished Spain can no longer support it, and probably would not if it could, and the natives of Cuba and Porto Rico, with very few exceptions, are so indifferent to it that contributions, either large or small, are absolutely impossible. To-day, the majority of the inhabitants of Cuba are thoroughly antagonistic to the church of Rome.

This is also true of the natives of Porto Rico. The same condition of affairs, though in a less degree, obtained there. In fact, in that island, the local head of the church speedily realized that he could hope for nothing in the shape of financial support from the people after Spain's authority ceased, and he promptly took ship for home. The Bishop of Santiago de Cuba, made of sterner stuff, has held on with a hope that he can do something with the American government.

Recently, he craved audience with General Leonard Wood, the Military and Civil Governor, and asked that his church be given some support from the new regime. He stated frankly that his subordinates and the various religious orders were in want of the necessities of life, and that the native population had absolutely refused to contribute a penny. His request was forwarded to Washington. It is safe to predict, from now on, the Catholic Church in Cuba and Porto Rico will, to use a homely phrase, "stand on its own bottom," like the churches of other denominations.

In all Latin-American countries, the Catholic Church, in its buildings and ceremonies, seeks to impress the minds of the native worshipers. This fact is very patent in both Cuba and Porto Rico. The church edifices there are all built after the same general architectural plan. The great cathedrals in Havana, Santiago, San Juan and Ponce are different from the churches in the smaller towns only in size and display of wealth. The structures are built of adobe, or sun-dried bricks. The walls are massive, often exceeding six feet in thickness. There are the usual arrangement of bell towers, and, in most cases, a gilded dome rises from the centre of the roof. From an artistic point of view, the architecture of the doors and windows is disappointing, but whenever possible, the churches are built in front of a plaza, or small square, so that whatever dignity the buildings may possess, space is given to view it.

It is in the interior arrangements that the ingenuity of the designers find free scope. Every Catholic church contains one vast apartment which extends from the ground to the groined roof. Its very loftiness is impressive, and impressiveness is the fundamental principle. Warm colors, save that of gold, are not used. Pure white prevails, with here and there a touch of darker shades. This is true in the general body of the church, but in the "stations" as they are called, and in the smaller side altars, scarlet and red and purple and gold run riot.

There are no seats save a bench or two in out-of-the-way corners. The great, tiled floor is bare from the entrance door to the altar. The devout kneel on entering, and remain in that position with bowed heads during the entire service. Those who can afford it are accompanied to mass by a servant who carries a rug or embroidered cushion, in some cases even a light cane chair, for the comfort of their employer. In Cuba and Porto Rico fully nine-tenths of the congregations are composed of women. The men seldom attend save on the more important feast-days.

At each service confessions are heard. The confessionals are mere wooden boxes, or open stalls, placed against the wall. They have a square, grated aperture in each of the two sides, beneath which is a narrow cushioned ledge upon which the penitent kneels. The confessions are generally heard by a cowled, rough-robed monk, a member of one of the many orders.

At high mass the music is always fine, it being the habit in Havana to employ the regular theatrical orchestra. Black is the prevailing color of the garments worn, save by the younger children. And seldom can a bonnet be found except on the heads of strangers.

Our war with Spain will cause wondrous changes in the church of our new possessions. And one of the greatest will be the organization of real religious tolerance—a phrase which has been a by-word there for many, many centuries.

HENRY HARRISON LEWIS.

DECORATED FOR THE DEAD

The San Juan Cathedral, dressed in mourning for the Spaniards who fell in the war

The Sunday School

CHRIST AT JACOB'S WELL

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 29. John 4: 5-15
Golden Text, John 5: 14

AFTER his interview with Nicodemus, our Lord left Jerusalem for the country districts, where he tarried with his disciples and baptized. John's disciples could not accept that the ministry of their master should pass out of his hands, even though it were into the hands of him to whom John had borne witness. But John understood it, and willed nothing better than that Jesus should increase and he himself decrease (John 3: 22-30). How little can the world, or even ordinary Christians, understand the intense joy of taking a low place, becoming nothing and nobody that our Lord may be gainer! Our human nature is so self-sufficient that we begin by thinking that our ministry and influence is indispensable to the cause of our Lord, and that in asserting ourselves in our work for him, we are glorifying God. It is only the Holy Spirit who can teach us what he taught the loyal forerunner of our Lord.

The ministry of our Lord, however, was attracting notice in other quarters: the Pharisees had heard of it, and therefore, not on account of John and his disciples, Jesus left Judea and departed again into Galilee (John 4: 3). His movements were always regulated from above, and according to the leading of his Father who was with him, and never left him alone. He must needs pass through Samaria. Coming to a Samarian city named Sychar, he sat down on the well known as Jacob's well, he being weary with the long journey. But in his fully surrendered human life, work and rest were equally an offering to his Father; both regulated by his will, both freely at his disposal, to be interrupted when he would. O how different is a God-regulated life to a self-regulated life! When we obey self-made laws, or come under law to man, we are always in bondage, not free for God.

His Father had given him the quiet rest on the well while his disciples went into the city to buy food. His Father had a right to interrupt it. A woman of Samaria came to draw water. Have not many of us, when we have made a plan to get a little rest and quiet alone with God, been tempted to fret at an unexpected interruption? Not so with Jesus. This woman could not have come at this moment unless his Father had permitted it. And, led from above, he addressed her. "Give me to drink." "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?" was the reply, "for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." But he to whom she spoke had other thoughts than the disputes between Jews and Samaritans. He was infinitely above these party questions: the interests of his father and the relation of men to him lay on the heart of the Son of Man.

"If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." Did this woman know the Scriptures sufficiently to be aware of that title of Israel's God, "The fountain of living waters" revealed to them by Jeremiah, the prophet (Jer. 2: 13; 17: 13)? If she did she had no understanding of divine things, for she replied entirely on earthly lines. "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father, Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?" Again the great Teacher answers her earthly conceptions by truth on heavenly lines. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst: but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."

Do we know the power of this living water springing up continually within us? Certainly this is not the description of such so-called believers as have never a word to speak for Jesus, and have lips closed when others around them are praying together. Where is "the well of water springing up" in those who cannot maintain their spiritual life without perpetually living like parasites on the spiritual vitality of other Christians? Where is "the well of water springing up" in the hearts of those who, not satisfied with Jesus, must need seek in the amusements of the world to fill a void which Jesus does not fill? When Jesus spoke of the living water, it is expressly added, "This spake he of the Spirit which they that believe on him should receive." Miserable conversion where sin goes out, and yet the Holy Spirit does not come in to dwell and to spring up into everlasting life! Miserable conversion where sin is forgiven, but where the whole being is not given over to the indwelling Spirit of God!

"Sir, give me this water that I thirst not, neither come all the way hither to draw," was the ignorant, yet earnest, reply of the Samaritan woman. How little she understood the consequences of the words she spoke! But she had committed herself. She believed Jesus had something to give: she had made a personal application for it. He would give, not according to what she was, or according to her limited and altogether erroneous conceptions. He would give, as he ever does to a true petitioner, according to what he was. How little that woman expected when she made her petition that the dragging out of the deep sin of her past and present life would be involved! There is no lasting healing until the wound of sin is probed to its very source.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY ITTENBACH

JESUS TALKING TO THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA AT THE WELL

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

OUR wonder at this talk with the woman of Samaria is as great as that of the woman, herself. When we think of what Christ was and of the stupendous character of his mission, we are amazed that he should condescend to talk with such as she, and that to her he should have made the frank disclosure that he did not make to the great and learned men with whom he came in contact. When this ignorant, vicious woman mentioned the Messiah, Jesus frankly said: "I that speak unto thee am he." The wonderful tact and delicacy Jesus showed throughout the conversation are very beautiful. He allows the woman to lead the talk, yet he ever turns it from the material to the spiritual, from the general to the personal. She is surprised that a Jew should ask a favor of a Samaritan. He does not apologize, but tells her of an opportunity she is missing. He could give living water. The woman does not perceive his meaning, and brings the talk back to the well. Jesus tells her more in detail what the water is that he could give. Still she thinks he is talking of ordinary water, and that he was merely offering to save her labor. A vivid flash of prophetic [illegible] its shameful details. At once she is impressed with her interlocutor's powers; but the subject is too painful, and, with true feminine dexterity, she turns the conversation to a doctrinal question, about which she could talk without self-reproach. Jesus perceives her motive, but does not resent it. He tells her that mere places of worship are not important; it is knowledge, and sincerity of spirit in the worshiper that are essential to true worship. Then seeing that the woman is more in earnest than her talk shows, he reveals himself, and the woman forgetting her waterpot and all else, goes to her neighbors to fetch them to him.

[illegible] That was true at the time, and we learn [illegible] that there was a reason for the antipathy. Even to a woman of the alien race, and not a good woman at that, he was ready to reveal himself, and she proved a more receptive hearer than those of the privileged race. In a certain church the question arose of whether it was better to have separate seats or pews. An aristocratic member of the church warmly advocated the separate seats. He said: "In a pew I might find myself seated next to my own coachman." The minister, who knew the coachman, replied: "And what then? Perhaps you will be glad if in the next world you will find yourself seated beside him."

Living water. As a famous preacher says, it makes a great deal of difference into what well we let down our bucket. There is water that will support us under all circumstances, and some that is good only in prosperity. Dr. Banks tells the story of two merchants who lived side by side on the same street. Both were prosperous, but one was a Christian, and the other was not. In a commercial panic, both went down, and at fifty years of age had to begin life again. The merchant who was not a Christian, promptly committed suicide. The other, with unfaltering faith in God, never let go the peace that passes understanding. He obtained a position as clerk, moved into cheap apartments, and began his hard struggle for bread. He kept his place in the church and none could ever tell that he endured hardships, for his soul remained full of the peace which God alone can give.

If thou knewest. This woman had no idea that the weary traveler sitting on the well was different from others. Nor at this day, do men realize how near God is to them, nor how willing he is to impart the blessing they need. The story is told of a ship which had been buffeted by storms and driven out of her course. The crew had been toiling night and day and were almost worn out. They had not been able to make any port to renew their supply of water, and they were almost perishing of thirst. They hailed a passing ship with the cry: "Water, water, give us some water!" The answer was: "Let down your buckets and get all you want. You are in fresh water." They were on the Amazon, and did not know it.

He would have given thee. We often miss our opportunities in life. The story is told of a European who had been seized and imprisoned by an Abyssinian king. He was allowed to go at large, but a heavy iron fetter on each ankle kept him from making his escape. A European traveler saw and pitied him, but dared not openly help him, as he was watched by the king's officers. He was, however, allowed to give the captive a book. The poor prisoner was disappointed. He did not want books, and would have been much better pleased with a gift of food or clothing. The book was laid aside and forgotten. Three years afterwards, in an idle moment he examined the book. There was something hard in the back of it. He pulled it out, and behold, it was a file. It was the thing of all others he most needed. He made his way to the woods, and filed at his fetters hour after hour. In thirty-six hours he was free of them, and in a few days he had reached the coast and was safe from pursuit. He could not forgive himself for having endured those three years of slavery. If he had only looked in the book before, he might have been free. So men neglect the Bible, which would set them free from the slavery of sin.

PRINTED BY AFRICAN CONVERTS

Bishop Hartzell's New Missionary Enterprise in Liberia — A Native Missionary Journal — How Christian America can Help a Deserving Work

AMONG the foremost missionary workers of our own times, there is none more progressive and energetic than Rev. J. C. Hartzell, the Methodist Missionary Bishop of Africa. Since he assumed charge of the African missionary work, it has been advanced vigorously in every direction, and the mission stations in Liberia, Angola, Zambesia, and on the Congo, are now in more effective operation than at any period of their previous history. Souls are being brought into the Kingdom, and the number of converts is steadily increasing.

Especially is the progress marked in Liberia, where the good Bishop has labored most strenuously. His latest plan for furthering the spread of the Gospel in the little African Republic is the establishment of a mission press at Monrovia, the capital, the entire mechanical labor upon which is performed by young native converts. Within a few weeks he has shipped to Monrovia a press and outfit of type, which he purchased in New York with contributions given by American friends of the Gospel in Darkest Africa. This is the beginning of a great effort in an altogether new direction, and promises to be richly blessed as a most valuable aid to missionary effort.

Our photograph on this page shows a little group of colored men and women who have pledged their lives to the work of bringing their fellow-men and women in distant Africa into the knowledge of the truth. Rev. J. C. Sherrill and wife came from Little Rock, Ark., where Mr. Sherrill left a promising pastorate to enter the new field, feeling specially called to the work. Miss Davis comes from Pine Bluff, Ark., and is a trained missionary worker. Mr. Davis is a teacher. Mr. Allen is a young and well-trained printer, and will have special charge of the mechanical work connected with the production of *The New Africa*, Bishop Hartzell's new missionary publication, the first number of which was printed and issued in New York recently. The editorial work will be under the charge of the Bishop, aided by a competent staff.

"The entire printing outfit," Bishop Hartzell explained to the writer, "including a cylinder press and job press, and type enough to produce the paper, and to do general job work, are all on the sea on their way to Africa. This is really a great undertaking. I have received $850 in contributions toward the press outfit; and any further gifts from friends of Gospel work in Africa, will be promptly used in paying the rest of the expense. I shall need fully $2,000 more to put this matter in shape. Will it not be a fine thing to have a paper, printed and illustrated by the native boys of the college of West Africa and sent out to the world? Yet, that is just what we are undertaking.

"*The New Africa* as a monthly publication dates its birth from New York, and Monrovia, Africa. Strange, indeed, two birthplaces, and they separated by oceans and continents! But nothing is strange after it is explained. My conviction was clear during my first visit in Liberia that a mission press, including a monthly paper, was one of the necessary things for the work of God in that republic; to say nothing of the value of such a publication for our work in other sections of Africa. That conviction was approved by the Missionary Board."

An enthusiastic missionary and farewell meeting was held in St. Mark's Church, New York, on the eve of the departure of the little band of workers who are to form the advance guard of the new Gospel effort in Liberia. Bishop Hartzell presided, and in the course of his opening address said:

I have spent two months in the Republic of Liberia, going up and down its coast, studying the difficulties both among the Americo-Liberians and among the native heathen. I came to understand some of the difficulties of that field, and when these people start from America to Liberia to give their lives to missionary work as ministers and teachers, they go to no ordinary responsibilities. If any missionaries in the world should have the profound sympathy and prayers of the church, they are the missionaries who go to labor on the west coast of Africa.

Liberia has come to be one of the most interesting spots in Africa. It is a republic fashioned after our own, and is made up largely of colored people, who have gone from America, and their descendants—about twenty-five thousand. There they have built towns and centres of business; there they have accomplished great things under difficult circumstances; and although the republic is not as prosperous as many hoped it would be, I am here to express a profound sympathy for these people in their struggles in building up civilization on that continent. Outside of these twenty-five thousand Americo-Liberians who speak English, there are a few thousand civilized natives from the Kroo, Vey, Grebo and other tribes, and outside of these there are a *full million of barbarous native heathen in the republic*, and beyond all these are the vast multitudes in the great continent who have never heard the Gospel. To those who are with us and others who are to follow, we say, Go forth to that land, and win the field through the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

In a few days I will sail from this country and again go over these fields, not to return until 1900. It would be interesting for me to tell all my experiences, but we are here to centre our thoughts and prayers on Liberia. To-night we are beginning a new epoch in the history of Liberia. These people who go out are graduates of our best schools—and they go as a sort of advance guard of thousands of educated black men and women who are to go in the future. We have already sent some black people who have made excellent teachers, among them Brother Camphor and wife. We are to witness to-night the largest party of black missionaries who ever at one time left this land for Africa.

I have many letters from young colored men and women who want to go to Africa. And no one thing has done so much to convince me that God has called me to this work in Africa as the hearty co-operation of the colored people. When I was elected in 1896, I received scores of letters from people in the South. They said, "You go to Africa; we know you, and when you return and tell us there is a place for us to work we will follow you." I could have a hundred missionaries to accompany me, as well as these six, if I had had the means and thought it safe to do so. I want to say this to the honor of the black people of the South. I want to say that the Methodist Episcopal Church, the largest Protestant Church in the world, and the church which has the largest number of black people in its ranks who are organically a part of it, has taken the lead in this work. I believe that out from the 300,000 black communicants we have in this Church, and the 1,000,000 colored people we have back of them in our schools and congregations, will come the evangelizing force that will hasten the redemption of Africa.

Short addresses were also delivered by several of the outgoing missionaries, and by Rev. W. H. Brooks, the pastor of St. Mark's Church.

There are, doubtless, many readers of this journal, who would deem it a privilege to have a share in this new effort to evangelize Africa, through the medium of a native mission press. To all who are so inclined, and who may forward their contributions for that purpose to this journal, Bishop Hartzell will send his personal acknowledgment of the gifts. To contributors of one dollar and upward, he will, in addition, send *The New Africa* for one year free by mail.

The following contributions, in aid of Bishop Hartzell's work in Africa, have been received:

Mrs Sarah Haskins	$1 00	Emma Bonath	1 00
Jennie Moffett	1 00	Mrs Mattie G Burr	1 00
J Heeres	1 00	Mrs Sarah B Crowell	1 00
Mary C Austin	5 00	Disciple, Taney	1 00
Ed L Greene	1 00	A reader, Peapack	2 50
Jno H Peck	1 00	Miss Hattie A Miller	1 00
Alice Yates & brother	5 00	Mrs Abbie W J Whiting	1 00
Ben F Jones	3 00	Alden Leighton	1 00
W. C Hamute	10 00	Mrs Stephen L Smith	1 00
H K. Marion	1 00	Fred Balder	1 00
Mrs I. J Knox	2 00		

A BAND OF MISSIONARIES, NOW ENROUTE TO LIBERIA, UNDER BISHOP HARTZELL

MR. J. A. DAVIS — REV. J. C. SHERRILL — MR. F. M. ALLEN
MISS AMANDA DAVIS — MRS. SHERRILL — MRS. ALLEN

Mrs M Conkling	1 00	Geo E Harrison	1 00
Mary E Rood	2 00	Mrs Wm Toates	1 00
Laura J Means	2 00	Wm Kraemer	1 00
Jno I Morgan	1 00	Salvation Army Sister, Bowmanville	10 00
Mrs Luc Molebash	1 00	Edward C Waller	1 00
Stella Rogers	1 00	Mrs M E H Gallup	1 00
A friend, Phila	5 00	I H N, Essex Co	2 00
Belle Daugherty	1 00	Mrs A L Butler	1 00
Wm Boshart	10 00	Mrs Robt Williams	1 00
Mrs M A Nisbet	50	Lena Bliven	1 00
Horace Martin	1 00	T Strang	1 00
Sarah Ellis	1 00	Mrs Alice Bear	1 00
Alexander ChisholmSr	2 00	Louisa M Beck	1 00
Mrs Sarah M Boothby	1 40	D V Roberts	2 00
Mrs E L Hedglin	1 00	F W Wright	1 50
Sarah F Hughes	1 00	Margaret Stauffer	2 00
Mary E Beatty	1 00	Total	$104 90
D W Loomis	1 00		

Soul-saving in the Slums

Superintendent S. S. Hadley, of the old McAuley Water Street Mission, New York, writes us as follows:

I wish to have your CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, who have helped us so kindly in the past, know that we are still alive and in a glorious fight against Satan for the poor and helpless drunkard, the thief and the outcast. The old Mission is a great place for men who have been discharged from prison. Many have come to us for some weeks past, and a number have been converted and are leading useful lives. Christmas we fed 600 hungry men and women. Three hundred men, all drunkards and criminals, have professed saving faith in Christ here since September last.

GOD'S ARMY

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Jan. 29. Ps. 20:1-9

WAR is always repugnant to the Christian. There are extreme circumstances which justify it, as when we have to defend our country and our loved ones against an invader, or when we interfere to deliver the oppressed from the oppressor. There are some men and some potentates who can be curbed and restrained only by force. It is useless to argue with them because they cannot be convinced by argument. It is useless to prove to the burglar that it is wrong to steal. He knows it is wrong, but he does not care. So we oppose force to force, and employ a policeman, whom we arm with club and revolver, to subdue the burglar, and carry him off to prison. But that is not the ideal condition of society. We look forward to a time when it will be unnecessary to use force. When men are so transformed that they recognize the eternal principles of right and justice, they will yield to moral suasion. We are on our way to such a time, and have made distinct progress toward it. In olden times, when a charge was made against a man in the circle of nobility, he and his accuser met and fought a duel, and it often happened that the guilty man was the victor. The duel proved nothing as to the guilt or innocence of the accused man, but only which of the two was the better fighter. Now, we carry the charge into the courts and have the facts stated before impartial men, who decide on the merits of the case. Perhaps the time will come when kings and governments will have to adopt the same methods and lay aside the sword forever, as a method of settling quarrels.

But that time will not bring an end to conflicts. It will raise them to a higher plane. There will still be a need for God's army in the earth. It will still be necessary for men to stand together and contend for the principles of righteousness. Desire for gain, and pleasure and self-indulgence are potent principles in the human breast, and it is always possible in a community that men who are swayed by those principles will be in the majority. Thus the saloon is protected for the sake of the revenue it brings, and evil resorts are allowed to exist because of the influence of the men who patronize them. God's army has plenty of work before it. It is composed of men of all denominations who love right and truth and are valiant in contending for goodness. In municipal government, in the business world, in the factory and home, such men are needed. Everywhere the conflict rages between the principles of good and evil, and recruits are needed for the army of God. The old leaders die, the ranks are thinned, and there is always a danger of temporary defeat. There is need of active enlistment and of the drill sergeant who will train the recruits for the battle.

How may we best promote the strength of the army? One means is to let it be always clear on which side we stand. There ought never to be any doubt as to a Christian's colors. His conduct ought to be such as to convince all who come in contact with him of his allegiance. He ought not only to be registered on his church roll, but to be known by his walk and conversation. Another means is the spirit of comradery. There are many regiments in God's army, but the army is one. There ought to be no jealousy between the divisions. Every soldier who enlists under the banner of the Great Captain is a brother and comrade of every other. The battle is so fierce that every man is needed on the side of righteousness. We cannot afford to hold aloof from any man, even though he belong to another division. All should work together, and each, as he struggles in his respective way, should be sure of the sympathy of the others.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.
B. J. FERNIE.

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An Entire Bible

A MAN must consent to be laughed at if he believes the Scriptures. Some one says: "You don't now really believe all the story of the Garden of Eden, do you?" Yes, as much as I believe there were roses in the garden last summer. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the sun and moon stood still?" Yes, and if I had strength enough to create a sun and moon I could make them stand still, or cause the refraction of the sun's rays so they would appear so to do. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" Yes, and if I were strong enough to make a whale, I could have made very easy ingress for the refractory prophet, leaving to evolution to eject him if he were an unworthy tenant! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the water was turned into wine?" Yes, just as easily as water now is often turned into wine with an admixture of chemicals and dyestuffs! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that Samson slew a thousand with the jawbone of an ass?" Yes, and I think that the man who in this day assaults the Bible is wielding the same weapon! There is nothing in the Bible that staggers me. There are many things I do not understand, I do not pretend to understand, never shall in this world understand. But that would be a very poor God who could be fully understood by the human. That would be a very small infinite that could be measured by the finite. You must not expect to weigh the thunderbolts of omnipotence in an apothecary's balances. Starting with the idea that God can do anything, and that he was present at the beginning, and that he is present now, there is nothing in the Holy Scriptures to arouse scepticism in my heart. On this position, I stand, a fossil of the ages, dug up from the tertiary formation, fallen off the shelf of an antiquarian, a man in the latter part of the glorious nineteenth century, believing in a whole Bible from lid to lid!

Some say there are things in the Bible unfit to be read. Now I have to say that if a man is shocked with what he calls the indelicacies of the Word of God, he is prurient in his taste and imagination. If a man cannot read the book of Solomon's Song without impure suggestion, he is either in his heart or in his life a libertine. The Old Testament description of wickedness, uncleanness of all sorts, is purposely and righteously a disgusting account, instead of the Byronic and the Parisian vernacular which makes sin attractive instead of appalling. When those old prophets point you to a lazaretto, it is a lazaretto. When a man, having begun to do right, falls back into wickedness and gives up his integrity, the Bible does not say he was overcome by the fascinations of the festal board, or that he surrendered to convivialities, or that he became a little fast in his habits. I will tell you what the Bible says. "The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." No gilding of iniquity. No garlands on a death's-head. No pounding away with a silver mallet at iniquity, when it needs an iron sledge-hammer. I can easily understand how people brooding over the description of uncleanness in the Bible, may get morbid in mind, until they are as full of it as the wings and the beak and the nostril, and the claw of a buzzard are full of the odors of a carcass, but what is wanted is not that the Bible be disinfected, but that you, the critic, have your heart and mind washed with carbolic acid! I tell you, that a man who does not like this book, and who is critical as to its contents, and who is shocked and outraged with its descriptions, has never been soundly converted. The laying on of the hands of Presbytery or Episcopacy, does not change a man's heart, and men sometimes get into the pulpit, as well as into the pew, never having been changed radically by the sovereign grace of God. Get your heart right and the Bible will be right.

What About the Turf?

ALL over Christendom the question is often discussed whether Christian people ought to have any interest in the development of the speed of horses. There is a delusion afloat in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, springhalted, blind-staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as there is in a Bucephalus. At the rate some people drive, Elijah with his horses of fire would have have taken three weeks to get into heaven. We want swifter horses and swifter men and swifter enterprises, and the Church of God needs to get off its jog-trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams, why not quick horses?

In time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past. Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and clumsier ships in our navy yards than other nations, as to have under our cavalry saddles and before our parks of artillery slower horses.

From the battle of Granicus, where the Persian horses drove the Macedonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this arm of the military service has been recognized. Hamilcar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney, were cavalrymen. In this arm of the service Charles Martel, at the battle of Poictiers, beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian cavalry, with the loss of only seven hundred men, overthrew the Roman army with the loss of seven thousand. The best way to keep peace in this country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there is no success in such a contest unless there be plenty of light-footed chargers. Our Christian patriotism and our instruction from the Word of God demand that first of all we kindly treat the horse, and then after that we develop his fleetness and his grandeur and his majesty and his strength. But what shall I say of the effort being made in this day on a large scale to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I make no indiscriminate assault against the turf. I believe in the turf if it can be conducted on right principles and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than there is harm at an agricultural fair in offering prizes to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit-grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who has the best corn-thresher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved youngster. Prizes by all means, rewards by all means. That is the way God develops the race.

Heaven itself is called a prize: "the prize of the high-calling of God in Christ Jesus." So what is right in one direction is right in another direction. And without the prize the horse's fleetness and beauty and strength will never be fully developed. If it cost $1,000, or $5,000, or $10,000, and the result be achieved, it is cheap. But the sin begins where the betting begins, for that is gambling, or the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent, and gambling, whether on a large scale or small scale, ought to be denounced of men as it will be accursed of God. If you have won fifty cents or $5,000 as a wager, you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. Give it to some one who lost in a bet, or give it to some great reformatory institution, or if you do not like that, go down to the river and pitch it off the dock. You cannot afford to keep it. It will burn a hole in your purse, it will burn a hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, perhaps ten thousand times more—perhaps you will lose all. Gambling blasts a man or it blasts his children. Generally both and all.

Innocent Fun

WE want a very great deal more sunshine and fresh air in our theology as well as in our secular literature. The reformers of the world go into their studies, and they sit and they sit, and they study and they study, and they get morbid and bilious and they think everything is going to ruin. It is not going to ruin: it is going on to salvation: the purposes of God are fulfilling: and those of us who are the children of God are not on the way to a penitentiary but to a palace, and this world is not going to be all desert, it is going to be all garden.

We want more sunshine in our theology. How are you going to get people in the kingdom of God—drive them in? You cannot drive them in. How does the Word of God say they are to be got in? "I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." You cannot drive them in. So I wish that every Winter our ponds and lakes might be all aquake with the heel and the shout of the swift skater, and in warm weather I wish that the graceful oar might dip the stream, and the eventide be filled with the song of the boatman, the bright prow splitting the crystalline billow, so that men may come back with strength in the arm and lustre in the eye, and ruddiness in the cheek and more heroic courage in the heart.

In this great battle now opening against the powers of darkness there is need not only of a consecrated soul, but a strong arm, and stout lungs, and steady nerve, and healthful physique. I am glad there are recreations, some of them indoor, some of them outdoor, that are good for the body, good for the mind, good for the soul, and it is time that the Church of God woke up: instead of standing and saying all the time "Don't do this, and don't do that, and don't do the other thing," tell the people what they may do.

THE NEED OF THE HOUR

ONE of the great needs of the Church today is an army of men and women with a thorough knowledge of the [illegible] and a consuming desire for the salvation of men. Willing to go into the hard field (so called), and tell the grand old story of Jesus and his love, rather than [illegible] the day, and deliver them in an eloquent manner before a fashionable and worldly congregation. Men who believe God, rather than man. Men who believe the Bible from first to finish. Men who, because of their faith in God and his Word, can go to these islands of the sea that are being thrust upon us, and give to them the only light [illegible]

For years I have been laboring to this end, and it was for this purpose solely that the Bible Institute of Chicago was founded. It does not seek to compete with the theological institutions of the country, but has a distinctive object in view, viz.: That of teaching the [illegible] denominational, and the instructors are the best that can be obtained, regardless of their church affiliations. There are scores of men and women who have gone out from the Bible [illegible] doing valiant service for the Master, and hundreds more who are students at the present time.

But the fields are broadening, and doors are being opened on every hand, and the number of men who are prepared to do the work is wholly inadequate to supply the demand. The century is drawing to a close, and there are forty millions of non-church-goers in our country that should be reached. We have the buildings and we have the faculty, and with a little additional expense we could as well have a thousand or more men and women in training, as a few hundred. Is it not time, then, to "launch out into the deep," and to "cast the net on the other side?"

I desire through the co-operation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers to greatly augment the number of persons during the present year, who are willing to go to the unchurched masses, and to reach out the hand of Christian fellowship to those who do not want to be reached, and thus in some measure to obey the Divine command to "go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." For particulars regarding course of study, practical work, etc., address Superintendent Bible Institute, 80 Institute Place, Chicago, Ill.

[illegible] Dec. 31, 1898 D. L. Moody.

BRIEF NOTES

According to "The Jewish Year-Book" there are about eleven million Jews in the world, half of them under Russian jurisdiction.

The Wesleyan Centenary and Mission Hall in London fifty years ago cost $150,000. Its site alone, without the buildings, is now valued at $1,150,000.

Subscribers who have written us inquiring about a biography of the late George Muller will be glad to learn that Dr. A. T. Pierson is at work on such a book, and expects to publish it in about three months.

Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, the missionary, writing from India, gives this welcome news: "Our northeast Monsoon, though very late, has finally come in, and with a very fine rainfall, which dispells all fear of famine."

A contemporary says that in one Methodist school in China there are no less than fifty girls who had been thrown away by their parents to die in their infancy, but had been picked up by compassionate persons and taken to the school to be cared for by the missionaries.

Friends of Rev. J. Manton Smith, who recently visited many of our great cities during his evangelistic tour, will regret to hear that he has been obliged to undergo a serious surgical operation. Gangrene showed itself in one of his feet, and it was necessary to amputate it. Mr. Smith bore the operation well, but is still extremely weak.

The death of Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., of Richmond, Va., is announced. He was one of the most eminent ministers of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and was widely known and revered in the North. He had been Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Richmond for more than half a century. He was fully aware of the approach of death and shortly before the end, in reply to questions of reporters, dictated a beautiful pathetic statement of his feeling, in view of the coming change.

A meeting of prominent Christian business men was held on Jan. 11th, in the United Charities Building, New York, to take into consideration the proposal of holding an Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions in the year 1900. Among the distinguished men interested in the movement whose names appeared on the call were Gen. O. O. Howard, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, Hon. Seth Low, Dr. Judson Smith, of the American Board; Dr. S. L. Baldwin, of the Methodist Episcopal Board, and Mr. W. Henry Grant, of the Presbyterian Board.

AN OLD PALACE IN DANGER

LOVERS of art and antiquity the world over, will grieve to learn that the famous old palace of the Doges at Venice is in danger of collapse. There are few buildings in all Europe so familiar to the traveler as this beautiful edifice with the adjacent Bridge of Sighs. Parts of this palace were built in the middle of the fourteenth century, and are thus over five hundred years old. The bridge dates from the sixteenth century. The passage of time and the action of the water in the canals, which form the streets of that wonderful city, have, it is reported, undermined the foundations of the palace. The alarm was first given by the fall of parts of the ceilings of the grand halls. The Italian government has directed an examination to be made, and eminent architects are now trying to find out how far the mischief extends and what measures should be taken to prevent a collapse. One suggestion has already been made. It is the removal of the books from the library of the palace. There are, it is said, half a million of these books in the library, weighing in the aggregate five hundred tons. They will be immediately removed, not only to insure their safety, but to relieve the old building of their weight. Afterwards, the walls and the foundations will be examined and plans for the strengthening of the historic building will be discussed. It may be hoped that it will not be necessary to tear down any portion of the edifice, for it is one of the treasures of Italy venerated alike for its beauty and its historic associations. If, however, as the cable report intimates, the foundations have shifted, it will be exceedingly difficult to save the building. They probably rest on piles, driven into the bed of clay which runs through all the islands on which the city of Venice is built. Doubtless when the foundations were laid, they seemed to the builders substantial enough to last for all time, and the fact that they have remained firm for five centuries, shows how strong they were. It is well for the Christian that the dwelling place to which he is heir can never collapse. It will continue throughout eternity, and he is wise who seeks that habitation. It may be said of him as of the patriarch:

He looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God (Heb. 11: 10).

The Highest Clock in the World

The largest clock in America and the highest in the world, began its work of measuring time in the great tower of the Philadelphia city hall on New Year's day. There are two larger clocks in existence, one in the tower of the cathedral at Mechlin, Belgium, and the other in the tower of the Houses of Parliament, London, but neither of them is so high by seventy feet as the Philadelphia timepiece. It is 370 feet above the pavement. The diameter of its dials is twenty-two feet. Each hour hand is nine feet long and weighs 175 pounds. The minute hands are sixteen feet long and weigh 225 pounds each. The most astonishing peculiarity of the clock is that it has no weights or pendulum, or any of the works ordinarily used in a clock. Two hundred feet below its dials, under a glass case, there is a master clock which is operated by telegraph from Washington Observatory. The current moves the hands every half-minute, and, as they move, they release a force of compressed air having a pressure of 700 pounds. This is conveyed by fine tubes to a ratchet wheel at the back of the hands on the great dials above. Every half-minute the tip of the ponderous minute hand jumps six and a half inches. Two electric motors operate the pumps which supply the compressed air. So perfect is the system, that it is claimed there can never be a variation even of ten seconds in a week. Thus much science and skill can do to keep us informed of the passage of time. There, their power ends. For the infinitely more important lesson of how to put it to the best use we have to look to a higher Power.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom (Ps. 90: 12).

Tidal Engineering

A report issued by the Harbor and Land Commissioners, describes an extraordinary result of the recent great storm on the Massachusetts coast. Near the town of Marshfield, there used to be a neck of land at the mouth of the river.

DOGES' PALACE AND BRIDGE OF SIGHS IN VENICE, NOW IN DANGER OF COLLAPSE

At intervals for many years back, the project was discussed of cutting a channel through the neck. The recent storm, however, has done it effectually. The gigantic waves made a channel 250 feet wide and fourteen feet deep at low water. This immense work, which would have involved years of costly labor, was performed by the tide in a few hours. People talk in our day of human achievements as if there were nothing greater in the universe, but in the face of such a work as this, we may well pause and remember the power that is wielded by the Most High:

Who can stand before his indignation? Who can abide in the fierceness of his anger? His fury is poured out like fire and the rocks are thrown down by him (Nahum 1: 6).

Bought Herself

A quaint auction sale was held recently at Lackawaxen, Pa. An aged woman, feeble and friendless, was unable to support herself and must be provided for out of the public funds. The custom in that locality is not for the overseers of the poor to take charge of such persons, but to pay some one to do so. In order to learn who is willing to accept the smallest compensation for performing the duty, an auction sale is held, at which the person to be provided for, is knocked down to the lowest bidder. In this instance, the first bidder undertook to supply the woman with board, clothing, medical attendance etc., for four dollars a week. Other bids were made for the old woman, who listened in silence to the humiliating negotiation. The auctioneer seemed about to accept a woodsman's offer of a dollar and a half a week, when he received a bid from the woman herself. She offered to take charge of herself for five dollars a month, and, there being no lower offer, she was knocked down to herself. So far as the public is concerned, she will now belong to herself, but if, as one may hope of a person whose lot is so dreary, she has the joy of knowing that Christ has redeemed her, she will acknowledge his claims on her:

Ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit which are God's (I. Cor. 6: 20).

Canada's Postal Boons

With the new year our neighbors across the border have come into possession of two postal advantages. The rate for domestic letters, which applies also to letters to the United States, is reduced from three to two cents, and the rate for letters to Great Britain and the majority of the British colonies is reduced from five to two cents. The latter concession, is mainly due to the persistence with which the battle for ocean penny postage has been fought in the British Parliament by Mr. Henniker Heaton. Mr. Heaton was elected to Parliament by the borough of Canterbury. He had previously spent several years in Australia, where he acquired large property in land. On entering Parliament, he devoted all his energies to securing a liberal reduction in the rates of ocean postage. A large measure of success has attended his efforts. The mother country and all her chief colonies, one or two in Australia excepted, have now a Postal Union of their own, and a mutual agreement has been secured by which letters will be sent to and from Great Britain and the colonies, and between the colonies and each other, at the uniform rate of two cents. This rate will entail a loss at first on the governments, but it is expected that it will not be a permanent loss. Past experience shows that when the cost of correspondence is reduced, people write more letters, and if it is so in this instance, the loss will grow less from year to year. It is much to be wished that a similar rule applied to human communications with Heaven. They are free, and the blessings they bring are certain, yet many people never pray at all. Like the people of the patriarch's time, they say:

MR. H. HEATON, M. P.

What profit should we have if we pray unto Him? (Job 21: 15).

A Search for a Sister

Advertisements are being published in the daily papers of our large cities by a widow of West New York, N. J., who hopes thereby to find a long-lost sister. The widow has inherited a fortune from her husband, and has carried on his business since his death. She has no children and no near relatives, except her sister. She is anxious to find her to make her heir to her property. It is now several years since she heard from her. When she last wrote she was living in domestic service in Chicago, but letters which have been sent to the address she then gave, have been returned marked, "not found." No one appears to know where she went after leaving that address, and all trace of her is lost. It is safe to conclude that if she knew that her sister was searching for her, and especially if she knew that a fortune was awaiting her, she would gladly make her address known. Anyone who could find her, would win her gratitude by telling her of the search and the wealth she might have. It is such a message, but of infinitely greater moment, that ministers and Christian workers carry to lost sinners. They can tell them of a loving Father, who is waiting to receive them and give them eternal riches:

If children then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ (Rom. 8: 17).

A Penalty of Dishonesty

Among the prisoners brought up at Centre Street Police Court, New York, a few days ago, was a man charged with being on a street-car. The magistrate inquired if that was his only offence, as he knew of no statute to prevent the public using the cars. The detective who had arrested him explained that the man was an habitual criminal and had already served a term in the penitentiary. Seeing him on the car, and believing that he was there for an unlawful purpose, he arrested him. The prisoner said he lived a long way up town, and he was on his way home. It was too far to walk, and he wanted to know how he could get home if he must not use a street-car. The magistrate replied that it was no part of his duty to suggest a mode of travel. He said: "You have no right to use a public conveyance. The law forbids men who have been convicted of theft to enter the street-cars. That is one of the penalties you have to pay for not being an honest man." It is no wonder that the man thought he was being hardly dealt with. When a man commits a crime he cannot foresee how far-reaching the penalty will be and how remorselessly it will pursue him through life.

The way of the trangressor is hard (Prov. 13: 15).

"A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY"

A New and Charming Serial Story, Written Exclusively for "The Christian Herald"

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

CHAPTER XIII

Under the Master's Eye

YOU are not to suppose that because Louis Hildreth occasionally uttered sentiments which shocked the aristocratic ears of his mother and sisters, that he was indifferent to social differences. It was his delight to show them, with cynical unfeeling, how different their conduct was from their creed. It did not disturb him at all, when they convicted him of inconsistency. He made no profession of religion, and so felt himself free to follow his own inclinations, but he could not resist a jibe at their inconsistency. He was in this mood when he reminded his sisters of the different ways they had of treating their poor and rich acquaintances.

"I don't know anyone who likes to choose his company better than you!" observed Isabelle sarcastically.

"Certainly, I do; similarity of environment presupposes similarity of tastes. Probably my idea of enjoyment would not accord with the chimney-sweep's, but at the same time I don't look down on the poor beggar because he hasn't been as fortunate as I in getting his bread well buttered. There is a law of cultivation for humanity as well as plants. Surround a succession of generations with all the advantages of wealth, education and travel, and you produce the aristocrat, just as you get the delicate Solanum Wendlandi from the humble potatoe blossom. Set your aristocrat in the wilderness to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, let the rain and wind of heaven beat upon his delicate skin, shut him away from all the elevating influence to which he has been accustomed and in course of time what have you? His descendants have retrograded. The Solanum has become a potatoe again."

"That's all very well," said Isabelle, "but I believe the instinct of culture will be dormant somewhere."

"Then why do you not recognize it in your chimney-sweep? For all you know he may be a descendant of some impecunious scion of a lordly sire. Probably plenty of them are." Louis rose, and tossed the paper carelessly over to his mother, who had been an amused listener to the discussion. It never occurred to him to do so before. What did women want to know about politics?

"Jesus Christ never seemed to care about externals," said Evadne, softly. "He chose his friends among the common people."

"For pity's sake Evadne!" cried Isabelle, "when will you learn that the Bible is not to be taken literally?"

"Not to be taken literally!" echoed Evadne in wonderment. "How is it to be taken, then?"

"Isabelle means that we have got to make allowances," said her aunt. "Christ could do a great many things that you cannot."

Evadne was silent, while the words of Jesus kept ringing in her ears. "As I have done, so do ye also." If only she could understand!

"By the way, Evadne," said Mrs. Hildreth, "I beg you will not repeat your mistake of yesterday."

"What do you mean, Aunt Kate?"

"Bringing such a disreputable creature into the house! When I came in and found her sitting in the hall and you talking to her, I was perfectly paralyzed. Horrible! Why her rags were abominable, and her feet were bare!"

"But she had no shoes, Aunt Kate, and she was just my height. I was so glad that my clothes would fit her."

"A pretty thing to have your clothes paraded through the streets by such a creature! Most likely she would pawn them for gin. I am sure she must be an improper character."

"But Aunt Kate," pleaded Evadne, "Jesus Christ says we must clothe the naked and feed the hungry if we would be his followers. I must do as he tells me, for I am going to follow him."

"Your uncle does enough of that for the family," said her aunt coldly. "I do not wish you to try any such experiments again."

Puzzled and chilled, Evadne left the room. Was obeying the commands of Christ only an experiment after all?

She crept up to her favorite retreat and threw herself on her gayly-covered couch.

"Oh Jesus Christ!" she cried passionately. "I am glad I did not live in Galilee when You were there! Aunt Kate and Isabelle would have thought it bad form for me to follow You in the crowd where the sinners were. But they can't keep me from doing so now!

"Oh I wish I were dead! No one would care—yes, Pompey would be sorry. Louis would call it a sable attachment, but Pompey loved my father. Oh dearest, dearest father!"

She buried her head in her hands, while wave after wave of desolation broke over the lonely soul.

"A beautiful possibility," her knight of the gate had said. Could life become that to her?

Downstairs, Pompey began to sing:

Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll;
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul.

The rich vibrations rolled up and trembled about her. She held out her arms, and her voice broke in a cry of triumphant faith,

"Yes, we shall meet, Lord Jesus, face to face, You and I!"

"Pompey," cried Evadne, as the singing ceased, and the hissing, with which Pompey accompanied his stable operations began, "I am going to see your wife."

The black face beamed with satisfaction.

"Dyce'll be mighty uplifted, Miss Vadny. She thought a powerful sight of Mass Lennux."

Evadne stood watching him, as he gave finishing touches to the silver mountings of the handsome harness.

"I don't believe there is another harness in Marlborough that shines like yours, Pompey," she said with a laugh. "You are as particular about it as though every day was a special occasion."

"So 'tis, Miss Vadny," said Pompey simply, "can't slight nuthin' when de Lord's lookin' on. Whoa! Brutis. Dere's goin' ter be holiness to de Lord written on de bells of de horses bimeby, Missy. I'se got it writ dere now."

"I believe you have, Pompey," said Evadne soberly, "for you do your work just as perfectly whether Uncle Lawrence is going to see it or not. You work as if you were trying to please someone out of sight."

Pompey drew himself up to his full height.

"I'se a frien' of de Lord Jesus, Miss Vadny. I's got to do everything perfect 'cause of dat—couldn't bring no disgrace on my Lord."

"But would that disgrace him?" asked Evadne in wonderment.

"Why yes, Missy. If I wuz a poor, shiftless crittur, only workin' for de praise of men, folks would say, 'He's no different from de rest; you've got to keep your eye on him if you want things done properly. De King's chillen ain't no better dan de worl's chillen be.' De Lord Jesus, he say to me, 'Pompey, you must be faithful in the little things as well as in de big. I never slurred nuthin', when I was a walkin' up and down through Canaan. I sees you, Pompey; don't make no difference whether the earthly master does or not.' So I does all de little things to de Lord. Miss Vadny, an' de Jedge knows he can depend on Pompey. Whenever he wants me, I'se here."

"That is lovely!" said Evadne softly, "but don't you get dreadfully tired doing the same work over and over? Every day you have to do exactly the same things. It's as bad as a tread-mill. You just keep on going round and round."

Pompey gave one of his low chuckles.

"Specs dat's de way in dis world, Miss Vadny. We'se got to keep on eatin, an we can't sleep enuff in one night to last for a week, but I 'low its jest one of de beautiful laws of de Lord—de sun, an' de moon, an' de stars keep agoin' over de same groun' most continuous—so long as we'se doin' his will, Missy, it don't matter much whether we'se goin' roun' an' roun' or straight ahead. Stan' over Ceesah!" and Pompey gave a final polish to the horse's already immaculate legs.

"Why don't you blacken their hoofs, Pompey? They used to do it in Barbadoes."

Pompey's eyes twinkled.

"Dat's a no count livery notion, Miss Vadny—a coverin' up de cracks an' makin' de horse's hufs look better dan dey is. De King's chillen can't stoop to any such decepshuns. De Lord Jesus says, 'Pompey, I is de truff. You's got to speak de truff an' live de truff ef you belongs to me.' We ain't got no call to cover up anything, Miss Vadny, ef we'se livin' as de Lord wants us to. 'Sides, dere aint no 'cashun for it—ef we keeps de stable clean, an' de food good, an' gives de horse de right kind of exercise an' plenty of attention, de hufs will take care of demselves," and he held Caesar's foot up for her inspection.

"Hulloa, Evadne, are you taking lessons in farriery? What's the matter, Pompey? Has Caesar got a sand crack?" and Louis sauntered up, the inevitable cigar between his lips.

"I don't 'low my horses ever hez sech things, Mass Louis," said Pompey gravely.

"Ha, ha! what a conceited old beggar you are. But I'll give you your due, and acknowledge the horses are a credit to you." He held a dollar toward him balanced on his forefinger. "Here, take this and fill your pipe with it."

"Don't want no pay for doin' my duty, Mass Louis."

"Pshaw, man! Take a tip, can't you?" Pompey shook his head.

"I don't smoke, Mass Louis."

"Don't smoke!" ejaculated Louis. "You don't here, I know, because the Judge is afraid of fire, but you'll never make me believe that you don't spend your evenings over the fire with your pipe. You darkies are as fond of one as the other."

"You's mistaken, Mass Louis," said Pompey quietly.

"Pon my word! And why don't you smoke, Pomp? You don't know what you're missing. It is the greatest comfort on earth."

"Specs I don't need such poor comfort, Mass Louis. I takes my comfort wid de Lord." Pompey's voice was low and sweet. Evadne felt her heart glow.

"But come now, Pomp," persisted, Louis, "that's all nonsense. You must have some reason for not smoking. Everybody does. Come, I insist on your telling me."

Pompey was silent for a moment. "The pure in heart shall see God," he said slowly. "I 'low, Mass Louis, the King's chillen's got to be pure in body, too."

"You insolent fellow! How dare you?" and Louis dashed the glowing end of his cigar full in the negro's face.

For a moment Pompey stood absolutely still—the cigar, which had left its mark upon his cheek, lying smouldering at his feet—then he turned quietly and walked away.

Louis strode out of the coach house. Evadne followed him, her eyes blazing.

"You are a coward!" she cried, passionately. "You would not have dared to do that to a man who could hit you back. You forced him to tell you and then struck him for doing it! If this is your culture and refinement, I despise it! I am going to be a Christian like Pompey. That is grand!"

"Well done, coz!" and Louis affected a laugh. "There's not much of the 'meek and lowly' in evidence just now at any rate."

He looked after her as she walked away, while her quivering, indignant tones still lingered in his ears.

"By Jove! There's something to her, though she is so quiet! I must cultivate the child."

Seen through Evadne's clear eyes, his action looked despicable and his better nature suggested an apology, but he swept the suggestion aside with a muttered "Pshaw! he's only a nigger," and turned carelessly on his heel.

* * *

"You are Dyce," cried Evadne, impulsively, when she reached the cottage, in whose open doorway a pleasant-faced colored woman was standing. "Pompey has told me about you. I think your husband is one of the grandest men I know."

"Thank you Missy. Walk right in. I'm proper glad to see Mass Lennux's chile."

"Why, how did you know me?" asked Evadne, wonderingly

The woman laughed softly.

"Laws, honey, you's de livin' image of your pa."

She excused herself after a few moments, and Evadne laid her head against the cushions of a comfortable old rocking chair and rested. She wondered sometimes where her old strength had gone. She had never felt tired in Barbadoes. The tiny room was full of a homely comfort which did her heart good. There were books lying on the table and flowers in the window; a handsome cat purred lazily in front of the fire-place, and on a bracket in one corner an asthmatic clock ticked off the hours with wheezy vigor. In an adjoining room Evadne could see a bed with its gay patchwork quilt of Dyce's making, and in the little kitchen beyond she heard her singing, as she trod lightly to and fro. A couple of dainty muslin dresses, with soft trimmings of lace, were draped over chairs, for Dyce was the finest clear starcher in Marlborough, and her little kitchen was all too small to hold the products of her skill. She entered the room again, bearing a tray covered with a snowy napkin, on which were quaint blue plates of delicious bread and butter, pumpkin pie, golden browned as only Dyce could bake it, and a glass of fragrant ginger beer, and on this simple fare Evadne feasted royally.

"I did not know anything could taste quite so good," she said, when she had finished. "You must be a wonderful cook."

Dyce laughed, well pleased.

"When de good Lord gives us everything in perfecshun, specs it would be terrible shiftless of me to spoil it in the cooking, Miss Vadny."

"The good Lord," repeated Evadne, slowly. "You know him too, then? You must, if you live with Pompey."

Dyce's face grew luminous.

"He is my joy," she said softly.

"And does he make you happy all the time?" asked the girl, wistfully. "You seem to have to work as hard as Pompey. What is it makes you glad?"

"Laws, honey, how kin I help bein' glad? De chile of de King, on de way to my Father's palace. Aint that enuff occashun to keep a poor colored woman rejoicin' all de day long? I'se so happy I'se a singin' all de time, over my work and in de street—it don't matter where I be."

"But you can't sing in the streets, Dyce."

"Laws, chile, don't you know de heart kin sing when de lips is silent? Its de heart songs that de Lord thinks de most of, but when de heart gits too full, den de lips hez to do their share."

"But suppose you were to lose your eyesight, or Pompey got sick, or——"

Dyce gave one of her soft laughs.

"Laws honey, I never supposes! De Lord's got no use for a lot of supposin' chillen who's alwers frettin' themselves sick for fear Satan'll git de upper hand. De Lord's reignin'—dat's enuff fer me. I 'low he'll take care of me in de best way."

Evadne looked again at the exquisitely laundered dresses.

"Why do you work so hard?" she asked. "Doesn't Pompey get enough by his work to live on?"

"Oh yes, honey, de Jedge gives good wages, but you see we wants to do so much fer Jesus dat de wages don't hold out."

"So much for Jesus!" echoed Evadne.

"Why yes, Missy! He says ef we loves him, we'll do what he tells us, an he's told us to feed the hungry, an clothe the naked, an go preach de Gospel—so, when we cum to talk it over, it seemed dreffful shiftless in me to be doin' nothin', when de Lord worked night and day; so I begun to take in laundry work, an now we have more money ter spen on de Lord. But we never hez enuff. De worl's so full of perishin' souls an starvin' bodies. I tells Pompey I never wanted to be rich till I began ter do de King's bizness. Its dreffful comfortin' work, Miss Vadny."

(To be Continued.)

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

NEAPOLITAN HOUSEKEEPING

Marketing in the Old World Cities—How the Poor and the Common People Fare

EVERYBODY who goes to Italy talks or writes about the architecture of its ancient churches, its palaces, bridges and canals; others give us a glimpse of its every-day life, its housekeeping, its marketing, the life that "centers around the hearthstone," so to speak. As a matter of dry fact—and in winter a most uncomfortable fact—Italy can hardly be said to have any hearthstones. In a Venetian Art Gallery, in a set of pictures representing the four seasons, winter is symbolized by an elegantly clad dame, holding in her lap the typical Venetian "fireside," a *scaldino* (brazier). The peasant woman's *scaldino* has a bale, and she carries it, hanging on her arm, around the house with her, from room to room. You will sometimes find her kneeling on the stone floors of a church, saying her prayers, with the *scaldino* near by.

The comfort-loving Germans introduced stoves into Venice years ago, but the Venetians, as a mass, know not what to do with them; they cling to their *scaldinos*. Wood, the only fuel, is very costly. A handful of coals over which to make coffee or soup is the Italian peasant's idea of a fire. This is often beyond his purse, and so, during the winter, the masses eat, for the most part, at public kitchens. Cook-shops of various degrees are open at every turn; peculiar broth from simmering pots is ladled out; the smell of onions and garlic pervades the atmosphere; sellers of roasted pumpkins, pears and chestnuts do a thriving business.

The wood-market is a double row of boats in the Giudecca Canal, loaded with sticks of wood cut about the size of a broom-handle. Peddlers, buying from one to a hundred, come and go all day long. The prosperous housekeeper who can afford to have her own kitchen, has her woodman, who calls on her daily. One of her earliest visitors is the water-carrier, who brings water for cooking and drinking from the public cisterns. The *bigolanti* (water-carriers) are usually stout, rosy-cheeked girls from the mountains of Fruoli. Water is brought in brazen buckets, one hanging from either end of a bow resting on the carrier's shoulders, and is emptied into huge earthen-ware jars in the kitchen. From the great market at the Rialto, fruits and vegetables are distributed among the numerous grocer's shops and stalls throughout the city; and from the one nearest her our housewife will buy her provisions for the day, if she be too far removed from the Rialto to purchase there and save the middleman's commission. Perhaps without donning street costume, or putting on her hat, she walks down from her apartments in some old palace to a shop below, the baby toddling at her heels and ready to help carry up the parcels. These parcels will be quite small—the people do not purchase food in such quantities as Americans. You can buy a half cent's worth of beef. Fruits and vegetables are abundant and cheap, but meat (except sea food), is not, and the poorer classes eat little of the latter. The middle class peasant's breakfast and supper is bread and coffee; his midday meal, a soup, a vegetable, a bit of meat. "Come, eat four grains of rice with me," is a popular form of asking a friend to dinner, so very lightly does the good-hearted peasant rate his own modest hospitality.

A YOUNG NEAPOLITAN HOUSEWIFE'S MARKETING

Curious Bridal Customs

In Sweden, wedding festivities last several days, and the planting of a fir tree is one of the ceremonies. For "good luck," the bride wears a silver ring in her shoe, and is lavishly adorned with her friends' trinkets. The bridal veil in Norway gives way to a towering head dress. In Bulgaria, a bride is expected to remain dumb for a month, except when addressed by her husband. The removal of this restriction is marked by his ceremonious presentation of a gift. In Lithuania, there is a custom that the bride's ears be boxed by her mother just before the ceremony—an attention which is not intended unkindly. Among Hungarian peasants, in certain districts, a dowerless bride washes the faces and hands of the guests, who in return toss coins into the basin. Among the sponge fisher-folk of Himla, a girl cannot marry until she has brought up a certain number of sponges. In other Greek islands, the men must dive for sponges, and the maiden's father bestows her hand on the suitor who brings up the largest number.

Women and Wage-Earning

The action of a railway company in deciding that from Jan. 1, 1899, it would dispense with all female labor, thus striking from its list at once about 200 women clerks and stenographers, is attracting liberal attention from newspapers, magazines, and women's clubs the country over. Mrs. Lowe, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs received notice that the women of Colorado proposed to initiate a movement protesting against what is felt to be unjust discrimination against the wage-earning woman. Mrs. Lowe replied: "I heartily endorse the action of the women of Colorado." It is generally held that women of means should not by seeking salaried posts thrust from the field needy brothers and sisters. As for the fear that wage earning will become so attractive that home-making will suffer because of it, Emel Jay, a prominent Southern writer expresses the consensus of opinion thus:

Many women are obliged to work or starve. Many are old maids without masculine supporters. Many must work to support their families and to keep them homes. There need be no fear that love, marriage, and motherhood will cease. These are sweet and holy things to every true woman. Nor need it be feared that women will go out to work unless pushed by necessity.

"Annie's Town"

Near Atlanta, Ga., there is a little town, named as above, and owned in fee simple by the lady whose Christian name it bears. Mary Lamar Jackson thus describes it in an Atlanta paper:

It consists really of a factory, a tiny church and the houses where the factory people live. The factory, houses and church were built by an Atlanta man who owned the property, and who made the experiment of building and naming a town in honor of his sweet young wife. The little town was begun and named just after a desperate illness of the young wife, who is one of the prominent matrons of this city. Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years' are always delightful times for the inhabitants of Annie's Town; all sorts of nice things are done to make them happy.

Another town in the United States is owned in fee simple by a woman. It is Glen Eyre, Pike Co., Pa., and its possessor is Mrs. Mary T. Carpenter.

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The child-like heart is all.

THE SPARROW'S TEXT

A SPARROW lighted, chirping, on a spray
Close to my window, as I knelt in prayer,
Bowed by a heavy load of anxious care.
The morn was bitter, but the bird was gay,
And seemed by cheery look and chirp to say,
"What though the snow conceals my wonted fare,
Nor have I barn or storehouse anywhere,
Yet I trust heaven, even on a winter's day!"

That little bird came like a winged text,
Flutt'ring from out God's Word to sooth my breast:
What though my life with wintry cares be vexed,
On a kind Father's watchful love I rest.
He meets this moment's need; I leave the next,
And, always trusting, shall be always blest.

A Sunshiny Old Age

NOTHING is more beautiful or inspiring than loving, cheerful, sunshiny old folks about the house. "I am useless," "I am helpless," "I am a burden," "I have outgrown my usefulness," say many white-haired ones whose hands are seamed with toil, rendered in willing service when they were able to serve. This idea of being useless and burdensome on the part of the aged is all wrong. Aside from their claim to care and attention, by reason of past services, they have a claim like that of infancy. Who thinks of a baby as burdensome? Don't everybody in the house vie with everybody else for the honor of serving baby? And is not baby, who can do absolutely nothing for himself, the joy of the home? All he can give in return is his royal favor—and he is not always generous of that to devoted slaves, for baby makes no secret of likes and dislikes until with years comes the sad secret that he can sometimes win by diplomacy what is not his by right, or that he must win and hold by diplomacy what should be his by right.

Of course, it is true, baby exercises that attraction which dimples, "palms like curled rose leaves," and flower-like eyes have for us. But if baby is a hope and a promise, age should be faith and benediction. Where baby is coy of his favors, age, knowing that love is divine, conscientiously bestows this most precious of all gifts, as the Father sends sunshine and rain upon just and unjust. Never think, aged ones, because you can not serve, or can not give money, that you are powerless to help and to bless. Everybody wants kind words, everybody wants words of encouragement; everybody—everybody wants love. Perhaps appreciation of love given may not be always ready. Never mind. Be patient. Presently folks will begin to turn to you as flowers to the sun. When children and grandchildren want someone to rejoice and be glad with them, they will come to grandpa and grandma; when they have a sorrow to which no one else has time to list or sympathy to lend, they will come; when grievous errors have been committed for which others have only condemnation, the sensitive penitent will seek the counselor who is patient, loving and merciful. Sometimes—not always—advice will be taken that will save many much trouble. The point is, that the aged ones, who feel themselves a care, become the moral and spiritual burden-bearers of the family, and are members who are by no means easily spared.

Pasadena's Flower Festival

The old year in Pasadena, Calif., was literally "buried in flowers," and the new year welcomed with blossoms. The annual "Tournament of Roses," Pasadena's way of celebrating New Year, occurred on Jan. 2, as the month came in on Sunday. There were innumerable carriages and coaches, and many diminutive donkey-carts driven by children; all were garlanded with flowers; everybody was pelted with blossoms; the air was full of fragrance, and everybody seemed happy.

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE BACK SEAT,

or, The Things that Hinder

"WHY ARE YOU NOT UP THERE AT THE FRONT?"

IN the course of meetings for young men in college, or Young Men's Christian Association, or a church, there are often seen young men who prefer to occupy the back seat. Why do they not go to the front as they would at any other kind of meeting? This pastor has had the curiosity to inquire from the young men themselves. The answers have varied considerably, indicating that there are many motives that may weigh with a young man in taking a back seat. From my note book I select a few of the answers given to an invitation to go forward. I set them down here and in a succeeding article, with the arguments I have used against staying in the back seat. I do so in the hope that young men will consider them and also that Christian workers at such meetings may get some little help in dealing with the young man in the back seat. One excuse often given by these young men in answer to an invitation to go forward is:

1. "*The fellows I go with.*"

Here, at the back of the room, are a lot of bright-faced, cheery-voiced men. One's heart is drawn out toward them, and the look in their eyes is not unfriendly. "Why are you not up there at the front with the rest of the men?" you ask. And one answers fairly and frankly: "Well, you see, there are a lot of fellows I go with"—and then he stops, with a glance over his shoulder.

Yes, we understand, but, friend, are you going to let that set of men you go with control your action and rule your life? What you need is a straight-out declaration of independence. It will help your self-respect, it will give you the respect of others.

"When I first came to the city," says our Daniel Christian, "I determined that I would keep on good terms with the boys. So when they asked me to have a game of cards, or to go to some place of questionable resort, I would say, 'Not this time,' or, 'I'm busy now,' or some evasion of that sort. At last it came to me, this isn't right! The next time they approached me I said, 'Boys, I'm a Christian.' That settled it, and I've had a better time ever since. Try it."

2. "*Don't care to set myself up.*"

I well recall when I first ran across this young man. I have met him several times since,—so have you. Quoth he, an honest, ingenuous look on his face: "The folks at home don't sympathize with this sort of thing, and I don't care to set myself up as better than they are."

Indifferent father or mother; careless brother or sister: do you realize how your low-level religion, a sheer irreligion is quenching every higher impulse that comes to that generous-hearted boy you dote on so much. What if your thoughtlessness, your heedlessness of the things imminent and eternal should cost him his soul. Think of it.

Out on the lake there a ship tossed, vexed by the rising waves. The life-saving service leveled their glasses, looking for a signal, but none came. The night fell and with it a storm. In the morning wreckage strewed the shore, the ship was gone. Two or three survivors were picked up from the floating masts and spars. "Why didn't you signal if you wanted help?" "O!" said one, "the mate was drunk and had locked up the rockets." Alas! for the worldly, drunken spirit of this world that silences the instinctive cries of the heart.

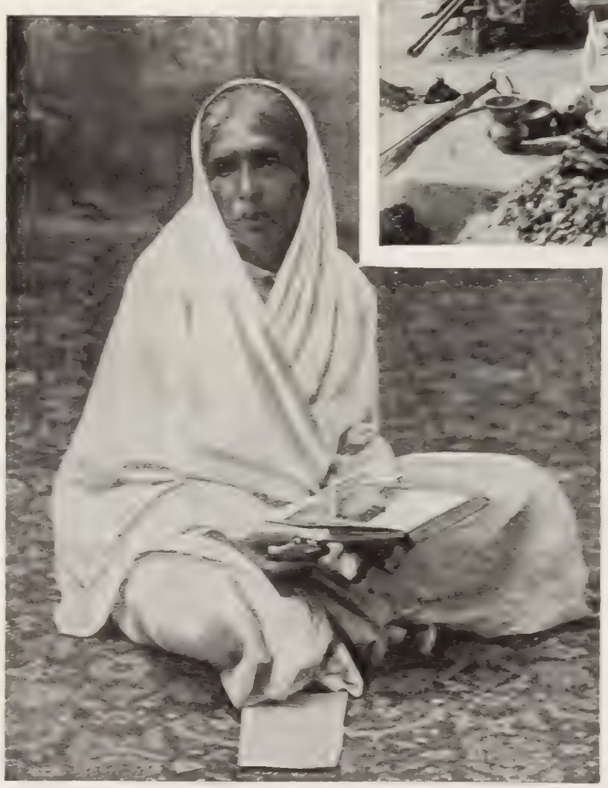
That is what he said last night, and the evening before. He says it again, now. Does this young man know it? —[illegible] in the fateful, whirlpool of [illegible] smitten with the bad winds of procrastination. Once under the spell of these, you are gone. But, come now, cut loose. You say you intend to take a stand sometime. Do it now. That little word foils Satan. Have you thought of it, the only place we touch eternity is in the little impinging point of time, now. *Carpe diem*—seize the day, the hour, the moment. Smash Satan's hour-glass. "Now is the accepted time." Be out at once for God.

Undoubtedly the happiest and best way is to enter new surroundings with your banners afloat for the right. Take a stand right at the beginning. The writer will not soon forget that young man met accidentally at the college doors. In waiting upon the authorities he strayed, by a happy chance, or rather Providence, into the room where young men interested in their soul's salvation, were seeking advice. He heard the word of truth, he seized the opportunity. He began his student life an outspoken Christian. "I never did a better thing" he tells me now.

It is the past that is troubling this young man, as it was the future that misled the one just spoken of. You can see he is anxious, and deeply so. But a heavy burden loads him down. "Something took place back there," he says, and because of that bad item of record behind him he feels debarred from taking a right position to-day. He is being ridden to death by his past—slave to the things that have been.

Here is needed another declaration of independence. Be master of yourself and your action in the present. Leave the past where God in his grace puts it—under the blood. Take what he gives you now and forget the things behind.

There in Col. Clark's Mission, at Chicago, I heard it, and shall not let it slip. "My life has not been what it ought to be; but why call it up. Who am I to be always remembering what God has forgotten and put forever behind his back?" Never mind yesterday. "To-day, if you will hear his voice." "There's something back." Yes, but there is something above—grace abounding.



CHUNDRA LELA AFTER HER CONVERSION

CHUNDRA LELA

Mrs. Ada Lee's Story of the Converted Brahmin Lady Who Had Been a Fakir

AMONG the missionaries in India to whom the orphan fund of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is being sent is Mrs. Ada Lee of Calcutta. She has one hundred and ten girls, besides twenty boys, in her home, who are being trained for Christ. Mrs. Lee is a native of West Virginia. She first went to India by the recommendation of Bishop Thoburn, under the auspices of the Union Missionary Society, in 1876. She speedily acquired the language, and labored successfully with the Bengalee women of Calcutta. There she married Rev. David H. Lee, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who went out under Bishop William Taylor. Mr. Lee and his wife labored together in the Lord's work in Calcutta for two years, when, owing to the failing of Mr. Lee's health, they were obliged to return to their native country. They remained here preaching and speaking of the needs of India for some time, pleading for funds to carry the Gospel into the dark homes which Mrs. Lee had so often visited. One Christian gentleman placed $15,000 in Mrs. Lee's hands, to commence an independent work of the kind she had advocated; other friends contributed until sufficient money was in hand to start with. The two missionaries with their children at once returned to Calcutta, and established the institution which under the name of "The Dennett Training School" is now widely known among the native people of India.

In the course of her work Mrs. Lee is brought into contact with some strange characters. The story of one of them, as she tells it, is full of thrilling interest. Some time ago she welcomed to her home a woman who formerly belonged to the fakirs—that class of ostensibly holy people who are venerated and almost worshiped by the Hindus.

Chundra Lela told Mrs. Lee the history of her life. She was a Brahmin, and the daughter of a wealthy land owner of Nepaul. In accordance with Hindu customs, she was married at the age of seven, but two years afterwards while still in her father's house, news was brought her that her boy husband was dead. What it means to be a child widow in India none can fully know but the [illegible] humiliation and the misery of their lot is so great that many have said it was better for them in the old days, before the English government abolished the practice of burning the widow on her husband's bier. Chundra Lela some years afterwards was called to undergo another bereavement. Her beloved father died, and her lot was then desolate, indeed. She had been taught to read the Hindu sacred books, and from them she learned that the loss of husband and father was a punishment for some sin she had committed. The only way that she knew of to atone for it was to go on pilgrimage. For more than seven years she painfully toiled over the mountains and plains of India, traveling on foot from one shrine of reputed sanctity to another, making offerings, feeing the priests and bathing in the sacred rivers. But she gained no assurance that her sin was forgiven.

CHUNDRA LELA'S SELF TORTURE

Then the idea of self-torture fastened itself on her mind. She joined the fakirs at Ramgunge. Like them, she smeared her body with ashes and painted her face with the red and white marks which make them hideous. Stripping herself almost naked she seated herself on a deerskin rug under the broiling sun and lighted five fires around her. There she vowed that she would sit day and night without moving during the six hot months of the year. During winter she vowed to spend her nights in a pond with the water up to her neck. Day and night her constant prayer was to the gods, that they would accept her suffering as atonement and forgive her. Three years passed away in these tortures and at the end she was as far away from peace as ever.

One day she was at Midnapore, and there for the first time she came in contact with Christianity. A sister of Dr. Phillips, the missionary, saw her and told her the Gospel story. The woman's heart thrilled under it. She bought a Bible and read for herself. She went to Dr. Phillips for teaching, and after a few months, in spite of the entreaties and menaces of her Hindu relatives, she embraced Christianity and was baptized. When she visited Mrs. Lee she had been for several years a messenger of Christ to the women of India. Scarcely a city or a town that she had not visted, going from home to home proclaiming the Gospel that had set her free.

INGERSOLL ARRAIGNED

Extracts from a Lecture Delivered in New York in Reply to the Famous Infidel, Showing the Sophistry of His Arguments

By Samuel Colcord

I AM not here this evening to establish the grounds of the Christian faith; nor am I here to deliver to you a lecture on the evidences of Christianity. The foundations of the Christian religion are so broad and founded so deep in the researches of scholarship that I do not for a moment pretend to the competence to properly discuss them; nor would there be time to give more than a hint of the impregnable position of the Christian religion in the foundations of reason.

But as I am a plain business man, and in that sense at least a man of the world, I address you simply as a layman, claiming no especial authority, no authority in fact but the authority of reason, to which you all appeal, and not attempting even to appeal to the authority of the Bible, though I recognize it.

It was my privilege not long since to listen to the lecture of Colonel Ingersoll on the "Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child," and to that I will give attention.

Ingersoll's Sophistries

I saw the young men in his audience, intelligent, bright, progressive, thinking young men; but ignorant of religion. Before such men he uttered sentiments so beautiful and so beautifully expressed as to captivate the hearts of all his hearers. His beautiful sentiments I fully endorse and you can hear them every Sunday from all the Christian pulpits of this town. But he put them in the wrong relation. The Christian doctrines of love and mercy he made to appear the beautiful and exclusive property of infidelity in contrast with the severe doctrine of divine justice as if it were all of Christian belief!

When I saw the wrong done to the young men, to affect forever their future, not by honest argument, but by the trickery of misrepresentation, in fields so unfamiliar to many of them as to leave them without defence, I resolved to tear away the veil of sophistry and expose the trickery of his method.

I am not here because the religion of Christ needs defense. It needs none. I am here because I believe in fair play for the young man, and therefore I take issue with the lecturer.

In a review of the lecture, there are but three points to the discussion, or three issues: 1. Is infidelity or Christianity the friend of human liberty? 2. On which side is the scholarship? 3. Which is the better exemplar of love and human brotherhood?

These are practical, not metaphysical questions, and if I seem in parts of this address to be not overprofound, let it be remembered that I am angling for fish seldom found in deep water. I desire to meet the colonel on his own ground.

In the lecture, the opening sentence of which was "Liberty is my religion," he so misrepresented the Bible and the Christian religion as to make them appear the enemies of liberty. He presented pictures of persecution to his applauding hearers as the spirit of the Christian church.

What have the mistakes of Christian fanatics of generations ago to do with the living questions of to-day?

The Dark Ages Passed Away

Is infidelity so weak in argument, so sorely pressed for reasons that it is necessary for its great champion, when he would attack the great living organism of Christianity, to ignore all the conditions of the present and go far into the past to find something then called Christian that he may attack?

I know of no Christian persecutions of to-day. I know not where I may find the Christian rack and the thumbscrew.

It is the glory of the Christian religion that the faith of Christ has so elevated the human race that has come under its influence, that the dark age has passed away, and the Christian church stands foremost in the defense of liberty.

Discussing the freedom of woman, I might show how Christianity has elevated womanhood to the dignified position she occupies on the earth to-day; how from a condition worse than slavery it exalted and ennobled her, so that it would seem a strange thing for any woman in our day to take sides with infidelity.

The colonel spoke of the liberty of the child, and that was the most remarkable thing in his lecture. But he had his audience so charmed with the magic of his eloquence that it seemed all right.

His idea of the government of childhood and the home was that you should let the child do as it pleases. Let it get up when it pleases in the morning; let it go to bed when it pleases at night; let it eat when it wants to, what it wants, and as much as it wants; and leave your pocketbook on the table, and say to your child: "There is the pocketbook; help yourself."

That seems very remarkable, but it is what the colonel said.

The Government of Children

It is related that an ardent follower of Colonel Ingersoll did try it once, and he said: "Now, my son, I am going away, and you can do as you please when I am gone. I leave my pocketbook on the table, and you can do as you please." He was gone about a week. He came back at night, and after stumbling over a wagon in the hall, and being bitten by the bulldog, which the boy in the unbiased exercise of his wisdom had bought, and meeting with other uncomfortable experiences, he looked for his pocketbook to pay a pressing bill, but found it empty.

Some time later he was asked what he thought of Colonel Ingersoll's idea of the government of children. "Well," he said, "It is very pleasant to listen to, but the man is a born idiot who will try to follow it the second time."

"Liberty is my religion," said Colonel Ingersoll, and that is the kind of liberty he believes in—to do about as you please. Perhaps a good many men would like to have it that way, but society has thought differently, and has established laws governing the State, and laws governing the home

If you cannot govern your home by that kind of philosophy, how do you expect God to govern a universe by it?

Next there is the freedom of the intellect. But the lecturer describes himself as a passenger on board a ship, not knowing whence he came or whither he is going, but intending to have all the enjoyment he can while on the journey, and be on good terms with the passengers. This is all very good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

There are wise young men in my audience this evening who say they will not believe anything which they cannot understand. They do not understand the circulation of the blood in the human system, nor the marvelous intricacies of the human eye, nor what is the life, nor what is the mind; what determines the processes of thought, nor even the life that is in the smallest blade of grass or the tiniest green leaf of the forest, yet they would understand all the mysteries of God's being and purposes; and if there is one little thing in God's great plan they do not understand, they think the mighty foundations of religion are shaken.

I am reminded of the good old Quaker who heard a man talking somewhat in that way. He said he would not believe anything he had not seen, or that had not been seen by anyone else, so far as he knew. The old Quaker said: "Young man, did thee ever see thy own brains?" "I don't know that I ever did." "Does thee know anyone who ever saw thy brains?" "I really don't know that I do." "Does thee believe thee has any?"

Colonel Ingersoll tells us that the difference between the Christian and the self-styled free-thinker (as if the only free thinking is his way of thinking), is only a question of the size and quality of the brain, at which his hearers applauded, as if that settled it.

If that is it—if it is only a question of brains—I accept the challenge, and we will see whether the preponderance of brains is on the infidel or Christian side.

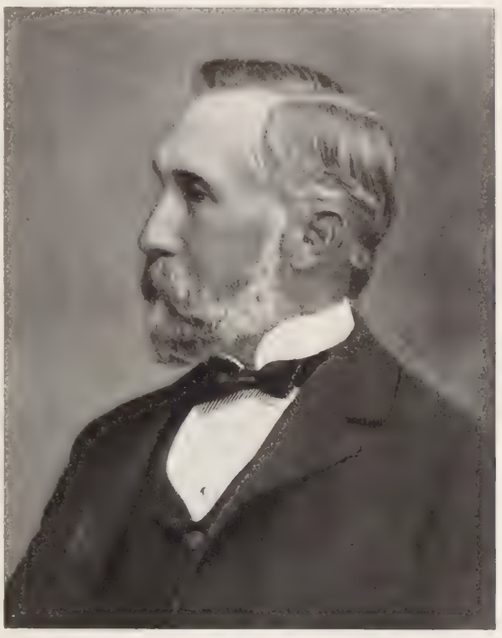
Of infidels, there were the great Voltaire and Hume and Tom Paine, of some generations past. Our own times have produced three eminent scientists, sceptical but not altogether infidel, Chas. Bradlaugh, and one other, Colonel Robert Ingersoll, all the product of Christian homes; three if not four of them the sons of Christian ministers.

If there are other very great infidels in our day (and I wish you to distinctly note that I say that there are), they are so very few you will have to think a little to recall a name. Looking back to other generations, we see here and there one great thinker on the infidel side.

It would take the day and the night to call the great names in the Christian list, not pietists, but thinkers and doers of the most rugged kind. Many of them were profoundly Christian, many others inconsistent and even grossly unchristian in their lives, but all giving intellectual assent to the truths of the religion of Christ. That is exactly the point. Piety, morality, have nothing to do with the question at this point of the discussion. It is a question of intellectual assent only. Does the intellect of the world approve and endorse the Christian religion?

Eminent Christians

On the Christian side, I name the great Sir Isaac Newton, the father of modern philosophy and the inductive system; Locke, Agassiz, Herschel, Hitchcock,



MR. SAMUEL COLCORD

Dawson, Dana; Columbus, possessing a new world in the name of the cross; Cromwell, crushing a despotism and establishing the liberties of Britons for all time, his armies marching to victory while shouting Christian psalms; Wellington, conquering the great Napoleon, and Napoleon, confessing that Christ was the greater Conqueror; our sturdy forefathers landing from the *Mayflower* in the name of liberty and religion, to found an empire of freedom; Washington, throwing off the yoke of tyranny that a great republic might find birth on this Western hemisphere; John Adams, Patrick Henry, the lover of freedom; nearly all the signers of the Declaration of Independence and framers of the constitution; Franklin, statesman, scientist, philosopher, patriot; Clay, Webster, the immortal Lincoln, Seward, Grant, the modern genius of war; Sherman, Meade, Thomas; the great Lee, the Christian gentleman as well as warrior; Stonewall Jackson, on the eve of battle spending the night behind his tent in prayer; Peabody, the philanthropist; Morse, inventing the electric telegraph; Cyrus Field, surmounting forty years of difficulties to lay the Atlantic cable, until, in the realization of his faith, the hemispheres clasp hands; Garfield, Blaine, Thurman; almost all the great names of American history; Livingstone, the missionary explorer; Stanley, his great successor, beginning his mighty task almost a doubter, returning to declare that the only hope of Africa is the Christian missionary. In literature, Shakespeare (infidels claim him but they cannot maintain the claim), Milton, Scott, Bunyan, Macaulay, Emerson, Carlyle, Lowell, Victor Hugo, Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson. Among living men, in jurisprudence, nearly all the great jurists of the world; in medicine, the great physicians; in statesmanship, nearly every great name in every civilized nation on the globe; in our own country, the President, the ex-presidents, and every name considered a Presidential possibility; in Germany, living but as yesterday, Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, profoundly religious; in Great Britain, Salisbury and his ministry; most of the great liberal leaders; and last, not now living, but of our times, and who being dead yet speaketh, the grand old man without a peer on the earth—the great Gladstone; great in theology, great in scholarship, great in patriotism, great in love of freedom and the human race, great in manhood.

Colonel Ingersoll is himself a product of the Christian religion; the son of a Christian minister and of a Christian mother, brought up surrounded by the influences of a Christian home and by the influences of a Christian community.

The liberty which he possesses and abuses he owes to the Christian religion, that has been the mightiest champion for human freedom and progress on the earth for eighteen centuries. The morality that he possesses is something which he inherited from his Christian parents, and that he learned in his Christian home, and which developed under the influences of a Christian community in which he lived, though he opposed its Christian sentiment.

We have now come to the final question: Is Christianity or infidelity the better exemplar of love and human brotherhood?

Infidelity condemns faith and extols works. It laughs at believing, but loudly applauds doing. What has it done? I know not where are its works of righteousness, or where it has builded its monuments of charity, its houses for human refuge.

Christianity has certainly done something to exemplify the great Scriptural doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man and that love which it declares to be the fulfilling of the law.

I entertain a stranger in the city of New York. Introducing him first to the lower part of the city, I show him the humble missions near the wharves. I show him the Newsboys' Lodging House, the Howard Mission, the Home for the Friendless and the Childrens' Aid Society schools.

Fruits of Christianity

He asks: "What noble pile is that?" "That is the Cooper Institute." "And what is the great red building covering a square?" "The Bible House." I point out the many homes for the aged and orphaned and crippled and blind, the great St. Luke's and other hospitals, the eye and ear hospitals, the Prison Mission, the Medical Mission, the Flower Mission, the Fruit Mission, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I tell him that there are hundreds more like them in the city, all monuments of Christian benevolence. I show him the new St. Luke's Hospital, the new Columbia University, and the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now rearing their colossal heads under the mason's hand. I tell of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch churches, and point out the other great churches as we pass, and tell him that there are more than six hundred of them in the town, and nearly as many more across the river in Brooklyn, or a grand total of 1,154 in Greater New York.

In all this the stranger has been much interested, but silent. But now he says to me: "There is a distinguished citizen of your city, Colonel Robert Ingersoll, an

eloquent man, whose wonderful teachings and expressions of love for my kind I have had great pleasure in reading. Will you kindly point out to me the monuments of his philosophy?"

And I reply: "I had not thought of that: but now, coming to think of the monuments of his belief in this town—there are none.

There, ladies and gentlemen, is a demonstration. Disbelief is as old as the Christian religion: it has its great advocates who for hundreds of years have presented its panaceas for human ills as much better than anything Christianity had to offer. It, too, has had its multitudes of followers: it has loudly professed its love for the human race, and that love it has proclaimed as its religion; but there in the city of my home is the demonstration. On the one hand, a demonstration of power and munificence and helpfulness for the race; on the other, a demonstration of impotence, of failure, of utter uselessness. The great Master has prescribed the test, "By their fruits ye shall know them." By that test the Christian religion will stand against the world.

Man must think, says Colonel Ingersoll. Yes, and when he thinks, it occurs to him that when a man of Colonel Ingersoll's masterful powers has been preaching for thirty years to crowding multitudes and yet you cannot find one gambler whom he has led to forsake his nefarious trade, one thief that he has made an honest man, one poor besotted drunkard that he has clothed with reason and the dignity of ennobled manhood, there must be something radically wrong in his philosophy.

Once, standing on the platform of Chickering Hall, in New York, I flung out this challenge to infidelity. Let it bring one poor wreck of humanity rescued, lifted from degradation to noble life by the teachings of all the infidels in New York, and for every one so brought I would produce a hundred men lifted from the lowest depths to honest manhood by the work of a single humble missionary of Christ.

I stood with the list in my hand and invited the newspaper press of the city, there represented by a number of reporters, to investigate the genuineness of the Christian's hundred and infidel's one, if the challenge were accepted.

Infidelity never accepted the challenge. Infidelity prates about humanity, but does nothing for humanity. As a vital and vitalizing force, it is utterly and hopelessly imbecile.

Imagine hanging here a map of the globe. Now mark on the map with blackened brush the nations which are the lowest in intelligence, the most degraded, and in every respect behind the age. Look: they are the nations where Christianity has found the least success in the presentation of its belief.

Now come, artist, and paint the colors of the sunlight on the nations of the earth that are foremost, that are the most advanced in morality, in science, in intelligence and art, in commerce, in freedom, in the prosperity and happiness of the citizen, in everything which goes to the making of a great and noble people. See! you have marked out on the map the nations which are the Christian nations, and the lighter shade is where the nations are the most Christian, where the Bible has freest course and is the most believed.

And that is true every time. There is no exception. I challenge any infidel to show it differently. All over the world the shades are light or dark exactly in proportion to the progress or absence of the Christian religion.

If the agnostic has something for me to believe, and infidelity has something to take the place of the Bible and Christian belief, something better, something more helpful to the human race, let it produce the fruits before I am called upon to renounce that which my own heart and the united testimony of millions of the best of every generation for nineteen centuries tell me is ennobling and blessed in its influence, that which has in every age and in every clime regenerated and exalted and glorified mankind.

Let it bring its sons from far and its daughters from the ends of the earth ennobled and sanctified under its power. Until then I stand by the old faith, which, though old, is not yet obsolete, and has not lost its old-time power to bless the sons of men.

The Gospel in Africa's Mines

A Letter from Johannesburg which Tells of Cheering Missionary Progress

MR. D. W., a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has forwarded to us a letter received from his youngest son, a missionary in South Africa. Mr. W. has six sons, four of whom are ministers, while two are deacons—practically a whole family devoted to Gospel work. The letter says:

[illegible]

JOHANNESBURG, Z.A.R., So. Africa, Oct. 19.

Dear Parents:—Your ever-welcome letters have continued to pour in like cold water to the thirsty soul. You will never get too old nor too weak to look up to God in prayer for us, and this we appreciate very much.

Only the other day I was thinking I would give almost anything to be at home some morning, and sit in a corner and you take the Bible and go ahead and have our old-fashioned family worship, such as we were permitted to enjoy all through our lives. Although in childhood these things were thought little of, they were as a hammer upon a rock, and it was this that made an impression and left Gospel grooves and bruised places which were never to be forgotten. Oh, why will parents be so careless as to neglect family prayer! Surely there is nothing formal about God's Word; it ought to come first every morning. I thank you for being so faithful in holding eternal things before us children. These are the sweetest recollections of my childhood.

The Lord is good to us out here, and the work is filled with encouraging and soul-inspiring facts. Almost daily something takes place that shows forth the wonderful workings of God's Spirit upon the hearts of men, even though they be in darkest heathenism. We also find that our work is growing very fast. Some of our boys who were lately snatched from the jaws of heathenism, are now preaching more clearly to others than we ever preached to them, as they know better how to meet the heathen's superstitious ideas, and they can break the spell where we would fail. Some are the most earnest workers we have ever seen. Where we stood alone a few months ago, we now have a band of truly converted men and boys, who are full of something to say about *Indaba ka Jesu* (Story of Jesus). This is encouraging and we thank God for it. One old rough heathen man exclaimed, after one of our boys had finished a very earnest talk: "Oh, surely the name of Christ moves the world."

Lately I took a trip to Swaziland, some 300 miles away. We visited some kraals, following native foot-paths on the bicycle. Boys and girls at first sight took to their heels, and children ran off crying. In many places we were not met with words of welcome, as recent trouble had only been settled between the Dutch and the natives, and every man had his hands full of spears and knob-sticks, and large shields were carried by many. Nevertheless we had some good kraal meetings. We also visited some mission stations where we had some good meetings and received a hearty welcome.

The other day I was counting up the different tribes that are represented in our school, and I found that there were nine in all.

An Armenian Christmas Gift

In a recent article on the work among the Armenian orphan children at Harpoot, Mr. George P. Knapp gives this touching incident:

I wish I might tell of the simple, yet very enjoyable festivities on the Armenian New Year (January 13th), five days before their Christmas. Mrs. Barnum must be allowed to tell part of the story: "In the morning some of the boys of one Home brought us a tray, on which each boy had put something—a few nuts, 'liblebs' (a kind of roasted pea), or raisins, with a note expressing their appreciation of what is done for them. This is a copy translated by some one in the college:

"*Dear Sir and Mistress*:—We wish you a happy New Year. We have not any material return to offer for your kindness, but only our affectionate thanks, like a pretty and delicate rose. We are glad that at Christmas we can taste with pleasure some sweetmeats given in behalf of you. Be sure that not only our thanks and prayers will be given to you in heaven [illegible] Heaven. Father, the Lord of recompense will reward you in many ways. We pray God that moral and material success [illegible] children may be visible by the help of the Holy Spirit. Sirs and Mesdames, the effect of your moral and material assistance has been seen on Saturday evening, Dec. 25, when fifteen boys out of forty-five, repenting, confessing, and weeping, resolved to live [illegible] be in fulfilling the command of Jesus Christ, 'Love [illegible]'

"The children asked one day if they might give up one meal that day, eating only bread, so that they might give their food to the poor, and this was done. It was their Christmas offering."

The Gospel in Our New Colonies

As the military settlement of our new colonies in the West Indies and the Philippines progresses, the opportunities for Christian work of a missionary and educational character multiply. Testaments (in Spanish and American), hymn-books (in the same languages), and individual Gospels are now being circulated. The following sums have been received from readers for the general spiritual work in Cuba:

[illegible] $ [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

And for the distribution of Spanish American Testaments, these contributions have come to hand:

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] $ [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Mrs. Mrs. W. M. [illegible] A friend, N. H. .10.00
Mrs. I. M. D. [illegible] Mrs. A. [illegible]
Mrs. I. H. Wistrom . 4.00 Total . . . $46.50

All contributions for these objects will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

One Hope's Enough for Me

ONE hope's enough for me
To light me through the gloam;
The hope to dwell fore'er with thee
In yonder happy home.

One life's enough for me
This side the golden shore;
One life to suffer here with thee,
Then reign forevermore.

One hope's enough for me,
One life for my employ,
One heart such as I find in thee,
One song of endless joy.

[illegible], [illegible]. W. C. MARTIN.

The Truth

That Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine that money can buy is established by the fact that it [illegible]. No other preparation has such a record of cures. Scrofula, salt rheum, catarrh, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and all [illegible] by the [illegible] yield to its curative power. It purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, tones and [illegible] tite and builds up the physical strength, thus fortifying the system against attacks of fever, pneumonia, and the grip.

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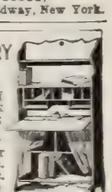

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Anecdotes by Moody

Illustrations and Incidents in the Life of the World's Greatest Evangelist*

THERE is a story of an old Christian slave in the South whose master was an infidel. One day the master went duck-shooting with his slave, and turning on him suddenly, he said:

"How is it, uncle, that the devil never tempts me, and always worries you? Why should he tempt a Christian more than an infidel?"

Before the slave could find an answer, a flock of ducks came within range and the master fired into them. He then directed the slave to make haste to secure the wounded birds first, and let those that were dead wait till last. When the slave returned to his master he had found his answer:

"You see, massa, I reckon it is this way about the devil. He thinks I'm only a poor, wounded soul that he wants to make sure of first, but you are surely his, and so you can wait."

There was a great deal of theology in the old man's reasoning. When a man is truly born of God, it seems as if every influence of evil is arrayed against him, and unless the work is genuine he will not stand.

* * *

Both Afraid

I remember a man in New York who used to come and pray with me. He had his cross. He was afraid to confess Christ. It seemed that down at the bottom of his trunk he had a Bible. He wanted to get it out and read it to a companion with whom he lived, but he was ashamed to do it. For a whole week that was his cross; and after he had carried the burden that long, and after a terrible struggle, he made up his mind. He said: "I will take my Bible out to-night and read it." He took it out, and soon heard the footsteps of his mate coming upstairs.

His first impulse was to put it away again, but then he thought he would not—he would face his companion with it. His mate came in, and seeing him at his Bible, said:

"John, are you interested in these things?"

"Yes," he replied.

"How long has this been, then?"

"Exactly a week," he answered; "for a whole week I have tried to get out my Bible to read to you, but I have never done so till now."

"Well," said his friend, "it is a strange thing. I was converted on the same night, and I, too, was ashamed to take my Bible out."

* * *

Only the Sick Ones Would Follow

A friend, who was traveling in the East, heard that there was a shepherd who still kept up the custom of calling his sheep by name. He went to the man and said:

"Let me put on your clothes, and take your crook, and I will call them, and see if they will come to me."

And so he did, and he called one sheep, "Mina, Mina," but the whole flock ran away. Then he said to the shepherd:

"Will none of them follow me when I call them?"

The shepherd replied: "Yes sir, some of them will; the sick sheep will follow anybody."

I'm not going to make the application, I leave that to you.

* * *

Don't Trifle with God

I met a man some time ago who told me he had never sinned in his life. He was the first perfect man I had ever met. I thought I would question him, and began to measure him by the law. I asked:

"Do you ever get angry?"

"Well," he said, "sometimes I do; but I have a right to do so. It is righteous indignation."

"Do you swear when you get angry?"

He admitted he did sometimes.

"Then," I asked, "are you ready to meet God?"

"Yes," he replied, "because I never mean anything when I swear."

Suppose I steal a man's watch and he comes after me. "Yes," I say, "I stole your watch and pawned it, but did not mean anything by it. I pawned it and spent the money, but I did not mean anything by it."

You would smile at and deride such a statement.

Ah, friends! You cannot trifle with God in that way.

* * *

How to Warm Up the Church

I was once preaching in Scotland, and when I got to the church it was so cold that I could see my breath three feet away. I said to the "beadle," as they call him:

"Aren't you going to have any heat in this building?"

He said they had no stoves or any other provision for heat.

"Well, how do you expect people to get warm?"

"Oh!" he said, "we expect the pulpit to warm us up."

* * *

Covering a Sun-Dial

Phillips Brooks told the story of some savages to whom was given a sun-dial. So desirous were they to honor and keep it sacred that they housed it in and built a roof over it.

Is your belief in God so reverent that you put it to one side carefully as being too sacred for daily use? Learn to use it. Let God in on your life. Let your faith inspire you to good works.

* * *

A Well-Deserved Rebuff

When I first held meetings in Glasgow, my committee (without my knowledge), sent to a livery establishment that kept a thousand horses, to engage a cab to drive me to my meetings on Sunday. The proprietor was a godly man, and sent me this message:

"Tell Mr. Moody he will do as much good by walking to his meetings as by driving three or four miles through the Fourth Commandment."

* From *Anecdotes, Illustrations and Incidents*, by D. L. Moody. Bible Institute Colportage Ass'n, Chicago, publishers; price 15 cents.

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Very likely the Dorcas Society, The King's Daughters, or the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, want funds to carry on their work this winter. Perhaps you have in contemplation a new organ or carpet for the Sunday-school, or possibly the question of paying off the church debt is troubling you. We have a plan for making more people read THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and at the same time providing money for any of these objects. Write to us and we will tell you how to do it.

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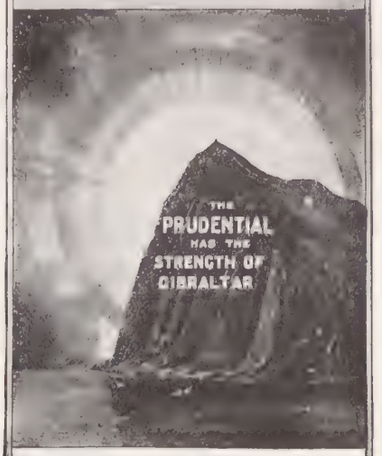

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and therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle. **Sample free by mail.**

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PLYMOUTH SEEKING A PASTOR

Rev. N. D. Hillis, of Chicago, Proposed by the Advisory Committee to Succeed Dr. Abbott

PLYMOUTH Church, Brooklyn, once occupied by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and recently rendered vacant by the resignation of Rev. Lyman Abbott, will in all likelihood soon have a new occupant. At a recent meeting of the Advisory Committee of the Church, the members were unanimously of the opinion that the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Chicago, should be called as pastor. A sub-committee was appointed to confer with Dr. Hillis, who has been invited to lecture and preach in Plymouth Church. It is considered highly probable that the choice of the Advisory Committee will be ratified by the Church, and that Dr. Hillis will receive a formal call to the vacant pulpit.

REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Dr. Hillis is of Puritan ancestry. His father, before moving to Iowa, was deacon in the church of Lyman Beecher, father of Plymouth's famous pastor. Newell was born in Iowa, Sept. 2, 1858. Subsequently his father went to Nebraska, where Newell received a common school education and worked on his father's farm. At the age of seventeen he was drawn into the missionary field, and worked energetically for three years, during 1878-79-80, under the direction of the American Sunday School Union, building up churches and Sunday Schools. He was the general missionary of the Union in Southwestern Nebraska. As the result of his labors in that capacity, many Sunday Schools were founded, and a number of churches have sprung up. Even in those early days, he gave evidence of marked ability as a preacher, and people came from long distances to attend his services. During his summer vacations, he went to Wyoming and did excellent missionary work among the miners.

His first call to the ministry came after he had concluded his theological studies at McCormick Seminary in 1884, and was from the First Presbyterian Church of Peoria, Ill. There he conducted a most successful pastorate and built a large church. His next charge was at Evanston, where another handsome and commodious church edifice had to be built to accommodate the crowds who flocked to hear him. While there he received a call to Chicago to succeed Prof. David Swing. His services are held in Central Music Hall, Chicago, where he attracts even larger congregations than his predecessor. The congregation is very wealthy, and their pastor's salary is a princely one. Central Church holds but one service a week, and its membership is so widely distributed that pastoral work is impracticable.

Dr. Hillis, if chosen, will bring to the duties of the new pastorate a mind well stored with Biblical truth, a heart that beats in sympathy with every effort for the conversion of sinners and the general betterment of the human race, and an intellect probably second to none in the American pulpit at the present time. He is in no sense an evangelical preacher, however, but inclines to the "new theology," as taught by Beecher and Abbott. His sermons, illustrative rather than argumentative, are perfect in form, vigorous yet highly polished in diction, and strongly recall the literary style of the late Bishop Brooks, and show also the influence of writers of the Matthew Arnold school of philosophy. Love, "sweetness and light," runs through every discourse like threads of silver. It is hardly necessary to add that Dr. Hillis is a great admirer of both Beecher and Abbott. His library contains the second largest Beecher collection in the world. As an author of religious works he has already taken a high position, his principal books being, *A Man Larger Than Success*, *The Investment of Influence*, *How the Inner Light Failed*, and *Foregleams of Immortality*.

Whichever Way the Wind Blows

Mr. Spurgeon went into the country to visit a friend who had built a new barn, and on the barn was a cupola upon which they had put a weather vane with this text upon it: "God is love." Mr. Spurgeon said to the man:

"What do you mean by putting that text of Scripture on the weather vane? Do you mean that God's love is as changeable as the wind?"

"Oh, no," was the reply; "I mean to say that God is love, whichever way the wind blows."

ALCOHOL'S ALPHABET *

A stands for alcohol; deathlike its grip;
B for beginner, who takes just a sip.
C for companion, who urges him on;
D for the demon of drink that was born;
E for endeavor he makes to resist;
F stands for friends who so loudly insist;
G for the guilt that he afterwards feels;
H for the horrors that hang at his heels;
I his intention to not drink at all;
J stands for jeering that follows his fall;
K for his knowledge that he is a slave;
L stands for the liquor his appetite craves;
M for convivial meetings so gay;
N stands for no that he tries hard to say;
O for the orgies that then come to pass;
P stands for pride, that he drowns in his glass;
Q stands for quarrels that nightly abound;
R stands for ruin that hovers around;
S stands for sights which his vision bedims;
T stands for trembling that seizes his limbs;
U for his usefulness sunk in the slums;
V stands for vagrant he quickly becomes;
W for waning of life that's soon done;
X for the exit regretted by none;
Y outh of this nation, such weakness is crime!
Z ealously turn from the tempter in time.

* In a recent contribution to the *North American Review*, Dr. Cyrus Edson, health officer of New York City, gave this alphabetic rhyme which he learned from one of his patients. While reciting it, he says, the tears would roll down the young man's cheeks as he described the different stages of his own career.

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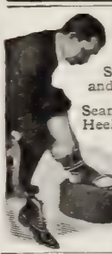

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MRS. PETTENGILL'S HUSBAND....

....BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE neighbors dropped in by twos and threes or one by one, until the large sitting-room in the farm-house, and the small parlor on the other side of the hall, were both filled with people. They spoke in subdued tones, or sat in silence, as those do who have come to a house of mourning. In the village and through the whole township, which included West Dingle, North Dingle, East Dingle and the Center, no man had been better known nor more respected than Isaiah Pettengill; yet it had been the misfortune of his long and worthy life to have been always alluded to by the community as Mrs. Pettengill's husband. For an evident reason it is derogatory to any man's dignity to be thus popularly labeled. A man should be the head of his house, should stand in the forefront and face the world for his family, should by no means take second place in the public esteem. Isaiah Pettengill, however, had always been overshadowed by the brisk and capable matron who bore his name. She was attentive, business-like and fond of authority; even her daughters, under their breath, called her domineering, and made haste as soon as they could to make places for themselves outside their mother's sphere. Lucy married at eighteen; Martha was a doctor, practicing in New York; Alice was in a department store there as a saleswoman. There were no sons, and only little Mildred was at home, when her father, sitting, as usual, peaceful and quiet in his chair after supper, leaned back his head, drew a long breath, and was gathered to his fathers. At the moment, Mrs. Pettengill was presiding over a meeting of the Aid Society in the church, and Milly, frightened and amazed, had run to the next house for help. But of earthly help there was no need. Mr. Pettengill, with that tranquil steadfastness in his still face, was far past the storms and breakers of this troublesome world.

"She's shut in the room with him—hasn't seen a soul—won't even speak to Lucy," said one good woman to another.

"The girls 'll be here by eleven o'clock. John Hopper 's got his team ready to go and meet 'em. It 'll be hard on Alice. She favors her pa, and he was very fond of her."

"Hard on all the girls," said Mrs. Nancy Brainerd, who was an intimate friend and connection on the Pettengill side by marriage. "Isaiah really brought 'em all up. Haven't I seen him dress them from top to toe when they were wee tots, and didn't he wait on every child of 'em as if they were princesses? He stood between them and the rough wind always."

"Yes, I think he's aged very fast since Alice went off to work in that big store. No need of it, you know, with this house and the farm, and all Isaiah's money. He sort o' pined for something cheery goin' on, and little Mildred was 'bout the only companion he had, poor man."

So the women talked, in half whispers, while the men sat dumb and compassionate. The instinct of sympathy had brought them to the desolate home. Now, though generally the lights were out, and everybody fast asleep by ten o'clock, the village folk would stay till the late train arrived, and the girls would be at home with their mother.

"To think," said Mrs. Danforth, "Mr. Pettengill was alive and well this afternoon. He called at my door and left my mail at three o'clock, and passed the time o' day, just as he always did. And now he's dead."

Upstairs, in the low-ceiled room where the two, husband and wife, had spent forty-four years together, Susan Pettengill sat beside the bed, her hand touching the icy cheek; her eyes, tearless yet, resting on the frozen brow.

"Isaiah!" she said, "Isaiah!" But there was no movement, no answer. For the first time in their wedded life, her husband was indifferent to her voice. "I wish I had not left you so often, dear," she said; "I wish I had been kinder. I wish you had not gone in such a hurry You always took your time, Isaiah; how could I know you would go and die when I was out of the house? How could I think of such a thing, my dear? My dear, my dear!"

And then the tears came. People knocked at the door, but she did not rise to let them in. People spoke, and called her. She paid no attention. Finally Mildred cried, "Mother, mother, let me come here and stay with you and pa. The house is full of the neighbors. I want to be with you!"

Mrs. Pettengill opened the door on the crack.

"You can't come here, Mildred—not just yet. I've got to be alone with your father. Go to bed, child. It's past your bedtime."

For the first time in her life Mildred disobeyed her mother. Death breaks down the established order. She could not go to bed till the friends were gone, and her sisters had come home. The child crept downstairs again, and nestled close to an old lady who had known much sorrow, and yet had kept serene and strong through it all. Aunty Raymond put an arm around Mildred, and drew the golden head to a resting-place against her soft, gray shawl. Presently the little girl was asleep.

Upstairs, still the widow, looking at her dead husband, went on with her self-reproach.

"You were always so easy and gentle, Isaiah. You let me have my own way. You did not seem to mind, and I marched right over you. I wish I had not. Oh, I wish I had staid with you to-night when you asked me to; you should have told me you were not well; how could I know you were going to die? You never did a thing before without consulting me!"

At last there was the sound of wheels at the door, and the bustle of an arrival. The daughters had come. The neighbors melted out of the house. There was a smell of coffee. Someone had thoughtfully prepared supper for the travelers. After everybody had gone, they sat down together and ate their meal. The mother had been coaxed away from her vigil, and sat down with them.

"Father had *angina pectoris*," said the daughter, who was a doctor. "He knew he would go suddenly at the last, but he pledged me never to worry you, mother. All his life his study has been not to worry you."

"Yes, I know."

"And he would not want you to grieve, dear; he would want you to keep up, so please won't you go to bed now, and get some sleep. There will be a good deal to do to-morrow."

The mother turned with a look of pale resolution.

"There has always been a good deal to do, and I would never let him do it as he liked. You are all tired, and may go to bed in your old rooms. See that Mildred is made comfortable. I shall stay beside Isaiah, myself."

But one little life to live, friends, and some of us make such tangled work of it. And when it is too late we see our mistakes, and try in vain to make amends. There were no flowers lacking on Isaiah Pettengill's mound in the cemetery, and the village grew familiar with the black-robed figure toiling to visit it, through all weathers, every day. But there were those who thought in their hearts, that Susan might have made him happier while she lived.

"A good man, Isaiah," said an old acquaintance, "but he'd have had a better time if he'd made folks stand 'round more. The Bible says, 'the meek shall inherit the earth.' He never inherited his share, till he lay in his coffin."

That is our way of looking at it. The angels may see more clearly. At all events, in Mrs. Pettengill's later and lonelier years, she has experienced a change of heart. She is sweeter, less imperious, more self-forgetful than once, and one day she said, speaking to an acquaintance,

"I am trying now to be what I wish I had been, when my dear husband was alive. Perhaps he sees me, and cares that I am trying. I like to think so."

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BOWERY WAIFS MADE GLAD

Mrs Bird Tells of the Joy and Gratitude Evoked by the Gifts from her Christmas Tree

MANY of our readers will be gratified to read the following entertaining letter from Mrs. Sarah J. Bird. She tells of the recent distribution of gifts from her wonderful Christmas tree, around which hundreds of the little children from the very poorest tenement districts in the lower part of New York congregate every year, on the day which is to them the brightest and happiest of all. For several years past a number of our readers have contributed to Mrs. Bird's famous tree, and they as well as others, will be deeply interested in learning of the disposition of their benevolent gifts. She writes:

DEAR FRIENDS—It is indeed a hopeless task to tell you with pen and paper about our Christmas tree in the Bowery Mission. To be able to appreciate my story you should first see our beautiful mission home. As you enter its door your first impulse would be to praise God that his friends have secured and set apart to his service this noble building. The one prayer of your heart would be that while the world stands, this home may be "kept for the Master's use." To its hospitality comes the stranger, homeless and friendless, from every city and town in our land; every day and every night hundreds come within its doors seeking "a kind word," or perhaps "a letter from home," and it is a privilege to give the friendly hand, for we know it is "somebody's boy." The work carried on in this mission is not local. It should be supported by the Christian fathers and mothers of two continents.

In our mission room there are three big domes which rise, as the little boy said, "to the sky," and in the centre of one of these, stood in its own native dignity, our Christmas tree, twenty feet high; more heavily laden than ever before with all manner of gifts from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The early morning found the kind friends (many of them members of the Rescue League of the Bowery Mission), mounted on ladders and hanging umbrellas, little stars, and bright, dazzling "nothings," but very soon dolls, big and small, covered every branch of the tree, so that for a time it looked like a big pyramid of living humanity; then mittens, hoods, and all kinds of red and white garments took their own place, and our Christmas tree, unlike any other in the world, had the honor of exhibiting the united industries of all the good friends who read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Was it any wonder, when the long procession of little kindergartners from our settlement came marching in, that they were dazed with the grandeur of their long-looked-for Christmas tree? Then came the kitchen garden girls, and as they caught a glimpse of miniature kitchens, wash tubs, dishes, beds, etc., they sang merrily, "How much we need to learn to work," amid exclamations of delight. After seating our 300 settlement children, who entered by ticket, our hearts turned to the great crowd outside, of unwashed half-clad little waifs, who for hours had watched that Bowery Home, hoping to steal in, and it was enough to open wide the doors of our Mission to all, when we heard a little voice plaintively say: "Please let me just look at a Christmas Tree, for I won't want nothing."

As I looked from the platform upon that crowded mass of children born of every nationality on earth, and knew that they were to be the fathers and mothers of the next generation, it seemed to me that unless this Christian country gives more of the Gospel to its own children here on the East Side, we shall find that we are breeding a people who will destroy themselves, for the "Wages of sin is death." But my heart was cheered as these upturned little faces, gazing upon that Christmas tree, suddenly arose and unitedly sung the story of the Christ who came to save the whole world.

For many weeks our brains were tired planing what our children of the East Side needed most, for past experience had given us perfect faith that in due time the generous gifts would come through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. And you know, faith like unbelief is contagious. One little girl inspired by what she saw and heard at the settlement with regard to higher things, astonished us one morning by applying her knowledge of prayer to material things. She appeared at our door three mornings in succession with the demand (not request), for shoes, for she said she had "ordered them"—in her ignorance this stood for prayer—and, when she appeared the fourth morning, we had just unpacked some things sent, and there was just one pair of shoes in the box, and they fitted her. Will not that lesson stand through all the dark days of that little life, and will it not be a power for good?

I have no words to express our gratitude to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We must leave the reward to our Father's love.

Yours in His service,
SARAH J. BIRD.

The following contributions have been received in aid of Mrs. Bird's work among the East Side children:

[illegible]		[illegible]	
[illegible]		L. N. Va.	
[illegible]		Hattie M. Twiss	1 00
[illegible]		[illegible]	
Ida Miller	1 00	Mrs. R. Robbins	
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Ellen A. Watson	1 00	Hannah Hobart	1 00
[illegible]		[illegible]	
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Irene Hamilton	1 00	B. S. [illegible]	
M. E. L. Kingston	25	W. R. Kintigh & wife	
[illegible]	1 00	A friend, Sabinal	
The Lord's Tenth.		Samuel T. Melville	
[illegible]	1 50	M. [illegible]	
—, Pawtucket	1 00	A. E., Manchester	
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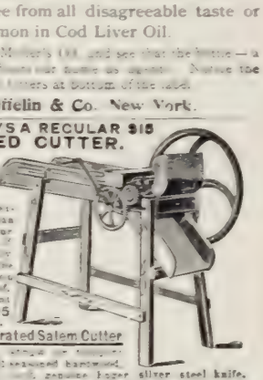

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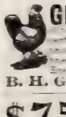

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FRIENDSHIP with the Lord knows no fear of loss; neither life nor death, nor things present, nor things to come can separate us. It is joy and strength in the present, and it lights up the future with a great hope. We are not much concerned about speculations for the future, for we know that we are in the hands of our Lover. All that we care to assert of our future is, that Christ will in an ever fuller degree be an environment of all Christian souls, and the effect of that constant environment will fulfill the aspiration of the Apostle, "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Communion produces likeness. This even now is the test of our friendship with the Lord. Are we assimilating his mind, his way of looking at things, his judgment, his spirit? Is the Christ conscience being developed in us? Have we an increasing interest in the things which interest him, an increasing love of the things that he loves, an increasing desire to serve the purposes he has at heart? "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you," is the test by which we can try ourselves.

Fellowship with him, being much in his company, thinking of him, seeking to please him, will produce likeness, and bring us together on more intimate terms. For, as love leads to the desire for fuller fellowship; so fellowship leads to a deeper love. Even if sometimes we almost doubt whether we are really in this blessed covenant of friendship, our policy is to go on loving him, serving him, striving to please him; and we will receive the assurance, which will yet bring peace; he will not disappoint us at the last. It is worth all the care and effort we can give, to have and to keep him for our friend who will be a lasting possession, whose life enters into the very fibre of our life and whose love makes us certain of God.

To know ourselves ever before a living, loving Presence, having a constant sense of Christ abiding in us, taking him with us into the market-place, into our business and our pleasure, to have him as our familiar friend in joy and sorrow, in gain and loss, in success and failure, must, in accordance with all psychological law, be a source of strength, lifting life to a higher level of thought, and feeling, and action. Supposing it were true and possible, it would naturally be the strongest force in the world, the most effective motive that could be devised: it would affect the whole moral outlook, and make some things easy now deemed impossible, and make some things impossible now to our shame too easy. Supposing this covenant with God were true, and we know ourselves to have such a Lover of our soul, it would, as a matter of course, give us deeper and more serious views of human life, and yet take away from us the burden and the unrest of life.

The human means of communication is prayer, though we limit it sadly. Prayer is not an act of worship merely, the bending of the knee on set occasions, and offering petitions in need. It is an attitude of soul, opening the life on the Godward side, and keeping free communication with the world of spirit. And so, it is possible to pray always, and to keep our friendship ever green and sweet; and God comes back upon the life, as dew upon the thirsty ground. There is an interchange of feeling, a responsiveness of love, a thrill of mutual friendship.

"You must love Him, ere to you
He shall seem worthy of your love."

The great appeal of the Christian is to Christian experience. Loving Christ is its own justification, as every loving heart knows. Life evidences itself: the existence of light is its own proof. The power of Christ on the heart needs no other argument than itself.

*From *Friendship*, by Rev Hugh Black, M.A., of Edinburgh, Scotland. A book that should be in the hands of young men and women, and which cannot fail to influence their lives. Pp. 237. Handsomely printed with marginal and other decorations, Cloth cover. Price $1.25. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Guide to True Religion. By Rev. P. Woods. Pp. 301. Published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Legal Revolution of 1902. By a Law-Abiding Revolutionist. Pp. 304. Price, $1. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago.

Ulysses S. Grant: His Life and Character. By Hamlin Garland. Pp. 524. Copiously illustrated. Price, $2.50. Published by Doubleday, McClure & Company, New York.

A New Discovery for the Cure of Consumption, and Other Lung Diseases.

The Alpha Medical Institute possesses the great secret for a positive cure for diseases of the Lungs and Respiratory Organs. It is the most valuable original Discovery made in the field of Medicine in the last twenty-five years. To prove these facts the Institute for the next sixty days will send its new Home Treatment entirely free to every sufferer from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, or Asthma. Mr. Frank W. Dewey, Pewano, Mich.; Rev. David R. Butrick, Motley, Minn.; Mrs. Margaret Taylor, North Henderson, Ill., and many others write gratefully of their cures by this new discovery. If you are in need of such help we advise you to take advantage of this great offer. Send your name, age, post-office address and nearest express office, with all particulars of your disease to the Alpha Medical Institute, 562 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will at once send you their Book and free Home Treatment as stated.

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This is a sad and pitiable form of delusion. It is not our business here to discuss the reason of it. Its prevalence, however, is beyond all doubt, and we feel that we are right in holding it responsible for a neglect of serious sible dangers. Nobody can afford to neglect them or "let them wear out," or "get better in the spring," or any other tomfoolery that leads only to wreck and ruin. Lung troubles don't move backward. Weak lungs don't grow strong by themselves—you must heal them and strengthen them and rid them of the very earliest germs of disease or you are simply committing a form of suicide. Either you must cure your lung troubles or THEY WILL KILL YOU.

That's the whole situation in a nutshell.

Never was there a cure for lung troubles equal to the newly discovered Dr. Slocum treatment. This forms a system of three remedies that are used simultaneously, and supplement each other's curative action. The treatment has immortalized Dr. Slocum's name. It cures weak lungs, bronchitis, asthma, coughs, consumption, catarrh and every other ailment

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lung troubles in ourselves and others—that it is almost criminal.

How many a poor bread-earner there is who keeps on and on at his daily toil, taking cough medicines by fits and starts, but never quite curing his cough, while this same cough is but a symptom of decay that is eating into his lungs, and will in time cause their destruction. Thus does a wife observe her husband, or parents witness the struggle of a darling child, the youth or the maiden who was to rejoice their later years, while no steps are taken to battle with the evil until consumption has seized on one more victim. It is simply terrible to think how far we may be guilty by our indifference to the lung troubles of those near and dear to us. It is also a sad thought that we may hug a delusion as to our own health that we only get rid of when life itself must pay the forfeit.

Let us quit the distressing subject to come to what is practical. Nobody can afford to think lightly of lung troubles. Nobody can afford to be mistaken about their possible dangers. Nobody can afford to neglect them or "let them wear out," or "get better in the spring," or any other tomfoolery that leads only to wreck and ruin. Lung troubles don't move backward. Weak lungs don't grow strong by themselves—you must heal them and strengthen them and rid them of the very earliest germs of disease or you are simply committing a form of suicide. Either you must cure your lung troubles or THEY WILL KILL YOU.

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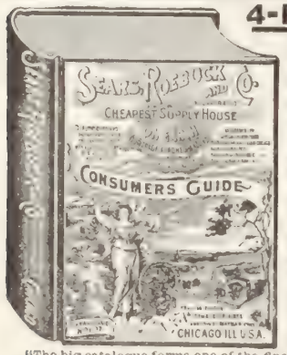

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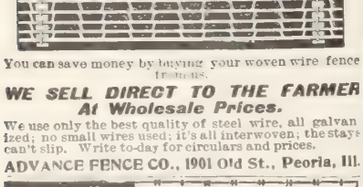

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 4

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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A BUGLE-BLAST AGAINST POLYGAMY!

Senator Edmunds Demands that Congress Expel Offenders Against Morality

MORMON TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY

THE MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY

FOR the second time in our history, the hydra of Polygamy has lifted its head in defiance of the American people. Utah, repudiating the sacred pledges it gave as an essential condition of admission to State hood, has not only failed to suppress the crime of plural marriage, but has promoted and encouraged it. Emboldened by apparent public indifference, it lately elected to Congress a notorious polygamist with three wives. This man — a convicted offender — is knocking at the doors of our national legislature, and claiming the right to a voice and vote in making laws for the American people. Public indignation, slow to awake, has been fully aroused in protest against so shameless a proceeding, and the demand is universal and insistent that Congress should exercise its prerogative and purge itself of the contamination. From every State—Utah alone excepted — there comes a mighty note of warning to Congress against the seating of an avowed polygamist as a member of the House of Representatives. As yet, the storm is only rising; presently it will thunder like a Niagara, and our legislators at Washington will do well to give it heed.

At the special request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, ex-Senator George F. Edmunds, the author of the Anti-Polygamy Act, and the ablest living Constitutional authority, has prepared an opinion on the case of Roberts, the polygamist Congressman-elect, which will be read with appreciation by all who cherish national honor and the sanctity of American homes. Senator Edmunds' calm, judicial exposition and his convincing arguments will have due weight with every reasonable mind. He sounds the call for a national crusade to preserve the honor of Congress and to protect the sanctity of American homes. He writes:

Editor "The Christian Herald":

DEAR SIR:—Your recent letter, asking such explanation as I may be able to give touching the case of Mr. Roberts, recently elected to Congress from the State of Utah, was duly received.

It is now just fifty years since the Mormon political hierarchy was established in Utah. It became an organized territory of the United States in 1850, and seven years thereafter a large military force was required to induce the Mormon territorial government and officers to obey the laws of the United States. From that time onward, until the passage of the Act of Congress of March 22, 1882, the political hierarchy under the form of territorial self-government, grew stronger and stronger, and polygamy had become an established and strong and growing institution in spite of the fact that ever since 1862 there had been in force an Act of Congress making bigamy in that territory, as well as others, a crime, and providing for its punishment. But, so far as I am informed, the Act has remained almost a dead letter, and naturally so, because, substantially, all the machinery of administering justice was under the control, either affirmatively or negatively, of the hierarchy. The Act of 1882 undertook to reform the methods of administering justice and to provide means for bringing to punishment persons guilty of polygamous practices under whatever name they might exist. The Act also provided for excluding from suffrage and from official employment that class of criminals. At the time it was under discussion, it was stated by those having the Bill in charge, that further measures would be brought to the attention of Congress as might appear expedient. And accordingly, Congress passed a supplemental Act on the 3rd of March, 1887, in which it provided, among other things, for annulling the territorial law of Utah, under which illegitimate children inherited the same as legitimate ones.

In consequence of these laws the institution of polygamy greatly declined, and there appeared reason for believing that in a few years this blot upon our civilization would entirely disappear. The hierarchy, however, still continued to control the majority of the voters in the territory, and it was thought unsafe to admit Utah as a State until there should be a decided gentile majority of voters there. But the determination of the hierarchy was continuous, and its efforts for admission persistent, until finally Congress was persuaded to pass the Act of July 16, 1894, authorizing the people of Utah to form a State Constitution and to be admitted.

It is generally known that this was accomplished by inducing Congress to believe that the claim of the hierarchy that polygamy was a divine institution, and a part of the Mormon religion had been abandoned, and that its

(Continued on Page 63)

HON. GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, THE AUTHOR OF THE ANTI-POLYGAMY ACT

The Distinguished ex-United States Senator who Counsels Congress to Exercise its Prerogative of Expulsion in the Roberts Case

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

W. B. H., Hatfield, Pa. What is hypnotism? Is it wickedness or not? Should a person who wants to become a Christian, learn it or not?

Hypnotism is a pseudo-science, by the operation of which an artificial trance-sleep is induced. The person so operated upon is in a somnambulistic condition, and, it is claimed, will act readily upon the direction or suggestion of a stronger will. Hypnotism must be classed in the same category with mesmerism, and is chiefly resorted to by charlatans and humbugs. No benefit can result from investigating it, as it has puzzled the ablest scientists and deluded thousands of the ignorant.

J. B. Eden, Fla. Does the Bible anywhere state how long Noah was building the ark?

The expression in Gen. 6: 3, is generally supposed to refer to the time. God decided to punish man, but gave him space for repentance. He said: "My spirit shall not always strive with man, yet his days shall be a hundred and twenty years." This is the period to which Peter refers (I. Pet. 3: 20). It is only a matter of inference that the building of the ark went on all that time.

W. H. W., Austin, Tex. 1. Can you tell me the author and where this adage was first used? "Blood is thicker than water"? 2. Should two couples of high standing, under any circumstances, take a chaperon when they take a pleasure trip; such as a row on the lake?

1. It is a very old proverb of uncertain origin, but probably [illegible]. 2. While not considered necessary in such cases in this country, she is regarded as indispensable in most European countries. Unless young people are very well acquainted and trust each other fully, it would not be considered entirely proper for them to venture, unattended by some older friend, on any trip that might involve danger.

F. J. C., Eldorado, Kan. What is the Christian Alliance?

The organization grew out of the work of Rev. A. B. Simpson in New York. He preached the four-fold Gospel: Christ our Saviour; Christ our Sanctifier; Christ our Healer; and Christ our Coming King. You will easily see what is implied under each head. Annual conventions were held at Mr. Simpson's church, to which Christians came from other cities, and eventually their reports of the principles and work described at these conventions led to the organization of branches of the Christian Alliance in various places.

Reader, Manayunk, Pa. Where is the saying, "Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold," found? Is it from the French?

It is found in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book 3, canto 11, stanza 54; but it is quite possible that it may have originally been borrowed from the French proverb.

Mary F., Paterson, N. J. My husband talks of going to the Klondike but I try to persuade him to stay at home, though times are very dull here. We hear from some people who have gone from this section, that everything is at famine prices at the diggings. Kindly advise us if this be so.

You are doubtless wise in advising as you do. Only a very small proportion of those who go hunting gold succeed in their expectations, and it would be unwise for anyone to surrender an assured position and invest the savings of years in what is very likely to prove a wild-goose chase. Prices at the Alaskan mines at last accounts were at almost fabulous figures—a bowl of soup costing $1, a steak $3.50, pie and coffee, $1.25, and other food in proportion. These figures are from a report on file in the Department of Labor at Washington.

A. E. J., Denton, Tex. 1. How could a slave become Empress of China, as is reported? 2. What foundation is there for the statement that Lazarus after his resurrection lived to be an old man and was a preacher of the Gospel?

1. The Emperor of China is allowed to have several wives, and the late Emperor chose for one of his wives the singularly intelligent slave, who now, as his widow, rules the empire. 2. None worthy of credence. There is an old tradition to that effect in Epiphanius and another of a totally different character in Fabricius, but nothing in the New Testament to confirm them.

Mrs. W. W. C., Buda, Texas. What is the Laocoon supposed to represent?

The Laocoon is a famous group statue, of a son of Priam and his two sons in their death struggle with the serpents. It has been interpreted to represent man's struggle when in the power of sin and vice.

Mrs. T. A. Jones, Marcellus, N. Y., sends this interesting letter:

I have a dear old Bible. It contains the English prayer-book, the Old Testament, the Apocrypha, the New Testament, two books of concordance, and the Psalms of David in verse, with tunes; all bound in one volume, in heavy dark leather binding. The paper is the thinnest and finest I ever saw. The type is very clear, old English type, and looks like the German. It was printed in London, by "Robert Barker, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, in year One Thousand Six Hundred and Thirteen." The New Testament bears the same date, 1613, but the first book of concordance after a rather lengthy preface finishes thus, "Signed by me this day, December Twenty-eight, Fifteen Hundred and Seventy-five." My father gave it to me on my sixteenth birthday. He said when I could read a chapter without a blunder, I should have it. I coveted it for its great age, so I won it. I have given it to my youngest brother's youngest son, with the understanding that it shall never leave the family, but be handed down from father to son.

GENERAL VIEW OF PARLIAMENT HILL, OTTAWA, ONT.

On this eminence about 160 feet high, are the Parliament Buildings. The hill is skirted on the east side by the Rideau Canal, on the south side by the city proper, and in front by the Ottawa River. This photograph of the buildings, recently taken, shows the cluster as a whole, presenting an architectural effect hardly rivalled anywhere on this continent.

Thomas, Reading, Pa. When and by whom was the first prayer offered?

The first prayer uttered by human lips was probably associated with the first offering of sacrifice. The earliest instance is mentioned in Gen. 4: 26, during the lifetime of Enoch: "Then men began to call upon the name of the Lord."

H. S. P., Ilion, N. Y. When a person has lived as near right as he could, and has been happy, but suddenly becomes despondent, what ought he to do?

It largely depends on the cause of his despondency. If he has realized that living "as near right as he could," will not satisfy God, he can get rid of his despondency by availing himself of the remedy provided for just such persons. Christ came into the world to save the lost, and he will save all who put their trust in him, howsoever they may have lived. There is no reason for despondency when God assures the sinner of pardon through Christ.

B. W. L., Bridgeport, Conn. 1. If man was created immortal, could he have sinned? 2. Is there any other way of attaining immortality except through Christ? Please give definite answers.

1. We have no knowledge on which to found a definite answer save that contained in the Bible story. If you believe that, you must admit that Adam did sin, and also that as stated in Gen. 3: 3 death was the penalty. The terms of the warning imply that otherwise he was not subject to death. 2. Eternal life is attain[illegible] distinct intimations in the New Testament of the continuous existence of the impenitent which does not come through Christ. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment" [illegible] ever and ever" (Rev. 20: 10), and there are other passages implying the existence beyond the grave of those who die in their sins.

Student, Providence, R. I. 1. At what depth of the sea are the waves felt? 2. What is the pressure at great sea-depths?

1. Scientific observers say that waves are appreciably felt at a depth of 3,000 feet. 2. At the depth of a mile, the pressure is equal to fully a ton to the square inch.

We have information that many readers have adopted the suggestion recently made in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for addressing the President urging action looking to cordial co-operation in the proposed International Peace Conference. The briefest and probably the best form of letter that has yet come to our attention is the following:

[illegible]NA, Calif., Jan. 1, 1899.

To Hon. Wm. Mc[illegible], President of the United [illegible]

[illegible] and suggest three international points: 1. A truce; 2. A court of arbitration; 3. An ocean peace patrol [illegible]

This is a model of conciseness, and might well be adopted by others who purpose writing to the President on the subject.

W. P. E., Mitchiner, N. C. Do not some people celebrate Christmas on January 6?

The Epiphany is celebrated on that day. The word signifies showing or manifestation, and is applied to the worship of the wise men which is supposed, but without any basis of authority, to have taken place twelve days after our Lord's birth.

N. B., Beverly, Mass. In what sense could the prophecy of the coming of Elijah (Mal. 4: 15), be fulfilled by John the Baptist?

The work he did was similar to that of Elijah. He called on men to repent, to forsake their sins, and turn to the Lord. He came in the spirit and power of Elijah, and, like the older prophet, was an ascetic.

Old Subscriber, Hutchinson, Kan. 1. What is the significance of the prediction (Gen. 3: 15) about the seed of the woman bruising the serpent's head and having his heel bruised? 2. Also of Acts 9: 5: "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks?" 3. Of what nation were the three [illegible] Matt. [illegible]

1. That in the conflict with evil then admitted into the world, the principle of evil would finally be crushed, but only at the cost to the victor of infinite suffering. 2. The simile is to the sharp goad used in driving oxen. If the ox kicked against it, he hurt himself. Paul was learning that his resistance to Christ and his people was an injury to his own soul. 3. Not known. Some have supposed that they came from Arabia, others from Mesopotamia, and others from Persia. An old tradition goes so far as to name them, but it is without evidence

J. M. C., Tampa, Fla. Are we to understand from Luke 11: 13, that the Holy Spirit will be given to all who ask?

Yes, if the request is made in the proper spirit. The prayer would not be answered, for instance, if offered by a man living in sin, nor [illegible] preciate the coming of the divine Visitant [illegible]

[illegible] and Thummim, mentioned Ex. 28: 30? 2. What [illegible] (II Kings 21: 6)?

1. They are supposed to have been two stones in the high priest's breastplate, which were consulted by the priest, and according as they glowed or became dim, the answer to a prayer was inferred. 2. An idolatrous ceremony sometimes involving the burning alive of a human victim. In the case of the king's son, he would probably be passed through the flame so as not to hurt him.

This interesting letter is from a very young reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

CALUMET, Mich., Jan. 7.

Dear "Herald":—If you can, please tell me in THE MAIL-BAG, the address of our Lord Jesus? I questioned my dear Papa about it, but he said "he [illegible] our Lord in fifty years, although he is not born in America. But I and my brothers and sister are [illegible] Finland and he is examined in many high schools in Europe and he is a much learned man; but his countrymen here are all unlearned and peasants. My Pa has made many ministers for them, but now he says he must leave his ministry, because his throat is sick. I wish to write to our Lord about this matter and tell him all, for Pa is too proud to depend upon men. But I am anxious about the address. I hope you know that.

The Lord Jesus is in heaven, but he is [illegible] and always. With his own lips he assured us of this when he said: "Lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28: 20). Access to him is easy (Mark 6: 6), and he not only tells us what to ask, but adds, repeatedly, that whatsoever His believing followers ask in his name, will be granted (John 14: 13, 14 and 16: 23, 24). Jesus himself answers the prayers of those who trust [illegible] to earnest believing prayer are [illegible] to little ones, who are followers of the Saviour, as well as to [illegible] Carry all your troubles to him and he will not fail you, but you should always pray that you may ask according to God's will (I. John 5: 14). We may not expect to understand the Divine purpose toward ourselves as in this life; with our spiritual vision unfolded, we cannot discern much of spiritual things; but, if we pray right and trust right, we may rest assured that He will bring it out all right in His [illegible]

M. H., Tygh Valley, Ore. [illegible] to understand that [illegible] spiritual body? 2. At what period did Flavius Josephus live and [illegible] meaning of the word death?

1. The expression is used by the Apostle Paul (I. Cor. 15: 44), in contrast with the natural, or physical, body, and he represents it as being conferred at the coming of Christ. He speaks of the dead being raised with a spiritual body and the living being changed. From this we infer that in that day, the believer, whether he be living or dead, will receive some such body as Christ had after his resurrection. Until death, or until the coming of Christ, we believe that no man has a spiritual body in that sense. 2. He was born A. D. 37, and is believed to have lived until 103. 3. The permanent cessation of the vital functions.

I. M. Shaw, Buffalo, N. Y. Write to a bird dealer.

C. L. S. By all means go to a reputable physi[illegible]

August——, Spalding, Neb. They are not of any value.

A. O. C. We do not know the origin of the ex[illegible]

Mrs. J. C. D., Belleville, Kans. We regret that we cannot inform you.

F. S. P., Parkland, Wis. Unquestionably correct. It is a photograph.

E. B. D., Pewamo, Mich. All nonsense. It has not been found and never will be.

P. D., Schenectady, N. Y. Some of your suggestions are good; others impracticable.

Inquirer, Gloucester, Va. Please send your full name, and an answer will be sent by mail.

Reader. Write to Rev. D. M. Heydrick, 500 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y., for all information.

J. G. S., Chicago, Ill. Write to Hubert P. Main, music publisher, E. 9th street, New York City.

Inquirer, New Jersey. It is not incumbent upon anyone to do it who does not recognize it as a benefit.

O. A. B., Raleigh, N. C. In every book consulted. *The Tapestry Weavers* is published anonymously.

Mrs. A. H. B., Montville, N. J. There is every reason to believe that the future life will be one of growth and progression.

J. G., Philadelphia, Pa. Birds of prey build their nests in various places—in rocks and cliffs and old ruins, as well as tree-tops.

Inquirer, Gunn City, Mo. There are no exact statistics but only estimates. See Harper's *Book of Facts*, or any good encyclopædia.

A Bugle-Blast... ...Against Polygamy

(Continued from first page)

practice had substantially ceased, and, therefore, that Utah ought to be admitted.

The only condition in the Enabling Act was that Utah's constitutional convention should provide by an ordinance irrevocable without the consent of the United States and the people of Utah, that while religious liberty should be sacred, "Polygamous or Plural Marriages are forever prohibited." The constitutional convention, held pursuant to this Act, adopted an ordinance in the very words of the requirement I have quoted, and the convention made all the territorial laws of Utah then in force, a part of the State law.

The Territorial Laws

But in respect of the territorial Act of the 4th of February, 1892, defining and punishing polygamy, etc., the convention adopted that Act only so far as it applied to polygamous marriages; the effect of which was, following the very words of the Act of Congress, to punish only the crime of contracting a polygamous or plural marriage, the proof of which, owing to the peculiar methods of the hierarchy, it had been found almost impossible to make in prosecutions under the Acts of Congress. This difficulty had led Congress in the Acts referred to, to reach the evil by providing for the punishment of unlawful cohabitation.

Since the admission of the State, which was completed by the President's proclamation of the 4th of January, 1896, I have never heard of any State prosecution in respect of any of the Acts related to the subject, and it is well understood that the Mormon hierarchy is in just as complete possession of the State in all respects as it was before the Acts of Congress passed in 1882 and 1887. This domination is not confined to matters of religious belief or worship, but extends to all the civil and political operations of the State—a concentration of power in a few hands which is perhaps without a parallel in any government having a written constitution and professing to be a government of the people.

Utah's Bad Faith

It is now evident enough that Congress was mistaken when it passed the Enabling Act in supposing that polygamous notions had disappeared, and that the State would go on in the same way as other States. Congress also must have overlooked the fact that any engagements on the part of the State of Utah as a condition of its admission to the Union relating to the administration of its internal affairs would not be binding in point of law, and could only bind the faith of the State Government, for a breach of which the only redress must be the forcible overturning of the State Government, which would be simply war. The instant the State was admitted, every act of Congress relating to its internal policy ceased to have any force whatever. The consequence is that in point of law, the State of Utah has the same sovereign rights that any other State has. She may punish polygamy or unlawful cohabitation, or she may authorize it. She may declare, as Congress had done, that illegitimate children shall not inherit, or she may declare as she appears to have done since her admission, that illegitimate children shall inherit on an equal footing with legitimates.

Roberts' "Plural Marriages"

The Constitution of Utah only prohibits the ceremony of making a polygamous or plural marriage. It does not prohibit the carrying on of polygamous relations. Nor do her laws go any further, so far as I can ascertain. In fact she is, as I have said, absolutely independent of Congress in respect of the subject, and she appears, from all reports, to be steadily taking advantage of her opportunities, and has, if reports are true, deliberately elected to Congress a person in the open and notorious practice of polygamy. I am not informed at what time these alleged polygamous marriages took place, nor is this material to the question. If they took place before the State was admitted, Mr. Roberts could have been punished by the authorities of the United States. But he can not be now. The Acts of Congress, while they punish cohabitation with plural wives, did not punish and were not intended to punish those who had been in the practice of polygamy for supporting those who had been their unlawful wives; but they did provide for punishing a continuance of the polygamous relation. If Mr. Roberts' polygamous marriages took place after the State was admitted, he would be guilty of violating the State law in contracting such marriages, but he would not be guilty of violating any State law in living as a husband with all his plural wives, for, so far as I am informed, there is no such law of Utah. In any case, as is true everywhere, statutes restraining crime are of no value unless there be a state of government, executive and judicial, willing and desirous to execute the law and bring offenders to punishment. It would seem clear from what has transpired, that the Government of Utah has no disposition to proceed in that direction.

In this state of things, you ask: What can the House of Representatives do in the case of Mr. Roberts? The Constitution of the United States provides that the House of Representatives shall be the judge of the election and qualifications of its members. The power to judge of the election is merely the power to ascertain whether a majority of the legal voters have in the manner provided by law voted for the member, and that is all. The qualifications of the member are three.

His Right to Admission

He must be twenty-five years of age; he must have been seven years a citizen of the United States; he must have been at the time of his election an inhabitant of the State. Of these three requisites the House is the judge. If he possesses these, the House has, in my opinion, no lawful power to apply any other or further test in respect of his being admitted to a seat. It would be extremely dangerous for a Constitution to give a majority of a House the right to determine what particular sort of man the people of a State should have the right to elect to represent them further than our Constitution has declared.

How he may be Expelled

This is too obvious to require illustration. But when a man so elected and possessing the qualifications required by the Constitution has once taken his seat, the Constitution brings into play another and entirely different provision, **authorizing the House, with the concurrence of two-thirds, to expel a member.** Upon the exercise of this right, the Constitution wisely imposed no limitation except that of requiring the concurrence of two-thirds to expel. If, therefore, the House of Representatives shall find on due inquiry that Mr. Roberts is an open, practical and persistent polygamist, and the House thinks that in view of that fact, and in connection with the circumstances under which Utah was admitted, or without reference to these circumstances, **it will be a reproach to its dignity and good name to continue Mr. Roberts as a member,** it may lawfully and rightfully expel him. If it does not act at all (supposing the facts to be as stated), it will have given its acquiescent approval of the conduct of Mr. Roberts, and of the action of the people who elected him with full knowledge of the circumstances, and henceforth it will be justly considered that the House has no disposition to interfere with the practice of polygamy in Utah. If it does act, and expel the member, it will have declared against the perpetuation of that system.

Utah being now a sovereign State, with all the power of any other State, neither House of Congress, or the whole government of the United States, can do anything further, except by the act of war to which I have already alluded.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Elected by the Mormon Church

Roberts' nomination for Congress, it is said, was brought about through the influence of the Mormon Apostle, Heber J. Grant and the "Church of the Latter Day Saints." His record was well known, and it was decided to make an aggressive campaign and exert all the influence of the Mormon hierarchy to secure his election and admission in Congress. Repeatedly the church was urged to withdraw him from the race, but it refused. In the very crisis of the campaign, the Governor of Utah, who is not a Mormon, wishing to avert the shame that would come upon the State from such a choice, pleaded with the people not to elect the avowed polygamist; but the Mormon power was supreme, and Roberts was triumphantly elected.

Brigham H. Roberts, according to the published accounts, has contracted three marriages. His wives are Louisa Smith Roberts, Celia Dibble Roberts and Margaret C. Shipp Roberts. The two first named live in Centreville, near Salt Lake City, and the third is a practicing physician in that city. In February, 1887, he was indicted by the Grand Jury of the United States before the Third District Court of Utah, for continuous and unlawful cohabitation, "with more than one woman as his wives." The indictment was filed Feb. 14, a warrant was issued the same day, he was arrested on the fifteenth of the same month, but was not arraigned until April 29, 1889, when he entered a plea of guilty. On May 1, 1889, he was sentenced to four months' confinement in the Utah penitentiary and a fine of $200.

The entire Protestant clergy of the State of Utah have united in an effort to defeat the Mormon plans, and have issued a statement exposing, in no measured language, the general condition of the Mormon element in Utah to-day. That statement among other matters, says:

"Of such cases ('celestial' or 'plural marriages'), more than 2,000 have come to our notice, and this living has resulted in the birth of more than 1,000 children since Statehood was granted Jan. 4, 1896. Religious adultery goes unpunished and the 'kingdom' grows apace. From the heads of the church down polygamy flourishes. It teaches that men may become gods by practicing adultery under the euphonious title of 'plural' or 'celestial' marriages. Mormonism is both anti-Christian and anti-American."

The *Kinsman* (a Gentile weekly paper, published in Salt Lake City), in an article entitled, "The Edge of the Situation," puts the Roberts case in a nutshell, in these words:

"If the Mormon theory of marriage is right, then we ought all to follow the Mormon priesthood and rely on Prophet, Seer and Revelator Snow for guidance in every spiritual and temporal concern. If the people of the United States are right on the question of marriage, then the Mormon god is a polygamous adulterer whose 'chief glory' is the commission of crime. If the people of the United States are right, this god exists only in theory and for the purpose of masking the lust of the Mormon, Melchizedek priesthood."

"The election of B. H. Roberts is the practical challenge of Mormonism on the question of whether plural marriage is a virtue or a crime. How are we going to answer the challenge?"

One year ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a remarkable series of articles from the able pen of General John Eaton, ex-United States Commissioner of Education, whose long official residence in Utah had given him unusual facilities for studying the Mormon question in all its aspects. That publication stirred the country deeply, and opened the eyes of the people to the real nature of the Mormon danger. We were deluged by an avalanche of letters from every State in the Union, inquiring as to the best measures to be adopted in dealing with the Mormon propagandists, hundreds of whom are actively at work poisoning the minds of unsuspecting persons in many communities.

This general agitation had hardly subsided, when the candidacy of Roberts gave it new vitality. Christian churches of different denominations, all over the land, have now taken up the anti-polygamy crusade, and, at the present time, it is the absorbing topic.

For the information of its readers, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has requested Gen. Eaton to make public his views on the case of Roberts, and he has complied in an important article which will appear in next week's issue.

PROMINENT MORMON DEFENDERS OF "PLURAL MARRIAGE"

1. WILFORD WOODRUFF, Seer Prophet, Revelator. 2. JOHN TAYLOR, Third President of the Mormon Church. 3. BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS, the Confessed Polygamist, Congressman-elect. 4. GEORGE Q. CANNON, the Actual Head of the Mormon Church. 5. BRIGHAM YOUNG.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

A SUMMER-HOUSE TRAGEDY

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Judges 3: 15:

But when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised them up a deliverer, Ehud, the son of Gera, a Benjamite, a man left-handed: and by him the children of Israel sent a present unto Eglon the king of Moab.

EHUD was a ruler in Israel. He was left-handed, and, what was peculiar about the tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, there were in it seven hundred left-handed men; and yet, so dexterous had they all become in the use of the left hand, that the Bible says they could sling stones at a hair's-breadth, and not miss. Well, there was a king by the name of Eglon, who was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom I first spoke, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came, pretending that he was going to pay the tax, and asked to see King Eglon. He was told he was in the summer-house, the place to which the king retired when it was too hot to sit in the palace. This summer-house was a place surrounded by flowers, and trees, and springing fountains, and warbling birds. Ehud entered the summer-house, and said to King Eglon that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waved out of the royal presence. King Eglon rises up to receive the messenger. Ehud, the left-handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger, and thrusts Eglon through until the haft went in after the blade. Eglon falls. Ehud comes forth to blow a trumpet of liberty amidst the mountains of Ephraim; and a great host is marshaled, and proud Moab submits to the conqueror, and Israel is free. So, O Lord, let all thine enemies perish! So, O Lord, let all thy friends triumph!

I learn first, from this subject, the power of left-handed men. There are some men who, by physical organization, have as much strength in their left hand as in their right hand; but there is something in the writing of this text which implies that Ehud had some defect in his right hand which compelled him to use his left. Oh, the power of left-handed men! Genius is often self-observant, careful of itself, not given to much toil, burning incense to its own aggrandizement; while many a man, with no natural endowments, actually defective in physical and mental organization, has an earnestness for the right, a patient industry, an all-consuming perseverance, which achieve marvels for the kingdom of Christ. Though left-handed, as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great and imperial as Eglon.

I have seen men of wealth gathering about them all their treasures, snuffing at the cause of a world lying in wickedness, roughly ordering Lazarus off their door-step, sending their dogs, not to lick his sores, but to hound him off their premises; catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, ropy, frog-inhabited pool of their own selfishness—right-handed men, worse than useless—while many a man with large heart and little purse, has, out of his limited means, made poverty leap for joy, and started an influence that overspans the grave, and will swing round and round the throne of God, world without end: Amen.

Ah, me! it is high time that you left-handed men, who have been longing for this gift, and that eloquence, and the other man's wealth, should take your left hand out of your pocket. Who made all these railroads? Who set up all these cities? Who started all these churches, and schools, and asylums? Who has done the tugging, and running, and pulling? Men of no wonderful endowments, thousands of them acknowledging themselves to be left-handed, and yet they were earnest, and yet they were determined, and yet they were triumphant.

But I do not suppose that Ehud, the first time he took a sling in his left hand, could throw a stone at a hair's-breadth, and not miss. I suppose it was practice that gave him the wonderful dexterity. Go forth to your spheres of duty, and be not discouraged if, in your first attempts, you miss the mark. Ehud missed it. Take another stone, put it carefully into the sling, swing it around your head, take better aim, and the next time you will strike the centre. The first time a mason rings his trowel upon the brick, he does not expect to put up a perfect wall. The first time a carpenter sends the plane over a board, or drives a bit through a beam, he does not expect to make perfect execution. The first time a boy attempts a rhyme, he does not expect to chime a "Lalla Rookh," or a "Lady of the Lake." Do not be surprised if, in your first efforts at doing good, you are not very largely successful. Understand that usefulness is an art, a science, a trade. There was an oculist performing a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young doctor stood by and said, "How easily you do that: it don't seem to cause you any trouble at all." "Ah," said the old oculist, "it is very easy now, but I spoiled a hatful of eyes to learn that." Be not surprised if it takes some practice before we can help men to moral eye-sight, and bring them to a vision of the Cross. Left-handed men, to the work! Take the Gospel for a sling, and faith and repentance for the smooth stone from the brook: take sure aim, God direct the weapon, and great Goliaths will tumble before you.

When Garibaldi was going out to battle, he told his troops what he wanted them to do, and after he had described what he wanted them to do, they said, "Well, general, what are you going to give us for all this?" "Well," he replied, "I don't know what else you will get, but you will get hunger, and cold, and wounds, and death. How do you like it?" His men stood before him for a little while in silence, and then they threw up their hands and cried, "We are the men! we are the men!" The Lord Jesus Christ calls you to his service. I do not promise you an easy time in this world. You may have persecutions, and trials, and misrepresentations; but afterward there comes an eternal weight of glory, and you can bear the wounds, and the bruises, and the misrepresentations, if you can have the reward afterward. Have you not enough enthusiasm to cry out, "We are the men! We are the men!"

I learn also from this subject the danger of worldly elevation. This Eglon was what the world called a great man. There were hundreds of people who would have considered it the greatest honor of their life just to have him speak to them; yet, although he is so high up in worldly position, he is not beyond the reach of Ehud's dagger. I see a great many people trying to climb up in social position, having an idea that there is a safe place somewhere far above, not knowing that the mountain of fame has a top like Mont Blanc, covered with perpetual snow.

We laugh at the children of Shinar for trying to build a tower that could reach to the heavens; but I think, if our eye-sight were only good enough, we could see a Babel in many a door-yard. Oh, the struggle is fierce. It is store against store, house against house, street against street, nation against nation. The goal for which men are running is chairs, and chandeliers, and mirrors, and houses, and lands, and presidential equipments. If they get what they anticipate, what have [illegible] while they live, and, worse than that, they are not safe after they are dead; for [illegible] One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb up into sycamore-trees to watch him as he passes, and, as he goes along on the shoulders of the people, there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. To-morrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing-press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before, cry, "Down with the traitor! down with him!"

Belshazzar sits at the feast, the mighty men of Babylon sitting all around him. Wit sparkles like the wine, and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandeliers; the chandeliers flash down on the decanters. The breath of hanging gardens floats in on the night air; the voice of revelry floats out. Amidst wreaths, and tapestry, and folded banners, a finger writes. The march of a host is heard on the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow is struck. The blood on the floor is richer-hued than the wine on the table. The kingdom has departed. Belshazzar was no worse, perhaps, than hundreds of people in Babylon, but his position slew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in. It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly attainments;" but this thing may be said of you and of me, "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christian, a friend of Jesus." And that in the last day will be the highest of all eulogiums.

I learn further from this subject that death comes to the summer-house. Eglon did not expect to die in that fine place. Amidst all the flower-leaves that drifted like summer snow into the window; in the tinkle and dash of the fountains; in the sound of a thousand leaves fluting on one tree-branch; in the cool breeze that came up to shake feverish trouble out of the king's locks—there was nothing that spake of death, but there he died! In the winter, when the snow is a shroud, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of our mortality; but when the weather is pleasant, and all our surroundings are agreeable, how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that we are mortal! And yet my text teaches that death does sometimes come to the summer-house. He is blind, and cannot see the leaves. He is deaf, and cannot hear the fountains. Oh, if death would ask us for victims, we could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at that little child—cold, and sick, and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parents intoxicated, staggering around its straw bed. Oh, Death there is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Before those little feet stumble on life's pathway, give them rest.

Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has done it gloriously. The companions of his youth all gone, his children dead, he longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Take from him the staff, and give him the sceptre! Up with him into the light, where eyes never grow dim, and the hair whitens not through the long years of eternity. Ah! Death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed, and from the aged man ready for the skies, and comes to the summer-house. What doest thou here, thou bony, ghastly monster, amidst this waving grass, and under this sunlight sifting through the tree-branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go, and their locks toss in the wind. Father and mother stand at the side of the room looking on, enjoying their glee. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and carry off a lamb. Meanwhile an old archer stands looking through the thicket. He points his arrow at the brightest of the group—he is a sure marksman—the bow bends, the arrow speeds! Hush now. The quick feet have stopped, and the locks toss no more in the wind. Laughter has gone out of the hall. Death in the summer-house!

Here is a father in mid-life; his coming home at night is the signal for mirth. The children rush to the door, and there are books on the evening stand, and the hours pass away on glad feet. There is nothing wanting in that home. Religion is there, and sacrifices on the altar morning and night. You look in that household and say, "I cannot think of anything happier. I do not really believe the world is so sad a place as some people describe it to be." The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The death-watch chirps dolefully on the hearth. The children whisper, and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the house late at night, you see the quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over! Death in the summer-house!

Here is an aged mother—aged, but not infirm. You think you will have the joy of caring for her wants a good while yet. As she goes from house to house, to children and grandchildren, her coming is a dropping of sunlight in the dwelling. Your children see her coming through the lane, and they cry, "Grandmother's come!" Care for you has marked up her face with many a deep wrinkle, and her back stoops with carrying your burdens. Some day she is very quiet. She says she is not sick, but something tells you you will not much longer have a mother. She will sit with you no more at the table, nor at the hearth. Her soul goes out so gently you do not exactly know the moment of its going. Fold the hands that have done so many kindnesses for you right over the heart that has beat with love toward you since before you were born. Let the pilgrim rest. She is weary. Death in the summer-house!

Gather about us what we will of comfort and luxury. When the pale messenger comes, he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in; nor, entering, does he wait to examine the pictures we have gathered on the wall; or, bending over your pillow, he does not stop to see whether there is color in the cheek, or gentleness in the eye, or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand forever mourning among the graves of our dead? No! No! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead, and then they open the cages, and the birds go singing heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead all bright thoughts and congratulations, and bid them sing of victory and redemption. I stamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breaks through into the light and the glory of heaven. The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red Sea were very dangerous places, and they supposed that every ship that went through those straits would be destroyed, and they were in the habit of putting on weeds of mourning for those who had gone on that voyage, as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called those straits? They called them the "Gate of Tears." I stand at the gate of tears through which many of your loved ones have gone, and I want to tell you that all are not shipwrecked that have gone through those straits into the great ocean stretching out beyond. The sound that comes from that other shore on still nights when we are wrapped in prayer makes me think that the departed are not dead. We are the dead—we who toil: we who weep: we who sin—we are the dead. How my heart aches for human sorrow! this sound of breaking hearts that I hear all about me! this last look of faces that never will brighten again! this last kiss of lips that never will speak again! this widowhood and orphanage! oh, when will the day of sorrow be gone!

After the sharpest winter, the spring dismounts from the shoulder of a southern gale and puts its warm hand upon the earth, and in its palm there comes the grass, and there come the flowers, and God reads over the poetry of bird, and brook, and bloom, and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter! If you have been on the sea, you know, as the ship passes in the night, there is a phosphorescent track left behind it: and as the waters roll up, they toss with unimaginable splendor. Well, across this great ocean of human trouble Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phosphorescent track of his feet we might all follow and be illumined!

Concerning Some Domestic Tyrants

BY AMELIA E. BARR

THERE are no people to whom we feel so hard and unforgiving as to the wilful preventers of Happiness. They may not bring us real calamities, but they do make the days that might have been joyous and profitable, days of worrying, and nagging, and unfruitful endurance. And the worst of this domestic tyranny is that it ruins and dwarfs really fine natures, by its perpetual fault-finding and its dictatorial absolutism. Women, in this respect, are quite as much to blame as men; exhibiting a selfish authority, which is the outcome not of affection, but of imperative, self-complacent disposition.

For instance: Some mothers, in the pure selfishness of their love, will not allow their children the ordinary amusements of youth. They must not skate, because they might get drowned; or ride, because the horse might run away; or row, because many young men injure themselves in those dreadful boat races; or play ball, because accidents are always occurring. They cannot have a dog, for it might go mad; or take a long walk among the woods or mountains, for fear of snakes or tramps. Work and play are alike dangerous to these timid, selfish, fretful autocrats; and to save themselves a little of that loving, prayerful care with which other mothers surround their growing boys and girls, they deprive theirs of that healthy sense of freedom and adventure so necessary to their finest development.

Another kind of Domestic Tyrant, is always fretting her children about their health. She mortifies them with comforters around their throats, and knitted muffs around their wrists, and flannel in all kind of places where flannel will not stay. She is sure they have a cold or are going to have one; and the aconite bottle, and the mustard leaf are always at hand. If delicate boys, but their father insists on them "roughing it." Fagging and hazing, are good for them. He rather enjoyed the fun. Exposure, physical training, mental cram, are only "hardening" and he approves them with the vaunting commentary, "Look at me! I don't know anything about nerves! I never had a headache! I can walk twenty miles at a stretch!"

If the mother should be a physical tyrant of this kind, she is a still more offensive, selfish thing. She boasts of her iron constitution continually. Usually, such a woman has a nervous, sensitive husband, whom she harries into despair; and fragile children, to whom she makes life a burden. She is a "crushing" woman; pitiless in all her relationships; a woman without any of those delicate, unconscious considerations for others, which make more frail, sympathetic mothers, so heroic and so loveable.

Much has been said lately about a "healthy animalism" for parentage; but too often hard, unwise parents spring from this source. They gallop over a thousand fine feelings they can not comprehend, and leave in every step, the mark of their hoofs on tender little hearts; because they have an utter want of that delicate sympathy, which a superior moral organization—not often compatable with rude vigorous animalism—bestows. Their dwellings have a constant atmosphere of east wind, full of bluster and brag. The sweetest, most wholesome homes, are frequently ruled by women, frail, sensitive, loving, and seldom free from pain. Yet their husbands love their homes, their children are remarkable for their consideration; their friends are singularly familiar. Boys are unconsciously humanized by having to respect a mother's headache; and girls learn many things

they go into the country, they may not sit on the grass or stay out in the sunshine. They are forbid to go under trees for fear of lightning, and may not stay out after dark for fear of malaria. They never know the joy of being in that good, wet northeaster, which Charles Kingsley called "the wind of God." In fact, they are so hedged in by advice and warnings, so limited by directions as to times, and places, and people, that all their pleasures are shorn of the atmosphere of freedom, and they bring to every recreation a nature fretted to pieces by restrictions. Such children have far too much of their mother's love; because, it considers first of all, her own selfish fear of being made anxious or uneasy. Self-sacrifice is too painful an endeavor, and so she sacrifices her children under the specious pretence of an extraordinary affection for them.

The Domestic Tyrant, full of coarse health and vigor, is a cruel destroyer of Home Happiness. He does not know what sickness is, and he does not believe in the sickness of his children. The boys of such men are frequently in natural ways, by having often to take mother's place. Between the physical tyranny of healthy animalism, and the sweet considerate patience of a delicate woman, there is no comparison, as far as the happiness of the home is concerned; though the combination of the two—the strength of the one the sweetness of the other—is, where it does exist, the most desirable of all.

A lady whose children all did remarkably well, was asked on what system she had brought them up, and her answer is worth the consideration of parents. "As soon as my babies were able to hold by a chair, I showed them that I expected them to take good care of themselves. I never 'ran to help them when they fell.' I let them pick themselves up. If they were hurt, I did not 'kiss the place to make it well.' I tried to make them laugh at their bumps. I gave them pocket money as soon as they could speak plain, and they had learned the value of money by the time they had grown up. I let them read any book or paper that came into the house, and talk to me about them. I allowed them to sit alone, if they wished to do so. I let them choose their own friends. I have always found them defer to my wishes in every respect. They are helpful, condding affectionate, and grateful." Is not this a better result, than the enforced obedience of any species of Domestic Tyranny?

mother" of one of the homes. As we had received no money for this district, we have decided to appropriate THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers' money for its support.

The "Kuzzel-bash" Koords are an extremely interesting people, although very uncivilized. There are the ruins of churches among them, and their villages have Christian names. They are Moslems only in name. They do not observe the fast of Ramazan, nor the ceremonial ablutions, nor the five daily Moslem prayers. A select few, who are free from glaring faults, constitute a sort of church; and they have occasional secret meetings on Friday evenings, at which bread and water are passed around after the manner of the Lord's supper. This is perhaps a relic of the Christian communion. They profess great reverence for Ali, the son in-law of Mohammed, like the Persians; but some of them say that the name was orignally adopted instead of Christ's name as a blind to the Mohammedans. With a Christian civilization, they would become one of the finest races in the empire.

We now have under our care in different parts of this missionary field nearly 1,100 orphans. It is a great care, but no part of our work is more full of encouragement. There are still many more for whom no provision has been made, and as there are no relief funds in hand this year, and as the price of grain is double the ordinary price, there will be great suffering and actual starvation among the very poor this winter. H. N. BARNUM.

The first of Mr. Barnum's enclosures is a letter from an Armenian girl, Sultan Kalezigian, which translated into English reads:

PERI, Nov. 3, 1898.

Christian Friends:

With grateful heart I offer to you deep thankfulness that I enjoy many good things through your means. Now I pray that the Most High God would give to you wisdom, strength and ability, that you may grow and flourish all the days of your life. I am grateful to you that you have sheltered an unworthy servant like me, in this comfortable home. I pray to God that he would give me a perfect heart, that I may be able to love my companions as myself, for the Lord often said: "Love your companions as your own souls."

A GIRL ORPHAN

As the poor Lazarus rested in the bosom of Abraham, I also wish when death comes, to rest with my Father, where the saints and angels live, and to be like them.

I offer my last thankfulness to you. I am grateful that you make glad an orphan like me. I pray that my Heavenly Father will give me a perfect and humble heart, that I may be like a tree planted by the waters that brings forth good fruit, so that my Father in heaven may be glorified. SULTAN KALEZIGIAN.

The second is a boy's letter:

My Noble Benefactor:

I esteem it a debt to express to you the sincere gratitude of my heart. I was a wanderer from street to street, hungry for a piece of bread. But God called an orphan like me to the delights of this home, and you from distant places, send to me food and clothing and other things, thus caring for me. You have given to me a father and mother who cherish me, both spiritually and temporally. They do all that is necessary, that in the future I may be able to take a worthy position.

I also, with hands opened up towards heaven, express my thankfulness, and pray that for a recompense of your goodness, God would open his loving doors, and from his never-failing treasury grant you abundant gifts, both temporal and spiritual.

God has said: "Whoever gives a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, shall not lose his reward."

Therefore, now I entreat, and I am confident, that he will hear the voice of an orphan like me, and will grant my petition, and will reward you. Again I express my gratitude and salute you. I remain yours, always grateful, *Peri, Nov. 2, 1898.* ABRAHAM HACHIGIAN.

One of the most touching sights that could be witnessed was a pitiful little girl orphan, all in rags and tatters, who came to the Harpoot Home, and whose photograph Mr. Barnum has also enclosed. This wretched little waif is now clean, clad, fed and happy. Her portrait is given on this page.

GRATEFUL LITTLE ORPHANS

Two Touching Letters from Harpoot, Conveying Thanks to "Christian Herald" Readers

REV. H. N. BARNUM, one of the American missionaries at Harpoot, Armenia, sends us the following letter, acknowledging the receipt of the latest remittance from the Armenian Orphan Fund, and enclosing two letters, written by an orphan boy and girl under his care:

HARPOOT, Turkey, Dec. 14, 1898.

Editor "The Christian Herald":

Your favor of Oct. 13th, with check for $150 for orphans, was duly and most gratefully received.

Ten miles to the north of us is the east branch of the Euphrates. The Anti-Taurus Mountains are not far beyond. That whole district was once inhabited by a thrifty Christian population. There are still a good many Armenians living there, but they are oppressed by feudal chiefs who have taken possession of the district, and they are surrounded by "Kuzzel-bash" Koords. There is no district in this part of the country where the Christians have so hard a lot as in this, the "Charsanjak district." The Turkish chiefs have taken possession of their houses and lands, and the people who once owned them—or their descendants rather—are simply serfs, while the Koords, although they doubtless had a Christian ancestry, plunder them as they have opportunity. The chief town, the seat of the local government, is Peri. We have recently opened two homes for the poor waifs in that district, for twenty boys and the same number of girls. A photographer has recently visited the place, and he took the pictures of the children. I enclose a copy of each. The male and female teachers are at the left. The man who sits at the left of the boys, is the good brother who has the general care of both orphanages without pay, while the woman who sits at the left of the girls, is the "House

A GROUP OF GIRL ORPHANS AND TEACHERS

BOY ORPHANS AND TEACHERS

ARMENIAN ORPHANS WHOM "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" READERS ARE SUPPORTING AT HARPOOT

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 5. John 4: 43-54
Golden Text, John 4: 53

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

AFTER his momentous conversation with the Samaritan woman, the Lord Jesus remained with the Samaritans at their request two days, where many "believed on him for the saying of the woman, He told me all things that ever I did . . . And many more believed because of his own word: and said unto the woman, Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world" (John 4: 39–42). Two days! This seems a short time for such a work! "Many believed;" and "many more believed," and yet he went away and left them! Was it not just the time to stay when such an awakening had begun? Our beloved Lord did not "judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears;" he was "of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord" (Isa. 11: 3). He was on the track of his Father's will which he was quick to understand.

How much hangs on that word "For," which commences verse 44! The Father who was always with him and whom he always pleased, had shown him that he should go not where it was easy and where he was appreciated, but into his own country, just where a prophet does not have honor. Why? Because the spirit which actuated him would manifest itself under the tests which he would meet with just where he was not appreciated. More glory would come to his Father, and more deliverance to a lost world, by the proof that under the most difficult tests, "tempted in all points like as we are," he still remained "without sin" (Heb. 4: 15), than in the salvation or healing of numerous individuals. What he proved himself to be through the Father dwelling in him, is a guarantee for all who would follow him that they can be the same: what he did in blessing to individuals touched those individuals only.

A transient acceptance among his own people awaited him. "When he was come into Galilee, the Galileans received him, having seen all the things that he did at Jerusalem at the feast: for they also went unto the feast:" the sin of Jeroboam in hindering them by the setting up of the golden calf of Bethel had long ceased. But, as his journey through Samaria had a definite purpose, already arranged for him by the Father, so now this journey into Galilee. He knew where to go and why. Sent of the Father, he came unto Cana of Galilee, where he had made the water wine. There was in the city of Capernaum, not very far distant, a man who sorely needed him: he was a nobleman, accustomed to command: he had heard of Jesus, the Carpenter, Prophet and Healer, and he besought him to come down and heal his son.

The case was urgent: his son was at the point of death. And yet the answer of Jesus seemed to imply that he did not recognize the urgency of the situation. "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe." "Sir, come down," was the impatient reply of the anxious father, "ere my child die." "Go thy way; thy son liveth: And the man believed."

It was not callousness, which led the Lord to deal faithfully with the nobleman at this critical moment. At Nazareth he did not many mighty works because of their unbelief (Matt. 13: 58). In Mark 6: 5, 6, it is yet more strongly stated, "He could there do no mighty work . . . and he marveled because of their unbelief." "Sir, come down," was the nobleman's request preferred with much of authority. It was met with a counter command. "Go thy way; thy son liveth." This was a refusal to meet the nobleman on his own terms, or to be in any way subservient to him on account of his high earthly position. The movements of the Lord Jesus were directed by higher considerations, to please, not rich men who would patronize his ministry, but his Father which was in heaven. While he would offer to come down to the centurion who did not think himself worthy that such an One should come under his roof, he would not come down to the house of the nobleman.

RUINS ON THE SITE OF CAPERNAUM

Are there not many Christians who will do things sometimes in order to keep in with rich and influential people? How far this is from the spirit and the example of the Lord Jesus! If he would go into Galilee, his own country, for the very reason that a prophet is not accepted in his own country, if he who was always at home with the poor, would not unnecessarily enter the houses of the rich, do we not learn that there is a danger of getting off the highway of faith and coming to depend upon man if we allow any such power to govern us as may bring us under the power of man? The clearly perceived will of God, according to the Scriptures, is our safe guide, and that without turning to the right hand or to the left to admit any side light or lower consideration.

"Go thy way; thy son liveth." This was the test, and the nobleman stood it, and was all the stronger in his faith because things did not come to pass as he had arranged them. He believed the Word, and did not take offence that his own plan was upset. This is a great point. If we have made a plan of the way in which God shall deliver us or our dear ones, and God in his providence goes right across our plan, and we get depressed at it, there is strong evidence that we do not really believe. We build on our plans, and not on the power and wisdom of God. And thus the nobleman teaches us a lesson.

The nobleman went his way, and as he was going down to Capernaum, no very long journey, his servants met him, and told him the very words which Jesus had spoken, "Thy son liveth." And when he inquired of them the hour when he began to amend, they answered, "Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him."

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

SEVERAL features of this miracle deserve notice. The chief is, that like the healing of the centurion's servant, recorded Matt. 8: 5-13, which occurred at Capernaum and is often confused with it, it was worked without contact with the sufferer. There could have been no magnetic or hypnotic influence in this case, such as critics sometimes allege in accounting for miracles. The sufferer was twenty miles away, and there is no reason to suppose that he had heard of Christ, or exercised any faith in him, or even knew that his father had gone to ask Christ's aid. The father had evidently a kind of faith. He believed in Christ's power. Christ noted the fact, in his remark about the signs and wonders, and apparently deplored that it went no further. Perhaps this was the reason that he put the nobleman to the test. He may have wished to see whether he would trust his word. The father's hope had been to bring the Healer to his son's bedside. Would he believe that his son could be healed without his coming? Apparently he did, for he did not hurry home. He was approaching it on the following day, when his servants met him with the news. Then, John says, the nobleman believed. One would have said he believed before this. A man would not travel twenty miles to bring a healer, if he did not believe in him. But this was a different kind of faith. It was the kind of belief Jesus wished to see. The belief in him not as a miracle-worker, but as Saviour and Lord. This was the object for which the miracles were worked. But unhappily, it was seldom accomplished. The people wondered at the miracles, but did not, like the nobleman, learn from them to trust in the Worker.

Besought him to come down. Like Naaman, the nobleman had settled in his own mind the course the healing would take. Christ would go to Capernaum and would stand by the bedside of the sick boy and would heal him. He had to learn that even in granting his petition Christ would take his own way. A young business man in a time of financial straitness went to a millionaire in New York and described the crisis in his affairs. "What do you want me to do?" the millionaire asked. The young business man, who kept his account at the same bank as the millionaire, produced his checkbook and filling out a check in his own favor for ten thousand dollars, offered it to the millionaire, saying, "If you will sign that, it will put me right." "I don't think it will," said the millionaire. But the young man was quite sure, and eventually persuaded the millionaire to write his name on the check. Half an hour afterwards he returned, complaining that he did not get the money, and came near being arrested. "I expected you would," was the reply. "You thought you knew best, but you see the bank and I have an understanding that I shall never use the printed forms for checks, but always write the whole on a piece of plain paper. Now let us talk your situation over and I will decide what is the best way of helping you." Many a man has learned, as Paul did in the matter of his thorn in the flesh, that God chooses his own way of answering prayer.

Believed the word. Men are often kept back from peace by not doing this. A great preacher tells the story of a boy who insulted and abused his father and left his home. The very next day he repented, went back home and said to his father: "I am sorry for what I said. Can you forgive me, father? I will never offend you again." The father freely forgave him and the son remained at home contented. Some years afterward the son lay on the field of Gettysburg severely wounded. His father found him and the son said, "Father, I am going to die and I am afraid. Tell me what I must do." The father recalled the boyhood incident and told him to speak to God in the same way as he had spoken when he returned home. "Is that all?" said the sufferer. "You believed me when I said I would forgive you," said the father, "and you have more reason to trust God." There was silence for some time and then the son murmured, "The peace of God which passes all understanding."

Himself believed. This was a different kind of faith from that the nobleman had when he set out to seek Christ's help for his son. If the question were put to a hundred persons on the street of one of our cities, "Do you believe in Christ?" the answer of the majority would probably be in the affirmative: yet it might be that very few of them could claim the name of Christians. A story is told of the head master of a great public school which illustrates the difference in kinds of faith. The boys knew him to be learned, but they thought him severe and hard-hearted and needlessly strict. They would deceive him when they could, and would use the books, called "cribs," which saved them study. They disregarded his lectures and paid no more attention than they were obliged to pay to his orders. But one day a boy in the school was badly hurt in the play-ground, and some one ran to tell the master. He came instantly and sent one of the boys to fetch a doctor. While he waited for the doctor to come, he took the injured boy in his arms, tenderly bound up his wound and comforted and cheered him. The boys looked on in wonder. They had never seen the master in that light before. "Why, he loves us!" one of them said in amazement. From that time there was a different spirit in the school. The boys trusted him, respected him, and followed his instructions. They had come to believe in him.

: : THE "MOTHER'S CLUB" MOVEMENT GROWS : :

It is Finding Enthusiastic Supporters in Many States — The New York Assembly and its Efficiency — The Work in New York City and Many Other Towns

MRS. DAVID O. MEARS

MRS. MARY SEYMOUR HOWELL

MRS. MAURICE L. WRIGHT

MRS. REBECCA KOHUT

MRS. J. CALVIN MEAD

IN response to many readers asking further particulars regarding officers and work of New York Assembly of Mothers, and New York City Mothers' Club, we publish several letters written by leaders of the movement to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: the first being that of Mrs. D. O. Mears, President of the Assembly. Mrs. Mears is also President of the Mothers' Association (organized 1833), of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Albany, of which her husband, Rev. Dr. Mears, is pastor:

The object of the Assembly is to promote conference among parents and teachers upon questions vital to the best interests of the home and school; to stimulate active interest in all that pertains to the highest development of the physical, mental, and spiritual welfare of the child; and to these ends to promote the formation of Mothers' and Homemakers' Clubs in all parts of our State. There are prosperous Mothers' Clubs in different cities of New York State, studying along educational and philanthropic lines. There are others connected with the churches and still others associated with city mission work, endeavoring to bring comfort and blessing into the lives of many mothers, having few advantages compared with their more favored sisters.

The Assembly is little more than a year old; it was organized soon after the National Congress of Mothers in February, 1897, and its first Annual Convention was at Syracuse, September, 1897. The officers, besides myself, are: Mrs. J. C. Mead, Oswego, and Mrs. E. H. Merrell, Syracuse, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. Almon Hensley, New York City, Recording Secretary; Mrs. F. H. Chase, Syracuse, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. F. J. Bailey, Albany, Treasurer. Chairmen of Committees are: Mrs. M. L. Wright, Oswego, Philanthropy; Mrs. Mary Stone Gregory, Utica, Kindergarten and Child Study; Mrs. E. A. Tuttle, New York City, Nature Studies; Mrs. S. M. Harris, New York City, Hygiene; Miss Etta Lansing Wentz, Albany, Physical Culture; Miss Laura A. Skinner, New York City, Press; Mrs. M. C. Coon, Oswego, New York, Reforms; Mrs. Almon Hensley, New York City, Moral Training; Mrs. A. H. Brockway, Brooklyn, Education; Miss Mary Louisa Butler, Chautauqua, Schools and School Laws; Mrs. F. J. Bailey, Albany, Temperance; Mrs. Mary Seymour Howell, Albany, Reading Circles. The officers of the Mothers' Assembly of the State of New York highly appreciate the interest taken by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers in our work.

The Syracuse Mothers' Club is doing excellent work, as is shown in the following account, supplied by courtesy of Mrs. Franklin H. Chase, one of the Vice-Presidents:

The Syracuse Mothers' Club was started in May, 1897. Its officers are: Mrs. E. H. Merrell, President; Mrs. E. M. Mitchell, Ph. D., Mrs. W. M. Ross, and myself, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. A. M. York, Secretary; Mrs. D. J. Francis, Treasurer. Dues are fifty cents a year which we use for books and philanthropic work. We have a nice library — many books having been donated. Have also fifty volumes from Albany traveling-library. In the Fall of 1897, when we were new and small in numbers, we undertook the formidable task of inviting to our city the first New York State Mothers' Assembly, which proved a success. We have now sixty or seventy members. Last summer we planned and raised funds for the carrying on of a summer play-ground, which was more than successful. It was open, under the charge of Mrs. Marie Louise Clark, a most efficient kindergartner, for six weeks with an average daily attendance of 400 children. One day we had 800. We think this the finest work we have done and mean to do it again next summer. We meet twice monthly; have first-class lectures by physicians and other able speakers. We are now undertaking extension work—establishing mothers' meetings in our schools. I have that work in charge.

Mrs. Maurice L. Wright, of the Oswego Mothers' Club, writes:

The Mothers' Club in this city was organized March, 1897. Able and interesting papers have been presented from time to time, followed by free discussion. Much effort has been made to bring the home and the school in closer relationship. A proof of the interest in this movement is clearly shown by the fact that the mayor of the city gives the Council Chamber in the City Hall for the meetings. Professors and teachers in our Normal School are giving their time and thought and influence to this work. Efforts are made in the Club to reach the poor mothers, and we co-operate with the truant officer to see that the children are clothed and kept in school, and we further seek to bring into their lives something that will brighten them and make their homes happier. It is a great work; its possibilities in all directions are practically limitless.

MISS ATKINSON — MRS. BURCHARD

MRS. FLORENTINE SCHOLLE SUTRO — MRS. MARY E. ATKINSON

MRS. SARAH MARIE HARRIS — MRS. ALMON HENSLEY

GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE NEW YORK CITY MOTHERS' CLUB

MRS. FANNIE J. BAILEY — MRS. E. A. TUTTLE

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE

The New York City Mothers' Club, of whose work previous mention has been made in this paper, antedates the State organization, and is really the parent of the latter. Affiliated Clubs are forming in Brooklyn, New Rochelle, Staten Island, Jersey City, and other neighboring localities.

"Homes for the Homeless" was the subject under discussion at the January meeting, of which Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake was Chairman. The Club is considering ways and means for providing homes and home influences for the city's great army of homeless working girls. All the officers of State and city organizations are leaders in church, temperance, and philanthropic work, thus bringing vast funds of practical experience in many lines to the prosecution of the Mother Club movement. Mrs. Harris, the city Club's President, organized the first Kindergarten Association of New York, having studied kindergarten methods for the benefit of her own children; for ten years she was in charge of the kindergarten at the Friends' Seminary, and still prepares young women to do kindergarten work. One of the most interesting personalities of the Club is that of Mrs. Rebecca Kohut, President of the Jewish Council of Women of New York. This lady, a representative Hebrew woman, delivered a remarkably interesting address before the last National Congress of Mothers. Mrs. Tuttle, apart from her official work, is conducting Mother Meetings at the Madison Square Church House (the Third Avenue Mission of Dr. Parkhurst's Church). Of other activities there, in line with this work, she says:

I have had a class of women for many years. We meet on Wednesdays to sew. It is very enjoyable and happy work. They give me more help and strength than it seems I give to them—though they come to me with all their cares and sorrows. I visit and do what I can for them. They are wonderfully self-sacrificing in giving to the "Needle-work Guild," of which I am a Section-President. In the Helping-Hand I have about fifty members, who contribute to this beautiful charity two new garments every year. They knit socks and stockings and do other sewing for this work.

"Christmas," Mrs. Tuttle added, incidentally, "was a delightful family gathering at my home; twenty children and grandchildren clustered about myself and my husband. Yet I feel that I have much to learn from other mothers and grandmothers, and surely I ought to have much to give them!" Mrs. Bailey, Treasurer of the State Assembly, and Chairman of the Committee on Temperance, is the mother of a prominent preacher in Albany, and has been conducting Mother Meetings in church work there for a number of years. It will be understood from this sketch that the women who have this movement in hand are such as to promise that it will be one of wide and profound effectiveness in helping the world to be better, for "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." In other States besides New York, the movement is gaining, and affiliated Mother Clubs are being organized in foreign countries—Japan, for one. Mrs. Birney, President of the National Congress of Mothers, writes:

Many beautiful and inspiring things have happened since my last letter. We are receiving encouragement from many directions, and I believe we will have a wonderful meeting at our Congress which convenes Feb. 14, in Washington. Please make a point of the fact that we want the co-operation of the fathers. We want the Congress of Mothers to develop into a Parents' Congress.

Mrs. Birney is quite right in urging this point, and that her wish may come true is a thing to be prayed for. A Virginia Mother Club woman sends this plea:

"Fathers' Clubs," as well as "Mothers' Clubs," should be formed in every church, in all social and Gospel settlements, in rural villages and country neighborhoods. The father represents a certain influence and power in the home that the mother cannot, just as she represents certain qualities that he cannot; and he represents a power in State government that the mother does not. It is important that parents meet together, and confer as to what sort of schools they want for children, how they can co-operate with State, church, teachers, and humane societies for their welfare, with what measures to influence society for their good, and how best to reach children of the slums and purify the streets through which children walk, and by whose atmosphere they are contaminated. Parents of the slums must be helped to a more intelligent realization and discharge of responsibilities.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.
Associate Editors.

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Expansion

EVERYBODY in these days is talking or thinking about expansion. However widely statesmen may differ on the question, there is one phase of it upon which all intelligent people, much more all Christians, are agreed, and that is soul-expansion. We may or may not share in the feelings which prompt the gloomy prophecies of Senators Hoar, Vest and others: but it is very certain that for the soul that has ceased to grow, nothing remains but disaster. From infancy to childhood, from childhood to maturity is the physical process, and woe to those who do not have a corresponding mental development! who are not continually advancing from narrowness towards liberality, from stinginess towards generosity, from sin towards holiness, from selfishness towards love! Arrest growth at any stage and you kill life: so, cease to expand in affections, in knowledge, in faith, and the decay begins: the ears are dulled, the conscience is seared, the heart is petrified. In this sense, no Christian can be an anti-expansionist; he must ever press forward towards a fuller and grander realization of the glory of the infinite God.

No Precedent for To-day

THERE was a time in the history of the church when it was necessary to reinforce every statement and to buttress every doctrine by quotations from "the fathers" and appeals to the "traditions of the elders." Such a period seems now to have been reached by us as a nation. We hear much of the constitution and of Washington's Farewell Address: nor, indeed, can we ponder those documents too carefully. And yet the answers to the questions confronting us at the close of the nineteenth century are not to be found in the writings of those who died at the end of the eighteenth. The extreme of conservatism is as dangerous as the extreme of imperialism. No unprejudiced person believes that Washington would have written his address as it stands, word for word, had he been penning it to-day. Everybody knows that we have read into our constitution meanings of which its framers were quite unsuspicious. And wisely, for the constitution is not a cast-iron fetter, but a plastic mould which can be adapted to varying circumstances. The best principle for our guidance now is to act in the spirit of our forefathers; remembering that the letter killeth: "doubting not that thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs and the thots of men are widened with the progress of the suns;" believing that in some things, after a century of Christian culture and experience, after finding permanent what our fathers tried as an experiment, we may be able to decide the new questions that present themselves at least as prudently as those who lived a hundred years ago could decide them for us. They faced their problems and solved them. It were better for us to imitate their conduct than to seek to secure our ease by indolently invoking their authority. The fear of a mistake should make us cautious and humble, but the conviction that we are laboring to carry out God's will should make us bold and hopeful. There is as truly a message of cheer and help from the nineteenth century to the twentieth, as there was from the eighteenth to the nineteenth. As long as there is room for improvement, as long as God rules, a brighter day is ever coming.

The City Door-Bell

THERE is something thoroughly honest in the stroke of the old-fashioned knocker. The visitor would let it fall thrice, and then everybody in the house, from garret to cellar, would know that somebody wanted to get in. But the knocker has been banished from all our city houses, and from many of the country houses, and the door-bell substituted. No doubt there are honest door-bells and door-bells which are a blessing, but in our crowded thoroughfare they become unprincipled and a nuisance. When one is solitary or sad it is a relief to hear one of them jingle. But to a busy life they become a pest, sometimes almost unendurable. When they call us to genial sociality, or to sympathy with the grief-struck, or to a pastoral duty, they are to be honored: but they sometimes seem to be bent on making a man crazy. We have often gone out through the kitchen way while our reception-room was full, and taken the railroad and gone fifty miles out of town to escape its perpetual assault and battery. We have for the same purpose taken a steamer for Portland or Charleston. When we had a barn on our premises on the outskirts of the city we sometimes went there to escape the tintinnabulation. One of our anticipations of heaven is that there will be an utter appeasing of this nuisance. There it goes now! And it has been going all day. First a printer's boy from a book-publisher: then one of the same kind from a newspaper, both of these chaps asking for more copy. Then came a woman whose husband is out of work, and wants to know if we can get him employment. Poor souls! How we should like to help them!

Then there came a committee wanting a lecture. Another committee wanting us to speak at an indignation meeting. To save time we deliver the indignation speech there and then, only two for an audience. Next, a couple to be married: next, a boy with a shoe bill. Absurd! we have nearly worn them out, and do you expect us to pay for such an old pair of shoes as that? Next, a man who wants to lecture, and would pay us well if we would furnish him a manuscript. Dear fellow! We are not in the brain-brokerage business. Clatter and bang again at the door. This is a fierce man, whose child has been sick for three weeks, and is infuriate that we did not know it, and have not been around with pastoral condolence. By this time we are getting excited, and the door-bell sounds to us as loud as a gong. A lady is opening a boarding-house, and she wants to know if we know any boarders. At her departure we take a long breath of relief and are about returning to our study, when clatter goes the bell. A book agent! We see the ominous bundle, and say, "Thank you! Don't open it! Don't want to buy." But he says, "You need not buy. Only let me show it to you." "Thank you, we have no time to look at it." "It won't take more than a minute, to look at it. All the other clergy have taken the book. You had better let me put down your name for a copy." "Thank you: we have all the facts of the book in other volumes." "But I want your name. It will help me very much with your congregation. By-the-way, would you give me a list of the more prominent names of your church?" "No: we cannot give a list." "Well, sir, let me present you with a copy of this book, and then put your name on my subscription-book." "No sir! our putting our name down implies that we have purchased a copy, and that would be a falsehood." "Well, you certainly want to help in the distribution of good literature, do you not?"

At this point we get unbalanced and cry out, "Sir, we have been pestered today with a long procession of bores, but you are the biggest of the lot! Now get out of the house." That was the first remark that made any salutary impression, and he went out of the room, not exactly shaking off the dust of his feet against us as witness, but leaving the mud of his clodhoppers on carpet and stairs. Then comes in a procession of people wanting money for churches, for asylums, for engine-houses, for the poor: others wanting letters of recommendation or introduction: others wanting autographs: others wanting nothing. You say, "Appoint certain hours when you must not be interrupted." That plan works only imperfectly. There are persistent fellows who will not be turned away. They persuade the door-servant that it is a matter of life and death that we be seen. If their card be brought to us they are sure we will see them. They gestulate so violently that the servant gets afraid. She has been only a little while in the family, and does not feel like being sacrificed, even in defense of the peace of the householder. Her courage fails and she timidly knocks at the pastor's door. After the urgent case is stated it is found out that the visitor has a new kind of cough-mixture which he wanted to introduce into the family. Meantime, when are you to prepare your Sabbath sermons and weekly lecture? If your sermons are poor, these interlopers will be the first to set up a howl at the poor fodder. If you have newspaper connections, or relations to some educational institution, what justice can you do them?

Amid these disturbances we once so lost the order of the day that we dined twice, forgetting that we had been at the table before, the second time chiding ourselves for poor appetite, which seemed to indicate declining health. There are two practical uses of writing all this. First, to persuade congregations not to be too sharp when their pastors have poor sermons. If you had one-half the interruptions and botherations your minister has you would not preach any better than he does, and would be so confused you could not answer the questions in Brown's "Shorter Catechism" as to who made you and what you were made of. Furthermore, let those who sit reading by the country fireside, the flames sissing and surging about the great back-log, have their gratitude stirred by the fact that they live two miles from town and have on their house, instead of a restless, fidgety, impertinent, rickety door-bell, a calm, deliberate, old-fashioned Christian door-knocker.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

BRIEF NOTES

A woman died recently in an asylum for ... record in the courts, of 281 convictions for drunk ... crimes.

... copal Church.

Washington Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has received an interesting addition to ...

... a critical condition. They were set upon recently by highwaymen in the open street of the town and were stabbed. No arrests were made.

Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, the famous missionary organizer and author, has suffered a bereavement which he feels acutely. His wife, to whom he was married forty-nine years ago, died ...

A curious volum ... English Public Libra... It is a Burmese book ... palm-leaves, which are held together by two pieces of wood, and the edges of the whole are decorated in gold and vermilion.

... writes us that the meetings he has been holding at Canton, Ill., have resulted in a remarkable work of grace. One hundred persons expressed an earnest desire for salvation at the service on January 8, and many are turning to the Lord at every service.

The death of the Hon. Nelson Dingley, of ... spicuous figure from the House of Representatives. Mr. Dingley was identified with the tariff legislation of Congress and was a recognized authority on financial subjects. He was sixty-one years of age.

A Cable message from Rome reports a surprising discovery. It is to the effect that Signor Baccolli, while conducting excavations in the forum ... stone which, according to the legend, marked the grave prepared for Romulus, the mythical founder of Rome.

The Empress-Dowager of China has ordered the execution of a Chinaman for a remarkable offence. He published an astronomical work compiled by a Christian missionary, adding to it some remarks of his own calling attention to the differences between its facts and the Chinese science.

... John Stuart Mill, became a believer in Christianity before his death, was publicly made in a sermon ... that the Principal's informant was the physician who attended Mill in his last illness.

... in which the late Pastor Spurgeon preached, is to cost $225,000, toward which $145,000 is in hand from insurance and subscriptions. Like the former building, it will be severely plain, not a cent being spent in ornament. The basement of the building is already completed, and on New Year's day services were held in it for the first time.

Frank S. Dobbins, writing to the *Examiner* on missionary progress, computes "that there are altogether 11,539 missionaries at work on the foreign field. An army of 65,754 native helpers has been organized, and the present number of communicant members is 1,448,861. The numbers in ... native helpers and 588,074 church members."

Dr. Ransome, the famous authority on consumption and kindred diseases, whose success in treating them is phenomenal, is quoted as saying that nearly all of the 70,000 deaths occurring annually from tuberculous diseases could be obviated if the importance of fresh air was properly understood by the people at large, and active measures taken to provide adequate ventilation.

According to statistical tables compiled by the Chicago *Tribune* it appears that the number of persons who died from disaster in this country dur... were responsible for 3,500. The list of marine disasters shows a loss of 3,655 lives on the ocean, and 75 on inland waters. The number of suicides is ...

Rev. C. E. Hoog, pastor of the M. E. Church at Whitehall Mich., writes that both there and at Montague, there is a revival of religion in progress. It commenced with a series of services held by Dr. ... children and for the aged, have been held in connection with the ordinary services, and have been largely attended. Several churches united in the movement all of which will receive additions.

The almanac of the American Board gives the following as the number of missionaries according to their nationality: Great Britain, 4,518; United States, 3,356; Continental Europe, aside from Germany, 1,035; Germany, 1,082; Asia, etc., 577; Canada, 229. Of native laborers Great Britain ... Australia, etc., 8,250; Continental Europe, aside from Germany, 7,128; Germany, 6,050; Canada, 613.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is spending another month in Boston Mass. On Sundays he is preaching in Clarendon St. Baptist Church, the scene of the labors of the late Dr. A. J. Gordon. Two meetings are held each week-day: a noon meeting at Bromfield St. M. E. Church and an evening meeting at Ruggles St. Baptist Church. Dr. L. B. Bates writes that the churches are crowded, and that not for many years has such an interest been ...

The South Congregational Church, Brook... N. Y., ... tion last week. Dr. A. J. Lyman, the beloved pastor of the church, completed the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate on Jan. 12. His church presented him with a testimonial of $7,000 as an expression of grateful esteem. Dr. Storrs, Dr. McLeod and other Brooklyn ministers, spoke of the noble, self-sacrificing, Christ-like work which Dr. Lyman has done in South Brooklyn during the ...

THE PHILIPPINES PROBLEM

BY deciding to send a non-partisan commission to the Philippine Islands, to study the situation and suggest the best method of dealing with the people, President McKinley has proved his disposition to act fairly and wisely in the crisis. The determined attitude adopted by the insurgents at Iloilo, on the island of Panay, the largest town except Manila in the whole group, shows that the utmost care and tact are needed in dealing with the problem. It seems certain that if Gen. Miller had persisted, on his arrival at Iloilo, in landing the troops with which by command of Gen. Otis he was to take possession of the town, there would have been bloodshed. It has even been stated that the insurgents were prepared to burn the town, rather than surrender it into American hands. Gen. Miller, therefore, prudently refrained from precipitating a conflict, and contented himself with occupying a position, from which the guns of his ships could act with effect, if it became necessary. At Manila there is the same danger of hostility. The extremely moderate and conciliatory manifesto, issued by Gen. Otis, evoked a reply from Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader, in which he declares unequivocally his defiance of American rule, and his determination to struggle for absolute independence. How far he has the support of the people of the islands in this attitude, cannot at present be ascertained. That there is a certain class who would aid him, may be assumed. There are in the Philippines, as everywhere else, men who are ambitious to govern and are concerned about their own interests, rather than about the welfare of the country. These would be with Aguinaldo, who is himself somewhat of an adventurer. It is said that the property-holding class have no desire for the rule of Aguinaldo which would probably lead to a condition similar to that of the Central American Republics, but would prefer the strong and equitable government of the United States. There can be no doubt that if the people prove to be fit for self-government and there is no danger of violence and anarchy, our government will give them independence, but we are in duty bound not to deliver them over to a tyranny which might be worse than that from which we have set them free. The unkindest thing we could do would be to leave them liable to a calamity such as that which befell the man of whom Christ spoke, who being delivered from one devil, fell under the tyranny of eight.

Then goeth he and taketh unto him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first (Luke 11:26).

A COAST SCENE AT ILOILO, THE SECOND LARGEST TOWN IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

An Unpleasant Resemblance

A prosperous Wall St. broker is concerned about a portrait in the Rogue's Gallery at Detective head-quarters in New York. He was going to lunch a few days ago, when a detective put his hand on his shoulder and ordered him to accompany him to Capt. McClusky's office. The broker indignantly refused and demanded to know what offense was charged against him. "None at present," said the detective, "but you have no right to be in Wall St. Your portrait has been in the gallery too long for you to be allowed to wander among these banks." The broker saw it would be useless to argue, so he agreed to go with his captor. But on the way uptown, he asked the detective to step with him into an insurance office that they passed. There, he was promptly and positively identified, and the detective being satisfied, apologized. But he said the resemblance between the broker and the portrait of a notorious criminal was sufficient to account for the mistake. Anxious Christians sometimes indulge in needless cares about their future, but they have no cause for fear of such a mistake:

The Lord knoweth them that are his (II. Tim. 2:19).

Why the Gun Burst

The inventor of the great gun which burst while being tested by the Government Inspectors in New York recently, gives a plausible reason for the accident. Dr. Gatling says that the gun was made of the best material and he was convinced when it was taken from the mold, that a perfect casting had been produced. The gun was then heated preparatory to boring, which process was to be witnessed by members of the Ordinance Board. At the last moment they notified him that they were unable to be present on that day, but would attend four days later. The question then arose whether the gun should be allowed to cool and be re-heated or should be kept in the furnace until the day fixed. The latter course was deemed best. When the gun was bored, specimen pieces of the boring were tested and it was found that the tensile strength was sixty thousand pounds to the square inch, instead of one hundred thousand. Dr. Gatling contends that this deficiency was the result of the gun being kept in the furnace four days longer than usual. The trials of Christians are often compared to the fierce heat of a furnace, but we are assured that painful as they are, they are never as in the case of this gun, continued longer than is good for them.

God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear (1 Cor. 10:13).

A House-Moving Feat

A feat, said by contractors to be unprecedented in the records of house-moving, has just been performed in Upper New York. It has been decided to widen Willis avenue by forty feet. At the point where it is intersected by One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, stood four five-storied brick houses seventy feet deep. Thirty feet of their depth was condemned, and it was supposed that the houses would have to be pulled down. But as they had cost $64,000, the owner was reluctant to lose them. He sent for the architect who had drawn the original plans and asked him if it was possible to move them. The architect said it could be done safely and undertook the task. The houses were separated from their foundations, and with jack-screws were raised four feet. Underneath them were placed ways filled with soap. The houses were let down into them and the jack-screws applied laterally. They traveled forty feet, when they were again raised to foundations prepared for them. The architect says that there is not a crack in any of the walls, and in a few days they will be ready for occupancy. Our forefathers would not have believed that such a movement was possible. Perhaps some of the scientific men of our own time, who argue learnedly against the possibility of life after death, will be similarly astonished when they learn that the houses our souls inhabit, can by divine power be fitted for occupancy in another place:

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead (Acts 26:8).

A Physician's Fortune

A decision in a Surrogate's Court at Kingston, N. Y., settles a dispute as to an inheritance of a quarter of a million dollars. It arose out of a will in which the testator left the whole to his physician. It was disputed by the testator's half-sister who claimed as the nearest relative. The evidence showed that the testator was taken ill while spending a few days at a hotel at Kingston. He sent for a physician, who, in spite of the fact that his patient was poor and unable to pay full fees, watched him through a serious illness and gave him the most devoted attention. The patient after his recovery, remained at Kingston, to be near his physician whose kindness had won his affection. Quite unexpectedly, an uncle who had taken no notice of him during his life died, leaving him his entire fortune. He was anxious then to show his gratitude to the physician who now finds that his friend has left him a quarter of a million dollars. The reason assigned for the bequest is that the physician befriended him when he was poor and when all his relatives neglected him. The decision of the Surrogate upholds the will. The court evidently thought that there was nothing unnatural, or improper, in the testator passing over his relatives, or choosing as his heir, the man who had befriended him in sickness and poverty. It is not often that such service is so richly rewarded in this world, but Christ assures us that it will be in the next:

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye, blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you; for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was a stranger and ye took me in; I was sick and ye visited me (Matt. 25:34-36).

Needles as a Penance

A press despatch from Chicago says that a remarkable patient is in one of the hospitals of that city. She has undergone an operation for the removal of a needle from the walls of her stomach, and is slowly recovering. This is the third needle which has been removed from her body, and it is believed that several more yet remain, which cannot be located until the Roentgen rays are called into service. The girl says that she was born in Germany, and was educated in a convent there. Her mother emigrated to the United States, leaving her in the convent to finish her education. After she graduated, she rejoined her mother here. She complained of internal pains, and on being pressed to explain the cause, said that she had not behaved well at the German convent. Whenever she broke a rule of the institution she pricked herself with a needle as a penance, and at last fixed needles in the inner belt of her skirt-waist where they would penetrate the flesh. Some of these needles disappeared, and she concluded that they had buried themselves in her body. How much suffering she would have been saved if she had learned the lesson reiterated in God's Word, that it is not by self-torture, nor by works of any kind, that sin is forgiven, but through faith in Christ!

PRESIDENT J. G. SCHURMAN
Chairman of the Commission to the Philippines

To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness (Romans 4:5).

A Habit of Drowning

A policeman made a singular complaint against a prisoner in the Harlem Police Court recently. The man had fallen into the water from the scow on which he was employed and only by the united efforts of the policeman and two bystanders had been saved from drowning. The policeman said that the man was an habitual drunkard, and whenever he was drunk at his work he was liable to fall overboard. He had already been rescued several times by men of the precinct. The prisoner did not deny the charge. He spoke gratefully of the exertions the officers had made in saving his life. He could not swim and would certainly have been drowned if they had not saved him. The magistrate lectured him on the risk he ran, and urged him to stop drinking lest sometime when he was drunk and fell overboard he might lose his life. "Stop drinking is it, your honor?" replied the prisoner, "I had rather fall overboard." He must love drink very much when, not even to save himself from death will he give it up. We think him foolish, but how much more foolish are those who will not give up sin even to save their souls!

When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness and doeth that which is lawful and right he shall save his soul alive (Ezek. 18:27).

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

THE "OLD FIELD" SCHOOL

"Learning Lessons" Under the Tutelage of the Old-Time Schoolmaster

MOST of our readers, who are crowned with long years, owe a debt of gratitude to the old-time school which the more excellent institutions of the day emphasize rather than make us forget. The old-time teacher, through whose long suffering patience we were safely initiated into the mysteries of "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic" is surely worth an honorable niche in memory. Furthermore, our marvelous public school system which seeks to make the path of learning sweet, and provides instruction free for every child, is a monument to to the old-time teacher, in whose faithful endeavors and painful experiments (painful sometimes to his pupils, too!), its foundations were laid. Our great men from Washington to Grant got their start in the rugged discipline of "old field" schools—among these Thomas Jefferson, founder of the University of Virginia, and framer of the Declaration of Independence.

The "old field" school was so called from the fact that the humble frame building often stood in an old field all by itself. What a long way we had to trudge to school, and what a hard time we had "getting our lessons!" Problems pricked sharp on every side, birches hung on the walls, dunce-stools stood in the corner, and fountains of tears were in daily play. "The hardest thing—the very hardest thing we had to learn," said a friend to the writer "was A B C. Latin and geometry were as nothing to it when we came to them. The teacher drummed it into us by the sweat of his brow, and we acquired its mastery in anguish unutterable. How many times we were completely routed and overthrown by the letter E. This is the way I learned E. My teacher did not believe in flogging girls. He was a kind-hearted man and hated to flog boys, although he sometimes felt that a hard duty compelled him to it; and he bore a grudge against the letter E because it made so many children unhappy. He had infinite patience with me. I would get on all right until I got to E, when I would simply give it up and cry. At last, just before I got to it, he would call out nervously, 'Skip E!' Presently I was saying, 'This is E—I must skip it:' and there I had the letter lodged in my little head safe and sound. Now babies learn the alphabet sitting on the floor and playing with blocks and picture books. They are familiarized with many useful arts while making cubes, cones and cylinders (instead of mud pies), out of clay in the kindergarten, and while weaving strips of bright-colored paper or cloth into all sorts of pretty things. Why, things are so turned around that last Christmas, little tots were inviting the old folks to the kindergarten to get presents off trees all hung with pretty things of their own contriving."

How hard it used to be to learn to write! One hundred new type-writing machines were recently installed in one of New York's public-schools: and soon that progressive city may have children thinking it fine fun to scribble in shorthand and peg away on type-writers. In schools for the blind, type-writers have been found of much value to sightless little ones, who acquire great speed on them.

When we consider modern helps and contrivances our hearts grow tender thinking of the patient "school-ma'am," or master—the dear old "dominie"—who taught us so much out of blue-back spelling-books and other "dry-as-dust" volumes, with few pictures, and perhaps not even a blackboard to help him. The children who sat on hard benches or rush-bottomed chairs for long hours (from almost sun-up to sun-down, with short intermissions for "big" and "little" recess), looked upon him as a miracle of learning, and the whole country-side regarded his opinion with greater veneration and less questioning than any principal of a modern school can command in these times when we question everything. Children were not under his care for short, graded terms; he carried them from A B C to differential calculus: and often followed them into the cares and responsibilities of later life with his counsels and prayers.

Molly's Language

This is a true story about a horse. A lady was walking in her flower-garden. A fence divided it from the lot where Molly, her son's pretty mare was grazing. Molly kept coming to the fence and hanging her head over. She could not speak English, but plainly Molly wanted to say something. The lady went up to the fence at a point some distance removed from Molly; Molly promptly changed her location, came to the lady, hung her head over her shoulder, and whinnied. "What is it, Molly?" her mistress asked. Molly could only whinny. Plainly, it wasn't food, with grass and to spare in the lot. But Molly was watered from the well, there being no stream in the lot. The lady gave orders for water to be brought, and the way Molly drank it showed that she had been forgotten by the groom and had been trying to tell her mistress of her thirst.

The "Children's Mayor"

This is what Mayor Quincy, of Boston, deserves to be called. He keeps the interests of the children perpetually before the City Council. In 1897 he told the Council that every ward of the city should be provided with some place where outdoor sports and contests could be carried on. To this end several large spaces have been taken for public playgrounds, and two open-air gymnasiums have been provided in thickly populated districts. He recommended also that in public squares and grounds, sand-pits be supplied for small children to play in, with places of shelter for mothers and nurses. At his suggestion the Bath Department put into effect during the last season a plan for providing instruction in swimming for school children, and about 3,500 were taught during the season. And yet the story of what he has done for the children is not half told!

Skating in Holland

Skating is the national sport, and also a medium for business intercourse. Where other countries have streets, roads, fences and hedges, Holland has waterways. You skate away to the next island or farm to call on a neighbor, and the housewife starts off to market with a basket on her arm and the children at her heels. The milk sledge whirls past, drawn by dogs, and full of shining copper jugs. In winter international skating contests take the place of the summer *kermis* (fair), and Holland, as a rule, comes off with the championship. The merry skating season is now in full swing, and the ice-courses are fairly alive with nobles, burghers and peasants, all engaged in the exhilarating pastime, while the air is jocund with sleigh-bells. "Skates like a true Dutchwoman," say the proud Hollanders of their Queen.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS CLASS

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew.
That one small head could carry all he knew."—*Goldsmith*

Which is Worse?

A Cape Ann newspaper tells a story like this:

A young woman was rambling along one of our country roads last spring. She was dressed smartly; and, when she met a small, bare-legged urchin carrying a bird's nest with eggs in it, she did not hesitate to stop him. "You are a wicked boy!" she said. "How could you rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs." "Oh, maybe she don't care," said the boy, looking solemnly up at the lady's bonnet, "Maybe she's on your hat!"

AT HOME

HOW [illegible]
We feel secure while sheltered thus,
[illegible]
We lift our hearts in praise,
And thank him for the light of home
That brightens all our days.

[illegible]
May find their way within;
Life's pathway is not always free
From darkness, doubt and sin.

Oh, may our structure then be built,
Not on the treach'rous sand,
But on the solid Rock instead
Which will forever stand.

And when the floods of death shall come,
Secure in hopes we'll rest,
And anchor safe beyond the storm
At home, forever blest.

Queens in Domestic Life

IF the character of the world's representative women is any indication, it proves that the standard of woman as home-maker and home-keeper is advancing rather than deteriorating. Take the world's Queens, for instance. Victoria of England's name is a synonym for wife and mother; so is that of ex-Queen Regent Emma, of Holland; and her daughter possesses the virtues which will make her own the same. The lamented Queen of Denmark, mother and mother-in-law to half of Europe, was pre-eminently a home-maker, in spite of the disabilities of a meagre income. The Czarina of Russia, "Sasha," as her husband calls her, is the "White Czar's" sweetheart, wife and counselor in one, and an ideal mother to his little grandduchesses. Queen Margherita, "Pearl of Italy," by right of character deserves her name. Amelie, of Portugal, became a physician in order to give her afflicted husband care that none but a wife would. As wife and mother the unhappy Spanish Queen is irreproachable. The Queen of Norway and Sweden is pious and spotless; one of her sons is a preacher. The recently celebrated fortieth birthday of Germany's Empress emphasized in many ways the high regard in which her husband's subjects hold this lady, an excellent helpmate to their Kaiser, and the wife and mother of seven German girls and boys. The catalogue of her kind acts and little attentions to people of all classes is extensive. As much may be said for every queen mentioned, and for other less conspicuous but equally amiable royal women. As benefactors of the unfortunate and as models of domestic virtues, the lovely "first ladies" of our own land can not be excelled by those of any country.

Compare this standard of royal womanhood with that of previous centuries and, while you stand aghast at the terrible faults imperial purple could cover, you thank Christianity that public opinion, which once permitted kings and queens to be worse than other men and women, now requires that they shall be better. A Napoleon the Great could not to-day so easily divorce a Josephine, in spite of the fact that divorce laws are pitiably lax; and no intellectual power—no power of any kind—could hold a Catherine the Great on any throne, except, perhaps, that of China. The time when wicked men and women could be great kings and queens is forever in the past; and the temper of the times regarding the private life of rulers of men is indicated by the fact that the sentiment of a whole nation is convulsed over the seating of a polygamous Congressman. The standard for kings is not yet so high as that for queens, but as the leaven of Christianity permeates the world more and more, people demand more and more that the domestic life of a ruler shall be above reproach, and that the man who sets an evil example in his home can not be trusted to set a good example in the State.

Children and Bible Stories

An excellent way to interest children in the Bible is to let them tell Bible stories in their own words. Show them on a map the different localities mentioned; tell them about the customs, costume and history of the time: if you have pictures to illustrate, all the better. A few evenings later, call for the story-telling.

Life in an Indian Mogul's Zenana

The Story of Beautiful Doolan Pasha, the "Bride-Princess" of Hyderabad, as Related by a Medical Missionary Inner Life of a Princely Oriental Home Described

THE PALACE OF THE NAWAB, SHOWING THE QUADRANGLE OF BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS SURROUNDING THE LAKE

DURING a residence of some years in India as a physician, it was my fortune to be called to attend the wives of one of the most liberal and intelligent of the native princes. The Nawab, Sir Keharshed Jah, Ameer Keholeier, Oomarah, etc., etc., etc., of Hyderabad, Deccan, is descended from a noble family, who came to India in the days of the Moguls, and reigned in magnificence at Delhi. The Nawab is a duke, as English titles would run—and when knighted by Queen Victoria a few years ago, he received the honor gracefully; but that title is a mere trifle compared to his inherited rank. He was also connected with the family of the old Nizam, or King of Hyderabad, who was the ruler during mutiny times.

The Prime Minister, Sir Salar Jung, and the aged Nizam were wise enough to foresee that eventually the English would conquer India. At this juncture, when assistance from the native princes was invaluable, the Nizam and Sir Salar Jung offered to the English their standing armies to fight the mutineers. This aid was no doubt valuable in stopping the horrible bloodshed. This great service the English government has always fully recognized. The native State of Hyderabad is allowed to remain as in olden times. Its princes are the possessors of ancient titles, and of fabulous revenues from landed estates, villages and towns, extending over the richest part of Central India.

Many Mohammedan princes have a multiplicity of wives, and the Nizam has about 300. He had, however, no direct heir. For many years, every little manchild either died at birth or soon after. During this period, a beautiful daughter was born to the Nizam. In Mohammedan courts, it is considered a shame for a girl to be seen by any except her immediate male relatives. This beautiful little princess was a noted exception. The hearts of the father and his lovely child were knit together as one. She was his constant companion in the zenana, even following him to the palace, where she sometimes gained a passing glimpse of the outer world. This unprecedented fondness of a father for a daughter, the Nizam most pathetically apologized for, by saying: "She is not my daughter. She is my son!"

The palace, where the princess sometimes followed her indulgent father, extends around four sides of an artificial lake, which is fed by an aqueduct in a distant elevated suburb of the city. Women coolies water the garden many times a day. None but princes, or very rich people, can afford gardens in that very hot country. The sight of a well-watered garden during the long dry season, is the token of great luxury.

THE NAWAB, SIR KEHARSHED JAH, IN MOGUL COSTUME

As time passed, and the little princess grew up to womanhood, with reluctant heart the father arranged a marriage for her.

Doolan Pasha, the "Bride-Princess," as she was called, was to be united to the Nawab, Sir Keharshed Jah, as his rightful wife. Keharshed Jah ("the glory of the moon and stars"), was a happy bridegroom. And a beautiful palace was built for the princess, and then the strict zenana life encircled her. But such a free spirit could not be prisoned within stone walls. Very touching stories are told of her. To-day in the ancient walled city, one still hears the tales of the beautiful life of "Doolan Pasha," who seems so like a Christian that we feel sure God gave her freely of his own Spirit. Having a revenue becoming her rank, instead of lavishing it upon herself, or her surroundings, it was her pleasure to send her attendants to search out the poor and sick and wretched. In every neglected part of that intensely Indian and Mohammedan city — into the hidden nooks and dark places—her sympathy and love found those who never could see her—or could even kiss her hands or feet. Their need was to her a claim on her generosity, and when the news came from her zenana that her sweet life had gone out, the city was startled with cries, and wild confusion, as those who had so often been blessed by her rent their clothes, beat their breasts, and threw dust and ashes in the air. They mourned with a great and very sore lamentation.

This photograph of the interior of the princess' zenana was taken for me by a lady photographist, and gives an idea of the dwellings of those shut-away lives. Her son is now the heir of His Excellency, the Nawab, Sir Keharshed Jah, and bears in his face tokens of nobility. At the time of the recent jubilee of Queen Victoria, this prince was sent by the Nizam to represent the native State of Hyderabad at the festivities. The Queen entertained him, with his *Aide de Camp*, at Windsor Palace. The photograph of the young Nawab was taken by the Queen's own photographist, and was presented to me at the time of his return to India.

The young Nawab, as well as his father, is a great traveler in his own country, often taking two or more of the zenanas to the mountain resorts and the great cities. It has been my good fortune to accompany them on more than one of those journeys. To keep strict zenana is a most expensive and difficult undertaking. To accommodate the zenana, a side-track is laid from the main railway into a large zenana garden. There, cars with closed shutters are run into the garden. In the darkness of night, in closed carriages and covered palanquins, come the ladies and their slave attendants, from the separate zenanas, thus enabling them to enter the cars in strict seclusion. The next morning these cars are attached to the train. In this way extensive journeys can be made and the otherwise tedious zenana life is varied. This prince has made many such journeys, thus giving his wives pleasures which less fortunate Mohammedan women can never enjoy.

The annual income of the prince in question is equal to over $2,000,000. He, being a strict Mohammedan, does not put it out on bond and mortgage, and thus receive interest for its use. This the Koran calls usury, and is forbidden. Therefore he deposits it, as fast as received, in vaults where it lies until required, the silver often turning quite black with oxide, before it reaches the outer world again. These vaults are built

INTERIOR OF THE ZENANA OF THE "DOOLAN PASHA"

THE NAWAB IN ORDINARY DRESS, WITH ATTENDANTS

under his own business palace, and are guarded by soldiers day and night. It is a very gay and martial sight to see this prince, when he goes to drive, guarded on every side by mounted cavalry. With gay banners, and flashing spears and bayonets, the horsemen guard the carriage of the prince. His household numbers about 2,000 souls, and he employs a medical staff of six or seven doctors, and a well qualified nurse.

Whenever any members of the royal family from England visit India, this prince entertains them in his palaces, which are luxuriously equipped, with the idea of making his guests comfortable as to every detail of hospitality. In order to perform such state and social duties in the best form, a cultured English gentleman is in constant attendance; one of the latest, in such a capacity, being a nephew of Lord Littleton. By such care and counsel, very extensive social entertainments are given.

State dinners are often given, as many as 400 guests being seated at once at various tables under spreading palms, in the midst of tropical flowers. The whole scene is made to resemble a fairy garden, with electric lights hidden in drooping vines and gay hangings. It seems strange that at such entertainments one never sees a native lady, although many English ladies may be present. We shall hope for better days in the future, when these beautiful Indian women shall take their proper place as the companions and the equals of their husbands and natural guardians.

ALICE BYRAM CONDICT, M.D.,

Formerly in the service of His Excellency the Nawab, Sir Keharshed Jah.

* * *

After a few years of service here in America, Dr. Alice B. Condict, who gives us the above, is about to return to her former field of work in Bombay. This time, in addition to medical work among the women in the vicinity of that great city of India, Dr. Condict is preparing to open a Rest House for Christian workers and missionaries.

Bombay is central, has an equable climate, varying from 75° F. to 95° F., and this is a boon to many, who for many months in the interior live in a temperature of from 90° to 105°. The lives of missionaries, and especially native Christian workers, are most exhausting. Those who have never known such environment can have no conception of the depressing influences surrounding the devoted men and women who work in village and jungle districts.

The poor of India are distressingly poor; so that in many extensive districts real coin (even copper), is seldom handled; for such poor people, a small shell called cowrie, is the coin. Our missionaries are busy going to these very neglected ones. "To them the Gospel is preached." When one of these Gospel messengers is over weary, perchance ill, or requires a change, or medical care, there is no alternative—he must go to hospitals where decided heathen influences prevail. Dr. Condict is about to open this Rest House to meet this great need of the faithful workers for Jesus. She will arrive in Bombay about the middle of February. Fifty dollars will furnish a room in the Rest House and $100 will endow a bed for one year, so that many can have the comforts of a Christian house. Those of our readers who may desire to aid the work of Dr. Condict, may write to her at Bombay, India, where she will personally answer all such communications.

The Bethesda Home

Readers of this journal who are interested in the work for women carried on at the Bethesda Home in Brooklyn, will be glad to learn that the institution is becoming increasingly useful and the results of its influence are appreciated. The following contributions towards the expenses have been received:

[illegible]	$ [illegible]
Mrs Thos Rowland	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs Geo A Raymond	10 00
A friend, Springfield	2 00
I H N, Mt Vernon	1 00
M S, North Wales	2 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Christmas Offering	2 00
—, Malden	2 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Jane Hope	5 00
—, Moore's Mill	10 00
One who pities the homeless, Reed's	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
G L Harrington	3 00
Millie Rundell	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Amos, Flandreau	2 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mary Arnour	4
[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	$264 10

AFTER-SUPPER CHATS

The Doing of Little Kindnesses — Shopping Reflections — Health and Cheerfulness, Etc.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise.

THESE familiar lines have been in my mind often during the mid-winter days through which we are passing. We were sitting at dinner in my home one evening lately—the city dinner hour, you know, is about seven o'clock, long after dark, at this season—and the night was cold and blustering, one of the bitterest we have had, with the north winds sending forth the signals of a coming storm. There came a timid ring at the door, and presently the pretty maid, her rosy face quite sad, announced an unexpected guest. "If you should set your eyes on him, mum, the weest specimen of a lad, an' he's just starved with the cold, and not a shoe to his foot, nor a bit of an overcoat on, this dreadful night!" We do have people calling at the door for alms, and I sometimes fancy, from the partiality of tramps for my house, that the fraternity have set their secret mark somewhere on the doorstep, but there was evidently an unusual distinction of sorrow about this child.

"In the holiday season, too!" exclaimed the young lady of the family. "What a shame. Bring him right in, Bridget, and let me look into the case."

* * *

WHEN our imperative daughter-of-the-house takes this tone, there is nothing more to be said. The child was speedily warmed and fed, and clothed even to new shoes, while my timid protest about the charity organization was overruled, though we did take his name and number and family history, and Mildred went to see him the next day, and found everything true as truth, and sad as poverty and sickness and no work for father and mother could make it. And this leads me to the somewhat trite remark that we cannot in winter have ourselves always too straitly bound by rigid rules. We must often, for our own good, as well as for his, relieve the individual, without waiting for the organized society which may later come in with its more lasting efficiency of help.

I saw this same Mildred do a very lovely thing on Christmas Day. A messenger boy brought a package to her door. "Lady," he said, "this box fell out of my hand, and I'm afraid whatever is in it is broken. If I can pay for it I will." The box was opened, and there, in fragments, lay what had been a beautiful piece of china. Mildred loves china, and the color came to her face as she saw the wreck of her Christmas gift. But she laid her little white hand on the boy's shoulder, and said, without a moment's hesitation:

"Don't think any more about it. This is something you cannot pay for. Accidents will happen, and you did not mean to break it."

Which, take it all in all, was an act and speech of sweet unselfish charity, worthy of the day and season.

* * *

I WAS shopping in New York the other day, and the salesman whom I have dealt with for years said to me, "Did you see the lady who went out just as you came in? She is Miss——," and he named her with a sort of awe. "One day last winter she was at my counter, and she had a very rare and elegant book in her hand. She saw me looking at it, and said: 'If you would like to have the reading of this, I will lend it to you when I have finished it.' And not long after I was laid up with an illness, and not able to get to the store for several weeks. One day the expressman called and left me the book. The lady had found out where I lived and remembered to send it to me."

This, too, was another act of unselfish kindness and love. As we go on in life it more and more seems to me that the only thing really worth while is to make people happy. If we can, in any small way, diminish the sum of wretchedness in other lives, let us by all means try to do so, not thinking of ourselves, and patterning by Christ, who went about doing good.

* * *

YOUR depression, dear Mrs. R. V., is very easily accounted for by your state of health. Indigestion is a foe to cheerfulness, and when one suffers torment unspeakable after every mouthful of food and drink of water, one can hardly be gay. I know nothing personally of this messenger of Apollyon, but I have seen enough of his assaults on my friends to make me aware of his baneful power. From what you tell me, I fancy you are living too sedentary a life, and I am sure you need fresh air and outdoor exercise. Try walking an hour every morning, and, if possible, procure some sensible apparatus for enlarging the chest and developing the muscles, and use it regularly. Let your food be simple, and for awhile avoid hot bread and fried things. Eat very slowly, and say to yourself and everybody else, "With God's help, I am going to get well." "Rejoice not over me, my enemy," said the prophet. "Though I fall, I shall arise again."

* * *

CHEERFULNESS is of course largely a matter of temperament, and some people with every apparent reason for depression, manage to preserve their gayety. It is also, dear friend, a matter of faith. I once knew a man, poor and dependent, totally blind and almost as deaf as a post, but nothing obscured his sunshine. "I have a rich Father in heaven," he used to say, "and why should I be cast down?" Thank God for the brightness in your way. Refuse to be gloomy. Cultivate the society of young people. Be much with the children. And daily carry your burden to the dear Lord and leave it with him.

* * *

PHYSICIANS with us always administer an anesthetic in cases such as you describe, dear Southern matron, unless there is some reason known to them why the patient should not take one. Sometimes there is occasion, particularly after the birth of a babe, to dread the subsequent effects of ether or chloroform on the mother. The doctors know best in all cases. If one calls in her family attendant, she should trust unreservedly to his skill and judgment. But there is no sacredness in pain, per se, and modern science does all it can to render pain inoperative. Fortitude and courage are praiseworthy qualities, yet common sense and religion both show us that strength in the long run is preserved best by those who suffer least physical agony. We start in life with a certain amount of capital, in the way of strength and health, and we may increase this by good management, or use it up recklessly, as spendthrifts do their patrimony. Blessed among men are those members of the medical profession who lessen the sum of human suffering.

* * *

A HOUSE-WARMING? How perfectly delightful! I am so glad that some of my younger friends are engaged in nest-building and home-planning. When a new home is ready for occupancy, the house-warming is simply the first gathering of kindred and acquaintance under its roof. The invitations to such an affair should be very informal, given verbally, or in letters of a simple straightforward character, like this, for example:

CLOVER CROFT, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. [illegible]

Will you and your husband give John and me the pleasure of your company on Thursday evening next, from eight till eleven o'clock? We are just established in our new home, and would like our friends to enjoy it with us.

Sincerely yours,

Jan. —, 1899. MARY VIOLET FOSTER.

You need not follow this form precisely, but a note of this general style will answer the purpose. For the entertainment of guests on such an occasion, provide a simple supper of oysters, sandwiches and coffee, or, if you prefer, and [illegible] Welsh rarebit. Cake and coffee will, however, meet every need of such a function. Conversation, games, music and recitations are sufficient in the way of a programme. Above everything, give your friends a very cordial welcome.

* * *

TO MY troubled lassie, I can but recommend great patience, and, will she and every other young woman who has parents, pardon me if I add a hint about the fifth commandment. Surely, when God bids us each "honor thy father and thy mother," he means us to be tender over their caprices and foibles, gentle in view of their limitations, and lovingly anxious to hide their frailties from the world.

Margaret E. Sangster

Good Causes Helped

The following sums have been contributed by the readers of this journal for the support of the various worthy causes mentioned below:

Bella Cooke's Work.

[illegible]	$13 50
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	$14 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Prev. ack	$ [illegible]
Caroline Tau [illegible]	[illegible]
E Olivier Mansfield Jr	5 00
Hiram F Clark	5 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs E M [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	1 00
Susan M Sturges	1 00
I H N	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	$ [illegible]

Door of Hope.

[illegible]	$25 50
C O D Mecha [illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs E Wilkins [illegible]	1 50
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	5 00
Total	$ [illegible]

Foreign Missions.

[illegible]	$ [illegible]
W H Sill	5 00
Mrs [illegible]	[illegible]
A friend, Springfield	1 00
A Wattman	5 00
J H Dudley	50
Total	$126 16

Good Samaritan Home.

Prev. ack	$30 75
Mrs [illegible]	[illegible]
Jane Hope	5 00
Total	$43 75

Home Missions.

Prev. ack	$11 00
Mrs B F Andrea	1 50
Total	$12 50

Mrs. Lathrop's Hospital

Prev. ack	$89 25
A friend, Springfield	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs W J Close	5 00
Total	$ [illegible] 25

Any Good Cause.

Prev. ack	$231 83
Jos Bateson Jr	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Miss E L Patten	50
Jacob K Runkle	50
Ida E Hoberecht	1 70
Fannie L Tate	1 00
C E Soc, Keystone	17
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs Jas S Carter	43
Mr & Mrs F H Letterman	3 00
Mrs Thos Williams	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Miss Lephino Downs	1 50
Mama Cnarite & Little Charite	3 00
S Macomber	2 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Hiram F Clark	10 00
Conrad Eimbeck	3 00
A [illegible]	[illegible]
Emma I Bauer	4 00
Mrs Jos Konkel	75
[illegible]	[illegible]
Miss M [illegible]	[illegible]
D A Manwaring	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
One Tenth Fund, Medford Lodge	7 50
O F [illegible]	[illegible]
H E [illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs [illegible]	[illegible]
O P [illegible]	[illegible]
Amos, Flandreau	1 00
R R Pratt	1 00
Geo S Pursell	50
[illegible]	[illegible]
A F Haskell	2 00
R E [illegible]	[illegible]
Kate A Jackson	1 00
Total	$302 83

Memorable Incidents.

Prev. ack	$363 71
I H N, Iowa	1 50
Mrs Edwin Anderson	12 00
Thro' Mrs H C Foss	0 00
Jane Hope	[illegible]
Total	$ [illegible]

Missionary in Africa (Miss M. Sharp).

Prev. ack	$21 75
Mrs T A Custer	1 00
Bertha E Davis	[illegible]
Total	$24 75

Mission work.

[illegible]	$ [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	$ [illegible]

Miss [illegible] in Tibet).

Prev. ack	$2 00
A reader of C H, Roseisle	3 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	$ [illegible]

Dr. Hannah G. Yoseph (Work in Persia).

[illegible]	$ [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	$ [illegible]
Total	$7 00

Jerry McAuley Mission.

[illegible]	$ [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Jane Hope	5 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

Stands

[illegible]	$ [illegible]

Orphan Relief in India.

[illegible]	$ [illegible]
L W Felter	10 00
Mrs A [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	$ [illegible]

Armenian Fund.

[illegible]	$ [illegible]
Mrs Wm Stout	1 00
T F Verdon	1 00
Mrs Alfred Wood	1 00
M Helen Fray	24 50
I Girod	2 50
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Homer Stewart	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Howard Glenn	75
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Cland Glenn	25
[illegible]	[illegible]
Roy Wick	30
Floyd Wick	30
Clyde Russel	30
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs Dean C Tubbs	1 50
Mrs J M Zook	1 00
Carrie McClure	5 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
A reader of C H, Roseisle	3 00
—, Linwood	2 00
Samuel F Melville	2 00
Edward C Wailer	2 00
Mrs M J Fletcher	2 00
[illegible]	$ [illegible]

Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

[illegible]	$ [illegible]
Dr G G Vanderlip	2 00
Mrs R JH Monticello	5 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Richard D Sneppard	1 00
Stella Rogers	50
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs E M. Allegan	1 00
Jane Hope	5 00
Total	$163 50

Syrian Girls.

Prev. ack	$47 20
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	$ [illegible]

Clinton St. Settlement.

Prev. ack	$25 00
I H N New York	[illegible]
Friend, Soudan	10 00
Disciple, Tracy	1 00
B M M Soc, Moores-[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	$ [illegible]

Abigail Free School & Kindergarten.

I H N	$2 00

Florence Mission.

Prev. ack	$1 25
I H N	[illegible]
Jane Hope	[illegible]
Total	$7 75

Cremorne Mission.

[illegible]	$ [illegible]
C O D, Mechanicsb'g	2 00
[illegible]	$ [illegible]

Mrs. C. W. Seiden's Home Training School.

Prev. ack	$1 00
Lilla C Cochrane	1 00
[illegible]	$2 00

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SUMMARY OF THE STORY

In Barbadoes, Lenox Hildreth a New England gentleman of learning, culture and wealth, was living with his only daughter, Evadne, a beautiful girl, who, at the opening of the story is sixteen years of age. Mr. Hildreth, though charitable and kind, was an infidel, but in his later years turned in faith and love to Christ. He intended telling his daughter of the change, but a sudden seizure of illness found him with the disclosure not made. With his dying breath he enjoined her to make it the business of her life to seek Christ. The girl, whom he had reared a pagan, could not understand his injunction. After his death, she removes to the home of her uncle, Judge Hildreth, at Marlborough, in New England, to whom, as his only brother, Lenox Hildreth confided her and her large fortune. She is anxious above all things to obey her father's injunction, but her uncle, aunt and cousins, though professing Christians, cannot help her to find Christ. From Pompey, her uncle's colored coachman and his wife Dyce, Evadne gains the best practical idea of what finding Christ means. On a farm in the neighborhood of Marlborough, John Randolph, a young man, who has lost parents and property, has become a farm-hand in the employ of Mr. Hawthorne. In his work and in his relations with his employer's family he is trying to shape his life on the principles of Christ's teaching.

CHAPTER IX

In the valley of the shadow

LOVE of fresh air and of pure out-of-doors life, always strong in Evadne's nature, seemed to increase as her indoor life became more and more uncongenial. Her father had enjoined her to seek Christ, without telling her how she might find him; but had committed her to the care of these relatives who, by their church connection, made a profession of knowing him. Yet they evidently were not able to tell her how to find him, and they reproved and snubbed her when, in her ignorance, she tried to get direction. It seemed to Evadne that she was always under the displeasure of her aunt and cousins, and she was glad to escape from their companionship into the wooded country around Marlborough, where she could be alone.

But she had forgotten how different the climate was from that of her native island, and how sudden and severe were the changes that characterized it. One heavy cold followed upon another, until one night she lay tossing through the weary hours, only half conscious, with her mind full of strange fancies.

"Evadne will not be down," announced Marion the next morning, as she entered the breakfast room; "she can't lift her head from the pillow. Celestine thinks she is sickening for a fever."

"Dear me, how tiresome!" exclaimed Mrs. Hildreth, "I have such a horror of sickness in the house—one never knows where it will end. Ring the bell for Sarah, Marion, to take up her breakfast."

"It is no use, mamma. She says she does not want anything."

But that is nonsense. The child must eat. Dear! dear! if it is fever, she will need a nurse, and nurses always make such an upheaval in a house."

"You had better go up, my dear, and see for yourself," said Judge Hildreth, "Celestine may be mistaken."

"Mercy!" cried Isabelle, "it is to be hoped she is! I have the most abject dread of fever, and that is enough to make me catch it. Fancy having one's head shorn like a convict! The very idea is appalling."

"Oh, of course if there is the slightest danger, you and Marion will have to go to Madame Castle's to board," said her mother; "it is very provoking that Evadne should have chosen to be sick just now."

"Not likely the poor girl had much choice in the matter," suggested Louis; "there are a few things, lady mother, over which the best of us have no control."

"I wish you would go up and see the child, Kate," said Judge Hildreth, impatiently. "If there is the least fear of anything serious I will send the carriage at once for Dr. Russe. It is a risky business transplanting tropical flowers into our cold climate."

Celestine, the kind-hearted French maid, was bending over Evadne's pillow when Mrs. Hildreth entered the room. She had grown to love the quiet stranger whose gentle courtesy made her work seem light, and it was with genuine regret that she turned towards her mistress and whispered: "It is the feevar. I know it well. My seestar had it and died."

Evadne's eyes were closed and she took no notice of her aunt's entrance. Mrs. Hildreth spoke to her and then left the room hurriedly to summon her husband. Even her unpracticed eyes showed her her niece was very ill.

Dr. Russe came, examined her and shook his head gravely.

"It is a serious case," he said; "you must have a nurse, and I do not know where you will find one. I never remember a spring when there was so much sickness in the city. I sent my last nurse to a patient yesterday, and since then have had two applications for one. It is most unfortunate. The young lady will need constant care; she requires a person of experience."

Pompey, waiting to drive the doctor home, caught the words the doctor spoke as he descended the steps to enter the carriage, and came forward eagerly.

"If you please, Missus," he said, touching his hat, "Dyce would come. She's had a powerful sight of exper'ence nussin' fevers in New Orleans. She'd be proper glad to tend Miss Vadney."

"How is that?" questioned the busy doctor. "Oh, your wife, my good fellow? The very thing. Let her come at once."

So Dyce came, and into her sympathetic ears were poured the delirious ravings of the lonely heart, which had been so suddenly torn from its genial surroundings of love and happiness and thrust into the chilling atmosphere of misunderstanding and neglect.

Every day the patient grew weaker, and after each visit the doctor looked graver. Mrs. Hildreth began to feel the gnawings of remorse as she thought of the lonely girl to whom she had so coldly refused a daughter's place, and the Judge's thoughts grew unbearable as he remembered his broken trust. Even Louis missed the earnest face which he had grown to watch with a curious sense of pleasure, while the girls at school felt their hearts sink as they thought of the young cousin so soon to pass through the valley of the shadow.

* * *

But Evadne did not die. The fever spent itself at last, and then followed long days of utter prostration both of mind and body. Dyce's cheery patience never failed. Her sunny nature diffused a bright hopefulness throughout the sick chamber, until Evadne would lie in a dreamy content, almost fancying herself back in the old home, as she listened to the musical tones and watched the dusky hands which so deftly ministered to her comfort. During the greater part of her time of convalescence, Evadne lay silent. Not even to Dyce could she speak, save in short subdued whispers. Tender, encouraging words Dyce would utter in her quiet, soothing tones, and then relapse into the silence that her patient seemed to enjoy. But such words as Dyce did speak were instinct with spiritual life. Christ was ever present to the simple, sincere soul, and her constant prayer was that Evadne might realize his presence, too.

"Honey," she said, as she bent over the poor thin face, "de deah Lord loves you. I know he does."

Evadne heard and her eyes filled. Dyce could not have told her anything more welcome. One day, after she had lain for a long time in silence, she looked up at her faithful nurse, and the gray eyes shone like stars.

"Dyce," she cried softly, "I have found Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER X

A Spoiled Life

Dr. Russe had at the same time another patient whom we know.

Reginald Hawthorne lay upon a couch which had been placed among the cool shadows on the wide veranda of his lovely home. The birds held high carnival around him, nestling in the large cherry tree, playing hide and seek among the fragrant apple blossoms, and making the air melodious with their merry songs. Brilliant orioles flashed to and fro like gleams of gold in the sunlight, as they built their airy hammocks high among the swaying branches of the great willow, and one inquisitive robin swept boldly through the clustering vines which screened the front of the veranda, and perched upon his shoulder. He heard the merry hum of the bees at work and the strident call of the locust, mingled with the distant neighing of horses and the soft lowing of the cows, but all the sweetness of nature was powerless to lift the gloom which seemed to envelop him as in a shroud. His face was white and drawn with pain, and there were heavy purple rings beneath his eyes. Reginald Hawthorne would be a cripple for life.

The College Football Club had met a New York team in the yearly contest, which was looked forward to as one of the events in the athletic world, and Reginald had been foremost among the leaders of the play. Fierce and long had been the fight, and the enthusiastic spectators had shouted themselves hoarse with applause, or groaned with despair when the honor of Marlborough seemed likely to be lost. Then had come a mighty onward rush, and the opposing forces concentrated into one seething mass of struggling humanity. When they drew apart at last, the College boys had made the welkin ring with shouts of victory, but their bravest champion lay white and still upon the field.

Long days and nights of pain had followed, when John and Mrs. Hawthorne were at their wit's end to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate boy. Now the pain had resolved itself into a dull aching, but Reginald would never again walk without a crutch.

The mortification to his father was extreme. A passionate man, he had centred all his hopes upon his son, whose position in society he fondly expected to repay him for his years of unremitting toil, and this was the end of it all! He grew daily more overbearing and hard to please, and his ebullitions of disappointment and rage were terrible to witness. He vented his anger most frequently upon John, the sight of whose superb strength goaded the unhappy man into a frenzy, and John's forbearance was tried to the utmost: but there was a sweet patience growing in his soul which made it possible to endure in silence, however capricious or unreasonable the commands of his master might be, and Reginald, watching him critically, marveled at the mysterious inner strength of his friend.

He came along now, with his quick, light step, and drew a chair up beside Reginald's couch. He planned his work so as to be with the invalid as much as possible, and his constant sympathy and cheer were all that made the days bearable to him.

"Well Rege, how goes it?" he asked in tones as tender as a woman's.

Reginald looked up at him with envious eyes. There was such a freshness about this strong young life, as if every moment were a separate joy.

"I wish I was dead!" he answered moodily.

"Don't dare to wish that!" said John

(Continued on next page.)

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A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY

(Continued from preceding page.)

quickly, "until you have made the most of your life."

"The most of my life!" echoed Reginald contemptuously. "That's well put John, I must say! What is my life worth to me now? You see what my father thinks of it. A useless log, no more valuable than a piece of waste paper. I believe it would have pleased him better if I had been killed outright. He wouldn't have had the humiliation of it always before his eyes. If it had been any sort of a decent accident, I believe I could bear it better, but to be knocked over in a football match, like the duffer that I am—Bah!"

The concentrated bitterness of the last words made John's heart ache.

"Looking backward, Rege," he said quietly, "will never make a man of you. It is only a waste of time and vital tissue. But there are lots of noble lives in spite of limitations. Paul had his thorn in the flesh you know, and Milton his blindness. Difficulties are a spur to the best that is in us."

"Difficulties, John. You never look at them, do you?"

John laughed. "It is not worth while, except to see how to surmount them."

"I wish you could be idle just for an hour," said Reginald peevishly. "You make me nervous."

John took another stitch in the halter he was mending. "Old Father Time's spoiling tooth is never still, Rege. I have to work to keep pace with it."

"I should think you would need a month of loafing to make up for the sleep you have lost. You're ahead of Napoleon, John, for he only kept one eye open, but I've never been able to catch you napping once. How have you stood it, man?"

"Forty winks is a fair allowance sometimes, Rege."

"I declare, John, I can't fathom you," and Reginald moved impatiently upon his couch. "You are invulnerable as Achilles. I never saw a fellow get so much comfort out of everything as you do, and yet your life is a steady grind. What does it all mean?"

"It means," said John softly, "that I am a Christ's man, and he has lifted me above the power of circumstances. Jesus is centre and circumference with me now, Rege. You were talking yesterday about some man wanting the earth. I own the earth, because it belongs to my Father—the best part of it you know. There is a truer giving than by title deeds to material acres, and the world has grown very beautiful since my Father made me heir of all things through his Son. The birds' songs have a new note in them, and the sunlight is brighter, and there is a different blue in the sky. I'm monarch of all I survey because I get the good out of everything, mere earthly possession doesn't amount to much—a man has to leave the finest estates behind him—but I get the concentrated sweetness of it all wherever I am. It is God's world you know, and he is my Father."

John was called away just then to attend to some gentlemen who had come to look at the horses, and Reginald waited for his return in vain. He heard his father's voice once raised high in stormy wrath, then all was still again. Some time afterward through the leafy curtain of the veranda he saw Mr. Hawthorne drive past with a face so distorted with passion that he shivered.

"There's been no end of a row this time," he soliloquized. "It is a mystery to me why John puts up with it. He's free to go when he chooses. I'm sure I'd clear out if I wasn't such a good for nothing. The Governor is getting to be more like a bear than a human being. It's a dog's life for everybody unlucky enough to be under the same roof with him."

Reginald was right about there having been a row. It had been the worst of many lately, and it was destined to be the last in which John Randolph was to suffer.

Down at the bend of the river a tall figure lay stretched upon the moss. The river laughed and the birds sang, but John Randolph's face was buried in his arms.

To leave Hollywood—that very night! The place whose very stones were dear to him—where he had learned all he knew of home. To be turned off like a beggar without a moment's warning, after all his years of toil! To say good-bye forever to the human friends who loved him, and the dear dumb friends whom he had fondled and tended with such constant care. Never again to swing along through the sweet freshness of the morning, before the sun was up, to find the earliest snowdrops for Mrs Hawthorne, or to take a spin in the moonlight with every nerve atingle across the frozen bosom of the lake, or wander in delight along the wood roads when every tree was clad in the witching beauty of a silver thaw, or sweep across the wide stretching country in the very poetry of motion; or hear the soft swish of the tall grass as it fell in fragrant rows before the mower, or the creak of the vans as they bore its ripened sweetness toward the great barns, while bird and bee and locust joined in the harmony of the harvest home, until the sun sank to rest amidst cloud draperies of royal purple and crimson and gold, and the sweet voiced twilight soothed the world into peace.

On and on the hours swept while John fought his battle. At length he rose, and with long lingering glances of good-bye to every tree, and rock, and flower, began his homeward way. He would think of it so while he could. In a few short hours he would be a wanderer upon the face of the earth. A sudden joy crept into the weary eyes. So was Jesus Christ!

(To be Continued.)

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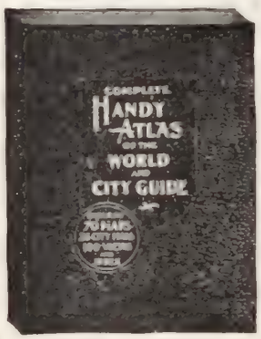

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HEROIC CHAPLAINS.... ....IN THE LATE WAR

Servants of Christ who Risked their Lives by Land and Sea for the Love of Souls

BY CHAPLAIN C. C BATEMAN, U. S. A.

THE hearty sympathy and invaluable support accorded to chaplains in general by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through many years, prompts me to some observations regarding the chaplains who were before Santiago during the short, but memorable, campaign against the Spanish in the summer of 1898.

At the head of the chaplain's corps of the regular army, stands the Rev. George

CHAPLAIN C. C. BATEMAN, U. S. A.

Robinson, D.D., of Fort Leavenworth, whose long and useful career has been crowned and enriched by a most acceptable service on board the hospital ship, *Relief*, in Cuban and Porto Rican waters, and en route to American seaports with sick and wounded.

Chaplain Henry Swift, of Fort Russell, who served with the Thirteenth (13th) U. S. Infantry, distinguished himself, not only by abundant labors, but also by his heroic fearlessness under many trying circumstances. He spared himself neither night nor day, and when the fighting was all over, he asked his brigade commander to relieve him from further regimental duty, in order that he might devote himself exclusively to the care of patients in the yellow fever camps. This extraordinary request was of course granted, but the brave chaplain soon fell a victim to the yellow scourge himself. He, however, sufficiently recovered from the effects of the disease to return with the army to the United States and subsequently performed duty at Montauk in camp and hospital.

Rev. Henry A. Brown, now in the regular army, won lasting friendships and admiration by his self-sacrificing service with the Rough Riders under Colonels Wood and Roosevelt. He was so thoroughly practical in so many different directions, that the general opinion was expressed by a soldier who said: "Brown is all right wherever you put him." The action of President McKinley in appointing Mr. Brown to a permanent chaplaincy has been widely approved.

Rev. George R. Vandewater, D.D., rector of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, of New York, performed well a chaplain's part with the Seventy-first New York Infantry Regiment. His hearty, generous, and at times amusing adjustments to the fortunes or misfortunes of war were worthy of emulation.

"Well, I never supposed," said he to me on one occasion, "that I could lapse so easily into primitive savagery. But really I am becoming accustomed to mud and dirt and stench; still I do hope I shall not grow to like such things. I have learned to preach under all kinds of conditions, and to administer the communion on top of a hard-tack box."

I fancy Dr. Vandewater returned to his parish with an experience which will afford him a fund of happy illustrations and reminiscences through life. These, told in his graphic witty style, would, I dare say, be worth hearing.

Chaplain Chas. S. Walkley, now of Fort Monroe, Va., served with the Second U. S. Infantry, and endeared himself to officers and men alike, by his painstaking devotion and untiring zeal to every interest calculated to minister to the material or moral well-being of the regiment he accompanied. It may be said of him in every truth, that his many friends not only appreciate him, but love him. He went down for a time, under the hard service in the field and was very ill, but returned to duty again "with a heart for any fate." During his illness, he lost nearly all his personal effects and clothing—one of the attendant misfortunes of getting sick in the field.

In caring for the sick, in ministering to the wounded or dying, in burials of the dead, in writing those painful letters to relatives, on the death of loved ones, in assisting the surgeons, in distributing the mails, not to mention the response to many other demands not easily classified, the chaplains before Santiago had their hands and hearts very full indeed. The strain upon the nervous forces was so great that I believe everyone of them was more or less prostrated by it, and from the effects of it some may never recover.

The transports homeward-bound, from Cuba were often full of sick, and the burials at sea were shocking ceremonies to debilitated men. I was surprised to hear a soldier remark that, to him, the thought of being cast into the sea, when dead, was a nightmare from which he could not escape, and on this account alone, his release from the ship would be the happiest moment of his life. He had never seen the ocean until he went to Cuba.

But through the never-to-be-forgotten days in Chickamauga, Tampa, Siboney, Santiago and Montauk, the Christian Commission, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, under God, kept up our courage and cheered us on.

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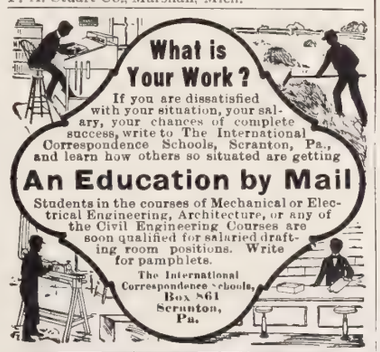
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"SIR MORELL MACKENZIE."

In health the mucous membrane is always moist, and this moisture readily carries away any foreign substances finding lodgment in the nasal passage or cavity. In disease the excessive flow of mucus is Nature's effort to relieve the congested membrane, but germs find lodgment, and these must be destroyed. Drying the mucous passage only gives them better places to lodge, breed, and multiply.

Dry medicated air, "dry air," or smoke "vapor fumes" cannot cure catarrh. They appear to give relief [burning a little camphor and inhaling the fumes will give the same relief], but aggravate the disease. They interfere with Nature's efforts in her own behalf.

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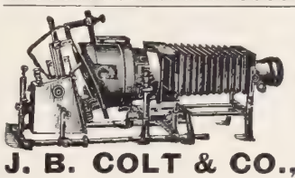

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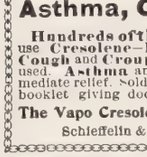

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IDLE IN THE MARKET-PLACE

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Feb. 5. Matt. 20: 1-16

IDLENESS is put by Christ in this parable in the light of an unnatural condition, which ought not to exist unless there is some cogent reason for it. A man who is doing nothing should be able to give some satisfactory reason for his idleness. "Why stand ye here all the day, idle?" Is it possible that in the day of final account, there will be some from whom the Lord will have occasion to demand such a reason? With so many poor and sick and suffering all around us; with so many people within our reach who do not know what Christianity really is, who do not know what Christ can be to those who trust him and love him, there is abundant occupation for the Christian. Work is waiting that needs to be done and done quickly. Much of it, too, must be done by the layman. Howsoever devoted and earnest ministers are, there are some people that they cannot reach, and many whom they cannot reach so effectively as the ordinary non-clerical worker. Opportunities for service of one kind or another come to every one, burdens that may be lifted from weary shoulders, sorrowing souls hungering for words of comfort, weak and wounded strugglers in life's battle needing encouragement. Christ sees it all and he asks of his people, "Why stand ye here all the day, idle?"

The parable was also intended to teach another lesson beside that of activity. That lesson relates to the motive of work. Peter had asked (Matt. 19: 27): "What shall we have?" To a Being whose life was so completely one of self-sacrifice, such a question must have been very repugnant. It showed the spirit of the hireling whose chief concern is about his wages. So Christ administered the delicate reproof contained in the parable. The men first hired had made a bargain. They were to have a penny a day, the ordinary pay in those times of an unskilled laborer. Those who were hired later, made no stipulation. They trusted their employer. When the time of payment came, the lord was just to the first, but he was generous to the others. That is the chief lesson of the parable, and it is useless to inquire who are represented by the different relays of laborers or the other accesories of the story. It was the right spirit of service that our Lord was inculcating. He wanted no hirelings in his service. Those who enlisted under his banner for the sake of the reward, would not be disappointed, but they would see others who had entered it for love and who had toiled without thought of compensation, trusting their Master, preferred before them. It is not length of service, nor high and conspicuous position that counts in the day of final award, but the spirit in which the service was rendered. In that other description Christ gave of that day (Matt. 25: 37), those who were rewarded had thought so little of reward that they had forgotten having rendered a service at all. That is the spirit Christ desires to see in his people. He wants his servants to work for love of him and not for what they will get. Those who do so will not miss a reward.

Every employer recognizes the same principle of service. He knows that the man who drops his tools the moment the clock strikes, and will not do a stroke of work unless he is assured of its being paid for, is not so valuable to him as he who takes an interest in the business and feels a pride in his work. No artist would have any confidence in the success of a pupil whose one thought was the price he would get for his pictures. To succeed, he must love art so much that he would paint, though his pictures were never sold. Christ's treatment of the woman who broke the alabaster box of ointment and anointed his feet, and his praise of the widow who cast two mites into the treasury, indicate the same appreciation of motive. He loves the spontaneous outburst of affection, the implicit unquestioning trust in himself in contrast with the bargain-making servant who wants to know what he is to receive for his service. Many of the first will be last, not because they were first in the work, but because they were self-seekers.

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Miss Anna C. Warner's serial, **"Fresh Air,"** a fascinating story of two city waifs, begins early in 1899, to continue through the year. Helpful departments on the Christian Life, Christian Effort, the Family Circle, the Sunday School Lessons, Miscellany, Poems, Short Stories, etc. Established 1842; monthly, 20 large pages in every issue.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

PILATE'S EXCUSE *

"OF what dost thou wish to speak, O Pilate?" asked Cinna.

"Ye can have a spectacle to-day," answered the procurator. "In Jerusalem, ye should be amused with something; above all, Antea should be in the midst of crowds at midday. Three men will die on the cross to-day; that is better than nothing! Because of the Pasch a mob of the strangest ruffians has come from out all this land to the city. Ye can look at those people. I will command to give you a place apart near the crosses. I hope that the condemned will die bravely. One of them is a marvelous person: he calls himself the Son of God; he is as mild as a dove, and has really done nothing to merit death."

"And didst thou condemn him to the cross?"

"I wanted to rid myself of trouble, and also avoid stirring up that nest of hornets that buzz around the temple; even as it is they send complaints to Rome against me. Besides, the accused is not a Roman citizen."

"The man will not suffer less for that reason."

The procurator made no answer, but after a while he began to speak, as if to himself,—

"There is one thing that I do not like,—exaggeration. Whoever uses that word before me takes away my cheerfulness for the day. The golden mean! that is what wisdom commands us to follow, as I think. I might leave my subject a second time. Go to witness the crucifixion. I am convinced that the Nazarene will die valiantly. I gave command to flog him, thinking in that way to save him from death. I am not cruel. When he was lashed he was as patient as a lamb, and he blessed the people. When he was covered with blood he raised his eyes and prayed. That is the most marvelous person that I have seen in my life. My wife has not given me a moment of peace because of him. 'Permit not the death of that innocent man!' this is what she has been dinning into my ears since daybreak. I wanted to save him. Twice I went to the bema and spoke to the priests and that mangy rabble. They answered in one voice, raising their heads and opening the jaws to the ears, 'Crucify him!'"

"Didst thou yield to them?" asked Cinna.

"I did, for in the city there would be mobs, and I am here to keep the peace. I must do my duty. I dislike exaggeration, and, besides, I am mortally wearied; but when I undertake a thing, I do not hesitate to sacrifice the life of one man for the general welfare, especially when he is an unknown person whom no one will mention. All the worse for him that he is not a Roman."

"The sun shines not on Rome alone," whispered Antea.

"Divine Antea," answered the procurator, "I might answer that on the whole round of the earth the sun shines on Roman rule; therefore for the good of that rule it is proper to sacrifice everything; and disturbances undermine our authority. It is not my duty to save a man who has no care for his own safety. Whoso does not know how to preserve measure in anything is not a man of judgment. Moreover, he calls himself the Son of God, and disturbs the foundations on which society rests, and therefore harms people. Let him think what he likes in his soul, if he will not raise disturbance. As a man, I protest against his teaching. If I do not believe in the gods, let us concede that it is my affair. Still I recognize the use of religion, and I declare so publicly, for I judge that religion is a curb on people. Horses must be harnessed, and harnessed securely. Finally, death should not be terrible to that Nazarene, for he declares that he will rise from the dead."

Cinna and Antea looked at each other with amazement.

"That he will rise from the dead?"

"Neither more nor less; after three days. So at least his disciples declare. I forgot to ask him myself. For that matter, it is all one, since death liberates a man from promises. And even should he not rise from the dead, he will lose nothing, since, according to his teaching, genuine happiness and eternal life begin only after death. He speaks of this, indeed, as a man perfectly certain."

"A wonderful doctrine," said Antea.

"And these people here cry to thee, 'Crucify him'?" inquired Cinna.

"And I do not even wonder at this, for hatred is the soul of this people, for what, if not hatred, can demand that love be crucified?"

*From *Let Us Follow Him*, by Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of *Quo Vadis*, *With Fire and Sword*, etc. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. A remarkable story of the period of the death of Christ.

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"THE LIVING BREAD"

'TWAS August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
"Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene?"
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the Living Bread."

O, human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow.

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

JEWS IN JERUSALEM

FROM an article on Christian Missions in the Holy Land, which Rev. J. Elder Cumming contributes to the *Missionary Review*, the following facts are gleaned as to the number of Jews in and around Jerusalem at the present time. The number is variously estimated. By some it is stated as high as 80,000, and by others as low as 10,000. There are two causes which have led to the different estimates. One is the confusion between the Jews who are living within the walls of the city, and those without. The latter are again divisible into those in the immediate neighborhood, commonly known as the "Colonies," and those much farther off, at Jaffa, Carmel and elsewhere, known as the "Agricultural Colonies." These last are not to be reckoned as belonging to Jerusalem. The other cause for uncertainty as to numbers is that the totals have been concealed by the Jews themselves since they are subject to a heavy personal tax. The statement furnished to me gives as the number within the walls of Jerusalem 23,363. There are, besides, thirty "Colonies" in the immediate neighborhood (at Siloam, near the Damascus gate, the Montefiore settlement, etc.). Some of these colonies contain only thirty or forty Jews, while others number 3,000 and under. In all, there are 24,419 Jews in the colonies near Jerusalem, so that within and without the walls, there were last year 47,782 Jews. These receive, according to their need, what is called the "Halooka," contributions to which are made by Jews in various parts of the world. A large number spend all of their time in the study of the sacred books, and are supported entirely by the "Halooka," or by their own private means. Most of the general business in Jerusalem is done by Jews, or is at least divided between them and the Germans.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD IN CUBA

SONGO POST, near Santiago, Cuba.

Some one mails a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to my army address. I am very grateful, not more that I can enjoy the helpful things on this bridge of print, than because I can take it to the hospital Sunday afternoons and there read it aloud to the sick men; then pass it round among others during the week. I never go to the hospital with papers in my hand without seeing a number rise up in their beds and ask me, "Have you got a CHRISTIAN HERALD, Chaplain?" Their appreciation of it is very apparent. I do not marvel at it, for the HERALD is a sort of epitome of the kind of religion men want: the religion that comes down into their lives in a helpful way. It has become a new protocol in religious things to these men. It turns the man away from non-essential things to a personal, willing, winsome Saviour.

The Nov. 30th number contained an article in which there was the deepest interest among the soldiers—"Helen Gould." I know that Miss Gould is averse to any sort of publicity, but I want to say that no name mentioned in public or private speech in the army rouses so much enthusiasm among the soldiers as hers: the mention of it creates a great outburst of applause.

A friend gave me what had been the footboard of the Spanish war-vessel *Viscaya*, when she was pounded to pieces by our war-ships. In making a pulpit out of the planks for use here in camp, I got thirty copper nails of a unique pattern, and made in Spain. After giving some of these mementoes to friends here, I had fifteen left, and everybody said, "Send them to Helen Gould." I put them in a box, and gave it to a citizen—a paymasters clerk—to express for me. Through either his dishonesty or carelessness, it was lost. Fortunately I got two more, and these I have sent to Miss Gould.

I hope that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will continue to come to me while I am at work in the army, for it is a wonderful help. I wish I had fifty copies of it every week for the men to read. Cordially, REV. C. B. CARLISLE,
Chaplain 2d Iowa V. I.

The Bowery Mission

The following contributions in aid of the work of the Bowery Mission have been received:

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ARE YOUR LUNGS WEAK?

To Every Sufferer from Catarrh, Lung Weakness or Consumption a Great Specialist Sends His New and Wonderful

TREATMENT FREE.

Nearly everybody you meet will regard it as a kind of insult to be asked if they have weak lungs. All seem to have a solid faith in the soundness of their own breathing machine. In cases of trouble they will admit there is a "heavy cold," "a touch of bronchitis," or even "a spell of Asthma," but as to weak or unsound lungs, never, NEVER. Even the poor consumptive who scarcely speaks without coughing, whose cheeks are wasted, hollow and bear the hectic flush of doom, will assure you with glistening eyes that his cold is on the mend and he will be all right when the weather changes.

This is a sad and pitiable form of delusion. It is not our business here to discuss the reason of it. Its prevalence, however, is beyond all doubt, and we feel that we are right in holding it responsible for a neglect of serious lung troubles in ourselves and others—that it is almost criminal.

How many a poor bread-earner there is who keeps on and on at his daily toil, taking cough medicines by fits and starts, but never quite curing his cough, while this same cough is but a symptom of decay that is eating into his lungs, and will in time cause their destruction. Thus does a wife observe her husband, or parents witness the struggle of a darling child, the youth or the maiden who was to rejoice their later years, while no steps are taken to battle with the evil until consumption has seized on one more victim. It is simply terrible to think how far we may be guilty by our indifference to the lung troubles of those near and dear to us. It is also a sad thought that we may hug a delusion as to our own health that we only get rid of when life itself must pay the forfeit.

Let us quit the distressing subject to come to what is practical. Nobody can afford to think lightly of lung troubles. Nobody can afford to be mistaken about their possible dangers. Nobody can afford to neglect them or "let them wear out," or "get better in the spring," or any other tomfoolery that leads only to wreck and ruin. Lung troubles don't move backward. Weak lungs don't grow strong by themselves—you must heal them and strengthen them and rid them of the very earliest germs of disease or you are simply committing a form of suicide. Either you must cure your lung troubles or THEY WILL KILL YOU.

That's the whole situation in a nutshell.

Never was there a cure for lung troubles equal to the newly discovered Dr. Slocum treatment. This forms a system of three remedies that are used simultaneously, and supplement each other's curative action. The treatment [illegible] cures weak lungs, bronchitis, asthma, coughs, consumption, catarrh and every other ailment of the pulmonary region. It destroys every germ that can affect the respiratory system, and even in advanced stages of lung trouble positively arrests the tubercular growth, while it also builds up the patient so that his system is enabled to throw off scrofula, rheumatism and other wasting diseases. Thousands of cured cases already prove these claims. Thousands of grateful people bless the discovery.

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Write to Dr. T. A. Slocum, 98 Pine St., New York City, giving full address.

Delay only makes your trouble worse.

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE BACK SEAT,

or, The Things that Hinder

BY REV. J. W. WEDDELL

MORE EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING FORWARD

SOME of the excuses that the young man in the back seat of the evangelistic meeting makes when he is invited to go forward were mentioned in these columns last week; but I have heard others, for there seems no lack of ingenuity in raising or suggesting obstacles to this first step toward the better life. One young man responded with:

5. "*Something I want to do first.*"

There is a distinctly worldly trend in this case. Self and self-will stands out clear and strong. "Yes, I want to be a Christian, but I have a plan in mind. There is something else I want to see done first." Do you know him?

The man who has a programme. What shall we do with him? He is not to be given wholesale rebuke. Too many go aimless and idealless through life. But where one's aims and plans run counter to the calls of the Word and the swift intimations of the Spirit, they are to be abandoned at once.

"I am the man who wouldn't let go." So spoke up a happy-faced Christian to me once when I halted a moment for recognition. Then it was recalled. The anxious, weary inquirer, seeking salvation, but demanding it by his own schedule and his own way. Here was the text that went like an arrow to his heart: "Let the wicked *forsake* his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts," just *let go!* That was the message. And he did it — and grace took hold. I wish you were as happy as he.

6. "*The world is too much for me.*"

It is a merry, happy-hearted lad that says that to you. He loves a good time —and who does not? And he fears that he cannot stand out against the allurements of the world. "It's too much for me," he says. "I've tried it, and when the temptation comes, I yield every time."

Yes, and you will continue to yield and break down every time until you cease experimenting and set your foot down for an out and out life of faith and trust. It is a question of the relation of things. What is first with you—this world or the next? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be *added*, i.e., come in as additional, supplementary. I have asked many times and on many platforms, even in the Quaker City, Who has seen "Shekinah avenue?" No one has yet responded. And yet I passed it, lettered large, in Old Philadelphia, many and many a time. But it was back almost out of sight, on a little narrow lane, in the midst of the zig-zag streets of the older city. No wonder men miss it. Where is the Shekinah in your life?

7. "*I can't live up to it.*"

He means the new life. It was the old world-life in the former case. It is the new life in Christ in this case. "It's a right life to live," he says, "but the demands are too great for me; I can't live up to it."

"It!" There is the bane and the source of mischief. It, It! Get your mind off *it*, fix the thought upon *Him*. The Christian life is not it, but Him.

There is altogether too much talking about the religious life, too little actual living of it; too much trying in our own strength, too little trusting in the divine strength. Do not prate or prattle about the symptoms of disease, bring yourself to the great Physician and let him attend to your case. A woman came to Dr. Abercrombie, across the water, and held out her hand, swollen and red. "Bruise?" he asked. "Burn," she responded. "Poultice," quoth he. A little later she returned. "Better?" asked the physician. "Worse," said the woman. "More poultice," he said. Still later she came again. "Better?" he once more asked. "Well," said she, and added: "fee." "Madame," he broke out, "nothing at all. I never saw so sensible a woman in all my life." Bring your case and submit it. That is all.

8. "*I want to know more about it.*"

Evidently this young man is interested. You can see this in his constant attendance and in his eager attention to the truth as presented. But he makes no progress; you find him at the close of the meetings just where he was at the finish. "I want to know more about this," he says, "after that I will act."

Young man, you will never know more until you act up to the light you have. "Then shall ye know if ye follow on to know the Lord." After all, you know enough. You know you are a sinner. You know Christ is a Saviour. Make him your Saviour. Act.

Take the truth you have and walk in the light. Thus comes all progress and growth. Young Tholuck came to Neander utterly infidel and adrift. "Is there anything you believe in?" Yes, he believed in the integrity and logical coherence of John's Gospel. "Take that and study it." He did so; it led on to an acceptance of the whole Book and the Christ of the Book. Live up to what you already know.

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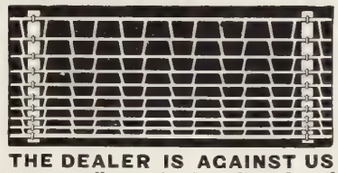

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AND THIS AD. and we will send you this BIG 300-pound new **RESERVOIR STOVE** by freight C.O.D., subject to examination, examine it at your freight depot, and if found perfectly satisfactory, and the **GREATEST STOVE BARGAIN** you ever saw or heard of, pay the freight agent Our Special Price, **$11.50,** less the **$1** sent with order, or **$10.50** and freight charges.

This stove is size 8x18; oven is 18x17x11; top, 24x44; height, 28½. Made from best pig iron, large flues, cut tops, heavy cut centers, heavy corners, heavy linings, with very heavy sectional fire-back, large bailed ash pan, slide hearth-plate and side oven-shelf, pouch feed, oven door kicker, heavy tin-lined oven door, handsome nickel trimmings on doors, front, sides, etc. Extra large, deep, porcelain-lined reservoir. **Best Coal Burner made,** and we **furnish an extra wood grate, making it a perfect wood burner.**

WE ISSUE A BINDING GUARANTEE with every stove. **Your local dealer would ask at least $20.00** for such a stove; order this and you will save at least **$8.00.** The freight is only about **$1.00** for each 500 miles. **Our New Free Stove Catalogue** Shows the most complete line of 1899 stoves, ranges and heaters at $1.95 and up. **THIS NEW BIG 300-POUND ACME QUEEN RESERVOIR COAL STOVE at $11.50,** one dollar with order, is a wonder of value. **Order at once before our stock is sold.** Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Cheapest Supply House on Earth, Fulton, Desplaines and Wayman Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

CONSTIPATION,

CANCER, SALT RHEUM, RHEUMATISM, CATARRH and all Blood Diseases cured by use of the extract of

Red Clover Blossoms.

Send for circular and prices. Prepared and sold by

D. NEEDHAMS' SONS,
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TRUSSES RUPTURE CURED.

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only Truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, and it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. **Comfortable Belts made to reduce corpulency. The use of these belts reduces your size and leaves no room for surplus fat to accumulate. They can be used after any operations. Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps and Anklets.** Our goods are not sold by agents or druggists. *Established 17 years.* Send for free pamphlets to the **Improved Elastic Truss Co., 785 Broadway, N.Y.**

Competitor Handy Wagon for $19.80.

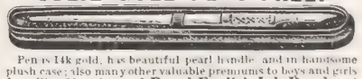
The manufacturers of the wagon shown here have introduced it to compete with the cheap low down wagons now on the market. They claim that it is better than others, first, because it is equipped with the famous Electric Steel Wheels and second, because it contains better stock throughout its entire make up.

It is made in two styles, one having wooden hounds and the other provided with iron braces instead of hounds. It is guaranteed to carry 4,000 lbs. anywhere. It is so reasonable in price that any farmer can afford to own one for farm hauling, for wood, stones, manure, corn fodder, hay, grain, etc. Write the Electric Wheel Co., box 135, Quincy, Illinois, for catalogue and price list. It tells all about the Electric goods, embracing Electric Wheels, Elcctric Handy Wagons, Electric Feed Cookers, etc.

Boys and Girls

We are giving away watches, cameras, solid gold rings, sporting goods, musical instruments, handsomely bound books, and

SOLID GOLD PENS FREE.



Pen is 14k gold, has beautiful pearl handle and in handsome plush case; also many other valuable premiums to boys and girls for selling 18 packages of **Royal English Ink Powder** at 10c each. Every package makes 50c worth of fine ink. We ask no money—send your name and address, and we will forward you 18 packages with premium list and full instructions. When you sell the **Ink Powder** send the money to us and select your premium. This is an honest offer. **We trust you.** Don't lose this grand opportunity. Write for the outfit today. Address

Imperial Ink Concern, 48 Adams St Oak Park, Ill.

"Forbid a fool a thing and that he will do." Don't use **SAPOLIO**

enjoyed. The central scene suggests Maywood's chief source of revenue [illegible] of fruitful trees, and [illegible] In the upper centre is shown the commodious Hotel Maywood, the home office of Maywood Colony, and the [illegible] Pacific railway at Maywood. Above all [illegible]

◆

The view above is from the regular title plate of an elegantly illustrated, eight-page semi-monthly paper devoted to health, horticulture, and home-building in California. It presents plans by which homes can be most easily acquired, and investments most safely made, and by which orchards can be developed, the crops harvested and the returns made to Eastern owners. It treats of the rainfall, temperature and climate, as it affects health and vegetation. It deals with the church, social and educational conditions. It gives California market quotations, and the freight and passenger rates from prominent Eastern points to that State. If you're at all interested in the Golden State, this paper will surely interest you, and for 24 CENTS in stamps, we will send it to you for one year. At this price there is good value in it we assure you.

FOSTER & WOODSON, COR. BROADWAY AND 26th ST., NEW YORK.

A Progressive Community

We recently paid a visit to Maywood Colony, which embraces the land surrounding Corning, twelve miles north of here, in Tehama County, and were, to put it mildly, surprised to find the many changes that have taken place in a few short years. It has been but a little while since Maywood Colony and vicinity was on a par with the other small towns in the Sacramento Valley—plenty of good land with an agreeable climate, and the land owned principally by a class of people that could not see or understand the natural advantages and value of the country further than the number of sacks of wheat per acre the land would produce.

But now what a change! Costly and substantial brick and frame business and dwelling houses building in the town and country surrounding; hundreds of acres of orchard and vineyard being set out yearly, much of which is just coming into bearing, and furnishing employment to many laborers, and, above all, recruits are daily added to the intelligent, happy and thrifty citizens who people Maywood Colony.

Since the fire at Corning, some three months since, there have been built and in course of construction eight brick business buildings, and Foster & Woodson have nearly completed a handsome three-story frame hotel.

This hotel, when completed, will be one of the finest in the Sacramento Valley, and will be furnished in the very best style and contain all the [illegible]

A December Scene, showing Acacias, Palms, Chrysanthemums and Clover around the Home Office of the MAYWOOD COLONY, at Corning, California

The colonists all build comfortable houses, and are happy and contented. Their orchards and vineyards in bearing this year furnished a good yield, and the prices received were considerably above market quotations, which fact proves the excellence of their products.

[illegible] garden around their office to show what can be raised in the community with intelligent application of labor and brains. They have in their plat every kind of citrus and deciduous fruits, vegetables, grasses, clovers and flowers. They are successfully growing the orange, lemon, lime, pomelo, banana, pepper, peach, plum, prune, apricot, apple, black and English walnut, palms and other ornamental shrubbery, melons and vegetables of all kinds, rice, tobacco, corn, cotton, and flowers too numerous to mention. They have one mammoth coxcomb, with a flower that measures two feet eight inches in circumference and nineteen inches across.

When Foster & Woodson started Maywood Colony they had many obstacles to overcome, but they have made of the proposition a splendid and lasting success.

[illegible]

Sugar Cane Finds its Home at Maywood

"We wish it were possible to imbue every man, but especially every young man, with the desire of having a HOME of his own—a home to be adhered to through life. Next to the home itself, an earnest, overruling DESIRE for one would be a great blessing. 'A man who owns the roof which shelters him and the soil from which he draws his subsistence—and few acres are requisite for that—need not envy any nabob's great fortune,' said Horace Greeley and so say we. We have been saying this, in effect, for the past eight years, and have induced over 600 Eastern people to take steps in that direction. We want a thousand more home-builders to go to Maywood Colony. We have ample room for them all. It is not our aim to allure from comfortable Eastern homes those who are settled and satisfied, but we are reaching for those who are not satisfied and for those without homes. This is not a purely philanthropic proposition, for we make a reasonable profit on every piece of land that we sell—the profit that comes from buying land at wholesale and selling it at retail. Yet, for a given sum, we offer to the home-seeker the most value that is obtainable in California, and our plan for growing orchards for absentees is unapproached. In this prosperous, healthful, and pleasant settlement you can get a 10-acre lot for $500.00, a 5-acre lot for $250.00 or a 2 1-2-acre lot for $150.00. The terms required are within the reach of all. If so desired, you can remain where you are and have your land planted and cared for. This phase of our plan makes it as good for women as for men. Whether or not it is needed now, it is the duty of all to provide—as soon as possible—a home for old age. If you desire to look into this matter, send us your name and address, and maps, plats, and particulars will be sent to you. This proposition is all that we claim—otherwise we could not buy this space from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through which to place our plan before its readers. Our financial reference is the BANK OF TEHAMA COUNTY, at RED BLUFF, CALIFORNIA.

FOSTER & WOODSON,

OWNERS—NOT AGENTS.

Eastern Office, Cor. Broadway & 26th St., New York.

Pretty Girls and Pampas Grass at Maywood

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 5

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 1, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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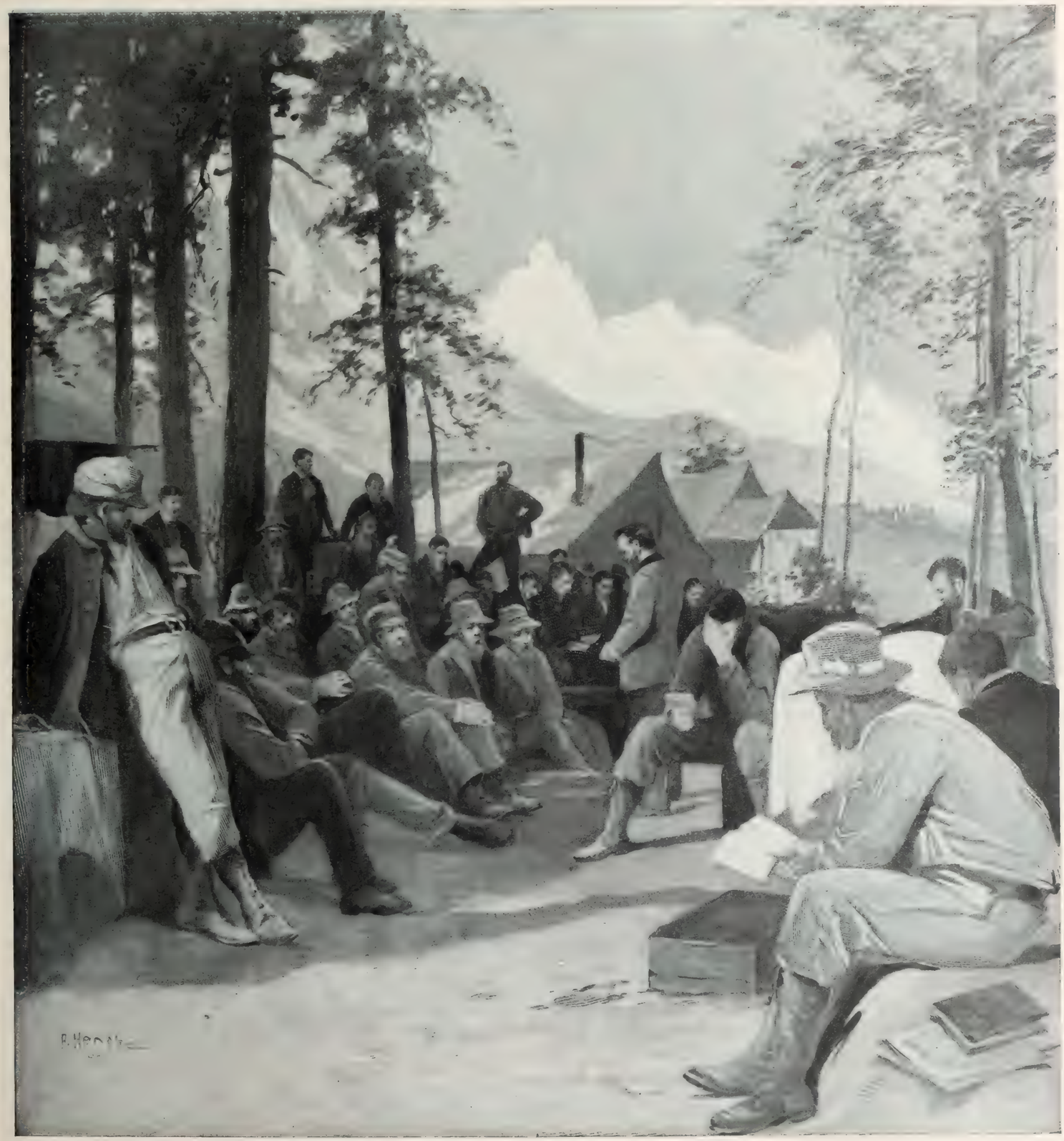

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUNDAY MORNING DIVINE SERVICE ON THE VALDEZ TRAIL, ALASKA (SEE PAGE 77)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Adam W., Virden, Can. Is the college that Gen. Kitchener proposes to build in memory of Gen. Gordon to be strictly Christian or anti-

The institution is designed to be educational and industrial, and it is stated in the dispatches that it is to be conducted on purely secular lines; but it is impossible to conceive of any memorial to Gen. Gordon which would fail to recognize, in a pronounced manner, that religion which was more to him than life itself. In any event, we do not believe the college will be anti-Christian.

Reader. 1. What is the population of Porto Rico? 2. How many can read and write? 3. Is there any university in Porto Rico?

1. There are over 800,000 people on the island. 2. It is estimated that about 125,000 can read and write. 3. No.

J. A. H., Tarrytown, N. Y. What is the meaning of the new wine in old bottles, etc., Matt. 9:16,17?

The bottles used in those times were made of skins, usually those of goats. When they became old they were liable to break under the pressure of fermenting wine. Christ used the simile to show his hearers that Christianity could not be a mere addition to Judaism. The old dispensation was at an end, sacrifices and the temple ritual were superseded. The new life must have new forms of manifestation.

Reader, North, S. C. Please give all the information you can regarding the influence the New York Cotton Exchange has on the price of cotton.

The purpose of the Exchange is to regulate prices according to the supply and demand; to adopt classification standards and disseminate useful information, and, generally, to increase and facilitate the cotton trade. It is an influential body, like all the other exchanges, and is well managed. A membership costs $10,000 at initiation. Trading is done in cotton "spot," "to arrive" "free on board," "in transit" and for "future delivery." Nearly 500,000 bales of cotton have been stored in New York at one time. Manufacturing firms and corporations in many States accept the Exchange's quotations as a standard for their own purchases.

E., Giffords, N. Y. How did Spain become possessor of Mexico? How many wars have there been in Mexico, and by whom? When was Christianity introduced in Mexico?

In 1518 Cortez conquered Mexico for Spain. It belonged to Spain until 1821, when it became a republic. There have been many revolutions, and several attempts to make it an empire, but it has remained true to republican principles. The first Christian missionaries went to Mexico in 1522.

Mrs. F. N. S., Lafayette, La. Can you kindly tell me where I can obtain the names of the soldiers from the State of Maryland, who served in the Revolutionary War?

Through the courtesy of the Chief of the Record and Pension Office, Washington, D. C. (to whom we wrote for this information for the benefit of a number of enquirers), we are enabled to answer as follows:

[illegible] made to this Department from the collection of Revolutionary War records in its custody, from which the names of the soldiers of the State of Maryland, or any other State, who served prominently in that war can be readily ascertained, and, in view of the limited clerical force allowed by law and the pressure of other current business, it is deemed impracticable to undertake such a compilation or to prepare a list of such soldiers at the present time. There were in the Revolutionary War from the State of Maryland, thirteen regiments, two battalions and three independent companies, aggregating about 6,181 men, not including the officers and men from that State who served in the Continental [illegible] Act of Congress approved July 27, 1892, and August 18, 1894, respectively, the military records of the War of the Revolution and of the War of 1812, should be transferred from the various Executive Departments to the War Department "to be preserved, indexed and prepared for publication." [illegible] records of those wars have been transferred to this Department, and the work of indexing and arranging them, pre[illegible] the collection of Revolutionary records in the possession of the General Government is far from complete, many records being in the possession of the authorities of various States, historical societies and private individuals. Efforts are now being made to procure [illegible] they may be copied, and that the historical information which they contain may be incorporated with that obtained from the records in the possession of this Department, so that the contemplated publication may be made as nearly complete as possible. Congress will undoubtedly make the necessary appropriation for the publication of these records at the proper time, when the information they contain will be at the disposal of all who are interested. The Department cannot now indicate even an approximate date for the proposed publication.

[illegible] publications, which may be found in any extensive public library, from which the information [illegible] collateral investigation the following mentioned documents, containing the names of Revolutionary soldiers or their descendants, may also be of interest: Executive Papers No. 55 [illegible] 16th Congress, 1st session, contains [illegible] person inscribed on the pension roll under the act of March 18, 1818." Senate Document No. 514, 23d Congress, 1st Session (three volumes), contains a "List of [illegible] published by order of Congress, a "Census of Pensioners for Revolutionary or Military Service, with Names, Ages and Places of Residence, as returned by the Marshals." House Ex. Doc. No. 74, 31st Congress, 1st Session, contains a "Statement of the [illegible] States."

Miss Caroline B., Creston, O. We cannot inform you as to the reliability of concerns that advertise employment at home, but, on general principles, it is unwise to send your money to people about whom you know nothing. Place no faith in pretended astrologers and fortune-tellers; they are invariably humbugs who make a living out of the credulous.

J. M., Valatie, N. Y.; M. E. J., Beaman, Ia., and others. What was the mark set upon Cain, as mentioned in Genesis 4:15?

We do not know. There are no records of Cain outside of the Bible, and those, as you know, are meagre. Is there any benefit in finding out details about the man, even if it were possible? His mark and his wife and his city are of no interest to any one. He was a murderer of a very mean type, and no good can come of speculating about him.

J. C. M., Keystone, W. Va. 1. What are the opportunities for a retail merchandise business in Cuba? 2. Is it possible for one to do business in Cuba and not know the language used by the natives?

1. While the opportunities in Havana and possibly one or two other cities may be promising, we regard the condition of affairs in Cuba generally still too unsettled for ordinary business ventures. 2. Write to Mr. Bryson, editor *Havana Advertiser*, Havana, for further information.

S. T., Columbus, O. 1. When it is 3 P. M. standard time at San Francisco, what is the sun time (Longitude 17 1-2 degrees, 14 minutes)? 2. What is the English of "*Quo Vadis*"? 3. What qualifications are required of an assistant librarian?

1. In order to make a reliable calculation a date should be fixed, as the difference in time varies according to the season of the year. The average difference is about four minutes. The motion of the earth on its axis is strictly uniform, and sidereal time or "star time" is of unvarying uniformity. It is not a complete rotation of the earth, the alternation of light and darkness, that constitutes a day. This is called a civil or solar day, and is measured between two meridian passages of the sun, and is about four minutes longer than the sidereal day. The cause of the change is this: When the earth has made one complete turn, so as to bring the meridian of the place to the same position among the fixed stars as when it was noon the day before, the sun has apparently moved eastward nearly one degree among the stars, and it takes the earth about four minutes more to overtake it. If the diurnal motion of the sun were uniform, the length of the solar day would be as simple and easily determined as that of the sidereal day. 2. "Whither [illegible] Write to the Librarian, Astor Library, New York.

H. E. S., Freeman, S. C. In addressing a letter to [illegible]

As the corner is common to both streets, it would be proper to use the plural.

B. H., Cambridge City, Md. Please give a list of [illegible]

The list might be made to take a wide range and might include: Mary, Queen of Scots; Ann Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Katherine, of Aragon; Guinever, Isabella, Lady Jane Grey and many others. Their stories will be found running all through history, sacred and profane, and also in tradition.

Among other letters relating to the proposed International Peace Conference, we have received the following from a reader in Winnsboro, S. C.:

[illegible] in America, use his or her influence with the President, in favor of our government co-operating with the Peace Conference, proposed by the Czar of Russia. All honor to the Czar of Russia! Let the United States be second to endorse this lofty ideal. I would suggest that the banner of "The Prince of Peace" be raised over the Bible House in New York, and after the Peace Conference over our national capital. May the dove with the olive branch perch on all our banners! Let each say in this mighty movement, "She hath done what she [illegible]

MELTING GOLD AT THE ASSAY OFFICE, HELENA, MONT.

Helena is an active business and manufacturing centre and has quartz, flour and lumber mills, and many factories. Gold was found in the vicinity in 1864, and the camp was known as "Last Chance Gulch" until December of that year, when it received its present name. Smelting and assaying are done here for a very extensive mining district. There are also ruby and sapphire mines in the vicinity.

Matt. D., Detroit, Mich. To what part of Spain were the bones of Columbus taken which were recently removed from Cuba?

To Seville, where they were placed in the crypt of the great cathedral.

Our readers' interest in the question of "the old Bible," has not abated by any means. Mr. James P. Low, 1328 Corcoran street, Washington, D. C., writes:

I have a recent letter from Hon. David W. Low, of Gloucester, Mass., in which he says: "I have a Bible used by Captain John Low (Captain of the ship *Ambrose*, and Rear-Admiral of Governor Winthrop's fleet 1630). "Imprinted at London by Christopher Barker, Printer to the Queene's Most Excellent Majestie: dwelling in Paternoster Rowe, at the figure of the Tygres' head. Anno. 1579."

C. E. Eisenhart, York, Pa., writes:

I have a Bible printed (in English), in 1634, by Robert Barker, of London. It contains a number of full-page plates of genealogical charts tracing a direct line of Christ from Adam and Eve. There are thirty-four plates; also a chart of each tribe. Contains also a calendar for the year, with morning and evening prayers. Type in black letters. The binding is of wood, leather cover, embossed. Brass clasp and corner and centre plates. I have also another Bible. Red-lined every page; all hand-[illegible] work [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

WORKING FOR AN EDUCATION

How a Tennessee College Provides a College Training in Return for Farm Work

EVERY minister and editor is familiar with the inquiry which comes to him from all sections of the country: "Where can a poor young man go to obtain a college education in return for honest work?" "Is there any institution at which I could earn enough by my labor to support myself while I get an education?" The trustees of the famous old Washington College in East Tennessee are trying to give a practical answer to these questions.

Dr. W. B. Rankin, one of the trustees, says: "In 1893 the old college modified its classical methods and set to work to meet modern demands. A farm of one hundred acres was purchased and an industrial department established. Results have been gratifying. About twenty-five students each year are thereby enabled to meet the expense of living. At the same time they acquire a skill in common pursuits which will be invaluable. A practical education is thus placed within the reach of the poorest, if capable and industrious. The college is situated precisely in the district in which such advantages are appreciated. It is in the darkest portion, intellectually considered, of the United States. I mean the great Appalachian belt, which extends 500 miles northeast and southwest, and is about 250 miles wide. This belt overlies nearly the whole of West Virginia, and parts of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama. In it there exist, for the most part, the most illiterate people of the States it touches. There are the 'Crackers' of Georgia and Alabama, the 'poor whites' of North Carolina, the 'Covites' (the poor dwellers in shut-in mountain valleys) of Tennessee, and the rude, though sturdy and sterling, mountain folk of Tennessee, Kentucky and the Virginias. All these people are uneducated, and are ignorant even of the things they should know best—how to make the most of their situation.

"We found that the young women of East Tennessee and in the adjoining portions of Kentucky and Virginia—for Washington College is in the corner formed by these three States—do not need or care for Latin and Greek. They need and want industrial education that will fit them for their life work We now teach them how to lead best the kind of life they are likely to follow in their mountain homes. We have more applications from those who want an education than we can accept."

MISS M. T. EVANS
Teacher in Preparatory Dept.

PRES. J. T. COOTER

MISS S. S. BAKER
Teacher of Languages

It has been found that the average proportion above mentioned can be maintained. Four acres of land will produce sufficient to keep one student, and he need spend but very little more time in labor than the average college student spends in athletic sports. The accompanying illustrations are from photographs, showing the students at their work.

Characteristic of their stock, many are bright, plucky and eager to grasp opportunities to help themselves. Some have walked over one hundred miles to avail themselves of such chances. The test made has solved the supreme question with these people—how to meet the living expenses of their children while being educated. Encouraged by the success of this method, the trustees now propose to enlarge their farm. Land near the college can be bought for from $15 to $25 per acre. The cost of a year's living in some colleges—$150—will buy and stock enough land to support a student each year. Thus, for every four acres given and stocked, the college will undertake to give an education year by year to any student who is not afraid of hard work.

Rev. Jas. T. Cooter, President of the college, is a graduate of Princeton. Speaking recently of the past history of Washington College, he said:

"It was founded by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians in 1780, amid hostile Cherokees, in the territory of the Watauga Association—famous as the first attempt at free government on the part of native Americans. It was chartered as Martin Academy, in 1783, and as Washington College, in 1795. It may be called a child of Princeton, its founder, the Rev. Samuel Doak, D.D., being a graduate of that institution. Its first gift was a tract of land from Col. Waitstill Avery, a signer of the historic 'Mecklinburg Declaration.' Among its charter trustees were Gov. John Sevier and others who fought at the battle of King's mountain, which Jefferson claimed as the turning point in the war for American liberty. It has sent forth numbers of useful men in every generation since its origin — such as Hon. John Blair, Laudon C. Haynes, N. G. Taylor, Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, Senator Z. B. Vance, and Judge O. P. Temple. The array of pulpit orators is remarkable: Dr. David Nelson, author of *Cause and Cure of Infidelity*, and the hymn, 'My Days are Gliding Swiftly By,' etc.; Gideon Blackburn, founder of Blackburn University, and James Gallaher, whose fame as an evangelist was national.

"Though dismantled and almost ruined during the civil war, it now has a fair property. At the close of the war it possessed only two buildings and sixteen acres of land, and that encumbered by a debt greater than the total valuation. Now it has six buildings in good condition and entire equipment valued at $45,000—and no debt. Its policy is to incur none."

Contributions toward the cost of supporting free students, buying books for the library and instruments and appliances for the class room, or toward the purchase of land, may be sent to the Treasurer, E. H. West, Washington College, Washington Co., Tenn. He or Rev. Jas. T. Cooter, the President, or Dr. W. B. Rankin, 305 West 113th St., New York, will be pleased to furnish further particulars on application.

A Temple Transformed

In the current number of *The Missionary Review* is an interesting report of the transfer of a Buddhist temple to Christian missions. It says:

The gift of a Buddhist temple to the Ningpo mission has excited great attention as an unprecedented incident in the history of missions. The official account says that when Rev. J. W. Haywood asked the villagers (two hundred had assembled) if they were willing it should be used as a preaching hall and school, the answer was universal assent. Not only so, when one of the head men said they would convey it by a legal deed of gift, all present shouted "Quite right, quite right." The British consul pronounced the deed legally valid. In addition to the temple and its demesne, twenty-two acres of land have also been conveyed.

INDUSTRIAL WORK AT WASHINGTON COLLEGE, EAST TENNESSEE

1. Group of the College Students at Drill. 2. The Dish-washing Hour. 3. Sowing Oats on the Farm. 4. Hitching Up for Early Work. 5. Fodder Gathering.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

BURDEN-BEARING

A Sermon by
T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.,
On the Text: Gal. 6: 2:

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

EVERY man for himself! If there be room for only one more passenger in the lifeboat, get in yourself. If there be a burden to lift, you supervise while others shoulder it. You be the digit while others are the ciphers on the right hand side—nothing in themselves but augmenting you. In opposition to that theory of selfishness Paul advances in my text the Gospel theory: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Everybody has burdens. Sometimes they come down upon the shoulders, sometimes they come down upon the head, sometimes they come down upon the heart. Looking over any assembly, they all seem well and bright and easy; but each one has a burden to lift, and some of them have more than they can lift. Paul proposes to split up these burdens into fragments. You take part of mine and I must take part of yours, and each one will take part of the other's, and so we will fulfil the law of Christ.

Mrs. Appleton, of Boston, the daughter of Daniel Webster, was dying after long illness. The great lawyer after pleading an important case in the courtroom, on his way home stopped at the house of his daughter and went into her sick-room. She said to him: "Father, why are you out to-day in this cold weather without an overcoat?" The great lawyer went into the next room and was in a flood of tears, saying, "Dying herself, yet thinking only of me." Oh, how much more beautiful is care for others than this everlasting taking care of ourselves. High up in the wall of the Temple of Baalbec there are three stones, each weighing eleven hundred tons. They were lifted up by a style of machinery that is now among the lost arts. But in my text is the Gospel machinery, by which the vaster and the heavier tonnage of the world's burden is to be lifted from the crushed heart of the human race. What you and I most need to learn is the spirit of helpfulness.

Encourage the merchant. If he have a superior style of goods, tell him so. If he have with his clerks adorned the show windows and the shelves, compliment his taste. If he have a good business locality, if he have had great success, if he have brilliant prospects for the future, recognize all this. Be not afraid that he will become arrogant and puffed up by your approval. Before night some shop-going person will come in and tell him that his prices are exorbitant and that his goods are of an inferior quality, and that his show window gave promise of far better things than he found inside. Before the night of the day in which you say encouraging words to that merchant there will be some crank, male or female, who will come into the store and depreciate everything, and haul down enough goods from the shelves to fit out a family for a whole winter without buying a cent's worth. If the merchant be a grocer there will be some one before night who will come into his establishment, and taste of this and taste of that and taste of everything else, in that way stealing all the profits of anything that he may purchase—buying three apples while he is eating one orange! Before the night of the day when you approve that merchant, he will have a bad debt which he will have to erase, a bad debt made by some one who has moved away from the neighborhood without giving any hint of the place of destination. Before night that merchant will hear that some style of goods of which he has a large supply is going out of fashion, and there will be some one who will come into the store and pay a bill under protest, saying he has paid it before, but the receipt has been lost. Now, encourage that merchant, not fearing that he will become arrogant or puffed up, for there will be before night enough unpleasant things said to keep him from becoming apoplectic with plethora of praise.

Encourage newspaper men. If you knew how many annoyances they have, if you understood that their most elaborate article is sometimes flung out because there is such great pressure on the columns, and that an accurate report of a speech is expected although the utterance be so indistinct the discourse is one long stenographic guess, and that the midnight which finds you asleep demands that they be awake, and that they are sometimes ground between the wheels of our great brain manufactories; sickened at the often approach of men who want complimentary newspaper notices, or who want newspaper retraction; one day sent to report a burial, the next day to report a pugilistic encounter; shifted from place to place by sudden revolution which is liable to take place any day in our great journalistic establishments; precarious life becoming more and more precarious—if you understood it, you would be more sympathetic. Be affable when you have not an axe to be sharpened on their grindstone. Discuss in your mind what the nineteenth century would be without the newspaper, and give encouraging words to all who are engaged in this interest, from the chief of editorial department down to the boy that throws the morning or evening newspaper into your basement window.

Encourage mechanics. They will plumb the pipes, or they will kalsomine the ceilings, or they will put down the carpets, or they will grain the doors, or they will fashion the wardrobe. Be not among those who never say anything to a mechanic except to find fault. If he has done a job well, tell him it is splendidly done. Be not among those employers who never say anything to their employees except to swear at them. Do not be afraid you will make that mechanic so puffed up and arrogant he will never again want to be seen with working-apron or in shirt sleeves.

Encourage the farmers. They come into your stores, you meet them in the city markets, you often associate with them in the summer months. Office-seekers go through the land and they stand on political platforms, and they tell the farmers the story about the independent life of a farmer, giving flattery where they ought to give sympathy. Independent of what? I was brought up on a farm, I worked on a farm, I know all about it. I hardly saw a city until I was grown, and I tell you that there are no class of people in this country who have it harder and who more need your sympathy than farmers. Independent of what? Of the curculio that stings the peach trees? of the rust in the wheat? of the long rain with the rye down? Independent of the grasshopper? of the locust? of the army worm? of the potato bug? Independent of the drought that burns up the harvest? Independent of the cow with the hollow horn? or the sheep with the foot rot? or the pet horse with a nail in his hoof? Independent of the cold that freezes out the winter grain? Independent of the snowbank out of which he must shovel himself? Independent of the cold weather when he stands threshing his numbed fingers around his body to keep them from being frosted? Independent of the frozen ears and the frozen feet? Independent of what? Fancy farmers who have made their fortunes in the city and go out in the country to build houses with all the modern improvements, and make farming a luxury, may not need any solace: but the yeomanry who get their living out of the soil, and who that way have to clothe their families and educate their children, and pay their taxes and meet the interest on mortgaged farms—such men find a terrific struggle. I demand that office-seekers and politicians fold up their gaseous and imbecile speeches about the independent life of a farmer, and substitute some word of comfort drawn from the fact that they are free from city conventionalities and city epidemics and city temptations. My most vivid remembrance of boyhood is of my father coming in on a very hot day from the harvest-field, and seating himself on the door-sill because he was too faint to get into the house, the perspiration streaming from forehead and from chin, and my mother trying to resuscitate him with a cup of cold water which he was too faint to hold to his own lips, while saying to us: "Don't be frightened; there's nothing the matter; a little tired that's all, a little tired." Ever since that day when I hear people talking about the independent life of a farmer I see through the sham. Farmers want not your flatteries but your sympathies.

Encourage the doctors. You praise the doctor when he brings you up from an awful crisis of disease, but do you praise the doctor when through skilful treatment of the incipient stages of disease, he keeps you from sinking down to the awful crisis? There is a great deal of cheap and heartless wit about doctors, but I notice that the people who get off that wit are the first to send for a doctor when there is anything the matter. There are those who undertake to say in our day that doctors are really useless. One man has written a book entitled, "Every Man His Own Doctor." That author ought to write one more book entitled, "Every Man His own Undertaker."

Physicians have so many hardships, so many interruptions, so many annoyances. I am glad they have so many encouragements. All doors open to them. They are welcome to mansion and to cot. Little children shout when they see them coming down the road, and the aged, recognizing the step, look up and say, "Doctor, is that you?" They stand between our families and the grave, fighting back the troops of disorder that come up from their encampment by the cold river. No one hears such thanks as the doctor hears. They are eyes to the blind, they are feet to the lame, their path is strewn with the benedictions of those whom they have befriended.

One day there was a dreadful foreboding in our house. All hope was gone. The doctor came four times that day. The children put away their toys and all walked on tip-toe, and at the least sound said: "Hush!" How loudly the clock did tick, and how the banister creaked, though we tried to keep it so still. That night the doctor stayed all night. He concentred all his skill upon the sufferer. At last the restlessness of the sufferer subsided into a calm, sweet slumber, and the doctor looked up and smiled and said: "The crisis is past." When propped up with pillows, in the easy chair, she sat, and the south wind tried to blow a rose-leaf into the faded cheek, and the children brought flowers—the one a red clover top: the other a violet from the lawn—to the lap of the convalescent, and Bertha stood on a high chair with a brush smoothing her mother's hair, and we were told in a day or two she might ride out, joy came back to our house. And as we helped the old country doctor into his gig, we noticed not that the step was broken, or the horse stiff in the knees, and we all realized for the first time in our life what doctors were worth. Encourage them.

Encourage the lawyers. They are often cheated out of their fees, and so often have to breathe the villainous air of courtrooms, and they so often have to bear ponderous responsibility, and they have to maintain against the sharks in their profession the dignity of that calling which was honored by the fact that the only man allowed to stand on Mount Sinai beside the Lord was Moses, the lawyer, and that the Bible speaks of Christ as the advocate. Encourage lawyers in their profession of transcendent importance—a profession honored by having on the bench a Chief Justice Story and at the bar a Rufus Choate.

Encourage the teachers in our public schools—occupation arduous and poorly compensated. In all the cities when there comes a fit of economy on the part of officials, the first thing to do is always to cut down teachers' salaries. To take forty or fifty boys whose parents suppose them precocious and keep the parents from finding out their mistake; to take as [illegible] pectation of parents who think their children at fifteen years of age ought to be [illegible] system, is a very arduous work. Encourage them by the usefulness and the everlastingness and the magnitude of their occupation, and when your children do well, compliment the instructor, praise the teacher, thank the educator.

Encourage all invalids by telling them how many you have known with the same ailments who got well, and not by telling them of their sunken eye, or asking them whether the color of their cheek is really hectic, or mentioning cases in which that style of disease ended fatally, or telling them how badly they look. Cheerful words are more soothing than chloral, more stimulating than cognac, more tonic than bitters. Many an invalid has recovered through the influence of cheerful surroundings.

Encourage all starting in life by yourself becoming reminiscent. Established merchants, by telling these young merchants when you got your first customer, and how you sat behind the counter eating your luncheon with one eye on the door. Established lawyers, encourage young lawyers by telling of the time when you broke down in your first speech. Established ministers of the Gospel, encourage young ministers by merciful examination of theological candidates, not walking around with a profundity and overwhelmingness of manner as though you were one of the eternal decrees. Doctors established, by telling young doctors how you yourself once mistook the measles for scarlatina. And if you have nothing to say that is encouraging, O, man! put your teeth tightly together and cover them with the curtain of your lip; compress your lips and put your hand over your mouth and keep still.

A gentleman was passing along, crossing a bridge in Germany, and a lad came along with a cage of birds for sale. The stranger said, "How much for those birds and the cage?" The price was announced, the purchase was made, and the first thing the stranger did was to open the door of the cage and the birds flew out into the sun-light and the forest. Some one who saw the purchase and the liberation said: "What did you do that for?" "Ah!" said the stranger, "I was a captive myself once, and I know how good it is to be free." Oh, ye who remember hardships in early life but have come beyond those hardships, sympathize with those who are in the struggle! Free yourself, help others to get free. Governor Alexander Stephens persisted in having business matters brought to his bedside. There was on that table a letter from a poor woman in the penitentiary, written and signed by herself alone. Dying Alexander Stephens said: "You think that because I have been ill so many times and got well, I shall get well now, but you are mistaken; I shall not recover. Where is that letter by that woman in the penitentiary? I think she has suffered enough. As near as I can tell she has no friends. Bring me that paper that I may sign her pardon." A gentleman standing by, thinking this too great a responsibility for the sick man, said: Governor, you are very sick now; perhaps you had better wait till to-morrow; you may feel stronger and you may feel better." Then the eye of the old governor flashed, and he said: "I know what I am about." Putting his signature to that pardon, he wrote the last word he ever wrote, for then the pen fell from his pale and rheumatic and dying hand forever. Oh, my soul, how beautiful that the closing hours of life should be spent in helping one who had no helper!

Encourage the troubled by thoughts of release and reassociation. Encourage the aged by thoughts of eternal juvenescence. Encourage the herdsman amid the troughs of sin, to go back to the banquet at the father's homestead. Give us tones in the major key instead of the minor. Give us "Coronation" instead of "Naomi." You have seen cars so arranged that one car going down the hill rolled another car up the hill. They nearly balanced each other. And every man that finds life up-hill, ought to be helped by those who have passed the heights and are descending to the vale. Oh, let us bear one another's burdens!

All United Against Polygamy

Ex-Senator Edmunds' Bugle-Call Rouses the Nation to Action

People Everywhere Opposing the Mormon Invasion of Congress, and Loudly Demanding the Expulsion of Roberts, the Confessed Polygamist—General Eaton's View of the Case

THE great battle against polygamy has opened in earnest. With the simultaneous publication, last week, in every

GEN. JOHN EATON

leading newspaper throughout the Union, of the ringing exposure and denunciation of the Mormon evil by ex-United States Senator George F. Edmunds, in a letter of national importance addressed to the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there has come a sudden stirring of the nation's energies. In that letter, the distinguished statesman and author of the Anti-Polygamy Law clearly pointed out the peril that threatened Congress and the country at large from the defiant attitude of the polygamists, and set forth unanswerable reasons why Roberts, the Mormon Congressman-elect, should be expelled from the House of Representatives under the constitutional provision which empowers Congress to act in such cases.

Public Gatherings in Many States

The Senator's able letter has been received with universal demonstrations of approval. Public gatherings held at many points have made it a subject of enthusiastic discussion. In several State Legislatures, resolutions have been introduced requesting Congress to exercise its prerogative and refuse to sit with Roberts. Ministerial bodies in Ohio, Colorado, Kansas, Connecticut and other States have adopted similar resolutions for presentation to the National Legislature. In every instance the praise of Senator Edmund's pure and patriotic letter has been liberal and spontaneous.

As announced in last week's issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has secured from Gen. John Eaton, ex-United States Commissioner of Education and long resident in Utah, the following letter on the Roberts case, which is scarcely secondary in interest and importance to the remarkable contribution of Senator Edmunds. Gen. Eaton, while in Utah, had abundant facilities for investigating the Mormon system and the series of letters from his pen, which appeared in this journal in the winter of 1896-97, made the deepest impression upon the national mind and conscience, and were largely instrumental in bringing about the great popular uprising which now threatens to sweep away the last remnants of Mormon political power in the nation, by forever shutting the doors of Congress against polygamists.

General Eaton's letter is as follows:

"*To the Editor of 'The Christian Herald:*'

"Roberts was convicted of violating the Edmunds law, and was punished. The pardons granted by President Harrison were conditioned upon the giving up of polygamy. *Roberts has never given up polygamy*, and therefore, he is *not entitled to that amnesty or pardon.* All who were polygamists and did not receive the benefit of that pardon were not entitled to vote—were not citizens. Mr. Cleveland carefully made the same discrimination against those who had not given up polygamy. Roberts, therefore, as an unpardoned criminal, is not entitled to vote or hold office under the constitution of Utah, and is therefore of course disqualified for admission as a member of the House of Representatives.

"There can be no *ex post facto* law or retroactive legislation under the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution adopted by the State of Utah prohibits polygamy in the strongest terms, but each legislature has refused to enact any State law in accordance with this provision punishing polygamy. But the new Constitution provides that 'all the laws of the Territory of Utah now in force, not repugnant to this Constitution, shall remain in force.' And the act punishing polygamy is specially declared to be in force. One decision of a U. S. court has been made in accordance with this view. This, of course, forbids the cohabitation of a man with more than one wife. The attitude of every member of Congress, from States other than Utah, will personally be against polygamy. But Mormons touch the political nerve widely both by the influence of money and by votes. Roberts will seek admission in accordance with the usual forms of law. He will have a large majority behind him and a Governor's certificate of election. On these points there can be no question.

What Will Congress Do?

"What Congress will do depends upon how far the members of the House will respond to the Ten Commandments and the sentiments of the people.

"The House of Representatives is the absolute and sole judge of the election, returns and qualifications of its members, and may expel a member by a two-thirds vote. No compliance with the forms of their State Constitution prohibiting polygamy. But this would be repudiation of the most sacred pledges they made to secure Statehood. This large majority in favor of Roberts will naturally be construed as indicating a disposition on the part of his supporters and the Mormon leaders to practice their religion, as they call practicing polygamy, without regard to the State Constitution, and the manifesto of their leaders against plural marriages, and all the most solemn assurances given the American people against polygamy.

A Stringent Anti-Polygamy Law Needed

"It is a notable fact that the Governor of Utah, who is a Mormon, but not a polygamist, *plead with the people not to elect Roberts.* There is no doubt a considerable body of Mormons who would be true to the pledges of the leaders and the assurances given the American people. There can be no question, should the sentiment against polygamy take such a hold in the public mind, that the House of Representatives will exercise its authority in keeping Roberts out. *The present Congress should aid to that end by going to the extent of its Constitutional rights in legislating against polygamy as a crime.*

APOSTLE HEBER J. GRANT

"The whole situation would be greatly simplified if an amendment to the national constitution could be adopted prohibiting polygamy. The press, the pulpit, the forum, every expression of opinion, every voice can be so lifted up against this evil, which destroys the sacredness of the home, degrades man and brutalizes woman, that no polygamist will dare to offer himself for recognition in a national office.

Washington, D. C. "JOHN EATON."

It is evident that the Mormon Church and State officials in Utah are in great trepidation over the popular uprising, which threatens the entire Mormon fabric. Lorenzo Snow, President and head of the Mormon Church, has issued a long statement in which he declares that plural marriages have ceased forever in Utah, and that Roberts was not elected to Congress as a Mormon. Both assertions, however, are flatly contradicted by the facts. The Presbytery of Utah has declared publicly over their signatures that no less than 2,000 polygamous marriages have taken place in Utah within two years, and it is admitted by prominent Mormons that he was elected through the influence of the Mormon Church, his nomination by the Congressional Convention being brought about through the personal efforts of Heber J. Grant.

AMELIA PALACE, THE HOME OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FAVORITE WIFE

law and no large majority of any people should justify a criminal in sitting in the House of Representatives; and what the House will do about a polygamist depends entirely upon its own judgment. It should be remembered that Roberts was elected over two opponents, both Mormons, but neither of them a polygamist, thus indicating that his promoters preferred a polygamist. This indicates the strength of the sentiment among polygamists. Under Statehood, the people of Utah have control of their own marriage and divorce laws, and may repeal the provision in

ON THE VALDEZ TRAIL

Preaching the Gospel Amid Glaciers, Blizzards, Snow-Slides and Fields of Flowers

(See illustration on first page)

OUR front-page picture (which was taken expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by our artist who accompanied the party photographed), will be appreciated by our readers as giving a very realistic glimpse of one of the more pleasing features of the Valdez Trail to the Alaskan Gold Fields. The preacher is Rev. F. L. Benedict, with whose work among miners and prospecting parties in Alaska our readers are already familiar. The place is "Camp First Timber," on the Klutina River, and just off the glacier.

Along the trail camps were located from three to five miles apart, each camp consisting of from twenty-five to one hundred tents. In winter, services would be held, of course, inside a tent; but in that section winter was a question less of time than of distance. This party pictured has just passed from the snow and ice and blinding blizzards of the Valdez Glacier into the balmy, beautiful summer of the Valdez Valley. Above and behind glittering peaks of tall mountains rose into the blue sky; the valley, and the hillsides descending into it were living green, where they were not a blaze of bloom. There was a marvelous wealth of wild flowers: buds and blossoms everywhere. Lakes often gave back in reflection whole sheets of pink or purple, or whatever tint the flowers happened to be. There were song birds that sang all night.

Only a few days before, this party had been struggling with mid-winter in the glacier. From the landing at Valdez the journey had been one of untold hardships and perils; many who had started were not with their comrades now; some had wisely turned back; others had perished, the very secret of their graves locked in the avalanche that had crushed them. The Valdez Trail had never before been traveled by white men.

There were storms so fierce they could not see ten feet ahead. Snowslides rushed down hill with a roar like thunder. Three avalanches rolled right through the camp; one covered about thirty people; two were taken out dead. A dog buried in one of these slides was taken out alive eight days after. How he had existed packed in the snow and without air or food is a mystery, but a fact all the same. One snow-storm, lasting eight days, held the party at the foot of the summit of the glacier. Firewood gave out, and they were using up their boxes and candles with which to warm tea or coffee. They kept alive by staying in their sleeping-bags (great sacks made of furs and mackinaw blankets), all the time. Several days before the storm, four or six of the party had started off to "Camp First Timber" for wood and other supplies; and much fear was entertained that they had perished on the way. As soon as the weather permitted, the summit camp broke and set out towards "Camp First Timber." After a short march, they looked down to see a relief party led by their friends.

During all of these trials and hardships the faithful missionary shared the labors and troubles of the men, and exercised a wholesome influence, felt by every man. Time often hung heavy in camp; some liked to listen to him for that, if nothing more, and were influenced all the same. Almost all of them came to like him, and when those who knew him heard that he was on the trail, they would come miles to listen to him. This party with whom he struggled through the hardships and dangers of the Valdez Glacier found no gold, but let us trust many found something far better—a hope in Christ.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

CHRIST'S DIVINE AUTHORITY

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 12. John 5 : 17-27
Golden Text, John 4 : 42

BY MRS. M. BAXTER.

IT was in the early days of his ministry that persecution commenced against Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He had healed the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda on the Sabbath day. The criticising Jews who always dogged the footsteps of God's Christ (Luke 5 : 17, 30; 6: 7-11; 7: 30, etc., etc.), said unto him that was cured, "It is the Sabbath day, it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed." "He that made me whole," was the answer, "the same said unto me, Take up thy bed and walk." Senseless objection! How could the poor man leave his rug under the feet of the many who thronged the pool of Bethesda! and how could he remain lying upon his rug when he was perfectly well? Would it not have been breaking the Sabbath far more to trouble his friends to carry him home on his bed, than simply to roll it up and bear it away on his shoulder? They asked the healed man who it was that gave him this command, probably knowing well what the answer would be. And though the healed man did not know at the time, yet when Jesus met him in the temple with the significant words, "Behold, thou art made whole, sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee," the man departed and told them it was Jesus that had made him whole.

This work of healing was made a pretext for the persecution of Jesus, "because he had done these things on the Sabbath day!" He had not labored: for labor on the Sabbath was forbidden by the law, nor had he laid labor in any sense upon the healed man. Nothing had been done to break the rest of the Sabbath; on the contrary, Jesus had given rest to a sufferer whose life had been a weariness for thirty-eight years! But this was the first ground of accumulated evidence of the same description, by which the enemies of God brought the Saviour to the cross! In the depths of their hearts they rebelled against the interference of God in the usual order of things on earth.

Jesus answered their accusations by the direct and definite statement, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." This increased the storm against him. What! did this obnoxious Teacher not only break the Sabbath, but also say that God was his Father, thus making himself equal with God? What was it coming to? thought and said these blind, would-be guardians of the truth of God. Taking for granted, without any justifiable promises, that Jesus was in the wrong, and that they were contending for righteousness' sake, they saw everything through the color of their misconceptions. This man was not the Messiah, the Son promised (Isa. 9: 6); therefore his claim that God was his Father was blasphemy, and his command to the healed man to carry his bed or rug, was a scandal, and went against all Pharisaical ideas of the sanctity of the Sabbath. Thus they blinded themselves. The angels had borne witness to Jesus at his birth; a voice from heaven when he was baptized had declared him to be God's beloved Son; devils which had been cast out had declared him to be the Son of God; but the Pharisees persisted in ignoring all this testimony; they would not see in him the Son of God.

As the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father, Jesus did everything for eternity, and under the guidance of the Father which dwelt in him (John 10: 14). He spoke on this occasion words which found no entrance into the hearts of those to whom they were spoken, though of infinite value to all who believe in him; he was speaking for the future. Eternity is in every word of God: once spoken it can never cease to be (John 12 : 49, 50; Luke 21 : 33). He answered and said unto them, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these doeth the Son likewise." This is almost repeated (ver. 30), "I can of mine own self do nothing." God was his Father, but Jesus was truly Man; as dependent on his Father, as really empty of any power in his human nature to do divine things, or to speak divine words, as any of us are. He having emptied himself (Phil. 2 : 7, R. V.), depended absolutely and always on the Father which dwelt in him for every word he spoke (John 14 : 10).

"For the Father loveth the Son and showeth him all things that himself doeth." How the Son of God, who was in the beginning with God, had so emptied himself as to need in his human life and nature to learn of his Father the things which he did, must indeed remain a mystery. That it was so the Bible tells us. Let us believe and adore, lest we be tempted, like the Pharisees, to doubt and criticise the Lord whom it is our privilege to obey. "And he will show him greater things than these that ye may marvel. For as the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them, so the Son also quickeneth whom he will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent him." Perhaps the absolute oneness and equality of the Eternal Father and Eternal Son are nowhere more fully shown than in this important Scripture.

And now our Lord begins to show that there is a spiritual and a physical resurrection, and that he is Lord of both. For spirit, soul and body his declaration of himself to Martha holds good: "I am the Resurrection and the Life" (John 11 : 25). In the first place the spiritual: "Verily, verily I say unto you"—the preface which our Lord always used for the most important utterance—"He that heareth my Word, and believeth him that sent me hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed from death unto life" (R. V.).

"JESUS SAITH UNTO HIM, RISE, TAKE UP THY BED AND WALK"

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

ONE of the most explicit and emphatic statements we have of Christ's divine nature, is made in the verses to be considered this week. It is the great mystery of the ages, and even after a careful study of Christ's statement, it remains a mystery. But he probably told us in these words all about it that it is possible for human nature to understand. He certainly told us all that it is necessary for us to understand. The discourse was occasioned by the reproach which the Jews brought against Christ, for relaxing the law of the Sabbath. Their stupid literalism blinded them to the glory of the miracle he had wrought on the paralytic and seized on a technical breaking of the law. There was no doubt at all about the law being on the statute book, nor of the fact that the healed man, in obeying Christ, broke the law. In defence of himself Christ claimed a power and an authority which, in the eyes of the Jews, aggravated his offence. His words implied that he was in a peculiar manner the Son of God. This, according to their view was blasphemy: so Christ proceeded to show them in what sense he was the Son of God. He declared that his purposes and conduct were identical with God's; that a perfect understanding based on love existed between them; that God had given to him the power to represent him and manifest him to the world: and that he was entitled to the honor and reverence men should pay to God. Then with a solemn "Verily, Verily," he declares his power to give life and to give it so that not even death shall take it away. Further, he not only possessed this divine attribute, but he holds the divine commission of Judge and will exercise it through the power committed to him.

My Father worketh, hitherto. This truth needs to be reiterated in these days. Some people seem to imagine that natural law does everything; that God started the world and left it to itself, as a man winds up a clock. A little boy, who accompanied his father on a drive, told his mother, on his return, that he had driven all the way. "How dare you trust that child to drive?" she asked her husband afterwards. "Oh, it was safe," he said, "I had hold of the reins all the time."

Passed from death unto life. A clergyman, needing rest and perfect quiet, went for a few weeks to a remote village. At the house where he stayed, there was a ten-year-old boy who worked on a farm. He toiled from early morning until night, day after day, knowing nothing of life, and having not the remotest idea of a city, or of literature. He had never been to school, did not know his letters, and had scarcely ever had a book in his hand. To all intelligent life he was dead. But the clergyman saw in him mental power which might be developed. He persuaded the boy's father, a dull man, to let him take the boy back to his city home with him. He sent him to school, and soon the boy began to learn with avidity. The clergyman had not been mistaken about his possessing mental power. Once aroused, he studied hard. He devoured books of travel, science and history, and his memory held fast what he read. A few years later, paying a visit to his boyhood home, he realized what his life as a boy had been. The change was like a new world, like passing from death to life. So it is with the spirit. Conversion opens up a new world that unconverted people know nothing of "because it is spiritually discerned."

The Son quickeneth. Christ had just shown what he could do. The paralytic lying by the pool, so helpless that when the water stirred he had no power to step in, at his command, rose, rolled up the mattress on which he was lying and walked away, well. To the poor victim of sin who feels that he has not the power to quit, Christ gives strength now. Only, like the paralytic, he must confess that he is willing. A man was looking for the doctor and went to his house, but he was not at home. "Where is he?" he asked of the doctor's little boy who was playing in the yard. "Do you know where he has gone? I will go and find him if you know where he is." The child shook his head. "I don't know where he is," he said. "You had better look where there are sick people. That's where he is. He is helping somebody, somewhere." What a lovely testimony! It can be said of Christ with still greater confidence.

Because he is the Son of Man. There could be no better reason for investing him with the authority of Judge. He knew by experience what human nature was. He was representative, and men of all walks of life have drawn inspiration from his life. An old legend relates that Christ stood before a fire that had been kindled on the open street. The light of the fire threw his shadow on a vacant wall. His beloved disciple took a piece of charcoal and sketched on the wall the outline of the shadow. The next day as people passed, one and another stopped to look at the sketch. A fruit-vender who looked at it, said it was the image of a fruit-vender, and pointed to the stooping shoulders as the sign of one used to bear a burden. A sandal-maker said the attitude of the figure indicated a man of his trade. A member of the Sanhedrim said the sketch represented a philosopher. One man stayed looking at it lovingly and a long time, and the people around saw his face and figure change till they resembled the sketch, and they said it must be his portrait. The Apostle Paul has the same thought. He says those who love him are "changed into the same image."

PORTO RICO'S CRYING NEED

Sunday Schools, Teachers and Testaments Urgently Demanded—Beginning Gospel Work—A Free Gospel Under a Free Flag

FROM OUR Y. M. C. A. CORRESPONDENT

THE entire island is ripe for a systematic evangelical work. The priesthood have lost their hold on intelligent natives. So far, very little has been done to occupy the field at Ponce. The Episcopal church building is occupied on each Sunday morning, and the post chaplain conducts a service for English-speaking people. In the interior is an absolute dearth of evangelical effort, except at Arecibo, where Chaplain Phillips, of the 6th U. S. V. has done some private work among the natives, and claims some trophies for Christ and his kingdom.

Private soldiers have given their testimony for the truth in a few instances, but no consecutive and well-organized effort has been put forth since our troops took possession of Porto Rico, and raised Old Glory above its palaces and public buildings.

At San Juan there are signs of improvement. A humble company of people, mostly from the British West Indies, have gathered about Student G. S. Swenson, of Augusta College and Theological Seminary of Rock Island, Illinois, and on December 4th, 1898, began public worship in Mr. Brown's parlor, at 47 Sol street. On December 21st they formed a society called "The Christian Missionary Alliance." The society now numbers thirty-eight—all poor people.

Mr. Swenson acts as the pastor of this little flock, some of whom have received the truth in Antigua, through missionaries of the Christian Alliance, of New York. The little room where services are held is crowded each time with both English-speaking and Porto Rican people. I had the pleasure of preaching the Christmas sermon to them, and the street in front of the building was thronged. Andrew McKim, of the American Bible Society, has helped them by speaking in Spanish. Mr. Swenson began a Sunday School with three Porto Rican young men on New Year's Day, 1899.

The committee of the new organization—the Colonial Christian Association—prepared in true American style for their first service. The use of the theatre was secured. Hand-bills were scattered, printed in Spanish and English, giving the names of speakers and singers. A choir was formed by Mrs. Hanna, wife of U. S. Consul Hanna, and all arrangements were made for an orderly meeting. But the ecclesiastical authorities had heard something of it, and were in great agitation. The highest functionary hurried to the Alcalde, and demanded that the doors of the theatre be shut against these "heretics who are trying to change the established order of things ecclesiastical." His Honor, fearful of the possible consequences of disobeying the behests of his dean, sent word to the committee that the theatre, which is a public building under the control of the city authorities, must not be used. But man proposes and God disposes. Preacher and committee, with choir, found the building ready and open at the hour announced, filled with people. Student Swenson, who was anxious to have matters in readiness for service, had gone early to the place, and, being in ignorance of the official edict, demanded admittance, and the trembling janitor hastened to obey. We began the service with the grand Coronation hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," in a place that had never before echoed with sacred song. Your correspondent preached a New Year's sermon from Philippians 3: 12–14: "Forgetting the past"—urging the people to put aside prejudice and open their hearts to receive the Spirit of Christ, and explained to the Porto Ricans that the theatres in North America are frequently used for public religious services.

Don Rapael Lopez Landron made an earnest address in Spanish. He is a prominent advocate, and the priest had visited him and forbidden him to take part. One of the singers had also been warned to stay away from the service.

Gen. Guy V. Henry, the Commanding General of the island, was also visited by certain ecclesiastics, who protested against meetings which, they claimed, would be inimical to their interests, but were told that our flag gave the utmost freedom to all forms of religious belief, and advised not to meddle with the affairs of Christians who desired to worship God in their own way.

The greatest need now is a thorough system of Sunday Schools throughout the island. Let our American Sunday School Boards send down men and women who can speak the language and doors will be opened in every city, town and hamlet. Through these schools the Gospel can be carried to the adults, and each school be made a nucleus for future church organization, just as our Western States have been occupied and developed through the same agencies. Next Sunday we hope to gather a large number of children in the theatre at San Juan, and begin by teaching them to sing Gospel Hymns. I take this means of asking any of your readers who desire to help this movement to send to me illuminated picture lesson rolls and other object lessons of a religious kind, or lesson leaves in the Spanish language. If addressed to F. L. Smith, care Young Men's Christian Association, San Juan, P. R., they will reach the friends in charge of the Sunday School.

Already a demand has arisen for Bibles in the Spanish and English language and you will be doing a great service to natives by sending a full supply of Testaments and booklets printed in parallel columns. Many Porto Ricans, who might object to receiving a tract or religious booklet, will be so anxious to learn our language that they will eagerly read the Testament and thus imbibe the pure Gospel.

God always has his way prepared for his work, and not only the way, but the place. Under Spanish rule, the people were demoralized by public lotteries, and hundreds of men made a livelihood by selling lottery tickets throughout the island. With the raising of our flag, public gambling received its death-blow and the very commodious building which has heretofore been the scene of public lottery drawings, now bids fair to become the headquarters for aggressive Christian effort in Porto Rico. The building is in the very centre of San Juan, near the post office and army headquarters, and will accommodate, upon the ground floor, the coffee-house outfit which we expect to instal very soon, leaving the rest of the rooms to be occupied by kindred societies, or sublet to reduce the rental charge. Our soldiers will welcome the establishment of an Army Y. M. C. A., with coffee-house, reading, writing and amusement rooms. At present they have no place for recreation, and are tempted to frequent the scores of cafes, and always with the accompaniment of liquor. Many of our soldier lads will be saved from intemperance by the institution of a proper place to secure American cooked food and good American-made coffee, without liquor and beer. In addition to this, religious services and Bible classes will be held for their benefit, and a systematic effort made to meet their moral and spiritual needs. The heartiest co-operation has been offered by Maj.-General Guy V. Henry, who commands the island.

A largely attended service was held at the general hospital on the first Sunday in the new year, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The large court was well seated with chairs, a good choir of lady nurses and stewards led the singing, and the men gave earnest attention to the Gospel message. Nearly one hundred hands went up requesting prayers and determining to lead new lives in 1899. Hospital Steward McElroy, of Brooklyn, sang a solo, and is to have charge of the choir and committee at the hospital. I have never spoken to a more appreciative audience anywhere.

Regular services will be held each Sunday afternoon, hereafter. The Y. M. C. A. work will be organized in the military districts on the island after the San Juan headquarters are in good working order, and we are counting upon the co-operation of your good readers to make the coffee-house a great success in developing the religious life of our soldier boys. We crave the united prayers of your people in behalf of this important work.

FRANK L. SMITH.

A Wonderful C. E. Banner

THE accompanying photos were taken at the 1898 Convention of the C. E. Societies of Fukien Province, China, and are forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Rev. Dwight Goddard, an American mission-

CHRISTIAN WORKERS AT INGHOK, CHINA

Enterprise in the New Colonies

American newspapers have already been established in Cuba and the Philippines. The first numbers of *The Havana Advertiser*, of which a bright young American, Mr. George E. Bryson, is founder and editor, shows abundant evidence of enterprise and stability, and is a significant illustration of the talent which recognizes and grasps an opportunity to do real public service. The paper has been welcomed by all classes, and especially by the business men of Havana, who have had to be satisfied heretofore with Spanish journals, in whose columns nothing good was ever said of Americans.

From Manila, in the Philippines, we have *The American Soldier*, also a pioneer publication. It is essentially a soldiers' paper, and doubtless has a large interest for the "boys in blue" who have served in the new colonies, or are now doing faithful service there.

C. E. SOCIETY BANNER AT INGHOK, FOOCHOW

ary at Foochow. Among the Society banners none was more admired than the one reproduced here—that of the Society of Inghok City. The church at that place, which had never been satisfactory, has been sold and the members, who only rented it, ordered to vacate. Efforts are being made to erect in its stead a church in memory of the late Rev. S. F. Woodin, of the American Board, who was a pioneer in that region and had charge of the work for over thirty years.

The C. E. Society, as their offering wish to give this banner to the largest subscriber. The banner is most exquisitely embroidered on crimson silk—the work of one of the members of the Society, an embroiderer by trade. It was a work of love, and occupied his spare time often until late in the night, for many months. The banner is about three feet wide by five feet long, and is certainly a work of art and well worth an effort by any Society in America to possess.

The work in that district is in charge of Rev. Mr. Goddard. He writes that his "workers are second to none in China." They certainly are a bright set of men. The amount of money asked for ($500) is modest enough for a church, and especially one to perpetuate the memory of a faithful missionary.

The Indestructible Word

It is related that the famous Dr. Buchanan was dining with a literary party at the house of the father of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in London, when a gentleman in the company put this question: "If every copy of the New Testament had been destroyed at the end of the third century"—(for it was then that Diocletian was engaged in his effort to extinguish the book)—"whether it could have been recovered again from the extracts made from it in the works of the fathers of the second and third centuries?" This question startled the company, but none could answer it.

Two months afterwards, Dr. Buchanan called on Lord Hales, the Scotch judge, who pointed to a table covered with books and papers, and said, "Look at these: you remember the question about the fathers and the New Testament which was put by one of the company at Mr. Abercrombie's, about two months ago?" Dr. Buchanan said he remembered it well. "That question aroused my curiosity," said the judge, "and as I knew I possessed all the extant fathers of the second and third centuries, I commenced the search, and, up to this present time, I have found the entire New Testament, all but eleven verses." What a grand demonstration of the faith, life, devotion of these believers! The infallible Word was their daily "bread of life." Their prayers, homilies, and commentaries were full of the precious truths of the Gospel.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR
B. J. FERNIE. G. H. SANDISON.
Associate Editors.

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The Magnificent Gift

WITHIN a few days the world has been startled with the donation of $250,000 by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, for the building of a library at Washington, D.C. A little incident connecting this editorial room with that transaction may be interesting. The editor of this paper was on the day of the above donation standing in one of the rooms of the White House. Mr. Warner, the Vice-President of the Washington library, entered. The two men were talking when Mr. Carnegie came in. The editor was gladly surprised to see him. The two had not met since they parted on the New York wharf after a transatlantic voyage. After a few moments of conversation the editor of this paper took Mr. Carnegie across the room and introduced him to Mr. Warner. The conversation naturally took up the subject of libraries because Mr. Carnegie is known everywhere as the builder of such institutions. Within one hour he made the donation of $250,000. No appointment had been made. The noble deed was done without any premeditation. Washington will have the library and the editor of this paper is delighted that he had anything to do with the introduction that resulted in this wonderful benefaction.

Our Religious Public Men

THESE must be difficult times for those who are convinced that the world is going to the bad, and that its rulers have united in despising the Lord of Glory. The addresses of our public men are sufficient to send a thrill of delight to every devout heart. If the war has brought other revelations, so has it revealed the fact that we are at bottom a Christian people. When before in the world's history were the speeches of Senators as religious, or more so, than many sermons; and their deliberations as devout as a Presbyterian General Assembly? When before were grave, current questions discussed with such allusions to "Providence," with such religious prophecies of the future of the nations, with such Biblical quotations and examples, and with such frequent use of the Christian appeal, as "He died to make men holy; let us die to make men free"? All this is very significant. It betokens a deep and pervasive substratum of religiousness. Our public men are far from perfect—if this were not the case they would be very far from representing their constituents!—they may belong to denominations differing from ours, or to none, but every candid person must admit that, generally speaking, they are truth-seeking, substantially Christian; and some of us, at least, rejoice in the prospect that fact warrants. We hear much about the perils and difficulties confronting us. No wise person would underestimate them, but we may feel very sure that so long as the Republic has such men to guide both parties, men who look to Him who teacheth the Senators wisdom; men who expect to account at the Judgment for their words and their influence; it is still in its progressive age, and far, far from the dismal end some foretell. Nations do not go to ruin with the banner of the Cross waving above them, with songs filling the valleys, and with Scriptures echoing from the mountains, the battle hymn of the Republic stirring every soul, and ours will not. With such men to lead us, and that God who heareth the prayers that it is our duty to offer for our land, our future is safe.

Why? Why?

THE toughest thing the officiating clergyman at the obsequies of an eminently good man who expires in mid-life has to do, is to explain the Providence. Why not wait until he was worn out with old age? Why, after the batteries had been loaded for a new campaign and were about to be unlimbered, must a gunner drop. Why should he be taken before this Austerlitz, this Sedan, this Waterloo between Infidelity and Christianity is undisputably settled in behalf of Him who is the rider on the white horse? Why should a mounted captain of the Lord's host be slain, while the feet of many weak Christians are by terror being shaken out of the stirrups? Why should this man die, when to rally the courage of the Christian Church we want more plumed warriors at the front? It is as though Blucher had been slain while coming up at nightfall with reinforcements. It is as though Garnet Wolseley had fallen half way between Alexandria and Telel-Keber. How demoralizing, to have the riderless horse of a chieftain careering and snorting across the battle-plain.

The Show-Windows

WHETHER God or Satan shall have complete possession of these cities is the question of the hour. Never so many churches. Never so many reformatory institutions. Never so many good men and women. Never so hopeful a prospect. But do not think that righteousness will triumph without many rebuffs and terrific and long-continued struggle. Take the one fact that many of the streets of our cities have become depraved picture galleries, by reason of the unclean figures represented in show-windows and on board fences. Many of the theatres and opera houses are, by mode of street advertisement, practicing an indecency that ought long ago to have met the interdict of city authorities. Twenty-five years ago such pictures would not have been allowed. The manager who ordered them, and the bill-poster who carried them and the merchant who allowed them in his show window would have been hauled up in police court to answer. Would you allow in your parlors and in the presence of your family on the part of any one such a lack of apparel? No! Then why allow it in the presence of the whole city?

I denounce this wholesale immorality of show-windows of our American cities, as an appaling education in the wrong direction. Let the merchants forbid such insult to public virtue hanging in their windows. Let the mayors of these cities walk through the streets and see the disgraceful spectacle. Here is a practical reform that I demand in the name of God and of all decent citizens. If these pictures that present the actors and actresses unapparreled are intended as specimens of the retormed American theatres, then they are being reformed into a Sodom. In Southern Europe the immoral pictures of Herculaneum and Pompeii, are kept under lock and key as specimens of a polluted age, to be looked at by severe antiquarians. But our American cities put the pictorial indecencies in show-windows, on board fences and bulletin boards, for men and women and children to look at as they go to church or school or social call or business. The stupendous nuisance is getting to be unbearable. While there never has been an age since the world stood, in which the agencies for good were so potential as now, there never was an age in which the forces of evil were so unblushing and blatant.

Chips from My Work-Bench

INSTEAD of floundering around in the darkness, trying this, that, and the other thing, now taking the Gospel of Theo- [illegible] Darwin, and now the Gospel of Herbert Spen- [illegible] and happiness in one hour than all these scientists have in a life-time—the two old people who sat at either end of the table in your childhood! I mean the old people by whose side you would like to be buried when your work is done. I place the religion of your [illegible] universities in the world.

* * *

Don't worry because God made you different from others. Don't worry because you don't have the faith of that man, or the praying qualities of this, or the singing qualities of another. It were as unwise as for a carnelian to blush deeper because it is not a diamond, or a japonica to fret all the color out of its cheek because it is not a rose. God intended you to be different.

* * *

Give a child excessive meat diet, and it will grow up sensual, and catechism three times a day and sixty grains in a dose won't prevent it. Talk much in your child's presence about the fashions, and it will be fond of dress, notwithstanding all your lectures on humility. Fill your house with gossip and your children will tattle. Culture them as much as you will, but give them plenty of money to spend and they will go to destruction.

* * *

When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweetest singer in all Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph was graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat of the straw but to thresh it. There is no way to purify the gold but to melt it.

* * *

People have been trying to write histories of the tunes and of the hymns. They cannot do it. The history of "Ariel," of "Colchester," of "Dundee," of "Duke Street," of "Coronation." Why, it would be the history of the Church of God, with all its joys and sorrows and triumphs! They have been the rounds of the ladder on which souls have mounted into heaven. They have been the chariots that halted not until they stopped at the gate of the Eternal City.

* * *

The most of religious work needs swift feet. If it is not done speedily it will never be done. Yonder is a heart breaking. Now is the time to say a healing word. Go next week with you balsam and it will not touch the case. A man yonder came under your influence and you might have captured him for God. You will never have another chance at him for God. To-morrow another man will be under your influence. You will have but one opportunity of saving him.

* * *

When the Scotch Covenanters were at one time in battle, their ammunition gave out, and they were waiting for bullets. They expected a barrel of bullets. A barrel came down, but it was the wrong one, sent by mistake. It was a barrel of raisins. They knocked out the head of the barrel, and sat down to defeat. In the [illegible] trust and the power of the omnipotent Gospel.

BRIEF NOTES

The British and Foreign Bible Society last [illegible]

Divine service was held lately on the Eiger Glacier, at an altitude of 2,300 metres above the sea, [illegible] frau Railway.

The Boston Sunday Evening Concerts con- [illegible] doned. The attendance was not large enough to [illegible]

Dr. J. [illegible] [illegible] years as a missionary in Brazil.

The Rev. W. H. G. Temple's church, Ply- [illegible] hundred members of the church.

Crossley and Hunter, the Canadian evangelists, have been holding successful revival services in [illegible] saw such a blessed work four years ago.

An effort is being made in England to have [illegible] in favor of the reform has been signed by four thou- [illegible]

Dr. E. P. Goodwin, of Chicago, says that the man who has won more souls than any other in his church was once a notorious gambler. In his prayers and his addresses he could never keep out the gambler's slang, but people listened, were impressed and led to Christ.

The Late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild was asked at the close of a very fatiguing Parliamentary session, if he was going to Hamburg or another health resort, to build up. He replied "No, I never need cures of that kind. I do not run down because I never drink wine."

The whole of the half million dollars required to build and endow the college in Khar- [illegible] has been subscribed. Lord Kitchener, who proposed it, writing his thanks, says he is amazed at the promptitude and liberality with which the pro- [illegible]

It has been decided by the combined Baptist church that the American Baptist Home Mission Society should prosecute its work in the Island of Porto Rico and in the two eastern provinces of [illegible] ern Baptist Convention should prosecute its work in the remaining provinces of the Island of Cuba.

The Bishop of Havana, realizing that a new era has dawned, has just issued monitory letters to all the Roman Catholic priests in the province directing them to govern their conduct and their administration of local church affairs as seems best under a regime where the churches and clergy of necessity must be dependent upon private contributions for their support.

The American Board's income for the last four months of the past year, was less by fifty thousand dollars than the corresponding period of the previous year. It is, however, gratifying to notice that the loss was in legacies; there was an increase in subscriptions. From this we may infer that the Board's best friends have not died, but are living and giving, which is a matter to be thankful for.

Rev. P. P. Mackay, of Toronto, estimates that South America has a population of over [illegible] never seen a Bible. It illustrates the failure of the Roman Catholic Church where she has undis- [illegible]

Roberts College, Constantinople, is now in [illegible] than ever. It has enrolled 250 students, including [illegible] trians, Syrians and others. A recent visitor says that this American institution has done more than any other effort to prepare the Turkish people for [illegible]

The death of Father Chiniquy, the famous [illegible] solutely fearless, he never hesitated in his denun- [illegible] been a Protestant for [illegible]

A Prohibition Union of Christian Men, similar to the one operating in Rochester, N. Y., was organized in New York City on Jan. 9. The [illegible] Rev. Dr. David J. Burrell, the Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon, General O. O. Howard, and William T. Wardwell, vice-presidents; John S. Huyler, treasurer; C. H. Mead, secretary. Anyone can become a member by the payment of twenty-five cents annually.

A bright service was held in the penitentiary of Albany county, N. Y., recently. The Christian Endeavor Society met there and held a [illegible] by L. O. Hoffman, E. C. Tallmadge, William B. Jones and George Sanderson. After the service the Endeavorers visited the prisoners in their cells and left with each a tract or Gospel portion and a few flowers.

At the recent annual meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association, New York, the President, Mrs. Clarence E. Beebe, presiding, the report showed that services are held every Sunday afternoon and every Tuesday evening. Members [illegible] visits to the parlor, 15,772; attendance at free entertainments during the summer months, 700; [illegible] fitted by the fresh air fund, 312; active members, 205; associate members, 315; annual members, 860,

JOURNALIST AND LIBRARIAN

DEATH has removed from participation in national activities a figure which for nearly forty years has been prominent in public affairs. John Russell Young was one of those typical Americans, whose keen interest in current events and power of vigorous expression bring them in touch with the millions of their fellow-countrymen. He was a born journalist, to whom the events of the day were full of meaning and significance. Even as a school-boy in the New Orleans high school, he edited a journal issued by the pupils, which he filled with the news most interesting to his readers. In the troubles of 1861, he was one of the first journalists to go to the front, and, throughout the war, his pen was one of the most brilliant and trenchant in the scene of strife. Afterwards, he drifted to New York, where on the *Tribune* and the *Herald* his articles exerted a potent influence in shaping public opinion. In 1877, Gen. Grant invited him to accompany him on his round-the-world tour, which gave him the material for his two descriptive volumes of travel. Later, at Gen. Grant's suggestion, he was appointed minister to China. The same post was offered to him subsequently under the Harrison administration, but Mr. Young held diplomatic honors poor compensation for exile from the country he loved, and he declined the offer. Probably the most congenial office that could be offered to him, was that which President McKinley tendered him in June, 1897, when he appointed him Librarian of Congress. The great national library was about to have a home worthy of it, in the magnificent building just completed. Mr. Young willingly accepted the office, placed expert librarians in charge of the various departments, and made plans for the development of the Library on a scale appropriate to its national character. Nearly a million volumes had to be arranged and made accessible to legislators and students. Mr. Young's executive ability was called into full activity in this work, and it is feared that it proved too severe a strain for his over-wrought constitution. His death at the age of fifty-eight causes profound sorrow to a host of friends who hoped for many more years of his genial companionship. It is difficult to think of this man, whose interest in the events of his time was so keen, passing so completely out of all participation in public life, but the sensation is a very old one and has oppressed men of other times:

The dead know not anything, neither have they a reward. As well their love as their hatred is now perished, neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun (Eccles. 9: 5, 6, R.V.).

Stopping a Stampede

The influence of cavalry training on horses was conclusively demonstrated recently, at San Antonio, Tex. A local journal says that eight hundred horses broke out of a corral and went off at full speed. Two men made an heroic effort to head them off, but were brushed aside and narrowly escaped losing their lives. About half the horses, however, belonged to the First Texas Cavalry, and the bugler was one of the men who saw the tumultuous flight. He made a rush for his bugle and sounded a call. Instantly it could be seen which of the horses had received military training. In obedience to the call, the old chargers formed in line and turned at right angles. He sounded "halt!" and the chargers came to a standstill. The other horses, heedless of the bugle-call, continued their mad career. Some were cut to pieces by a train, others died by collision with telegraph poles and other obstacles. Thirty, in all, were killed before their flight came to an end. Of the chargers none were hurt. The time is coming when men will look back on their lives and see how closely they resembled this stampede. Those whose souls were delivered from harm were they who heeded the warnings of God's Word.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. Be ye not as the horse and the mule which have no understanding (Ps. 32: 8, 9).

A Memorial Door-plate

A student interested in the early history of New York sends to a daily journal a statement of a discovery he recently made which surprised him. He began an exploration of the section of the city which old New Yorkers still speak of as Greenwich Village. In tracing the streets and trying to form a mental picture of the region as it used to be before the city absorbed it, he noticed that the older houses still had on their doors the brass door-plates which were once seen on the better class of houses. Many of them bore the names of families famous in the city's history, and, concluding that the houses were occupied by representatives of these families, he promised himself the pleasure of gleaning from them interesting facts relating to the past. To his surprise, however, he found in several instances that there was no one living in the house of the name which was on the door-plate. From one resident to whom he applied for an explanation, he learned that the original owners had made it a condition of the sale of their houses that the door-plates should never be removed. They wished their names to be identified with the houses as long as the houses stood. Their wish is gratified, but all that the door-plate now indicates is that a person of the name it bears once lived there. Unhappily there are some churches which bear the name of Christ, but are in like condition, and there were such churches even in Apostolic days.

I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead (Rev. 3:1).

A Short-lived City

The story of a city in California whose existence was phenomenally short, is told by a correspondent of the New York *Sun*. It was in 1866 that gold was found at Excelsior, and at once the boom started. During the next six months more than two hundred buildings, each worth fifteen hundred dollars, were erected, besides banks, hotels and public buildings, each costing several thousands. Then suddenly the collapse came. A report issued to the shareholders of the principal mine declared that by no known process could gold be extracted from the ore, and, in short, the mine was a failure. The city was promptly deserted, so hurriedly in some instances that the furniture was left in the houses and the stocks in the stores. The city is said to be now a heap of ruins. Only a few houses still stand. One of them, a substantial one, that cost four thousand dollars in 1867, was sold to the present owner for twenty-five dollars. There is no difficulty in understanding the cause of the city's collapse. The people were drawn there by the hope of getting gold, and being disappointed, they left. Such disappointment can never come to those who enter the city of God. They will go there because they love righteousness and they will be satisfied.

As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of Hosts, in the city of our God: God will establish it forever (Psa. 48: 8).

Crazed by Grief

A woman was found wandering in a cemetery at Newtown, N. Y., at midnight recently by the police. She would give no account of herself, but was evidently deranged. From papers found in her pockets, her husband was traced, and he was taken to the station house. He said that his wife's distress was due to the death of their boy. He had been ill for some time, and had been taken to a hospital. There an operation had been suggested, but as it was admitted to be dangerous, the consent of the parents was demanded before the operation was performed. He had opposed it, but the mother advocated it and urged it so earnestly that he yielded. The boy died under the knife, and the mother reproached herself with causing his death. She had brooded over it until her mind became unbalanced. Probably her disposition was morbid, otherwise she would have consoled herself with the purity of her motive, and would not have reproached herself with her son's death. There is reason to fear that some parents will not have that consolation, when they find that their children have lost their souls through their negligence or bad example, starting them on the downward path.

I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not (I. Samuel 3: 13).

THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hungarian Slaves

Inquiries as to the cause of a revolt in Hungary, which has now led to the imprisonment of the leaders, have disclosed an astonishing social system of oppression. It appears that the owners of the land in some districts of Hungary retain the privileges, that they call rights, which have descended to them from feudal times. One of these is that every man living in the district shall work for them without pay for fifty days in every year. Against these conditions there has been an unsuccessful revolt. The leader, Stephen Varkonyl, has been tried for high treason in inciting his brethren to resist oppression. He has been convicted, but in consideration of the provocation he had, he has been let off with the mild sentence of one year's imprisonment. It is not surprising that the peasants rebelled against such oppression. No man likes to work without pay, and yet how many there are who willingly serve Satan, though they know that in that service the only pay is eternal death.

THE LATE JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG

The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life (Rom. 6: 23).

The $30,000 Carnation

Florists in our large cities are discussing the almost unprecedented price for which the Lawson carnation plant was sold a few days ago. It was known that a florist in Chicago had offered six thousand dollars for it, but everyone was surprised to hear that so large a sum as thirty thousand dollars had been offered and accepted. There are no cuttings, except those in the possession of the vender. It was raised and developed in Boston, Mass., and its purchaser belongs to that city. Its peculiarities are the size of its blossoms, which are four and a half inches; its remarkable delicacy of coloring; and the fact that, as the flower fades, the petals expand, instead of contracting, as carnations generally do. These traits put the plant in a class by itself and give it value in the eyes of connoisseurs. Two centuries ago similar prices were paid for rare varieties of tulips, but it seems almost incredible that in these days any plant can be really worth so much money. The newspapers rightly describe it as a craze, and the name will seem still more appropriate in the day when all values are tested in the light of eternity.

The grass withereth and the flower falleth; but the word of the Lord abideth forever (I. Peter 1:24, R. V.).

Samoan Complications

The rival claimants for the crown in the island of Samoa in the South Pacific, have carried their contention to a point at which grave international difficulties are threatened. The islands are under the joint protection of the United States, Great Britain and Germany. Since 1889, when a conference of the three powers settled existing difficulties, King Malietoa Laupepa has reigned in comparative peace. His rival, Tamasese, has not resisted the arrangement which excluded him from power. But since Malietoa's death, in August last, he has again pressed his claims. His opponents are Mataafa, who is popular with the warriors and the people; and Malietoa Tanus, who has the support of the American and British Consuls. Under the treaty of 1889, all questions in the islands are to be decided by a Chief Justice, who is appointed by the three protecting powers. Mr. Chambers, who holds that office, is an American. He gave his decision in favor of Malietoa Tanus. The German Consul, who had espoused the cause of Mataafa, protested against the decision and attempted to oust Chief Justice Chambers from his court. The American and British Consuls resisted and summarily ejected the German Consul and his protege from the building. The dispute will now be referred to the Governments at Washington, London and Berlin, with whom it will rest to decide who shall reign in Samoa. It may be hoped that in settling the question they will not be guided by international jealousy, but by that wisdom which comes from above.

By me kings reign and princes decree justice (Prov. 8: 15).

WINNING HAWAII.... ....FOR CHRIST

The Gospel Work of the North Pacific Missionary Institute — Seventy-seven Years of Consecrated Effort on the Islands

WHEN the first missionaries of the American Board landed in Hawaii in 1820, there were very few countries open to missionary effort. The vast populations of India under English rule attracted the first missionary workers of England and the United States. When

NORTH PACIFIC MISSIONARY INSTITUTE, HONOLULU—REV. C. M. HYDE

the islands of the Pacific, and the cruel rites of heathenism among their teeming tribes, were made known to the world by the first voyages of discovery, Christian people were interested in their needs.

In the United States this interest was intensified by the story of Obookioh (Opukahaia), a Sandwich Islands youth found on the doorstep of one of Yale College buildings, weeping with eager desire for the advantages of Christian education. A boarding-school for such youths was established in Cornwall, Conn., in 1817; and when these had been under training for a few years, a mission to the Sandwich Islands was organized. Those who were selected for this mission were constituted a church of seventeen members, with appropriate services of recognition, in Park Street Church, Boston; and Oct. 23, 1819, the mission band embarked on the brig *Thaddeus*, for the long voyage around Cape Horn to the far-off islands of Hawaii. They reached Kedakekua Bay, April, 1820, and found to their amazement that God had as wonderfully opened the way for their missionary work as he had providentially gathered together the band of missionary workers: two young graduates of Andover Theological Seminary, a Christian physician, farmer, mechanic, teacher and printer, with their wives and four Hawaiian youths. The old system of idolatry had been abolished, and the people were waiting for the introduction of the Gospel of redemption.

Permission was secured for the settlement of the members of the mission band at different localities in the group of islands. Slowly the work of the Hawaiian Mission made progress. Heathenism was abandoned. Christian schools and churches were established, at first under the direct care of the American missionaries. Then after education had become general and teachers proved their fitness for leadership, they were appointed pastors of the Hawaiian churches.

This process of evangelization and Christianization had gone on for nearly twenty years when the wonderful revivals in the churches of the United States brought a great many young men into the Christian ministry, and so many candidates for the foreign field, for whom few countries were open, that in 1840 as many as eighty-six missionaries of the American Board were stationed at various points in the group. There had been, also, a great revival at the islands—1837–1839—and multitudes were brought into the Hawaiian churches. They needed pastoral care and oversight, and to meet the increasing need of native pastors, different missionaries were especially appointed to give training and instruction to selected young men. Rev. W. D. Alexander, formerly a teacher, in the Lahainaluna Seminary, had taught systematic and pastoral theology to the students, and on removing to Wailuku, taught here a theological class. But the work was too much for the infirmities of increasing years to maintain; and the effort was begun to establish a theological seminary at Honolulu. Appeal was made through the American Board for suitably qualified ministers to constitute a faculty of instruction, but with no better success than when the Government, years before, had invited lawyers from the States to come to the islands and inaugurate a system of jurisprudence.

In 1870, the people of Honolulu bought for the use of the Hawaiian Board, buildings centrally located, that have been used as the U. S. Marine Hospital. Some of the old missionaries were appointed instructors. But the work was too arduous for men of their advanced age. In 1877, the A. B. C. F. M. appointed Rev. C. M. Hyde, D.D., on his leaving the pastorate of the Centre Church, Haverhill, Mass., to take charge of this work, and reorganize it under the name of the North Pacific Missionary Institute, as a training school for Hawaiian pastors and missionaries. It was supposed that young men from the field of the Moravian Mission might also be brought to Honolulu for a few years' training and Christian surroundings; but the obstacles to such an enlargement of the work were found to be insuperable, and the plan was adopted, now in successful operation, of establishing a training school in the field, on the island of Kusaie for the pastors to be placed over the churches of the Gilbert and Marshall Islands.

Dr. Hyde began his work October, 1877, with five young Hawaiians, whom he found awaiting his arrival. For the first few months he had some assistance from two of the old missionaries of the Board residing in Honolulu, and from Rev. H. H. Parker, pastor of the (Hawaiian) Kawaiahao Church. But the others soon relinquished the work, leaving Rev. Mr. Parker as the only assistant and associate with Dr. Hyde. A new class, averaging ten in number, has every year entered from the fifty-seven Hawaiian Churches, examined and approved by the Island Association, and at one time there was a total of twenty-two students connected with the Institute. The usual number has been twelve, with the addition last year of one Portuguese and three Chinese.

In the progress of events, notably the discontinuance of schools in the Hawaiian language, and the increased facilities for education in English, the demand has become imperative for additional instruction, especially in preparing the young men for the recent methods of Christian institutional work in evangelistic meetings, Sunday School and Y. M. C. A. work, and Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor. With the hope of securing some assistant and associate aptly qualified to take charge of this department of the work, Dr. Hyde relinquished the salary, in order that the American Board could have the opportunity of appointing some one for this object, without any added burden on the treasury of the Board. In 1895, Rev. John Leadingham, who had been connected with the Slavic Department of the Oberlin Theological Seminary, was appointed by the Board as one of the Faculty of the Institute. Rev. O. H. Gulick, also, born at the islands, and well versed in the Hawaiian language, a son of Rev. John Gulick, of the Sandwich Islands Mission, who had been released from the Japan missions where he had been stationed at Kumamolu, and appointed resident superintendent of mission work among the 25,000 Japanese immigrant laborers on the sugar plantations of Hawaii, was also made a member of the Faculty of Instruction.

Dr. Hyde's health has recently failed, and he has been unable to attend to his duties in the Institute, though still continuing his literary work and other labors. The other members of the faculty, however, are carrying on the work of the Institute. With the new importance, commercially and politically, given to Hawaii by its annexation to the United States, added interest is attached to the work of the Institute.

Our Soldiers and Sailors

These contributions for the spread of the Gospel among our soldiers and sailors at home and abroad have been received:

Prev ack	20 69 11	I H N, Manchester	1 00
Tiffany, H N	1 00	Wright, Mrs Lizzie	1 00
Van Driele, F	1 00	Friend, Ont	1 00
M, Lancaster	2 00	Brewster, E F	1 00
Shepherd E	10	Daughter of Veteran, Chippewa	20
Anon	1 00	Friend, Ont	1 00
Chipstead, Mrs M B	1 00	Lemoutre, Mrs C T	2 00
Badger, Mary Newton	1 00	Radcliffe, S & wife	2 00
S M R, Neb	50		
Vinton, Mrs H	4 00	Total	20 94 91
R S V P	5 00		

MORAL PERILS IN CUBA

MR. E. H. CHAPIN, now conducting Y. M. C. A. operations in Cuba, has sent another interesting letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in which he describes the situation at the military camp at Marianao. He writes:

CAMP HAVANA, Cuba, Jan. 11, 1899.

It was an experience to have also rounded the docks of the transport [illegible] and to see the strongest fortress in Cuba. We entered the [illegible] harbor, Dec. 21, but were not allowed to land until Thursday. There were only two battalions of our regiment (the [illegible]) on this transport, the [illegible] on another transport. The men, all in heavy marching order, formed in line on the docks, [illegible] Spanish soldiers still garrisoned the city, and looked with wonder at the fine line of troops; but the Cubans, at the sight of an American army marching through the city, lost all control of themselves, and rent the air with shouts of "Viva los Americanos!"

It was a long, hard march and the men were glad to reach the camp grounds, which are situated about a mile from the little town of Marianao, on the cliffs overlooking the sea. It is a beautiful spot and commands a fine view of the country. In a few hours the men had pitched tents, and were trying to get supper. [illegible] ground and roughed it with the men. All my supplies, including large tents, writing materials, books, etc., were down at the docks. I had a little paper with me, and the men wanted to write home; so, one night, I went around to every tent, and left some paper and envelopes and spoke a cheering word to them. This little kindness greatly pleased them.

In a few days I got my tent and supplies up from the dock, and we put up the tent for service. Sunday morning, Dec. 18, we had, I believe, the first service held in an American army in Havana. Lumber was very scarce, and I had to make tables and benches out of anything; but we soon had the tent in good running condition, and a great number of letters were written daily. Expressions of gratitude were heard on every side from the soldiers.

The Y. M. C. A. work is hard here and we have many hardships to put up with, but it is needed more than ever before. The temptations in this tropical country are terrible. The men are becoming demoralized, and seem to take delight in plunging into the vilest of sins. I have witnessed sights that have made my blood run cold. It is a sad thing that the Cubans learn a great deal of profanity from our own men. E. H. CHAPIN,

Army Y.M.C.A. Secretary, 2d Illinois Vol.

For Youthful Travelers

There was opened in Boston, lately, the largest and most costly railroad station in the world. It covers an area of thirteen acres and [illegible]. Its main waiting-room is nearly 300 feet in length and is lighted by 1,200 electric lights. Opening from this waiting-room is a smaller room, perhaps forty by fifty feet, for women. In this room is a distinct novelty, and one that every juvenile traveler will appreciate, since it consists of a number of pretty oak cribs and beds that are dressed in snowy white, and a number of white-capped and white-aproned maids are in attendance. Mothers who are compelled to wait with tired and fretful babies will find this new provision for their comfort one that they will certainly be grateful for.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN'S WAITING-ROOM IN BOSTON'S NEW RAILROAD DEPOT

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

WAIFS OF "LITTLE ITALY"

A New Feature of Missionary Work in the Slums—A Haven for the Street Children

DRUNKENNESS and crime are on the increase among the children of the streets. Appreciation of these facts led Miss Anna C. Ruddy—whose beneficent work in "Little Italy" (as a certain district in up-town New York, is called), has more than once been mentioned in these pages—to search for a remedy, and to believe that it can only be found in the introduction and cultivation of the home life. The outcome of her conclusions has been a children's day home, something new in city evangelization, which promises much benefit to children of tenements.

The home is now in possession of attractive rooms at 424 E. 115th Street, where the children of Miss Ruddy's Sunday School, and of the neighborhood, irrespective of nationality, are welcomed out of school hours. There are games to play, a large library of juvenile books, a sand table, building blocks, and kindergarten work for the little ones. The beautiful play-room shown in the picture is an animated scene after three o'clock in the afternoon.

Older boys and girls are not forgotten. Sunday afternoons they are gathered in and enjoy the home atmosphere; some always staying to tea. Judging from the success of the day home, a dozen more could be started in as many blocks, and they would all be filled. School teachers especially are enthusiastic over the idea, knowing well what an enemy the street life is to progress at school.

A little, dark-eyed fellow sat in the corner of a cold, cheerless room, on a bitter winter night, trying to forget his troubles in the thrilling adventures described in a cheap book that had drifted into his possession. But it was bitterly cold, he was hungry, and he could not, as usual, lose himself in the story of deeds of daring. It occurred to him that he had been invited by one of the boys to go to the Mission Sunday School around the corner, where there was warmth, and where presents would be given out when Christmas came. He went, was welcomed; Christmas came, and he got a present—the first one that he had ever received in his life. Miss Ruddy took him into her heart, and he became a frequent guest at her home. He is now eighteen, and for months past has been teaching a class in a Lexington Avenue Sunday School, and has by his own thrift and industry saved enough money to go to boarding-school in February.

Another boy, "Jakey," was a typical Arab, the torment of the neighborhood; had been expelled from every school in Harlem, and his mischievous pranks were continually getting him into trouble. One day he went too far and was arrested. *La Maestra* (the mistress), was sent for, as she usually is on such occasions. The evidence was strong against him, and the judge was severe; but the teacher stood beside the now subdued and penitent "Jakey," and, putting her hand on his shoulder, asked that, instead of being sent to prison, he be given over to her. The judge looked from one to the other and relented. A school was found for the boy and a conduct card given him, which must be signed by his friend every day. It was arranged that he should come every afternoon and stay to tea. This he did for months until he went to work. He has worked steadily ever since, and bids fair to become a respectable member of society. Many other instances of the same character might be mentioned.

Any readers who may intimate a desire for further information concerning the work, Miss Ruddy will cheerfully answer.

IN MISS RUDDY'S PLAY-ROOM

A MUSICAL HOUR IN "LITTLE ITALY"

The Queen's Watchword

A maid of honor to Queen Victoria writes in an English journal of some interesting conversations with the Queen. In one of these, Her Majesty speaks of the influence left upon England by its great monarchs from Alfred to Elizabeth, and says:

I can hardly hope to leave such; yet under my rule the people who were counted by hundreds have grown to thousands, the thousands to millions; that has come about because, for the most part, my reign has been one of peace. My influence has ever been for peace. Only under a regime of peace can a people grow in those graces and virtues which it is the aim of our religion to inculcate. There is no reason why a nation devoted to peace should become weak and effeminate. The labors of men in their peaceful callings—in mines and quarries, on the seas, in furnaces and ironworks, building railways, and laying submarine and other cables, exploring and planting new colonies—all these labors are as arduous as those of the soldier, and they call out stronger and more enduring qualities. If it were in my power, I would have all ships, when they meet in the ocean, and when they touch at a port, say to each other, "Friend, the watchword is Peace."

His Mother's Face

"I will tell you," said a bearded man, "what made and kept my faith in prayer. It is a look that I used to see on my mother's face. I always knew by that look just where my mother had been, and what she had been doing. When I was very little, and could not be released from her apron strings, I had been with her and watched. There was a tiny, quiet room off from her chamber where she used to say her prayers. During the day, if something happened to vex her—and there were many things to try her temper and her spirit—she would shut her lips tight, and, as soon as possible, steal into that room and pray. When I grew older, and came to be a man, I used to watch for my mother when she came out of that closet. Her face would be always full of sweet quietness and peace."

Polly's Garden

Polly is beginning to think about what she shall plant in her garden. She is only seven, but she had a garden last year and means to renew the experiment. Mamma's small back yard (Polly lives in the city) was not improved in appearance, "But then," says mamma, "Polly was. Hoeing and raking made her rosy. She knows, too, a great deal more about bursting seeds and budding plants than she could have learned any other way."

Chicago's Schools

Chicago has found it necessary to make retrenchments in public school appropriations, and hopes which have been cherished by friends of kindergarten extension, it seems, are not to be fulfilled. Women's Clubs and various associations with the public good at heart, are protesting against this particular form of municipal economy. "We cannot afford," say they, "to limit the power and usefulness of the child-garden. Little human plants must be watered and fed with good influences to grow up strong and wholesome. Every cent spent upon the children decreases juvenile—and in the end—adult criminology; and tends to the production of conscientious citizens and voters. Money spent in making children good, wise and healthy, is well invested." Chicago was among the first—if not the first—of our large cities to give encouragement to the kindergarten movement; she has been liberal to her public schools, and has one of the finest universities in the world. She will doubtless find some way to make her public school system keep pace with her development in other directions.

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm,
"I wish I could find a nice fat worm."
Said another little chick, with a queer little shrug
"I wish I could find a nice, fat bug."
Said a third little chick, with a strange little squeal,
"I wish I could find some nice, yellow meal."
"Now, look here," said the mother, from the green garden patch,
If you want any breakfast, you must get up and scratch."

TRUST

O LITTLE head upon my heart
A willing burden pressed,
A needed lesson comes to me
Through all your childish rest.
If I, so erring and so weak,
Can love my child so well,
God's love for those who trust in him
What finite mind can tell!
Would I, for wanton pleasure, harm
One little golden thread
That, moist and curling, softly clings
About that darling head?
O heart, so weak, cast off thy fear,
And calmly, sweetly rest;
Less safe thou canst not be upon
Thy Father's loving breast.

The Story of a Watch

A CANADIAN reader of this journal, Mary S. Williams, of Knowlton, Quebec, sends this pretty little incident of personal experience:

When a little girl, my wish was to possess a watch. My delight, therefore, may be imagined when on my tenth birthday, my grandmother presented me with a gold one, which had belonged to her. "You must value it very highly, Mary," said my mother, as I joyfully fastened it in my dress. I promised earnestly that I would take all possible care of it, and indeed I meant to do so. But one day a dreadful thing happened. Yielding to the entreaties of my little brother and sister, I went to play with them in the hay-loft which had recently been filled with new, fragrant hay. We had splendid fun jumping from the big beams, and making ourselves nests; but on my way back to the house I put my hand to my belt to get my watch, and found that it was gone! I ran back and searched here and there, all over the loft, searched until it grew dark and my legs ached painfully. I searched the next day and the next, but I could find no trace of it anywhere.

Weeks and months flew by, and I went away to boarding-school. I had never mustered up my courage sufficiently to tell my grandmother of my loss. But every night as I knelt to say my evening prayer, a special petition went up that I might find my little watch. After I had been at school for some time, my mother came to visit me, and almost the first thing I saw upon her removing her coat was the small, well-known chain which I had worn with my watch. Upon my exclamation of surprise she smilingly drew forth the watch itself, and told me the story of its recovery.

Some little time after our eventful frolic in the hay, she explained, father had occasion to sell a few loads of hay to a man living in our village. This man was astonished to find, one day, in his horse's manger, a gold watch and chain. He tried to discover the owner, and carried it to a lady living near by who used to give me music lessons. She at once recognized the watch as one which she had seen me wear at her house. So in that way it was restored to us. There was not a dent upon it, nor was it marred in any way whatever. During all the rough pitching of the hay on to the load, and off again, it had remained not only unbroken, but uninjured even by a single scratch. It had escaped the horse's teeth while lying in the manger, and fell at length into honest hands, which seemed to me a series of miracles, for I never could believe it was all merely chance.

Mother's True Lover

Our little readers may study with profit the following story, and then ask themselves the conundrum: "Which loved mother best?"

Two children arose from the breakfast table. One went to mother and said, "Mother, I love you," kissed her, went out and played all the morning with playmates. The other kissed mother and said, "I love you;" and seeing a tired look on the mother's face, remained, washed the dishes, swept the house, and then cared for the baby, that the mother might have rest and sleep.

Then when they have found out the answer, let them try to live it out. The living out of the answer will be the prettiest play in the world.

"A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY"

A New and Charming Serial Story, Written Exclusively for "The Christian Herald"

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

CHAPTER XI

The Pain of Parting

STRENGTHENED by the remembrance that Christ had suffered pangs like those that were tearing his heart, John Randolph prepared himself for the duty which would, as he knew, try his manhood to the utmost. He must say good-by to those he loved before leaving Hollywood forever. At the usual hour for the invalid to retire for the night, John looked in on Reginald.

"Glad to see you, John," said the sufferer, "I've been looking for you all day. You don't often desert me like this for a whole day. What has happened? Have you been busier than usual?"

"I have been very busy, Rege," John answered gloomily.

"I declare, John, I'd make tracks for freedom, if I were in your shoes. You're leading the life of a regular convict, and since you've had me on your hands, a galley slave is a gentleman of leisure in comparison! Why don't you go, John? You've never had anything but injustice at Hollywood."

John fell on his knees beside the bed.

"I am going, Rege. Your father has ordered me away."

When the thought which has floated—nebulous—across our mental vision suddenly resolves itself into tangible form and becomes a solid fact to be confronted and battled with, the shock is greater than if no shadowy premonition had ever haunted the dreamland of our fancy.

Reginald gave a low cry; then he lay looking at John with eyes full of blank horror—his mind utterly refused to grasp the situation.

"You see, Rege, it is this way," said John, gently. "Your father seems to have taken a dislike to me, and lately I have fancied he was only waiting for an excuse to turn me off. As soon as those fellows began to talk to him about the horses I saw there was trouble brewing—everything I did was wrong, and once he swore at me. He would order me to bring one horse and then change his mind before I got half across the field, and then he would rail at me for not having brought the first one.

"They pitched on Neptune at last, and asked if he had been registered. I said 'No', so then they refused to pay the price your father asked and he had to come down on him. He was furious, and as soon as the men's backs were turned, he ordered me out of his sight forever. He says I have ruined the reputation of Hollywood." John's voice broke.

"But John, you mustn't go" cried Reginald. "You cannot! My father is out of his mind. People don't pay any attention to the ravings of a lunatic."

John shook his head sadly.

"He is master here, Rege. There is nothing for me to do."

"But John, it is impossible—preposterous! Why everything will go to ruin without you, and I shall take the lead."

"No, no," said John quickly. "You will be a rich man some day, Rege. Wealth is a great opportunity. Prepare yourself to use it well."

"I tell you I can't do anything without you, John. I am like a ship without a rudder. It is no use talking, I cannot spare you, you must not go!"

"If you take the great Pilot aboard, Rege, you'll be in no danger of drifting. It is only when we choose self for our captain that the ship runs on the rocks."

John had another friend to whom he must say farewell. His heart sank as he thought of that parting.

"Don, Don!" The child heard his step in the hall long before he reached the door. He was coming, as he did every night, to give her a ride in his arms before she went to bed. She held out her little arms from which the loose sleeves had fallen back. John lifted her up, for the last time.

He laid his strong, set face against the rosy cheek, and looked into the laughing eyes which the sand man had already sprinkled with his magic powder.

"Nansie, baby, I have come to say good-bye."

"Not dood-bye, Don, you always says dood-night."

"But it is good-bye this time little one, there will be no more good-nights for you and me. I am going away."

A bewildered look swept over the child's face. "Away!" she echoed, "to leave Nan and Primrose and the horsies? Me'll go too, Don. Me'll go anywhere with you, Don."

"I wish I could take you!" and John strained her to his heart. "But there is no Neptune to carry us now little one. Your father sold him this afternoon."

"My nice Nepshun!" The child's lip quivered, but something in the suffering face above her made her say quickly: "Me'll be dood, Don; an' when you come back, Nansie, 'll be waitin' for you at the gate." She patted his cheek confidingly.

"You'll miss me, Nansie. I know that. I shall ask Jesus to take care of my little pet. He loves children, Nansie, and I want you to love him."

"Nice Don! Nan loves you, dear—and Desus. Nan loves Desus 'cause you do, Don."

John's voice choked.

"Keep on loving, Nansie."

"Yes, me will. Does Desus carry children in his arms like you do, Don? Me 's so comfortable."

The little arm—soft and warm—crept closer around his neck while the golden curls swept his cheek.

"You's my bootiful man, Don. Nan 'll marry you when she gets big," and then, all unconscious of the sorrow which would greet her in the morning, the child slept.

To and fro across the floor, John trod lightly with his precious burden. His arm never felt the weight. They would be such empty arms by and bye! Then at last he laid her down, and taking a pair of scissors from his pocket, he gently severed one of the golden rings of her hair and laid it within the folds of the handkerchief which he still carried in his vest pocket. The fair girl and the little child. They should be his memory of womanhood.

In Reginald's room kind-hearted Mrs. Hawthorne was weeping bitterly. She loved John as her own son, but no one ever dreamed of disputing the imperious dictates of the master of Hollywood, however unjust they might be.

Reginald lay as John had left him, with his face buried in the pillows, and utterly refused to be comforted. What comfort could there be if John was going away? It never occurred to him that his mother needed cheer as much as he. Like all selfish souls his own pain completely filled his horizon.

CHAPTER XII

Sent to Quarantine

"I don't see what we are to do about Evadne," and Mrs. Hildreth sighed disconsolately. "She looks like a walking shadow. I should not be surprised if she had inherited her father's disease, and they say that consumption is as contagious as diphtheria."

"Horrors!" cried Isabelle. "Do quarantine her somewhere, mamma, until you are quite sure there is no danger. I haven't the faintest aspirations to martyrdom."

"It is a great care," sighed Mrs Hildreth, "all of you children have always been so healthy. I don't believe Dr. Russe will listen to her going to the seaside, and the mountains are so monotonous. Other people's children are a great responsibility."

Suddenly Isabelle clapped her hands.

"I have it!" she cried. "Send her up to Aunt Marthe, and then we can tease papa to let us go to Newport. Marion is going to spend the summer with Christine Drayton, you know, and papa does not intend to leave the city, so we can persuade him that it is our duty to seize such a golden opportunity of doing things economically. I am sure I don't know what people must think of us — never going to any of the fashionable places. For my part I think we owe it to papa's position to keep up with the world."

"I believe it might be managed," said Mrs. Hildreth, after some moments' consideration. "It was very clever of you to think of it, Isabel. You ought to be a diplomat, my dear," and she smiled approvingly on her daughter.

So it was settled and in a few days Evadne was ready for her journey. As the train swept along through the picturesque Vermont scenery, she looked out of her window with never-ending delight. "I am like a poor lonely bird," she said to herself, "who flies from shore to shore, seeking rest and finding none. Another journey in the dark. I wonder what will be at the end of this one? Well, I'll hope for the best; Aunt Marthe's letter was kind, and her name sounds cheery."

Mr. Everidge came to meet her as the train steamed into the little station, and Evadne soon found herself seated in a comfortable carriage, behind a handsome chestnut mare, bowling along a fragrant country road, catching glimpses at every turn of the verdure-clad hills.

She found her new uncle very pleasant: there was a silver-tongued suavity about him in striking contrast to the preoccupation of Judge Hildreth, and a sort of airy self-complaisance which took it for granted that he should be well treated by the world.

"I am very glad you have come, my dear niece," he said, "to relieve the tedium of our uneventful existence. You must let our Vermont air kiss the roses into bloom again in your pale cheeks. It has a world-wide reputation as a tonic. I hope you left our Marlborough relatives in a favorable attitude of mind? It is one of the evidences of this progressive age that you should be able to woo 'tired nature's sweet restorer' one night under the roof of my respected brother-in-law, the next under my own. The ancients, with their primitive modes of laborious transit, were only half alive: we, of to-day, thanks to the melodious tea-kettle and inventive cerebral tissue of the youthful Watt, live in a perpetual hand-clasp, so to speak; and by means of the flashing chain of light which girdles the globe, are kept in touch with the world. It is food for reflection that the thought which is evolved from the shadowy recesses of our brain to-day, should be, by the mysterious camera of electricity, photographed upon the retina of the European public to-morrow, and we need to have the archives of our memory enlarged to hold the voluminous correspondence of the century. Ah, Squire Higgins, good evening. My niece by marriage, Miss Hildreth, of Barbadoes." The Squire lifted his hat, there was a little desultory conversation, then the carriages went on their separate ways, and soon Evadne found herself at her destination.

She looked eagerly at the pretty house with its entourage of flowers and lawns, grand old trees and distance-purpled hills, then Aunt Marthe appeared in the doorway and she saw nothing else.

She was of medium height with a crown of soft brown hair, and eyes whose first glance of welcome caught Evadne's heart and held her captive. There was a wonderful sweetness about the smiling mouth; and the face, although not classically beautiful, possessed a subtle spiritual charm more fascinating than mere perfection of color and form. She moved lightly, with a buoyant youthfulness strangely at variance with the stately dignity of Mrs. Hildreth, and the studied repose of Isabelle.

"You dear child!"

The soft arms held her close, the sweet lips caught her in a kiss, and Evadne felt with a great throb of joy that the weary bird had found a resting-place at last.

She led her into a cool, tastefully furnished room, drew her down beside her on the couch and took off her hat and gloves, then she handed her a fan and went to make her a lemon soda.

Evadne looked around the room with its soft curtains swaying in the breeze, the cool matting on the floor with a rug or two, the light bookcases with their wealth of thought, the comfortable wicker rockers, the bamboo tables holding several cut magazines, an open work-basket, a vase with a single rose, while on the low mantel a cluster of graceful lilies were reflected in the mirror.

"Why, this is home!" she cried, and she laid her head against the cushions and closed her eyes with a delightful sense of freedom.

The early supper was soon announced, and Evadne found herself in a cozy dining-room, seated near a window which opened into a bewildering vista of summer beauty. There were flowers beside each plate, as well as in the quaintly-carved bowl in the centre of the table. Evadne caught herself smiling. That had always been a conceit of hers in Barbadoes.

Everything was simple, but delicious—the tender, juicy chicken, the delicate pink ham, the muffins, browned to a turn, the Jersey butter, moulded into a sheaf of wheat, and moist brown bread of Aunt Marthe's own making, the blocks of golden sponge cake, the crisp lettuce, the fragrant strawberries, the cool jelly frosted with snow; and Evadne drank her tea out of a chocolate-tinted cup, fluted like the bell of a flower, and felt as though she were feasting on the nectar of the skies, while Mr. Everidge's silvery tones kept up a constant stream of talk, and Aunt Marthe's beautiful hospitality made her feel perfectly at home. Mr. Everidge looked the picture of health, but he seemed to have the self-centred thoughts of an invalid.

"Tea, my dear Evadne," he said, as he passed her cup to be refilled, "is an infusion of poison which is slowly but surely destroying the coatings of the gastronomical organ of the female portion of society. I tremble to think of the amount of tanin which analysis would show deposited in the systems of the votaries of the deadly five o'clock, and the unhealthy nervous tension of the age is largely traceable to the excessive consumption of the pernicious liquid. Chocolate, on the contrary, taken as I always drink it, is simple and nutritive, with no unpleasant after-effect to be apprehended; but this decoction of bitter herbs, steeped to the death in water far past its proper temperature, is concentrated lye, my dear Evadne, nothing but concentrated lye. By the way, Marthe, I wish you would give your personal supervision to the preparation of my hot water in future—nothing comparable to hot water, Evadne, just before retiring—it aids digestion and induces sleep, and sleep, you know, is a gift of the gods. The Chinese mode of punishing criminals has always seemed to me exquisite in its barbarity. They simply make it impossible for the unhappy wretches to obtain a wink of sleep, until at length the torture grows unbearable and they find refuge in the long sleep which no mortal has power to prevent. So, my dear Marthe, see to it, if you please, in future that my slumber tonic is served just on the boil.

"See to it also, my dear, that I am not disturbed at such an unearthly hour again as I was this morning. Tesla has put himself on record as believing that the want of sleep is a potent factor in the deplorably heavy death-rate of the present day. He thinks sleep and longevity are synonymous, therefore it becomes us to bend every effort to attain that desirable consummation."

Involuntarily Evadne looked at Mrs. Everidge. Her face was slightly turned towards the open window and there was a half smile upon her lips, as if, like Joan of Arc, she was listening to voices of sweeter tone than those of earth. She came back to the present again on the instant and met her niece's eyes with a smile, but in the subtle realm of intuition we learn by lightning flashes, and Evadne needed no further telling to know that the saddest loneliness which can fall to the lot of a woman was the fate of her friend.

Immediately after supper, Mrs. Everidge persuaded Evadne to go to her room. The long journey had been a great strain upon her strength and she was very tired.

"I wish you a good night, Uncle Horace," she said as she passed him in the doorway.

"And you a pleasant one," he rejoined with a gallant bow.

—"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

She lay for a long time wakeful, revelling in the strange sense of peace which seemed to enfold her, while the evening breeze blew softly through the room and the twilight threw weird shadows among the dainty draperies.

(To be Continued.)

In the End of the Century

The Wonderful Age We Live In—Lady Curzon and International Friendships—Taking Music Lessons at Seventy—Lieutenant Hobson, &c., &c.

STRANGE things are happening in the end of this wonderful century, things which would make our old Puritan and Covenanter ancestry rub their eyes and suspect witchcraft. But they come about so gradually that we ourselves feel no surprise, and simply take the most astonishing inventions, the most revolutionary discoveries, as matters of course. There are the automobile carriages whirling smoothly over our pavements, and indicating that the day of wanton cruelty to horses will soon, thank God, be relegated to the torture chambers of the past. We have harnessed electricity to our everyday uses, so that it serves us in our doorbells and our cooking-stoves and nightly illumination, as well as in our public conveyances. Now, we are utilizing compressed air, as we have long utilized steam. We speak through the telephone to friends across the continent. We cable our messages under the ocean. We are living in an extraordinary period, and the dreams of the *Arabian Nights* did not approach it in their most marvelous conceptions. 1899 is still in its early morning, but we do not fear that it will be less pregnant with great issues than the years which have gone before it. And it is the gateway to the new century.

* * *

FROM CHICAGO to Calcutta is still a far cry, though not so far as it was fifty years ago. Chicago is a mushroom of the West, a city which has grown so fast and become so rich and beautiful, that it seems as if a fairy's hand had evoked it from space. Calcutta is an ancient city of an ancient land; a land of magnificent temples, mosques, and palaces, a land of squalor and dirt and decay, a land of immense wealth and utter want, a land of contrasts, a land of old traditions and mighty prejudices. The Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, will reign in pomp and splendor in that eastern land, holding stately conferences with proud native princes who, in their secret hearts, look down on the Englishman as an up-start of the hour; will move through his dominions, representing her gracious majesty, Queen Victoria, at home, Empress of India there. And by his side, adorning his home, receiving his guests, presiding at festivities, giving tone to society, will be his lovely American wife, Lady Curzon, born plain Mary Leiter, of Chicago.

In the newly awakened friendliness between Jonathan and John, so freely expressed of late, there seems a special charm in this international marriage which sets the daughter of an American merchant-prince on the viceregal throne of India. Lady Curzon was educated as befitted a young person of her birth and breeding. Every accomplishment needed by a young woman in good society is hers. She has traveled extensively and knows men and women. She knows literature and art. In the athletic sports of the day, in golf, tennis, riding and driving, Lady Curzon excels, and she is a beautiful and gracious great lady, of whom her countrywomen may well be proud. We learn from the daily papers that Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, held a confidential talk with the wife of her viceroy before the Curzons started on their eastward journey, and we may be sure that our American girl will prove herself fully competent to carry out Her Majesty's plans and projects.

One wonders how Lady Curzon will enjoy her new home. Nothing changes in India, and she will find many of the conditions similar to those which Charlotte, Lady Canning, found when she went there, just before the mutiny. Lady Canning, writing to a friend in England, in 1856, said "The air feels like an orchideous-plant hot-house. You would be wretched at the multitude of insects. all sorts of crickets and grasshoppers perpetually creeping up under one's scarf, and black beetles an inch long, cockroaches at least two inches. The first day of the rains the dinner table was covered with creatures, as thickly as a drawer of them in a museum, and in enormous variety. Outside the house, the balustrades are garnished with rows of enormous cranes, called adjutants, hideous birds which congregate here in the rains, besides all the hawks, crows and parrots already established." The parrots as described in books about Indian natural history must be very gorgeous indeed. Rich brown, with sky-blue epaulettes, red heads, violet throats, crimson bellies and tails. Bats and lizards abound, and snakes seem to be ubiquitous. Nevertheless the wives of British officers in India seem to enjoy the life, notwithstanding its little drawbacks, and our heroic missionaries make very light of the hardships they meet, learn to love not only the people but the country itself, and turn longing eyes back to it when they return to us.

We can but hope that Lady Curzon may have a happy and useful life in India. We hope, too, that her ladyship will keep a journal, and one of these days write a book, so that we may share some of her sensations, and see the tropics from her point of view.

* * *

WHEN the pretty daughter of Admiral Sampson was married at Glen Ridge, N. J., the other day, to the young Californian who had won her hand, those of us who love College Settlement work were pleased to discover that among her guests, there was a group of boys from the Rivington Street Hamilton Club, which Mrs. Scott, as Olive Sampson, had often visited. The nation's heroes so belong to us all, that we feel as if we had a share in their wives and daughters, and at every festival event in their families, a great many invisible spectators are present.

* * *

THE death in Richmond, Virginia, at the age of eighty, of so well known a divine as the Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge removes from this earthly sphere a venerable figure, and a striking personality. During the years first following our Civil War I met Dr. Hoge and heard him preach, and I have never forgotten the impression made upon me by his magnificent eloquence. Tall, straight, and dark as an Indian, with piercing eyes and an incisive voice, Dr. Hoge possessed the temperament and the magnetism of the born orator. He has long been regarded as the Nestor of the Southern Presbyterian pulpit, and Virginians have felt a special pride in him, as a strong and splendid man, a courtly gentleman of the old school, and a pastor who for more than fifty years had ministered to a single loyal charge. Dr. Hoge defied the encroachments of age and remained in harness almost to the last. He will be greatly missed and deeply lamented, and not alone beautiful Richmond on her seven hills, but all Virginia and the South and Southwest, will lay their tributes on his tomb.

* * *

SPEAKING of defying age, I heard the other day of a woman seventy years old who still plays the piano finely, still takes lessons, and bears her part when friends are gathered in her stately music-room, where violins and cellos played by artists keep time with her piano renderings. There is no earthly reason, except in failing strength, why any of us should ever give up anything which we have once acquired, but alas! most of us easily suffer our accomplishments to slip away, once we have left our youth behind. But I personally know women who have learned new and difficult languages after sixty; I have a friend who began Hebrew and made good progress in it after seventy, and I am sure none of us need grow old so fast as we do, if we would concentrate our minds on remaining young and strong. There is some effort of will needed to stand up against the energy of our juniors, and the new generations forever pressing forward do to some extent obliterate those which are going off the stage, but as individuals, until the curtain drops, let us hold up our own banner, and do our own work, and yield no niche that we can help, to the maurauder, time.

* * *

THAT Lieutenant Hobson, God bless him, has gone to the Philippines, makes some of us sorry, for though a few silly schoolgirls embarrassed the brave fellow by their somewhat too demonstrative admiration, most of us were satisfied to read of his splendid exploit, and to congratulate Mother Hobson from afar on the noble simplicity of her boy. But Hobson himself is doubtless glad to go to the new scenes in the far-off Pacific; and, in the near future, a good many of our young men will be seeking glory and fortune in our new domains. The war with Spain has brought many changes. When a Governor of New York is inaugurated, there is seldom anything like a pageant. It is a common, every-day business proceeding. Not so when Theodore Roosevelt was inducted into office. Rough riders and soldiers galore were present in brilliant uniforms, and the metropolis sent some of its loveliest women and most notable men, to pay their respects to the new and popular governor. The prettiest thing about the occasion was the cluster of the Roosevelt children with their fair mother, to whom the governor gallantly bowed and waved his hand, before he took the oath of office.

* * *

M. S. B. A young man purchased a camera from a friend, who had originally bought it at a bargain, had used it two years, and added some things to it in the way of outfit. The price asked and paid by the second buyer seemed to the young man's mother an exorbitant one, and she doubts whether a Christian has a right to make extraordinary profits. It does not appear to me that any wrong was done. The writer of the letter admits that the price her son paid for the camera was lower than he would have been charged in the stores. Therefore, he obtained fair value for his money. It is no concern of theirs what the man who sold it, paid for it. There is only one qualification: The writer of the letter implies that the seller represented that it had cost him more than it had, which, of course, was wrong. But against that must be placed the fact that nothing is said about the value of the outfit, which was not included in the original purchase.

Margaret E. Sangster

THE OTHER SIDE

OH! river of death, so darksome and still,
We know there's a track across thy wide wave,
And a boat with a seat that someone must fill,
Be he king or pauper, freeman or slave.
Yet which of them recks in his puny pride
Of the life that waits on the other side.

Shall we meet the old friends we knew were true
In the sunshiny days of long ago?
Shall we see the loved one our young hearts knew
And called her "dear mother"—we loved her so?
Shall life's loved partner who has gone before
Reach welcoming arms from the other shore?

Science is silent when we make this quest;
Human fancy ends with the "streets of gold,"
But faith says all things the Lord may think best
Shall welcome his children into the fold.
Then hold fast thy faith, oh heart, and be wise,
All you've lost will be found in Paradise.

Heart cannot conceive and eye hath not seen
What the Master hath prepared for his own,
But what we know here no sophist can screen
And all of earth's wonders point to the throne.
Man's grandest imaginings still must abide
The glory that lights up the other side.

—WILLIAM LAIRD.

JOY OF FINDING THE LOST

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Feb. 12. Luke 15: 1-10

NEW views of God's character are presented in the Parables recorded in this chapter. They are startling at first sight, but as we look at them we find they are consistent with other descriptions. The shepherd is represented as being concerned over his loss. The woman is troubled about the missing coin. Both make efforts and take pains to recover their lost property. Can it be possible that God, whom they represent in the Parables, has any solicitude about people that are lost to him? As we think of this great world that he made; of the vast regions of space filled with sun and stars and planets innumerable, the work of his hands, he seems far removed from us. Yet Christ portrays him as feeling the loss of a man and seeking diligently for him till he find him, and afterwards rejoicing with a joy which demands the companionship of the angels in its expression. Howsoever we may despise a man; howsoever lightly we may think of one life, it is evident that God takes a different view and that he makes an effort to recover his missing child

This is a very impressive aspect of God's attitude. The poor victim of sin, the drunkard or the dissolute who is conscious of his own worthlessness, may well ponder, as he sees in Christ's beautiful pictures, the shepherd going over the mountains looking earnestly after the missing sheep; and the woman lighting the candle and sweeping carefully to recover her coin. He cannot be so worthless as he supposes, if God searches for him, and we know what efforts God has made for the redemption of lost men. He so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son. Yes, he seeks and seeks diligently and has proved his concern by sacrifice. We wonder that it should be so, but cannot dispute the fact. Gough used to tell a story of a delicate, beautifully dressed woman who, in crossing a street, lost one of her rings, which rolled into the mud and filth of the gutter. He saw her peering down into the dirt looking for it, the anxiety over the lost jewel showing itself in her face. At last, not finding it, she turned back her handsome cape and bared an arm lovely in shape and purity. She thrust it into the black mud and groped about in it until she found her ring. There was no need to ask if the ring was precious in her sight.

Then there is pathos in the joy of recovery. When the sheep was found, its fleece was probably torn with the briers, and when the coin was found it was probably dirty and tarnished, but its value was not diminished. And it is so with the lost soul. God knows its worth and values it none the less for the pollutions that cling about it. He hates them, but the soul is precious even in its impurity. The story goes that a beautiful singer was interrupted by the ribald mockery of a drunken man; and the President called to the officers to turn out that man. The singer said: "Cannot we turn out the drink; we want the man." God wants the man, and there can be none so degraded as to justify the opinion that he is not wanted.

There is joy when he is found. The very angels, Christ says, share that joy. It is greater than the joy over the unfallen ones who have not caused concern. It is as when we welcome our friends on an incoming steamer, but go frantic with joy when the vessel comes in, that is overdue and had been given up for lost. Thus the search for the lost is God-like work, and when we succeed we actually cause joy in heaven. The thought should incite effort, for our success will please God.

Novel-readers will remember Charles Dickens' touching story of the fisherman Pegotty who went wandering all over Italy searching for his niece. She had been deceived and lured away by a dissolute young man, and her uncle mourned for her and sought her with untiring patience. From one village to another he traveled, always on foot, seeking everywhere for her, until he found her and took her home. So the Good Shepherd seeks his lost sheep. Blessed are they who help him in the work.

SAVED BY GRACE : : : IN THE BOWERY MISSION

A Converted Outcast now a Preacher in the West—A Lawyer Brought to Christ—A Drunkard Redeemed

AMONG the many instances of notable conversions that have marked the evangelistic work in the Bowery Mission within the last few years, perhaps none are more deserving of being recorded than those given below. The numerous readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who aid, by their gifts and prayers, in supporting this mission, already know of many precious souls that have been won from sin through its ministrations. These new testimonies are in the converts' own words and may be read with spiritual encouragement and profit by all who are interested in the work of bringing sinners into the kingdom of Christ:

A Converted Outcast who became a Pastor

A few years ago a man, miserable and wretched, under deep conviction, and realizing his helplessness, and that without a Saviour he was lost, wandered past that light-house, the Bowery Mission. Attracted by the singing, which he had often heard before unheeded, this night the Spirit of God constrained him to go in, and there he heard that "Whosoever" meant himself personally; that the loving invitation "Come unto me, and there receive rest, peace and happiness," meant himself also. Taking God at his word, he came to Jesus as he was.

REV. FRED'K BAYLIS
[Bowery Mission Chapel]

It is this gladness that prompts me to write to you. I was that poor outcast, and now by the grace of God I am pastor of the M. E. church here at Imperial, Neb. I thought perhaps a few lines as to my work might be acceptable, demonstrating with St. Paul, the Apostle, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is indeed the power of God unto Salvation to everyone that believeth. I am the only preacher up here, *i. e.*, in Lamer, and have the western part of the county of Chase. Imperial is a town of say 300 inhabitants, and the county seat. Services are held in the court house morning and evening, and were you to see the number who come out to hear the Gospel, you would say truly the harvest is plentiful, but alas! the laborers are few. We are striving to get enough for a church building. We are praying that the money (about $1,000) may be forthcoming.

The people here are loving, kind and sympathizing, but their means are very limited, this part of the country having suffered from failure of crops until the past few years. They remember with gratitude the kindly help sent them two or three years back, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and you have, without perhaps knowing it, many warm friends out here.

I have besides this preaching point (which is my home), to preach Sunday afternoons at Phasl, twelve miles away, and to get there and back for evening service makes it quite interesting. Three services on Sunday! I don't know what some of our Eastern brethren would think of preaching in the morning and then driving twenty-four miles to afternoon service and back again for seven o'clock service, but God gives strength and we are well repaid—for you would indeed say, "Glory to God!" were you to see the number of teams that come out, many of them coming twelve or fourteen miles' distance.

During the week I have another point for services, Thursday evenings, at Champion, eleven miles away, and then another, Lamar, twenty miles. In all of these places the people turn out in goodly numbers, and I am striving, with the power of God's Holy Spirit, to lift up Jesus Christ in such a manner that all men and women on these Western prairies, shall be forced to confess that he is indeed altogether lovely to their souls.

You would be rather amused to see our Gospel wagon which belongs to a dear child of God up here, Bro. Morris. He has given it up to the Lord's service. So God's work goes on, obstacles are overcome, in his name, and seed scattered broadcast that shall bear fruit unto everlasting life.

Love to Mrs. Bird and Superintendent Wyburn. May God bless you in all your efforts for the advancement of his kingdom. Your brother in Christ, FREDERICK BAYLIS
Imperial, Neb.

Redeemed After a Life-time of Sin

I regard it as a privilege and a duty to give you an idea of my "rounding up" at the Old Bowery Mission, Dec. 27, 1897, as well as the events subsequent thereto. I first saw the light over half a century ago in the "Hoosier" State, and I graduated in the law department of a flourishing Western college, finally blossoming forth a full-fledged disciple of Blackstone in the practice of law in my native State. Business grew apace until it yielded a respectable income. I became a member of the Episcopal Church, and up to my 25th year all was comparatively well. I then made a new departure by joining a company of young men who often sought solace in drink. Notwithstanding some of those boon companions were younger, and none of them much older than myself, they have now all gone from earth, and I am the only survivor of the once gay and dissipated band.

My second quarter of a century was filled with shortcomings, periodical reformations and resolves to work out my final salvation in my own way. All my efforts were void of sincere intention and fruitless. I at last became convinced that I was gradually wandering on the broad road that leads to destruction, and wholly unable to retrace my wayward steps. Whilst en route to New York from the West, I met a gentleman who claimed to be the leader of a mission in Pennsylvania. He told me he had been reclaimed from a life of sin and depravity. His appearance, his manner, and his utterances withal, made a good impression on my sin-ridden mind, and this lasted many months, until an opportunity enabled me to attend a meeting at the Old Bowery Mission, where I heard the testimonies of men who claimed to have been even farther from our Father's loving care than I thought I had been, and who were now living monuments of the wonderful salvation of our Master. I thereupon, with a sincere heart, sought divine assistance to strike asunder the yoke of sin that was leading me to destruction, and received an inexplicable blessing very soon thereafter. *The old desires are gone!* That grand old Apostle's Creed I can recite and believe every word therein, from the bottom of my heart. One year and eighteen days I have realized the peace of God which "passeth all understanding." J. RAILSBACK.

The Drunkard Redeemed

A man evidently under the influence of liquor, came forward to the Bowery Mission "mercy seat," recently, and in a very woeful voice asked if God could save him, saying he was a backslider, who had started in the new life four years ago, in Liverpool, England. He prayed very earnestly for forgiveness, and that his prayer was answered the following testimony sufficiently proves:

After the meeting, he came to Superintendent Wyburn, saying, "Here, take this (holding out three one-dollar bills). I want you to keep it, and although I have a home to go to I want to stay here all night so that the devil won't get me again." Next day he produced a five-dollar bill, saying, "Put that with the other." As soon as he was thoroughly sober, the janitor went with him and spent the money for decent clothes, for the man was almost in rags, and the money certainly would have gone for liquor had he not come to the Mission. He then went to see his employer, and the latter has restored him to his position, and now he is happy. "After working and earning good wages," said he, "I had nothing but rags and a wrecked life to show for it, but with God's help, the saloon or the devil won't get any more of it. I want to sign the pledge. My wife has sent me here telling me not to come home without the pledge in my pocket."

On the evening when he came to the Mission, this man had been cordially invited to kneel with the other penitents. He was persuaded to give his heart to God, who would give him strength to overcome temptation, which he very willingly did, calling to God to save him from his besetting sin. Instead of taking home the pledge to his wife, he went home "a new creature in Christ Jesus." He has been safely kept ever since and is to-day a living example of the Divine grace in saving the drunkard.

The following contributions have been received in aid of the Bowery Mission.

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Total	$129 15

All contributions for this work will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

COME BACK TO JESUS AND HOME

COME back to Zion, O thou who once loved her,
Come back again to the Fountain of Grace
Back to the ark of thy covenant Saviour;
Come with repentance bedewing thy face.
Hast thou forgotten the peace that was once thine?
Now thou art tossed as the mad billows' foam.
Hast thou forgotten the joy of salvation?
Come back, O wand'rer, to Jesus and home!

Jesus, thy Saviour, from whom thou hast wandered,
Loves thee to-day as in years that are gone.
Though like a prodigal, careless and sinning,
Wasting the legacy Calvary won,
Come once again to the Fountain of Mercy,
No more forever from Zion to roam.
Earnestly look we for thy glad returning:
Come back, O wand'rer, to Jesus and home!

Night with its shadows, will soon be upon thee;
Enemies lurk in the way for thy soul.
Why wilt thou linger away from the Master;
Why reject him and refuse his control?
Once more shall rapture abide in thy bosom,
Peace shall be thine, even unto the tomb,
If thou returnest once more unto Zion.
Come back, O wand'rer, to Jesus and home!

Noank, Conn. —W. C. MARTIN.

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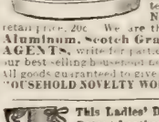

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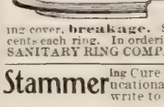

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"MISFITS"

The Reason why Many Christian Workers Fail

D. L. MOODY

WHY do so many Christian workers fail? Does God call a man to work and then forsake him? Does not obedience to a divine call assure success? These are questions that hundreds of Christian workers are asking themselves.

First of all, it should be clearly understood what success means. Many a man has been a failure to the world but a success to God; has lost his life that he might gain it. Moses was the greatest failure among the Egyptians when he cast in his lot with the Hebrews and turned his back upon the court of Pharaoh; but "there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face." A humble calling, if it be a divine calling, is one of honor; and a high position, if it be contrary to the divine will, is never a reward of true success.

But even allowing for those who are serving in humble spheres of usefulness, how can the failure of earnest Christian workers be accounted for? There are many men and women, gifted in an exceptional degree and earnestly seeking to serve God, who are apparently accomplishing nothing in the building up of God's kingdom.

. . . .

Lack of Adaptation In very many instances, I believe, the difficulty may be described by the commonplace term "misfit." They are seeking to do a work for which they are not adapted. But does not God adapt a man to any work to which he calls him? Yes, certainly God does equip those he commissions. The difficulty is, however, that probably the special work entered upon was not one to which God called the person.

A certain minister I once knew entered Christian work as a city missionary. He felt that he was called to devote his life to the ministry, and later years proved the truth of the conviction. For some time he labored in a city mission that was supported by a wealthy church, and in this work he was never at his best. At last he received a call to the regular ministry and is to-day one of the ablest and most influential pastors in his denomination. His was the silver trumpet for the temple worship, and in the stronghold of open vice where he first labored there was needed the ram's horn of a Joshua.

. . . .

Each Man has His Gift Now the qualifications of a city missionary and regular pastor are seldom combined in one man. The same is also true regarding evangelists and teachers. To each man his gift, and to every man his work. In the work of the church there is need of a diversity of gifts, and God always calls the right man to fill the right place. To some the call comes to serve the Master in the store or workshop, to others to serve as a lawyer or a doctor or in some other learned profession, to others to serve the people of God as a pastor or teacher, to others to labor as missionaries and evangelists at home or in foreign lands. But to every man his special call in which there is assured success!

The reason that there is so much failure in the lives of many Christians is due to the fact that they scorn the field to which they are assigned. I do not mean this in any spirit of harsh or unkindly criticism. We are in the habit of measuring God's plans by our human standards and calling the one noble because it commands human attention and another mean because it fails to do so. But in God's sight his service is equally honorable when implicit obedience and love of his will prompt to action or keep trustful in inaction. I have known of mothers who bemoaned the narrow limits of their household duties and were eager to enter active evangelistic or church work. They belittle the sacred call of God to live for their children and I have never known such a one to be successful in her self-imposed work. In fact, I have known many such to be a hindrance and a discordant element in churches and missions. But perhaps the most frequent instances of a mistaken calling occur among candidates for the ministry and the foreign mission field. I have known men to enter the ministry and make utter failures who would have been useful Bible teachers, and I have known others to become failures as evangelists who were eminently qualified to be city missionaries and colporters. The difficulty has been that men too often depend upon divine guidance only in part. They yield their lives to God's service and after that assume their own charge.

I believe there are cases where ministers have not been successful in certain places and yet in other pastorates have made a success. Perhaps the conditions of the place were not fitted for him. A sensitive and nervous man may have had conditions that he had not the abilities to meet, while a man of strong convictions and good health, relying on God, would be successful in that field, while the former one by changing might be even more successful than the other in this new field.

. . . .

Thorough Training Needed One of the greatest needs of to-day is a body of young men and women who are thoroughly trained in the English Bible. I say English because just at present there seems to be an abundant supply of those who know only the original. Doubtless these acquisitions are convenient, but as the majority of our countrymen use the English language they are not reached either by a dead language or a dead theology. And, although the demand is great for such a class, there are comparatively few who are devoting their lives to this work. There are plenty of young men who are thoroughly trained in the latest methods of attacking the authority of the Bible, but few who have been trained to study beneath the surface.

. . . .

Laymen's Labors Another pressing need is for young men who will prepare themselves for evangelists and lay preachers. If the multitudes of non-church-goers are ever going to be brought to the churches it is only through the labors of laymen who will first go to them with the Gospel. And I know of no better training for the foreign field than a training in city mission work. First see if you can not bring the Gospel to some poor deluded, self-deceived, self-righteous man in some American city before going to labor in China or India. Be sure that if God does not use you at home he has not called you abroad. This is a practical test for discerning between the divine call and mere sentimentalism. I have never known God to own a missionary abroad whom he had not first proved at home.

How then is a man to rightly find the field of labor God has planned for him? Firstly, yield to God to direct you by prayerful study of his Word. Secondly, continue to serve God to the best of your ability in your present field till God proves you and directs your next move. Thirdly, when God calls you to any work do not dictate what your position shall be in the work. God knows you better than you know yourself and has planned you for the work for which you are best fitted and will be awaiting you at the right time.

D. L. Moody.

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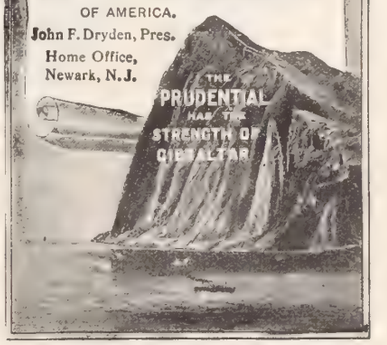

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BIBLE-CHAIRS IN OUR... ...GREAT UNIVERSITIES

Six Now Established by the Church of the Disciples of Christ and in Successful Operation

THE English Bible Chairs and Bible Seminaries established recently by the Disciples of Christ in connection with six different State Universities, illustrates the most practical and efficient way of solving the confessedly difficult problem of what has been called the "Godless State School." The institutions where they work are the Universities of Michigan, at Ann Arbor; Virginia, at Charlottsville; Georgia, at Athens; Missouri, at Columbia; California, at Berkley; and, Oregon, at Eugene.

PROF. G. P. COLER

H. L. WILLETT
Dean of Divinity House.

The first to be undertaken was in connection with the great University of Michigan, with the purpose (1) of providing Biblical instruction for students of the University, and other persons who may desire to study the Bible; (2) of so presenting the claims of the Christian ministry as to win to it well educated young men who are endowed by nature and qualified by character for such work; (3) of providing missionary training, especially in courses of Bible study, and the history of missions and methods along with medical and other studies in the University; and (4) of providing training for young preachers, Sunday School teachers, city missionaries, Christian Endeavor, and other church workers.

The history of this enterprise is interesting. In October, 1892, Mrs. O. A. Burgess, President of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, recommended the establishment of Bible Chairs. The commendation was considered by a special committee which reported in favor of the endowment of one or more Bible Chairs at Ann Arbor. The proposition was strongly endorsed. The actual work of the Bible Chairs began October 1st, 1893, and has far exceeded the expectations of its most sanguine friends. Prof. Herbert L. Willett was placed in charge, and he, with his associates, offered courses of study in the History of Israel, Prophecy, Psalms, Life of Christ, Apostolic Church, Paul and his Epistles, Methods of Christian Work, and Religious Movements in America. Special courses of lectures were given on "Missions and Missionaries" and "Applied Christianity" by outside talent. Fifty-nine students took work the first year, besides a larger number from the University who received more or less instruction. At the resignation of Professor Willett to become Dean of the Disciples' Divinity House in the University of Chicago, Prof. G. P. Coler took up the work and still carries it on successfully—one hundred and thirty students having enrolled so far this year.

MRS. HELEN E. MOSES
Secretary Bible Chair Committee and a leading worker

MISS LOIS A. WHITE
Cor. Sec. Woman's Board of Missions

The same line of work has been carried on at the University of Virginia for the past three years under Profs. Willett and Young, with great satisfaction both to the University and to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. The heirs of Col. John B. Cary have just given $10,000 toward an endowment of this work, and a vigorous effort is being made to increase it to $25,000.

Last year Prof. Young gave the same course at the University of Georgia, and will go there again this winter, where a large number of students will be reached with Biblical instruction. These three institutions are supported by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions.

On similar conditions the same church has established the Berkley Bible Seminary in connection with the University of California, and placed it under Dean S. M. Jefferson. In Missouri has been inaugurated "the Bible College of Missouri," at Columbia, working in unison with the great State University there. It is under Dr. W. T. Moore, and is becoming a power for good in that State. The last is that founded by the enthusiastic efforts of Dr. C. E. Sanderson, at Eugene, adjacent to the University of Oregon.

The Bible Chair doing its work contiguous to the State Universities may be made one of the most effective and far-reaching missionary agencies of American Christianity. Every line of Christian activity will be materially blessed. Fruitful, indeed, would be the results if all the great Christian denominations would turn their attention to the work of teaching the Bible in the great State Universities of our country.

S. T. WILLIS.

Bismarck's Mausoleum

An immense mausoleum is being prepared to receive the body of Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh. The building is ninety feet long and forty feet high. It is divided into two parts. The upper part is the actual burial-place, in which will be the coffins of the Prince and his wife. The lower is the crypt, which will form the family vault. A copper dome will crown the whole. The structure is designed and constructed in the impressive style of Roman simplicity. The foundation walls are of granite, lined with brick. On these are piles of the massive blocks of limestone which form the main body of the fabric. The carvings are of the simple but elegant Romanesque style. Over the door are engraved the Bismarck arms. The entrance faces the beautiful woods which the great statesman loved so well.

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THE YOUNG MAN IN THE BACK SEAT,

or, The Things that Hinder

BY REV. J. W. WEDDELL

FINAL REASONS WHY HE WOULDN'T GO FORWARD

EIGHT young men have told from the back-seat of the evangelistic meeting, their respective reasons for not going forward, but there are other young men who prefer to sit there for different reasons. Let us hear from them:

. . .

9. "*I don't see it yet.*"

Be gentle with this young man. He is seeking the light, and you may help him find it. If he were a total unbeliever he would not be here. He is a doubter; that is something different. "Doubt," said Drummond, "is can't believe; unbelief is won't believe. Give him a little help. Well, here is a word that ought to be of aid. We heard it spoken by the college president in the chapel service. "Young man," he said, "you are looking too far ahead. By no manner of means can you take that step ten feet away. You must take the pace just in front of you, then will come another, and another, till the whole is reached and passed. One step at a time, one thing at a time—there is the resolver of doubt.

"No, I won't take it," said blunt, outspoken John Robertson, of Glasgow, as he refused the lantern held out to him by his sceptical friend. "Why! the night is dark, and you'll be caught in the bog." "I want a light," broke out the preacher, "that will light up all the way at once." Then the doubter recalled his own fatuous objection to the Word of Truth. Take the lamp and light. Hold it close to the halting feet. It will light you, one step at a time, but it will bring you safe home.

. . .

10. "*What's the use?*"

This young man is holding on to the back seat as if he thought there were certainly some use in doing that — as if indeed his whole salvation depended on it. "What's the use of going forward," he says, "I don't see that it does any good. If I'm going to be saved I can be saved here as well as anywhere." Yes, that is true, but, nevertheless, you won't be saved where you are. It is the plea of pride, and when the soul makes an issue with God, however trifling it may seem, it must yield and obey or salvation and the sense of pardon are far removed.

I have never seen it otherwise: nor have you. When one comes to dictate terms to God for the bestowment of his mercy he is left there, dictating. He makes no step of advance till he goes back like Jacob to his hill-side and, wrestling, yields. "What's the use" of holding out. If you really want to be saved you will do anything to put yourself in the way of it.

. . .

11. "*I don't count.*"

Very modest, this young man is. "Never mind me," he says, "I don't count."

But who are you to say you are of no account? You are not your own handiwork. You are God's creation. He has something to say of that which he has made. Is there not latent pride here? It looks like humility, or at least it speaks like it; but it holds itself distinctly in the attitude of haughtiness and arrogance toward God and toward men. Down in your heart you feel that you are as good as anybody—in fact, a little better than the most; and toward God there is invet-erate resentment and resistance. Standing where you are, young man, you manifestly count as a rebel against God and a stumbling-block to men.

Step down from that conspicuous aloofness of yours. Like the one just spoken of you are trying to avoid the issue and shirk the instant duty. It is only a little distance between the place you now occupy and the seats at the front, but in your present mood it means an infinity of space 'twixt you and your peace. To stand and to lift the hand is but a question of feet and inches, but that foot and that inch belong to pride. Cross it, and in true humility come to Jesus.

. . .

12. "*Oh, I m just looking on.*"

Indifference. His name is legion. You approach this person and he assumes a careless, unconcerned air and lightly, smilingly says "Oh, I simply came in to see what was doing here. I'm just looking on."

Young man, how long do you suppose you can keep this up? Do you suppose that when Gabriel's trumpet sounds you will be "just looking on;" or when the "come, ye blessed," is spoken, are you willing to be "just looking on?" Be reasonable now.

But, to tell the truth, you know you are not indifferent. Your presence and your continued attendance have indicated that. You are dissatisfied, and you know it, as we do. Come, have a part in this salvation with us. "Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found; call ye upon him, while he is near."

Do you recall Zaccheus in the sycamore? He was just looking on. But his strenuous looking-on gave indication that he sought yet more, and when that gracious voice said, "Come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house," he ceased to be an on-looker and became in very truth a son of Abraham. Go and do likewise.

. . .

13. "*I'm thinking of it.*"

Indecision is his name and, unless he shakes it off, it will be the death of him. "Yes, I'm thinking of it, I'm coming," but he never comes, and death is coming, surely coming, death and darkness—dark night of utter unconcern and apathy.

For thinking never saved any man. It has cost many a man his soul. "I hate vain thoughts," says God's word. When God says, "My son, give me thy heart," thinking is saying no—doing is the only obedience.

. . .

14. "*I'm not fit.*"

This young man has great respect for the Gospel and for the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. When you approach him he drops his head and says, "Sir, I'm not fit." Looking at him you cannot help but love him, and you desire him for the Master.

Brother, you say "I am not fit." Not fit for what? Do you mean you are not fit to be helped, not fit to be given a hand and lifted up? Why truly, friend, you have not been thinking of what you were to get at all; you have been thinking of self. This is not real respect for religion.

. . .

15. "*I've been through this before.*"

This one is away back, scarcely inside the door, and there is a hard look on his face and a hard tone to his voice. "Let me alone!" he says, turning aside; "I've been through this before."

But we will not let him alone; we dare not. It would be like abandoning a man in the swift current of the rapids. For to go on thus means sure destruction, and the cataract is not far ahead. To keep on and on "going through this," without getting anything out of it, means going through into the pit at the last.

Gospel-hardened, we call it, but it is not that. It is excuse-hardened, will-hardened, self-hardened. The Gospel hardens no man's heart. It softens, refreshes, and sanctifies, wherever it is admitted. Come, friend, open the door of your heart a little way, let in a bit of the old Gospel, and see what will take place.

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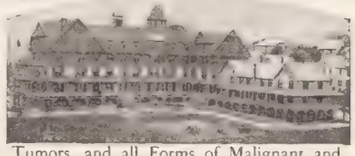

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

THE FAITH OF A CHILD.*

"WILL you tell us more about Jesus coming back?" Guy inquired rather anxiously, throwing himself on the sand and looking up at Mr. Grant with solemn, large eyes.

Berry broke in impetuously:

"Guy asked old Sam, who was going out shrimping this morning, if he thought Jesus would come back to-day, and Sam said he didn't think he would, so Guy called out that was just the reason he would be very likely to come, for it says: 'In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.'"

Mr. Grant took out his pocket Bible and opened it at the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew.

"I will read you what the Lord himself said about it, and that will be better than any words of mine."

Very gravely and reverently he read the latter part of the chapter, explaining as he went, and the twins' intelligent remarks proved that they were taking it in.

"Like lightning!" said Guy, after the twenty-seventh verse had been read; "he can't have started yet, Berry! Why, as soon as he starts he will be here!"

"He might be here before we finish the chapter," observed Berry, looking out upon the ocean in front of her.

Mr. Grant read on, and finished the chapter. The children were silent for a minute, and then Berry said, doubtfully:

"Are Guy and me God's servants? I don't want to be a servant. Thomas says Guy is no better than one—the Bible says so; but he can't find a text about me being a servant."

"I should like to be God's servant," Guy put in softly.

"What is a servant's chief duty?" asked Mr. Grant.

"To do what they are told," Guy said, quickly.

"And do you do what God tells you?" asked Mr. Grant.

Guy considered. "No!" he said; "but I don't think I'm old enough to be one of God's servants."

"You are quite old enough. No child is too young to obey."

"We don't obey anyone but father," put in Berry, quickly; not unless we're quite obliged to."

"If you don't obey God you must disobey him," Mr. Grant went on, quietly. "I could read you another verse from the Bible that says that Jesus Christ will come again and punish those who are disobedient to God."

"I know," nodded Berry, looking at Mr. Grant solemnly; "I expect he would cut me asunder and send me away to weep and gnash my teeth. If he came back to-day he would."

Guy looked at his sister with awe.

"My dear children," said Mr. Grant, "God doesn't want you to perish. Jesus died to save you from that. He left heaven and came down here to do it. God knew you could not be perfectly good and obedient children, so Jesus said he would come and be good and obedient instead of you. He said he would be punished for your sins. God won't punish you now. He doesn't punish twice."

Guy's earnest gaze never left Mr. Grant's face.

"God doesn't punish twice," he repeated, with emphasis; then why does Thomas tell me I'll be lost if I don't repent?"

Mr. Grant hesitated. "He means if you won't take Jesus as your Saviour you will be lost," he said, slowly. "God is holding out a pardon for each of you. He says, 'Here, dear children, my son Jesus offered himself a sacrifice, and died to get this for you; will you have it? Will you believe me when I tell you I never punish twice—that your sins are laid on Jesus, and that he bore your punishment? I want you to be my little servants. Take your pardon and thank me for it; and then I will help you to serve me faithfully!"

"And shall I be saved like that?"

"Christ died for our sins," quoted Mr. Grant, looking at the boy's flushed face. Would you not like to take your pardon from God and thank him for it?"

For a moment Guy was silent, then he started to his feet and ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

Mr. Grant felt astonished, but Berry looked up, gravely.

"He's gone to do it."

"Where has he gone?"

"Why, into the house of course, to his bed. Don't you speak to God on your bed? We always do; we can't say our prayers nowhere else. Guy did tell me he spoke to God in the garden the other day, but it wasn't proper, and I told him so."

Mr. Grant could not help smiling at the self-assumed tone of the little maiden; and, drawing her to him, he asked: "And what is Berry going to do?"

"I don't understand like Guy," she said; "it's too difficult. I want to be ready when Jesus comes back, but I'm dreadfully afraid I shan't be quick enough." Then, with one of her quick, silvery changes of mood, she added: "Oh, do come and see Ginger's puppies in the stable—they're such darlings."

"No, I want to go farther on while the tide is out. Say good-bye to Guy for me, and remember, 'In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.'"

The young clergyman strode away with a wrapt glance to the heavens above, and Berry watched him disappear round the corner of a cliff.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Captain Antle. The Sailor's Friend. By Charles Mortimer. Pp. 184. Published by Damrell & Upham, Boston, Mass.

Red Patriots. The Story of the Seminoles. Pp. 290. Price $1.50. Published by The Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati, O.

[illegible] Life. By Dr. Arthur T. Pierson. Pp. 197. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

Klondike. The Chicago Record's Book for Gold Seekers. Pp. 413. Profusely illustrated. Published by the Chicago Record Company, Chicago, Ill.

What Shall our Boys do for a Living? By Charles F. Wingate. Pp. 287. Price $1. Published by Doubleday, McClure & Company, New York.

Meet for the Master's Use. By F. B. Meyer. Pp. 121. Price, 30 cents. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto.

The Cross and Crown. By Ash Pattillo. A series of articles and poems on spiritual topics. Published by the Banner Company, Clanton, Ala.

Blessed are Ye. Talks on the Beatitudes. By F. B. Meyer, B.A. Pp. 142. Price, 75 cents. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

Flashlights on Nature. By Grant Allen. Illustrated by Frederick Enock. Pp. 312. Price, $1.50. Published by Doubleday, McClure & Company, New York.

Pemberton, or One Hundred Years Ago. A story of the early years of the Republic. By Henry Peterson. Pp. 393. Published by Henry T. Coates & Company, Philadelphia.

At Aboukir and Acre. A story of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt. By G. A. Henty. Pp. 331. Price $1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth avenue, New York.

The Nameless Castle. A tale of the Hungarian campaign of Napoleon I. By Maurus Jokai. Pp. 338. Price, $1.25. Published by Doubleday, McClure & Company, New York.

The Patriots of Palestine. A story of the Maccabees. By Charlotte M. Yonge. With illustrations by W. S. Stacey. Pp. 365. Price, $1.25. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

Birds that Hunt and are Hunted. Life histories of one hundred and seventy birds of prey. By Neltje Blanchan. Pp. 350. With 48 illustrations. Price, $2. Published by Doubleday, McClure & Company, New York.

Visions. A series of Sunday morning sermons at St. Bartholomew's, New York, by the Rector David H. Greer, D.D. Twenty-two aspects or varieties of the vision are presented in this delightful volume, each with its appropriate lessons. Pp. 282. Price, $1.50. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

Bells at Evening and Other Poems, by Fanny Crosby, the celebrated Gospel hymn-writer. This is a new, greatly enlarged and very handsome edition of the volume formerly issued under the same title. The life and work of the "sweet blind singer" are worthy the perusal of every one who has ever sung her hymns, and it is to these unknown but multitudinous friends that Fanny Crosby has dedicated her book. Pp. 224, top gilt, decorated cloth cover, price fifty cents. Biglow & Main Co., publishers, New York and Chicago.

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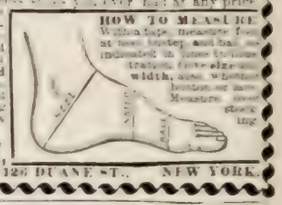

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ALLIED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS

A British Pastor's Idea of the Probable Results of an Anglo-American Alliance

IN the course of a recent address to young men, by Dr. John Clifford, President of the Scotish National Free Church Council, he drew the following sketch of the advantages which might be expected from an alliance between his country and ours:

"The war between the United States and Spain, stamps 1898 as ineraseably as the French Revolution stamps 1793: and it will determine the character of the progress of the new century more than anything else that has happened in our own generation For it has converted the people of the United States of America from what I may call an insular into an imperial power; using that word in its best sense. It has broadened, if it has not heightened their aims. Men of lofty character and clean motive maintain that the Prov.dence that has shaped their course hithert , now marks out this path for them, and they must take it. They are compelled to accept the consequences of their interference on behalf of the Cubans. They must set a new pace in, and create a new type, of Colonial Evolution. They affirm that the good of the people they have rescued from indescribable, barbaric and clerical tyrannies, forces them to undertake the further and far more difficult task—a task requiring infinite skill and patience, untiring philanthropy, and pure patriotism—the task of bringing the Cubans and Philippines up to the full standard of American citizenship. It is with the United States and Cuba as it is with us in Egypt. Whilst you are out of a country, it is not difficult to keep out; but, when once you have intervened, the difficulties of getting out again increase every day.

"But there is an aspect of this subject of more immediate interest to us if it is not of more importance to the world. You have not forgotten the astonishment of Europe at the complete and absolute collapse of the Spanish maritime forces. Victory came from the first blow. Admirals Dewey and Sampson went, and saw, and conquered. Perhaps it was not much to do considering the condition of the Spanish fleet; but the rapidity with which the crash came was a surprise to the European powers, and with the natural instinct of self-preservation natural to despotisms, they were eager to intervene on behalf of Spain, and had it not been for the decisive action of Great Britain, they would have prevented the completion of the work the United States had undertaken.

"That act of the English people will not be forgotten by the Americans. England it was felt had atoned for the follies of George III. and his cabinet. The Anglo-American Alliance—informal but real—sprang then and there into fruitful existence. The grounds of strife were swept away. It was felt that we are one in blood and in idea, one in language and in aim, in sentiment and in thought, in devotion to liberty and to progress. The middle wall of partition is broken down. Ephraim shall not vex Judah, nor Judah Ephraim; but they shall march together for the deliverance of the oppressed; for the suppression of political clericalism all the world over; for the final abolition of the military system; for the defence and protection of liberty of conscience, equality of opportunity, reverence for truth, and the establishment of universal righteousness. I firmly and honestly declare my belief that the entrance of the United States amongst the 'World Powers' will prove to be the most important step taken in political government within the century.

"Young men, welcome the upspringing of this new 'World Power!' Promote by speech and deed this holy alliance of the free for the free! Stand by it, as by one of the most cherished gifts the year has brought you. Young as it is, it has penetrated the councils of Europe, lowered the pride and checked the advance of hoary despotisms; given birth to a higher conception of colonial expansion, and pledged the extension of the kingdom of God.

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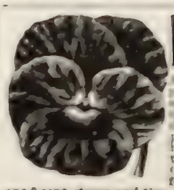

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10 Trees of one sort at the 100 rate; ... same no. at next rate. This applies to entire list except Grape Vines and Small Fruits

	XX, Extra			X Size			3d Size		
	Each	100	1000	Each	100	1000	Each	100	1000
APPLE—Usual sorts, Ben Davis, Baldwin, Bellflower, Benoni, Gano, M. Blush, Mo. Pippin, N. Spy, Rambo, Rome Beauty, Wealthy, Winesap, etc. See Wh. List.	Some of our prices below:								
1-YR. whole root grafted (2-yr. roots)	9¢	$ 8	$ 60	7¢	$ 6	$ 45	5¢	$ 4	$ 30
" Same sorts, 1-YR. BUDDED whole root (3-yr. roots)	12¢	11	80	9¢	8	60	7¢	6	40
" " strictly 2-yr. (3- and 4-yr. roots)	15¢	14	90	12¢	11	70	9¢	8	50
" Senator (Trade Mark), Champion (Trade Mark), Stayman Winesap, Barry, Starr, etc., 1-YR. wh. rt. grfd. (2-yr. roots)	20¢	18	120	15¢	14	90	10¢	9	60
" APPLE of COMMERCE (Trade Mark), BLACK BEN DAVIS (Trade Mark), DELICIOUS (T. Mark), E'Y MELON, etc., 1-YR., wh. rt. grfd. (2-yr. roots)	25¢	22	150	18¢	17	110	12¢	11	70
" Ben Davis ("Battle Ax"), piece-root, 2 to 3 ft. and 1 to 2 ft. ... CUT Rate	...	...	...	4¢	3	25	3¢	2	15
PEAR, St'd—Usual sorts, Kieffer, Bartlett, etc., 2-yr. (4-yr. roots)	30¢	25	180	22¢	19	130	15¢	14	90
" Gerber, Koonce, 1-YR., 3-5 ft., 2½-3 ft. and 2-2½ ft. (CUT Rate)	25¢	22	150	20¢	18	120	15¢	14	85
" Kieffer, 1-YR., 3 to 5 ft., 2½ to 3 ft. and 2 to 2½ ft. (CUT Rate)	20¢	18	120	15¢	14	90	10¢	9	60
Pear, DWF—Duchess, L. B. Jersey (best dwfs among old sorts) ..CUT Rate	15¢	14	90	12¢	11	70	9¢	8	50
PLUM, on Plum—Usual sorts, Blue Damson, Lombard, Prunes, etc....	30¢	25	170	22¢	19	125	15¢	14	85
" Red June, Wickson, 1-Yr., 3 to 5 ft., 2½ to 3 ft., 2 to 2½ ft. ...	20¢	18	120	15¢	14	90	10¢	9	60
" GOLD ($3,000 Am.-Jap. plum; sure, HEAVY bearer; GRAND)	80¢	75	...	60¢	55	340	40¢	35	240
" " 1-Yr., 3 to 5 ft., 2½ to 3 ft. and 2 to 2½ ft. ...	40¢	35	240	30¢	25	180	20¢	18	120
PEACH—Usual sorts, ELBERTA, Crawfords, etc., 1-yr. (2-yr. roots)	15¢	14	70	12¢	11	60	9¢	8	45
" Elberta Seedlings, Crosby Sdlgs (CUT Rate)	12¢	11	55	10¢	9	45	8¢	7	35
" Select Sdlgs. (from seed of finest sorts) (CUT Rate)	7¢	6	40	6¢	5	35	5¢	4	30

SMALL FRUITS and GRAPE VINES

—5 of one sort at 10 rate, as 5 Cuthbert for 12½¢; or 5 Snyder for 15¢, etc.). 25 of one sort at 100 rate; 300 or more of one sort at 1000 rate (as 300 Cuthbert for $1.50; or 300 Loudon for $2.70, etc.)

	10	100	1000
Blackb'y—Early Harvest, profitable	$.25	$1	$ 5
" Snyder, hardiest, EARLY	.80	1½	7
Currant—Fay Prolific, 2-YR Each, 8¢	.70	3	24
" POMONA, 2-yr.; FINE; FULL 2d yr. 15¢	1.40	7	45
" Victoria, 2-yr.; best late red ... 7¢	.60	3	22
Gooseb'y—Houghton, 2-yr. and reliable 7¢	.60	3	24
Raspb'y—Columbian, Eureka, Loudon	.80	1½	9
" Cuthbert, fine large late red	.25	1	5
" Kansas, Miller Red, Palmer, etc	.25	1½	7

GRAPE VINES

	One-Yr.			Two-Yrs.		
Even ONE vine at TEN RATE.	10	100	1000	10	100	1000
Campbell Early (with seals)...	6.00	$...	$...	$.00	$...	$...
Concord, ranks below Worden.	.50	2	16	.70	3	24
Niagara, market white	.70	3	20	.90	4	30
WORDEN, richest, FINEST blk	.80	4	25	1.00	5	35

ROSES, 2-YR., own roots

	Each	100	1000
Mme. Plantier, white hardy, grand.....	20¢	15	95
Queen of Prairies, fine hardy climber; etc.	25¢	20	120

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Barley Crystals, for Kidney Troubles.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22 NUMBER 6

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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A SALVATION ARMY GOSPEL SERVICE IN PRISON (SEE PAGE 95)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Several Inquirers.—If fifty cents a month is the most you can pay, we will send you, all charges prepaid, a copy of our London Art Bible, on receipt of the first fifty cents, and your promise to send 50 cents monthly for four months thereafter. You will thus pay only $2.50 in all—just the same price as though you had bought the Bible for spot cash over our counter.

Temperance. Dayton, O. What was the official result of the Canadian plebiscite vote?

The totals, as officially announced, were: affirmative, 278,487; negative, 264,571; total majority for the affirmative, 13,916.

H. A. S. 1 Do not public prayers violate Christ's injunction to enter into the closet when we pray? 2. Is not the promise (John 16: 23) absolute, that whatsoever we ask in Christ's name shall be granted? 3. What was the origin of the popular superstition about the number thirteen?

1. No. Christ referred to the ostentatious devotion of the Pharisees who chose a public place for their devotions, with the motive that men might see them and honor them as pious people. There are many intimations in the New Testament that God approves of his people meeting together for prayer. 2. The facts are against the theory. God reserves to himself the right to answer prayer or leave it unanswered. It is well that he does so; otherwise people might have things through prayer that they account blessings but would prove curses to them. They do not know what is best for themselves; therefore God, like a wise human father does not answer all prayers. The disciples were in such a situation that Christ made the promise to them; but, as you know, Paul did not have the privilege. His thrice repeated prayer for the removal of the thorn in the flesh, was not answered. 3. It is not certain. Some trace it to the number who sat down to the Last Supper.

C. E. S., Estherville, Ia. 1. Please give the names of the members of Mr. McKinley's Cabinet. 2. Give names of [illegible] Cuba, Porto Rico and Philippines during the late war.

[illegible] Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War; Cornelius N. Bliss, Secretary of Interior; John D. Long, Secretary of Navy; Charles Emory Smith, Postmaster-General. 2. Santiago campaign: Major-General Wm. R. Shafter was in command of the Fifth Army Corps; Major General J. F. Kent commanded First Division. Major-General H. W. Lawton, Second Division; Major-General Joseph Wheeler, Division of Dismounted Cavalry. Major-General Nelson A. Miles was in command of the Porto Rico Campaign: First Division was commanded by Major-General John R. Brooke; Second Division, Major-General James H. Wilson. Of the Manila Campaign, Major-General Wesley Merritt was officer commanding.

W. R. W., Aneta, N. D. A pastor here is deeply interested in hypnotism and is practicing on people.

He had better let it alone and preach the Gospel. A pastor should preach Christ, and not be diverted from his mission by a pseudo-science which is practiced chiefly by charlatans.

E. E. S. 1. Yes; in New York City. 2. The two s's are generally both written and pronounced.

M. K., Pembroke, Ont. Is there any truth in the published reports of Lieut. Hobson kissing women in public? I am an American and am put to shame by the frequent allusions to the matter.

There is no doubt that the reports have been greatly exaggerated. Mr. Hobson himself, while admitting what he did, has declared in a published card that the printed accounts of his actions were grossly overdrawn.

C. R., Scott, Wis. Why was the man who had [illegible] severely punished for an offense which might have been the result of poverty?

The bridegroom's family furnished appropriate garments to the guests. This man's offense consisted in his despising and rejecting the garment provided for him. He preferred to attend in his own ordinary attire. The significance of the parable is that God's way of salvation through Christ is often rejected by men who think their good moral character is sufficient for them, and that they do not need the salvation which Christ offers them.

B. W. D., Cotint, Mass. Can you tell when the wall that encloses the Chinese Empire was built? Also how long and broad it is?

The Chinese wall was begun 214 B.C., under supervision of Che Hwang-te, one of China's greatest emperors, who conceived the idea of protecting his kingdom from the tribes of Tartary. Its length has been estimated at 1,250 miles; total height, including parapet, 20 feet; thickness at base, 25 feet; at top, 15 feet. Towers or bastions occur at intervals of 100 yards. These are 40 feet square at base, 30 at summit, and are from 37 to 50 feet high.

Mr. J. Young, of the Upper Canadian Bible Society, Toronto, Canada, writes:

Noticing that many of your correspondents are sending you accounts of very old Bibles, I enclose [illegible] dating back to Queen Anne Boleyn, mother of Queen Elizabeth. The Bible belongs to a member of this family. For a museum or public library it would be quite an acquisition. It is bound in carved oak covers, with leather and iron clamps, similar to those old Bibles that were chained in the cathedrals. It is in good condition except, that like so many of these old Tudor Bibles, a few leaves are missing at the beginning and end of the book. Your correspondent, H. Whitman Dodge (Jan. 18) is in error about the date of "A Tyndale Bible"—1526. The very first Bible printed was 1535. Your correspondent may have a New Testament of 1526, but not a Bible.

"Mrs. G.", Poolesville, Md., has a Bible printed in 1626, in London, by Bonham Norton and John Bill. "Printers to the King's Most Excellent Majestie." "Anno Dom." 1626. This Bible contains all the Canonical Books, the Apocrypha, the Psalms, set to tunes, and a portion of the "Prayer-book."

Reader, Of what denomination is Mrs. Amelia E. Barr?

She was brought up in the Episcopal faith, but is happy to worship in the church of any denomination that acknowledges the Fatherhood of God the Creator, and the Godhead of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

Reader, Bingham, Me. Is it a sin for a person who is hard at work in mills, shops or stores all the week to go on Sunday on an excursion to a watering-place or the mountains?

Do you think the day was set apart for that purpose? A person employed as you describe needs that day to attend to his spiritual interests. [illegible] en is surely little enough to give to [illegible] momentous of all concerns. The [illegible] to consider is the fact that a man [illegible] ds his Sunday in worldly pleasure [illegible] nent he needs for his higher life.

W. G. C., Statesville, N. C. There are several youths here who wish to form a debating soci- [illegible]

A few such subjects as these might be taken up: The Curfew movement; the best way to spend winter evenings or vacations; which benefits the mind the more—reading or travel?

[illegible] this paper, sends the following, which is of special interest in view of an article which recently appeared in these pages:

[illegible] Rhenish Prussia, and the church there is used alike by Protestants and Catholics. Both use the same [illegible] Reformation, and both denominations get along in a very nice and Christian-like way, very unlike in this country.

[illegible] the bottle to their neighbors (Hab. 2: 15)—are [illegible] ascertaining how far the revenue received from [illegible]

1. Probably not the saloon-keeper so much as the man who treats and invites others to drink. 2. It would be impossible to estimate the loss. If there were no intoxicating drinks sold, the government would not need so many [illegible] policemen or criminal courts: there would not be so many paupers or lunatics. You will easily see that no reliable estimate could be [illegible]

Mrs. K., Atwater, O. 1. What do you think of a Temperance pool-room? 2. Is it right for a [illegible] 3. What became of the head of John the Baptist?

1 and 2. In both cases we think the practice liable to do harm. The young people may acquire a taste for the amusements which may eventually lead them into evil places and evil company. 3. It was given to Herodias, but it is not stated what she did with it—probably ordered it to be buried. What does it signify to us?

J. M. T., Severn, Va. Do you think it is possible for a healthy person to attain to a high degree of sanctification? Is not sickness the usual path by which the blessing comes?

Sickness has been so blessed to many persons. In being withdrawn from business, or domestic occupations, the mind has dwelt on spiritual things and has made progress which it might not have made in ordinary circumstances. Then, too, the support God gives to his child under suffering, often draws the sufferer nearer to him. But that is not the only path of attainment. There are some who have attained the higher life without it, and have been very active in God's service. Their lives prove that such attainment is possible to a healthy person. The child of God [illegible] ness to lead the Christ life on earth.

Old Subscriber, Minneapolis, Minn. Times are hard with me this year. I do not see how I can afford to renew my subscription, but I should miss the paper terribly. Can you not send it to me free?

We cannot do it. Such a course would tend to financial ruin. Indeed, we take no pleasure in dropping friends from our subscription list, but we cannot afford to supply the paper free. However, we will gladly help you to help yourself, and therefore submit this proposition. If you will get for us every six months one new subscriber, either with or without premium, we will continue the paper to you without any expense to yourself; in other words, for two full-paid subscribers a year, we will send your copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD free of charge. Then you will feel that you are actually earning it, and that it is not coming to you as a gift, and we will not feel that we are giving away the paper a thing we cannot afford to do—but that we are getting a proper return for it.

S. M., Crayon, O. Is a person of one denomination [illegible]

The Lord's table is set for all who love the Lord Jesus and who are trusting in him for salvation, and are trying in his strength to fol- [illegible] ought not to separate them. If a person holds different views as to the ordinances or church [illegible]

[illegible], B., Holton, Kan. Will you l[illegible]

La Salle, who explored the [illegible] M[illegible] thers who were identified with [illegible] Whitman, the pi[illegible] are a few of a gr[illegible] names have become [illegible] ern pioneering. A [illegible] United States hist[illegible] dia will give you [illegible] them.

J. G. M., Furnis, Pa. [illegible] er-in-chief of our [illegible] abolish the cant[illegible]

He has the right, in either capacity, [illegible] tion of necessary reforms, to which class the abolition of the canteen belongs. This view has been brought very prominently before his attention of late. We cannot supply the information asked in the latter part of your letter.

AN ITINERANT BIBLE AND TRACT SELLER IN NORTHERN CHINA.

Our illustration shows one of the marvels which have been wrought, in spite of continual persecution, by missionaries and native Christian workers in China. The book-vendor in the picture wears the costume of Northern China. The inscription over his little hand-cart (so well loaded with pamphlets in the Chinese language), when translated, reads: "The Books of the Religion of Jesus." Parts of the Bible, sermons, and tracts are thus carried about for distribution in many parts of the empire.

R. J. D., Providence, R. I. There is some mis- [illegible] opponent of the saloon.

A. F. B., Madison, N. J. Write to Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., also to Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. G. W. L., Kirksville, Mo. Write to the United States Land Commissioner, Interior Department, Washington, D. C.

C. W. J., Amherst, C. H., Va. We have called for the address, but you had better advertise for it in the New York daily papers.

E. B., Holmes, N. Dakota. Nonsense; there was an old law to that effect in England, but there is no such law in this country.

Pleased Reader, Minneapolis, Minn. 1. The story of the vision is not authentic. 2. Sign her [illegible] [illegible] Subscriber, [illegible] Mass. [illegible] address is W. B. Wilson, Treasurer, Chosen Friends, Newark, N. J., or L. B. Wilson, Oakland, Calif.

S. R. M., Minneapolis, Minn. First question answered in [illegible] issue of December 21. Accurate answers cannot be given to last two.

Inquirer, Bellefontaine, O. It refers to a socialistic experiment tried about half a century ago, by a party of young and ardent literary men, who were of the transcendental school of philosophy.

Alice M., Jefferson, Md. For full information write to Mrs. S. M. Harris, 128 West 43rd St., New York [illegible] to Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and Armour Institute, Chicago.

F. L. Y., Lemon Grove, Cal., writes "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mentions one entire family uniting with the church on confession of faith. We can report something about as remarkable in the [illegible] Cal. On Jan. 8 a mother (who is a widow) and her two grown sons and one daughter united on confession of faith."

CRIMINALS BROUGHT TO CHRIST

The Salvation Army's Great Work Among Ex-Prisoners—Food and Shelter Houses, Ex-Criminals' Homes, Farm Colonies, etc.—Over 100,000 Criminals Redeemed

PICKING CANTELOUPES ON A SALVATION ARMY COLONY FARM

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage."

A PRISON yet not a prison! The condition of the conscience and the mind have not a little to do with the freedom, liberty and realm of the individual. I have no doubt the experience of Bunyan in Bradford Jail, where for twelve long years he was confined because of his dogged persistence in the fight for free speech and religious freedom, was sweeter than that of many of his oppressors, his hard board bed softer and easier than the downy couch of others who were free to "wander where they would." There is not the slightest doubt that the jail cells of Philippi were less binding to Paul and Barnabas than the whole circumference of the city to some of its rulers who, without the feeling of restraint, were at liberty to "stroll at will."

Prisons must not be institutions for punishment only, much less extreme punishment, but rather schools of industry and reform. Only recently (comparatively speaking) has the study of criminology become a factor in our land. Fifty years ago, to be an unfortunate convict was to be a fit subject for the lash and the whipping post, the ducking pool, the solitary cell, the thumbscrew, the stocks; to raise the eyes, smile or move the lips without permission was unpardonable, except when the pardon was accompanied by some severe punishment. With punishment there must be the ever-constant effort to save and reform the individual.

First. By insisting upon a life of industry while under restraint.

Second. The development of the highest ideals of morals in the individual by distribution of pure literature and personal appeals.

Third. By the State furnishing every possible opportunity to the spiritual development of each individual, which happily is the case in most of our institutions.

Our purpose should be to send the individual away from the institution a reformed or saved man, with all the elements of honesty, sobriety and industry aflame in his bosom, and then we should see to it that every man so leaving the prisons of our land shall have the opportunity to begin life anew with a reasonable hope of some degree of success. The position the Salvation Army takes upon practically every phase of human life is now very generally known. It is well known that the "all important" point with the Army, in dealing with every class of society, is the insisting upon the personal salvation, the uttermost regeneration of the whole man, body, soul and mind, by repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit, the feeling and expressing deepest sorrow for the wrong of the past, completely renouncing all that is evil, and being purged from the love, guilt and power of sin. But we realize that the State has work to do, and with that we do not interfere. We only ask that the State do its work well, apply the system that combined experience and wisdom has demonstrated is the wisest and best, temper justice with humanity; but after the State as a State has done all that by law and humane administration it can do, there remains still a great work to be done. It is this "afterwork" which the Salvation Army seeks to do.

There are those who believe it is practically impossible to reform or save a criminal. The Salvation Army can produce not only a few instances who will refute

COMMANDER F. DE L. BOOTH-TUCKER

this subtle assertion, but thousands can be massed for grand review who have passed through the Army homes, shelters and factories, whose noble lives today are an inspiration for more desperate and widely extended efforts in the field of criminology. It is a hard and rocky soil we know, but with proper care the seed of righteousness will grow and bring forth fruit that will bless the world.

It is estimated that, since the Salvation Army operations began, upwards of one hundred thousand criminals alone have been permanently saved! This, according to our definition of the word, means that they have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, walk no longer in craftiness, and, further, have become abstainers from rum and tobacco, and live lives of industry that produce the desirable fruits of righteousness and peace.

Since General Booth launched his great social scheme for the amelioration of the submerged, it has since been pushed to such marvelous success that to-day we have 111 slum posts, thirteen children's homes, ninety-two homes for women, twelve ex-criminals' homes, 122 food and shelter homes, thirty-four labor bureaus, fifty-three factories, and thirteen farm colonies—the latter ranging from 250 to 1,000 acres—with a capacity for caring for 18,000 submerged mortals every day. 15,000 miserable, uncared-for men, women, and children are given shelter every night. When he launched this scheme, he said it was the legitimate outcome of his labors for the salvation of the poorest souls he could find; that he often grieved over their hunger for "the bread which perisheth" while he was trying to induce them to receive "the Bread of Life," and that, in a small way he tried to satisfy the gnawing pangs of hunger before reproving them for their sins, and he found it ever so much easier to get a hearing when men had their hunger appeased. That was practical religion.

But what about the criminal. The same principle applies. The convicts were willing, aye, often anxious, to hear the Word of God preached by men and women whom they really believed lived it; but how often they said, "gladly would we embrace the opportunity to be Christians and be good; but the water is too deep; we cannot get out of our present predicament without help." What did they mean? Discharged with the mark of "criminal" across their foreheads—marked men. Somehow or other, detectives and police officers have not always considered their work finished when the culprit was lodged in prison. They have often felt called upon to studiously watch for his coming out, and if he sinned again, to "pinch" him, and if he quietly went to some honest employment, to inform his employer or work-mates of his past. This served its purpose only too well, for almost invariably he would be discharged and cast adrift. To wander where? Never mind, he generally found his way to prison again. The Army seeks to meet this difficulty:

MRS. (CONSUL) BOOTH-TUCKER

First. By conducting meetings in prisons:

Second. By opening prison homes and institutions of industry, that any ex-convict may enter, upon leaving prison, if he but expresses:

A. A desire to lead an honest life;

B. And is willing to do such work as is alotted to him; (A man who is not willing to work is not sincere in his confession of repentance. We impress this fact upon them and refuse utterly to accept anyone who is unwilling to work for his support).

C. Imprisonment, and specially a long imprisonment, incapacitates a prisoner for heavy work, consequently work must be found that will be at once profitable and suitable.

Third. In our homes and factories and farms we have two ends in view:—

A. Laying the foundation for a sturdy, Christian character.

B. The finding of employment for ex convicts in places where they will be treated as honest men, and where there will be no danger of discharge because of their past

Out of 4,000 men who passed through our institutions in a given time, we are gratified to find seventy-eight per cent. of them proved entirely satisfactory, and became not only law-abiding but honorable and respected members of society.

The colored illustration on the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD represents the method of the Salvation Army in the prison. Meetings are conducted by the Army from shore to shore of our nation; in every State and almost every county and city, the prison meeting is a feature of work that draws out the tenderest sympathy of the officer. The illustration shows the gifted wife of the American Commander, F. de Lautour Booth Tucker, Mrs. (Consul) Booth Tucker, addressing a large number of convicts in one of our State prisons. What must be the effect upon the heart of even a hardened man, hardened to sin, when he listens to the sweetest message ever sung by angels or mortal men, brought to him so tenderly, so lovingly and gracefully as conveyed by this remarkable, refined, cultured, sympathetic seeker of souls?

Mrs. Booth-Tucker had watched patiently at the bedside of a sainted mother, whose life had been given for sinners. She saw the light of life go out. After the crisis had come and mother was gone, she threw herself more fully (if that were possible), into the battle for souls, and with her husband, crossed the seas to India, and there sought the salvation of the heathen and the poor. Her health failing, she returned, and it afterwards proved for the purpose of carrying the inspiration of a holy life and the glad message of the love of God to the millions of Americans. She has found time to answer the call to nearly every large city in the United States, from Portland, Me., and Boston, to Minneapolis, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and back again several times. She has lifted her sweet voice in the drawing-room of the affluent, and in the crowded halls and churches, to the multitudes who have come from far and near to hear and see her. The effect has been ever the same—hearts of strong men and women have been moved toward God and heaven. On her last visit to the West the halls and churches were crowded, many being unable to gain admission, but nowhere has she been more heartily welcomed, nowhere has she touched deeper wells of emotion and feeling, and nowhere has she more thoroughly enjoyed her efforts, than when pouring her heart out to the prisoners to-day in the Cleveland workhouse, and to-morrow at San Quentin penitentiary. So long as God raises up such leaders, so long will hope for the reclamation and salvation of the tens of thousands of criminals in our land burn brightly in our hearts.

LIEUT.-COL. WM. BREWER, S. A.

A COLONY HEADQUARTERS

THE FIRST STABLE ON THE PLAINS

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

ABUSE OF TRUST-FUNDS

A Sermon by T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Job 8: 14. . . . . Whose trust shall be a spider's web

THE two most skilful architects in all the world are the bee and the spider. The one puts up a sugar manufactory and the other builds a slaughter-house for flies. On a bright summer morning when the sun comes out and shines upon the spider's web, bedecked with dew, the gossamer structure seems bright enough for a suspension bridge for aerial beings to cross on. But, alas for the poor fly, which in the latter part of that very day, ventures on it, and is caught and dungeoned and destroyed! The fly was informed that it was a free bridge, and would cost nothing, but at the other end of the bridge the toll paid was its own life. The next day there comes down a strong wind, and away goes the web, and the marauding spider and the victimized fly. The author of my text, who was a leading scientist of his day, had no doubt watched the voracious process of this one insect with another, and saw spider and fly swept down with the same broom, or scattered by the same wind. Alas, that the world has so many designing spiders and victimized flies!

There has not been a time when the utter and black irresponsibility of many men having the financial interests of others in charge, has been more evident than in these last few years. The bankruptcy of banks and disappearance of administrators with the funds of large estates, and the disordered accounts of United States officials, have sometimes made a pestilence of crime that solemnizes every thoughtful man and woman, and leads every philanthropist and Christian to ask, What shall be done to stay the plague?

First of all, I charge the blame on careless, indifferent bank directors and boards having in charge great financial institutions. It ought not to be possible for a president or cashier or prominent officer of a banking institution, to swindle it year after year without detection. I will undertake to say that if these frauds are carried on for two or three years without detection, either the directors are partners in the infamy and pocket part of the theft, or they are guilty of a culpable neglect of duty, for which God will hold them as responsible as he holds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have prominent business men to allow their names to be published as directors in a financial institution, so that unsophisticated people are thereby induced to deposit their money in, or buy the script thereof, when they, the published directors, are doing nothing for the safety of the institution? It is a case of deception most reprehensible. Many people with a surplus of money, not needed for immediate use, although it may be a little further on indispensable, are without friends competent to advise them, and they are guided solely by the character of the men whose names are associated with the institution. When the crash came, and with the overthrow of the banks went the small earnings and limited fortunes of widows and orphans, and the helplessly aged, the directors stood with idiotic stare, and to the inquiry of the frenzied depositors and stockholders who had lost their all, and to the arraignment of an indignant public, had nothing to say except "We thought it was all right. We did not know there was anything wrong going on." It was their duty to know. They stood in a position which deluded the people with the idea that they were carefully observant. Calling themselves directors, they did not direct. They had opportunity of auditing accounts and inspecting the books. No time to do so? Then they had no business to accept the position. What first of all is needed is that five hundred bank directors and insurance company directors resign or attend to their business as directors. The business world will be full of fraud as long as fraud is so easy.

"Oh," some will say, "better preach the Gospel and let business matters alone." I reply, if your Gospel does not inspire common honesty in the dealings of men, the sooner you close up your Gospel and pitch it into the depths of the Atlantic Ocean the better. An orthodox swindler is worse than a heterodox swindler. The recitation of all the catechisms and creeds ever written, and partaking of all the communion chalices that ever glittered in the churches of Christendom, will never save your soul unless your business character corresponds with your religious profession. Some of the worst scoundrels in America have been members of churches, and they got fat on sermons about heaven when they most needed to have the pulpits preach that which would either bring them to repentance, or thunder them out of the holy communions where their presence was a sacrilege and an infamy.

We must especially deplore the misfortunes of banks in various parts of this country in that they damage the banking institution, which is the great convenience of the centuries, and indispensable to commerce and the advance of nations. On their shoulders are the interests of private individuals and great corporations. In them are the great arteries through which run the currents of the nation's life. They have been the resources of the thousands of financiers in days of business exigency. They stand for accommodation, for facility, for individual, State, and national relief. How nefarious, then, the behavior of those who bring disrepute upon this venerable, benignant, and God-honored institution!

We also deplore abuse of trust funds, because the abusers fly in the face of divine goodness which seems determined to bless this land. We are having a series of unexampled national harvests. The wheat gamblers get hold of the wheat, and the corn gamblers get hold of the corn. The full tide of God's mercy toward this land is put back by those great dykes of dishonest resistance. When God provides enough food and clothing to feed and apparel this whole nation like princes, the scrabble of dishonest men to get more than their share, and get it at all hazards, keeps everything shaking with uncertainty, and everybody asking "What next?" Every week makes new revelations. How many more bank presidents and bank cashiers have been speculating with other people's money, and how many more bank directors are in imbecile silence, letting the perfidy go on, the great and patient God only knows! My opinion is that we have got near the bottom. The wind has been pricked from the great bubble of American speculation. The men who thought that the judgment day was at least five thousand years off, found it in 1898 or 1897 or 1896; and this nation has been taught that men must keep their hands out of other people's pockets.

If the first men, and especially Christian men, will learn never to speculate upon borrowed capital—if you have a mind to take your own money and turn it all into kites, to fly them over every common in the United States, you do society no wrong, except when you tumble your helpless children into the poorhouse for the public to take care of. But you have no right to take the money of others and turn it into kites. There is one word that has deluded more people into bankruptcy and State prison and ruin than any other word in commercial life, and that is the word borrow; that one word is responsible for all the defalcations and embezzlements and financial consternations of the last twenty years. When executors conclude to speculate with the funds of an estate committed to their charge they do not purloin, they say they only borrow; when a banker makes an overdraft upon his institution, he does not commit a theft, he only borrows. When the officer of a company, by flaming advertisement in some religious papers and gilt certificate of stock, gets a multitude of country people to put their small earnings into an enterprise for carrying on some undeveloped nothing, he does not fraudulently take their money, he only borrows. When a young man with easy access to his employer's money-drawer, or the confidential clerk, by close propinquity to the account-books, takes a few dollars for a Wall Street excursion, he expects to put it back. He will put it all back. He will put it all back very soon. He only borrows. Why, when you are going to do wrong, pronounce so long a word as borrow, a word of six letters, when you can get a shorter word more descriptive of the reality, a word of only five letters, the word steal?

There are times when we all borrow, and borrow legitimately, and borrow with the divine blessing, for Christ, in his Sermon on the Mount, enjoins, "From him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." A young man rightly borrows money to get his education. Purchasing a house and not able to pay all down in cash, the purchaser rightly borrows it on mortgage. Crises come in business, when it would be wrong for a man not to borrow. But I roll this warning through all these aisles, over the backs of all these pews, never borrow to speculate—not a dollar, not a cent, not a farthing. Young men, I warn you by your worldly prospects and the value of your immortal souls, do not do it.

If I had only a worldly weapon to use on this subject I would give you the fact, fresh from the highest authority, that ninety per cent. of those who go into wild speculation lose all; but I have a better warning than a worldly warning. From the place where men have perished—body, mind, soul—stand off, stand off! Abstract pulpit discussion must step aside on this question. Faith and repentance are absolutely necessary, but faith and repentance are no more doctrines of the Bible than commercial integrity. "Render to all their dues." "Owe no man anything." And while I mean to preach faith and repentance, more and more to preach them, I do not mean to spend any time in chasing the Hittites and Jebusites and Girgashites of Bible times when there are so many evils right around us destroying men and women for time and for eternity. The greatest evangelistic preacher the world ever saw, a man who died for his evangelism—peerless Paul—wrote to the Romans, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men:" wrote to the Corinthians, "Do that which is honest:" wrote to the Philippians, "Whatsoever things are honest:" wrote to the Hebrews, "Willing in all things to live honestly." The Bible says that faith without works is dead, which, being liberally translated, means that if your business life does not correspond with your profession, your religion is a humbug.

Here is something that needs to be sounded into the ears of all the young men of America, and iterated and reiterated, if this country is ever to be delivered from its calamities, and commercial prosperity is to be established and perpetuated: Live within your means. Spend no more than you make. And let us adjust all our business and our homes by the principles of the Christian religion. Our religion ought to mean just as much on Saturday and Monday as on the day between, and not to be a mere periphrasis of sanctity. Our religion ought to first clean our hearts, and then it ought to clean our lives. Religion is not, as some seem to think, a sort of church delectation, a kind of confectionery, a sort of spiritual caramel, or holy gumdrop, or sanctified peppermint, or theological anæsthetic. It is an omnipotent principle, all-controlling, all conquering. You may get along with something less than that, and you may deceive yourself with it; but you cannot deceive God [illegible]. All your prayers go for nothing so long as you misrepresent your banking institution, and in the report of the [illegible] you put down more specie, and more fractional currency, and more clearing-house certificates, and more legal tender notes, and more loans and more discounts than there really are, and when you give an account of your liabilities you do not mention all the unpaid dividends and the [illegible] and the individual deposits, and the obligations to other banks and bankers. An authority more scrutinizing than that of any bank examiner will go through and through and through your business.

Gathered in all religious assemblages there are many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so entrusted; but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be as careful of the property of others as you are careful of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property, they put it into investment, and away it all goes, and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion, and the money market is shaken, and the press denounces, and the church thunders expulsion. You have no right to use the property of others, except for their advantage, nor without consent, unless they are minors. If with their consent you invest their property as well as you can, and it is all lost, you are not to blame: you did the best you could; but do not come into the delusion which has ruined so many men, of thinking because a thing is in their possession, therefore it is theirs.

A missionary in one of the islands of the Pacific preached on dishonesty, and the next morning he looked out of his window, and he saw his yard full of goods of all kinds. He wondered, and asked the cause of all this. "Well," said the natives, "our gods that we have been worshiping permit us to steal, but, according to what you said yesterday, the God of heaven and earth will not allow this, so we bring back all these goods, and we ask you to help us in taking them to the places where they belong." If next Sabbath all the ministers in America should preach sermons on the abuse of trust funds, and on the evils of purloining, and the sermons were all blessed of God, and regulations were made that all these things should be taken to the city halls, it would not be long before every city hall in America would be crowded from cellar to cupola.

I have also a word of comfort for all who suffer from the malfeasance of others, and every honest man, woman, and child does suffer from what goes on in financial scampdom. Society is so bound together that all the misfortunes which good people suffer in business matters come from the misdeeds of others. Bear up under distress, strong in God. He will see you through, though your misfortunes should be centupled. Scientists tell us that a column of air forty-five miles in height rests on every man's head and shoulders. But that is nothing compared with the pressure that business life has put upon many of you. God made up his mind long ago how many or how few dollars it would be best for you to have. Trust to his appointment. The door will soon open to let you out and let you up. What shock of delight for men who for thirty years have been in business anxiety when they shall suddenly awake in everlasting holiday! On the maps of the Arctic regions there are two places whose names are remarkable, given, I suppose, by some Polar expedition: "Cape Farewell" and "Thank God Harbor." At this last the *Polaris* wintered, in 1871, and the *Tigress* in 1873. Some ships have passed the cape, yet never reached the harbor. But from what I know of many of you, I have concluded that, though your voyage of life may be very rough, run into by icebergs on this side and icebergs on that, you will in due time reach Cape Farewell, and there bid good-by to all annoyances, and soon after drop anchor in the calm and imperturbable waters of "Thank God Harbor." "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

A MISSIONARY CIVILIZER

Dr. Currie's Work as Preacher, Physician, School Teacher and General Director at Cisamba, in Central Africa

CISAMBA NATIVES ENTERING DR. CURRIE'S SCHOOLHOUSE

FROM time to time, reports have appeared in this journal of the work being done at Cisamba in West Central Africa by Dr. Walter T. Currie. We have now the privilege of printing several pictures illustrating Dr. Currie's life, which have been reproduced from photographs brought home recently by Mrs. Currie, who is now here for a brief season of recuperation. Dr. Currie, as our readers may remember, went to Africa in 1886, under the auspices of the Canadian Missionary Society, whose work in Africa is done through the agency of the American Board. After laboring for about four years at his remote missionary station, Dr. Currie, having found the urgent need of medical knowledge, and realizing how much suffering he could relieve if he could treat the diseases most common in his district, returned to America and entered Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt's medical missionary college. Early in 1893 he graduated and returned to his African station with his diploma as a physician. Since that time he has labored successfully, preaching and healing, and has the happiness of ministering to the bodies and souls of the people.

A CORNER IN DR. CURRIE'S CARPENTER SHOP

Cisamba is over a hundred miles farther inland than Bailundu, which is about two hundred miles from Benguella. Cisamba was a virgin field when Dr. Currie first arrived there. The people of the district had not the remotest idea of a missionary's object in coming among them. They were prepared to trade with him and pressed him to buy their ivory, rubber and bees wax. They even offered him slaves. When he declined these bargains, they wanted to know what he had come for, if not to trade. Dr. Currie tried to explain, but his purpose was still a mystery to the native mind. At the present time, after the lapse of thirteen years, they understand it better. Dr. Currie has not only received many of them into church-fellowship, but has taught their boys useful arts in building, blacksmithing, carpenter's work, agriculture, etc.; and is now recognized by the natives through the district as a friend and benefactor. The youths whom he has trained are in request in other districts on account of their skill and because of their steadiness. There, as with us, drunkenness frequently lays aside a workman; and it is now well known that Dr. Currie's boys do not drink intoxicating drinks. Among the more intelligent young men are some who have proved their capacity as evangelists. Since they have joined Dr. Currie's church they have studied diligently, and have been allowed at their own request to visit villages some miles distant and tell the people the message of the Gospel.

Dr. Currie has received many visits at Cisamba from chiefs and people who have heard the preaching of those native evangelists and desiring to learn more of the new religion, have come to hear Dr. Currie himself. The portrait of one of these, whose name is Hosi Kanjundu, appears on this page. He is chief of Chiyuka, a large district twenty miles from Cisamba. He is an influential ruler in West Central Africa, and has often entertained white travelers. Dr. James Johnston, whose book on this part of Africa is well known, stayed several days with him during his journey. Dr. Johnston mentions as a unique fact about him, that he was the only one of all the chiefs he met in crossing the continent who did not ask his visitor for a present. He came in state to Cisamba with one of his nine wives and a retinue of sixteen followers, and expressed a desire to hear about Christianity. He listened attentively to Dr. Currie's talk and asked whether Dr. Currie could teach him to read and write, like the boys he had seen. He was so much interested and so anxious to learn, that he paid frequent visits, staying several weeks at a time. He speedily mastered the art of reading, and is now painfully and laboriously acquiring that of writing. Mrs. Currie says: "He is a most eager scholar. He would bring his slate at almost every hour of the day if I would give him a lesson. Cipilika, one of the native evangelists, tells us that no matter how early they were assembling for morning prayers (and that is between five and six o'clock, when the bugle sounds) the chief was always first in the schoolhouse. He has put away all his wives but one. His little daughter, Ngeve, her father's special pet and favorite, always accompanies him on his visits, and often remains behind at the station until Kanjundu comes again. She is making rapid progress. She is a very painstaking damsel in all she undertakes and is outstripping many of the little girls who have been in school for over two years."

One practical proof Kanjundu has already given of his changed spirit. Dr. Currie writes: "Over a week ago he took one of the young men and went to his Ombala. While away, he tore down two spirit-houses, etc., and threw them into the river. The mixture of white clay, meal, etc., with which they are accustomed to mark an offering, to indicate freedom from guilt and appease the spirits, he also threw away. The emblems of his heathenism he brought to us as proof of what he had done. You never saw such a collection of dirty rubbish. Yet the man claims he paid a heap of money for them. He has now erected a schoolhouse in his own dominions, so that his young people can be educated."

KANJUNDU, CHIEF OF CHIYUKA

Dr. Currie superintended the building and will provide the teachers.

Another chief whose realm is known as Chipeta, has declared his intention to build a schoolhouse for his people. His eldest son has been for some time under Dr. Currie's teaching, has been baptized, and is being trained as an evangelist. Thus the good work is spreading and the native evangelists are continually bringing to Dr. Currie men who want to hear the good tidings of salvation. Two of these evangelists who went with a caravan to the coast, told the Gospel message to their fellow-travelers during the time of resting. Immediately on their starting again on the march, a young man joined them and said: "I am from the Nganguella. I am living in Bihe a free man. I have married a daughter of one of the chiefs, but no man has any money placed on me, and I owe nothing; hence I am free to act. Give me a letter, and when I return from the interior I will bring it to the white man and ask for leave to live at his village, so that I may attend school and learn their words; and then I will beg for two men to go back with me to my own country and make known those words to my own people." A letter signed by the two young men was given him. "This may or may not be the end of the matter," says Dr. Currie, "but it serves to show that the preaching in the camps tends to awaken noble impulses in the minds of others besides our own carriers."

YOUNG MOTHERS OF THE CISAMBA DISTRICT

The evangelists are all good workmen, and when they go to another village to help in building or some other work, they have opportunities to tell their message of which they gladly avail themselves. At other times they go on a regular preaching expedition. Two of them, with a small bag of books, another of corn meal, a lantern in hand, and four handkerchiefs, with which to buy rations, start on a week's tour, travel from twenty to thirty miles a day, and preach from two to four times in every twenty-four hours. Sometimes they have to sleep in uncomfortable quarters, and sometimes after a long day's journey they have retired without anything to eat. The bag of meal is now carried to provide against hunger. As a rule, however, they are very well received, housed and fed. In one place the chief built a large fire in the centre of his village, and, calling all his people together, took his seat by the side of the young men, bade them go on, and paid the closest attention to what they said.

"In a district across the Kukema River," writes Dr. Currie, "the chief received them in a distant manner, but when one recognized them as from this station he welcomed them with the utmost cordiality, begged them to remain a number of days, and he would send one of his men to guide them to the villages, for he wanted all his people to hear those words. Some of his young men had gone to the coast in company with our boys; so he wanted all his people to hear the good words. While passing through another district they inquired the road from a man. He proved to be a chief, and said: 'You have been telling these words to our neighbors. Come along to my village, and I will call the people together; we want also to hear.' The boys went, were well fed, and in the evening a much larger company gathered to hear the truth than they had expected."

It is astonishing to reflect that all this civilizing and Gospel work has been accomplished in so comparatively short a time as thirteen years. It proves how much can be done when a man puts his whole soul and life into his work, especially if he has the tact and magnetic influence which enthuses his converts and stimulates them to work. They know the country, the habits and prejudices of their countrymen and have a better acquaintance with the language than a white man can have; all of which gives them an advantage and renders their help exceedingly valuable. They have made Cisamba a centre of religious influence in a region forty miles in diameter, and have reached communities otherwise inaccessible. Dr. Currie now needs help in his medical and industrial work, and is hoping that during this year some consecrated helpers will be sent to him. He longs to devote all his time to the training of the evangelists whose services have proved so efficient hitherto.

VARIETIES OF SQUASH RAISED AT CISAMBA

YAMS, THE STAPLE DIET OF THE NATIVES

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 19. John 6: 1-14

Golden Text, John 6: 35

THIS is one of the few incidents in our Lord's life which are recorded by all the four evangelists, while the Lord feeding the four thousand is recorded only by the evangelists Matthew and Mark. It was after the murder of John the Baptist that he withdrew into a desert place apart (Matt. 14: 15). The multitudes were not to be so easily disposed of; they "followed him and he welcomed them" (Luke 9 11).

The multitude followed him because they saw his miracles which he did on them that were diseased, but nevertheless they listened to the many things which he had to teach them. All through the day he taught these unwearied listeners, and at last the evening was coming on; in another hour perhaps the sun would have set, and the descent from the mountain might be dangerous. The disciples seeing this, came to him and said: "This is a desert place and the time is now past; send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages, and buy themselves victuals." Luke adds "and lodge," "for we are here in a desert place" (R.V.). "They need not depart; give ye them to eat," said the Lord. All their doing and teaching had not prepared them for this emergency. It is easier to teach than to see God equal to the emergencies of the present moment. The Lord Jesus himself, as Man, always walked with his Father; and therefore was always ready for the unexpected. "Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?" asked the disciples (Mark 6: 37).

Only one Person, the Son himself, was equal to the occasion. He put the question to Philip: "Whence are we to buy bread that these may eat? And this he said to prove him, for he himself knew what he would do." Philip fell back on earthly calculations, which pre-supposed that Jesus counted for one as powerless as themselves: in bewilderment, he said, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them that every one of them may take a little." "There is a lad here," broke in Andrew, which hath five barley loaves [or cakes] and two fishes: but what are these among so many?" What, indeed, if Jesus be not present? O reader, never lose out of view whether he, to whom "All power is given," "both in heaven and in earth" (Matt. 28: 18), is present or absent in your moments of perplexity! "Give ye them to eat," may be an insolvable problem to you; but for him who sends you to some broken-hearted, despairing one, or into circumstances where all seems to go wrong, all is bright as day. He never sends us to a warfare on our own charges, or leaves us any greater responsibility than to trust and obey.

The disciples saw before them the two hundred pence—a mountain of difficulty to very poor men. And then, if the money were forthcoming, where could bread be obtained ready for a meal? and then, if it could be found, how transport it? All was so difficult. Yes, to man. But Jesus knew of other resources. "Make the people sit down;" and the wondering multitude obeyed the obedient disciples: and about five thousand men with women and children were seated, not quite knowing what to expect. Now Jesus looked where he wanted the disciples to learn to look—"up to heaven"—and "blessed and brake and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude" (Matt. 14: 19). Why did he, the Son of God, look up? Why did he not, by his own inherent power, perform the miracle? "I can of mine own self do nothing," is the answer. "The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works" (John 5: 30; 14: 10).

Nothing could be done until the multitude sat down, and until the disciples ceased their attempts to meet the emergency. All the disciples could do was to teach the people to be receptive, by being themselves receptive. It was an act of faith to make the people sit down to be fed, when the visible provision for all this company was only about enough for one person; it was even more an act of faith on the part of the disciples to take that tiny provision into their hands to give to the great multitude. But as the Lord gave to one disciple, enough remained for another; and, as the disciples went on distributing, the same multiplications continued through them to the people.

BUTAIHA, THE SUPPOSED SCENE OF THE MIRACLE

The God of Moses, who had given their fathers to eat the manna in the desert; the God of Elijah's ravens; the God who had made twenty little barley loaves, in Elisha's time, feed a hundred men so that "they did eat and left thereof" (II. Kings 4: 42-44), was present in his Son; would they recognize him? Alas! it was soon to be said of the disciples, "They considered not the miracles of the loaves for their heart was hardened" (Mark 6: 52)! "They were tossed on the sea, distressed in rowing" (Mark 6: 48, R. V.), in trying to deliver themselves, not understanding that the same God who had proved mighty in his Son upon the mountains, was with them on the sea: they could cast out devils, they could preach well, but they showed that they could not live a life of faith in the living God.

The supply was no meagre one, "a little," such as Philip had suggested: "They did all eat and were filled" (Matt 14: 20); "Likewise also of the fishes as much as they would" (John 6: 11). It is ever so that the supply of our Heavenly Father is only limited by our will and capacity to receive. Why should we ever doubt our God? Why should we grumble when he brings us into positions in which he may gain glory by showing what he can and will do in a dilemma of one of his children? All our work for him is worth nothing compared to such opportunities which our faithfulness affords for him to manifest himself.

"And when they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments [or broken pieces] that remain, that nothing be lost." Oh, how much we may gain through the broken pieces of his revealed truth, which many throw away as unpalatable or indigestible morsels! "They gathered them together and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves which remained over and above unto them which had eaten:" so far beyond the original five little cakes and two small fishes. When the people saw the miracle they said, "This is of a truth the prophet which should come into the world."

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

MANY important events occurred between the time of this lesson and that of last week. The other evangelists describe them, but John's purpose in writing his Gospel was not to write a biography of his Master, but from the abundance of biographical material at his command, to select such incidents as would produce faith in Christ. This miracle was one of them. It shows Christ in a very tender light. It displays his compassion and loving thoughtfulness. He who, when hungry in the wilderness, would not work a miracle to provide himself with food, would work a miracle to save other people from fatigue and suffering. It shows, too, the kind of obedience Christ expects from his people. The disciples were to make the people sit down as if for a meal, when there was no adequate provision in sight. That they obeyed, in simple trust in Christ's power, was an indication of faith in him, of no mean order. Another lesson it teaches, is that Christ's work is not alone remedial. In other miracles, he had given healing to the sick, now he gives subsistence to the healthy. The miracle evidently made a deep impression on the disciples, as it did on the public: but while the people were drawn to him merely as a prophet, who could feed them with material food, the disciples recognized in the miracle a proof of his divine mission.

Went up into a mountain. The place was probably that now called Butaiha, which is on the northeastern shore of the lake, and is a quiet, solitary district in which such a crowd could be accommodated. The approach of the Passover, which John mentions, accounts for so large a number being present. Doubtless one or more of the caravans setting out from Galilee to keep the feast at Jerusalem, added to the crowd. John's remark shows that they did not come to be taught, but to see a miracle performed. A teacher less self-forgetful than Christ, might have avoided people who came with so low a motive, but, as we read, he welcomed them. So it has been since. The meals given in our missions, and the food sent to India, in recent times, in Christ's name, went to feed people who did not believe in him, but our Lord's example shows that even people whose [illegible] should not be neglected.

[illegible] cents of our money. So Philip's estimate was that thirty-four dollars would be [illegible] that Christ and his disciples altogether possessed so much. The natural infer[illegible] drew, that the people must buy for themselves. But they had not taken into account what Christ could do. People sometimes forget that, still. In the recent famine in India, the need was so stupendous and the cost of feeding so large a number of persons was so great that it seemed it could not be done. But Christ's spirit was at work among his people, and to this journal alone, nearly $200,000 was sent, besides corn, to meet the need.

Jesus took the loaves. The power that could make these five loaves, which were [illegible] cakes, sufficient for five thousand persons, could have dispensed with the loaves altogether. But that is not Christ's way of working. He expects us to do what we can, and he blesses that beyond our [illegible]. This is the honor and joy of co-operating with him. The story of the first contribution to Dr. Conwell's church in Philadelphia has often been told. A little child, who was unable for some time, to gain admission to the crowded Sunday School, longed to see a large one built that would hold all who wanted to attend. She saved her pennies toward this object. But she was taken ill and died. Her parents told Dr. Conwell of her desire, and gave him her little pocketbook with its contents. There were just fifty-seven cents in it. When the minister told the story, there were many moist eyes in the church, and many a heart was prompted to give. When the subscription list of $250,000 was published, the item at the head of it was this little girl's bequest of fifty-seven cents.

That prophet that should come. No teacher would be so sure of popularity as he who gave his followers food to eat. But that was only a small part of what Christ could do for men. They could work and earn that for themselves, but they could never get food for their souls without his help. A clergyman reaching home after a day spent in pastoral work, was informed that a man who was in great trouble was waiting to see him. In his study he found the man pacing up and down in a state so distracted that he could not speak coherently. The minister thought his trouble was a financial one, and he delicately intimated that he had a small fund from which he could help him. "Money!" exclaimed his visitor. "No, I do not need it. I have plenty. Oh, if it was only that!" Gradually the trouble was explained. It was a story of sin and bitter sorrow. Retribution for wrongdoing had fallen upon him and caused him remorse so poignant that he was contemplating suicide. "What can I do?" he cried as he wrung his hands. "I would give all my fortune to undo what I have done." The minister told him of the blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin. Together they knelt, to plead its efficacy. As they rose, the sinner felt the sweet sense of peace through believing, and went forth to do all in his power, by a life of service, to show the sincerity of his repentance.

Gather up the fragments. This might have seemed unnecessary where there was One who could so create a provision in any quantity, but Christ wanted no waste. If we were more careful of what we have we could do much more good. The Salvation Army in England is providing work for a large number of hungry men and is producing goods that find a ready sale, simply by gathering up the fragments which are thrown away. The buttons on old clothes, worn tin kitchen utensils, old umbrellas and other articles accounted of no value, are collected by the agents of the Army and are made over at their factories and sold for the benefit of the social work.

. . . A KINDERGARTEN FOR THE BLIND . . .

One of the Novel Philanthropies of Boston — Young Minds Brought from Darkness to Light

BY J. L. HARBOUR

TOMMY STRINGER

OF all the philanthropies of modern times, none have been nobler than that which has had for its object the education of blind boys and girls, and, in some instances, deaf and dumb. Some one has wisely said of this work that it has "added a new province to our wide kingdom of the Spirit." The time has been when a child born blind and deaf, had no hope of being led into the fields of knowledge because there was no system by which it could be taught to read, and become mentally the equal of children who see, and hear, and speak. Now it is not so. A child coming into the world to-day with the three-fold affliction of blindness, deafness, and dumbness, can develop character and intelligence, and a capacity for happiness equal to that of children who can see, and speak, and hear. From its almost animal-like existence it can be brought into a state of the highest and sweetest spiritual perception, and may know God with a spiritual vision keen and clear. There are not many children who come into the world with this three-fold affliction heavy upon them, but blindness is a common sorrow, so common that there are those who, holding their own unspeakable blessing of sight cheaply, look lightly upon it, and give little thought to its full and sorrowful import. But that there are less selfish and more generous and thoughtful souls is evident from the three great buildings of the Kindergarten for the Blind in the Jamaica Plain suburb of Boston. It is the only kindergarten for the blind in America, if not in the world, having its own ground and buildings separate from any other school. Here may be found seventy-five boys and girls under twelve years of age. Many are totally blind, and none of them can see well enough to be educated by any but the system for teaching the blind. Some are deaf and some dumb, but only three of the pupils since the ten years of its existence have come to it deaf, dumb, and blind.

AT SLOYD WORK

Helen Keller has never been a regular pupil of this school, but has spent a number of weeks here as a visitor, and she takes the most intense interest in it, and particularly in Tommy Stringer, the most remarkable blind boy in the world. They who have to do with the blind dwell in a continual moral sunshine, which abundantly repays all the labors undertaken in their behalf.

The Boston kindergarten for the blind is situated in the residence part of one of the most beautiful suburbs of the city. The kindergarten was organized in May, 1887, with ten pupils in attendance in a small building. To-day it has three large four-story buildings besides a large gymnasium, and yet the facilities are inadequate for the reception of all the little blind children who would like to be received into the kindergarten. From a very small beginning it has in eleven years accumulated, in legacies and buildings, property to the value of more than half a million dollars. This is because its work has appealed so directly and so strongly to those sympathizing with afflicted childhood.

TRAINING THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND, BOSTON—WILLIE E. ROBBIN, A SECOND HELEN KELLER

The three most noted pupils of the kindergarten have been Edith Thomas, Willie Elizabeth Robbin, and Tommy Stringer. Edith Thomas and Willie Robbin have graduated from the kindergarten and are now at the advanced school for the blind, the Perkins' Institute, in South Boston. Here they are making good progress; Willie Robbin, who is but fourteen years old, being far more advanced in her studies than many seeing girls of her age. She is a singularly beautiful girl of a very lovable disposition and most acute perceptions. Rendered deaf, dumb, and blind by a very severe illness she was brought to the Kindergarten for the Blind in Boston, where she developed into one of its most interesting pupils. Like many of the other pupils, the expense of her education has been met by the gifts of the charitable. Tommy Stringer is now the "star" pupil of the kindergarten. He has a special teacher of his own. He excels in mechanical skill, and his sloyd work is remarkable. This boy, who is entirely blind and deaf, and who is just beginning to learn how to articulate, does work that would be creditable to many a carpenter's apprentice. He knows eight different kinds of wood by their smell alone, and can drive nails as straight as any carpenter. He uses a saw with wonderful precision, and has made several articles requiring the use of twelve different tools. He quickly detects any imperfection in his work and is not satisfied until it is made perfect. He can take a rough pine board and, without any assistance, convert it into a neat letter-box, coat-rack, or shovel. He has made a sled for himself, and is as fond of coasting as any other boy of his years. His articulation is not as distinct as it would be if he made a greater effort to speak, but he very much prefers the sign language, and does not care to talk in any other way.

One cannot visit this noble institution without feeling the truth of the words of one of the speakers at the last commencement exercises of the kindergarten:

"It may seem," he said, "that this work of educating the blind has not any close connection with the great task of reclaiming the world everywhere from its poverty and vice. But think what a challenge this is to workers in every field of charity and reform. This work of educating the blind has made a challenge to all men who work for truth and right everywhere. If one darkened mind can be opened in this way, why not others? If one obstacle can be overcome, why not other difficulties as well? And it is not going to let men rest until a like success is won on all the other fields of effort."

New York's 35,000 Homeless Children

The Berkshire Industrial Farm, formerly known as the Burnham Farm, held its anniversary meeting in the Church of the Incarnation, N. Y. City, recently. Hon. Joseph H. Choate, our Ambassador to England, was one of the speakers. He said that there were 35,000 children in New York State who were dependent on public charity. He thought that those on the Berkshire Farm were in surroundings better fitted to develop the good in them than those in any other institution he had seen.

THE MOTHERS' CONGRESS

To Assemble in Washington this Month to Discuss Many Important Topics

THE National Congress of Mothers will hold its third annual meeting in Washington, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth of February inclusive, and will include on its programme many notable speakers. The Congress will be held in the First Baptist Church. It will open Tuesday, February 14th, with an address of welcome from Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, President, and also from President Whitman, of Columbia University. The response will be made by Dr. Mary Green. Tuesday evening, the president and officers of the Congress will hold a reception. Wednesday morning will be devoted to business, when committees will report the work of the year. Thursday morning will be devoted to the election of officers.

Among the speakers who will read papers and deliver addresses before the convention will be the following: Rev. Hastings H. Hart, Dr. L. Emmet Holt, Dr. Josiah Strong, President of the League for Social Service, New York, Dr. Wm. H. Tollman, New York, Miss Wheelock, Boston, Mrs. Thomas Kirkbride, Philadelphia, Mrs. Herman H. Birney, Prof. Mary Roberts Smith, of Leland Stanford University, Mrs. Joseph P. Mumford, Philadelphia, Prof. Wm. B. Powell, Washington, Miss Edith Westcott, Washington, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Worcester, Mass., and others. It is probable that some of the speakers will bring before the Congress practical plans for determining definite lines of work to be followed during the coming year. These plans may be summarized as a platform for wide-spread dissemination among the numerous affiliated clubs throughout the country.

The Gospel in... ...the Carolines

With reference to the possibilities of successful missionary work in the Caroline Islands, *The Missionary Review* cites one instance in the Ruk group. Mrs. Frances M. Price, of Ruk, says: In Ruk Lagoon are several islands which one year ago had never heard a prayer, and the name of Jesus had never been spoken to them. Just before Christmas they sent for Mr. Price to come and bring them the Gospel. He went: a crowd of naked savages greeted him on the shore. They were kind and attentive, and he left a teacher with them. He went over in two months, and large numbers had put off their heathenism and had put on clothing. He went in May, only five months after the landing of the teacher, and the whole island had renounced heathenism and become nominally Christian. Were they all Christians? No, but they were trying to live pure lives. Christianity changes their hearts as well as the outward life.

What is it that has made the islands of Hawaii what they are? I answer, the Gospel of Christ, carried by the faithful missionaries of the American Board. It is the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ that lifts up, elevates, makes men, and it will do it wherever it goes. Oh, there are grand possibilities for Christian manhood and womanhood in those isles.

The native Christians on Ponape show how they can be true amidst temptation, wickedness and persecution. I ask for nothing better than to carry the Gospel to these little ones whom Christ died to redeem. Oh, ye Christians of America, rise in your might, and help us to spread this blessed, helpful, uplifting, saving Gospel till there shall not be an island in the Pacific where his name is unknown.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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Letters

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Sham Christians

IF a religious society have a thousand members, eight hundred of them are sound asleep. If it have five hundred members, four hundred are lethargic. If the Christians can rally—that is, the professed Christians—for communion day, and succeed in not dropping the wine cup, how many of them are satisfied? If it be a choice between Christ and the world, the world has it. If a religious meeting be on a certain night, and on that certain night there be an extraordinary operatic entertainment, or a social gathering, or a literary club, or a political meeting, or a Free Mason society, or an Odd Fellows' association, you know which they go to. It is there fairly demonstrated that while such professed Christians pretend to be on God's side, they are really on the other side; for there is a point-blank issue between Christ and the world, and the world has it. You know very well that the dividing-line between the church and world to-day is—like the Equator, or the Arctic or Antarctic circle—an imaginary line, and that there are men and women sworn of God who sit discussing infinitesmal questions: "Shall we dance? Shall we play cards? Shall we go to the theatre? Shall we attend the opera?" while there are five hundred millions of the race waiting for the Gospel of pardon and comfort. These sham Christians will go on, occasionally taking a little religion with the tip end of their fingers, sauntering on lazily toward the bar of Christ, until they come in front of God's swift revolving mill, and find themselves to be "the chaff which the wind driveth away." Oh, how much dead wood we have in all our churches!

Sunday Schools Regenerated

THERE has been no more improvement in worldly inventions than there has been improvement in the conduct of religious meetings. The Sabbath School of half a century ago was no more like the Sabbath School of to-day than a canal boat is like a limited express railroad train. But the Sabbath Schools of 1950 will be as much an improvement on the Sabbath Schools of to-day, as those of to-day are improvements upon the Sabbath Schools of 1850. Before Sabbath Schools are what they ought to be, some nuisances will have to be abated. Many Sunday Schools are worn out with story telling. We hear stories told without any application, and many of them chestnuts threshed from trees that long ago rotted down. The children are sick of it. It is one of two things: it is either: "Once there was a little boy," or it is, "Once there was a little girl." And I think George Washington's hatchet has been worn out clear up to the handle; and if that good man could have had any idea how that instrument would have been over-used in our Sabbath Schools, he would have been more than ever tempted to tell a lie and have done with it.

I am acquainted with a lady who wears five thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, while she herself is not attractive, and people look at the jeweiry and not at the lady. And there are teachers who hang around their teaching so much of the jewelry of illustration that the attention of the children is drawn away from the great fact to the mere ornamentation. Now, while story-telling in the Sabbath Schools is very good, there is such a thing as having too much of it.

Neither are our Sabbath Schools intended to be gymnasiums where Sabbath School talkers shall take exercise. There are men who have done grand work by going around from school to school encouraging the superintendents and teachers and classes—men like Ralph Wells and Henry Clay Trumbull and Dr. Vincent. Let their names be in everlasting remembrance! Such men, too, as Pardee—a man who could afford to die in mid-life. He had accomplished the work of half a dozen ordinary lives—work for God and work for the eternal world. But the majority of the men who go around as Sabbath School talkers, making it a regular business, from school to school, are those who are too indolent to take a class in their own church, and who simply go about to maul other Sunday Schools. They remind me of the person of whom I have read—a person who goes about seeking whom he may devour. The superintendent, out of politeness, asks such an one to speak, and as he comes upon the platform I see sticking out of his coat-tail pocket the handle of George Washington's hatchet.

Some one has said that the Sabbath School is a human institution. I prove it is a divine institution from the fact that it has been able to live through all that infliction. Do you know that these peripatetic bores are multiplying? And I call upon the superintendents of the Sabbath Schools to put an end to their ravages. I hear of them in all directions. "Why," you say, "You can't stop them without being discourteous." O, yes, you can be courteous, and yet you can be peremptory: and if you will not say much about it I will tell you a secret. For week after week we had in our prayer-meetings in Brooklyn been pestered by a man who, coming in, would wait until the prayer-meeting was at the climax of interest, and then he would speak and spoil everything. How to get him to stop was the question. I resolved I would endure it no longer, and one Friday night I saw him come in, and I went down to Father Pearson, one of our useful elders, and said to him: "That talking fellow is coming in. Just please go back and tell him that I desire that he never speak here again." Father Pearson rallied all his courage for the unpleasant errand, and went down, and leaned over and spoke to the man. That was the last I ever saw of him. Was I not right it saving the prayer-meeting from such continuous devastation and ruin? Of course I was. Now, I undertake to say that every Sabbath School superintendent is justified in putting bars up around the superintendent's desk, so that any man who cannot interest children, and who cannot interest grown people, shall not have a right there and then to speak. Such persons are very apt to begin by telling how much they love dear little children: but there is something so dry and unnatural in their tone, you suspect right away they are bachelors! They have been around to the conventions, and have gathered up all the facts they can get, and then having begun to speak, you must let them go on, for the bung-hole is unstopped, and the stream will keep running until the barrel is empty! Away with such men from our Sabbath Schools!

Let all the talking, all the singing, all the social influences of our Sabbath Schools point in one special direction, and that the eternal salvation of the children committed to our charge. We must get the lambs into the arms of the Great Shepherd. In order to do this we must believe in the salvation of children. In preparation for communion day, when a little child approaches the officers of the church, and gives his experience, how frequent it is that some good man puts his hand on the child's head, and says: "Well, sonny, I am glad you are here; but don't you think you had better wait?" In other words, let the shepherd go out at nightfall on the mountains and gather in the old sheep, but leave the lanbs outside. Some one coming along will say: "Why do you take in the sheep, and leave this lamb out in the cold?" "O," says the shepherd, "that lamb is not old enough; wait until it grows." I have more faith in the salvation of children ten years of age than I have in the salvation of men forty and fifty years of age. Yet, let three persons come before the official boards of many of our churches, the one ten years of age and another thirty years of age and another sixty years of age, and when you examine the one sixty years of age there will be four questions asked him; and when you examine the person thirty years of age there will be eight questions asked him; and when you examine the person ten years of age there will be fifty questions asked him. Why? Because you have not so much faith in the conversion of children as in the conversion of grown people. Now, I will undertake to say that those who are brought into the Kingdom of God in boyhood or girlhood will be more useful and more faithful. And as to one soul being worth as much as another, I do not believe it. A child's soul consecrated to Christ, living on fifty years in the service of Christ on earth, is worth more than the soul of a man who comes in at fifty years of age, not so much because he has not time to serve God as because he wants to escape the retributions of eternity. I say the soul of that child converted to God will be of more use to itself and more use to the world than the other soul, and therefore I put a higher estimation upon it.

The fact is, we begin too late in the culture of children for God and for Heaven. The world comes along in the April of a child's life and sows tares: the the world comes along in the May of a child's life and sows Canadian thistles. We wait until it is the latter part of August or the first of September, then we come in the field with a great flutter and begin to scatter around the seed of God's Word. Too late! The world is in time. We are too late. The ground is all occupied. The world, the flesh, and the devil have taken full possession. O Church of God, down on your knees, and pray for the eternal salvation of our youth. Then get up and work for the same object. That child has, covered up in the ashes of his body, a spark of immortality which will blaze on with untold splendor long after the sun has died of old age, and all the countless worlds that glitter at night, shall have been swept off by the Almighty's breath, as the small dust of a threshing floor.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

BRIEF NOTES

[illegible] at the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, N. Y., which [illegible] Myers, pastor of the church, co-operated.

[illegible] the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

[illegible] Sir Andrew Clarke. He is quoted as saying that in the hospitals with which he was acquainted, [illegible]

[illegible] Chinamen in New York, who were baptized by the [illegible] by founding a scholarship bearing his name, for the [illegible] College in Canton.

[illegible] that a woman about to be sentenced to prison for drunkenness, be committed to his care. He sent [illegible] upon her husband sued him for the loss of his wife's services but was nonsuited.

It is reported that all the trustees, but one, of [illegible] cause is not stated. It may be hoped that the way [illegible] Christian institution which the American donors who founded it, expected that it would.

Rev. Samuel Colcord's lecture in reply to Col. Ingersoll, extracts from which we published on Jan. 18, has been delivered in New York City twenty-five times within a period of sixty days, each time to overflowing audiences. Mr. Colcord will be pleased to give his lecture in any town where this effective antidote to infidel teaching is needed. As he is in this work for the good he can do, and not for financial considerations, his terms are exceptionally moderate. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD heartily endorses Mr. Colcord and his work. Churches, Y. M. C. A's, Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, etc., would do well to arrange with him for a visit to their towns. Letters will reach him if addressed to him in care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Rev. Thomas Harrison's revival services at Paterson, N. J., are attracting large congregations to the Market Street M. E. Church. On Sunday, January 29, a special thanksgiving service was held over the conversion of one hundred persons who had been brought to Christ during the [illegible]

[illegible] put to severe tests, but many stand it with unswerving faith: the women are eager to read and [illegible] preach it fearlessly wherever they go."

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has issued an appeal for funds. The hopefulness of the present outlook on the field is described, and [illegible] Church will enable the Board to maintain and extend its work. It is pointed out that the cost of administration is less than six per cent.

[illegible] desire, manifested in many parts of the country, [illegible] a cordial welcome and an attentive hearing now in [illegible]

Rev. A. De Barritt, pastor of the Congrega[illegible] school will be started for the children. The follow[illegible] Mr. L. Cody, Messrs. Barlow, Martinez and McLean.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society has appointed Rev. H. P. McCormick, of Virginia, for twelve years a missionary in Mexico, as its general missionary for Porto Rico, and Rev. H. R. Mosely, D. D., of South Carolina, for six years a missionary in Mexico, as its general missionary for Eastern Cuba. The headquarters [illegible] will be at San Juan, and of the latter at Santiago.

Sunday School teachers in New York City [illegible] meeting is held every Friday evening at eight o'clock, [illegible] Phillips Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. and Seventy-third Street. The leaders are Dr. A. F. Schauffler, Prof. Wm. Adams Brown, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, and Rev. John E. Bushnell. All are welcome.

The Annual Tuskegee Negro Conference [illegible] 1900, and the Workers' Educational Conference on Thursday, February 23, at Tuskegee, Ala. The Negro Conference is composed of [illegible] farmers, mechanics, ministers and teachers from all parts of the South. The Worker's Conference is composed of the Presidents and instructors in the colored institutions. All of the friends of the institution, North and South, as well as all others [illegible] information will be gladly given by Booker T. Washington, Principal, Tuskegee Institute.

BISMARCK'S MAUSOLEUM

WHEN the great German statesman died, last August, Emperor William proposed that he should be buried with national honors in the new cathedral in Berlin. But Prince Bismarck had selected his own burial place; and his son told the Emperor, with no excess of diplomatic courtesy, that he felt bound to respect his father's wishes. It was easy to perceive in the reports of the Emperor's reception at Frederichsruh, on the occasion of the funeral service, that the deceased statesman's family had neither forgotten nor forgiven the Emperor's treatment of his illustrious servant. It was therefore little likely that they would willingly consent to accept from the Emperor the honor he proposed to pay to their father's remains. They were allowed to have their own way, and Bismarck's body therefore rests in the place he had chosen. On the side of a wooded knoll in the park at Frederichsruh, in the glades of his beloved Sachsenwald, his mausoleum has been erected. It consists of a round tower and a nave. The remains of the Prince and of his devoted wife repose in the tower. The nave is to be used as a burial place for their descendants. This is as Bismarck wished it to be, and evidently his sons sympathized with him. A public funeral and a national memorial are honors that statesmen do not usually despise; but in this case there was doubtless a feeling that the offer of postmortem honor came with a bad grace from the man whose conduct had embittered the statesman's last years. It would have been more humiliating to accept than was the honor which, as Christ pointed out, one generation paid to prophets whom a former generation had killed:

Ye build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets (Matt. 23: 29).

A Water Curtain

A scientific journal calls attention to a new device for protecting buildings from catching fire from their neighbors. It says that the plan has the endorsement of some of the most experienced professional experts in this line, and is exciting special attention in Chicago, where it is being applied to the great public library building. The arrangement is extremely simple. A seven-inch steel water main is laid around the top of the structure, upon the broad stone table formed by the top of the coping, this pipe having connection with force pumps situated in the basement, and, through perforations properly arranged, insures the introduction of a substantial sheet of water from cornice to pavement, around the whole or any imperilled portion of the building. The arrangement of the system of piping is such as to enable operating in prescribed sections; additional relays of smaller pipe are also placed in position above windows and doors in order to complete the curtaining of those points in the most serviceable manner, should the curtain in the main be broken by any unforeseen accident. How glad Christian parents and friends would be if there were some equally effectual way of preventing the fire of temptation reaching their loved ones from the people among whom they live!

For they sleep not except they have done mischief and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall (Prov. 4: 16).

A Hospital Scandal

A cable dispatch to the New York *Herald* reports a startling charge against the officials who manage the free hospitals of Vienna. It accuses the doctors of experimenting on the patients in the interest of science. One case is cited of a youth, who was on the way to recovery from the disease, for the cure of which he had been taken to the hospital, being inoculated with the germs of an infectious disease. He died the same day. Another instance is that of a number of women being inoculated with germs, which caused them to endure torture. It is also alleged that the doctors had a number of healthy children from a foundling hospital, on whom they experimented, inoculating them with germs from patients suffering from various diseases, in order that they might watch the progress of the diseases from their commencement. Some American doctors, who know the Vienna hospitals, refuse to believe that the Austrian physicians are guilty of such cruel practices; but Dr. Elwood R. Kerby, of Philadelphia, who studied in Vienna for two years, says that while he was there, "thirty or forty patients, male and female, were inoculated with the germs of a loathsome disease in order that the initial lesion might be studied. They were all very poor people." General indignation is expressed against this heartless method of gaining knowledge of disease and its cure. It was not so that the Divine Physician acquired his power to cure spiritual maladies. "He was made perfect" through his own suffering.

He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him (II. Cor. 5: 21).

A Monarch's Vacation

The need of rest and recuperation is felt even by the occupant of a throne.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF PRINCE BISMARCK AT FREDERICHSRUH

The cable brings the news that Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, has laid aside the cares of state and has gone to Saltoja-Baden for a complete rest. He has invested his eldest son, the Crown Prince Gustave, with the powers of Regent, to perform the regal functions in his absence. There is little surprise in Europe at the breakdown in the king's health, which has necessitated his temporary retirement. His life for twenty years past has been a harassed one. Though by far the most able and cultured monarch in Europe, a statesman, a scholar, an orator and a poet, all his skill and tact have been insufficient to harmonize the antagonisms of his subjects. Closely resembling one another in language, religion and institutions as do the peoples of Sweden and Norway, they seem unable to work together as a united kingdom. As far back as 1882 the people of Norway gave clear intimations of revival of the old-time jealousy with which they regarded the people of Sweden. The more radical of the Norwegian leaders evidently desired a complete separation and the organization of a Norwegian republic. They demanded a separate Cabinet, the right to arrange their own tariff, and independent consular agencies in foreign lands. King Oscar succeeded in effecting a reconciliation at that time, but the concessions he was obliged to make to preserve the union of the two kingdoms have led to further demands, and have given to the discontented leaders increased power of pressing those demands. The Norwegians have taken a delight in embarrassing the Stockholm government and in opposing its measures. There has been a perpetual struggle between the rival kingdoms and a constant manifestation of ill-will. It was impossible to arouse personal antagonism to King Oscar, for he is a man whose character is above reproach. He and his Queen and their sons are pious and philanthropic to a degree unusual in royal families. They have given many proofs of their devotion to the people, and of their concern for their welfare. But the Norwegians could not be conciliated, and their antagonism is now as bitter as ever. Evidently King Oscar is weary of the vain effort. He is now seventy years old and is broken in health. It is generally believed that his retirement is practically an abdication, and that he will never resume his royal functions. It is well for us that our divine King does not similarly lose patience with his people, who, while professing loyalty to him, antagonize each other and make his prayer of no effect:

KING OSCAR II.

Neither pray I for these alone but for them also who shall believe on me through their word: that they all may be one (John 17: 20).

To Teach Embalming

The opening of a school in New York for instruction in the art of embalming, is announced. Its novelty consists in the fact that a woman is at the head of it, and that she will only take women as pupils. She explains that her purpose is to so qualify a number of women in the grewsome business, that there shall be no longer a necessity for a family to permit the body of a beloved female member of it, to be handled by men, who are often coarse and unsympathetic. She is a Swiss, by birth, but has studied in England, France, Spain and Austria, to perfect herself in her profession of nurse. In the course of her experience in the hospitals, she has witnessed scenes which have impressed her with the need of women embalmers, and she, therefore, devoted some time to the study of the art. She has made new discoveries, and declares that it is now possible by her methods to embalm a corpse so that decomposition is permanently arrested. To do this, it is not necessary to follow the Egyptian method of producing a mummy. She claims that the body, when treated by her, retains its natural appearance, and will continue to do so for an indefinite time. She will, doubtless have many applications for her services. The relatives and friends of the dead are frequently anxious for the preservation of the bodies of their loved ones. To the dead, themselves, it is of no importance what becomes of their bodies. Those who have died in Christ, are assured of a far better habitation for their souls:

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (II. Cor. 5: 1).

A Wandering Heir

A lawyer in Niagara Falls, N. Y., has discovered one of the missing heirs to a large fortune, in the person of the driver of a tradesman's delivery wagon in that town. It appears that several months ago, an eccentric old gentleman died in New York, leaving property but no will. It was soon ascertained that only four persons could rank as heirs and one of them was missing. He was a graduate of Columbia College, but for several years he had held no communication with his relatives, and had wandered from one city to another, doing any kind of work that offered. A clue to his present location was found, three weeks ago, by which he was finally traced to Niagara Falls. The young man was found on his delivery wagon and informed of the good fortune that had fallen to him. He was incredulous at first, but his lawyer after visiting New York to verify the news, soon convinced him of its truth. The estate, of which he is entitled to one fourth, is said to be worth at least half a million dollars. He lost no time in presenting his claim, and has already given conclusive proof of his identity. The people to whom the ministers of the Gospel carry the news that they may be heirs of God, do not always find such alacrity in seeking to gain the inheritance, though it is of infinite value.

An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you (I. Peter 1: 4).

In Peril at Niagara

A narrow escape from a catastrophe is reported from Niagara. A few days ago, while a large number of people were crossing the ice bridge in the gorge at the foot of the falls, the ice started to move slowly down stream. The surface of the bridge became much broken and it was difficult to select a path across. Far out in the centre were a number of boys, and they leaped to shore with wonderful speed. Others near shore got off the moving ice onto that not in motion and hurried to shore. Two men and a woman were on the section that was being carried down stream. It seemed for a time as if they must be lost, but the speed of the ice was checked momentarily by an eddy and they were able to leap to the stationary ice and were saved. It is much to be wished that people who find themselves drifting from their faith, were equally in earnest in trying to get on the firm ground that is near them.

Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure (II. Timothy 2: 19).

TO WORK FOR THE WORLD'S PEACE

Gen. O. O. Howard Proposes Twenty Prominent Americans as a Peace Deputation to Visit Europe—First Steps in a Great International Movement

IT will be remembered by all who take a deep interest in the progress of our race toward peace and genuine fellowship that the Czar of Russia sent out, some months ago, a "Peace Note" to the heads of government of civilized nations. For one, I counted that Peace-Note as a star of promise. The Star of Bethlehem promised "Peace on earth and good-will to men." The results of that moving star no man can estimate. I took it for granted, as doubtless other Christians did, that one of the results of that moving star had found an entrance into the very life-blood of the great potentate himself, who rules over the Russian territory. Motives of interest were imputed to him; for example, his wish to diminish the costs of administration; to relieve the burdens of taxation, and so increase the love and loyalty of his people; to promote industries, especially that of agriculture, by changing, little by little, the soldiers and army followers, and army dependents from absolute consumers to producers; and why not add, to save the lives of vast multitudes of men from idleness, from dissipation, and from death?

The railroad system of Russia, growing day by day, and spreading over almost limitless stretches of domain, opening up fertile regions, and bringing products and markets into conjunction, might well replace a third of the Czar's standing army. The railway discipline in foreign countries exceeds our own. Again, the telegraph lines are obliged to have another multitude of disciplined and trained employees, in order to keep the service at that high standard which will meet the daily wants and demands of enterprise of every sort.

The Czar's Motive As we reflect upon the Czar's "Peace Note" we might agree with those, who love to impute lower motives for the higher, for the conceivable intentions of a ruler or a large administrator of public affairs.

Still, what I have said will suggest that something besides an immense standing army is best for the interests of a country; and however we may read the history of the past, it is not at all strange that an intelligent emperor, whatever his ideas may be of the rights of a monarch, must see the desolating effects of war, and that a nation which keeps too large an army is feeding upon its own vitals, and leading on to ultimate bankruptcy and destruction.

Still another motive, however, was imputed to the Czar, namely, a desire to be abreast of England as far as possible, in all that makes for civilization. The Czar is unwilling that England should have more credit than Russia with other nations, even in helping and caring for mankind. It was claimed that the Queen of England, seeing the constant bones of contention thrown out along the borders of China, where the interests of England and of Russia began to conflict, so deeply in her very soul desired peace, that she wrote a personal letter to the Czar, entreating that matters might be so carefully considered, so thoroughly matured, as to prevent hostile action and secure amicable settlements. It was intimated that she broached the idea of lesser armaments and smaller armies, and diminished appropriations for war and navy. Why keep up a perpetual hostile attitude from the centre to the circumference of every civilized nation! And then, as a logical sequence, the statement came out that the Czar, conforming to the known wishes of Victoria, formulated his wonderful Peace-Note. Even this view of the Czar's motive is not a bad one. Often in life, a great soul is moved by another to form a noble purpose and put the same into execution. But, however this philosophy may find its believers, the simpler theory is that the Czar, who reads the Scriptures and studies the works of thorough Christian men, and sees the constant flowering out of the plants of genuine love and good-will, has himself been born again, and is a simple follower, as far as he well can be in the prison-house of his system of government, of the great Master, the sign of whose coming was the Star of Bethlehem.

An American Peace Deputation You will remember that a deputation came from Great Britain to this country some years ago, many of whom were members of Parliament, and visited Washington. This body came in the interest of settling national difficulties by arbitration. At the time even Christian men were surprised at such a pronounced voice from England. Their statements, petitions and arguments in the interest of peace had a great influence in this country, and produced a profound impression upon statesmen and even politicians. Could we not at this time return the compliment by sending a deputation of our leading men, made up of such names as these:

Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, of Brooklyn.
General Wager Swayne, of New York.
William E. Dodge, of New York.
Morris K. Jesup, of New York.
Robert Treat Payne, of Boston.
Hon. George F. Edmunds, of Vermont.
Charles Dudley Warner, of [illegible].
Prof. Charles F. Olney, of [illegible].
President James D. Angel, of Michigan.
Hon. Henry Hitchcock, of Missouri.
General J. B. Gordon, of Georgia.
Hon. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky.
Hon. John M. Palmer, of Illinois.
Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Illinois.
General Lew Wallace, of Indiana.
David Starr Jordan, LL.D., President of Stanford University, California.
Mr. R. E. Steele, of Louisiana.
Hon. J. B. Farwell, of Chicago.
H. K. Porter, of Pittsburg, Pa.
Andrew McLeish, Esq., of Illinois.

Lord Salisbury's Attitude This deputation might go authoritatively to England, France, Germany, Austria and other countries of Europe, to give expression to our strong sympathy with the proposals from Russia in the interest of universal peace. A deputation of twenty names, carefully selected, and representing the *bona fide* sentiment of this country, would have a wonderful effect in securing that Congress of Nations to which the Czar's proposals are tending.

I do hope that the peace note coming from him, may draw together the right sort of convention, and that the results may be far greater than he or Victoria or Christian men generally could have anticipated.

One writer says that the Czar's first document was received "with a good deal of scepticism, not unmixed with derision." His plan was regarded as the impracticable project of a dreamer. All right; that is the way that everything good and great has been received, and it is not less hopeful on that account. Lord Salisbury, however, has suggested obstacles and difficulties attending any plan for disarmament. He suggests that enmities must first be eradicated, because it is the enmities which make the armaments a necessity. There is something in this suggestion, that we, as a people, may well consider. Ever since I can remember anything, there has been, up to a recent period in my circle of acquaintance, more or less distrust of Great Britain; and an indescribable feeling, hardly amounting to enmity, of opposition to England's designs and methods as they have appeared in administration. That general distrust and attitude of opposition has not been altogether wanting in the intercourse of families and of individuals. But lately a great change has taken place. The press of our country imputes good motives to England's public acts; and, on the other side, the press of Great Britain has uniformly sustained us in our late war with Spain, and welcomed us into the family of nations as never before. There is intercommunication in business and in mutual investments, which is so abundant as to indicate positive union. There is also constant immigration and intermarriage; but better than all is the union of Christian men in church interests and in missionary enterprises. International associations have their most abundant showing between Great Britain and America, so that I would say that all phases of public enmity have been swept away and are disappearing in the light and progress of Christian civilization—that civilization which is founded upon the principle of doing unto others as we would have them do to ourselves. There was, however, opposition—we may say controversy—in the newspapers, until the sentiments of the people demanded a change, and the change came in obedience to the popular sentiment. One may put his whole attention upon the sins of a corporation or of a country, and may believe that this whole world is corrupt, but there are mountain-heights from which the universal sunlight can be caught sight of. Vastly more hearts than some of us dream of have been born again, and are filled with the impulse of Christ, and a purpose not to hate but to love a fellow-being. This is why enmities between this country and England have so largely disappeared within a few years.

MAJ.-GEN. O. O. HOWARD, U. S. ARMY

Attitude of Eastern Nations Considering this patent fact, may we not say to Lord Salisbury, probably there is less of enmity between Russia and England—I mean between the people of Russia and the people of England—than he dreams of? Those two nations could disband, *pro rata*, a large section of their forces, and the people of both nations would applaud. England wants none of Russia, and Russia wants nothing from England. With this attitude of friendship and confidence, other nations would be satisfied. Germany would make no encroachment, and Austria would not attempt to move beyond her boundaries.

The Italians have been worrying under their heavy burden of debt and expenditure. All that Italy needs is simply to disband two-thirds of her standing army. Germany could do the same, and still be strong enough, with her disciplined people, to meet any emergency; and surely France would be glad to enter into such an arrangement of disarmament for the solid benefit of all her people. It would be folly, rather than statesmanship, for Germany and France to quarrel forever about Alsace and Lorraine. The establishment of that border belongs to the past. Men of the present generation had little to do about the matter. And, there is another consideration, and it is this: That in France, and in Germany, the will of the people is now carefully considered, and the will of the people interested would not want their country desolated by war for anything that could be gained by a transference of those two provinces from one free dominion to another. It appears to me that it is more the enmities of dynasties than the enmities of the people who have sustained the dynasties, that keep up such extraordinary, unnecessary, burdensome armaments.

Several suggestions have been made which every promoter of the Christian faith should emphasize, and these suggestions have come from the same source—[illegible] of the Czar at St. Petersburg. One suggestion is a recourse to arbitration. This recourse is always helpful to peace. As we know, it is sometimes impossible to get an arbiter who can deal fairly in a given question, and some questions cannot be submitted to arbitration; but the great majority can be so submitted. A second suggestion is the exemption of private property from seizure on sea and land, in case war does occur. This exemption will mitigate the burdens of war: do away with some of its horrors, prohibit poisoned and explosive bullets, the filling of paths and roads with torpedoes, and such-like efforts to increase the terror and torture of warfare.

Man-Killing Inventions Still another thought we find from the Czar's last explanation, to wit: Stop improvement in the art of war. General Sherman, when discussing the wonderful inventions which have come into play of late years in the art of war, such as rifles and breech-loading cannon, machine guns of all kinds and repeating arms of smaller calibre, with the improvement in explosives and the extraordinary length of range of cannon and small-arms to be used in warlike operations on land and sea, said that this increase of the destruction of human life had changed the nature of warfare, and would doubtless lead to the settlement of national questions more and more by arbitration. If this be true, there would be little gain in undertaking to do what seems thoroughly impracticable, that is, stop inventions. For, as other arts progress, so will that of guns and explosives progress.

The result of these improvements, including communication and transportation, has been to make the modern war bloody enough—but probably not more so than of old—but of comparatively short duration.

The Congress of the Nations However, all peace-loving men will hail with delight a Congress of Nations which will take up the subject of the good of the people and of the settlement of difficulties, as far as possible, without the use of war at all.

We ourselves have been taught a good lesson in the increase of the losses of life the moment our sons are brought into the field as a result of a war, however necessary or excusable that war may be. I rejoice at the tenderness, kindness, and good example of our brave heroes in the last war, but I am sorry beyond expression for the sufferings and death of those who died on both sides. Would God there were some better method of getting rid of lying, extortion, slow starvation, cruelty and murder which has been practiced by some peoples for centuries, without resorting to war. The way appears to me to be to take steps rapidly in the line of Christian education. The disarmament of every Christian nation by a large *pro rata* reduction will be a lesson in the right direction.

O. O. HOWARD.
Maj.-Gen. U. S. Army (Retired).

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

CHILDREN'S DAY IN AFRICA

A Happy Outdoor Time in Midwinter—Rev. G. D. Decker's Work in Freetown, Sierra Leone

FROM Regent Road, Freetown, Sierra Leone, Africa, comes the account of an occasion which is sure to interest the family and home circle. The writer is Rev. George Dove Decker, with whose work in the Dark Continent, our readers already have some acquaintance, as the letter shows. Freetown, though its sanitary conditions have greatly improved of late years, is a hotbed of malaria and fever. It is in that region of Africa known as the "White Man's Grave," and many devoted missionaries have perished in efforts to plant the Gospel there. Our readers will be glad to hear a cheery story from a quarter whence mournful news so often comes. Mr. Decker's picture is not wholly bright, but Children's Day is ever a merry tale. Children's Day in Africa is certainly a novelty; and a novelty which prophetically hints of better things for the Dark Continent:

"Regent Road, Freetown.
Sa Leone, Dec. 5, 1898.

"*Editor 'Christian Herald'*

"DEAR SIR:—Since the outbreak in our Hinterland, and the general massacre of Sierra Leone traders and European and native missionaries, with the attendant destruction of churches and great trading factories, matters have been in an unsettled state. The government undertook several expeditions to the interior, and most of the rebels were captured and brought to trial. Many imprisonments and wholesale executions followed. Sir Patrick Chalmers, the investigating commissioner whom the British Government sent out, returned to Europe last week, and it is hoped that we may live hereafter in better security as the result of his inquiries.

"I send you a picture of my Sunday School workers and children who took an active part in our last Children's Day Anniversary. Friends came from all parts of the city to witness the exercises, to hear the recitations, and to listen to the beautiful songs which were rendered by some charming voices. The young lady in the centre, with the coronet on her head, is Miss Lavinia Scott, whom we nominated the 'Queen of Children's Day.' She is an excellent girl, and has won many prizes in our Bible class. Just behind her stands a young man who is doing earnest Christian work, and behind him, my son, of whom I am proud to say the same. The gentleman with the full-beard is Dr. Tuelson, our Presiding Elder, to whose warm interest and faithful oversight the district owes so much. On the extreme right, hat in hand, sits Dr. Williams, United States Consul. Standing behind Dr. Tuelson, with the banner in one hand, is Miss Bournes, a songstress whose beautiful voice in solo and chorus added wonderfully to the pleasure of the occasion. I am at the left of the picture, and the young lady at my right was a leading-spirit in the dialogues and speeches recited. Every one of the other girls and boys played faithful and conscientious parts that lovely afternoon in making the occasion a pleasing and profitable one. Since you published my letter and presented the picture of my church in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we have been reminded that we have many kind friends in America.

A "CHILDREN'S DAY" SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION IN FREETOWN, WEST AFRICA

Children and Cooking

"In our dear old-fashioned country home," says a character in one of Mary Lowe Dickinson's stories from life, "it was mother who cooked the dinner. She taught us spasmodically, to make cakes and pies, but was slow in trusting us to getting a meal alone. Perhaps the fact that father always found it out when we 'meddled' with the cooking, and clearly showed in his face that the best thing we could make wasn't half as nice to him as the poorest of mother's dishes, had some influence in her arrangement of our tasks." It is rather hard sometimes upon father and mother to have to eat the children's dishes, when mother's are so superior; but childhood is usually the happiest period for teaching girls to cook. Cooking is play then. Almost all children love to "meddle" in the kitchen, and it pays to permit them—even if we sometimes have to bestow their experimental concoctions upon the pigs or chickens. We learn to do things best when we love to do them, and "meddling" in mother's kitchen will help Kate and Mary to be good housewives when they come into their own kingdom.

Victoria's Wedding Ring

The "small, thin" wedding-ring of a great queen who has been so conspicuously a good, pious wife and mother may be a matter of interest to many who admire England's aged sovereign. So we give the following letter which lately appeared in *The Christian World*, London, addressed to the editor:

SIR:—The German artisan, now residing in Philadelphia, is probably the only survivor of the men who worked in the shop in Goswell Road in which the Queen's wedding-ring was made sixty years ago. The late Rev. R. Robinson, for several years secretary of the London Missionary Society, was an apprentice in the jewelry business about that time. Each man and boy there had something to do with its manufacture. It was a small, thin ring, very different from those in fashion now. Each member of the manufacturer's family, of course, "tried it on"—myself among the number, and it remained an interesting tradition with them. The order was given to an English manufacturer by the then Court jewelers, Messrs. Rindle & Bridge, of Ludgate-Hill. I remain, yours truly,

A DAUGHTER OF THE RING-MAKER.

How Ruskin Named the Baby

This great writer (known to many of our girls who have read *Sesame and Lilies* and *Queens' Gardens*, and are the better and happier therefor) was very kind to his servants. He took a warm personal interest in all who worked for him, and they, in turn, came to love him. Here is one of many pretty stories told about him and the domestics of his home at Brantwood. One of the maids got married and settled on the estate in a little home of her own. A year later, in one of his long walks in the lovely Lake District, the Professor made a point of calling on her and her husband and congratulating them on a little newcomer. The treasure of the house was proudly exhibited to Ruskin in its downy cot. "What a dear little snowdrop," he exclaimed. Father and mother glanced at each other in delight; a problem which had vexed them and all their relatives was solved; this name and that had been proposed and set aside; there was the very one to fit baby, and "Snowdrop" she was christened.

Little Princes and the Chimney Sweep

One morning (so they say in Berlin) the Empress of Germany encountered a little, sooty chimney sweep in a room of the palace. She nodded to him, told him to stay where he was, went out and hurriedly returned, leading her two youngest children, little Prince and Princess Joachim and Victoria, each bearing a Christmas honey-cake (it was the holiday season), which according to the custom of the country, they offered to the chimney sweep. The grinning little fellow was delighted at the honor done him, and went away from the palace with more lasting tokens of princely favor, but none that he prized more than the honey-cakes—a chimney sweep does not eat honey-cakes every day with a prince and princess.

BE GOOD TO-DAY

BE good to-day to the ones you love.
To-morrow you might be sad
To think of the smile you did not give
To your little lass or lad.

Be good to-day to the ones you love—
Husband, or friend, or wife;
To-morrow the beautiful chance may pass
Forever from your life.

Be good to the ones you love—because
'Tis a blessed thing to be;
'Tis sowing seeds of flowers that bloom
Through all eternity.—GOODLOE HARPER.

Industrial School for Girls

THE New York State Federation of Women's Clubs is taking energetic action to secure the establishment of a Girls' State Industrial School, and have asked the Legislature to pass a bill providing for its creation. A reformatory is not what is intended; about eighty institutions in the State are open to abandoned girls; the Industrial School at Rochester, while admitting these, accepts a better class also. The school proposed will not accept criminals, although girls who are merely wayward or whose parents are irresponsible, will be eligible. It is to be in the country within easy reach of New York City. Its population will be drawn from the tenement districts of cities. A common school course and all trades suitable to women will be taught—special attention being given to domestic arts. Diplomas will be awarded for efficiency in household work, as in other departments, the purpose being to lift domestic labor to the dignity of other trades and professions.

Mrs. Jennie June Croly is the originator of this movement, and the Honorary Chairman of the Committee in charge. Among other prominent women connected with it are Mrs. Clarence Burns, President of the Women's West End Republican Club; Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Edward L. Brackett, of Saratoga; Mrs. M. C. Gownlock, Mrs. W. H. Seward, Mrs. W. G. Humphreys, and Mrs. Max Lanberg, of Rochester.

The ladies who have this excellent work in hand hope to make personal interest in beneficiaries a great factor in their development. Certainly if their plan is carried out, much preventive work will be accomplished, and revenue expended in opening and sustaining the school will be more than saved to the State by decrease in criminology.

Drunkenness Among Children

This most deplorable matter is receiving large attention from people not hitherto interested in the temperance cause. A single issue of any big daily in our large cities often records several cases where children—almost babies—are picked up insensible on the streets and sent to some hospital to be treated for alcoholism. This state of things calls for deep thought, deep prayer, and all possible remedial action on the part of Christian people. Our readers, through their work for our Children's Home, are contributing (for even in winter they do not forget the tenement waifs) to one form of preventive measure. In summer, it transplants little ones from sweltering street and alley into purifying, health-giving influence. Through education and legislation must come the remedial agency which sweeps saloons from our streets.

"A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY"

A New and Charming Serial Story, Written Exclusively for "The Christian Herald"

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

CHAPTER XII

RESTING quietly in happy content, Evadne's thoughts turned to the great quest, which her father's last words had laid upon her. In her illness she had been conscious, as she told Dyce, that she had found Christ; but as yet, like the blind man in the Gospels whose eyes were opened, she discerned nothing clearly. What would Christ be to her now? How would he influence her future life? She lay awake thinking over these two questions.

At length there came a low knock and Mrs. Everidge opened the door.

Evadne stretched out her hands impulsively.

"Oh, this beautiful stillness!" she exclaimed. "In Marlborough there is the clang of the car gongs, and the rumble of cabs, and the tramp of feet upon the pavement, until it seems as if the weary world were never to be at rest; but this house is so quiet I could almost hear a pin drop."

Mrs Everidge smiled. "You have quick ears little one; but we are quieter than usual to-night. Joanna is sitting up with a neighbor, your uncle went to his room early, and I have been reading in mine." She drew a low chair up beside the bed. "Now we must begin to get acquainted," she said.

"Dear Aunt Marthe," cried Evadne. "I feel as if I had known you all my life!"

She gave her a swift caress. "You dear child! Then tell me about your father."

Evadne looked at her gratefully. No one had ever cared to know about her father before. Forgetting her weariness in the absorbing interest of her subject, she talked on and on, and Mrs. Everidge, with the wisdom of true sympathy, made no attempt to check her, knowing full well that the relief of the tired heart was helping her more than any physical rest could do.

"And now, oh! Aunt Marthe, life is so desperately lonely!" she said at last with a sobbing sigh.

Mrs Everidge leaned over and kissed the trembling lips. "Yes," she said, "I know it is very bitter, but there is bitterness in every cup. Our privilege is to extract the sweet from the bitter and I think God is pleased when he sees us do so. If, now that the earthly fatherhood is taken from you, you were to draw closer to the beautiful fatherhood of God, how tenderly he would feel for you! After all, it is best. The most perfect human love never fully satisfies the heart. We never attain the highest and best happiness possible to us until we are folded close in the hush of God's love."

"'The fatherliness of God,'" repeated Evadne, "that sounds lovely—but people do not think of him so. God is some one very terrible and far away."

"'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' Does that sound as if he were far away, little one? 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' Why God is father and mother both to us dear child. Can you think of anyone nearer than that?"

Evadne caught her breath in great gladness. "I believe you are his angel of consolation" she said in a hushed voice.

"'I will give unto them a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters'" quoted Aunt Marthe softly. "That means a location and an identity. Here, sometimes, it seems as if we had neither the one nor the other. Christ follows out the same idea in his picture of the abiding place which is being prepared for you and me. Everything on earth is so transitory and the human heart has such a hunger for something that will last."

"Have you felt this too?" cried Evadne. "I thought I was the only one."

Mrs. Everidge laughed. "The only one in all the world to puzzle over its problems? Oh yes, the older we grow the more we find that the great majority have the same feelings and perplexities as ourselves, though some may not understand their thought clearly enough to put it into words."

"What is your favorite verse in all the Bible?" asked Evadne, after a pause.

Mrs. Everidge laughed again, and Evadne thought she had never heard a laugh at once so merry and so sweet. "You send me into a rose garden, dear child, and tell me to select the choicest bloom out of its parterres of beauty. How can I, when every one has a different coloring and fragrance all its own? Two of my special favorites, though, are in Revelations: 'To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no one knoweth saving he that receiveth it.' 'And they shall see his face and his name shall be in their foreheads.' That means a possession and a belonging. It is the spiritual symbol which binds us to our heavenly Lover for eternity. Just as the wedding ring is a pledge of fidelity for time. It is only as we see it so that we get the full beauty of the religion of Jesus. His church—the inner circle of his hidden chosen ones—is his bride, and what can be more glorious than to be the bride of the King of kings? The dear souls who only serve him with fear, don't get the sweetness out of it at all. How can they, when their lives are all duty? Perfect love casteth out fear, and there is no duty about it, for when we love, it is a joy to serve and give. It hurts the Christ to have us content to be simply servants when he would lift us up to the higher plane of friendship, when he has put upon us the high honor of the dearest friend of all!"

"Yes, there cannot be any relation so near and dear as a bride," said Evadne.

"But the relation involves a duty, you know. Earthly brides spend a vast deal of time and thought over their trousseau, so I think Christ's bride should walk through the world with a sweet aloofness, while the spiritual garments are being fashioned in which she is to dwell with him. The Bible says a great deal about dressing. 'Let your garments be always white'—the sunshine color, the joy color—for by-and-by we are to walk with him in white, you know. Our spiritual wardrobe must be fitted and worn down here. It is a terrible mistake to put off donning the wedding robes until we come to the feast. And the wardrobe is very ample; Christ would have his bride luxuriously apparelled. 'Be clothed with humility.' That is a fine, close-fitting suit for every day, but over it we are to wear the garment of praise and the warm shining robe of charity. Can you fancy anything more beautiful than a life clothed in such garments as these? And to me the loveliest of all is charity. The highest praise I ever heard given to a woman was that 'she had such a tender way of making excuses for everybody.'"

"Aunt Marthe," said Evadne softly, after a long silence in which they had been tasting the sweetness of it, "I do not need to ask if you know Jesus Christ."

The lovely face took on added beauty. "He is my life," she said.

CHAPTER XI

Elastic Shoe-leather

The sweet freshness of Evadne's new existence was rapidly restoring tone to her mental system, and life no longer seemed a hopeless task. The days were full of dreamy contentment. She spent long mornings under the murmuring pines in the deep belt of forest which stretched for miles behind the house, or helped Mrs. Everidge keep the rooms in dainty order, or drove with her along the grass-bordered roads, while ears and eyes feasted on the symphonies of nature and the ever-changing beauty of the hills; or stood beside Joanna in a trance of delight out in the fragrant dairy, whose windows opened into a wild sweetness of fluttering leaves, and whose cool stone floor made a momentary channel for a purling brook; or watched her, as with dexterous hands she shaped and moulded the bubbley dough, or tossed up an omelet, or made one of her delicious cherry pies, conscious through it all of the sweet influence which seemed to pervade every corner of the house and grounds.

One morning she was resting peacefully in a hammock in the garden, thinking over her aunt's talks, when she heard footsteps approaching. A woman, twenty years her senior, bright, capable, energetic, with a shrewd face and kindly eyes, stood beside her.

"How do?" she said briskly, as she took the chair Evadne offered. "I hope you're feelin' better since you've cum?"

"Much better, thank you. I am sorry my aunt is not at home."

"I am sorry likewise, though it don't make as much difference as it might have done, as I'm callin' a purpose to see you."

"That is very good of you," said Evadne with a laugh. There was a spicy flavor about this child of the mountains which she found refreshing.

"It's a bit awkward," continued her visitor, with a twinkle in her eye, "as we'll have to do our own introducin'. My name's Penelope Riggs—Penel for brevity. What's yours?"

"Evadne Hildreth."

"Evadne. That's uncommon and pretty. I'm going to call you so, if you're not objectionable to it. Life's too short for handles."

Evadne laughed merrily. "I'm not in the least objectionable," she said.

"No, that's a fact," said her visitor, after a moment's kindly scrutiny. "You're true and thorough. I knew I was goin' to like you when I saw you in meetin'."

Evadne flushed with pleasure. "Why that is a beautiful character! I only wish I deserved it. But I fear you are very much mistaken in me, though it is very kind of you to think such nice things."

"Nonsense, child! I don't waste my time thinkin'. Let me have a good look at your face for half an hour, and I'll know as much about you as you could tell me in a week. Malviny Higgins has just come back from Bosting, with her head full of Sykick forces, and mental affinities, and the dear knows what else, but I think it's just a cultivation of our common senses—number, five. You can feel a person without touching them, it's in the air all around you, and you don't need much discrimination to know whether what you say will hurt them or be a blessin'. The main thing is to put yourself in their shoes before you begin to talk."

"Their shoes, Miss Riggs," laughed Evadne; "why they might not fit."

"Penelope," corrected her visitor. "Penel, for brevity. Yes, they will, too, that kind of leather is elastic. It's the old Bible doctrine, 'Never do anything to others that you wouldn't like others to do to you.' If people got the shoes well-fitted before they let their tongues loose, there would be a deal less heart-burn and sorrow in the world."

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," said Evadne slowly: "I never thought of it in that way before."

"Well," said Miss Riggs briskly, "I'm dredful glad you've cum, Evadne. It'll do Mrs. Everidge a sight of good to have you, though Marthe Everidge is raised above the need of humans as far as any mortal can be on this earth. With all their inventions there ain't nobody discovered how to make spiritual photographs yet, or I would have the picture of her character in all the windows of the land. 'Twould do more good than miles of tracts. I agree with Paul that livin' epistles make the best readin', and it don't seem fittin' that she should be shut up in this little place, where only a few of us have the right kind of spectacles to see her through. Most of the folks just allow its Mis Everidge's way, and would as soon think of tryin' to imitate her as a tadpole would a star."

"But we are to imitate Christ," said Evadne.

"'Course, child! But it is dredful comfortin' to have a human life in front of us to show us that that is possible. Lots of times, when life looks like a long seam and the sewin' pricks my fingers, a new light falls on this picture, and I say to myself, 'Penel,' sez I, 'look at Marthe Everidge. The Lord has made you both out of the same material. There ain't no reason why she should be always gittin' nearer heaven and you goin' back to earth as you have, but if she can make every trial into a new rung for the ladder on which she is mountin' up to God, there [illegible] gravestone out of yours to bury yourself under, and so I start on with a new courage, and, when we get to the end of the journey, I'll not be the only one who'll have to thank Marthe Everidge for showin' them the way."

Evadne's eyes shone. "You make me feel," she cried, "as if I would rather live a beautiful life than do the most magnificent thing in the world."

"That's a safe feeling to tie to," said Penelope, with an approving smile; "for character is the only thing we've got to carry with us when we go."

"Well," she continued, "I must be goin'. I did think I'd be homeward-bound callin', but mother's been dredful wakeful lately, an' when daylight comes it don't seem as if I had the ambition in a mess. She don't like to be left alone for a minit to keep up with society." She laughed cheerily as she held out her hand. "Well, I'm dredful pleased to have met you. I'll be more than glad to have you come in when you're down our way."

Evadne watched her as she walked [illegible] Marthe," she said slowly. "I suppose Louis would call it a case of the solanum and the potato blossom, but she is one of the Lord's plants all the same."

"Aunt Marthe, what is culture?" she asked, as later in the afternoon Mrs. Everidge sat beside her. "Is it just the veneer of education and environment?"

"You can hardly call that a veneer, little one. Real education goes very deep. Emerson says, 'Nothing is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant.' I think that culture, to be perfect, must have its root in love. It is impossible that any one filled with the love of Christ should ever be discourteous, or lack in thoughtfulness for the feelings of others."

"Why, that must be what Penelope Riggs meant by her elastic shoe leather," said Evadne with a laugh, and then she repeated the conversation.

"Oh, she has been here! I am glad. It will do you good to know her. She is the cheeriest soul, and the busiest. She always acts upon me as a tonic, for I know just how much she has had to give up, and how hard her life has been."

"Why, Aunt Marthe, she says when she gets to heaven she will have to thank you for showing her the way! She thinks you are perfection."

"Not I, but Christ," said Aunt Marthe.

"Marthe," exclaimed Mr. Everidge, reproachfully, suddenly appearing in the doorway with a sock drawn over each arm: "it is incomprehensible to me you do not remember that my physical organism and darns have absolutely no affinity."

Mrs. Everidge laughed brightly. "If you will make holes, Horace, I must make darns," she said.

"Not a natural sequence at all!" he retorted testily, "when the wear and tear of time becomes visible in my underwear, it must be relegated to Reuben."

"But Reuben's affinity for patches may be no stronger than your own, Uncle Horace," said Evadne mischievously.

Mr. Everidge waved his sock-capped hands with a gesture of lofty disdain. "The lower orders, my dear Evadne, are incapable of those delicate perceptions which constitute the mental atmosphere of those of finer mould. The delf does not feel the blow which would shiver the porcelain into atoms, and Reuben's epidermis is, I imagine, of such a horny consistency, that he would walk in oblivious unconcern upon these elevations of needlework which are as a ploughshare to my sensitive nerves. It is the penalty one has to pay for being of finer clay than the common herd."

The explanation evidently satisfied Mr. Everidge, and he turned and walked self-complacently back to his dressing-room.

"Why does Uncle Horace speak so contemptuously of Reuben?" Evadne asked. "Of course he is poor but he seems faithful. Why does not Uncle take the view you take of other people?"

"Your uncle and I do not look through the same window at these things, my dear."

(To be Continued.)

A MISSIONARY CHURCH

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Feb. 19. Acts 13 : 1-12

ONE cannot but wonder whether those members of the church at Antioch realized the importance and significance of what they were doing. The idea of the true religion being a monopoly of the Jews was so ingrained in the Jewish heart that this mission of Paul and Barnabas must have been extremely distasteful to them, an innovation of a most unnatural, unpatriotic kind. It is true that the missionaries were going to preach to the Jews, scattered abroad, but it must have been foreseen that the end would be preaching to the Gentiles, too. There is only one explanation of their prompt obedience to the Spirit's mandate: the essential spirit of Christianity must have been in their hearts. Where that is, there is inevitably a reaching out, a yearning after souls. Probably the exclusiveness of the Jew was the reason why his religion became the lifeless, formal thing that it was in Christ's time. The tithing of mint and cummin, and the ostentatious prayers had taken the place of true religion, and a man might be very pious and yet devour widows' houses. His religion did not affect his conduct.

We see in the history of the Puritans how this exclusive spirit repressed and poisoned spiritual life. It had no outflow, no room to grow, so it turned to introspection and a morbid dwelling on its own condition. It had, as a historian says, "its finger forever on its own pulse." Or, to use Phillips Brooks' metaphor, "the flood of life being stopped and hindered, flowed back on the soul and overwhelmed it, like the dreary marsh, over which the stagnant water spreads itself, which ought to be energetically pressing out to sea." The church at Antioch doubtless had a stronger, broader life after it sent the two brethren out, to invite others into the kingdom of God. It is in religion, as in social and business life, the liberal soul that is made fat. In Christianity, especially, the exclusive principle is incomprehensible. The essential spirit of Christianity is love for those outside, for the ignorant, the fallen and the miserable. The church that does not reach out to the non-churchgoers around it and to the heathen at home and abroad, proves that it has not Christ's spirit, though it calls itself by his name. Such a church usually perishes, as it deserves, and there is no regret over its extinction. It does not fulfil the purpose for which a church exists, and there is therefore no reason for its being.

The life of a church does not differ from the life of an individual. The converted man who regards his religion as an insurance, and its end to assure his going to heaven when he dies, has missed the true motive of his conversion. God has saved him that he may help to save others, that his light may shine and attract others into the kingdom. So the church that is not aggressive, fails, and it fails even to build up its own piety. It suffers from dry-rot, is stifled and its development is arrested. Such churches usually are concerned about the heathen at home, whom it thinks should be saved before the Gospel is sent to the heathen abroad; but it is a notorious fact that churches which are backward in the support of foreign missions, seldom, or never, do anything for the domestic heathen about whom they profess concern. Christianity is life, expansion, energy, activity. It makes sacrifices. It forgets self and seeks the welfare of others, otherwise it is not the religion of him who took on him the form of a servant that the world might be saved. If the spirit of Christ be in a church, its members may not go out as missionaries, but they will bid godspeed to those who do go, will follow them with their prayers and their gifts, and will undertake joyfully the humbler garrison duty at home. Missionary activity never depletes the energies of a church, but stimulates them for activity in the home field.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

Saved To-Night.

"Wherefore he is able also to save to the uttermost."—HEB. 7 : 25.

REV. E. A FRIDENHAGEN. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Down in - to my lone - li - ness, sor - row and night, Il - lu - ming my
2. For years in the dark- ness of sin I have trod, Neg - lect - ing my
3. I'm com - ing in weak- ness, my Sav - iour, to Thee, From sin and its
4. The mes - sage of par - don at last I have heard, And take Thee as
soul with its ra - di- ance bright; There comes a sweet mes - sage of
Sav - iour, de - spis - ing His blood! A - way from my home, and a -
bond- age I long to be free; Re - ceive me O Mas - ter, Thine
Sav - iour, Re - deem - er and Lord; I'll doubt Thee no long - er, but
love and of light, That I may be saved to - night.
way from my God, Yet I may be saved to - night.
own would I be, And I shall be saved to - night.
trust in Thy word, That I may be saved to - night.
REFRAIN.
That I may be saved to - night, That I may be saved to - night;
Yet I may be saved to - night, Yet I may be saved to - night;
And I shall be saved to - night, And I shall be saved to - night;
That I may be saved to - night, That I may be saved to - night;
There comes the sweet word of love and light, That I may be saved to - night.
A - way from my home, my friends, my God, Yet I may be saved to - night.
Re - ceive me O Lord, Thine own to be, And I shall be saved to - night.
I'll doubt Thee no more, but trust Thy word, That I may be saved to - night.

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From the new book "SACRED SONGS NO. 1." By per. of The Biglow & Main Co.

AN ENTIRE BIBLE

LIKE great pearls of beauty, its precious words come;
Before them, temptation flies out from the home;
Like bright gold of sunrise they glow on the way,
Where we may walk on without doubt or delay.
Like a fount of clear water, they make green and bright
The hard, dusty way with sparkle of light;
The desert of Struggle, like the rose in its bloom,
Is filled with its beauty and sweet with perfume.
It never can fail to help and to cheer,
The more we shall read it shall grow the more dear.
The Christ has revealed our Father and Friend,
The Comforter, Healer, from heaven to send;
And in the one word brought down from above
Our longing souls rest in infinite—Love.
One thought is the centre of this blessed Book—
It always is there, if we carefully look—
The Christ, the Redeemer with heart full of love,
To bring us at last to his heaven above.
Dear Lord, wilt thou bless thy message each day;
May I live its pure precepts to the end of life's way;
May I rest in its comfort as I lie down to sleep,
And pray to my Father that my soul he will keep?
The dark river of Death becomes in its story
The gold jeweled gate that opens to glory!

Berlin, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.

FOUND CHRIST IN.... ....THE BOWERY MISSION

A Soul Shipwrecked by Sin Saved by Redeeming Grace

AMONG the numerous testimonies given at the Bowery Mission Gospel services, there have been few that are more instructive or which reveal more clearly a familiar phase of human weakness or a more inspiring story of Divine grace to pardon and save and keep the sinner, than that printed below. It is the frank, outspoken autobiography of P. R. Fay, a redeemed man:

I believe I was the most persistent drinking man I ever saw, because, when I look back over my life, I had no excuse for having become a drunkard. My father was a minister, but died when I was three years old. I had a Christian mother, to whom I used to read the Bible, and I was quite a regular attendant at church. How well I recall her talks and kind advice, warning me against the temptations and vices of the world! But her influence was apparently soon forgotten, for it was not long until I discontinued going to church and began to break the Sabbath by going to theatres and frequenting saloons, and before many months had come and gone, I had acquired a substantial appetite for strong drink. Still, I was prosperous in a way. I seemed to prove rather more than ordinarily apt in whatever position I was placed, but the saloon-keepers got my money nearly as soon as I did, and I was often "broke" two days after pay day, in spite of the $30.00 and better which I used to earn weekly.

Shortly after entering the locomotive department of the C. & N. W. railway, I married a faithful, earnest Christian girl, who made my house all that a comfortable and cheerful home should be, and when I fell into the grasp of King Alcohol for a second time, she did not scold and upbraid me, but plead with me lovingly and kindly, and knelt at my feet and prayed earnestly to God to change my terrible course toward certain destruction. But it seemed as if her pleading and prayers were lost on me in the benumbed and befogged condition into which I was fast sinking. For a time I seemed all right, and if I had then made an earnest appeal to God to give me strength, I would never have become a wanderer and a tramp on the streets of New York.

The day came when my employer informed me that I could no longer be trusted with the management of a locomotive. My friends had been rapidly deserting me. My faithful wife was called to her eternal home, her last words to me being wishes for my welfare. When I came to myself and realized it, it seemed as if the sun had set forever, and I was practically without a hope on earth.

I drifted about in the cities of Milwaukee and Chicago for a year and a half, as nearly useless as a human being could well become. My record had forestalled me everywhere. Finally I climbed aboard an East-bound freight train one dark, cheerless night, and a few days later reached New York. Three weeks later I wandered into the Bowery Mission—on Sunday, Sept. 25th—looking for something to eat, which was given me, and there it was that I saw and heard men standing up and testifying to the wonderful redeeming power of God's saving and keeping them from lives of drunkenness and sin, misery and degradation. This was a wonderful revelation to me. I returned to the evening service, heard more testimonies, and became deeply convicted of sin.

When the invitation was given by Superintendent Wyburn for all who felt their need of a Saviour to come forward, God gave me the courage to go and ask Him for Christ's sake to forgive my sins and take away the terrible appetite for drink. My sins were forgiven; the old desire for rum left me, and I became "a new creature" in Christ Jesus.

I now lack for no good thing which I need. I have health and strength and hold a position of trust and responsibility. I keep my eyes fixed upon Jesus, and daily ask his strength and guidance. Some day I hope to reach that promised land.

The following contributions in aid of the work of the Bowery Mission have been received:

Prev. ack'd - - -	$129 15
The Lord's Tenth, Millheim -	1 00
Miss Clara Jenny - - - - -	50
Mrs J C Houghton - -	2 00
J H Orne	1 00
J B Williams	1 00
Total	$134 65

All contributions for this work will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Beautiful Old Age

The Hoary Head as "a Crown of Glory"—How to Remain Young When Old—Some Notable Examples—Classic Matrons and "Mothers in Israel"

THE perfect family contains both the old and the young, and the position of the aged in any household ought to be one clothed with respect and surrounded with an atmosphere of serene affection. Yet its claims to this consideration do not come from mere length of days, but from acquired strength of some kind or other—matured wisdom, extensive knowledge, proved virtue, or love that no trial or test could slay. These are the qualities that best adorn old age, and render it worthy of the reverence and affection of the young.

In this era, when everyone can acquire knowledge in childhood, the mere knowledge of experience is not worth what it was in the days of the patriarchs; or even before the era of popular education. The old are not now necessarily wiser than the young—in mere book knowledge they are often inferior—and therefore the reverence due to age must be given to qualities, not to length of days. We can no longer ascribe wisdom to the old, because they are old, any more than we can ascribe piety to clergymen, because they ought to be good. And though in this decrease of reverence for old age, as old age, we may lose some graceful illusions; yet a more truthful understanding of the claims of "age" will bring a more reasonable forbearance, and a far truer sympathy and respect.

The Bible, though insistent on the reverence due to age, does not enforce an arbitrary homage; it declares the hoary head to be "a crown of glory" only "when found in the way of righteousness" and this declaration brings us to the great claim which age has upon the home and the world. If a man of seventy years of age is nothing but the shrunken skeleton of his youth—if he can only fret and moan over his past—if he can teach nothing, because he has learned nothing, what is there venerable in his mere length of days? For "Time itself" is but "a novelty, a late and upstart thing, in respect of the Ancient of Days." He may have lived long, but he has not lived well; for the really fine old man can be a sage among sages, and a youth among the young. The hopeful, joyous spirit of the young acts upon his heart as a magnet; he is immediately susceptible to their influence; he responds with the proper thoughts, he touches the right string, and evokes the best and the gladdest of their sympathy.

For the principle of polarity enters into the finest human characters: and it is to our dual qualities — our power to be old with the old, and young with the young—that we owe the power of fascination. Those who have ever had the pleasure of listening to Faraday talking to the young at the Royal Institute in London, have seen this reciprocal magic of the old on the young, and the young on the old. When on the stroke of sixty-nine, no one listening to his voice, and watching the changes of his countenance, and the promptness of his action, and the charm and delight of the young men and women listening to him, would have believed Faraday to be a day over forty years old. For his spirit animated his flesh, and lightened and lifted it, as the yeast hidden in a measure of flour does. Faraday became eternally young, before he knew he was old. The well-springs of his imagination and his love were too deep for the frost of Age to reach; and his intellect was constantly nourished and renewed by the perennial dews of his heart.

Such men are by no means uncommon, even in the ordinary walks of life. They keep all the surprises and enthusiasm of their youth; and never remind you of their age, because you are arrested by the weft of radiance which their souls throw over the wrinkles on their faces, and the snow on their heads. But this loveliness of Age is from within and not from without; if it is there, a child knows and trusts it; and even a dog, if he be a noble brute, is pervious to its influence. If it is not there, no mechanical effort can assume it; the hard, the cold, and the selfish, are known by its very absence.

Swift said angrily when some one spoke of a "fine old man of ninety," "there is no such thing. If his heart or head had been worth anything, they would have worn him out long ago." But Swift knew that he was doomed to an insane old age, and Goethe, Fleury, Fontenelle, and many living examples, may be cited against this theory. It is not true. The heart and the brain that endure the strongest passions, that have the keenest sense of right and wrong, that know all about the "hate of folly" and the "scorn of fools" keep their youth; they may wear out their clay instrument, but the man within is as keenly alive and alert as John Wesley or George Whitfield were to their last breath; for though "the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed more and more."

If beautiful old men are not rare personalities, beautiful old women, making age the holy place of life, are still more common. Such women are not much in observation: they do not prowl about the gay places of the world; they are found in the sanctuary of the home. To them come the young with their griefs, and the middle-aged with their perplexities, and none go away uncomforted or uncounseled. If, indeed, aged womanhood was represented by the Miss Crawleys, or the Mrs. Skewtons of fiction, it would deserve all the impatient toleration and contempt given to mere cumberers of the ground. But we have far nobler types—the mother in Israel, the classic matron, the still lovelier grandmother of our Christian firesides; women beautiful in their completed joys and sufferings, who go not into the world, but to whom the world comes.

These beautiful old women are of that noble band born for adversity by this token, that they have conquered it, and can now look backward with thankfulness, and forward with hope. They have lived with "things unseen" as well as with "things seen," and have kept every one of the thousand strings of life's harp in use and practice, and to their bodies Time is one of the gentlest of destroyers, while on their nobler nature he lays only a consecrating, not an erasing, finger. No fears have they to beat away, nor strife to heal: the past is unsighed for, and the future sure.

We may well remember that in traveling to old age, every day is a little life, foreshadowing the whole. We rise in the morning fresh in body and feeling, as a little child. We are middle-aged at noon. We are old and weary at night. Thus, every day is an epitome of life. Old Jacob numbered his life by days, and Moses desired to be taught this holy arithmetic —to be taught to number his days, not his years; and blessed are they who, tarrying in the house of old age, find it a happy sojourning, because they keep in their hearts that sweet promise of the "times of restitution," "the child shall die an hundred years old"—that is, we shall keep our child-heart amid all the cares and sorrows of life, and all the infirmities of age—the freshness and trust—the power to be happy with little, simple things. This is to have the crocus of Spring blossom upon the wintry fields of age.

Finally, Christ has shown us that death is but the sleep of rejuvenescence. It is the great retreat and ingathering of the forces of life, for the greatest transformation. We die that we may be young again. Whenever angels have been seen on this earth, they wore the bloom and aspect of youth, and were seen like unto "young men"; and we shall be like them, for we shall see them as they are. Come then, let us regard the last years of life, not as a period of repose and inactivity, but rather as a time of beginning again—of learning afresh how best to make ready for the new worlds before us. Let us master the fine art of dying well—as great a lesson as the art of living, about which everyone is so busy. Let us learn to take a supple, joyous spirit with us into the great unknown, for doubt it not,

The best is yet to be
The last of life, for which the first was made.

Amelia E. Barr

ACROSS THE RIVER

THO' we have a time of sorrow
I will be over by-and-by
There'll be gladness on the morrow,
In the better home on high.
Dear ones now are crossing o'er
To the happy golden shore,
And we shall go to meet them by-and-by.

CHORUS—We shall cross o'er the river,
We shall cross o'er the river,
Where there never shall be sorrow to bear.
O there's life and joy forever,
Just across the rolling river,
And there's everlasting glory over there.

There is music o'er the river;
We shall hear it by-and-by.
Praising him, the great Life-giver,
Where they never more shall die.
We shall join them over there,
And their glory we shall share,
And sing of our redemption by-and-by.

There is love and life and blessing
In that land beyond the sky;
Joy beyond the heart's expressing
Shall be given by-and-by.
When our trials all are done,
And the crown of life is won,
O we shall reign with Jesus by-and-by.

MRS. FRANK A. BREED.

A Dying Waif's First Kiss

Dr. Barnardo, the well-known London philanthropist, and founder of the Barnardo Homes, relates this touching incident in his experience "Teddy, a little street waif, had been picked up in the street dying of pneumonia, and was taken to a hospital. Soon the attendants grew to love the poor, frail little sufferer. One morning he looked particularly ill and weak. The nurse, coming over, caught the wistful look in the eyes of the little waif, who had never known home-life or a mother's love, and irresistibly overcome she stooped down and tenderly kissed the child. Instantly the eyes of the poor boy looked up at her with a wonder greater than he had ever shown. "Nurse," [illegible] "nurse," why did you kiss me?" Before the answer could be given he himself repeated: "Why did you, nurse?" And the good woman, who had been trying to keep the tears back, simply stooped down and whispered to him: "Dear little Ted, you are all alone; you have no mother; you have no one to visit you and to love you. But I love you, that is why—" and she kissed him again. The child's face became irradiated with a light of love, to which it had hitherto been a stranger! But presently the boy, looking at his nurse, heaved a deep sigh. "But—but" (there was a but) "nobody ever kissed me afore," explained the little chap; and then his eyes closed again, and his hands clasped firmly the kind hand of his new-found friend. Little Ted only a few days afterward, closed his eyes wearily forever." There are thousands of just such little, homeless waifs as Ted in our own great city of New York, who sadly need our love and sympathy.

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Kidney and Liver Troubles, Dyspepsia

I was [illegible] a few years ago, when I began to suffer severe pains in my stomach. At first I paid little attention to them, but the pains gradually grew worse and I felt obliged to do something. I had be[illegible] complicated with liver and kidney troubles, and I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. [illegible] Since then, whenever I feel all played out I take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it makes me strong and hearty. It never [illegible]

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Exiles for Conscience's Sake

Two Thousand Doukhobors from Russia Reach America—A Simple, Excellent Folk—Their Quaint Customs and Earnest Faith

TWO thousand Doukhobor emigrants from Russia arrived in Canada early in January, and more are on the way. In fact a second party of two thousand may already have been landed by the steamer *Lake Superior*. The steamer *Huron* brought in the first party, which came from the Caucasian seaport of Batoum. From Halifax they were sent on to Winnipeg, from which point they are being distributed according to the best arrangements that can be made. Canada has given them a kindly welcome, the Government, railway companies, and philanthropic people doing all that is possible to relieve these worthy people who, because of persecution for their religion, found the conditions of life in their native land so intolerable that they petitioned for exile.

This petition was sent to the proper authorities at St. Petersburg, through the

A HUSBAND AND WIFE OF THE DOUKHOBORS

mother of the Czar, who became acquainted with their desire while visiting her son in the Caucasus. They asked that they might be permitted to settle altogether in a remote place, or emigrate. The first request was refused, but the latter was granted, on condition that they never again set foot on Russian soil, and that they emigrate at their own expense. The latter condition it would have been impossible for these impoverished people to meet, had not Count Tolstoi interested himself in their behalf and enlisted other friends for them. The proceeds from the sale of a set of his books now being published are donated to them by the author. Through his own efforts and those of Mr. Aylmer Maude, an English disciple, he brought their cause to the notice of the English and American publics, with the result that the Friends Doukhobortsi Committee was formed, and a party of Doukhobors were settled in Cyprus in the Mediterranean. Cyprus was hurriedly, and it seems, not wisely chosen; and preparations, as now made, look to the establishment of all of these people in Canada.

They are extremely desirable emigrants, being moral, industrious, cleanly and peaceable. As excellent agriculturists, accustomed to the exactions of a rigorous climate, they are a boon to Canada, whose resources in many sections are undeveloped for lack of just such settlers. The lands which have been chosen for them are "twelve townships, each six miles square, beautifully situated, and abundantly watered by running streams, with plenty of timber for fuel and building; and soil of the best quality," says a Canadian authority. When the party arrived in Halifax, they were in great need of clothing and blankets. They had left Russia hurriedly, and had brought little with them—indeed, had little to bring. The press and the good people of Canada at once interested themselves in feeding and clothing these strangers within their gates who, through no fault of their own, were in such circumstances. Arrangements were made to house about 900 of the party immediately on their arrival at Winnipeg, in the Immigration Hall at that place; 400 at Brandon, 300 at Dauphin, and others at Yorkton; also, for sending out promptly large bodies of the men to the districts assigned them. Sleighs, oxen and tools are provided for them, and their work will be cutting timber and erecting homes and storehouses in the townships to which their families will be moved in the spring. Work in railway construction will also be supplied to these men for several years to come in their own district.

All who have been connected with the Doukhobors speak well of them. They have been allowed to cook their meals in their rooms at the Immigration Hall, a privilege which is against the usual rule, and have been so exceptionally tidy and conscientious in their use of it, that the management have no reason to regret the indulgence. In the spring the Kars Doukhobors are expected. These have not suffered persecution to the same extent as the Elizavetpol people, of whom present arrivals principally consist, and will be able to meet in part or in whole the expenses of their transportation. When these have come, there will be about ten thousand Doukhobors in Canada.

The sole offence of these people against the Russian Government is that they will not take an oath or go to war; their offence against the Greek Church is Protestantism. Conscription is the rule in Russia, as in other European countries, and will be until men and times are ripe for carrying out the Czar's Peace Proposal. In the meanwhile, the Doukhobors have sought literally to live out the command, "Resist not evil," "Put up the sword," "Let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay." When they would not take the oath nor accept the sword at the command of the state, they were moved about from place to place, flung into prisons and their lands confiscated. And they were reasoned with. But fight they would not. The sect started about a century ago among poor, obscure peasants. They called themselves the "Universal Brotherhood Christians;" "Doukhobors" (meaning "Spirit Wrestlers") is the title given them in derision by their Orthodox Greek countrymen. They multiplied, but under the trials through which they have passed the sect has dwindled. They have to a great extent practiced the communal ownership of property. They would plow and mow in common, and the workshops were communal, old and young working in them on equal terms upon tasks of personal or common benefit. When they were banished to the Wet Mountains of the Caucasus, it was expected that the wild hillmen would force them into measures of defence and retaliation. But this was not so; in spite of their own poverty, they helped their neighbors and soon won their respect and good-will. It is to be hoped that they will find in Protestant America, where everyone is allowed freedom of religious opinion, a happier home than they have ever known in their own land.

War Testament Fund

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in aid of the War Testament Fund:

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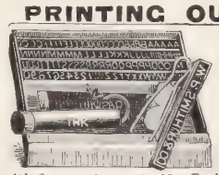

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TO BAR OUT THE POLYGAMIST

A Bill Before Congress to Exclude Brigham H. Roberts from Membership — Petitions Pouring in Against His Admission

FROM every section of the Union, resolutions are pouring in to Congress, protesting, in the name of law, morality and Christian civilization, against the admission of Brigham H. Roberts, the polygamous Congressman-elect, to a seat in the House of Representatives. The widespread publication of Senator Edmund's remarkable letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has had the effect of deciding public opinion as to the proper course for Congress to pursue.

Congress itself has been stirred to vigorous action sooner than was expected. Representative Clark, of Iowa, has introduced a Bill in the House, intended to prevent the seating of Roberts as a member of the fifty-sixth Congress. It provides that no person, living in or practicing polygamy, shall be eligible to membership of either house, or permitted to hold a seat. Ordinary evidence establishing the fact of his guilt, shall be accepted as sufficient. Congressman Clark will endeavor to have the Bill acted upon promptly by the Judiciary Committee to which it has been referred.

There will undoubtedly be considerable debate over the Bill, on the ground of constitutionality. As Senator Edmunds suggested in his recent letter, the practical method is for the House to exercise its special prerogative of expulsion, rather than to raise the question of the legality of Roberts' election. The House has this power at all times, and under all circumstances which afford provocation for expulsion, it can act without recourse to new legislation.

During the week, many more State legislatures, religious societies and denominational organizations met and adopted resolutions protesting against the admission of Roberts. The Rhode Island Baptists' Association, the Pastors' Association of Chattanooga, Tenn., the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches of New Jersey and a host of others have adopted resolutions, setting forth that Roberts as "an avowed polygamist, who is breaking the laws of God and of the land," is an unfit person to sit in the halls of national legislation.

Evidences of demoralization in the Mormon church, as the outcome of the Roberts' incident, continue to multiply. All now concede, however, reluctantly, that the nomination and election of Roberts was a cardinal blunder, and that it has been the means of involving the Mormon church in the hottest fight it has experienced in a quarter of a century. Even the leaders are apprehensive of the issue. J. B. Young, one of the most influential sons of the "prophet," Brigham Young, and a strong Mormon, says Roberts should never have been sent to Congress. He adds, diplomatically:

We should accept the law against polygamy, even though it be objectionable to us. Polygamy is only a counsel, and not essential to Mormonism. Many of our members have not several wives; only those who could afford to take care of several, have married more than one. While we dislike the Edmunds' law, the Mormons accept the situation. If my father were living, he would advise submission to the law.

One does not need to go far in search of evidence to demonstrate the absurdity and falseness of the Mormon claim that the leaders and, through their influence, the rank and file, have accepted the Edmunds Law and abandoned polygamy. Two years ago, President Lorenzo Snow, speaking at the funeral of Apostle Abraham H. Cannon, praised him as one "who believed in and lived his religion," meaning polygamy, as the Apostle had taken a fourth wife the year before, and subsequent to the passage of the Anti-Polygamy Law. It has been asserted, without contradiction, too, that the President of the Mormon Church himself (now eighty-four years old), has a young polygamous wife. This unrefuted allegation was made in the Cleveland *Leader* of December 18, 1898, and is a striking commentary on the recent declaration of President Snow, that there have been no polygamic marriages in Utah since the manifesto of 1890, which ostensibly abolished such marriages.

Governor Heber M. Wells, of Utah, in a recent speech, declared that Roberts should be defeated, and that a vote for him was a vote against the interests of Utah as a State. He warned the people against electing "a man who does not deny that he is living in violation of the laws of the State. If elected, all these facts will be known to Congress . . . I am unable to tell what Congress may do, as to whether he will be elected or not." The warning, however, was unheeded.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

"For when thou pray'st the vision's cleared,
The voice is toned, the will's subdued,
The dear are to thee more endeared,
And the soul's failing strength's renewed.
In prayer the purest words are spoken,
The mind receives heaven's holy light,
The heart is given the Spirit's token,
The hands are charged with wisdom's might.
Therefore, take time to pray."

At the close of a powerful revival meeting in England, recently, a young woman fell on her knees in the presence of a large congregation to pray for the conversion of her parents. After [illegible] Then her sister, kneeling beside her, continued the prayer most effectively. The effect on the congregation was overpowering. The following evening, the parents went weeping to seek a place amongst the people of God.

A clergyman gave the following interesting testimony: In his church a prayer-meeting was held, to which a poor woman brought a written request for prayer for the conversion of a brother. By some means, the request was overlooked. Some time afterwards, this circumstance became known, and the praying people were much exercised on behalf of the woman. It was mentioned in meeting, and all hearts were united in prayer. The man prayed for was at work in a field 250 miles away. There, at that hour, he was brought under conviction, and subsequently became a humble, devoted Christian.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[illegible] By Rev. L. B. Harlman, D.D. Pp. 320. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

The Fate of a Soldier. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. [illegible] the army. Pp. 144. Paper cover. Price, 25 cents. Publisher, J. S. Ogilvie, New York.

[illegible] Price, $1.50. Published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, 7 West Eighteenth street, New York.

The Master's Blesseds. A Devotional Study of the Beatitudes. By Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D. Pp. [illegible] Price $1. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, Fifth avenue, New York.

Temple Talks. Familiar talks on religious, social, and political questions, by Rev. Myron B. Reed. Pp. 250. Published by The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis and Kansas City.

Intermittent Thoughts. A volume of verses on many subjects. By Mrs. E. M. B. Boyden, a well-known contributor to religious literature. Pp. 127. Published by the Union Publishing Co., Chicago.

From Day to Day. A passage of Scripture in English, French, German and Italian for every day in the year. Selected by Theodore W. Woolsey. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

[illegible] gestions in arranging them. A dainty little volume, richly illustrated. Pp. 108. Price 50 cents. Published by [illegible] New York.

The Story of John G Paton, or Thirty Years Among the South Sea Cannibals. By Rev. James Paton, B.A. Pp. 404. Illustrated. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Co., Tenth street, New York.

The Story of a Yankee Boy. His Adventures Ashore and Afloat. By Herbert Elliott Hamblen. Illustrated by Harry Edwards. Pp. 339. Price, $1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth avenue, New York.

The Wondrous Cross, and Other Sermons. By Rev. James Burrell, D.D. Thirty-two bright monograms on interesting Biblical topics. Pp. 351. Price, $1.50. Published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, 7 West Eighteenth street, New York.

War Memories of an Army Chaplain. By H. Clay Trumbull, D.D., formerly Chaplain of the Tenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers. Pp. 421. Price, $2. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth avenue, New York.

Things of Northfield, and Other Things that Should be in Every Church. By Rev. David Gregg, D.D. Five discourses preached after a visit to a Northfield Convention and full of the spirit breathed there. Pp. 143. Price, 60 cents. Published by E. B. Treat & Co., New York.

The Pilgrim's Rhead. This beautiful quarto of 204 pages, makes a volume of rare attractiveness. The designs are not only decorative, but they convey with great fidelity the spirit of Bunyan's wonderful story. For the young especially, it will be a volume highly prized. Price $1.50. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

Fighting for Humanity: or, Camp and Quarter-deck. By General O. O. Howard, U.S.A. This is the history of the organized effort by the Christian Commission and the Y.M.C.A. for the evangelization of our army and navy, and incidentally it furnishes an excellent record of many of the leading events in the war. Pp. 231. Cloth binding. F. Tennyson Neely, New York, publisher.

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Our Woman's Club

It Discusses Mormonism and the Dangers that Threaten American Homes, etc.

I HAVE always liked the idea of a woman's club big enough to have members in every State of the Union. This is the duty of clubs; and many of you belong to two or three in your own town, and you find that they give you plenty to do; for women's clubs, as I know them, are educational, and lay out courses of study, and keep the mind very actively employed in following them up. But, if you will all join my club, which you can do without any initiation fee, or payment of annual dues, we shall get acquainted with one another, and maybe we will help each other over some hard places, and perhaps, now and then, we may have a little fun; for

A little laughter now and then
Is relished by the best of men.

In this club of mine, if you will kindly let me be its godmother and its president, too, there will be an easy chair and a foot stool for any dear old lady who happens in with her knitting; a low rocker for the business woman, tired out after a long day in the office or the store; a footstool for the schoolgirl, who likes a low seat and a cozy talk; and room enough for everybody, and a chance for every one to express her mind. The topic uppermost to-day in the minds of many of us, is the "Dangerous increase of Mormonism," and on that theme the club will talk informally at its first meeting.

* * *

A New York woman is entitled to the floor, as I see her rising.

"Madam President," she says.

"Madam Manhattan."

"I would like to ask the ladies whether there is not a great deal of exaggeration in the accounts we hear of the aggressive character of Mormonism. Aren't we exciting ourselves over a dead issue? Has not polygamy been put down? Do not women vote in Utah? Why should we be disturbed by reports in the newspapers which are no doubt sensational and gotten up for political purposes?"

* * *

Madam New York, having stated her case, resumes her chair, and is followed at once by a member from Massachusetts.

"Madam President!"

"Madam Bunker Hill."

"The friends here may not have given attention to what Mormonism really is. Polygamy is its very foundation-stone. The teaching of Mormonism is that only married women will rise from the dead and enjoy eternal life; that spinsters will perish everlastingly at death. Therefore, Mormon women put aside their natural dislike and aversion to plurality of wives in the home, and encourage their husbands to take as many wives as they choose, thus endowing with immortality each woman entering into the polygamous relations. Another point of belief is that there are crowds of souls in limbo awaiting the hour when bodies shall be provided as their earthly garments, and therefore the Mormon woman approves of an arrangement by which her husband may be the father of numerous children. The whole system is one of shocking depravity, far worse and more depraved than that of Mohammed, not excelled in wickedness by any of the most degraded worships of antiquity. The worship of Moloch and Astarte was not more impure. I cannot see how a woman, honoring herself and caring for the elevation of her sex, can tolerate Mormonism in this Christian land. It is a blot on our escutcheon which should be at once effaced."

* * *

Madam Bunker Hill sat down. Instantly the lady from South Carolina was on her feet.

"Madam President."

"Madam Palmetto."

"As the representative in this Assembly of a State which respects the purity of women, regards marriage as binding, frowns upon divorce, and has no toleration for license of any description; as a matron from a brave, and old-fashioned, and courtly State, I wish to add my emphatic commendation to the words of Madam Bunker Hill. We are bound in one bundle in this great country. Shoulder to shoulder, to-day, under one flag, our young men are standing for truth and liberty, and it behooves their mothers and sisters to clear the air they breathe of all miasma. I am informed that the Mormons are sending their missionaries far and wide, that they leave tracts and letters containing Bible texts in the hands of half-taught and ignorant people. If only people would inform themselves, would take the testimony of men who have worked for our Home Missionary Societies in Utah, they would the better discern the peril."

* * *

Madam Palmetto ceased.

"Madam President."

It was a sweet-faced, low-voiced woman from Rhode Island who had the floor.

"Madam Roger Williams."

"I agree with the previous speakers that we women of America should fight Mormonism to the last gasp. But there is an evil within our own borders to which we are strangely heedless, most culpably indifferent. It is the proud boast of the lady from South Carolina, and as well of her sisters in Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee, that divorces are not encouraged by the social public opinion of their communities. Before we throw too many stones at the Mormons I, for one, think we of New England and the Middle States should see what we can do towards tuning up the public conscience on the subject of the permanence of marriage. Young people rush too hastily into matrimony, to repent on too slight occasion. In a recent issue of a daily paper published in New England," said the lady, her countenance very sad, "I counted no less than thirty-two applications from husbands and wives desiring, respectively, release from matrimonial bonds, all in a single court and two adjacent counties. The divorce evil is bad enough among middle-class people; I am told that in ultra-fashionable society it is even worse."

* * *

"Madam President."

"Madam Euclid Avenue."

The lady from Cleveland had the floor.

"Let us do justice," she said, "to the poor and lowly. Among them, at least, there is generally a wise acceptance of existing conditions, and a stoical endurance of suffering, which is greatly to their credit. Divorce courts do not flourish in the tenement districts and in the farming communities 'when Betsy and I are out.' They usually keep the fact to themselves. But are we not, as a club, too pessimistic? Let us remember the thousands upon thousands of happily married folk among us, who fear God, bring up their children in thrift and intelligence, pay their taxes, keep the laws and are the saving salt of the earth. As a club, let us look on the sunny side. Madam President, I move that we try, individually and collectively, to scatter sunshine on life's daily path."

"Is this motion seconded?"

"I second the motion," said a lady from Denver.

"It is moved and seconded that as a club and as individuals we shall endeavor to scatter sunshine on our daily path. All in favor will say 'Aye.'"

A chorus of voices gave assent.

"The contrary minded will signify it by saying 'No.'"

Not a single "No" was heard.

"The motion seems to be carried," said the President.

Soon after the meeting adjourned.

Margaret E. Sangster

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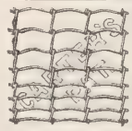

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THE ORIGINAL....
"ROCK OF AGES"

A Famous Cleft Cliff in Somerset County, England, which Inspired Toplady's Immortal Hymn

THERE are few photographs, outside of those relating to Bible lands, that will possess a greater fascination for Christian readers everywhere than that which appears below. It is a photograph of that wonderful rock in Burrington Coombe, England, which afforded Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady the inspiration which found expression in the imperishable hymn, "Rock of Ages." This is the story of the rock as it appears in *Philocophus*, a magazine for deaf-mutes, published in Los Angeles, Calif.:

"ROCK OF AGES," AT BURRINGTON COOMBE

The rent cliff, in whose hollow Toplady found shelter from a thunder-storm, is in Somerset county, England

It may interest our readers to know how we happened to get a photograph of this rock and cleft, and the interesting particulars about the author of this famous hymn. Last summer while we were thinking of starting this magazine and looking for something that would prove of interest to the deaf, we read in an English paper that a photograph of the "Original Rock of Ages" had been presented to W. E. Gladstone, who was much pleased with it. We thought it just the thing for our purpose. We felt sure that what would please and interest that great statesman, would also please and interest the deaf, as well as the hearing and speaking people. So we wrote to Sir William H. Wills, telling him what we were going to do, and of our desire to have a picture of the rock in our magazine. We told him the deaf often sang that hymn in the sign language, and it was one of their favorites. Sir William very kindly sent us a copy of the photograph, which we received by mail safely and uninjured.

Dean Defroy, in the Temple Church, London, on May 22, 1898, was preaching a sermon in connection with the death of Gladstone, and in referring to the authors of Gladstone's favorite hymns, spoke of Toplady, "a nonconformist minister," as the writer of "Rock of Ages." Sir William Henry Wills, member of Parliament for East Bristol, England, reading the dean's sermon two or three days after, perceived the mistake, and wrote, telling the dean who Toplady was, and how and where he wrote the hymn. He said: "May I say that Toplady was a clerk in holy orders and never a non-conformist minister? For some years he was curate in sole charge of my parish of Blagdon (County of Somerset) on the Mendips, about eight miles from Wells, and four from Wrington, where Hannah More long resided at Barley Wood. Toplady was one day overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm in Burrington Coombe, on the edge of my property, a rocky glen running up into the heart of Mendip range, and there, taking shelter between two massive piers of our native limestone rock, he penned the hymn, 'Rock of Ages.'

A few years since, my late wife, who knew Gladstone well, sent him on his birthday a good photograph of the rock, to which was appended a copy of his own translation, 'Jesu prome perforatus.'" This letter was sent by Dean Defroy to the London *Times*, and excited a great deal of interest in the circumstances connected with the first inspiration of this world-famous hymn. The author, the Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, born in 1740, at Farnham, and ordained to [illegible] was made in charge of Blagdon [illegible] 1768.

Burrington Coombe is in the dark, swelling hill known as Black Down, which rises to the height of 1,100 feet and forms the summit of Mendip range, is within easy reach of Blagdon parish church, the residence [illegible] William Henry Wills's solicitude for objects of archæological interest. It was in Burrington Coombe that Toplady conceived the thought that has immortalized him. At one point there is a conspicuous crag of mountain limestone seventy or eighty feet in height, a prominent object on the right hand to any one approaching from the Blagdon road. Right [illegible] deep fissure, in the recesses of which grows many a fern, while on the hillside around are trees, whose stunted growth and wind worn appearance tell of the scanty soil and the exposed situation.

In this fissure Toplady took refuge from the thunderstorm, and it was this "cleft" and this rock which suggested the central [illegible] of his beautiful hymn. [illegible] publication of his letter, Sir William has received a great many letters from [illegible] Great Britain and [illegible] anxious to know as much as possible about Toplady and "Rock of Ages." The photograph accurately exhibits the appearance of the "Rock."

"Toplady himself died in full and joyous confidence in the 'Rock of Ages,' of which he sang. His [illegible] writes Rev. J. S. Banks, "examining him one day, said, 'Your pulse is becoming weaker.' 'That is a good sign,' said the poet, 'that my death is fast approaching; and I can add that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory.' And when his physician sought to encourage him to believe that he would live some time longer, he replied: 'No, no: I shall die, for no mortal could endure such manifestations of God's glory as I have had, and live.'"

Found Christ on a Mountain Top

Dr. Newman Hall, in his autobiography, relates one of the most interesting incidents of his ministry: "I started one afternoon to sleep on the summit of Snowdon Mountain. When half way up heavy rains fell, and I turned back; but when I reached the bottom the sky cleared and I resumed my climb. I slept on a plank in a wretched little hut. During the night I was charmed by the hymns and anthems of companies of quarrymen who were giving up their rest to see the grand sunrise which their knowledge of local signs foretold. My landlord roused me early, and I sat on the top of the cairn that I might enjoy the phenomenon undisturbed. No words can describe it—the reddening sky, the first level rays goldening a hundred peaks, the shadow of the mountain slowly creeping over the valley, and a score of lakes gleaming in the sunshine! But I was recognized, and entreated to descend from my pulpit and preach to about a hundred Welshmen and a dozen Englishmen. I replied that God was preaching to us, and we had better hear his voice. But I offered prayer, and when I closed several men were shedding tears. The miners, in groups, marched away, singing in their thrilling minor key.

"A year afterwards, when I was knapsacking near Snowdon, a man driving a cart pulled up and asked if he might give me a lift. He had recognized me and, speaking of that sunrise, said it resulted in the conversion of fifty people. He said: 'As they only spoke Welsh, they did not understand a word you said; but the effect was a revival in the village churches near.'"

WASHINGTON.

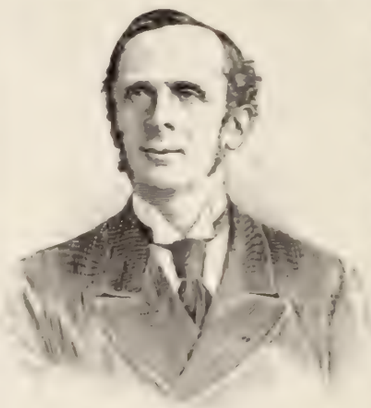
Next—Three-Day Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The next Personally-Conducted Three-day excursion to Washington, D. C., leaves Philadelphia on [illegible] The rate, $12.50 from New York and $11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, include all necessary expenses during the entire trip, transportation, hotel accomodations, and Capitol guide fees. An experienced Excursion Agent will accompany the party.

For itineraries, tickets, and full information, apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 263 Fulton Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

EucalolCuresCatarrh

For twenty-five years the most successful treatment of nasal and throat catarrh has been in the New York and Philadelphia Nose and Throat Hospitals. Years of careful observation and experiment led them to put supreme confidence in the treatment of cleanliness and antisepsis. This they use continually, and this is the Eucalol treatment.



Sir Morell Mackenzie says:

[illegible]

to warm and moisten the air we breathe before it penetrates to the lungs. However dry the air is, it is completely saturated with moisture in passing through the nose passages.

The nose filters from the air dust and disease germs. If the nose is kept in a healthy, moist condition these germs perish, the mucus passages remain healthy and free from [illegible]

Obstruction in the nose prevents the free entrance of air, causes the foul secretions of nasal catarrh, dryness, stuffiness, sense of smell and taste blunted, and breathing through the mouth becomes necessary. Dry mucuous crusts form and have a tendency to become fetid.

The only scientific treatment is an antiseptic treatment to remove these crusts and the accumulated mucus, and the application of the antiseptic **Eucalol Emollient.** Dry air, vapor fumes, smoke, medicated air and cocaine preparations relieve temporarily and aggravate the disease. Did you ever hear of a physician treating catarrh with such means?

The Eucalol Treatment antiseptically cleanses the nasal passage, and applies the healing antiseptic **Eucalol Emollient.** We shall continue our

FREE TRIAL OFFER:

In order to prove the curative power of Eucalol and our confidence in it, we will gladly send to any reputable person a complete outfit, with full directions, for two weeks' trial. If at the end of that time it has not benefited you, return it and no charge will be made. If you find it helpful, send us 75 cents by mail or express money order.

We are anxious for everyone subject to catarrh and colds in the head to try the Eucalol Treatment.

THE EUCALOL COMPANY, 108 Fulton Street, New York.

Eucalol Emollient Cures Cold in the Head, 25c.

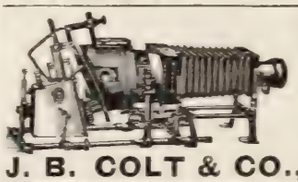
SAVE $8 ON A HARNESS!

We are the largest manufacturers of harness and carriages in the world selling to the consumer exclusively.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS, DEALERS OR MIDDLEMEN.

We sell you direct from the factory at wholesale prices and save you all middleman expense. We ship anywhere for examination. We guarantee and warrant everything. **This Elegant Team and Farm Harness for $19.50.** Many gentlemen who have bought it believe that they have saved from $5 to $10 in buying this harness from us. For full description of this and 60 other styles of harness and 50 styles of vehicles see our new Illustrated Catalogue. Your name on a postal card will get it.

Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co.,
W. B. PRATT, Secy. **ELKHART, INDIANA.**



Now Is Your Time....

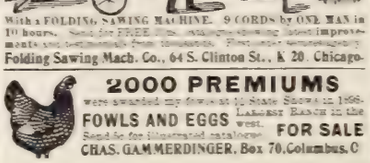
Bargain Prices will be advanced *March 1, 1899. Write at once* for Bargain Circular. Our Magic Lanterns and Stereopticons are in use by thousands of Lantern Experts.

J. B. COLT & CO., Dept. 29, 3 to 7 West 29th St., New York.

TRUSSES RUPTURE CURED.

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only Truss in existence that is worn with equal ease in any position and that will retain the rupture under any hard exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent cure. **Comfortable Belts made to reduce corpulency.** The use of these belts reduces your size and leaves no room for surplus fat to accumulate. They can be used after any operations. **Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps and Anklets.** Our goods are not sold by agents or druggists. Established 17 years. Send for free pamphlets to the **Improved Elastic Truss Co., 755 Broadway, N. Y.**

SAW YOUR WOOD

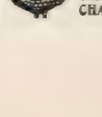


With a FOLDING SAWING MACHINE. 9 CORDS by ONE MAN in 10 hours. Send for FREE illustrated catalogue showing latest improvements and testimonials from customers. Mention this paper.

Folding Sawing Mach. Co., 64 S. Clinton St., K 20, Chicago.

WE WILL MAIL YOU AN ALUMINUM CASE

with your own name ENGRAVED in it, and 50 cards, printed on your own town, for 25 cents or 100 cards, postpaid, for 50 cents. The J. Manning Co., 5 S. 8th St., Phila. Pa. Ref. any Express Co., in U. S., or Phila. Postmaster.



2000 PREMIUMS
were awarded my fowls at 10 State Shows in 1898.
FOWLS AND EGGS Largest Ranch in the west. **FOR SALE**
Send 4c for illustrated catalogue.
CHAS. GAMMERDINGER, Box 70, Columbus, O.

Chambard's Tea, the most popular family medicine in France for biliousness, constipation, indigestion, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, sweating of the stomach, nervousness, eczema. The most agreeable and best purgative. Box 35 cents by mail. **Legoll's** Pharmacy 287 7th Ave., N. Y. and leading druggists.

Dr. HAYES, Buffalo, N.Y. **ASTHMA** Cured to Stay Cured

PARTED FRIENDS

MY buried friends can I forget
Or must the grave eternal sever?
They linger in my memory yet,
And in my heart they'll live forever.
They lov'd me once, with love sincere,
And never did their love deceive me;
But often in my conflicts here,
They rallied quickly to relieve me.

I heard them bid the world adieu;
I saw them on the rolling billow;
Their far-off home appear'd in view,
While yet they pressed a dying pillow.
I heard the parting pilgrim tell,
While passing Jordan's stormy river,
"Adieu to earth, for all is well;
Now all is well with me forever."

Oh how I long to join their wing,
And range their fields of blooming flowers!
Come, holy watchers, come and bring
A mourner to your blissful bowers.
I'd speed with rapture on my way,
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river;
With songs I'd enter endless day,
And live with my lov'd friends forever.

Ainsworth, Ia. —MRS. SOPHIE MARSH.

TROPICAL FOODS

An Instructive Table for the Use of Missionaries and Others in Warm Climates

ONE of the principal difficulties encountered by the natives of a temperate climate in adapting themselves to the conditions of a tropical climate, is that which relates to the food question. European and American missionaries and others who visit tropical lands, with a view to a longer or shorter residence there, usually find the conditions as to diet exceedingly trying at first. The tropical grains and fruits, so wholly unlike those to which they have been accustomed, are by no means palatable, and serious sickness often follows an effort to adapt themselves to the new regimen. It is, of course, out of the question to live wholly or even largely on imported food, for obvious reasons. At the same time, scientists assure us that the products of the tropics contain, in all particulars, the equivalent of the staple foods that comprise the diet of the average European or American. If our missionaries in the East, and travelers generally, were to make a study of this subject, as well as of other matters relating to food and clothing in the tropics, they might avoid many discomforts; and precious lives, which are often sacrificed through a lack of knowledge in such matters, would be saved to prosecute the Master's work for many years longer.

Mr. T. McKnight is a Christian scientist who has traveled in many tropical countries, and who is now collating for publication a book from the result of many years' experience with the food products of the tropics. He has prepared for the benefit of intending missionaries and others who read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the following list of food products, showing what cereals and fruits produced in hot latitudes are the proper and natural equivalents of the staple foods of colder lands. The table will be readily understood by all who give it a fair examination, and it may be of service to many who are now contemplating service in the tropics.

W. Indies and Central America

TEMPERATE		TROPICAL
Bread.	Its equivalents in character and nutritive quality are	Maize, Guinea Corn, Cassava, Cooking Plantain, Rice.
Beef & Mutton.	Equivalents	Beans, Peas, Peanuts, Fish, Eggs, Fowl.
Potatoes.	Equivalents.	Yam, Sweet Potato, Eddoes, Sweet Cassava.
Butter.	Equivalents.	Cocoa Bean (1-2 butter), Cocoanut (8 per cent), Avocado pear.
Vegetables.	Equivalents.	Eggplant, Okra, Tomato, Squash, Pumpkin.
Fruits.	Equivalents.	Lime, Tamarind, Pineapple, Guava, Watermelon.
Spices.	Equivalents.	Red Pepper, Vanilla, Wild Cinnamon, Pimento, Ginger.

Mr. McKnight explains that lack of familiarity with the character and nutritious properties of tropical products has been a great drawback to strangers in these hot countries, and that there is probably not a solitary product in any part of the globe whose equivalent cannot be found in other parts and under different conditions. Green fruits, etc., are to be avoided. The native cuisine furnishes a hint to the stranger how the unfamiliar products should be treated to secure the best results. With such knowledge skilfully applied, a sufficiency of palatable, varied and nutritious food can be made available at all times, affording strength and nourishment to the stranger, who, without such knowledge, would fare poorly indeed.

PORTO RICO'S... ...FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL

Opened at San Juan by Our Correspondent, Mr. Frank L. Smith—A Hopeful Outlook

FROM our correspondent in Porto Rico, Mr. Frank L. Smith, of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., comes a letter conveying the cheering intelligence that the first Sunday School has been opened in Porto Rico! This will be welcome news to our readers everywhere, and especially to those who have been personally interested in the extension of the Gospel in our new territories and who have contributed to the Porto Rico Sunday School movement. Mr. Smith's letter is given below:

Editor "The Christian Herald":

The mails are very irregular, but THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to January 4th is at hand. This morning I preached to a house nearly full in the large theatre, and we also had *a successful Sunday School!* A great many soldiers were present. The enclosed leaflet will give your readers an idea of the work. Hurry up the missionaries. There are hungry souls waiting to hear the message in their own language.

A great demand exists for a coffee house for our soldiers. It seems an age since I arrived here, although it is not yet one month; but the need is very great and our soldier boys are being led astray by evil influences. We ought to give them a pleasant place to gather under the auspices of the Army Y. M. C. A.

Captain Charles H. Wyman, the Consular Secretary at San Juan, died on New Years' day, and I was invited to conduct the funeral services. He was a graduate of Yale College, a lawyer by profession, a Presbyterian by denomination, and had been a captain in the Confederate Army. A large circle of friends gathered to pay their respects to his memory. We read the service at the house, and an address was made by Consul Hanna. The body was followed to the cemetery by the male friends, six of whom acted as pall bearers. The cemetery is situated by the seaside, very near the beach, and the natives carried the casket on their heads down the road from the hill. We threaded our way through the little forest of crosses till the side wall was reached where are arranged a series of vaults or niches large enough to contain one body each. Here I read the committal service of the church, and as Consul Hanna dropped the earth upon the casket, while I spoke the solemn words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the eyes of our Porto Rican friends opened in wonder. It was probably the *the first Protestant burial service* ever held in this Roman Catholic cemetery.

The Royal Mail Steamer, which arrives at Ponce, Porto Rico, will bring Rev. Mr. Caunght to be the rector of the little church located here. From an Antiguan native, we learn that this gentleman came to Antigua with a Mr. Moody about 1889, both of them fresh from college. The latter gentleman soon returned to England, and Mr. Caunght has ever since done faithful missionary work in the West Indian Islands. Our informant says, "He is a God-like man, and from the sermons and life he preached and lived among us, proved himself a Christian man. After a few years' useful and earnest service, he was ordained and became a rector in Nevis. Mr. Caunght came to Antigua by the mail steamer of December 7th, '98, and preached in the cathedral with much acceptance. He looks well but has changed very much in appearance since he first arrived. We welcome him to Porto Rico, and wish him great success in a field now white for harvest." F. L. SMITH.

A New Discovery for the Cure of Consumption, and Other Lung Diseases.

The Alpha Medical Institute possesses the great secret for a positive cure for diseases of the Lungs and Respiratory Organs. It is the most valuable original Discovery made in the field of Medicine in the last twenty-five years. To prove these facts the Institute for the next sixty days will send its new Home Treatment entirely free to every sufferer from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, or Asthma. Mr. Frank W. Dewey, Pewano, Mich.; Rev. David R. Butrick, Motley, Minn.; Mrs. Margaret Taylor, North Henderson, Ill., and many others write gratefully of their cures by this new discovery. If you are in need of such help we advise you to take advantage of this great offer. Send your name, age, post-office address and nearest express office, with all particulars of your disease to the Alpha Medical Institute, 562 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will at once send you their Book and free Home Treatment as stated.

Do not longer delay. Prevention is better than cure, and you may prevent rheumatism by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which will keep your blood pure and free from germs of disease.

..BEAUTIFUL FACES..

WOMEN LOVE THEM. MEN ADORE THEM.

POZZONI'S ..Medicated.. Complexion Powder

Keeps the complexion delicately soft. Does not burn, chap, blister or rough the skin. Removes freckles, prevents tan. Thousands of testimonials.

By Mail, 50 Cts. J. A. Pozzoni, St. Louis, Mo.

Weak Lungs

Dr. Hunter, of 117 West 45th Street, has just published a new book on

"The Lungs and Their Diseases,"

which explains all about Consumption, how it arises, the symptoms by which it is known, how it can be prevented, and the only treatment by which it can be cured. He also describes

Bronchitis, Asthma and Pulmonary Catarrh

shows their tendency to produce Consumption, and their speedy and radical cure by *Antiseptic Medicated Air Inhalations.*

THIS BOOK is of such great importance and interest to all who have weak lungs or are threatened with any form of lung disease that it has been decided to issue an edition of 50,000 copies in paper covers for free distribution. Dr. Robert Hunter is the oldest Lung Specialist of this country, and acknowledged throughout the world as the greatest living authority on all diseases of the breathing organs.

From the New York Herald: "It seems after many disappointments and false rumors of the cures for consumption, that the treatment as discovered and practiced by Dr. Robert Hunter, 117 West 45th St., New York, has accomplished results so satisfactory that this dread disease need no longer be classed among the incurable."

From the New York Sun: "Dr. Hunter's recent book on Consumption and its wonderful cures that have been reported, effectually remove all doubt as to the curability of this dread disease"

Readers of The Christian Herald can obtain Dr. Hunter's book FREE by addressing him at 117 West 45th Street, New York.

In buying seeds "economy is extravagance," because the cost of cultivation wasted on inferior seeds always largely exceeds the original cost of the best seeds to be had. The best is always the cheapest. Pay a trifle more for

FERRY'S SEEDS

and always get your money's worth. Five cents per paper everywhere. Always the best. Seed Annual free.

D.M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

in all points relating to Poultry and Poultry Management, care in health and disease with many valuable tested recipes is our annual

POULTRY GUIDE FOR '99.

Tells all about the 40 varieties of thoroughbred poultry grown on Millhook Farm. The kind to select for best results, how to mate, breed, feed and market them. Worth its weight in gold to the beginner. Sent for 10c. in stamps—merely to pay postage and mailing. Fowls and Eggs for Sale at Lowest Prices.

THE J. W. MILLER CO. Box 179 Freeport, Ills.

SUCCESSFUL INCUBATORS.

Hot Air or Hot Water.

A standard machine for hatching strong, healthy chicks—self regulating, patent egg turning trays, drying room under trays, non-explosive lamp—these are a few of its good points. Our 148 p. catalogue gives prices and description, also pointers on poultry buildings, etc., mailed for 6c stamps. Write for it now.

DES MOINES INCUBATOR CO., Box 71, Des Moines, Iowa

BOOM BUSINESS!

Don't be satisfied with poor results. You can hatch thousands of chickens with the

PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR

without a possibility of failure. That is best attested by its 200 first premiums in all kinds of competitions with all kinds of machines. Get our 168-page catalogue with supplement.

PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO., HOMER CITY, PA.

SOLD ON TRIAL!

Buy no incubator and pay for it before giving it a trial.

Many people have lost faith in incubators because they bought one that was never intended to hatch chickens—made merely to sell.

The Von Culin Incubators are sold on trial subject to your approval. Simplest machine made. A child can operate it. The biggest catalogue and "poultry pointers" book published, sent for 5c. Plans for Brooders, Poultry Houses, etc., sent on receipt of 25c.

Von Culin Incubator Co. 12 Adams St. Delaware City, Del.

New, Rare and Beautiful Palms and Decorative plants, naturally grown. Superior to forced hothouse stock, hardier and better rooted. Tropical and Sub-Tropical Fruit and Economic trees, Bamboos, Ferns, Aquatics, Conifers from all the world over. We ship safely to most distant points by mail, express, or ft't. Elegant new catalogue free. Special discounts. 17th year. REASONER BROS, ONECO, FLORIDA.

3 FAVORITE FLOWERS 6¢

Sweet Peas over 40 varieties.
Perfected Royal Show Pansies—100 colors
Nasturtiums—every known good sort.

Above 3 packets mailed for 6 cents and names of two friends who grow flowers; also *Floral Culture*, which tells how to grow flowers from seeds. Daintiest catalogue ever issued of flower seeds exclusively, sent free by the "pioneer seedswoman."

MISS C. E. LIPPINCOTT, Minneapolis, Minn.

MAKE HENS PAY!

If you want to know how others do this, send for our Catalogue and Poultry Guide. It tells all about the poultry business and about the

CYPHERS INCUBATOR

which embodies all the good points of other machines and the faults of none. Sent freight paid to every buyer. Catalogue 10c. Circulars free.

The Cyphers Incb. Co. Box 57, Wayland, N.Y.

Self Regulating. 30 DAYS TRIAL.

You don't pay us one cent until you are satisfied and can hatch with it to your entire satisfaction. All sizes and prices. It is impossible to overheat with our Thermostatic Regulator. Send 4c. for 80-page catalog.

60 Egg Size $5.00. BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., Springfield, O.

$75 MONTH AND EXPENSES; no expert, no money needed; position permanent; self seller. PEASE MFG. CO., P.O. Box A, Cincinnati, O.

LARKIN SOAPS AND PREMIUMS.—FACTORY TO FAMILY

The Larkin Idea fully explained in beautiful free booklet. Free sample soap if mention this publication.

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THE CELEBRATED CORNISH AMERICAN PIANOS AND ORGANS.

ONE YEAR'S FREE TRIAL

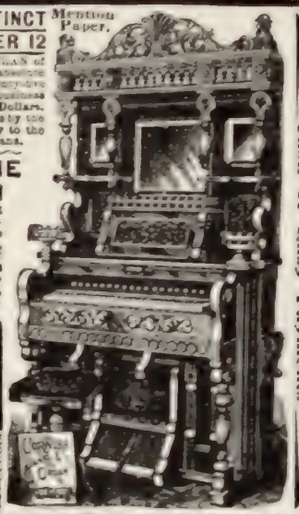
WE WILL SHIP A CORNISH PIANO OR CORNISH ORGAN ANYWHERE UPON THE DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING THAT IF IT IS NOT SATISFACTORY TO PURCHASER AFTER 12 MONTHS' USE, WE WILL TAKE IT BACK.

MENTION PAPER.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS CORNISH PLAN

and for a complete description of the instruments made by us, see OUR NEW SOUVENIR CATALOGUE for 1899, handsomely illustrated in colors—the most comprehensive musical catalogue in the trade. The frontispiece is a masterly reproduction in facsimile of an interesting oil painting, delivered and executed for us by an eminent artist, representing "SAINT CECILIA AND THE ANGELIC CHOIR." This beautiful catalogue is sent FREE CHARGES PREPAID, and we also include our noted reference book, "THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE," CATALOGUE, BOOK AND OUR LATEST SPECIAL OFFERS FREE.

A postal card mentioning this advertisement will secure you a DISCOUNT of $81.00 on the retail prices as quoted in our 1899 Catalogue on any CORNISH ORGAN or $60.00 on the list prices if you buy a CORNISH PIANO.



Mention Paper.

PIANOS FROM 155 DOLLARS

With the Cornish Patent Musical Attachment, which correctly imitates the Harp, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Etc. This patent can only be had in the CORNISH PIANO

REFERENCES, Our bank, your bank any bank or any of the mercantile agencies. Thousands of persons who have purchased musical instruments from us during the past fifty years.

Send for particulars of the Cornish Co-operative Plan, showing how you can secure a Cornish Piano or Organ FREE.

CORNISH & CO., (Established nearly 50 years) WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE AMERICAN PIANOS AND ORGANS. ORGANS FROM $25.00 UP

Most of Eve's Fair Daughters love flowers, and how to best supply their garden wants. Our 1899 Catalogue of

Everything FOR THE Garden

is a 190-page book, 9x11 inches, containing over 700 engravings and 6 superb colored plates of Seeds and Plants. And as all are drawn from nature, we show, as in a looking-glass, the best of the old and the latest of the new.

To trace advertising, and give our Catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following unusually liberal offers:

Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash.

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses us 10 cents (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send free of charge, our famous 50-cent "Empire State" Collection of Seeds, containing one packet each of New Large-flowering Sweet Peas, New Butterfly Pansy, New Jubilee Asters, New Golden Rose Celery, New York Lettuce, and Ponderosa Tomato, in a red envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK

PURE WHITE, DOUBLE, AND BLOOMS PROFUSELY FROM JULY TO JANUARY.

A great Novelty, ... and ... Chrysanthemum. New Year's Gift ... Everblooming Calla. ... Gladiolus Childsii, ... Multiflora Roses, ... Maydower Verbena, ... Japanese Chrysanthemum, Giant Rainbow Leaved Coleus, Giant Ralubow Leaved ... Perpetual Blooming Carnation and ... THE MAYFLOWER Monthly Magazine for a year illustrated—... with colored plate ... and numerous ... with ... postpaid. ... 25c. each; 3 for 50c.; 7 for $1.00.

12 GREAT NOVELTIES for 60 cts. 1 Everblooming Chrys'm. 1 New Everbloom'g Calla. 1 Rudbeckia Golden Glow. 1 Giant Gladiolus Childsii. ... Multiflora Roses, ... Maydower Verbena, ... Japanese Chrysanthemum, Giant Rainbow Leaved Coleus, Giant Ralubow Leaved ... Perpetual Blooming Carnation and ... THE MAYFLOWER Monthly Magazine for a year illustrated—... with colored plate ... and numerous ... with ... postpaid. ... 25c. each; 3 for 50c.; 7 for $1.00.

OUR GREAT CATALOGUE of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and Rare New Fruits ... Magnificent Large Colored Plates ... Free to any who expect to order.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

15 Packets SEEDS. FLOWERS 20 Fine BULBS for 25c Postpaid.

1 Pkg. ... SEEDS and 1 ... BULBS ... 1 Pkg. ... 1 " ... 1 " ... 1 "

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1899

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 7

PRICE FIVE CENTS

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE NIAGARA ICE PALACE, CONSTRUCTED OF BLOCKS OF ICE TAKEN FROM THE EDDIES ABOVE THE FALLS (SEE PAGE 125)

The smaller photographs show: 1. The Ice Bridge 2. Frost Work, and 3. The Cataract in Winter

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

S. W. W., Augusta, Me. Is it customary to include in our enumeration of a church's benevolences money given by its members to local institutions, as City Hospital and such like?

It is not. Such benevolences stand by themselves, and should not be credited to church accounts.

R. N. C., Yorktown, Va. In your answer to the question as to the leading inventions and discoveries of this century, you give as one the "Uses of dust." What are the "uses of dust?"

If you will read Alfred Russel Wallace's book, "The Triumphs and Failures of the Century," published by Scribner, New York, you will there find in the chapter he devotes to dust, all the information desired.

F. M. H., Cuba, Ala.; S. H., Schenectady, N. Y., and others. What is meant by the higher criticism?

The criticism which seeks to discover how the books of the Bible were produced, their date, and the circumstances under which they were prepared. There is, as you may be aware, a theory that the original books were edited at various times by later scholars. Such a passage, for instance, as Genesis 36: 31: "Before there reigned any king over the children of Israel," is adduced to show that it was written at a time when there were kings over the children of Israel, and, therefore, by a writer later than Moses. Another theory is that there were books earlier than the books of the Bible, and that extracts from those books were incorporated in the books of the Bible. The higher criticism tries to discover by internal evidence and analysis which parts are extracts and which parts were added by editors. It is called "higher," to distinguish it from the criticism which seeks to get the meaning of the passages.

Robert Newman, Dayton, Ind. Why should ministers of the Gospel expect pay for their labor? Ought they not to give it free for Christ's sake?

Do you not think the laborer is worthy of support? When a man gives his life to ministering to the church, the least the church can do is to provide him with a sufficient income to live upon. If the minister had to go into business or to work as a clerk or on a farm to earn his living, he would not be able to give the time to study which is necessary for the efficient discharge of his duties. As a rule, ministers are underpaid. There are very few of them who could not get more money in secular pursuits. They often do as much work as a physician or a lawyer, and very few of them get more than a bare subsistence.

J. W. M., Pekin, Ia. Who were the officers of the United States that have been impeached by Congress?

The famous impeachment cases were Senator Blount, 1797; U. S. Judge Pickering, New Hampshire, 1803; Judge Peck, Missouri, 1830; Judge Humphreys, Tennessee, 1862; Andrew Johnson, 1868; Secretary of War Belknap, 187[illegible].

L. A. W., Lakeside, N. H. Is there any hope for Dreyfus?

Yes; there is still a prospect that his case on revision may result in his vindication, but the military party in France seems strongly opposed to reopening it.

N. C. H., Duluth, Minn. What education is essentially necessary to become a Congressman? I am nineteen, have a strong ambition to work and study practical things, especially law, but have not the means to obtain a college education, further than having taken a six months' commercial course in a business college. What should I study?

The intellectual equipment of a Member of Congress should be of the very best, if he means to bear a creditable part in the important business of framing national legislation. University training is not essential; but he should be well educated and widely read, and it will materially add to his efficiency if he has studied law and is familiar with the rules of parliamentary debate. History, especially that of his own country; the rise and decline of great political movements; the origin and growth of our national institutions, and the character and function of the various branches of our government; contemporary biography; political economy; the growth of national commerce—these are a few of the many subjects which the young citizen, who desires to take an active part in public affairs, should study attentively. In your own city there are doubtless ample facilities for conducting such studies at little cost. Such books as Bryce's [illegible] rison's *Our Country* will give valuable suggestions.

C. L. T., Burl[illegible], N. C. Is a man fit to preach the Gospel [illegible] bjects to a man voting as he

That depends on cir[illegible]. If he [illegible] going to vote in a certain way from unworthy motives, he may naturally object and do all in his power to get him to vote in a different way. If you have a very clear and definite idea of what course is best for your State, or for the nation, you would try to win voters to your ways of thinking. That is a patriotic course. There is nothing in that which unfits a man to preach. At the same time you would have no right to prevent a man who is entitled to vote casting his vote according to his conscience. If a minister tried anything of that kind he would be in a bad business.

S. G. H., Seymour, Conn. 1. Has the President free transportation on all railroad lines? 2. How many other officials of the U. S. have free [illegible]

1. It is purely a matter of courtesy on the part of the railroads. 2. None that we know of. The United States Government pays its way. It pays for transportation, mails, troops, supplies and everything, and there is no reason why it should not pay.

C. E. T., Rock Valley, Ia. 1. How did the members of the Sanhedrim get their places? 2. Is there such a thing as a compulsory conversion? Does God ever compel a man to accept Christ?

1. By ordination. Only those were eligible who were fathers of families, who knew some language besides Hebrew, who had served on the local and lesser Sanhedrims. There were seventy-one members, of whom twenty-four [illegible] power of choosing men to fill any vacancy which might occur in its numbers. 2. God never converts a man against his will, but he may use discipline or send him trouble to bring his will into submission. There have been cases in which men have resisted the influence of the Holy Spirit, but have had no peace until they have yielded. Again there are some who, like the Apostle Paul, have been brought to Christ by a sudden revelation [illegible] in some other providential way have been led to give themselves to God. You can scarcely call this compulsion, because at the last the surrender is voluntary, but there are compelling influences in the preliminary experience.

Mrs. Thomas Curtis, Omaha, Neb., is the [illegible] Robert Barker, printer. It contains the Church of England service, prayers for various days and purposes, psalms in metre, two valuable concordances, besides many other features of interest. The Bible is bound in wood, covered with cowhide leather, and is in good condition.

A still older Bible is that owned by Mr. Robert Allan, of Blake, Ont., Can. It was published by Robert Barker, London, in 1616, "translated out of the Greek by Theodore [illegible]."

THE SCHOOLHOUSE IN WHICH THOMAS JEFFERSON STUDIED

In Goochland county, Va., about thirteen miles from the capital, on Tuckahoe creek, is the historic home of the Randolphs. On the east, directly opposite the door of the salon hallway, and at the edge of the expansive old flower-garden, with its boxed walks and queer-shaped beds, stands the small building where Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, and Thomas Mann Randolph, as children together, received the rudiments of education and discipline, which finally raised them to the proud political and social elevation of their later years.

Daisy H., Waterloo, Ill. Who wrote the poem "Deeds not Words?" The first stanza is this:

"Not forever on thy knees would Jehovah have thee found;
There are griefs Jehovah sees:
There are burdens thou canst ease:
Look around!"

Possibly some reader may be able to supply the information desired.

H. J. B., Sanborn, N. D. 1. Is it right to compel a person to refrain from working on Sunday? 2. Why is it that a tough young man is often more popular than a young man of good moral life and character?

1. It is always unsatisfactory to use compulsion. It would be much better to convince the man that he is doing wrong and injuring his own soul by working on the Lord's day. You cannot make men good by legislation. If, however, the man makes his work obtru[illegible] man is likely to [illegible] however, the moral [illegible] cented and Pharisa[illegible] manner, but censori[illegible]

[illegible] Old? If not,

[illegible] ington, D. C., we are enabled to inform L. J. that there have been two colored cadets at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md.

T. del V., Saltillo, Mex., and others. No [illegible] field preparatory to opening up Sunday School and other Christian work there. It [illegible] will doubtless give all necessary information.

A. S. N., Newark, N. J.

[illegible]

Do you know the other verses of this hymn? I would like to teach them to my little boy.

[illegible] Hymn by Luther, and can doubtless be found in any good edition of his works.

J. D. D., Nichols, Ia., H. A. B., Catherine, N. Y., and others. What is meant by the new theology? What do you mean by a minister not being an evangelical preacher?

When a minister does not make prominent in his sermons the doctrine of Christ's substitution and of justification by faith; when he dwells on Christ's example and regards his [illegible] ted. He does not preach the whole Evangel, the Gospel of "Christ and him crucified." The new theology takes little account of the atonement, does not regard Christ's death as a sacrifice and does not accept the view of its penal character. You will easily see how much difference all this makes in the theological point of view.

Student, Kansas City. What did Jesus mean by saying (Matt. 10: 34) that he did not come to send peace, but a sword?

That strife would be a consequence of his teaching, as it was. You cannot introduce good into the world without evil attacking it. In the next verse he gives instances of the effect of conversion in families. He wished his hearers to understand that if they followed him they would have to meet opposition and must be prepared for persecution. It was not his object to produce strife, but it was the inevitable result of his work.

N. R., Ellenburgh, N. Y. How many scholars were engaged in the revision of the Bible? How many were English? How long did it take? Did any of them die while the work [illegible]

The work of revision commenced in June, 1870. The New Testament Company consisted of twenty-five English scholars and thirteen American. It was completed and published in May, 1881, having occupied nearly eleven years. The revisers sat four days every month, except in August and September. Going over the book once, verse by verse, and considering suggested changes occupied six years. A second course occupied two and a half years more. The remainder of the eleven years was spent in considering the changes proposed by the American revisers and a general revision. The Old Testament Company were fourteen years over their work. They sat for 792 days in all. There were twenty-seven English scholars and fourteen Americans in the company. The number of deaths during the revision were ten of the Old Testament Company and four of the New.

E. M., Taylor, Ind. Married.

B. T., Oakland, Ky. We cannot devote space to it.

Reader, Olney, Mo. To the event in each case previously stated.

J. M. B., Mobile. Write to the Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, New York.

Ned, So. Hadley Falls, Mass. The Eighth Regulars, U. S. A., are now at Havana, Cuba.

Mrs. J. A. C., Clinton, Minn. 1. No. 2. Yes. Send to Dr. Barnardo, London, for it.

J. W., Maryville, Mo. It is published in book form. Order through any good book-seller.

Subscriber, Savbrook, O. Write to Mrs. Daniel Manning, President, D. A. R., Albany, N. Y.

C. L. D., Elizabeth, N. J. Write to Indian Bureau, Interior Department, Washington, D. C.

Ursula M. D., Columbus, Pa. 1. The first "g" is soft, the second hard. 2. His politics unknown.

Subscriber, Newark, N. J. 1. The Bible does not say. 2. [illegible] them.

M. W. S., N. Manchester, Ind. Answer mailed; but as you did not give street address it may not [illegible]

Ulster Reader, Ulster Co., N. Y. For full information, address Federal Census Office, Washington, D. C.

∴ OUR ORIENTAL DIPLOMATS ∴

The Picturesque Side of Official Life in Washington—Ministers from Turkey, China, Japan, Siam and Little Korea—Minister Wu and the Bible

WU TING-FANG
The Chinese Minister

PHYA VISUDDHA
The Siamese Minister

JUTARO-KOMUAR
The Japanese Minister

ALI FERROUH BEY
The Turkish Minister

IN the diplomatic corps at Washington the most picturesque element is unquestionably the Oriental contingent. Chief among the members from the Eastern world is the minister from China. Wr. Wu Ting-fang, was born in the city of Hong Kong, and is a graduate from Lincolns Inn Fields, London. He speaks English fluently and is a cultured, progressive gentleman. Mme. Wu is a dainty little lady, whose tiny foot will not measure more than two and a half inches in length, but whose advanced ideas completely upset the preconceived notions of the Chinese women. It has been stated frequently that Minister Wu is a member of the Church of England, but this is not correct. He speaks in the highest terms of the work of the missionaries in China.

WU CHANGCHU
Son of Chinese Minister

"I wish that I could believe in the immortality of the soul and the dogmas of your religion," he said one day to the writer, and there was a sincere earnestness in his voice; "but how do you know that it is true? I've been trying to prove it ever since I heard of it, but how do you *know* that you have a soul that is to live on in immortality?"

The ladies of the Sabbath Alliance have presented to Mme. Wu a handsomely bound copy of the Bible, and it is to be hoped that within its pages Minister Wu may yet find an answer that will bring his soul into Gospel light and freedom.

The Japanese Minister, Mr. Jutaro Komuar, is a recent addition to the Diplomatic Corps. He was among the first young men who were sent abroad by the Japanese government to be educated. With eight others, he came to America in 1875, and was graduated from Harvard in 1878. On his return to Japan two years later he was appointed to a responsible position in the Judiciary Department of the government, and has since filled several important diplomatic posts. His family did not come to Washington with him, but may do so in the summer.

The Turkish Minister, Ali Ferrouh Bey, has established the Legation of the Sultan on Q street, a door or so distant from the Chinese, and has filled it with many interesting curios from his native land. He is unaccompanied by his wife, and, although he speaks of bringing her over, he is hardly likely to do so, for he is a Mohammedan, and the Mohammedan ladies live in even greater seclusion than their East India sisters.

Korea is another government which owns its Legation property—a four-storied granite residence on Iowa Circle. Minister Chin Pom Ye and suite wear the native dress and adhere largely to the native customs. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Ye spoke a word of English when they came to Washington, and as for some months Mme. Ye could not speak a word that was understood by any one outside the Legation she must have found it rather lonely; but now she speaks and reads English readily, and seems to enjoy going to social functions, church, and other public places. Like the Chinese dignitaries, they have many friends among the missionaries, but, like them also, they still adhere to the philosophy of Confucius.

MADAME WU, WIFE OF THE CHINESE MINISTER
She is said to be a most progressive, cultured and accomplished woman

The latest acquisition to the corps is from Siam. The new minister, Phya Visuddha, is accredited to both London and Washington, and his first visit to the latter was in December. After a brief stay and a trip out to Chicago, he went back to London, but he is to return in February and to establish the Siamese Legation at the Arlington. He is a Buddhist. Thus all the leading Oriental religions are represented in the Diplomatic Corps.

The children of the diplomats! They certainly deserve a chapter to themselves, such a bright lot of them as they are, from the Portuguese minister's little Maria-Sophia, born in Washington two years ago, to the tall son of the Belgium Envoy who is soon to become secretary of Legation. There are such a lot of them, too, and they cover all ages. Many of these boys and girls, including the Chinese and Korean Minister's sons, are attending the public schools; and some of the smaller ones are going to the kindergartens.

Of all places to see the diplomatic corps in its glory, there is none that equal the President's reception. Then it is that they appear in the full regalia of their court uniformsand dress, and take their places, according to the most rigid law of diplomatic precedence. There are the European, Asiatic and South American diplomats. The dean of the corps greets the President first. He is arrayed in broad-cloth and fine linen; his breast is ablaze with his decorations of honor; over his shoulders he has tied his red sash of knighthood, and in his hand he carries his pointed black chapeau with its long white plumes. The ladies of his family, glittering in silks and diamonds, follow him, and then comes his suite. After them the representatives of the other embassies follow, ranking with due reference to their length of service. Then succeed the minister plenipotentiaries in the same order and just as brilliantly dressed; but it is when the Orientals file past that Solomon in all of his glory is not to be compared to these!

With each one President McKinley and the ladies of the Cabinet shake hands cordially and exchange the greetings of the day. Across the hall behind the famous Tiffany screen, the Marine Band is playing patriotic music, strains of which sweep through the rooms as the pageantry passes by. Over all hangs the heavy odor of the cut-flowers which smile from every mantel, nook and crevice of the beautiful state parlors—a brilliantly interesting spectacle, and one once seen not soon to be forgotten.

Mr. and Mrs. Ye, of Korea, attend the receptions in their narrow silken robes; he with his wide-brimmed, transparent hat, she with her bejewelled head-dress. There is also the Chinese Minister, with his brilliant scarlet-satin surtout and blue-satin skirt; on his head the black cap, with knob of coral indicating his rank. Mme. Wu, patters in after him, in her tiny shoes. She is gowned very like her liege lord, save that from her ears, and on the black velvet band that binds down her smooth hair, gleam clusters of diamonds and pearls. Following, come the twelve secretaries and attaches of the Legation, each in rustling satin clothes. Ali Ferrouh, the Turkish minister, and his secretaries, in cardinal fezzes and gorgeous trousers, come next. Then come the Japanese in shining, patent-leather pomps, high silk hats, and broad-cloth Prince Alberts, with their short little figures, dark skins, and almond-shaped eyes, looking almost as strange in European grooming as their neighbors do in their native Eastern costume.

The Central and South American Republics are fully represented at Washington, and their various Legations support elegant establishments. Minister Carbo, of Ecuador, retains an elaborate suite of rooms at Washington's leading hotel, the Arlington. The Bolivian minister is accredited to Paris, as well as Washington, and is there at present with his family.

During his absence the Legation is maintained at New York City. Minister Merou, of Argentina, has one of the finest libraries in the capital. He is a gifted writer, one of the foremost of his country, and his verses have attracted much attention in the American press. Senore Vicuna, of the Chilian Legation, is also a writer, and in fact almost all of the Ministers of the South American Republics wield their pens with more or less ability.

Lately, Mexico has raised her Legation at Washington to an embassy. Senor Romero has for many years been at the head of that Legation, and he takes his new honors very modestly. But they do not have the attraction for him they would have had last year, for he is in deep mourning over the death of his wife—as sweet and gracious a lady as ever graced the corps.

CHIN POM YE
The Korean Minister, his wife and son

Washington, D. C. ABBY G. BAKER.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Household Annoyances

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Luke 10: 40, ...

Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me.

YONDER is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead and his widow has charge of the premises. It is Widow Martha of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. It is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm, and in her face no sign of care or anxiety about anything. Company has come. Christ appearing at the outside of the door makes some excitement inside the door. The sisters set back the disarranged furniture, arrange their hair, and in a flash prepare to open the door. They do not keep Christ waiting outside until they have newly apparelled themselves or elaborately arranged their tresses, and then, with affected surprise, come out, and pretending not to have heard the two or three previous knockings, say, "Why, is that you?" No, they were ladies, and always presentable, although perhaps they had not on their best. None of us always have on our best; otherwise very soon our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door and greet Christ. They say, "Good morning, Master; come in and be seated." Christ brought a company of friends with him, and the influx of so many city visitors, you do not wonder, threw the country home into some perturbation. I suppose the walk from the city had been a keen appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I think as soon as Martha had greeted her guests she went to that room. Mary had no anxiety about the dinner. She had full confidence that her sister Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany, and she practically said, "Now, let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and learn."

The same difference you now sometimes see between sisters. There is Martha, industrious, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, discovering something in household affairs. Here is Mary, fond of conversation, literary, so full of questions of ethics she has no time to discuss questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better for them to have divided the toil, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Christ. But Mary monopolizes Christ, while Martha swelters before the fire. It was very important that they have a good dinner that day, for Christ was hungry, and he did not often have luxurious entertainment. Alas! me! if all the responsibility of that entertainment had rested with Mary. What a repast they would have had! But something went wrong in the kitchen. Either the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or something was turned black that ought to have been only turned brown, or Martha scalded herself, and, forgetting all the proprieties of the occasion, with besweated brow she rushed out of the kitchen into the parlor, perhaps with tongs in one hand and pitcher in the other, and she cried out, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding I would rather have him scold me than anybody else bless me. There was nothing acerb in the Saviour's reply. He knew that Martha had been working herself almost to death to get him something to eat, and he appreciated her kindness, and he practically said, "My dear woman, do not worry, let the dinner go: sit down here on this couch beside your younger sister, Mary: let us talk about something else. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful."

As Martha throws open the door, I look in to-day, and I see a great many household anxieties, perplexities, fatigues, and trials, and about them I am going to speak, if the Lord of Mary and Martha and Lazarus will help me by his grace.

As I look into that door, in the first place, I see the trial of non-appreciation. That was what made Martha so vexed at Mary. Mary, the younger sister, had no proper estimate of the elder sister's fatigue. Just as now, men having annoyances of store and factory and shop, or at the stock exchange, come home at night and hear of some household annoyance, and they say, "Oh, that's nothing; you ought to be in a factory a day and have ten or fifteen or twenty or a hundred subordinates. Then you would know something about annoyance and trouble." O man, let me tell you that a wife and a mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, and has to be health officer, police, and president of the whole realm! She has to do a thousand things, and to do them well, in order to make things go smoothly, and that is what puts the awful tax on a woman's nerves and a woman's brain. I know there are exceptions to the rule. Sometimes you will find a woman who can sit in the arm-chair of the library all day without any anxiety, or tarry on the belated pillow, and all the cares of the household are thrown upon servants who have large wages and great experience: but that is the exception. I speak of the great masses of housekeepers, to whom life is a struggle, and who at thirty years of age look as though they were forty. The fallen at Chalons and Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo are a small number in comparison with those who have gone down under the Armageddon of the kitchen. Go out to the country and look over the epitaphs on the tombstones. They are all beautiful and poetic, but if the tombstones could tell the truth thousands of them would say, "Here lies a woman who was killed by too much mending and sewing and baking and scouring and scrubbing."

The housewife rises in the morning half rested. At an irrevocable hour she must have the morning repast ready. What if the fire will not burn? what if the clock stop? what if the marketing has not been sent in? No matter that: it must be ready at the irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got ready for school. But what if the garments be torn? What if they do not know their lessons? What if the hat or sash is lost? they must be ready. Then you have the duty of the day, or perhaps several days to plan out. But what if the butcher sends meat unmasticable? What if the grocer furnishes you articles of food adulterated? What if the piece of silver be lost, or a favorite chalice be broken, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur? No matter. Everything must be ready. The spring is coming, and there must be revolution in the family wardrobe, or the autumn is at hand, and you must shut out the northern blast. But how if the moth has preceded you to the chest? How if the garments of the last year do not fit the children now? What if all the fashions have changed?

The house must be an extemporized apothecary's shop or dispensary: there must be relief for all styles of ailments: something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. O man of business, if you had as many cares as that you would be a fit candidate for an insane asylum! If Martha make, under such circumstances, an impatient rush on the library or the drawing-room, be patient, be lenient. O my sister, though my words may not arouse in many souls any appreciation of your toil, let me assure you, from the kindliness with which Jesus Christ met Martha, that he appreciates all your trials, from garret to cellar, and the God of Deborah, and Miriam, and Abigail, is the God of the housekeepers! George Herbert put the thought in three or four verses, quaint and peculiar, but strong, and in one verse saying:

> The servants of the house are God's delight,
> divine,
> Who sweep a room as for Thy laws makes
> this and the action fine.

A young woman of brilliant education and prosperous surroundings was called downstairs to help in the absence of the servant, and there was a ring at the bell, and she went to the door and an admirer entered. He said, "I thought I heard music in the house: was it on the piano or the harp?" She said, "Neither: it was a frying-pan accompaniment to a gridiron! In other words, I was called downstairs to help. I suppose sometime I shall have to learn, and I have begun now." When will the world learn that every kind of work that is right is honorable?

As Martha opens the door I look in and I also see the trial of severe economy. Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of a thousand are subjected to it, either under the greater or less stress of circumstances. It is especially so when a man smokes expensive cigars and dines at costly restaurants. He will be very apt to enjoin severe economy at home. That is what kills thousands of women—the attempt to make five dollars do the work of seven. It is amazing how some men dole out money to the household. If you have not got the money, say so. If you have, be cheerful in the expenditure. Your wife will be reasonable. "How long does the honeymoon last?" said a young woman about to enter the married state, to her mother. The mother answered, "The honeymoon lasts until you ask your husband for money." "How much do you want?" "A dollar." "A dollar! Can't you get along with fifty cents? You are always wanting a dollar." This thirty years' war against high prices, this everlasting attempt to bring the outgo within the income has exhausted multitudes of housekeepers. Let me say to such, it is a part of the Divine discipline.

Oh, my friends, all these trials and fatigues of home life are to prepare you for heaven, for they will make that the brighter in the contrast! A dying soldier was asked by a friend, "Have you any message to send to your father?" "Yes," said he: "tell him I have gone home." "Well," said the friend, "Have you any message to send to your wife?" "Yes: tell her I have gone home." "You have other friends: would you like to send a message to them?" "Yes, give them the same message: they will all understand it. Tell them I have gone home." And that heavenly home will compensate, will fully atone for all the hardships and the trials and the annoyances and the vexations of the earthly home.

Then, too, it is often not only the toil of the housekeeping, but it is the sickness and the sorrow that go along. It is a simple fact that one-half of the women of the land are invalids. The mountain lass who has never had an ache or a pain may consider household work of no very great weariness, and at the eventide may skip out to the fields and drive the cattle home, and until ten o'clock at night may fill the cabin with laughing racket: but oh, to do the hard work of the household with a shattered constitution—after six weeks' whooping-cough has raged in the household, making the nights as sleepless as the days, then it is not so easy. And then this work of the house has often to be undertaken when the nerves are shattered with some bereavement that has put desolation in every room of the house and sent the crib into the garret, because its occupant has been hushed into a slumber that needs no mother's lullaby. Oh, it was a great deal easier for her to brood the whole flock than to brood a part of them, now that the rest have gone! You may tell her that her departed children are in the bosom of a loving God, but, mother-like, she will brood both flocks, putting one wing of care over the flock in the house, putting the other wing of care over the flock in the grave. Nothing but the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ can take a woman happily through these trials. All these modern religions amount to nothing. They do not help. They do not comfort when there is a dead babe in the house. Away with them, and give us the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ, that has comforted so many in the days of sorrow and trouble.

Romance and novelty may for a little while seem to be a substitute. The marriage day has only gone by, just gone by, and all household cares are atoned for by the joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late at night it is not necessary to discuss whether it is time to go. All the mishaps of the newly-married couple in the way of [illegible] are not matters of anxiety or reprehension, but merriment. The loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen, the slushy custards and jaundiced and measly biscuits! Oh, it is a very bright sunlight that falls upon the cutlery and mantel ornaments of a new home! Romance and novelty will do for a little while, but after a while the romance is all gone and there is a loaf to be made, a loaf that cannot be sweetened by any earthly condiments, and cannot be flavored with any earthly flavors. It is the loaf of domestic happiness. All the ingredients from heaven. Fruit from the tree of life [illegible] kingdom, and baked in the oven of home trial. God only can make that loaf. You can cut it, but it takes God to make it.

Solomon wrote out of his own miserable experience—he had a wretched home—no man can be happy with two wives, much less with seven hundred—and out of his wretched experience he wrote, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Oh, the responsibilities of housekeepers! Kings, by their indigestion, have lost empires, and generals, through indigestion, have lost battles. One of the great statisticians says that out of a thousand unmarried men thirty were criminals, and out of a thousand married men only eighteen were criminals, showing the power of home. And, oh, the responsibility resting upon housekeepers! By the food they provide, by the couch they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influence they bring around the home, they are helping to decide the physical, the intellectual, the moral, the eternal welfare of the human race.

That woman sits in the house of God to-day, perhaps, entirely unappreciated. She is the banker of her home, the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk: and ever and anon there is a panic. God knows the anxieties and the cares, and he knows that this is not a useless sermon, but that there are multitudes of hearts waiting for the distillation of the Divine mercy and solace in their hour of trials and their home duties and their own fatigues. The world hears nothing about them. They never speak about them. You could not with the agonies of an inquisition bring the truth out of them. They keep it still. They say nothing. They endure, and will until God and the Judgment right their wrongs. Oh, but says some sister, "Are you not trying to show that all a woman's life at home is one of self-sacrifice?" Yes, my sister, and that is the only kind of life worth living. That has been the life of Florence Nightingale: that was the life of Edward Payson: that was the life of the Lord Jesus Christ: that is the life of every man or woman that is happy—a life of self-sacrifice. Those people living for themselves—are they happy? Find me one. I will give you all the nations of the earth to find me one. Not happy, no, not happy. It is the self-sacrificing people that are happy, for God pays so largely, so gloriously, so magnificently, in the deep and eternal satisfactions of the soul. Self-sacrifice. We all admire it in others. How little we exercise of it! How much would we endure: how much would we risk for others? How much scourging, how much chastisement, how much anguish will you and I take for others? Oh, that we might have something of the spirit of Jesus Christ: for in all our trades and businesses, and all our life, we are to remember that the sacrifice for others will soon be over.

A Gospel Ship on Wheels : : :

: : : Philadelphia's Unique Mission and its Conductors — Soul-Winning Among the Sailormen

A GOSPEL SERVICE IN PROGRESS AT THE SHIP MISSION

THERE is in Philadelphia, at the present time, a Gospel Mission which is probably the only one of its kind in the United States, if not, indeed, in the whole world. It is a Gospel ship on wheels; and the story of its origin and of the consecrated labors of which it has been the scene, is one that may well interest and encourage Christian workers elsewhere.

Less than a year ago, a small passenger steamer might have been seen lying at the dock at the foot of Otis street, Philadelphia, on the Delaware. It was used to carry freight and passengers from Philadelphia to Baltimore. Hennings & Co., dealers in engines and metals, bought the vessel for old iron. As she lay there like an old, used-up hulk, it occurred to Mr. Hennings that she might still be put to good service in an entirely different line. For nearly twenty-five years, Mr. Hennings has been a street preacher and evangelist, and in that time he has assisted in opening and establishing several Gospel Missions. Looking over the steamer, he became convinced that, with a little work, a complete transformation could be effected. Accordingly, he had the engines taken out, and set a number of carpenters to work fitting up the cabin and deck with a view to holding Gospel meetings. When all was finished, it was capable of seating an audience of some four hundred people.

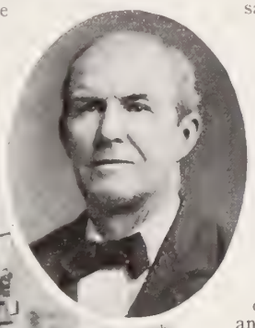
Soon the news about the Gospel ship spread throughout the city, and crowds attended the meetings. Mr. James R. Johnston, formerly of the Florence Mission, New York, became his associate and co-worker. An altar was erected on the ship's deck, and around it was grouped a band of workers. Many inspiring and spiritually profitable meetings were held. One evening, the whole crew of a Swedish ship, then in harbor, were at the altar in earnest prayer, calling upon the Lord in their own language. One of the crew, who had been converted, and who could speak English, put his arm about the neck of his comrades, one by one, and directed them in prayer. These men attended the meetings regularly, until their ship sailed.

In March last, the crowds increasing, it was found necessary to make additional provision for their accommodation. A good-sized hall was rented at No. 723 Richmond street, about a block from the dock where the ship lay, and there a spiritual work was begun which was greatly blessed. It was the means of leading many sinners to the Cross.

The Mission hall is near the great shipyards of Cramps, Hillman, and Leavy & Neaffy, and there are a number of iron forges, with hundreds of employees, in the near neighborhood. Many conversions have taken place among these toilers, and the rum traffic in the neighborhood has greatly decreased. Within a year, over 800 persons have confessed Christ and started in the new life. These include heads of families, husbands and wives, sons and daughters, gamblers, drunkards, and sinners of every type. Many broken households have been restored, and the worthlesss and criminal have been led into better paths and to begin law-abiding, industrious lives.

A picturesque feature of the Mission's work is a "Gospel Ship on Wheels," constructed on the model of the vessel on which the Gospel Mission began, and placed upon a wheeled platform and drawn through the streets by four horses, with bells on their necks, inscribed, "Holiness unto the Lord." The strange-looking vehicle was one of the attractions of the recent Peace Jubilee. Within this improvised ship were fifty-two singers. Not only was it in the parade, but after going over a part of the route, the ship was occasionally drawn to port on a convenient corner, and earnest speakers addressed the multitudes, telling anew the story of the "Prince of Peace," to attentive audiences. It would then resume its place in the procession, halting again as opportunity offered. This was kept up throughout the seven miles traveled by the parade that day. Many followed the Gospel ship for miles to listen to the glad message of salvation. After that experience, the "ship on wheels"—as it was called by the people—was used frequently on the streets in the evenings, moving from point to point, and stopping every few blocks to distribute its precious freight of invitation and promise. From its decks, at such times, many saved ones have given voluntary testimonies that have been the means of helping and encouraging the thousands who heard them and of bringing numbers to Christ. A Gospel wagon is also used in the work.

The Mission is supported by the free will offerings of God's people. No collections are taken at the meetings, and no salaries are paid to any of the workers or employees, the janitor of the Mission house alone excepted. Thus far, under Divine blessing, it has been a means of salvation to many, and with that active and cordial co-operation from Christian people which it deserves, it will go on, bringing souls into the Master's kingdom.



MR. JOHN HENNINGS MR. JAMES R. JOHNSTON

THE "GOSPEL SHIP ON WHEELS," AND ITS MISSION WORKERS, PHILADELPHIA

The Right Kind of Culture

Culture is all right in its place, writes Evangelist Dwight L. Moody, but to talk about culture before a man is born of God, before he has received this incorruptible seed into his heart, is the height of madness. Suppose I commence the first day of May and plow an acre of ground. The first day I plow it crosswise, and the next day I plow it lengthwise, and every day in the week I plow that acre of land except Sunday. I begin the first day of May, and I plow all through May and June and July. Once in a while I put a cultivator in, and cultivate it, and harrow it, and brush it, and roll it. I have been harrowing, brushing, rolling and cultivating; and you come along and say:

"Moody, what are you doing over there?"

"I am cultivating this acre of land."

"Well, I should say so. I was around here last May, and you were plowing that acre of land. Been at it ever since?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to put in it?"

"Well, I am not going to put anything in it, but I believe in a high state of culture."

You would say I was a first-class lunatic; but that is what is going on all the while in spiritual things.

Put the seed in, and then pray God that the dew of heaven may rest upon it, and you will have some results. There isn't a sower that goes forth and sows that kind of seed, but there will be results.

Aguinaldo at Home

The Renowned Filipino Leader and His Surroundings of Oriental Magnificence

IN a letter to the *Illustrated American*, I. R. D. Hallowell, a Minnesota volunteer in the Philippines, writes very interestingly of a visit to Aguinaldo at his headquarters at Malolos. He says:

"At either side of the door and up the broad stone stairway were men holding huge spears, the heads of which shone like silver. At the top of the stairs a great surprise awaited me. I was conducted down a large hall furnished with oriental magnificence, and the men here were dressed in superb uniforms. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not dreaming—it was all so beautiful. Seated about a door were some fifteen or twenty people awaiting an audience with Aguinaldo. I simply sent in word: 'An American with a communication.' Instantly a man came out, his dress beyond description, and, addressing me in good English, said, 'Walk in, sir.' Again I rubbed my eyes, for I was in a room of enormous size; crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling; at one end was a piano, and all about were signs of great wealth and even royalty. My escort was most gracious; he was sorry to detain me, but the President had just returned from a three days' trip back in the mountains; he was sleeping, and I must wait until he awoke. He continued: 'We are showing you great honor, as you represent the American Nation. All others we keep waiting outside in the hallway.' I thanked him in the name of Uncle Sam, and settled down for one of the most interesting talks of my life. The man was Aguinaldo's secretary. He said among other things: 'We are grateful to your country for freeing us from Spanish rule. We do not want to fight you. We love and respect you. All we want are freedom and protection. The man sleeping in there is our Washington. Yours made a great nation of you. Ours will do the same for us; but should you hand the islands back to Spain, we will fight to the death.' The time passed all too quickly. Another door opened and another gorgeous creature said: 'President Aguinaldo will give audience to the American,' and I entered what to these poor people is the Holy of Holies. Seated on a sort of throne behind a desk most beautifully carved was Aguinaldo. He arose as I approached, and when within a few feet of him I saluted as to an American officer. He returned the salute and I handed him the communication, withdrawing again a few feet, while he, evidently much excited and still standing, had his secretary read and translate into his own language the contents. All this gave me time to use my eyes, which I did to good effect. First, the man himself. He is very short in stature, with a heavy face, and wearing his jet black hair pompadour. He is only twenty-eight years old and has, like all the natives, copper-colored skin, with smooth face and tiny hands and feet; unlike his attendants, he was simply dressed in a white linen suit. The magnificent desk was covered with a mass of silver articles, all of superb workmanship. The ink-stand particularly was massive. The room was hung in dark silks, over which on the walls were superb shields, daggers and spears all highly polished. A huge globe stood by the side of the desk and many books were about the room.

"After he had perused the message, I withdrew to the former apartment while he dictated his reply. This consumed another half hour, every minute of which I enjoyed, this time being entertained by his nephew, a boy of fourteen years. With the answer in my pocket, I was escorted out of the old convent."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

CHRIST AT THE FEAST

S. S. Lesson for Feb. 26. John 7: 14, 28-37. Golden Text, John 7: 37

THE Apostle John has preserved more of the teaching of our Lord about himself than either of the other evangelists. In the previous two chapters we find his teachings at Jerusalem and Galilee about his own vocation upon earth, as the living Word of God, who has life and resurrection in his power, and whose flesh is given for the life of the world. In this seventh chapter we see him again in Jerusalem. For some time he had avoided the holy city, and meanwhile much had happened which we find recorded in Matt. 15-18; Mark 7-9, and Luke 9. Now the feast of the tabernacles was at hand. The persecution of the Lord was not only in Jerusalem, and not only through the critical scribes and Pharisees, but "his brethren," also, of the family of Joseph, made things hard for him.

These men, looking on everything from a human point of view, said to him, "Depart hence, and go into Judea"; from a rejecting Galilee to a rejecting Judea! Everywhere the Saviour of the world was unwelcome; his presence, the light which revealed sin, was found intolerable. "Depart hence and go into Judea, that thy disciples also may see thy works which thou doest. For there is no man that doeth anything in secret, and he himself seeketh to be known openly."

"My time is not come," was the dignified answer of him who was always waiting upon his Father's will, "but your time is alway ready. The world cannot hate you, but me it hateth, because I testify of it that the works thereof are evil. Go ye up unto this feast: I go not up yet unto this feast, for my time is not yet full come." No worldly policy, no human reasoning could move the Son of man. He did not succumb to any influence from without; but did always those things which please God (John 8: 29). How many unripe things, which have had sadly evil consequences, have been done in a hurry! God has a time for everything which he commands his children to do; to know his time and keep time with him is sure success.

Meanwhile, an undercurrent of inquiry and of discussion friendly and otherwise, was going on, but so unpopular was the subject that "no man spake openly of him for fear of the Jews." But suddenly, when men least expected it, Jesus appeared in the temple and taught. "And the Jews wondered, saying, How knoweth this man literature, having not been educated?" It was his Father's moment, and he answered them and said, "My doctrine is not from me, but from him that sent me. He that wisheth to do his pleasure will understand my doctrine, whether it is from God, or whether I speak from my own pleasure. He that speaketh according to the pleasure of his own mind seeketh glory for himself; but he that seeketh the glory of him that sent him is veracious, and evil is not in his heart."

Intellectual power and intellectual reputation were the ideal of the ecclesiastic of those days, as of these. Learned men, whether spiritual or unspiritual, were regarded as men capable of teaching the Word of God, and thus, men who themselves did not know God, assumed the awful responsibility of teaching immortal souls the ways of God, which they themselves had never trodden! It was a direct condemnation of the whole system of theology when Jesus made the knowledge of God to depend upon a surrendered will, and not upon taking a degree in the schools of divinity. And yet how truly the writings of an unlettered tinker like John Bunyan, and the preaching of a shoemaker's salesman like Moody, have done more for the salvation of souls than thousands of intellectual, learned, but unconverted men.

The Pharisees heard that the people were asking, "When Christ cometh, will he do greater miracles than these which this Man hath done?" and they sent officers to take him, but in vain. "Some would have taken him, but no man laid hands on him" (verse 44). The officers returned without him, and when questioned as to why they did not do their duty, they could only say: "Never did a man speak as this Man speaketh." All this time the enmity of the natural heart of man against Christ because of his holiness was coming to the surface. While he was ripening for immolation as the Lamb of God, they were ripening as the instrument through which God's purpose of salvation for the world through that Lamb slain should be accomplished. And all this time our beloved Lord was giving utterance to truths intensely precious to us as we read them in the light of his death, and resurrection and ascension. They were seeking to apprehend him, and he said unto them, "Yet a little while I am with you, and then I go unto him that sent me." They would finally succeed in taking him. He had already on several occasions told his disciples that he should be delivered up, and be killed, but no man should hinder him from rising again. No sealed sepulchre, no keepers could keep him in the grave, the Lord of life and of resurrection; he should go unto his Father. "Ye shall seek me and shall not find me, and where I am, thither ye cannot come." No wonder the Jews were at a loss to understand him: they had not the key of the situation, and unbelieving and misunderstanding disciples could not help them. What might it have been to our Lord in his utter loneliness, if only one of the twelve had really apprehended the truth about his coming sufferings and the glory that should follow! But as yet they were too occupied with the miserable question which of them should be the greatest to perceive the divine realities which were pressing upon him. They knew him very little better than did the hostile Jews!

There was one great fatal lack in them. They had the will, but not the power to comprehend spiritual things, and this very thing was the burden on the heart of Jesus. Thus in the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus "stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." The source of spiritual life in the believer who has received the Holy Spirit is written where the Spirit dwells: not in the intellect, not in the emotions, not in the natural man. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth;" "for the Father seeketh such to worship him" (John 4: 24, 23).

It was the public preaching of what he had taught to the Samaritan woman by the well. There a soul was won, and a messenger of the Messiah made. Here only an impression was made; the people were divided, and taking two sides, disputed between themselves; but neither the one side nor the other yielded to him, and thus they lost the unspeakable blessing of which he was speaking, they did not thirst, and so God, the Holy Ghost, did not come to dwell in them. But was it all in vain? Was nothing gained? When in heathen lands the Gospel is faithfully preached is nothing gained? Yes, thank God, the Word which cannot pass away has been sown.

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

ONCE more Jesus is in Jerusalem. In this time his fame had gone abroad and his wonders and his teaching were a common topic of conversation among the men who had congregated at the capital, from all parts of the land and from foreign countries.

"Jesus Stood and Cried, If Any Man Thirst Let Him Come Unto Me"

to keep the Feast of Tabernacles. This was celebrated in October, and was in some respects like our own Thanksgiving. Some of the people were inclined to believe in him, being impressed by his miracles; others thought that he did not fulfil the predictions of the Messiah, especially in the fact that his birth and origin were known, whereas the Messiah was expected to appear suddenly and gloriously, without human origin; others, belonging to the priestly and ruling classes, believed him to be a dangerous agitator, who should be suppressed, even by execution if there was no other way. While the disputes between these classes were in progress, Jesus suddenly rose in the Temple, and, before the assembled people, uttered the words which form the subject of the lesson. It was true, he said in effect, that his origin was known, but his divine commission had not been recognized. The reason of this was that God himself, who had sent him, was not [illegible] had come to reveal him. Finally, turning from these insincere quibblers, whose eyes were so fixed on the letter of God's word that they could not understand the spirit, he cried to the earnest souls who really desired spiritual life: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." That is still the condition of securing the blessing. His [illegible] and the self-righteous get no good from Christ; but the humble, earnest seekers find in him a satisfaction for all their longings.

I know him. The expression is that of a son or of a friend who pays no attention to slanders or charges of wrong doing. A child at school receives a letter from his father, which he is just able to spell out. He does not quite understand it, and some one attempts to explain it to him, as some critics try to explain God's Word to his people. The child listens, and, as he perceives the meaning put upon the letter, replies: "No; my father does not mean that. I am not quite clear what he does mean, but I know him to be just and kind and loving, and therefore he does not mean what you say." Or, someone is told that a friend has committed forgery, and the evidence is spread before him. He brushes it aside with contempt. He says: "You could never convince me of his guilt, because I know the man and know that he could never be guilty of the crime. You do not know him, otherwise you would not entertain the charge." If these people had known God, they would not have rejected Christ who came from him.

Ye shall seek me and shall not find me. Seeking Christ may be postponed until it is too late. This, not because of any change in Christ—he is always ready to bless the seeker—but because of changes in the seeker. A wealthy merchant, in his old age, was besought by a Christian friend whom he had known in his youth to seek Christ. "I cannot," he said. "I do not know how it is, but all desire for salvation is gone from me. I have listened to eloquent preachers; I have argued with myself; but it is useless. I suppose I have neglected the thing so long that the inclination is gone from me." An eminent surgeon, who was about to perform a critical operation, said to the students who were watching him: "As you know, there is very little chance of the patient's life being saved, but this is the only hope. Two years ago a very slight medical attention would have cured him. One year ago a comparatively safe operation would have saved him, but he has neglected his condition too long."

Let him come unto me. That is the only way to get effectual help. A poor victim of the morphine habit went to a specialist to be cured. "I can cure you," said the doctor, "on one condition: you must come to me for a month and obey me implicitly." The victim consented. One day he was begging and pleading for just one syringe full of the drug. "You can have all you want," the doctor said, "by leaving my house." But that was not what the sufferer wanted. He said: "Don't give up my case, doctor; all my hope is in you. Let me have this one dose and then go on with the cure." But the doctor was firm. He was willing for the man to leave, but he would not permit him to return to the drug while under his care. Christ saves no one against his will, but he will save the worst case if the sinner will come to him and give his case into his hands.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

The Influence of Habit

All-important in Childhood for Developing Pure and Noble Character

MANY a man owes his reclamation from sin, to the little prayer said in childhood, night after night, at a mother's knee.

Our great cities are thronged with young women, battling with the world for a living, and knowing no home influences save those found in the passing population of a boarding-house. A lady spending a night with one of these young women, was inexpressibly touched when the girl (worldly enough on the surface) knelt down and said her prayers, and then said, with a shame-faced look: "I can't help doing that—I did it so much when I was little. And sometimes—I'm awful glad I can't help it, for it's the only link between me and home-life." Talking on, she said: "There are several things mamma taught me that it's fortunate I can't help doing. She used to talk the day's events over with me when she put me to bed. If I had been naughty, we had it all over with, and I could make a fresh start next day. She taught me that God heard and knew all about it—was interested in my affairs. And I have that feeling now; and each day I make a fresh start. Somehow that habit keeps me hopeful and strong, and helps me wonderfully." Little did that faithful mother realize the wall of protection and defence she was building around her daughter!

"The way to root out, or prevent bad habits is to grow good ones so thick and fast that the former find no room in which to thrive," writes an authority on child-culture. Experience shows that good habits are as easily formed in childhood as bad. One of the prettiest pictures at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home each summer is the twilight hour, when in the dusk of the dormitories, a multitude of soft voices murmur in unison "Our Father." Many children in after years continue that custom of evening prayer, as well as other good habits acquired at the Home. Every little life that has come within the sweet and orderly influences of the Home will doubtless respond in various ways through all coming years. If so much can be promised and prophesied of temporary influences, what may we not assure ourselves for our own children, that we may mould them into pure, noble and helpful lives.

The Father in the Family

It is impossible to overvalue the mother's place in forming the character of the child. "There is," says Hamilton Mabie, in *The Kindergarten Review*, "serious danger that the place and opportunity of the father may be overlooked. As a rule, the American father is generous to a fault with his children; he is eager to give them every opportunity for growth, pleasure and success. He spends his strength and surrenders his time gladly, that he may maintain an ample home and command the resources of wealth, school, travel and congenial surroundings. He becomes a tireless wage-earner; he insensibly transfers to his wife the shaping and molding of the life of his children, the making of the atmosphere of the home, which is more important in its searching and formative influence, than any other element in the family life; he opens doors through which his children pass into larger fields of knowledge, but he does not guide them. He is, unconsciously, substituting a lower for a higher service, and in his passionate desire that his children shall have the best things, he is denying them the noblest gift he has to bestow—himself."

Japan's Little Weavers

At Sakai, and some other Japanese towns where carpets and rugs are woven only in handlooms, children, from seven years upward, are the chief workers; and it is said that some 18,000 are thus employed, each working about twelve hours daily and receiving a penny each for such service.

The weaving is set to quaint music, a certain tune meaning a certain pattern. When the woman in charge of a loom changes the tune she is humming, the little workers instantly change the pattern to suit the music. They speak of "one tune," "two-tune," "four-tune" carpets, certain products of the loom being perfectly known to them by such descriptive term.

The Ex-President's Home

The hearts of the American people have followed Mrs. Cleveland into her Princeton home. Her true womanliness had endeared her to the nation; and then the Cleveland children are really "our babies;" so we have a right to "look after them" a little, as it were. Westland, the Cleveland home at Princeton, is a charming place, and through the courtesy of master and mistress it is a very attractive one for the university boys. It is said that Mrs. Cleveland has made for herself "a place in the Princeton undergraduate heart that no other woman was ever known to have." Also, that:

The Cleveland children are almost as well known to Princetonians as the father and mother themselves. Scarcely a day passes but what the three little girls, Ruth, Esther and Marion, with their governess, drive by the university campus in their little dog cart. They are also seen on the streets quite frequently, walking with their governess or with one or both of their parents. Master Richard Folsom Cleveland is not yet so well known to the Princetonian, but even he is now beginning to venture out in the open occasionally. All the little girls are bright and attractive looking.

Nature Studies for Children

The New York State Science Teachers' Association, which meets annually in Columbia University, recommended that nature studies be given a more prominent place in our public schools, both grammar grades and high schools, and "that all tests of the quality of the work shall not be less severe than those applied in mathematics and Latin." "Science work" brings children in closer relationship with nature, makes them understand her better, inculcates reverence for her methods, makes them see that she is God's handmaid, and that a divine spirit of love and wisdom is operating to bring forth blades of grass, buds and blossoms, bees and birds. The recommendation that nature studies be given as much prominence as mathematics and language, is a wise one. What we call nature is really one of God's languages. Nature studies will take the little folks on excursions to field and parks, and be good for them in many ways. Any plan which gives city children a chance to breathe pure air, see flowers, and hear bird-songs, is a blessed one.

AT BABY'S CRIB

"GOOD night, dear. Baby is going to sleep
In his little cot soft as down:
And mamma beside it vigil will keep,
'Till baby is off to Slumberland Town."

Heavy his eyelids, dreamy his eyes
Like unto blue flowers half-blown:
But "Seepy?" O no! and he tries to look wise.
To "Seepy" what baby will own.

Then mother says over "Our Father," and he
On his way to Slumberland fair,
Softly and faithfully—sleepily—
Lispeth the beautiful prayer

"Our Faver," drooping, his eyelids close:
"In Hebben," he murmurs again.
And safely baby to Slumberland goes
On the music of that refrain.

Only a Smile

IT was only a smile as she passed along,
But it made a weary heart more light;
More strong to wait with hope renewed
'Till the way should seem more bright

It was only a smile to a little child
Trudging along to school one day;
But it made his lessons seem less hard,
And it cheered his little way.

It was only a smile for the patient horse,
A smile, and a soft caressing touch;
But the old horse whinnied his kindly thanks,
And his load seemed lightened much.

It was only a smile for a poor old man,
Who had asked for alms, she had none to give.
But she gave a smile, and he murmured low,
"God bless you and let you live!"

It was only a smile on a woman, bent
By many a burden which left its trace
On her weary form; but it seemed to her
'Twas a smile from an angel's face.

It was only a smile from her humble pew
In church, which she sought tho' the storm was wild;
But the pastor was helped by her smiling face,
And prayed, "God bless the child!"

It was only a smile when her heart was sad,
A smile, and a prayer that she might do good.
But others seeing her calm and brave,
Watched her and understood.

Child-Saving

AT the recent convention, in New Orleans, of the National Prison Reform Association, extraordinary emphasis was given by all the speakers to preventive work—Child-Saving. One evening at Tulane Hall, was devoted to addresses on this subject by Rev. Beverley Warner, Dr. R. C. Buckner, of Texas, and Hastings R. Hart, Secretary of the Child-Saving Association of Chicago. Mr. Hart gave an interesting narrative of the work of that association in behalf of the homeless children and children of the slums. Mr. Hart advises the removal of little unfortunates to country or village homes, rather than the housing of them in crowded city institutions. He also says that the adoption of homeless children into childless homes is becoming a more practical and popular measure of relief than it once was. Dr. Warner said, that although the work of the Association was for the reformation of the criminal, society owed it to itself not to delay ministry until that point was reached. He said:

If we can get at the children of the slums—it is being done here and elsewhere—if we can get them out of the atmosphere of everlasting poverty and blight and darkness (there are hosts of children who may be reached at least once a week); if we can so reach them, there is hope for them. If we take, for instance—I have seen this—little children who never knew clean face or hands into the companionship once a week of ladies, and so show them clean hands and faces which are kindly, we are leading them somewhat into the way of making men and women of them.

A remarkable illustration of kindergarten results, in San Francisco, is shown by the records kept by "the children's friend," Sarah B. Cooper, who out of 16,000 graduates, followed up 9,000 for fifteen years. These records proved that none had ever been arrested for a criminal offence. Peter Crowley, Chief of Police, testified that during that time, out of 8,000 juvenile arrests, not one was graduated from a kindergarten.

Congress and the Birds

Congress has lately invested the Fish Commission with all powers that could be lawfully bestowed for supplementing state protection of bird-life, the bill reading that such powers referred to "the propagation, distribution, transportation, introduction and restoration of game birds and other wild fowls useful to man." During the debates, Mr. Hornaday, a well-known friend to birds, was quoted as saying: "Throughout about three-fifths of our country, exclusive of Alaska, bird-life in general is being annihilated. In many localities edible birds have become rare. Our song and insectivorous birds are now being killed for food purposes. Under present conditions, the practical annihilation of all our birds, in a comparatively short period, is certain." This wholesale slaughter of birds, we all know, is to supply hat trimmings. Fortunately, it is coming to be considered very bad form for women to wear dead birds or the feathers and wings of birds, on their hats.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. DeWitt Talmage
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Associate Editors.

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The Sabbath Bell

WOULD to God that we could all come to a higher appreciation of our Sabbath heritage! We cannot count the treasures of one Christian Sabbath. It spreads out over us the two wings of the archangel of mercy. Oh, blessed Sabbath! They scoff a great deal about the old Puritanic Sabbaths, and there is a wonderful amount of wit expended upon that subject now—the Sabbaths they used to have in New England. I never lived in New England, but I would rather trust the old Puritanic Sabbath, with all its faults, than this modern Sabbath, which is fast becoming no Sabbath at all. If our modern Sabbatism shall produce as stalwart Christian character as the old New England Puritanic Sabbatism, I shall be satisfied and shall be surprised. Oh, blessed day! I should like to die some Sabbath morning, when the air is full of church music and the bells are ringing. Leaving my home group with a dying blessing, I should like to look upon some Christian assemblage chanting the praises of God as I went up to join the one hundred and forty and four thousand and the thousand of thousands standing around the throne of Jesus. Hark! I hear the bell of the old kirk on the hillside of heaven! It is a wedding-bell, for behold, the Bridegroom cometh! It is a victor's bell, for we are more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us. It is a Sabbath bell, for it calls the nations of earth and heaven to everlasting repose.

Outraged Workmen

WHEN talking about Sabbath desecration, we are apt to think chiefly of the nuisance such desecration inflicts upon Christian worshipers, and to forget the outrage on employees. Where do those bartenders get their Sunday? Do they get any more wages? No. The breaking down of Sunday, what does it mean? It means that a few men who toil shall toil seven days and get no more than they get for six. Then there are all the employees of the opera houses and the theatres, the scene-shifters, the ballet-dancers, the call-boys, the supernumeraries, making up thousands and thousands in this country. Where are they going to get their Sunday? You see them on the stage with the tinsel and the tassel and the halberds, or you see them in gauze whirling in the toe torture, and they seem queens or fairies; but after twelve o'clock at night see them going along the street in faded dress, shivering and cold and hungry, to their garrets or their cellars. It means that those people shall have no rest for the body and no rest for the soul. When you talk about opening places of secular amusement on the Sabbath, while there may be people outside of such establishments who want them, there are many of these employees who are practically praying, "Oh, God, let the crushing Juggernaut stop one day in seven!" It is a swindling process upon employees. It is a proposition to give no Sabbath to thousands and thousands and thousands of people in this country. As the attempt to obliterate our Sabbath is so very determined, the effort to preserve it ought to be better organized. Rally your voices, your pens, your printing-presses, and all your influence in the Lord's artillery corps in behalf of the Christian Sabbath. Decree before high heaven that the Sabbath which you received from your ancestors shall go down undamaged to your children. For those that die battling in this contest we will chisel the epitaph: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." But for that man who proves recreant to the cause of God and his country in a crisis like this, there shall be no honorable epitaph, and he shall not be worthy of any burial-place in all this land, but perhaps some steam-tug at midnight may take him out and drop him in the sea where the lawless winds which observe no Sunday may gallop over the grave of him who in life and death proved himself a traitor to the cause of God and American institutions. Long live the Christian Sabbath! Perish forever all attempts to overthrow it!

Sunshine

SHOW me a man who never lights up with sportfulness, and has no sympathy with the recreations of others, and I will show you a man who is a stumbling-block in the way to the kingdom of God. Such men are caricatures of religion. They lead young people to think that a man is good in proportion as he groans or frowns, and looks sallow, and that the height of a man's Christian stature is in proportion to the length of his face. I would trade off five-hundred such men, for one bright-faced, radiant Christian on whose face you may see the words, "Rejoice! evermore." On his way to business every morning by his cheerful face he preaches fifty sermons. I will go further, and say that I have no confidence in a man who makes a religion of his gloomy looks. That kind of man always turns out badly. I would not want him for the treasurer of an orphan asylum. The orphans would suffer. Among forty people whom I received into the church one communion, there was only one applicant of whose piety I was suspicious. He had the longest story to tell; had seen the most visions, and gave an experience so rapturous and profound that all the other applicants were discouraged. I was not surprised, in a year after, to learn that he had run off with the funds of the bank with which he was connected. Who is this black angel that you call religion—wings black, feet black, feathers black? Our religion is a bright angel—feet bright, eyes bright, wings bright. There are some persons who, when talking to a minister, always feel it politic to look lugubrious. Go forth, O people! to your lawful amusements. God means you to be happy. But when there are so many sources of innocent pleasure, why tamper with anything that is dangerous and polluting? Why stop our ears to a heaven full of songsters, to listen to the hiss of a dragon? Why turn back from the mountain-side, abloom with wild flowers, and with blistered feet attempt to climb the hot sides of fire-belching Cotopaxi?

Make Yourself

IF a young man start from a good, honest, industrious Christian mother, he graduates from a university better than that of Berlin or Edinburgh, with a diploma in each hand. Every sound man starts life with a capital of at least one hundred thousand dollars—I say every man. You [illegible] prove it. Your right arm—will you take five thousand dollars and have it cut off? "No," you say. Then certainly it is worth five thousand dollars, and your left arm is worth as much, and your right foot as much, and your left foot as much. Twenty thousand dollars of capital to start with. Your mind — for how much would you go up and spend your life in Bloomingdale asylum? Twenty thousand dollars for your intellect? You would refuse it. It is worth that, anyhow—forty thousand dollars of equipment. Then you have an immortal soul— for how much would you sell it? For sixty thousand dollars? "No," you say, with indignation. Then certainly it is worth that much. And there are your one hundred thousand dollars—the magnificent outfit with which the Lord God Almighty started every one of you. And yet there are young men who are waiting for others to come and start them—to make them; waiting for institutions to make them; waiting for circumstances to make them. Fool! go and make yourself.

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BRIEF NOTES

[illegible]

There are now in France eighteen Baptist [illegible]

[illegible] States Senate on Feb. 6, by a vote of 57 yeas, and [illegible]

[illegible] mountain whites, is needed by J. P. Barnum, M.D. His address is La Follette, Tenn. All packages must be sent prepaid.

[illegible] England, the list of speakers included two Methodist ministers, a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, and a Roman Catholic physician.

[illegible] Schools and Christian Endeavor societies to the [illegible] months of $3,219.10 over the contributions for the [illegible]

[illegible] and report on the religious situation. The delegates are Dr. R. N. Adams, synodical missionary in Minnesota, and Rev. Milton E. Caldwell, of Cincinnati.

At the recent meeting of the Zionist Conference [illegible] sympathy and support of Emperor William and [illegible]

[illegible] able to place only twenty-four per cent. of their number in that position.

[illegible] door there now is in Africa for missionaries, says that from places where formerly the missionary was received with opposition and menace there now come deputations asking for the appointment of a missionary and a teacher.

[illegible] Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, expect to sail soon for Cuba and Porto Rico to make investigations of Church conditions there preparatory to beginning work by the Methodists of this country in those islands.

The London Y. M. C. A., has engaged a young Frenchman as permanent assistant secretary, whose duty it is to meet young men from France on their arrival in London and see that they obtain suitable boarding-houses and are invited to attend church and the Y. M. C. A.

The important Senate hearing on the question of liquor-selling in Alaska, has now been published. Anyone can obtain it, by writing to his Senator or Congressman. In making the application, it [illegible] on the [illegible] representative elected by Utah to Congress.

At the recent annual meeting of the Christian Home for Intemperate Men, in New York, it was stated that two hundred men had been admitted to the Home during the past year. A Saturday night meeting of former inmates is held in the Home, at Madison avenue and Eighty-sixth street. Rev. George S. Avery is Manager of the Home.

[illegible] Bible Society renders to the missionary societies, it is stated that in one week recently the Bible Society sent to the Marshall Islands Mission of the American Board 1,000 Marshall Islands New Testaments as a free grant, and to the Zulu Mission of the same board 8,000 Testaments and portions of a total value of $2,560.

Two small steps in the direction of religious liberty have been taken by the Russian Senate. One of them is intended to relieve the condition of the Stundists who have allied themselves with German Baptists, and the other permits a sect known as Old Believers to hold religious services in their homes. The hierarchy of the Greek Church actively opposed both measures.

A church was organized in a sod-house at Hesper, N. D., recently. It has nineteen members. It grew out of a Sunday School started last spring. The place has been settled principally within a year. Though twenty-five miles from any railroad, the people are very energetic in Christian work. Mr. Sheldon Slater, a layman, has been preaching to the people and had general care of the work.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, President of the National W. C. T. U., asks the local unions to hold public commemorative meetings on Feb. 17, the anniversary of Miss Willard's death. It is proposed to send two dollars from every local union to headquarters to form a national memorial fund for the spread of temperance work in needy places. The money should be sent to Helen M. Barker, The Temple, Chicago, Ill.

So many priests, says the *Interior*, have recently left the Romish Church in France, that they have started an organ of their own, the *Chrétien Français*, in defence of this Protestant movement. [illegible] ry refuge for such priests. One of these, Charbonnel, has had such success in Belgium, that the civil authorities were appealed to. The editor, M. Bourrier, says many other priests have been converted and are ready to leave Romanism.

The famous Deaconess Home, founded at Kaiserswerth, in Germany, in 1836, is now the mother of 325 "daughter houses," which with the mother, embrace 13,309 sisters, who are at work in 4,745 different fields. They are at service in 1,080 hospitals, 311 asylums, 193 orphanages, 881 schools for young children, 82 creches, 112 refuges for girls, 39 "Magdalene" homes, 28 reformatories, 7 houses of correc[illegible] 1,973 labor as Bible readers in connection with churches

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Second Battle of Manila

HOPES of a peaceful solution of the trouble in the Philippines were rudely shattered by the receipt of a cablegram from Manila, Sunday, Feb. 5, conveying the news of an important battle which began on Saturday night, and

GEN. OTIS, THE VICTOR OF MANILA

was still in progress. Later dispatches brought details showing that the Filipino insurgents, who were encamped in the suburbs of Manila, had precipitated the fighting, by an effort to cross the line of our outposts. On being forced back, the Filipinos immediately fired a gun as a signal for a general attack on the Americans. The First Nebraska Regiment promptly met their advance and poured in a heavy fire which drove the insurgents to their trenches. Soon the engagement became general all along the front, and our troops were hurried forward, the regiments in action being the Idaho, Nebraska, California, Colorado, Wyoming, Tennessee and Washington Infantry, the Third and Sixth Artillery and the Fourteenth Regulars. Our forces were magnificently handled by Gen. Otis and his staff, and although the enemy fought with desperation, they were out-generalled at all points, and driven from every position. The villages of San Juan del Monte, Santa Ana (the Filipino headquarters), San Pedro Macati, Santa Mesa and Lomis were successively captured and occupied by the Americans. Many of the enemy were driven into the Pasig River and drowned by a charge of General King's Brigade. Fighting continued intermittently during the night and the battle raged with redoubled energy after daylight dawned on Sunday. Three of Admiral Dewey's warships—the monitor *Monadnock*, cruiser *Charleston*, and gunboat *Concord*, lying off Malate, inflicted severe losses upon the enemy's flanks, using both shells and secondary batteries with terrible effect, when the light was sufficient to get the range. Cablegrams from Gen. Otis and Admiral Dewey, announce the victory as complete and say our losses were slight. Two men were wounded on the *Monadnock*, and among our land troops, it is estimated that less than forty were killed and 175 wounded. Four thousand Filipinos are reported to have fallen under the withering fusilade, which literally mowed them down; while their own marksmanship, though armed with Mausers and Remingtons, was exceedingly poor. A part of the insurgent force consisted of spearmen and bowmen, who were unable to stand before the deadly fire of modern weapons, and were soon dispersed. It is not by any means certain that this defeat, crushing though it was, will end the insurrection. Aguinaldo, under whose ambitious leadership this new war has been precipitated, may require a still more severe lesson before he can be induced to retire from a leadership which has stood as the principal barrier between the native Filipinos and the peace and prosperity they have so much desired, after their years of wasting warfare with Spain. He is like the men whom the apostle denounced who deceived the people with promises of liberty, only to bring them into a worse bondage than that from which they have been delivered:

For when they speak great swelling words of vanity they allure . . . those that were clean escaped from them who live in error; while they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption (II. Peter 2 : 18).

A Ring with a Story

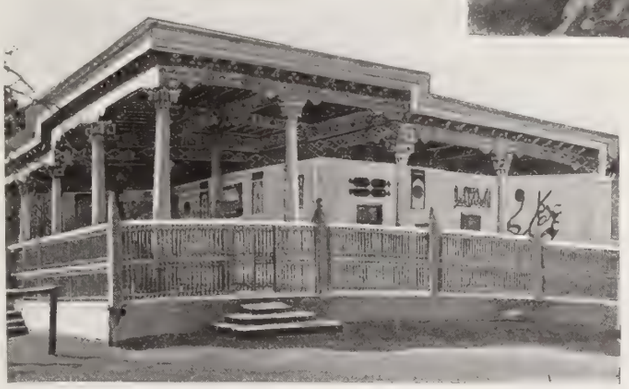
A lady prominent in Washington society gave to a reporter of the *Post* of that city recently, a romantic history of a ring she was wearing. It is an old-fashioned ring containing a lock of faded brown hair covered by a glass setting. Nearly forty years ago, the white-haired lady who now wears the ring cut that tress of hair from her own curls and gave it to a jeweler, to be enclosed in a ring, which she gave to her soldier lover, when he was setting out for the war. It can be imagined how he prized this memento of the girl he loved. Through many a weary month, in many a sad scene, it remained on the finger on which she had placed it. One day, after one of the fierce battles of the Wilderness, the young officer was carried, wounded, to the field-hospital. He was insensible, but the surgeons saw that there was life in him and it might be preserved by amputating his arm. There was no time to be lost and they cut through the sleeve and having done their work, sent the limb away with the sleeve and gauntlet still on it. A friend was beside his bed when the young officer recovered his senses, who gently told him what had been done. His first thought was of his treasured ring. "Where was it?" His friend went to the door of the hospital and there in a ghastly heap of dismembered limbs, he found the arm. He removed the gauntlet and saw the ring which he took to the mutilated sufferer. It was put on the only hand he had left and his mind was relieved. This is the ring that his wife now wears. To her it is endeared by the affection in which her husband held it for her sake. Its intrinsic value is probably small, but as the symbol of a love which manifested itself in that trying hour, it is precious beyond price. It is such a love that gives Christ a claim on his followers.

Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end (John 13 : 1).

A Child's Decision

A case of domestic unhappiness was brought into a police court in New York a few days ago for settlement. A man appeared as prosecutor and charged his sister-in-law with having stolen his son, a child four years old. From the evidence it appeared that there had been a dispute between the prosecutor and his wife which had led to a suit for divorce. The child had been awarded to the care of his father, though whether that was done by the court or by private arrangement, was disputed. It was evident, however, that if the child's mother had agreed to let her husband have the child, she had after ward repented. Her sister had consequently carried him off and handed him to his mother. The magistrate having heard the facts took a summary method of administering justice. He took the child into his private room, and sent for the father and mother. He then allowed the child to go to either of them, and he went to his mother and climbed on her knee and kissed her. When the father took hold of him he resisted and clung to his mother. The magistrate said that would settle the case as far as his court was concerned. He would not sanction the taking of the child from his mother whom he evidently loved. It may be hoped that the magistrate's decision will be respected and that the child will be allowed to remain with his mother. It is much to be wished that the children of God were similarly prompt to show their love for him when they are put to the test. Too often they turn from him to the world.

My people have been lost sheep; their shepherds have caused them to go astray; they have turned them away on the mountains; they have gone from mountain to hill; they have forgotten their resting place (Jer. 50 : 6).



TERMINUS AT SAMARKAND OF THE RUSSIAN RAILROAD

DOUBLE-DECKED CARS ON THE TRANS-CASPIAN RAILROAD

False Gems Detected

Dealers in precious stones in Holland are now making use of the Roentgen rays to test the gems submitted to them, and American dealers are said to be preparing to follow their example. A European journal publishes reproductions of photographs taken of several genuine and false stones by the rays. Among them are photographs of a large black diamond, a fine Delhi diamond, and an imitation diamond made of highly refracting glass. The imitation stone was so good an imitation, that it deceived men who were considered good judges, and was pronounced false only by a professional diamond cutter. All three were subjected to the rays, and the test was unmistakable. The rays passed through the genuine stones, but were completely stopped by the glass. In the photograph, the latter is simply a black shadow. The inventor of the tubes used in producing the rays, says that the test can be made without a photograph being taken. If the gems are suspended between a screen and the source of the rays, the shadow they cast on the screen will show distinctly whether they are genuine or imitations made of glass. It is so with the heavenly light. The counterfeit Christian is sometimes so like the true, that it is difficult to detect him, but it is the true alone who, receiving the light of God, becomes a light to the world.

All things when they are reproved are made manifest by the light; for everything that is made manifest is light (Eph. 5 : 13).

Tracks in the Desert

One of the most wonderful railroads in the world has just been completed in Western Asia. It runs from Krasnovoksk on the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea, to Samarkand, on the northeastern frontier of Turkestan, a distance of nine hundred miles. It was constructed by the Russian Government for a strategic purpose. When the Czar added to his unwieldy empire the district known as the Khanatz, it became a question how communication could be maintained with Khiva, Bokhara and Kokhand, which were isolated by the deserts surrounding them. Lomakin and Skoboleff experienced stupendous difficulty in transporting their expeditions over these arid plains and urged the necessity of bringing the region into direct communication with St. Petersburg to maintain possession and defend it in case of attack. Several schemes were devised, but it was soon perceived that the most feasible was a railroad. This was advocated by General Annenkoff, who had made a close personal study of the conditions. The plans were drawn and the execution was placed under the superintendence of Gen. Annenkoff. Two gigantic problems had to be solved. One was to get a firm bed in the ever-shifting sands, and prevent their burying the tracks within a month of their being laid, and the other to carry the tracks over the River Oxus, which is at that point more than two miles wide. To overcome the first of these difficulties, search was made for a shrub which would grow in the desert and would bind the sand together with its roots. After a long series of experiments by eminent botanists it was found that a lichen called saxaoul would effect the purpose. It was planted by millions over the district through which the line was to run. Wooden fences also were erected at places where wind storms were frequent, to check the drift of the sand. The crossing of the Oxus, of necessity involved the building of a huge bridge, or rather a series of bridges, the spans of which vary from 5,740 feet to 200 feet. They rest on piles driven into the river bed. The timber for this purpose had to be brought from Russia, as none of sufficient durability grows in Central Asia. The whole work of constructing the railroad has involved an expenditure of twelve and a half million dollars. Though the object of so large an outlay is warlike, and is intended to facilitate the movements of an army, the time is coming when such works will be undertaken for a very different purpose. When Christ comes to reign, the command for such highways as this railroad in the desert will issue, in order that all people shall share in the blessings of his rule:

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God (Isa. 40 : 3).

. . . The Duties and Perils of New York Firemen . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF NEW AND REALISTIC PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

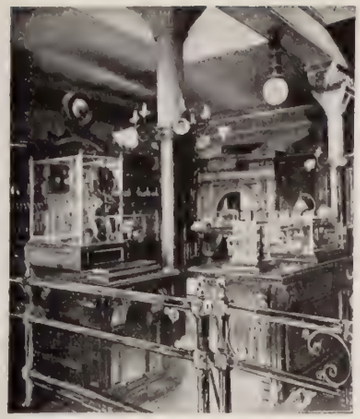
A HOOK AND LADDER TRUCK ON DUTY

ENGINE NO. 1—THE NEWEST IN THE DEPARTMENT

IT is justly claimed that New York has the finest Fire Department in the world—the best equipped and, in all respects, the most efficient. With an average of four thousand fires every year to contend against, and with one of the richest and most densely-populated cities of modern times, it has been considered wise to spare no expense in adding to the completeness of the equipment of this important arm of the public service. No body of men was ever brought under finer discipline than this trained army of strong, courageous fire-fighters who are constantly on guard, day and night, to protect the lives and property of the dwellers in the great metropolis. The stories of the heroic deeds of New York firemen, if even briefly told, would fill many pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Their bravery in the face of deadly peril; their disregard of personal danger, when striving to rescue others, and their coolness and daring in the face of obstacles that would appall most men, have been demonstrated a thousand times. Many a noble-souled "fire laddie" has perished in the performance of his duty, and the records of the department show a long roll of those who have become victims to flame, smoke or the falling wall. Many, too, have gloriously rescued others at the cost of their own lives—dying as martyrs die, that others might live.

Yet with all its attendant perils, there is something peculiarly fascinating about the life of a fireman. To those who have never witnessed a "turn-out" by a New York fire company, the photographs on these pages will afford an idea of what it means. In all the engine-houses there is constantly on duty a "house-watchman," who sits at a desk beside a number of gongs and other alarm apparatus for announcing fires. A preliminary "click," which his quick ear instantly catches, is the forerunner of an alarm. Almost at the first strike of the gong (which is to call out the men and machines at that particular station), bolts, levers, counterweights, and wires are suddenly animated, and the whole mass of machinery is set in motion. The horses are automatically released from their stalls. A large gong booms out its signal of warning closely after the smaller gong. Bells, big and little, join in to make what seems to an outsider an indistinguishable clamor, but it is perfectly intelligible to the trained

1. FINEST ENGINE-HOUSE IN THE CITY (ELM AND WHITE STREETS)
2. THE "WATER-TOWER" AT WORK
3. "DROWNING OUT" AN INSIDE FIRE



WHERE THE ALARMS ARE TURNED OUT

HOUSE-WATCHMAN AND GONGS

operator. Long ere the clanging has ceased, the firemen in the "bunk-room" overhead have swung themselves down the polished sliding-pole to the engine floor; the horses are hitched to the machine in a twinkling, and bound to the door, the men nimbly leaping to their places on the machine as it starts. The quick-blazing fire under the boiler is fanned by the swift motion (there is always ten or twelve pounds of steam pressure on) and the apparatus is practically ready for use at the moment of the start.

When the scene of conflagration is reached by both engine and hose-truck, the hose is quickly cast out and attached to the hydrant, and the serious work begins. It may be an "inside fire," within a large block of buildings, difficult to reach and requiring the use of many hundreds of feet of hose, led up hallways or alleys and over high roofs. There is a picturesque confusion in the assembly of puffing and panting engines, the dense clouds of smoke belching out of windows and doorways and hiding the sky, the stern work of the men at the nozzles, skilfully throwing the great streams of water into the heart of the fire. A score of engines may sometimes be seen at a single fire distributed among the surrounding blocks, to be convenient to the hydrants. Policemen press back the great crowds of spectators who would otherwise impede the firemen. It may be a great factory fire, with scores of lives imperilled; a hotel ablaze, with guests frantically calling for the ladders, or a crazy, tottering tenement, whose occupants may escape a holocaust, only by a sudden deluge from the pipemen. These are moments fraught with danger. Showers of sparks fly in all directions, chimneys topple, and bricks, timbers and plaster fly outward, glass windows crash to the sidewalks, and above all, when the conflagration gets thoroughly started, can be heard the fierce roar of the flames, as they seethe upward with a furnace-heat that forces the crowds back to avoid being scorched. Last of all to retreat are the firemen, who bravely hold out till the heat becomes insupportable. This is no overdrawn description, but is true of many fires that occur in New York every year.

One of the valued adjuncts in fighting fire, under certain conditions, is the "water-tower," of which there are several in the Department. When it can be raised in front of a building in the early stages of a fire it does very effective work, pouring a swift, steady stream of 2,000 gallons of water per minute on the flames—a volume sufficient to drown out any fire not too far advanced to permit of its use.

The feats of strength by firemen, the ability to climb up to dizzy points, to manipulate ropes and scaling ladders with confidence and celerity, always excite wonder and admiration among spectators. These qualities are largely the result of the splendid training the men receive at the Firemen's School which was organized in 1883. There they learn to excel in such exercises as "the chain of ladders" (in which two or three firemen, each with single ladders, can scale to dizzy heights), climbing *en echelon*, the use of the life-net, the life-saving roof-line, and many other appliances for effective work at fires.

The vast and complicated mechanism of the fire-alarm system at headquarters is a sight well worth seeing. The registers in use there are each capable of recording the alarms sent in from more than 1,000 fire-alarm boxes. A "transmitter," run by clockwork, sends out all the alarms received. A busy corps of operators is constantly at work among the many instruments, and the duties of safe-guarding life and property are performed with the rarest skill and intelligence.

No branch of the public service has kept better pace with the growth of New York than the Fire Department. In the days of Dutch occupation, leather buckets and the simplest hand apparatus were employed in fighting fires. When the first hand engine was introduced, a night patrol of eight men was appointed, and hooks, poles and ladders were brought from Holland. In 1731 two hand engines were bought in England. The first engine-house was built on Broad st. Step by step the Department progressed. To-day it is an immense organization with an army of firemen, governed by a Commissioner, and ably commanded by Fire-Chief Hugh Bonner, under whom are two Deputy Chiefs and twelve Chiefs of Battalion.

It has over 100 splendid modern steam engines, with a suitable supply of marine engines or "fire-boats" (for water-front service), water-towers for high fires, chemical engines, chemical fire extinguishers, besides hundreds of horses many hose-trucks, hook-and-ladder trucks, and all the latest improved appliances.

1. THE SLIDING-POLE—HITCHING UP TO ANSWER THE ALARM
2. HUGH BONNER, CHIEF OF THE DEPARTMENT

FIREMEN ANSWERING ROLL-CALL IN AN ENGINE-HOUSE

"A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY"

A New and Charming Serial Story, Written Exclusively for "The Christian Herald"

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

SUMMARY OF THE STORY

[illegible] gentleman of learning, culture and wealth, was living with his only daughter, Evadne, a beautiful girl, who, at the opening of the story is sixteen years of age. Mr. Hildreth, though charitable and [illegible] in faith and love to Christ. He intended telling his daughter of the change, but a sudden seizure of illness found him with the disclosure not made. With his dying breath he enjoined her to make it [illegible] whom he had reared a pagan, could not understand his injunction. After his death, she removes to the home of her uncle, Judge Hildreth, at Marlborough, in New England to whom, as his only brother, Lenox Hildreth confided her and her large [illegible] her father's injunction, but her uncle, aunt and cousins, though professing Christians, cannot help her to find Christ. From Pompey, her uncle's colored coachman and his wife Dycie, Evadne gains the first practical idea of what finding Christ means. On a farm in the neighborhood of Marlborough, John Randolph, a young man, who has lost par[illegible] employ of Mr. Hawthorne. In his work and in his relations with his employer's family he is trying to shape his life on the principles of Christ's teaching.

CHAPTER XV.

An Offer of Rest

JOHN RANDOLPH walked slowly through the soft dawning. It had been a brilliant night. The late moon had risen as he was bidding goodbye to the graceful creatures he should never see again, and Hollywood had been clad in a bewitching beauty which made it all the harder to say farewell. Far into the night he had lingered, visiting every corner of the beloved home—then at last he had turned away, and walked steadily along the road which led to Marlborough.

The sun rose in a blaze of majestic splendor, and the birds began to twitter. The gripsack which he carried grew strangely heavy, and he felt faint and weary. The long strain of the day before was telling upon him, and it was many hours since he had tasted food.

A sudden turn of the road brought him in sight of a trim little farm against whose red gate a man was leaning, leisurely enjoying the beauty of the morning before he began work. He had a pleasant face, strong and peaceful. No one had ever known Joseph Makepeace to be out of temper or in a hurry. He would have said it was because he commenced every day listening to the inner voice among the silences of nature. Joseph Makepeace was a Quaker.

"Why, John lad," he cried, "thou'rt a welcome sight on this fair morning. Come in! Come in! Breakfast will soon be ready, and thou art in sore need of it by the look of thy face." He gave John's hand a mighty grasp and took his gripsack from him.

"Why, John, hast thou walked far with this load? Where were all the horses of Hollywood? Is anything wrong, John? I don't like thy looks, lad."

John's voice trembled. "I have left Hollywood," he said. "Mr. Hawthorne has turned me off."

"Left Hollywood! You don't mean it, John! Well, well, folks say Robert Hawthorne has not been right in his mind since his boy got hurt. I believe it now. It's a comfort that the great Master will never turn us off, lad. Thee'd better lie down on the lounge and rest thee a bit John, while I go and tell mother."

He entered the spotless kitchen where his wife was moving blithely to and fro.

"Thee has another unawares angel to breakfast, Ruth. It's a grand thing being on the public road."

Ruth Makepeace laughed merrily.

"An angel, Joseph. I hope he's not like thy last one, who stole three of my best silver spoons!"

"So, so; thee did'st promise to forget that, Ruth, if I replace them next time I go to Marlborough."

"Well, so I do, except when thee reminds me. Is this a very hungry angel, Joseph? Does thee think I'd better cook another chicken?"

"He ought to be hungry, poor lad, but I doubt if he eats much. Does thee remember Friend Randolph, Ruth?"

"Of course I do, but he's been dead these ten years. Thee doesn't mean he's come back to breakfast with us?"

Her husband put his hands on her shoulders and shook her gently. Then he kissed her. "Thee is tractious this morning, Ruth. Friend Randolph had a son, dost mind, whom Robert Hawthorne took to live at Hollywood. It is he whom the good Lord has sent to us to care for, Ruth. He's just been turned adrift."

"If thee wasn't so big, I'd shake thee, Joseph! The idea of John Randolph being in this house and thee beating round the bush with thine angels!" and with all her motherhood shining in her eyes, Ruth Makepeace started for the parlor.

In spite of the overflowing kindness with which he was surrounded, John found the meal a hard one. He had been used to breakfast with little Nan upon his knee.

"When thee is rested we'll have a talk, lad," said his host, as they rose from the table, "but thee'd better bide with us for the summer and not fret about the future. Thee dost need a holiday."

"Of course thee dost, John," said blithe little Mrs. Makepeace. "I wish thee would bide for good."

Her husband laid his hand upon his shoulder. "Thou knowest, lad, there is a little grave out yonder. Thee shouldst have his place in our hearts and home. Would'st thee be content to bide, John?"

John Randolph looked at his friends with shining eyes. "You have done me good for life!" he said. "But the world calls me, I must go. I mean to work my way through college, and be a physician, Mr. Makepeace."

"So, so! Well, we mustn't stand in the way, Ruth. Thee'll make a good one, John. But how art thee going to manage it, lad?"

"The steel works in Marlborough pay good wages. I mean to get a place there, if I can, and study in the evenings."

"Why, John, lad, the steel works shut down yesterday afternoon." For an instant the brave spirit quailed, but only for an instant. "Then I must find something else," he said quietly.

"It's a bad season, John, and the times are hard." Joseph Makepeace thought for a moment. "There's friend Harris up the river. What dost thee think, Ruth?"

"Why, he wants men to pile wood," exclaimed his wife. "Thee would'st not set John at that!"

"Lincoln split rails," said John with a smile, "why should I not pile them? It's clean work, and honest, Mrs. Makepeace."

"He has a logging camp in winter. Thee would'st have good pay, then, John."

"But thee would'st be so lonely, John, amongst all those rough men, and thee did'st say once it was dangerous, Joseph. It's not fit work for John."

"I am not afraid of work, Mrs. Makepeace, and I can never be lonely, now I am sure of the constant abiding with me of Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER XVI.

Above the Storm

The same morning Evadne, in her Vermont refuge, was reading aloud from a paper she had brought from the post office. "The whole sum of Christian living is just loving! Do you believe that, Aunt Marthe?"

"Surely, dear child. 'Love is the fulfilling of the law,' you know. When we love God with our whole heart and our neighbor as ourselves, there is no danger of our breaking the decalogue. 'He who loveth, knoweth God,' and to know him is life eternal."

"Just love," said Evadne, musingly. "It seems so simple."

"Do you think so?" said Aunt Marthe with a smile. "Yet people find it the hardest thing to do, as it is surely the noblest. Drummond calls it 'the greatest thing in the world,' and you have Paul's definition of it in Corinthians. Did you ever study that, to see how perfect love would make us? 'Love suffereth long,' that does away with impatience; 'and is kind,' that makes us neighborly; 'love envieth not,' that saves from covetousness; 'vaunteth not itself,' that does away with self-conceit; 'seeketh not her own,' that kills selfishness; 'is not easily provoked' [illegible] 'rejoiceth not in unrighteousness,' makes us love only what is pure; 'covereth all things,' that leaves no room for scandal; 'believeth all things,' that does away with doubt; 'hopeth all things,' that is the antithesis of distrust; 'endureth all things,' proves that we are strong; and then the beautiful summing up of the whole matter, 'love never faileth.' If that is true of us, it can only be as we are filled with the Spirit of the Christ of God, whose nature and whose name is love."

"You see such beautiful things in the Bible!" said Evadne, despairingly, "why [illegible]"

"You will, dearie, you forget I have been digging nuggets from this precious mine for years and you have just begun to search for them. Would you like another drive, or do you feel too tired?"

"Not in the least. What can I do for [illegible]"

"I would like to send some of that currant jelly I made yesterday to old Mrs. Riggs, the mother of my old friend Penelope, whose acquaintance you made the other day. Are you sure you would like to take it?"

"As sure as sure can be, dear," said Evadne with a kiss. "Where shall I find it?"

"In the King's corner. You have not seen that yet. I always give the Lord the first fruits of my cooking and keep them in a special place set apart for his use; then, when I go to see the sick, there is always something ready to tempt their fancy. It is wonderful what a saving of time it is. I rarely have to make anything [illegible] thing prepared."

She followed her niece out to the carriage, helped her pack the jelly safely with one of her crisp loaves of fresh brown bread, bade her a merry farewell, and went back to the house again, singing.

"Oh, Aunt Marthe," cried Evadne, as she drove slowly under the trees, "shall I ever, ever learn to be like you?"

She found the old lady sitting by the fire, wrapped up in a shawl, although the day was sultry.

"Good morning," said Evadne, as she deposited her parcels on the table. "I come from Mrs. Everidge. She thought you would fancy some of her fresh brown bread and currant jelly."

"Hum!" said the old lady ungraciously. "I hope it's better than the last wuz. Guess Mis' Everidge ain't as perticklar es she used ter be."

"Aunt Marthe!" cried Evadne indignantly, "why everything she does is perfection."

"Land, child! There ain't no perfecshun in this world. It's all a wale, a wale o' tears. We'se poor miserable critters—wurms of the dust—that's what we be."

"There isn't any worm about Aunt Marthe," cried Evadne with a merry laugh. "I think you must be looking through a wrong pair of spectacles, Mrs. [illegible]"

"Land, child! I ain't got but the one pair, an' they got broke this mornin'. But it's jest my luck — everythin' goes agin' me."

"But you can get them mended," said Evadne.

"Sakes alive! There ain't much hope of them gettin' mended, with Penel behindhand on the rent, an' the firin', and the land knows what else. I don't see why Penel ain't more forehanded. I tell her ef I wuz es young an spry es she be, I guess I'd hev things different; but, la! that's Penel's way. She's terrible sot in her own way—Penel is. She's not willin' to take my advice. Child'en nowadays alwers duz know more than their mothers."

"Where is Penelope?" asked Evadne.

"Oh, skykin' 'round! She's gone over to Miss Johnsings, ter help with the quiltin'. That's the way she duz, and here I am all alone with the fire ter tend ter, an not a livin' soul ter do a hand's turn for me. She sez she hez ter do it, ter keep the pot bilin'; 'pears ter me Penel's pots take a sight uv bilin'."

"But she has left a nice pile of wood close beside you, Mrs. Riggs."

"La, yes," grumbled the old lady, "but it's dretful thoughtless in her ter stay away so long, when she knows the stoopin' cums so hard on my rheumatiz. An' it's terrible lonesome—I get that nervous sum days I'm all uv a shake. 'Taint ez if she hev anuthin ter do, but I reckon she [illegible] Dean over ter Hampton's a half an hour a half! She ez one [illegible] folks wants things done, but [illegible] folks might set a spell [illegible] Dean over ter Hampton's a half an hour a half! She ez one [illegible] folks wants things done, but [illegible] folks might set a spell [illegible] Dean over ter Hampton's a half an hour a half! She ez one [illegible] folks wants things done, but [illegible] folks might set a spell [illegible] eat me up, fer all Penel would know. She gets so taken up a larfin' an' singin'—she ain't got no sympathy. Oh, it's a [illegible]"

"But there are no bears in Vernon, Mrs. Riggs," laughed Evadne.

"Land, child! You never know what there might be!" said the old lady testily. "Be you a stayin' at Mis' Everidge's?"

"Yes," said Evadne, "she is my aunt."

"Hum! I never knew she hed any nieces 'cept them two gals uv Judge Hil[illegible]"

"I am their cousin, Mrs. Riggs. I used to live in Barbadoes."

"Well, I declar'! Why Barbaderz is t'other side of nowhere—used ter be when I went ter school. Well, well, some folks hez a lion's share uv soarin, an here I've been all my life jest a pinin' my heart out ter git down ter Bosting, an ain't never got there—but that's alwers the way.—I never git nuthin'. I'm sixty-nine years old cum Christmas, an' I ain't never ben further away from hum than twenty miles hand runnin,' an' here's a chit like you done travelin' enuff to last a life time."

"But I didn't want to travel, Mrs. Riggs," said Evadne, gently. "I would so much rather have stayed at home."

"There yer go," grumbled the old lady. "Folks aint never satisfied with their mercies. Alwers a flyin' in the face uv Providence. I tell you we'se wurms, child, miserable, shiftless wurms, a crawlin' down in this walley uv humiliation, with our faces ter the dust."

"But you've got a great deal to be thankful for, Mrs. Riggs," ventured Evadne, "in having such a daughter. Aunt Marthe thinks she is a splendid character."

"So she oughter be!" retorted the old lady, "with such a bringin' up ez she's hed. But, land! child'ens dredful disappointin' ter a body! There aint a selfish bone in my body, but Penel's ez full uv em. She'll let me lie awake by the hour at a time while she's a snoozin' on the sofy beside me. She don't sleep on her own bed any more, because I hev ter hev her handy ter rub me when the rheumatiz gits ter jumpin'. She sez she can't help bein' drowsy when she's workin' through the day; but, land! she'd manage ter keep awake ef she had any sympathy! She aint got no sympathy, Penel aint, and she aint a bit forehanded.

"But I don't 'spect nothin' else in this world. It's a wale o' tears an' we aint got nuthin' else to look fur but triberlation an' woe. Man ez born ter trouble es the sparks fly upward, an' a woman alwers hez the lion's share."

Evadne had heard enough of the querulous old woman's talk. She wished her good-morning and left her. All the way home she thought of her friend, Penelope, and sympathized with her in the trial it must be to live with such a discontented creature. Aunt Marthe saw her coming and nodded cheerily from the window.

Evadne burst into the sitting room with flashing eyes.

"Aunt Marthe, if I were Penelope Riggs, I should be tempted to shoot her mother! She is just a crooked old bundle of unreasonableness and ingratitude.

Mrs Everidge laughed. "No, you wouldn't dear—not if you were Penelope."

"But Aunt Marthe, how does she stand it? Why, it would drive me crazy in a week! To think of that poor soul working like a slave all day and then grudged the few winks of sleep she gets on a hard old sofa. I declare, it makes me feel hopeless!"

"You forget that Penelope lives on the heights. I saw a type of that once when I was in Europe. The day I climbed Mont Blanc, we had a wonderful experience. Down below us a sudden storm swept the valley. The rain fell in torrents, and the thunder roared, but up where we stood the sun was shining and all was still. When we walk with Christ little one, we find it possible to live above the clouds."

"An Alpine Christian!" cried Evadne. "Oh! Aunt Marthe, that is beautiful!"

(To be Continued.)

THE NIAGARA ICE-PALACE

A Fairy-like Structure at which Thousands Gaze—Wonder and Admiration—The Frozen Flood

(See illustration on first page)

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 1.—This is a fairyland. It is wildly beautiful here these mid-winter days, for an artist has been at work who exhibits his masterpieces nowhere but in nature's grand abodes. Zero, the artist in white, with magic touch has changed the desolation of January into the crystal splendor of to-day. Prospect Park is no longer a dreary waste of woodland. Every tree has a drapery of nameless grace, every shrub a glittering cluster of pearls.

To the tourist who has never seen Niagara save in her dress of summer green, the picture is an inspiration. The misty clouds of spray roll in from the great black gulf below, and silently, daintily sketch on the trees a fretwork of purest white.

But you must cross the foot-bridge to the Three Sister Islands if you would peep into Dame Nature's own boudoir. How the winter wind sweeps down from the North! Under your feet the tumbling waters—swift, majestic, awful in moving power. No camera can picture them.

"Lover's Rock" is worth a visit, too—that legendary tryst of the Indian maid who leaped to her sweetheart in the foam below. It is dangerous here, for the path is almost hidden in its marble coat.

Then there is the Ice Bridge. Masses upon masses of ice crushed and jammed and frozen into a steel-like arch of enormous strength. It reaches from shore to shore, and is picturesque in its very ugliness. Irregular humps deform its surface, while fractured mountains of ice mark the point where the seething waters end and the giant tunnel begins. The roar is smothered beneath twenty feet of solid ice, but it can be distinguished from the cataract's voice.

On the riverside is the new Ice Palace, the blocks of which were caught from the eddies above the falls. It is 120 feet long by 60 feet wide, having a front elevation of 30 feet, and several attempts at architectural beauty. Not much can be done in the way of ornamentation, the builder says, in comparison with the marvels of Montreal and Quebec. The cold is steadier there, and the ice cements better than in this uncertain climate; yet the palace is a pretty thing, especially when the lights are lit. At night the illuminations are of the colored order, drawing prismatic fires from the solid walls.

A brilliant winter carnival is in progress, drawing thousands of people to the unusual scene. A skating floor proves the greatest attraction within the palace walls. There is music, too, of a very good sort, and a search light plays from the New York end of the upper steel arch bridge. A fall of snow has mantled everything in winter beauty.

Nature has probably no spectacle more grand or inspiring than the sight of the frozen torrent of Niagara. To the believer, it is a manifestation of the power of that divine Architect, whose voice, proceeding out of the whirlwind, asked: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? . . . Out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it? The waters are hid as with a stone and the face of the deep is frozen" (Job 38: 22, 29, 30).

A Mother's Consolation

Her Soldier Boy is Dead, but he had Found Christ at the Bowery Mission

A PATHETIC story of the late war, yet one that will be read with deep gratitude by all who love the Master and his work, is told in this letter from a stricken mother in Brooklyn:

Dear Friend: Ever since my son's death in September I have wanted to write you how grateful I feel to you, because I am sure he was converted some two years ago by stopping in your Mission in the Bowery, New York. Willie enlisted in the 201st Regt. Volunteers last July. He had just returned from Europe and was wild to enlist. We could not but be pleased to have him go, as he was so enthusiastic about the matter. In his letters to me he always was cheerful, and, I supposed, well and happy. He was at Camp Meade, Pa., when I received a telegram that he was very ill—was only in the hospital five days. I hastened to him as fast as I could, only to find he had passed away three hours before I arrived. His captain and surgeon assured me he died very happy. His last words were: "Tell mother it's all right; I am going home."

Only God knows what a comfort it is to me to feel he is "safe." Last winter he used to want me to go over to the Bowery Mission with him. "Oh, if you could hear those saved souls sing 'At the Cross,' I tell you it would do you good!" The last time he was home he told us how he would study for the ministry as soon as the war was over and devote all his life to mission work. My poor boy is at rest, and although my heart is broken, still I cannot thank you enough for the good that Mission did him. I. M. B.

The following contributions in support of the spiritual work of the Bowery Mission have been received. All contributions for this cause are acknowledged in these columns:

Previously acknowledged	$134 65
Mary Mawdsley	1 00
Jas. R. Thomas	2 50
B. P. Fessler	2 50
Total	$140 65

To Expel the Polygamist

The Great Religious Organizations Uniting in Protest Against Brigham H. Roberts

THERE is no abatement in the agitation throughout the country for the expulsion by Congress of B. H. Roberts, the polygamous Congressman-elect from Utah. All the great missionary organizations, representing the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal and Reformed Churches, have joined in a protest against the seating of Roberts, and in declaring that, even if his election should be held to be valid, he should be expelled under the special prerogative of Congress, empowering it to take such action whenever it deems it necessary for the honor and well-being of the legislative body. This is the view taken by ex-Senator Edmunds in his now-famous letter on the Roberts' case, which was given to the country through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The memorial issued by the united Mission Boards recites the facts concerning Roberts in no uncertain language. It states that he is "an avowed polygamist, having at least three wives;" that he was punished for polygamy in 1889 but, being still an offender, is ineligible to a seat in Congress. It declares that he has "confessedly lived with plural wives, and begotten polygamous children since 1890," and therefore has not complied with the conditions of the amnesty proclamation. It further states that he has been "a leader in the movement to repudiate the solemn covenant which Utah made with our Government," and cites his published books in evidence, and his self-confessed polygamy since Statehood. In conclusion, the memorial declares that the seating of Roberts in Congress would be an endorsement of his covenant-breaking and of his polygamous life and principles.

It is expected that the Congress of Mothers and the National Federation of Women will take official action in the form of a vigorous protest against the seating of Roberts, the polygamist.

At the National Capital the opinion is very generally expressed that Roberts will not be allowed to enter upon Congressional duties, but will be expelled. An avalanche of letters of protest from all parts of the country has poured in upon the Senators and Representatives, urging this course in the interest of public morality. Many of the letters are from women's societies and missionary and educational organizations.

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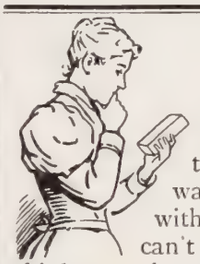

Don't boggle

Boggle—To hesitate, as from doubt or difficulty; to hold back, etc. (Standard Dictionary.)

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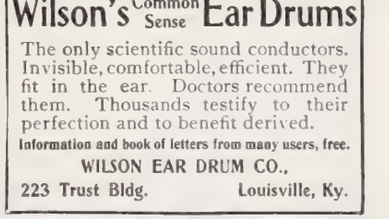
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...Anecdotes by Moody*

D. L. Moody

Illustrations and Incidents in the Life of the World's Greatest Evangelist

NOT long ago there lived an old bed-ridden saint, and a Christian lady who visited her found her always very cheerful. This visitor had a lady friend of wealth, who constantly looked on the dark side of things, and was always cast down, although she was a professed Christian. She thought it would do this lady good to see the bed-ridden saint, so she took her down to the house. She lived up in the garret, five stories up, and when they had got to the first story, the lady drew up her dress and said:

"How dark and filthy it is!"

"It's better higher up," said her friend.

They got to the next story, and it was no better; the lady complained again, but her friend replied:

"It's better higher up."

At the third floor it seemed still worse, and the lady kept complaining, but her friend kept saying:

"It's better higher up."

At last they got to the fifth story, and when they went into the sick-room, there was a nice carpet on the floor, flowering plants in the window, and little birds singing. And there they found this bed-ridden saint—one of those saints whom God is polishing for his own temple in heaven above.

The lady said to her, "It must be very hard for you to lie here."

She smiled and said, "It's better higher up."

Yes! And if things go against us, my friends, let us remember that "it's better higher up."

* * *

A Fragrant Act

There is a preacher in Edinburgh, but I never think of him as a preacher, although he is one of the finest preachers in Scotland. There is one act associated with that man that I will carry in remembrance to the grave.

There is a hospital for little children in Edinburgh, and that great minister, with a large parish and a large congregation, goes one afternoon every week and sits down and talks with those little children—a good many of them there for life; they are incurable. One day he found a little boy, only six years old, who had been brought over from Fife. The little fellow was in great distress because the doctors were coming to take off his leg. Think how you would feel, if you had a little brother six years old and the doctor was coming in forty-eight hours to take off his leg!

Well, that minister tried to comfort the boy, and said: "Your father will come to be with you."

"No," he said, "my father is dead; he cannot be here."

"Well, your mother will come."

"My mother is over in Fife. She is sick and cannot possibly come."

The minister himself could not come, so he said, "Well, you know the matron here is a mother; she has got a great big heart."

The little chin began to quiver as the boy said: "Perhaps Jesus will be with me."

Do you have any doubt of it? Next Friday the man of God went to the hospital, but he found the cot was empty. The poor boy was gone; the Saviour had come and taken him to his bosom.

One little act of kindness will often live a good deal longer than a most magnificent sermon.

* * *

"More to Follow"

Rowland Hill used to tell a good story of a rich man and a poor man in his congregation. The rich man desired to do an act of benevolence, and so he sent a sum of money to a friend to be given to this poor man as he thought best. The friend just sent him five pounds and said in the note:

"This is thine. Use it wisely. There is more to follow."

After awhile he sent another five pounds, and said, "more to follow."

Again and again he sent the money to the poor man, always with the cheering words, "more to follow."

So it is with the wonderful grace of God. There is always "more to follow."

* From *Anecdotes, Illustrations and Incidents*, by D. L. Moody. Bible Institute Colportage Ass'n, Chicago, publishers; price 15 cents.

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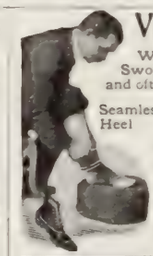

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A Chat With Our Friends

Platform Women and Parliamentary Courtesies—Opportunities in Public Life, Etc.

A GREAT change has come to pass in the ease and composure with which women face an audience as compared with their timidity in the same line a generation ago. The daily papers recently reported a rather interesting instance of this change, typical of the period, when a minister engaged to preach in a church to which he was perhaps to receive a call, was taken suddenly ill on Saturday night and found himself on Sunday morning unable to leave his room. His wife proved herself a helpmate equal to the emergency. Offering her services to the congregational committee, the little lady was accepted by them as her husband's substitute, and, modestly entering the pulpit, conducted the entire service, reading her husband's manuscript probably as well as he could have done it himself, and, at the close of the services, pronouncing the benediction. This latter act on her part seemed the step across the line at which most conservative people would halt, for we were not informed that she was herself in orders; nor would some of us approve of her presence in the pulpit. The worshiping assembly, however, seem to have found the service satisfactory, and the only comments upon the wife's act were those which commended her for her presence of mind and courage. Without altogether endorsing the propriety of the action, one cannot help seeing how much readier are women to preside on public occasions and to speak out in meeting than they used to be.

* * *

Undoubtedly the woman's club has had a great deal to do with accustoming women to hearing their own voices and to think upon their feet. The rule in the club that a woman shall rise and address the chair and attend strictly to the parliamentary courtesies of the occasion; that she shall so order her thoughts as to get through her speech within a given time, and that she shall not plead inability to speak when her turn comes, have all combined to make women less diffident than of old. A few days ago I attended a large gathering of women which might be considered representative of the best style of women's clubs. There were present women of all ages, from venerable matrons of seventy-five or eighty years all the way down to brilliant girls just entering society. After a pleasant social hour and reception by the president, the company, numbering perhaps one hundred and fifty in all, sat down to an elegant luncheon. This was followed by a formal coming to order and a series of addresses and subsequent discussion of a topic connected with the bringing up of children. The subject announced on the programme was "Motherhood as a Profession," which at first had an air of extravagance and unreality, but which, under the sensible and judicious treatment of the several speakers resolved itself into an all-round talk on the opinions and privileges of the American mother. So many persons spoke, and from so many different points of view, that the light brought to bear upon the theme was what might be called kaleidoscopic, and the result was very satisfactory. Full justice was done to the dear mothers of the past who brought their children up in the fear of God and managed their families and their work with less flourishing of trumpets than is apparent to-day; but a good deal was said in behalf of the conscientious and thoughtful young matron who sends her little ones to kindergartens; goes herself to a mothers' class, and perhaps engages a nurse who devotes one of her evenings out to the study of kindergarten methods.

* * *

THE impression of beauty and charm made by the many speakers lingered with me after I had left them, and the wish came that all this tender and wise thought and care for our own children might somehow filter through and inter-penetrate society in such a way that it might reach the mothers at the bottom—the poor women who in our great cities must not only bring their children up, but work by the day that those same children may be fed and clothed. It was pleasant to remember the college-bred women who are to be trained so well that they shall be progressive and broad and liberal in their culture, and who will probably not overlook the claims of this class. They will bring tact and helpfulness to bear on the problems of the poor, let us hope.

* * *

IN mid-February our nation's capital sees annually that important and significant assembly, the Mothers' Congress. If you and I cannot go to this, we can pray for it, and sympathize with a movement along such sweet, pure lines of effort, and we can resolve to bring up our own children as in God's sight.

Margaret E. Sangster

Living on the Reputation of Others.

"Take everything that I have but my good name; leave me that and I am content." So said the philosopher. So say all manufacturers of genuine articles to that horde of imitators which thrives upon the reputation of others. The good name of

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Girls' two-piece Suits of Navy Blue Serge, Box Front Reefer Coat with deep combination collar, finished with rows of white braid, collar and coat lined throughout with High Colored Taffeta. The suit is well shaped, the skirt is gathered in the back and Percaline lined—14, 16 and 18-year sizes. **$9.00**

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A Veteran Fallen

Dr. Charles S. Robinson, Pastor, Preacher and Hymn-Writer, Called From Labor to Reward

MANY Christian people in this country and on the other side of the Atlantic, will hear with sincere sorrow the news that Dr. Charles S. Robinson has passed from the scene of his earthly service. His work as pastor, preacher and author had won for him a host of friends here and in Europe who will mourn his departure. Churches,

THE LATE DR. C. S. ROBINSON

too, whose musical services have been enriched by his pen, will grieve that no more of his Gospel hymns can be added to the hymnology which is the common property of all the children of God of every name. Dr. Robinson was seized early in the year with a severe attack of the grip which, with that disregard of his own concerns, characteristic of him, he neglected. He continued his usual activities until the grip changed to pneumonia. He was prostrated then, and in a few days his family were alarmed at finding that an affection of the heart, which had been chronic with him, had become acute. The best medical advice was secured, but in spite of all the most skilful physicians could do, the sufferer became weaker and, on February 1, he passed away.

Dr. Robinson was a descendant, in the ninth generation, of the famous pastor of the Mayflower pioneers, who loyally set aside his ardent desire to come to the land of promise, when it was found that the larger part of the church must remain in Europe. No name was cherished by the pilgrims more sacredly than his, and his advice was received with the respect which a recollection of his wisdom and piety inculcated. In Bennington, Vt., his descendant first saw the light on March 31, 1829. From his early years he seemed to be marked out for service in the cause of Christ. He succeeded in getting a college course at Williams, maintaining himself by his pen. After his graduation he spent some time in school-teaching at Holyoke, Mass., and at Cambridge, N. Y. But the ministry was the object at which he aimed, and as soon as the way opened, he entered as a student at Union Theological Seminary, at which he remained one year. Thence he went to Princeton, from which he graduated in 1853. His first pastorate was at Troy, N. Y., from which he was called by the First Presbyterian Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y. After eight years of successful service there, the ill health of his wife necessitated a period of rest and change. He went to Europe and there found an opportunity of usefulness. The American church in Paris needed the service of a self-denying pastor. He devoted his energies to it and organized it on a stable basis. Scarcely had he succeeded in establishing it and starting it in activity, when the outbreak of the Franco-German war scattered the congregation. He returned to America and accepted the pastorate of the Eleventh Presbyterian Church in New York City. He gave time and money freely to the development of that church, and had the satisfaction of seeing it established in a beautiful and commodious house of worship. Later, he [illegible] City, reorganizing and building them up. About a year ago he resigned active ministerial labor and gave himself entirely to literary work. He published a volume of sermons and a volume on Egypt. But it was by his compilations of hymns that he will be chiefly remembered. His *Songs for the Church, Songs for the Sanctuary* and *Leader Hymnal* [illegible] circulation and are in use in many cities. His life was a busy one until its close, and his memory will live long among the people of God.

Sympathy

CROUCHED on the pavement, close by [illegible]
A [illegible] and [illegible]
A babe was in her arms, and at her side
A girl; their clothes were rags, their feet were bare.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Of sharers in a common human fate.

"She turns from that cold succor, which attends
[illegible]
And points us to a better time than ours."

Madeline Bridges

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RICHARD A. McCURDY PRESIDENT

STATEMENT
For the year ending December 31 1898
According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

INCOME

Received for Premiums	$42,318,748 51
From all other Sources	12,687,880 92
	$55,006,629 43

DISBURSEMENTS

To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	$13,265,908 00
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.	11,485,751 35
For all other accounts	10,493,379 53
	$35,245,038 88

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other Securities	$160,956,141 33
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	68,503,580 90
Loans on Bonds and other Securities	9,396,619 00
Real Estate appraised by Insurance Superintendents at $23,534,826.88; Book Value	20,604,649 61
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	11,621,377 36
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.	6,434,957 16
	$277,517,325 36

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserves, etc.	$233,058,640 68
Contingent Guarantee Fund	42,238,684 68
Divisible Surplus	2,220,000 00
	$277,517,325 36
Insurance and Annuities in force	$971,711,997 79

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.
CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

From the Divisible Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS VICE-PRESIDENT

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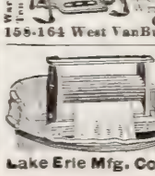

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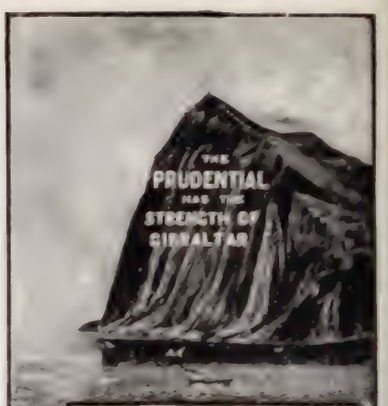

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An English Church Bereaved

Dr. Charles A. Berry, the Proposed Successor of Mr. Beecher, Dies Suddenly in England

THE cable brings news of the sudden death, in England, of a distinguished clergyman, who had many friends on this side of the Atlantic. It will be remembered that after the death of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Church extended a cordial invitation to Dr. Charles A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, England. It is he who has been suddenly called from the church militant to the

THE LATE DR. CHAS. A. BERRY

church triumphant. Dr. Berry had been obliged, in the fall of last year, to take a prolonged vacation and it was feared that he would never be able to resume his pastoral duties. But he gradually regained his strength and at the beginning of this year was once more in his pulpit. He was full of joy at the prospect of further service, and entered upon it with his old energy. He felt so confident of his complete restoration that he said to a reporter, who inquired about his early life, that there would be no occasion for some years to prepare an obituary notice. In this, however, he was mistaken. On January 31, he went to the neighboring town of Bilston to conduct the funeral service of a brother minister, and while offering the introductory prayer he fell to the floor and died almost instantly.

Dr. Berry was one of the most prominent of English Congregational ministers. He was a native of Lancashire, and retained through his life the sturdy principles of non-conformity which characterize the people of that section. He studied for the ministry at Airedale College, Yorkshire, and in 1875, when he was little over twenty-one years of age, became pastor of the important Congregational Church in St. George's Road, Bolton, Lancashire. He remained there, doing successful work and growing in influence in his denomination until 1883, when he was invited to the pastorate of Queen Street Church, Wolverhampton, one of the most influential churches in the English midlands. He accepted the invitation, and, in spite of flattering calls from many other churches, remained with the people to the close of his life. A very tender affection existed between pastor and people which increased from year to year. Several churches in London and other large cities pressed him to occupy pulpits of historic fame; and, in 1887, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, honored him by inviting him to succeed Mr. Beecher, but he had only one answer for all. His love for his church and its loyalty to him had made separation a thing too painful to be borne.

Dr. Berry's brother ministers gave many proofs of the respect and hearty esteem with which they regarded him. In 1897 they elected him chairman of the Congregational Union, the highest office in their gift. Nor was this high opinion confined to his own denomination. When the free churches formed their federation which united Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians in aggressive work, Dr. Berry was made President of the Federation. He took a deep interest in developing this work, and during a visit to this country strongly recommended it to the churches here. Since the death of Dr. Dale, Dr. Berry had been the acknowledged leader of provincial Congregationalists and his death will be severely lamented.

The Master Walks the Wave

HOW often in the gloomy days,
When clouds o'erhang the troubled wave,
When gales uplift the damping spray
And sport with spirits strong and brave,
Our wearied souls with labor spent,
Cling firmly to the cords of prayer,
And ride the billows confident
Their Master will sustain us there.

With troubled heart we see the surge
Rush madly on to overwhelm;
But through its breast our bark we urge,
For Christ, our Captain, holds the helm.
And gladness swells within the soul,
As we surmount the threat'ning wave
And feel it harmless 'neath us roll
At Jesus' word, like cringing slave.

When death, the last and worst of foes,
Shall come on sable wings of night
To threat us with eternal woes,
And sink our spirits with his might,
A voice shall reach us o'er the wave,
"'Tis I, my children, do not fear,"
And Christ shall stretch his hand to save,
And death and hell shall disappear.

Noank, Conn. W. C. MARTIN.

Weak Lungs

Dr. Hunter, of 117 West 45th Street, has just published a new book on

"The Lungs and Their Diseases,"

which explains all about Consumption, how it arises, the symptoms by which it is known, how it can be prevented, and the only treatment by which it can be cured. He also describes

Bronchitis, Asthma and Pulmonary Catarrh

shows their tendency to produce Consumption, and their speedy and radical cure by *Antiseptic Medicated Air Inhalations.*

THIS BOOK is of such great importance and interest to all who have weak lungs or are threatened with any form of lung disease that it has been decided to issue an edition of 50,000 copies in paper covers for free distribution. Dr. Robert Hunter is the oldest Lung Specialist of this country, and acknowledged throughout the world as the greatest living authority on all diseases of the breathing organs.

From the New York Herald: "It seems after many disappointments and false rumors of the cures for consumption, that the treatment as discovered and practiced by Dr. Robert Hunter, 117 West 45th St., New York, has accomplished results so satisfactory that this dread disease need no longer be classed among the incurable."

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Readers of The Christian Herald can obtain Dr. Hunter's book FREE by addressing him at 117 West 45th Street, New York.

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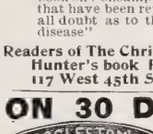

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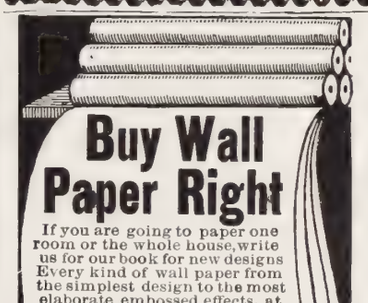

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Palm Tree Christians

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Feb. 26. Ps. 92 : 1-15

LIKE the palm tree, would be a simile full of meaning to an Oriental ear. In Eastern lands, the people call it the prince of the vegetable kingdom. It grows slowly, but at maturity is often eighty feet high. The trunk is erect and cylindrical, unbroken by branches, and is crowned by a cluster of long feathery leaves, which give a welcome shade to the weary traveler. Its stately, graceful beauty has been the admiration of all who have seen it. But it is not for its beauty that it is chiefly valued. Orientals have a catalogue of three hundred and sixty uses to which the palm tree is put. Among the products they get from it, are sugar, starch, wine, oil, wax, tannin, resin and dyeing materials. Besides these, they extract from it medicines, tonics and materials for the manufacture of paper and clothing. Its wood is used in building, and the dates which grow upon it are a favorite food. There is a legend current among the people of the lands where it grows, that when Adam was expelled from Eden, he was permitted to take three things with him. He chose as one of them, the seed of the palm. The others were an ear of wheat and a myrtle, the chief of the sweet-scented flowers of the world.

It is evident that the Psalmist presented a high ideal, when he wrote "The righteous shall flourish as the palm tree." How much happier and better the world would have been if the lives of Christians had borne a closer resemblance to the palm tree! Beauty and usefulness combined would have attracted people to the religion which produced such results. There have been many such lives, and the power which produced them is still accessible. Who has not seen in some home a member of the household whose quiet life and sweet cheerfulness have been a blessing to the others? Better than beauty of countenance, or of form, is the beauty of character which shines with the Christian graces of patience, gentleness, purity and love. There is no need for anyone to lament homeliness of face when it is possible to develop the loveliness of spirit, which plays a far better part in the family life. And it is so in the activities of the business world. There are men of sterling integrity, of kindly charity and unfailing magnanimity, whose beauty of character wins the respect and affection of all who come in contact with them. Their features may be rough and rugged, and their clothing may be poor and shabby, but they possess a beauty that never loses its charm.

When the righteous flourishes like a palm tree, he is not only beautiful but useful. Year after year the palm bears its fruit and at the last, gives itself to the service of its owner. So the Christian may bless the community in which he lives. His work is not done in the development of his own character. It is not merely that men may admire and love him that he is saved and changed. He must render service. There are sick persons to be visited and ministered to, poor people to be relieved, burdened souls to be strengthened and encouraged, lost souls to be rescued. As the palm gives food and oil and medicine and tonics, so the Christian has varied duties to perform. They involve labor and self-denial, the giving up of leisure and pleasure, but he does not count the cost. It is the natural manifestation of the life that is in him, the expression of the spirit of Christ. As a follower of him who spared not himself, but gave his life a sacrifice for the world, he is content to toil unnoticed and unknown, that other men may rise.

And there is another suggestion in the palm tree that explains all this. When the weary and thirsty traveler in the desert sees the palm tree in the distance, his heart is cheered, for he knows that water is near that tree. How good it would be if in this, too, the Christian flourished as the palm tree! If the world, seeing the beauty of his character and receiving his ministrations, perceived that it was from the water of life that he derived his power and charm, it, too, might seek that water which is free to all who thirst.

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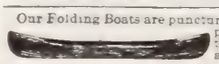
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FROM a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mrs. Mary B. Wingate, of E. Corinth, Me., we are indebted for a very interesting account of a young, native African prince, who is now studying in this country with a view to a missionary career among his own people.

LEWIS PENWICK CLINTON

Lewis Penwick Clinton is a member of the Bassa tribe. He was born in Sankon, Western Africa, two hundred miles inland, back of Liberia. The Bassas are a powerful tribe, owning a coast line about ten degrees north of the Equator, and stretching two hundred miles south along the Gulf of Guinea. They are very superstitious. White represents, to their minds, the devil. The districts are ruled over by petty kings or chiefs of the tribes. They have no written language, but are possessed of excellent memories. One of their most revered heroes is Zea, grandfather of Clinton. He was a wise, brave, progressive man, though a savage. During his reign, war among themselves was wholly unknown. He was among the first kings of Africa to liberate his slaves.

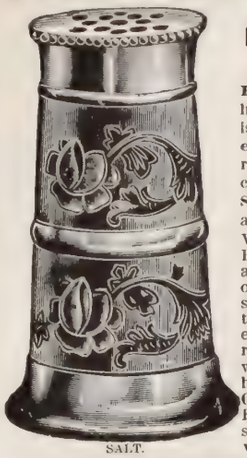
Polygamy has long been practised, and a king's wealth was reckoned by the number of wives he had been able to purchase. There are various accounts of the number of wives who were buried alive with Zea. After his death, his favorite son ruled a short time and then died. Lewis, the eldest son of the favorite wife—only a babe at the time, was taken in charge by his grandmother and kept in secret, for his personal safety, in a place farther south, called Pankon. His uncle assumed command for the time being. Lewis' mother was also descended from a line of rulers. At his grandmother's death, Somayou (as Lewis was then called), ran away to the coast. He was then about twelve or fourteen years of age.

The coast, with its traders, rich, powerful, and fully clothed, had a wonderful attraction for the ambitious boy and, eluding his people, who tried to recapture him, he became errand boy to an English trader named Clinton, and took the name of Lewis Clinton. In less than two years, he was introduced to Bishop Charles Penwick, of the American Protestant Episcopal Mission, where he remained five years, taking the name of Penwick as a part of his own.

Seeing the wonderful advantage education and civilization confer, and having become a sincere Christian, an intense desire to help elevate and Christianize his own people took possession of him. An English missionary advised him to come to America and study at our institutions and obtain an education. Bishop Penwick gave him a letter of introduction to President Brackett, of Storer College, Harper's Ferry, one of the first schools opened for colored students after the Civil War. After five years of earnest study and one year of work, he entered Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

After three years in college, he entered Cobb Divinity School, of the same place, from which he graduated in May, 1898. The following August he was ordained, and hopes soon to return to his own people, and found a mission there. For years he has been in demand on the lecture platform, thus earning money towards his own support. As a student he shows certain limitations and some special adaptabilities. He has mastered seven or eight languages. His first thought and prayer are for his own people—that they may have the blessing of the Gospel. His education and self-improvement have always had that end in view.

For Both 25 cents For Both



SALT.

If you are looking for a **Great Bargain** in Fine Silverware never heard of before and that will astonish you, here is one of the **Greatest Bargains** ever offered by any reliable Manufacturer. For 25 cents we send **Prepaid Both the Salt and Pepper Shakers.** They are Quadruple Coin Silver Plated. Warranted to wear ten years. Finely engraved and useful as well as ornamental to any table rich or poor. If on receipt of the same you do not think or find them the **Greatest Bargain** you ever have seen or heard of, return them at once to us and we will refund you your money. We have been doing business in Chicago since 1865. Any Bank or Express Company can tell you our standing. **Our Bargain Silverware Catalogue Sent Free.**

PEPPER.

A. W. LEONARD MFG. CO., 152-153 MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO.

ONLY 50c.

THE PHILIPPINE MEDUSA

Botanical name—*Acalypha Sanderi.*

I am the only florist selling this rare, odd, novel, and beautiful Philippine Medusa, for 50c., three plants for $1. Others charge from $1 to $2 for a single plant. Blooms the whole year. The long spikes of flowers are a **brilliant crimson red.** My plants are especially hardy and deep-rooted, with **the blooms already started.** Get one now and enjoy the novelty of Dewey's favorite flower. Send orders at once. Catalogue with every order.

MISS MARY E. MARTIN, Floral Park, N.Y.

MONEY IN MELONS

BUCKBEE'S NEW STRAWBERRY MELON

This grand melon was originated by planting the most luscious variety of strawberries between every other row of a **Perfected Hybrid Melon.**

Write to-day | **Send 4 Cts.** To cover Postage. | Mention this paper

and will send you **a liberal package** of this wonderful Melon together with my Beautiful and Instructive Seed and Plant Book, tells all about the best varieties of Melons—how to grow them for **profit,** and everything of interest in seeds, plants, etc.

H. W. BUCKBEE ROCKFORD SEED FARMS Box 587 ROCKFORD, ILL.

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A faultless hatching machine for 50 eggs. Price $7. Heat and moisture regulation and ventilation, absolutely perfect. A book about the **Wooden Hen,** and one about the **Excelsior Incubator,** will be sent free to any one naming this paper.

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1899 Vick's GARDEN and FLORAL GUIDE

The Golden Wedding Edition to celebrate our 50th year in business is a work of art 24 pages lithographed in colors. 4 pages souvenir; nearly 100 pages filled with fine half-tone illustrations of **Flowers, Vegetables, Plants, Fruits, etc.** It is too expensive to give away indiscriminately, but we want everyone interested in a good garden to have a copy, therefore we will send a copy of **the Guide with a Due Bill for 25 cents' worth of seed for only 15 cts.** We have a new plan of selling vegetable seeds, giving more for your money than any seedsman, and also a scheme giving credit for the full amount of your purchase to buy other goods. Don't fail to get our catalogue, it will pay you.

Vick's Little Gem Catalogue, free.

Vick's Magazine, enlarged, improved, and up to date on all subjects relating to gardening; 50c. a year. **Special 1899 offer—the Magazine 1 year, and the Guide for 25c.**

JAMES VICKS SONS, ROCHESTER N.Y.

Our Seeds, Plants, Roses, Trees, Etc., advertise themselves. **The best always cheapest.** Try us, our prices and goods will please you. Have hundreds of car loads of

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Plants, Etc.

We send by **mail postpaid Seeds, Bulbs, Roses, Plants, Small Trees, Etc.** Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed; larger by express or freight. **OUR CATALOGUE,** an elegant book, magazine size, profusely illustrated, tells it all, **FREE.** Send for it to-day and see what values we give for a little money. 45th year. 44 greenhouses. 1000 acres.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO.,
Box 405 PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

SEED DUE BILL FREE

To get new customers to test my seeds I will mail my handsome **catalogue for 1899,** lithographed and beautifully illustrated, and a **10c. Due Bill,** good for 10c. worth of seeds for trial, **absolutely free.** It is full of bargains. All the **Best Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Roses, new Fruits, Farm Seeds, Potatoes, etc.,** at lowest prices. **Ten Great Novelties** offered without names. I will pay **$50. FOR A NAME** for each. Don't buy your stock until you see this new catalogue. Several varieties shown in colors. Great inducements for orders this year. **You will be surprised** at my bargain offers. Send your address on Postal to-day. Tell your friends to send too. Old customers will receive a copy.

F. B. MILLS, Seedsman, Box 81, Rose Hill, N.Y.

The Best

is always the cheapest, and especially so when the best cost no more than the other kind. All the standard and new varieties of **fruit trees, plants, vines, etc.** No "extras" for packing. *Catalogue free.*

T. J. DWYER & SON, Box 88, Cornwall, N. Y.

STARK TREES have a 74-YR. Record. Fruit Book Free **STARK BRO'S,** Stark, Mo. We **PAY FREIGHT**

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM...

A prominent physician writes:

DEAR SIRS:—Replying to yours on the use of TARTARLITHINE as a remedy in the treatment of gout, I will say that I have used it in the treatment of about a dozen cases with results that are a little less than wonderful. The characteristic feature of its action is the rapidity with which patients improve under its use. An improvement is noticeable within 24 hours. One of the most striking cases was that of a physician suffering from gout, muscular rheumatism and frequent bilious headaches. I prescribed Tartarlithine, and in one week, there was absolute disappearance of all of the uric acid manifestations. The nervous irritability disappeared, and he stated that he had done the best week's work which he had accomplished in years.

Regular package $1.00.
Of all druggists or post-free by mail.
Pamphlets with Testimonials FREE.

McKESSON & ROBBINS,
91 Fulton Street, . . New York.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS

FARM SEEDS

Salzer's Seeds are Warranted to Produce.

Mahon Luther, P. Tott, Pa., astonished the world by growing 240 bushels Big Four Oats; J. Broider, Mishicott, Wis., 173 bush. barley, and H. Lovejoy, Red Wing, Minn., by growing 320 bush. Salzer's corn per acre. If you doubt, write them. We wish to gain 200,000 new customers, hence will send on trial

10 DOLLARS WORTH FOR 10c.

10 pkgs of rare farm seeds, Salt Bush, Rape for Sheep, the $5,000 Corn, "Big Four Oats," Beardless Barley, Bromus Inermis—yielding 7 tons hay per acre on dry soils, etc., "40c. Wheat"—in fact including our mammoth Seed Catalogue, telling all about our Farm seeds, etc., all mailed you upon receipt of but 10c. postage, positively worth $10, to get a start. **100,000 bbls. Seed Potatoes** at **$1.20** and up a bbl.

35 pkgs earliest vegetable seeds, $1.00

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LACROSSE WIS.

Please send this adv. along. Catalog alone, 5c. No. 180

Spring

is almost here with its blossoms and balmy days. *Planting time, too,* and you must have the seedsman's catalogues to see what is newest and best for your *Flower or Vegetable Garden.* Ours is better and brighter than ever, full of choice surprises, and illustrated in *half-tone from direct photographs.* We send it free if you are a seed buyer.

JOHNSON & STOKES,
217 and 219 Market St,
PHILADELPHIA.

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The 30th edition of the **New Guide to Rose Culture,** the leading Rose Catalog of America, will be sent **free** *on request.* 132 pages, superbly illus'd. Describes 75 entirely new roses and all old favorites. Makes success with **D. & C. Roses** possible to all. Describes all other desirable flowers. *Free* sample of our magazine *Success with Flowers,* on request.

The Dingee & Conard Co. West Grove, Pa.

BARGAINS IN SEEDS!

Choice kinds of Vegetable and Flower Seeds at **2c. per packet.** Flower Plants, 5c. each. Many choice novelties. Don't buy until you have seen our new catalogue. **Mailed FREE** if you mention this paper.

IOWA SEED CO., DES MOINES, IOWA.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

Tells all about prize-winning poultry for 1899. Do I must poultry to sell. A perfect gem. poultry papers Calendar for '99 on cover. Gives price of eggs and stock from the very best strains. It shows the finest chicken and tells what they all. Fifty different varieties. Everybody wants this poultry book. Send six cents in stamps

S. H. GREIDER **FLORIN, PA.**

These three large-flowering Clematis **40 cts.**

CLEMATIS BARGAIN

40 cts. These three magnificent Clematis mailed for **40 cts.**

HENRYII, best white, eight petals.
JACKMANII, purple, the best known.
MAD. ED. ANDRE, bright red, extra.

The Clematis is the most beautiful, most aristocratic, and the most desirable of all climbing vines. They have until now been quite expensive, 50 to 75 cents each. The plants I offer are the regular 50 cent size and the varieties are the most distinct and desirable of all. Red, white, and purple. Perfectly hardy. A well-established plant often has 300 flowers at one time. My catalogue of bargains sent with every order and on application.

PHEBE J. MARSHALL, Hibernia, Dutchess Co., New York.

SWEET PEAS FOR 1899.

Largest Stock and Only Complete Collection in the World.

The trials of Sweet Peas at our famous FORDHOOK FARMS the past season numbered four hundred and eighty-two samples, and were, as usual, the most extensive in the world.

Notwithstanding the general shortages of the seed crops, by having had increased areas in cultivation, we have now in our Philadelphia warehouse (including, of course, thousands of pounds that will have been shipped to Europe before this is printed)—

More Than Sixty Thousand Pounds of the Seed.

Therefore we are able to maintain our undisputed position as **"HEADQUARTERS FOR SWEET PEAS,"** and to offer for 1899 the best seed, of all varieties, at moderate prices.

☞ All the seeds—27 packets—on this page mailed for $1.00. ☜

Seven New Sweet Peas for 25 Cts.

Our Grand Collection of Seven Superb New Sweet Peas for twenty-five cents is a special [illegible] of such value as this year. All are regular-size packets, containing from forty to seventy seeds each, except *Prince of Wales*, and *Black Knight*, of which there are twenty seeds. ☞ It is an actual fact that last year it would have cost exactly **two dollars and eighty-five cents** to procure the seed [illegible] **sold now for 25 cents.** Extravagant as this statement may appear, it can be verified easily by comparing with the prices in BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL last year, where it will be seen that three of these "*advance novelties*" sold at 25 cents per packet of ten seeds, and three others at 15 cents for thirty seeds.

For 25 Cts. we [illegible] one packet each of **LADY NINA BALFOUR**, [illegible] light mauve; **PRINCE OF WALES**, largest flowers of most beautiful deep-rose color; **BLACK KNIGHT**, darkest of all Sweet Peas, nearly black; **ORIENTAL**, most gorgeous orange-salmon; **MODESTY**, silvery white, suffused with delicate flesh color; **SALOPIAN**, most brilliant scarlet; and **BURPEE'S BEST**, an absolutely unequaled mixture of all the choicest novelties. See beautiful **colored plate** in catalogue.

For 50 Cts. we [illegible] two complete collections and give **free**, a [illegible] packet [illegible] of the wonderful new **BURPEE'S BUSH SWEET PEA.** If you name this magazine we send, **FREE also**, a packet of the new *Dwarf Double Poppies from Japan*.

☞ With each collection we inclose a copy of our new leaflet, telling how we grow Sweet Peas on our famous **FORDHOOK FARMS**, well known as the **Largest Trial Grounds in America.**

Eight Elegant Sweet Peas for 30 Cts.

This Collection, done up in a large envelope, with directions for culture, contains one full-size packet each of—

[illegible] our new "**GORGEOUS**," as improved [illegible] the Marquis of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] **BURPEE'S PINK CUPID**, as early [illegible] as any of the [illegible] Sweet Peas; **AURORA**, the largest-flowered striped, —**BLANCHE BURPEE**, [illegible] **BURPEE'S NEW COUNTESS**, [illegible] packed on account of The Farm Annual, **LOTTIE HUTCHINS**, [illegible] **SENSATION**, [illegible] a stem, and **STELLA MORSE**, the best of all the [illegible] of [illegible] Eight Elegant Sweet Peas, [illegible] named and introduced by us. ☞ Purchased separately, even at our low prices for 1899, these **would cost seventy cents**, but **all eight are mailed for THIRTY CENTS.**

FOR 50 CTS. we will mail BOTH Collections, the Eight Elegant Sweet Peas [illegible] and the Seven Superb Sweet Peas, as advertised [illegible] include, **FREE**, a half-size packet (price 15 cts.) of the [illegible] new **Burpee's BUSH Sweet Pea.** ☞ Even at our low prices for 1899 this makes **a present cash value of $1.55 for 50 cts.** ☜

THIS ADVT. will NOT appear again, and we advise all to take advantage of this most liberal offer **immediately**.

FOR $1.00 we mail all the Sweet Peas [illegible] will put in the box FREE, a [illegible] from California,—making **an actual cash value of THREE DOLLARS FOR ONE DOLLAR.**

Dollar Collection of The Best New Sweet Peas

Burpee's Dollar Box for 1899

contains the SEVEN SUPERB SWEET PEAS mentioned above, except that we send *one ounce* instead of a packet of BURPEE'S BEST MIXED, and also one full-size packet each of the following famous new varieties: AURORA.—BURPEE'S EARLIEST OF ALL.—BURPEE'S NEW COUNTESS.—ECKFORD'S BLANCHE BURPEE.—COLONIST.—DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.—LADY MARY CURRIE.—LOTTIE HUTCHINS.—LOVELY.—SENSATION.—STELLA MORSE.—TRIUMPH.—WAWONA.—BURPEE'S PINK CUPID, and of the following **NEW Novelties for 1899:** GORGEOUS.—FASHION.—PINK FRIAR, and a full-size packet of the wonderful new BURPEE'S BUSH SWEET PEA, the first of an entirely distinct race.

☞ **In all, Twenty-five Varieties of the Best Up-to-Date NEW SWEET PEAS,** neatly packed in a strong box and **mailed for ONE DOLLAR,** postpaid, to any address.

Even at our low prices for 1899, if purchased separately, these packets would cost this season $2.70. Of the twenty-five unequaled varieties,—including all the best novelties introduced last year,—fifteen are of our own introduction, while several cannot be had elsewhere.

Thousands of Dollars in Cash Prizes

and many other New Features of particular interest, presented in

Burpee's Farm Annual for 1899

"The Leading American Seed Catalogue."

A handsome **new book of 176 pages,**—tells the plain truth about **Burpee's BEST SEEDS that Grow,** including rare Novelties which cannot be had elsewhere. Beautiful colored plates and hundreds of illustrations from nature. Gives practical information of real value to all who would raise the choicest Vegetables and most beautiful Flowers. **Mailed FREE** to any address. ☞ Write **TO-DAY!**

REGISTERED WAB TRADE MARK

Our Aim is to supply not only the "**BEST SEEDS that grow,**" but to help you in an intelligent selection of varieties and also in their successful culture. ☞ It will pay to read the **Cultural Directions** given in THE FARM ANNUAL, and also, when ordering, to ask for any of the USEFUL LEAFLETS, mailed **FREE,** as offered on page 11, in BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1899.

Burpee's Bush Sweet Pea

The First of an Entirely New and Distinct Race.

Natural-size Flowers of the **"BURPEE'S BUSH" Sweet Pea.**

The first of an entirely new and distinct race, as shown on the **Colored Plate** opposite page 12 of **The Farm Annual.**

BURPEE'S BUSH SWEET PEA grows in perfect bush form, as shown on our colored plate. It requires no trellis like the tall Sweet Peas; neither does it hug the ground, Verbena-like, as does the *Cupid* race. An average bush grows sixteen to eighteen inches high, by from twelve to fourteen inches wide. One of the largest plants, measured the past summer, was seventeen inches high, and branched so vigorously that it measured twenty-four inches across! All the flowers are borne on top of the plant, and the proper way to treat this new type will be to plant the seed in a row, to make a neat, even hedge, when no supports whatever will be required. Grown as separate, individual plants, the slight support of a light stick should be furnished,—just such as would be required for a dwarf, bushy Marguerite carnation. We predict that this "*forerunner of a new race*" will beget increased enthusiasm in Sweet Peas,—America's favorite flower.

The flowers, both in form and coloring, are a perfect reproduction of the famous *Gray Friar* introduced by us several years ago. As is well known, this is one of the most beautiful varieties in the entire list of Sweet Peas. Of good size and perfect hooded form, they are of a most beautiful watered purple on white ground, the heavier coloring being on the back of standard. Black-seeded, hardy and vigorous in constitution; the seed we offer is all handpicked, and every seed should grow.

With perhaps the single exception of *Cupids*, no novelty since the introduction in 1890 of *Burpee's Bush Lima* has such intrinsic merit, or is calculated to create so profound a sensation in the Horticultural World, as BURPEE'S BUSH SWEET PEA.

Per packet of 24 seeds, 25 cts.; half-size packet, 15 cts.

BURPEE'S NEW WAREHOUSE.

The new warehouse of W. Atlee Burpee & Co., a front view of which is given in the illustration, is seven stories high, of modern steel upon brick construction, with frontage on both Fifth street and York Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., of light pressed brick and terra-cotta.

The offices occupy the entire frontage on the ground floor on the Fifth Street side, while the receiving and shipping of goods is handled on the York Avenue side, where are located the elevator shaft and the shipping clerk's office.

The second floor is devoted to the flower-seed and mail-order departments. The third floor contains the seed-papering and steam printing rooms [illegible] extensive shelving for the storage of seeds done up in packages. The fourth floor is given up entirely to the freight and wholesale order departments.

A visit to this new warehouse is an education in itself, in the matter of demonstrating how an extensive business can be conducted on the highest systematic lines. The utmost system prevails here, from the entering of the orders until the time the goods are delivered for mail, freight or express. Every variety of seed catalogued has its [illegible] spot in the various departments, and the arithmetical arrangement of the compartments renders comparatively light the work of filling the enormous number of orders received. Seeds are put up, according to necessity, in pints, quarts, or [illegible], and stored in these shelves to await the rush. Telephonic communication extends to every floor, each one of which is thus connected with the other; in fact, the whole interior arrangement gives one the impression that everything has been provided that can in any way facilitate dispatch. A bag-filling machine is kept constantly at work, in addition to the large force of girls, who fill, close, and seal the packets of seeds, which guarantee to the recipient thereof that the stock within the packet is Burpee's seed.

Mr. Burpee has a private office on the ground floor; and an interesting feature here is the colored and other catalogue cover designs, together with the colored plates that have been distributed by the firm ever since they introduced that kind of work.—*From* THE FLORISTS' EXCHANGE, *New York, Nov. 12, 1898.*

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 8

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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Lowly Life in the Sultan's Capital

OUT-DOOR life in Constantinople, while differing from that in other European capitals, has a certain picturesque attractiveness that is found nowhere else. Whether in the streets of Stamboul, or in the active, bustling sections of Galata or Pera, the traveler sees a panorama of activity out-doors that must at once strike him as unusual. "The gentler sex" is not as much in evidence as in the cities outside the Sultan's dominions, for the Moslem women, save on certain days, usually stay at home, and the women of other faiths who are to be met abroad are comparatively few; but there is always, in fine weather, a fair sprinkling of ladies to be seen in the more public places, especially on the Galata Bridge. There, a steady stream of carriages, equestrians and foot passengers is constantly crossing, cloaked Moslem dames in snowy *yashmaks* (veils) beside women in European dress, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, Hebrews, and almost every nationality under the sun, being represented in the throng. In the coffee-houses — which open out to the street — the patrons sit and observe the gay, out-door panorama, while taking their refreshment. Besides the more pretentious restaurants, there is, in the poorer quarters of the city, a multitude of smaller cafes and eating-houses at which the humblest may obtain a meal for a trifling sum. There are also many shops or stalls (like the one shown in the colored photograph on this page), where a cheap meal is sold to the hungry worker. At such stalls, small pieces of cooked meat stuck on wooden skewers are served to customers, and *pilaf* (boiled rice, which is kept warm in a large tin dish), together with a variety of vegetables, the whole making a nourishing mess. Water-carriers, porters, boatmen and itinerant handicraftsmen patronize such places. There are, also, many wicker-stalls, with *pide* and *peksemit* (unleavened bread and biscuit), cheese, curds, *kekaby* (broiled lamb or mutton) and similar appetizing dainties, and these are kept constantly moving from point to point, wherever the crowds are thickest. Of course, there is also a much better and more expensive class of restaurants, both in the bazars and elsewhere, and in these the finest of Oriental dishes are cooked and served to patrons who are abundantly able to pay for the best the market affords.

AN OUT-DOOR RESTAURANT IN THE STREETS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

A majority of such places have large, airy rooms, with windows that admit the cool air even on hot days. There the guests sit and sip their *shekerli* (coffee with sugar), and chat together or watch the sights from the windows. The cafe is the resort where all go to exchange the news and to tell each other the passing gossip of the capital. Most of the leading cafes in Constantinople are thoroughly cosmopolitan, and representatives of a dozen different races often may be found there at the same time in friendly intercourse.

Nationalities cling together in the Sultan's capital. There are streets, the restaurants in which are patronized mainly by Greeks, and others whose patrons are almost exclusively Armenians. All eat the noonday meal in the open-air. As a rule, they eat very sparingly of meat, the Turks being especially abstemious in this respect. The evening supper is always eaten at home in true patriarchal fashion, and in households of means, the most liberal hospitality is shown to strangers and guests.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

E. E., Gothenburg, Neb. I have asked a hard question of my pupils, and as they are inquiring, I ask of you the same question. Who is the smartest man now living? Some thought the [illegible] should think the man uppermost in science, literature, languages, music, and a wide view of what life should be, might be so considered.

The question is too broad to admit of a definite answer. If by "smart" is implied the [illegible] name John D. Rockefeller (probably the richest man); the Sultan, who has got ahead of "the European concert" so many times, or others of the same class. If in science, there are Edison, Tesla, and a host of others; and there are the great stars of statesmanship, literature, art, philanthropy, war, etc. For sheer breadth of view, Tolstoi might be said to stand pretty well to the front of men, though he lives like a poor peasant. We think the adjective "smartest" misapplied, and that "greatest" in the highest sense may have been meant.

C. H. G., Grand Rapids, Mich. [illegible] more valuable [illegible] names and respective values.

The metals of more value than gold are iridium, platinum, lanthanium, molybdenium and others. As to their respective values, consult a practical metallurgist.

Subscriber, Al- [illegible] Please tell us the cause of our winters being so very [illegible] healthy country is so no[illegible]

Doubtless the cause may lie in the fact that our population increases with greater rapidity than sanitary science progresses. The climatic conditions are practically unchanged.

W. S. F., Del Rey, Cal. How is it that there are [illegible] Chronicles? How is it, for example, that in II. Kings 24: 8 Jehoiachin is said to have been eighteen years old when he began to reign, and in II. Chronicles 36: 9 he is said to have been [illegible]

Some have supposed that Jehoiachin was associated in the government with his father for ten years before his father's death, and that the writer of Kings gives the age when he began to reign alone, after his father's death. There are, however, difficulties in accepting that explanation. It is more probable that some early copyist of Chronicles mistook the Hebrew letter of eighteen for that of eight, which he might easily do. The writers who copied from him would continue his mistake. Before the invention of printing, when the only copies of the books were those made by [illegible] made and perpetuated.

Reader, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa. What is a Satyr? Under this head in Smith's Dictionary the author says: "In the passages cited in Isaiah reference is probably had to demons of the woods and of the desert places; half men and half goats." Were there ever such creatures?

Satyr is derived from a root-word signifying [illegible] the type of the Satyr. The Persians, Jews and Mohammedans believed that the Satyr and other fabulous animals haunted the ruins of Babylon. They are purely mythical, and should be classed with gorgons, centaurs, winged dragons, unicorns and other fabled monsters with which imaginative writers people the waste places of the ancient world.

Mr. W. B. K. Johnson, of Allentown, Pa., a [illegible] who has been many [illegible]

Looking over THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I saw in "Porto Rico's Crying Need" a letter stating that a demand had arisen for Bibles in the Spanish and English language. I see no better way to sow the [illegible] remarkable how quickly children in the parochial schools learn to read. I saw many scarcely six years old read fairly well, and as we must depend principally on the young, it certainly would be the [illegible] God in their own and the language now eagerly [illegible] such Testaments or Bibles were sent to those islands now (the sooner the better), they would do more good in one year than missionaries in twenty. I promise my aid in this work.

The distribution of the Gospels in Spanish and English is a part of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S plan of evangelical work in Porto Rico, and arrangements are now being perfected with that end in view. It is hoped, that, with the co-operation of all who are interested, a very large distribution can be made.

Letters from readers containing mention of more very old Bibles are still coming in.

A. W. Buttles, Dillman, Wis., writes: [illegible] is in the old style of letter, bound in heavy leather, and all complete.

K. C. Frontis, Mooresville, N. C., has a French Bible printed in Geneva in 1712, with preface by John Calvin.

Allen M. Fretz, Sonderton, Pa., has a copy [illegible] in 1599—a very rare and valuable book.

J. H. Harding, New Bedford, Mass., writes: In my collection of rare books there is a large German Bible (Luther) illustrated, printed at [illegible]

Mrs. Lois A. Foster, Grand Rapids, Mich. I have a Bible of ancient date. It is Hawer's and the text of the Old and New Testaments is inserted [illegible] would go far more toward bringing them [illegible] of heathenism than if we were to [illegible] hatred to [illegible]? A taste of empire seems to lead t[illegible]

[illegible] danger.

C. W. J., Amherst, Va. Would it be right to pray [illegible] a sick person? Would it [illegible] be better to pray for the sick [illegible] ery, leaving it to God whether [illegible] the means you have employed? If the [illegible] have failed and you have done all you can, and [illegible] whom you [illegible] that he can do no more, then all you can [illegible] God will heal [illegible] power. It seems [illegible] can for the recovery of the sufferer.

THE PROPOSED NEW EXECUTIVE MANSION AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

At the next session of Congress a bill will be introduced for an appropriation to build a new Executive Mansion at Washington. It will probably provoke lively debate. There has always been a strong sentiment against an elaborate or palatial Presidential residence. It is claimed that the present White House is too small for the comfort of a Chief Executive and family, and for the social duties he must fulfil. Mrs. Mary Foote Henderson, daughter of the late Judge Foote, of New York, and wife of an ex-Senator from Missouri, with the aid of Paul J. Pelz, architect of the Congressional Library, has compiled this design for a new White House, and it will be submitted to Congress with the bill for an appropriation for its construction. The new mansion will be of white marble. The State apartments will occupy the east wing, and the private apartments the west. The rooms above will be suites of chambers for the entertainment of distinguished guests of the nation. The living apartments of the Presidential family will be in the west wing. The surrounding grounds will be fifty-two acres in extent. The greater part of the proposed mansion, as well as the conservatories, will be devoted to public use *i. e.*, for guests and for social functions.

Reader, Benjamin, Mo. We believe it is not. [illegible] "

Mrs. Ione E., C. Harwinton, Conn. We expect shortly to issue it in pamphlet form.

M. H., Carroll, O. 1. Your first question was answered [illegible] THE MAIL-BAG. 2. We are [illegible] philologists assert that there are over 600, includ[illegible]

S. V. D., Indian Ter. Write to Freedmen's Aid Bureau, or the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. L. J. B., Winnebago City, Minn. 1. It would certainly be a convenience. 2. "The Old Back Room" was written by Jennie Harrison.

Mrs. Sarah J. Bird desires to thank those who [illegible] articles for the East Side waifs' Christmas tree.

Mrs. E. S., [illegible] 1. You can order it from any bookseller. 2. It is out of date, and will hardly be found in modern collections.

C. H. M., Westmoreland, N. Y. 1. Handwriting not sufficiently legible; should be improved. 2. [illegible] No use that we know of.

Inquirer, Roslyn, S. Dak. They are a mixed race, [illegible] Moorish and Jewish blood.

H. S. S., Winchester, Conn. Because it was unsuitable. It did not express the idea of substitution. He might have made an exchange with his brother so that he [illegible]

C., Courtland, Kan. We doubt whether the writers meant that. Rather, we should say, that they wished their readers to be remarkable for other things. It is as if speaking of a picture they said the value is in the painting, not in the frame.

Mrs. R. A. C., Port Carbon, Pa. There are [illegible] one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD libraries. Price, [illegible]

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W. H. S., Los Angeles, Cal. Please give the number of troops on both sides at the Battle of Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour, also the losses of both armies.

Gravelotte (also known as Rezonville and St. Privat) was fought August 18, 1870, between 140,000 French troops under Bazaine and [illegible] Prussia. Estimated French loss, 19,000; estimated German loss, 25,000. Bazaine was forced to retreat, and finally surrendered. [illegible] between the French under Bazaine and the Germans under Prince Frederick Charles; [illegible]

J. B. S., Adel, Ia. Will you please give the biography of the Liberty Bell, from the time it was first made up to the present time, and why it was not taken to the Mississippi Exposition?

The Liberty Bell was made in London, and arrived in Philadelphia in August, 1752. Before it had been in use one month it was cracked by its own clapper. It was twice re-cast. The third casting proved satisfactory, and in 1753 it was placed in the belfry where it rang out [illegible] the nation's freedom. In 1777 it was taken to Trenton, Bethlehem and Allentown to avoid capture by the British. In 1885 it was taken to the New Orleans Exposition; in 1893, to the World's Fair at Chicago, and in 1895 it [illegible] to the Exposition at Atlanta. On July [illegible], while tolling for the death of Chief Justice Marshall, the great expounder of the [illegible] the bell broke and has been [illegible]

B. F. M., Union City, Tenn. How did the use of "surnames" first originate?

According to Du Cange, an eminent authority, surnames were originally written, not as now, after the Christian name, but above it, and were thus properly designated *supernomen*, or "over-names." Hereditary surnames did not exist in England till after the Norman Conquest. They were then taken from locali- [illegible] Wright, Carpenter, Shoemaker, Baker, Carter, Palmer), personal peculiarity (as Black, Brown, Green, Tallman, Short, Stout), possessions (as Rich, Coat, Vest), or from any natural object that might be chosen (as Lemon, Fear, Apple, Nut, Wood, Bird, Tree, Flower, Root, Ash, Rivers, Mountain, etc.), and so on indefinitely.

J. S. T., Rockville, Pa. 1. In nominating a person for office, must the nomination be seconded as with a motion? 2. An eminent evangelist said recently that a person of ordinary talents may have as much success as the most gifted in winning souls. Is that true?

1. It is usual to have it seconded, but there [illegible] as when the President sends

A Mid-winter Trip to Lapland

By SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.,LL.D.

LARGE numbers of tourists have visited Lapland in summer, but only few have tried that Arctic region in winter. When, in the fall of 1897, news began to be received that the miners on the Yukon were short of provisions, and that there would be much suffering before another season's supply could be procured, it was a foregone conclusion that the reindeer would supply an important part in relieving them. Instructions were at once sent to the reindeer stations in Alaska to place every available reindeer broken to harness at the disposal of Colonel Randall, U. S. A., at St. Michael, for the freighting of provisions to the miners in the lower Yukon Valley. To reach and relieve those in the Upper Yukon the Secretary of War determined to send to Lapland for reindeer, sleds, harness, and expert drivers, as the winter ice had already closed the ports of Siberia, where reindeer had usually been purchased. Having been connected with the introduction of reindeer into Alaska from the beginning, I was appointed a commission to proceed to Lapland for the purchase of reindeer, and First Lieutenant D. B. Devore, U. S. A., military aid to Secretary Alger, was directed to accompany me as disbursing agent. We received our instructions December 23, and on the evening of the same day I left for New York, and on the following day held conferences with the managers of the several trans-Atlantic steamship companies centered in that city with reference to the transportation of the reindeer and Laps to the United States.

The Voyage Begun

In the evening I went on board the steamship *Lucania* of the Cunard line. At 6.30 A.M. on Christmas morning the steamer left the dock and started down the bay. The morning was clear and cold, and the steamer was encased in ice from the storm of the previous day. Sandy Hook was passed about sunrise and we were out at sea. The voyage of five and a quarter days was without any unusual incident. We reached London December 31.

On New Year's morning I received a telegram in London from Mr. William Kjellmann, Agent of the Department of the Interior, who had reached Norway, asking for funds. The Lapps, who alone have the reindeer for sale, are a semi-civilized people, unaccustomed to commercial methods. A would-be buyer must show his money and at least make a partial payment at the time of purchase. Hence Mr. Kjellmann could accomplish but little until he had funds in hand.

It was New Year's Day, and as no one could suggest any method of getting money to Mr. Kjellmann sooner than by mail, we decided in the afternoon that I should push on to Lapland with money.

A Sabbath in London

After breakfast, on Sunday, January 2, I took an omnibus across the city to Marlborough Place to attend divine service at St. John's Wood Presbyterian Church, my old friend Rev. Monro Gibson, D.D., pastor. As three Korean converts were to be baptized and received into the church before the morning service, I supposed that I had started in time to reach the church at 10.30, but the progress of the omnibus was so slow that I missed the baptism. Preaching service commenced at 11, followed by communion. The large house, with galleries on three sides, was packed full. At the communion service I assisted Dr. Gibson. After the distribution of the elements, Dr. Gibson briefly introduced me to the audience as the Moderator of the General Assembly of the United States, and at his request I gave a few words of greeting to the congregation. In passing the bread, the communicant at the head of a pew took a slice of bread from the plate, and, breaking off a portion for himself, passed the slice along the pew from aisle to aisle, while the ruling elder bearing the plate went on down the aisle, and upon his return from the rear of the church gathered up the fragments from the pew. This was a very expeditious method of distributing the bread among a large membership. Immediately after dinner I hastened to attend a three o'clock service in Westminster Abbey. The preacher of the day was Rev. Canon Wilberforce, who took for his text Romans 8: 29: "For whom he did foreknow he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren." In the evening I attended the City Temple, the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., pastor. The large church and galleries were crowded to suffocation.

Difficulties in the Way

January 3d, I learned at the office of the Atlantic Transport Steamship Company, that the Department of Agriculture, of the English government, had recently issued a circular forbidding introduction into England of any stock from Norway and Sweden, to protect English cattle from the foot-rot which had broken out in Southern Sweden among some of the cattle. Not only was stock of all kinds forbidden to land in England, but ships carrying such stock to other countries were to be quarantined twenty-one days before being allowed to load other cattle to return to England. As this threatened to greatly increase the expense and difficulty of chartering a ship, I proceeded to the American Embassy, where it was suggested that I visit the British Department of Agriculture, and talk over the matter unofficially with the officer in charge and find out if any official action would be necessary. I found that the officer wanted was the First Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. He took much interest in the proposal to procure reindeer to relieve the destitute miners in the Yukon, and suggested that we secure a steamer not engaged in the cattle trade and take the reindeer direct from Lapland to America, which suggestion was afterwards carried out. Procuring a through ticket from London to Christiania, Norway, via Queensboro; Flushing, Holland; Gooch, Hamburg and Kiel, Germany; Copenhagen, Denmark; and Helsingborg, Sweden, at 8:15 P. M., I left the Victoria depot for Queensboro, which was reached at 10:25 P.M. I immediately went aboard the steamer *Kouningin Regentes*, that was to convey me across the channel. On Jan. 4th, breakfast was had on the steamer at 4 o'clock A. M., and at 4:45 I left the steamer at Flushing, and took the through car to Hamburg, Germany. At 10 o'clock A. M., the train passed out of Holland, and entered Germany, at Gooch, where baggage was inspected by the customs officials. At noon, dinner was served in the car compartment on a tray brought from the outside. The distinctive features of that portion of Holland, Germany and Denmark through which I traveled, was wind-mills with one and one-half story houses, with side and eaves but a few feet from the ground. Hamburg was reached at 4:45 P. M., and Kiel at 7:22. After supper, I went aboard a steamer which at midnight crossed from Kiel to Kosor, Denmark, reaching the latter place early in the morning. At Kosor, the baggage was again examined. At 10 o'clock we were in Copenhagen, where I changed cars for Christiania. At noon, we crossed from Helsinger, Denmark, to Helsingborg, Sweden, dinner being served on the ferryboat. At Helsingborg, my hand baggage was again inspected by the customs officer. After crossing into Sweden, snow fences with an oval pitch to make the snow whirl away from the track, began to appear on the railroad.

Through Sweden by Rail

It was in Sweden that I first encountered snow and signs of winter. The car conductor, upon coming to the compartment for the passenger's ticket, would first rap at the door, and upon the passenger looking up, respectfully lift his cap, then approach and ask the privilege of seeing the ticket; then, removing a coupon or punching the ticket as might be, return the ticket to the passenger and back out of the compartment, and at the door again touch his cap. After leaving Gotenburgh, at 6.50 P.M., the conductor brought me a pair of woolen blankets and a small pillow, of which I was expected to make a bed on the car-seat, which was about seven feet long. Sometime during the night we crossed the border between Sweden and Norway and was there awakened by the Norwegian customs officer who wanted to see the inside of my satchel. At 6.17 A.M. on a dark Tuesday morning we reached Christiania, Norway. As my trunks had been checked through from London, I went to the baggage-room and opened them for the inspection of the baggage officer, then giving myself in charge of the porter I was whirled away in a sleigh to the Victoria Hotel, where I found a well warmed, comfortable room. After breakfast I strolled around the streets until 10 o'clock, when the offices were opened and the day's business began. Christiania, the capital of Norway, was established in its present location by Christian IV., of Denmark, in 1624. It is the legitimate successor, however, of the mediæval town of Oslo, which was founded by Harald Haardraada about the year 1050. In the cathedral of the old town, James I., of England, was married to Anne, of Denmark, in 1589. The university was founded by Frederick VI., of Denmark, in 1811. It has five faculties with fifty-five professors, who lecture without charge to 1,200 students. The city is enriched with zoological, botanical, zootomical, ethnographical, and art museums, also with extensive mineralogical, physical and medical collections. Also a collection of northern antiquities and cabinet of coins on an elevation at the west end of the city. In the beautiful Slats Park stands the royal palace, a plain edifice with a classical portico.

A LITTLE LAPLANDER

THE MILKMAID AND THE REINDEER HERD

At 10 A. M. I presented the American consul, Mr. Henry Bordewich, of Minnesota, a letter from Secretary Sherman to American officials in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, to render all possible aid in securing reindeer. In company with the consul a call was made upon the Secretary of the Interior of the Norwegian Government, who gave me a circular letter to the Norwegian officials in Lapland, requesting them to extend all possible assistance in my enterprise.

The "Viking Ship" Visited

After the transaction of public business a visit was made to the Viking ship, preserved in the museum of the university of Norway. Although it was not the regular day for the admission of visitors, yet the presentation of a letter of introduction from the United States Commissioner of Education, opened the doors and secured me every possible attention. The old ship which was dug up in 1880 embedded in a body of blue clay, to which it owes its preservation, has a total length from stem to stern of 108 feet, with a breadth of 16 feet. To the mast in the centre, a large square sail was attached by means of a pulley. In the third plank from the top are sixteen rowlocks. The rudder was placed on the right side of the ship. At the foot of the mast mast was placed the wooden tomb chamber. The old Viking chiefs being often buried with their arms and their treasures in their ships. In the same room with the ship were a number of metal dishes, together with a portion of the bones of a chief who had been thus buried. After returning from the museum, hiring a sleigh and driver, a ride was had around the city and the evening was pleasantly spent with the consul and his family, with whom I found that we had many mutual friends in Minnesota.

(To be continued).

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

The Midnight Express Train

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Nahum 2: 4. . . . .

> The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings.

IT has been found out that many of the arts and discoveries which we supposed were peculiar to our own age, are merely the restoration of the arts and discoveries of thousands of years ago. I suppose that the past centuries have forgotten more than the present century knows. It seems to me that they must have known thousands of years ago, in the days of Nineveh, of the uses of steam and its application to swift travel. In my text I hear the rush of the rail train, the clang of the wheels, and the jamming of the car couplings. "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

Have you ever taken your position in the night, far away from a depot, along the track, waiting to see the rail-train come at full speed? At first you heard in the distance a rumbling, like the coming of a storm, then you saw the flash of the head-light of the locomotive as it turned the curve: then you saw the wilder glare of the fiery eye of the train as it came plunging toward you; then you heard the shriek of the whistle that frenzied all the echoes; then you saw the hurricane dash of cinders; then you felt the jar of the passing earthquake, and you saw the shot thunderbolt of the express train. Well, it seems that we can hear the passing of a midnight express train in my text: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

I halt the train long enough to get on board, and I go through the cars, and I find three-fourths of the passengers are commercial travelers. They are a folk peculiar to themselves, easily recognized, at home on all the trains, not startled by the sudden dropping of the brakes, familiar with all the railroad signals, can tell you what is the next station, how long the train will stop, what place the passengers take luncheon at, can give you information on almost any subject, are cosmopolitan, at home everywhere from Halifax to San Francisco. They are on the eight o'clock morning train, on the noon train, on the midnight train. You take a berth in a sleeping-car, and either above you or beneath you is one of these gentlemen. There are 100,000 professed commercial travelers in the United States: but 500,000 would not include all those who are sometimes engaged in this service. They spend millions of dollars every day in the hotels and in the rail-trains. They have their official newspaper organ. They have their mutual benefit association, about 4,000 names on the rolls, and have already distributed more than $200,000 among the families of deceased members. They are ubiquitous, unique, and tremendous for good or evil.

I think commercial travelers can stand a sermon of warm-hearted sympathy. If you have any words of good cheer for them, you had better utter them. If you have any good, honest prayers in their behalf, they will be greatly obliged to you. I never knew a man yet who did not like to be prayed for: I never knew a man yet that did not like to be helped. It seems to me this sermon is timely.

Now you, the commercial traveler, have received orders from the head men of the firm that you are to start on a long excursion. You have your patterns all assorted and prepared. You have them put up in bundles or cases and marked. You have full instructions as to prices. You know on what prices you are to stand firm, and from what prices you may retreat somewhat. You have your valise or trunk, or both, packed.

Put in among your baggage some carefully-selected, wholesome reading. Let it be in history, or a poem, or a book of pure fiction, or some volume that will give you information in regard to your line of business. Then add to that a Bible in round, beautiful type—small type is bad for the eyes anywhere, but peculiarly killing in the jolt of a rail-train. Put your railroad guide and your Bible side by side—the one to show you the route through this world, and the other to show you the route to the next world. "Oh," you say, "that is superfluous, for now in all the hotels, in the parlor, you will find a Bible, and in nearly all the rooms of the guests you will find one." But, my brother, that is not your Bible. You want your own hat, your own coat, your own blanket, your own Bible. "But," you say, "I am not a Christian, and you ought not to expect me to carry a Bible." My brother, a great many people are not Christians who carry a Bible. Beside that, before you get home, you might become a Christian, and you would feel awkward without a copy. Beside that, you might get bad news from home. I see you with trembling hand opening the telegram saying: "George is dying," or "Fannie is dead—come home!" Oh, as you sit in the train, stunned with the calamity, going home, you will have no taste for fine scenery, or for conversation, and yet you must keep your thoughts employed, or you will go stark mad. Then you will want a Bible, whether you read it or not. It will be a comfort to have it near you—that book full of promises which have comforted other people in like calamity. Whether you study the promises or not, you will want that book near you. Am I not wise when I say put in the Bible?

Now, you are all ready to start. You have your valise in the right hand, and you have your blanket and shawl-strap in the left hand. Good-by! May you have a prosperous journey: large sales—great percentages. Oh, there is one thing I forgot to ask you about! What train are you going to take? "Well," you say, "I will take the five o'clock Sunday afternoon train." Why? "Oh," you say, "I shall save a day by that, and on Monday morning I will be in the distant city, in the commercial establishment by the time the merchants come down." My brother, you are starting wrong. If you clip off something from the Lord's day, the Lord will clip off something from your lifetime successes. Sabbath-breaking pays no better for this world than it pays for the next. Your employer, young man, has no right to swindle you out of that rest. The bitter curse of Almighty God will rest upon that commercial establishment which expects its employees to break the Sabbath. What right has a Christian merchant to sit down in church on the Sabbath when his clerks are traveling abroad through the land on that day? Now, I say if the Sabbath is good for the employer, it is good for the employee. Young man, the dollar that you earn on the Sabbath is a red-hot dollar: and if you put it into a bag with five thousand honest dollars, that red-hot dollar will burn a hole through the bottom of the bag, and let out all the five thousand honest dollars with it.

But I see you change your mind, and you are going on Monday morning, and I see you take the train—Pennsylvania, or the Baltimore & Ohio, or the Hudson River, or the Erie, or the Harlem, or the New Haven train. For a few weeks now you will pass half of your time in the rail-train. How are you going to employ the time? Open the valise and take out a book and begin to read. Magnificent opportunities have our commercial travelers for gaining information above all other clerks or merchants. The best place in the world to study is a rail-train. I know it by experience. Do not do as some commercial travelers do—as many of them do, as most of them do—sit reading the same newspaper over and over again, and all the advertisements through and through: then sit for two or three hours calculating the profits they expect to make; then spending two or three hours looking listlessly out of the window: then spending three or four hours in the smoking-car, the nastiest place in Christendom, talking with men who do not know as much as you do. Instead of that, call William Shakespeare, the dramatist, and John Ruskin, the essayist, and Tennyson, the poet, and Bancroft and Macaulay, the historians, and Ezekiel and Paul, the inspired men of God, and ask them to sit with you, and talk with you, as they will if you ask them. I hear you say: "I do wish I could get out of this business of commercial traveling: I don't like it." My brother, why don't you read yourself out? Give me a young man of ordinary intellect and good eyesight, and let him devote to valuable reading the time not actually occupied in commercial errand, and in six years he will be qualified for any position for which he is ambitious.

"Oh," you say, "I have no taste for reading." Now, that is the trouble, but it is no excuse. There was a time, my brother, when you had no taste for cigars, they made you very sick, but you persevered until cigars have become to you a luxury. Now, if you can afford to struggle on to get a bad habit, is it not worth while to struggle on to get a good habit like that of reading? I am amazed to find how many merchants and commercial travelers preserve their ignorance from year to year, notwithstanding all their opportunities. Remember the "Learned Blacksmith," who, while blowing the bellows, set his book up against the brick work, and became acquainted with fifty languages. Remember the scholarly Gifford, who, while an apprentice, wrought out the arithmetical problem with his awl on a piece of leather. Remember Abercrombie, who snatched here and there a fragmentary five minutes from an exhausting profession, and wrote immortal treatises on ethics.

Be ashamed to sell foreign fabrics or fruits unless you know something about the looms that wove them, or the vineyards that grew them. Understand all about the laws that control commercial life: about banking: about tariffs: about markets: about navigation: about foreign people—their characteristics and their political revolutions as they affect ours: about the harvests of Russia, the vineyards of Italy, the tea fields of China. When you are waiting for the train, hour after hour in the depot, do not spend your time reading the sewing-machine advertisements, and looking up the time-tables of routes you will never take, going the twentieth time to the door to see whether the train is coming, bothering the ticket agent and telegraph operator with questions which you ask merely because you want to pass away the time. But rather summon up the great essayists and philosophers, and story-tellers, and thinkers of the ages, and have them entertain you.

But you have come now near the end of your railroad travel. I can tell by the motion of the car that they are pulling the patent brakes down. The engineer rings the bell at the crossing. The train stops. "All out!" cries the conductor. You dismount from the train. You reach the hotel. The landlord is glad to see you—very glad! He stretches out his hand across the registry book with all the disinterested warmth of a brother! You are assigned an apartment. In that uninviting apartment you stay only long enough to make yourself presentable. You descend then into the reading-room, and there you find the commercial travelers sitting around a long table, with a great elevation in the centre covered with advertisements: while there are inkstands sunken in the bed of the table, and scattered all around rusty steel pens and patches of blotting paper. Of course, you will not stay there. You saunter out [illegible] the merchants. You present your letters of introduction and authority. You [illegible] Then, at the last day, there are two or three things you ought to remember. First, that all the trade you get by the practice of "treating" will not stick. If you cannot get custom except by tipping a wine-glass with somebody, you had better not get the custom. The old commercial traveler gives us his experience that made quite a fortune by "treating." [illegible] the house that goes to one way or the other.

Beside that, you cannot afford to injure yourself for the purpose of benefiting your employers. Your common-sense tells you that you cannot get into the habit of taking strong drink to please others, without getting that habit fastened on you. O, commercial traveler, though your firm may give you the largest salary of any man in your line, though they might give you ten per cent. of all you sell, or twenty per cent. or fifty per cent. or ninety-nine per cent., they cannot pay enough to make it worth your while to ruin your soul. Beside that, a commercial house never compensates a man who has been morally ruined in their employ. A young man in Philadelphia was turned out from his employ because of inebriation, gotten in the service of the merchant who employed him, and here is the letter he wrote to his employer:

"SIR: I came into your service uncorrupt in principles and in morals; but the rules of your house required me to spend my evenings at places of public entertainment and amusement in search of customers. To accomplish my work in your service, I was obliged to drink with them, and join them in their pursuits of pleasure. It was not my choice, but the rule of the house. I went with them to the theatre and the billiard table; but it was not my choice. I did not wish to go. I went in your service. It was not my pleasure so to do: but I was the conductor and companion of the simple ones, void alike of understanding and of principle, in their sinful pleasures and deeds of deeper darkness, that I might retain them as your customers. Your interest required it. I have added thousands of dollars to the profits of your trade, but at what expense you now see, and I know too well. You have become wealthy, but I am poor, indeed: and now this cruel dismissal from your employ is the recompense I receive for a character ruined and prospects blasted in helping to make you a rich man!" Alas! for the man who gets such a letter as that.

Again, I charge you, tell the whole truth about anything you sell. Lying commercial travelers will precede you. Lying commercial travelers will come right after you into the same store. Do not let their unfair competition tempt you from the straight line. It is an awful bargain that a man makes when he sells his goods and his soul at the same time. A young man in one of the stores of New York was selling some silks. He was binding them up when he said to the lady customer, "It is my duty to show you that there is a fracture in that silk." She looked at it and rejected the goods. The head man of the firm, hearing of it, wrote to the father of the young man in the country, saying: "Come and take your son away: he will never make a merchant." The father came in agitation, wondering what his boy had been doing, and the head men of the firm said: "Why your son stood here at this counter and pointed out a fracture in the silk, and of course the lady wouldn't take it. We are not responsible for the ignorance of customers: customers must look out for themselves, and we look out for ourselves. Your son will never make a merchant." "Is that all?" said the father. "Ah! I am prouder of my boy than I ever was. John, get your hat and come home."

But it is almost night, and you go back to the hotel. Now comes the mighty tug for the commercial traveler. Tell me where he spends his evenings and I will tell you where he will spend eternity, and I will tell you what will be his worldly prospects. There is an abundance of choice. There is your room with the books. There are the Young Men's Christian Association rooms. There are the week-night services of the Christian churches. There is the gambling saloon. There is the theatre. There is the house of infamy. Plenty of places to go to. But, which, O

immortal man, which? O God, which? "Well," you say, "I guess I will—I guess I will go to the theatre." Do you think the tarrying in that place until eleven o'clock at night will improve your bodily health, or your financial prospects, or your eternal fortune? No man ever found the path to usefulness, or honor, or happiness, or commercial success, or heaven through the American theatre. "Well," you say, "I guess, then, I will go to — I guess I will go to the gambling saloon." You will first go to look. Then you will go to play. You will make $100, you will make $500, you will make $1,000, you will make $1,500—then you will lose all. Then you will borrow some money so as to start anew. You will make $50, you will make $200, you will make $600 — then you will lose all. These wretches of the gambling saloon know how to tempt you. But mark this: all gambiers die poor. They may make fortunes—great fortunes—but they lose them.

"Well," you say, "if I can't go to the theatre, and if I can't go to the gambling saloon, then I guess—I guess I will go to the house of infamy." Commercial travelers have told me that in the letter-box at the hotel, within one hour after their arrival, they have had letters of evil solicitation in that direction. It is far away from home. Nobody will know it. Commercial travelers have sometimes gone in that evil path. Why not you? Halt! There is a passage in Proverbs I hesitate to read, but I do not hesitate long: "At the window of my house I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones, I discovered among the youths a young man, void of understanding, passing through the street near her corner, and he went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks, till a dart strikes through his liver."

But now the question is still open: Where will you spend your evening? O commercial travelers, how much will you give me to put you on the right track? Without charging you a farthing I will prescribe for you a plan which will save you for this world and the next, if you will take it. Go, before you leave home to the Young Men's Christian Association of the city where you live. Get from them letters of introduction. Carry them out to the towns and cities where you go. If there be no such association in the place you visit, then present them at the door of Christian churches, and hand them over to the pastors. Be not slow to arise in the devotional meeting, and say: "I am a commercial traveler; I am far away from home, and I come in here to-night to seek Christian society." The best houses and the highest style of amusement will open before you, and instead of your being dependent upon the leprous crew who hang around the hotels, wanting to show you all the slums of the city, on the one condition that you will pay their expenses, you will get the benediction of God in every town you visit. Remember this, that whatever place you visit, bad influences will seek you out; good influences you must seek out.

O commercial travelers, I pray for you the all sustaining grace of God. There are two kinds of days when you are especially in need of divine grace. The one, the day when you have no success—when you fail to make a sale, and you are very much disappointed, and you go back to your hotel discomfited. That night you will be tempted to go to strong drink and rush into bad surroundings. The other day, when you will especially need divine grace, will be when you have had a day of great success, and the devil tells you you must go and celebrate that success. Then you will want the grace of God to restrain you from rollicking indulgences. Yes, there will be a third day when you will need to be Christians, and that will be the last day of your life. I do not know where you will spend it. Perhaps in your house, more probably in a rail-car, or a steamer, or the strange hotel. I see you on your last commercial errand. You have bidden good-by to the family at home for the last time. The train of your earthly existence is nearing the depot of the grave. The brakes are falling. The bell rings at the terminus. Show your ticket now for getting into the gate of the shining city—the red ticket washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Lincoln Memorial University

An Institution which Gen. O. O. Howard is Trying to Make a Worthy Memorial of the Martyr President

A PROJECT having a double claim on the sympathies of the American public is now nearing realization under the management of that distinguished General whose name is deservedly honored as much in the records of the Church of Christ as on the annals of our armies—Gen. O. O. Howard. He, with a number of men likeminded, undertook some time ago, to raise an institution of learning in the South, which should appropriately bear the name of Abraham Lincoln, and should be a memorial to him. The institution is now in working order, and is capable of wide development. It is situated at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, near the stone which marks the connection of the boundaries of the three great States of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. It grew out of a school established by the two devoted missionaries, Rev. A. A. Myers and his wife. After fourteen years of consecrated work in other parts of the Southern mountains, they reached in 1890 Cumberland Gap, and there by faith and self-sacrifice and prayer they planted their school. They called it Harrow, after the famous English school founded in 1571 by John Lyons, "to afford an education for poor boys." Nearly nine years have passed since then, and the school is now The Lincoln Memorial University.

ONE OF THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS

There was a pathetic reason for such an institution being made a memorial for President Lincoln and for Gen. Howard's interest in it. In his last interview with Lincoln, Gen. Howard received special charge of the freedmen and refugees of these mountains, a charge which was afterwards emphasized by Edwin M. Stanton, at Lincoln's request. The people in that district had suffered much during the war, and many of them were descendants of men who had done valiant service and borne much suffering in the war of the revolution, when the Indians on the one side and the British on the other had harassed them, broken down their bridges, burned their houses and slaughtered them without mercy. The veteran officers of our armies still remember with gratitude the services rendered by these hardy people, who gave them food and water on their march and who, in some instances, took the shoes off their own feet and gave them to the bare-footed soldiers. No wonder that the great heart of Lincoln was concerned for their welfare and recommended them to the kindness and tenderness of a General whose soul, like his own, could be moved by the spectacle of a great people suffering patiently and silently. To this day Gen. Howard feels the force of that commission, and is impelled to give his sympathy and help to any movement that promises to benefit them.

Traveling through this mountain region, Gen. Howard was impressed with the paramount need existing for educational facilities. The statistics of the eleventh census, showed that of the white population of the three States of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, the proportion of persons who had not been able to get even the rudiments of education was very large. In Kentucky it was sixteen in the hundred; in Tennessee eighteen; and in Virginia fourteen. Since that census was taken the conditions have doubtless improved, but much remains to be done. There are two millions of people in the region where the three States come together, and it therefore required a herculean effort to meet the need. The conditions of life are very hard there, consequently whatever was done must be at the cost of liberal philanthropists at the outset. But there is no way in which philanthropy can help those in need so effectually or with so little risk of sapping the independence of the beneficiaries, as by placing facilities for education within their reach. Of this Gen. Howard was convinced and the success that had already been achieved by the school already established by Mr. and Mrs. Myers, showed how heartily such facilities would be appreciated. The number of pupils was already three hundred, some of whom had been sent at a sacrifice to their parents, the extent of which God alone knew.

To develop this school, to make it an institution which should teach, not the ordinary English education alone, but give an industrial and scientific training which would improve the financial condition of the section and, above all, instil in the mind of every student, Christian principles, was the project to which Gen. Howard gave his time and his energies. He longed to make it a real blessing to the people, an institution worthy to bear the name of Lincoln and to be an appropriate memorial of his life. He organized a Board of Directors and gave the school a representative basis. The illustrations on this page show how much has already been accomplished. The possibility of acquiring at a low price the estate on which the Four Seasons Hotel was located, was an opportunity that seemed to be providentially furnished. It covered five hundred acres, and included a building originally designed for a sanitarium, in which two hundred girls and their teachers could be accommodated. That has now been secured, and it is found that the soil may be so cultivated as to add materially to the income of the institution. The deficiency in the purchase money amounted to fifteen thousand dollars, but so eloquently did Gen. Howard plead the cause, that friends who revered the name of Lincoln and felt like him a concern for the welfare of the people, contributed at once six thousand dollars. Nine thousand dollars have still to be raised to complete the purchase, and for this sum Gen. Howard appeals to the generosity of the Christian public. He believes, and with good reason, that there are multitudes in this broad land, to whom the possibility of rearing a monument to the memory of Lincoln, shall at the same time, in educating these people, fulfil a desire dear to Lincoln's heart, will come as a welcome opportunity of patriotic and Christian service. It will please some of these people to know that their gifts will have permanent recognition. In one of the university buildings, which bears the name of Grant and Lee Hall, there is a large room, on the walls of which the name of every contributor will be inscribed. Such a memorial will be deeply interesting. Students of generations yet unborn, will enter that room and will see there the names of persons whose gifts aided in placing a Christian, literary, and industrial education within their reach.

GRANT AND LEE HALL

Gen. Howard says in conclusion: "This effort goes far beyond the ordinary educational institution. It is founded with the distinctive object to afford thousands in the mountains the opportunities to become godly men and women by increasing not only their theoretic but their practical knowledge of affairs, and by developing not only the physical and the mental, but the spiritual being.

"The great desire of those of us who are engaged in this enterprise is to secure an endowment not only for the proper buildings and accommodations for at least a thousand students, but to endow professorships and scholarships, to be of assistance to intelligent young men and young women of promise.

"My age forbids that I should long remain with my associates, and this is probably my last call in the interest of a particular institution. My love for Abraham Lincoln, which grows with my days, and my love for children and youth must be my excuse for entreating liberal gifts. God grant that we may have enough to pay off all indebtedness before our splendid property or any part of it shall be sacrificed."

SITE OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be happy to receive and forward any sums contributed toward the fund.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

CHRIST FREEING FROM SIN

S. S. Lesson for March 5. John 8 : 12 ; 21-36. Golden Text, John 8 : 36

AFTER his teaching in the temple, which had so exasperated the Jews, the people dispersed every man to his own house (John 8 : 53). He who had "not where to lay his head," went up to the Mount of Olives, there, alone with the Father, to gather strength and courage for another day's service in the midst of elements so contrary, spirits so antagonistic to his life and teaching. "Early in the morning he came again into the temple, and all the people came unto him; and he sat down and taught them." The Scribes and Pharisees, failing in their attempt to apprehend him, made efforts now to make him contradict the teaching of Moses. A poor, miserable woman was dragged before him and made the subject of their question: "Moses in the law commanded that such should be stoned; but what sayest thou?" It was a deep laid plot, and these men made sure now they had caught the Lord Jesus in a trap. Jesus came to bring forgiveness, and had said that he that believed on him was not condemned, and yet he had always been loyal to the Scripture. How would he escape from the dilemma of being true to his teaching of grace and yet continue obedient to the law? Jesus was in no hurry to answer. Writing on the ground, "as though he heard them not," he listened for direction from above, and then said, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her." Let the law have its course, but who shall execute it? Let the sinless one throw the stone. The same presence which made it impossible for them to take him until his hour was come made it impossible for them to answer him. Convicted by their own conscience, they went out, one and all, and left Jesus alone, and the woman standing in the midst. They were condemned who had condemned her, and who sought to condemn Jesus. And he who came, "not to condemn the world," said unto her, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

Oh, how Jesus yearned after the people! How he longed that the cloud of death and darkness which was upon them might be dispersed, and that they might walk in the light! He knew himself to be the remedy they needed, and therefore said, "I am the light of the world; he that cometh to me will not walk in darkness, but will find for himself the light of life." "Thou bearest witness of thyself; thy witness is not true" [or is not certain] broke in the Pharisees. And the patient Lamb of God explained to them in words which are priceless to such as read them in the light of the Spirit, but which, to those men who were darkened by their own blind prejudices, seemed to be the height of sinful presumption. He knew the law, that the testimony of one witness was not admitted in a Jewish court of law; there must be two or more, and Jesus alleged, "I am one that bear witness of myself, and the Father which sent me beareth witness of me" (verse 18), and he told them the reason of their blindness, "Ye judge after the flesh:" the flesh cannot judge; it has no capacity for judging what is spiritual.

The poor, sinful, degraded woman whom they had condemned, went forth from the presence of him who is the Light of the World, to "sin no more." Something within her had told her that this man was true, and a greater work than the healing of the man at the Pool of Bethesda had been accomplished in her. But they who judged Jesus for the miracle of healing had no sense whereby to understand the miracle of grace. They had no eyes to see God, or they would have perceived something more than man in him whom they condemned. "Where is thy Father?" was the question. "Show us the Father," said a disciple later on, only to be met by the words, "Have I been so long with you and yet has thou not known me Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou then, 'Show us the Father?' Believest thou not that I am in the Father and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works" (John 14 : 10).

"HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN AMONG YOU, LET HIM FIRST CAST A STONE AT HER"

Judging after the flesh, having not the spirit, being impure in heart, they could not see God; they were suspicious of all which was out of the range of their carnal comprehension. "Ye neither know me nor my Father; if ye had known me (*i. e.*, as the Son of God), ye should have known my Father also." "No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him" (Matt. 11 : 27).

But the Lord's time on earth was drawing to a close. He had much upon his heart; the question of sin must come to the front, and the words he should speak would be for future generations. His hearers were so blinded that they "understood not that he spoke to them of the Father" (verse 27) when he said, "he that sent me," although this expression was continually on his lips. Judging as they did after the flesh, they saw all things and heard them, as between man and man; God was "not in all their thoughts." With the Son of Man how different it was. He could say to the Father, "The Father hath not left me alone, for I do always those things that please him" (verse 29). Thus when he broached the subject of sin, their unawakened consciences lay slumbering still, their eyes were holden that they could not see him who spoke to them. God had drawn near in the person of his Son, and they knew it not!

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

DURING this visit to Jerusalem, our Lord came into contact with a different class of men from those to whom he had preached in the country districts of Galilee. These were men steeped in the law and tradition, fond of legal quibbles and subtle in argument. To them, in their metropolitan pride, it was an offence that this young Galilean, who had not been trained in any of their schools, should come to the capital and presume to teach. Some of them wanted to suppress him by violence, but others were content with trying to puzzle him and entrap him in argument. These latter were the men who brought the woman to him, as narrated in the earlier verses of the chapter. They stated her offence and asked him what her punishment ought to be, reminding him, at the same time, what Moses had prescribed. But this severe penalty had fallen into disuse. In those days a woman so offending was not stoned; she was divorced. Their object in submitting the case to him was to place him in the dilemma of either reviving an obsolete statute, or of advising a disregard of it, and thus placing himself in antagonism to the Mosaic law, which was a grievous offence. Christ's answer raised the subject from one of legal technicality into the larger realm of personal responsibility, and they were discomfited by the accusation of conscience. Christ then turned the incident to account in teaching the people who had witnessed it, showing them that the highest morality was not that of slavish bondage to the letter of the law, but that of the freedom enjoyed by the right spirit.

The truth shall make you free. Victor Hugo tells, in his famous work, the story of a man who was arrested for some trifling offence. While he was in prison [illegible] and had been vainly sought through France. The prisoner stoutly declared that he was not Valjean and that he had never been in prison in his life [illegible] It was decided that it was probable that he would be sent to the galleys for life. But at his trial, an old gentleman, the mayor of a large town, rose and confessed that he was Valjean, the escaped convict. He had changed his name, [illegible] business and had prospered. He hoped that he would never be detected. But when he heard that another man had been mistaken for him and was about to be punished, he had felt it his duty to come forward and tell the truth. The truth had made him free.

If the Son shall make you free. The Jews could not bear to see him break the bonds of the law which he came to fulfil. [illegible] worshiped a curiously marked caterpillar. He missed it one day and mourned over its loss. It had gone into its cocoon. By and by he found a butterfly [illegible] pillar. "Wretch!" he cried, "you have killed my caterpillar and eaten him," and he smote the butterfly and crushed it. He did not know that the butterfly was a new and higher life of the caterpillar, just as Christianity was the [illegible] Judaism.

The servant of sin. Two lads worked at the same factory. One of them, who had been piously brought up, refused to join his mates in their weekly carousal, which was held on a Saturday night after they had been paid off. His companion ridiculed him and urged him to put aside his mother's injunctions and to be a man. "These home restraints make a slave of you," he said. "I don't want that kind of liberty," said the other. Years passed, and the pious lad, grown to manhood, [illegible] met his old companion clad in rags. [illegible] he relieved him, and tried to reinstate him in society. But it was useless. "I cannot break off my old habits," said the miserable creature; "I resolve to be sober, but the demon drink has me in its power and will not let me go. I am a slave of the most abject kind. I know it will ruin me, and I expect it will kill me, but I cannot let it alone." Such slaves are to be found in every city, and in like bondage are the slaves of lust and greed.

Ye shall be free, indeed. How can knowledge give liberty? It can give liberty from the burden of superstition. There are ignorant people who suffer apprehension if they accidentally cross two knives, or see the new moon over their left shoulder, or do any of a score of things which are supposed to portend evil. But let them be educated and they are delivered from such nonsense. Then, the knowledge of fact may bring liberty. The newspapers, some months ago, told the story of a man who came back to this country, after an absence of seven years, to give himself up to justice as a murderer. During all those years he had been hiding himself in European and Australian towns, fearful of meeting an American consul or an American traveler who might recognize him. The burden at last became intolerable, and he resolved to come back and bear the penalty of his crime. But when he came, he found that there was no penalty to be borne. The man whom he thought he had murdered had recovered from his wound, and was then alive and well. If he had learned that fact earlier he need not have exiled himself. When he did hear it, that truth made him free.

GENERAL EATON

Porto Rico's "Bow of Promise"

Gen. Eaton Reports on the Condition of Our New Colony —General Illiteracy, but "the Children are Bright"— Schools Urgently Needed—Great Spiritual Possibilities

SEVERAL weeks ago General John Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, sailed for Porto Rico, having a double commission. The first was from the United States Government, which had appointed him to report concerning the educational needs of the island; the second from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for which journal he was to investigate fully and report as to the outlook for spiritual work there, and especially with a view to the speedy establishment of Sunday Schools at available points. Gen. Eaton's first letter is given below. As will be seen, the progress made is necessarily slow, yet the prospects are encouraging:

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, Jan. 28, 1899.

Editor "The Christian Herald":

Neither you nor your readers will doubt that on education depends the future of this island. What must be the initiative of this great agency, so nearly creative in its effect? For four hundred years, under the influence of law, both canon and civil, and administration, both political and ecclesiastical, and the increasing power of tradition, all things have been Spanish. The original European settlers were Spanish. The next largest element has been the untutored negro from the wilds of Africa, whose descendants are supposed to number nearly a third of the population. The next largest contribution is Corsican French, but all have been shut out from other than Spanish influences. Every motive has been brought to bear to guide and keep them under Spanish control. Religion has been made Spanish. Little or no other literature came in to modify this current. There are books and libraries—but only Spanish. The honors of learning were sought from the Spanish University; thence came the diploma to the lawyer, the physician, the pharmacist and the pedagogue. The humblest teacher seeking a career must have a Spanish certificate. A few studied in Paris, less in Germany, and still less in the United States. The educated class, therefore, which is very interesting and intelligent and considerable in numbers, could only be Spanish themselves and in their influence. The unrest of the last few years has been letting in more ideas from the United States, and occasionally you find a professional man, perhaps a doctor of medicine, who has been educated in the States and whose professional literature has come from the States, but he could not practice before his diploma was recognized at Madrid. The law of the courts was neither founded on the common law of England nor the statute law of the United States, but was Spanish in principle and practice, going back to the Roman *juris civilis*. The clergy were paid by the State and required to be pre-eminently Spanish in their teaching and influence.

What could the illiterate two-thirds or three-fourths of the population be? Beyond all this the Anglo-Saxon or dweller in the more northern latitudes must not forget the difference in heredity and climate; but no one who has studied various types of men and civilization can fail to see here elements and conditions of great promise—foundations on which it is possible to build a noble superstructure, recalling the triumphs and glories of the ancestors of these people. What, then, must be the initiative of the education which is to lead them to aspire to that promising future? Plainly, it cannot be found in any iron bedstead scheme. It cannot be projected from a dream. Education, the one thing which everybody in the States claims to know all about and is ready to direct, cannot be started here by that sort of men. Their start could only bring interminable catastrophe. The facts here must be studied; theory and practice must be fitted to them. The people are neither dull nor stupid. The children are specially bright. Suddenly the current of history, directed by Providence, has separated them from Spain—one of the most illiberal and tyrannical of governments—and joined them to the United States for the future, which we believe is leading mankind forward along the most liberal lines known among men. Some here cannot see in this any gain either for piety, liberty, or the characteristics of civilization. They will go to Spain or obstruct any change; but the most of the educated class see their opportunity. Their eyes are not behind their heads; they look to the future, and, with different degrees of alertness, are ready to go forward.

Human nature, with its modifications, is human nature the world over. The same great principles must control its progress here as elsewhere. Progress will be better when chosen than when resisted and forced. The motives which will control that choice will be mixed—they will not all be those of love for the better. The progress of no nation is along the straight line; it cannot be here. These variations will require patience and wise adjustments.

The new, higher sentiments will recognize a value in every child—a factor for good or evil to himself and society. The religious eye will see in him an immortal soul to be saved or lost—one whose redemption was purchased by the death of our Saviour on the Cross. Every child trained in the school five years, there, will be an entire generation of that period knowing the new freedom and its blessings and having a growing affection for them. The Spanish language is the special obstruction to all that is to come from America. English must be acquired as the medium for all that the new conditions are to accomplish. All the motives that conspire to draw the people towards the free institutions of America, and the religious will join the secular in the effort. Reason and conscience will become active in the movement, while it will not leave out of consideration the lower motives, such as selfishness and fear. The time has not passed when fear is the beginning of wisdom. The child will learn the language, but affairs cannot wait for five years an elementary school generation; adult minds must act. The initiative of education must be adapted therefore to all ages. What has been decided in these few days of this supervision in Porto Rico? The authorities charged with this responsibility—that is, the Insular Cabinet or the Secretary Fourento, under whom education is administered, and Gen. Henry, who is the final authority—have approved several initiatives; first, the establishment of an American library to receive documentary publications published by the nation, by the states and cities, and all publishers are invited to contribute of their books and magazines. It is to be administered under the Superintendent of Education and after the plan of the New York State Library, making loans to different cities to benefit all the people; second, elementary readers in English have been ordered. The regular teacher will see that the regularly assigned work is done by the pupils, and an expert English teacher speaking Spanish will visit each school twice a week and see that this work is faithfully done, the English correctly written and pronounced; third, maps of the United States will be placed on the walls, together with pictures of men and marked events, and patriotic song books introduced; fourth, all teachers now employed will be expected to learn English. New teachers will be preferred who understand English, and examinations for teaching and for diplomas from the Normal schools of the Collegiate Institute will include English; fifth, going to the United States by students for their education and by teachers to improve their qualifications is encouraged. For adults, in addition to the American library, the plans include public lectures on persons and events in American history, with the use of the stereopticon, and the organization of night schools for instruction in English for clerks and others in need of its daily use. The lack of money limits and embarrasses every plan. Only three schoolhouses belonging to the public have so far been reported in the island. Many pupils have no books, and depend altogether and completely upon the oral instruction of the teacher. Much money is overdue teachers. One teacher from a small town reported a thousand dollars due her.

The Superintendent has commenced work by meeting teachers and City Boards of Education, and has invited the organization of citizens willing to lay aside partisan differences, which are marked, and co-operate in these important affairs, and leaders of public opinion are already offering their aid with enthusiasm. Only one Alcalde or Mayor has so far declared himself opposed to schools. Gen. Henry is giving these movements every aid. He has ordered that books for the library and schools shall come by Government transports without expense, and free from the tariff which American goods still pay like all others.

Two religious enterprises have been started for the study of the Bible and for preaching. Either of them is worthy of assistance.

JOHN EATON.

From "Philippine Islands," by per. The Macmillan Co.

HOUSES ALONG THE CANAL, NEAR MANILA

Victory in the Philippines

Aguinaldo's Forces in Full Retreat — Iloilo and Caloocan Captured by American Forces

THERE is now reason to hope that American supremacy in the Philippines will be established without further bloodshed. It is evident that the resistance displayed was the work, not of the people, but of a few ambitious men, of whom Aguinaldo was the leader. They are now apparently aware that their projects were futile, and that their only hope of saving their lives lies in submission to the American authorities.

GEN. ELWELL S. OTIS AND STAFF

The lesson was short and decisive. After the battle of Manila they made a stand at Caloocan, a town twelve miles north of Manila. It was strongly fortified, and was probably the most formidable place on Luzon, next to Manila. The American attack began with a bombardment by the fleet, led by the monitor *Monadnock* and the gunboat *Concord*, which sent their shells with true aim into the town. After an hour and a half of this iron hail, the order was given for Gen. Harrison G. Otis's brigade to advance on the intrenchments. It was received with cheers by our men and they set out with alacrity. The Filipinos apparently amazed at their coolness, scrambled out and made for the shelter of the town. But a detachment under the command of Major J. Franklin Bell, had executed a flank movement which was a surprise to the Filipinos. They hastily set fire to the town, flung down their weapons and fled. The American troops speedily extinguished the flames, and ran up the Stars and Stripes.

A still more important capture was that of Feb. 11, when Iloilo, the chief city of the Island of Panay fell into American hands. It has been held by the insurgents since Dec. 26, two days after it was evacuated by the Spaniards. Finding that the city could not be taken except by force, and not wishing to precipitate a conflict at that time, our troops have remained on the transports outside the harbor. It was welcome news to them that an attack was ordered. The *Petrel* and the *Baltimore* opened fire. The bombardment was so well aimed and so heavy, that the Filipinos realized the hopelessness of defence, and they set fire to the city and fled. American troops were promptly landed and extinguished the flames before much damage was done.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR
B. J. FERNIE. G. H. SANDISON.

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Bishop Potter Assailed

ONE of the greatest hindrances to the work of reform, is the disposition to controversy among those who are aiming for the same results. The deplorable thing about the battle of Big Bethel was that, deceived by a thick fog, a company fought with another company of the same regiment. A victory of that kind is a defeat. Bishop Potter, whose name is a synonym for everything patriotic, noble and Christian, has been severely set upon because he advocated a saloon for the working people. He only advocated that which in England has been a great success—a coffee-house or place made comfortable and attractive by temperance drinks, to which people might go and spend some of their time, which otherwise they might be tempted to pass in atmosphere scented with alcoholics. We need five thousand such saloons in this country made attractive by pictures and music and healthful menu.

To read the published tirades against Bishop Potter, you might think he had advocated whole menageries of that which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. On the contrary, he proposed the opening of moral establishments which might in some respects eclipse in attractions the palaces of sin. We must take things as they are, and remember that there are thousands of homes so utterly repulsive that men and women ought to have a place of occasional retreat. Multiply coffee houses like those so prevalent in England. Meanwhile, let us be slow to attack men who have long been fighting evil in their own way. Temperance men stop quarreling! If the phraseology of a man like Bishop Potter does not please you, assail his phraseology, and not his fidelity to all good enterprises. Such guns kick over the men who shoot them off.

The Ethics of the Hispano-American War

STRICTLY speaking, International Law is the golden rule applied to nations. Nations are only aggregated individuals: and as between individuals the law of benevolence requires us to do as we would like to be done by, so between nations. There seems to be this exception: Like individuals, nations sometimes fail to see what the law of benevolence requires. sometimes require a revelation from God. Spain might say: "The golden rule requires [illegible] it takes ten thousand years." "No," we reply, "the golden rule requires you to stop exterminating your poor, persecuted [illegible] hands off until we demonstrate whether [illegible] ing sentence against the oppression of man by man."

The fundamental principle of international ethics is, that as there is a law of right and wrong between individuals, there is the same law of right and wrong between nations. You say: "Yes, but only the strong nations can act out this ethics." Might does not make right. No, indeed: but might puts upon a nation the responsibility of lifting up the standard of right. You say: "All government of nations is imperfect. All nations live in glass houses, and throwing stones is dangerous business for such residents." This is not the question. Spain can not argue from America's abuse of the Indians and the Negroes and the Chinese, that she ought to be permitted to abuse the Cubans. Two wrongs, or three wrongs even, do not make one right. God requires of men to cease to do evil and learn to do well. He requires it of nations. A nation learning to do well has the moral right to champion the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth, whatever her past record.

When God has a work that needs to be done, he does not wait for perfect men or perfect nations. The Pilgrim Fathers, heresy though it seem to say it, were not perfect men. But their heart was perfect. They meant to do God's work in the earth. And that is why they took ship for this Western wilderness. And for precisely that kind of men the King of Kings was making inquiry in the earth. He seems to have said: "These are the people, straight from the prisons and persecutions of England and their exile in Holland. They will ill-treat the inferior races at first: but this wilderness must be subdued and this new economy of government must be set up. They are the people for it. They will sometime learn and practice righteousness at home. They will teach righteousness eventually to surrounding nations, to all the earth. I can do no better. I elect them, with their battles for freedom behind them and their unsolved problems of freedom before them, to do my work on this Occidental continent."

This is the charter we have from God. This is why we have fought the Spaniards, and wrested Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines out of their hands, to establish right in the earth. The act of declaring war against Spain simply on moral grounds is the grandest act in history. As the stars fought against Sisera, so steam and electricity, time and tide fought against Spain. Spain is now cashiering her heroes in command, because they surrendered. They were fighting against God in history. Balaam beat the poor beast on which he rode because she saw the angel of God in the way of her progress. Spain did not know that just such a messenger, with a drawn sword, disputed conclusions with her in the recent war. She had read the story of Balaam in vain.

The Ruler of all the earth was tired of Spain and of her long-continued abominations. And so it ceased to be a question of Sampson and Cervera. It was against the buckler of the Almighty that this once great nation cast herself in despair.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The premium offer [illegible] a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and a Teachers' Bible without thumb index and without leather lining are obtainable for the [illegible] March 1st, be good *only* for *renewals*. No [illegible] accepted under this offer after February 28th.

Combination Offer Withdrawn

The Combination Offer under which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible] accepted under this offer after February 28th.

Books Given Away

We are making a special effort to largely increase the subscription list of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and as an extra inducement to our friends to co-operate with us in this great effort we offer for **EACH NEW** [illegible] month of March, whether with or without premium, the following exceptionally liberal rewards:

For One

new subscription, we will [illegible] prepaid, any one of the following books:

"Onward to Fame and Fortune," by Wm. M. Thayer, 446 pages, beautifully illustrated, bound in cloth, red and gilt:

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"Around the World with Eyes Wide Open," by Dr. H. Allen Tupper, Jr., The Greatest Book of Travel ever published for ten times the price: 464 pages, nearly 300 beautiful illustrations, very handsomely bound:

"The Art of Home-Making," Margaret E. Sangster's great home book [illegible] Mothers and Daughters—not a book on housekeeping, but on Home-Making: 448 pages, very generously illustrated; a magnificent specimen of modern book-making:

The Christian Herald Library No. 1, consisting of **ten** superb volumes. Their titles and authors are as follows:

Around the Tea Table, by T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.
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The Children's Portion, by Robert W. Shoppell.
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These ten books aggregate 3,200 pages, and are beautifully bound in Turkey Red and Gilt. We especially recommend lovers of good literature and those who desire to help their **Sunday School Library** to make an effort to get two new subscribers, either in the Sunday School, the Church, or among their friends, and then to present to their Sunday School Library [illegible]

For Three

new subscribers we will send, all charges prepaid, a su[illegible] Divinity Circuit, Red-under-Gold Edged, Teacher's Bible, with patent thumb index, in either the Authorized Version or the Revised Version. Our Revised Version Bibles are the only ones in verse form conforming exactly to the Authorized Version.

For Ten

new subscribers we will send, **freight charges to be paid by the person receiving it**, one set of 15 volumes of The World-Wide Encyclopedia, containing nearly 7,000 pages and 96 maps. The regular price of this Encyclopedia is $26.00 for the 15 volumes; we sold it for $13.00, and we make this great offer now because the sets which we are to send, while absolutely new and apparently undamaged, were slightly rubbed in the handling—a blemish perceptible only to the experienced eye of a publisher.

We are in receipt of numerous letters asking us to send free, either to the writers or to some Library, or to some poor friend in whom they are interested, one or the other of the books offered above. Occasionally the case warrants compliance, but in most instances it is an effort to shift from other shoulders the burden onto ours. Now here is the opportunity, by the putting forth of a little effort, to secure any book of your choice absolutely free, and to dispose of it in any manner you may choose.

The offers made above are more liberal, in most cases, than anything we have ever before attempted in this line, and these offers will positively be **withdrawn on March 31st.** They are made, as before stated, with a view to largely increasing our subscription list, and we feel confident that the liberal propositions here submitted will result in large accessions.

$100 Given Away

In addition to the above rewards, we will give $100 as follows to the persons sending in the largest number of subscribers during the month of March:

For the largest list of all,	**$25.00**
For the next largest list,	**20.00**
For the next largest list,	**15.00**
For the next largest list,	**10.00**
For the Six next largest lists, each $5.00,	**30.00**

MAKING A TOTAL OF TEN EXTRA REWARDS, AGGREGATING $100.

Letters postmarked after March 31st, 1899, cannot be counted to apply to this contest. Unless requested not to do so, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will publish in its second number in April, the names of those to whom the rewards were paid. Now, then, let us be up and doing!

Send for free Subscription Blanks and Premium Propositions.

Samoa Still Seething

LATER dispatches from Samoa than those mentioned recently in these columns, confirm the impression they produced. It is clear that the agreement between our Government, Germany and Great Britain to exercise joint control over the islands, is not working well. Germany frankly owns that her wish is to have sole management and that the tripartite arrangement is irksome. Some encouragement was given to this desire by Mr. Cleveland's administration which openly expressed indifference to Samoan affairs, and reluctance to carry out the terms of the treaty which secured the right of the United States to interfere. The present Administration takes a different view of its obligations, and is actively supporting the British view of the situation. The question now turns on whether the decision of the Chief Justice, who is an American, shall be upheld. He decided that Malietoa Tanu, the son of the late king, should succeed his father. He would not accept Mataafa because that aspirant was, in his opinion, barred out by the Berlin treaty. It is a curious fact that this exclusion of Mataafa was decreed at the urgent request of Germany. He had offended the German Government by barbarously murdering wounded German sailors, and by other acts of savagery. But he has, evidently, in some way made his peace with his enemy, for it was on a German vessel that he returned to Samoa from exile, and it is the German officials who are now supporting his claim. That he has gained control of the islands and is *de facto* king, the American and British consuls have had to admit. The question now arises whether these two Governments will permit him to retain his position, or will use force to suppress him. It is conceded that the Samoans have the right to choose their own king, but if they choose one who is unfit to reign, and who will oppress the people and embroil them with other nations, the three controlling powers may do them a service by vetoing their choice. As ancient Israel found to its cost, the voice of the people is not always the voice of God.

The enemy shall pursue him: they have set up kings but not by me (Hosea 8: 3).

To Harness the Waves

A patent was issued last week to a citizen of New York, for an invention designed to obtain power from the tides. The invention consists of a float in the shape of a scow, on which are a number of tanks built one above another. The float is to be moored near an inlet, which will be closed by a dam at high water. A door in the dam will correspond with a door in each of the tanks, so that as the water outside the dam sinks with the ebbing tide, the tanks are brought one after another on a level with the door in the dam. Thus, by opening the door in the dam, the tanks are filled in succession. By the action of the high tide, they are again raised and emptied. From the passage of the water from the reservoir to the tanks, and from the tanks back to the reservoir, there is force enough generated, according to the inventor's statement, to turn a water-wheel, or operate an electric motor, or produce compressed air. In order to properly guide the float and to transmit the power to other machinery, the plan is to build a column in the bed of the water and to provide the float with a vertical shaft, in order to transmit the power of the rising and falling float to the machinery. This machinery is designed to convert the tide power into a driving force, as fast as a sufficient head of water is developed. The value of such a discovery, if it proves to be all that is claimed for it, cannot be exaggerated. Manufacturers, the world over, will appreciate the worth of a force which is unlimited, and can be turned to all kinds of useful purposes. In spiritual things, there is such a power, as Christ declared, but it is seldom used:

If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence unto yonder place and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you (Matt. 17: 20)

An Ancient Engagement

Among the heaps of literary waste at Oxyrhynchus, in which Grenfell and Hunt found the now world-famous "Logia," or "Sayings of our Lord," other documents have been found which shed light on the private life of the first century. The discoverers have just published a volume of translations of these documents. Among them are invitations to dine; a housekeeper's account of her expenses; an application from a lady to her friend to get some articles out of pawn for which she is paying interest at the rate of four per cent. a month; and a letter from a boy apparently at school to his father in such style as modern boys use. Another interesting document is a notice served on a lover, by the father of the girl to whom he was betrothed. It informs the young man that, "Forasmuch as it has come to my ears that you are giving yourself over to lawless deeds, which are pleasing neither to God nor man, I think it well that the engagement between you and my daughter Euphemia should be dissolved. . . . Wherefore for the security of the said Euphemia, my daughter, I send you this deed of separation and dissolution." There are parents in our time who know something of this trouble that this father underwent eighteen centuries ago. It is not, however, all who have his decision of character and are more careful about the moral character of their daughters' suitors than about their financial rating. But the Apostle's advice is still sound:

Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness (II. Cor. 6: 14).

A Convict's Marriage

The report of the marriage of a young lady of aristocratic family to a convict is published by the New York *Herald*. It states that the marriage took place near the convict stockade in Mobile County, Ala., recently. The bridegroom is a young physician who in 1895 committed a murder near Montgomery, Ala. He was tried and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. His head was shaved and he donned the convict's garb, but his medical knowledge and surgical skill saved him from menial work. He had sufficient occupation in caring for the health of the large number of convicts in the stockade. When the yellow fever broke out in 1897 the convict doctor volunteered to nurse the victims at Montgomery, and his services were accepted. The Governor gave him a thirty days' parole and permitted him to wear citizen's clothes. During this period he won the affections of the lady who has now become his wife. She knew that he was a convict, but it made no difference to her love. When at the expiration of his parole he returned to the convict stockade, she succeeded in getting a petition for his pardon signed by influential people, and personally pleaded with the Governor in her lover's behalf. The Governor could not be convinced that the culprit deserved executive clemency. Finally the lady lost hope, but her love had not diminished, and a few days ago, taking advantage of her lover's temporary freedom for a day, she visited him, in company with a justice of the peace, who married them. It is said that the bridegroom will not be released until he has served his sentence, but his wife declares that she will cheerfully await that time and will be true to him until he is free to claim her. Probably if any one had told this lady that she would ever marry a convict, she would have indignantly refused to believe it; but when love enters the heart it takes small account of former prejudices. It is only one more proof that the Apostle was right when he declared that it was the most potent of all forces.

And the greatest of these is love (I. Cor. 13:13, R.V.)

A SCENE IN APIA THE SAMOAN CAPITAL—A PROMINENT SAMOAN CHIEF

Her Life for Her Jewels

A melancholy incident is reported from Passaic, N. J. A few days ago a large brick house occupied by three families caught fire. It was discovered early in the morning before any of the inmates had left their beds. It started in the basement and spread from front to rear before they were awakened. When they heard the alarm they found that the way of escape by the stairs was cut off, as they were already blazing. They went to the windows in the front, and their eyes were soon gladdened by seeing the fire-engines come to the scene. The firemen reared their ladders against the house and began taking the people down one at a time. The safety of all seemed assured, and indeed it was thought at first that every one had been rescued; but, later, one of the ladies remembered that while they were waiting for their turn at the ladder, her friend ran to her room to save her watch and rings, which in her hurry she had left behind. She thought she would have plenty of time to go and return before the ladder was taken away. She was, however, not among the saved, and as the house was then a seething mass of flames, it was vain to think of rescuing her from death. Her charred body was found among the ruins after the fire was extinguished. Everyone can see that she was foolish to imperil her life to save her jewelry; but how many there are who, like the young ruler, are committing the infinitely greater folly of imperilling their souls rather than lose their property.

He went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions (Matt. 19: 22).

A Noble in a Rolling Mill

Among the men employed in the heat of the blast furnaces and rolling apparatus of one of the largest steel mills of Worcester, Mass., is a young man who is a scion of a noble family in Sweden. He works as hard as any man in the mills, dresses like them and lives on the same plain fare. The managers know that he is ready to do any kind of work and that he expects no consideration on account of his rank. His father is a prominent Senator in the Swedish Parliament, and some years ago was appointed Governor-General of the Capital. He enjoys the intimate friendship of the king, who has showered honors upon him. His ancestors have been famous in every generation in the history of their country. The young man who is now at Worcester expects to control a large iron and steel business which his father owns, and is fitting himself for its management by studying the methods in use in an American mill. He came here immediately after graduating from the University where he attained high honors. He expects to remain another year, and after leaving Worcester will seek employment in mills in other cities. Perhaps his experience as a workingman may teach him other things besides the methods which he came to learn. It may give him the power of sympathizing with his own employees, which he could have obtained in no other way. Even our Lord was qualified for his work by that means.

We have not a high priest who cannot be touched by the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are (Heb. 4: 15).

BRIEF NOTES

The oldest lighthouse in the world is said to be the one at Corunna, Spain, which, according to tradition, was erected in the year 100. It was re-built in 1634.

A series of Popular Bible Studies have been given recently at Elmira, N. Y., under the auspices of the Young People's Societies, which united with the Y. M. C. A. for the purpose.

An eight-page leaflet containing the testimony of army officers against the canteen system has been prepared for distribution among soldiers and sailors. It can be obtained, price sixty-five cents a hundred, from M. Emma Smith, 39 Perry street, Auburn, N. Y.

Thirty-three denominations were represented by the students in the Chicago Institute last year. The Presbyterians and Methodists divided equally between them more than one third of the total enrollment. Since the institute was founded, ten years ago, 1,785 men and 866 women have been enrolled.

Two-day conferences for the deepening of spiritual life have been held at Port Jervis, N. Y., and Warwick, N. Y., under the presidency of Rev. J. F. Carson, D.D., of the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. Among the speakers were Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, Dr. A. T. Pierson and Rev. R. A. Walton.

Rev. C. H. Yatman is starting on a round-the-world Gospel tour. Leaving San Francisco by the *America Maru*, he goes to Hawaii, Japan, China, Australia, India, returning by way of Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Italy, Paris and London. During his absence letters to him may be addressed to 140 W. 109th street, New York.

Mr. D. L. Moody has been holding meetings in Arizona at Tucson, Phœnix and Yuma. It is seldom that the miners have an opportunity of attending such services, and they flocked in great numbers to hear the famous evangelist. Mr. Moody went from Arizona to California, where he has held meetings at San Diego and Los Angeles. He will probably also visit Santa Barbara and Pasadena during his stay.

It is reported from Siberia that the bodies of three men, probably Prof. Andree and his two companions, have been found. A tribe of Tunguses, inhabiting Northern Siberia, are said to have informed the Russian police that they came upon a cabin constructed of cloth and cordage such as is used in balloons; close to it were the three bodies. The head of one of them was badly crushed. Prof. Andree ascended in his balloon on July 11, 1897, hoping to reach the North Pole.

. . . The Sidewalk Venders of New York . . .

TYPICAL SCENES FROM REAL LIFE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS, PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

OYSTERS A PENNY A DOZEN (BAXTER ST.) A SIDEWALK SCALE AND SHOP (ESSEX ST.) "HERE'S YER FRESH FISH" (FULTON MARKET)

IN every great capital, an element of attraction is the quaint and picturesque types of character that are found in the streets. The street cries of London and Paris are world-famous, and scarcely less so are those of Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg. Cosmopolitan New York presents a kaleidoscope as unique as any to be found in those cities. Here are to be seen types of every nationality, and in the multitude of street and sidewalk venders there is an abundance of variety to fascinate the artist and to excite the surprise and curiosity of the visitor.

On these two pages THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S photographer has given a series of scenes of this character that will be novel to many readers. His illustrations cover a wide district and include some of the humbler phases of open-air store-keeping. The sidewalk bake-shops, where stale bread is sold from a clothes-basket at a few pennies a loaf, are well-patronized by the poorer class of Italians and Hungarians, and occasionally by Chinese. The peripatetic oyster-stall, where the bivalves, "fresh from the bed daily," are retailed at a cent each, catsup and pepper included, is found in many convenient corners along the river front. A varied display of fish, lobster and other sea-food is found on many stalls in the neighborhood of the Fish Market at Fulton Street, and the trade is lively and profitable—especially on Fridays. The peanut man—like the hoky-poky man—is ubiquitous, and his light push-cart, with its charcoal roaster and its shrill steam whistle, is a familiar sight to all, and a special joy to the young folks.

Along Vesey and some other downtown thoroughfares one has to thread his way through a maze of street venders and peddlers. Here on the right are the sellers of Bibles, prayer-books, crucifixes, and rosaries. On the other hand are the sellers of dolls and dolls' furniture, "trick toys," and a variety of knick-knacks: fruit, cutlery, tools, hosiery, vases and lamps, cheap-framed chromos, stucco "busts" of famous personages (Washington and Dewey noticeably in the majority), and a great variety of other articles. Hester street (in the East-side Hebrew quarter) has its itinerant vegetable stalls, its sidewalk boot-and-shoe shops and its market wagons. The blanket-and-calico peddlers find here an active demand for their wares these cold winter days. This section is one of the most interesting of all. In Baxter street, [illegible] as the centre of the "old clothes" trade, there are still many queer-looking sidewalk "emporiums," dark and forbidding, where the unsuspecting wayfarer is invited to enter and buy a suit of clothing that has seen its best

TYPICAL "OLD CLO" SHOPS (BAXTER ST.)

THE PEANUT PEDDLER (UNION SQUARE)

HARDWARE VENDERS (MULBERRY ST.) A SIDEWALK BAKERY "CALICKER AN' BLANKETS" (HESTER ST.)

promptitude that discloses a keen appreciation of the needs of their customers.

days. "Touters" stand on the pavement and shout aloud the respective merits of their establishments, and the war of

SIDEWALK CLOTHES DEALER (ESSEX STREET)

HAT SELLER (HESTER STREET)

trade, and many a poor household lays in its Sunday supplies from the cheap stalls, where edibles of all sorts are

ITALIAN FRUIT STAND (MULBERRY STREET)

rivals does not always stop at mere words. Since the wave of improvement reached Five Points, many of the old tumble-down rookeries in that section have disappeared, but Baxter street retains nearly all of its old-time characteristics to-day. Mulberry street is another part of Lower New York that is full of suggestive activities. Movable stands and push-carts, with almost everything that can be sold for a few pennies, encumber the street and sidewalk. There is within the radius of a few yards, an odd agglomeration of cabbages, needles and thread, pretzels, wall-paper, dried meats, onions, footwear, live fowls, kitchen-ware, etc., which would make a stranger to such storekeeping stand amazed. And this singular confusion of industries is duplicated in a dozen other sections of the big city.

Almost as interesting as the street and sidewalk venders and their goods are the people who buy from them. Their customers are recruited mainly from the very poorest classes—the tenement-dwellers—to whom a dollar means a great deal. Unable to pay the prices asked at the regular stores, they buy from the venders who sell low, and who make it a rule never to let a customer go without selling him something. On Saturday night, the sidewalk dealers all drive a very lively

MARKET DAY IN THE LOWER EAST-SIDE HEBREW QUARTER (HESTER STREET)

sold at a figure within their scanty means. It would be difficult to estimate, with any degree of accuracy, how many thousands of persons derive support from the business of sidewalk vending, but it certainly reaches up into the tens of thousands. They are a class by themselves; yet there is a still lower one, the pack-peddlers, who are, however, not nearly so numerous.

There is still another class of street salesmen; its members are hardly regarded as rivals of the legitimate curb and sidewalk merchants whom we have described. They are the "fakirs"—the ephemera of the profession—and they frequent the busiest and most crowded sections of the city in campaign times and during the holidays. Few of them have stalls or push-carts, their wares being carried in their hands or upon a tray.

Street vending is a hard and laborious way of earning a livelihood. Sometimes, indeed, one hears of a stand-owner branching out as a regular storekeeper—as is occasionally the case among thrifty Italians—but these are exceptional. Poverty, hard, grinding poverty, is the lot of the average street-vender. He has his little seasons of success and failure, but the prices at which he is obliged to sell usually keep him on the dead level of a hand-to-mouth struggle for existence.

THE PUSH-CART MAN'S PARADISE (HESTER STREET)

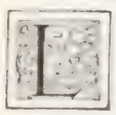
SMELT AND CLAM VENDERS (ESSEX STREET)

"A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY"

A New and Charming Serial Story, Written Exclusively for "The Christian Herald"

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

CHAPTER XVII



IVING the life of "an Alpine Christian," was an idea that fixed itself in Evadne's mind after it had been explained to her by her aunt's experience. It was a beautiful thought that the real life, the spirit's life, might be on so high an elevation that the troubles and vexations and annoyances of the daily experience could not disturb it. Was it possible to breathe that serene air to such an extent that no untoward circumstance could trouble its equanimity? Penelope Riggs seemed to be doing it. Aunt Marthe seemed to be doing it, too. That very day Evadne saw how her aunt was living that life. Mr. Everidge put it to the test at dinner.

"The ancient Egyptians, Evadne," he remarked, as he selected the choicest portions of a fine roast duck for his own consumption, "during the period of their nation's highest civilization, subsisted almost exclusively upon millet, dates, and other fruits and cereals: and athletic Greece rose to her greatest culture upon two meals a day, consisting principally of maize and vegetables, steeped in oil. Don't you think you ladies would find it of advantage to copy them in this laudable abstemiousness? There is something repugnant to a refined taste in the idea of eating flesh, whose constituent particles partake largely of the nature of our own."

"Why, certainly, Uncle Horace," said Evadne merrily, "I am quite ready to become a vegetarian, if you will set me the example. The feminine mind, you know, is popularly supposed to be only fitted to follow a masculine lead."

"Ah, I wish it were possible, my dear Evadne," said Mr. Everidge, "but the peculiar susceptibility of my internal organism precludes all thought of my making such a radical change in the matter of diet. Even now, in spite of all my care, indigestion, like a grim Argus, stares me out of countenance. It has been well said by my friend Professor Trenton, who, by the way, my dear Marthe, has promised to spend August with us"——

"Professor Trenton coming here in August!" cried Mrs. Everidge in dismay. "Why, Horace, you never told me you had invited him."

"My dear, I am telling you now."

"But I meant to take Evadne up to our mountain camp in August. I am sure the resinous air would make her strong. I had my plans all laid.

"'The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley,'" said her husband suavely. "Evadne's mental strength cannot fail to be developed by intercourse with such a clever man. We must not allow the culture of the body to occupy so prominent a place in our thoughts that we forget the mind you know. I think you had better let our guest have your chamber. He has a great liking for rooms with a Western aspect."

Joanna came in just then to announce the arrival of a visitor, whom Evadne had already learned to dread, on account of her continual depression.

"Oh, Aunt Marthe!" she exclaimed. "Must you waste this beautiful afternoon listening to her complainings? I wanted you to go for a drive."

"You go, dearie, and take Penelope Riggs. It will be a treat to her, and you ought to be out in the open air as much as possible."

"Evadne went slowly out on the veranda. Through the open window she could hear the visitor's ceaseless monotone of complaint, mingled with the soft notes of Mrs. Everidge's cheery sympathy.

"Oh, dearest father," she murmured, "if you had seen this beautiful life you would have known that there is no sham in the religion of Jesus!"

She waited long, in the hope that Mrs. Everidge would be able to accompany her, then at last she started for the Riggs cottage. She found the old lady alone.

"Where is Penelope, Mrs. Riggs?"

"Oh, skykin round ez ushul," was the peevish response. "It's church work this time. When I wus young, folks got along 'thout such an everlasting sight uv meetings, but nowadays there's conventions, an' auxils, an' committees, an' the land knows what, 'til a body's clean distracted. Fer my part I hate ter see wimmen a wallerin' 'round in the mud, till it takes 'em the best part uv the next day ter get their skirts clean."

"But there's no mud now, Mrs. Riggs," laughed Evadne.

"Land alive, child! There will be sometime. In my day folk used ter stay ter hum, and mind their childern, but now they've a all took ter soarin, and it don't matter how many ends they leave flyin' loose behind 'em."

"But Penelope has no children to mind," said Evadne.

"Land alive! She hez me, an' I oughter be more ter her than a duzen childern; but she ain't got no proper feelin', Penel aint. When I'm lyin' in my coffin, she'll give her eyes ter hev the chance ter rub my rheumatiz, an' run fer hot bottles an' flannels an' ginger tea. It's an ongrateful world, but I alwers sez there aint no use complainin'. It's what we've got ter expect—triburlation an' anguish an' mournin' an woe. It's good enuff fer us, too. Sech wurms ez we be!"

"Well, Evadne, how do you do, child? I'm dredful glad ter see you," and Penelope, breezy and keen as a March wind, came bustling into the room. "Why yes, I'm well, child, if it wasn't for bein' so tumbled about in my mind."

"What has tumbled you, Penelope?" asked Evadne, with a merry laugh.

"The Scribes and the Pharisees," was the terse rejoinder. "I've just come from a committee meeting of the Missionary Society, and I'm free to confess my feelin's is 'roused tremendous. Seems to me nowadays the church is built at a different angle from the Sermon on the Mount, and things is measured by the world's yardsticks, till there ain't much sense in callin' it a church at all. Ef you'd seen the way Squire Higgins' girls sat down on poor little Matildy Jones this afternoon, just because her father sells fish! Their father sells fish, too, but he's got forehanded, and can do it by the gross, an' so they toss their heads an' set a whole garden full of flowers a shakin' up an' down. They're always more peacocky in their minds after they get their spring bonnets. The Lord said we was to consider the lilies, but I guess he meant us to leave 'em in the fields, for I notice the more folks carries on the tops of their heads, the less they're apt to be like 'em underneath."

"But what did they say to her?" asked Evadne.

"You're young, child, or you'd know there's more ways of insultin' than with the tongue, and poor little Matildy is just the one to be hurt that way. Some folks is like clams, the minute you touch 'em they shut themselves up in their shells, an' then they don't feel what you do to 'em any more'n the Rocky Mountains, but Matildy isn't made that way. She just sat there, with the flushes comin' in her cheeks, an' the tears shinin' in her pretty eyes, till my heart ached. I leaned over to her an' whispered, 'Don't fret, Matildy, they aint wuth mindin'.' She gave me a little wintry smile, but the tears kept comin', and by and by she got up and went out, an' if she don't imitate the Prophet Jerrymi, an' water her piller with her tears this night, then I've changed my name since mornin'. I was so uplifted in my mind with righteous indignation that I felt called upon to let it loose, so I begun in a musin' tone, as if I was havin' a solil." ——

"A solil——" said Evadne in a mystified voice.

"Why yes, talkin' to myself, child. 'I did think if there was any place folks was free and equal, 'twould be in the Lord's service,' says I, 'the Bible teaches it's a pretty dangerous business to offend one of these little ones: I'm not much of a hand at quotations, but there's an unpleasant connection between it an' a millstone.'

"Malviny Higgins tossed her head an' give me one of her witherinest looks, but I m not one of the perishin' kind, so I kep' on a musin'. 'Its wonderful what a difference there is between sellin' by the poun' and the barrel,' says I. 'It's unfortunate that there's only one way to the heavenly country, and it's a limited express with no Pullman attached. The Lord hadn't time to put on a parlor car for the wholesale trade: seems like as if it was kind of neglectful in him. It would have been more convenient and private.'

"Malviny's cheeks got as red as beets, an' the flowers on her bonnet danced a Highland fling, as she leaned over to whisper something to her sister, but I had relieved my feelin's and could join in quite peaceful when Mrs. Songster said we'd close the meetin' by singin', 'Blest be the tie that binds'. Well, there'll be no clicks in heaven, that's one blessing."

"'Clicks,' Penelope?"

"Why yes, child, the folks that get off by themselves in a corner, an' thinks nobody outside the circle is fit to tie their shoe."

During their drive, in which Penelope was with difficulty persuaded to join, Evadne learned more of the trouble, but gradually Penelope shook off the vexation and recovered her equanimity.

Aunt Marthe was alone when Evadne returned, and the girl took her usual place on a low stool at her feet, and looking up in her serene face, she asked: "Aunt Marthe, what does it all mean—the victory of our faith, you know, and the overcometh in Revelation? I thought Christ got the victory for us?"

"So he does, dear child, and we through him. I came across a lovely explanation of it some time ago, which I will copy for you. It has been an inspiration to me. Listen: 'When you are forgotten or neglected or purposely set at naught, and you smile inwardly, patiently bearing the insult or the oversight—that is victory. When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your tastes offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient and loving silence—that is victory. When you are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any position in life, any solitude, any interruption—that is victory. When you can bear with any discord, any annoyance, any irregularity or unpunctuality (of which you are not the cause)—that is victory.'"

"Now I see!" exclaimed Evadne; "it means the beautiful patience with which you bear aggravating things and the gentle courtesy with which you treat all sorts of tiresome people. Oh, my Princess, I envy you your altitude."

CHAPTER XVIII

Put to the Test

Professor Trenton had come and gone, and the glory of the autumn was over the land. The early supper was ended, and Evadne had ensconced herself in her favorite window to catch the sun's last smile before he fell asleep. In the room across the hall Mr. Everidge reclined in his luxurious armchair, and leisurely turned the pages of the latest *Review*. It was Saturday evening.

"Why, Horace, can this be possible?" Mrs. Everidge entered the room quickly and stood before her husband. Neither of them noticed Evadne.

"My dear, many things are possible in this terrestrial sphere. What particular possibility do you refer to?"

"That you have discharged Reuben? The sweet voice trembled. Mr. Everidge's tones kept their usual complacent calm.

"That possibility, my dear, has taken definite form in fact.

"But Horace, the boy is heart-broken."

"Time, is a mighty healer, my love. He will recover his mental equipoise in due course."

"But you might have given him a month's warning. Where is the poor boy to find another place? It is cruel to turn him off like this!"

"Really, my dear Marthe, I do not feel myself competent to solve all the problems of the labor question," said Mr. Everidge carelessly. "Reuben must take his chances, in common with the rest of his class."

But Horace, I cannot imagine what your reason for this can be! Where will you find so good a boy?"

My dear Martha, he [illegible] is too much disposed to jump to [illegible] conclusions to prove of any assistance [illegible] masculine brain, on the contrary, [illegible] time for calm deliberation, and [illegible] the pros and cons in the scale of a [illegible] any definite decision. But my reason [illegible] this case will soon become apparent [illegible] you. I do not intend to keep a boy [illegible]

"But who will take care of Atalanta? Are you going to forsake your cherished books for a curry comb?"

"Oh no. Atalanta has quarters provided for her at the Vernon Livery, and one of the grooms has orders to bring the carriage to the door at two o'clock every [illegible]"

"But Horace, if Reuben goes, Joanna will go too. You know she promised her mother she would never leave him."

"In that event my dear, you will have an opportunity to become more intimately acquainted with the mysteries of the culinary art," observed Mr. Everidge cheerfully. "It will be a splendid chance to evolve that finest of character combinations, Spartan endurance coupled with American progressiveness."

Mrs. Everidge smiled. "But what if I do not have the Spartan strength, Horace?"

"That is merely a matter of imagination my love. It proves the truth of my theory that necessity develops capacity. A woman of leisure, for want of suitable mental pabulum, grows to fancy she has every ill that flesh is heir to: whereas when she is obliged by compelling circumstances to put her muscles into practice, her mind acquires a more healthy tone. Self-contemplation is a most enervating exercise, and involves a tremendous drain on the moral forces."

"Do you think I waste much time in that way, Horace?" Mrs Everidge spoke wistfully, and Evadne, forced to be an unwilling listener to the conversation, felt her cheeks grow hot with indignation.

"My dear, I merely refer to the deplorable tendency of your sex," with which parting thrust Mr. Everidge retired behind the pages of his magazine.

Evadne could not bear to hear the cruel, selfish, inconsiderate man's talk. Tingling with indignation, she ran upstairs to her own room, and paced the floor with tightly clenched hands.

"Oh!" she cried: "what shall I do? I hate him! I hate him! How dare he! He ought to be glad to go down on his knees to serve her. She is so sweet, so dear! Oh! I cannot bear it! That she should be compelled to bear such servitude, and I can do nothing to help—nothing! nothing!" She threw herself across the bed and burst into a passion of tears. Was this the silent girl whom Isabelle had voted tiresome and slow?

A little later than usual she heard the low knock which always preceded the visit which she looked forward to as the sweetest part of the day. Could it be possible that Aunt Marthe would come to-night? Was no thought of self ever permitted to enter that brave, suffering heart? Evadne rose, and opened the door. The dear face was paler than usual, but there was no shadow upon the smooth brow. Marthe Everidge had crossed the tempest-tossed ocean of human passion into the sun-kissed calm of Christ's perfect peace.

Evadne threw her arms around her neck and laid her storm-swept face upon her shoulder. "Forgive me," she cried. "I heard it all. I could not help it. I think my heart is breaking. Do not be angry. You see I love you so! How can I bear to see you subjected to this? You are so tender, so true! You are so beautifully unselfish! Oh! my dear, my dear, how can you—do you bear it?"

Mrs. Everidge lifted her face tenderly and kissed the quivering lips.

"It is not I, but Christ, dear child. That makes it possible. When the first night you came, you asked me if I knew Jesus Christ. I told you he was 'my life.' That explains it all. It is very sweet of you to say the kind things that you have about me, but they are not true. In and of herself, Marthe Everidge is nothing. The moment she tries to live her own life, she utterly fails. If there is anything good about her life, it is only as she lets Christ live it for her."

(To be Continued).

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Old Age and Child-Life

Comradeship Between Grandparents and Grandchildren—A Blessing to Both

ONE of the sweetest and most wholesome influences, as a rule, in child-life is that exercised by grandparents. In many a home grandpa and grandma are the story-tellers, the play-fellows, the ever-ready sympathizers on whom the little ones can always count. Mamma and papa are toiling, planning, laying up for the children's education, for the children's future. Grandpa's and grandma's toiling and planning is past. They have more time for the small detail matters that make life sweet; they are no longer in a hurry. There is time to mend the broken toy or to comfort the loser; time to answer questions in leisurely fashion, and to be most patient with almost limitless inquisitiveness; time to read the pretty story-book aloud to a group of eager listeners; time to tie up stumped toes with due ceremony and sympathy; time to temper deliberation with judgment and jest while feeding bread and milk to the growing girl and boy, hungry from a romp, yet eager to be back to it. They have time to read the Bible to little folks; they know the prettiest child-stories in it—just those that children like—and are experienced in the telling of them.

How much good this gentle sort of teaching—that does not take to itself so serious a name—has accomplished in the world few realize. It could truly be shown that many an able preacher, many a devoted missionary has received his or her first prompting to a life of such usefulness, while listening to Bible stories at a grandparent's knee; others who did not choose these callings learned countless lessons of honesty and love, justice and mercy, that have helped them in business and social life. And what have the little ones given grandpa and grandma in return? They have given them back, in a measure, their youth, given them such love as no one else gives the aged—a love that sees neither defect nor sadness in bent form and white hairs, that supplements the stiff movements of age with nimble feet ready to run on errands of service. What feels so sweet to withered cheeks as the caressing pat of little palms? What sounds so sweet in ears, unaccustomed to such music, as baby's whispered, "I love you"? This comradeship between the aged and the young is one of life's most beautiful things. It is a blessing to both, and something to be cherished very tenderly. The twentieth century, called "The age of the discovery of the child," may prove in some new sense to be that of the discovery of old age, too. Age, having time for faith, hope and charity, has many lovely things in common with childhood. It has vast funds of experience which we ought to know how to utilize better than we do.

Domestic Service, Past and Present

"There was hardly anything else young women could do when I was young," Miss Eliza Houldsworth, an Englishwoman, 101 years old, is reported as saying of domestic service. "Now there are many occupations for them to earn money at. They have advantages I never had." One of these advantages—a very new one—is scientific training in domestic service, which Miss Houldsworth says was harder in her day than now. She was a domestic servant for fifty-three years, having only two mistresses during that time. In 1821, when she began, there were neither stoves nor ranges, no public bakeries to buy bread from, no carpet-sweepers, no ingenious appliances to perfect and lighten labor. Scrubbing and waxing floors was heavy toil. One night a week and every other Sunday out was impossible indulgence, to say nothing of an afternoon a week. Yet because of paucity of other occupations, servants were not difficult to get.

"Playing Like a Christian"

"I want you to remember to-day that you are a little Christian, Rob. Play like a Christian," whispered mamma in his ear, as he started off to school neatly cloaked and hatted, and with a good lunch in his bag. "Play like a Christian,"—that meant to Rob that he must be happy as happy could be, and that he must come home proud as a little king to

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NOON-TIME BREAD AND MILK

rattle off to mamma a whole lot of things that had happened "just in the nick of time" to give him a chance to do something nice for somebody. They were very little things, of course, but mamma encouraged him to make much of his privilege of doing little things to make the world better. "I am so glad, my Rob!" she would say with shining eyes when he told of sharing his lunch with a playmate who had nothing nice to eat, how he helped another learn a lesson, how when "teacher" was worried, she smiled back to his loving look. "Here, mamma, is a flower-for you," is the way the story sometimes began. "I had two pennies, and the flower boy let me have two, and I gave one to teacher. She was tired, and I kissed her and gave her one, and told her I was going to bring you one, and she said, 'O Rob, you dear!'"

New Orleans Women and City Sanitation

The women of New Orleans are determined upon carrying through improvements in the sanitation of their beautiful city. The Era Club, at a recent meeting, took vigorously in hand the question of a plan for a thorough and effective sewerage system; and the press of New Orleans is throwing bouquets at the ladies for their interest in the matter. Women of New Orleans have suffered in their homes and dearest interests from the afflictions which have visited the Crescent City in the past, and with which we may reasonably hope she may never again be so seriously troubled. A tax is necessary to secure these improvements, and our sisters in New Orleans are doing well to lend a helping hand to their brothers in the matter of municipal house-keeping.

Married Women in Schools

The Sherwood resolution, that married women living with their husbands should not be accepted as teachers in Chicago's public schools, has created as much newspaper talk as any resolution that was ever presented to a Board of Education. Of course, the resolution was not adopted. There is an old regulation which, providing that preference be given to unmarried ladies and widows over married women applicants, the spirit of which regulation is just, but the operation of which is unfortunate for the woman who has children to support, and a sick or irresponsible husband. A rule now observed in Chicago requires the acceptable, married applicant to present the following certificate, signed by one of the eight district superintendents who have the education of young Chicago in charge:

I herey certify that Mrs. ——, a married woman whom I recommend for the position of——, is, in my judgment, better qualified for said place than any other candidate known to me.

Musical Filipinos

The Filipinos are so musically inclined that they have been called the "Italians of the Orient." They produce some fine hand-made stringed instruments. The Tagals possess some literature of their own, and their native songs are melodious. Tagal and half-caste ladies are fond of playing on the harp. Most Filipino women wear around the neck a little cloth bag containing a scrap of paper with the first fourteen verses of St. John written or printed on it in Latin. They call this "Evangelio" (the Gospel), and consider it a charm to ward off sickness. Of course, these remarks do not apply to natives of the interior, of whose ways Spain, who had owned them so long, knew little. America must give all these people a fuller and more perfect idea of God's Word. They need such help.

February Song

UNDER the snow, snowdrops are waiting,
Dear little snowdrops, pure little snowdrops,
Sure of the spring.
From the far southlands bluebirds have started
Hitherward on fleetest wing,
Sure that the sun will shine warm in our forests
When they come hither to sing.

In all the mountains, arbutus hideth,
Blushing arbutus, sweet-scented Mayflower,
Promise of spring.
Narcissus in gardens makes ready for waking,
The crocus its treasures will bring.
O, all things are sure of our Father's bright sunshine
The unfailing gold of the King!

GOODELOT HARPER.

Queen Victoria's Kitchen

ALMOST all cooking is done by gas in the royal kitchen at Windsor, although charcoal in braziers is used for some purposes. The Prince Consort took an interest in his wife's kitchen, for there is one little range designed by him for special roasts, to which charcoal gives excellent flavor. The kitchen is lit by electricity. Except that torches, candles and other ancient domestic appliances have given way to modern conveniences, the great kitchen, with roof so vast that there is hardly an odor of cooking, is practically as left by Henry III. who made extensive alterations in it, and to whom it owes its mighty dimensions. The room is filled with a white-capped army of master cooks, assistant cooks, roasting cooks, kitchen yoemen, kitchen maids, and other officials, all working so obediently and smoothly under the chef that there is no "clatter of tongues or pans." The chef is French, of recent appointment, of imposing appearance and marvelous dignity. One official, Mary Hows, the "necessary woman," occupies the most unique position on the staff, and one which is historical.

Copper pots and pans there are in plenty; they encircle the kitchen, and their array, as the ponderous door swings open to the curious visitor, is of blinding brilliancy and beauty. There are giant ranges, vast dripping pans, a wonderful serving-table of hollow steel, steam-heated, where dishes for each course repose until borne in to Her Majesty's table, the dinner of the Household, the Ladies in Waiting, the Nursery, the Steward's room, or the Servants' hall, as the case may be. There is no waste: according to ancient custom, tickets given out to the poor absorb what would otherwise be this, and provide food for many needy families. Besides the great room proper, there are numerous departments accessary to the kitchen, such as confectionery, pastry and bake houses, vegetable green kitchen and scullery. The population of Windsor Castle is a large one, and this mammoth kitchen, in which meals are prepared for so many people, would be an excellent laboratory in which to study domestic science—a branch of education in which Her Majesty's daughters have by no means been neglected.

The Picturesque Doukhobors

The Doukhobors, who lately arrived in Canada, and who left Russia because of religious persecution on the part of the Greek Church, are a picturesque people. Men, women and children wear sheepskin coats; men and boys fur hats, women and girls fur hoods. The skirts of the latter are of a red plaid pattern in woolen stuff. These peasants show the fruits of sober, virtuous, industrious lives in their robust physiques. They are tall, broad-shouldered, wholesome-looking. Their eyes, intelligent, sparkling, and kindly, are very attractive. It is a part of their religion to keep their homes clean and orderly. Most of them are vegetarians; their religion, however, does not forbid meat-eating. The children have very winning faces. When the Steamship bringing them reached St. John, N. B., members of the Women's Council were well represented in the crowd of friends awaiting the new-comers; they were surrounded with bundles, packages, boxes and barrels, containing many useful articles, among which the comfort of the little Doukhobors was abundantly remembered through their forethought.

Medical Volunteers for Africa

Two Members of the Church of the Disciples on Their Way to the Congo as Medical Missionaries

ONE of the most significant facts in the history of missionary work is the promptness with which a vacancy in the ranks is filled. No sooner does the news come that a missionary in some distant land has been murdered by the very people whom he sought to save, or has fallen a victim to the deadly climate, than some other consecrated soul offers to go to fill his place. If the missionary were well paid, or had the chance of making a fortune, or of being highly honored in the world's history, the cause of his going into danger would be obvious, but he can expect only a bare subsistence, he knows that he must work hard and that when he dies there is no fame or glory accorded to his memory. Some deeper motive there must be for his leaving country, home and friends to enter a service in which he may meet the fate of his predecessor, and can at the best hope for so little recognition. The motive is the one that Christians alone understand: "The love of Christ constraineth."

In November last news came that Dr. H. N. Biddle, who went in January, 1897, to Bolenzi on the Congo, was dead. He went to Africa, in company with Rev. J. Faris, to preach to the Balolo tribe, which is the most numerous in the Congo Free State. Immediately, several young men, who had consecrated their lives to missionary work, offered to go out and fill the place of the fallen soldier of Christ. The missionary board of the Church of the Disciples, to whom the offers were made, were deeply touched by the heroism of these young volunteers. It carefully examined their qualifications and chose Dr. Royal J. Dye, a young man who had been studying medicine under the care of Dr. George D. [illegible], the Medical Director of the International Medical Missionary Society. Dr. Dye is the grandson of one of the original founder sof the now flourishing town of Ionia, Mich., who went from New York many years ago, and settled in a comparative desert where only two families besides his own then lived. His grandson was born there, and it was there that a few weeks ago he was solemnly set apart for the work of a missionary.

Ionia has never seen a more impressive ceremony than that of this ordination. The church was crowded in every part with men and women who had known the young man from infancy. Rev. W. H. Scott preached a deeply solemn sermon, giving the young missionary his charge and exhorting him to fidelity and fortitude in his arduous work. At the conclusion of the service there was another interesting ceremony. Dr. Dye, on his appointment, had gone to Ionia and sought a friend of his boyhood, on whose affection he felt he could count. To her he told the story of his consecration and asked her to go out to Africa with him as his wife. She consented, and after the ordination service their marriage was solemnized. They are now on their way to the Congo, where they expect to arrive about the end of March. To the worldly mind the choice of such a career as that to which they have given themselves seems foolish. It looks like the throwing away of their lives. But they serve him who said: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Dr. Biddle, whose place they have gone to fill, was a young man of singularly noble spirit. He was only twenty-five years old when he sailed for Africa, and he had just married a lady to whom he was deeply attached. He was a native of Cincinnati O., where he was educated and studied medicine. Soon after graduating he offered his services as a missionary to the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, but at that time the Society was unable to accept him. But he had laid his life on the altar, and he could not bring himself to take it [illegible]. He used the interval of delay as the truly consecrated soul uses disappointment, as a step[illegible] efficiency. He enter[illegible] for a post graduate [illegible] before he had com[illegible] Dr. [illegible] the Secretary of the [illegible] to which he had [illegible] him the welcome ne[illegible] He went out in the [illegible] the opportunity of [illegible] from the field shor[illegible] culties and hardsh[illegible] was happy in his work and was looking forward to more extended labor. But it was not to be. After only twenty months on the field his Master called him from labor to reward.

Armenia's Orphans

Rev. Willis C. Dewey, a missionary of the American Board, at Mardin, sends an interesting report of the orphans under his care, many of whom are supported by readers of this journal. He writes:

[illegible] I found awaiting me here.

When I left Mardin, in April, 1897, prepara[illegible] orphans under care of the station as funds in port. Last spring I sent you a copy of the [illegible] present year. I found something over a hundred children under care, ranging in age from [illegible] are all on the mission premises, the boys occupying a dormitory in the yard of the [illegible] ing their meals with the pupils of that school; such of them as are sufficiently ad[illegible] school, while the rest go to a building close by, where a [illegible] during school-hours, in[illegible] ing, the rudiments of arith[illegible] the Bible. Such of the girls as are sufficiently advanced, are in the girls' high school [illegible] are taken care of in a house close by our own houses, so all are under direct supervision of the missionaries.

The house of worship of [illegible] orphan children. They gather in the large [illegible] school at the same hour the services are held [illegible] simple Bible talk. I have been to this meeting several times. Seeing them come filing in, the boys on one side and the girls on the other; looking into their contented faces, it is hard to realize the terrible experiences they have been through, though an occasional [illegible] that better things shall come.

WILLIS C. DEWEY

[illegible] Fund:

[illegible] O D Mechanicsb'g	$2 00	Mrs. E. E. Johnson	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lorenzo Dow	15	Chas. De Miller	[illegible]
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A Chat about Husbands and Wives

Matrimonial Worries—The Button Plague—A Modern Mrs. Jellyby

SPEAKING of John, the husband has certain rights; among them, that of having the comforts of his life properly attended to. "What is to be done," writes in plaintive strain a very much discouraged husband, "when a wife does not sew on her husband's buttons, darn his socks, nor mend his clothing, and when she is quite indifferent to his meals, for which he constantly makes ample provision?" What indeed? A case of this kind moves one's sympathy because the ordinary man is so helpless in the matter. His clumsy, masculine fingers cannot manage needle and thread; he does not know how to mend or to darn, and the loss of a button from a shirt drives him nearly frantic. I heard a husband say not long ago, "I have reduced the problem of the shirt to its lowest terms. There is literally nothing about mine which my wife needs to concern herself except the button-hole for the collar-button in the back of the neckband, and that the laundress often widens with her iron so that it will not hold the stud; yet, simple as this thing is, I cannot get it mended."

* * *

THE poor man evidently did not know that it is far from a simple thing to mend a gaping button-hole, and that the only way is usually to set a piece over the hole and make a new deal as to buttonholes, which is really an affair requiring nice care and skill on the part of the seamstress. Seriously, when people marry they should remember that in all probability there will come into their lives what may be called the plague of the button. A story is told of a man who committed suicide, leaving behind him a scrap of paper on which he had written this explanatory line, "Tired of buttoning and unbuttoning!" When I think of the perversity of buttons on shoes, on clothes, on gowns, on children's trousers, on little frocks and jackets, I am aware that civilization with all that it has given us, has greatly intensified the problems of life. Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness where buttons need never intrude. As buttons are here, however, and as women when they marry promise to look after the comfort of their husbands, a man certainly has a legitimate cause of complaint whose wife, whether because of women's clubs, or of intellectual improvement, or for any other cause, neglects to keep him properly fed, starched and mended.

* * *

NOT very long ago I heard a sad case of a man who lost his home which he was in a fair way of paying for because in an evil hour his wife found out that she could write poetry. From the moment that she discovered that she could match trees with breeze, and sighs with dies, she no longer took the slightest interest in domestic affairs. The children's faces were not washed; the chickens, instead of staying in their own place, sauntered into the kitchen and picked up crumbs in front of the hearth; the bread rose till it foamed over the top of the pans; nothing was done at the proper time while this poor woman, fancying herself a genius, wrote poems and stories by the hour. The inevitable result followed, and the modern Mrs. Jellyby ruined her husband's career.

* * *

ELSIE D. Try dipping your feet in cold water and rubbing them briskly to increase the circulation. If there is no other way of getting them warm at night, then put a hot water bottle in the bed and get the cold sheets warm before you lie down. In Italy they have a contrivance, a sort of little foot stove which is put into cold beds at night, and it is really a great comfort. At the same time, a person who is healthy and strong usually has a sufficiently good circulation to need none of these extra luxuries. Old people should always have them.

* * *

A FRIEND writes in a strain of some earnestness upon the loneliness which comes to a woman when her children are grown up and married, and she is left alone in the home not knowing precisely what to do with her leisure. If there is no outside work to enlist such a matron, why should she not undertake a course of study. Judging from the style of her letter, I imagine this lady an intelligent woman of fine capacity. It is not too late, on the sunny side of sixty, to undertake a thorough course of reading either in history, or some branch of literature, and if a woman is especially valiant, she might even attack with success a new language. Be careful to avoid sitting down and doing nothing; that of itself is enough to make one grow old too soon. The secret of keeping young is in adjusting one's self to affairs as one finds them, and keeping in touch with youth.

There is a lovely thought in the poem which follows, and perhaps it will comfort some who are finding the way a little rough and weary:

We live this day but once, dears,
And then all thought is gone;
We need not be a dunce, dears,
Though we must stay at home;
Though filled with grief and sadness,
Though tired with toil and pain,
Yet there is lots of gladness,
That any one can gain.

We live this day but once, dears;
Then make it gay and bright,
That we may have a chance, dears,
To sleep in peace at night.
Love makes a grateful feeling
A sweet and happy child,
And keeps our soul from kneeling
To passions dark and wild.

We live this day but once, dears;
Then make it bright and gay,
That we may still advance, dears,
Upon our heavenly way;
For if I drive off sorrow,
Wherever I should be,
Then God shall on the morrow
Great blessings send to me!

Margaret E. Sangster

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The Gates of Zion

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Mch. 5. Ps. 87 & 100

EXPANSION is a word very familiar to us in these days, as our political leaders in Congress and the press have discussed the wisdom of acquiring territory far beyond our borders. The writer of these Psalms appears to have been considering a similar problem. But with him the aspect was a different one. It was not desire for the acquisition of territory that was stirring in his breast, but the principle of human brotherhood. The people of other nations, even of Israel's enemies, were to his prophetic vision no longer heathen, but participants in God's favor and love. He sees the gates of Zion flung wide open and a welcome extended to the Gentiles. A very unwelcome vision that was likely to be to his contemporaries. Long after his time it was with a very reluctant and grudging spirit that Gentile converts were admitted to a share in Israel's hope. It was then, as it is now in some Christian communities, a joy to many souls to think that God's flock is a very little one. The inheritance seems all the more precious because the heirs are so few and there is a disposition to keep the gates closed lest too many should pass in.

The Psalmist was a man of a wider view. He hears God mentioning Egypt and Babylon, the two nations which had crushed Israel between them, as containing people who were his, people who knew him. This was opening the gates of Zion very wide indeed. But it was not an indiscriminating admission. The men who were admitted were men who had been born again. It is to them that the gates are opened. The question asked of them is no longer as to nationality, but as to character. They are eligible whose hearts and lives have been changed, and there is no test as to race or station. It may surprise some exclusive brethren to notice that no distinction is made as to creed, nor ceremony. This and that man is born. So much and no more is demanded. For centuries after this poet saw the gates of Zion open, the churches have been trying to close them. All kinds of tests have been adopted. Applicants for admission have been asked if they have been baptized and confirmed, and if they believe this or that abstruse theological doctrine, and if their answers are not satisfactory the gates of that particular Zion have been closed against them. Even those who have been thus excluded, forming a church of their own, have set up their own tests and have proceeded to exclude others. It is well for us that the gates of the true Zion are not under the control of men. Those who seek to enter may be sure that no prejudice against race, or creed, or class, will operate to keep them out. True religion consists in being, in having the spirit of Christ, in that child-like disposition which seeks not its own glory, nor its own way, but submits to God in loving confidence. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

The story is told of a man climbing a mountain in Scotland, seeing vaguely through the mist some object approaching him. In the uncertain light it seemed a fearful creature. But as it drew nearer, it proved to be only a man. The traveler, emboldened by the discovery, went forward and soon found that the object which had so terrified him was his own brother. Christians have been making the same discovery of late years. The mists of theological dogma blind the eyes and prevent recognition. We wonder that men can belong to a church whose creed seems to us utterly erroneous, and are surprised that they can worship in a way that seems to us superstitious, but if we could see into the souls of these men, we might discover that they are grappling with the same difficulties that we are struggling with, and that their intense desire is, like our own, to become more Godlike, to overcome sin and to attain holiness. They are traveling by a different road, but their spirit is one with ours. Why, then, should we refuse them the recognition and sympathy of a brother? The Apocalyptic seer saw the gates of the city of God wide open. The only barrier was against pollution. It was not the man whose creed was wrong, that was shut out, but the man whose heart was wrong, who loved his sin and could not forsake it, who could not enter in. These were excluded because they were not in accord with the spirit of the place. But to the true, earnest, loving soul who has learned to love Christ and to trust him, and has been born again in newness of life, by whatsoever name it may be known among men, there is ever a welcome at the gates of Zion.

Notes of Our New Colonies

Y. M. C. A. religious services are held regularly on Sunday morning and evening in the [illegible].

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has forwarded a large consignment of War Testaments for the use of our troops at Manila.

There is considerable destitution at San Juan, Porto Rico, and the Y. M. C. A. has opened a soup kitchen, where the hungry are fed daily.

A letter from a Christian soldier in Havana pictures a frightful state of immorality among the troops, resulting in much sickness. More Y. M. C. A. workers are urgently needed.

Gen. Eaton is endeavoring to establish a library at San Juan for the benefit of the natives. There will also be a reading-room for the benefit of citizens and soldiers. Books and periodicals may be sent addressed to Gen. Guy V. Henry, care of Col. Kimball, Quartermaster, New York City.

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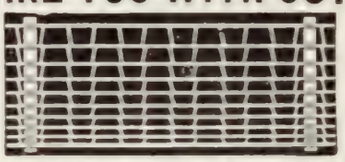

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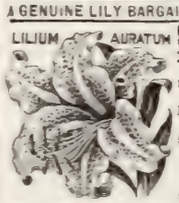

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The Mother's Congress

Many Interesting Addresses Delivered Before the Convention in Washington

AT the National Congress of Mothers, held in Washington, many addresses on timely topics were delivered and the programme printed in a previous issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was carried out practically as announced. Two of the most interesting speakers were Rev. Josiah Strong and Dr. William H. Tolman, of the League for Social Service, New York. Dr. Tolman said that he had been studying factory systems, to learn what was being done toward the comfort and improvement of employees. There are instances where the employee is reduced to an animal and, like an animal, is supposed to require only enough to keep him alive. On the other hand, the employer has the opportunity of conferring a blessing, not only upon those who work for him, but upon their homes and the community at large. Such conditions as the latter were shown to exist in some great factories. Dr. Tolman illustrated his address with views of what the Van Markens of Delft, Krupp of Germany, the Levers of Sunlight, England, and the Cadbury Brothers, of England, were doing for the comfort and convenience of their employees. He quoted the philosophy of Richard Cadbury as typical, when he said:

We find that nothing pays us better than looking after the comfort of our employees, and certainly nothing gives so much zest to life than to see so many happy about us. The manufacturer has a great opportunity of adding a blessing or a curse to the homestead, where father, mother and children all participate in the plans and regulations made in the factory.

Rev. Dr. Strong's address dealt with "The Supreme Peril of Modern Civilization." It was substantially as follows:

There are three essential elements in every civilization: the material, the intellectual and the moral. As the material develops, there needs to be a corresponding growth of intelligence and morality to control it and to direct it to a moral rule. History shows that the safety of every civilization depends on the harmonious development of these three elements. Every civilization has tottered to its fall because the intellectual and moral—especially the latter—did not keep pace with the material.

The most marked characteristic of modern civilization, is its marvelous development of the material element. It is quite within bounds to say that that development has been greater during this century than during all preceding ages. There has been no corresponding growth of intelligence and morality. Materialism is, therefore, the supreme peril of modern civilization. And as we here in America have outstripped the remainder of the world in our material growth, materialism is pre-eminently the peril of the American civilization. The safety of our civilization demands the fuller development of our intellectual and moral life. If public opinion were right touching any reform—as, for instance, the saloon—and the popular conscience were educated up to the knowledge of what we all know to be true, the needed reform would be here straightway. The problem of every reform is how to educate and quicken the popular conscience. This is precisely what the League for Social Service was organized to do.

The League will aim to furnish mothers with the information which they are seeking to fit them for the most perfect discharge of their high duties; thus co-operating with them in their work upon the foundations of society, and in shaping the structure of the civilization of the future.

A Remarkable Life

The recent death in the Melbourne Benevolent Asylum of Mrs. Agnes Smith, aged 116 years, and Australia's oldest inhabitant, marked the close of an extraordinary life. Almost up to her death, she possessed her faculties unimpaired, reading without glasses and hearing perfectly. Her memory was remarkable. One hundred years after learning it, she repeated in her parlor at Melbourne, twenty verses of religious poetry which she had been taught to say when a little eight-year-old lassie in Scotland. She was born in Glasgow, the first daughter in a family of twenty-one children. She emigrated with her husband to what is now Victoria, New South Wales, in the 30's; and as they sailed up the river, natives came to the banks to look at them as the first white man and woman they had ever seen. She remembered many perilous adventures with natives of the Geelong tribe, being attacked by them five times. Before Melbourne was a city or was named, she was of those who welcomed its founder, John Fawkner, whose first cup of tea in the colony she made.

She gathered together the children of the first families of the settlement into classes for religious instruction, thus founding a Sunday School; assisted in building a church, and was, it is said, the first white woman who undertook the task of educating and Christianizing the aborigines. Her Bible was a precious and familiar story. Once a friendly visitor said: "We will read John 14." She immediately began: "Let not your heart be troubled," and recalled the chapter through. Another time, the twenty-third Psalm was suggested, and she said: "That was the one my mother taught me," and took up the words: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Psalm 14 was her daily prayer.

Lost and Found

Luke 15: 4-6

AN hundred dear sheep in my tenderness shared,
But one had grown weary of home;
No more for my love or my blessing it cared,
But far from the shepherd would roam,
So precious to me was the sheep that was mine,
I breasted the storm and the cold,
And willingly left the dear ninety and nine
That strayed not away from the fold.

Afar in the desert, the lost one I found,
But weary and worn and distressed,
All footsore and bleeding from many a wound,
And I folded it close to my breast.
Dear lamb, I have journeyed in anguish, alone,
And sought thee with sorrowing deep,
But, oh! the Good Shepherd hath love for his own,
And "giveth his life for the sheep."

O, wonderful rescue, at wonderful cost!
It never can fully be told— [lost,
But it was my sheep, yes, my own that was
And now it is safe in the fold.
So glad and contented abideth my lamb,
I know that whoever may stray,
The lamb that I rescued will stay where I am,
And nevermore wander away.

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The above was written to Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son by Mr. Paul Rupert, of Saltillo, Pa., and is only one out of hundreds of similar letters. The remedy is applied in the form of a medicated smoke-vapor inhaled from a pipe. By a simple process, which we explain in the directions accompanying the remedy, the medicine is made to enter the middle ear and every passage and cavity in the head, removing the disease from every affected part.

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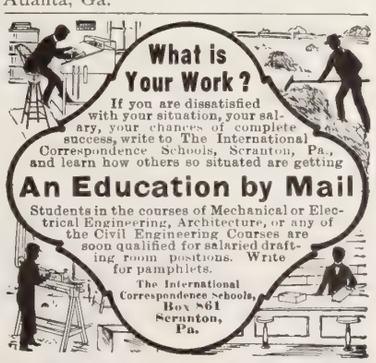
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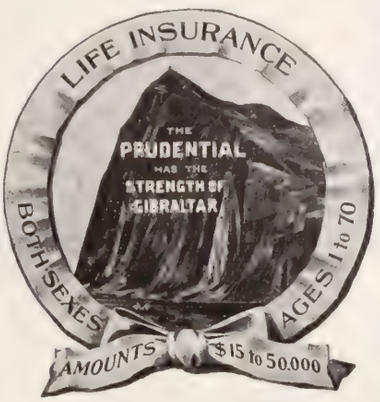
Twenty-third Annual Statement of
THE PRUDENTIAL

January 1st, 1899.



ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages,	$10,489,318.63
Real Estate,	3,557,234.29
Railroad Bonds, (Market Value),	9,054,906.25
Municipal Bonds, (Market Value),	3,167,718.75
U. S. Government Bonds, (Market Value),	111,000.00
Cash in Banks and Office,	1,311,107.03
Interests and Rents, due and accrued,	308,243,00
Loans on Collateral Securities	30,000.00
Loans on Policies,	225,570.52
Deferred Premiums in course of collection,	632,097.95
Total,	$28,887,196.42

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies,	$22,877,071.00
Capital and Surplus to Policy-holders,	5,888,894.76
All Other Liabilities,	121,230.66
Total,	$28,887,196.42

The Prudential's Record for 1898 shows remarkable gains in those Departments of its business which add Strength, Progress, and Prosperity.

ASSETS	increased to nearly	29 MILLION DOLLARS
SURPLUS	increased to nearly	6 MILLION DOLLARS
INCOME	increased to over	17 MILLION DOLLARS
INSURANCE IN FORCE	increased to over	414 MILLION DOLLARS
POLICIES IN FORCE	increased to nearly	3 MILLIONS
CLAIMS PAID DURING 1898	on over	43 THOUSAND POLICIES
PAID POLICY-HOLDERS	during 1898 over	5 MILLION DOLLARS
TOTAL PAID POLICY-HOLDERS	to date, over	36 MILLION DOLLARS

THE PRUDENTIAL wrote during 1898 over ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR MILLION DOLLARS of Insurance.

Covering all the plans devised for protection and investment. Full information gladly furnished.

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Death of Bishop Williams

THE Protestant Episcopal Church throughout the country suffers a bereavement in the death of its Presiding Bishop, Dr. John Williams, of Connecticut, which occurred on February 7. Though he had attained the age of eighty-one years, his keen interest in all public

THE LATE BISHOP JOHN WILLIAMS

events and his delight in the company of young men, had made him seem younger than he was, and has rendered his death somewhat of a surprise. To the last he retained the vigor of his faculties as the students well know, who during his illness visited him and listened to his lectures.

Bishop Williams came of Unitarian stock, his parents who lived at Deerfield, Mass., being prominent in that denomination. It was while he was at Harvard, that the change came which gave to the Episcopal Church this distinguished theologian. He made an acquaintance with a fellow-student, which riped into an intimate friendship that powerfully affected his religious principles. At his graduation in 1838, he declared himself a convert to the doctrines of the Episcopal Church, and at once began a special study of theology with a view to taking orders in that church.

During his residence at Trinity, then called Washington College, the future bishop began the work which was through his life his most congenial occupation, that of college professor. He remained at Trinity after graduating until 1840 as tutor. He then spent a year in foreign travel. On his return, he accepted a curacy at Middletown, Conn., which he left after a period of service to become rector of St. George's Church, Schenectady, N. Y. In 1848 he was back again in his beloved Trinity College, this time as President. Three years later, however, he was elected coadjutor to Bishop Brownell, of Connecticut, and was obliged to curtail his college duties. The college, however, made him Vice-Chancellor. On the death of Bishop Brownell, he became Chancellor and full Bishop. His work then became very onerous, sorely taxing his energies. But he maintained his activity and even found time for some literary work. His *Studies in the Book of Acts*, and his *Thoughts on the Gospel Miracles* and his contributions to the *Quarterly Review* were widely read. In 1887, the death of Bishop Lee, of Delaware, made Bishop Williams the senior or presiding Bishop, in which office he is now succeeded by Bishop Clarke, of Rhode Island.

A Daughter of the King

A reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. Charles Ellsworth Parker, of Germantown, Pa., sends us this beautiful incident:

One day after luncheon in one of the Central States—my home State—the Governor's daughter and I were sitting alone in the music room of the state parlors. She was a noble young lady, full of good works and deeds which were always done in a quiet, unassuming way. We had been talking some time when she told me that at college she was made president of the order of "King's Daughters," and had enjoyed doing some work among the fallen, calling upon the sick, the aged and the poor. Finding that it must have made a great many hearts happy and many to-day rejoice to know that such a distinguished [illegible] I asked her if she ever [illegible] the [illegible] Governor's daughter. She answered, in a modest, [illegible] manner, and with a look of [illegible] that I am the Governor's daughter." I then explained that I was a member of the King's [illegible] and in humility that we were [illegible]

[illegible] my own life, and I have thought that while [illegible] can be numbered as members of a State Governor's family, we can all become sons and daughters of the King of Kings. Though we may not always be recognized as such by the world, we shall some day hear him, our King, say: "Thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many. Enter thou into the mansions of joy which I have prepared for thee."

Thousands of sufferers on account of impure blood have endured hours of pain and spent much money for different medicines, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla have been perfectly cured.

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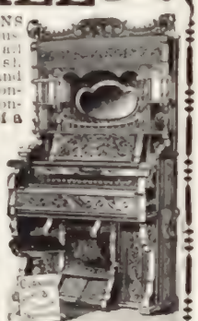

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···CONSUMPTION

Happiness is the true end and aim of life, but without health there can be no happiness.

Invalids sometimes imagine they are happy, but they are not; they mistake a condition of resignation, forced upon them by protracted illness, for that of happiness.

Health and happiness are co-existent, the latter being entirely dependent upon the former.

Health may be defined as freedom from disease, sickness and pain. Freedom from pain, however, does not mean that we are healthy. The germs of a serious disease may be present in our body, undermining our constitution and sapping our very life-blood for weeks, months, or even years before we are aware of their presence.

The human body is a complex machine, delicately adjusted, sensitive to a high degree, and requiring constant care and attention to keep it in repair.

The balance-wheel is the spark of life whose vitality is generated, nourished and maintained by the friction between the process of decomposition and the work of reconstruction. This friction is indicated by what is known as animal heat, and is really and truly life itself; and any variation in the degree of this animal heat is an evidence of disease—evidence of the too rapid destruction of the vital tissues.

The natural tendency of all animal matter is toward decay, and when the vital forces, the life-sustaining elements, are not kept up to their normal standard by the processes of reconstruction the balance-wheel is thrown off its pivot and begins to wabble; there is "lost motion," the vital tissues are rapidly consumed and the body machinery is thrown out of gear.

This is the beginning of disease. The vital tissues are not being replaced as rapidly as they are consumed. The fuel is running out, and without fuel power sufficient to run the body machinery cannot be generated.

As the fuel is distributed throughout the human body by the blood, it is through the blood that the new supply must be furnished. In other words, the blood must be fed, purified and enriched. It is the life-giving and life-sustaining fluid upon which human life depends, and when it becomes impoverished all the vital organs, excretory and secretory, suffer and fail in their allotted functions, while the vital tissues shrink and waste away.

The vital forces become weakened to such a degree that they can no longer resist the invasion of the germs of disease, which soon find lodgment in the various organs and tissues, and wage a relentless war of destruction and death.

The lungs, being the most delicate and most exposed of all the vital organs, are usually the first to yield to such attacks. Coughs, colds, catarrhal discharges from the nose or throat, hoarseness and grip, are the first evidences that the forces of the enemy are being massed and concentrated in that quarter.

And if these conditions are not successfully combated by proper treatment, serious and, perhaps, fatal consequences will as surely follow as day follows night.

They are the forerunners, the advance guard of Consumption, that most formidable and fatal of all human maladies.

That Consumption is a contagious disease: that it is necessarily a fatal disease if not properly treated; and yet that it is a curable disease, are incontrovertible facts.

That the Dr. Slocum System of Treatment (consisting of Four Preparations) is a remedy for Consumption is also an equally well established fact, and a failure on the part of any sufferer from the dread disease to give this treatment a fair and impartial trial is certainly suicidal.

The treatment should be begun as soon as the premonitory symptoms of the disease are in evidence. A gradual loss of flesh, hectic flushes, loss of appetite, loss of nervous energy, loss of color in the face, deep-seated cough and chest pains are among the most suspicious symptoms and call for a course of the Dr. Slocum Treatment.

The Dr. Slocum System of Treatment embodies all the elements of both food and medicines. It feeds the blood and nerves, resupplies waste tissue, allays inflammation in the lungs, tones up the stomach, insures restful, refreshing sleep, and builds up the waste places throughout the entire body.

The Dr. Slocum System of Treatment is not an experiment in any sense; it has stood the crucial test in both clinical and private practice, and has never yet failed to accomplish all that is claimed for it, and even more. It has relieved thousands of cases that had been pronounced hopeless by the most prominent physicians in the land.

Its discoverer, Dr. Slocum, the world's most aggressive and progressive physician, has devoted more time, money and energy to the study and treatment of Consumption and other wasting diseases than any other physician, living or dead; therefore those who avail themselves of the opportunity of giving his System of Treatment a fair and impartial trial may rest assured that they get all that science and medical skill have to offer.

In addition to their extraordinary medicinal, therapeutic and food value the Four Preparations constituting the Dr. Slocum System of Treatment are the acme of pharmaceutical skill and excellence. They are carefully and scientifically prepared in the Doctor's own laboratories under his personal supervision and direction. Only the purest and most carefully selected materials are used in compounding them, and these are so accurately and scientifically blended that they act harmoniously and co-operatively, thereby insuring the very best results attainable.

Dr. Slocum, recognizing the fact that medicines and foods to be effective must be acceptable to the most delicate stomach, easily digested and readily assimilable, makes his preparations as palatable as it is possible to make without reducing their potency and effectiveness. Therefore they are easy to take, and their action is prompt and effective.

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No one medicine contains all the properties necessary for the successful treatment of Consumption and other wasting diseases. Dr. Slocum was the first to realize this fact, and, taking advantage of it, he so compounded his Remedies that they act harmoniously, successfully meet and combat all the symptoms of the disease.

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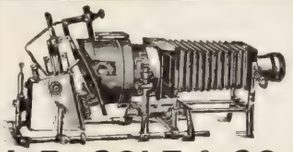

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In The Maywood Colony Announcement No. 5 we asked those readers who desired further issues to fill out and return a certain coupon therein printed. As a result thousands of letters have reached us expressing an intense desire to get a foot-hold, or start in California. But we find that where there is one person with sufficient funds to acquire and develop 10 acres of land, there are 100 who are not. Hundreds have asked us to present some plan by which something smaller—something at lesser cost—could be had. We here present a plan that we feel will fill the demand.

LOCATION. Block 100 furnish our first complex or cluster of these villas—or home places. Examination of our general colony plat, which is found in each number of [illegible] west of the town of Corning, while Block 101 is just 40 feet farther west. Block 101 faces on the well-kept County Road leading from Corning to Red Bluff. The Corning public school is within easy walking distance of these two blocks, and the connecting avenues are as well kept as a street. Best Bicycle roads in the country.

SOIL. The soil of Blocks 100 and 101 is a loose, warm and friable chocolate colored loam, intermixed here and there with a small percentage of fine gravel. Just the soil in which the olive does its best. Surface is from perfectly level to gently undulating. Water in good supply and quality is found about 20 feet from the surface. Soil extends clear down to the water vein.

PLAN OF LOTS. Each of the 14 unsold 10 acre lots, as shown in Blocks 100 and 101, have been quartered from east to west, which is from right to left, making 56 of these 2 1-2 acre subdivisions. Since a 10-acre lot is 660 feet square, it will be readily understood that in quartering it equally, the four quarters each have a frontage of 165 feet and a depth of 660 feet. Look at the arrangement of the blocks and you will see that all of these 2 1-2 acre lots face on a 40 ft. avenue.

PLAN OF PLANTING. 210 two-year-old olive trees have been set on each of these 2 1-2 acre lots. The plan of planting is made plain by the accompanying diagram, each of the dots standing for a tree. As will be seen there are 7 rows of 30 trees each. These rows and the trees in each row are exactly 22 feet apart. The 7 rows of trees take up a strip of land 132 feet wide, leaving a margin of 16 1-2 feet on either side.

DESCRIPTION. As an example let us take Lot 5 of Block 100. The bottom, or south 2 1-2 acres, will be legally known as the south half of the south half of Lot 5, Block 100: the next sub-division on the north will be the north half of the south half: the next one, the south half of the north half, and the top 2 1-2 acre lot, the noth half of the north half—all of Lot 5 of Block 100.

PRICE. $[illegible] lots, also for the 210 olive trees planted thereon, and for thorough cultivation and care for the year 1[illegible].

TERMS. [illegible] want to reach every person who wants one of these lots. Our preference is for spot cash so that we can deliver Warranty Deed and close the transaction, but we shall be satisfied to take $50 as a first payment and $50 per month for four months. Or, we will accept $150 as a

The Opportunity for All.

Do not mistake this for a cribbage-board or a perous-plaster. It is [illegible] stand for that number of big, thrifty, 2-year-old OLIVE TREES planted [illegible] petency. The best life insurance policy that a man can leave his wife.

Bank of Tehama County

[illegible] Fort Bluff, Cal. January 25, 19[illegible]

TO THE PUBLIC:

For eight years Foster & Woodson, owners of "Maywood Colony," in this County, have carried an account with this Bank, and during that time we have attended to many commissions in the way of holding payments in escrow pending the execution and delivery to us of Deeds conveying property in said Colony to Eastern buyers.

In all such cases perfect Deeds have been made, and in the mutual interest of Mess. Foster & Woodson and those who would avail themselves of our services, we will, in all cases of cash transactions, receive such remittances, and proceed to secure deeds to such lands as may have been arranged for between the buyer and the sellers.

When it is desired that deeds be recorded before being forwarded to the buyer, the recording fee of $1.00 should accompany the purchase price of the property. Our service charge in such transactions is made against the account of Mess. Foster & Woodson.

We say in advance, and positively, too, that our regular banking business precludes the possibility of our entering into general correspondence with the public concerning "Maywood Colony." We can, as before stated, be used only as an agent through which to transact the business specified, but in no other capacity in connection with the "Maywood Colony."

Very respectfully,

E. W. Runyon
President.

Bank of Tehama County
M. F. Moore
Cashier.

ANNUAL EXPENSE. [illegible]

TAXES. [illegible]

APPRECIATION. [illegible]

PROFIT. [illegible] to attack the olive. The tree begins to fruit four years [illegible] expect $1 per tree. Eight-year-old trees commonly pay [illegible] True no one will make a fortune from a 2 1-2 acre lot, but after a few years they can have in it a self-sustaining home.

COMPARISON. If you have $250 laying in a sav[illegible] the trees, double in three years' time, or earn a sum equivalent to $83.33 a year as against $10 in the bank. We will admit that the bank is safe, but it is not so safe as a Warranty Deed to a piece of land—the foundation of all wealth. The rule is that $250 in bank will decrease in earning capacity, as interest dividends are diminishing from year to year. On the other hand the earning capacity of $250 invested in these villas will by the laws of nature, increase from year to year. $250 in bank is the cause of more or less anxiety lest the bank fail. $250 in one of these lots is a source of assurance that when all things else fail, you have a place to go to—a place in the most genial climate in the world—a place free from the regular monthly demand of [illegible] a place that within itself yields a competency and an independence.

UNPLANTED LAND. [illegible] cent standpoint, so far as we are affected, we very much prefer to sell these lots in bare or open condition: for it is from the sale of the land ALONE that we make our profit. We are compelled to combine the tree-planting proposition with land sales to effect the sale of our colony lands. Many buy who would not unless a plan could be entered into by which they could have trees set and growing while they are pursuing their regular business affairs. To illustrate why it is that we prefer to sell vacant land: You have $150 that you want to invest in such a proposition as we offer. Now if you would buy the bare land, your $150 would just pay for one of these 2 1-2 acre lots. By this deal we should have the full price of the land: you would hold your deed and the transaction would be closed and off our hands. But if you want the 2 1-2 acres with the 210 trees [illegible] we have to pay the Maywood Colonies Fruit Association $100 of the $150 received for their trees and planting labor. This leaves us but $50 on the land, and the balance of $100 we get in accordance with the terms of the purchase agreed upon. This explanation is given to show that it is for the accommodation of the buyer that the planting is pre-arranged. We have abundance of 2 1-2-acre vacant lots to [illegible] case, buy land this year, and have it planted next.

A Matured Olive Grove Constitutes a Competency Through Life and a Patrimony at Death.

Maps, Plats, Particulars and References on application.

FOSTER & WOODSON,

Broadway & 26th St.,

NEW YORK.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 22—NUMBER 9

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

France Mourns Her Dead President

M. Faure Passes Away Suddenly at the Palace of The Elysee—General Grief in Europe—M. Emile Loubet Elected as His Successor

FRANCE is again plunged into mourning for the death of a Chief Executive. Felix Faure, President of the Republic, passed away suddenly in the Palace of the Elysee, on Thursday, Feb. 16th, after an illness of a few hours' duration, the cause of death being apoplexy. In the afternoon, while he was busily occupied in his study with M. le Gall, discussing certain Cabinet matters, he complained of feeling slightly ill. At seven o'clock he was suffering acutely, and M. le Gall, assisted by Gen. Belloud, led him to a sofa in the room, and immediately notified Mme. Faure and the official physicians. Dr. Leon Humbert, the first to respond, applied blisters, but the President grew rapidly worse.

When Drs. Lannelongue, Cheurlot and Potin arrived, a consultation was held. An examination soon disclosed the fact that the President was past human aid. The brain was suffused with blood, and it was evident that the end was approaching. M. Faure realized his condition, and continued to address those who gathered around his improvised deathbed. To his weeping wife and daughter, he said he felt his end at hand. "I am very ill; I am going!" he exclaimed, as his wife and Mlle. Lucie Faure entered the room. They knelt beside him, their tears falling unrestrained, and all present were greatly affected.

The President's strength was visibly diminishing and his movements were feeble, though his voice remained clear and perfectly audible as he bade his dear ones a loving farewell. He thanked his wife for the tender affection and devotion she had always shown to him, and gave a loving farewell to his daughters. His official associates and even his personal attendants were not forgotten. This ruler of a great nation, burdened with the largest responsibilities, though conscious that he had only a few moments to live, was yet so calm and confident as to the future that he could devote a portion of those last precious moments to loving and gracious messages to all he left behind, neglecting not even the humblest. It was a display of fortitude such as is seldom found, save at the deathbed of one who has already made his peace with his Maker. Creed and church apart, M. Faure was a good man. His life, both public and private, had been without reproach, and now that he lay dying, it was clear to all that he was sustained in those last moments by a Power greater than any the world could give.

THE LATE PRESIDENT FELIX FAURE, OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

Consciousness had now utterly fled from the patient, who lay inert and motionless on a mattress on the floor of the room that had for years been his official workshop. He was simply breathing. The physicians had exhausted every effort suggested by medical skill, but without avail. They had cupped and bled him on temples, neck and forearm, to allay the congestion, wrapped him in steaming flannels to restore warmth and circulation, and administered ether, oxygen and hypodermic injections; but there was no sign of returning animation. "We have done all we can," said the senior physician, Dr. Lannelongue, "and now let religion, to console the family, come in." Messengers were sent hurriedly out in different directions to summon the priests, but none of the prominent Catholic fathers could be found. After considerable search, one of the messengers—a soldier—found a poor abbe—"the humblest of the humble," and one who occupies the undistinguished position of chaplain to the House of Detention—and brought him to the palace. Until he arrived at the very gate, he had no idea where he was being taken. "The President is dying," said the soldier, as he bade the mystified Abbe Renault enter, and he added, "do what you can for him; he is not a bad man." The priest entered the death-chamber and performed the usual offices of his church and then

(Continued on page 157)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Bible Class Teacher, Chicago. I have been using one of your Art Bibles in my work and have found it very helpful. I wish every member of my class had a copy. There are ten of them. Could I get them or them or could I get them in cheaper bindings

We are glad to learn that you consider the Art Bible very attractive and very helpful to you in your Sunday School work. We can sell you ten of these Art Bibles—one for each member of your class—at $2.50 each, or $25.00 for the ten. We have but one style of binding—leather, overlapping, divinity circuit, with red-under-gold edges. We will send them singly to the separate addresses, charges prepaid, without extra expense to you.

If you will accept the same Bible with the cover slightly rubbed in handling, but almost imperceptibly so, you may deduct 75 cents, and send us $1.75 each. If you select the latter, please mention "Special" when you order. Two years ago this Bible sold at $12.00 each and by subscription only.

A. C. B., Kearney, Neb. Will you please be so kind to tell me where I can get the lecture delivered by Samuel Colcord, complete, in pamphlet form? Some extracts were published in THE [illegible]

Mr. Samuel Colcord's lecture, *Reply to Ingersoll*, is published by Wm. Hauptmann, 442 Columbus avenue, New York, N. Y., and will be sent post-paid on receipt of ten cents.

The supply of rare old Bibles does not seem to be quite exhausted, as the following letter from our readers show:

Sadie Goodenough, Farmingdale, N. J. We have a Bible, in old English, which was printed in 1580—the Geneva Version. The phraseology varies somewhat from the Authorized Version—for example: Psa. 23: 6 reads: "Doubtlesse kindnesse and mercy shall follow mee all the dayes of my life: and I shall remaine a long season in the house of the Lord."

Rev. A. W. Bill, Fond du Lac, Wis. The published notices by your correspondents about ancient Bibles are very interesting to me for two reasons: 1. Because I have two old Bibles. One, printed at London by Robert Barker and the assignees of John Bill in 1637, with the Psalms in meter, the music being printed in the "buckwheat" note style. On the New Testament title page is written: "Richard Wayte. His Book. 1758." This Bible was presented to me in 1893 by the Hon. Ledyard Bill, of Paxton, Mass. The other is a family Bible, 8 x 10 in., bound in oak boards, leather covered, with leather clasps, printed at London by Charles Bill, 1700. This Bible has the Old and New Testaments, with Sternhold and Hopkins' Psalms, "Set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches, of all the people together, before and after morning and evening prayers, and also before and after sermons; and, moreover, in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all ungodly songs and ballads which tend only to the nourishing of vice, and corrupting of youth." Printed 1698. This Bible was presented to me in 1874 by Mr. Edward Bill, of New York City. The other reason on my part for feeling an interest in these old Bibles and your correspondents' notes is because this John Bill is my ancestor.

Mrs. J. D. N., Troy, S. C. Please answer through THE MAIL-BAG the following questions: 1. What day did Dec. 15, 1889, come on? 2. What day did Jan. 15 1890, come on?

1. Dec. 15, 1889, fell on Sunday. 2. Jan. 15, 1890, fell on Tuesday.

Student. What is the cause of the rainbow assuming a semi-circular form?

A falling drop of water takes by its molecular force, a spherical form. The phenomenon depends upon successive reflections and refractions. When the red ray of the primary bow leaves the drop, it forms an angle with the sun's ray of about 42 degrees, and the violet ray forms with it one of 40 degrees; these angles are constant. Imagine a straight line drawn from the sun through the observer's eye. It would pass through the centre of the circle of which the rainbow is an arc. This line is termed the "visual axis." It is parallel to the rays of the sun; and when it is also parallel to the horizon, the rainbow is a semi-circle. For further information, see Steele's *Popular Physics*, page 219, in use in many schools.

T. Y. M., Manleyville, Tenn., and Reader, Scranton, Pa. 1. What was the forbidden fruit that Eve partook of and gave to Adam? 2. Has the site of Eden been found? 3. If our first parents had not sinned, and men had lived forever, would there have been room on earth for [illegible]

1. We have no information on this subject save that in Genesis, which as you are aware, does not specify the name of the fruit. It is not of the slightest importance. 2. No, nor will it ever be found. People have tried to [illegible]

E. J. W., Gilman, Ill. Am I right in taking medicine for a disease from which I am suffering? I hear that a preacher in Chicago says that Christians ought not to take medicine.

If there is anything that will give you relief from pain, or will cure you, take it by all means and ask God to bless it, and pay no heed to people who would dissuade you. If [illegible] sit still and expect God to transport you there by a miracle. You would walk or ride, though [illegible]

[illegible] owing are a few [illegible]s, when he holds [illegible] little better than [illegible]

Can a man maint[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]er. "No." A man should [illegible]

[illegible] reader of THE CHRISTIAN [illegible] in a united effort, the [illegible] be the pulling down of this [illegible] a helping hand to pre[illegible] into the high and honored ranks of our law-makers.

B. D., Milmay, N. J., writing of the Con[illegible]ton, says:

[illegible] a capacity [illegible] God's pure, [illegible] raising the [illegible] generations as the birth of an intelligent organization that shall give our country power to [illegible]

THE GREAT FIRE IN THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, FEBRUARY 15, 1899

the vast machine shops in the Brooklyn Navy Yard (the largest in the country) were burned to the ground. Full plans of the *Maine* were lost in the conflagration but a small model is still in existence. During the war with Spain, over 1,000 men were employed in the great brick and iron structure, whose ruins are shown in our illustration. The total loss by the fire is estimated at between $1,000,000 and $2,000,000. Our photograph was taken during the fire by a naval officer, and appears exclusively in THE [illegible]

you might depend on God giving you the strength you might need. If you were a farmer you would not expect God to make your fields bear a harvest unless you sowed the seed. God, by a miracle, could keep you alive without food, but you may be quite sure that if you refuse to eat and adhere to your resolution long enough, you will die of starvation.

S. M. B., Monmouth, Ill. Give a recipe for making home a success in a sentence of a few words—a motto or something to that effect.

An old and still very excellent couplet runs thus:

Love lightens labor and makes home life sweet:
Keep heaven in view, and bliss will be complete.

Jas. A. Larimore, Springfield, Mo., a reader of this paper, sends us this interesting letter, which is fairly representative of many others on the same subject:

Having been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for about four years, I am in a position to say, I have always found it fighting evil in "high places," and maintaining the methods of the Apostles of old, in boldness founded upon Righteousness. The fight now on against the seating of Congressman-elect Roberts, of Utah, is one that commands the attention of every man and woman in the United States. The reading of several articles on this subject, in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be a great help to me in my work. Please send me a copy of the issue containing the first article, and oblige.

We are glad to be able to comply with our friend's request, and have sent him the issue containing the first article on the subject of Roberts' seating in Congress. We have published a number of articles on this subject, and have no doubt that they have been of great service to many readers. We have also published a number of articles on the subject of polygamy, and have no doubt that they have been of great service to many readers.

Reader. The poem you send on "The Shepherd's Fold" has merit, but the writer should study models of perfect composition and strive to acquire a smoother style and wider range of expression.

H. M., Abilene, Tex. I am informed that a change of punctuation in Paul's well-known prohibition [illegible] would remove the prohibition. Do you know what it is? Would not Paul have forbidden any woman to conduct a religious meeting?

We think he would. Apart from inspiration, the circumstances justified him. The women of Corinth were but newly emancipated from the restrictions of the time, by the teaching of Christianity. They were evidently inclined to make the most of their liberty, and their previous education and training did not fit them for it. Only depraved women made themselves conspicuous in popular assemblies, and when the heathen of Corinth saw Christian women doing so, they formed a low opinion of Christianity and, as you know, there was a scandal in the church. Paul's command cannot be reversed by a change of punc-

expand until the remotest corners of the earth shall be blessed by her, and until she shall be able to solve any problem that may be presented. Let Christians pray that no Herod may seek to destroy the child.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The [illegible] without leather lining are obtainable for the small sum of only $2.00, will, on and after [illegible] offer after February 28th. Renewals will be [illegible] for our old friends.

Combination Offer Withdrawn

The Combination Offer under which THE [illegible] positively withdrawn on March 1st, 1899. Neither renewals nor new subscriptions can be [illegible]

A. N. S., Spring Brook, N. Y. Are you not wrong in supposing that there may be growth and [illegible] proved by it? We can form but a very vague conception of what that life must be, but there must surely be an increase of knowledge and an apprehension of spiritual truth that could not burst on a soul in a moment, and there would surely be a development of powers that could not be otherwise than gradual.

Mrs. C. W., Brooklyn, sends this Luther hymn in answer to A. S. N., Newark, N. J. [illegible]

Away in a manger,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
The cattle are lowing
[illegible]
But little Lord Jesus
[illegible]
I love thee, Lord Jesus,
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib
[illegible]

It was written by Martin Luther for his own children. It can be sung to the tune of "Home Sweet Home."

Miss Jessie [illegible] several other readers have also forwarded a similar answer.

H. S., Montgomery, Vt. Is there any truth in the tradition that the woman who came to [illegible]

No, if there is any tradition to that effect, it is erroneous. The woman at the well was a Samaritan, while all that we know of the other two goes to show that they were Jewesses.

Rev. J. C. W., Yates Centre, Ia. Yes.

S. S. Teacher, Lansingburg, N. Y. Yes.

L. E. B., Arlington, So. Dak. About $25 a year.

Mrs. E. A. M., Cambria, Va. Yes, still published.

Miss M. H., Mt. Vernon, S. D. We do not know the concern.

Reader, Milford Centre, O. We believe them to be all right.

Reader, B. S. E., Wilkinsburg, Pa. Inquire of the principal of the school direct.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. Address him at Manila, Philippines, giving name of vessel.

M. F. H., Greenport, L. I. New Mexico is a territory, was annexed to the U. S. in 1848.

Student, Washington, D. C., M. S., and others. We cannot reply unless you send full name and address, and repeat the request.

D. V. B. M., Newberne, Ala. 1. Cowpox inoculation was first employed by Dr. Edward Jenner in [illegible] and makes any attack thereafter light in character.

C. E. C., Frederick, Md. There is no rank with the title of admiral in the U. S. navy at present, but there is a proposition before Congress to revive the title in order to honor Dewey, who is now a [illegible]

Angie McF., Albany, N. Y. 1. Already answered in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. 2. A person [illegible] attack of any disease, is thereafter proof against it, [illegible]

Reader, Windsor, O. 1. Because it is the nineteenth. The eighteenth century was completed on Dec. 31, 1900, and the nineteenth began. If you start out with $2.00 in your pocket, and spend $1.05, you are beginning to use up your second dollar. 2. July 30, 1878, and on the Pacific coast, Jan. 1, 1889.

M. G., Gintz, Pa. The registering of mail [illegible] are carried in special bags and come under special rules, which practically guarantee safe transportation and delivery to the right person. Of course, for losses through storm or railway accidents the goverment cannot be held responsible.

The Temperance Question . . in Palestine . .

. . . By SELAH MERRILL

THROUGHOUT the Old Testament there is repeated reference to Palestine as "the land of corn and wine and oil." These words meant to the Hebrews prosperity and gladness. To think of that fertile country in its present desolation makes the heart sick. The poverty of the land and the people must be seen to be realized. A summer visitant there finds the sky as brass, the earth as dust, the grass withered, and the streams dried up. But there is a brighter side; in spring the hillsides and fields are carpeted with flowers, and in the vintage season one forgets the wretchedness of the inhabitants and the distress of the country in the pleasure which bursts forth on every hand. Bright faces, pleasant words, social festivities, many signs of joy light up the dull lives of the peasants when "the fruit of the vine" begins to be gathered. Sadness is then turned into mirth and song. Of these three national blessings, which certainly were the nation's pride, the wine seems to have been thought of with the most joy and spoken of with the highest praise. This has been true of that country from the earliest period to the present time.

A number of questions arise at once in the reader's mind which concern the welfare of Palestine, and which, on that account, deserve our serious notice. For example: Who cultivates the vine? How is the wine produced? Is it used to excess? What are the sentiments of the Jews and Mohammedans in regard to its use? Human experience shows that a gift of God, which in itself is a blessing, may in the hands of sinful men become a curse. I find here and there the sentiment prevailing that the wine of Palestine is perfectly harmless. One of the most prominent writers and speakers in America declared, in a public address, "that the Bethlehem wines, the Jerusalem wines, and the Hebron wines were so light and unintoxicating that you must ordinarily drink twenty-four glasses to produce the slightest effect, even upon a person of nervous organization." I will not mention this writer's name, for I wish simply to present facts. I make the statement, which is borne out by all missionaries and scholars resident in the East, that at the present day no such thing is known there as unfermented wine, and the assertion just quoted, I am certain, is very far from the truth. Foreign residents in that country, who have the interests of the people sufficiently at heart to observe what takes place, know that thousands are injuring themselves by the use of native wine, although it is true that this does not contain such a large percentage of alcohol as some of the wines of Europe. Where wine is universally used it cannot be otherwise than that some persons are overcome by it. Many times have I heard missionaries say: "I wish I could persuade those young men to give up drinking." Were the native wines as harmless as has been alleged, and the drinking of them merely a social pastime, the anxiety of the missionaries would be uncalled for.

We shall be interested to look more closely at the vineyards and their fruit, the grapes and the wine, the habits of the people in regard to the use of intoxicating liquor, and the sentiments of the government in relation to the liquor traffic.

A few hundred yards south of the south wall of Jerusalem a field was being prepared for vines, and I secured an excellent picture showing a part of the process. The field was naturally very poor, and yellow earth, from some diggings near by, had been dumped upon it, so that it was fit for nothing but weeds. Here the owner, at intervals of about eight feet, dug holes which he filled with good soil, and in these he planted vines. In three years the land which was worthless had been transformed into a flourishing vineyard. The illustration shows men standing in the holes to indicate the depth to which they are dug. To a stranger, many of the hills of Palestine look as barren as a rock, but treated in the way now described they become fruitful and profitable. Were it not for the ruinous taxes, the culture of the vine could be indefinitely increased. Digging holes and filling them with good earth is the common mode of planting a vineyard. On the other hand, there is a great deal of land devoted to vines, which, because of its better quality, did not require to be treated in this way.

As a rule, vines receive very little care in the way of pruning and dressing the soil about them. The plough is sometimes run among them where this can be done without injury. They are sometimes trained upon the rocks, which abound everywhere, or upon piles of stone, and in some cases upon sticks, set in the ground for the purpose, but ordinarily they simply lie upon the ground itself. The vines live to a great age, and the separate branches resemble, when the leaves have fallen, small logs scattered over the field. The largest single trunk of the vine that I have ever seen in Palestine was the size of a man's body.

The grape season lasts from three to four months. Early in the morning donkeys with boxes filled with grapes, and women with baskets full of grapes on their heads begin to pour into the city. They go to private houses, to the convents, to the hotels, and wherever they have had orders, while many stop in the market place. These grapes are chiefly the so-called "white" variety, which we should call green, the "red" or purple kind being far less generally raised. Sweeter, nicer grapes could not be found elsewhere in the world. They are fresh and cool and have very few seeds, some of them no seeds whatever. The price is surprisingly low—that is, it is so to an American. A large dinner-plate full of rich clusters of grapes costs but four, five or six cents. There is never a trace of tartness about them for they are absolutely sweet. Of such fruit I do not think it possible for a person to overeat.

The grapes of Hebron have been celebrated since the Hebrew spies first entered the land (Numb: XIII), and small dealers in the streets of Jerusalem still sound the praises of the grapes of that section. A formula which a certain Moslem dealer used to repeat a hundred times a day was as follows: "I am from Hebron, my grapes are from Hebron, the camel that brought them is from Hebron, come buy my Hebron grapes." This he continued to shout out to the passers-by, although it was known that generally his grapes were brought not by a noble Hebron camel, but by a peasant woman from a local vineyard.

I have referred to the tax on vineyards. The tax is levied each year, and always early in the season, on the prospective crop long before the grapes are ripe. This method is unreasonable, arbitrary and unjust, but it is the custom and there is no redress. It sometimes happens that the yield is poor, in which case the grapes when taken to market do not bring enough to pay the tax; and the poor peasant has nothing for his labor.

The American "bar-room" is quite unknown in Jerusalem, that is, a brilliantly lighted room, with costly mirrors, gorgeous pictures, tables, beautiful glass ware, and every temptation that can be devised. The drinking places in Jerusalem would by Americans be considered strange and rude. There are a few small wholesale wine stores where also liquor is sold to customers, but in these there is no counter or table, not even a chair or stool to sit upon. Americans patronize the bar-room; the people of Jerusalem buy liquor of a dealer, take it home and drink it there. While there is no question on the part of the government as to the propriety of the sale and use of liquor, they interest themselves sufficiently in the matter to impose a tax upon every person who wishes to sell it. The government does not care to suppress the liquor traffic; on the contrary, it is very glad to encourage it because it can make it a source of revenue. At one time I made an official estimate of the number of places where liquor was sold, and to my surprise there were nearly one hundred and fifty, even in that small city. Generally a room in the house where the person applying for the license resides, is used for the sale of liquor, and a sum equal to one-third of the amount paid for rent for the house is charged by the government for the license. Some of the liquor shops are kept by Greeks, while a large number of them are kept by women, either Polish or Russian.

Somehow Americans involuntarily measure the amount of drinking in a given place by the general appearance of the men they meet on the street and the number of intoxicated persons whom they observe. Hence, when such Americans visit the Eastern city, where very few drunken people are seen on the street, they conclude at once that there is very little drinking in that place. They begin to discourse upon the "absence of intemperance in wine-producing countries," upon "the harmlessness of light wines," and even upon "the blessings of Mohammedanism in preventing the drink habit." In such assertions there is a little truth and a great deal of error. It is true that in certain portions of your large cities the misery and ruin caused by hard drinking are seen in the faces and dress of its multitude of victims. Such visible evidence is wanting in Jerusalem and other Oriental cities. It is also true that in one of your large cities a large proportion of the inhabitants do not touch liquor in any form, while in Jerusalem, among its fifty thousand people, there is not a teetotaler, except it be some of the missionaries and a few other of its foreign residents. In one of your cities there is a very strong public sentiment against drinking and drunkenness, while in Jerusalem nothing of the kind exists. The amount of wine made in Jerusalem and vicinity, the large amount of wine, arak, brandy, beer and other liquors that is imported into the city, shows that the consumption of intoxicating drinks there is very

DIGGING HOLES FOR VINES NEAR JERUSALEM

With regard to some of the villages, whose population is wholly Mohammedan, it is fair to say that intemperance is almost unknown. The Moslem religion prohibits the use of wine, and the habit of *not* drinking has been inherited from previous generations. That they do not drink has been attributed largely to this inherited habit. In the Mohammedan world, it will not do to ascribe to a man all the virtues we can think of simply because he never uses intoxicating drink. Moreover, the Mohammedan villagers are desperately poor, and could not purchase liquor if they wanted to. In America we say that "no one is so poor as not, in some way, to be able to get liquor." This is not true in Palestine. My observation is that Mohammedans, remote from the towns, do not drink partly because they are poor, but chiefly because neither they nor their fathers ever formed a habit of drinking. In the large towns where the drink habit is fastening itself upon so many Mohammedans, they refrain generally from the use of *wine*, since that alone is prohibited by their religion.

The reader is aware that many times in the course of these articles we have had occasion to say that the condition of things in Jerusalem fills us with sadness, and at no time is this feeling deeper than when we think of this once glorious city in connection with the demon of drink. What is to be done? As we have seen, no help comes from the government. Moreover, public sentiment offers no barrier to the spread of this evil. There are no societies or organizations to rescue those who have yielded to this degrading habit and who wish to break away from it. The worst drunkard I ever saw in Jerusalem was a Mohammedan, but from his own people no hand was stretched out to save him. Jews and Oriental Christians regard the matter with indifference. A mere handful of persons from the Western world, whose minds are full of anxieties and hopes for the redemption of Zion, are the only ones interested in this great problem. Divine Power is needed to turn back the current which is now strong against them.

A PORTER CARRYING WINE-JARS

GRAPES FOR MARKET—A PORTERS BURDEN

CAMEL LOADED WITH CASKS

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

∴ HOME ∴

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, I. Timothy 5: 4. . . .

Let them learn first to show piety at home.

DURING the summer months the tendency is to the fields, to visitation, to foreign travel and the watering-places, and the ocean steamers are thronged; but in the winter it is rather to gather in domestic circles, and during these months we spend many of the hours within doors, and the apostle comes to us and says that we ought to exercise Christian behavior amid all such circumstances. Let them learn first to show piety at home.

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now, the apostle practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle. Let them learn first to show piety at home." If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere.

There is one word in St. Paul's adjuration around which the most of our thoughts will revolve. That word is "home." Ask ten different men the meaning of that word, and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. In that household, discord never sounds its war-whoop, and deception never tricks with its false face. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair, peace hovering like wings, joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life is a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want looking out of a cheerless fire-grate. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children robbers and murderers in embryo. Obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath-wave rolling over that door-sill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Fagots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word. It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death-agony of despair. The word "home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak now of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven. And in the first place, home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is dishabille. As play-actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous, and genial and good-natured in commercial life, damming back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent; but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets. There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres, who, in a cowardly way, takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them in the domestic circle.

As at sunset sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist who at home act the Nero with respect to their slippers and their gown. Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia, and went off for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper he again picked up his gun and his pencil, and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable; who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, will blow as long and loud and sharp as a northeast storm. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from the fear of the world, or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Again, home is a refuge. Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails, and hulk aleak, we put in at the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! There we go for repairs in the drydock. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the lighthouse guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrows take the hand of ships. The door-sill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen. There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. God pity the man or the woman who has no home!

Further, home is a political safeguard. The safety of the state must be built on the safety of the home. Why cannot France come to a placid republic? MacMahon appoints his Ministry and all France is aquake lest the republic be smothered. Gambetta dies, and there are hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who are fearing the return of a monarchy. Faure dies and a revolution is dreaded. The Dreyfus case is at this moment a slumbering earthquake under Paris. France, as a nation, has not the right kind of a Christian home. The Christian hearthstone is the only hearthstone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the state. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the state adhere. Jails and penitentiaries and armies and navies are not our best defence. The door of the home is the best fortress. The chimneys of our dwelling-houses are the grandest monuments to safety and triumph. No home, no republic!

Further, home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plow, and it must be harrowed and re-harrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after-life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation—all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger, and every uncontrolable display of indignation, will be fuel to their disposition twenty or thirty or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the result of it before ten years of age in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror. Words and deeds and example are the seed of character, and children are very apt to be the second edition of their parents. What vast responsibility comes upon parents in view of this subject!

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light, which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy, pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet which, from the rock at the mountain-top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking to see where it can find the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream were raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud-foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming-bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark and panther's scream and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes whose inmates I confront, the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! no supplication at night for protection? What! no thanksgiving in the morning for care? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? Oh! parents, when you are dead and gone, and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh! if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and you do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal soul, on their deathbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you!

Seated by the register or the stove, what if, on the wall, should come out the history of your children! What a history—the mortal and immortal life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it into a song, or pointing it with a groan.

My mind runs back to one of the best of early homes. Prayer, like a roof over it. Peace, like an atmosphere in it. Parents, personifications of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of that earthly home long crumbled to dust. But shall I ever forget that early home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun that warmed it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love has gone out on the heart's altar, and memory has emptied its urn into forgetfulness. Then, the home of my childhood, I will forget thee. The family altar and a father's supplication, and a mother's tenderness, the voices of affection, the funeral of our dead, the father and mother with interlocked arms like entertwining branches of trees making a perpetual arbor of love and peace and kindness—then I will forget thee—then, and only then. You know, my brother, that a hundred times you have been kept out of sin by the memory of such a scene as I have described. You have often had raging temptations, but you know what has held you with supernatural grasp. I tell you a man who has had such a good home as that never gets over it, and a man who has had a bad early home never gets over it.

Again, home is a type of heaven. At our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. "Heaven is our home." And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation. Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death, while they pass through dryshod. Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in earthquake struggle and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow. No crying. No tears. No death. But home, sweet home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with angels, home with God!

One night, lying on my lounge when very tired, my children all around about me, in full romp and hilarity and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep—I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there; and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said, "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine, and swelter at the forge?" But they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most peacefully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum, or a monument, or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said, "Where do the poor worship? and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" and the answer was made me, "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear. And I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said, "Where am I? and whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery paths and across the broad streams there came a beautiful group thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted "Welcome, welcome," the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven; and I looked around and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were running down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing, "Home! Home! Home!"

France Mourns....

....Her Dead President

(Continued from last page)

retired. President Faure meanwhile was all unconscious of what was taking place. He continued in this condition for nearly an hour, and at ten minutes after ten o'clock P. M. he breathed his last.

Immediately after the physicians' announcement that life was indeed extinct, M. Dupuy, the Premier, communicated with the members of the Cabinet, the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies and other high officials, formally announcing the death of M. Faure and requesting that the necessary steps be taken to inform the population of the calamity that has befallen France. Before eleven o'clock, the news had spread throughout Paris, and awe-stricken crowds had gathered in the neighborhood of the the Palace of the Elysee.

All night long they stayed, and at daybreak their numbers were augmented by thousands. Their grief was sincere, and it was evident that M. Faure, who had sprung from the people and was one of themselves, was genuinely beloved. At the palace, messages of condolence poured in from the rulers of European countries, and even from Asia. Our own government cabled an official expression of its sorrow at the intelligence of President Faure's death. Not only was he greatly liked by Americans abroad, but for the United States and its people he had always the kindliest and friendliest feeling, holding that there was an indissoluble kinship between the sister republics.

A striking illustration of the uncertainty of human life and the vanity of earthly pomp and splendor, became apparent at the palace on Friday morning, when workmen began to tear down the brilliant draperies and decorations which had been placed there in preparation for a grand state ball, which was announced to be held in the palace a week later. All the arrangements were under way for a great round of festivities, and six thousand invitations had been issued. Now, the gay tapestries are gone and sombre black has been hung in their place. The hall of festivities has become a house of death.

Although the attack to which President Faure succumbed came suddenly, and his death was a shock to France and Europe, it is learned that for some time he had been personally aware of the existence of some serious heart trouble. But he was a secret sufferer, and confided his apprehensions to very few. He had symptoms of arterial sclerosis (hardening or drying up of the tissues), and was under treatment for several months. Lately, he had become slightly lame, the consequence of a fall received long ago. The official certificate gave the cause of the fatal seizure as "congestion and hemorrhage of the brain." The attack was followed by paralysis of the left side, coma and death. It is considered probable that one of the main arteries of the brain had become obstructed by a blood-clot—a condition technically known as "thrombosis"—and found in the case of aged or debilitated persons.

France is now confronted by a peril which threatens the well-being, if not the existence of the republic. The plotting Bonapartists are watching their opportunity to strike a blow at the heart of the republic, as feverish wolves might watch for a sign of weakness on the part of their intended victim, before venturing an attack. Prince Victor Napoleon (now in Italy), and Prince Louis Napoleon (now in Russia in the Czar's service), are believed to be contemplating some stroke which will have the effect of restoring the monarchy. Their partisans are numerous and active, yet it is not likely that there would be much sympathy shown by the nation as a whole, with any attempt to overthrow the republic now. Such an attempt, would in all probability, result in widespread revolution and bloodshed. The most conservative leaders of public opinion, and the friends of the republic, are unfavorable to a change.

On the day following the death of President Faure, a large meeting of Senators was held, at which M. Emile Loubet, President of the Senate, was unanimously nominated for the Presidency of the Republic in succession to the late incumbent. M. Dupuy, who had been spoken of as a suitable candidate, declined to enter the contest against M. Loubet. The latter, though nominated by the Leftist Senators, was conceded to be a candidate upon whom in a grave political crisis, all parties might unite for the welfare of the republic. M. Meline was nominated by a meeting of the Progressist Republicans, but also withdrew in M. Loubet's favor, and, although he was again presented, there was little strength in his candidacy. On February 18, the National Assembly, or Congress, in which the Senators and Deputies unite in voting for a President of France, met at Versailles. A ballot was taken, resulting in 483 votes for M. Loubet and 279 for M. Meline. M. Loubet was thereupon declared elected President of the Republic.

M. EMILE LOUBET
The Newly Elected President

Emile Loubet was born on December 31, 1838, at Marsanne, France. He studied law, and settled in Montelimar, near his native village, and ultimately became Mayor of the town.

His political career began in 1876, when he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. M. Loubet took his seat as a Moderate Republican. He was reelected in 1877 and 1881. In 1885 he was chosen to the Senate, and in the Tirard Cabinet, in 1887–1888 he held the portfolio of Public Works. On the fall of the Freycinet Ministry in 1892, President Carnot commissioned M. Loubet to form a Cabinet, which took office on February 20, 1892, and was overthrown on November 28 of the same year. He has never been personally involved in any of the scandals that have troubled French politics during his public career, although one of his ministries was overthrown on the Panama affair. He is what is known as a "colorless candidate," a conservative in his political opinions, and has thus far expressed no pronounced views on the Dreyfus case, either for or against revision, although the revisionists supported him in the election. It is believed he will make a safe, conscientious and successful Executive.

Felix Faure, the dead President, was the sixth Executive of the Republic. He was elected on January 17, 1895, to succeed M. Casimir Perier. He was born in Paris, January 30, 1841, educated at a private school and obtained a commercial training in England. His father was a cabinetmaker, and Felix after leaving school, was apprenticed to a currier. At twenty-three he married, and to the influence of his wife was largely due the success of his later career. He engaged successively in the business of a commission merchant and ship-owner. During the war with Germany, he served his country in the field. In 1874, he was chosen as Deputy-Mayor of Havre, by the Broglie Cabinet. He was a fluent speaker and an excellent lecturer, and through these qualifications came in contact with many philanthropist, mainly Protestants. M. Faure never made any open display of his religious preferences, and while regarded as a conforming Protestant, he was never baptized into that faith, nor is it known that he ever professed allegiance to Rome, although at the last moments of his life, a priest of that church was beside the unconscious ruler.

M. Faure made his debut in politics about eighteen years ago. In 1881, he was elected a Deputy from Havre, and soon after became under-Secretary of State for Commerce and Colonies, resigning in 1882, only to resume the same portfolio in 1883. He became influential, especially on colonial questions. After serving in the Chamber in 1885–86, he entered the Tirard Cabinet, in 1887, as Colonial Minister. He also served in the Dupuy Cabinet, and became Minister of Marine under President Perier. In 1895, he was elected President, and his administration was well regarded throughout the nation. He was largely instrumental in bringing about the alliance with Russia, which afforded so much gratification to the French people. Personally, he was a man of delightful manners, courtly in the extreme, a great lover of etiquette and fine society, and fond of mingling with royalties, yet keen and sagacious in the conduct of national affairs. No President has ever enjoyed a greater degree of popularity and none could be more deeply mourned. He leaves two daughters and a widow.

Rioting in Paris

Although the election of a new President by the National Assembly passed off quietly, the anti-Dreyfus element soon, thereafter began to make serious trouble in Paris. Rioting took piace in the streets during the days, immediately following the election. The police precautions were unavailing. Mobs paraded, shouting "Conspuez Loubet!" ("Spit upon Loubet!") "Vive l'arnee!" and "a bas les juifs!" ("down with the Jews!") The Loubet supporters were equally vociferous, and many fierce encounters occured. Doors and windows of newspaper offices were smashed. In one melee, over forty persons were injured, fourteen of them policemen. The situation is extremely ominous.

PRESIDENT FAURE IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE

Women Against the Mormon

TWO representative deliberative conventions of women in Washington last week took formal action in opposition to the admission to a seat to the House of Representatives of the Mormon Congressman-elect, Brigham H. Roberts. On Feb. 18th, in the National Congress of Mothers, the following resolution, framed by Mrs. E. H. Parsons of Utah, was passed without a dissenting voice:

Whereas, The election of a polygamist to Congress threatens the sacred institution of monogamous marriage, be it resolved that the third triennial National Congress of Mothers requests the Congress of the United States to repudiate the result of the November election in Utah, either by refusing to allow Brigham H. Roberts, of Utah, to be placed on its roll or by expelling him from his seat.

The National Council of Women (in which there are several members who belong to the Mormon Church in Utah) adopted a resolution as follows:

Whereas, The National Council of Women of the United States stands for the highest ideals of domestic and civic virtue, as well as for the observance of law in all its departments, both State and national; therefore,

RESOLVED, That no person should be allowed to hold a place in any law-making body of this nation who is not a law-abiding citizen.

The resolutions of both bodies will be laid before the next U. S. Congress when it meets.

Thus the womanhood, wifehood and motherhood of the United States speaks with no uncertain voice in opposition to the outrage of admitting to the body of our law-makers a man who has defied our laws and whose recognized presence in Congress would be a most fearful blow to all that woman holds sacred—to all that centuries of civilization and Christian progress have won for her.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE BLIND MAN HEALED

S. S. Lesson for March 12. John 9: 1-11
Golden Text, John 9: 25

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

AFTER a time of special contradiction and contact with opposing spirits such as Jesus had had, how many would think they needed at any rate a few hours to recover their equilibrium! But our beloved Lord never lost his equilibrium. Steadily and continually receiving everything as it arose from his Father; every incident of the day prepared for the next that should come. There was, therefore, no reaction. Suffering there was, intense suffering, but always received willingly, and consequently nothing went against the grain. Thus, when leaving the temple, under the stones thrown at him by the angry Jews, he was ready for the man born blind whom he saw as he passed by. How little the disciples understood their Lord and his teaching! While he was looking upon the poor man with a view to his healing, their thoughts found expression in the words: "Who sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Neither did he sin nor his parents, but that the works of God might be seen in him.

"How did it happen? Whose fault is it?" Such are the questions commonly heard regarding any accident or misfortune. Human nature in its pride loves to fasten the blame somewhere, and to look down from its heights of imaginary superiority upon the supposed delinquent. Divine grace, whether in Christ or in them in whom he dwells, is not so much occupied in apportioning the blame as in remedying the evil. The presence of blindness is the reason why the works of God should be manifest in the blind. The presence of sin of whatsoever order, is the very reason why the work of the Saviour should be manifest in the sinner. When we stand on God's side, salvation and deliverance are our first thoughts. When we stand on the human side, it is the sin, the disease or the trouble, and how it came about, which engrosses us.

"We must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." "As long as I am in the world, I am the Light of the world." And, as the Light of the world, he proceeded to banish darkness from the blind.

Spitting on the ground, and making mud of the saliva, he anointed the eyes of the blind man and said, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." The blind man had not made request to be healed: but he had probably heard the words of Jesus and his disciples regarding him, and without entering into the question of where the responsibility of his blindness lay, or any way dealing with man, he simply obeyed the man who had spoken about the works of God being manifest in him. It was true wisdom, and he went in his darkness, but returned from Siloam seeing.

The healing of the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda had made a great sensation; and the scribes and Pharisees, themselves unable to work any such miracles, had sought to kill God's Christ. The healing of the blind man would also soon be known.

Then the neighbors, knowing the unpopularity of Jesus with the Pharisees, brought the man to them. Was it ordered of God that again it should be a Sabbath day when a miracle of healing took place? In answer to the questions of these authorities in religion the man repeated his story, and the Pharisees, without a word of cordial rejoicing with the healed man, at once condemned the great Healer. "This man is not of God because he keepeth not the Sabbath day." "How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? said others. And there was a division among them."

In answer to a further question, the blind man said of Jesus, "He is a Prophet." The blind Pharisees could not see the Light of the world, but the same light from above which led the simple Samaritan woman to say to him, "Sir, I perceive that thou art a Prophet" (John 4: 19), now led the healed man to say of Jesus, "He is a Prophet." Those who come into personal contact with the Lord, whose hearts are changed or whose bodies are healed by him, cannot be deceived as to whose hand has touched them. But the Jews did not desire such a prophet, and so refused to believe what they could not explain without believing in Jesus. So, hoping to find some flaw in the statement of the man, they sent for his parents and put the question, "Is this your son, who ye say was born blind? How then doth he now see?" The parents were in a dilemma; they knew that if they confessed Jesus they would be put out of the synagogue. They would not run the risk of this, and so they prevaricated to save themselves the reproach: "We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind: but by what means he now seeth, we know not; or who hath opened his eyes we know not: he is of age: ask him: he shall speak for himself."

[illegible] were baffled; their attempts to throw discredit on the story had not succeeded; the miracle had taken place, and the hated Jesus was the doer of it. Sending again for the blind man they attempted to break his confidence in his great benefactor. "Give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner." "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not," was the rejoinder: "one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." Was there not in the heart of this healed man some sense of indignation, some intuition of the wicked jealousy which possessed these leaders of religion among the Jews? When called upon a third time to tell his story, he asked them, "Will ye also be his disciples?" This stirred their wrath: they taunted him with being Christ's disciple, and said, "We are Moses' disciples. We know God speaks by Moses. As for this fellow, we know not whom he is." "What," in effect he said, "you religious leaders know nothing of a man whose power with God has opened eyes! God does not hear sinners, but he does hear them that worship him and do his will." "Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind? If this man were not of God, he could do nothing." This was too much for Christ's enemies: in their exasperation they said to the man, "Thou wast altogether born in sin, and dost thou teach us?" And they excommunicated him as though he had committed some terrible sin! Such are religious teachers who do not really know God.

To this day, those who are spiritually healed, "turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God" are spoken against. Those who are not born again, do not of course, know anything of divine realities, and they take for granted that all which is outside of their own experience is a delusion. If they see proof positive that one who was once the slave of passion, of vanity, of evil temper, etc., [illegible] place, they will try, like the Jews, to prove that that person never was a slave of any of these sins; never was born blind. But why should people be so anxious to disprove the power of God, and to rule him out of court in the things which happen around them, the facts of which they cannot deny?

LESSON POINTS.

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

HOW important this miracle was, in John's opinion, we may infer from the space he devotes to it. He is still adhering to the principle on which he wrote his gospel, which was, not to describe all that Jesus said and did, but to select such incidents as would tend to produce faith in him. This miracle was adapted to that end, because it was made the subject of judicial investigation. It was not performed in private or before friendly observers only, but in public, and the evidence was given by the man's parents, who were reluctant witnesses, and before the judges, who were obviously prejudiced. So clear is the proof that everyone who believes that the record of John is true, must believe that a miracle was wrought. The whole story is full of interest, and teachers will do well to disregard the absurd limitation of the Committee and take in the whole chapter. The lessons to be drawn from the incident are suggested by the attitude of the various persons. There were the disciples, who speculated about the cause of the man's affliction and uncharitably presumed that it was a punishment for sin, either his own or his parents'. There was the man himself, who promptly obeyed a command that must have seemed to him futile, who held to his conviction, and would not allow anyone to befog him. Then there were the judges, whom this unlearned man convicted of insincerity. Lastly there was the conduct of Christ, who gives his view of suffering, relieves the sufferer, and, finding him in spiritual darkness, follows the gift of physical eyesight with spiritual light. Each character deserves careful attention.

THE POOL OF SILOAM AS IT NOW IS

[illegible] habit still to suppose that affliction is necessarily punishment. That it is the result of wrongdoing in some cases, is true, but it is cruel to assume that it is always so. Christ said that in this instance the affliction was sent as an opportunity for a miracle. It would be well [illegible] erty, or in trouble of any kind, we took the same view of it. Instead of assuming that the family must have been improvident, or vicious, [illegible] the evil on themselves, we shall [illegible] follow Christ's example, do what we can to relieve the trouble. We cannot work miracles, but there is generally some help that we can render. [illegible] we should not speculate as to the cause of the calamity, but do our duty [illegible] is, as Christ said, one of "the works of God." One of Douglass Jerrold's [illegible] beautiful creations is that [illegible] silently endures the scolding of his wife. He had been called from [illegible] bed in the middle of the night to bail a man out of prison. When he returns, the wife denounces him for risking their property to secure the release of some boon companion, who doubtless well deserved to be locked up. Finally, goaded by her talk, he tells her that it was her own brother that he had bailed out, and she bursts into tears of gratitude.

He anointed the eyes of the blind man. Why Jesus should have anointed the man's eyes with clay is not apparent. Various reasons are suggested, none of which are satis[illegible]. Christ may have wished to deal with the man on his plane and gradually to lead him to a higher one. He was the kind of man who could be so led. We can follow his steps. In the eleventh verse, his Healer is "a man that is called Jesus. In the seventeenth verse, the man declares that "He is a prophet." In the thirty-third verse, he is certain that his Healer is from God. In the thirty-eighth verse, he worships him. He at least after his healing, was under no delusion as to the uselessness of the clay. He said, "He hath opened my eyes." There was a persistent belief in former days, that if a person afflicted with scrofula could get a king to lay his hand on the sufferer's head, he would be cured. In the time of George III. of England, a scrofulous man begged the king to touch him and work this miraculous cure. At last, in pity for him, George placed his hand on the man's head, with the pithy ejaculation, "God give thee, my lad, better health and more sense.

[illegible] Here, as in some other miracles of healing, Christ required co-operation. The sufferer must do something to show his faith. This man must cross the city to the pool of Siloam and wash, and he did not get his sight till he had washed. It may have appeared to him a useless proceeding, but he did it, and he came, seeing. To the man afflicted with a propensity to evil, in our day, whether to lust, to gambling, or to drink, it often seems a useless thing to tell him to believe on Christ and he will be delivered. When he obeys and trusts himself wholly in Christ's hands, he is astonished to find that his desire for his sin disappears. "I do not know how it is," men have said again and again at the Bowery Mission, New York; "I do not know how it is, but my passion for it has been taken away. Formerly, it was impossible to pass the door of a saloon without going in. Now, I walk right by, without a struggle."

Porto Rico of To-Day

Mr. A. G. Robinson's Story of Last Year's Campaign in Porto Rico and His Experiences and Observations of the Island People

By per. Charles Scribner's Sons

MARKET PLACE AT PONCE

A BOOK of timely interest to every American citizen has been issued by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons of New York under the title, "The Porto Rico of To-Day." It is from the pen of Albert Gardner Robinson, who accompanied one of the first detachments of the army of invasion to Porto Rico, and remained on the island until the raising of the Stars and Stripes over the city of San Juan on Oct. 18 signalled the triumph of our arms. Mr. Robinson had abundant opportunities of observation as a newspaper correspondent, and he used them to good purpose. His descriptions of the island, its roads, productions, industrial possibilities; and of the people, their manners and customs, their homes and idiosyncrasies, show that he is a trained observer, who can give a graphic verbal photograph of this interesting acquisition to American territory. Besides this, Mr. Robinson tells in vivid language the story of the campaign, and so contributes a valuable chapter to current history. By the courtesy of the publishers, we publish on this page a few of the pictures with which his book is embellished. The following extracts from Mr. Robinson's book will show its charming descriptive power:

In comparative figures, Porto Rico is less than half the size of the State of New Jersey. It would take about fourteen Porto Ricos to cover the State of New York. Three Rhode Islands would cover Porto Rico and leave enough margin for a foot-path around it. Less than a hundred miles will measure its length, and less than forty its width. We have but one or two States in the Union so densely populated as Porto Rico. Its average to the square mile exceeds that of Connecticut, New York, or New Jersey, and far exceeds that of Ohio or Illinois. It is not a wild, new country for commercial or speculative exploitation. Its settlement antedates that of America. San Juan had been established for more than fifty years when Menendez built his fort at St. Augustine, and had seen twenty different governors of the island before Virginia Dare was born.

Yet with all this comparative density of population, with all the richness of the soil of the island, with a people whose numbers are but a little less than those who make their homes in Brooklyn, the entire trade of the island, domestic and foreign, export and import, is less than that of many an American city with one-tenth of its number of inhabitants.

Ponce

Under ordinary circumstances I should set Ponce down as a disappointing place to visiting strangers, until they had made the acquaintance of some of those charming people who make the city their home. Its surroundings are undeniably attractive, but the stranger finds a dearth of entertainment in the city itself. The place claims a population of between twenty and thirty thousand in the city proper, with jurisdiction over a surrounding territory the inclusion of which leads to the occasional publication of figures ranging from forty to forty-five thousand of the population of the city of Ponce.

The market is doubtless fully up to the requirements of the place, but it was far behind that of Mayaguez, though the latter is a less populous city. Doubtless also the local way of getting supplies for the table is wholly satisfactory to the people, but it was lacking in many features which Americans find convenient and desirable. The market opens at some unearthly hour in the morning. I never spent a night there to note the hour at which the first arrival put in his appearance. I did stop there one morning on my way to San Juan, to get a cup of coffee. It was four o'clock and pitch dark, but the coffee was there, hot and strong. So were at least fifty or seventy-five people. I could not see how many might be out in the darkness beyond, but there were those in the immediate vicinity of the coffee-stands. All the way along the road, for the first ten miles of our journey that morning, we met the people coming in with their little stock of garden products to be exposed for sale. How early the buyers turn out I do not know, but the sellers are certainly of the "early bird" variety.

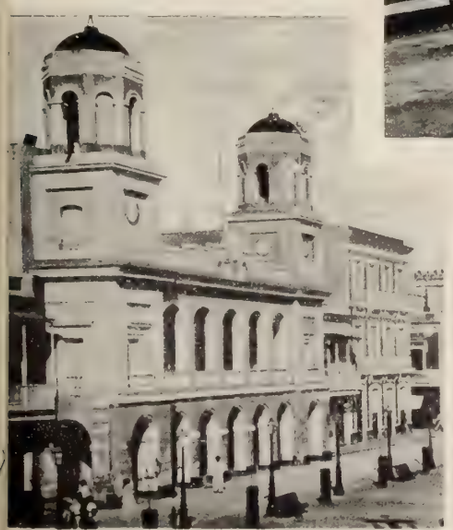
A brief acquaintance with the Ponce market would lead the average observer to a conclusion that it was a poor man's institution. The same will hold true of all the city markets of Porto Rico. One rarely sees a well-dressed buyer. All seem to be of the poorer classes, and the smallness of their purchases seems to indicate a necessity for economy. Many of them, however, are the servants of the people of the better class, doing the daily marketing for the family by which they are employed. One of the noticeable features of all these island cities and towns is the absence from the streets and stores of ladies whose apparel and demeanor would indicate them as of well-to-do families. Their absence arises from the fact that it is generally regarded as a proceeding of doubtful respectability for a lady to go about the streets, unless accompanied by a duenna or by some male member of the family. These are not always available, and the processes of marketing and shopping are commonly carried on through servants or by means of messengers from the stores.

One also misses certain kinds of American stores, notably those connected with food supplies. The markets close at noon. All purchases of meats, vegetables and fruits are supposed to be, and must be, made before that hour. I did not learn the resources for supplies in the case of the arrival of unexpected guests, whose presence would necessitate a more extensive provision than that made for the family. One could not send around the corner, or a few blocks down the street, and get a roast, or a chop, or a fowl, a fish, or a steak, at any time when it might be wanted. There was no convenient provision store, or green-grocer, from which one could obtain a bit of lettuce or a bunch of celery. There was no convenient fruit-store. Here and there, in some out-of-the-way corner one might find a little shop where some kinds of fruit, and possibly a few vegetables, might be obtained; but the stock of such places was not particularly tempting. One missed also the American grocery-store, with its cleanly kept assortment of attractive foods. To market or to shop in these places one must go through a process of special education, to learn just where to go for the things wanted. No doubt Porto Rican ways are just as good as American ways, when one becomes accustomed to them; but at first one is struck by the seeming incongruity of finding hardware and saddlery in a dry-goods store; of buying potatoes and cigarettes in a place which gives all evidence of being devoted to the sale of *delicatessen*, and of buying bread and native rum over the same counter. The adjustment of lines of merchandise in Porto Rico savors, in many cases, of the back-country districts of Maine and North Carolina.

HOME OF THE PEONS

A good knowledge of the Spanish language is of course a desirability in any Spanish or Spanish-American country. But it is not a necessity. There may be times when one has to sacrifice a bit of dignity in order to get what is wanted, but most of us have enough of that to be able to spare a little of it.

A STREET IN PONCE



By per. Charles Scribner's Sons

CITY HALL OF SAN JUAN

The People

The common people of the island are a mixture of all shades of color, from full black to yellow, with here and there a paler tint. Comfort and economy appear to be the chief ends to be served in the matter of wearing apparel. Neither style nor cleanliness seems to be of any consideration with the masses. Many men and women are barefooted, and many a dusky-skinned toddler of four or five years and under is wholly free from any fear of soiling his or her pinafore, by reason of being wholly free from the pinafore—or anything else. Masculine apparel usually consists of a battered hat, a cotton shirt, cotton trousers, and shoes—sometimes. Feminine apparel is a matter for feminine description and feminine ears. I only know that, among the class to which I am now referring, the feminine portion looks very baggy, very slouchy, and usually very dirty. Men, women and children appear to occupy the bulk of their time eating mangoes, that fruit which Lady Brassey so aptly describes by pronouncing it a most delicious fruit, but to be eaten only in one's bath-tub.

When not busy eating mangoes, scores of these people parade the streets in search of wealth. The street-peddler is quite a feature in the cities of the island, but their number and their activity was vastly augmented by the influx of so large a number of possible customers. They peddled mangoes, cocoa-nuts and other fruits, and pastes.

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Earnest Work

WE must get more fire of zeal if we are going to do much toward bringing this world to God. We need an earnestness that amounts to holy recklessness. A brother comes into a prayer-meeting and he stands up to speak a word for Christ! How tremulous he is! He says: "I wonder if the people will hear me?" His heart is not enlisted. He wonders who will criticize him; he wonders if such and such a person is present. Before he begins to speak for Christ he looks all around to be sure such an one is not in the room. How he trembles! After a while he gets through, and he wonders whether he made any mistakes, and he goes away asking his friend: "How did I do to-night? Did I get along well, or did I make a balk?" He is not in earnest. There is another young man beside him. What does he care for prayer-meeting rhetoric! He says: "Here are people that I must meet before the throne of God, and I have but three minutes now to talk to them. I don't care what people say. It is between God and my soul and their souls." A Sabbath School teacher sits down before her class. She is not in earnest; she has no appreciation of the great work to which she is called. She thinks that it is a fine thing to be a Sabbath School teacher. She comes in and says to the class: "Fine day!" Then she arranges her apparel; then she gives an extra twist to the curl and looks at the apparel of all the children in the class. A minister of the Gospel comes on the Sabbath day into the ante-room of the church. He is not in earnest. He has just happened to get into the ministry. He says: "I wonder what the newspapers will say of to-day? I wonder how many critics there will be in the church? I wonder if that sharp-looking man that sat before me last Sabbath, looking at me through those spectacles, will be there to-day? I wonder if my hair is parted straight? I wonder how my cravat is tied? I wonder if my shoes have the right polish? I wonder if that gesture I made a while ago is graceful? The Sabbath goes by, the people disperse to their homes; no saving impression is made; the Sabbath is dead and will not live again until the resurrection. Another man of God comes to the ante room of the church: He says: "Now there will be hundreds of people here this morning. What shall I say to them? I may be dead before next Sabbath. There may be people in church to-day who will never be there again. It is my last chance at them. O God, help me now; if thou never didst help me before, help me to-day!" And then he comes before the people and looks upon the audience and says: "All these, in fifty or seventy years, will be gone. They will have heard their last offer of mercy and salvation. The trumpet of judgment will sound and they will stand before the throne, and I will be there, too." Oh, how different then the preacher feels! How little he cares for what the world says of him! How his soul goes up to God in agony of earnestness! How little he cares for the gesture, the style of his apparel, or what the critics may say! It is a matter between himself, his God and his hearers.

Legislative Integrity!

WE are hearing so much about legislative corruption, official incompetence, bosses, rings, etc., that the exclamation point really seemed necessary after our caption, to show that we have not mis-written the word. After all, these matters are very much as you look at them. A man—two, three men—are detected giving or receiving bribes, or who are guilty of some criminal malfeasance, and immediately a hue and cry is raised, and their names are telegraphed from coast to coast as synonyms of disgrace. We do not object to the punishment of the guilty, but we do declare that it is grossly unjust that they should be considered as typical of their different assemblies. There are in these United States more than two score legislatures, aggregating several thousand men, and are we to condemn the whole lot because of a few black sheep? Because New York has a conscienceless boss, or Pennsylvania an unprincipled trickster, or California a contemptible briber, is it fair to denounce all legislators as rascals who have forfeited all claims to social respect and political preferment and who should be handed over to perdition?

Whatever impression current reports may give, all Americans in official life are not corruptionists and scoundrels. All genuine American statesmen are not yet dead. There are yet many in whom disinterested devotion to the commonweal still plays a large part. And to their quiet perseverance, to their obscure integrity, notwithstanding the obloquy and scorn some of their reckless compeers bring upon them, are we to attribute the fact that a vast amount of really beneficial legislation is enacted, and that the progress of the state is encouraged and guaranteed by legal securities. Let these just men have their meed of praise. Let them receive the appreciative esteem of their fellow-citizens. Let them be singled out for promotion. Thus, in time, the reputation of our legislatures may be redeemed; their halls be crowded with generous, aspiring souls, who through a laudable service to their state, may pass on to direct and adorn the higher councils of the nation.

Highest Education

MUCH emphasis is being placed on the importance of intellectual culture. But the more education people have, if it be not accompanied by moral culture, the worse for the world. Robespierre, and Rousseau, and Byron, were illustrations of men with splendid intellect but no moral culture. Better for them they had lived on the very lowest round of ignorance than they should have risen by their mental qualifications, and cursed the world with their cruelties and nastiness. I tell you we want something more than geographies, and grammars, and vulgar fractions, to prepare our youth for good citizenship. The great curse of the land to-day is the educated villain. Men of this style know enough; they know everything; they know too much. But they have no moral restraints. Intelligence without some kind of moral principle is a plague. There is nothing more wonderful than a locomotive. There it stands—axle, piston-rods, cranks, cylinders, driving-wheel, throttle-valve. You let the steam on. The machine starts. After it gets under full headway, the engineer jumps off. Now that useful machine becomes an instrument of destruction, crashing death through the villages. There is nothing more beautiful than the human intellect when all its faculties are in full play. How attractive and how mighty! But if there be no moral principle to guide, control, and engineer it, then it works one long line of ruin and desolation through all the communities where it marches. Ignorance is bad but intelligence is worse if immoral. There is hardly anybody who makes a speech who does not refer to the wonderful things in Greece and Rome. Well, they had great philosophers, and great poets, and orators; but how about their morals? Why is it that when a man is traveling in Italy to-day with his family, he is stopped at the door of the museum by the janitor, who tells him: "You may come in, sir, but not your family?" It is because the sculpture and the painting of those boasted times were abhorrent to all decency, and learned Greece and Rome, and splendid Corinth, and magnificent Pompeii, were worse than the "Five Points" in their worst days. It is not what you know; it is what you are.

The Church Door-Keeper

HOW many a sermon has been ruined, and how many an audience has been stupefied by a poorly ventilated church. It is almost as important that a congregation have a competent sexton as to have a competent minister. King David, it is evident, once thought of becoming a church sexton, for he said, "I had rather be a door-keeper," and so on; but he never carried out the plan, perhaps because he had not the qualification. What a prize is the good sexton. He is the minister's blessing, the church's joy, a harbinger of the millennium. People come to church to have him help them up the aisle. He wears slippers. He stands or sits at the end of the church during an impressive discourse, and feels that, though he did not furnish the ideas, he at least furnished the wind necessary in preaching it. He has a quick nostril to detect unconsecrated odors, and puts the man who eats garlic on the back seat in the corner. He does not regulate the heat by a broken thermometer, minus the mercury. He has the window-blinds arranged just right—the light not too glaring, so as to show the freckles, nor too dark, so as to cast gloom—but a subdued light makes the plainest face attractive. He rings the bell merrily for Christmas festival, and tolls it sadly for the departed. He has real pity for the bereaved in whose house he goes for the purpose of burying their dead—not giving by cold, professional manner the impression that his sympathy for the troubled is overpowered by the joy he has in selling another coffin. He forgets not his own soul; and though his place is to stand at the door of the ark, it is surely inside of it. After a while, a Sabbath comes when everything is wrong in church; the air is impure, the furnaces fail in their work, and the eyes of the people are blinded with an unpleasant glare. Everybody asks, "Where is our old sexton?" Alas! he will never come again. He has gone to join Obed-edom and Berechiah, the door-keepers of the ancient ark. He will never again take the dusting-whisk from the closet under the church stairs, for it is now with him, "Dust to dust." The bell he so often rang takes up its saddest tolling for him who used to pull it, and the minister goes into his disordered and unswept pulpit, and finds the Bible upside down as he takes it up to read his text in Psalms, eighty-fourth chapter and tenth verse: "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

BRIEF NOTES

There is now a Christian Endeavor Society both in Havana and Manila.

The number of Chinese Temples in the United States is now reported to be forty-seven.

An official of the prison of Sainte Pelagie in France states that of 2,455 under sentence in the Department of the Seine, 2,124 were drunkards.

There are twenty-five Baptist Churches in France. They have just organized a national union, with Pasteur Saillens, of Paris, as President.

Dr. Henry M. Field has retired from the editorial chair of the *Evangelist* which he has occupied with conspicuous ability for more than forty-four years.

The officers of a hospital in London in which 7,716 patients were treated last year, 1,175 of whom were in-patients, state that in only five cases was it necessary to prescribe alcoholic stimulants.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, the well-known evangelist and the successor of Dr. Newman Hall as pastor of Christ Church, London, is making a tour in India and is making addresses directed specially to quickening the spiritual life of Christians.

President McKinley recently sent the following telegram to Rev. F. E. Clark, President of the Christian Endeavor Society: "You have my hearty congratulations and best wishes for the great organization over which you preside."

The statement of the Papal income known as Peter's Pence, which is derived from the contributions of Roman Catholics all over the world, shows that the amount received from citizens of the United States was larger than that from any other country.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding meetings at Omaha, Neb. The editor of one of the daily journals which reports the meetings says that his father was converted many years ago at one of Mr. Hammond's meetings and was to the end of his life a consistent Christian.

An interesting character called "Dad" is the Bishop of St. Helena, who died recently. First he was a soldier, then a clergyman in Canada, a rector in England, a missionary and Archdeacon in South Africa, and finally Bishop of St. Helena. He met his death in a carriage accident.

An interesting work of grace has been in progress for some time at Ray, Ind. C. M. Smith, aided by his father, Dr. J. C. Smith, of Cincinnati, O., began a series of meetings which have been blessed to the conversion of a large number of persons, including many scholars in the Sunday School.

The French novelist, Zola, who was practically an infidel, is reported as declaring his conviction that his principles are disastrous to the community. He says he sees the French people, in falling away from religion, have sunk into animalism, and he is convinced that the only hope for the regeneration of France is a revival of Christianity.

It is proposed to extend the Federation of churches and Christian workers which has been in operation in New York, so as to have a natural organization similar to the one in operation in England. A commitee has been organized for the purpose, comprising representatives of the Baptist, Congregational, Disciples, Methodist and Presbyterian churches.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church, according to a statement published by Bishop B. W. Arnett, to the *Independent*, has now a total force of 633,849, including 9 bishops, 9 general officers, 4,825 ministers on the annual conference roll, 242 presiding elders (of whom 20 are in foreign countries), 8,409 local preachers, 5,250 exhorters and 614,125 church members, including probationers. There are 5,172 churches.

Mr. William Phillips Hall, the noted lay preacher who is widely, though incorrectly, known as the millionaire evangelist, is holding meetings, in connection with Mr. W. S. Weeden the Gospel singer, in the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn. Their recent services in the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, were remarkably successful. Nearly three hundred persons made public profession of Christ as a result of this campaign.

Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the Christian Endeavor Society, asks us to correct a statement, widely circulated by the secular press, to the effect that the Society had given an expression of opinion on the subject of Imperialism. Dr. Clark says that there has been no attempt to put the Society on record on the subject, and that in his remarks, he pleaded simply for just and generous treatment of all races who are within our sphere of influence, and that we should remember in all our dealings that righteousness alone "exalteth a nation."

Pictures from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are used as wedding presents in the interior of Africa. In a letter recently received from Mrs. Currie, who with her husband is living at Cisamba, the statement is made that the pictures are highly valued for this purpose, and that the powerful chief Kanjundu, who has come under Mr. Currie's influence, has a number of the frontispieces on the walls of his chief residence. He understands them and takes a pleasure in explaining them to his visitors and attendants.

A brief life of Christ for circulation among Polish, Galatian, and Russian Jews, has been prepared by Hananias Berliner, a converted Jew, born in Galicia. Its title is *Ha-podeh-umassil*, which means, "The Redeemer and Saviour." The author believes that the obstacle in the way of the conversion of his brother in Persia and Asia Minor is that he has taken his view of Christianity from the treatment he has received from Gentile Christians. He believes that large numbers might be won by learning what Christ really is.

Tolstoi's Plea for Peace

ONE of the most significant items of news brought by the cable in recent times is that the Czar of Russia, traveling in the neighborhood of Count Tolstoi's home, at Yassnaia-Poliana, sought an interview with the famous writer, and asked from him an expression of his views about the Disarmanent Conference. The Czar's object in suggesting the Conference and inviting the Powers of Europe and the United States to take part in it, is so thoroughly in line with Tolstoi's philosophy, that it was only natural that Tolsoi should wish it godspeed. He has labored for many years to spread abroad the doctrines of peace and Christian brotherhood, and has incurred a great deal of odium among the aristocracy of Russia, to which he belongs by birth, by his advocacy of these doctrines. Still more unpopularity has been incurred by his putting in practice on his ancestral estates, his theories of social reform, which, he contends, are based on the Sermon on the Mount. That this man, whose principles are so antagonistic to Russian ideas, and who has more than once been in danger of feeling the heavy hand of the Government laid upon him, should be invited to a special audience with the supreme ruler of that mighty empire, was a surprise to all who heard of it. Occurring as it did, soon after the Russian censor had forbidden the Russian journals even to mention the celebration of Tolstoi's seventieth birthday, in which all intellectual Russia participated, it was all the more remarkable, as showing that the Emperor, with all his power, is not able to impress his will on the officials of his own government. Tolstoi was evidently aware of this fact, and, while congratulating his sovereign on the purity and sincerity of his purposes, had evidently no faith in the success of the Conference. He has now published a letter in which his opinion is expressed unequivocally. In this letter he contends that the only true way to bring about universal peace is, for the men of all countries to refuse to enter the army, or to take up arms in any cause. "Indeed," he says: "if the people of our days go to war or even enter military service, giving themselves over to slavery to men whom they do not esteem, it is only because such persons are living in a state of terrible moral ignorance." Governments could not go to war, if the people would not fight. That, he believes, would be a more effectual way of preventing war than the Conference can devise. But in the present condition of the people, such a common resolve can never be induced. Not until Christ himself comes to rule in person as the Prince of Peace, will the prediction of the prophet be fulfilled:

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more (Isa. 2 4).

Missing a Fortune

A dispatch from Lawrence, Mass., to the New York daily journals, reports the inheritance by a girl who works in a mill of a fortune of twenty thousand dollars. Sometime ago a citizen of that town, who had prospered in business, was looking around for an heir to his property. He had relatives in New Jersey, from among whom he proposed to select one to whom he would bequeath it. But, in order to test them, he disguised himself as a poor man and visited them to see if they would show him kindness. They all treated him coldly, and were glad when he left them and returned to his home. Now they learn that he has left his fortune to his niece, who is working in a mill. It may be presumed that she did show the old man the affection for which he was looking. His New Jersey relatives doubtless bitterly regret their treatment of him. They might have been spared their mortification if they had obeyed the injunction of the Apostle and welcomed their relative.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares (Heb. 13 2)

In Peril on the Ice

A narrow escape from death in icy waters is described by a writer in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*. It was at Shelter Island, N. Y., that a number of ice yachts were running before the wind. In one of them was a young girl who seemed to be enjoying the rapid motion. But suddenly she became alarmed. In trying to throw the sail loose it fouled the tiller, and her fingers being cold and stiff, she could not release it. The boat with its large sail filled was carried on rapidly toward the end of the ice. The occupants of other yachts saw the situation and gave chase, but only one attained anything like the speed of the runaway. This one gained upon it, but it seemed impossible to overtake it before it reached the line where the tide water was eating away the edge of the ice. At last, for one brief minute the yachts were side by side, and the strong arms of the man in the pursuing yacht were outstretched. The girl was seized and lifted in. Quick as thought, her rescuer eased his own sheet, and the boat spun round almost within its own length. So near had the rescue been made that the ice cracked under its runners as the boat sped to safety, and as they looked back they saw the yacht, on which the girl had been, plunge over the edge into the icy water. It was a narrow escape. In the spiritual affairs of life, it is not always possible to rescue those who are on their way to destruction and who, realizing their danger, are unable to stop, or to change their course. But to all such, even to those beyond human help, Christ offers his almighty power, if they will only call upon him.

Then he is gracious unto him and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom (Job 33: 24).

Exile on a Dreary Island

A story of privation and misery has reached New York from the captain of a bark which sailed from this port for Australia last summer. He says that he and his crew of eleven men have been five months on the desolate island of Tristan d'Acunha, in the South Atlantic. During a severe storm the bark sprang a leak, and the captain and crew had time only to get on board the one boat the bark carried, before she foundered. After several days exposure, they landed on a rocky coast which proved to be the island of Tristan d'Acunha. The entire population consisted of seventy-two persons, who were living in extreme poverty. No vessels touched at the island, but the people had one boat, which was common property, in which they sent out to passing ships and obtained such supplies as the crews would give. They live in low houses of one room, which serves the family for all purposes. Their clothing is ragged and most of it is the gift of sailors in the ships they visit. Their staple diet is flesh and eggs of eaglets and penguins, which were so strong that the castaways could eat them only under the pressure of hunger. Several times during their stay, ships came in sight and the sailors would go out to meet them and beg to be taken on board, but could not be accommodated. At last the British cruiser, *Thrush*, was sighted, which received them and carried them to Capetown. It was only the sailors who knew of a better life who were so anxious to get away. The inhabitants of the island were content to stay in their misery, though doubtless the sailors told them how much happier they might be in some other land. They were like the people who turn a deaf ear to the preachers who tell them of heaven and how to get there. Though the sailors could speak from experience, while the preacher's message is based on faith, their story had no better effect. Perhaps if the preacher, too, could speak from experience his message would fail, as it now often does. Christ intimated that it would.

RESIDENCE OF TOLSTOI AT YASSANIA-POLIANA

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI, RUSSIA'S "GRAND OLD MAN"

If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead (Luke 16 31).

A Novel Tomb

A dispatch from Amesbury, Mass., describes a remarkable funeral which took place there recently. It was that of an eccentric old gentleman who had been in business in Buffalo, N. Y., but had retired and settled at Amesbury about thirty years ago. He had no relatives in the town, and lived a lonely kind of life. Last fall he bought a burial plot on the summit of a hill in Prospect Cemetery. He commenced the erection forthwith of a miniature mausoleum. The walls were of brick and cement and were a foot thick. The exterior was cased in marble. The interior was eight feet square and six feet high. The only thing within was a reclining chair of iron, facing the grated door. The mausoleum was finished to the owner's satisfaction and he visited it occasionally. When he died it was found that he had left elaborate directions as to his funeral. He ordered that his body be carried to the vault and placed in a sitting position in the chair prepared for it, facing the door. The door was then to be securely locked and the key destroyed. His directions were carried out exactly, and the body now reposes in the room designed for its reception. It may be hoped that he had as much foresight as to the place to which his soul would go, which was much more important, because that would be conscious of its surroundings while the body would not.

We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord (II. Cor. 5: 8).

Twelve Years Lost

A successful operation was performed recently by a Chicago surgeon, on an insane patient, who has been confined for several years in the Eastern Illinois Asylum for the Insane. The officials in that institution had taken a deep interest in his case and had formed the opinion, from several indications, that it was curable. But the boy did not recover, nor seem to be benefited by treatment. They learned that his insanity commenced twelve years ago, when he was a small boy at school. One of his playmates threw a brick at him, which struck him on the side of the head. He fell to the ground senseless, and when he recovered consciousness he was insane. This history of the case confirmed the asylum doctor's belief that he could be cured. The Roentgen rays were used, and disclosed the fact that the skull in one place had thickened, and was pressing on the brain. An operation was then performed and the boy was put to bed. In a few hours he awoke and, as the doctors had hoped, he was perfectly rational. His first words were: "Why did you hit me?" showing that the twelve years which had elapsed since the blow was struck, were a blank to him. The mind took up the thread of consciousness precisely at the point where it had ceased its normal functions. The incident deserves the attention of people who deny the immortality of the soul. It shows that close as is the connection between the mental and physical life, there must be a degree of independence in them, otherwise, as in this case, the physical life would not have gone on while the mental life was suspended. It shows, too, the tenacity of the mental life, which could thus resume its operations after they had been arrested for so long a period as twelve years. As the mind had survived the injury to the body, it is not hard to believe that it may survive the death of the body.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead (Acts 26: 8)?

Scenes in New York, During the Great Blizzard of Feb. 12th and 13th

(PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD")

A TWENTY-THIRD STREET CROSSING

IT is now generally conceded that the great snow-storm which visited a large part of the American continent between February 11th and 13th, was the severest that has ever been experienced here within the memory of any one now living. That it outrivalled even the blizzard of 1888, in duration and severity, the Weather Bureau records show. It came after a week of zero weather, during which East and West alike suffered from the intense cold, and even the Southern and Gulf States were not exempt from penetrating boreal blasts. Hardly had the warning been sounded by the Signal Bureau, when the snow-freighted hurricane swept across the country from West to East, completely covering the ice-bound rivers and frozen mountains with a garment of white, and burying cities, towns and villages beneath an almost unprecedented snowfall. Gradually increasing in force, the storm at its maximum period was one of such tremendous violence that prolonged exposure would have meant death to either man or beast. Great snow-drifts piled up everywhere. The blizzard swept along in horizontal lines, and the air was full of minute flying icicles, blinding all who attempted to face the tempest. City streets were quickly deserted and business and travel suspended. In the country, people very wisely kept to their homes. On almost every railroad leading out of New York, the snowfall was so deep that scores of trains were blockaded, and travel on nearly all the lines was practically brought to a standstill. Ferries were run only at long intervals or not at all. Electric light plants were rendered useless and gas mains were choked by the accumulation of frozen moisture. Whole cities were in partial darkness. Seemingly, nature at a single blow, had obliterated nearly all the comforts and the conveniences which human ingenuity had devised in a century, for trolley, rail, steam, gas and electric light all went down, for a time at least, under the crushing and overwhelming force of the elements.

Our photographer has presented in the illustrations on these two pages some of the scenes witnessed in the metropolis during the blizzard, but it need hardly be explained that photography was impracticable during the height of the storm, when the wind and blinding drift were sweeping along at tornado speed. The loss to trade, both wholesalers and retailers, by such a storm must be estimated in the millions.

Columns might be filled with accounts of the discomforts and sufferings entailed by the blizzard upon dwellers in town and country. To the very poor it was indeed a visitation of terror. Insufficiently clad and ill-supplied with food and fuel, they shivered and sickened in their wretched homes. The hospitals were soon filled to overflowing. Kindly people found a thousand opportunities to relieve keen suffering on every hand, and, remembering the perils of the great storm eleven years ago, a vigilant watch was kept by many for the purpose of coming to the rescue of any wayfarer who might be overcome by exposure in the streets and who, lacking timely help might perish.

For travelers by boat or rail the blizzard had special terrors. Trains were stalled in immense snowdrifts, and on some lines in the Eastern and Middle States the passengers on such trains passed from six to twelve hours in total darkness, fires and car-lights having been extinguished. Fortunately, there were no fatal consequences from such experiences so far as reported. Incoming steamers, after voyages of great hardship, entered port looking like huge icebergs, hull, deckgear and rigging all glittering in a thick icy mail.

When the great storm finally passed over and the sun once more shone out on the snow-clad earth, people everywhere breathed easier, and the feeling of thankfulness for the relief was general. In a special bulletin, the Weather Bureau described its flight:

The great Atlantic coast storm passed on to the Nova Scotia coast with a rapid velocity and almost unprecedented development. Owing to its extent and extreme destructiveness, this storm will always be remembered as the greatest storm in the history of the Atlantic coast States, and was most remarkable for the perfect combination of the conditions necessary to produce such results. While the immense loss of property is to be greatly deplored, it is gratifying to learn that as much as possible was saved by the timeliness of the warning. Nearly all the temperature records were broken in the Gulf and South Atlantic States. The temperature at New Orleans [illegible] lowest that was previously known in Virginia, 12 below zero, 4° below the record; at Jacksonville, 10°, or 4° below the record, which [illegible] Carolina. From Virginia northward the amount ranged from ten to thirty inches, but was not well distributed. The greatest fall, twenty-seven inches, was reported from northern Virginia. At Washington, the fall was eleven inches, or a total of thirty-five inches during eight days.

With the subsidence of the storm, began the work of lifting the railroad blockade and cleaning the streets. Five thousand men were set to work by the Street Cleaning Department of New York sweeping up the snow and shoveling it into 2,500 carts, which in turn dumped it into the river. The immense piles of snow melting under the rising temperature made the thoroughfares veritable pools of slush. A full week after the abatement of the blizzard, the army of street cleaners was still energetically engaged in the most formidable task they had ever undertaken.

THE LAST OF ITS KIND

CLEARING BROADWAY—THE STREET-CLEANING BRIGADE AT WORK

Reports of serious losses of life and property poured in from every direction immediately after the storm. Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, Maryland, New Jersey, Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island all suffered heavily. Death and disaster were present in many forms. Crops were ruined in many localities in the South. Supplies of food and fuel could not be moved during the blockade, and the result was a temporary rise almost to the famine point in food prices in the cities. Fortunately these difficulties were soon relieved by the advent of milder weather, and normal conditions were gradually restored. Many months must elapse, however, before those localities that suffered the most heavily can recover from the efects of the visitation of the great blizzard of 1899.

An interesting comparison of the blizzards of 1888

THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO IN WINTER

and 1899 is presented in the following article, which we reproduce from the New York *Herald*:

"In temperature, the blizzard of 1888 that held the city prisoner might be termed mild compared with the bitter storm that made all New York shiver and froze up much of its commerce. The blizzard of 1899 had a tendency to hang about the zero mark which the 1888 blizzard did not manifest.

"The storm of more than a decade ago was memorable chiefly because of the manner in which it blocked the streets and tied up traffic. It was 'long' on snow, while the storm of 1899 is most distinguished for its frigidity. The total snowfall of the 1888 blizzard was

AMID MOUNTAINS OF SNOW, 4TH AVE., N. Y.

20.9 inches. Most of the snow fell in one day, on March 12, when the fall was 16.5 inches. The lowest temperature during the three days of the 1888 blizzard was 4.8 degrees.

"The mercury during the 1899 storm dropped below zero with freedom and frequency. Six degrees below was a common occurrence."

One of the peculiar results of the great storm was that in many places it was followed by a water famine, the reservoirs in small towns and villages having been emptied by the constant flow of water which householders kept running to prevent pipes from freezing, during the long spell of zero weather.

One of the lessons of the great storm is the urgent need of abundant and improved street cleaning appliances in all our great cities. Even in New York, where over a million dollars a year are expended on keeping the streets clean, the old-fashioned big sweeping machine, drawn by horses, is still employed. Old-style wooden ploughs, too, of the same pattern as might have been seen in Colonial days, are also used. The snow-melting machine is of limited application. With all the wonderful progress made in different lines of mechanical science, and with electricity at hand to serve man in many ways hitherto unknown, it is a matter of surprise that nothing has yet been devised for clearing streets and sidewalks of snow.

Our cities have had literally to dig themselves out, and it is a slow, laboring and costly process. There is a magnificient and alluring field for inventive genius, in the problem of dealing with the snow, which, lying for days, and even weeks in our northern cities, is a menace to health, and inflicts losses in trade that sometimes can ill be borne.

By one class, the great storm was regarded as a benefactor. To the many thousands of unemployed it meant days of active labor, at good wages, with food and fuel for a multitude of cheerless homes. Thousands were thus employed in removing the snowy barriers to street traffic, and still other thousands along the railroad and trolley routes.

Gangs of men with pick and shovel, were seen in every direction, and sturdy laborers were in demand by business concerns, transportation companies, steamship lines etc. who were affected by the blockade.

The storm of February 14, 1894, together with one that followed on its heels and lasted for the two days, brought a snowfall of twenty-one inches but the temperature much of the time was far below the freezing point. It is interesting to note the large number of snow storms that have come in the month of February. Of fifteen snow storms entered in the following table between January, 1893, and February, 1899, seven have been in February. The figures are furnished by the U. S. Weather Bureau:

Year, Month and Date.	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Snowfall.
1899—Feb. 13	10	4	(Since 9:10 p.m. Feb. 11) 14.4
1898—Nov. 29	44	31	(2 days) 3.7
1897—Feb. 12	27	20	(2 days) 6.4
1897—Jan. 28	24	14	0.9
1896—Dec. 23	34	24	(2 days) 4.8
1896—Dec. 16	32	20	(2 days) 7.8
1896—Mar. 2	34	21	9
1895—Feb. 8	6	0	(2 days) 5.7
1894—Dec. 26	34	32	(2 days) 8.2
1894—Feb. 20	33	18	(2 days) 16.1
1894—Feb. 14	20	10	(3 days) 21
1893—Mar. 4	32	27	(2 days) 6
1893—Feb. 20	31	22	(2 days) 3
1893—Feb. 18	30	16	(2 days) 17.8
1893—Jan. 17	17	9	(2 days) 5.7

BLIZZARD OF 1888

	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Snowfall.
March 12	24.9	14.7	
March 13	22.9	4.8	
March 14	40.9	12.9	Total 20.9

BLIZZARD OF 1899.

	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Snowfall.
Feb. 9	10	3 below	
Feb. 10	6	6 below	
Feb. 11	10	6 below	
Feb. 12	6	2 below	
Feb. 13	10	4	Total 14.4

PILING THE SNOW ON DUMP-CARTS

THE "SNOW-MELTER" IN OPERATION

A FAMILY SNOWED IN—165TH STREET, NEW YORK

In this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (on this and the preceding page) is presented the third article in our new Photographic Series of Scenes from Life in leading American cities. These photographs were taken under trying circumstances. In former issues, two interesting and beautifully illustrated articles of the series appeared. One on the Fire Department of New York pictured the perils of a fireman's career, showed some of the wonderful mechanical appliances of the Department and the men and engines actively engaged in fighting conflagration. A second gave realistic photographic scenes among a peculiar class of the cosmopolitan population of New York — the sidewalk venders. These constitute a class hardly to be found in any other American city, but known in the great capitals abroad, although there is probably a greater industrial variety and an odder jumble of nationalities here than anywhere else. In this issue the blizzard interposes itself as a subject well worthy the attention of our photographic artists, and as it has proved a phenomenal storm in every respect, the illustrations will be regarded as both interesting souvenirs of the most trying February in history, as far as weather conditions have been concerned.

For future issues of the Photographic Series, there are still greater attractions in prospect. Our next week's number will show scenes from life in the Hospitals and the Foundling Asylums of the metropolis—those magnificent institutions where science and philanthropy go hand in hand to relieve human suffering.

THE SNOW-PLOUGH AT WORK ON BROADWAY

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

By the "Smithy" Fire

Fascinations of the Forge. The "Old Iron" Pennies

ALL of us who in childhood had a peep into a smithy are ready to testify to the fascination it has for children. The dark interior, the red coals, the brawny blacksmith working the bellows with one hand while grasping with the other the long tongs holding the glowing metal in the fire, the flashing transference of metal to anvil, the swinging hammer, the flying sparks, the ringing strokes—all go to make a sooty, sparkling mystery and merry motion and music that appeals strongly to childish fancy. Sometimes, as a mark of his distinguished favor, a blacksmith we remember let one of us work the bellows; then the other lads and lasses were green with envy and jealousy until the smith, to bring about a better state of mind, let each one take a turn—much to his personal hindrance. It was fun to watch horses being shod. How clever of them to stand still and put up their hoofs so neatly on the smith's knee! But, we reflected, how very fortunate that little boys and girls didn't have to be shod that way!

Once upon a time a lively industry developed in a certain neighborhood when the smith gave out that he would buy old bits of iron. Roads and fields were scoured for shoes cast by mules and horses; old nails and bolts and bars were rich finds. Simultaneously, candy and gingercake trade improved at the village store. But one day "Teacher" told of how little girls in cities met together and sewed garments for the poor; and of how others sent little tenement children to a fresh-air home in the summer. The result was that the children decided to apply their pennies to some good use. "Teacher" made a little pasteboard box with a slot in it, and there was great eagerness to see who could drop in most pennies. The kindly smith paid more than market value for wares, and accepted produce that he could not use. The children felt a sense of weighty responsibility when their bank held three dollars; and indulged in wild dreams of educating an orphan, sending a missionary to Africa and other ambitious philanthropies.

At this time an affliction befell the village; the smithy took fire and burnt up; in efforts to save his property, the smith's arm was hurt in way that would disable him for months. He had a wife and little ones. Lying sick and helpless on his bed, not knowing how needs for the morrow would be met, he saw a long procession of school-children filing through his gate. They brought a purse which neighbors had made up for him, but before giving this, they presented with great pomp and ceremony, their precious pasteboard bank and all its holdings.

The smithy has often been a school of education from which many famous men have graduated; as witness: Faraday, the blacksmith's son; Newcomen, to whom next to Watts, we owe the steam-engine; Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," and Robert Collyer, New York's great preacher. Burritt mastered forty languages and dialects while working at his forge.

Homeless Children

At the National Congress of Mothers just held in Washington, Dr. Hart, Superintendent of Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society, and General Secretary of National Conference of Charities and Correction, said of helpless and dependent children that the only way in which the evil influences of heredity could be counteracted and healthy bodies and good character developed, is through good environment, supplied by wise and humane measures adopted by society. Much popular effort is directed to filling childless homes with homeless children, and this work is best done in France, Australia, Massachusetts, Michigan and Minnesota.

"It is the ideal method," said Dr. Hart, "but its great danger lies in the direction of cheap, careless and superficial work. It is easy to find some one who will receive a homeless child from any one of several motives. It is difficult to make discriminating selections of homes and to exercise a continuous and faithful supervision during the minority of the child." If Dr. Hart should visit our Children's Home during the coming summer, he will see how happily home influences and institutional life are combined.

GETTING THE HORSE-SHOE READY

A "Loving Heart"

Sissy had just finished telling the younger children an old-time story about how fairies, at a child's birth, gathered about the cradle and endowed it with various gifts, beauty, wisdom, riches, honor, fame, long life, kingly coronets, etc. The children began to choose which they would have taken. Finally papa was appealed to. "Which would you choose for me—and me—and me to have?" they asked him. Papa looked at them all thoughtfully; it took him some time to decide; then he answered, his eyes shining, as if a mist had gathered in them: "A loving heart, my dears. The fairies are not, my dears, but God is, and God can give this to you each and all. A loving heart—it will keep you from hating, from bearing false witness, from murder and all sins. It is what Jesus meant when he said: 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.'"

Papa's "Doll"

"You have no papa to give you presents," said Rose, sympathetically, to her papa, as she sat on his knee caressing her new doll.

"Oh, yes," said her papa, looking tenderly into her eyes. "I have a Father who gave me you."

"Am I your doll, papa?" laughed she.

"A nice doll," said papa, "with eyes that can open and shut, a little red mouth that can say 'I love you,' and little feet that run to meet me. Besides you, my Father gave me your brothers and sisters, gave me your lovely mamma."

The little maid mused awhile. "*Your* father gives you the nicest things, but"—her face lighted loyally—"I'm satisfied with dolly, papa; I'm satisfied with what you give me."

And papa, as he explained how his Father, the good God, was hers also, wondered if he were as loyal to this Father—as grateful for God's wonderful and perfect gifts as was his little daughter with the inanimate toys he brought her.

Love unto the loveless give.
[illegible]

A Lapland Wedding

There are some primitive ways of wooing in Lapland. When a young Laplander wants a maiden for his wife, he runs a race with her, and is so handicapped that she can win or lose as she pleases. If she wins, it is evidence that she does not care for him, and he must not propose again. If she loses, then he can ask her parents' consent to marriage, and if that is obtained, banns are published and the wedding takes place. Her dowry and her wedding presents are usually reindeer, and she and her husband live with her parents for a year.

A Soldier Boy

HE went to the war in the morning,
[illegible]
But he paused at the gate, with his mother,
For a kiss and a comforting word.

He was eager to march and labor
For his country new laurels to weave,
He was proud of the cause of his sabre
And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve.

He came from the war in the evening;
[illegible]
The drums and the fifes were all silent
And the stripes of the soldiers were furled.

He was wrapped in the flag of his country,
When they laid him away in the mold,
With the glittering stars of a captain
Crossing his chevrons of gold.

With the heroes who sleep on the hillside
He lies with a flag at his head;
But blind with the years of her weeping
His mother yet mourns for her dead.

The soldiers who fall in the battle
May feel but a moment of pain,
But the dear ones who wait in the home-[illegible]
Ah! theirs are the woes that remain.

E. C. JENKINS.

Algerian School Maidens

ALGERIAN schools are very interesting. In them one finds Europeans, native Jewesses and Arabians of Moslem faith, studying side by side, wearing their different national costumes, keeping their different Sabbaths. An Algerian teacher graphically describes, in *Travel*, a visit from a distinguished inspector of French schools, his wife and daughter to the Arab classroom, where all the girls scrupulously veiled themselves that "Si" (the learned man) might not discern the color of their eyes, shape of their noses, or size of their ears.

One heard them whispering to each other, "Take care, I can see a lock of your hair;" or, "Do not pull your veil so tight, I see the form of your chin! What would your father say if he knew it? Or your brother?"

To his questions they gave answers in very good French; their reading, counting, and exercise books pleased him. The import of some of their answers was amusing and disconcerting, as the following shows:

"What is Paris?" A girl replied: "A fiendish town where no proper woman is to be [illegible] everybody." Another struck in: "A beautiful town full of gold, even as the prophet will build one for us."

These were not the answers that the "Si" had expected, and while he hesitated, confused, they questioned in their turn. "Is that thy wife?" "Yes," said the poor gentle [illegible] did rejoinder. "She is good," was the husband's gallant retort. "Then, if thou art rich, keep her still, but buy another."

The lady's face (she was plain) flushed, and the teacher created a diversion by asking the gentleman to withdraw to the garden, that the girls might unveil their faces for the ladies. The Arabs chatted eagerly to the younger European lady; wanted to touch her watch, bracelets, shoes, etc. Her Parisian bearing, freedom to come and go in the great world, to give herself in marriage as she wills, all made her an object of curious interest to these poor young creatures, according to whose religious code wives are chattels and polygamy is right.

A Plea for Dumb Animals

A reader, writing from Lakefield, N. J., and signing himself, "One of God's servants whose heart bleeds for the poor, helpless dumb animals," says:

I see draymen who, with small teams, overload their beasts, then thrash, jerk and pound them because they cannot move faster. If, like Balaam's ass, the belabored beasts could speak, I can hear them say: "Master, we are doing all we can for you. Please do not whip us so, nor jerk our mouths so. We are tired and sore from over-work and abuse. In your thought, change places with us; and we know you will be more merciful and kind. O, that the angel of God would appear and speak to you as he did to Balaam and speak for us!" Cannot THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through its many readers, prevail on the ministry of the world to set apart one Sabbath in the year to offer up prayer for, and to preach in behalf of God's poor dumb animals? I don't believe their sufferings can ever be done away with only as it is done through our Lord.

. . . After-Supper Chats . . .

Truth and Politeness—The Castellanes' House-Warming—Poultry-keeping Profitable, etc.

A LADY spent a half hour with me to-day, and went away saying several very gracious and agreeable things, to which I responded by an expression of thanks. She was very good and very kind to tell me that she had enjoyed her call, and to repeat one or two pleasant bits of conversation which she had had with a common friend of us both, and the least I could do in the case was most courteously to show my gratitude.

After she had left me, Evangeline, sitting with her book in a corner of the parlor, looked up quizzically and observed, "I think you were both very funny. Mrs. —— is not one of your dear friends, and you are not one of hers; you never met before and you may never meet again, yet you were as ceremonious and as careful to say nice things to one another, as though you belonged to a queen's court."

"Well, Evangeline," I answered, "would you have had me do what a woman once did when an acquaintance, meeting her, said, "I have missed you very much; it is a delight to see you out again and to know that you are taking up your old work, and you are certainly looking the better for your rest and your journey." The person, thus kindly effusive, felt as if she had received a dash of cold water in her face when the answer came flatly:

"I don't believe you really mean a word you say, but it's very pleasant to hear you talk."

If anything can surpass that speech in rudeness, I have yet to hear it.

* * *

THE FACT is, friends, that there is no difficulty in being both sincere and polite. Good manners spring from kindness of heart. The spirit and essence of truth should be in our words, and so should also be the graceful form of a perfect courtesy. If friends take the trouble to visit us, we should welcome them cordially and be glad to see them. When we have made a visit, or spent an evening agreeably, our impulse should be to say to our entertainers, "We have enjoyed the time with you, and hope to see you soon again." There is no insincerity in observing conventionalities; there may be an equally mistaken idea of right and wrong in ignoring them.

Take the matter a little farther, and let us proceed from what we say to people when they are with us, to what we say concerning them behind their backs.

Evangeline and I were talking on that subject the other day, and I told her the old story of the good mother who always found a kind thing to say about everybody. Said her son, "I really believe, dear mamma, that you could find something to praise in Beelzebub himself!" "Well," she replied, "we might imitate his industry and perseverance." That is as far as any one could go, is it not? A dear lady whom I love, always speaks in praise of the absent, or if not in praise, then in excuse, and where she can neither excuse nor praise, she is silent. She simply will not speak evil of her neighbor.

We are so complex, so many-sided, so mingled in our character in its various elements that if we can but look beneath the surface we shall discover some good in the most unpromising. I think our Heavenly Father looks tenderly and lovingly on his children, all of them, even if they are froward and imperfect, and at the first sign of penitence, how swift is he to pardon, and how gently he receives us into his arms. Man may be relentless, but God is ever ready to be forgiving, and while

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.

* * *

OF COURSE we all admire Helen Gould, whose rare generosity and true patriotism have endeared her to her fellow Americans. Her sister, Anna Gould, who married a nobleman of France, Count Castellane, is proving herself worthy to be a great lady in the best sense of the phrase. The Castellanes have been building a magnificent house, and the other day this was finished, and its owners gave their first party. They invited to share their hospitality the workmen — carpenters, masons, laborers, and indeed, everyone whose hands had wrought any part of the edifice, with their wives and children. They all came, four or five hundred people, large and small, young boys and girls, children of assorted sizes and babies in arms, and the Count and Countess, with their children, stood at the head of a grand staircase, and received their guests and made them welcome. Tables were spread with choice viands, there was music, there were flags and flowers, and the home was thus first enjoyed by the friends who had helped to rear its walls and spread its roof, and adorn its stately grounds.

* * *

A POULTRY SHOW in Madison Square Garden, New York, with beautiful fowls and chickens and hens, large and small, on exhibition, has drawn crowds of society people, and it is interesting to hear the comments of the gaily dressed women as they look at the feathered beauties. I don't specially care for domestic fowls myself; they appeal to me, however, on the economic side, for women may support themselves very comfortably by raising poultry for market, and by selling eggs and broilers. Necessarily, if women undertake such an enterprise, they must study the best ways of feeding and sheltering fowls, and they must be reasonably near a town or city, where they sell their products. Many a farmer's wife owes every small luxury she possesses to her egg-money.

* * *

WE WERE sitting round the fire just before bedtime, grandmother with her knitting, Henry busy over examples for school the next day, Susie drawing a map, father reading a paper, and everybody more or less busy, when little Martin asked us to stop and listen to him.

"I've got to speak a piece to morrow," he said. "It's Declamation Day." "What piece are you going to speak?" I inquired.

"Kipling's 'Recessional,'" said our young man of eleven, striking an oratorical attitude and beginning:

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

No poem written in recent years has struck the popular heart as that happy thought of the gifted Englishman. As our laddie recited it, I fancied its appropriateness to us in America, for we, too, have this year a "far flung battle-line." A regiment of regulars, for fourteen years on our frontier, starts, as I write, from a Western fort, where the temperature is 26 degrees below zero, to change their encampment at last in the tropic Philippine Islands. We watch these American soldiers with wistful eyes, and hope that our new policy of expansion means the beginning of a better and brighter day, and the extension of Christ's kingdom. We women, hoping, believing, and praying, long for a reign of peace, white-robed and beautiful, upon this tempest-tossed earth. May a day dawn in our time when men shall not mow each other down with deadly weapons; when counsel shall take the place of cannon balls and serenity shall follow in the wake of Christian progress and civilization. Every battle gained means many widows and orphans.

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CHAPTER SIX

Down from the Mountain

THE time of Evadne's stay in Vernon drew near its close, and on the last day but one she went to say good-by to Penelope Riggs. She found her sitting alone in the house, her mother having taken a fancy to have a sun bath. Her right hand was doubled up, and she was rubbing it slowly up and down the palm of her left, while she sang softly.

"Why, Penelope, what are you doing?" cried Evadne in amaze.

"Polishin', child. I learnt it long ago. One day I was that wore out I wouldn't have cared much if the sky had fallen—things had been goin' crooked and mother hadn't slept well for a fortnight, and I was that narvous and tuckered out I thought I'd fly to pieces. There's an old hymn mother's dredful fond of. I don't remember how it goes now, but there's one line she keeps repeatin' over and over till I feel ready to jump. It's this:

What dvin wurms we be.

So when she begun her wurm song that mornin' I just let fly. 'If I am a wurm,' sez I, 'I aint goin' to be alwers lookin' to see myself squirm, and with that I up an out of the house. My head was that tight inside, I telt if I didn't get out that minit somethin' would snap. I went straight up to Mis Everidge's. She's one of the people, you see, who always lives on a hill, inside and out. When I got there, I couldn't speak. My heart's weak at the best ot times an the weather in there was pretty stormy. I just dropped into the first chair, an she put her hands on my two shoulders, and sez she:

"'You poor child!' and then she went away and made me a syllabub.

"'Look on the bright side,' sez she in her cheery way, when I had finished drinkin'.

"'Sakes alive, Mis Everidge,' sez I, 'there isn't any bright side!'

"'Then polish up the dark one,' sez she as quick as a flash. I've been tryin' to do it ever since."

"You dear Penelope!" exclaimed Evadne, "I think you have!"

"It's all a wale child, a wale of tears," old Mrs. Riggs complained as she bade her good-by in the porch, but when she reached the turn in the road she heard Penelope singing:

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand:
Choose out my path for me.
I dare not choose my lot.
I would not if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God
So shall I walk aright.

And Evadne knew that in the brave heart the voice of Christ had made the storm a calm.

All the remainder of that time must be given to Aunt Marthe, and it was all too short for all the questions to be put on the one side and the help to be given on the other.

"You dear Aunt Marthe! How am I ever going to thank you for all you have been to me and what shall I do without you?" Evadne spoke the words wistfully. They were making the most of their last evening.

"Why, dear child, we can always be together in spirit. 'It is not distance in miles that separates peoples, but distance in feeling.' Emerson says, 'A man really lives where his thought is,' so you can be in Vernon, and I in Marlborough, each of us held close in the hush of God's love, which 'in its breadth is a girdle that encompasses the globe and a mantle that [illegible]

Evadne caught Mrs. Everidge's face between her hands and kissed it reverently.

"I mean to devote my life to making other people happy—as you do my saint," she said.

* * *

"Board!" The conductor's cry of warning smote the air, and the train passengers made a final bustle of preparation for a start. Mrs. Everidge caught Evadne close in a last embrace.

"My precious little sister—I shall miss you every day!"

Then she was gone, and Evadne looked eagerly out of her window, saw the dear face from which the tears had been swept away, smiling brightly at her from the platform.

* * *

The train steamed into the station at Marlborough, and again Louis came forward to greet her with a look of admiration on his unusually animated face.

"Well done, Evadne! If the atmosphere of Vernon can work such transformation as this, it ought to be bottled up and sold at twenty dollars the dozen. You go away looking like a snow wraith, and you return a blooming Hebe."

Evadne laughed merrily. "Thank you. The atmosphere of Vernon has a wonderful power, but it was not of material ozone she was thinking as she spoke.

"I believe I will try it. Will you vouch for like good results in my case?"

Evadne shook her head. "I do not believe it will have the same effect upon everyone," she said slowly.

"Ah! then I shall be compelled to go to Europe."

"Yes," she said, "I think Europe would suit you better."

"That is unfortunate—for the Judge's purse. How is Aunt Marthe?"

"She is well," she answered, with a sudden stillness in her voice. "How is Uncle Lawrence, and all the others?"

"The Judge is in his usual state of health. The others are well, and Isabelle, having just returned from the metropolis of Fashion, is more than ever *au fait* in the usages of polite society. But none of them have improved like you, little coz. What has changed you so?"

And she answered softly, with a new light shining in her eyes, "Jesus Christ."

* * *

"You poor Evadne," said Marion that

(Continued on next page)

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A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY

(Continued from preceding page.)

evening. "What a dreary summer you must have had, shut away among those stupid mountains! If you could only have been with me now; I never had such a lovely vacation in my life. There seemed to be some excitement every day, —picnics and boating parties and tennis matches and five o'clocks——"

Evadne laughed. "You had better not let Uncle Horace know you are a 'votary of the deadly five o'clock,' or he will empty his vials of denunciation upon your unlucky head. Oh, Aunt Kate, he sent you a whole bundle of fraternal greetings! He says—I can remember his exact words — viewed through the glamor of memory, you impress him like an Alpine landscape, when the sun is rising, and that he hopes the soft brilliance of prosperity will ever envelop you in its radiance and serve to enhance the beauty of your stately calm."

Mrs. Hildreth smiled, well pleased. "Horace is so poetical," she said, "but all the Everidges are clever. What a shame it seems that a man of his talent should be forced by ill-health to exist in a place where there is not a single soul capable of appreciating his rare qualities. Even his wife does not begin to understand him. It seems like casting pearls before swine."

Evadne's eyes flashed and her lips pressed themselves tightly together, but Mrs. Hildreth's gaze was fixed intently upon the lace shawl she was knitting, and Louis just then gave a sudden turn to the conversation.

She went up to her room with a great homesickness surging in her heart. Only last night all had been lightsome and happy, now the old darkness seemed to be settled down about her again. She knelt before her window and looked at the strip of sky which was all a Marlborough residence allowed her.

"Happy stars!" she murmured, "for you are shining on Aunt Marthe!"

Far into the night she knelt there, until a great peace flooded her soul. She raised her hands towards the sparkling sky.

"To do the little there is in my power to make the world brighter, to make the world better. To lift the world nearer to God! Blessed Christ that was thy mission, I will make it mine!"

The next morning Louis drew her aside. "So little coz, you did not coincide with the lady mother's eulogium of our respected collateral last night?"

"Why, I said nothing!" cried Evadne in astonishment.

Louis laughed.

"Have you never heard of eyes that speak, and faces that tell tales?" he said. "I will just whisper a word of warning, before you play havoc with your web of destiny. Don't let a suspicion of your dislike cross the lady mother's mind, for Uncle Horace is her beau ideal of a man. I agree with you, I think he is a cad."

CHAPTER XX

Conflicting Engagements

"An invitation to Professor Joliette's," and Isabelle tossed a gilt-edged card across the table to Marion. "Wednesday evening. It's not a very long invitation. What dress will you wear?"

"But you are engaged, Marion," said Evadne. "Wednesday evening is prayer-meeting, you know."

"Yes," said Marion, with a sigh, "it is awkward. I do wish they would choose some other night for prayer-meeting. Wednesday seems such a favorite with everybody."

"What a little prig you are getting to be, Evadne!" said Isabelle, with a sneer; "your only diversion seems to be prayer-meeting and church. You are as bad as Aunt Marthe."

* * *

"It is so provoking that we cannot have the carriage," grumbled Isabelle as, when Wednesday evening came, they waited for Louis in the dining-room. "At the Joliettes' of all places. I'm sure I don't see, Papa, why you cannot insist upon Pompey's taking some other night off, when we need him on Wednesday. It is horribly awkward."

Her father shook his head as he slowly peeled an orange.

"Because I have given him my word, my dear. The only stipulation he made when I engaged him was that he should not be required to drive on Sundays and Wednesday evenings, and when I hear people complaining about their surly, incapable coachmen, I consider it is a light price to pay. Pompey is as sober as a church and as pleasant-tempered in a rain storm as a water spaniel, no matter what hour of the night you keep him waiting; so it is the least we can do to let the poor fellow be sure of one evening to himself." and the Judge opened his *Times* and began to study the money market.

"Well, said Isabelle, crossly, "I, for one, don't believe in allowing servants to have such cast-iron rules; it savors too much of Socialism."

"I don't wonder the poor child is annoyed," said Mrs. Hildreth, after the trio had departed. "It is very embarrassing, when people know we keep a carriage—and the Joliettes are such sticklers in all matters of etiquette. It is a ridiculous fad of yours, Lawrence, to be so punctilious."

"But, my dear, I gave him my word of honor."

"What if you did? There are exceptions to every rule."

"Not in the Hildreth code of honor."

"Nonsense! What does a colored coachman understand about that."

"Why, Evadne, you cannot go to prayer-meeting alone," she exclaimed, as Evadne came into the room with her hat and cloak on. Your uncle is busy and I am too tired, so there is no way for you to get home."

"I am going to Dyce's church, Aunt Kate; Pompey will bring me home."

"Among a lot of shouting negroes! You must be crazy, child!"

"Their souls are white, Aunt Kate; and there is no color line on the Rock of Ages."

"Oh, well, tastes differ," said her aunt, carelessly; "but it is a strange fancy for Judge Hildreth's niece. Next thing, you will suggest going to board with Pompey."

"I might fare a good deal worse," said Evadne, with her soft laugh. "Dyce keeps her rooms like a new pin, and she is a capital cook."

"Really, Evadne, I am in despair! You have not an iota of proper pride. How are you going to maintain your position in society?"

"I don't believe I care to test the question, Aunt Kate, but I think my position will maintain itself."

"Well said, Evadne!" said her uncle, looking up from his paper. "You will never forget you are a Hildreth, eh?"

"Higher than that, uncle," said Evadne softly; "I am trying to be a sister of Jesus Christ."

(To be continued).

A Good Complexion

Depends on Good Digestion.

This is almost an axiom, although usually we are apt to think that cosmetics, face powders, lotions, fancy soaps, etc., are the secret for securing a clear complexion.

But all these are simply superficial assistants. It is impossible to have a good complexion unless the digestive organs perform their work properly; unless the stomach by properly digesting the food taken into it furnishes an abundance of pure blood a good complexion is impossible.

That is the reason so many ladies are using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they promptly cure any stomach trouble, and they have found out that perfect digestion means a perfect complexion and one that does not require cosmetics and powders to enhance its beauty.

Many ladies diet themselves or deny themselves many articles of food solely in order to keep their complexion clear.

When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used no such dieting is necessary. Take these tablets and eat all the good, wholesome food you want and you need have no fear of indigestion nor the sallow dull complexion which nine women out of ten have, solely because they are suffering from some form of indigestion.

Bear in mind that beauty proceeds from good health, good health results from perfect digestion and we have advanced the best argument to induce every man or woman to give this splendid remedy a trial.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found in drug stores and cost 50 cents per package. They are prepared by the F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

If there is any derangement of the stomach or bowels they will remove it and the resultant effects are good digestion, good health and a clear, bright complexion. Ask your druggist for the tablets and a free book on stomach diseases.

Free Catarrh Remedy

Trial Sample of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure Mailed Free to Any One Suffering From Catarrh.

Dr. Blosser, the celebrated Catarrh Specialist of the South, offers a trial sample of his valuable remedy to any one suffering from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness, etc. The remedy is applied in the form of a medicated smoke-vapor, which, being inhaled, makes a direct application to the diseased parts.

Wonderful success has attended the use of this remedy. Thousands of cases have been cured—many of them were of 15, 20, 25 and even 40 years standing. The cost of the treatment is very moderate. A book, "Plain Facts About Catarrh," and a three days treatment will be mailed to any sufferer who will write at once. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

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Our Folding Boats are puncture proof. Galvanized steel ribbing. For hunting, fishing, exploring and family pleasure. Walter Wellman took them on his polar trip. Lieut. Schwatka explored the Yukon with them. Awarded first premium at World's Fair. Send 6c for catalogue. 40 engravings. **KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.**

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The right buying of wall paper is the difference between an artistic home and an ordinary house. The danger of wrong buying is eliminated when selections are made from our catalogue.

Agents Wanted in every town to sell wall paper from our sample books. Large commission. Write to-day for particulars.

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A Child's All-Wool Suit $1.90

Made from Remnants of our Fine $2.00 and $3.00 a yard cloth which was left over from our Great Tailoring Department. $1.90 don't pay for the cloth, to say nothing of the making and linings. Order today before they are all gone.

REMNANTS will accumulate in our large tailoring store—do what we will we can't avoid them. Upon taking stock recently we found on hand over 1,300 remnants, in each of which there was enough material to make a child's suit. The cloths consisted of genuine **imported all wool English cassimeres** and **Scotch cheviots**—all medium & dark shades, in beautiful mixtures and neat check patterns None of the cloth cost less than $2.00 and up to $3.00 a yd. We made every remnant up in pant-suit (like cut) **to fit boys from 4 to 15 years old,** and now offer them for the wonder price of $1.90 The suits are splendidly tailored, perfect in fit and style and are guaranteed fully worth double our price.

$1.90 SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. with choice of shade and pattern, give age of boy, state if large or small for age and we'll send the suit C.O.D. by express, all over you to try it on the boy before you pay one cent If just as represented and worth double our price then pay the express agent $1.90 and express charges Pay nothing if unsatisfactory. **Write for free cloth samples of suits** for boys from 4 to 19 years old.

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has a cramped rim which holds both crusts firmly together and prevents the juices from escaping. It is so constructed that the crust will always remain crisp and brown. Sample set postpaid on receipt of 25c. We are the largest manufacturers of **Household Specialties** in the U.S. AGENTS. Write how to get this and other household specialties—Outfit worth $2.00—FREE. All goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Address Dept. T

HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 25 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES. If you have superfluous

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send for new information how to remove it easily and effectually without chemicals or instruments. Correspondence confidential in plain sealed envelope.

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We furnish samples free to agents. P. S. Post Ladies, Me. sold $36 in 2 days. Others do as well. Write for catalog, new goods, rare offers.

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STARK TREES have a 74-YR. Record. Fruit Book Free STARK BRO'S, Stark, Mo. We **PAY FREIGHT**

A Titled Evangelist

The Countess Schimelmann in Chicago — Her Missionary Yacht

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, an account was given of the remarkable history of Countess Adeline Schimelmann, a German lady of noble birth who has devoted her life and fortune to the Master's service.

COUNTESS ADELINE SCHIMELMANN

The Countess, who recently came to this country on her yacht *Duen (Dove)*, is living at the present time in Chicago, and is engaged in evangelistic work there. As soon as she reached the Western metropolis, people and press made her welcome, churches of different creeds invited her to occupy their pulpits, ladies of wealth and high social position requested drawing-room talks of her; and workingmen of all nationalities crowded the halls where she made addresses. Her plans for work in Chicago include public meetings, and Bible classes in English, German and Danish; the conversion of the *Duen* into a free coffee and tea kitchen for the hungry; the establishment of a Gospel mission ship stationed at Chicago for the benefit of sailors and 'longshoremen of the lakes; and a workshop, for the relief of those out of work. Toilers of the sea have, more than all other peoples, the strongest hold upon her heart. Among the poverty-stricken fishermen of the Baltic provinces, her pious ministries began, and the Countess says: 'I am to spend the spring and summer of each year with these seafaring children of mine, among whom I lived my first happy years of Christian service."

It was in last July that she reached America: her yacht entering the St. Lawrence and sailing up the river and through the great lakes, touching at each town in passing; and meetings held in harbors, market-places, parks and churches, although unheralded by advertisement, were largely attended. High and low, rich and poor thronged the decks of the yacht to see a lady who had determinately surrendered wealth and a high position in a European court, to win souls for Christ. Since the purchase of the *Duen* in 1895, the Countess has visited all important European seaports; holding meetings in halls, sailors' homes, and churches, distributing literature, and rendering relief in many forms to maimed and afflicted seamen and their families. She and her crew of Gospel helpers have five languages at command; her trained and consecrated young sailors are effective assistants. Records for the past year show that 511 ships have been visited; over 20,000 Gospels, tracts and good books in ten languages distributed; and countless addresses delivered to audiences ranging from a little group of listeners to multitudes which overflowed immense halls.

The Countess has been one of many vicissitudes. From the German court where she was Maid of Honor to the Empress Augusta, to her two-room cottage among the fisher-folk on the Island of Rugen, was of itself a sharper contrast than occurs in most lives. The favor, encouragement and assistance of the Emperor and Empress followed her in her self-sacrificing labors, and her winters were spent in part at the palace; but her family disapproved of what they felt to be a needless waste of her opportunities and fortune; her commitment to an asylum and release therefrom because the authorities were convinced of her sanity, has been previously related in this paper. Her American trip has not been free from dangerous incident and from what the Countess speaks of as Providential rescue from danger. At Detroit, she started to go ashore, while the *Duen*, on account of the passing alongside of a great steamer was rocking very much; the gangway slipped, and down sank the lady in a spot which Detroit people call the "Death Trap," because of the fact that, at that point, swinging ships, submarine timbers and driftwood of various kinds catch and crush almost anything that falls among them. The Countess realized her peril, but never lost her faith nor suffered fear to master her; she was sinking for the third time, when the mate, a watchman, and her adopted son Paul, succeeded with infinite difficulty, in reaching and rescuing her. While under the water, she says the thought came to her "I am not going to die. This call to America was too clear. God does not change his plans. There is work for me to do."

The *Duen* once belonged to Prince Waldemor, of Denmark, brother of the Princess of Wales; who with the late Queen of Denmark and other royal ladies have been contributors to the Countess's mission work. This work she defines as threefold: "To fisher-folk of the Baltic; sailors of all nations in as many ports of the world as the *Duen* can reach; to the distressed, troubled and sinful everywhere." She has had large experience in dealing with the drink problem, and believes the best and most effective plan to be that which she has followed to the extent of her powers in the Baltic provinces and elsewhere, by establishing coffee-houses and placing in all possible ways wholesome and seasonable food and drink within easy reach of the working classes, who often take intoxicants because they are cheaper and more convenient than other drinks. She also believes that material help to be practical, must be accompanied by sympathy and personal intercourse.

REFUGE

ALONE in the storm and dark of night,
Trembling I crouched in keen affright.
For the trials of life swept over me,
Like the seething waves of an angry sea:
When lo! a voice, sweet, strong and clear,
As I trembled there in abject fear,
To my storm-tossed soul said tenderly:
"If thou would'st lose thy misery
And gain for thyself eternity,
Take up thy cross and follow me."

—HELENE WILLIAM BURNHAM.

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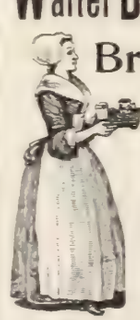

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Chautauqua's Founder Dead

A Life of Great Interest and Usefulness Ended at Three-score and Ten

A LIFE of great usefulness ended when Lewis Miller, founder and President of the Chautauqua Assembly, passed away on the morning of Friday, February 17, in the Post Graduate Hospital, in New York City. Features of peculiar sadness were connected with his decease, inasmuch as he died away from home, at the end of a long journey undertaken with the hope of relief from a desperate malady. His train was snow-bound en route, he suffered much from the detention, was in a very enfeebled condition and did not survive the shock of the operation for which he had come, and in the prompt performance of which lay his one hope of recovery. His physician, Dr. Leonard and his daughter Mary, were the companions of his journey. Mr. Miller is survived by his wife and eight children, one of whom is Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, wife of the famous inventor. Mr. and Mrs. Edison, Miss Miller and a brother from Cornell, were at Mr. Miller's bedside when he died, and accompanied the remains to Akron.

Mr. Miller was born in Greentown, Ohio, nearly seventy years ago. He early learned the trade of a machinist, and then turned his attention to the invention of agricultural machinery, in which he was so successful as to amass great wealth, in the disbursement of which he was wise and generous. Educational institutions, not only in Ohio, but throughout the union, benefitted by his liberality. In Akron, Ohio, where his later years were spent, Mr. Miller conceived and designed the Akron model Sunday School, which has been generally adopted as a standard of excellence. He was a faithful attendant on divine services at the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was a member, and was active in all good works. His generosity knew no church lines nor limit of creed.

His greatest work was the creation of the Chautauqua Assembly, to which he gave without stint his time, labor and money; only after years of earnest effort was he able to bring it to the successful organized form which it took on in 1874.

An Ohio pioneer, the life-long friend of President McKinley, father of two soldiers in the Spanish-American war, father-in-law of the most famous inventor of our times, an inventor himself of many machines that lightened agricultural labor, president at his death of three plants producing his inventions, founder of the world's Model Sunday School, President of the Board of Trustees of Mount Union College, Ohio, founder and president of the Chautauqua Assembly, this millionaire philanthropist who accomplished so much and benefitted so many by his work and genius, had indeed lived a life that brought him in touch with wide and varied human interests. The announcement of his death caused heartfelt sorrow to many, but the story of his life and accomplishments is an encouragement and an inspiration in many ways.

The "Reform Bureau" and Its Work

The Reform Bureau, incorporated and international, with their headquarters in Washington, D. C., Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent, is doing a unique work in applied Christianity, seeking to help conversion before and after by creating a better moral environment; a work of preventive charity also, devoted to cutting off the vicious causes of poverty, intemperance, impurity, gambling, sabbath-breaking and the like. One of its purposes is "to substitute arbitration for both industrial and international war." Its four chief battles, at Washington, just now, are: (1) against the renewal of sectarian appropriations; (2) against the seating of the polygamist Congressman-elect from Utah; (3) against the repeal of Alaskan prohibition; (4) against beer-selling "canteens" in the army. On this last it has just won a signal victory in the house, and the battle is transferred to the senate. The Bureau is on the "firing line," but like our soldiers on San Juan Hill, without ammunition and provisions, save as its chief officer, like Roosevelt, (but without Roosevelt's wealth), draws on his own purse. The habit of Christians is to give mostly to three things, their local church, local charity and foreign missions. It is not yet customary to give to the nation, except in military campaigns. The Bureau helps with valuable rebates of literature, books, papers and leaflets, those who help it by membership fees, which are, $100, $50, $12, $5, $2.00 and $1.00. All contributions in aid of the work of the Reform Bureau, and all applications for membership, should be forwarded to Dr. Crafts, at headquarters, No. 210 Delaware Avenue, Washington, D. C. Dr. Crafts will also be pleased to answer all inquiries, concerning the Bureau and its work, that may be forwarded to him by readers of this journal.

Life

LIFE is a song, if we but wait
And let it sing its last sweet bars,
Its keynote struck by him who tuned
The melody of morning stars;
A stream whose fountain is the source
Of all we know of love and right,
A beam whose sun is central orb
In moral universe of light.

It matters not though many use
The life as 'twere continual feast;
From its vast store of priceless gifts
Choosing the lowest, poorest, least.
Life with its mysteries, limits, shades,
Is royal still, supremely grand,
If we but do the will of God
With loving heart and willing hand.

What it may be—how rare, how high,
Is shown in life of Man Divine—
In his earth-years of holy love,
The glories of our future shine:
Made in the image of the Lord,
A destiny immortal given,
Beyond all thought of ours to know,
In the pure light of love and heaven.

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Real merit is a characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is also peculiar to itself as manifested almost daily in remarkable cures which the medicine brings about. Insist upon having Hood's.

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It is easy to obtain a piano our way. Where no dealer sells them, we will send a piano for a small cash payment, balance in monthly payments. Three years' time to complete purchase if desired. We would like to explain our method. Will send piano guaranteeing satisfaction, or piano may be returned to us at our expense for railway freights both ways.

Our CATALOGUE, FREE for the asking, tells all about them. Special prices and full information, if you write.

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is most truly a perfect liquid dentifrice.

Popular price, 25c. Send 2c. stamp for sample vial. Address E W. Hoyt & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Can You be Convinced

THAT EUCALOL CURES CATARRH?

Our advertisements have proved convincing to thousands of fair-minded men and women in every walk of life—clergymen, lawyers, doctors, teachers and business men have been open to conviction and *now* endorse **Eucalol Treatment.**

Sir Morell Mackenzie says:

"Moisture of the mucous membrane of the nose is as essential to the sense of smell as that of the tongue is to taste."

Wm. Reid, General Importer.

St. Eleanors, P. E. Island, January 18, 1899

The Eucalol Company, New York.

Gentlemen—I enclose you herewith one dollar for which please send me two boxes of your antiseptic powder and two of the cream by first mail.

I may say that I have suffered for years with nasal catarrh, and feel to-day that I have been completely cured by three weeks treatment of your Catarrh Cure. I have used one and a half boxes of the powder and about one tube of the cream. The last lot I received was for a particularly bad case of Ozena Fetid Catarrh. The person has had it from infancy and is now about fourteen years of age. He has been using your treatment about two weeks. The improvement is already quite noticeable; smell all gone; no crusts have formed since he commenced using it. I have great hope that with continued and systematic use of the medicine it will effect a complete cure.

Please send the stuff along by the first mail so that he will be in no danger of running out before the new lot arrives. Yours truly,
WM. REID.

St. Paul State Bank.

St. Paul, Neb., December 13, 1898.

Dear Sirs—Enclosed find N. Y. draft to pay for the package of Eucalol I received from you some time ago, which was seventy-five (75) cents, and also one dollar ($1), for which send me two packages of Eucalol. Your remedy has done me more good than anything I have tried. Yours truly,
JOHN J. PAUL.

Are you afflicted and STILL skeptical? Send us your name and address, and let us prove that EUCALOL does heal and does cure. If you are afflicted we know that EUCALOL will cure you! Don't delay—write to-day for our

Guarantee Trial Offer:

In order to prove the curative power of Eucalol and our confidence in it, we will gladly send to any reputable person, upon receipt of 75c., a complete treatment, with full directions, charges prepaid. If at the end of one month it has not benefited you, return it and your money will be returned at once.

Cleanliness is the first essential in the treatment of catarrh, the first symptom of which is stuffiness, sense of smell and taste blunted, and breathing through the mouth becomes necessary; dry mucous crusts form and have a tendency to become fetid. The only scientific treatment is an antiseptic wash to remove these crusts and the accumulated mucus, and the application of the antiseptic **Eucalol Emollient.** Dry air, vapor fumes, smoke, medicated air and cocaine preparations relieve temporarily and aggravate the disease. Did you ever hear of a physician treating catarrh with such means? **The Eucalol Treatment** antiseptically cleanses the nasal passage and applies the healing antiseptic **Eucalol Emollient.**

We refer to Bradstreet's or Dun's Commercial Agencies as to our standing.

We are anxious for every one subject to catarrh and cold in the head to try the Eucalol Treatment.

THE EUCALOL COMPANY, 108 Fulton Street, New York.

Eucalol Emollient Cures Cold in the Head, 25c.

Wherever the pain may be,

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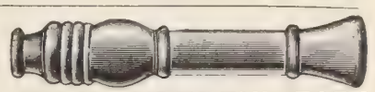
POROUS PLASTER

It never fails to perform its work quickly and effectually, and, more than that, it does its work while you do yours.

Beware of the many imitations made to sell on the reputation of "Allcock's." When you buy Allcock's you obtain absolutely the best plaster made.



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Complete 3 A Font of Rubber Type, with Holder, Indelible Ink, Pad, Tweezers, Etc. Postpaid **10c.** 5 A Font with Figures, **15c.;** 2 for **25c.** 6 A Font, 2 Sets Figures and 2 Line Holder, **25c.** Send for Big Catalogue FREE. ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BROTHER, Dept. 67 Cortlandt St., N. Y. C.

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in clothes washed with the **"BUSY BEE WASHER"** 100 pieces in one hour and no hard work done. That is the record. **AGENTS WANTED.** Exclusive sale. Write for terms,

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"Cleanliness is nae pride, dirt's nae honesty." Common sense dictates the use of **SAPOLIO**

Fellowship in Service

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for March 12. Nehemiah 4: 6; 16-43

HOW much may be accomplished by united effort, has been practically shown in many an historical incident since that of the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem. The lesson it teaches has been repeated in the history of every people. When a great project so appeals to the masses that they will sink their own interests, postpone their own enterprises, and unite in working for the public good, nothing can stand against them. Nehemiah's story of the work of his time is simply typical of a host of such instances. The people coming back from Babylon after their seventy years' exile, might naturally be expected to make it their first business to rebuild their own homes; but their religious and public spirit was so strong, that they gave their first energy and labor to restoring the temple and reconstructing the city wall. Still more significant was their sinking political and social differences, and working amicably and enthusiastically together in the common enterprise.

How much might have been accomplished in advancing Christ's kingdom in the world, if his followers had been of this disposition! One of our own preachers shrewdly suggests that the reason Satan is generally represented with a smile on his face, is that he has never seen this disposition in the Church. When he does see it he will begin to look serious. He has little to fear while Christ's people are quarrelling among themselves, and one denomination is holding aloof from another. It is marvellous that the Church should not have realized this fact, when it has looked around and seen countries sunk in heathen darkness, others blindly following false religions, and even in professedly Christian lands large numbers of people avowedly or practically infidel and vice and crime rampant. So much has to be done at home and abroad before the world is brought under the sweet and beneficent rule of Christ, that every arm is needed and every power organized in the service. Instead of this, we see disunion, the Church split up into factions and the hostilities which should be directed against the enemy manifested among rival denominations. There are now in this country nearly one hundred and fifty separate organizations, each bearing the name of Christ, and each apt on small provocation to turn its guns on the others instead of on the common enemy. We should be sorry to believe that the multiplication of denominations is the work of the devil, but he who cannot be ignorant of the maxim "divide and conquer," doubtless views these divisions with complacency.

The Church has realized the mischief of disunion in the past, and in recent years has endeavored to remove it. Many efforts have been made at various times to promote unity. The first method adopted was persecution. The Church of Rome carried this method to a fine art, with its inquisition and its repressive legislation, but it did not succeed. Union can never come by coercion. Of late, an idea has become popular that it may come by mutual concession, but neither has this succeeded. But a new clue to the solution of the problem has been developed which has in it a promise of elimination of some of the worst evils of disunion. The denominations have discovered that doctrinal differences need not prevent association in labor. As a clergyman said recently, "the next best thing to the removal of the separating fences is to have them so low, that the man on one side the fence can shake hands with the man on the other." The Young Men's Christian Association was one of the first conspicuous products of this method. Then came the Christian Endeavor Society, based on the same principle of union in Christian effort. It may be that here we have the key to the solution of the problem. The Baptist may still practise immersion, and the Episcopalian may keep his bishops, while both labor together as brethren to promote the cause of Christ, which both love, and to strive together for the spread of the Gospel.

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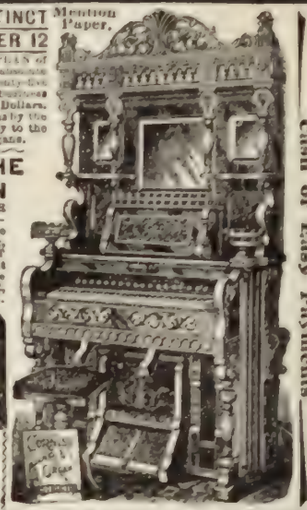

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and for a complete description of the instruments made by us, see OUR NEW SOUVENIR CATALOGUE for 1899, handsomely illustrated in colors—the most comprehensive musical catalogue in the trade. The frontispiece is a masterly reproduction in fac-simile of an interesting oil painting, designed and executed for us by an eminent artist, representing "SAINT CECILIA AND THE ANGELIC CHOIR." This beautiful catalogue is sent FREE CHARGES PREPAID, and we also include our pocket reference book, "THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE," CATALOGUE, BOOK AND OUR LATEST SPECIAL OFFERS FREE.

A prompt response to this advertisement will secure a DISCOUNT of 25 to 50 on the list prices as quoted in our 1899 Catalogue on any CORNISH ORGAN or $100 on the list prices if you buy a CORNISH PIANO.

PIANOS FROM 155 DOLLARS With the Cornish Patent Musical Attachment, which correctly imitates the Harp, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Etc. This patent can only be had in the CORNISH PIANO

REFERENCES. Our bank, your bank, any bank or any of the mercantile agencies, or thousands of persons who have purchased musical goods of us during the past fifty years.

Send for particulars of the Cornish Co-operative Plan, showing how you can secure a Cornish Piano or Organ FREE.

CORNISH & CO., (Established nearly 50 years) WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE AMERICAN PIANOS AND ORGANS.

ORGANS FROM $25.00

Wool Soap

is the skin's natural soap of purity,—it's safe

Swift and Company, Chicago

Wool soap won't shrink woolens

ON 30 DAYS TRIAL

THIS NEW

ELASTIC TRUSS

[illegible] Ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person does with the finger. [illegible] Sent by mail. [illegible] Circulars free. [illegible] $1.00 refunded to you if every testimonial used by us is not genuine. Address,

C. H. EGGLESTON & CO., 1201 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

RELIEF FROM RHEUMATICS..

Mr. W. H. Jenkins writes from Topeka, Kan., under date of August 5th, 1898:

"Several years ago I was stricken with rheumatism and for 16½ weeks I was unable to do business of any kind, and in that time I have expended nearly $3,000. I had given up all hope.

My mother in looking over the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE saw your advertisement, and we ordered one bottle of your Tartarlithine, which gave me immediate relief.

I have recommended your medicine to a number of parties in this city, who have had chronic rheumatism for years. One of them, a lady 68 years of age, is now doing her own work. So far your medicine has not failed to make a cure.

In conclusion your medicine is just as represented, and has entirely eliminated the disease from my body. My mother is enthusiastic over the benefits that I have derived from the use of your medicine."

Regular package $1.00,
Of all druggists or post-free by mail.
Pamphlets with Testimonials FREE.

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SOLE AGENTS FOR
THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY BOOK on and Almanac for 1899.

C. C. SHOEMAKER. Box 980, Freeport, Ill.

THEY HATCH MILLIONS

of Chickens, Ducks, Turkeys and other fowls in every state and territory in the Union and in many foreign countries—

THE PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATORS.

Used by the largest poultry breeders, duck and broiler farms everywhere. Have taken over 200 first prizes in all kinds of competition. The easiest to handle, cheapest to operate, surest in results and most handsome and durable in construction. 168 p. catalog and supplement FREE. Prairie State Incubator Co., Homer City, Pa.

50 Egg Size $5

A Million Testimonials are not so convincing as the 30 DAYS TRIAL FREE we offer on every Incubator we make. Mrs. M. T. Duval, Old Church, Va., never before saw an incubator, yet with the Bantam hatched 50 chicks from 50 eggs. You can do as well. Send 4c. for No. 60 Catalogue.

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No Money in Advance!

HIGH GRADE BICYCLES

$15.50

Shipped anywhere C. O. D. with privilege to examine. Latest styles for Men, Women, boys and girls, well made and durable.

$60 "Oakwood" $24.50
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No better wheels made. Others at $10, $13.50, $15.50, $17.50 & $19.50; all splendid value. Buy direct from manufacturers, thus saving dealers' large profits. Write today for special offer. Illustrated Catalogue free. CASH BUYERS' UNION, 162 W. Van Buren St. B-18 Chicago, Ills.

WE TRUST THE PUBLIC

and send them our Incubator on trial. No man should buy an incubator unless he can pay for it before giving it a trial. You pay not a cent for ours until you have given it a thorough trial. It's made so that nobody can fail with it. A child can run it safely. Received highest award at World's Fair, Nashville and Omaha Expositions. The best catalogue and treatise on incubation published, sent for 5 cts. Plans for Brooders, Poultry Houses, etc., sent upon receipt of 25 cts.

Von Culin Incubator Co. 12 Adams St. Delaware City, Del.

The Latest Improved McCREERY FOLDING VAPOR BATH CABINET. Has a Door and all the latest improvements. A home treatment that will cure la grippe, rheumatism, all blood, skin & kidney troubles; reduces superfluous flesh. Price $5. Face steamer $1.50 extra. Folds neatly in small space. Free descriptive book and testimonials. Special inducements to salesmen. MOLLENKOPP & M'CREERY, 138 Summit St. Toledo, O.

This firm is reliable.—Editor.

BURPEE'S SEEDS That Grow

Best

Leading American Seed Catalogue for 1899,—Mailed FREE to all.

A bright Book of 176 pages, with elegant colored plates and illustrations from nature. Gives much valuable new information. THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS in cash prizes. Write a postal card TO-DAY!

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO. PHILADELPHIA

MAKE HENS PAY!

If you want to sell a few others do this, send for our Catalogue and Poultry Guide. It tells all about the poultry business and about the CYPHERS INCUBATOR which mentions all the good points of other machines and the facts of value. Sent freight paid to every buyer. Catalogue 10c. Circulars free. The Cyphers Incb. Co. Box 57, Wayland, N.Y.

8000 BICYCLES

Over 1,000 Must be closed out. '99 MODELS $9 to $16. Shopworn and second hand wheels, good as new, $3 to $10. NEW '99 MODELS $11 to $30. Great factory clearing sale. We ship to anyone on approval and trial without a cent in advance.

EARN A BICYCLE by helping us advertise our superb line of '99 models. We give one Rider Agent in each town FREE USE of sample wheel to introduce them. *Write at once for our special offer.* E. A. MEAD CYCLE CO., CHICAGO, ILLS.

EASY TO OPERATE.

Any boy or girl can be successful with THE MONITOR INCUBATOR. Automatic regulator. It makes strong and healthy chicks. We pay freight. 100-egg Old Hen Incb. and Brooder $10. Catalogue Free. The Monitor Co. Box 13 Moodus, Conn.

ASTHMA and CATARRH quickly CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE, apparatus, or loss of time. Method worth $100 to any patient, mailed for $1. Money Back after 30 days trial if not satisfactory. SANITARY STILL CO., 15 H. St., Atlanta, Ga.

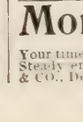
HIGH ARM. USE IT FREE

30 days in your own home before you pay one cent in advance or agree to buy. We pay freight. We use you. $60 White Star Machine, - - $22.00 $50 Pearl Machine, - - - - 18.00 Standard Singers, $9, $12.50, 16.00 Full set of attachments free; buy from factory at least $30 to $50. WE PAY FREIGHT; unequaled in our catalog, showing 30 other styles free. Each machine guaranteed 10 years. Warranted Ten Years. Address as follows: CONSOLIDATED WHOLESALE SUPPLY CO. Dept. 67, 215 S. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

MANN'S BONE CUTTERS

prepares green bone so that hens can eat it. MANN'S GRANITE CRYSTAL GRIT prepares food so that the hens can digest it. A perfect food perfectly digested means strength, vigor and double the eggs. Catalog free. F. W. MANN CO., Box 29 Milford, Mass.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE



A [illegible] Fifty different varieties. Everybody wants this poultry book. Send six cents in stamps.

S. H. GREIDER, FLORIN, PA.

Money in This for active people of either sex everywhere

Your time or part of it is only investment necessary. Steady employment; good pay. JOHN WILLIAMS & CO., Department F., 46 West Broadway, New York.

FOLDING Sewing Machine. Write for catalogue. Folding Sewing Machine Co., 64 S. Clinton St., Chicago.

An Emperor's Pulpit

The Beautiful Gift Which Was Presented to Kaiser Wilhelm at Jerusalem

WHEN Emperor Wilhelm, of Germany, was in Palestine, a few months ago, the entire Christian world was deeply interested in his doings. In a letter from a correspondent in Jerusalem, which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the story of the new German Evangelical Church of the Holy Redeemer on the site of the ancient Muristan, was told in detail. On that occasion the Emperor received from his loyal subjects in Jerusalem a beautiful and unique gift — a high-standing lectern or reading-desk with four pillars, the whole carved out of olive-wood grown in Palestine. With this desk there was also given a large, handsome Bible, the covers of which are of cedar-wood, exquisitely carved with the outline picture of the Church of the Holy Redeemer. The Bible itself is a fine piece of work. One side of the cover contains a bas-relief representation of the Church of the Redeemer, and on the other is the Jerusalem Cross. Both Bible and lecturn were designed by the architect of the church. The desk is supported by two angels, bearing the imperial German coat-of-arms, elaborately carved in cedar-wood from Mount Lebanon. The presentation address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Bliss, of the American College in Beirut.

THE LECTERN

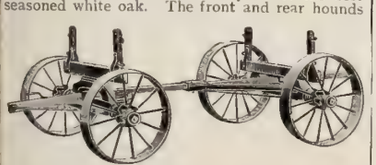
The beautiful carving on the gift was the work of the establishment of Ferdinand Vester, who has received a royal patent as purveyor in recognition of the rare artistic skill displayed. Mr. Vester came from Elberfield forty-five years ago, and was the pioneer of the very large wood-carving industry in and around Jerusalem. He has a picturesque house near the Jaffa Gate.

Pilgrims to "Adam's Peak"

Adam's Peak, a rocky point of 7,420 feet, though not the highest is certainly the most striking mountain on the island of Ceylon, and it is the goal of every devout Buddhist, for here it is supposed the Great Buddha stood, one foot resting on the summit of the mountain and the other on the mainland; and is there not a huge footprint in the rock to testify to the fact? Hence Adam's Peak is sacred, and to Adam's Peak there is a steady flow of pilgrims at all seasons. Men, women and children make the ascent; none are too young and none are too old to climb the Peak, and by so doing rid themselves of the burden of their sins; and should they slip and fall and be killed in the attempt (for one side of the mountain is dangerous), they would be all the happier, for would not their sins be all blotted out at one full swoop, and would they not be hurried into Nirvana, the aim of every right-minded Buddhist?

BUY THE BEST.

If you want the best low down wagon you should buy the Electric Handy Wagon. It is the best because it is made of the best material; the best broad-tired Electric Wheels; best seasoned white hickory axles; all other wood parts of the best seasoned white oak. The front and rear hounds



are made from the best angle steel, which is neater, stronger and in every way better than wood. Well painted in red and varnished. Extra length of reach and extra long standards supplied without additional cost when requested. This wagon is guaranteed to carry 4 000 lbs. anywhere. Write the Electric Wheel Co., Box 136, Quincy, Illinois, for their new catalogue, which fully describes this wagon, their famous Electric Wheels and Electric Feed Cookers.

Enameline

when applied, is most BRILLIANT, and that is the effect you want when using a stove polish. When an old stove is polished it should look as bright as new—that is the result when you use Enameline. It is put up in paste, cake or liquid form. Remember that every package is guaranteed.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York

SEEDS Always Fresh and SURE TO GROW.

Send 5 cents to cover postage and receive by return mail package of my New Hybrid Everblooming Pansy Seed, all colors; finest varieties known; and my Beautiful Seed and Plant Book of Garden Novelties all sold at lowest prices ever known.

H. W. BUCKBEE, Rockford Seed Farms,
P. O. Box 587 ROCKFORD, ILL.

FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to gain this year 200,000 new customers, and hence offer

1 Pkg.	Early Ripe Cabbage,	10c
1 "	Earliest Red Beet,	10c
1 "	Long Lightn'g Cucumber	10c
1 "	Salzer's Best Lettuce,	15c
1 "	California Fig Tomato,	20c
1 "	Early Dinner Onion,	10c
3 "	Brilliant Flower Seeds,	15c
Worth $1.00, for 14 cents,		**$1.00**

Above 10 pkgs. worth $1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Plant and Seed Catalogue upon receipt of this notice & 14c postage. We invite your trade and know when you once try **Salzer's seeds** you will never get along without them. **Onion Seed 65c.** and up **a lb. Potatoes at $1.20 a Bbl.** Catalog alone 5c. No. 180

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

SEED DUE BILL FREE

To get new customers to test my seeds I will mail my handsome **catalogue for 1899,** lithographed and beautifully illustrated, and a **10c. Due Bill,** good for 10c. worth of seeds for trial, **absolutely free.** It is full of bargains. All the **Best Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Roses, new Fruits, Farm seeds, Potatoes, etc.,** at lowest prices. **Ten Great Novelties** offered without names. I will pay **$50. FOR A NAME** for each. Don't buy your stock until you see this new catalogue. Several varieties shown in colors. Great inducements for orders this year. **You will be surprised** at my bargain offers. Send your address on Postal to-day. Tell your friends to send too. Old customers will receive a copy.

F. B. MILLS, Seedsman, Box 81, Rose Hill, N. Y.

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The 30th edition of the **New Guide to Rose Culture,** the leading Rose Catalog of America, will be sent **free** *on request.* 132 pages, superbly illus'd. Describes 75 entirely new roses and all old favorites. Makes success with **D. & C. Roses** possible to all. Describes all other desirable flowers. *Free* sample of our magazine *Success with Flowers,* on request.

The Dingee & Conard Co. West Grove, Pa.

3 FAVORITE FLOWERS 6¢

Sweet Peas—over 40 varieties.
Perfected Royal Show Pansies—100 colors
Nasturtiums—every known good sort

Above 3 packets mailed for 6 cents and names of two friends who grow flowers; also *Floral Album* which tells how to grow flowers from seeds. Daintiest catalogue ever issued of flower seeds exclusively, sent free by the "pioneer seedswoman"

MISS C. H. LIPPINCOTT, Minneapolis, Minn.

SEEDS FREE! Until April 1 I will send my Catalog, and seven packets *Choicest Flower Seeds* for trial (amounting to 60 cts. at regular rates) *all for 6 cts. in letter stamps,* 60 sorts largest German Pansies, mixed; 40 sorts Japan Pinks. Giant Brazilian Morning Glories, 50 sorts Double Asters, Chrysanthemums, &c. L. W. Goodell, Seed Grower, Pansy Park, Dwight, Mass.

Watch for my Phenomenal Sweet Pea and Pansy offers to appear in a full page advertisement in this publication on March 15th.

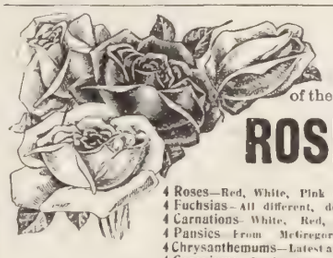
The Finest Garden

In the neighborhood this year will be yours—if you plant **Maule's Seeds.** My new Seed and Plant Book for 1899 contains everything good, old or new. Hundreds of illustrations; four colored plates; complete up-to-date cultural directions. Full of business cover to cover. A 600 page Year Book and Almanac with complete weather forecasts for 1899, free with every order of $1.50 or upward for

Maule's Seeds

I send the best Agricultural Weekly in the U. S. for only 25 cents per annum. Ten packets of the newest novelties in Sweet Peas, only **20 cents.** It also gives rock bottom prices on the best Onion Seed in America. $1,000.00 in cash club prizes. It is pronounced by all the brightest and best seed book of the year, and you need it before placing your order for '99. Mailed free to all who mention having seen this advertisement in the *Christian Herald.*

WM. HENRY MAULE, 1711 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.



4 of the best ever-blooming **ROSES for 10c**

4 Roses—Red, White, Pink and Yellow, all of the newer varieties for 10c
4 Fuchsias—All different, double and single, beautiful shades for 10c
4 Carnations—White, Red, Pink, Yellow, the most fragrant for 10c
4 Pansies—From McGregor's new mammoth prize kinds for 10c
4 Chrysanthemums—Latest and best, beautiful shades of the four colors for 10c
4 Geraniums—Double & single the best all-round bedders & bloomers for 10c

24 Plants The above six collections, making 24 plants, sent postpaid to your address **for 50c**

Our beautiful new catalogue for 1899 FREE TO ALL. Send for it.

McGREGOR BROTHERS, Springfield, Ohio.

No. 717 Canopy-Top Surrey, with double fenders. Price, complete, with curtains all around, storm apron, sunshade, lamps and pole or shafts, $68; as good as sells for $100.

WHY NOT SAVE IT?

When it comes to buying a vehicle of any kind you may just as well save all the money in the transaction above the manufacturer's price. No need to pay added commissions and expenses of traveling salesmen, middlemen, dealers, agents, etc.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

but sell direct from our factory at wholesale prices. We are the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world selling to the consumer exclusively.

IN VEHICLES WE MAKE

Rockaways, Surreys, Traps, Phaetons, Stanhopes, Driving Wagons, Top Buggies, Open and Top Road Wagons, Spring Wagons, Delivery Wagons, Milk Wagons and Wagonettes. In harness we make either single

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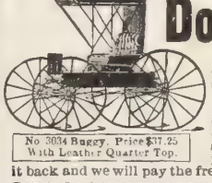
double harness suitable to all the above vehicles and heavy team use.

SEND FOR LARGE FREE CATALOGUE.

ELKHART HARNESS AND CARRIAGE MANFG. CO. W. B. Pratt, Sec'y. **ELKHART, INDIANA.**

Don't Pay Three Profits

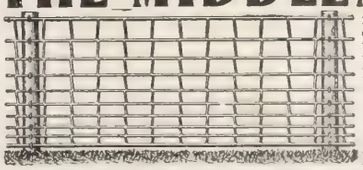


No. 3034 Buggy. Price $37.25 With Leather Quarter Top.

If you are going to pay for a carriage why not pay the least you can for the best vehicle? Get all you can in material and workmanship—pay as little as you can for handling and "extras." You save the jobber's commission and the retailer's profit when you buy direct from the factory. You pay the cost of making with one moderate profit added. We are not agents, but manufacturers of buggies, carriages, surreys, phaetons, wagons, harness and horse accessories. Everything guaranteed. With our illustrated catalogue you can order easily and safely. If what you order does not suit, send it back and we will pay the freight both ways. First, get the catalogue. You are welcome to a copy.

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE & HARNESS COMPANY, COLUMBUS, O.

THE MIDDLEMAN'S MONEY



makes the fence no better. Then why pay him a lot of extra money? Why not save that amount by buying from us at wholesale prices? We do not impair the quality to make our fence cheap. In fact, we depend upon the quality to hold your trade. We could not sell the

Advance Fence

as cheaply as we do if we had to sell it through the dealer. When you buy from us you only pay one profit, when you buy from the dealer you pay two profits. Send postal card for circulars and prices.

THE ADVANCE FENCE CO., 1903 OLD ST., PEORIA, ILL.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE

Reliable Incubators and Brooders.

it for 10 cents. RELIABLE INCUBATOR & BROODER CO., Box B 16, Quincy, Ill.

LARKIN SOAPS *AND PREMIUMS.—FACTORY TO FAMILY*

The Larkin Idea fully explained in beautiful free booklet. Free sample soap if mention this publication.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Larkin St., Buffalo, N.Y.

OUR OFFER FULLY EXPLAINED IN The Christian Herald, Oct. 19th, Nov. 16th & 23d.

R & G CORSETS

The kind that do not stretch

R & G Corsets are the best for the following reasons:

They fit. They wear. They hold their shape.

They are made in a sufficient variety of styles to fit any figure

They are the same size from the day you first put them on till you discard them forever.

They are modeled on a perfect, natural, human form, and their shape is made absolutely permanent by stretching over our steam-heated iron forms.

By this process, which we control exclusively, every atom of stretch is taken out of the goods. The corsets are dampened and clamped down on the hollow iron form with a pressure of six hundred pounds. Then the steam is turned into the form and the corset dries.

When a dress is made over an R & G Corset you need never fear that the corset will "give" and so put undue strain on the dress seams. If the waist fits the corset once, it fits it always—you can depend on it.

The material used in the R & G Corsets is good. We don't say much about materials because any manufacturer can buy good material. It isn't material that makes a corset good—it is brains, and skill, and careful work.

We put the same brains and skill into our dollar corsets that we do into our four-dollar ones. The fit and style are just the same—the pattern is just the same. The four-dollar corset is prettier—more fancy, that's all. So far as style, fit, comfort and wear are concerned, our dollar corsets are as good as the more expensive ones—and better than expensive ones of any other make.

Our new Number 397 is perhaps the most wholly satisfactory corset we ever made. It is particularly desirable for the present dress styles. It is a short corset, but has length enough in the bust and over the hips to bring out all the good points of the figure.

It is made in drab, white and black, and can be had in 10,000 stores. If you have any trouble getting it, send us your dollar, tell us your size and your dealer's name, and we will see that you get the corset.

Send for our Free Booklet, "CHOOSING A CORSET." It will give you corset facts that you should know.

R & G CORSET CO., - - - 369 Broadway, New York.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES · BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1899

VOLUME 22 NUMBER 10

PRICE FIVE CENTS

"BRINGING THE CHILDREN IN"—THE BEGINNING OF SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK IN PORTO RICO

Of 125,695 children between six and nine years of age, 97,757 have never been in school and roam around at will; yet all are future American citizens. (Official report. *See page 175).*

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The proposition is made for a general and possibly world-wide celebration at the ushering in of the new century—the nineteen-hundredth anniversary of the Christian religion. Already many suggestions have been offered as to the form such a celebration should take, but none has proved wholly satisfactory. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invites its readers everywhere to take an active personal interest in this approaching great spiritual event, and it will be glad to receive from them suggestions as to the Celebration, including outlines of proposed programmes. It should be remembered that in such a grand undertaking all Christendom will be actively involved. Churches, religious bodies, societies and Sunday Schools innumerable, and regardless of denomination, will join in honoring the great Head of the Church by such a Celebration as the world has never yet witnessed. A multitude of ideas instantly arise in the mind associated with this great anniversary, and the problem is how to choose, how to arrange, how to plan such a programme.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be pleased to receive and will publish *all the practical suggestions its readers may send.* As far as possible, those suggestions should each take the form of a programme, in which the duration of the celebration, the part to be taken by churches and Sunday Schools, and the general form of the exercises, are to be considered; also whether it should take place at one or more central points of assemblage, or simultaneously throughout the Christian world. To stimulate interest in this subject, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will *present numerous valuable prizes to the senders of programmes*, a complete list of which will be submitted in our next issue.

The comparative merit of the programmes sent in will be decided by a board of three judges, and the competition will close on Oct. 1, 1899.

G. W. M., Waymart, Pa. Frequently I have heard ministers in sermons state that "Alexander wept because there were no more worlds to [illegible] he was informed by his wise men that there was a number of worlds, he wept because he had not been able to conquer one." Now which is correct?

The incident is related in various ways and one is as likely to be correct as the other.

Subscriber, New Bedford. What was Paul's "thorn in the flesh?"

There has been a considerable difference of opinion as to what he really meant. Some commentators believe he referred to defective eyesight; others, to his diminutive stature or his poor delivery. His remark that the Galatians would, if it had been possible, have plucked out their own eyes and given them to him (Gal. 4: 15), seems to indicate that the trouble was with his sight.

B. M. McQ., Norway, Ia. What is the view taken [illegible]

We have repeatedly answered a similar query. While dancing, in itself, may be harmless, and, in moderation, even beneficial, it must be condemned by all thoughtful Christian people, for the reason that it involves promiscuous and therefore dangerous acquaintanceship, and that modern dances are objectionable on other grounds. In a countless multitude of cases, the ball-room has proved the first step to moral and physical ruin. On the other hand, no one has ever heard of a single instance where dancing could be regarded as morally helpful. On the general principle that any amusement which is in the nature of a stumbling-block to spiritual growth should be avoided, [illegible] would do well to omit dancing al[illegible] the list of innocent recreations.

[illegible] men, and an unspotted life is old a[illegible] hair unto

In the "Wisdom of Solomon," [illegible]

E. W. P., Still River, Mass. Ought [illegible] n who neg[illegible]ve to have [illegible]

Do you consider our country neglected? Is there a town in which the Gospel is not preached? There are few, if any, people in our land who have not the opportunity of hearing the Gospel. Our Lord's command was to preach the Gospel to all nations—to every creature [illegible] Should we refrain from sending the Gospel to the heathen until people at home who have had it offered to them and have neglected it, or rejected it, condescend to change their minds? There are sufficient preachers in this country to reach every man, woman and child in it, while in heathen lands there are millions who have no preacher accessible to them.

Mrs. W. A. M., Deer Brook, Miss. 1. What day in July, 1898, was the general assault on Santiago de Cuba? 2. What day did Santiago surrender? 3. On what day in August did Manila surrender to the Americans?

1. Friday, July 1, and Sunday, July 3. 2. Sunday, July 17. 3. Saturday, August 13.

Maude S., Lancaster, Pa. 1. Some years ago I united with the Presbyterian Church. Recently, I have discovered that I was not really a Christian, and, therefore, not being willing to live a lie, I asked the session to drop my name from the roll. Did I not do right? 2. Can anyone be a true Christian who plays cards and dances?

1. There was another alternative you might have taken, and one infinitely preferable. You might have become a true Christian. You would have enjoyed far higher pleasures and your character would have developed far better, if you had taken that course. We think you cannot have understood the principles of Christianity, otherwise you would not have deliberately renounced it. Every one, of course, has the right to choose in this matter, but you may be quite sure that you have acted unwisely and against your own best interests. [illegible] will wear hard rocks hollow;" and Shakespeare phrases it:

> Many strokes, though with a little axe,
> Hew down and fell the hardest timbered oak.

Lyly, one of Shakespeare's contemporaries, said (probably before Shakespeare wrote the above couplet): "The soft droppes of rain pierce the hard marble: many strokes overthrow the tallest oaks." 2. "A little neglect may breed mischief: for want of a nail the shoe was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost," was said by Benjamin Franklin. We cannot place the quotation exactly as given by you.

R. W., Youngstown, O. Who was the author of the quotation, "The pen is mightier than the [illegible]

Bulwer Lytton, in *Richelieu.* The full quo[illegible]

> "Beneath the rule of men entirely great.
> The pen is mightier than the sword."

L. W. R., Mayville, Mich. 1. Why did God tell the prophet to make the heart of the people [illegible] the epistle to the Hebrews intend to teach in his words (6: 4-7) that there is no hope for a Christian who falls away?

1. The prophet could not have done it if he had tried, and he was not likely to try. It was as if a messenger was being sent, as a matter of duty, to a person who would not be disposed to listen to the message. The sender might say to the messenger: "Go and get your rebuff;" or, "Go and see for yourself [illegible] full name and address, so that if for any cause we are unable to answer his questions in the paper, we may send him an answer by [illegible]

[illegible]

It was a common form of expression among the Jews in Christ's time. When a man, who [illegible] practices were permitted or forbidden. This was an important function where people could not read for themselves. People may do so now, though they do not always do it correctly. No human be[illegible] they can do is to tell the sinner that if he truly re[illegible]

J. A. B., Lemasters, Pa. How [illegible]

About 22,000 in United States, Canada and Newfoundland: there are probably in the neighborhood of [illegible] tabusned Church"

The claim is not well founded. There are several older churches, notably the [illegible] Christian Church was denominated Catholic solely to distinguish it from the [illegible] forms of worship and because it embraced people of every nation. The early Christian Church included all who recognized Christ as their Saviour, and dated [illegible] "The Church of which Rome was the centre," writes an authority, "is not Catholic, but Latin, just as the Church of which Constantinople was the centre is not Catholic, but Greek," and both came into being long [illegible]

ABRAHAM'S POOL AT OORFA, IN ASIA MINOR

In Oorfa, one of the oldest of Armenian cities, there is a large mosque dedicated to Abraham, who according to the Mohammedan legend, was slain in this city. The pool in its immediate vicinity, shaded by pomegranate and cypress trees, has also been named in honor of the great Jewish patriarch.

Pauline, Lowell, Mass. In March next.

W. J. P., Union Springs, N. Y. It is not required by law.

Thomas V., Walker, Mo. They are written by [illegible]

Write to the Society's headquarters, 58 William [illegible]

F., Middletown. Write to Claxton, Remsen & [illegible]

V. L., Vernon, Ala. It was given sometime ago in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

M. S. C., Harper's Ferry, W. Va. Write to New York Coin and Stamp Co., 853 Broadway.

J. V. C. Yes, he is still living. Address him care of Fleming H. Revell Co., publishers, New York.

[illegible] embraced in the Constitutional amendment regarding color.

The poem, "The Tapestry Weavers," which ap[illegible] was written by Rev. Anson G. Chester.

Y. H. S., Washington, D. C. Two cents for United States soldiers and sailors' letters; to all others, regular foreign rates.

Constant Reader, Canada. The laws on the [illegible]

Reader, Charlie, Tex. To enumerate former wars and their results would occupy more space than we can devote to the subject. See any good encyclopædia.

Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, of the Gospel Settlement, [illegible] ing sent in by friends is useless, the garments being wholly worn out.

Mrs. W. H. C., Mt. Ephraim, N. J., Miss H. B., Harrisburg, Pa.; Miss Rosie T., Hurley, S. Dak.; Clara H., Akron, O.; Rosie M. D., Vincennes, Ind.; Mrs. A. C., Manston, Wis., and several others have sent copies of Luther's "Cradle Hymn," in response to the request of A. S. N., Newark, N. J.

: : : Spreading the Gospel in Our New Colonies : : :

GREAT RELIGIOUS ACTIVITY IN OUR ISLAND POSSESSIONS — ENCOURAGING LETTERS FROM CHRISTIAN WORKERS IN THE FIELD

NEXT to the establishment of a system of government satisfactory to the population, and calculated to develop the industries of Porto Rico and bring happiness and prosperity to the island, the most important and immediate task which confronts us in that part of our new West Indian domain is the introduction of a proper school system and the establishment of religious freedom throughout the length and breadth of the little island. Gen. John Eaton, whose official mission to Porto Rico was referred to in a recent issue of this journal, is charged by the United States Government with the important duty of planning such an educational system for the island population as may seem to be best suited to its peculiar needs, and his long experience as United States Commissioner of Education gives assurance that the work will be well and thoroughly performed. Beside this, he has undertaken to cooperate with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in its efforts to open Sunday Schools throughout the island, and as he is now doubtless busily engaged in familiarizing himself with the new territory and its people, we may expect shortly to have definite information from him on this important subject. In his latest letter in these columns, published a week ago, he wrote that a very large proportion of the population was illiterate, and indicated in general terms the program likely to be followed in providing for the secular education of adults and children. "The children," he wrote, "are specially bright," and in that fact lay the bow of promise for the future.

Our photographer, in the illustrations on this page (which were taken specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), has presented some very interesting scenes of recent date. The presentation of an American flag by the native school children is an evidence of the prevalent popular sentiment, which from the very first has been exceedingly friendly toward our government and people. Porto Rico has suffered less from the horrors of war than any of the other lost colonies of Spain, prompt submission to American authority having spared its people the scenes of devastation and misery that occurred in Cuba and the Philippines.

A recent writer on Porto Rico has estimated that of the total population 96,000 can read and write, 14,000 can read only, and 695,000 are wholly unable to do either. This, however, is probably a somewhat exaggerated estimate. In San Juan, the capital, with a population of 25,000, there are 5,000 school children and less than twenty teachers. These facts, taken in connection with the character of the education given under Spanish rule, make it clear that the educational task is of the highest and most immediate importance.

Y. M. C. A. Progress at San Juan

Religious services are conducted in the public theatre of San Juan every Sunday morning, which are attended by the Commanding General, Guy V. Henry, and many other officers. The soldiers are present in goodly numbers. The choir, which has been formed through the exertions of Mrs. P. C. Hanna, wife of the United States Consul, consists of Americans, officers and others. A Sunday School has been organized in the theatre, previous to the morning service, and is attended by many soldiers. The workers are largely from the Army Headquarters and Departments. Both these services, although conducted at considerable expense, have been self-supporting from the beginning. Secretary Frank L. Smith, of the Y. M. C. A., has had supervision of the public services. Large numbers of Porto Ricans are being reached. An address in Spanish is always a part of the program, and the hymns used in Sunday School are printed in Spanish on separate slips. The Army and Navy edition of "Sacred Songs" is used, and over 500 copies have found their way from the theatre to the homes of the people.

It is a common sight to see a group of young fellows in the street trying to acquire the English of the Gospel Hymns through this medium. Last Sunday, Rev. Dr. Ward, of New York, spoke for a few minutes, after a sermon from Rev. H. A. Brown, Post-Chaplain. A regular Sunday service has been organized at the general hospital, beginning January 1, which is attended by convalescents, hospital stewards, and nurses, and the hymns are heard by nearly all the sick in contiguous wards. Since the beginning of this service, Chaplain Sherman (son of the late Gen. W. T. Sherman), has expressed a desire to share the work on Sunday, and it has been arranged to alternate in holding the meetings.

By the co-operation of some Christian men headed by Private Harry W. Smith, of Company K, and the permission of Colonel DeRussy, Secretary F. C. Smith, has established a Sunday afternoon meeting at the Barracks of the 11th U. S. Infantry. At each service some one remains for prayer.

An Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. will soon be established in San Juan. Mr. Smith writes that he hopes in a few days to begin this very important work, endeavoring to counteract the influence of hundreds of cafes where intoxicating drink is sold. It is proposed to organize Bible classes, circles of study in the Spanish language, and occasional social entertainments.

PRESENTATION OF AN AMERICAN FLAG BY THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

Religious Work in the Philippines

Major J. B. Ketchum, Cor.-Secretary of the U. S. Soldiers Christian Aid Association, of New York City, is in constant correspondence with the U. S. Chaplain at Manila, in the Philippines. He sends a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from Division Chaplain Charles C. Pierce, U. S. Army, giving late news of religious work at Manila. Here is the letter:

MANILA, P. I., January 31.

MY DEAR MAJ. KETCHUM: Your good letter of November 10, was received a few days ago; and, also, a very large assortment of papers. I gave the latter to the sick men in the hospital, by whom such things are eagerly devoured; and, in this case, there was no exception.

I was surprised to find my last letter in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; but I hope your kind action in placing it there will cause the churches at home to take the Philippine work up as actively as the needs demand.

Our Anglo-Spanish Mission, which I started in August last, is improving rapidly, and we must soon have money for land and building. Christmas morning, I gave the first service that has yet been offered the Filipinos, having had a part of the service translated into Spanish, which the better classes understand. There were fully 150 natives present, and they looked and listened with the greatest interest.

This work has begun amid the intensest opposition on the part of the former religious monopolists, and it is possible that I may be broken down in it. But I count that morning's service as the greatest of my life; and if I go down, physically, or as a result of calumny, there will be whole regiments of workers to take my place. The first great necessary is a cemetery where these people can be buried, when they consent to face the results of excommunication. They cannot be buried in a Roman cemetery, and there are no others open for them. We must have one. I have been negotiating for a place, and will have papers completed next week. The Provost-Marshal General has approved the location, and the enterprise. I am trying to raise at least, $3,800, or $4,000, and asking my friends to pay for the ground at the rate of $1.00 per square yard; so that we can say to the natives: "Fear not what man may do unto you! Here is a place where you can be laid to rest when God calls you, and without fee for a priest, or pay for land; in it you shall be buried; not on the Spanish plan, of yearly rental on penalty of removal to the bone-pile, when payment fails, but on the good American plan, with assurance of retaining undisputed possession till God's angels sound your reveille!"

Spanish Testaments, or Bibles, I could use, by the thousand. Spanish tracts are a necessity. Episcopal hymnals and prayer-books would be most welcome.

My medical work has reached very large proportions: I have given medicines to over 1,000 of the natives, absolutely free of charge; and this has not only given me a large circle of friends, but has afforded a wonderful opportunity to let in a little gospel light. Pray for me and the work, and write whenever you can.

CHARLES C. PIERCE,
Division Chaplain, U. S. Army.

Major Ketchum says his society has subscribed for one hundred square feet towards the proposed free cemetery, and has also taken steps to supply the Chaplain's further needs. Any one desiring to aid may write to U. S. Soldiers Christian Aid Association, 40 and 42 Broadway, New York City.

In view of the exciting events now occurring at Manila, this letter from a Christian soldier will be found interesting:

MANILA, P. I., Jan. 9.

Editor "The Christian Herald":

On the Calle de Iris in this city stands the Zorilla theatre, in which are stationed two companies of the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment. Since the occupation of the city this building has been used for the joint Sunday evening services of the Colorado and Pennsylvania regiments, which are quartered near each other. Here, where for years the degenerating amusements of the Spanish stage have inflamed the minds and passions of the populace, a Christmas and a New Year's service were held that perhaps did not have their like in Christendom. Large palms and ferns, with young banana trees, from which hung clusters of long trailing vines, transformed the place into a small tropical Eden. Above the stage was the Christmas motto: "On earth peace, good-will toward men," and as the boys in white (not blue) gathered there Christmas night and saluted the flag that hung in the wilderness of green and bared their heads in homage to their God, these words must have gone with deep significance to every heart.

Y. M. C. A. HEADQUARTERS, SAN JUAN

No studied sermon was preached; none was needed, for Chaplains Fleming and Hunter spoke eloquently yet simply of our friends at home, of our mission, our duty, and hearts were touched that night as they perhaps had never been before.

A green Christmas, a green New Year — two days that will ever be green in the memories of brothers who send their greeting over ten thousand miles of land and sea.

L. F. MILLIKEN,
Corp. Co. K, Tenth Pennsylvania Vols.

Tent Work in Manila

Cheering reports of Gospel work in the Philippines are sent in this letter from the Christian Commission secretaries:

MANILA, Philippine Islands, Dec. 5.

The past month was unusually rainy and stormy, making life in the tent less agreeable and the attendance very low. On Nov. 13, a typhoon passed near the city and the tent was blown down, without, however, very serious damage, aside from broken ropes and ripped canvas. Since reerecting the tent, the weather has moderated and the delightful winter so long promised seems to have come.

On Nov. 8, in company with Mr. B. C. Randall, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a trip was made to Dagupan, Province of Pangasman, 120 miles north of Manila, for the purpose of distributing 1,200 Gospels in the Pangasman dialect. Through Mr. Randall, a supply of Spanish Bibles, Testaments and Gospels was secured for sale, which is being disposed of gradually.

During the past few weeks, the remaining troops of the Eighth Army Corps have arrived, making a total of 22,000 American troops in the city, and thus making the work of the Christian Commission more important. Especially so is it when we consider the rapid increase of the liquor traffic in the city since its occupancy by the American troops. On the Escolta, the principal business street, only one-quarter of a mile long, there were but two places where intoxicating liquors were sold when we entered the city; now there are eighteen. There are 300 licensed places in all. To counteract these pernicious influences, there are, in the city, only two places dedicated to Protestant Christian work—the tents of the Army Y. M. C. A. Besides these, the chaplain holds services with the different regiments.

The report is signed by F. A. Jackson and Charles A. Glunz, secretaries of the Christian Commission.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

The Bundle of Life

A Sermon by T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, I. Samuel 25: 29, . . .

The soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God

BEAUTIFUL Abigail, in her rhythmic plea for the rescue of her inebriate husband, who died within ten days, addresses David, the Warrior, in the words of the text. She suggests that his life, physically, and intellectually, and spiritually, is a valuable package or bundle, divinely bound up and to be divinely protected.

That phrase "bundle of life" I heard many times in my father's family prayers. Family prayers, you know, have frequent repetitions, because day by day they acknowledge about the same blessings, and deplore about the same frailties, and sympathize with about the same misfortunes, and I do not know why those who lead at household devotions should seek variety of composition. That familiar prayer becomes the household liturgy. I would not give one of my old father's prayers for fifty elocutionary supplications. Again and again, in the morning and evening prayer, I heard the request that we might all be bound up in the bundle of life, but I did not know until a few days ago that the phrase was a Bible phrase.

Now, the more I think of it the better I like it. Bundle of Life! It is such a simple and unpretending, yet expressive comparison. There is nothing like grandiloquence in the Scriptures. While there are many sublime passages in Holy Writ, there are more passages homely and drawing illustrations from common observation and every-day life. In Christ's great sermons you hear a hen clucking her chickens together, and see the photographs of hypocrites with a sad countenance, and hear of the grass of the field, and the black crows, which our heavenly Father feeds, and the salt that is worthless, and the precious stones flung under the feet of swine, and the shifting sand that lets down the house with a great crash, and hear the comparison of the text, the most unpoetical thing we can think of—a bundle. Ordinarily it is something tossed about, something thrown under the table, something that suggests garrets, or something on the shoulder of a poor wayfarer. But there are bundles of great value, bundles put up with great caution, bundles, the loss of which means consternation and despair, and there have been bundles representing the worth of a kingdom.

During the last spell of cold weather there were bundles that attracted the attention and the plaudits of the high heavens, bundles of clothing on the way from comfortable homes to the door of the mission-room, and Christ stood in the snow-banks and said, as the bundles passed: "Naked, and ye clothed me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Those bundles are multiplying. Blessings on those who pack them. Blessings on those who distribute them. Blessings on those who receive them.

With what beautiful aptitude did Abigail, in my text, speak of the bundle of life! Oh, what a precious bundle is life! Bundle of memories, bundle of hopes, bundle of ambitions, bundle of destinies! Once in a while a man writes his autobiography, and it is of thrilling interest. The story of his birth-place, the story of his struggles, the story of his sufferings, the story of his triumphs! But if the autobiography of the most eventful life were well written, it would make many chapters of adventure, of tragedy, of comedy, and there would not be an uninteresting step from cradle to grave.

Bundle of memories are you! Boyhood memories—with all its injustices from playmates, with all its games with ball and bat and kite and sled. Manhood memories, with all your struggles in starting—obstacles, oppositions, accidents, misfortunes, losses, successes. Memories of the first marriage you ever saw solemnized; of the first grave you ever saw opened; of the first mighty wrong you ever suffered; of the first victory you ever gained! Memory of the hour when you were affianced; memory of the first advent in your home; memory of the roseate cheek faded and of blue eyes closed in the last sleep; memory of anthem and of dirge; memory of great pain and of slow convalescence; memory of times when all things were against you; memory of prosperities that came in like the full tide of the sea; memories of a life-time! What a bundle!

I lift that bundle to-day and unloose the cord that binds it, and for a moment you look in and see tears, and smiles, and laughter, and groans, and noondays and midnights of experience; and then I tie again the bundle with heart-strings that have some time vibrated with joy and anon been thrummed by fingers of woe.

Bundle of hopes, and ambitions also, is almost every man and woman, especially at the starting. What gains he will harvest, or what reputation he will achieve, or what bliss he will reach, or what love he will win. Oh, what a magnificent bundle of hopes and ambitions! It is a bundle of garlands and sceptres from which I would not take one sprig of mignonette nor extinguish one spark of brilliance. They who start life without bright hopes and inspiring ambitions, might as well not start at all, for every step will be a failure. Rather would I add to the bundle, and if I open it now it will not be because I wish to take anything from it, but that I may put into it more coronets and hosannas.

Bundle of faculties in every man and every woman! Power to think—to think of the past and through all the future; to think upward and higher than the highest pinnacle of heaven, or to think downward until there is no lower abysm to fathom. Power to think right, power to think wrong, power to think forever; for, once having begun to think, there shall be no terminus for that exercise, and eternity itself shall have no power to bid it halt. Faculties to love—filial love, conjugal love, paternal love, maternal love, love of country, love of God. Faculty of judgment, with scales so delicate and yet so mighty they can weigh arguments, weigh emotions, weigh worlds, weigh heaven and hell. Faculty of will, that can climb mountains or tunnel them, wade seas or bridge them, accepting eternal enthronement or choosing everlasting exile. Oh, what it is to be a man! Oh, what it is to be a woman! Sublime and infinite bundle of faculties! The thought of it staggers me, swamps me, stuns me, bewilders me, overwhelms me. Oh, what a bundle of life Abigail of my text saw in David, and which we ought to see in every human, yet immortal, being!

Know, also, that this bundle of life was put up with great care. Any merchant and almost any faithful householder will tell you how much depends on the way a bundle is bound. The cord or rope must be strong enough to hold: the knot must be well tied. You know not what rough hands may toss that bundle. If not properly put together though, it may leave your hands in good order and symmetrical, before it reaches its proper destination it may be loosened in fragments for the winds to scatter or the rail train to lose.

Now, I have to tell you that this bundle of life is well put together, for [illegible] Who but the Almighty could put such a bundle? Anatomists, physiologists, physicists, logicians, metaphysicians, declare that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. That by the amount of journeying we can endure without damage, by the amount of rough handling we can survive, by the fact that the vast majority of us go through life without the loss of an eye, or the crippling of a limb, or the destruction of a single energy of body or faculty of mind. Was there ever such a complete bundle put together as the human being? What a factory! What an engine! What a mill-race! What a light-house! What a locomotive! What an electric battery! What a furnace! What a masterpiece of the Lord God Almighty! Or, to employ the anti-climax and use the figure of the text, what a bundle!

Know, also, that this bundle of life is properly directed. Many a bundle has missed its way and disappeared because the address has dropped, and no one can find by examination for what city or town or neighborhood it was intended. All great carrying companies have so many mis-directed packages, that they appoint days of vendue to dispose of them. All intelligent people know the importance of having a valuable package plainly directed, the name of the one to whom it is to go plainly written. Baggage-master and expressman ought to know at the first glance to whom to take it.

This bundle of life that Abigail, in my text, speaks of is plainly addressed. By divine penmanship it is directed heavenward. However long may be the earthly distance it travels, its destination is the eternal city of God on high. Every mile it goes away from that direction, is by some human or infernal fraud practised against it. There are those who put it on some other track, who misplace it in some wrong conveyance, who send it off or send it back by some diabolic miscarriage. The value of that bundle is so well known all up and down the universe that there are a million dishonest hands which are trying to detain, or divert it, or to forever stop its progress in the right direction. There are so many influences abroad to ruin your body, mind and soul, that my wonder is not that so many are destroyed for this world and the next, but that there are not more who go down irremediably.

Every human being is assailed at the start. Within an hour of the time when this bundle of life is made up the assault begins. First of all, there are the infantile disorders that threaten the body just launched upon earthly existence. Scarlet fevers, and pneumonias, and diphtherias, and influenzas, and the whole pack of epidemics surround the cradle and threaten its occupant; and infant Moses in the ark of bulrushes was not more imperilled by the monsters of the Nile, than every cradle is imperilled by ailments all-devouring. In after years there are foes within and foes without. Evil appetite joined by outside allurements. Temptations that have utterly destroyed more people than now inhabit the earth. Gambling saloons, and rummeries, and places where dissoluteness reigns supreme, enough in number to go round, and round, and round the earth. Discouragements, jealousies, revenges, malevolences, disappointments, swindles, arsons, conflagrations and cruelties which make continued existence of the human race a wonderment. Was any valuable bundle ever so imperilled as this bundle of life? O look at the address, and get that bundle going in the right way! "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind, and strength." Heaven with its twelve gates standing wide open with invitation. All the forces of the Godhead pledged for our heavenly arrival if we will do the right thing. All angeldom ready for our advance and guidance. All the lightnings of heaven so many drawn swords for our protection. What a pity, what an everlasting pity, if this bundle of life, so well bound and so plainly directed, does not come out at the right station, but becomes a lost bundle, cast out amid the rubbish of the universe!

Know, also, that a bundle may have in it more than one invaluable. There may be in it a photograph of a loved one and a jewel for a carcanet. It may contain an embroidered robe and a Doré's illus- [illegible] Abigail [illegible] David. The same [illegible] life [illegible] with the Lord thy God," and Abigail [illegible] We may be bound up with a living, sympathetic God. We may be as sure to [illegible] two valuables in the same bundle. To- [illegible] time of joy. Together on earth. Together in heaven. Close companionship of God. Hear him: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." Yes, we have [illegible] and sympathetic God will move away from us if we love and trust him. O, if we could realize that according to my text we may be bound up with that God, how independent it would make us of things that now harass, and annoy, and discompose, and torment us. Instead of a grasshopper being a burden, a world of care would be as light as a feather, and [illegible] position we would smite down hip and thigh with great slaughter.

A God away up in the heavens is not much consolation to us when we get into life's struggle. It is a God close by, as near to us as any two articles of apparel were near to each other in that bundle that you sent the other day to that shivering home, through whose roof the snow sifted and through whose broken window pane the night winds howled. It was sanctified irony and holy sarcasm that Elijah used when he told the idolaters of Baal to pray louder, saying that their god might be asleep, or talking, or on a journey, or gone ahunting; but our God is always wide awake, and always hears, and is always close by, and to him a whisper of prayer is as loud as an archangel's trumpet, and a child's "Now I lay me down to sleep" is as easily heard by him as the prayer of the great Scotchman amid the highlands when pursued by Lord Claverhouse's miscreants. The covenanter said: "O, Lord, cast the lap of thy cloak about these children of the covenant," and a mountain fog instantly hid the pursued from their bloodthirsty pursuers. I proclaim him a God close by. When we are tempted to do wrong, when we have questions of livelihood too much for us, when we put our darlings into the last sleep, when we are overwhelmed with physical distresses, when we are perplexed about what next to do, when we come into combat with the king of terrors, we want a God close by. How do you like the doctrine of the text: "Bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God?"

Know, also, that this bundle of life will be gladly received when it comes to the door of the Mansion for which it was bound and plainly directed. With what alacrity and glee we await some package that has been foretold by letter: some holiday presentation: something that will enrich and ornament our home: some testimony of admiration and affection! With what glow of expectation we untie the knot and take off the cord that holds it together in safety, and with what glad exclamation we unroll the covering, and see the gift or purchase in all its beauty of color and proportion. Well, what a day it will be when your precious bundle of life shall be opened in the "House of Many Mansions," amid saintly and angelic and divine inspection! The bundle may be spotted with the marks of much exposure: it may bear inscription after inscription to tell through what ordeal it has passed: perhaps splashed of wave and scorched of flame, but all it has within undamaged of the journey. And with what shouts of joy the bundle of life will be greeted by all the voices of the heavenly home circle!

In our anxiety at last to reach heaven we are apt to lose sight of the glee or welcome that awaits us if we get in at all. We all have friends up there. They will somehow hear that we are coming. Such close and swift and constant communica-

tion is there between those up lands and these low-lands that we will not surprise them by sudden arrival. If loved ones on earth expect our coming visit and are at the depot with carriage to meet us, surely we will be met at the shining gate by old friends now sainted and kindred now glorified. If there were no angel of God to meet us and show us the palaces and guide us to our everlasting residence, these kindred would show us the way and point out the splendors and guide us to our celestial home, bowered, and fountained, and arched, and illumined by a sun that never sets. Will it not be glorious, the going in and the settling down after all the moving about and upsettings of earthly experience. We will soon know all our neighbors, kingly, queenly, prophetic, apostolic, seraphic, archangelic. The precious bundle of life opened amid palaces, and grand marches, and acclamations. They will all be so glad we have got safely through. They saw us down here in the struggle. They saw us when we lost our way. They knew when we got off the right course. None of the thirty-two ships that were overdue at New York harbor in the storm of week before last were greeted so heartily by friends, on the dock or the steam tugs that went out to meet them at Sandy Hook, as we will be greeted in the heavenly world, if by the pardoning and protecting grace of God we come to celestial wharfage. We shall have to tell them of the many wrecks that we have passed on the way across wild seas, and amid Caribbean cyclones. It will be like our arrival some years ago from New Zealand at Sydney, Australia; people surprised that we got in at all, because we were two days late, and some of the ships expected had gone to the bottom, and we had passed derelicts and abandoned crafts all up and down that awful channel,—our arrival in heaven all the more rapturously welcomed, because of the doubt as to whether we would ever get there at all.

Once there it will be found that the safety of that precious bundle of life was assured because it was bound up with the life of God in Jesus Christ. Heaven could not afford to have that bundle lost, because it had been said in regard to its transportation and safe arrival, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." Oh! I cannot tell you how I feel about it, the thought is so glorious. Bound up with God. Bound up with infinite mercy. Bound up with infinite joy. Bound up with infinite purity. Bound up with infinite might. That thought is more beautiful and glorious than was the heroic Abigail, who at the foot of the crags uttered it—"Bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God!"

Now, my hearer and reader, appeciate the value of that bundle. See that it is bound up with nothing mean, but with the unsullied and the immaculate. Not with a pebble of the shifting beach, but with the kohinoor of the palace; not with some fading regalia of earthly pomp, but with the robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Pray as you never prayed before, that by divine chirography written all over your nature, you may be properly addressed for a glorious destination. Turn not over a new leaf of the old book, but by the grace of God open an entirely new volume of experience, and put into practice the advice contained in the peculiar but beautiful rhythm of some author whose name I know not:

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.
If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.
If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.
If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.
If some hollow creed you doubt,
Tho' the whole world hoot and shout,
Doubt it.
If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.
If you've any joy to hold,
Near your heart, lest it grow cold
Hold it.
If you've any grief to meet,
At a loving Father's feet,
Meet it.
If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others in the night,
Light it.

Among African Cannibals

Dr. Nassau Tells of the Progress of Civilization in West Africa—Native Tribes That Are Slowly Emerging from Barbarism

(From a Special Correspondent)

IT is now fifty-six years since the Gospel was first brought to Libreville, and the Baraka Mission house, built in 1842 by the late Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, D.D., and subsequently under the hands of his successors (men who have since died), Rev. William Walker and Rev. Albert Bushnell, D.D., until it passed under my care six years ago, grows steadily though slowly; in membership now numbering eighty. Among these members are the grandchildren of some of Dr. Wilson's first converts; men and women who are ladies and gentlemen, in speech, manner, dress and conduct, the equals of some of the missionary teachers. And by their sides, in the same seats at my Sabbath services, are others who only a few years ago emerged from pure heathenism. This singular state of affairs makes the Gaboon Church unique among the eleven churches of Corisco Presbytery, and justifies the holding of a special English service for the educated and civilized portion. In the community of Libreville there is a large element that is not heathen, yet is not educated (but few of them having cared to learn to read, or, being satisfied with Catholic baptism and the handling of the rosary), who nevertheless call themselves "civilized." They have seized on the externals of our civilization—its varnish, its dress, shoes and parasols—but cling to the country customs, and even to some of its superstitions.

DR. PELISSIER AND A PARTY OF EX-CANNIBAL CHIEFS OF THE FANG TRIBE

The photograph which I send shows a group of a chief and his sub-chiefs of the Fang tribe under the control of the French administrator, Doctor Pelissier, at the government post Njoli, on the Ogowe river. Njoli is five miles up river from my former mission station of Talaguga, and was located after I had built my Talaguga home. That station is now in the hands of my friend, Rev. E. Allegret; it, with all other successful Ogowe stations and churches having, under the unwise counsels of that time, been transferred seven years ago to the care of the Paris Evangelical Society; unwise, because the reasons for leaving the Ogowe soon ceased, and do not now exist; and, also, because the promises made as grounds for removal to the German territory of Batanga, have mostly been proved illusory. My regret at having yielded assent to the transfer of a field which had fruited so richly to my sixteen years of travel, pioneering, teaching, preaching, sowing and ingathering, is not that it has not passed into good hands, but that I gave up so much unnecessarily.

Last July, I visited Talaguga, and was delighted with what I saw of Brother Allegret's work. My visit was a literal rejoicing together of sower and reaper. With an unselfishness that is somewhat rare, he met my cordial recognition of his enlargement, by a generous acknowledgment of my pioneering days. I had chosen the site of Talaguga for its excellent water, good landing and other reasons, though there were very few people there. I knew people would come. I knew of the wave of population that was steadily and inevitably pushing itself from the Fang interior. Standing in their pathway at a strategic point, I was sure that a few years would bring that wave to break around me. The French government recognized that same strategic point: and, following my precedent, erected their post five miles from me at Njoli. That Fang wave did come. Now, where in 1882 were only a few hundreds, there are by actual count 10,000; and the narrow strip of land at the foot of Talaguga Hill, that sufficed for my first home, and where, with the aid of a French assistant, M. V. Gacon, was built the present successful saw-mill, became too small for Brother Allegret's school of a hundred boys; and he has added to the original Talaguga an adjacent island as the site for larger dwelling houses for his three white assistants, and for his schoolboys and girls. Those Fang in the photo were in 1882 cannibals, gaunt and wild and almost naked; their constantly-carried guns meant readiness for instant quarrel and instant bloodshed. They are "clothed" now, and some of them "in their right mind." Their still constantly-carried guns are largely ornamental. The people who, in 1882, looked on my coming with indifference to my message, but keen to know what wealth the white man would bring them, contributed last year for Brother Allegret's church work over five hundred dollars. R. H. NASSAU.

Silent Messengers

Little did anyone think, five years ago, when the Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago, was organized by Mr. Moody, that by this time nearly three million helpful and inspiring books would have been issued. But that is the immense number of volumes, comprising the editions of very excellent books, written by Spurgeon, Chapman, Meyer, Talmage, MacNeil and others, that this Association has put out, and such has been the success of that Christian enterprise which was begun by Mr. Moody in connection with the Bible Institute for Home and Foreign Missions in November, 1894.

The principal publication is a monthly one known as the Colportage Library, being a series of uplifting books for general reading. The Library has won for itself a deserved place in the Christian literature of the day, presenting as it does in cheap, yet desirable form, the best thoughts of the best men in the evangelical world. The range of matter presented includes short stories, addresses, sermons, anectodes, etc. Fundamental doctrines are popularly treated, but all are thoroughly evangelistic and unsectarian. Sixty or more different books of this series are in the English language, and others of them are published in German, Swedish, and Danish-Norwegian.

The books have gone into every State and territory and many foreign countries. More than 250,000 have been distributed to the men and women confined in our penal institutions. The need of such work is very great, and experience has shown that it is a kind of Christian labor that is frequently overlooked. Every earnest effort put forth to provide good or better reading matter for the prisoners, has been very much appreciated by this class. Those thus confined have necessarily plenty of time to think and read, and as Mr. Moody says; "It is just the nick of time to save them."

Light on Bible History

Professor Sayce Tells of Recent Explorations that Corroborate the Story of the Exodus

FEW men of the present century have rendered services of greater value to Christian scholarship than Prof. A. H. Sayce, LL.D., whose explorations and writings have shed a flood of light upon the pages of the Holy Book. In his latest contribution to the literature of exploration and discovery in Bible lands, he tells some things of remarkable interest, by far the most striking being the finding of confirmatory evidence of the Exodus, and the probable identification of the Pharaoh of the Oppression. He writes:

"Little by little, the past history of Egypt has been patiently built up by the help of its fragmentary monuments, but the student of the Old Testament looked to it almost in vain for help or illustration. When the Egypt Exploration fund was first started, the names of the places in Palestine conquered by Shishak in the fifth year of Rehoboam were practically all that the Egyptologist had found relating to Old Testament history. We are better off now. Dr. Naville has discovered the site of Goshen; he has also discovered the site of Pithom (the treasure city) and the fact that it was built by Rameses II. of the nineteenth dynasty, thus making it clear that the latter monarch must have been the Pharaoh of the Oppression. The discovery of the tablets of Tel-el-Amarna, moreover, has indirectly had an important bearing on the history of the Exodus. They have proved that Moses lived in the midst of a literary age, and that consequently it would have been little short of a miracle if he had not known how to write; they have further explained the political causes which brought about both the Oppression and the Exodus, as well as the rise of the 'new king which knew not Joseph.' Finally, Jeremiah's description of Tahpanhes has been verified by Prof. Flinders Petrie's excavations at Tel-ed-Defneh, where the very pavement of brick alluded to by the prophet has been found; and on a stela of Meneptah, the son and successor of Rameses II., found by the same explorer at Thebes, the name of the 'Israelites' themselves occurs. They are declared to have been left 'without a seed,' almost in the words of the book of Exodus, and, as has been lately pointed out by Dr. Naville, the manner in which they are mentioned and the fact that no determinative of 'country' is attached to their name, imply that they had already been lost to sight in the recesses of the wilderness. As for Joseph, the change he is stated in the book of Genesis to have effected in the tenure of land in Egypt is abundantly confirmed by the monuments. During the dominion of the foreign Hyksos princes the old landed proprietors became extinct, and their estates passed into the hands of the Pharaoh or the priests. The change, we thus learn, actually took place, and the cause of it is given us in the history of Joseph.

"What has thus been discovered is an assurance that more will follow. It was antecedently improbable that any reference at all would have been met with on the monuments of Egypt to the descendants of Jacob. When the Israelites escaped from their house of bondage they were merely a body of runaway serfs, of whom the Egyptian scribe was likely to take little notice. Nor were the disasters which accompanied their flight likely to be chronicled by the Egyptians; it was the victories and glory of the Pharaoh that were recorded on stone and papyrus, not the plagues which fell upon his subjects or the destruction of his troops in the waters of the sea."

The Sunday School

Christ, the Good Shepherd

S. S. Lesson for March 10. John 10 : 1-16 ; Golden Text, John 10 : 11

THE Pharisees had excommunicated the blind man because he had become a disciple of the Lord Jesus. It was to them he spoke the parable with which the chapter begins. "Verily, verily I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." You who cast out of your synagogue a man who has followed him of whose Messiahship he has the standing proof in the miracle wrought in his own body. Such a shepherd robs "the Chief Shepherd" (I. Peter 5: 4), of his sheep, and he robs the sheep of their portion.

The primary necessity, in order to be a true shepherd, is that the teacher himself must first be saved. If he knows the Door, because he has entered in and found pasture, he knows how to direct the sheep to enter in. If he has not entered in, he persecutes those who do enter: "Ye shut the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in (Matt. 23: 13), said our Lord to the scribes and Pharisees, who had entered into the sheepfold through the schools of theology which had become laden with man's traditions (Matt. 15: 1-9).

Poor sheep whose shepherd has never trodden the mountain path on which he is leading them! It is essential for a shepherd that he should know and prove the way himself before he ventures to lead the sheep thither. Theology has its place, but it can never be a substitute for personal experience of the way of salvation, and if theology is put in the place of a sound conversion to God by any minister of the Gospel, the people under his charge are to be pitied. If a minister is not born again and has not become a new creature in Christ Jesus, his theological training and his ordination are a climbing up some other way. Both are valuable, and are in God's order in the case of one who has first come into the fold with the sheep by the door. It is a man's acquaintance with God which qualifies him to teach others of God, and this is the case not only with ministers of the Gospel, but with Sunday School teachers, district visitors, etc., also. We cannot lead others farther than we have ourselves gone.

Did the Lord Jesus himself then pass through the door? Verses 3 and 4 seem to refer to him. Yes, indeed: "Christ having come a High Priest of the good things to come . . . through his own blood entered in once for all into the holy place having obtained eternal redemption for us" (Heb. 9 : 11, 12, R.V.). "He that entereth in by the door is shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth and the sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice." He entered in by his own blood as Sheep and Shepherd, Sacrifice and Priest, that we sheep may also enter in.

"When he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them." He has never called his own sheep to take a step which he has not first himself taken in our nature upon earth. He has taught us, "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay," because in his lips there was found no guile. He has taught us to resist not evil because in all his life on earth under the trying criticism of the scribes and Pharisees, their insults, their mockery, their bloodthirsty persecution he never retaliated. He has taught us to love our enemies, for he has loved us even unto death when we were at enmity with him. He has taught us to deny ourselves, to take up our cross and follow him. Has he not gone before us in all these things?

A stranger will they not follow for they know not the voice of strangers. The mark of true sheep is twice in this chapter said to be that they know and hear his voice. It is the policy of the enemy of souls to substitute anything else for this indispensable characteristic of Christ's true sheep. He can tolerate any amount of religious services and forms, any amount of prayers, so long as nothing happens on God's side, and that man has no real contact with him. Satan knows that from the time any soul hears the voice of the good Shepherd he cannot maintain his new life without continued intercourse with him: he must hear, and hear again, ever anew that voice, and "they that hear shall live" (John 5 : 25). It is a dead loss to Satan's kingdom as soon as anyone really begins to listen to God and recognize his voice. No voice of man, however holy, or however high and honorable his position may be in the world, or in the church, can be a substitute for the Master's voice.

Another mark of the true sheep is, "They follow me." The tendency of human nature is to follow other men. People hate to be peculiar. The Jews wanted a king that they might be in the fashion, that they might be "like the nations." Women will wear the most hideous and grotesque things if they are in the fashion; no regard to common sense will hinder women from adopting the fashion, or being like the world. The habits of people in general are formed from what everybody does, not what is right, not what will please God. How strong then is the new principle in one of Christ's sheep which will influence and enable him to go right against the stream, and do, and speak, and dress simply with the view of following Jesus.

"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD AND KNOW MY SHEEP"

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

THE excommunication of the blind man to whom Jesus had given sight, probably suggested this parable. It was a terrible punishment. An excommunicated person might not go near a place of worship; his wife and family must have nothing to do with him: he must not approach nearer to another person than six feet: and, after a time, if he did not make submission, traders were forbidden to sell him food. This punishment had been meted out by the spiritual guides of the people, to the man whose eyes had been opened. It is not surprising that Jesus was indignant. He uttered the parable in reproof and to present his idea of the true spiritual leader. The image of a sheep-fold was one familiar to the people. It was a space enclosed by a wall, and containing hovels in which the sheep might take refuge in winter and could be in safety in the uncovered space in summer. A shepherd might lead his flock in there in the evening and leaving them there in charge of the porter, who slept outside the door, might go to his home and call for them again in the morning. Christ made a double application of the picture. He saw himself typified by the door and by the Shepherd. As the door he is the way by which the sheep and the shepherd enter the fold. No one has any right to enter his church but through him. As the shepherd he is the guide and leader of his people, trying them as well that he devotes his life to them.

Entereth not by the door. Any person found in the sheepfold at night would naturally and properly be suspected of a dishonest purpose. If he had a right to be there, he would have gone to the door and the porter would have admitted him. His secret, sneaking way of getting in, implied felonious intent. "He is an honest man," says one of Shakespeare's characters, a housekeeper, who gives this certificate of character to a man whom her master found in his private room. "What does the honest man do in my closet?" is the master's pertinent question. When a man who knows nothing experimentally of Christ, is in a pulpit, the same question may properly be asked. No one is entitled to teach Christ's people who has not himself entered by the door through which the sheep are to go. He may be learned or eloquent, but unless he has given himself to Christ and learned of him he has no right in a pulpit.

The sheep follow him, for they know his voice. Travelers in Palestine have repeatedly made the experiment. The shepherd does not drive the sheep. He gives a peculiar call, something like "menah," and the sheep follow. A recent traveler listened to a shepherd and tried to imitate the call, but the sheep detected the difference and paid him no attention. The Lord's sheep are not always so wise. They hear men who boast of scholarship or have oratorical power, and they follow them into regions of doctrine where there is no spiritual food.

All that ever came before me. This does not apply to time, for, if it did, it would condemn David and Isaiah and all the Old Testament prophets. The words, in the original, describe men who presented themselves before or above Christ. A lecturer had on the platform the famous picture of the pilgrims of the *Mayflower* gathered on the shore while Robinson offered prayer. His lecture was on the scene depicted in the picture, and he stood in front of it with a rod pointing to the different figures. At last a rough man in the audience called to him: "Stand aside: we've seen enough of your back—let us see the picture." An old Scotchwoman, being asked her opinion of their new minister, replied: "Na good, na good. He tellit us his opinion o' this and his opinion o' that and what Ewald believed, but there was na Christ in the sermon. He is trying to steal the hearts of the people by his learning."

The Good Shepherd giveth his life. This did not refer to the death on the Cross, though that was the crown and culmination of the whole: but to the consecration of the life—the laying it down in the cause. It is like the life that some mothers lead, giving up society and pride in dress and love of pleasure and devoting themselves entirely to their children. It is a life laid down. One of our own missionaries, not long dead, left in his journal a record of the struggle he had before he gave himself to the missionary work. His parents were so proud of his success at college: the professors predicted for him a brilliant career: one of his own brothers had a large and wealthy church. What might he not hope for? But the voice of the heathen appealed to him. Finally the thought of the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for the sheep filled his heart, and he went out from country, home and friends to sink his life in the service.

He that is a hireling. Not every man who receives a salary, but the man who is attracted to the work by the salary and careth not for the sheep—the man with the hireling's spirit. It is he who flees. The story is told of the nuns in the convent of Roberval in Canada, that two years ago they were awakened from sleep by the cry of "Fire!" They could easily make their way out, but how about the children who were asleep on the upper floors? Must they be left to perish? The brave women ran upstairs from floor to floor, from room to room, dragging the children out of bed. The last child was finally brought out, but seven of the devoted women found themselves on an upper floor and their escape cut off. They had given their lives for the children and they perished in the flames.

A Mid-Winter Trip to Lapland

By SHELDON JACKSON, D.D., LL.D.

THE ANCIENT CITY OF TRONDHJEM

II.

Among the Northern Wilds

ON January 7th I arose at 6 o'clock, in order to get breakfast before taking the train at 7:27 for Trondhjem. At Hamar, where a warm breakfast was served, we changed from broad to narrow-gauge cars. Part of the way I had a compartment exclusively to myself, afterwards a white haired gentleman of commanding appearance, occupied the compartment with me. Upon changing cars, I found that my companion was Stiftsproost Chr. Hall, Hofpraedikant, Munkedamsveien 68 Christiania, a Lutheran clergyman and court preacher at Christiania. As he could talk a little English it made it very pleasant for me, after having been traveling a week among people of foreign speech, with whom I could only communicate by signs. Dr. Hall was on his way to Tonseat, to make an address before a literary society.

Our route, that day, was one of the wildest and most characteristic of Norway mountain scenery attainable by rail. In the morning we skirted Lake Majosen, which is the largest lake in Norway, being 62 miles long, 9 1-2 miles wide, and, in some portions, 1,575 feet deep. At Eidsbold, we passed near to a farm house, where, in 1814, the Norwegian Constitution was adopted. At Hamar, is a long bridge which dates back from 1152, when the bishopric was founded at that place by the papal Nuncio, Nicholas Breakspeare, an Englishman, afterwards known as Pope Adrian IV. After leaving Hamar, the train crosses over from the valley of Lake Majosen to the valley of the celebrated river Glommen, along whose winding valley it gradually ascends until the high mountain levels are reached in the neighborhood of Roros, on the dreary and inclement plateau 2,060 feet above tide water. This plateau is celebrated for the abundance of reindeer moss. As the ascent is made, the valley grows narrower and the mountains higher and more precipitous. Evergreen forests skirt the road out of which rises high mountains, in summer carpeted with yellow moss, now white with drifting snow. During the day we passed through several snow-storms, and the snow grew deeper as we advanced northward. As the night was clear and the moon full, the ride through the mountains was altogether too attractive to admit of sleep.

At midnight I reached Trondhjem, and, taking an omnibus, was soon comfortably settled at the Grand Hotel. On January 8th, as soon as the banks were opened, I made a deposit of one thousand dollars for Mr. Kjellmann, which was telegraphed to Alten, Lapland, to his credit. I also visited the Den Nordenfjeldske Kredit Bank and deposited $150 to the credit of each of the three Norwegians, who remained with the reindeer herds in Alaska; this being a portion of their salary for 1896-7. At the request of the Lapps in Alaska, I had, year by year, deposited the larger portion of their salary in this institution, so that four families that had returned a few weeks before to Lapland found $1,000 each to their credit, which made them wealthy in the eyes of their neighbors. This represents their savings for three years in the United States.

Owing to its nearness and accessibility by rail with the mountain plateaus, Trondhjem is one of the best markets in Norway for procuring reindeer moss. A few weeks previous, Mr. William Kjellmann, while enroute to Lapland, visited the traders and farmers in the neighborhood and arranged for several hundred tons of moss to be delivered at Trondhjem. I now completed that purchase of moss and arranged with Mr. E. A. Tonseth's commission house for its reception and shipment upon the steamer that was to be chartered to carry the reindeer, and which would call at that harbor to carry the moss.

Having completed all business arrangements, and a few hours remaining before the sailing of the steamer *North*, I took the opportunity of seeing the city. Trondhjem is a city of 30,000 inhabitants, dating back to the tenth century and is the northernmost of the European cities, being in corresponding latitude of St. Michael, Behring Sea. As early as 996, Olaf Tryggvason founded a palace and a church which he dedicated to Saint Clement. From this church grew the Cathedral, which still stands. His plans were greatly enlarged by Saint Olaf, who is regarded as the founder and patron of the city (1016). Having been killed in battle (1030), his remains were placed in a silver coffin, which weighed 225 pounds, and put on the high altar of St. Clement's Church, where it remained for 500 years, when it was removed to Copenhagen. It now attracts hosts of pilgrims. In 1151 St. Clement's Church was considerably enlarged. In 1161 additions were made to the building, among them being the Octagon Apse, which covered the relics of Saint Olaf, and during the period from 1248 to 1300 there was added the grand Nave, creating the grandest church in Scandinavia. In 1531 a terrible fire destroyed both the Cathedral and the whole town.

The adoption of the revolution, a few years later, stopped the work of restoration until 1869. About the time of the reformation a portion of the Cathedral was burned, leaving the massive stones still standing. After remaining three or four hundred years without a roof, the Norwegian government commenced repairs on the Cathedral. At that time most of the numerous churches and monasteries in Norway were swept away. In one portion of the Cathedral is a "Holy Hill," the curb-stones being worn with the rubbing of the ropes or chains in raising water for the hosts of pilgrims that centuries ago visited the place.

Trondhjem is the cradle of the kingdom of Norway—all the Norwegian kings having been crowned in the Cathedral; and formerly the Orething or Parliament, held its meetings here. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, it was the burial place of the kings. The city has also an Academy of Science founded in 1760, which possesses a library of 70,000 volumes and a large collection of natural history antiquities. To the south of the city is the Lerfos, one of the largest waterfalls in Norway.

After dining, I went on board the steamer *Vesteraalen*, for Tromsoe; two or three important telegrams reaching me, I returned on shore to the telegraph office, where I was detained until after eleven o'clock. At midnight, upon the arrival of the train and mail from Christiania, the steamer *Vesteraalen* sailed for Tromsoe. Sunday, the 9th, was a day of squalls, of alternate rain, sleet and snow, notwithstanding which I spent much of the time on deck. During the day the steamer passed the island of Torgen (Market-Hat), a prominent hill resembling a hat floating on the sea. This island is noted for a large natural tunnel 407 feet above the sea, which passes entirely through the hill 535 feet long, with a width of thirty-six to fifty-six feet, and a height from sixty-five to 246 feet.

Towards the evening we crossed the Arctic Circle at the island of Hestmando, which bears a strong resemblance to a horseman with a long cloak falling over his horse. During the night we passed the celebrated Maelstrom, which was the wonderful natural phenomenon on the Norwegian coast that most attracted my imagination during school-boy days.

The morning of January 10th found us steaming amidst the lofty and rugged peaks of the Lofoden Islands. It was the great fishing season and fishermen were gathering to these islands from all portions of Norway and Sweden, and even from Denmark and Scotland. The season, which opens early in January, lasts until the middle of March, when 20,000 men are engaged in the trade, with an average catch of 32,000,000 of fish.

A peculiarity of the Norwegian coast is the great number of lighthouses provided by the government; the steamer no sooner passed and lost sight of one behind it than another loomed up ahead. I am informed that some of the lights are only lighted about the time the mail steamer is expected, and after it passes are extinguished. The abundance of lighthouses enables the steamer to navigate the narrow and dangerous channels between the islands with safety during the darkest nights. The greatest trouble encountered by our steamer was the thick blinding snow-storms which prevented the lighthouses from being seen.

Another peculiarity of the Norwegian government in its care for the people, which impresses a stranger, is the extent of postal and telegraphic facilities. Every important village to the northernmost bounds of the country, five degrees north of the Arctic Circle, has mail facilities and also either telegraphic or telephonic communication with the rest of the world. There are many telegraphic stations north of the Arctic Circle, and when the lines stop, communication is continued by the means of the telephone, even up to North Cape—the northernmost limit of Europe. A fast steamer carries the mail from the end of the railway at Trondhjem semi-weekly to the northernmost limit of settlements. Small steamers connect with the main mail steamers and carry the semi-weekly mail into all the villages and settlements along the many fjords, and from the end of the fjords swift reindeer teams carry the mail inland, hundreds of miles in every direction, across Norway and Sweden to the bounds of Russia. Very few of the places along the sea-coast have wharves; a large row-boat comes out to meet the steamer, exchanging mails, freight and passengers.

At 5 A.M., on January 11th, I reached Tromsoe, a city of 6,000 inhabitants, possessing a valuable museum of natural history. At Tromsoe we were transferred from the steamer *Vesteraalen*, to the *Sigurd Jarl*; at 7 A.M. were on our way to Hammerfest, which place we expected to reach that same evening, but the sea was so rough and the snow squalls so blinding that we did not reach there until 2 o'clock the following day. Hammerfest is the most northern city in the world. At this season of the year, the sun is not visible from November 18th, to January 23d. The city is lighted with electric lights. It carries on a busy trade with Russia and Spitzbergen.

As soon as the ship dropped anchor, I was transferred by row-boat directly to the steamer *Nor*. This is one of the small steamers which make side trips up the fjords; the special route of the *Nor* being the Alten fjord, at the head of which lies the village Bosekop, which was my destination.

As the steamer did not start until the following morning, I went ashore to see the town under electric light. As the school hours are from ten to two, in that city, I found the schools closed for the day, and the children thronged the streets riding down hill on sleds. The houses are built irregularly along crowded streets and are without door yards, or, at least I did not discover them in the darkness. Having business with a merchant, and going to the store, found that he went home at two o'clock to dinner and after dinner took a nap, but would return to the store at 4 P.M. I met with the same experience in calling on the highest Norwegian officials in the city, and also the British vice-Consul.

January 13th, our little steamer got under way at 7 A.M., and although in mid-winter and the whole land was covered with ice and snow, there was not a particle of ice in the ocean. The day, however, proved to be one of wind and snow-storms which added greatly to the attractiveness of the scenery as we steamed up the narrow fjord. At Bosekop, the captain gave orders to the boatmen in a row-boat, to take me up to the hotel. I was leaving the last man who could speak English; I knew scarcely a word of Norwegian, and had no interpreter. I was motioned to follow as the sled pushed out into the inky darkness. The hotel was on the first table-land above the sea, about a quarter of a mile distant from the landing, but as I floundered and stumbled over the snow-banks, it was a long quarter of a mile and I was very glad when I was at length shown into the well-lighted and well-warmed little parlor, with a good bedroom adjoining, which were my quarters for the next three weeks.

The hotel was a very good two-story log building, overlooking the sea. The man of the house came in and sat down a few minutes, but as neither of us understood the other, he soon went out, and I was left alone to make my wants known by signs.

Bosekop is the Lappish for "whale-bay," and is a small village of a few hundred people. It is of scientific interest because of the old coast lines, some of which are 200 feet above the present level of the sea. In 1882 and 1883, it was one of the stations of the International Polar Commission. It is of commercial importance, as the market of great fairs which are held annually on the first of December and third of March, to which the Lapps flock in crowds from all over Swedish and Norwegian Lapland—even from Finland. They bring reindeer flesh, butter and game (sometimes as many as ten thousand ptarmigan), which they exchange for fish, flour and groceries. It is the seat of a landsman, clergyman and physician. The clergymen, physicians and teachers through this section of Norway are provided and paid for by the government. In the immediate vicinity of the place there are a number of sacred stones and sacred mountains, and about twenty five miles away are the Vriolla-Njunnes—the famous places of sacrifice before the introduction of Christianity into Lapland.

Soon after my arrival at the hotel, I was handed a number of telegrams with reference to the work in hand. But for telegrams nearly every other day from Washington, and telegrams from Mr. Kjellmann and others in Norway in connection with the work, life at the hotel would have been exceedingly dull. The day after my arrival, the Rev. Askan Zucco-Cuccagna, an Italian Roman Catholic Priest, called to pay his respects. As I could converse in neither Norwegian, French or Italian, he attempted to carry on a conversation in Latin, which was certainly amusing if not edifying. Under the circumstances, the conversation was not very free or exciting.

On Sunday morning, January 16th, Mr. Kjellmann arrived from the interior, having been delayed two days on the mountains where he was lost in a blizzard, riding nearly all Friday and Saturday nights of the intervening day without sleep. He reported the welcome information that 500 trained deer that were ordered, together with sleds, harness and fifty drivers, had been secured.

(To be Continued)

A FAMILY GROUP OF LAPLANDERS AND THEIR SOD DWELLING

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR

Associate Editors.

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Letters [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

[illegible]

The Interdependence of Nations

NATIONS have become neighbors, within hailing distance. This redistributes populations, products, manufactures, institutions. A half century has seen the sea-borne commerce of the world go up from twenty-seven to two hundred million tons, and steamships from a horse-power of two, to a horse-power of sixty millions; while the tonnage has about doubled, and the speed quite so. To correspond to this increase of number, size and power, Liverpool, London, New York, Boston and Philadelphia are enlarging their dock accommodations and facilities.

"In that day," says the prophet Ezekiel, "shall messengers go forth from me in ships." The commerce of the world means society in traffic, why not society in evangelization? Chaplaincies of some sort, Bible-readers, evangelists, temperance-workers or something of the kind ought to be associated with all the commercial enterprises of the Christian world. Chaplaincies not merely to bury the dead, but to save the living. It would cost very little to fit out every vessel that sails from American, English or German ports with a young man who wants to contribute some of his years of enthusiasm to the kingdom of the Lord. It would save money in life and limb, in good temper and cheer. Ought not this new attention to great international commercial enterprises to be accompanied by ministerial or lay evangelists? We think so.

Despondency

IT is noticeable that many Christian workers are in perpetual discouragement, and disheartened Christian workers are always inefficient. When a man believes that everything is going to smash, his gloom only helps moral precipitation. While we are to battle against wrong-doing, whether it be according to the law or against the law, we are to recognize that honesty and righteousness are dominant. If there be one case of domestic infelicity in a city, that one unhappy home attracts more attention and remark than a hundred thousand homes where all the inmates behave themselves as they ought. If one banker abstract public funds for his private use, that case of malfeasance calls for more remark than all the banks and insurance companies of the city, where all the affairs [illegible]

An Interesting Contest

We are making a special effort to largely increase the subscription list of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and as an extra inducement to our friends to co-operate with us in this great effort we offer for **each NEW** subscription sent in during the month of March, whether with or without premium, the following exceptionally liberal rewards:

For One **new** subscription we will give free, all charges prepaid, any one of the following books:

"Onward to Fame and Fortune," by Wm. M. Thayer, 446 pages, beautifully illustrated, bound in cloth, red and gilt;

"Home Life Made Beautiful," by Margaret E. Sangster, 448 pages, with nearly 200 illustrations; nearly 50,000 copies of this book already sold, and only a few more left;

"Stepping-Stones to Happiness," Harriet Prescott Spofford's latest and greatest work, over 35,000 sold; 496 pages, about 175 illustrations.

For Two **new** subscriptions, the one sending them may select any one of the following premiums:

"Around the World with Eyes Wide Open," by Dr. H. Allen Tupper, Jr. The greatest Book of Travel ever published for the price, 400 pages, nearly 300 beautiful illustrations, very handsomely bound;

"The Art of Home-Making," Margaret E. Sangster's great book for Mothers and Daughters—not a book on housekeeping, but on Home-Making; 448 pages, very generously illustrated; a magnificent specimen of modern book-making;

The Christian Herald Library No. 1, consisting of **ten** superb volumes. Their titles and authors are as follows:

Around the Tea Table, by T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.
Book of Golden Deeds, by Charlotte M. Yonge.
How to Get on in the World, by Major A. R. Calhoun.
The Golden Treasury, by C. H. von Bogatzky.
The Children's Portion, by Robert W. Shoppell.
A Budget of Christmas Tales [illegible]
Capital Stories [illegible]
The Citizen's Handbook, by Henry Mann.
Readings and Recitations, by B. J. Fernie, Ph.D.
Entertainment and Etiquette, by G. H. Sandison, A.M., Ph.D.

These ten books aggregate 3,200 pages, and are beautifully bound in Turkey Red and Gilt. We especially recommend lovers of good literature and those who desire to help their **Sunday School Library** to make an effort to get two new subscribers, either in the Sunday School, the Church, or among their friends, and then to present to their Sunday School Library the ten volumes constituting this Library.

For Three **new** subscribers we will send, all charges prepaid, a superb Long-Primse, Leather Bound and Leather Lined, Divinity Circuit, Red-under-Gold and Overlapping Edges, Illustrated Bible, with patent thumb index, in either the Authorized Version, or the Revised Version. Our Revised Version Bibles are the only ones in verse form conforming exactly to the Authorized Version.

For Five **new** subscribers we will send, all charges prepaid, one of our Superb, Genuine London Art Bibles, 1,334 pages and 852 illustrations. Elegantly Bound in Leather, Divinity Circuit, Red-under-Gold and Overlapping Edges.

This Bible is set in extra large type, and is as serviceable for home reading as for Sunday School work. The **852 beautiful pictures** which it contains elucidate the text more than references and an extensive commentary could do, and they invest the Holy Scriptures with **new life** to old and young. The pictures **illustrate scenes** and **explain orientalisms** which heretofore were but imperfectly understood. It is the **greatest of illustrated Bibles,** and will prove a prize indeed to every one fortunate enough to secure it.

For Ten **new** subscribers we will send, **freight charges to be paid by the person receiving it**, one set of 15 volumes of The World-Wide Encyclopedia, containing nearly 7,000 pages and 96 maps. The regular price of this Encyclopedia is $26.00 for the 15 volumes; we sold it for $13.00, and we make this great offer now because the sets which we are to send, while absolutely new and apparently undamaged, were slightly rubbed in the handling—a blemish perceptible only to the experienced eye of a publisher.

We are in receipt of numerous letters asking us to send free, either to the writers or to some Library, or to some poor friend in whom they are interested, one or the other of the books offered above. Occasionally the case warrants compliance, but in most instances it is an effort to shift from other shoulders the burden onto ours. Now here is the opportunity, by the putting forth of a little effort, to secure any book of your choice absolutely free, and to dispose of it in any manner you may choose.

The offers made above are more liberal, in most cases, than anything we have ever before attempted in this line, and these offers will positively be **withdrawn on March 31st.** They are made, as before stated, with a view to largely increasing our subscription list, and we feel confident that the liberal propositions here submitted will result in large accessions.

$100 Given Away

In addition to the above rewards, we will give $100 as follows to the persons sending in the largest number of subscribers during the month of March:

For the largest list of all,	**$25.00**
For the next largest list,	**20.00**
For the next largest list,	**15.00**
For the next largest list,	**10.00**
For the Six next largest lists, each $5.00,	**30.00**

MAKING A TOTAL OF TEN EXTRA REWARDS, AGGREGATING $100.

SPECIAL ATTENTION!

Letters postmarked after March 31, 1899, cannot be counted to apply to this contest. Unless requested not to do so, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will publish in its second number in April the names of those to whom the rewards were paid. Now, then, let us be up and doing!

Send for free Subscription Blanks and Premium Propositions.

[illegible] what is the moral condition, and we must neither apologize for, nor exaggerate [illegible] I give it as my opinion that good influences are coming into ascendency, and that the tone of public morals is 75 per cent. better than when Aaron Burr came within one vote of becoming President of the United States; yea, public morals are 50 per cent. better than when, in Paris, the Goddess of Reason was crowned amid a multitude that turned the corridors and ante-rooms of the churches into scenes of debauchery, such as never had been enacted since Satan was hurled out of heaven.

BRIEF NOTES

A farmer in Ireland has bequeathed five thousand dollars to be spent in distributing the sermons of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. As it [illegible]

A [illegible] writes: "[illegible] E. Pierce [illegible] is a wonderful woman; I am [illegible] has been a professor of Yale for [illegible] years, and [illegible] of Yale [illegible]

The members of a Congregational Church at Woonsocket, R. I., were surprised recently by the gift of a site, on which the giver will erect a church at a cost of $25,000. She is a widow who proposes to make the church a memorial of her [illegible]

The Board of Missions of the Reformed Dutch Church reports an income of $[illegible] for the [illegible] Last month was the most notable in the history of the Board. It received $21,882—the largest sum ever received by the Board in one month.

[illegible] the British government show that there has been an alarming increase in the number of deaths from delirium tremens and other alcoholic diseases during the past twenty years. The percentage of victims to population in 1876 as compared with 1876 is greater by 56 per cent. in men, and by 116 per cent. in women.

The Countess Schimelmann's visit to Chicago will be memorable. The *Interior* says that she gave an address to the ministers of the city in which she told the story of her conversion [illegible] upon the practical features of relief to the homeless and outcast. In eight weeks she has fed 35,000 hungry ones of Chicago's poor.

Regarding the growth of the Presbyterian denomination, *The Interior* says: "Between 1858 and 1892 the population of the United States multiplied itself seventeen times, while the Presbyterian Church, notwithstanding its offshoots and secessions, was multiplied forty-one times. During the decade between the tenth and eleventh census the population increased 24.86 per cent., while the Presbyterian Church (North) increased 39 per cent.

The Yale Missionary Band will visit New York next week to address the Young People's Societies in the interest of foreign missions. They are five graduates of Yale, who agreed to give one year to a tour through the country in an endeavor to [illegible] ary effort. The meetings commence with a service in Harlem Presbyterian Church, Madison Avenue and 125th Street, on March 11th, and will continue in various churches until March 19th.

In anticipation of the approaching fiftieth anniversary of Hiram College, Ohio, of the Disciples of Christ, an effort is making to secure its endowment by the people, through the subscriptions of one dollar and upward of 50,000 persons. The institution has brought education within reach of young people of moderate means, and has about 400 students, is well equipped with buildings, laboratories, apparatus, libraries, etc., and is out of debt. It is most widely known through the late President Garfield's former connection with it.

An appeal for prayers comes from Chinese Christians. They ask that Christians in other lands will pray for their country, for its Emperor [illegible] their present troubles a better nation. Their appeal concludes as follows: "Although our country is helpless and weak, yet we have faith that the prayers of the righteous will prevail and that God will care for us. When Abraham prayed for Sodom, God heard him, saying, 'If there be ten righteous [illegible] We trust that among the eighty or ninety thousand professing Christians in the various churches in China there may be more than ten righteous men."

Washington College, Tenn., has received over sixty applications for admission since the publication of our article on Feb. 1st. These are from young men who long to get a college education by outdoor work on the land. Unhappily none of these applicants can be admitted. The college owns only one hundred acres, which is sufficient land to [illegible] of the college for $150. He would have to pay a small sum in addition for fees, but he could get enough from the land to cover his board and clothes. Any person giving the college $150, would have the right to nominate the first beneficiary.

The Funeral of M. Faure

PARIS witnessed a solemn and imposing pageant on February 23d, when the remains of the late President of the French Republic were borne from the Palace of the Elysee to the historic cathedral of Notre Dame and thence to the cemetery of Pere Lachaise. The whole city appeared to take part in the national mourning, and large numbers of people came from the country districts to see the spectacle. All the stores were closed, business was suspended, and the city clothed itself in mourning garb. In the public squares a sombre effect was produced by lighting the gas lamps, which were covered with crape. The funeral procession comprised the most distinguished men in France and representatives of all the European governments. Members of both houses of the Legislature, the heads of all the Government Departments and many provincial magnates joined in the procession. President Loubet, M. Faure's successor, was a conspicuous figure, as he walked bareheaded after the hearse. The coffin had been placed in the porch of the palace on the morning of the funeral. It was put on a hearse drawn by six horses, each led by a footman. The crowd of spectators maintained respectful silence as the procession wended its way to the great metropolitan cathedral, which stands in stately majesty on an island of the Seine. An enormous catafalque seventy feet high, had been erected under the cathedral's Gothic roof. There, while mass was performed, the coffin was placed, surrounded by the floral wreaths which had been sent by European sovereigns and distinguished French citizens. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the procession re-formed and proceeded to the cemetery, where eulogies on the dead President were pronounced by the Premier and other statesmen. Contrary to the fears which had been entertained, the day passed without revolutionary outbreak. The only serious disturbance occurred after the return from the cemetery, when M. Deroulede, a deputy who is rabidly opposed to a revision of the Dreyfus case, attempted to persuade a brigade of infantry to attack the Palace of the Elysee. The General in command ordered the troops to their barracks and Deroulede accompanying them, he was locked up and prevented doing further mischief. It is such men as he who make government so difficult in France and who render the task of the President one of ceaseless anxiety. Proud as is the position of chief executive in that land, we can imagine that the words of the ancient philosopher might apply to him whom the country laid to rest in this magnificent manner:

He shall be borne to the grave and shall keep watch over the tomb; the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him and all men shall draw after him as there were innumerable before him (Job 21:22, 23).

Progress in the Philippines

The reports received from Gen. Otis indicate that the work of establishing American authority in the Philippine Islands is steadily progressing, in spite of the desperate efforts of Aguinaldo and his gang of adventurers to make trouble. The inhabitants of the Island of Negros, one of the most important of the group, have voluntarily raised the American flag, and have sent commissioners to the American commander to offer their allegiance, and to ask protection from the insurgents. They also reported that the people of Cebu, a large island of the Visayan group, having a population of 504,076 were ready to acknowledge American authority. The navy has already taken possession of it, and a small land force of occupation was on its way when Gen. Otis reported. The character of Aguinaldo's resistance was proved on February 22, when a determined attempt was made by his agents to burn the city of Manila. Fires were set simultaneously at three widely-separated places, apparently in the hope that the American troops might not be able to extinguish so widespread a conflagration. Insurgents were posted near each fire to shoot the soldiers who were fighting the flames. For some time it looked as if the whole city was doomed, but eventually the fire was brought under control. The loss of property, however, will reach half a million dollars. Mobs were discovered massed in the outskirts of the city ready to begin the work of pillage if, as they hoped, the Americans were unable to subdue the flames. Gen. Otis has been busy dislodging them, and has driven them from their places of hiding. He believes that, with thirty thousand men, he will be able to complete the acquisition of the islands and to maintain peace. It is evident that the work of governing the islands will not be an easy one; but it will be worth doing, if we can so improve the condition of the people that they will become capable eventually of self-government. It will be well if the President, in dealing with them, follows the advice of the sage counsellor of the greatest of lawgivers:

Thou shall teach them ordinances and laws, and shalt show them the way wherein they must walk and the work that they must do. And thou shalt provide able men such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, to be rulers . . . . Then, thou shalt be able to endure, and all this people shall go to their place in peace (Ex. 18: 20-23.)

Dead in Victory

Australian journals report the tragic result of a great bicycle race, at Sydney. There was a carnival in that city which attracted people from all parts of the colony. It is estimated that not less than ten thousand persons were on the ground when the bicycle races, which were the most important feature of the entertainment, commenced. There were fifty competitors, among whom were the fastest riders in that part of the world. When the signal to start was given, two shot ahead and they maintained their lead. The struggle for the prize lay between these two. Intense interest was manifested by the spectators when it was noticed that the two men approached the tape, side by side. One of them made a spurt, which carried him past the tape, half a wheel ahead of his antagonist. But that spurt was fatal. In the moment of victory he plunged head foremost from his wheel and was taken up dead. He had won the prize, but it was at the cost of his life. Every one sees that he was foolish; but how few recognize that there is still greater folly in the mad race for wealth in which the life and the soul itself are often sacrificed!

What is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world and lose himself, or be cast away? (Luke 9: 25).

A Robbers' Den Under a Schoolhouse

An extraordinary discovery has been made at Mount Hope, a small frontier town in Minnesota. It was known that, somewhere in the vicinity, there was a daring robber, who had committed a series of thefts. Citizens were losing their valuables and there was no trace of the thief. At last, after many efforts, one night the man was captured red-handed. In the hope of gaining some mitigation of punishment, he agreed to disclose the hiding-place of his booty. To the surprise of the police, he led them to the schoolhouse. He opened a trap-door behind the platform and right under the teacher's desk. Descending through the opening, the police found a large subterranean room, elegantly furnished. A thick carpet was on the floor, valuable pictures were on the walls, and, on his bed, was a fifty-dollar robe. Large stores of valuables, stolen from the people of the neighborhood were concealed at one end of the room. The thief said that he spent his days sleeping while the school was in session. At night, he had gone abroad on his marauding expeditions, always taking care to get back before the school commenced in the morning. A Sunday School was organized in the building by a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, and the children met there every Sunday, oblivious of the fact that underneath them only a few feet away, a notorious criminal was lying asleep among his booty. Unhappily this is not the only instance of a bad man making a good institution a cover for his evil deeds. Christ foresaw that even his church would be so used.

It shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air lodge under the shadow of it (Mark 4: 32).

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, THE SCENE OF M. FAURE'S OBSEQUIES

An Unexplained Catastrophe

The Wreck Commissioner's Court has just rendered a verdict in the inquiry as to the cause of the loss of the steamer *Mohegan* in October last, when over a hundred lives were lost. The inquiry leaves the cause as much a mystery as ever. The only cause assigned is that a wrong course was steered, which was known from the first. The Court declares that the compasses were in good condition and sufficient for the safe navigation of the vessel; that, morever, the captain was in good health and gave his personal attention to the management of the vessel; that a proper lookout was set, and that the master and chief officer observed the course of the vessel, the chief officer looking into the binnacle continually on the afternoon of the disaster. "It would seem that the loss of the vessel was due to their failure and the failure of the seaman on the lookout to see what was before their eyes and what they ought to have perceived." When inquisition is made into the loss of souls in Bible lands, there will be a like verdict:

What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? Wherefore when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes? (Isa 5: 4).

A Rhythmic Heart

A remarkable instance of a rare malady is puzzling the physicians of Cincinnati, O. The *Inquirer* of that city says that a violinist of national reputation has been ordered by his doctors to discontinue the practice of music, because of a painful affection of the heart. It is an affection, known to the medical profession as a "rhythmic heart." Instead of beating evenly and regularly as the heart of a healthy person does, it gives four or five quick pulsations and then makes a pause, in which a humming sound can be heard through the stethoscope. A most interesting feature in connection with the case is the accelerated action and seemingly sympathetic movement of the heart while the musician is deeply absorbed in rendering his favorite selections, the harmony and rhythm of the heart being more pronounced. As the doctors have forbidden him to play, we may infer that they think this condition of the heart dangerous. But there is one kind of musical heart from which no danger is to be apprehended, but rather the highest blessing:

Be filled with the Spirit, speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing, and making melody in your heart to the Lord (Eph. 5: 19)

Over-reached Himself

The captain of a tug boat in New York harbor is blaming himself for a mortifying blunder. A few days ago he was out, looking for some vessel that needed a tow. He found a bark off Fire Island to which he offered his services. After some bargaining he agreed to tow the bark to port for $150. The bark furled her sails, the lines were attached and the tug boat proceeded with her charge. After an hour's towing the captain of the tug boat sighted far off on the horizon a four-masted ship. He knew, that if he could have the job of towing it to port, he would receive several hundred dollars for the service. He accordingly threw off the lines and leaving the bark to drift, hurried off to the more profitable job. But when he reached the big ship, he found to his vexation that she was already in tow of a tug boat on the off-shore side of the ship. He immediately put about, and started back at full speed for the bark he had deserted. But on overhauling her, he learned that, seeing the bark drifting during his absence, a tug boat had gone to her assistance, and had agreed to tow her into port. In dropping one prize to secure a better he had lost both. The captain of the tugboat is not the first or the only man to find that a dereliction of duty is foolish as well as wicked. Many a man in business has learned to his cost that the prophet was right in his warning:

As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool (Jer. 17: 11)

How New York Cares for its Sick Poor and its Foundlings

CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN THE LEADING HOSPITALS AND THE FOUNDLING ASYLUM: PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, FOUNDLING ASYLUM

CRIB ASLEEP

AIRY HALL OF FOUNDLINGS

NEW YORK has made wonderful advance within the last quarter of a century as a great philanthropic and benevolent centre. Its public benefactions have kept pace with its commercial growth, and in almost every section of the city one now finds evidence of the interest the metropolis and its influential citizens feel in the condition of the poorer classes and its vast population. Hospitals, kindergartens, libraries, art galleries, free schools, baths, and institutions of a hundred different descriptions continue to multiply and afford substantial evidence that the city is not unmindful of its paternal responsibilities, nor its wealthy people of the opportunities they enjoy for a beneficent use of their riches.

Our photographer has given us in these illustrations glimpses of some of the most interesting of the city's public institutions. There is no flower-garden or conservatory in all the world prettier than the wards and kindergartens of the New York Foundling Asylum, with its hundreds of small inmates of all sorts and sizes, with blue eyes and brown eyes, black curls and golden, in pink dresses and blue dresses. Lilliputian chairs, tables, dining-rooms, cups, mugs, saucers and cutlery are the rule throughout the great buildings, which cover a block, with principal entrance on East Sixty-eighth street. Effort is made to induce each mother, leaving a child, to remain with it for the child's sake and in her own best interests.

The larger number of mothers do not, and some can not avail themselves of this opportunity. While THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative was walking through the building, six infant foundlings were left in the basket or *creche*, those who brought them giving them up definitely and permanently. In one case it was a grandmother who laid the baby in the basket, her daughter being dead, and herself unable to provide for this and other children. The instant when the foundlings are deposited is in the vestibule of the entrance. A woman bearing a child enters: her address, name, and any particulars she will give are recorded: she then lays the baby in the cradle and by that act renounces all claim on it. The Foundling Asylum accommodates [illegible] children and 300 adults. About 1,300 infants are cared for yearly by nurses outside of the institution. Many of the children are sent West. To these homes the vigilance of the institution follows and watches over them.

IN THE BIG BOYS' KINDERGARTEN

The Foundling Asylum is partly supported by [illegible]. Its benefits are irrespective of creed, nationality or color. The two resident physicians are Protestant: the Medical Board [illegible] New York's most prominent physicians [illegible] tions. The nurses are Sisters of Charity.

From every corner of the United States—from every corner as well of the American continent and in some measure [illegible]—the lame, the maimed, and the blind flock to New York City in the hope of obtaining relief through the skill of its doctors and surgeons, and through the facilities for comfort and treatment afforded in the institutions for the sick. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco, Atlanta, New Orleans and other cities, North, South, East and West, like the Metropolis, are Meccas for the afflicted. A first class New York hospital, therefore, is representative of all that is best in hospital service throughout the Union. A glance through the Presbyterian Hospital on Madison avenue and Seventieth street—all too cursory, though it be for the interest and importance of the subject—will give our readers some idea of how medicine and surgery have pressed into service every other art and science of the century for the benefit of the sick and the injured.

MEALS-WAITING, FOR SURE

LEAVING HER BABY

IN THE "BABIES' WARD"—FOUNDLING ASYLUM

The building occupies an entire block between Madison and Park avenues and 70th and 71st streets, with principal and dispensary entrance on 71st street. The representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through the courtesy of Mr. Robert H. Sillman, Acting-Assistant Superintendant, was shown over the entire building, wards, private rooms, laboratories, drying-rooms, store-rooms, laundry, pantries, dining-rooms, consultation rooms, dispensaries, the X-ray room, the neat chapel and the fine operating pavilion. This pavilion is the gem of the whole establishment. The light falls on the patient from a great sky-light and three side lights. Spectators in the amphitheatre have a much clearer view of what the surgeons are doing, than in operating-rooms not so thoroughly up-to-date, where only side-lights from windows are provided. The amphitheatre seats 100 persons, and here nurses, medical students and numerous physicians visiting the city for improvement, have the advantage of witnessing operations as performed by the best surgeons of the day. Floor and walls are of white marble, except a square just under the table, and a wainscoting of eight or ten feet of dark marble,—an important innovation designed to save the doctor's eyes from the glow of a too strong reflection. Operating-table, instrument-tables, everything is of glass and iron. On all sides, little rooms, glittering with marble and glass, and a wonderful array of shining instruments have connection with the theatre; they are known as the sterilizing-room, the electrical room, the instrument-room. By a device, as simple as touching a button, the temperature of the rooms can be graduated at will, thermostats registering exact degree.

CONVALESCENTS IN "SUN ROOM" ON ROOF, PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL

AN OPERATION IN THE HOSPITAL THEATRE

MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL, NEW YORK

FOUNDLING ASYLUM, NEW YORK

There are three ways of reaching the operating theatre. By one, spectators find their seats, by another, come the operating surgeons, assistants and nurses. The surgeons,—every one of them,—must pass through the disrobing rooms, where each divests himself of street garments, and dons spotless, sterilized pajamas and felt slippers. Also, each must pass through a room where bowls, disinfectants, running sterilized water and scrubbing-brushes denote the ordeal his hands must undergo before they can be brought into the same room with the person of the patient. Now, there is one other entrance—the elevator—and up this comes the patient lying on a stretcher on wheels, and is landed in the anæsthetizing-room. She sees nothing of the instruments, nor of the array of white-robed doctors waiting, their every thought centered upon getting her safely through her trial. Her nurse is beside her, and the physician who is to give her the ether, with kind and cheerful words, puts the cone over her face, saying gently: "Take long, deep breaths,"—and in a little while she is asleep. The big marble door swings open; the doctors transfer her to the glass and iron table, sterilized blankets, hot water bottles, everything to insure comfort and safety is at hand. The swift work of scissors, ligature, needles and dressing goes on quietly; the patient, still asleep and cosily wrapped in blankets, is wheeled back by way of the elevator and the corridors. It is all over, and she did not know it.

On the ground floor is the emergency hall, where cases are received directly from the ambulance; and where many hurts are attended to without sending the patient up to the pavilion. On the same level is a room, in special request in summer. It is equipped for giving ice-packs and baths; and sun-stroke patients are brought here. There are three ambulances with snap harness; and the stable is ever ready for quick calls. Some one is hurt; a policeman rings up from his box; and in a trice, ambulance, driver and doctor, heralded by clanging bell, are off to the scene of trouble.

The children's ward is very attractive with its sunny beds, its flowers and Scripture texts. Over the door are the words: "He took them up in His arms and put His hands upon them and blessed them." The chapel, in addition to its office as a place of devotion, sometimes serves as a lecture hall for the Nurses' Training School. A patient dying in the hospital can be buried from this chapel—a great convenience to impoverished relatives; and an unusual privilege, as for the sake of the living, hospitals must avoid calling marked attention to the dead. The Presbyterian Hospital is so built that patients in medical and surgical wards would be unaware that a funeral was going on.

The Nurses' Training School is one of the most valuable adjuncts of the hospital; while giving patients the advantages of skilled care, but places an increasing number of educated and efficient nurses at the service of the public. This is essentially a Christian institution. The Chaplain is Dr. Thomas G. Wall. Business meetings are opened with prayer. While it is supported by the Presbyterian or Reformed Church, its benefits are irrespective of creed, nationality or color. Fifty per cent. of the patients are Catholics. Of the average 3,300 patients cared for yearly, over 3,200 are treated gratuitously. There are 22 wards with about 450 beds and 22 private rooms for pay patients. During 1898, the ambulance answered 2,177 calls; in the Emergency ward 2,757 persons were treated; and in the dispensary 17,368; of patients whose average time in the hospital was 23 days there were 3,048; altogether 6,009 people received attention.

Dr. C. Irving Fisher is Superintendent. There are eight resident physicians on the staff of house officers. The President of the Medical Board is Dr. Chas. K. Briddon; and the large corps of officers, lecturers and visiting physicians is composed of able and distinguished physicians and surgeons.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEN'S SURGICAL WARD, PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL

IN THE PATHOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Spring On the Way

Flowers Awakening Little Observers—"The Christian Herald's" Charges

THE city child, who has no acquaintance with cows and calves and sheep and horses, with birds and bees and butterflies and daisied fields, has missed a lot of fun that it really seems every child ought to have. In many parts of the Union, even now,

The bare, pink feet of children press
The greening fields.

Little heads bend wonderingly to watch the lovely miracle where the birth of the crocus breaks the brown crust of mother earth with a flash of gold. Small noses sniff delightedly the scent of violets em purpling a sunny border in the old-fash ioned garden, with its southern exposure, its hot-beds and its multitude of wonders happening under glass. At one minute, the Southern children pity brothers and sisters living farther north where there is yet snow on the ground; the next minute they would love to be up there and help in the snow-balling. But there is not much snow anywhere now; and a robin or two has been seen in Central and Prospect Park. Moreover, there will be a little later such glory of crocuses and hyacinths as never was in these charmed spots! And little folks—even though city born—living in their neighborhood, will feast their eyes and noses, enlarge their comprehension of nature's ways, and, "Keep off the grass," according to sign-board directions. Perhaps, when an indulgent policeman ostentatiously turns his back, a little lass or laddie will snip off a flower, "that wasn't goin' to last long, anyway." Of course, this is all wrong, but it does seem as if every child in the world who wants a flower should have one—that is, it seems so to little country boys and girls who never knew any stint in this direction, and who cannot understand the necessity which forces the city to protect its parks.

Some little girls and boys in New York and other big towns, too, whose mammas have conservatories, did missionary work last winter by carrying the blossoms their mammas gave them, to children at the mission Sunday Schools, or at the day nurseries, or in the hospitals; or, better still, by going to little friends in the tenements and giving kind words with the flowers.

According to power and numbers we believe no charitable community has ever dispensed richer blessings, temporal and spiritual, than have our readers in their fresh-air work, co-operative with us at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home. That that work is abundantly remembered, is evidenced by the fact that we are already receiving marvelous letters from last year's guests, wanting to know, even at this early date, if "the country will open?" and if they will be permitted to repeat last summer's visit to a place where cows and calves, grass and daisies, birds, bees and flowers, good clothes and "plenty to eat" were actual and abundant facts. They had motherly care and Christian training; and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD hopes to say to old and new friends among children of the slums: "The country will open. Come every one, and have a good time."

A Quaint Dutch Village

Vlaardingen is a quaint little village built on each side of a single long street, the long street divided by a canal. The Vlaardinger crosses from one side of the town to another by skipping from deck to deck of herring-boats which jam the canal. The stranger who cannot accomplish this feat must cross over a bridge that he finds at either end of the long street. A recent visitor to Vlaardingen writes:

Down this street we looked into windows of the one-and-a-half story houses, and each house displayed a kettle, a doofpot (fire extinguisher), a comfortje (small stand with lamp to keep tea and coffee warm), a couple of dust pans, a coal-scuttle, two pails, a water-spout and a catch-all, all of brass and polished to a looking-glass brightness. They put them when clean in the windows, that neighbors may see that their week's scouring is done, and, being done (these are the finishing touches after the house is scrubbed), the housewife may go out for a little pleasure without fear of the scandalizing tongues of her neighbors, for woe to her who shows not that her house is in order before she dons her big cap for Saturday visiting. These quaint, old-fashioned working folk consider it slothful not to be through with the work by two o'clock in the afternoon, at which time, when the week is considered to have ended, they array themselves in their "Sunday clothes" and are ready for company, visiting, and various social amenities.

The Czar's Boyhood

A book just issued in Paris deals with the home-life of Nicholas, Czar of Russia, from childhood till now. The daily routine at present is as follows: He rises at 8, breakfasts with the Czarina at 9; at 9.30 retires to his study to look over the principal European papers (Nicholas is a good linguist—speaks English fluently), takes a short walk; at 11, receives his ministers; attends to correspondence; after luncheon, drives out with his wife; on his return, shuts himself into his study and is hard at work till 8 p.m., the Imperial dinner hour. It takes 200 people to prepare and serve dinner at the Russian court. When Nicholas was a boy, he, with his brothers and sisters, entertained small boy and girl friends at dinner once a week. These functions were very lively. "There was no end to the tricks the hosts and their small guests played on one another. From end to end of the table there used to be continuous firing of bread pellets, which or landing in royal mouths. Another [illegible] elbow while he was drinking or to baptize him with a glass of water."

Wilhelmina's Wedding

It is whispered that Wilhelmina's public betrothal—or perhaps even her wedding—to her cousin, Prince William, of Weid, will take place at Easter-time or soon thereafter, when Haarlem, "the floral capital of Europe," will be all in blossom for the joyful occasion. The Prince is twenty-two, a ruddy, wholesome youth, of good character and reputation—just the nice sort of Prince the Hollanders want their Queen to wed; which is saying a great deal for Prince William, as the Hollanders are very particular about their beloved Wilhelmina.

Mrs. McKinley and the Mothers

A feature of the Congress of Mothers, just held in Washington, was the reception at the White House by Mrs. McKinley. Our President's wife is very fond of children, deeply interested in every movement that looks to their welfare, and the work of the Mothers' Congress has her hearty sympathy. She is not very robust, so the customary hand-shaking—which is the American ceremonial for "presentation at court"—was spared her by the delegates, who did not claim such exhaustive courtesy. But many of the mothers brought their children along, and these our gentle First Lady of the Land would not suffer to pass her without a caressing word and touch. Every little boy and girl had a word with the President's wife—an event each will long remember.

A Helpful Dog

Sarah Nelson Carter tells some very interesting stories about animals in *For Pity's Sake*, a book published by the American Humane Education, with offices at 19 Milk St., Boston. Here is one about a distinguished dog, named Jake, whose education had been carefully attended to by his master:

Jake was sent to a farm in the country (for his health) the next fall, where he had a good home and a chance to run in the woods often enough to keep him in good spirits. The woman of the house, a hard worker like most country women, was washing one Monday morning, Jake, her only companion, lying in a warm corner on the floor. As she put the last stick of wood into the stove she said to the dog, "Jake, I should think you might go out and bring me in some more wood." To her amazement he started for the wood-pile, and brought in one stick at a time until the box was full. When the good woman told the story she said she was about as much frightened as surprised.

THE CHILDREN'S PETS ON THE FARM

O BOSSY is our friend, we know.
She gives us sweet, rich milk to drink.
We've called her little white calf "Snow."
He'll like that name, now don't you think?

Jetty just came on yesterday:
She's not got 'quainted with us yet.
Now, don't you think she'll like us, say?
We've named her spotted calf, our "Pet."

My Wife and I

A [illegible]
That we may quarrel never.

[illegible]
Face truth with brave, clear eyes,
[illegible]
And [illegible]

In one thing we always agree—
Good friendship ever proving—
[illegible]
Seek help in prayer and loving.

God's Providences

WHAT [illegible] the soul. We are not always able to understand why certain afflictions or trials are permitted, but very often God chooses to bring us through the furnace—the "refining" process—that the pure gold of our lives may be revealed. [illegible] beautifully written.

[illegible]
There is no place where earth's failings

If some troubled soul has been, or is now going through the "dark valley," let him look [illegible] him. "Casting all your care (anxiety) upon Him for he careth for you." Do not complain, do not worry. "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." Trust God, he will carry you through. You may not understand his providences, but,

[illegible]
The threatened clouds which now we see

Some day what seems a punishment,

Some day our weary feet will rest
And we will know how we were blest
By what was sent:

And looking back with clearer eyes
Will see with wondering, glad surprise

And knowing that the way we went
Was God's own way,
Will under-stand his wise intent

Geneva, O. C. E. CORNELL.

Mamma's "True Lover"

Mamma was sewing and dropped her spool of thread. "Bring it to me, please, Harry," she said. Harry wasn't four years old—just a medley of petticoats, gold curls and alphabet blocks on the floor, near where the spool rolled. He did not notice the request, being engaged with serious matters. Mamma repeated it a number of times and in different ways, before it pierced his consciousness and appealed to him as a matter of more importance than a new combination in alphabet blocks. She could have picked it up herself fifty times before he gave it his attention: she was delayed in her work. At last, with much puffing and blowing, and as the result of laborious stoopings, the fat baby presented her with a spool of thread, the ends of which were grimy and tangled. But mamma smiled graciously, saying, "Thank you Harry, you are mamma's true lover." He smiled back, and gave a grunt of satisfaction as he went back to his blocks. A friend laughed: "do you think the result is worth all your time and trouble?" "A thousand times more," was the answer. "I am teaching him daily in just such little ways, that love expresses itself in service." "Does he understand what 'mamma's true lover' means?" "Harry, what does 'true lover' mean?" asked mamma. "Do fings for anybody," said Harry promptly—"an' be dood," he added dreamily, intent on the introduction of a tin donkey-cart into the combination of alphabet blocks. "These lessons will be worth a good deal to Harry's wife," said mamma, with a far, kind and wise glance into the future, "and I hope Harry's wife's mamma is giving her similar instructions to these."

The Love That Makes Happiness

Self-Love and Heavenly Love Contrasted—A Secret Worth Knowing

THERE is a condition called Happiness, and it is nothing nobler than gratified Self-love. The man or woman has secured, at any cost, the thing they wanted; and they imagine themselves happy in its possession. This kind of Happiness, has often for its chief ingredient, the triumph of gaining what it caused some one else sorrow to lose; or it is the climax of that primitive love of the chase, which pursues as a natural instinct, what others are pursuing, and finds a certain joy in outstripping and appropriating. Riches, honors, admiration, yea, even love, if sought in this spirit, ends in *ennui* and disappointment. For those who labor for Self, labor for a house of clay, whose foundations are in the dust.

To make Self the centre, 'round which our love, and hopes, and fear revolve, is the essence of all sin; and to be delivered from this constant question, as to how everything in life will affect our personality, is the turning point in moral progress, and spiritual renewal. It is that first chill awakening, that dim feeling after God, if haply we may find him, that makes the nobler happiness possible.

Now, this selfish idea of Happiness puts on very clever disguises, and calls itself by many excellent names. Thus, two young people meet and persuade themselves that they were made specially in order to marry each other. They may—each of them—have duties to parents and kindred, that no one else can perform; but they sentimentally reflect that "the course of true love never did run smooth"; and are rather elated over the natural opposition they evoke. Their self-pity, and self-love quite blind them to the fact that God places every soul in the circumstances he thinks best for its development; and that if Love violates Duty, it is not a true love; though they may call it by that name. It is Self-love; and its destiny is not Happiness, but disappointment.

PLEASANT, satisfactory names, for most unsatisfactory things, have been found in all ages. It was not the honor of the great goddess Diana that the craftsmen of Ephesus clamored about; though they pretended it was. It was their own selfish covetousness that moved them to such a passion of religious enthusiasm. When the devil seduced our first parents he called it the pursuit of knowledge; and when he was found among the Sons of God, and asked what he had been doing, instead of acknowledging that he had been about murder, and theft, and malicious cruelty he said, with impudent meekness, that he had simply been taking a walk—going to-and-fro in the earth. How much of our charity is true coin? How much of our evangelism is busybodism? Alas! how much that we call "Happiness" is nothing at all but our gratified Self-love?

True Happiness seeketh not its own. Like the quality of Mercy it blesses others, as well as itself. It comes from God, and is of the very nature of heaven; because it has its root in that sacred, secret Love of God, which makes all earthly loves pure and self-denying. If we have ever known that thrill of joy—that momentary influx of God's love granted to the pure, in their purest hour, then we have tasted of the unselfish happiness of heaven; and are henceforward willing to do all, and be all, and deny all, and give all, that we may make—not ourselves—but others, happy; even as our Father in Heaven delights to wipe away all tears from our eyes, and give to us the blessedness of his kingdom.

BLESSED ARE the Happiness Makers! For in making others happy, they achieve for themselves the only happiness worthy of the name. God's great and gracious plan to his sons and daughters of earth is to give them good things, with their own hands. He could have made us all wise, but he has given us the far greater joy of seeking after knowledge. He could have made Happiness grow on the tree at our door steps, but he has trusted us with honor and delight of making it for ourselves, and others. For Happiness has to be made. It is not a condition, like hunger or thirst, heat or cold; it is a result; a reward; a culture continued day by day, as long as we live. Let us consider that its foundation is piety, and that piety is neither a theology, nor a theosophy: but a daily discipline, a law, an indissoluble engagement between a soul and its Maker. For God is the Lover of Souls. He made them; and there is an attraction which carries the soul that desires God, to God; yea—and I say it reverently—there is an attraction which carries God to the desiring soul. He, and he only, has put into man the love of himself, and the love of others; a love so wide that he wishes us to love even our enemies.

And if we desire to be truly happy, then let us understand that Love is everything—the end—the beginning—and the means. All the wells of happiness we dig for ourselves must have their spring from the Love of God in the heart; then they will always be clear and running over; and we shall drink by the way, and thirst not. All the streams of life that have not their source in this fountain of eternal love will, in the end, dry up, and leave the years arid as a Valley of Baca.

THIS HEAVENLY Love is not a bare gift; it brings its reward with it. Those who have once loved unselfishly know that they are the better for it, even if they meet with an ungrateful return. So, then, let us love for Love's sake! This is the true Happiness which enriches and blesses and perfects the lover unto the end of his or her life. At any rate, one thing is certain, that those who seek the heavenly spark of joy in earthly pleasure will always and surely be disappointed. Earth has no condition of wealth or honor that can of itself satisfy. Haman was unhappy in a court; Ahab on a throne; Adam in Paradise; the angels in heaven; for their love and their hopes were fixed on their own honor, or desire, or ambitions.

To Love! and to Serve! This is the secret of Happiness; a secret so unselfish that it will declare itself even in death; as in the case of the good and great Charles Kingsley, who chose but three words for his tomb: three words, however, which boldly asserted not only that he had loved, but that he did then love, and that he trusted to go on loving to all eternity. And, as if further to mark the unselfishness of his God-loving nature, he did not use the selfish pronoun "I," but included all mankind in his glorious belief:

AMAVIMUS—We have loved.
AMAMUS—We do love.
AMABIMUS—We shall love.

And with all his lapses into sinful folly, the simple-hearted, loving Robert Burns knew the same grand secret, and with a pen dipped in the warm treasure of his heart-blood wrote the same great truth:

If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast;
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
We never can be blest.

Amelia E. Barr

A Typical Case

Experience has taught me (writes Mr. Moody), that most of the men that talk against the Bible never read it. There is no book in the world so misjudged. A modern book comes out, and people say:

"Have you read such a book?"

And you say, "Yes, I have just read it."

"Well, what is your opinion about it?"

"Well, I wouldn't like to give my opinion without reading it more carefully."

And yet men are very free to give their opinion about God's Book without reading it. A friend of mine was in Montreal some time ago, and he talked with a man upon the subject of Christ and Christianity.

"Well," he said, "the fact is we have got to have a new Bible. That old Book," he said, "was good enough for the dark ages, but we have outgrown it. It is of no use to this enlightened age."

My friend said, "Before we give up the old Book let us see how much we know about it. Can you tell me which is the first book in the Bible, Genesis or Revelation?"

Well, he said he couldn't just tell that. He didn't quite know, but he knew they had got to have another Bible.

That man is typical of all the men that I have ever heard howling and writing against the Bible. I never met one in my life—yes, I will make one exception, I did meet one man that claimed he had read it through; but I doubted him, because when I pressed him to quote something out of it all he could remember was "Jesus wept."

The Tapestry Weavers

LET us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care,
The while their fingers deftly move, their eyes are fastened there.
They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver,
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.
It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvelous skill is learned.
Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty—how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.
Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving ever, till the mystic web is done.
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate;
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.
But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need to fear,
Only let him look clear into heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.
If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and alway in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.
And when the work is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall say to him, "Well done!"
And the white-winged angels of heaven, to bear him thence, shall come down;
And God shall give him gold for his hire—not coin, but a glowing crown!

—REV. ANSON G. CHESTER.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

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CHAPTER XXI

A Presence Dreaded or Desired

LONG as Judge Hildreth and his wife had been members of a church, neither of them had ever heard such an avowal made, outside of the pulpit, as Evadne had uttered. In sermons, of course, they had heard the idea of the brotherhood with Christ explained; but it startled both when Evadne declared it was her hope and purpose to be a sister of Jesus Christ. Was this the explanation of her going to the colored people's church this evening?

"I don't know what to make of the child," said Mrs. Hildreth discontentedly, as the door closed behind her. "I believe she would rather associate with such people than with those of her own class. She has a bowing acquaintance with the most *outre* looking individuals I ever saw. I hope she won't come to any harm down among those crazy blacks, they always seem to get possessed the moment they touch religion."

"I do not think Evadne will ever come to any harm," the Judge said slowly. "The Lord takes pretty good care of his own."

His wife looked at him with a puzzled expression.

A little later Judge Hildreth entered his library with a heavy sigh. He had attained the ends he had striven for, he was respected alike in the church and the world, he held a high and lucrative position, he had a well-appointed home over which his handsome wife presided with dignity and grace, and yet, as he took his seat before his desk in the lofty room whose shelves were lined with gems of thought in fragrant costly bindings, life seemed to have missed its sweetness to Lawrence Hildreth.

Evadne's words haunted him, and like an accusing angel, the letter, which still lay hidden under the mass of papers in the drawer which he never opened, seemed to look at him reproachfully.

"A sister of Jesus Christ." Sisters and brothers lived together. Was it possible that Jesus Christ could be in this house—this very room? The idea was appalling. He was familiar with the truism that God was everywhere, but he had never really believed it: and as the years passed, he had found it convenient to remove him to a shadowy distance in space less likely to interfere with modern business methods. Jesus Christ enshrined in a far-off glory among his angels appealed to the decorum of his religious sentiment, but Jesus Christ face to face—to be reckoned with in the practical details of honesty and fair dealing—that was a different matter.

And he was conscious that he was guilty of the violation of the trust of a dead man, who had put everything in his power because he had faith in him. He saw again the young brother, handsome, easy-going, careless to a fault, but with a sense of honor so fine as to shrink in indignation from the slightest breath of shame. He remembered the closing words of the farewell letter which he he had read for the first time on the day now so long ago, which he would have given worlds to recall, and which from out the shadowy recesses of eternity laughed at his futile wish.

"So my dear brother," the letter ran, "I am giving you this responsibility, as only a brother can. I have left Evadne absolutely untrammelled. I have no fear that my little girl will abuse the trust. She is wise beyond her years with a sense of honor as keen as your own."

The Judge's head sank upon his hands. It was for Evadne's good, he had persuaded himself. She was too much of a child—and now, the letter could not be delivered. It meant disgrace and shame. It was his duty as a father to shield his family from that. How well he could picture Evadne's look of bewildered, incredulous surprise, and then the pain, tinged with scorn, which would creep into the clear eyes. And Jesus Christ! The Judge's head sank lower, as he heard the voice which had rung down through the ages in scathing denunciation of all subterfuge and lies:

"Woe unto you, hypocrites! for ye tithe mint and anise and cummin and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, judgment and mercy and faith."

Lower and lower sank the Judge's head, until at last it rested upon the desk with a groan.

Meantime Evadne was drinking in new draughts of that water of life, which she was learning to desire above all earthly joys. They were singing when she reached the humble church, which Dyce and Pompey called their spiritual home. The walls were whitewashed, and the seats were hard, for the people who worshiped there possessed but little of this world's goods. Two prayers followed, full of rich imagery and fervid passion, and then a young girl with a deep contralto voice began to sing,—

"Steal away,
Steal away to Jesus!
Steal away,
Steal away home.
We aint got long to stay here."

The soft, deep notes of the weird melody ended in a burst of triumph, and Evadne bent her head while her tired heart thrilled with joy. When she looked up again, Dyce was speaking.

"I've been thinkin', friens," she said, "that we don't get the sweetness of them words into our hearts as we should. We'se too much taken up with the thought of the heavenly manshuns to remember that the King's chillen has an inheritance on the earth. We'se not poor, lonesome people widout a home!

"I know we always tinks of a home as a place where dare is good times—an' there don't seem much good times goin' fer some of us in dis worl': but dere ain't no call fer us ter 'spect ter be better off dan our Lord, an ef we'se feedin' on de Lord Jesus all de time we won't mind ef de worl's bread is scarce—de soul ain't dependen' on dem tings fer nourishmen', an' de Lord Jesus makes de hard bed easy an' de coarse food taste good.

"Tain't good management fer us ter be always groanin' in dis worl', while we 'spect ter be singin' de glory song up yonder. De best singers is 'dem dat's longes' trainin', and I'se feared some of us'll find it dretful hard ter get up to de proper concert pitch in heaven ef we sings nuthin' but lamentashuns on earth. De dear Lord don't seem ter hev made any sort of pervishun fer fault-findin'. He 'lowe dere'll be trouble, but he tells us ter be of good cheer on account of hevin' him ter get the victory fer us, an' ef we keep singin' all de time dere ain't no time fer sighs. We'se not payin' much complimen' to Jesus' friens, when we allow dat de good tings of dis worl' kin make people happier dan he kin, an' 'pears like we ought ter be 'shamed of ourselves. We'se don't begin ter understan' how ter

(Continued on next page.)

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A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY

(Continued from preceding page.)

live up ter our privileges, frien's, and I'se bowed in shame as I tink how de dear Lord's heart must ache as he sees how little we'se appresheatin' his lovin' kindness."

The tender, pleading voice ceased, and Dyce suddenly lifted her clasped hands. "O Lord Jesus, help us ter glorify Thee before de worl'. Help us ter understan' an' 'preciate de wonderful honor thou hez put upon us. Make us used ter dwellin' wid thee on de earth so as we won't feel like strangers in heaven. Lord, make us abide in de secret place ob de Almighty, an' hol' us close forever under de shadow ot thy wing."

The sweet rich voices swelled again into song, then the minister pronounced the Benediction and the congregation dispersed to the humble homes, glorified now by the possibility of being made the dwelling-place of the King of kings.

CHAPTER XXII

Diligent in business, fervent in spirit

It was intensely warm in the Marlborough Steel Works. Outdoors the sun beat fiercely upon the heads of toiling men and horses, while the heat waves danced with a dazzling shimmer along the brick pavements; indoors there was the steady thud of the engine, and the great hammers clanked and the belts swept through the air with a deafening whirr, while the workmen drew blackened hands across their grimy foreheads, and John Randolph gave a sigh of longing for the cool forest chambers of Hollywood, as he leaned over to exchange a cheery word with Richard Trueman, beside whom he had worked for over a year and for whom he had come to entertain a strong feeling of affection.

Varied experiences had come to him since he had said good-by to his kind Quaker friends and started on his search for work. Monotonous days of wood piling in a lumber yard, long weeks of isolation among the giant trees of the forest; then had come days when even odd jobs had been hailed with delight, and he had sat at the feet of the grim schoolmistress Necessity and learned how little man really needs to live. And then the steel works had opened again and he had forged his way up through the different departments to the responsible position he now held. His promotion had been rapid. The foreman had been quick to note the keen intelligent interest and deft handedness of this strangely alert new employee.

When evening came he would stride cheerily along the dingy street to the house where he and his fellow-workman lodged, refresh himself with a hot bath, don what he called his dress suit, and after their simple meal and a frolic with little Dick, the motherless boy who was the joy of Richard Trueman's heart, he would settle down for a long evening of hard study among his cherished books. John Randolph never lost sight of the fact that he was to be a physician by-and-by.

The long stifling day was drawing near its close. Half an hour more and the workmen would be free to rest. Only half an hour! Suddenly there was a sharp clicking noise, then a cry, and in an instant all was bustle and confusion at the Marlborough Steel Works—the great hammers hung suspended in mid-air, the whirling wheels were still, while the workmen, with faces showing pale beneath the grime, gathered hastily around a fallen comrade. Summoned by telephone, the Company's surgeon was driving rapidly towards the works.

An accident. No one knew just how it had happened. There must have been a flaw—a defect in some part of the machinery. These things do happen. Somewhere there had been carelessness, dishonesty, and the price of it was—a life!

The dying man opened his eyes suddenly and looked full at John Randolph, who knelt beside him, supporting his head on his arm.

"Little Dick," he murmured.

"All right, Trueman, "I'll take care of him."

"God bless you, John!" And with the fervid benediction, the breath ceased and the spirit flew away.

The body was prepared for the inquest, and through the gathering dusk, John, strangely white and silent, entered the dingy house he called home, and gathered the fatherless boy into his arms and let him sob out his grief upon his shoulder.

Some days after the funeral, the manager sent for John to come to his private office. He was a pleasant man, and had taken a kindly interest in the capable young workman from the start.

"Well, Randolph, this is a terrible business of poor Trueman's," he said, as he pointed him to a chair. "Terrible! I can't get over it! He was such a nice fellow and one of our best workmen, too. Well, we can't do anything for him now, poor fellow, but he left a boy, I think. Something ought to be done for him."

"Yes, sir," said John simply, "I have taken him to live with me."

The manager leaned forward in his chair. "Shake hands. We talk about what ought be done and you do it."

John laughed. "There was nothing else to do," he said.

"H'm! Most fellows in your position would have thought it was the last thing possible. Have you any idea what it means to saddle yourself with a child like this? Whatever put such an idea in your head?"

"The life of Jesus Christ," answered John quietly.

"Well! Well! You're a queer fellow, Randolph. But how are you going to make the wages spin out?"

"His father managed—so can I." John's voice shook a little.

"His father! But he was his father, you see. That makes a tall difference. Well, Randolph, I give you up. You are beyond me."

John felt no prompting to explain further. Supposing the interview ended, he rose to leave.

"Stay," said Mr. Branford, "I have something else to say. The Company has some responsibilty in this matter. You have constituted yourself this little orphan's guardian, and it is no mere compliment to say that a better guardian could not be found; but you ought not to bear both the trouble and the expense. The Company must undertake the cost of his education, and I think we can help you in another way. We have decided to promote you. We want someone in the office who has a practical knowledge of the work. It has been difficult to find the right kind of man. I have been watching for some time, and I have fixed on you, because you seem to have intelligence, as well as mechanical skill. I did not know then about your adopting Trueman's boy, but that is an additional reason for giving you the appointment, because the pay will be better. This is rather a surprise to you, is it not?"

"It is," John acknowledged, "but it ought not to have been. It is Christ's way to provide the means for his work."

"Umph! it seems to me," said the manager, "that the Company is providing the means."

"The Lord has many agents," said John, "and this time he has honored the Company with an appointment."

(To be continued).

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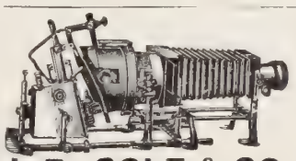

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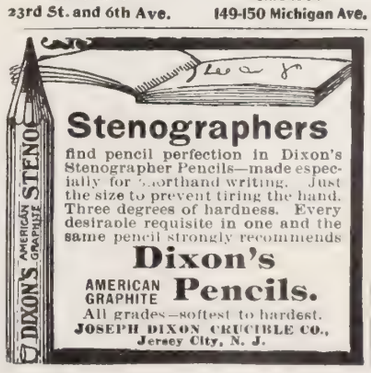
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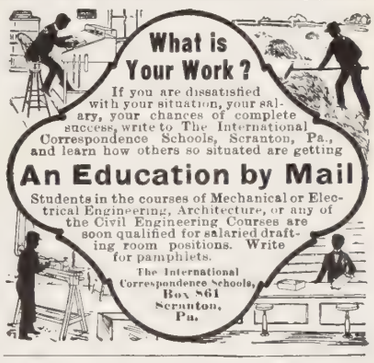
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Reunited by the Bowery Mission

IN a letter in the New York *Observer*, Helen H. Holcomb, a missionary at Jhansi, India, gives a very touching account of a providential reunion of father and son, which was brought about through the influence of the Bowery Mission. She writes:

Two years ago, while on an evangelistic tour in a native state in the heart of India, we spent several days in an "inspection bungalow," provided by the English government for the use of its officers when on duty. This bungalow was a short distance outside the walled city of Dalia. The place did not contain a single European inhabitant, but one day we noticed two European gentlemen in the vicinity of the bungalow. One of the gentlemen learned that the two occupants of the bungalow were the traveling agents of a large jewelry establishment in Madras. They were waiting for a command to visit the palace and display their wares.

One day, one of the gentlemen walked over to our bungalow, and asking to see the gentleman whose acquaintance he had made, communicated to him the contents of a letter which he held in his hand, and which had been forwarded to him from Madras. The letter was from the "Bowery Mission," and told him that his son, who had been a prodigal, and had sorely grieved the hearts of those who loved him, had "come to himself," was ready to acknowledge his wrong-doing and longed to return to his father's house. "His repentance seems sincere," continued the writer of the letter. "He feels that his Heavenly Father has forgiven him, and he hopes that in the heart of his earthly father, there is also a place for the repentant wanderer." The letter bore the signature of "the Mother of the Bowery Boys," Mrs. Sarah I. Bird.

"I should like to communicate with my son," said the stranger, "but this seems impossible, for I do not know where to forward my reply. The envelope bears a United States stamp, but the postmark is indistinct, and the letter contains only this, 'Bowery Mission,' without either the name of the city or state. Where is the Bowery Mission? Can you help me?" he asked in an eager way.

When he had received the desired information he turned back to his lodging house with a light heart. He had heard the best of news of one who had gone from home leaving no clue by which his anxious friends might trace him. He could now tell the penitent prodigal that a father's heart and a father's house were open to receive him.

It was a kind Providence that had brought together in this wild spot in the heart of India two strangers from far distant parts of this great empire, at the time when one could give to the other just the help that he so greatly desired.

The following contributions in aid of the work of the Bowery Mission have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

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An Awful Awakening

In a town of Switzerland a few years ago, some workingmen going early to work, walking along the street, saw a white figure on the top of a high house. What was it? A lady in her night-dress; and she was sitting looking down, quite happy, smiling in perfect security. She was a somnambulist. She had risen in her sleep without anyone in the house knowing it. They did not know what they could do to save her. Just as they were talking together, the sun rose. A bright beam fell upon her eyes. She waked and saw where she was; gazed one moment around, and then fell headlong—killed on the spot. An awful awakening!

If you are out of Christ, and the day of his coming overtakes you—oh, what if the first beam of that bright day be the first moment of your awakening, and it is too late!

WYANDOTTE
BAKING SODA

THE value of every baking soda depends upon two things—the quantity of the gas it makes and its absolute purity.

It is what chemists call highly carbonated.

Wyandotte Baking Soda is entirely free from all impurities. There is nothing but soda and gas.

The soda holds the gas in readiness. As soon as it is mixed with sour milk or butter milk, the gas is liberated and rises freely through the dough. This is the operation known as rising, and makes the bread, cake or biscuits light.

The more gas there is the more easily it is liberated, and the more quickly this is done the lighter the baking, and therefore the better. The lightest, fluffiest, daintiest soda biscuits, Johnny cakes and griddle cakes are made with Wyandotte Baking Soda.

Wyandotte Baking Soda is so rich in gas that it takes less of it to make the baking as light as it should be. This is a great saving to you.

There is more in a package of Wyandotte Baking Soda for the same money than in any other package of good baking soda.

This is also a great saving to you—in other words, Wyandotte Baking Soda costs less and goes further than any other soda.

A baking soda wich is absolutely pure, which contains a higher percentage of carbonic-acid gas, which gives more for the money than any other kind of soda certainly must be the best soda.

A package of Wyandotte Soda weighs 12 onces and costs 5 cents.

Your grocer perhaps does not keep it, and we are very anxious that he should.

We want his name and address so that we can tell him about it.

If you will send [illegible] and address to us we will send you by return mail, a free coupon which will entitle you to a free package of Wyandotte Baking Soda.

One package will teach you that you can do better baking at less expense with Wyandotte Baking Soda than with any other soda you have known.

THE J. B. FORD COMPANY,
Box F, Wyandotte, Mich.

WYANDOTTE
WASHING SODA

WYANDOTTE Washing Soda is ten times as effective as sal-soda and [illegible] all other washing soda.

It is the best thing known for loosening the dirt from the clothes and makes it easy to wash them.

Unequaled [illegible] satisfaction on account of the alkalis they contain.

Wyandotte Washing Soda contains no caustic alkali.

It is absolutely pure.

Bulk soda is a risky thing for you to use. You know nothing about it and you can find out nothing about it.

Wyandotte Washing Soda is always put up by us with our name upon the box and our guarantee behind our name.

It is the biggest and best package of washing soda you can buy for five cents.

It goes farther and costs less than other washing compounds.

It is better than any other package at any price.

It is a new soda and your grocer may not have it.

We want the name of your grocer so that hereafter he will always carry it.

Three Things Free

Send us the name of your grocer and we will send you, free, three coupons—one coupon good for one package of Wyandotte Washing Soda: one coupon good for one package of Bell Starch, and one coupon good for one package of Wyandotte Baking Soda.

The J. B. Ford Company,
Box F,
Wyandotte, Michigan.

Send us his name and in return for it we will send you a coupon which is good for a free package of the soda.

THE J. B. FORD COMPANY,
[illegible] Wyandotte, Mich.

BELL STARCH

Bell Starch is the best laundering starch made. It is easily prepared, gives a rich gloss and does not stick to the iron.

It saves time, money and bother—your's and the laundress's.

Bell Starch may not be sold by your grocer, but it ought to be. If it is not, send us his name and address, and we will send you a coupon which is good for one package of Bell Starch.

This coupon is entirely free.

It means that we think Bell Starch is so good that all you need is an introduction to it.

THE J. B. FORD COMPANY,
Box F, Wyandotte, Mich.

Vapo-Cresolene

Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Colds

Hundreds of thousands of mothers use Vapo-Cresolene. **Do You?** Cresolene cures **Whooping Cough** every time; stops **Croup** almost immediately, and if used at once will cure a **Cold** before any complications can arise. J. N. Love, M.D., of St. Louis, says: "I have instructed every family under my direction to secure it." Mrs. Pallington Bunch, says: "I recommend that in family where there are young children should be without it." W. R. Chichester, M.D., of New York, says: "As a relief for distressing [illegible] Cresolene is immediately efficacious." Anthony Comstock, says: "**Malignant Diphtheria** in my house. Cresolene used, cases recovered in two weeks; no others were affected." Descriptive booklet with testimonials free. Sold by all druggists.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 68 Wall St., New York.
Schieffelin & Co., New York, U.S. Agents.

DENT'S Toothache GUM

(A Swell Affair.)

STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY

ANTISEPTIC, ARRESTS DECAY.
HEALTHFUL TO TEETH AND GUMS.

All Druggists 15c. or by mail upon receipt of price.

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An Extraordinary Offer! $4.00 BUYS THIS HANDSOME REGULAR $12 COUCH

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Send us $4.00 [illegible]

Order to-day. They will not last long. Address

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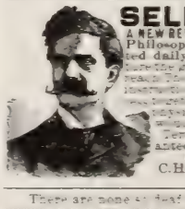

SELF-CULTURE

A NEW REVELATION. TAUGHT BY MAIL

Philosophy of success as demonstrated daily. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A Strange Sunday School

MR. J. M. Hartley, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, in Southern Illinois, in a recent letter gives a very entertaining account of the founding of a Sunday School. He says: "My work began here last April, and though

BLACKSMITH SHOP WHERE A SUNDAY SCHOOL STARTED

there are many privations and hardships, it has been full of joy. The people are poor and unlearned, and on account of ignorance are often opposed to Sunday Schools. There is an amazing indifference, concerning the proper training and education of the children. I have been in scores of homes where the children (fourteen years of age) have never been in Sunday School, and do not know what one is. I organized a school at W——— where there had been none in or near the village since any of the children in the public school were born. Most of the parents had been brought up better than that, but they had become indifferent. At D———, the directors refused the use of the school house for religious purposes so we fixed up an old blacksmith shop, and had a school in it averaging fifty-two in attendance for the summer. We are keeping up the interest, through the Home Department, till Spring shall open.

"At another place, we held a Sunday School in a saw-mill, for lack of any other place, having an enrollment of eighty-four. The interest here has been so great, we hope to build a chapel next season. Just received word from M——— that the school there has greatly increased in attendance this winter, and one man has been converted. This was a very needy field where none of the families were attending church or Sunday School. Most of my schools are doing well."

Any reader wishing to know more of the work of the A. S. S. U., can address, E. P. Bancroft, Secretary, 158 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Discovery of America

A NORWEGIAN reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (Mr. N. Sater, of Brooklyn, N. Y.), who is apparently a close student of the history of his native country, sends this letter, which is peculiarly appropriate at the present time, when the last vestige of Spanish sovereignty in the Western world has been swept away. He writes:

America, or "Vinland," was visited repeatedly by the Norwegians between the years 986 and 1007. The last expedition consisted of 151 men and seven women, and was well supplied with farming utensils and cattle. The Norse and Icelandic Sagas, written in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, give very minute descriptions of the expeditions.

These colonists arrived in the year 1007, and went home again in 1010 on account of continual troubles with the natives and quarrels among themselves. This is according to Norwegian history, and the reliable history of Norway dates back to the middle of the ninth century, when Harald Haarfager gathered the whole country under his rule. Later, other colonists went over, and in the year 1112 Pope Paschal II. ordained Erik Upsi as Bishop of Iceland, Greenland and Vinland, and in 1121 this Bishop himself went over to Vinland.

The Norwegians have always had a separate Cabinet and their own tariff and customs houses since their union in 1814. The present bone of contention with Sweden is only the diplomatic and consular services.

According to the Constitution of the two peoples of Norway and Sweden and the Act of Union between them, both are on equal terms. No one has any superiority or precedence over the other. Notwithstanding, Sweden, as the stronger power, has arrogated to herself the sole control over the diplomatic and consular service. As the Swedish nobility is the power behind the throne, the king, if he is a weakling, as a rule sides with the Swedes against any measure the Norwegian Government may recommend concerning the diplomatic and consular service.

The shipping of Norway is more than three times as large as that of Sweden, and still Sweden fills the consular service with her own nobility, who make things as undesirable as can be imagined for Norwegian shipping interests.

Suffering in Barbados

Rev. S. Antoinette Esterbrooks, founder of the Seamen's Anchor Mission and Tropical Training School in Barbados, has received from her people there many letters of grateful acknowledgment of money, food, literature and clothing sent them from this country. A large proportion of these gifts have come through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, and were carried free by the Quebec S.S. Co. Rev. J. M. Perkins, Missionary in charge at Bridgetown, writes:

"The clothes and provisions sent have arrived all safe by the S. S. *Fontabelle*. Many, many thanks to the friends who have remembered us so kindly. They have relieved much suffering and made many hearts happy. The money reached us in time to be a seasonable gift, and a blessed one it was. Rev. Mr. Smith holds six or seven meetings in the country every Sunday, besides many during the week. Some of our young converts are very bright and help us very much."

A FAMOUS

Japanese Chemist.

The medical papers of the country have been giving much space of late to a remarkable discovery by Mr. Jokichi Takamine, a Japanese scientist. It seems, to borrow the expression of the New York *Medical Times*, that "the profession has long desired" a digestive principle that will act on starchy foods (*i. e.*, a diastase). Pepsin and pancreatin are most efficient with meats and albumen, but fail on starch. Medicine had no treatment for starchy indigestion until a far-away chemist discovered Taka-Diastase.

The Therapeutic Gazette for October contains an article by Dr. Hugh S. Cummings, of Norfolk, Va., which ends thus; "In every case in which I have used Taka-Diastase, the result has been markedly good. I have been able to note a gradual gain in flesh and a rapid change in the general mental condition of the patient. I have welcomed the addition of Taka-Diastase to our list of modern remedies, for certainly no trouble is more common than intestinal digestion, nor has any disease come under my observation which has been so troublesome to treat or so difficult to overcome.'

Now the commonest form of indigestion, indeed a phase of practically every case, is trouble in assimilating starchy foods. These foods form a great part of our diet—bread, vegetables, fruit, cereals. Such is the enormous field of usefulness open to this new digestive. It is offered to the general public in the form of Kaskola Tablets. Of course, the pure diastase would not be a good general remedy. In the Kaskola Tablets they are combined with the good old standard medical elements which tone up the stomach, and, with Taka Diastase, form a treatment that will cure the vast majority of cases of dyspepsia. So unfailing has been its success that the manufacturers, the P. L. Abbey Co., Kalamazoo, Mich., offer to send any one free a fifty-cent box on condition that if benefit is derived from its use, the price be mailed to the company within two weeks. If no benefit is found, no charge will be made.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat often results in an Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. For relief in Throat troubles use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple yet effective remedy. Sold only in boxes.

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R·I·P·A·N·S on the package and accept no substitute. R·I·P·A·N·S 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York

$75 MONTH AND EXPENSES; no experience needed; position permanent; self seller PEASE MFG. CO., P.O. Box A, Cincinnati, O

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY Pittsburgh.
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SALEM Salem, Mass.
CORNELL Buffalo.
KENTUCKY Louisville.

A DWELLING house in the city of Elizabeth, N. J., built one hundred years ago, has always been painted with Pure White Lead and Linseed Oil—nothing else.

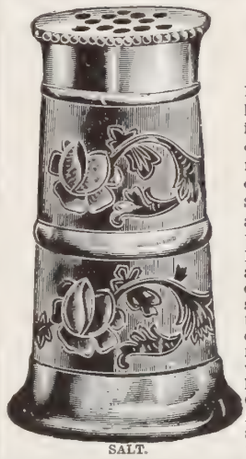
There is not a crack, blister, blemish or imperfection of any kind in the paint. Makers of mixtures, beat this record if you can!

Be sure the brand is right. Those in margin are genuine, and made by "old Dutch process."

FREE By using National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, any desired shade is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also folder showing picture of house painted in different designs or various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

National Lead Co., 100 William St., New York.

For Both 25 cents For Both



SALT.

If you are looking for a **Great Bargain** in Fine Silverware never heard of before and that will astonish you, here is one of the **Greatest Bargains** ever offered by any reliable Manufacturer. For 25 cents we send **Prepaid Both the Salt and Pepper Shakers.** They are Quadruple Coin Silver Plated. Warranted to wear ten years. Finely engraved and useful as well as ornamental to any table rich or poor. If on receipt of the same you do not think or find them the **Greatest Bargain** you ever have seen or heard of, return them at once to us and we will refund you your money. We have been doing business in Chicago since 1865. Any Bank or Express Company can tell you our standing. **Our Bargain Silverware Catalogue Sent Free.**

PEPPER.

A. W. LEONARD MFG. CO., 152-153 MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO.

No 3034 Buggy. Price $37.25 With Leather Quarter Top.

Don't Pay Three Profits

If you are going to pay for a carriage why not pay the least you can for the best vehicle? Get all you can in material and workmanship—pay as little as you can for handling and "extras."

You save the jobber's commission and the retailer's profit when you buy direct from the factory. You pay the cost of making with one moderate profit added. We are not agents, but manufacturers of buggies, carriages, surreys, phaetons, wagons, harness and horse accessories. Everything guaranteed. With our illustrated catalogue you can order easily and safely. If what you order does not suit, send it back and we will pay the freight both ways. First, get the catalogue. You are welcome to a copy.

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE & HARNESS COMPANY, COLUMBUS, O.

Allcock's
POROUS PLASTERS

Perhaps you sometimes use a porous plaster? But do you use the best one? And do you know which is the best one? The one whose reputation covers 40 years and whose record of cures and wonderful popularity gave birth to the scores of imitations. And which is this? Why, Allcock's—the plaster they all try to imitate, and the one you want because it cures. It cures by absorption and does not irritate the skin or cause any annoyance.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

A GREAT RHEUMATIC REMEDY.....

Mr. J. R. Morse, of the American Trading Company, Front Street, New York, writes: "Your TARTARLITHINE for rheumatism is simply GREAT. I want to present some of it to friends of mine. Please send me half a dozen bottles."

Regular package $1.00.
Of all druggists or post-free by mail.
Pamphlets with Testimonials FREE.

McKESSON & ROBBINS,
91 Fulton Street, . . New York.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

Self Mastery

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for March 19. 1 Cor. 9: 24-27

MEN of all times have recognized in themselves, in theory at least, the duality of being implied in the idea of self-mastery. There is something in man which causes him to differ from the brute, something which involves responsibility, and this fact is palpable even to the most ignorant. The savage understands that there are some restraints that he must recognize on the gratification of his physical appetites. It may be only the customs and conventions of his tribe, but there is something which requires him to exercise self-control. The physical body must not follow its impulses unrestrained, but must be governed, held in check and subordinated. When the plea of insanity, which among us is so much abused, is set up in murder cases, or of kleptomania in cases of dishonesty, it is simply a contention that a certain invisible power, which ought to control, is unable to perform its normal functions. We excuse the wrongdoer from punishment in such cases, because of his disability. It is so with the child. He has to be taught that his impulses must be restrained, and that he must exercise for himself the restraints that, at first, his parents exercise for him. So there is general recognition of the fact that man has two natures, one of which should govern, control and hold in check the other.

Every one is more or less conscious that his desirable condition is not always maintained. There is a rebellion, and sometimes a successful rebellion in a man's being. The man under the power of the drink habit, is firmly resolved that he will quit drinking; but in spite of the edict, mentally registered, he yields to his habit and does that which he was determined he would not do. There are mental as well as physical rebels. The love of money, of fame and power will assert itself, and the man will do that which he is reluctant to do, and knows he ought not to do, in order that he may attain his ends, and gratify desires which ought to be subordinate. So we come to the point, that the place a man occupies in the scale of being, depends in large measure on the force of his higher nature, which is set for government within him. It ought to be educated, so that it shall know what is right, and be capable of giving wise and righteous decisions, and it ought to have such vigor that it can enforce its will on the lower nature, and maintain its authority.

Now the question arises whether there is within our reach any aid which will strengthen this supreme power, and enable it to govern propensities and appetites which are disposed to resist its rule. The need of such aid every man who knows himself is sadly conscious of. Even the apostle acknowledged that it was necessary. In that pathetic description he gives in the seventh chapter of his letter to the Romans, of the struggle through which he passed, he shows that he was made of the same clay with ourselves. But he learned the secret of conquest. In the verses associated with this week's topic, he records his success. Now he keeps under his body and has brought it into subjection. It has evidently been a hard struggle, but the battle has been won. Like the contestant in the Olympian games, he has disciplined himself and has gained a victory. He tries to stimulate the ambition of his converts to win in the same struggle. The prize is better worth winning than that which crowned the athelete. It is an incorruptible crown. It is the height of attainment for the true man. To be master of himself, to have his mental being in order, well-balanced and under control—that is a prize worth winning. And it is within the reach of all. Omnipotent help will be given to any who enter that race. Faith in Christ, confidence in his power, dependence on his strength, bring into the arena invincible might. Human weakness is supported by divine power. That is the secret of overcoming. He who would be master of himself must lay hold on omnipotence, and then victory is assured.

For Rheumatism and Sleeplessness

We Offer the Best and Simplest Treatment Free.

Some doubt that so simple a device as **SLAYTON'S ELECTRIC SWITCH GLASS CASTERS** on the bed of an invalid can bring relief. To such we only reply that of the thousands of sets sold, every one has been paid for only after trial. The principle of their working is insulation from the earth. DR. BROWN SEQUARD, the most famous of French physicians, taught that rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, pains in muscles and bones, sleeplessness and kindred nervous diseases, were due to an exhausting flow of electricity from the body to the earth. To stop this flow—beneficial in health, but harmful when vitality is low—is the work of **SLAYTON'S ELECTRIC SWITCH GLASS CASTERS.** They insulate the patient completely. The curative results are wonderful. Great benefit results in the vast majority of cases.

We promise no cure. We simply direct your attention to what they have done for others, and ask if it is not worth while to make a careful trial of a treatment which has been so powerful for good with others, and which cannot possibly harm you.

Gentlemen—I saw your ad. in *The* ... ing she reported having enjoyed the best ... has continued to be benefited. Cannot ... herewith enclosed. REV. F. B. HARVEY.

... Mich., Dec. 12th, 1898.

SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO., T... ... Electric Casters. Mrs. Glidden and myself are satisfied that t... ...g a real benefit to each of us, and are all you represented them ... wish to retain them permanently. With thanks for your courteous treatment. Very respectfully, REV. N. D. GLIDDEN

... Dr. Frost is the leading homeopathic physician in Tecumseh.)

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., Feb. 10th, 1898.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO. ... receipted bill and oblige. Hastily yours.

FREE TRIAL FOR ONE WEEK. We will send to any address a full set of Slayton's Electric Switch Glass Casters, on receipt of 17c. for postage, on this condition. Try them according to directions for one week, and if you think them worth the price, $2.00, send us that amount. If not, return them by mail and no charge will be made. We make this offer because we know the great self-proving merit of our treatment, and can trust the readers of this paper.

N. B.—In ordering be sure to state whether for wood or metal bedsteads.

SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO., 206 High St., Tecumseh, Mich.

Open face, with monogram, full 15-Ruby-Jeweled Elgin Movement.

Unparalleled Opportunity to Join The American Watch Club

Wholesale Prices, and $1.00 weekly payments. Club membership limited.

The American Watch Club is organized for the purpose of supplying its members with a ... carat ... watch, ... at the lowest ... can secure.

How to Join American Watch Club:—On receipt of $2.00, the Club will forward certificate of membership, with the watch selected, members to pay balance $2.98 in 25 weekly payments of $1.00 each. **Join now and have use of elegant watch while paying for it in small installments.** Particulars, membership blanks, illustrations of Watches, Chains, Rings, Diamonds sent free. Please send references.

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Tailor Made Suit $4.98

SILK LINED JACKET

Jacket elegantly silk lined, skirt superbly finished; made from Lamb's celebrated Fast Color All-wool Fine Twilled Serge, equal every way to others' $10 suits. Choice of electric blue, navy blue, black color.

SEND NO MONEY

... allow you to try it on before you pay a cent.

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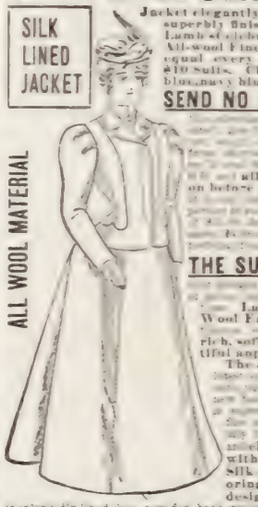

THE SUIT

Lamb's Best All Wool Fast Color Serge, ... rich, soft bloom ... beautiful appearance. The Jacket ... elaborately lined with real French Silk of beautiful coloring and exquisite designs. The Skirt ... splendidly lined ... from start to ...

If desired ... jacket with a ... Write for Big Free Bargain Catalogue ... Suits, Skirts, Capes, Jackets, etc. THE O. LOUIS VEHON CO., 155 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

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DON'T ... marble or granite WHITE BRONZE ...

NO MOSS GROWING. NO CRUMBLING. NO CLEANING. NO CRACKING.

THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO., 70-80 Howard Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

...CANCER...

... that I thoroughly cure Cancer without the knife: Rev. W. H. ... Indiana, ... Surgery ... Pond, ... Hutson, Georgia, Hayes, Ohio, cured seven years ago. Had undergone several operations before with knife. Address Dr. C. Weber, 121 W. 9th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, for further particulars and free book.

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$25.00 ONLY $2.00 DOWN.

$50.00 ... $25.00 $2.00 ... FREE ROBT. INGERSOLL & BRO., Dept. ... 67 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City.

Boys and Girls

SOLID GOLD PENS FREE.

... Royal English Ink Powder ... Ink Powder ... We trust you. Don't lose this grand opportunity. Write for our terms today. Address Imperial Ink Concern, 45 Adams St., Oak Park, Ill.

8000 BICYCLES

Overstock. Bustle closed for '98 MODELS $8 to $16. Shopworn and second hand wheels, good as new $3 to $10. New '99 MODELS $11 to $30. Great factory clearing sale. We ... to introduce ... EARN A BICYCLE by helping us advertise our superb line of samples. We give one Rider Agent in each town FREE USE of sample wheel to introduce them. *Write at once for our special offer.* E. A. MACEY, ... York, Ill.

BICYCLE FREE OR CASH TO ANY ONE I trust you. F. P... M... St., ... I...

TRUSSES RUPTURE CURED.

... Comfortable Belts made to reduce corpulency. The use of these belts reduces your size and leaves no room for surplus fat to accumulate. They can be used after any operations. Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps and Anklets, ... Send for free pamphlets to the Improved Elastic Truss Co., 785 Broadway, N. Y.

"Well bred, soon wed." Girls who use **SAPOLIO** Are quickly married.

∴ By the Sitting-Room Fire ∴

The Marriageable Age—Are the Rich Hard-Hearted?—Staying Out After Dark

THE question is asked: "Why is the prejudice so universal against a woman marrying her junior? A man may marry his junior by ten or fifteen or twenty years and the fact occasions no comment; but if the case is reversed and the woman is some years the older, the incident at once becomes gossip for town and city, and sometimes causes comment in the newspapers. I find from observation," adds the lady, "that men grow old as rapidly as women, and that a woman may be very companionable to a man some years her junior. I have seen uncongenial marriages between couples of the same or about the same age. I would like to know your opinion." So far as my observation goes, there is much happiness in marriages where the wife is by some years the older of the two, for the reason, perhaps, that John is very fond of petting and consideration, and Jane is very ready to give it when she is somewhat older than he. The maternal element in a wife, if exercised toward her husband, often adds very much to his comfort and ease in life. I do not know that women grow old faster than men. It depends a good deal on health, on circumstances or the conditions of life. Women grow old terribly fast where their lives are a round of unceasing drudgery. Where they have luxury and may spare themselves, there is no reason why they should age very fast. Still, by common consent, it is regarded as wiser that people who marry should be somewhere on the same plane of age.

* * *

A FRIEND writes complainingly of the hardheartedness of the rich. She forgets that people who have large means have also very many demands upon them. The mail, for instance, of Miss Helen Gould is filled with requests from strangers and from all sorts of people seeking her financial aid, and we are now told that it reaches between two and three hundred letters a day. It is necessary for Miss Gould to employ two or three secretaries, who go over her mail every day and select that which is necessary to be brought to her personal attention. Her very kindness of heart and magnificent liberality have laid her open to a sort of attack from strangers who fancy that they have only to state their case to have it relieved, which, should she attempt to answer in person, would wear her out. Not long ago a rich man approached by a solicitor for a most deserving charity said: "If I should give what I am asked to toward interests which I would love to help, I would exhaust three times my yearly income in one year." One should have some sympathy with the rich.

* * *

ALICE S. Your letter has given me a great deal of solicitude, but after reflection I am convinced that you were entirely wrong in taking the view you do of your father and mother. They may have anxieties to bear, of which you know nothing. There may be many reasons for what seems to you their impatience and unkindness. Indeed, in years to come, you may look back on what now seems to you as injustice and unkindness, and see that it was prompted by the truest love. My dear child, when you tell me that you can never stay out a half hour after dark without having your mother come to meet you, and that you find this a grievance, I hardly know what to say. It seems to me so sweet a thing to have a mother watching at the gate for her child and go out to meet her, that looking back over the years that have gone since I myself knew what that sweetness was, I cannot comprehend a daughter's growing angry at such a mark of affection. In my old-fashioned creed, all children and young people not yet grown up should be in the house after dark, and a daughter of mine who should be detained from home after the twilight shades had fallen would certainly find me on the alert to give her company over the shadowy way. I believe there should be deference on the part of daughters to mothers and fathers, and I think the happier homes are those in which there is loving attention to the wishes of the heads of the house.

Margaret E. Sangster

Don't trifle with that cold. Strengthen your system by driving out germs of disease through blood purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best medicine that money can buy. It never disappoints.

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For 25c. we will send the following collection of **SEEDS and BULBS**. All large packets and good blooming bulbs.

1 Pkt. Salvia, mass of red bloom.
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1 " Sweet Pea, red.
1 Pkt. Japanese Morning Glory, beautiful varied colors.
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1 " Verbena Mixed, new and dwarf, very fine.
1 " Petunia, fringed mixed, curved and twisted.

20 BULBS as follows: 1 Begonia, 1 Amaryllis, rare, 1 Spotted Calla Lily, 2 Montbretias, red, 1 Hyacinth, summer flowering; 1 tuberose, double, 3 Gladiolus, 1 Butterfly, 1 dwarf white, The Bride, 1 Scarlet, and **10** other beautiful flowering bulbs.

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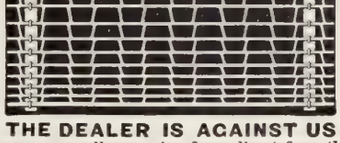

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ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER.

Send 25 cents for the above eight colors of Roses. I want to show you samples of the Roses I grow, hence this offer.

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3 Hibiscus 1 Palm 1 Jasmine. . . . . 25 cts.
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8 Carnations, the "Divine Flower," all colors. . . 25 cts.
8 Prize Winning Chrysanthemums, world beaters. . . 25 cts.
8 Assorted Plants, suitable for pots or the yard. . . 25 cts.
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3 Lovely Flowering Dwarf Cannas. . . . . 25 cts.
10 Lovely Gladiolas, the prettiest flower grown. . . 25 cts.
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SPECIAL OFFER.—Any 5 sets for $1.00, half of any 5 sets, 60 cents, post paid. I guarantee satisfaction. Once a customer, always one. Catalogue Free.

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A big yield of both profit and satisfaction will result if you plant

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They are **always the best.** Do not accept **any** substitute—buy none but Ferry's. Sold by all dealers. Write for the 99 Seed Annual—free.

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42 Most Popular FLOWERS Sent Postpaid 30c
20 Pkts. Choice Seeds, 22 Bulbs

"Crimson Queen" Canna Lily

I want the collection scattered.

1 pkt. Mary Semple Asters, 5 colors.
1 " Alyssum, Little Gem, Improved.
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1 " Basket Chrysanthemum.
1 " Umbrella Plant.
1 " Carnation Marguerite.
1 " Double Chinese Pinks.
1 " Heliotrope, mixed.
1 " Forget-me-not Victoria.
1 " Diamond Flower.
1 " Petunia Hybrid Mixed.
1 " Phlox Drummondii.
1 " Poppy Double Carnation.
1 " Sunshine Pansy.
1 " California Sweet Peas.
1 " Lovely Butterfly Flower.
1 " Grand Verbenas, mixed.
1 " Impomea, Northern Light.
1 " Washington Weeping Palm.
1 " Japan Morning Glory, on which

we offer $25 in Cash Premiums for Largest Flowers.

22 BULBS—1 new **CANNA, LILY,** "Crimson Queen"; 1 double Tuberose 1 Silver Leaf do.; 2 Hybrid Gladiolus; 2 Butterfly do.; 3 Spanish Iris, 2 Climbing Wisteria, 10 lovely mixed Oxalis.

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Tells all about the 40 varieties of thoroughbred poultry grown on **Milhook Farm.** The kind to select for best results, how to **mate, breed, feed and market them.** Worth its weight in gold to the beginner. **Sent for 10c.** in stamps—merely to pay postage and mailing.

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without a possibility of failure. That is best attested by its 200 first premiums in all kinds of competitions with all kinds of machines. Get our 168-page catalogue with supplement.

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WE DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY

unless after 30 days trial you want our incubators. All sizes from 50 eggs to 1000 eggs. 10,000 sold annually. Our compartment Incubator and Pneumatic Brooder must be seen to be appreciated. 50 egg size $5.00. Send 2c. for No. 66 Catalogue.

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New Nasturtium "Chameleon"

Different flowers grow on a single plant from a single seed. A wonderful novelty in this most popular flower. The blossoms, too, are larger than ordinary. **Send 6c. in stamps** and receive one pkt., 12 seeds, of this Nasturtium, with our 1899 catalogue, describing the Best Flower Seeds in America.

SIX MOST POPULAR FLOWERS.

1 pkt Sweet Peas, 25 kinds
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1 pkt Morning Glory, Giant
1 pkt Cosmos, New Early

7 Bulbs for 14c.
1 Begonia 1 Easter Lily
1 Black Calla 1 Gladiolus
1 Cyclamen 1 Gloxinia
1 Tuberose

12 Pkts. 12 Kinds. Earliest Vegetables ONLY 10c.

The above six kinds **for only four 2c. stamps** (8c.).

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There is a difference between **BURPEE'S SEEDS** and seeds as usually sold. Experience, the best of teachers (although her terms are sometimes high), has taught thousands of planters to appreciate the difference. The difference is one of quality rather than of price; the highest-priced seeds are not necessarily the best, while the lowest-priced seeds are seldom, if ever, the cheapest.

In order that thousands more may learn, at little expense, just what this difference actually is, we offer—

Five Popular 25-CENT Trial Collections.

able to give such great value for the money. Aside from the knowledge gained as to the decided superiority of **BURPEE'S BEST Seeds that Grow for 1899**, Collections for twenty-five cents seeds that would cost ordinarily several times this amount.

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Five Fine PANSIES Mailed for 25 Cts.

Specialty of Pansies.

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BURPEE'S DEFIANCE PANSIES.

Seven Superb Vegetables, all of our own introduction, mailed for twenty-five cents.

LONG KEEPING AUSTRALIAN BROWN ONION and mild, white flesh. Extremely

FORDHOOK FANCY TOMATO.

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BURPEE'S NETTED GEM MELON, the variety that has made Colorado famous for its *Rocky*

CALIFORNIA CREAM BUTTER LETTUCE.

EARLIEST WHITE RADISH, crisp, snow-white little radishes

FORDHOOK PICKLING CUCUMBER. for pickling and fine also for slicing;

For 25 Cts. Seven Packets, *each full size*, with illustration and

YOUNG PLANTS OF NEW EARLY TOMATO, FORDHOOK FANCY

Six Showy NASTURTIUMS, More than two ounces of Seed, Mailed for 25 Cts.

To get their full beauty,

SUNLIGHT.

TALL CHAMELEON, and the fa

LILIPUT NASTURTIUMS

NEW HYBRIDS OF MADAME GUNTER,—one-half ounce of our unequaled, gorgeous **NEW TOM THUMB MIXED**, and one-half ounce of **FORDHOOK FAVORITE CLIMBING NASTURTIUMS.**

Seven New Sweet Peas for 25 Cts.

Our Grand Collection of Seven Superb New Sweet Peas for twenty-five cents is a special feature of our business of such value as this year. All are regular-size packets, containing from forty to seventy seeds each, except *Prince of Wales* and *Black Knight*, of which there are twenty seeds. **two dollars and eighty-five cents** to procure the seed sold now for 25 cents. Extravagant as this statement may appear, it can be verified others at 15 cents for thirty seeds.

For 25 Cts. NINA BALFOUR, LADY light mauve; **PRINCE OF WALES**, largest flowers of most beautiful deep-rose color; **BLACK KNIGHT**, darkest of all Sweet Peas, nearly black; **ORIENTAL**, most gorgeous orange-salmon; **MODESTY**, silvery white, suffused with delicate flesh color; **SALOPIAN**, most brilliant scarlet; and **BURPEE'S BEST**, an absolutely unequaled mixture of all the **choicest novelties.** See beautiful **colored plate** in catalogue.

at our famous **FORDHOOK FARMS**, well known as the **Largest Trial Grounds in America.**

Our DOLLAR BOX of Seeds

contains thirty-eight packets of Best Seeds,— actual retail value more than four dollars.

We have selected the most popular Six Collections—SEVEN VEGETABLES OF OUR OWN INTRODUCTION—THE SEVEN SUPERB SWEET PEAS—THE FIVE FINE PANSIES—THE SIX SHOWY NASTURTIUMS, and our GEM COLLECTION OF TEN POPULAR ANNUALS—as the contents of the Dollar Box. **Five for One Dollar.** To these we have added a full-size packet of BURPEE'S BUSH SWEET PEA, while of the "Fifteen Novelties Free for Trial" we have included the NEW AMERICAN CELERY and FRAME'S SCARLET WATERMELON.

These make in all the **thirty-eight packets for one dollar,** which are packed neatly in a pasteboard box and sent by mail, postpaid, to any address. By referring to our catalogue, you will find that at prices "per packet" **these thirty-eight packets would cost four dollars and ten cents.**

Seeds That Grow.—The "Farm Annual" issued by Messrs. W. ATLEE BURPEE & Co., of Philadelphia, bears this year a second and most fitting title, "The Plain Truth about Seeds." Of the accuracy of this description of the book nobody who has ever dealt with the house will entertain the smallest doubt, for no establishment of any nature in the United States has built up an older or better reputation for absolute fair dealing. We have been familiar with their operations for a pretty big fraction of a century now, and know whereof we affirm. The Annual is a pamphlet of 176 octavo pages, closely but very clearly printed, and profusely illustrated with fine engravings and brilliant colored plates. It is mailed free to any address, and is decidedly worth sending for.—*From* "THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN," *Albany, N. Y., January 19, 1899.*

W. Atlee Burpee & Co., whose advertisement appears on another page of this issue, are seedsmen of world-wide reputation for integrity and fair dealing.—HON. J. STERLING MORTON, *ex-Secretary of Agriculture, in his new paper,* THE CONSERVATIVE, *Nebraska City, Neb., January 12, 1899.*

W. Atlee Burpee of Philadelphia says that [illegible] always look clean and [illegible] working has had its effect in a business that [illegible]

—*From* "TRADE ADVERTISING," *Penn., and everywhere noticed that attention*

Burpee's GEM Collection for 1899.

For 25 Cts. we will mail one packet each of all the following:

LITTLE GEM SWEET ALYSSUM.—The most

NEW MARGUERITE CENTAUREA, *Illustration.* Beautiful plants, bearing large,

GOLDEN WEST ESCHSCHOLTZIA.—*The N*

flowers borne profusely all summer.

DOUBLE GAILLARDIAS.

COVENT GARDEN GYPSOPHILA.—A improved strain of the delicately graceful and

FORDHOOK FINE MIXED IPOMŒAS.—Many large-flowered, showy varieties, including the finest new giant Japanese Morning Glories.

FORDHOOK LARGE-FLOWERING PHLOX.—The best selected strain of large-flowered va-

CHAMOIS-ROSE POPPY.—A distinct novelty, bearing large, fluffy, and perfectly double flowers of a clear chamois-rose color; delicately beautiful.

SALVIA SPLENDENS.—Numerous long spikes of the most intensely brilliant scarlet flowers.

FORDHOOK FAMOUS MAMMOTH VERBENAS. The largest and finest strain ever originated. These are *truly mammoth* Verbenas.

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and many other New Features of particular interest, presented in

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"The Leading American Seed Catalogue."

A handsome **new book of 176 pages,**—tells the plain truth about **Burpee's BEST SEEDS that Grow,** including rare Novelties which cannot be had elsewhere. Beautiful colored plates and hundreds of illustrations from nature. Gives practical information of real value to all who would raise the choicest Vegetables and most beautiful Flowers. **Mailed FREE** to any address.

BURPEE'S SEEDS are sold in any quantity, but only under seal. They are always GENUINE as dated,—if seal is unbroken.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Seed Growers, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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VOLUME 22—NUMBER 11

NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Christendom's New Creed

A Statement of Doctrine Unanimously Adopted by Theologians Representing Churches Containing Over 60,000,000 Christians

EVERY Christian who has cherished the longing which filled our Lord's heart when he breathed that pathetic prayer for his followers, "That they all may be one," will rejoice to see the new creed, which has been prepared by representatives of the evangelical churches of Great Britain. While it does not indicate that these churches were antagonistic was probably due to the emphasis which their pastors and members have been accustomed to lay on the points of difference and the prominence they have given to the distinctive principles which separated each church from the others. The system has been reversed, and the representatives of the churches have met, not to discuss their differences, but to find out how much they hold in common. No spectacle more significant and encouraging to the religious world has been afforded by the closing years of this century than this of divines of the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian churches meeting together, as Luke phrases it, to "set forth in order, a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us." Their success is as remarkable as the spirit that led to the effort. They have produced a creed in which they all agree, and this without the surrender of any doctrine or principle. The creed does not express all that any church believes, but it shows that on fundamental doctrines these churches are agreed, and that they have been able to express their agreement in terms acceptable to them all. The significance of such an agreement is increased by the fact that the churches represented by the men who made it, include a large majority of the Christians of the English speaking world. Not less than sixty million persons are ranged under the banners of the denominations represented in this movement. It had its origin in the Federation of the Free Churches—an organization designed to unite Christians in aggressive work. There were grave doubts whether such an organization, composed of men whose fathers had preached and written against one another, could work together, but it was found practicable and its advantages were realized from the outset. But to prepare a creed in which all could agree, was a more difficult matter. It went deeper and touched the very souls of men. Still there was hope in the fact that the intercourse, involved by comradeship in a union of those churches, it does imply a closer fellowship between them than formerly existed. It shows, too, that they have more in common than was generally supposed, and that a basis for united action can be reached. The idea

REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A., CHAIRMAN — REV. J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D., WHO DRAFTED THE CREED

TWO LEADERS OF THE COMMITTEE WHO FRAMED THE NEW CREED

(Continued on page 195)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

M. M., Rockfield, Ind. Is it probable that the heathen who have never heard of Christ will be saved?

We have nothing to do with that matter. It is in the hands of God, who assuredly will act justly. Christ said (Luke 12: 48), "He that knew not and did commit things worthy of stripes shall be beaten with few stripes." Meantime, our duty is plain. We ought to do all in our power to send the Gospel to the heathen and so obey our Lord's command to preach the Gospel to every creature.

A. L. M., Elgin, Ill. Does not the statement (I. Tim. 2: 6), that Christ gave himself a ransom for all, and other statements of like purport, imply that all will eventually be saved in the next world, if not in this?

It would be very rash to depend on such an interpretation. It would be an awful thing for a person who did so to find that it was wrong. If a king were to offer amnesty to all rebels who laid down their arms within a given time, the offer would be made to all, but only those who complied with the conditions would be benefited. Salvation is offered to all who accept Christ and there is no limit. If the whole world would accept him, his sacrifice would avail for all. Thus it is universal. But what is to be said of those who neglect it or reject it? There is no further sacrifice. It is not for us to limit God's mercy, but he gives us in his Word no ground for hope that another opportunity of accepting Christ will be afforded after death.

McK. R., Winchester, Ont., and others. I am told that I am doing [illegible] Sabbath, and that I ought to keep Saturday. Why do we ob-[illegible]

We observe it in celebration of Christ's resurrection. As the Jewish Sabbath commemorated the completion of creation, the Lord's Day commemorates the completion of the new creation, when by rising from the dead he set the seal to his redemptive work. The Jewish Sabbath was so weighed down with the restrictions of the Pharisees that, as Christ said in another case, they made the command of none effect through their traditions. A man might not carry a handkerchief on that day, because it would be bearing a burden, and there were a host of such ridiculous restrictions. Therefore the church avoided the day, and observed a day fraught with joyful associations. But there were Judaizing Christians in that day who murmured at the change. Some of them wanted to force the new converts to keep the whole Jewish law. But Paul resisted and a council was called, which set them free. The proceedings are recorded in the fifteenth chapter of Acts. Three commands were temporarily retained, but the Sabbath was not one of the three. Still, the seventh day people continued to harass the church, as they are harassing American churches to-day. Some of them went to Colosse. Paul, however, wrote to the church (Col. 3: 16): "Let no man judge you in respect of the Sabbath." We give you the same advice.

Weekly Reader, Columbia, Mo. What corresponding rank in the army is given a hospital steward? What salary and other provision is made by the government for the stewards stationed at garrison posts, such as Forts Riley, Kan., Sheridan, Ill., and Wayne, Mich.? Is it necessary that he must be a pharmacist or a graduate of medicine?

Through the courtesy of the Surgeon General's Office of the War Department, Washington, D. C., we are enabled to answer as [illegible]

"The Surgeon General directs me to inform you that hospital stewards rank with ordnance and commissary sergeants, the only non-commissioned officers who rank them being the regimental sergeant, major and quartermaster sergeant. They receive $45.00 per month with quarters, rations, light and fuel, and a clothing allowance of $142.53 for three years' enlistment. Pay and allowances are the same at all posts. Hospital stewards are appointed after an examination in pharmacy, private and one year as acting hospital steward (obtaining this grade also after examination) before he is eligible for examination for [illegible] macy."

George B., Ypsilanti, Mich. 1. The original name of the Rothschild house was Bauer. Mayer Anselm Bauer was entrusted with a large amount of treasure by the Landgrave of [illegible] country of the Fret[illegible] he returned them [illegible] them to such adv[illegible] per cent. interest. 2. No. 3. No.

A large number of letters come to THE MAIL BAG relative to the case of Roberts, the Mormon Congressman-elect. Almost all are in hearty sympathy with the attitude of this journal in opposing his admission to Congress. [illegible]

I have very little sympathy with that lukewarm Christianity which says, "It is none of our business!" Just as sure as the church declines the nation will in equal relation decline. It is the imperative duty of our religion to reverence and obey the word of inspiration with unflinching firmness.

Many old Bible letters continue to come: Sidney B. Stewart, Portland, Me., has a Bible printed in England in 1767, which has been in the same family ever since.

Henry L. Fleming, Baltimore, Md., writes: I have an old Bible, printed in 1554, illustrated with wood-cuts and a genealogical tree on the first page. This Bible is printed in three languages, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. The illustrations are very unique and interesting.

Mr. E. O. White, Toronto, Can., has probably as fine a collection of old Bibles as can be found on this continent. He sends this surprising list:

1490—Bible in Latin; oak covers; bound in pig skin.
1507—Four evangelists' glosses by Lyra; printed at Basle.
1530—Bible in Latin; black letter; folio.
1537—Bible; black letter, folio; Coverdale translation.
1566—Bible; black letter; folio; printed at Rouen, [illegible] ed by C. Barker.
1595—Bible; black letter; printed by C. Barker.
1613—Bible; authorized version; printed by R. Barker.
1640—Bible; Black letter folio; printed by R. Barker and J. Bill.

Allen M. Fretz, Sonderton, Ont., [illegible]

My book has the Four Gospels and the Acts of [illegible] ent languages, in six parallel columns, with two

FIRST EXCURSION TRAIN ON THE [illegible] RAILWAY OVER SKAGWAY RIVER, ALASKA

This train, the first ever run so near the Arctic Circle, took the people of Skagway for a trip, a little more than a month after the opening of the line. It was a historical day for Alaska.

So little is revealed to us about the future [illegible] statements. Paul said: "Then shall I know, even as I am known," but it is not certain that he was speaking of human friends. It is, how[illegible] will be no recognition. It is reasonable to believe that in a life so happy this source of [illegible] state. But against this view must be set the [illegible]

L. J. P., Middletown, Conn. Why did our Lord commend a man who defrauded his master [illegible]

It was not our Lord who commended him, but the servant's lord, and he simply praised his smartness. It was a clever trick, but it [illegible] it so as to benefit them in heaven. If they helped the poor and [illegible] so helped would welcome them to heaven when it failed, as it must do when they died. You may see in Matthew 25: 34-40 how they were rewarded who used their money in this way.

The rule of interpretation is that when two writers [illegible] same speech and one [illegible] than the other, the one who gives the fullest report is to be deemed the more accurate. It is more likely that the one writer omitted a sentence than that the other inserted something that never was uttered. Following this rule, Matthew's report is more likely to be accurate than Mark's. If you will turn to Matthew 5: 32 you will see that Christ made an exception in the case of a person who had been false to the marriage vow. He did not require one partner to live with another who had been unfaithful.

H. V., Allentown, Pa. No.

Clayton A., Ashton, Ill. Her [illegible]

Cornelia H., Sango, Tenn. She is not even a relation.

[illegible] N. J. Address him Washington, D. C.

[illegible] do we consider the matter important.

Reader, ——, Pa. We cannot decide the ques-[illegible]

Theodore S. Russell, Brooklyn, N. Y. Gen. Sheridan's birthplace was Albany, N. Y. His last days were spent at Nonquit, Mass.

Subscriber, Gates, N. Y. How is it possible for us to know? There is no record but that in the Bible, and, as you know, that is silent on the subject.

Miss M. B., Hamburg, Mo. The object of such questions is to induce study of the Bible. This would be defeated by their being answered in THE MAIL-BAG.

Constant Reader, Holman, Wis. We have no space for controversy. As you are probably aware, the subject has been debated for many years and no good has come of it.

Subscriber, Eden, Miss. The questions have been answered more than once in THE MAIL-BAG. If you will send your name, repeating the questions, we will send answers by mail.

Reader, Holdrege, Neb. The Ruskin, Tenn., Colony, we understand, is purely a social experiment, and its members worship as they please. Perhaps if you write to the postmaster there, you may [illegible]

C. J. R., Meadeville, Mont. 1. The difference is doubtless due to difference in cost of material [illegible] pool Bethesda was situated on the east side of [illegible]

Further answers to A. S. N.'s inquiry for Luther's "Cradle Hymn" have been received from Minnie S. C., New Baltimore, N. Y.; Mrs. E. J. Hagaman, Chicago, Ill.; John Bryson, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. H. [illegible] Me.; [illegible] N. Y.; Matilda B., Wayside, N. J.; Katherine Smith, Philadelphia; Judith H., Lower Cabot, Vt.; Edith May Hazlitt, Des Moines, Ia.; Emma W., Beemersville, N. J.; Miss M. V. Stevens, Newton, N. J.; A Reid, Chicago, Ill.; W. A. N., Belmont, N. Y., and others

The difference [illegible] sure. The highe[illegible] sure is less. In a [illegible] the pressure a[illegible] heat-force, thus raising the [illegible]

rest but voluntary [illegible] spiritual activity.

[illegible] in the century following the [illegible] this, no less than Christian assertion, the first day as that set apart for [illegible]. It is [illegible] ing by Pardee [illegible] date of 165.

[illegible]

Christendom's New Creed

(Continued from first page)

work, had inspired mutual respect and the affection that comes from the association of sincere and consecrated souls. It was decided to make the effort. Dr. Oswald Dykes, an eminent Presbyterian theologian who had extensively studied the ancient and modern creeds of the world, was requested to draft a creed. As soon as his work was finished it was submitted to a committee, which carefully examined it and discussed it, clause by clause. The final revision was then examined by a committee of twenty representative men. The finished product received the approval of these twenty theologians and each clause was adopted without a dissentient voice. That this agreement was not reached without difficulty may well be believed. As is admitted by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who was chairman of both committees, and took part in every meeting, there were several occasions during the two years that the work occupied, when there seemed to be an impassable mountain of difficulty in the way of achievement, but by mutual good-will and prayerful patience, each difficulty was surmounted. The result is, it is true, not binding on any denomination; the creed must stand on its own merits, but each denomination represented will necessarily be influenced by the fact that its leaders of this day had a part in the work.

The creed is in the form of a catechism containing fifty-two questions and answers. That number was adopted so that it might be possible to learn the whole catechism, one question and answer per week, in the course of one year. In examining it in detail, the reader is impressed by the skill with which supporters of views apparently irreconcileable, have stated the points on which they agree. Thus, Question 8, brings up the bitter controversy between Arminians and Calvinists; but the Arminian admits that "no one has been able, in his own strength, to keep God's law," and that conviction is set down as the point of harmony. Again, in Question 10, both the opponents, widely as they appeared to have differed, could agree in the statement that, "we are unable either to cleanse our own hearts, or to make amends for our offences." The subject of baptism was, of course, a crucial one, but here again, a form of expression was found in which both parties agreed. Baptism, the catechism states, "*signifies* the washing away of sin." Another difficult question was as to the resurrection of the body. The form finally adopted was, that "we shall be clothed with glorified bodies," leaving it an open question whether the bodies referred to are new ones, or those laid in the grave. There was a desire on the part of many members of the committee to give detailed explanations of the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, but the decision to limit the questions to fifty-two, precluded this. Detailed explanations, however, were agreed upon, and they have been given in a series of subquestions in small print. These we omit for lack of space, in the creed we publish on this page.

Our readers will be glad to have the portraits we publish on the first page of the two most prominent workers in this great movement. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the chairman of the committees which have produced the catechism, is a minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and was recently elected President of the General Conference—the highest honor in the gift of his church. The Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, D.D., who made the first draft of the catechism and who labored indefatigably and with "sweet reasonableness" to reach an agreement with his brethren, is Principal of the Presbyterian College, Cambridge, and an ex-Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod. The other members of the Committee were: *Baptists:* Drs. Clifford and Tymms and Rev. G. P. Gould. *Congregationalists:* Drs. Berry, Mackennal, Guinness Rogers, Rev. J. S. Barrett and Prof. J. V. Bartlett. *Wesleyans:* Drs. Beet and Davison, Revs. J. S. Banks, and G.G. Findlay. *Primitive Methodists:* Rev. H. B. Kendall, Prof. A. S. Peake. *Presbyterian:* Dr. J. Monro Gibson. *Methodist New Connexion:* Dr. W. J. Townsend. *Bible Christian:* Rev. F. W. Bourne. *United Methodist Free Church:* Rev. David Brook, D. C. L.

The New Catechism

1 Q. What is the Christian religion?
A. It is the religion founded by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Who has brought to us the full knowledge of God and of Eternal Life.

2 Q. How must we think of God?
A. God is the one Eternal Spirit, Creator and Sustainer of all things; He is Love, boundless in wisdom and power, perfect in holiness and justice, in mercy and truth.

3 Q. By what name has Jesus taught us to call God?
A. Our Father in Heaven.

4 Q. What do we learn from this name of Father?
A. We learn that God made us in his own image, that He cares for us by his wise providence, and that He loves us far better than any earthly parent can.

5 Q. What does Jesus say about Himself?
A. That He is the Son of God, Whom the Father in His great love sent into the world to be our Saviour from sin.

6 Q. What is sin?
A. Sin is any thought or feeling, word or act, which either is contrary to God's holy law, or falls short of what it requires?

7 Q. Say in brief what God's law requires.
A. That we should love God with our whole heart and our neighbor as ourselves.

8 Q. Are we able of ourselves to do this?
A. No; for, although man was made innocent at the first, yet he fell into disobedience, and since then no one has been able, in his own strength, to keep God's law.

9 Q. What are the consequences of sin?
A. Sin separates man from God, corrupts his nature, exposes him to manifold pains and griefs, and, unless he repents, must issue in death eternal.

10 Q. Can we deliver ourselves from sin and its consequences?
A. By no means; for we are unable either to cleanse our own hearts or to make amends for our offences.

11 Q. How did the Son of God save His people from their sins?
A. For our salvation He came down from Heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, and the third day He rose again according to the Scriptures, and ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father.

12 Q. What benefit have we from the Son of God becoming Man?
A. We have a Mediator between God and men; one who as God reveals to us what God is; and, as perfect Man, represents our race before God.

13 Q. What further benefits have we from our Lord's life on earth?
A. We have in Him a brother man who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, as well as a perfect example of what we ought to be.

14 Q. What did He accomplish for us by His death on the Cross?
A. By offering Himself a sacrifice without blemish unto God, He fulfilled the requirements of Divine Holiness, atoned for all our sins, and broke the power of sin.

15 Q. What does the resurrection of Jesus teach us?
A. It assures us that he has finished the work of our redemption; that the dominion of death is ended; and that, because He lives, we shall live also.

16 Q. What do we learn from His ascension into Heaven?
A. That we have in Him an Advocate with the Father, Who ever liveth to make intercession for us.

17 Q. What do we learn from His session at the right hand of God?
A. That He is exalted as our Head and King, to Whom has been given all authority in Heaven and on earth.

18 Q. How does Jesus Christ still carry on His work of salvation?
A. By the third person in the blessed Trinity, the Holy Spirit, who was sent forth at Pentecost.

19 Q. What is the mystery of the blessed Trinity?
A. That the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, into Whose Name we are baptized, are one God.

20 Q. What must we do in order to be saved?
A. We must repent of our sin and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

21 Q. What is it to repent?
A. He who truly repents of his sin not only confesses it with shame and sorrow, but above all he turns from it to God with sincere desire to be forgiven and steadfast purpose to sin no more.

22 Q. What is it to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?
A. It means that we rely on Him as our Teacher, Saviour and Lord, putting our whole trust in the grace of God through Him.

23 Q. How are we enabled to repent and believe?
A. By the secret power of the Holy Spirit working graciously in our hearts, and using for this end providential discipline and the message of the Gospel.

24 Q. What benefits do we receive when we repent and believe?
A. Being united to Christ by faith, our sins are freely forgiven for His sake, our hearts are renewed, and we become children of God and joint-heirs with Christ.

25 Q. In what way are we to show ourselves thankful for such great benefits?
A. By striving to follow the example of Jesus in doing and bearing the will of our Heavenly Father.

26 Q. Where do we find God's will briefly expressed?
A. In the Decalogue or Law of the Ten Commandments as explained by Jesus Christ.

27 Q. Repeat the Ten Commandments.
(Here the Commandments are set out in full).

28 Q. How has our Lord taught us to understand this Law?
A. He taught that the law reaches to the desires, motives and intentions of the heart, so that we cannot keep it unless we love God with our whole heart and our neighbor as ourselves.
(Here follows a detailed interpretation and explanations of the Ten Commandments).

29 Q. What special means has God provided to assist us in leading a life of obedience?
A. His Word, Prayer, the Sacraments, and the Fellowship of the Church.

30 Q. Where do we find God's Word written?
A. In the Holy Bible, which is the inspired record of God's revelation given to be our rule of faith and duty.

31 Q. What is Prayer?
A. In prayer we commune with our Father in Heaven, confess our sins, give Him thanks for all His benefits, and ask, in the name of Jesus, for such things as he has promised.

32 Q. Repeat the Lord's Prayer.
(Here follows the Lord's Prayer and detailed explanations of its clauses).

33 Q. What is the Holy Catholic Church?
A. It is that Holy Society of believers in Christ Jesus which He founded, of which He is the only Head, and in which He dwells by His Spirit; so that, though made up of many communions, organized in various modes, and scattered throughout the world, it is yet One in Him.

34 Q. For what ends did our Lord found His Church?
A. He united His people into this visible brotherhood for the worship of God and the ministry of the Word and the Sacraments; for mutual edification, the administration of discipline, and the advancement of His Kingdom.

35 Q. What is the essential mark of a true branch of the Catholic Church?
A. The essential mark of a true branch of the Catholic Church is the presence of Christ, through His indwelling Spirit, manifested in holy life and fellowship.

36 Q. What is a Free Church?
A. A Church which acknowledges none but Jesus Christ as Head, and, therefore, exercises its right to interpret and administer His laws without restraint or control by the State.

37 Q. What is the duty of the Church to the State?
A. To observe all the laws of the State unless contrary to the teaching of Christ; to make intercession for the people, and particularly for those in authority; to teach both rulers and people the eternal principles of righteousness, and to imbue the nation with the spirit of Christ.

38 Q. What is the duty of the State to the Church?
A. To protect all branches of the Church and their individual members in the enjoyment of liberty to worship God, and in efforts to promote the Religion of Christ, which do not interfere with the civil rights of others.

39 Q. What is a Christian minister?
A. A Christian minister is one who is called of God and the Church to be a teacher of the Word and a pastor of the flock of Christ.

40 Q. How may the validity of such a Ministry be proved?
A. The decisive proof of a valid Ministry is the sanction of the Divine Head of the Church manifested in the conversion of sinners and the edification of the body of Christ.

41 Q. What are the Sacraments of the Church?
A. Sacred rites instituted by our Lord Jesus to make more plain by visible signs the inward benefits of the Gospel, to assure us of His promised grace, and, when rightly used, to become a means to convey it to our hearts.

42 Q. How many Sacraments are there?
A. Two only. Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

43 Q. What is the visible sign in the sacrament of baptism?
A. Water: wherein the person is baptized into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

44 Q. What inward benefits does this signify?
A. The washing away of sin and the new birth wrought by the Holy Spirit in all who repent and believe.

45 Q. What are the outward signs in the Lord's Supper?
A. Bread and wine: which the Lord has commanded to be given and received for a perpetual memorial of His death.

46 Q. What is signified by the Bread and Wine?
A. By the Bread is signified the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ in which he lived and died; by the Wine is signified His Blood, shed once for all upon the Cross for the remission of sins.

47 Q. What do they receive who in penitence and faith partake of this sacrament?
A. They feed spiritually upon Christ as the nourishment of the soul, by which they are strengthened and refreshed for the duties and trials of life.

48 Q. Why do Christians partake in common of the Lord's Supper?
A. To show their oneness in Christ, to confess openly their faith in Him, and to give one another a pledge of brotherly love.

49 Q. What is a Christian's chief comfort in this life?
A. That in Christ he belongs to God, Who makes all things work together for good to them that love Him.

50 Q. What hope have we in the prospect of death?
A. We are well assured that all who fall asleep in Christ are with Him in rest and peace; and that even as He rose from the dead, so shall we also rise and be clothed with glorified bodies.

51 Q. What has Jesus told us of His Second Advent?
A. That, at a time known only to God, He shall appear again with power, to be glorified in His saints and to be the judge of all mankind; and that for His Appearing we should be always ready,

52 Q. What is the Christian's hope concerning the future state?
A. We look for the life everlasting, where in all who are saved through Christ shall see God and inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world.

Fidelia Fisk's Birthplace

A reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (B. F. Severance, of East Shelburne, Mass.,) writes: "I have noticed in Dr. Talmage's sermons mention made several times of Fidelia Fisk. The house where she was born—which must be over a hundred years old—stands high up on the Shelburne hills. It has been deserted for nearly a dozen years, and is fast going to decay. The old elm in the yard, under which Miss Fisk played in her childhood days, is still alive and flourishing. A fine view of the Connecticut valley is enjoyed from this point. It seems sad to see the old house going to ruin."

Fidelia Fisk, one of the noble band of American women who, early in the present century, exerted such an influence by their spiritual teaching, and the sweet example of their holy lives, was born at Shelburne on March 1st, 1816. She was graduated at the famous Mount Holyoke Seminary, in 1839, and subsequently became a teacher there. In 1843, feeling a call to carry the Gospel to foreign fields, she resigned her position and went as a missionary to Persia.

There she labored fifteen years, much of the time as a teacher of young Persian women. She became the first principal of a seminary at Oroomiah, and worked faithfully there until 1858, when she returned to the United States in broken health. Besides her spiritual work as teacher, she found time to write much. She published a memorial of Mount Holyoke, and *Woman and her Saviour in Persia*, besides other works. At the time of her death, which took place on Aug. 9, 1864, she was engaged in the preparation of a volume of recollections of Mary Lyon, the founder of Holyoke.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

The Star Wormwood

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Rev. 8: 10, 11.

There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood.

Albert Barnes, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, and some other commentators say that the star Wormwood of my text was a type of Attila, King of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the Star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of Revelation, and the Star of Peace, but my subject calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called Brilliant Bitterness.

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man Attila, the King of the Huns. The story goes that one day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back, further and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars, and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called Liberators, or the Merciful, or the Good, but Attila called himself, and demanded that others call him, "The Scourge of God."

It was a common saying that the grass never grew where the hoot of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine and the Moselle and the Rhine with carnage, and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle since the world stood—300,000 dead left on the field. On and on until all those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer; then a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, and a bishop cried, "It is the aid of God;" and all the people took up the cry, "It is the aid of God." As the cloud of dust was blown aside, the banners of reinforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, "the Scourge of God."

Because of his brilliancy and bitterness, the commentators might well have supposed him to be the star Wormwood of the text. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic my text is: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many embittered lives there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, *Artemisia absinthium*, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yea, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence on others. There are Attilas of the home, Attilas of the social circle, Attilas of the Church, Attilas of the State, and one-third of the waters of all the world, if not two-thirds the waters are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that most men, as soon as they get great power, become overbearing. The more power men have the better, if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better, if they use it for evil.

Birds circle round and round and round before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse so far has been swinging round and round, this moment it drops straight on your heart and asks the question, Is your life a benediction to others, or an embitterment, a blessing or a curse, a balsam or a wormwood? Some of you, I know, are morning stars, and you are making the dawning life of your children bright with gracious influences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of Gospelization which will yet flood all the mountains and valleys of our sin-accursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope!

Some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old people; and though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulousness or unreasonableness of your aged father and mother, it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balconies of the neighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional shortcomings, for they themselves several times lost their patience with you when you were young, and perhaps whipped you when you did not deserve it. Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond coronet.

But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet, and to the laughter, which occasionally trickles through at wrong times, and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cachinnation, as in high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the mill-dam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshet?

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town, or the city of your residence? I will suppose that you are a Star of Wit. What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybody to make me cry. I can do that without any assistance. We all cry enough, and have enough to cry about. God bless all skilful punsters, all repartees ists, all propounders of ingenious conundrums, all those who mirthfully surprise us with unusual juxtaposition of words. Thomas Hood and Charles Dickens and Sydney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. They slay follies and absurdities which all the sermons of all the pulpits cannot reach. But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmirched with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible? Are your powers of mimicry used to put religion in contempt? Is it a bunch of nettlesome invective? Is it a bolt of unjust scorn? Is it fun at others' misfortune? Is it glee at their disappointment and defeat? Is it bitterness put drop by drop into a cup? Is it like the squeezing of *Artemisia absinthium* into a draught already distastefully pungent? Then you are the star Wormwood. Yours is the fun of a rattlesnake trying how well it can sting. It is the fun of a hawk trying how quick it can strike out the eye of a dove.

But I will change this, and suppose you are a star of Worldly Prosperity. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can bless the world with pomological achievement in the orchard. You can build a church. You can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore. You can help to ransom a world. A rich man with his heart right—can you tell me how much good a James Lenox or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while living, or is doing now that he is dead? There is not a city, town or neighborhood that has not specimens of consecrated wealth.

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose, when a man's wages are due, you make him wait for them because he cannot help himself. Suppose that, because his family is sick and he has had extra expenses, he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year, and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose, by your manner, you act as though he were nothing, and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish and overbearing and arrogant. Your first name ought to be Attila, and your last name Attila, because you are the star Wormwood, and you have embittered one-third, if not three-thirds of the waters that roll past your employees and operatives and dependents. Are we embittering the domestic or social or political fountains, or, are we like Moses, who, when the Israelites in the Wilderness complained that the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, their leader cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the water, and it became sweet and slaked the thirst of the suffering host? Are we with a branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the brackish fountains that we can touch?

Dear Lord, send us all out on this mission. All around us embittered lives—embittered by persecution, embittered by hypercriticism, embittered by poverty, embittered by pain, embittered by injustice, embittered by sin. Why not go forth and sweeten them by smiles, by inspiring words, by benefactions, by hearty counsel, by prayer, by Gospelized behavior? Let us remember that if we are wormwood to others we are wormwood to ourselves, and our life will be bitter and our eternity bitterer. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only sweetening power that is sufficient. It sweetens the disposition; it sweetens the manners; it sweetens life; it sweetens mysterious Providences; it sweetens afflictions; it sweetens death; it sweetens everything.

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to revolve as stars, but they may fall wormwood. Tyre — the atmosphere of the desert, fragrant with spices coming in caravans to her fairs; all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen; her markets rich with horses and camels from Togarmah; the bazaar filled with upholstery from Dedan, with emerald and coral and agate from Syria, with mines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers? where the roar of her chariots? where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood; let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where once she challenged the admiration of all nations; let the barbarians who set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered, answer the questions. She was a star, but by her own sin turned to wormwood, and has fallen.

Hundred-gated Thebes—for all time to be the study of antiquarian and hieroglyphist; her stupendous ruins spread over twenty-seven miles; her sculptures presenting in figures of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations; her obelisks and columns; Karnac and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride! Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days, when the hippodrome rang with her sports, and her avenues roared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed down the vision of chariots and temples and thrones? What hands pulled upon the columns of her glory? Let the [illegible] desolation, and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and pictured sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood, and has fallen."

Babylon, with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls; the splendor of the earth gathered within her gates, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his wife, Amytis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country, and could not endure the flat country around Babylon. What battering-ram smote the walls? What plowshare upturned the gardens? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illuminated the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove, and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find an answer, and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and broken pottery, the remains of Babylon. I hear the wild waves saying: "Babylon was proud. Babylon was impure. Babylon was a star, but by sin she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

From the persecutions of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Huguenots in other lands, God set upon these shores a nation. The council-fires of the aborigines went out in the greater light of a free government. The sound of the war-whoop was exchanged for the thousand wheels of enterprise and progress. The mild winters, the fruitful summers, the healthful skies, charmed from other lands a race of hardy men, who loved God and wanted to be free. Before the woodman's axe forests fell, and rose again into ships' masts and churches' pillars. Fabulous bushels of Western wheat meet on the way fabulous tons of Eastern coal. Furs from the North pass on the rivers fruits from the South. And trading in the same market are Maine lumberman, and South Carolina rice merchant, and Ohio farmer, and Alaska fur dealer. And churches and schools and asylums scatter light and love and mercy and salvation upon seventy millions of people.

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of nations that have perished; that our cup of blessing turn not to wormwood, and we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until the world shall reach the millennial era. Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break his Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a people, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought, nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue, and beslimed the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a by-word in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities, as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom, are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our National and State Capitols will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon; and future historians will record, upon the page bedewed with generous tears, the story that the free nation of the West arose in splendor which made the world stare; it had magnificent possibilities. It forgot God. It hated justice. It hugged its crimes. It halted on its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down, all the despotisms of earth, from the top of bloody thrones, began to shout: "Aha! so would we have it!" while struggling and oppressed peoples looked out from dungeon bars, with tears and groans, and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those, and the woe of these, uniting in the exclamation: "Look yonder! 'There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; and the name of the star is called Wormwood!'"

Our Protegees in India

A Visit to an Orphanage for Girls which has Participated in "The Christian Herald" Fund

ONE of the most devoted and fearless workers for Christ in India is Rev. Alfred S. Dyer, the editor of the *Bombay Guardian*. He has toiled and suffered much in the cause of Christ in that far-away land, where the laws and customs frequently operate to the misery of the female population. He has recently paid a visit to the orphanage conducted by Mrs. Bruere, who has received help from the fund contributed by our readers. Mr. Dyer says, "It has occurred to me that your readers would be interested in the testimony of an independent eye-witness." He therefore kindly sends a photograph and the following account of the orphan waifs who have now grown strong and well, and are giving themselves to Christ:

"As every farmer is deeply interested in the result of his seed-sowing, so the many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who have helped to relieve famine distress and to succor famine orphans in India, will be glad to hear something of the outcome of blessing.

"I have just ended a long visit (made for the purpose of seeking rest) to a quiet spot near Talegaon, on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, where is situated Mrs. Bruere's Orphanage for famine girls. Here I have had the privilege and joy of witnessing a gathered spiritual harvest. The group of eight in the photograph which is sent herewith, includes the youngest and the eldest except one, of the more than ten times that number who are being sheltered and trained under holy influences in that Orphanage. They were brought in several small parties from various districts during the famine. The spiritual as well as the physical transformation which has taken place in little more than a year is marvelous.

ORPHAN GIRLS AT TALEGAON, INDIA
(Partially Supported by "The Christian Herald")

"Early in 1898 a great work of grace went on amongst them, with the result that all the elder girls (more than half of the whole) intelligently sought and found Christ as their Saviour, and were baptized on a public profession of their faith in him. All the younger ones desired baptism also, and as it seemed impossible to draw an age limit, they, too, were publicly immersed, with solemn but joyful service in a river near by; and thus have made public avowal of their trust in him who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

"It will interest many of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers whose gifts helped to make this work possible, to read the following brief histories of the girls in the picture, affording, as they do, specimens of the experiences of many others of the large multitude of famine children who are now safely folded in Christian homes.

"Heria, who stands with a single flower in her right hand on the left of the picture as you face it, is a farmer's daughter. On the death of her father several years prior to the famine, the family, consisting of the widow and four children besides Heria, went to live with the mother's brother. Here they remained until the severest famine days came, when Heria's uncle sent them away, saying he had not enough for two families. Thus cast out, they were obliged to beg as their chief resource. At one place they were permitted to share a stable with some cattle, sleeping of course on the ground among the oxen, etc. In this stable the mother and the youngest boy died within two hours of each other, and were taken away for disposal by the town scavengers without ceremony, slung like animals on a pole, a not infrequent occurrence in those sad times. Shortly afterwards two more of the children died of privation and exposure, Heria and a brother only remaining. These poor orphan waifs contrived to keep themselves alive a while longer by begging, till picked up by an American missionary. But so far as the boy was concerned, food and care were unavailing, and Heria was soon the sole survivor of the family. She is an exceptionally good girl, knowing Christ as her Saviour, and is a joy to those who stand in the relation of foster-parents to her at Mrs. Bruere's Orphanage.

"Sitting beneath Heria is Ananda, with her elder sister Bundia standing beside her. Ananda and Bundia were the only children of their parents. The parents being in a starving condition, started with their two little girls to walk from their village to the nearest town, in hope of getting work and food there, but first the father and then the mother died on the road. The children wandered on, and after being three more days without food, were found by a woman missionary, by whom they were eventually forwarded to Mrs. Bruere. Both the little girls are bright, affectionate and lovable.

"The photograph hardly does justice to the appearance of Rowati, the tall girl standing in the centre. Her features are regular, and beam with intelligence. She is "black but comely." Were her complexion white, she would be regarded in Western lands as handsome. But better than outward beauty, her face now bears the insignia of inward grace. She had never been to school when she came into Mrs. Bruere's charge a little over a year ago, but her progress in learning has been so rapid that she is now a teacher in the Orphanage. When saved from death by hunger, or a worse lot, she was sixteen years old. She had been married at the unusually advanced age (for India) of thirteen; but had not left home to live with her husband. During the famine, her father and mother grew weaker and weaker through lack of food, and finally they both died of want. More fortunate than many, she fell into the hands of a Christian woman, who sent her a journey of two days and two nights in a bullock cart to the Mission station.

"Standing beside Rowati is Goodji, both of whose parents died of starvation. She is one of the larger girls in the Orphanage who have been baptised on the public profession of their faith in Christ. The interesting little girl who stands in front of her, Chimmini by name, is the youngest of the famine children in the Orphanage. Gillie, who sits with her arm around Chimmini, is a cousin of Goodji, and, like her, has intelligently passed into the light and blessing of a disciple of Jesus.

"Lastly, there is Dymot, the girl on the right of the group, with her *sari* over her head. Her father was a cultivator. When the famine began, the family consisted of five—grandmother, father, mother, Dymot, and a young brother. The three former died of privation in the order named. The boy and girl were succored by missionaries. Dymot's brother is in the orphanage for famine boys at Poona, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Fox. Being only twenty miles distant, they occasionally have the joy of seeing each other. Both have professed Christ by baptism, and give evidence in their daily life of the genuineness of their conversion.

"It will help us to realize the great possibilities of the famine children who are under Christian care in India, if we remember that the noble Pandita Ramabai was once a famine orphan girl.

ALFRED S. DYER.

He Turned to Laugh

A young man was preaching on the streets in London when an infidel came up and said:

"The man who invented gas did more for the world than Jesus Christ."

The young man could not answer him, and the crowd had the laugh on him. But another man got up and said:

"Of course the man has a right to his opinion, and I suppose if he was dying he would send for the gasfitter, but I think I should send for a minister and have him read the 14th chapter of John," and he turned the laugh back on the man.

Comfort Thy Sorrowing Ones

THY sorrowing ones! Oh! how many they are,
Dear Saviour need comfort from thee!
Let love pierce the dark like a beautiful star,
To cheer those who 're needing to see.

Come near them, and tell them to lean on thy breast,
And make all their murmuring cease—
Bid them on thine arms everlasting to rest,
And give them thy comforting peace.

Thyself wast heart-broken—O, give to them calm—
For them all thy sorrows were borne—
Kind Saviour pour out of thy wonderful balm,
To heal the hearts stricken and torn.

Lord, bid them to trustfully look on thy face,
And hold them close—close to thy heart—
O, soothe them till grieving shall turn into faith,
And bitterest sorrow depart.

Thou knowest why suff'ring and sorrow be fall
Thou knowest the weight of all pain—
Thou knowest how blessing can come from it all,
And shining can follow the rain.

There's never a trouble thy hand cannot reach—
No bruise that thy love cannot heal—
We're all in thy keeping, O, come unto each—
The truth of thy love to reveal.

Let grief have no power our faith to benumb,
But help us await the glad day,
When thou in thy glorious kingdom shall come,
And sorrows shall vanish away.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

The Railroad Men's Chaplain

John Brunton of the Rio Grande, Once an Engineer, Now a Trusted Spiritual Leader

CHAPLAIN JOHN BRUNTON

THERE are few men more widely known and respected among the railroad employees of the West, than honest John Brunton, of the Rio Grande. Mr. Brunton was born in Scotland 73 years ago, and came to the United States in babyhood. He entered the service of a railroad, and at twenty-one was a locomotive engineer. For thirty-four years, he handled the throttle, and was a fine type of the trustworthy public servant.

John Brunton had a good Christian mother, whose prayers and godly example were the means of bringing about his ultimate conversion. One night, while on his engine, with his train flying along at top speed, he gave his heart to Christ and resolved to live for him henceforth. Several years later, while attending a camp-meeting at Urbana O., where the famous evangelists Inskip and Cookman were addressing multitudes, he experienced a deep spiritual awakening, and from that hour may be dated his active work as a soul winner. In 1881 he was ordained by Bishop Hurst as a local deacon of the M. E. Church, and he has held a preacher's license for many years.

But it is as Railway Chaplain of the Denver & Rio Grande road that Mr. Brunton is most widely known and esteemed. He received this appointment in 1890, and took up his headquarters in Pueblo. It is said by those who know him and his work intimately, that "he has had personal prayers with more sinners than any other man in the State of Colorado." His style of address is frank and outspoken, and he rarely fails to reach the heart and the conscience. In his work he has many classes to deal with: railroad and bank officers, conductors, engineers, and firemen, baggage men, section men, and even tramps. Many a wreck has been saved and many a checkered life rehabilitated through Divine grace under the fearless admonitions and kindly ministrations of John Brunton.

In the pulpit, the Railway Chaplain is never dull. His addresses are full of a natural wit and his familiarity with the business of railroading enables him to draw upon that experience for his anecdotes and illustrations. Besides his duties as a preacher, he visits the sick or injured railway men in the hospitals, officiates at all public meetings held under railroad auspices, acts as mediator in countless disputes, and frequently intercedes in behalf of discharged employees. His headquarters in the little library and reading-room at Pueblo, are a centre of interest for the men. Funds to support his charitable work are supplied by the contributions of railroad officials and employees. His work is conducted absolutely without influence or restraint, as far as the railroad companies are concerned. It is a work which might well be duplicated among the railroads in other parts of the country, where blessings such as have followed Chaplain Brunton's simple ministrations, would be welcomed by many who are now enjoying very few opportunities for beginning the higher life.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Review

Sunday School Lesson for March 26.
Golden Text, John 10 : 27

BY MRS. M. FANSTIL

IN looking back over the first ten chapters of the Word of Life in the Gospel of the Apostle John, the evangelist, one is struck with the great and varied revelation of himself which our Lord has given us in this Scripture. It was only to the man who could understand him and bear witness of him thus that he could confide the Revelation (unveiling) of himself in the isle of Patmos; his last word to his church. He was the Word who was with God, who was God, who made all things, in whom was life, and "the Life was the Light of man." The eternal Word, the Life and Light of the mighty universe, in his wondrous grace, came down to the world of death and darkness to shine heaven's light, and to breathe heaven's light where death and darkness reigned; but "the darkness apprehended it not!"

It was the eternal Word who was also "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." It was as the Lamb of God that his first disciples knew him, and the power of such a revelation severed them from their former life. The sin which the Lamb of God came to take away held them no longer, old circumstances and avocations lost their power; the very teacher, the "man sent from God," who had brought them to "the baptism of repentance," was forsaken, and they followed Jesus.

The first miracle of our Lord was wrought, not in public, but in private family life, to make sufficient provision for a wedding feast in a poor relation's house? And yet it was the Word which was from the beginning who thus, in such a small and uninfluential circle, wrought "this beginning of miracles," and "manifested his glory, and his disciples believed on him!" There was untold majesty in such a "beginning"; it is a sample of all his miracles.

It was again the Eternal Word which met with the timid enquirer, Nicodemus, and showed him the indispensable truth that except a man be born again, he cannot see, still less enter into, the kingdom of God. What he did was in appearance so small, but in reality so great. What his instruments do may seem so great, and yet really is so little; he is the real Worker. Life was in his presence, in his words, in his touch, and yet no outward show proclaimed him; he ranked as a poor man amongst the poor—first despised, then rejected of men.

If to some this conversation with Nicodemus would seem to be hardly worth his while, how much more so the time and strength spent over the Samaritan woman! Nicodemus was at least one of the elders of the people, a man of distinction among the Jews in Jerusalem. But the Samaritan was of a despised race, poor, only a woman, and withal a bad woman! Yet the Eternal Word saw in this lost member of the human race a gem which ranked with him as equal to the Jewish ruler, and he gave as much time and pains to her as to the other. And here again, in the words of truth by which she was begotten again lay a hidden harvest of life power which should quicken hundreds of thousands in ages to come.

It was again as the Eternal Word that he met the nobleman, coming under no authority which worldly position arrogates to itself; not entering into the plans and thoughts of an earthly courtier to "come down" and heal his son, but speaking in Cana, where he was with his own intrinsic authority, "Go thy way; thy son liveth." In every meeting with men he insisted on faith as the indispensable necessity, the law of the new life.

But while he came under no earthly authority independently of his Father, he was ever the One sent of God. More than thirty times in this Gospel he declares how he was sent of his Father, and so utterly subject to him that he could do nothing of himself, nor yet speak of himself. His whole life was a living out of the Father's will. "I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."

And thus doing nothing of himself, but revealing the Father at all times, he, the Eternal Word, multiplied the loaves, not only out of compassion to the multitude told of the "living water;" the Holy Spirit who should come; he proclaimed freedom from sin; but all to unwilling ears and hardened hearts, and when, as the Light of the World, he opened the eyes of the man born blind, both he and the healed man were persecuted as though some great sin had been committed by him. And yet he was always the Eternal Word, and instead of retaliating and acting or speaking in deserved indignation, he made himself known as the Good Shepherd who giveth his life for the sheep!

"I AM COME THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE."

before him, but as a proof to the disciples that the God of their fathers who gave them bread from heaven, lived still in the Eternal Son, and to prove to all that believe in him that children of God who truly believe need never be disconcerted under any circumstances. Believing that he is with us, and our cause really in his hands, he will not, cannot, fail those who put their trust in him, and the difficulties, impossibilities in our lives are his opportunities to manifest his glory.

In chapters 7, 8, we see him as the Eternal Word, speaking words impossible to be understood by those who believed not, and yet they were words given of the Father for that very occasion: words they were which tested and caused division among those who heard him, but the power which was in them paralyzed the very officers which were sent by the chief priests and Pharisees, who returned without their expected prisoner and said, "Never man spake like this Man." He wanted to make it quite clear that Christ was the Son of God, sent to the world to reveal God to men. Adopting the language of the Alexandrian philosophers, he represented Christ as the Logos or Word. That is, as we know the mind or soul of our friend by what he says, so we may know God by Christ, who is the Word made flesh. If we can thus conceive of Christ as the utterance, or manifestation of God, we are prepared for John's explanation of his purpose. We would expect that such a manifestation of God in human form would have a peculiar glory or brightness. John, therefore, selects from the life of Christ such incidents and such discourses as, in his opinion, show this glory. Besides this, he records utterances of Christ, not mentioned by the other evangelists, which showed that Christ claimed this unique personality. This is the key to the understanding of John's Gospel. Keeping this in mind, we see how each incident and discourse falls into

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

IN reviewing the preceding twelve lessons, it is important to keep in mind the avowed purpose of the writer of this Gospel. He was evidently familiar with the other three Gospels and proposed to supply their deficiencies. He

place and subserves his purpose. A great deal more might have been related, as to this we are indebted, under God, to the Gospel, but these are the items and as he believes are sufficient. First, he describes the manifestation to the world. This occupies twelve chapters, in which he records miracles and teachings. Afterwards he reports the manifestation to the disciples, which was more private and intimate. Each of the passages we have considered during the quarter, presents one special aspect of Christ's character and is designed to teach its special and peculiar lesson. They represent Christ as giving Light, as the spiritual food of man; as the giver of life; as forgiving sin; and as the Shepherd protecting his people.

For Jesus himself testified (John 4 : 44). There is sarcasm in this remark. It is given in explanation of Christ's purpose in going to Galilee. He wanted retirement, therefore he went into his own country—the place of all others where he should have had the most enthusiastic welcome. It is as if he had said, "No one there will want to see me." Unhappily, this is generally true. People are slow to recognize greatness in their neighbors. Hawthorne's familiar story of "the great stone face" is an illustration. The people of the valley were looking eagerly for the great man who was to come, whose features would be like those of the huge face which nature had chiselled on the mountain side, overlooking the valley. A rich man came and they thought they recognized the lineaments; then a successful soldier came, and again they fancied a resemblance; then an orator was greeted as the expected man. All these were wrong. The man they sought was living among them, had lived in the valley from childhood to old age and none of them had recognized him.

Hath everlasting life (John 5 : 24). A famous novelist, in one of his works describes a man searching for the elixir of life. He represents his hero as a young and handsome man, whose learning and accomplishments were a mystery to all who knew him. It seemed incredible that one so young should have acquired so much knowledge. His own explanation was that he remembered himself as a very old man, feeble and diseased. He was on the verge of the grave, when from a bottle in the possession of a dervish he drank a draught which transformed him into a young and healthy man. But he could get no more of this life-giving fluid, and all his time was devoted to discovering the secret of its composition. The draught he had already taken was still potent in his veins and would keep him alive for a century, but he wanted to live on and on. This is what Christ gives to those who believe on him. Death to them only opens the door of a new and fuller life. Like the butterfly, they emerge from their old being with new powers and new beauty.

One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see (John 9 : 25). A priest in Belgium who told a girl whom he found reading the Bible that it was an heretical book that she ought not to keep, received a reproof which silenced him. The girl said: "You know what kind of home ours used to be. I have heard you reprove my father and brother for their drinking habits and beg them to reform. My mother and I suffered from their violence, as you know. You saw the bruises made by their blows. We seldom had enough to eat, and when my mother earned any money my father often made her give it up to him for drink. Well, they took to reading this book, and since then they have given up their wicked ways. They are regularly at work, and they bring their earnings home. It is a new home now, and the change has all come from this book. Do you wonder I love it?"

The porter openeth (John 10:3). "I would not cross the street," Spurgeon once said, "to hear myself preach, and I do not know why the people come unless it is that the Lord sends them." He had no eloquence, only the charm of using language so simple that anyone could understand it, and he preached the plain Gospel, in which he believed with all his heart and soul. The Holy Spirit, whom Christ likens here to the porter, opened the hearts of the people to the truth as he declared it. He was never trained in a theological college, never ordained; but to him the Holy Spirit, the porter, opened and the Lord's people, heard his voice.

GROUP OF COTTAGES AT THE MINNEAPOLIS OLD SOLDIERS' HOME

A Home For Aged Veterans

The Beautiful Retreat at Minneapolis, Where Old Soldiers Pass the Closing Years of Their Lives

AMONG the various institutions provided for the support of those who have served their country faithfully and well, there is none that combines comfort and the genuine home-like character in a greater degree than the Minnesota Soldiers' Home. This beautiful group of buildings is situated within the city limits of Minneapolis, on a point of land formed by the junction of Minnehaha Creek, with the Mississippi river. A quarter of a mile distant are the beautiful Minnehaha Falls, immortalized in Longfellow's poem. The location of the Home, both as to picturesqueness and healthfulness, could not well be surpassed. Electric cars reach it from both Minneapolis and St. Paul. Surrounding it on three sides is a beautiful public park of over 125 acres, fifty of which are the Home grounds proper. Ten acres are under cultivation as a garden. All the grounds are adorned and beautified with flowering shrubs, and are intersected by winding roads which pass all the main buildings. Two fountains give the scene an air of animation, and the military idea is preserved by two somewhat elaborate "forts," constructed in regular soldier-like fashion. All the grounds are lighted with electricity. The buildings are of pressed brick and stone, and are uniform in architectural design, yet varied in detail. Especially notable is the Administration building, which cost $35,000. The other permanent structures are the hospital, a large, double building, a laundry and four neat and commodious cottages. Each of the latter will accommodate about fifty persons. All the buildings are heated by steam radiators and electrically lighted.

In this beautiful retreat, surrounded by so many advantages, the old soldiers who have given the best years of their lives in their country's service, are now comfortably housed. Here they spend the closing years of life amid cheerful influences, and many evidences of kindness and consideration. In the library of the Home—where there are some 2,000 bound volumes and perhaps 1,000 odd numbers of current magazines, besides daily and weekly papers—the veterans pass many a pleasant hour, especially on stormy days. In fine weather, they saunter about the beautiful garden or the woodlands.

Many of the old soldiers are deeply religious and all take a warm interest in the services that are conducted at the Home every Sunday. These services have been productive of much good. Hearts have been touched, and men who, in earlier years, shared the perils of many battlefields, have now taken their stand under the banner of the Prince of Peace.

Altogether, the inmates of the Minnesota Soldiers' Home may be truthfully said to be happy and contented. They find the declining years of life full of comfort, and bright with the assurance of a hereafter, where war, and death are unknown.

VETERANS AT THE GATE OF THE HOME

He Took the Prince at His Word

It is recorded in history that some years ago a man was condemned to be put to death. When he came to lay his head on the block, the prince who had charge of the execution asked him if there was any one petition that he could grant him. All that the condemned man asked for was a glass of water. They went and got him a tumbler of water, but his hand trembled so that he could not get it to his mouth.

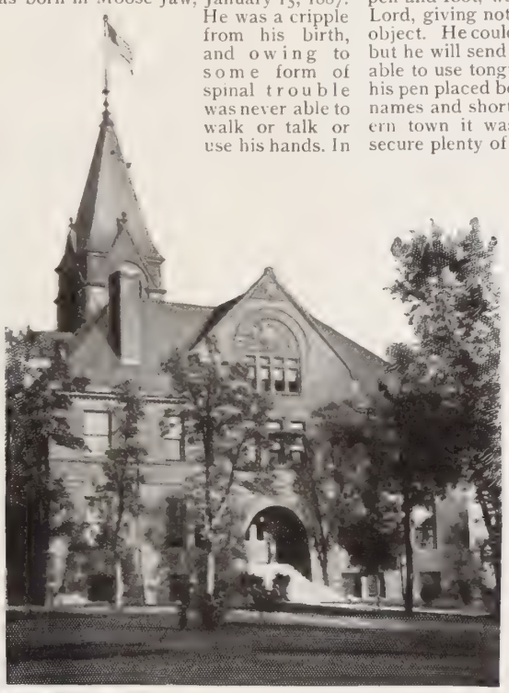
The prince said to him: "Your life is safe until you drink that water."

He took the prince at his word, and dashed the water to the ground. They could not gather it up, and so he saved his life. My friend, you can be saved now by taking God at his word. The water of life is offered to "whosoever will." Take it now, and live.

A Little Christian Hero

Though Crippled and Dumb, Herbie Bellamy Did a Wonderful Work for Christ

A VERY striking example of child heroism and conquest of obstacles, has just come to us from the Canadian North-west. The name of the little hero is Herbie Bellamy. He was born in Moose Jaw, January 15, 1887. He was a cripple from his birth, and owing to some form of spinal trouble was never able to walk or talk or use his hands. In 1892 Herbie learned to wheel himself around with his feet in a little four-wheeled cart which his father had made for him. He was a bright and interesting little fellow, with expressive eyes, and a mobile countenance: even at that early age there were evidences of a marked spiritual perception and religious development wonderful in a child. His home was one calculated to promote the growth of true moral sentiment. An older brother's constant care drew the little one so close to him that a pet name for him was the one word Herbie made intelligible. But his mother understood him, and it was wonderful to see them talk, for Herbie's method was facial expression, supplemented by head and feet.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

When Herbie learned to push himself around in his little cart, his mother took charge of the Sunday School infant-class. Then began Herbie's regular attendance at Sunday School. He at once became interested, learning and, in his own way, reciting the topic, golden text, and main facts of the lesson. Some time after this, a surgeon visited the place and saw Herbie. In the interview he said that, while Herbie would never be able to use his hands, he could certainly learn to write with his foot. This was a happy and valuable suggestion, and after a time the art was acquired with comparative readiness and astonishing skill.

During all this time he had shown special interest in missionary work. Soon after his mother became infant-class teacher, the whole class was organized into a Mission Band. Herbie was unanimously chosen president, and henceforth the society was known as "Herbie's Mission Band." This proved a great blessing to Herbie, still further deepening his sympathy, widening his knowledge and increasing his interest in mission work. Missionaries on their way to and from Japan, calling at that place, centralized his thought and interest upon that country, until finally he decided to earn enough money to educate a Japanese boy so that he could take his place and preach in his native land the Gospel of Christ, which Herbie himself could not do.

"Think of it!" exclaimed the hero's pastor. "A ten-year-old child, speechless and helpless, a physical wreck, undertaking to literally fulfil our Master's last command!"

Herbie went to work, and soon, with pen and foot, was doing business for the Lord, giving not one-tenth, but all to this object. He could not go himself to Japan, but he will send a boy in his place. Unable to use tongue, hands or limbs, he has his pen placed between his toes and writes names and short letters, and in that western town it was not difficult for him to secure plenty of work. As a result of his first year of loving labor the annual Missionary report of Herbie's Church for 1897 shows the following: "From Moose Jaw we received the handsome sum of $83, the result of the efforts of a little cripple lad, Herbie Bellamy, to be used expressly and only for the education of a pupil in Kanazawa Orphanage." One year later Herbie's Band raised the almost incredible sum of $160.05, while the ordinary church contributions had increased over fifty per cent. On the evening of December 4th he talked much with his mother of his prospects. He had then himself $69, and said he was going to work hard to make it $75 by New Year's.

The following week Herbie Bellamy was suddenly taken seriously ill. When his little frame was racked with pain and his lips were parched with fever, the little suffering saint simply said: "God is good to give me such nice cold water." There is a touch of true heroism in the closing scenes of this Christian life. The Lord's work had grown to be with him a spiritual passion, and it was strong even in death. The unselfish, generous nature was beautifully revealed in his last request: "Keep up my Mission Band." After six weeks of intense suffering, God took this consecrated spirit to be with Himself, on Jan. 21, 1899, at the age of twelve years and six days.

Herbie's memory is precious. In the few years of his little life, and in spite of the greatest disadvantages, he had made a record that will thrill and encourage all who read of it. His noble work has stirred the hearts of those who knew and loved him, and perhaps to some others the story of his simple faith, his missionary zeal and his whole-souled devotion will prove a comfort and an inspiration.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR

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An Everlasting Shame

THE Joint High Commission, after settling eleven of the questions between Canada and the United States, have found the twelfth an insurmountable obstacle, and have adjourned until next August. If after eight months' of sessions at Ottawa and Washington the High Commission—composed of splendid men on all sides—finally quit their work with a controversy not settled, it will be an everlasting shame. We cannot believe that after all that has been said and done the relations between England and the United States are to be strained. It would put back the doctrine of arbitration more than the last quarter of a century has put it forward. It cannot be that a question of boundary line will disrupt the good international feeling. Both sides had better give up a great deal of land and sea than give up the cordiality of the two English-speaking nations, who to-day hold the destinies of the earth in their mighty grasp. Though two of the most important members of the Joint High Commission have died as martyrs in the service—Mr. Dingley from overwork, and Lord Herschell from a wound received while on duty—yet there are enough good and great men left on that Commission to settle once and forever the last difference between these Christian nations. Let us pray God that enough wisdom and kindness and generosity may be given to avert from the United States and Great Britain the calamity of non-agreement.

Wesley Memorial

THE second of March, the date of John Wesley's ascension, has for several years been commemorated. That is well, for this country at a certain time badly treated him. While in Savannah, Ga., the grand jury indicted him for a long list of offences. He attended seven sessions of the court, ready to prove his innocence on all the charges, but they would not allow him to make answer; so he escaped in the night in a boat, landing twenty miles away, and then trudged the swamps four days and nights in hunger and thirst and fatigue, and took ship at Charleston for England. That is the way America treated John Wesley alive. Most appropriate is it that our country do now, by way of atonement, as far as possible, what it can for the wrongs inflicted more than a hundred years ago. But that has been the world's habit in the treatment of its best men and women. Curse them while living. Praise them after they are dead. Christ held up to view the habit of ante mortem outrage followed by post mortem eulogy, as he pointed to some grand tombstones raised over people who had been badly treated while living and said: "Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous and say if we had been in the place of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets." Thank God the day has come when all Christendom honors the name of John Wesley. Amid the high things said of him, I notice a lack of recognition of him as a hymnologist. His brother, Charles Wesley, wrote so many more songs that the world is apt to forget that John Wesley wrote any. Some of the mightiest hymns broke from his pen, hymns that will live as long as eternity, for, though after the new song of heaven arises, there may be no more use for earthly rhythm, the songs we sang on earth will forever be a part of our most thrilling reminiscence. John Wesley wrote that battle shout, "Give to the winds thy fears," and he put into English that German hymn of condensed evangelism, "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness," and presented to the church of all ages those buoyant stanzas, "Thee will I love, my strength and tower," and other doxologies on which great congregations have many times been lifted heavenward. Because Charles Wesley may have had stronger wings and taken higher flights in poesy is no reason why we should fail to recognize that John Wesley, the organizer, was John Wesley, the inspired hymnologist. What must be his heavenly reward! Just think of him more than a hundred years in heaven. But I hope he has been somewhere near enough to earth to hear some of the fine things said about him. He heard, while on earth, the mean side, the lying side, the persecuting side, and it seems to me it is high time that he heard from human lips, as well as from angelic, the grateful side, the grand side, the glorious side!

Colonial Economies of the World

THE Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, U. S. Treasury Department says there are 125 colonies, protectorates and dependencies on the face of the earth. They occupy two-fifths of the territory and embrace one-third of the entire population of the globe. In all, they aggregate 500,000,000 of people. All the governing countries lie in the North Temperate zone, all the dependencies in the Torrid. Save on the South American Continent, no independent republic exists in the latter zone. The total imports of these dependencies amount to more than one billion and a half dollars; more than 40 per cent. of their imports are purchased of the mother countries, and of their exports more than 40 per cent. goes to the same. Those that have the largest civil liberty are the most successful. Two-fifths of these dependencies belong to Great Britain, about one-third of them belonging to France.

In view of our recent territorial expansion, we may well study the situation as presented to us by Great Britain. She has brought the three hundred and fifty millions of her colonists into market communication with herself. What Prof. Seeley once called "Greater England" is almost entirely made up of these colonies. She has in these colonies 55,000 miles of railway and 150,000 miles of telegraph wires, and the deposits in her colonial banks amount to $300,000,000. A Nicaraguan Canal would bring the products and manufactured goods of the United States as near to Manila as is Havana to New York. To-day, only about six per cent. of the Philippine imports come from this country. There is no reason why we should not supply [illegible] 8,000,000 with what they need in cottons, manufactures of iron and steel, machinery, mineral oils, provisions, bread stuffs, and other articles of this class of which our market is more than full.

Here is the two-fold commercial cord which will soon bind us to these new dependencies. It is the American opportunity, and Americans are quick to see and improve their opportunities. It is an opportunity we did not seek, but one bright morning, before the Spanish vessels had got up steam, it came to us through Admiral Dewey.

Can the People be Trusted?

THIS is a question sometimes asked, and many a politician is flattering his constituents by an affirmative answer. What shall we say? If we follow the line of the familiar Quaker utterance, we should reply that the people can be trusted if they are all like "me and thee, tho' sometimes thee is a little uncertain." If the people were good and pure and noble-minded, there would be no need of even asking the question. But are there not unbelievers among "the people?" Are there not sensuous animals, who, by gluttony and drink, have destroyed well-nigh every semblance of humanity? Are there not misers who would demolish the republic, if only they might build their treasure house on its ruins? Can we therefore say that the people can be trusted—that their voice is the voice of God? Yes: notwithstanding these blotches, these degenerates. Faith in the people is one of the best and richest products of civilization. Charlemagne would have laughed at it: even Solomon would have been shaken out of his pessimism and compelled to acknowledge that here at least was a "new thing under the sun." But let us beware lest the phrase become the indisputable utterance of an eternal fact. It is not: it was never so. The Jews could not be trusted, and therefore Zedekiah languished in a foreign dungeon and Ezekiel sighed to the night wind of the Euphrates. The Egyptians, the Babylonians, all earlier nationalities, could not be trusted, and therefore their government was dissolved and their cities wasted. It is only in so far as the people are God's people, or at least permeated by righteous sentiment, that they are led on, often without knowing it, by religious ideals, and are impressed by the convic-

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BRIEF NOTES

The list of [illegible] CHRISTIAN HERALD'S nineteenth century anniversary programme will appear in next week's [illegible]

Owing to the [illegible] of our serial story, "A Beautiful Possibility." It will [illegible]

During the sixty-one years of its existence, [illegible]

At the [illegible] found 1,240 families in the city without a copy of the Bible.

The Bible was not circulated in Cuba until 1882. In that year the American Church Missionary Society built at Matanzas the first Episcopal [illegible] in Cuba.

The Ohio State Legislature has passed a bill appropriating $6,000 for a statue of the late Miss Frances Willard, to be placed in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C.

Rev. Arthur Gates of Plainfield, N. J., has just closed a successful meeting with the First Baptist Church, St. Paul, Minn., Rev. H. F. Stillwell, pastor. There have been many additions.

The American Bible Society circulates the Scriptures in [illegible] languages and dialects, 30 American Indian, and 3 South American languages and dialects.

President C. F. Gates of Harpoot has sent word that the Sultan of Turkey has consented to [illegible] the American Board in Asia Minor during the Armenian [illegible]

The number of Christian Endeavor Societies in existence, on Christian Endeavor Day, February 2, 1899, was 54,934, with a total membership of [illegible] lands, and 3,467 others are in Canada.

A remarkable religious awakening is said to be going on in a quarter of Lisbon, which has hitherto been unaffected by Protestant influence. The work was initiated by a Christian from Brazil, and [illegible] persons are present every evening.

The American Bible Society has received a special report from Rev. John R. Hykes, on the Philippine Islands as a field of work for the Society. His report indicates that there would be no hope of religious liberty or of an open Bible without American control of the islands.

Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute of which Booker T. Washington is principal, is the scene of a remarkable work of grace. It began with the week of prayer. During that week no less than one hundred students declared themselves resolved in Christ's strength to follow him.

Statistics of lunacy in England show that this year the number of patients in asylums, controlled by municipal bodies, is in excess of those in the same asylums last year by seven hundred. Of these, one-fourth have become demented through the immoderate use of alcholic drinks.

Rev. James Wharton is making an evangelistic tour among Congregational churches of the South. He had great success during his eight days [illegible] Church, Washington, [illegible] and evening. More than 100 persons made profession of faith.

The converts of the Church Missionary Society in South and Middle China contributed last year toward the support of their churches an aggregate sum of $10,171. Considering how poor the average Chinese laborer is, this is an enormous sum, and shows that conversion is bearing fruit in [illegible]

One Spaniard at least has had the penetration to perceive that his country's fatal error in dealing with the colonies was its alliance with the priests. He bluntly told Sagasta in the Cortes that his "policy was disastrous because you joined sword and cassock in order to establish a feudal theocracy."

An extremely simple creed which has been adopted by a Chicago church is quoted by a correspondent of the *Congregationalist* as follows: "We believe in the two laws of love toward God and toward our neighbor as proclaimed and expounded by Jesus to be the fundamental and all-inclusive ideal of every true life."

The American Sunday School Union, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia, will celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary at the Academy of Music in that city on May 25. Many eminent speakers will be present, besides representatives from all parts of the United States. During its seventy-five years of work it has organized over 130,000 Sunday Schools.

College Settlements are careful to avoid [illegible] their philanthropic work by distinct religious effort, but at least one settlement has found that the two objects are not incompatible. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall stated at a recent meeting that the workers in the settlement conducted by the Union Theological Seminary, had "found family after family that gladly welcomed religious services."

The Doshisha College in Japan has once more become a Christian institution. Although built and endowed by American Christians, the trustees took it from under Christian control and made it a secular college. The American board, however, has protested in vigorous terms that the trustees have all resigned and a new board has been elected, which has recalled the former teachers to their chairs. The former constitution has also been restored.

Samoa's Rival Kings

HOPES of a peaceful settlement of the Samoan trouble are encouraged by the attitude of Baron Von Bulow, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs. He has assured Mr. Andrew D. White, our Ambassador at Berlin, of his government's desire to find an amicable solution of the difficulty, and declares that in the meantime Germany will strictly adhere to the terms of the treaty under which the affairs of Samoa are administered by the United States, Germany and England. He has given evidence of his sincerity by appointing Herr Solf successor to Dr. Raffel, whose relations with the American and English consuls have become hostile. Probably that change of officials will do more than anything else to restore tranquillity. All the reports of recent events, from both American and German sources, show that if the three consuls had acted together on either side, there would have been no bloodshed or looting. But with the German consul supporting one candidate for the throne and the American and English consuls the other candidate, an opportunity was given to the Samoans to settle the dispute by a fight, as they have been accustomed to do. This result was the one that the treaty was framed to prevent. It provided that in the event of a dispute as to the succession to the throne, the question should be submitted to the Chief Justice, whose decision was to be final. The rival candidates were Malietoa Tanu, the son of the late king, and Mataafa, a chief who had made trouble in the former reign and had been banished, but allowed to return on condition that he abstained from further plotting. Chief Justice Chambers, who is an American, listened to the pleas on both sides, and after spending eleven days in weighing the evidence, decided in favor of Tanu. The German Consul refused to accept the decision and encouraged Mataafa to resist. Mataafa was fully prepared, and as he had 3,500 men under his command, while Tanu had only 2,000, he was speedily in control. Tanu's troops were driven out of Apia and the town was looted by Mataafa's men. The German Consul closed the Chief Justice's court, and announced that he had been superseded by a German official. Mr. Chambers, however, obtained help from an English warship in the bay, forced an entrance to the court, and ran up the English and American flags. Mataafa has so far succeeded in maintaining his position, but he will have to yield if the new German Consul should, according to Baron Von Bulow's promise, adhere to the terms of the treaty and accept the Chief Justice's decision as final. Mataafa has injured his own cause by his violence and lawlessness. As he cannot hope to reign without the consent of the three great powers, he would have done better to have conciliated them, and not to have attempted armed resistance. But, like the sinner who rebels against God, he did not stay to count the cost of his rebellion. He will have to answer the question that God put to Job:

Wilt thou also disannul my judgment? Wilt thou condemn me that thou mayest be righteous? (Job 40: 8).

A Responsible Position

A newspaper writer who recently visited the New York & New Haven Railroad's depot at Boston, Mass., gives a vivid account of the system adopted for switching trains. "What interested me most," he says "was the electric train-controller which is a marvel of ingenuity and apparently of safety as well. Three shifts of men, working eight hours a day, are required to handle the 750 trains that I was assured pass through the station daily. Working in his tower with compressed air cylinders connected with electric wires, a touch of the finger is sufficient to make connections work on the instant and shunt an incoming train onto the proper track where the passengers are to be landed. The control is perfect, and the combinations are very like those of the most improved switchboard similar to those one sees in a telephone or telegraph office. But I was glad that some one rather than myself, had the responsibility of switching people about at a time when the movement of the trains must be almost incessant." The writer had evidently a less exalted opinion of his own powers than some of the prominent men of our day who criticize God's providential dealings in controlling and directing human affairs.

O Lord I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps (Jer. 10: 23).

A Policeman's Unusual Offence

A trial probably unprecedented in the annals of the New York police force took place last week. A roundsman named William Nesbitt was charged before Commissioner Sexton with preaching in a Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday, January 22. His Captain, who preferred the charge, explained that on that night Nesbitt was on duty from five o'clock till midnight, but the Captain had received an anonymous letter stating that at 8.30 he was in the church in question preaching. Nesbitt said in explanation that he had been invited to speak on that Sunday evening, but, finding that he was to be on duty, had declined. As he was passing the church while making his round he went in and apologized to the congregation for being unable to speak, and then resumed his patrol. The Commissioner reprimanded him for being in a church when he should have been on his post, and cautioned him against repeating the offence. The Commissioners have not much trouble of this kind. They have more difficulty in keeping their men out of saloons than out of churches. Technically, we suppose the roundsman was in fault, but if the charges against the police were all of this kind the people would be very glad.

When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn (Prov. 29: 2).

A Brother Changes His Mind

A citizen of New York who is in business as a contractor and owns a large stable in Harlem, where he keeps over forty horses, was returning home from an entertainment one night lately, when he was informed by a friend that his brother was locked up in the Harlem police station. His friend had seen him earlier in the evening in the grasp of a policeman. He inquired the charge, and had been told that it was "attempted arson." The contractor had no very strong affection for his brother, who was a drinking man and was continually appealing to him for funds, but he did not like to think of his spending the night in a cell. He therefore went to the station house and offered bail for his brother. The sergeant accepted him at once, but said it was "a queer offer." "Why is it queer?" the contractor asked. "Who should bail him if his brother does not?" The sergeant admitted that it was natural for one brother to bail another, but he said, "You are the prosecutor in this case. It was your stable that he set on fire." The contractor was astonished at the strange news and immediately withdrew his offer of bail. "Let him stay," he said. "He does not deserve to be let out." There he showed human nature. A wrong done against himself seemed a greater wrong than if it had been done against some one else. It is well for the world that Christ was not of that spirit. He wished that those who were most conspicuous in causing his death should be the first to benefit by it.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHAMBERS, OF SAMOA

And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem (Luke 24. 47).

Why the Wedding was Delayed

A party of wedding guests assembled at a house in the suburbs of Jersey City, N. J., a few days ago, speculated on the cause of the absence of the bridegroom. The wedding was fixed for seven o'clock, but half an hour passed, and still he did not come. The bride, at first only puzzled, became hysterical as she realized the slight her lover was putting upon her. The guests suggested various causes which might have delayed him, but when eight o'clock struck, and he had not arrived, they began to suspect that he did not intend to come. Finally, the bride's mother, deeply mortified by the delay, went to the house where her prospective son-in-law lived with his parents. He was sitting, attired in his dress suit, talking to them. He had not been able to summon courage to tell them he was going to be married. He had explained his attire by saying that he was going to a party. The arrival of the lady precipitated a crisis, and he had to confess his intentions. His parents were annoyed at the marriage and at their son's duplicity, but as he was of age, they could not prevent the ceremony taking place. He accompanied his future mother-in-law to her home and the belated marriage was duly solemnized. It may be hoped that the union will be a happy one, but fit had an ominous beginning. The bride cannot have much respect for a husband who shrank from declaring his love and his purpose to his family. There are some who show the same lack of courage in shrinking from making an open confession of their allegiance to Christ. They forget the solemn warning that he uttered:

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in his glory (Luke 9. 26).

A Spite Fence

The quarrel of two New Jersey property owners has had an amusing outcome. One of them recently erected a big tenement house on his land. It was capable of accommodating fourteen families. It did not cover all the ground, but left two feet on each side for air and light. Soon afterwards, the owner of the adjoining lots decided to erect a similar house, but he proposed to cover his ground. He thought that the two feet his neighbor had left would be a sufficient space between the houses. His neighbor, however, urged him to build, as he had done, two feet within his line and thus there would be a space of four feet for air and light. He would not consent to do this, believing that two feet was space enough. His neighbor thought it unjust that he should thus provide an air-shaft for both houses, and determined that it should not be done. In order to prevent the tenants of the new house deriving any benefit from the two feet of space, he has erected a fence of corrugated iron on his own line, which runs close to his neighbor's house. This shuts out the light and air from the windows on that side, while his own tenants are not incommoded by it. It was natural that he should be provoked at his neighbor's attempt to utilize for his own benefit the air-shaft he had provided, but he would not have erected the fence which does him no good but only does harm to his neighbor, if he had received the spirit of Christ, who forbade such retaliation.

I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also and whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain (Matt. 5: 39-41).

APIA, THE CAPITAL OF SAMOA

A Costly Blunder

The owner of a lot at Van Nest, N. Y., has made a strange discovery. He is at present a resident of New York City. Some months ago, hearing that a certain estate was being subdivided and sold in lots, he went to the agent and purchased certain lots. Having to visit the neighborhood on other business recently, he made time to go and look at his lots. To his astonishment, he found on them a Queen Anne cottage nearly completed. He ascertained the name of the owner, and on his return to the city, notified the agent from whom he had purchased the lots. It was then found that the trespasser had bought the adjoining lots, and that his contractor had begun building without having a survey made. It was admitted by all parties that the house stood on the wrong lot. It was offered at a low price to the owner of the land on which it stood, but he did not want such a house. Finally, after long negotiation, he was induced to accept the lots belonging to the owner of the house, and received as compensation for making the exchange a thousand dollars. It was a bad blunder to spend money in building a house on another man's land, but there are men who discover, when they come to die, that they have been guilty of worse folly in building up a fortune which they must leave behind, while they have neglected to secure the inheritance which might be forever theirs:

I hated all my labor which I had taken, because I should leave it unto the man that should be after me, and who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet shall he have rule over all my labor (Eccles. 2. 18).

Pope Leo XIII. and his Times

ST. PAUL'S GATE, ROME

THE PALACE OF THE CAESARS

ONCE again, the occupant of the Vatican has become an object of acute interest to the civilized world. When the news of Leo XIII's sudden illness was circulated recently, it was believed that his great age and feebleness would make it extremely doubtful whether he could undergo the operation which his physicians decided to be necessary. His illness resulted from a tumor on the thigh, of thirty years' growth, the excision of which he bore with much fortitude. His physical condition, however, is such that the slightest indisposition may have a serious result, and the princes of the Roman Church, by whom he is constantly surrounded, realize the fact that the day is not far distant when another Pontiff must be chosen to the throne of the Papacy.

Half a century has witnessed many remarkable changes in the social, political and religious condition of Europe. Not the least of these have been the changes that have taken place within the Church of Rome itself. In the aged Leo XIII. the world has witnessed, not without wonder, the head of the Roman hierarchy casting behind him many of the time-worn trammels and traditions that formerly hedged the pontificate, and acting in a spirit more in harmony with the progressive and enlightened character of the age than any of his predecessors would have dared to do. The head of the church has been in advance of and better than the church itself.

Rome is still Rome, and clings, with its ancient pertinacity, to its outworn dogmas, its absurd traditions and superstitions, its mummeries of things sacred, its idol and relic-worship, and its claims upon the consciences of men. It is still an organization of spiritual contradictions and deep secular craft. But the church's dogmas and tenets aside, Leo XIII. has shown himself one of the great men of the century. He has sought, although unsuccessfully, to extend the limits of the church by alliance with the millions who adhere to the Greek communion. He has established friendly relations with the Republic of France, to the surprise of those who assumed that royalty alone had a right to papal recognition. He has devoted thought and study to the great social problems of the age, and has echoed, in polished periods, the doctrine of human equality. He has shown a deep sympathy with the poor and the oppressed. His [illegible] statesmanlike qualities of a high order. His advice has been listened to with respect in the cabinets of Europe, and while Americans could not recognize his right to interfere in our relations with Spain, they gave him credit for purity and sincerity of purpose. All his efforts have been in line with a purpose to reconcile the church with the age and the age with the church. And now, in his declining years, his figure looms up, venerable and impressive, against the twilight sky of the century.

POPE LEO XIII.

Joachim Vincent Raphael Lodovico Pecci was born at Carpineto, Italy, March 10, 1810. Carpineto, a little town of 5,000 inhabitants, lodged in a cleft of the Volscian Mountains, was described by Cardinal Joseph Pecci, the Pontiff's brother, as "an eagle's nest, high above the plain, between two gigantic rocks;" and it may be said that Leo XIII., in his superior faculties of watchfulness, observation, and domination, has shown qualities that might have been nurtured in an eagle's nest. His parents were Count Domenico Lodovico Pecci and Countess Anna. The countess is said to have been a lovely woman and an excellent mother. There is a tradition that she always felt that her fourth son, Vincent, as she called him, would ultimately become Pope.

Europe was convulsed with the throes of Napoleonic ambition, when Count Lodovico Pecci was forced into the service of the Corsican, although all the sympathies of the Pecci family must have been opposed to Napoleon. Only after Protestant arms were victorious over France at Waterloo did the papal conscience breathe freely. Pius restored the suppressed Society of Jesus; and to the Jesuit College at Viterbo, Joachim and his younger brother, Ferdinando, were sent. Here young Pecci began to show his love for classical literature, and to give early promise of that ability which has made his encyclicals distinguished as finished specimens of scholarly art.

* * *

Leo XII., who succeeded Pius VII., restored the noted Jesuit Collegio Romano, and to this, in 1823, came Vincent, or Joachim, Pecci; and here, as at Viterbo, he stood pre-eminent among his fellow-students, and academic honors crowded thick and fast upon him. When he was twelve years of age he was appointed to welcome the Provincial of the Jesuits to Viterbo, on a great occasion, in Latin verse of his own composition. At the Collegio Romano, when fourteen, he delivered an oration in Latin before the assembled students and faculty, on the political and ecclesiastical history of his day. He won prizes by impromptu Latin hexameters; and honors in Greek, physics, chemistry, mathematics, and philosophy. He was put forward to discuss grave questions in solemn academical tournaments, where he was heard by the elite of Roman society, the cardinals and the papal court. Joachim Pecci had every opportunity to become polished, learned, graceful, and witty, and he made the most of his opportunities.

* * *

It was quite in keeping with Pecci's character that he should have felt drawn to join the mendicant order of the Franciscans, for Francis of Assisi had been his mother's favorite and she had been buried in the garb of that order. It was also quite in keeping that he decided to follow the wider field of secular priesthood, and entered the Theological department of the Gregorian University, where he spent two years among the most brilliant and learned men of the Roman church. In the year 1832, Pecci received his degree of Doctor of Theology. Once more it is in keeping with his character that instead of choosing parochial work, he determined upon papal service, and to that end, entered the college for noble ecclesiastics, where candidates are prepared for diplomatic or administrative service in the papal government. Here, the star of Pecci's learning began to shine with the brilliancy of approaching destiny. Princes and cardinals predicted great things of him and treated him with grave regard. Leo XII., died in 1829 and after the brief pontificate of Pius VIII., came Gregory XVI., into whose immediate service Pecci entered. In Nov. 1837 he was ordained in the little interior chapel of "St. Andrew on the Quirinal." From this began his administrative and diplomatic career.

* * *

First, he was appointed Governor of Benevento, where on several occasions he handled Papal troops effectively against brigands; then Delegate of Spoleto, where he dealt successfully with disaffected communities; next Archbishop of Damietta, and Apostolic Minister to the Court of Brussels, where he opposed undenominational education—a policy the reverse of progressive, in the modern sense. King Leopold, of Belgium, was fond of saying to the witty and adroit Nuncio: "Really, Monsignor, you are as clever a politician as you are an excellent churchman."

In 1845, Pecci was recalled from Brussels and created Bishop of Perugia. From Belgium, Pecci returned to Rome by way of London. Anglo-Saxon problems then absorbing attention in Europe and America had already attracted the attention of the astute prelate; the Irish question had by no means escaped him; and the month in England was spent to good purpose. Another month was passed in Paris at the court of Louis Philippe; and the Nuncio returned to Rome with the social, political, ecclesiastical and educational conditions of Germany, England and France in his mind for ready reference. The next thirty-two years in Perugia were busy ones for Pecci. He was called to Rome, in September, 1877, by Pius IX., to fill the important office of Camerlengo of the Roman Church, for Pius was failing rapidly. In January, 1878, a month after the death of Victor Emanuel and the accession of Umberto, Pius breathed his last.

The Pope is elected by ballot, the bal-

THE LIBRARY OF THE VATICAN PALACE

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These pictures of Leo XIII. on this page were secured with great difficulty, as the Pope dislikes being photographed. After much negotiation, Mr. W. K. L. Dickson, an English gentleman, obtained the desired permission and a large number of pictures of the Pope were taken in the spring and summer of 1898. They were approved as entirely satisfactory. They have been exhibited privately before Queen Victoria and also before various dignitaries of the Papal Church, the latter agreeing that the representation of the Pope was absolutely truthful. They were first publicly shown in America in December and are now being exhibited in various cities under the auspices of the Vaticanet Mutoscope, through whose courtesy THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is enabled to present the selections on this page.

LEO XIII. IN HIS STATE CARRIAGE, VATICAN GROUNDS

IN THE ATTITUDE OF GIVING A "BLESSING"

RESTING ON A BENCH IN THE GARDENS

lots being deposited in a large chalice on the altar, and a majority of two-thirds is necessary. When the ballots are counted, if no one receives this majority, they are burned, and the smoke issuing from the chapel indicates to the populace that a Pope has not been chosen. Twice on February 19, 1878, the crowd watching from St. Peter's Square, saw smoke ascend from the Sistine Chapel, but on the 20th there was no smoke. Then was announced the election of Pecci "who hath given himself for name Leo XIII." The bells of St. Peter's rung, but no cannon thundered from the Castle Sant Angelo, where the flag of Savoy floated. State and Church in Italy were forevermore separate and distinct . . . The story of Leo's pontificate would be largely the history of his times. While he has not departed from the doctrinal landmarks of the Papacy, he has brought the Vatican more into sympathy with the just aspirations of mankind; if he has not always gone so far as circumstances seemed to demand, he has never been reactionary. He has not only been a diplomat and statesman; he has also proved himself a most able financier, and the Papal treasury is probably in better condition to-day than for many years before. "Peter's Pence," the offering of Catholics, which is accepted as the Pope's peculiar perquisite, has greatly increased. The Church of Rome has greatly waxed in affluence. Its influence upon the minds of men is, however, no longer a dominating one. It does not now hold the key to men's consciences. It terrorizes kings and communities no more. A liberal and enlightened age has done much to brush away the fabric of power and the cobwebs of superstition which Rome would have sacredly preserved. The clear sun of a Christian civilization shining abroad throughout the earth, has made the old Rome, with its dark legends and superstitions, no longer a possibility. A student of the times, Leo XIII. has endeavored to accommodate the church to the new order of things. He has striven to accomplish the impossible—to make the old bottles of Romish doctrine hold the new wine of modern Christian philosophy. The world has watched the effort with the greatest interest, and the ablest and wisest have given him credit for his high purpose, even though his task has been a futile one, and the solution of the problem, under such circumstances, an impossibility.

TAKEN UNAWARES

ST. PETERS, ROME

SIG. DECASTRO, THE POPE'S VALET

Who will succeed Leo XIII.? Cardinal Rampolla, who is prominently named, is a man a good deal after the aged Pontiff's own heart. He is said to have no sympathy with the Irreconcilables, and he is an admirer of the American Republic. In a word, he is in harmony with progress. Rampolla's election would insure a continuation of the present ecclesiastical regime. There are other cardinals, however, whose names are freely mentioned in connection with the office.

CHATTING PLEASANTLY WITH THOSE AROUND HIM

THE POPE SITTING DOWN TO FACE THE BIOGRAPH

LEO XIII. WALKING TO HIS GARDEN SEAT

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Four-Footed Servants

Dogs as Drawers of Milk Carts in Holland—The Dogs of Lapland and Alaska

THE milk-wagon of Holland is sometimes a boat. When it is not a boat, it is a wagon drawn by dogs. Of course it dignifies the dog to put him to such worthy occupation, and if he could speak he would probably testify to his appreciation of such advancement. What do you say, children? Doggie is such a faithful fellow it looks as if he were entitled to an education and to a better calling than hunting birds and hares, doesn't it? Of course you know how useful, how necessary to man's existence, is the dog of Lapland, Siberia, Alaska, and other cold countries; also how the great shaggy St. Bernards rescue lost travelers from an icy death in Alpine snows. The following true story of a Newfoundland's mistaken zeal may serve to entertain our little readers:

Cæsar, a handsome, long-haired, Newfoundland dog, went with his master's family to a new-bought country residence having a pool where the children could bathe and swim. That is, they thought they could until they tried it. Cæsar was sort of playmate and caretaker, going with them everywhere. If they were sent off on a visit in the carriage and Cæsar didn't go, he howled until their return. The only thing that ever reconciled him to remaining behind was when there was a baby too little to go and mamma wanted him to nurse it. Never was more devoted caretaker. Baby took liberties with him, pulling his hair, sticking her fingers in his eyes. But Cæsar knew how to make allowances for babies. He knew how to roll babies over and over and make them laugh. When baby was cuddled, pink and white, and fast asleep against his silky sides, how still he kept! Nothing would induce him to move. Cæsar knew babies too well for that. He let baby and all his playfellows have their way about all things save one. Swim or bathe in the pool they should not! Cæsar permitted no such risks. The moment a child dived in, that moment Cæsar plunged after and brought him out, whether or no!

Of course, Hollanders are very kind to their dogs. Indeed, these people are too wise and thrifty not to be careful of all their possessions. The cow stables adjoin the peasant-farmer's living rooms, and while his family take their meals, Bossy, in full view, is regaling herself with hay and Dimple complacently chews her cud in apartments immaculately clean. In the cool dairy, appointments glisten with much scrubbing and polishing. Never was there more golden butter, more tempting cheeses or creamier milk than in the dairies of Holland. The milk for city customers is poured into great copper jugs that dazzle all beholders when the cart comes along, its many bells giving tinkling notice to housemaids that the breakfast beverage is come. Milkwoman Gretchen is driver, and so sure is she of the quality of her wares and of duties paid, that milk inspectors and police officers inspire her with no terrors. They all have kindly words for her and a few pats for her dogs.

A CANINE MILK-WAGON IN HOLLAND

The Helpfulness of Dolls

"My little daughter learned how to make her own clothes while dress-making for her doll," says a wise mother. "I gave her a big doll, material for garments, patterns, scissors and full workbasket equipments, and showed her how to fashion dolly's wardrobe. I used no compulsion, simply 'tolled her on' from stitch to stitch and garment to garment. Much cloth was wasted, but my child got sewing-lessons that were worth it."

Chinese Wedding Customs

Invitations which are delivered personally twenty days before the ceremony, consist of gilt hieroglyphics on red paper, measuring four by nine inches, and each invitation is accompanied by a piece of betel nut. The bridegroom, on reaching the house of his betrothed, is greeted with a shower of yellow rice, which has been perfumed with attor of roses and kept in a vase of gold. Two eggs are presented to him, and he gives in return a bit of money wrapped in red paper. In some provinces, the bride enveloped in a black veil, goes forth to meet the bridegroom. On entering a temple, a bridal party immediately proceeds "to wake the great Joss," by lighting up a quantity of fire-works and shooting off a lot of fire-crackers. The priest mumbles off the service at lightning speed: bride and bridegroom drink from a little glass, and are pronounced man and wife. Of course, some of these customs are only observed among the wealthier classes.

Birds in the night that softly sing,
Winds in the night that strangely sigh,
Come to me, help me, one and all,
And murmur, murmur, murmur baby's lullaby.

From Sir Arthur Sullivan's lullaby, *Birds in the Night*.

International Kindergarten Convention

The sixth annual convention of the International Kindergarten Union, was held in Cincinnati during the first week in March. His Honor, Gustav Tavel, Mayor of Cincinnati, made the welcoming address. Other addresses were made by Prof. Myers, of the Cincinnati University: Captain Momfort, President Board of Education; W. H. Morgan, Superintendent Public Schools; Frank Parry, Earnest," "The Kindergarten and the Mother," "Songs," "Social Aspects of Home and School," were some of the topics presented by prominent kindergartners. The Hon. Emilie Paullson, editor of the *Kindergarten Review*; Miss Fitts, Principal of Pratt Institute Kindergarten, Brooklyn; Miss Symonds, of Boston; Miss Neil, of Washington; and other able and experienced educators demonstrating the charm and value of "finger plays," and other Froebel games. The Cincinnati Woman's Club gave the visitors a reception.

The "Boy's Room"

If your house is large—and doubtless it is if you live in the country—give your big boy a room of his own. "Do not make the mistake," writes Mrs. John B. Sims, "of putting the boy off with just any old thing. Many a boy's life has been made miserable by a constant migration from one sleeping place to another, winding up with a bed on the floor, just to make room for some more important member of the household. Give him a room of his own, and do not ask him to leave it." Encourage him to keep it in an orderly way, and to beautify it with good pictures. It is as good training for a boy as for a girl to have a room, and to be trained to keep it neatly. If there are many boys and girls, and you can't give each a room, do the best you can to let each have a corner that can be called his or her own, where individual treasures can be kept.

A Museum for Children

The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences is going to establish one—the first of its kind in the country—and modeled on children's museums in Paris, Berlin Vienna and St. Petersburg. Only think of it, little readers—a whole building fully equipped with beautiful maps, plates, pictures, specimens etc., just for the children! There will be competent instructors in charge of departments, who will show little visitors around and explain things to them: and the more questions asked about bears, panthers, birds, bees, flowers, the better they will like it. It will be shown how glass, bronze, and other articles are made: why some plants are poisonous and others good for food: how people dress and live in different parts of the world. Historical events will be depicted in pleasant and striking ways. Prof. Goodyear is the originator of the plan for this museum, and many friends of the children are coming to his help.

The Master's Coming

I awaited the Master's coming—the touch
dark alone.

And I said: "When the guards are dreaming
I will steal to his couch of rest;
was broken, the couch
where my Master lay
Held only his shrouding garment—they had taken
down in the dark to die
Under a hopeless heaven, under a sunless sky;
But my dreams were all of the Master dear
as my soul was dear,
And waking I saw the glory of his beautiful
presence there

And he said, as I fell and worshiped: "Arise,
and the Master see:
Behold the thorns that have crowned him—
the wounds that were made for thee!"

I wait for the Master's coming, now as in days
Under a hopeful heaven, under a cloudless
And still when the guard dreaming I steal
to his couch of
His smile through the darkness lightens, and
welcomes me to his breast!

Fear of the Dark

FEAR is an instinct of protection. Children should no more fear the dark than the little birds in the forests fear it. This fear, once acquired, is difficult to overcome, and has followed many a person through life. A little sufferer was maid, whose care had been much given over to ignorant nurses, fell into the hands of a wise aunt, who discovered as one of the child's chief afflictions such fear of the dark as made night a terror to her. She had been told of hobgoblins lurking in shadows to catch naughty children who made a noise; and so she would lie quiet and in a cold sweat of terror try to go to sleep by herself. "Auntie" determined never to leave Maisie in the dark until she had lost fear of it. So, without explaining why, she sat by Maisie every night, or held the child in her arms till slumber came, at first keeping the light burning and leaving it burning after Maisie was asleep. Gradually, she began lowering the light, night by night, to softer and softer dusk, never saying a word in regard to fear, but putting the child to sleep with a pretty story or song about the dark. Once it would be:

When the tender daylight dies
Roses wrap themselves in musk:
Violets droop and close their eyes.

She told how flowers blanketed themselves in perfume: how little birds tucked their heads under their wings, and sat up in trees, each birdie by himself in his own little private room of twigs and green leaves, which the good God made so birds would have nice little dark homes to sleep in. What a nice time bees and bugs and butterflies, and even earth-worms had in the dark when nobody could see to catch them and nobody was walking around to tread on them! How good of God to give the blessed night when everybody and everything could rest in security. She would fold Maisie into her crib and say: "The darkness is just like a great soft blanket that God sends to wrap the earth up in, so it can go to sleep." Once, as the light went down rather suddenly, Maisie asked tremblingly: "Is a big black bear in the corner?" "Why, no, dear!" The light flashed up instantly so Maisie could see: then went down softly and Auntie said: "Dear, God is in the room, our good God." After a while Maisie learned to love the darkness. She called it "God's blanket:" first asking Auntie to put out the lights and let her go to sleep like the birds and flowers: later, stealing off when tired of play and going to sleep by herself.

∴ After-Supper Chats ∴

Old-Fashioned Winters—Boys and Cigarettes—Little Boys' Letters, etc.

DO you know what an old-fashioned winter means? Some of you who live in high latitudes do, but here in New York we haven't for years had anything so bleak, cold and persistent as the recent spell of weather, which will make Lincoln's birthday a sort of landmark in memory for years to come? In my childhood we had cold winters and deep snows, and I remember going to school with snow walls as high as my head on either side of the street, but latterly we have had nothing to compare with the wild cold winds, the zero temperature, and the drifting snow of the last few weeks.

* * *

THE PERSONS chiefly responsible for the cigarette smoking so often indulged in by growing boys are fathers and mothers. What on earth are parents about to let the lads form such a wasteful and silly habit? I think usually it is a case of

"The queen was in the kitchen
Eating bread and honey,"

and,

"The king was in the parlor
Counting out his money,"

while

"The boys were in the alley
And smoked, and thought it funny."

In other words, mothers are busy with their household cares; and when boys—*little* boys—come home from school they don't want the romping little fellows of ten or twelve years to litter up the clean house with their muddy feet nor to play under their own eyes with shinny sticks and clubs and Indian war-whoops. They send the boys off or let them go—it amounts to precisely the same thing in the end—and they range the streets until dark and after with companions of their own choosing. The fathers, if not counting out their money, are busy earning it by the sweat of their brows; they are behind counters, or driving teams, or minding machinery; and when they come home tired out they sit down after supper and smoke themselves, and naturally the boys think there is nothing quite so manly, and so they form a most undesirable habit.

In co-educational schools it would seem to me that the girls might easily form a public opinion, with the aid of the boys who disapprove of cigarettes and kindred follies, which would go far to save the tempted from yielding to this vice. Girls seldom know their power to keep and hold men to purity. If they did, they would not so often condone sins on which they should frown. If girls would refuse to associate on friendly terms with men who were profane, who were Sabbath breakers, who drank, who violated any edict of good morals, the girls themselves being pure and sweet and Christian in their daily lives, one would soon see an elevation in the character of young men. Home life, too, should be so arranged that boys and young men should find pleasure and interest there, and this is very largely in the hands of sisters. To every sister the question comes urgently and pressingly: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

* * *

JEAN D. You ought not to open your little boy's letters. You rob him of the pleasure of first reading them himself, and besides you give him an object lesson in impoliteness. A letter is so personal a possession that children should be trained by example in seeing it respected. No, I do not think that a wife should open her husband's letters, or a husband open his wife's. There may, of course, arise emergencies when the rule may be suspended.

* * *

MRS. S. H. K. writes asking how to make over one or two old gowns. If she is like me, she will take more pride in a gown which has been turned and changed and made the best of than she would in one entirely new. I always consider a black skirt a splendid standby. If I had, as Mrs. S. H. K. has, a dress of purple cloth, I would let the skirt remain as it is, except that I would turn it if the wrong side was entirely fresh. It is a little too wide, probably, for the present style. The waist itself does not differ very much from the new models except that the large caps must be taken off the sleeves, which may be trimmed with bias folds if it is necessary to make them in two pieces. Sleeves are at present worn with very little fulness. We are trimming skirts around the bottom just now, so that a black Henrietta skirt which is a little short may be easily lengthened by the addition of a fold of silk or velvet or velveteen. This may be headed with a piping of silk. The waist with the pretty jet yoke will need very little change.

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For Our Children's Home

WHILE on one hand we are receiving letters of solicitous inquiry (and curious spelling) from former little guests of our Children's Home, asking anxiously when "the country will open?" on the other, come communications from friends in various parts of the country, ready to help us take early forethought for the tenement children. These waifs must suffer in the hot season coming unless Christian charity makes provision for them. The following extracts from letters written before and during January, show how faithfully our readers remember the tenement children:

C. Pratt Ward, $1. A little boy ten years old earned it for the benefit of little waifs of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home. [illegible] little ones.—Maggie Bowie (aged ten), $3. to give one little girl an outing.—A. E. C., $1. May God's blessing rest upon this good work [illegible] the outing of one child. Wish I could send more. Hoping and praying that this will make one poor little waif happy.—Florence Isabel Moore, $9. To make three little ones happy.—Mrs. H. L., $3. Praying that some poor child may be benefited.—The Children's Friend, $3. With the prayer that it will save for Jesus one dear little soul.—J. P., $1. May the Lord help you in this good work.—Anna Caffee, $1. 'Tis only one of the many needed, but perhaps 'twill add somewhat to the happiness of the many needy little ones.—J. M. P., 75c. Please accept this small sum from baby's bank. She is aged twenty months. May these few pennies bring some little one nearer the Saviour.

Junior C. E. Presbyterian Church, Corinth, Miss., $1.50. We want to send our mite to help in your work for the poor little children of the slums.—Sunday School Class, Wilkesbarre, Pa., $1.50 for the Children's Home.—Junior C. E. of Central Baptist Church, Springfield, Ill., $3 to send a child from the tenements to your fresh-air home.

The following contributions in aid of the work of our Fresh Air Fund among the tenement children have been received:

J V R [illegible]	$ [illegible]
M [illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs I A M [illegible]	[illegible]
S S class, Wilksbarre	1 50
M [illegible] E Bass	[illegible]
A [illegible]	[illegible]
Jas R Thomas	2 50
B P Fessler	2 50
Alice I Nichols	1 00
Miss Nellie M Hannis	50
L [illegible]	[illegible]
H S Lansing	1 00
Harry C Kinsey	2 00
H D [illegible]	[illegible]
Mary Montgomery	1 00
A [illegible]	[illegible]
One That Loves Little Children, Marshfield	2 15
Mrs L D [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs Mary A J Bauer	[illegible]
Frederick Bailey	50
Susanna E Loy	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
	$51 05

Catalogues Received

Mills' Seed Catalogue. An illustrated exposition of the products of Fairview Seed Farms. Write for copy. Publisher, F. B. Mills, Rose Hill, N. Y.

Stark Fruit Book for 1899. This illustrated list of luscious peaches, plums, pears, apricots, apples, etc., commends itself to fruit growers. Publishers, Stark Bros. Nurseries & Orchards Co., Louisiana, Mo.

The Storrs & Harrison Co.'s Spring Catalogue. A full and complete manual of valuable vegetable and flower seeds and plants. Pp. 160; publishers, The Storrs & Harrison Co., Painesville, O.

Shoemaker's Poultry Almanac. To everybody interested in the successful breeding of fine poultry this book is a small compendium of valuable information. Pp. 161; publisher, C. C. Shoemaker, F[illegible]

New Floral Guide, 1899. Fine flower-seeds and fine roses a specialty. Send for this and read the premium offer, page 35. Pp. 123; publishers, The Conard & Jones Co., Rose and Flower Growers, West Grove, Pa.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1899. This is another of the many good catalogues successful seedsmen are putting before the public, and it will be of special interest to Western readers. Pp. 101; publishers D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Spring Catalogue Orange Co. Nurseries. Berries, Grape-vines, Fruit and Nut Trees are the specialties of this booklet. Ornamental trees evergreens and flowers are also catalogued. Pp. 49; publishers, T. J. Dwyer & Son, Cornwall, Orange Co., N. Y.

Salzer's Spring Catalogue. The rich color page of cover, "Salzer's Oddly Odd Gourds," is worth the trouble of writing for this catalogue. Inside pages are crowded with good things for field and garden. Pp. 125; publishers, John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Vicks' Garden and Floral Guide. This "Golden Wedding Edition" of this well-known manual will be welcomed by many readers. Catalogues extending back forty years are in possession of the publishers. Prettily gotten up in green, white and gold. Pp. 115; publishers, James Vicks & Sons, Rochester, N. Y.

Childs' Catalogue of Rare Flowers, Vegetables and Fruits for 1899. A very instructive and comprehensive manual. Well illustrated. Mr. Childs makes a specialty of offering highly valuable novelties, which have been thoroughly tested in his gardens and greenhouses. Pp. 145; publisher John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N. Y.

Beautiful Flowers, Seeds, Choice Bulbs, are charmingly and instructively presented by word and picture in J. Roscoe Fuller & Co.'s Spring Catalogue for 1899. Gardeners and florists will find [illegible] Pp. 33; publishers, J. Roscoe Fuller & Co., Seedsmen and Florists, Floral Park, N. Y.

[illegible] vegetables and melons are presented in tempting array from first page to last. Corn, tomatoes, potatoes, onions, beets, pumpkins, etc., divide honors [illegible] all kinds. Pp. 97; publisher, Wm. Henry Maule, Seedsman, Philadelphia, Pa. Copy sent on application.

Rare Florida Flowers and Fruits. An attractive catalogue, and it will well repay any flower and fruit fancier to look it over. Many curious and beautiful things grow in Florida, and this booklet presents a number of them. Pp. 67; publishers, The Jessamine Gardens, Jessamine, Pasco County, Fla., W. J. Ellsworth, Manager.

Peter Henderson & Co.'s American Farmer's Manual. Every farmer should send for this. Permanent pasture grass mixtures a specialty. [illegible] This firm also sends out a *Manual of* [illegible] of flower and vegeta[illegible] Henderson & Co., 35 [illegible]

Burpee's Farm Annual [illegible] lent manual — at all [illegible] and well illustrated — editions by thirty ext[illegible] colored plate. The p[illegible] largely increase the n[illegible] they give on the culti[illegible] tables and flowers. [illegible] prizes for competition [illegible] Fair. W. Atlee Burp[illegible] extensive trial groun[illegible] that Fordhook Farm [illegible] to tell the "Plain Tru[illegible]

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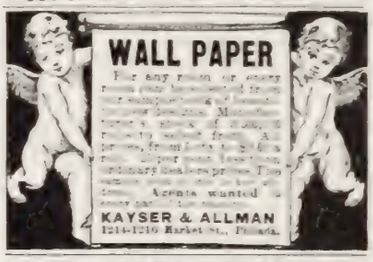

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450 Happy Orphans

Miss Shattuck Writes of Her Little Armenian Charges and the Progress they are Making

OF all the four Mission Homes in Anatolia, at which Armenian orphan children are supported by the readers of this journal, there is probably none that is quite so near to their hearts as that in Oorfa, where Miss Corinna Shattuck, the brave American missionary, is conducting the

AN OORFA WATERMAN

work. Miss Shattuck has a very large family of orphans—some 450 in all, she writes—of whom a goodly portion are CHRISTIAN HERALD proteges. She has sent us this entertaining letter, describing their recent Christmas and New Year celebration:

OORFA, TURKEY, Jan. 31, 1899.

Dear Christian Herald Friends: We have but just passed our Christmas vacation, New Year's (Jan. 13) and Christmas (Jan. 18) being observed here. We did not attempt coming together with the Germans for any festivities this year, as was the case last Christmas, but each received the children of our own Homes. We had a room-ful, but, the day being mild, we sat with windows lowered and the outer door open—128 children, mothers, servants: in all about 140. Scripture lessons, recently prepared for Sabbath evening recitations, were reviewed by classes. The "Who-am-I?" Bible game, which all enjoy so much, was in the hands of a committee of four, and they chose such hard-to-be-recognized personages that even their elders knit their brows. Then some wanted to tell parts of *Pilgrim's Progress*, which they have been enjoying of late. Hymns, and an attempt at photographing from opposite corners of the big room (which, however, did not prove successful) made the time pass all too rapidly. When asked if they would like to mention special causes for thanksgiving, one said: "That our friends have continued to remember us with money and prayers;" another, "That Jesus came to live in the world." Another said, shyly: "That God helps us in our temptations," and so on, many freely opening up the thoughts of their hearts.

We gave no gifts for which we had expended money. Each had a Bible picture card and another bright one besides. We had enough to give each of the Gregorian Monastery boys and German orphans the same, thanks to the many American friends, who continue to send us these. The girls had some of the extras sent by "parents" of the German orphans. Our carpenter boys made a playhouse of two apartments, older girls furnished it, and a happier set than the givers and receivers could not be found anywhere.

Christmas here continues three days. The second day all went to some relative; or, in case of our stranger children, or such as had nobody to receive them, to homes opened for the day by good people. A great quiet reigned in the nine orphan homes while some 450 happy children were scattered over the city, only to return merrily at dusk.

Our college boys, as also some here in the Home, feel that they have given themselves to the Lord, and are very happy. We thank God for all his blessings.

C. SHATTUCK.

The following sums have been received in support of Armenia's orphan children:

Prev ack'd	$111 93
Mrs Mary Green	1 00
Scotia, Holyoke	5 00
L E Ballou	1 00
Mrs N J Mears	10 00
Elias G Melidonian	50
A reader of the C H, Wayland	1 00
A J L Princeton	1 10
Mrs Mary A Gibbs	1 50
Mr and Mrs F H Letterman	3 00
Homer H Rhule	2 50
John E Day	2 00
L P P. Fessenden	5 00
Mrs E N Tomley	5 00
John Wilson	5 00
Miss M A De Vine	1 00
Mrs W P Ricketts	2 50
Joseph Karista	5 00
Mrs C Loomis	2 00
Total	$160 03

A Good Complexion

Depends on Good Digestion.

This is almost an axiom, although usually we are apt to think that cosmetics, face powders, lotions, fancy soaps, etc., are the secret for securing a clear complexion.

But all these are simply superficial assistants. It is impossible to have a good complexion unless the digestive organs perform their work properly; unless the stomach by properly digesting the food taken into it furnishes an abundance of pure blood a good complexion is impossible.

That is the reason so many ladies are using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they promptly cure any stomach trouble, and they have found out that perfect digestion means a perfect complexion and one that does not require cosmetics and powders to enhance its beauty.

Many ladies diet themselves or deny themselves many articles of food solely in order to keep their complexion clear.

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Bear in mind that beauty proceeds from good health, good health results from perfect digestion and we have advanced the best argument to induce every man or woman to give this splendid remedy a trial.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found in drug stores and cost 50 cents per package. They are prepared by the F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

If there is any derangement of the stomach or bowels they will remove it and the resultant effects are good digestion, good health and a clear, bright complexion. Ask your druggist for the tablets and a free book on stomach diseases.

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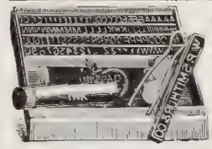

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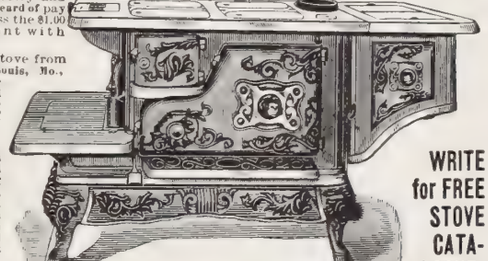

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Jacob Wingeier	2 00
E M H, Middlebury	1 00
The Lord's Tenth.	
—, Iowa City	1 00
P Cannon	1 00
Total	$17 90
Philafrican League.	
Mrs S M Harter	$1 00
—, Alewife	13 00
Geo A Davis	5 00
N D	25 00
Mr & Mrs D L Hartmann	5 00
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Mrs E V Meeks	$ 25
Mrs M L Ittner	25
Mrs F D Sheeks	50
E M M, Easton	1 00
Jas A Longstreet	1 00
No name	1 00
Abbie A Carpenter	50
Total	$4 25
Florence Mission.	
Lonsdale	1 00
M E, New London	1 00
Total	$4 50
Gospel in Philippines.	
E Tilton	2 50
Jacob Wingeier	2 00
E M H, Middlebury	1 00
The Lord's Tenth.	
P Cannon	1 00
Total	$17 90
Philafrican League.	
Mrs S M Harter	$1 00
—, Alewife	13 00
Geo A Davis	5 00
—, Iowa City	1 00
Phila	1

The Sick Poet's Bedside

Rudyard Kipling's Dangerous Illness Drew Forth the Love of Two Continents

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RUDYARD KIPLING

ONLY a little over ten years ago, the world had just begun to hear of a new poet—a young Anglo-Indian whose fresh and unique genius had already stirred the hearts of white men living in the East. Last week, the people of two continents were watching, with painful anxiety, the bulletins that told of Rudyard Kipling's life-and-death struggle with pneumonia in a New York hotel. Shortly after his recent return to this country, he was taken ill, and for over a week his life hung in the balance. When the crisis had been safely passed, and the waiting world knew that Rudyard Kipling would live, the pent-up sympathy found expression in a torrent of letters and telegrams to Mrs. Kipling, whose devotion to her husband had kept her prisoner at his bedside from the moment of his first attack, until he was declared out of danger.

Few literary men have achieved fame so suddenly as did Rudyard Kipling. A native of Bombay, India, where he was born of English parents in 1864, his first literary work was done while he was connected with an Anglo-Indian newspaper. Kipling's father was a man of delicate artistic tastes and a designer of distinction, but young Rudyard's talents lay in quite another direction. For him, the ever-changing panorama of military life in India held a peculiar fascination. He was a close observer, and the typical British soldier became his absorbing study. His first book—little more than a handful of leaves loosely bound together—was entitled "Departmental Ditties," and as it dealt with the soldier's life in a style at once new and realistic, it was soon read in every barrack-room in India. Soon afterward he issued "Soldiers Three," a story of the adventures of a trio of comrades, so quaintly related, so accurate in its description of camp life, and showing in its best light the heroic side of the private soldier, that it attracted attention at once to the young author. These productions gave evidence of a power of vivid description, a droll humor, and a keen but honest satire that might yet awaken the echoes of the literary world. That early promise has been abundantly fulfilled.

But while Rudyard Kipling must be accorded a unique position as a prose writer, it is as a poet that he stands highest in popular estimation. No man, in late years, has struck a deeper or truer note and certainly none has stirred the hearts of multitudes to better purpose. In prose a brilliant and fascinating teller of tales, he is, in his more serious verse, a profound thinker, a seer, and philosopher. If he had never written a prose sentence, his poems alone would have ranked him among the foremost minds of his generation. Indeed, the admiration of his genius in England is such that he has been hailed as the "Anglo-Saxon laureate." Some of his poems dealing with Hindoo life and character are replete with terse description and fine feeling, and show that true heroism and fidelity, even to death, are as much traits of the despised native as of the ruling Caucasian. His descriptions of battle and adventure by land and sea stir the pulses, like the strong lines of some ringing old saga of Viking days.

Kipling's genius has probably reached its best expression—up to the present, at least—in the two really great poems, "Recessional" and "The White Man's Burden." It is related of the first that Mrs. Kipling rescued it from the author's waste-basket, where he had tossed it, in dissatisfaction with his effort. It was a fortunate chance that led his wife to save to the world those grandly solemn lines, that seem like the chant of a nation bowed in deep contrition:

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

In "The White Man's Burden" Kipling sounds a clear note of warning to the nations of Christendom, indicating their duty to the inferior races which they, in their selfish struggle for power, have neglected.

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(TUFTED PANSIES)

These new Pansies are called **"Tufted"** because a plant from a single seed will grow and enlarge into a clump or **tuft** of plants, which will live and bloom year after year, and send out **"runners"** like the Violet, hence the name, **Pansy-Violet.** It makes **a hardy perennial** plant, living out all winter, increasing and blooming continuously. They are **sweet scented,** like the Violet. The flowers are large and of good substance. The colors are marvelous and endless in variety. Dark and bright, also delicate shades, zoned, pencilled, and mottled in wondrous colors. And added to all this, a hardy perennial violet-perfumed **Pansy,** increasing in size and numbers each year. This new plant has awakened much interest and enthusiasm in England and Scotland. To secure new customers we are sending *with* our complete 1899 catalogue of **the best Flower Seeds in America, the new PANSY-VIOLET** (as above), **1 pkt. (150 seeds) for only 10c., 3 pkts. 25c.**

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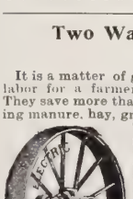

The man who already has a wagon may have one of these low handy wagons at the small additional cost for a set of wheels. These Electric Steel Wheels, with either direct or stagger spokes, with broad faced tire, are made to fit any axle. You can convert your old wagon to a low, handy wagon in a few moments time. You thus virtually have two wagons at one price. Write to the Electric Wheel Co., Box 136 Quincy, Illinois, for their catalogue; which fully explains about these and their Electric Handy Wagons, Electric Feed Cookers, etc.

If you would shake that aching, fagged out feeling which has clung to you since having the grip take Hood's Sarsaparilla to vitalize your blood and put renewed strength and vigor in your whole system.

"Memorial Rose"

THE accompanying pictures show the varied uses of the **"Memorial Rose"** (*Rosa Wichuraiana*). The one we offer is the *true variety*. Beware of hybrids which may be offered as "just as good."

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True Penitence

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Mar. 26. II. Cor. 7:1-11

WHEN a man is conscious of having offended God, of having done something that he ought not to have done, what ought he to do? That is the question that runs all through the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets, and it perplexes men who, living in heathen lands, do not know the Bible. The ancient law prescribed sacrifice, the Roman Catholic Church to this day imposes penance, the Buddhist and the Hindoo undergo self-torture in the hope of obtaining remission of sin. Christ's words however, reiterating the message of Isaiah, Micah and other prophets, assure us of pardon if we repent. That is an indispensable condition. "Except ye repent" Christ said, "ye shall all perish." So important is this condition, so momentous is it to the soul, that as he declares, when it appears, its significance is felt by those highest of all intelligences who are best able to appreciate it and "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God." If the repentance of one sinner is so important, and the absence of repentance is so eternally disastrous, how necessary it is to understand what repentance really is!

One thing is clear from Scriptures: repentance does not consist in tears, self-reproaches and agonies of distress. These may, and often do, accompany it, but they are not in themselves, true repentance. There may be true repentance without them. This fact ought to be understood, because there are many persons, who have read, or heard, of such experiences in the lives of others, and have been concerned because they have never undergone them. They have feared that, not having wept and agonized as others have done, they have not repented. But there is no justification in this fact for such fears. It is notorious that the grief which manifests itself in the most profuse tears, is that which the soonest passes away. Nor is there any merit in self-inflicted suffering. We cannot make payment to God in such coin. He takes no pleasure in our penance, nor in any misery we may undergo. It is the sorrow of the heart, that he desires to see, the hatred of the sin of which we have been guilty, the determination to avoid it in the future and the humble petition for pardon. These are the signs of true repentance, the characteristics of the repentance which, as the Revised Version has it, "brings no regret." The sorrow which knows no comfort, which spends itself in tears and sighs and groans and leads to no result in the life, is an unintelligent emotion of no practical value to the sinner, nor of acceptance with God.

There should be no difficulty in the mind of anyone who has had to do with children as to the nature of true penitence. When a child has been guilty of some serious offence, the wise parent's first thought is about the child's future welfare. "If he has done this thing now, what will he do when he grows up? How can I teach him the wickedness of this thing and cause him to avoid a repetition of it?" It would be easy for the loving parent to forgive, but that would be detrimental to the child's best interests. He must not get into the way of thinking lightly of evil. It is a serious matter, perhaps not so much in itself as in what it portends. So the parent argues, having had sad experience of the evil which might have been checked early, but which, left uncorrected, becomes irremediable. There must be punishment in some form to produce this impression, or there may be, with an intelligent child, such explanations as will have that effect. It is when the child is sorry for what he has done, when he tries to undo it, when he acknowledges his fault and asks forgiveness that the parent is satisfied. How much more is God ready to forgive under such circumstances! The Apostle's summary of the signs and characteristics of true penitence shows that this is the real disposition required. It produces earnest care against a repetition of the offence: a self-clearing of the spirit which caused the evil: indignation, zeal and longing for purity. These are the characteristics of true penitence.

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Drop us a postal, with your name and address and that of a dealer who doesn't sell Wool Soap, and we'll send you a cake free.

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Wonderful success has attended the use of this remedy. Thousands of cases have been cured—many of them were of 15, 20, 25 and even 40 years standing. The cost of the treatment is very moderate. A book, "Plain Facts About Catarrh," and a three days treatment will be mailed to any sufferer who will write at once. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

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MAD, MERCILESS MARCH!

What it Means to the Countless Army of Lung Sufferers.

..BEGIN NOW TO FORTIFY YOURSELF..

Catarrh, Bronchitis, Grip, or Its After-Effects, Asthma, Weak System, Lingering Cough, and All Other Consumptive Tendencies Should be Looked After Carefully at Just This Time.

What March Means.

What the frost is to the flower, is March, mad, merciless March, to the consumptive. March is a month fraught with fearful possibilities and countless dangers.

March is the time to look after the "little things in health," for many a consumptive's grave has been filled by one who neglected a simple cold, and realized the truth only when consumption's wicked grasp was upon him.

Fortify Yourself.

Now; not tomorrow, or the day after, but today—NOW—is the time to begin to fortify yourself against the ravages of possible disease in the month to come.

Remember that even the healthiest and most vigorous person in the world comes out of the month of March weaker and less vigorous than at the beginning. Then what must it mean to the millions of lung sufferers, who haven't the vitality to fight the elements?

It means one thing to many—DEATH!

Don't be one of those who take chances. Stock your constitution with a fighting array of strength that will overcome any condition of climate or weather. Make of yourself an invincible fortress of health, a veritable Gibraltar of strength.

If you are well and strong and hearty now, do this as an extra precaution; but if you are in any way a lung sufferer, if you have catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, grip, or its after-effects, any kind of a cough, shortness of breath, a hereditary consumptive history, occasional chest-pains, rough breathing, "morning and evening" coughing spells, poor circulation, pimply skin, night sweats, or any other symptom that shows a consumptive tendency, don't hesitate for a moment, but fortify yourself at once.

The Way.

Heretofore there have been many different ways to fortify yourself, but nothing that could cover ALL conditions, until the eminent medical scientist, Doctor Slocum, gave to the world the benefit of years of scientific study and research, and promulgated what has since been named in his honor, the SLOCUM SYSTEM.

In the SLOCUM SYSTEM, which consists of four distinctly different preparations, a carefully thought-out and scientifically constructed system of treatment is given.

FIRST, it seizes on every germ in the nose, throat, chest or lungs, and drives them completely out of the system, thereby removing the cause of the disease.

SECOND, it introduces into the weakened and debilitated system, a strengthening, invigorating and fattening food, which builds up and restores the wasted and worn out tissues.

THIRD, it soothes and allays all inflammation of the alimentary canal, stops all catarrhal discharges and conquers the cough.

FOURTH, it gives the system a tonic influence, which stimulates, invigorates, strengthens and makes the blood red, rosy, and of quick, healthy action. It vitalizes every weak and "rundown" condition, quickens the brain and regulates the heart, till the whole system responds with a warm, natural glow of perfect health.

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By special arrangement with Doctor Slocum, the readers of The Christian Herald may have the four preparations of the SLOCUM SYSTEM by simply sending their names and complete addresses to the SLOCUM LABORATORIES, 96 and 98 Pine street, New York City.

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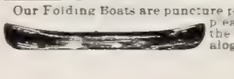

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He was a minister's son, and traveled for a large Chicago furniture house. It had been his custom to stop over Sunday in whatever place he happened to reach Saturday night, and attend divine service.

It was winter;, a snow-storm had blocked all the trains leading out of the city, and 300 "drummers" were held fast over Sunday.

On inquiry, the clergyman's son learned that among a number of rich churches, there was one poor one struggling along under a burden of debt. A plan for helping it occurred to him which, as he was genial and popular, he succeeded in carrying out.

When the little congregation gathered for the morning service they were surprised to find 300 well-dressed strangers occupying the body of the church. But their amazement reached its climax when the collection was taken up. They had no silver plate, and as each of the strangers put in a silver dollar, the hat that was being passed 'round had to be emptied once or twice. But for the sacred hour and place doubtless a round of applause would have greeted the pile of silver that lay on the table at the close of the offertory.

Early on the following morning the party was waited on by a committee of ladies with a vote of thanks and the request that they allow the accompanying photographer to take their pictures.

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WEAK LUNGS

Dr. Hunter, of 117 West 45th Street, has just published a new book on

"The Lungs and Their Diseases,"

which explains all about Consumption, how it arises, the symptoms by which it is known, how it can be prevented, and the only treatment by which it can be cured. He also describes

Bronchitis, Asthma and Pulmonary Catarrh

shows their tendency to produce Consumption, and their speedy and radical cure by *Antiseptic Medicated Air Inhalations.*

THIS BOOK is of such great importance and interest to all who have weak lungs or are threatened with any form of lung disease that it has been decided to issue an edition of 50,000 copies in paper covers for free distribution. Dr. Robert Hunter is the oldest Lung Specialist of this country, and acknowledged throughout the world as the greatest living authority on all diseases of the breathing organs.

From the New York Herald: "It seems after many disappointments and false rumors of the cures for consumption, that the treatment as discovered and practiced by Dr. Robert Hunter, 117 West 45th St., New York, has accomplished results so satisfactory that this dread disease need no longer be classed among the incurable."

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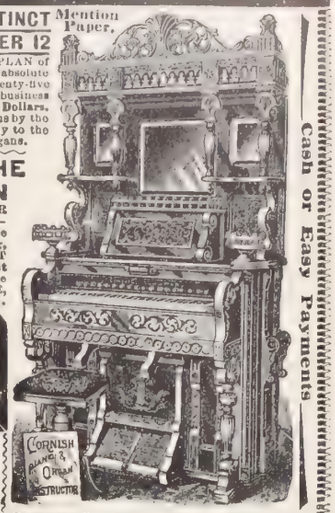

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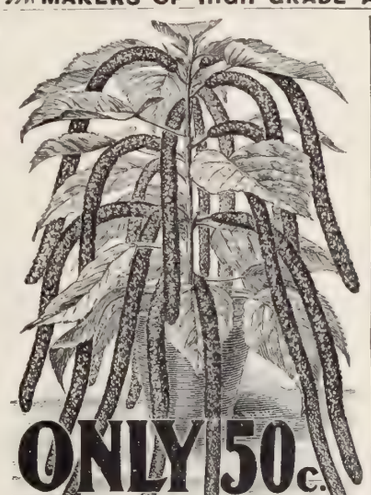

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3 "	Brilliant Flower Seeds,	15c
Worth $1.00, for 14 cents,		$.14

Above 10 pkgs. worth $1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Plant and Seed Catalogue upon receipt of this **notice & 14c** postage. We invite your trade and know when you once try **Salzer's seeds** you will never get along without them. **Onion seed 65c.** and up **a lb. Potatoes at $1.20 a Bbl.** Catalog alone 5c. No. 180

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

BURPEE'S
Seeds Grow

and are always the

BEST THAT GROW!

As proved by thousands of trials at our famous FORDHOOK FARMS,—the largest Trial Grounds in America.

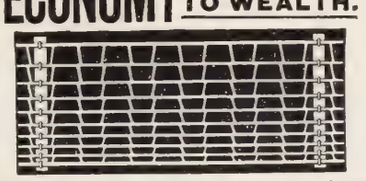
BURPEE'S
Farm Annual

for 1899—mailed FREE to all

A handsome **new book of 176 pages,**—tells the plain truth about Seeds, including rare Novelties which cannot be had elsewhere. Beautiful colored plates and hundreds of illustrations from nature. Gives practical information of real value to all who would raise the choicest Vegetables and most beautiful Flowers. **Write a postal card TO-DAY!**

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia

ECONOMY IS THE KEY TO WEALTH.



You can save money by buying your woven wire fence from us.

WE SELL DIRECT TO THE FARMER At Wholesale Prices.

We use only the best quality of steel wire, all galvanized; no small wires used; it's all interwoven; the stays can't slip. Write to-day for circulars and prices.

ADVANCE FENCE CO., 1903 Old St., Peoria, Ill.

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To get new customers to test my seeds I will mail my handsome **catalogue for 1899,** lithographed and beautifully illustrated, and a **10c. Due Bill,** good for 10c. worth of seeds for trial, **absolutely free.** It is full of bargains. All the **Best Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Roses, new Fruits, Farm Seeds, Potatoes,** etc., at lowest prices. **Ten Great Novelties** offered without names. I will pay **$50. FOR A NAME** for each. Don't buy your stock until you see this new catalogue. Several varieties shown in colors. Great inducements for orders this year. **You will be surprised** at my bargain offers. Send your address on Postal to-day. Tell your friends to send too. Old customers will receive a copy.

F. B. MILLS, Seedsman, Box 81, Rose Hill, N.Y.

WE SAVE YOU MONEY
ON ALL KINDS OF HARNESS.

We sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices. **100 styles, all made from best oak tanned leather.** We are not jobbers. We make everything we sell and can surely save you money. Send 4 cents in stamps to pay postage and get our 148-page illustrated catalogue.

KING HARNESS CO., 109 Church St., Owego, N. Y.

BABY CARRIAGES Shipped C. O. D.

Anywhere to anyone at Wholesale Prices. **NO MONEY IN ADVANCE.** Buy from factory, save dealers profits $18 Carriages for $9. | $5.00 Carriages for $2.50 $12 " " $6. | 60 CARTS from $2.50 up. Send for free illustrated catalog and freight offer

CASH BUYERS' UNION,
164 West VanBuren Street, B-18 Chicago, Ills.

THEY HATCH MILLIONS

of **Chickens, Ducks, Turkeys** and **other fowls** in every state and territory in the Union and in many foreign countries—

THE PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATORS.

Used by the largest poultry breeders, duck and broiler farms everywhere. Have taken over **200 first prizes** in all kinds of competition. The easiest to handle, cheapest to operate, **surest in results** and most handsome and durable in construction. 168 p. catalog and supplement **FREE.** **Prairie State Incubator Co., Homer City, Pa.**

WE TRUST THE PUBLIC

and send them our Incubator on trial. No man should buy an incubator and pay for it before giving it a trial. You **pay not a cent** for ours until you have given it a thorough trial. **It's made so that nobody can fail with it.** A child can run it with 5 minutes attention daily. It **beat** all others at **World's Fair, Nashville and Omaha Expositions.** The best **catalogue** and **treatise on incubation** published, sent for **5 cts.** Plans for Brooders, Poultry Houses, etc., sent upon receipt of **25 cts.**

Von Culin Incubator Co. 12 Adams St. Delaware City, Del.

MAKE HENS PAY!

if you want to know how others do this, send for our **Catalogue and Poultry Guide.** It tells all about the poultry business and about the **CYPHERS INCUBATOR** which embodies **all the good points** of other machines and the fault of none. **Sent freight paid** to every buyer. Catalogue 10c. Circulars free.

The Cyphers Incb. Co. Box 57. Wayland N.Y.

50 Chicks from 50 Eggs

Mrs. M. T. Duval, Old Church, Va. hatched with Bantam 49, 50 and 48 chicks each from 50 eggs, and never before saw an incubator. You can do as well. Try one 60 days from Send 4c for No. 50 Cat.

50 Egg Size, $5.00

Buckeye Incubator Co., Springfield, O.

HENS LAY

double the eggs when fed on Green Cut Bone.

MANN'S NEW BONE CUTTERS prepare bone in the best and cheapest way. Cut fast, fine, turn easy. Mann's Clover Cutters, newest, fastest. $5 & $10. Mann's Swinging Feed Tray and Granite Crystal Grit make the business profitable. Catalog free. **F. W. MANN CO., Box 29, Milford, Mass.**

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

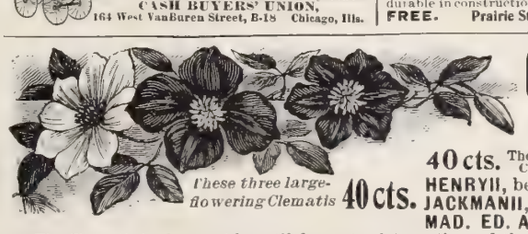
of prize winning poultry for 1899. Photographs from life. A perfect gold poultry raisers. Calendar, Poem and Given price of eggs and stock from the very best matings. It shows the finest chickens and describes them all. Plans for construction. Everybody wants this poultry book. Send 2c. postage stamps

B. H. GREIDER, FLORIN, PA.

STARK TREES

have a 74-Yr. Record. Fruit Book Free

STARK BRO'S, Stark, Mo. We **PAY FREIGHT**



CLEMATIS BARGAIN

These three large-flowering Clematis **40 cts.**

40 cts. These three magnificent Clematis mailed for **40 cts.**

HENRYII, best white, eight petals.
JACKMANII, purple, the best known.
MAD. ED. ANDRE, bright red, extra.

The Clematis is the most beautiful, most aristocratic, and the most desirable of all climbing vines. They have until now been quite expensive, 50 to 75 cents each. The plants I offer are the regular 50 cent size and the varieties are the most distinct and desirable of all. Red, white, and purple. Perfectly hardy. A well established plant often has 300 flowers at one time. My catalogue of bargains sent with every order and on application.

PHEBE J. MARSHALL, Hibernia, Dutchess Co., New York.

THE WHOLE STORY

of successful incubating and brooding is told in our new 228-page catalogue. Full description of the best machines to use for the purpose. Cuts and instructions for building **modern, economical poultry houses; poultry supplies** and cuts and prices of leading varieties of **pedigree poultry;** prices on **eggs for hatching, etc.** Full of valuable information to every man or woman who keeps hens. We send it to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

RELIABLE INCUBATOR AND BROODER CO. Box B 16, Quincy, Ills.

The Newest Sweet Peas and Pansies

Maule's Seeds Lead All

HAVE DONE SO FOR YEARS AND ARE STILL AS FAR AHEAD AS EVER IN THE RACE.

If you want the finest garden in your neighborhood the coming season, you **must** sow Maule's Seeds. To convince readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of their superior merits, I make the following special offers, which should be accepted at once by every lover of floriculture. I will send ten packets of the new Sweet Peas, and six packets of the Show Pansies named below for the trifling remittance of twenty 2-cent stamps. I am very sure every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will fully appreciate such an offer, embracing as it does the newest and best of these two most popular flowers.

Maule's Up-to-Date Collection of 10 New Sweet Peas.

Every flower lover will want these New Sweet Peas. They embrace all colors and tints desirable, with beautiful form and delightful perfume. Unequaled for cutting. Succeeding everywhere and with everyone. Directions for culture with each collection.

AMERICA. White, flaked and striped orange salmon. Large and fine.

COQUETTE. Deep primrose, tinted purplish rose. Hooded flowers.

DOROTHY TENNANT. Beautiful clear heliotrope. Fine large flowers.

EMILY HENDERSON. The hardiest pure white variety: excellent for cutting.

EXTRA EARLY BLANCHE FERRY. The earliest, blooming fully ten days earlier than any other. Standards bright pink and wings white.

GRAY FRIAR. Watered purple on white ground.

MARS. Bright fiery crimson: best yet. Large expanded flower.

METEOR. The standards bright orange salmon with delicate pink wings.

RAMONA. Creamy white delicately splashed with pink.

STANLEY. The best dark Sweet Pea. Form and substance superb: color deep maroon. Very handsome and distinct.

One packet of each of the above (10 separate packets) **for . .** **Only 20 Cents.**

Maule's 1899 Special Pansy Offer.

One packet of each of these six Mammoth Flowering Fancy Show Pansies (regular retail price 60 cents), only 25 cents.

METEOR. Bright yellow, lower petals spotted brown, upper petals purple, edged yellow. A show pansy without a doubt.

TRIMARDEAU GOLDEN GIANT. Flowers three inches broad: pure golden yellow in color and a marvel of beauty.

TRIMARDEAU LORD BEACONSFIELD. Rich, deep purple violet. Very large flowers. Usual price never less than 20 cents per packet.

EMPEROR FREDERICK. New. Purple, margined yellow and scarlet: a unique and charming contrast: very large flower.

FIRE KING. One of the handsomest of all. Color, fiery reddish brown and yellow; a very fine bedding variety.

VICTORIA RED. A deep red color throughout: a color unusual in pansies Strikingly beautiful and a favorite wherever grown.

The above 6 packets of Beautiful and Attractive Pansies **for . .** **Only 25 Cents.**

For 40 cents I will mail to any address one packet each of the above varieties. 16 packets in all, only 2½ cents per packet. At the same time I will send a copy of my new seed book for 1899, pronounced by one and all the brightest and best of the year: contains hundreds of illustrations, four colored plates, up-to-date cultural directions and $1,000.00 in cash prizes to club agents, full of business cover to cover. Almost 300,000 copies have already been mailed, and I am still sending them out at the rate of 2,500 to 3,000 per day. You should not think of purchasing any garden or flower seeds, flowering plants, bulbs, etc., before receiving it. Mailed free to every one ordering either of the above collections, if they ask for it, and mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Address,

WM. HENRY MAULE, 1711 Filbert Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1899

VOLUME 22 — NUMBER 12

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE CZAR'S GREAT 8,000-MILE ASIATIC RAILWAY AND ITS CONSTRUCTORS *(See Page 215)*

The map shows the route from Russia's capital to Vladivostok. Chief of Construction, Markawitch, is shown, pen in hand, surrounded by his assistants, who direct different departments of the work

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

J. F. R., Lansdale, Pa. Are a pomegranate and an orange the same fruit? If not, where does the first mentioned grow, and does it grow on trees or bushes or on vines?

No; the pomegranate is a native of Western Asia and Northern Africa, and is the fruit of a leafy tree of the myrtle family. The orange tree is of the citron species.

Channing, Brooklyn, N. Y. What people had the Zend Avesta for their sacred books? Who was their leader? Do any people still use them?

The Zend Avesta are the sacred books of the Parsees of India. They are ascribed to Zoroaster, who is reputed to have lived about 1,000 B.C. He held that the origin of life was dual, and that there was a good and an evil mind in the Supreme Being, as there is in man. He taught that the good would enjoy immortality of bliss, while the wicked would undergo eternal punishment. He also believed that the good principles were manifested in blazing flame. The Parsees still use those books, although some of the teaching has been modified in modern times.

Subscriber, Adelaide, Can. Would it be of any service if I got up a list of names of ladies who would not like Brigham H. Roberts, the polygamist to sit in Congress? All the names would be in Canada?

We shall be glad to hear from the women of Canada on the subject. Their active interest shows how far-reaching is the moral crusade against the Mormon evil.

Walter McB., Jersey City, N. J. When was the expression "Brother Jonathan" first applied to the United States? 2. What was the origin of [illegible]

The story is related that during the Revolutionary War, Washington being in need of supplies for the army, and placing great confidence in the sagacity of his friend Jonathan Trumbull, then Governor of Connecticut, used to say in such cases: "we must consult Brother Jonathan." The phrase became familiar, and gradually passed into national usage. 2. It began in the War of Independence, (according to Frost), when the stores for the troops were marked with the initials U. S. (United States), and the soldiers jokingly declared they stood for "Uncle Sam."

L. M. L., Wilton, N. H. How, when, where, and by whom were cards invented?

Cards are of ancient Eastern origin, and it is claimed by some early writers that in their first stages they constituted a symbolic and moral game, although they were afterward put to profane and even sinful purposes. Chinese and Hindu cards had upon them images representing deities, etc. Cards with spots are said to have been invented in the reign of the Chinese Emperor Seun-ho, about 1120 A.D., being devised for the amusement of his numerous wives. Cards were unknown in Europe until the end of the fourteenth century.

Inquirer, Bird City, Kan. 1. What is a madstone and where found? 2. In what business was U. S. Grant engaged prior to his death? 3. Has the President of the United States anything to do as to when Easter shall be observed?

1. A porous stone, popularly supposed to cure hydrophobia, by absorbing the venom. Such stones are often kept in families as heirlooms. 2. He engaged in no business, but spent much of his time in writing his *Memoirs*, which were afterward published. 3. Nothing whatever.

W. L. B., Freeburg, Pa. You are mistaken. It was Wesley, not Toplady, who wrote "Jesus, Lover of My Soul;" and the story of the bird pursued by the hawk and finding shelter in Wesley's window (which was printed in this paper), is related by several biographers of Wesley. His latest biographer, Rev. L. A. Banks, gives the incident, but adds that "it is quite probable that the hymn had its inspiration on the sea. A short time before writing it, Mr. Wesley had narrowly escaped shipwreck in a storm on the Atlantic, and the words, taken as a whole, seem to indicate that this was the vision before his mind."

S. B. W., Nyman, Ia. 1. What was the purchase price of Alaska? 2. Why do we not have our coldest weather in December, when the sun is farthest from us, and our hottest weather in June, when the sun is the nearest: instead of in January and February the coldest, when the sun has drawn one-third nearer, and in August and September the hottest, when the sun has withdrawn one-third of the distance?

1. The price was $7 200,000. 2. During the summer, the sun's rays strike the earth vertically, attaining their maximum intensity at midsummer, when the day is longest. Meanwhile, the earth's surface, becoming charged with heat, gives out a steadily increasing proportion, and this radiation increases as summer advances, reaching its maximum considerably after midsummer. In winter, the rays strike obliquely; the earth's surface cools as the season advances, attaining its maximum frigidity long after midwinter (the point at which the sun is farthest).

C. Sanford, Colchester, Ill., writes to ask if some reader of this journal will send him a copy of the patriotic verses said to have been composed by Hancock and Adams during the Revolution, and commencing

"Come, lovers of freedom, together.
And hear what we have to say," etc.

Mrs. B. L. Dennis, Providence, R. I., writes: Possibly the few lines below may be helpful to some one, if you think best to publish them at any time. Author is unknown to me.

From the self that stains and stings,
Soils and hurts all holier things,
Weighing down the soul's white wings.

[illegible]

Working in us strong and still,
With thyself ourselves to fill;
By thy sweet, triumphant will,
Set us free, good Lord!

Subscriber, Mahonoy City, Pa. Is there or has there ever been a certain time set for husband or children to wear crape bands on their hats to mourn the death of a beloved wife or mother?

Crape is now ordinarily worn only six months, even for the nearest relative, and the duration of deep mourning does not exceed a little ones—too busy sometimes to care for people, shut up so long from active work; but I am never idle, though back aches and arms are crooked, and most of my work is done in a chair. I bake, churn, and care for my dear ones, though not able to walk [illegible] be done, and I know, until my Father calls me, I yet have work to do. I pray for God's grace to be cheerful, and ask you, my fellow-Christians, to also [illegible]

Jessie R., Reading, Pa. What is the "hall-mark" on gold and silver and what does it signify?

It is the Assay office mark placed upon articles composed of those metals after they have been assayed, and indicates their quality or fineness. Every assay office has its own peculiar mark, unlike any other.

Mrs. T. M., Annapolis, Md. I am greatly interested in the letters in THE MAIL-BAG from the possessors of very old Bibles. Can you tell me when the peculiar editions known as the "Breeches Bible" and the "Vinegar Bible," were issued?

The "Breeches" Bible (that word being substituted for "aprons" in the story of the expul- [illegible] (by choice) for a lifetime.

[illegible] Phtah; the Romans, Jupiter, Juno and Min- [illegible]

[illegible] What is the [illegible] same as "Ma[illegible]" [illegible]

"Marguerite" is simply another form of the name. "Margaret" is from a Greek word meaning a pearl. The name "Marguerite" is applied to the daisy because of the pearly whiteness of that flower.

In this extract from a letter by M. T., Lay Rapids, Mich., there may be a helpful suggestion for some other reader.

I love THE CHRISTIAN HERALD even to its advertisements. All are read and re-read and then it is my missionary among my children, and, although [illegible] the front pictures are sadly defaced, for, being fourteen years shut in from the world, a beautiful picture is to me a thing of joy. I am a farmer's wife [illegible]

A SCENE ALONG THE LINE OF THE PROPOSED NICARAGUA CANAL

The old and the new are strikingly illustrated in this picture—the ancient idols in their recesses or shrines, amid the gloomy shadows of primeval woods, side by side with that great modern disseminator of intelligence, the electric telegraph. This strange conjunction typifies the future of Nicaragua, when the projected canal uniting Atlantic and Pacific, shall have been completed.

[illegible] translated out of the "Original Tongues;" dated [illegible]

J. W. Maclay, Yonkers, N. Y., writes: [illegible]

I. H. M. [illegible]

A. Buchwalter, Tordstown, Ohio, writes: I have a Bible in Swiss text, containing Old and New Testaments. Published at Zurich, by Christ- [illegible] contains the Old and New Testaments, and [illegible]

Virginia X. X. X., apropos of a letter from a Lakefield (N. J.) reader which appeared in THE MAIL [illegible]

S. M. B., Monmouth, Ill.

P. A. H., Columbus, O., will find him.

H. McN., Hillsboro, O. Yes, it has been published in book form.

T. Address the first, 432 Green ave., Brooklyn; the second, Trenton, N. J.

A GREAT COMPETITION

Valuable Prizes in a Unique Contest for "Christian Herald" Readers

As already announced, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible] valuable prizes to its subscribers who take part in the New Century Celebration [illegible] These prizes, which will be awarded by a board of three judges to the successful competitors in the order of merit, are:

1st Prize—**World-Wide Encyclopedia**, [illegible] edition, 10,000 pages, bound in half [illegible]

2d Prize—**World-Wide Encyclopedia**, [illegible] edition, 10,000 pages, bound in cloth.

3d Prize—**Standard Dictionary**, unabridged, half Russia.

4th Prize—Webster's **International Dictionary**, bound in sheep.

5th Prize—Rand & McNally's **National Indexed Standard Atlas** of the World. Historical, Descriptive and Statistical.

6th Prize—Harper's **Book of Facts**; a Classified History of the World, embracing Science, Literature, and Art—954 pages.

7th Prize—The **Topical Bible.** A Subject Classification of every text and passage in Scripture, by Chaplain Orville J. Nave, U. S. A.

The requirements and conditions of the contest are these:

Each competitor to write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a letter containing his or her suggestion for an appropriate programme to be adopted for the proposed Celebration, at the ushering in of the new century.

Each letter should give the writer's best thought or suggestion, keeping in view the fact that the Celebration is intended to be of a far-reaching character, and one that should include every sect and denomination in Christendom,—all who name the name of Jesus and believe in his teachings.

Competitors should endeavor to find a suitable place in the programme for the combined participation of churches, Sunday Schools and other religious organizations.

Competitors should consider the general form of the exercises, their duration, and also whether they should be held at one or more central points of assemblage, or simultaneously, throughout the Christian world.

The competition will close October 1, 1899. All letters in this contest should be addressed:

Twentieth Century Celebration
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York

Opening Up the White Continent

THE WORLD'S GREATEST RAILROAD, ACROSS SIBERIA, NEARING COMPLETION—A VAST FIELD FOR MISSIONARY AND CIVILIZING EFFORT

WITH the early completion of the great 8,000-mile railway across Central Asia and Siberia, the civilized world will hail an event which coming generations will regard as hardly less important in its far-reaching results than the opening up of the "Dark Continent" of Africa. This opportunity for advancing the standard of a Christian civilization has been placed at the world's disposal by the splendid enterprise of Russia. The Czar's government acting alone has placed an iron girdle about the great Asiatic mountain ranges, spanned the rivers, and laid a shining path across deserts of sand and bleak wastes of snow, and through the great forests, at an expenditure of labor and money which would have appalled almost any other European power.

In this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we are enabled to present, far in advance of all contemporaries, the facts concerning the present condition and immediate prospects of this great railway, which promises to speedily revolutionize a great part of the ancient world.

The Czar is a good railroad builder and has spared neither money nor effort in his project to connect the Baltic with the Pacific, across the vast plains of Siberia and the tablelands of Manchuria. In China alone his engineers have finished two thousand miles of road, and in Russia and Siberia nearly four thousand more. Already the work is proving a means of good. The opening up of the extensive province of Manchuria is having a wonderful effect upon the people and on the relations they bear to foreigners. Cities of large population have sprung up on spots where a year ago the wild beasts of the forest ranged.

One instance is particularly striking. By imperial edict, issued in April, 1898, a spot was chosen along the line of the proposed railroad for the founding of a palace city. A collection of rude Oriental dwellings was there, grouped along the banks of the Sungari river, in the centre of the province. Native Chinese were numerous enough in the vicinity; but they needed the magic touch of the white man's civilization. Chulauchen has sprung up almost in a night, and a population of near 100,000 is now employed there. Railroad shops are in operation with several thousand hands, and immense steamship wharves are finished along the river front. The new city has electric lights, asphalted streets, fine churches and public buildings. People of every nation on the globe are to be found there. Railway construction gangs work westward and eastward from the city, and thousands of the Chinese find employment in the work. Mr. M. Sergey Friede, a New York business man, who has just returned from this wonderful new city, gave the writer the names of seventeen American business firms who are supplying about three million dollars' worth of goods to the capitalists—Russian and Chinese—interested in the new developments.

While the railway is distinctly a government enterprise, the hundred and one other enterprises which follow naturally in its wake are open to the world. The Russian government guarantees work to certain classes of settlers, but welcomes all on the broad theory that a newly opened territory needs a cosmopolitan population to make it thrive. Tradesmen and skilled mechanics from London, Paris, and even New York are established there.

Where now stands Imau, a thriving city, second only to Chulauchen in importance, the wolf was hunted a year ago. To-day, it is a city of 40,000 inhabitants, and a commercial centre, with busy shipyards, iron foundries, and great supply depots. Many Americans and Englishmen help give to the new city an international air. Schools are in a flourishing condition, and there are two hospitals well-equipped with American appliances and manned by American physicians. Stations are now located every few miles apart along the railway, connected by wire, and covering thousands of miles of territory. Troops of Cossacks are kept at Chulauchen under command of Col. Gernyvoss. The Czar has also insisted upon the Chinese Government depositing a large sum of money in the Russo-Chinese bank, for indemnity in case of depredations by natives with whom all foreigners are unpopular. This gives the Chinese Government a direct financial interest in maintaining the strictest order. Manchuria will now doubtless become the field of active evangelistic effort. There are twenty-four millions of Chinese in the province, and nearly all are polygamists. In a district covering eleven hundred miles in extent, Mr. Friede encountered only two Christian missionaries, both of whom were Frenchmen. The province has been practically neglected by the great American and English missionary evangelists because of its innaccessibility and the danger to those who introduce innovations. In one village which Mr. Friede visited, no white man had ever been seen before his arrival. Children ran shrieking from him, thinking him an evil apparition, and even the women and old men fled. They are idolators and extremely superstitious. With fertile valleys and splendid wheat-growing uplands, they ought to be prosperous; but they are in reality very primitive and very poor.

MR. SERGEY FRIEDE—THE PORT OF VLADIVOSTOK, TERMINUS OF THE RAILROAD

Mr. Friede confidently expects to be able to travel from London across Europe and Siberia to the borders of China in eight or ten days, as soon as the great 8,000-mile railroad is finished. He also believes the present generation will see the present heathen natives of Manchuria reading their Bibles and their newspapers, without the aid of teachers. Its new line of steamships will soon be plying on the Pacific between Port Arthur and San Francisco. These will fly a combination Russo-Chinese flag and will enable a traveler to circle the globe in from thirty-five to forty days, using the Siberian route from London.

This uniting of the great peoples of the East and the West must necessarily have a powerful Christianizing influence. Heathen darkness will disappear before the light of Gospel civilization. Three other railways are now in course of construction in Central and Southern China backed by English, German and American capital. These districts already have been largely won over to a knowledge of the Gospel, there being in the Mongolian province alone no less than 103 missionary stations.

It is impossible to over-estimate the importance to the world at large of the great movements that are now progressing in the ancient East. The tribes of Siberia, and the benighted millions of Mongolia and Manchuria, are destined soon to feel the benefits of a change which cannot be fraught with other than beneficent possibilities. China's dominion, old as the pyramids, is breaking to pieces, and her empire, shattered by the forces of modern civilization, will shortly be thrown open to the whole world. There are some who claim to see in these events, the foreshadowing of the ancient prediction that Russia would yet be the ascendant power in both Europe and Asia; but the wisest minds are not apprehensive. In the present situation in the East they foresee no menace, but rather a prospective blessing to millions of the human race. Russia's road of iron, stretching from the old city of Peter on the Neva, to Vladivostock, the new and wonderful seaport, born amid the snows and glaciers of the Gulf of Peter the Great, may carry troops and munitions of war; but it will also bear rich freight of progress and prosperity to every land it traverses.

With all these "open doors" in darkest Asia, it will be wonderful indeed if the glorious Truth of the Gospel be not speedily admitted to its innermost recesses, and blessed to the saving of its millions.

TYPES OF THE MANY RACES TO BE FOUND AT THE NEW CITY OF CHULAUCHEN

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

Splendor and Woe of Great Cities

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Prov. 1: 20, . . . Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets.

WE are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe, there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature, day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star, in the great harmonies of the universe. The spring time is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love; and the winter is a prophet—white bearded—denouncing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature: but how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your mechanism, and to your work, and to your merchandise, and you come back again—and often with how different a heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no tufts of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil, and pain, and pleasure, the slow tread of old age, and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped: and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without: she uttereth her voice in the streets."

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By ten o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and shuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smoke-stacks, and arush with traffickers. Once in a while you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do: but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms and thousand eyes, and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work! work! work! while the mills drum it, and the steam-whistles fife it. All this is not because men love toil. Some one remarked: "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity with stern brow and with uplifted whip, stands over you ready whenever you relax your toil to make your shoulders sting with the lash.

Can it be that passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business that you do not learn anything of the world's toil, and anxiety, and struggle? Oh! how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many exasperations endured—what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes went hither and yon, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid, tossed, and turned aside, and dashed ahead, and driven back—beautiful in its confusion, and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man.

Going down to your place of business and coming home again, I charge you to look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets, and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before an all-sympathetic God. In the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word, will rise up and call you blessed: and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry, and sick, and wandering, and lost, and heart-broken. That is the man, that is the woman," and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry and ye fed me, I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me: inasmuch as ye did it to these poor waifs of the streets, ye did it to me."

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head; and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not so to be. The astronomer must come down from his starry revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach-wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets wan sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Impudence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh! that is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all."

I like this democratic principle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs: whatever position you have gained in society, you are nothing but a man, born of the same Parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed in the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledged not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence, how much temptation to covetousness, and to be discontented with our humble lot! Amid so many opportunities for over-reaching, what temptation to extortion! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurement to dissipation! In the maelstroms and hell-gates of the street, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck! If a man-of-war comes back from a battle and is towed into the navy-yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet-holes, and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the masthead. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of the sharp-shooting of business life, and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh, how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they perished! They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an axe and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of poor man's sweat. Oh! is it strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indigestion! All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him, and the earthquake to swallow him, and the fires to consume him, and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of heaven are distributed, some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double-dealing, what two-facedness! Do all people who wish you good-morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show-window? Passing up and down the streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that society is hollow, and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh, how many there are who swagger and strut, and how few people who are natural and walk! While fops simper and fools chuckle and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh! The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem: but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to king Eglon, and while he stands in front of the king, stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering, and want and wretchedness, in the country: but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls, and drunkenness staggers, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here, want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man, going along a street in New York, saw a poor lad, and he stooped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered, with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said in defiance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write, neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't he take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him? and haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks? and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders, and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir. I can't read, nor write neither. Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. Let us ministers not be afraid of soiling our black clothes while we go down on that mission. While we are tying an elaborate knot in our cravat, or while we are in the study rounding off some period rhetorically, we might be saving a soul from death, and hiding a multitude of sins. O Christian laymen, go out on this work. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means; and if you are too lazy to go, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way, and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest, when Christ's chariot comes along, the horses' hoofs trample you into the mire. Beware lest the [illegible] the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. Down to work! Lift them up! One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate, shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for, this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting—I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why," said the man, "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week, and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, dear; though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie: she said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." O, yes, they are waiting for you. Men who have money, men who have influence, men of churches, men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead, because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the streets, I hear the tramp of a great host, marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, may you reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those boulevards, and the streets are arush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toil. A river flows through that city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and the trees of life laden with everlasting fruitage bend their branches into the crystal. No plumed hearse rattles over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein, they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, heaven! beautiful heaven! Heaven, where our friends are! They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery, sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands. Millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh, start for it to-day! Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God, take up your march to heaven. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come, and whosoever will, let him come and take the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

The readers of the CHRISTIAN HERALD are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or other literary productions are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Malcontents in Porto Rico

Gen. Eaton Writes of the Obstacles they are Placing in the Path of Progress

GOING TO MARKET

A PORTO RICAN FARMER

A FAMILY IN ITS TRAVELS

A NATIVE LABORER

IN his letter from San Juan, just received, and printed below, Gen. Eaton gives some highly important information concerning the hostile attitude of a certain faction toward American rule on the island. He also describes the religious and social situation in a clear and masterly manner which can readily be understood by all who read his most interesting letter. He writes as follows.

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

To the Editor of "The Christian Herald":

DEAR SIR: All interests here are bound together in the same bundle with partisan feeling, which is very bitter. Attempt any movement, social, industrial, commercial, educational, or religious, and you soon encounter the adverse influences of partisan bitterness. Strangely enough, this arose out of Spanish conditions, and remains after the conditions have disappeared, but it is naturally cultivated by those who wish to use it to keep themselves in power and control the spoils of office. Our Roman Catholic brethren, who seek to bring their church here up to the standard in America, about which many of them are extremely anxious, find it in the way of their efforts. Protestants are coming, ably representing the Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, United Brethren, Episcopalians and Methodists, and all encounter it. It must be studied and understood before any of these great efforts can realize the fullest success. The denominational differences common in the United States may be expected here, but the American methods of each will be opposed by partisan leaders, who resist American tendencies. Not only will each denomination have its own preferences, and so far fail of the heartiest co-operation in what is common to all—the desire to introduce the American Sabbath and American freedom of conscience—but there will be the general assistance of those forces not ready to see improvement.

There are those ready for the American Sabbath School; there is a movement among Catholics to introduce it, but it is opposed by the spirit which clings to the past. Those who would aid in movements intelligently may well look into recent events, which illustrate what may be expected from adverse influences of partisan spirit. Parties are known as liberal and radical. At the surrender, the liberals were in power, and although their leader was bitter against the United States up to the last moment, he took the oath, and he and his Cabinet and the Alcaldes and Councils of the seventy-one municipalities were mostly continued in power. Especial effort was made by American commanders to allow affairs to go on by their own self-direction. The military suppressed the banditti and preserved order, interfering as little as possible, save in most essential matters, such as sanitation, etc., but reports of evils increased. An Alcalde and Council were removed and martial law established.

The lesson was most wholesome.

More and more it was evident that local evils had their nexus in the Cabinet. The condition of one department was so serious that the resignation of that secretary was called for and his duties assigned to the next in rank, and two of the most important divisions of the department put in charge of two Americans to report to him, and Gen. Henry went further and ordered that there be no Cabinet meetings save when he presided, and that each secretary should attend to his own duties. This was so nearly fatal to all their bad schemes that they all resigned, acknowledging in writing that the general was so far right, but demanding that he should go further, and permit the election of a legislature, which could not be permitted in view of the danger of partisan violence, and without permission from Washington. Gen. Henry appointed new secretaries, requiring each to attend to the duties of his department, and forbidding their meeting save when he presided, and introducing American experts as aids in important parts of the service. The Alcaldes were in close touch with the spirit which ruled the Cabinet, and that spirit hoped to control the action of the General here, or, failing in that, to secure a general resignation of Alcaldes, bring on a catastrophe, appeal to Washington, and thus secure its ends; but the Alcaldes had learned a lesson by the re-

SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AT SAN JUAN

moval of one of their number, and the great body of people were more than satisfied.

All beneficent movements must not only encounter the evils arising from this bitter partisan feeling, but its unfair methods. General Henry issued an order delaying the destructive foreclosure of mortgages, which had to go through the hands of the Secretary of State, and when it was published an important section had been so changed as to defeat its purpose, and to bring it into contempt. Since the resignation of the Cabinet its master has written a letter calculated to check the general movement towards Americanism and to defy American authority. He now proposes to go to America, and his friends claim that he will take $30,000 with him, and return to assume control of affairs here. As the representative of an agricultural committee, he asks a letter of introduction to the President. Pretending to be a friend of Gen. Henry, he declares this "a military despotism," and that, if it continues, the feeling of attraction will become one of repulsion. He is himself the special leader of those who would delay the coming in of the American spirit and institutions. He claims that the great body of Porto Ricans are with him, which is far otherwise. All the lower classes are substantially united with the body of the sensible property holders in looking to America for improvement.

Those who come here, representing the piety of the United States, or its beneficent plans, in spite of the above adverse influences, will find it an inviting field. They should so locate their work apart from each other as to avoid differences among themselves. In illustration of these views, the "Society for the Benefit of Children" may be mentioned. It brought together, regardless of party differences, a considerable group of the ablest and best men, who addressed themselves at once to the improvement of schools and the cultivation of patriotic sentiment among the children. There are no amusements for children here, and they began to secure a park for them. They arranged the celebration of the ratification of the treaty of peace, in which several thousand participated, marching with United States flags to patriotic music, and having appropriate addresses by Gen. Henry and some leading citizens. They also planned and carried out the observance of Washington's birthday. Bands played on the streets and in the plazas. Schools marched with the American flag to the theatre, each seated there about its banner. Many of the best citizens joined in the demonstration.

Every space was occupied, hundreds standing up. The army and navy added to the enthusiasm by firing salutes and throwing their colors to the breeze. In the theatre, soldiers and sailors united in presenting two tableaux. Music was furnished by two Porto Rican bands, one composed of orphan boys from the asylum. American flags were abundant; the United States coat-of-arms was conspicuous, and the portrait of Washington, appropriately draped, was well placed on the stage. A speaker, who was eloquently introduced by the Secretary of the Interior, told in five minutes, points in his life as boy and public man, closing with: "God bless the mothers and fathers; God bless the children of Porto Rico." The bands, as if realizing their new-found liberty, struck up the "Borinka," the Porto Rican national air, which they had not been allowed to play under Spanish rule. Indeed, under that rule, no such voluntary expression of sentiment had been allowed. In the evening, the *elite* of the city, invited by card, gathered in the Athenæum and listened to music, and poems, and well-prepared speeches by able men, doing honor to the life and character of Washington. A few leading men, entering fully into the spirit of the occasion, furnished refreshment for the children, some two hundred orphans being first served.

Mrs. General Henry has wisely led in an organization of American and Porto Rican ladies in aid of the suffering poor; a most needed work, and promising great good. Rev. Mr. Smith feeds from one to two hundred daily; thus the beneficent principles of the United States are beginning to operate.

JOHN EATON.

* * *

The following contributions have been received in aid of the proposed Sunday School work in Porto Rico:

Mrs S M Harter	$1 00
John Anderson	5 00
Mr & Mrs E Meeker	4 00
Mrs J A Horrell	1 00
Chas E Smith	5 00
T R Pearson	2 50
Geo A Davis	5 00
I H N, Waldo	30
James Tinning	1 00
Laura Harman	1 00
E Tilton	2 50
Moses Morrill & wife	2 00
W C G, Waterloo	50
B M H, Middlebury	1 00
R W Jones	5 00
G R G, Seattle	1 00
Mrs M E Austin	50
C E Soc, Deer Lodge	10 00
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Mrs Lizzie H Harsha	1 00
North End S S, Norfolk	2 88
Willow Dale Union SS	3 10
L Euler	2 50
P L Laurens	1 00
A, Brooklyn	1 00
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G, Vineland	50
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J A McC, Phila	1 00
M B, Kennett Sq	1 00
Geo Bollman	5 00
P D Wampler	1 00
Henry Keil	1 00
Geo Learey	1 00
David Gowans	50
Baptist S S of the Redeemer, N Y City	10 00
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Mrs H B Vaughn	5 00
W M, Rutland	1 00
Anonymous, Richland Ctr	5 00
Class No 6, M E S S, Hartland	1 15
A lady, Hartland	1 00
H C N, Brooklyn	1 00
Mrs J Hazard	2 50
S, Phila	50 00
G Williams	26
I H N, Fairlee	1 00
Mrs J F Heisley	50
Mrs A Godfrey	2 00
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M E McCormick	3 00
P, Florence	1 00
Mrs H P Miller	2 50
Mrs R C Allen	1 00
S W Allen	1 00
A S S teacher, Lansingburgh	1 00
P Flannagan	50
C F Conant	10 00
A friend for right, Chagrin Falls	1 00
Jessie A Shearman	5 00
W J Edwards	2 00
K L H, Waupaca	5 00
A friend and reader of the C H, No Middletown	3 00
I H N, Westport	1 01
Mrs Caroline Brand	5 00
Mary Montgomery	1 00
J A R, Summit	50
A Subr, Lodi	1 00
Reader Wells	2 00
Mrs W P Ricketts	2 50
M G Hawley	1 00
Peter Nickles	3 00
P D Wampler	1 00
Hanks Sunday School	5 00
I H N, Birchton	10
Total	$224.80

Twenty-five thousand copies of the Spanish-English Gospel according to St. John, with a collection of Gospel Hymns in both languages, bound together in one neat volume of 220 pages, black cloth, with red edges, have just been issued by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for distribution in Cuba and Porto Rico. The first shipment of these Testaments has already been made to Havana and San Juan. Contributions are earnestly solicited. A copy of the Gospel will be promptly forwarded to every reader of this journal who contributes to the work.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Raising of Lazarus

S. S. Lesson for April 2. John 11: 32-45
Golden Text, John 11: 25

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

In his healing of the man born blind, it was as "the Light of the world," that our Lord manifested himself (John 9: 5), but in the raising of Lazarus, as "the Resurrection and the Life." In all that the Scripture tells us of the life of our Lord, every incident and every parable serves to bring out what he is; only so much is told as is needed for this purpose. "The Scriptures . . . are they which testify of me" (John 5: 39). Thus, Lazarus was, in himself, only a certain man; Bethany was only the town of Mary and Martha, and only named because it was that Mary which anointed the Lord with oil, etc. But they all had their place in the life of Jesus, for "Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus."

Lazarus was sick: "Therefore his sisters sent unto Jesus, saying: Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." When Jesus heard that, he said: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." A sickness for the glory of God? How should sickness glorify him? It is not said that Lazarus should glorify him by his patience and resignation. Without doubt he was both patient and resigned to the will of God, but this was not the purpose of the sickness. It was not to show what Lazarus was, but what Jesus was; "that the Son of God might be glorified thereby."

His disciples were absorbed with the danger to Jesus of going into Judea again; the sisters of Lazarus were absorbed with their personal loss; but Lazarus himself, in whose body the Son of God was to be glorified, simply died. Because Jesus loved the family at Bethany, "therefore" he put them to the test (John 11: 5, 6). But while to them he seemed indifferent, he knew and told the disciples what had taken place, and they, too, could not understand what he said until he explained. And then Thomas, although Jesus had said, "I go that I may awake him out of sleep" (verse 11), said, "Let us also go that we may die with him!" (verse 16).

When Jesus came upon the scene, he found that Lazarus had lain already four days in the grave, and the sisters were surrounded with the usual accompaniments of a Jewish death—mourning men and mourning women (Jer. 9: 17; 16: 7). What had become of his Word, "This sickness is not unto death"? What had become of their faith in his word? Things had turned out so contrary to their expectations: they thought Jesus would surely come and heal their brother: the message reached him, for he had sent word, "This sickness is not unto death," and yet Lazarus had died. They were disappointed in Jesus; his word seemed to mock them; all seemed to go wrong.

When they heard that Jesus was come, energetic Martha went out to meet him, and not waiting for any word from him that could throw light on the situation, she vented the bitterness of her heart in the reproach, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died," and added, "But I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." Had she, even now, some hope that he who had raised the widow's son and Jairus' daughter, might overcome death in the case of her brother Lazarus? "Thy brother shall rise again." Without waiting to take in all that the words meant and to connect them with the message, "This sickness is not unto death," Martha had an answer ready. "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believeth thou this?" "Yea, Lord," was her answer. "I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." But it was an inoperative faith.

What had Jesus said? "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!" Did this refer to Lazarus? Had he died believing that his sickness was not unto death, and that the Son of God would be glorified in raising him from the dead. It seems so. But what a lesson for us in these days to accept the last extremity in whatsoever circumstances God may suffer us to come, that the Son of God may be glorified in a people who are not moved from their confidence when even the very word of God seems for the moment to fail, until God shall explain himself. He looks for a people who will trust him through and through.

Then Martha came and called Mary secretly with the glad news: "The Master is come and calleth for thee." What a relief to leave the Jews who came to comfort her for the presence of the Lord! And yet Jesus was no more glorified in Mary than in Martha: the same reproach as Martha's came from the grief-stricken sister, and "Jesus groaned in spirit and was troubled." What was it that burdened Jesus? Was it not that he found none on whom he could count in the few solemn hours which remained to him? And then he wept, going with the sisters and the Jews to the place of burial, while he overheard them saying, "Could not this Man which opened the eyes of the blind have caused that even this man should not have died?" Oh how much greater were his thoughts than theirs! Why did not the sisters believe and honor their Lord, by saying with calmness: "Our brother is going to be raised from the dead?" Why do not we, in moments of crisis, remain calm and sure in our God, that he may glorify himself in our circumstances?

Groaning in himself again, our Lord came to the grave. Between the living one and the dead was an impediment. "Take ye away the stone," which tells how you expect death to hold your brother. Martha, the very Martha who had said, "I believe thou art the Christ, the Son of God which should come into the world" now acts as though Jesus was no more than another man.

Then he looked up: he never was disappointed there. "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me, and I know that thou hearest me always, but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they might believe." And then with a loud voice he proved his authority over death: "Lazarus, come forth." And the dead awoke and came forth: he had believed and he lived. The grave clothes were unbound and he went free.

A TOMB IN BETHANY, SAID TO BE THE TOMB OF LAZARUS

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

JESUS was probably in the Perean country, east of the Jordan, when he received the message from Martha and Mary, telling him of their brother's illness. His motive for going there, we can understand. He must have seen enough of the malignity of the chief men of his nation, during his visit to Jerusalem at the feast, to realize that the end of his life and his work was at hand. He therefore retired to Perea with his disciples, that he might give them such advanced teaching as would fit them for the arduous task they must undertake when he was removed from them. The teaching reported by Luke in chapters 14 to 17, was probably given during that period. While he was so engaged, the message from the sisters came. They evidently hoped that he would come to them at once in their trouble, but for some reason Christ delayed. Perhaps he wished to make this sickness an occasion for working a miracle, which should be the culmination of all that had gone before. Martha was doubtless right when she said, "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." There would then have been the record of another case of healing, instead of the miracle, which everyone, who believes in the Gospel at all, recognizes as a proof of Christ's divine power. We may echo Christ's own words, and be glad that he was not there. There had been already two instances of the dead being raised. Christ had raised the son of the widow of Nain (Luke 7: 12–15), and the daughter of Jairus (Luke 8: 49–55). But in those cases, death had been so recent that modern sceptics have contended that they were only cases of suspended animation. No such theory, however, can apply to the resuscitation of a man who had been in the tomb four days. The significance of the miracle has therefore been recognized by believers and sceptics alike. We would have liked to learn more about it. Had Lazarus no [illegible] during those four days? His evangelist is silent on that subject and was content, as we must be, to point to him whose voice could call the dead to life, and also has promised that they who believe in him, though they were dead, yet shall they live.

Jesus wept. We wonder why. He knew that he was about to give the dead man back alive to his friends. Why should he weep? Perhaps it was sympathy, which in his sensitive nature brought him into unison with the sorrowing sisters. A minister had in his congregation a lady who gave away large sums every year in charity, yet he was astonished to find how few people spoke well of her. He was curious to ascertain the reason. Visiting a widow, one day, who had received, as he knew, several handsome gifts from her, he introduced the lady's name. "Yes sir," said the widow, she has been very generous. I am grateful to her. The money was very welcome." There was no enthusiasm. But when he mentioned the name of another lady, the widow's countenance lighted up. "Oh," she said, I love her. She must have a good heart." The minister noticed the contrast and said, "But she never gives you anything. She is too poor." The widow had no difficulty in explaining. "She came and cried with me, and was sorry for me, and, badly as I needed the money, I needed the sympathy more."

Take ye away the stone. The tomb was probably like other tombs belonging to wealthy families in Palestine, a chamber natural or artificial, hollowed out of a rock. To prevent the jackals and other animals getting access to the bodies which were simply laid on shelves, a heavy circular stone was rolled against the entrance, closing it. This must be rolled away. Of course, the Being who could call the dead to life, could have removed it by the word of his mouth, but he would not. Human hands must perform that work. Christ will not do for men what they can do for themselves. "Why do you spend your money in this way?" a minister asked of a philanthropist who had spent thousands of dollars in building model homes for the poor. "It would have been better to spend it in Bibles and tracts." The philanthropist answered: "I must do my work in my own way. These people could not hear the Gospel or give any thought to religion while they lived in their miserable dens, reeking with fever-germs and pestiferous smells. I am giving them a chance. You can take the Gospel to them now with some prospect of their listening." How many souls there are who might hear Christ's life-giving voice, if the stones were removed which society and their hard lot have interposed between them and the Saviour!

He that was dead came forth. "I cannot believe in the resurrection," said an undertaker, who had seen many dead bodies. "When I look at some corpses that come here, I cannot believe that even Almighty power can make living beings of them again." The person to whom he was talking said: "Is it more difficult to believe than that there is life in these dead beans? Yet I set some of them in my garden and they grew. I cannot understand it, but I know and you know that it is so. They look dead now, but under the right conditions they have a new life."

That they may believe. Annie Trumbull Slosson tells a beautiful story of a woman who was heart-broken over the loss of a child. At length she found some relief in attending to her garden and watching the habits of insects. One beautifully marked caterpillar attracted her attention. She kept it on a potted plant and took care that it had the leaves it liked to feed on. But one day she saw it burrow into the soil and hide itself. She uncovered it and saw that it looked as if it was dead. But sometime afterward she noticed that the soil was disturbed and the empty skin of the caterpillar was exposed. She had cherished such an affection for the creature that she covered it lovingly again with the soil. But, looking up at the plant above it, she saw a beautiful butterfly. It had not come into the room from without. It must have come out of the caterpillar's skin. Then her thoughts flew to her dead boy. "Dear Lord," she cried, "if thou canst do this with a poor caterpillar, canst thou not do it with my dead boy?"

An Apostle to the Red Men

Prof. W. R. King and His Missionary Work Among Indians and Whites in our New Territories—A Great Christian Educator in a New Field of Duty

THE appointment has been announced of President King, of Henry Kendall College, Muskogee, I. T., as Superintendent of the Southwestern District of the American Sunday School Union, and successor of the late Rev. W. P. Paxson, D. D., well known to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. William Robert King was born in Rotherwood, Hawkins County, Tenn., January 12, 1868, of Scotch-Irish parents. His early years were spent on his father's farm, a few months being spent in the country public schools during winters, until the autumn of 1886, when, with $1.25 in his pocket, he entered Washington College, Washington County, Tenn. He graduated with the class of 1889, having literally worked his way through. In September of that year he entered Union Theological Seminary, New York. His spare time was spent in mission work in New York city. On Sundays, during his last two years in college, he supplied a pulpit in a suburban town. After graduation in 1892 he set his face toward the Home Mission fields of the Southwest, and accepted a call from a mission church in Tahlequah, I. T. Having been licensed by the Presbytery of Holston in May, 1892, he was transferred to the Presbytery of the Cherokee Nation (now Sequoyah) and ordained to the Gospel ministry in October, 1892, his work at Tahlequah having begun in June of that year.

In October, 1893, he was surprised to find himself unanimously elected Synodical Missionary of the Synod of Indian Territory. It was no sinecure which had been thrust upon him. Both Oklahoma and Indian Territories—an area of more than 70,000 square miles, were included in his field, and over these he had to be almost continually traveling; the most of the time in a buggy, often out of sight of civilization, with not even a trail to follow; his only guide being a compass and his good judgment. In some of these drives, it was necessary to make as much as ninety miles in a single day.

The mission schools of the Presbyterian Church also had to be looked after by Mr. King. In connection with this part of his work, he founded Henry Kendall College in 1894, in Muskogee, Indian Territory. In June, 1896, he was called to the presidency of that institution, and in October of that year he resigned the office of Synodical Missionary, and entered into his new work with characteristic zeal, performing the duties not only of president, but also of professor and manager. He soon afterward secured a new location for the college—a commanding site of twenty-six acres just within the corporate limits of Muskogee. Here the necessary buildings were erected, including main college building, chapel recitation-rooms, library, reading-room, society halls, music-rooms and dormitories, all substantially equipped.

From this work, President King has now been called to the Superintendency of the Southwestern District of the American Sunday School Union. His connection with the Union will be a valuable addition to its already strong working force. Professor King's striking personality and kindly face always compel attention. Courteous and interesting in conversation, he is a pleasant companion. As a preacher, his ability was marked while yet in college. His sermons are practical and doctrinal, setting forth clearly and forcibly the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. His discourses, although marked by a keen theological and philosophical insight, are helpful to all classes. As a student, he is thorough and well-balanced, and though progressive, yet he is thoroughly orthodox. His spirituality is very marked, and he recognizes the leading of the Divine hand in all things. In his whole life can be traced the words, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

The Southwestern District of the American Sunday School Union, in which Mr. King will operate, includes the States of Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Arizona. Much of his work in the new field will be among the red men.

Our illustrations on this page, from photographs taken on the mission field by workers of the American Sunday School Union, and furnished exclusively to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, show, perhaps more convincingly than mere words, the substantial progress of the Indian toward civilization. They are mainly photographs of the Creeks, a tribe among whom the Union's teachers have labored long and diligently, and to excellent purpose. These people are all under Christian influence. Their progress gives promise of still brighter things for the red man of the future.

CREEK INDIAN ON A "SUMMER BED"

INDIAN GIRLS AT DINNER

INDIAN GIRL GRINDING AT THE MILL

PROF. W. R. KING

SHANTY OF A CREEK INDIAN FAMILY

RESIDENCE OF BLUFORD MILLER, A CIVILIZED CREEK

Sunday Bull-Fights in Mexico

American visitors to Mexico have been frequently surprised and even shocked at the prevalence of Sunday bull-fighting. This brutal sport has recently become the subject of a very animated discussion among the leading newspapers of Mexico, and not a few have boldly denounced it as an indecency wholly unfit to be tolerated by the intelligent population of a modern and progressive republic.

New interest has been added to the discussion by the publication of the following resolutions recently adopted by the Mexico Conference of the M. E. Church:

RESOLVED: That we will employ all our influence in pulpit and press and school, against the cruel and barbarous practice of bull-fighting.

RESOLVED: That respectfully and from our very hearts we beseech Christian tourists visiting Mexico to refrain from attendance at that sport, for we regard it as prohibited by the Word of God and we also consider the presence of our fellow countrymen at such resorts as being highly damaging to the cause of Christ in this land.

RESOLVED: That we regard attendance upon this barbarous and cruel diversion, by Christians, especially on the Sabbath, as nothing short of treason to the cause of Christianity.

CHARLES C. MCCABE, President.
H. A. BASSETT, B. N. VELASCO, Secretaries.

This, being published as an open letter, aroused the rabid antagonism of a portion of the Mexican press. The *Correo Espanol* (Spanish), by way of retaliation, attacked various brutal forms of sport, which are prevalent among Americans, and accused the bishop of being a "Hispanophobe," in attacking a diversion purely Spanish. It added: "If the 800 odd tourists now in Mexico do not go to the bull fight on Sunday afternoon, where will they go?" *El Imparcial*, the leading journal in Mexico, condemned the attack of the *Correo*, and vigorously defended Bishop McCabe. It drew a sharp distinction between the respectable and sensible Mexicans, and the class for whom the *Correo* was the avowed spokesman.

There is, unquestionably, a strong and representative element in Mexico who are heartily sick of bull-fighting, and who feel that their country, which is rapidly making an honored and exalted name among nations, should no longer be disgraced by such brutal public displays. To this class, the open letter of Bishop McCabe more directly appeals. *The Herald*, the most influential English paper in Mexico, takes strong and dignified ground in opposition to the violent defenders of the brutal sport.

The *Correo*, in the course of its abuse, has referred to the attendance of American tourists at the Sunday bull-fights. It is undeniable that if such visitors would withdraw their patronage, the horrible custom would ultimately fall into disuse.

Said a well-known American, now in Mexico: "The argument employed by such visitors is that they go 'only for this once,' and that they 'want to see life in Mexico.' There are so many thousands of tourists who go to Mexico from the United States that if all were to go even once, the result would be to keep up the obnoxious sport indefinitely. The folly and wickedness of such a course do not seem to be apparent to many who, under ordinary circumstances and in thoughtful moments, would shrink from the mere suggestion of attending such a hideous carnival of blood and slaughter. Would that there were a Henry Bergh in Mexico! He would find abundant opportunity for the exercise of philanthropic care for the helpless animals, and he would indisputably receive the moral support of the best element in the Southern republic."

Bishop McCabe is by no means waging a hopeless fight, notwithstanding the rancor of a portion of the Mexican press. Wherever enlightenment goes, brutality disappears, and soon the day will come when the cruel spectacle of the bull-ring, with its wanton and revolting brutalities, and its frenzied crowds of blood-maddened spectators, will have vanished forever in obedience to the demands of civilization.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR
E. J. FERNIE. G. H. SANDISON.

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Letters
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Dr. Talmage Resigns his Pastorate

The following letter, which was presented by Rev. Dr. Talmage to the Session of his church, in Washington, recently, explains itself:

"1400 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., March 9, 1899.

"*To the Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Washington.—Dear Brethren:* The increasing demands made upon me by religious journalism and the continuous calls for more general work in the cities have of late years caused frequent interruption of my pastoral work. It is not right that this condition of affairs should further continue. Besides this, it is desirable that I have more opportunity to meet face to face in religious assemblage those in this country and other countries to whom I have, through the kindness of the printing-press, been permitted to preach week by week, and without the exception of a week, for about thirty years. Therefore, though very reluctantly, I have concluded, after serving you nearly four years in the pastoral relation, to send this letter of resignation.

"I ask you to join me in a petition to Presbytery for the dissolution of the pastoral relation between myself and the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C.

"For the uniform kindness shown me by yourselves and the church you represent, I wish to make hearty acknowledgment. I expect to continue residence in your city, and hope to have many opportunities of meeting you.

"That the blessing of God may ever abide upon our beloved church is the prayer of your friend and pastor.

"T. DE WITT TALMAGE."

The Departed Lord Chancellor

THE world laments the going of Lord Herschell. I often met him at the banquets which the citizens of Washington gave the "Joint High Commissioners." On my first meeting him, I asked the question which every American would like to have answered. Are you a descendant of Herschell, the astronomer? He said he was not. Indeed, he had enough honors of his own without needing any inheritance of fame. The last I saw him, he was in bed suffering from a fall upon the ice. He was very cheerful, and remarked upon the relation of good spirits to speedy recovery. He gave several instances showing how much the mental condition has to do with the physical condition.

When I called to his mind the satisfaction he ought to feel in the fact that his wound was received while in patriotic and international service, he replied that he was engaged in the discharge of his duty when the accident befell him. When I said "Good-by" to him as I was about to be gone for ten days, I had no idea that he would never rise from that pillow.

What shining marks Death has been aiming at, this season! What an inscrutable Providence that so many useless people live on, and so many upon whom the church and the world depend are taken! But God is always right, and what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.

Hypnotism

THROUGH the associated press went a story of a case of hypnotism, which was truthfully reported as coming under my own observation. It is time that all moral and religious teachers should express themselves on the subject of hypnotism. It is a word older than a Noah Webster's dictionary, but the ancient definition, which says that it is a somnambulism produced by means of animal magnetism, is as much out of time as the coal scuttle bonnets of your great grandmothers were different from the dainty head-covering of a modern lady. Hypnotism, as now believed in, is the spell that one person holds over another, compelling him or her to surrender all power of will and self-control, and do as the operator pleases. Indeed, a celebrated case came into the courts of Paris, where an offender of the law was adjudged innocent and set free because he could not help committing the crime, he having been hypnotized. The only case that has come under my observation is the one to which I refer as seen in all the newspapers. A lady called at my house and desired to see me on important business. She appeared refined, intelligent, and pleasing. There was nothing in her appearance to indicate anything unusual. She began by saying that she was from the West; that she had come to secure my interference in her behalf. She said her uncle had died a little while before. He had been slain through a spell put upon him by his wife. The uncle had suffered from a long and distressing disease. His wife had, through hypnotic influence, compelled him to decline the taking of food. A physician had been called in, and the wife had also hypnotized him, so that he gave the wrong kind of medicine or no medicine at all. My informant said that this baleful influence was continued until the invalid went down under it and finally expired. The lady talking with me had complained of the treatment of her uncle, and had pronounced it a case of murder, and, as a result, the woman who had slain her husband had, in a revengeful spirit, cast the same spell upon her, my informant. To escape these influences she had gone clear out to Oregon, but distance had no relaxing effect, and she could endure this malign pursuit no longer, and she had come to request me to employ attorneys in her behalf, and have her wrongs and those of her deceased uncle ventilated in the courts of law.

Although the recital of the incident may to you, who did not confront the case, seem bordering on the facetious, to me the conversation was a fearful tragedy. I could see no sign in her face of mental aberration. There was nothing like an enlargement of the pupil of the eye that generally indicates intellectual shipwreck. After she had done speaking, I said:

"Madame, I am very sorry for you, but why do you not try to have your wrongs righted in the place of your residence, where there are as skilful lawyers and as good judges of court as we have here?"

"Oh," she replied, "they say that I am not responsible; that I am insane, and I could get no justice done me there, and I have come all this distance confident that you would help me out from this awful influence which haunts me day and [illegible]

I said: "Madame, I am very clear as to what is the best thing for you to do. Will you take my advice if I frankly give [illegible]

She said: "I think I will."

Then I said: "My advice is for you to take the first train for home. Your uncle is dead; no amount of fuss in the courts will restore him to life. There is only one person that you have to look after, and that is yourself. I do not say that the people of your town are right when they declare you insane, but I tell you plainly that unless you get off this track you are now on you will be insane. Now go straight home and seek out a good family physician who will give you some medicine to tone up your nervous system and quiet your brain. There is no spell upon you; you are under a dreadful hallucination. If you will accept a doctor I will get one, but not a lawyer. Go right [illegible]

With the close of that conversation ended my acquaintance with the case until the newspapers informed us a few days after that that unfortunate lady had been arrested, deadly weapons taken from her, and she sent to the insane asylum. There have no doubt been cases of more or less malignancy coming under your observation. I think it is a new phase of an old superstition called in the last century "the evil eye," a capacity by glance of the eye to afflict with sickness or strike with death any one who came under the observation.

No Grog for Jack

THE canteen never had a more complete fling than when Secretary Long forbade the sale of intoxicants on ships of war and in naval stations. Public men are apt to interpret law according to their own tastes. John D. Long has been a consistent abstainer for twenty-five years, and he never allows an opportunity of smiting alcoholism to pass unimproved. Too many ships have been wrecked by drunken captains and crews to allow the canteen an easy circulation among our shipping. But we have not had many Secretaries of the Navy who would have dared to issue anything like this "General Order No. 508." Hereafter we may feel that those who stand behind the guns on men-of-war are competent. Rum fills a man with the spirit of fight, but never gives him power of execution.

Animal Cruelty of the Klondikers

THE lust for gold is one of the most exhaustive and cruel passions of human nature. The Klondikers had staked their all on success. They made all dispatch for the gold fields. It was the gambler's chance. And so they strained every nerve, and put the heaviest burdens on their poor animals—horses, goats, dogs—to accomplish their end. One rough frontiersman says: "It was a trail of blood from Stikine City to Glenora." These daring miners and speculators were some of them ignorant, more of them careless, and more still greedy for gold. Another writer thus describes them: "Every kind of a dog was bought or stolen in the States, and brought up in midwinter on the open steamer decks, where the half-fed creatures were crowded together in sleet, snow, rain and bitter winds, without shelter or drink. Tied in strings to the fences, they were left to howl the nights out at Fort Wrangell, and were in poor condition to pull the cruel loads; when driven off over snow and ice, sure to be beaten, clubbed and kicked as long as they could stand in the harness. All animals were treated as cruelly—horses and oxen brought to Fort Wrangell without food or drink on the way and left uncared-for on the river steamers till the captains themselves interfered and compelled the men to care for them."

[illegible] wholly beside themselves. There is often a great sacrifice of animal comfort and animal life in the ordinary methods of accumulating property. The societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals usually work within the confines of civil[illegible] grieve over and to amend. A few years ago there was a great horse epidemic in the city of Boston. The city came to a standstill; business was paralyzed. Steam and electricity can do wonders for us, but still we require the kind and faithful offices of the horse. Indeed, we need animals, which are dependent upon us, to keep up in our bosoms benevolent instincts. The tender mercies of the Klondikers—alas! they are cruel. There the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain.

BRIEF NOTES

[illegible] now at Manila.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn of India has gone to [illegible]

During Mr. Moody's work in Arizona he visi[illegible] found that Christian Endeavor work was being [illegible] Fe, N. M.

[illegible] Alaska is literally doing rescue work. It has built a relief station on the great glacier on which so many lives have been lost. It is equipped with food [illegible] already reported.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has had the joy, [illegible] of God on his addresses they have been led to renounce sin and trust in Christ for strength to lead [illegible]

Major George A. Hilton is holding evangelistic services at Keokuk, Iowa. The work he has just closed at Cedar Rapids has been productive of wonderful results. The revival interest extended far and wide. At Coe College especially the converts are most interesting, being bright talented young men.

Revival services are being held in Chicago, under the lead of Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., [illegible] Englewood, to the number of fifteen, are combined in the movement. The meetings are held in the Englewood and First Presbyterian Church, and will continue through the month of March.

[illegible] her way to Manila, to look after the temperance work there. She will stop at Hawaii *en route*, to give assistance and welcome to this new American territory and its well-organized societies. Other organizers are planning to visit Cuba and Porto Rico soon.

[illegible] has thought it necessary to publish the following resolution, recently adopted: "That all persons desiring to promote the best interests of Missions in Turkey, are to be urged to guard against all self-appointed agents, however plausible their enterprises may appear, and to inquire carefully, through [illegible] that country, as to the credentials of such persons, and the needs of the work for which these appeals are made."

General O. O. Howard desires to acknowledge the following sums contributed to Lincoln [illegible] published in this journal on Feb. 22: From Brooklyn, N. [illegible] ton, Pa., $10; Boston, Mass., $13; Worcester, Mass., $10; [illegible] [illegible] the time for the final payment has been extended to next fall. About three hundred students are in the [illegible]

Missionary work in Madagascar is being done by the Society of Friends. Some of its missionaries are [illegible] the capital of the island, about seventy miles in [illegible] put under their care. This district now contains more than 140 schools, which are periodically visited by missionaries, who hold examinations and "normal extension classes." In compliance with the wishes of the French government, agricultural and industrial education is given in connection with the schools.

The work of the missionaries in India in relieving the famine through the aid sent them by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other Christians, is receiving recognition. In reviewing a work on the famine, the New York [illegible] says: "[illegible] missionaries in India have never come to the front, as in these years of scarcity. Their praise is in the mouths of English officials who [illegible] except the missionaries are in touch with those [illegible] famine stricken must. None are at all fit to be wardens of orphans now more numerous than ever. None can make a little money leaven so vast a mass. No class can be so safely trusted as honest and wise almoners of bounty."

A Sad Anniversary

ON February 15, the American colony in Havana, celebrated, in a reverent and patriotic manner, the first anniversary of the loss of the battleship *Maine* and a large portion of her crew in Havana harbor just a year ago. Early in the morning, the auxiliary cruiser *Resolute* sent a boat's crew of sailors to decorate the wreck of the *Maine*, which is still visible in the bay. The solitary standing mast was wreathed with laurel, and the fighting-top was hung with festoons of greens, tied with red-white-and-blue ribbon, while over all floated the nation's flag. A solemn religious service was held in the Merced Church in the forenoon, which many military and naval officers attended, and in the afternoon a vast assemblage gathered at Colon Cemetery, to witness the ceremony of decorating the graves of the victims who perished on the *Maine*. It was the original purpose to give the decoration ceremony a distinctly naval character, but the soldiers were also permitted to lay their floral tributes on the graves, which were thickly covered with wreaths and blossoms in a great variety of beautiful designs. An entire wagonload of floral pieces was presented by the American ladies in Havana, and there were also many from local societies. Each American sailor and marine gave some little floral token in loving memory of the men of the *Maine*. The procession from the city was composed of marines and sailors from the *Brooklyn* and *Resolute*, Major-General Ludlow's staff, American women in ambulances, American visitors in carriages, a troop of U. S. cavalry and one Cuban society. As it entered the cemetery to the mournful music of the *Brooklyn's* band, the scene was a pathetic one, and while the work of decoration was taking place, the great crowd of spectators looked on in unbroken silence, many of them kneeling and showing deep emotion. The occasion undoubtedly made a great impression on Havana and its people. It must have convinced these people that this republic is not so ungrateful as to forget the men who perished in its service. We most earnestly hope that our rule in Cuba will be of such a character as to convince them also, that it is not of our dead sailors only that we are mindful but that the memory of him who died for the whole world so abides with us as to control our principles and our lives and govern our conduct:

Ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God because of the reproach of our enemies (Neh. 5 : 9)?

"MAINE DAY" IN HAVANA—THE FLORAL DECORATIONS ON THE GRAVES OF THE VICTIMS

Aguinaldo's Last Stand

Our war in the Philippines, which had been conducted on a conservative plan while General Otis was awaiting reinforcements, was suddenly infused with amazing energy, when our troopships arrived during the second week in March. On the 13th inst., at early morning, an American "flying column," under General Wheaton, consisting of the Twentieth and Twenty-second Infantry regiments, two battalions of the First Washington Infantry, seven companies of the Second Oregon Infantry and Troops E, I, and K, Fourth Cavalry, and Scott's battery, made a swift advance, cutting Aguinaldo's forces in two and severing communication between the north and south wings of the Filipino army. This movement was executed with entire success. The strong "flying column," supported by a gunboat, which shelled the rebels along the river, cut a wedge into the enemy, capturing the three villages of Guadaloupe, San Nicolas and Pasig in rapid succession, and compelling the insurgents to retreat at every point. Three American soldiers were killed and fourteen are reported wounded, but the loss of the Filipinos was very heavy, over seventy being killed, and 1,000 wounded, sixteen being killed in the sharp fighting at Pasig alone. Gen. Wheaton now occupies a bluff commanding the villages of Pasig, Pateros, and Taguig. He has passed the obstruction in the way of his reaching Laguna de Bay, and believes he will be able to prevent a junction between the two wings of Aguinaldo's army. He will continue the aggressive movement by our troops until the country between Manila and Malolos, Aguinaldo's capital, is clear of insurgents, by which time it is expected that the Filipinos will be convinced of the futility of further resistance and ready to sue for peace. One cannot but grieve over the necessity for this bloodshed. If the people only understood that our rule would be beneficent and would lead to their peace and prosperity, they would surely close their ears to the deceits of Aguinaldo and his ambitious associates. It is a pity that none among them address to them the inquiry the prophet put to his people:

Why should ye be stricken any more (Isa. 1 : 5)?

Shocked by Electricity

An extraordinary escape from a terrible death is reported. One of the employees in the power-house of the Lexington Avenue Railroad, in New York, was at work a few days ago, when he accidentally placed his hand on a switch and received a current of two thousand volts. Ordinarily, a current of much less intensity is fatal, but this man lived and except for a few burns does not appear to have suffered injury. In explaining the matter afterward, he said he must have made a short circuit by placing his hand on the switch. He remembered having paused in his work for a moment and rested his hand on the switch nearest to him. As he did so, he said, a bolt of electricity burst from the switch, striking him in the chest. He was hurled back about ten feet, and the next thing he recalls was that he was wildly tearing the burning clothes from his limbs. He seemed to be on fire, clothing and flesh. The light blinded those near by for a moment. One of his fellow-workmen threw him to the floor, while others covered him with cloths. The fire was extinguished quickly and an ambulance summoned. The clothing had been nearly all torn off from the waist up, and the breast, arms, side, shoulders, and face were blackened and seared as with a hot iron. It is inexplicable that a current which would set fire to the man's clothes, and even melt the metal pegs in his shoes, should yet have left him alive. The theory is advanced that the very intensity of the current saved him, and that a weaker current would have killed him. Only electrical experts can settle that question, but we know that such a principle does apply in the spiritual world. Little sins, small temptations and troubles are frequently more fatal to spiritual life than some crushing calamity that drives a man to seek God with all his heart.

When he slew them, then they sought him, and they returned and inquired early after God (Ps. 78 : 34).

Tied Himself with Ropes

A remarkable discovery was made recently on a farm in Nassau County, L. I. The owner of the farm lives in New York, and during the winter employs a caretaker to look after the farm house. The man gets no wages, but in return for his services has free lodging in the farm house and a credit at the grocery guaranteed by the owner of the farm. During the severe weather at the end of February, there were no signs of the caretaker's presence in the house. Passers-by noticed that there was no fire, and no one had seen the man coming out or going in. It was supposed that the storm had caused him to go to the city. But when the brighter weather set in and the man did not return, there was some uneasiness about him. Finally a man who had some acquaintance with him, forced a way into the house. Then the body of the care-taker was found in a condition which showed that he had been dead for several days. The strangest feature of the case was that there was a belt around the waist which was secured by a strong cord to the post of the bed, and ropes were attached to his ankles which were also fastened to the post. It was thought at first that a murder had been committed; but further examination showed that the man had tied the ropes himself. A doctor who examined the corpse gives the opinion that the man had been very ill and had been delirious. He thinks that in one of his lucid intervals he had realized that he had been delirious, and fearing that if he again lost his senses he might wander out into the storm and be frozen to death, he tied himself to the bed so that he could not go outside the room. It was a pathetic thing to thus deprive himself of the power to run into harm. There would have been no need for it if some friend had been at hand who could have been trusted to restrain him. There are some sufferers from the malady of sin who are conscious of needing such restraint. They know that when temptation assails them they will fall and do the things that they would not. For all such there is a sure resource in Christ:

Unto him that is able to keep you from falling (Jude 24).

A Creditor's Hard Conditions

An Iowa journal publishes a copy of a note which was signed by a citizen of De Mars, Ia., some months ago. It was drawn up by a lawyer who was weary of continual applications for loans by men who did not repay. By the note, the borrower agreed that if it was not paid at maturity, his creditor might levy on everything he possessed, and might sell it, "down to my last suit of clothes, the school-books and food of my children, with the coffin, or coffins, in which any of my family may be buried, and if after everything I possess has been sold, there still remains a balance due on the note, I agree that the services of myself and family shall be sold until such time as the demands of the note are satisfied. I further agree to live on corn bread and sorghum molasses until the demands of the note are satisfied." When any one came to the lawyer to borrow money, this note was offered him to sign, and the lawyer says that many of the borrowers actually signed it. Some signed without reading, and were horrified when it was read over to them. It must be that they were in very urgent need of money before they would consent to such conditions, but there were some who did not care what the conditions were so long as they could get the money for present indulgence. There are too many such men who are now under the power of evil. By committing sin, they have incurred penalties which keep them in bondage, from which only the power of Christ can deliver them.

He that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death (Prov. 11 : 19).

Getting a New Skin

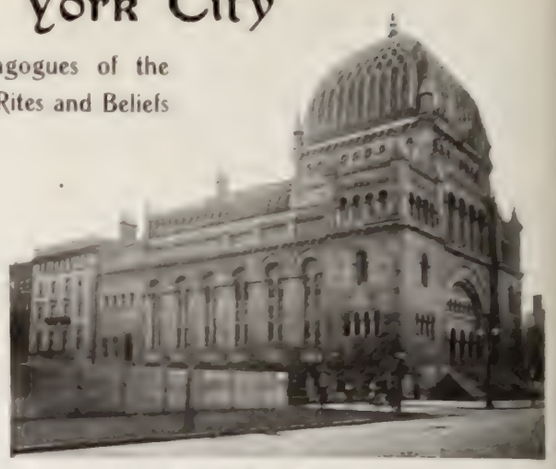
A correspondent of the New York *Times* gives a remarkable explanation of a phenomenon, which, he says, has puzzled the members of the exclusive circle of society in the city. It was the changed appearance of a lady who at the close of last season was looking aged and haggard, but has come back this season, after several months' absence, plump and blooming. Her friends scarcely knew her. The wrinkles, and lines radiating from the corners of the eyes had disappeared, and she looked younger by twenty years than when she left New York in the spring of 1898. With this improvement, however, there was a curious change of expression. Her face now resembles a wax image in its peculiar lack of animation. Its placidity is almost like that of a corpse or an image of Buddha. It has been learned through the indiscreet talking of her maid that she placed herself in the hands of a Swedish masseuse, who applied acids to her face. For ten days it was swathed in linen coverings and all nourishment was taken through a tube. At the close of that period the skin was removed, and there was an interval of treatment during which a new skin appeared. Then for several weeks the patient went through a system of massage. Twice daily the face was manipulated until there was a growth of the muscles and the hollows were filled. Then there was a treatment with cosmetics, and finally the finished article was produced, and the lady returned to her social circle in the world of fashion to startle her friends with her recovered juvenility. The suffering the lady went through to attain this result is said to have been severe, and it does not appear to have been satisfactory. According to the account, she does not appear to have regained her youthfuiness, but only the appearance of youth. This is a very dubious reward for so much pain and trouble. The Apostle's prescription is far better:

"For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day (II Cor. 4: 16).

Modern Judaism in New York City

Quaint Passover Ceremonies — the Synagogues of the City—How Reform has Affected Ancient Rites and Beliefs

TEMPLE EMANU-EL IN FIFTH AVENUE



TEMPLE BETH-EL IN FIFTH AVENUE

ONE of the most impressive evidences of the historical truth of the Bible is the festival which will be celebrated next Sunday in every Jewish home the world over. It is the festival of Pesach, or the Passover, which commemorates the deliverance of Israel from Egypt more than thirty centuries ago. The quaint ceremonies with which the Jew observes the festival in this year of grace have only to be compared with the directions given in the book of Exodus to show that it is no mere myth or legend which has survived so long a time and is perpetuated by annual observance. In spite of exile, in spite of persecution in many a land in the past, and of social obloquy in some lands to this day, Passover has not been forgotten; but every year the Jew has gathered his family and friends around his board and commemorated that weird night when the angel of the Lord was slaying the firstborn of Egypt, but passing over the houses where the blood-stained lintels of the doors told that a Hebrew family lived within. Like our own Independence Day, this festival is the birthday of the nation — the day on which the nation shook off its bondage and went forth a free though a suffering people.

PARENTAL BLESSING ON THE EVE OF ATONEMENT DAY

The celebration commences with the sunset of the thirteenth day of Nisan. Then the head of the Orthodox Jewish family lights a wax taper and makes a search of the house for leaven, for on Passover there must be neither leavened bread nor fermented liquor in the house. If any leaven is found (and there is generally some provided for the purpose), it is solemnly burned. At the Passover meal, the following articles must be placed on the table: three matzoth, or thin unleavened cakes, each wrapped in a napkin, so that they do not touch one another; a piece of lamb roasted over the fire; bitter herbs to be dipped in "charoseth," a compound of almonds, apples and other fruit emblematic of the lime and mortar used when the Israelites built treasure cities for Pharaoh (Ex. 1:11); a cup with salt water, a boiled egg unbroken, and four cups of wine.

At the appointed hour, the family gather around the table, and the prescribed prayers are read. One of the matzoth is broken, and then the youngest of the children, who has been taught, asks the meaning of the strange feast. This is to afford the head of the family an opportunity to explain the meaning of the symbols, and to relate the history of the Egyptian oppression and the miraculous deliverance. He begins: "My father was a wandering Aramean, and went down into Egypt with a few people, and sojourned there, few in number, and he became a nation," etc. Then a hymn is sung, and the wine is poured out. Two cups more are solemnly drunk at prescribed periods of the feast, and a specific blessing is said before and after each. Near the close of the meal, a cup is filled for the Prophet Elijah, and the door of the room is set open for the entrance of the harbinger of the Messiah. There is silence for a minute or two, as if in expectation of his coming. Then certain passages of Scripture are recited, and with the fourth cup, or "cup of blessing," the singing of Psalms, and a prayer for the rebuilding of Jerusalem, the solemn ceremony is brought to a conclusion.

BETH HAMEDRASH, NORFOLK STREET

FIRST ROUMANIAN, HESTER STREET

Religious differences affect these household services as they do the services in the synagogues; but in the main features, the observance in all Jewish households is alike. There are three great divisions in the religious attitude of the Jewish community, and probably they are all more strikingly represented in New York than in any other American city. The Orthodox Jew clings to ancestral traditions, carefully observes the laws regulating diet, looks for the appearance of the Messiah, and expects to return to Palestine. The Conservative Jew admits changes in the synagogue worship, allows some parts of the service to be conducted in English, instead of

in Hebrew, and recognizes the spiritual meaning of certain rites as being of more importance than their literal observance. The Reformer rejects the ancient traditions, is not scrupulous in the observance of the dietary laws, cherishes no desire to return to Palestine, and has no expectation of a personal Messiah.

A SYNAGOGUE CONGREGATION DISPERSING

INTERIOR OF SYNAGOGUE, SHOWING WOMEN'S GALLERIES

Synagogues representing every degree of difference in these divisions are to be found in New York. The synagogues in Hester, Eldridge, Chrystie, Norfolk and Pike Streets, pictures of which appear on these pages, are those of the Orthodox branch and there are many others; for the Jews of New York number about a quarter of a million and even those who have abandoned nearly every principle of Judaism, wish to attend the synagogues at some times, such as the day of Atonement, which occurs in the Fall. The more imposing houses of worship, such as Temple Emanu-el and Temple Beth-el, are of the reform school. The greater part of the service there is in English and the women sit in the same pews with the men, which is a shock to the Orthodox mind. In the Orthodox synagogues, the women must sit in the galleries behind curtains and only the males appear on the floor. The men wear their hats during the service, the covering of the head being, in their view, a mark of reverence. An innovation of the more radical Reformers which is just now causing considerable discussion, is that of causing the synagogue to be closed on Saturday—the Jewish Sabbath—and holding services on Sunday. The Reformers hold that as in America the Sunday is not a business day, the attendance on that day would be larger, as many Jews are in business on the Saturday and, therefore, as long as the synagogue is closed on Sunday, they get no religious teaching. Dr. Kohler of Temple Beth-el, and Dr. Wise of Cincinnati, are the leaders in this movement.

One of the most interesting scenes in the synagogue is a wedding ceremony. The ceremony usually begins about five in the evening, when the rabbi or assistant minister chants the Psalm of Thanksgiving. At its conclusion the officials walk in procession to the door to await the coming of the bride and bridegroom. On their arrival they return and take their places under the "Chuppah," a canopy of embroidered silk supported by a slender pole at each corner. The ritual is read or chanted, the bride and groom sip from a cup of consecrated wine and an address on the duties of matrimony is delivered by the chief rabbi. In the Orthodox synagogues, the rabbi recites the seven benedictions, and the bride and bridegroom, having drunk from a second cup of wine, the goblet is put on the floor, and the bridegroom crushes it with his foot, in token of his determination to crush the evils that might pollute the new life on which he is entering.

A WEDDING IN A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE

The feature of Jewish life which most impresses the Gentile observer is its charities. These are abundant, and are administered with the organizing skill characteristic of the race. Chief among them are the Mount Sinai Hospital and the Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews. The mere names of other organizations controlled by the Board of United Hebrew Charities would fill a large space. Their beneficent effect is seen the scarcity of Hebrew beggars on the streets, while the results of parental training in the home and the religious teaching in the schools renders the Hebrew physiognomy a rare appearance in our courts and prisons.

It is a remkarable fact that there is none of the antipathy between the Jewish religious schools which often exists between the Christian sects. While the Reformed Jew has no respect for the doctrines and practices and prejudices of the Orthodox Jew, he has none but the most kindly feeling for the man, himself. The great bulk of the vast sum, subscribed in New York for the support of the Hebrew charities, comes from the Reformed school, while the beneficiaries are nearly all of the Orthodox school. No needy Jew commends himself to the managers of these charities, or advances his interests by renouncing the traditions of his race. The Russian Jew, who is generally ultra orthodox, sometimes fears that when he comes to America he will be expected to adopt the tenets of the Reformed school, in order to secure the assistance of his wealthy brethren, but he learns that no such sacrifice is required of him, and that his observances are freely tolerated by those who have abjured them.

SYNAGOGUE MESHKAN ISRAEL, CHRYSTIE STREET

FORSYTH STREET SYNAGOGUE

SONS OF ISRAEL, PIKE STREET

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

"Little Fourth-Comer"

The Kidnapped China Boy of Amoy Who Was Restored to His Home Through Prayer

IN the following letter from Rev. Dr. Talmage's niece, a missionary in Amoy, China, a wonderful story of child experience and prevailing prayer is related which cannot fail to interest our Home Circle readers:

"Would you like to hear about a small mite of a boy of three who was stolen, and how he was found again because, wee though he was, he prayed?

"The child I am going to tell you about is the son of Mr. Tan, who lives in the city of Chin-chin, about sixty miles from Amoy, China. As soon as the child was stolen, Mr. Tan's pastor wrote a notice telling of the loss of the child and describing his appearance. This notice he sent here to be put in the Chinese Church paper. The paper had gone to press, but the editor hurried down to the printer's and was just in time to take out the last article of the paper and in its place insert the pastor's notice of the missing child. It read much as follows:

"'There is a brother member of my [illegible] named Kit Tan, who lives in Chin-chin City, who has a small son four years old whose name is Fourth-comer (probably so named because he is the fourth child). His head is shaped like a mud fish. In the middle of his forehead are little indentation scars left by boils. On his right arm are four vaccination marks, and on his instep are scars. On the top of his head is a little queue. He wore a new blue flowered jacket and green trousers. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the twelfth day of the tenth moon, he went out of the house to play, and at five he could not be found anywhere. He certainly has been carried off by some evil person. This person may change the child's clothes and queue, but the marks on the body will be difficult to efface. I beseech the whole body of brethren and sisters that if any one knows or hears of any one near or far who has bought a son, that he or she will at once investigate the matter, and if the above traces are found that a letter may be quickly sent to me so that I can at once inform the parents. That all the church members may imitate the heart of Christ, rejoicing and sorrowing together, and that the child may not fall into the hands of the world and the devil is my heart's desire.'

"About this time a heathen family in Amoy (one of bad reputation), bought a little boy for one hundred and sixty dollars. A Christian neighbor, after reading the notice in the church paper, saw the child, and thought his appearance corresponded with the description. Word was sent to the pastor, who, with Mr. Tan, at once came down to Amoy. The father watched for the child secretly; for, had the family known there was danger of losing the boy, they would have hid or disposed of him in some way. The child had been with them a month and they had grown very fond of him, beside which they had spent one hundred and sixty dollars for him. This custom is common in China.

"Before Mr. Tan had a chance of seeing the child, he heard that the family along with the neighbors were much interested in what they thought was a very curious thing about the small boy. This was that at meal times he shut his eyes and repeated a prayer before eating, saying to the others, 'I worship God.' When Mr. Tan heard this, he felt sure the child was his.

"The family were preparing to make a great feast for their adopted son, according to Chinese custom, and he was taken to a barber's shop to have his head shaved for the occasion. The father followed. The boy at once recognized and called to him. The father then seized him and carried him off. He was immediately pursued by men from the shop, who, thinking he was a child-stealer, beat him and took away the child. The matter was at once brought before the mandarin. Mr. Tan was kept in custody and the child sent for.

"When the little boy was taken away, the other children in the house said, sadly: "Now we will have no one to *liam Siong-te* (literally 'repeat God') to us."

MR. TAN AND HIS LITTLE SON, WHO WAS KIDNAPPED

"The child, on seeing his father again, at once ran to him. The mandarin decided the case in Mr. Tan's favor. So the father received back his little son again, because he trusted in God, and God heard the prayers of the father, of his little child, and of the church. It was prayer that saved the child. When Mr. Tan took home his boy, the heathen neighbors thought the story very wonderful, and said, 'The God you worship must be a very powerful God.'"

Amoy, China. "M. E. TALMAGE."

Loubet's Wife and Mother

The mother of the President of France lives in an old farmhouse in the department of the Drome, where her son was born. When he visits her, he eats dishes flavored with garlic, a luxury that he must deny himself in the Palace of the Elysee. Madame Loubet is eighty, manages the farm and is very wealthy, [illegible]. She has never been to Paris, nor dislikes her head [illegible] Loubet when a boy, wanted to be a farmer, but his father, seeing his fondness for books, put him in training to be a lawyer. M. Loubet is kindly, good-natured, fond of music and classical literature, cares nothing about the fit of his clothes or the cut of his beard, has no taste for display, loves the meadows of Marsanne better than the boulevards of Paris. Madame, his wife, is like her husband, a provincial; she loves the country and a simple life better than the grandeur of the Elysee. She sometimes grumbles over the fact that Loubet is President of France, and that he is pestered by office-seekers.

The City Garden

Count Tolstoi, the great Russian writer and philanthropist, says that the Biblical command, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," should be accepted literally, and that every one should by actual manual labor make bread enough to eat: that every one is healthier, happier, and better for spending with nature time and labor enough for that purpose. The good Count's conclusion is not always [illegible] city people are so situated, many of them, that they hardly see mother earth's brown breast for the paving of streets and courts. But if you have only a "pocket handkerchief of a back-yard," go out and potter about in it an hour or two each day. Watch things come up; [illegible] keep weeds out. [illegible] familiar with mother earth. And let the children help you. It will help them in many ways.

Pussy's Queer Baby

An owl and a cat are queer companions, but a story, vouched for as strictly true, is of a baby owl, a gray, fluffy little fellow, which fell into the hands of a kindly plumber, and was turned over by its captor to the care of a cat. This cat the year before had accepted a young squirrel in the place of her dead kitten. She stroked the forlorn owlet with her tongue after considering him awhile, and he, being frightened, flattened his feathers close to his body, so that he covered up his eyes and beak and took on a resemblance to a gray kitten, at the same time uttering a strange little sound which pussy perhaps misconstrued into a purr. At any rate she took him into her heart, adopted him, encouraged him to eat, and brought him mice and ground moles, for which he had as great a fancy as if he had been a cat. When last heard from, the pair were living together in happy fellowship.

Little Things

One little act of kindness done,
One little kind word spoken
Has power to make a thrill of joy
E'en in a heart that's broken.
Then let us watch these little things,
And so regard each other
That not a word or look or tone
Shall wound a friend or brother.

Saved Her Childhood's Toys

NEAR Annapolis, Ind., there lives a lady [illegible] years old, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Seymour Coffin, who has kept almost everything that was given her from childhood's days, including toys and innumerable collections of varied play things and [illegible] baby dress and [illegible] shoes and stockings. She has a library of books that date back hundreds of years — indeed [illegible] them so old [illegible] she keeps them wrapped in muslin and cloth to prevent them crumbling to dust. One book is a Testament, dated 1792, given to her by Naomi Hale, of Boston, sister of Nathan Hale.

She has a tea-pot, ornamented with characters of the flood, which was used by the Revolutionary soldiers. A good-sized room is set apart as her museum; and here you find shells and pebbles from every ocean, and flowers and plumage of birds from every clime. The walls are hung with paintings by her own hand, some of them scenes from recollection of her childhood's home.

She gives much time, when household duties are done, to painting wild roses of the West and water-lilies. Her eyesight is remarkable, her nerves steady, and she spends long evenings with her pencil and brush. She is neat with the needle, and delights in embroidery, tracing her own designs. She is an intelligent conversationalist and a constant reader. None of her faculties are impaired. She can entertain one right royally with past history. She has a way of looking on the bright side of life, and always has a good word and smile for everybody. She was born in Berkshire, Mass., near the old historic town of Great Barrington, where in 1774 occurred the first open resistance to British rule. She was baptized by the eminent divine, Rev. David Fields, father of Cyrus, the Chief Justice, and of Rev. Henry and Jonathan Edwards Fields. Her parents were wealthy; she received a good education, was thrown with prominent people, and her reminiscences are interesting.

Wilhelmina and Woman's Work

A most interesting, and for Holland, unique exhibition, was opened at the Hague in connection with Wilhelmina's inauguration, and was viewed with sympathetic interest by her. "Women and their Work" is the name borne by this exhibit, which it is said may be of large results. It was planned and carried out in all its details, by Dutchwomen, the woman editor of a Dutch magazine being leader. The carrying and wheeling of burnt and moulded bricks is done by women in Holland, and a woman sculptor showed this in a piece of statuary. There were pictures showing fish-wives and women engaged in oyster culture; and there was a real woman shoemaker making shoes and providing thereby for her babies. A Frisian straw-mat-plaiter sat busy at her trade in a cozy little kitchen. A lot of rosy, merry lassies were engaged in weaving the beautiful carpets for which Holland is famous, their peculiar methods of pulling the levers resembling vigorous and graceful gymnastics. Diamond cutting was illustrated and numberless forms of industry. There was also a Congress of Mothers, at which mothers and educators met and talked over music, nursing, physical culture, education, work, morals, religion, etc. This was one of the most interesting and best patronized features of the inauguration week. The results of the exhibition are beginning to show in many ways that the young queen's advent is to have a marked influence it is believed on the work of Dutchwomen.

"A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY"

A New and Charming Serial Story, Written Exclusively for "The Christian Herald"

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

CHAPTER XXIII

New Quarters

SOME hard thinking was done by John Randolph during the weeks which followed Richard Trueman's death. It was no light task which he had so cheerfully imposed upon himself. The boy was constitutionally delicate and fretted so constantly after his father that his health began to suffer, and it grew to be a very pale face which welcomed John with a smile when he returned from the office. The style of living was bad for him. He was alone all day except for an occasional visit from the good-natured German woman who kept their rooms, and, although he was a voracious reader of children's books, the doctor had forbidden all thought of study for a year, even had there been a school near enough for him to attend, where John would have been willing to send him. He ought to be where the air was pure and the surroundings cheerful. John would have preferred to put up with the discomfort of his present quarters and lay by the addition to his salary towards the more speedy realization of his day-dream, of some day studying medicine, but John Randolph had never found much time to think of himself: there were always so many other people in the world to be attended to.

"Dick, my boy," he said cheerily one evening after they had finished what he pronounced a sumptuous repast, "I have a presentiment that this month will witness a turning point in our career. I believe you and I are going to become suburbanites."

The boy's sad eyes grew wide with wonder.

"What do you mean, John?"

"Well, you see, Dick True, it is this way. As soon as I get my degree—earn the right to put M. D. after my name, you know—I am going to take two rubber bags, fill one with sunshine and one with pure air, full of the scent of rose leaves and clover and strawberries—ah! Dick, you'd like to smell that, wouldn't you?—and carry one in each pocket, then when when my patients come to me for advice, the first dose I shall give them will be out of my rubber bags, and in nine cases out of ten I believe they'll get better without any drugs at all. You see, Dick True, the trouble is our Father has given us a whole world full of air and sunlight to be happy in, and we poison the air with smoke and shut ourselves away from the sunshine in boxes of brick and mortar, only letting a stray beam come in occasionally through slits in the walls which we call windows. So you see, Dick True, as it is a poor doctor who is afraid of his own medicine, I am going to prescribe it first of all for ourselves, and we will go where unadulterated oxygen may be had for the smelling and we can draw in sunshine with every breath."

The pale face brightened. "Oh, that will be lovely! I do get so tired of these old streets. But, John, why do you keep calling me Dick True all the time?"

John laughed. "Just to remind you that you must be a true boy before you can really be a True-man, Dick. I want you to be in the best company. Jesus Christ is the truth, you know, Dick."

"Jesus Christ," repeated the boy thoughtfully. "I wish I knew him, John, as well as you do."

"If you love, you will know," said John with the light which the boy loved to watch creeping into his eyes. "He is the best Friend we will ever have Dick, you and I."

Day after day John searched the papers in vain until it seemed as if a suburban residence was the one thing in life unattainable. But the long lane of disappointment had its turning at length, and he hurried home to Dick, paper in hand.

"Dick, Dick True, we've found it at last! Listen:

"Two gentlemen can be pleasanly accommodated at 'The Willows'. Address, Miss Chillingworth, University P. O. Box 123."

"The University Post Office is just near the college, you know, Dick, so it is in a good location. Two gentlemen—that means you and me, Dick; and 'The Willows' means running brooks—or ought to, if they are any sort of respecta ble trees."

The boy clapped his hands. "When can we go, John?" John laughed. "Not so fast, Dick? There may be other gentlemen in Marlborough on the lookout for a suburban residence."

"But John," said the boy ruefully, "we're not gentlemen. You don't wear a silk hat, you know, and I have no gentleman's clothes."

"Oh ho! Dick, so you're pining for frills, eh? Well, if it will make you feel more comfortable we'll go down to Stewart's and get fitted out to your satisfaction. But don't forget that you can be a gentleman in homespun as well as broadcloth, Dick. Real diamonds don't need to borrow any lustre from their setting—only the paste do that."

The next afternoon John strode along in the direction of "The Willows" to the accompaniment of a merry whistle. It did him good to get out into the open country once more, and he felt sure it would be worth a king's ransom to Dick: but when he came in sight of the house he hesitated. There must be some mistake. This was not the sort of house to open its doors to boarders. "Poor Dick," he soliloquized, "no wonder you felt a premonitory sense of the fitness of frills! Well, I'll go and enquire. They can only say 'No,' and that won't annihilate me."

He was ushered into the presence of Miss Diana Chillingworth, the owner of "The Willows." On the instant he forgot everything but Miss Diana herself. Before he realized what he was doing, he had explained the reason of his seeking a suburban home, and, drawn on by her gentle sympathy, was telling her the story of his life. Miss Diana had a way of compelling confidence, and the people who gave it to her never afterwards regretted the gift. With the straightforwardness, which was a part of his nature, he told his story. It never occurred to him that there was anything peculiar about it, yet when he had finished there were tears in his listener's eyes.

When at length he rose to go, everything was settled between them. John's eyes wandered round the room and then rested again with a curious sense of pleasure upon Miss Diana's face.

"I cannot begin to thank you," he said gratefully, "for allowing us to come here. I never dared to hope that my poor little Dick would have such an education as this home will be to him, but I feel sure you will learn to like Dick True."

Miss Diana held out hand with a smile. "I think I shall like you as well as Dick," she said.

So it proved. It was some weeks before John learned why Miss Diana Chillingworth wished to take boarders. But confidence begets confidence and one evening, about three months after John and Dick had settled at "The Willows," Miss Diana told him her story. She had inherited the pretty home from her father, whose books and pictures she cherished as her most precious possessions. She had also inherited from him a sum of money, the interest of which enabled her to live in comfort and do a good deal of charitable work. But the company in which her little fortune was invested had failed, and more than half her income was swept away. Something had to be done to eke out the remainder; for she could not bear the idea of selling "The Willows" and going to live in the city, as her lawyer advised. Finally, after many

(Continued on next page.)

"Great Haste is Not Always Good Speed."

Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good."

Keep the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood healthy by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the faultless blood purifier.

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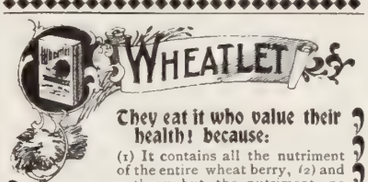
Is mechanically clean and wholesome
Beef Extract
Of highest concentrated strength
Everybody Sells Them
Swift and Company, Chicago



They eat it who value their health! because:

(1) It contains all the nutriment of the entire wheat berry, (2) and nothing but the nutriment—no husk or bran, (3) because it is digestible and relieves dyspepsia and constipation, (4) because it is palatable and makes brain, bone and muscle. Further, it is inexpensive and can be used in many different ways for breakfast, dinner and supper.

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A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY

(Continued from preceding page.)

talks with Unavella, her valued old servant, she decided to advertise for two boarders. She and Unavella did not need much to live upon and they could be more economical than of yore. So the advertisement was inserted that brought John Randolph and his young charge to "The Willows."

The arrangement was mutually agreeable, and Unavella, who had proposed the scheme was delighted. "I use ter think," she confided to her bosom friend, "thet boarders wuz good fer nuthin' 'cept to be an aggravation an' a plague, but I couldn't think of nuthin' else ter do, an' I made up my mind I'd ruther put up with 'em than lose Miss Di-an, even if their antics did make me grey-headed before the year wuz out. But I needn't have worritted. Two sech obligin' young fellers I never did see, an' never expect ter agin in this world. They don't never seem comfortable 'cept when they're helpin' a body."

CHAPTER XXII

The Secret of Rest

Marion entered Evadne's room one glorious winter's morning and threw herself on the lounge beside her cousin with a sigh.

"I don't see how you do it!" she exclaimed.

"Do what?" asked Evadne.

"Why, keep so pleasant with Isabelle. She works me up to the last pitch of endurance, until I feel sometimes as if I should go wild. It is no use saying anything, mamma always takes her side, you know, but she does aggravate me so! Even her movements irritate me—just the way she shakes her head and curls her lip, she is so self-satisfied. She thinks no one else knows anything. It must be a puzzle to her how the world ever got along before she came into it, and what it will do when she leaves is a mystery!"

"She is good discipline," said Evadne.

Marion gave her an impetuous hug. "You dear Evadne! I believe you take us all as that! But I don't think the rest of us can be quite as trying as Isabelle. She does seem to delight in saying such horrid things. She was abominably rude to you this morning at breakfast, and yet you were just as polite as ever. I couldn't have done it. I should have sulked for a week. I know you feel it, for I see your lips quiver—you are as susceptible to a rude touch as a sensitive plant—but it is beautiful to be able to keep sweet outside."

"You mean to be kept, Marion," said Evadne, softly, "by the power of God. I have no strength of my own."

Marion sighed dismally.

"Oh, dear! I don't know what I mean except that I'm a failure. It is no wonder Louis thinks Christianity is a humbug, though he must confess there is something in it when he looks at you. You are so different, Evadne! I should think Isabelle would be ashamed of herself, for I believe half the time she says things on purpose to provoke you. She doesn't seem to get much comfort out of it, anyway. I never saw such a discontented mortal. Don't you think it is wicked for people to grumble the way she does, Evadne? It is growing on her, too: she finds fault with everything—even the snow came in for a share of her disapprobation this morning, because it would spoil the skating, as if the Lord had no other plans to further than just to give her an afternoon's amusement! She is so self-centred!"

Evadne looked out at the street, where the freshly fallen snow had spread a dazzling carpet of virgin white.

"He is going to let me give an afternoon's amusement to Gretchen and little Hans," she said. "Uncle Lawrence has promised me the sleigh and I am going to take them to the Park. Won't it be beautiful to see them enjoy it! Hans has never seen the trees after a snowstorm."

"That is you all over, Evadne! It is always other people's pleasure, while I think of my own! Oh, dear! I seem to do nothing but get savage and then sigh over it. I know it is dreadful to talk about my own sister as I have been doing—they say you ought to hide the faults of your relations—but it is only to you, you know. Do you suppose there is any hope for me, Evadne?" she asked, disconsolately.

Evadne drew her head down until it was on a level with her own. "Let Christ teach you to love, dear," she whispered, "then, 'charity will cover the multitude of sins.'" She opened the book she had been reading when her cousin entered and took from it a newspaper clipping. "Read this," she said. "Aunt Marthe sent it in her last letter. If we follow its teachings I think all the fret and worry will go out of our lives for good."

And Marion read: "To step out of self-life into Christ-life, to lie still and let him lift you out of it, to fold your hands close and hide your face upon the hem of his robe, to let him lay his cooling, soothing, healing hands upon your soul, and draw all the hurry and fever away, to realize that you are not a mighty messenger, an important worker of his, full of care and responsibility, but only a little child with a father's gentle bidding to heed and fulfill, to lay your busy plans and ambitions confidently in his hands, as the child brings its broken toys at its mother's call: to live in him and for him, to be a clear and facile medium for his life-tide to shine and glow through—this is consecration and this is rest."

(Continued.)

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[illegible] strings.

Double lever, grand repeating action.

Grand scale, overstrung bass; three strings to each note in middle and treble registers.

The scale is the same as in grand pianos, with the largest size of sound board and strings of greatest length, thus giving the greatest volume and power of tone.

Case.—Double veneered inside and outside.

Choice of superior Circassian walnut, [illegible] mahogany, genuine quartered oak and ebonized.

Keys.—Of best ivory and ebony.

SPECIAL INFORMATION.

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Action.—The Wing action is patterned after the perfected double lever grand repeating action, to secure the greatest *strength* and [illegible] note acts instantaneously and recovers promptly, ready for the *repeat*, so that after a note is [illegible] immediately without taking the finger from key.

Construction.—We [illegible] following improvements [illegible] plank construction. "Dovetail" top and bottom frame case construction. Full metal plate, with metal depression bar and metal supports for key bed. Improved noiseless direct motion pedal action. Improved practice attachment. Full length duet music desk. Carved panels. Instrumental attachment.

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imitates perfectly the tones of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by a parlor orchestra.

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The Mastery of the Tongue

Amelia Barr Discusses the Evil Habit of Gossip and Tale-Bearing Prevalent Among Both Sexes

IF we wish to diminish our own happiness, one of the best of ways is to set about to spoil that of our neighbors. Some persons are naturally spiteful. They say unpleasant things for the mere pleasure of saying them. They like to probe a wound, to give pain, in order to see how a human being behaves under such free handling. They are spiteful on purpose. They delight in drawing mean portraits and in picking holes in good actions, and they are glad to hear of a neighbor's misfortune.

But such a temper soon sets a mark on its possessor's face—a mark that says plainly, "Beware!" For spite broods and molds the features into sympathy with the inner mind, and gives a malevolent cast to the eyes and lips. Novelists are too apt to represent conversation as being made bright and sparkling by spiteful remarks. But this is a libel on humanity, the fact being that a spiteful person soon suffers a social ostracism. Courtesy cannot be done without, whatever novelists say. If Dr. Johnson lived to-day, his great genius would not excuse his sharp tongue.

. . .

Another crime of the tongue is tale-bearing, especially the habit of repeating to one dear friend the things said by another dear friend. Of course no character can be discussed without much being said that no praise is compensation for. "Ifs" and "buts" curdle our faint praise, and hints of frailties take all the savor and sparkle out of our guarded commendations. Analysis is a cold, hard process, and by the time we have got through analyzing the finest character, very little is left to admire. We are all guilty in this matter. Which of us does not thus discuss our friends? And which of us is not annoyed when we find that we ourselves have been the subjects of such discussion?

However reluctantly, we must admit that in this sin women are the great transgressors. They are good at inventing an evil report, and they are very good at repeating it. As somebody says, they blab, as men whistle, for want of thought. Such women may perhaps be helped by the prayer of a little girl of six years old, who was, in spite of her youth, conscious of this natural fault: "Bless my dear papa and mamma, and help me to cure my tell-tale-tit-ness."

. . .

This bad habit of gossip and of tale-bearing is one out of which the world does not grow. The increase of civilization, the march of intellect, the more personal character of our Christianity, have only added new forms and varieties to its methods and manners. In spite of sermons, in spite of criticism and evil results, it holds its ground; even among people who would call dancing an immorality; and the theatre a deadly sin. In the church itself, it is an unconquerable crime; and one many ministers find it hard to fight against. Many a time, and many a time again, gossip and tale-bearing have split congregations in two, and negatived all the good that the most clear and honest-hearted service could render. In the apostle's day, as well as at the present time, there were idle men and women going about dropping slander as they went; for though women are the chief offenders, men are not blameless.

. . .

If we love, we shall not readily see faults; we shall remember that every one has them. Suppose we all resented petty slights, and passing tempers, and hasty rudenesses, and small selfishness, we should all find this world an intolerable dwelling-place. But Love makes allowances and excuses; it will not listen to that liar Suspicion, or that coward Doubt. It understands, because it sympathizes. It is a guilty conscience, and a sense that we, also, are transgressors that makes us hard on each other. But Christ is merciful, because he was without sin.

. . .

There is, also, a mighty adjunct to the conscious exercise of Good-Intent: it is the conscious exercise of Good-Restraint; the practice of compelling our tongues to say nothing at all, if they cannot say good, wise, and kind words. Then, if this admirable quality of Good-Restraint is added to the great quality of Good-Intent—of loving, because God loves; of blessing man, because no one can curse man and bless God; of speaking good, instead of evil; we shall assuredly gain that mastery over the Tongue, which bridles the whole body; which will add to life the crowning graces of Love and Friendship.

Amelia E. Barr

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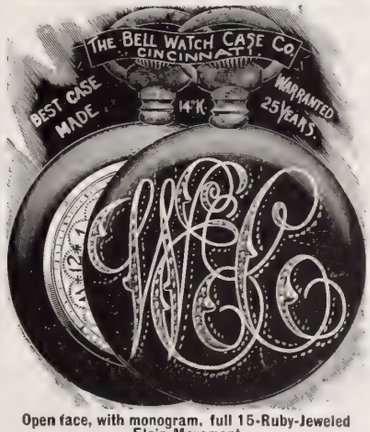

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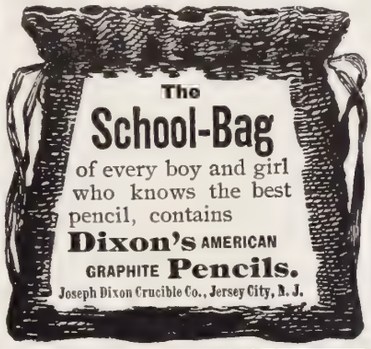
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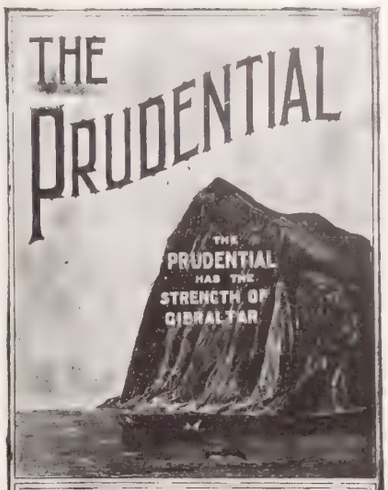

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This shows the machine closed to be used as a center table, stand or desk.

MONEY CAN BUY SOLID QUARTER SAWED OAK DROP DESK CABINET, PIANO POLISHED, one illustration shows machine closed, (head dropping from sight) to be used as a center table, stand or desk, the other open with full length table and head in place for sewing, 4 fancy drawers, latest 1899 skeleton frame, carved, paneled, embossed and decorated cabinet finish, finest nickel drawer pulls, rests on 4 casters, ball bearing adjustable treadle, genuine Smyth iron stand. Finest large High Arm head, positive four motion feed, self threading vibrating shuttle, automatic bobbin winder, adjustable bearings, patent tension liberator, improved loose wheel, adjustable presser foot, improved shuttle carrier, patent needle bar, patent dress guard, head is handsomely decorated and ornamented and beautifully **NICKEL TRIMMED. GUARANTEED** the lightest running, most durable and nearest noiseless machine made. Every known attachment is furnished and our Free Instruction Book tells just how anyone can run it and do either plain or any kind of fancy work. A 20-YEARS' BINDING GUARANTEE is sent with every machine. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING** to see and examine this machine, compare it with those your storekeeper sells at $40.00 to $60.00, and then if convinced you are saving $25.00 to $40.00, pay your freight agent the **$15.50, WE TO RETURN YOUR $15.50 if at any time within three months you say you are not satisfied. ORDER TO DAY. DON'T DELAY.** (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago, Ill.**

∴ Topics of the Easter-tide ∴

A Prayer for Divine Compassion Country Girls in the City—Health as Capital, etc.

FOR any bowed beneath the cross
In lonely agony,
This day we lift, oh! Lamb of God,
Our earnest prayer to thee,
For all who tread with bleeding feet
The steep and stony way.
Oh! blessed Saviour, we entreat
Thy strength to be their stay.

For widowed wives and orphaned babes
Alone and like to die,
This day we crave, oh! gentle Christ,
Thy watch-care from on high.
For all whose anguished eyes implore
A gleam of hope Divine,
Who see no friendly open door,
Low, on their darkness shine.

For all who bear a shameful cross
Up any Calvary,
Oh! pitying Saviour, Lamb of God,
We send our cry to thee.
For mothers spent with grief and dread,
O'er children gone astray,
Whose living trouble bows the head,
Oh, comfort such we pray.

For those whose cup was never full;
Whose lot was ever hard,
Whose empty sky by flaming light
Of joy was never starred;
For breaking heart and aching brow,
For long and desperate pain,
In sweet compassion hasten now,
Dear Christ, return again.

Thou, who did'st fainting drag the Cross
Up Calvary's mournful hill;
Thou, God! to us mere mortal men,
Stoop low in mercy still;
Rough-hewn and heavy was Thy Cross,
Thou, yet the Mighty One;
And weak are we, through pang and loss,
Who breathe "Thy will be done."

The shadows gather thick and cold,
The noon is as the night,
The huddling birds forget their songs,
Wan shapes walk, thin and white;
God-man, triumphant on thy Cross,
Behold us racked on ours;
Christ look on us; refine our dross,
Revive our wasting powers!

* * *

I AM often asked by clever and ambitious young women if they may not safely come from their homes in the country to pursue some branch of art or science in a great city, trusting to Providence to find enough employment, when once there, to pay their way. Of course, the thing might be done by some persons, but it is not a step I can advise. To come to a big town, full of strangers, without any money, with no resources behind you, is a very foolish proceeding fraught with untold risks. The sad and bitter and terrible stories which I know would make any prudent young woman hesitate could she hear them. I remember one case in which a well-educated girl, refined and beautiful, losing the ill-paid place she was at first able to secure, actually spent five nights out of doors, creeping from place to place in open parks, without shelter, until in very desperation she went to a friend of mine, a benevolent and motherly woman, who advanced the money to take her back to her friends. Organizations do all that they can. The Young Women's Christian Association is a very haven of safety, but with all that is done, the case of a girl, without friends or protectors or funds in a strange city is very pitiful. Where a girl feels a strong desire and an inward call to study for a profession, she should, before she leaves her home, be assured of the means of a livelihood. Often her home people or her church can in some way assist her, or she can secure a scholarship and so have teaching fees remitted, but she should never leave home without some money. The case of a penniless young man is sufficiently trying; that of a woman is a hundred times worse. Few women, let me say, are strong enough to take a place as companion or nursery governess, and fulfil its duties, studying at the same time, nor, in most instances, can the hours for such double work be conveniently arranged.

Granting a little money, and a large amount of pluck and perseverance, the bright young woman who seeks a living-chance in a city will probably not fail in her attempt.

* * *

N. I. S. For the position of which you speak, you would need as a primary requisite excellent health. An invalid could not give satisfaction, your health may improve however. Can you not do something at home which will bring you in a little regular income? Is there a woman's exchange near you? If so, can you not become a consignor to that? Your case interests me, but I am too far off to give you any really practical assistance.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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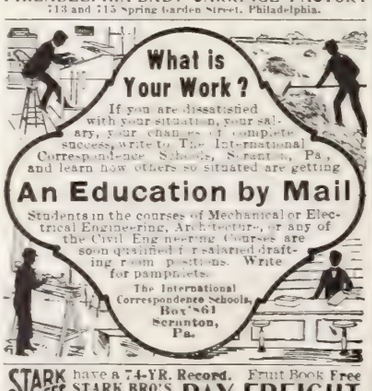
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PREVENTION OF CATARRH.

WASH THE NOSE.

EUCALOL CURES CATARRH.

It consists of an antiseptic wash to thoroughly and mucous crusts, and the application of the anti- Eucalol Creamy soothing the irritated mucous membrane. Both are cure. The Eucalol Treatment is so cheap as to be it possible to try it without risking a cent. It cures Catarrhal Headache, Catarrhal Deafness and Acute Cold in the Head.

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THE EUCALOL CO., 108 Fulton St., New York.

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RHEUMATISM QUICKLY CURED.

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Cures While You Sleep,

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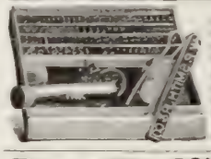

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"Good wives grow fair in the light of their works," especially if they use **SAPOLIO**

The Valdes Life Trail

A Traveler's Experience Among the Gold Hunters and the Lesson He Learned

A FEW months ago a member of a Christian organization made a picture for this journal of a band of miners whom he accompanied to the mining regions of Alaska by way of the Valdes Trail. The picture was taken immediately after the glacier on the summit of the pass had been surmounted. The forlorn band had reached the Valdes Valley on their return to the regions of repose and civilization. They had been detained many days on the summit by the irresistible power of the driven snow. When the wind calmed they renewed their terrible battle with the elements, and in a short time reached the tranquil valley where they were shown in the picture. The artist described the change from the glacier to the valley as a literal passage from a death trail to an Eden. In the glacier the only repose was in the sleep of death. Fortunately, none of the band met that fate, but many others took their last sleep there. The birds were singing merrily in the leafy trees, and the vale was covered with a robe of flowers, brighter and a thousand times more beautiful to them than the reflected sunlight upon the glacier. The "golden ore" was not for them, and they were homeward bound, poorer but wiser men. The faces of the members of the organization were the only ones that showed any signs of animation, called out by the cheering scene. They prospected for the gold that could be delved out of a grateful heart, and the value of their treasure was great indeed.

As I viewed the peaceful scene I could but think how like this trail is the Valdes Trail of life. The men who were portrayed in that picture were safe, though discouraged. Not so with a poor boy in another company, who was following his father through that ice-bound region. Exhausted and frozen, he sank down in the snow, and, removing part of his garments, handed them to his father and begged him to save himself, but he must die there. The father reached the valley, but, being terribly frozen, suffered agonies of pain more terrible than death.

The trail of life is not one attended with unlimited flowers of happiness to all. Many, like the poor freezing boy, lie down in the last sleep in the glacier of trial and disappointment.

But there are many who avoid the glacier of life, or else they remain in the flowery section of the Valdes. They "eat the bread that perisheth not;" they drink of the living water; they seek that which is better than gold.

How peaceful is the Valdes! They may totter under the weight of years and infirmity, but their sunset wears the peacefulness of the autumn sunset of hope. Their physical strength may be broken, but their hearts and spirits are bounding onward to greet him who said: "Come unto me all ye that are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." A. S. YOUNG.

Samples Mailed Free

A Wonderful Remedy Discovered For the Cure of

CATARRH AND DEAFNESS

Deaf Ears Unstopped — Headache Banished, Eyes, Nose, Throat, Lungs and Stomach Freed From Disease.

"After being deaf for five years, one box of your Catarrh Cure cured me."

The above was written to Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son by Mr. Paul Rupert, of Saltillo, Pa., and is only one out of hundreds of similar letters. The remedy is applied in the form of a medicated smoke-vapor inhaled from a pipe. By a simple process, which we explain in the directions accompanying the remedy, the medicine is made to enter the middle ear and every passage and cavity in the head, removing the disease from every affected part.

If you wish a sample and full particulars, testimonials, etc., write at once to Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

For Rheumatism and Sleeplessness

We Offer the Best and Simplest Treatment Free.

THE VERDICT OF THOUSANDS

We have put **Slayton's Electric Switch Glass Bed Casters** to the severest possible test—that of sending them out on a trial before asking payment. Thousands of sets have been sold, and every one after proving its merit. They show great power over rheumatism, sleeplessness, pains in muscles and bones, neuralgia, cramps, weakness of internal organs, and lessened vitality.

Slayton's Electric Switch Glass Casters are the application of the famous Dr. Brown-Sequard's teaching that these ills arose from an excessive flow of electricity from the body to the earth. They offer the only means of stopping or regulating this weakening loss. They are daily doing great good to sufferers. Is it worth your while to try them?

READ THESE RECENT UNSOLICITED LETTERS AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

REEVE, IND., FEB. 13th, 1899.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO.

Gentlemen:—I have been benefited by your Casters. I am better than I have been for six months. Enclosed $2 to pay for them. Yours, JOHN A. CHATTEN.

AVON LAKE, O., Feb. 4th, 1899.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed $2 for Casters. My wife had had a lame back for six months or more. After sleeping on the bed fitted with the Casters, three nights, it all disappeared, and she hasn't felt any since. I will send for more soon, and sell them for you. Yours, J. M. CONKLIN.

WESTBORO, MASS., Feb. 18th, 1899.

Gentlemen:—The Casters came all right. I certainly have felt better. I was recovering from an attack of the Grippe, and did not feel very strong, but soon felt as if my energies had been revived, and the tired feeling is gone. Please send another set of the Casters for my sister. MRS. A. E. MARSH.

CLAYTON, MICH., Nov. 19th, 1898.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO., Tecumseh, Mich., A. W. SLAYTON, Mgr.

Dear Sir:—About four weeks ago I bought a set of your Electric Casters. I had not slept a night for two months on account of rheumatism. The first night I had them I slept good, and have ever since. Would recommend them to any one that is troubled with rheumatism. Yours, GEORGE LEFFERTS.

OXFORD, PENN., Dec. 8th, 1898.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO.

Gentlemen:—I saw your ad. in *The Literary Digest*, sent for your rollers and put them under my wife's bed without her knowledge. The next morning she reported having enjoyed the best night's sleep for many weeks. She has continued to be benefited. Cannot return them, so send you the money herewith enclosed. Yours. REV. F. B. HARVEY.

RIDGEWAY, MICH., Dec. 9th, 1898.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO.

Gentlemen:—I am happy to say that your Casters have completely cured me of my neuralgia, which I had had some six weeks. The fourth night I had them on my bed it all left me, and I am now completely cured of the neuralgia and headache. I do hope they will help others as they have helped me. Truly yours, J. W. BAKER.

TIPTON, MICH., Nov. 24th, 1898.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO., Tecumseh, Mich., A. W. SLAYTON, Mgr.

Dear Comrade:—It is with pleasure that I recommend the Casters. They are worth more than their weight in gold to me. I have tried them and know that they have helped me, and I have been helpless for three months at a time, and had to be lifted from the bed to the chair and from the chair to the bed, and I can say now that I haven't felt any rheumatism since I tried your Casters. Yours truly, D. J. PRESTON.

FREE TRIAL FOR ONE WEEK. We will gladly send anyone mentioning this paper a set of Slayton's Electric Switch Glass Casters on receipt of 17c. for postage. Try them for one week according to directions. If they do not help you send them back by mail and no charge will be made. If they do help you, send us $2.00 in full payment. We make this offer because we can trust the readers of this paper, and because we know the great self-proving power of our treatment. In ordering be sure to mention whether for metal or wooden bedsteads.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO., 206 Pearl Street, Tecumseh, Mich.

15 Packets SEEDS. FLOWERS 20 Fine BULBS for 25c Postpaid.

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1 Pkt. Salvia, mass of red bloom.
1 " Heliotrope, very sweet.
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1 Pkt. Japanese Morning Glory, beautiful varied colors.
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1 " Butterfly Orchid, covered with flowers all year.
1 " Verbena Mixed, new and dwarf, very fine.
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20 BULBS as follows: 1 Begonia, 1 Amaryllis, rare, 1 Spotted Calla Lily, 2 Montbretias, red, 1 Hyacinth, summer flowering; 1 tuberose, double, 3 Gladiolus, 1 Butterfly, 1 dwarf white, The Bride, 1 scarlet, and **10** other beautiful flowering bulbs.

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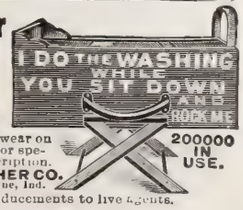

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State whether GENTS' or LADIES' bicycle is wanted, gear and color wanted and we will send you this **OUR HIGH-GRADE '99 MODEL Acme Prince** bicycle by express C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, the greatest bargain you ever saw and equal to bicycles others sell as high as $50.00, pay your express agent our special offer price, $18.75 and express charges, less the $1.00 sent with order. Express charges average $1.00 for 500 miles; greater or lesser distances in proportion.

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If you are looking for a **Great Bargain** in Fine Silverware never heard of before and that will astonish you, here is one of the **Greatest Bargains** ever offered by any reliable Manufacturer. For 25 cents we send **Prepaid Both the Salt and Pepper Shakers.** They are Quadruple Coin Silver Plated. Warranted to wear ten years. Finely engraved and useful as well as ornamental to any table rich or poor. If on receipt of the same you do not think or find them the **Greatest Bargain** you ever have seen or heard of, return them at once to us and we will refund you your money. We have been doing business in Chicago since 1865. Any Bank or Express Company can tell you our standing. **Our Bargain Silverware Catalogue Sent Free.**

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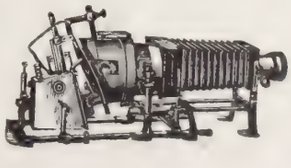

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is to impart knowledge by the best means known. Our **Magic Lanterns** and **Stereopticons** supply this "means," we having made this subject a specialty. Write for new catalogue giving new prices.

J. B. COLT & CO., Dept. 29, 3 to 7 West 29th St., New York.

Birthday of Hope

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Apr. 2. I. Peter 1 : 1-9

HOW many of us would account the promise of immortality a boon, if it meant only the continuance of the present life? It is conceivable that to many it would be very tiresome to go on living the same life of trial and weariness and pain and trouble. The time comes to many aged people when death is welcome and is even desired. It is not this that the Apostle describes as a living hope. Christ's resurrection, which, he says, produces this hope, is not of this character. Paul longed to know the power of it, not for existence, but for life. Nor does it beget the hope of another life beyond the grave, which might be as burdensome and troubled as this life often is. The life which Peter says is begotten by the resurrection of Christ is a new and present life which will never end. It is a life implanted now, by regeneration, a new birth; a life which is to be lived now and will go on developing and maturing until when the body is sloughed off it will fructify and expand under the new conditions. The new life is the life of new men. In some countries, as in Madagascar, it is the custom to place annually in a tomb the dainties that the dead loved during life, and much of our own thinking runs on a similar principle. It is not the life of the body that is renewed after death; it is the eternal life implanted in the soul that goes on living when the body is laid in the grave. This is the living hope which Christ's resurrection begets.

Christ emphasized this fact with his most impressive utterances. The man who believeth, he said, hath, not will have, eternal life. He has it in possession. Feeble as the spark may seem, covered and beclouded as it often is by the vigor of the life of the flesh, it is there, and the death of the body will not extinguish it. It is like Christ's own life, and therefore he said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." That kind of life never dies. It may exist alone; it may abide in a new habitation; but it cannot die. It passes through the death of the body unharmed and goes on a living entity into the ages. On this Easter day we celebrate the beginning of the only specimen of that postmortem life on which men have ever gazed. "I am he that liveth and was dead," he said to John in Patmos. It was not a new life, it was that glorious, beneficent life that he lived in the flesh going on in new conditions. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," said the same apostle, "but we know that we shall be like him." To get firm hold of this truth, to realize it and to let it permeate our being is to know the power of his resurrection.

A GODSEND TO ALL HUMANITY

Invention of An Ohioan That Promotes Health, Strength and Beauty by Nature's Method, and Relieves Without Drugs, All Nervous Diseases, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Weakness and the Most Obstinate Diseases

Those Who Have Used It Declare It To Be the Most Remarkable Invigorant Ever Produced for Man, Woman or Child

An inventive genius, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has patented and placed on the market a Bath Cabinet that is of great interest to the public, not only the sick and debilitated, but also those enjoying health.

It is a sealed compartment in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and with only the head outside, may have all the invigorating, cleansing and purifying effects of the most luxurious Turkish bath, hot vapor or medicated vapor baths at home for three cents each, with no possibility of taking cold, or in any way weakening the system.

IN OPERATION—DOOR CLOSED

FOLDED

A well-known physician of Topeka, Kansas, L. L. Eaton, M. D., gave up his practice to sell these Bath Cabinets, having found that they were all the invalids needed to get well and keep well, as they cured the most obstinate diseases often when his medicine failed, and we understand he has already sold over 600. Another physician of Chicago, Dr. John C. Wright, followed Dr. Eaton's example, moved West and devotes his entire time to selling these Cabinets. Many others are doing likewise.

Hundreds of remarkable letters have been written the inventors from those who have used the Cabinets, two of which referring to

RHEUMATISM AND LA GRIPPE

Will be interesting to those who suffer from these dread maladies. G. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., writes: "Was compelled to quit business a year ago, being prostrated by rheumatism when your Cabinet came. Two weeks' use of it entirely cured me, and have never had a twinge since. My doctor was much astonished and will recommend them." Mrs. S.S. Noteman, Hood River, Ore., writes that her neighbor used the Bath Cabinet for a severe case of la grippe and cured herself entirely in two days. Another neighbor cured eczema of many years standing and her little girl of measles. A. B. Strickland, Bloomington, Idaho, writes that the Bath Cabinet had done more good in one week than two years' doctoring, and entirely cured him of catarrh, gravel, kidney trouble and dropsy, while those who had been afflicted with disorders of stomach, heart, lungs, liver, blood and nerves seem to be its devotees. But the long sought for means of curing rheumatism, la grippe, Bright's disease, nervous prostration, sciatica and ultimate affections has been found. The

WELL-KNOWN CHRISTIAN MINISTER

of [illegible] S. C. Rev. R. L. Paul, highly recommends this Cabinet, as also does Mrs. Kendricks, Princ. of Normal [illegible] Ind. [illegible] Eaton, of Topeka, Kansas, and [illegible] of the Cincinnati Conference, many prominent ministers and numerous other well-known people.

REDUCES OBESITY

It is important to know that the inventor guarantees [illegible] reasons are brought out in a very instructive little book issued by the makers. To

CURE BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

[illegible] and assist Nature to act, they would have a skin as clear and smooth as the most fastidious could desire.

THE GREAT FEATURE

Of this Bath Cabinet is that it gives a Hot Vapor Bath that opens the millions of pores all over the body, stimulating the sweat glands and forcing out by Nature's [illegible] matter, which, if retained, overwork the heart kidneys and the lungs and cause disease, debility and [illegible]. A Hot Vapor Bath opens the pores, [illegible] and makes you look and feel years younger. With the bath, if desired, is a

HEAD AND COMPLEXION STEAMER

In which the face and head are given the same vapor treatment as the body. This produces the most wonderful [illegible] eruptions and

CURES CATARRH AND ASTHMA

L. B. Westbrook, Newton, Ia., writes: "For 45 years I have had catarrh and asthma to such an extent that it had eaten out the portions between my nostrils. Drugs and doctors did me no good. The first vapor bath I took helped me and two weeks' use cured me entirely, and I have never had a twinge since."

WHATEVER WILL HASTEN PERSPIRATION

Every one knows, is beneficial. Turkish baths, massage, hot drinks, stimulants, hot foot baths are all known to be beneficial, but the best of these methods become crude and insignificant when compared to the [illegible] curative power of the Cabinet Bath referred to above. The Cabinet is know as the

QUAKER FOLDING THERMAL

Vapor Bath Cabinet was patented May 18, 1897, and is made only in Cincinnati, O. This Cabinet, we find, is durably made of best materials. It is entered and vacated by a door at the side. The Cabinet is air-tight, made of the best hygeinic water-proof cloth, rubber-lined, and a folding steel-plated frame supports it from top to bottom. The makers furnish a good alcohol stove with each Cabinet; also valuable [illegible] and formulas for medicated baths and ointments, as well as plain directions.

[illegible] is that it folds [illegible] small a space that it may be carried with trave[illegible] weighs but five pounds.

People don't need bath-rooms, as this Cabinet may be used in any room. Thus bathing [illegible] has been denied since the invention of the Cabinet, as it gives a far better bath for cleansing purposes than soap and water. For the sick room its advantages are at once apparent. The Cabinet is amply large enough for any person.

The Quaker Cabinet made by the Cincinnati firm is the only [illegible] article of its kind that will [illegible] years. It seems to satisfy and delight every user and the

MAKERS GUARANTEE RESULTS

They assert positively and their statements are backed by a [illegible] of testimony from persons of [illegible] that their Cabinet will cure [illegible] troubles and debility, clear the skin, purify the blood, cure rheumatism. They offer $50 reward for a case that [illegible] the [illegible] Copper Sweater, the [illegible] a grippe, [illegible] obesity, neuralgia, female [illegible] gout, sciatica, piles, dropsy, blood and skin disease, liver and kidney troubles. It will

CURE A HARD COLD

With one bath, and break up all symptoms of la grippe, [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible] It [illegible]

CLEANSING AND INVIGORATING BATH

known, and all those enjoying health should use it at least once or twice a week, but its great value lies in its marvelous power to draw out of the system the impurities that cause disease, and for this reason is really a godsend to all humanity.

HOW TO GET ONE

All readers who want to enjoy perfect health, prevent disease or are afflicted should have one of these remarkable Cabinets. The price is wonderfully low, space prevents a detailed description, but it will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and curative properties. Write to the World Manufacturing Co., 81 World Building, Cincinnati, O., and ask them to send you their pamphlets and circulars describing this invention. The regular price of this Cabinet is $5. Head Steaming Attachment, if desired, $1 extra, and it is indeed difficult to imagine where one could invest that amount of money in anything else that guarantees so much real genuine health, vigor and strength.

Write to-day for full information, or better still, order a Cabinet. You won't be deceived or disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet, and will refund your money if not just as represented. They are reliable and responsible, and fill all orders as soon as received.

Don't fail to send for booklet, as it will prove very interesting reading.

This Cabinet is a wonderful seller for agents, and the firm offers special inducements to good agents, both men and women—upon request.

Allcock's
POROUS PLASTERS

Everybody should know what they want and then *get it*. Don't be persuaded to accept an imitation porous plaster when you ask for and want "Allcock's." They are the ones that cure. Others trade on their reputation.

This Double Buggy Harness, $20, as good as sells for $30.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS,

but have sold to the user direct at factory prices for the past twenty-six years. We ship anywhere for examination. **Everything Fully Warranted.** We are the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world selling to the consumer exclusively. Our line consists of Rockaways, Surreys, Traps, Phaetons, Stanhopes, Driving Wagons, Top Buggies, Open and Top Road Wagons, Spring Wagons, Delivery Wagons, Milk Wagons, Wagonettes and **all styles of Harness.**

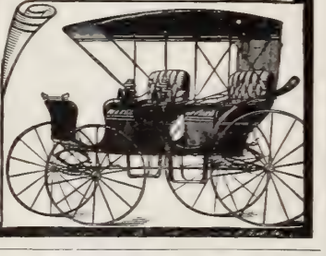
Send for Large Free Catalogue.

ELKHART

Carriage and Harness Manfg. Co.,

W. B. PRATT, Secy. ELKHART, INDIANA.

This Extension-Top Surrey with double fenders, complete with side curtains, aprons, lamps, and pole or shafts, for $72. Just as good as retails for $110.



Peter Möller,

who in 1853 revolutionized the whole system of Cod Liver Oil manufacture by the introduction of the "steam process," has now introduced a new method which is as superior to the steam process as that was to the old and crude methods. By the new process the Oil is kept free from impurities, and does not come into contact with the atmosphere at any time during the manufacture. Moller's

Cod Liver Oil

is not sold in bulk, but is bottled when manufactured. The Oil is free from any disagreeable taste or odor and causes no eructation.

In flat, oval bottles only, dated. See that our name appears in bottle as agents. Explanatory pamphlets mailed free.

Schieffelin & Co., New York.

TRUSSES RUPTURE CURED.

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only Truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, and it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent cure in the shortest space of time. **Comfortable Belts made to reduce corpulency. The use of these belts reduces your size and leaves no room for surplus fat to accumulate. They can be used after any operations. Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps and Anklets.** Our goods are not sold by agents or druggists. *Established 17 years.* Send for free pamphlets to the **Improved Elastic Truss Co., 785 Broadway, N. Y.**

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AND PREMIUMS.—FACTORY TO FAMILY

The Larkin Idea fully explained in beautiful free booklet. Free sample soap if mention this publication.

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STAMMERING A cure guaranteed or money refunded. Send for free pamphlet on Stammering. Address DR. GEO. C. PITZER, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS **$1 an Hour Easily Made.**

This polisher puts a mirror finish on knives and forks instantly. Free with any 25c. article in our mammoth catalog. Write for it now. DIAMOND CUTLERY CO., 60 B'way, N. Y.

Chambard's Tea, the most popular family medicine in France for biliousness, constipation, indigestion, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, swelling of the stomach, congestions, eczema. The most agreeable and best purgative. Box 35 cents by mail. **Legoll's** Pharmacy, 286 7th Ave., N. Y., and leading druggists.

OPIUM MORPHINE and Liquor Habit cured in **10** to **20** days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars free. Address **Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. B, Lebanon, Ohio.**

$75 MONTH AND EXPENSES; no experience needed; position permanent; self seller. PEASE MFG. CO., P.O. BOX A, Cincinnati, O.

To Toplady's Memory

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD there was printed a very remarkable photograph. It was a representation of the original rock, in Somerset County, England, which Augustus Montague Toplady immortalized in that sweetest of all modern Christian hymns—"Rock of Ages." In the cleft of that mighty cliff he had found shelter during a severe thunderstorm, and there the inspiration came to him which led him to pen the verses.

In the town of Broadhembury, England, a beautiful tablet has just been erected to Toplady's memory. The tablet, which is shown in the photograph, states that Rev.

THE TOPLADY MEMORIAL TABLET

Augustus Montague Toplady, B.A., was Vicar of Broadhembury from 1768 to 1778. He died on Aug. 11, 1778, in his 38th year. The tablet, expresses appreciation of the service he rendered to the Christian world, and places a high estimate on his "personal piety, brilliant gifts, sanctified learning, and uncompromising advocacy of the Gospel of the Sovereign Grace of God."

Don't Guess

GRAINS BALSAMIC is a vegetable remedy free from any narcotic, yet a cure is quickest if the dose is just right. The lid of the box even full holds just 20 grains, the adult dose. It soothes and heals, acting directly upon the mucous membranes of the air passages.

GRAINS BALSAMIC

For All Coughs.

Has marvelous power in the treatment of distressing coughs of Bronchitis, Influenza, Grippe, Asthma, Hay Fever, Consumption and in all forms of Bronchial and Throat Catarrh. Pocket size sent, postpaid, for **ten cents.**

THE ABINGTON CO.,
715 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

in all points **relating to Poultry and Poultry Management,** care in health and disease with **many valuable tested recipes** is our annual

POULTRY GUIDE FOR '99.

Tells all about the 40 varieties of thoroughbred poultry grown on **Millbook Farm.** The kind to select for best results, how to **mate, breed, feed and market them.** Worth its weight in gold to the beginner. **Sent for 10c.** in stamps—merely to pay postage and mailing.

Fowls and Eggs for Sale at Lowest Prices.

THE J. W. MILLER CO. Box 179 Freeport, Ills.

$8 to $15 FOR A MACHINE
to weave **FENCE** of **Coiled Hard Steel Spring Wire,** 52 inches high at

25 Cents Per Rod.

$20 buys wire for 100 Rod Fence. Agents wanted. Catalogue Free.
Carter Wire Fence Mach. Co.
Box 20 **Mt. Sterling, O.**

One Year's Free Trial.

FREE: We will ship a Piano or Organ anywhere upon the distinct understanding that if it is not satisfactory to purchaser after twelve months' use, we will take it back.

Our Catalogue tells you all about it. We have **ORGANS FROM**

25 DOLLARS.

PIANOS FROM

$155.00.

Our Catalogue, A WORK OF ART, is

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AND IT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING. It illustrates and describes all the Famous Cornish American Organs and Pianos, and will convince you, as it has convinced a quarter of a million before you, that we are the right people to buy from, if you wish to get a strictly High Grade Piano or Organ at factory cost and thus **Save Half.** You can buy for **CASH** or on **An Easy Payment Plan,** to suit **Your Own Convenience.**

Write for our Souvenir Catalogue, 1899 Edition, ready to-day, and sent **FREE** to any address, all charges paid. Get it now and take advantage of our extra Cash Bonus on immediate sales. All special offers now ready. Address:

CORNISH & CO. Estab'd nearly 50 years **Washington New Jersey.**

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on every rod of fencing you buy from us. Why? Because we sell you the

ADVANCE FENCE

Direct from the Factory at Wholesale.

Dealers cannot buy it any cheaper than you can. **We save you the middle man's profit.** You get a **good fence at a low price. Bents a hand fence machine all to pieces.** No loose ends to unravel. **All closely interwoven—cross wires cannot slip.** Write at once for **our free circulars and special discounts.**

Advance Fence Co. 1903 Old St., Peoria, Ill.

$26

REAL BARGAINS

Road Wagons at $16.45
Top Road Wagons at $22.70
Top Buggies at $26.00

Surries $43.50; Phætons $37. Spring Wagons $29. Single Harness $3.75. Farm Harness $12. Also Carts, Saddles and everything in the vehicle line at lowest **wholesale prices.** All correct in style, quality and workmanship. Buy direct from factory. Save dealer's profits. We sell one or more as low as others sell in car lots, and ship C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Write for catalogue and testimonials **Free.**

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SUCCESSFUL INCUBATORS.

Hot Air or Hot Water.

A standard machine for hatching strong, healthy chicks—self regulating, patent egg turning trays, drying room under trays, non-explosive lamp—these are a few of its good points. Our 148 p. catalogue gives prices and description, also pointers on poultry buildings, etc., mailed for 6c stamps. Write for it now.

DES MOINES INCUBATOR CO., Box 71, Des Moines, Iowa

INCUBATOR QUALITY.

When it comes to quality in an incubator, which embraces construction, working ability, etc., there is nothing that will equal

The Prairie State.

Two hundred first premiums in all kinds of competions with all kinds of machines. Send for catalogue.

PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO., HOMER CITY, PA.

2000 PREMIUMS

were awarded my fowls at 12 State Shows in 1898.

FOWLS AND EGGS LARGEST RANCH in the west. **FOR SALE**

Send 5c for illustrated catalogue.

CHAS. GAMMERDINGER, Box 70, Columbus, C

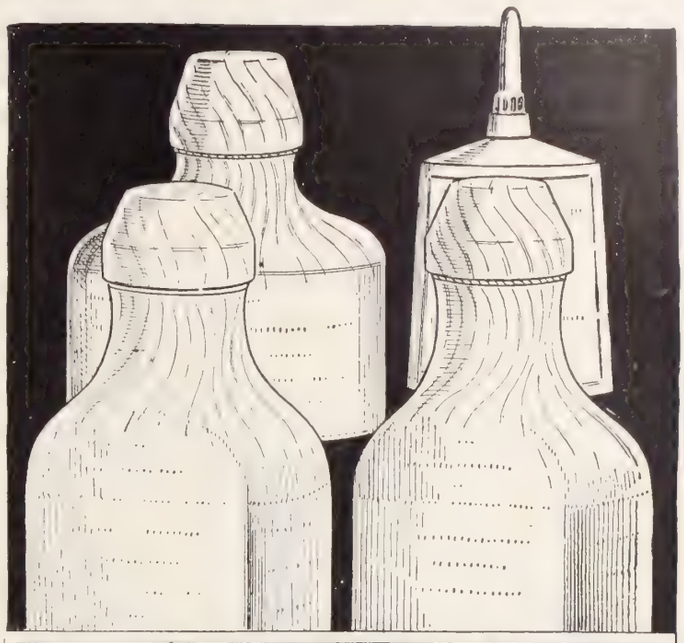
HARTMAN'S STEEL PICKET FENCE

A Rare Combination OF BEAUTY AND UTILITY.

Combines in a high degree the qualities of a first-class fence, and beautifies the lawn and surroundings, thereby enhancing the value of the property. Takes up little space, harbors no weeds and is **strong and durable.** It greatly adds to the attractiveness of Public Grounds, Parks, School Lawns, Church Enclosures, Cemetery Lots, etc. **Cheaper than a good wood Picket Fence. Lasts indefinitely.** Looks best and is best with our ornamental steel posts. Catalogue, circulars, etc., **FREE.** Address

HARTMAN MFG. CO. Box 51, Ellwood City, Pa. or R. 11, 309 Broadway N.Y. City.

LUNG CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.



Complete FREE Course of Treatment, Consisting of Four Preparations

FORMULAE OF DR. SLOCUM

Crowning Discovery of the Century.

Do you cough?
Do your lungs pain you?
Is your throat sore and inflamed?
Do you spit up phlegm?
Does your head ache?
Is your appetite bad?
Are your lungs delicate?
Are you losing flesh?
Are you pale and thin?
Do you lack stamina?

These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption.

Consumption, the bane of those who have been brought up in the old-fashioned beliefs that this disease was hereditary, that it was fatal, that none could recover who were once firmly clasped in its relentless grip.

But now known to be curable, made so by the world-stirring discoveries of that man whose name has been given to this new system of treatment.

Now known to be preventable and curable by following and practicing his hygienic teachings.

The New System of treatment will cure you of consumption and of all diseases which can be traced back to weak lungs as a foundation.

It is not a drug system, but a system of germ destruction and body building.

Not guesswork, but science.

Not a step backward, but a stride out of the old ruts.

Made possible only by Pasteur's, Virchow's, Metchnikoff's and Slocum's latest discoveries in bacteriology, hygiene and therapeutics.

The system consists of Four Preparations, which act simultaneously, and supplement each other's curative action.

WRITE TO THE DOCTOR.

You are invited to test what this system will do for you, if you are sick, by writing for a FREE treatment to the Slocum Laboratories, New York City.

Send your name and full address to Dr. T. A. Slocum, 98 Pine St., New York, and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you with full directions for use in any case.

The system is a positive cure for lung consumption, that most insidious disease, and for lung troubles and disorders complicated by loss of flesh, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, etc. Thin, pale weak people become fat and hearty.

The test is to try it.

When writing the Doctor, please tell him you read this article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

SEND ONE DOLLAR CUT THIS AD OUT and send to us, and if you live within 700 miles of Chicago, we will send you this TOP BUGGY by freight C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your freight depot, and if found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY, EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED, EQUAL TO BUGGIES THAT RETAIL AT $60.00 to $75.00 and the **GRANDEST BARGAIN YOU EVER SAW,** pay the freight agent **OUR SPECIAL PRICE, $38.90,** and freight charges, less the $1.00 sent with order.

$38.90

WE MAKE THIS TOP BUGGY IN OUR OWN FACTORY IN CHICAGO, from better material than most makers put in $75.00 buggies. **Latest style for 1899.** Body, 24x54 from the **Best Seasoned Wood. Gear,** Best That Money Can Build. **End Springs,** as illustrated, or Brewster Side Bar. **Wheels,** High Grade Screwed Rim Sarven's Patent. **Top,** 24 ounce, Daily Rubber **Heavily lined,** full side and back curtains. **Painting,** guaranteed equal to any $150.00 buggy work. Body black; Gear, dark green or Red. **Upholstering,** heavy green French body cloth or Evan's Leather.

$38.90 IS OUR SPECIAL PRICE for top buggy complete, wide or narrow track, full length side and back curtains, storm apron, carpet, wrench, anti-rattlers and shafts. **GUARANTEED TWO YEARS** will last a lifetime. For Buggies at $15.95 and and up, **WRITE FOR FREE BUGGY CATALOGUE. YOU CAN MAKE $300.00** This Year Selling OUR **$38.90** BUGGIES. ORDER ONE TO DAY, YOU CAN SELL IT FOR $60.00. DON'T DELAY.

Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL.

Fordhook and Penrose "Combination" "Dollar Novelty Collection" for 1899.

Six New Plants and Seven Packets of Rare Seeds for $1.00.

"PENROSE" [illegible] to lovers of [illegible] plants, and FORDHOOK is to planters of seeds

As a novel feature for 1899 we offer this **Special "COMBINATION" Collection** of Six Superb New Plants and Seven Packets of Flower Seeds **for One Dollar**, which if purchased separately would cost more than double.

"ROSETTE." A Peerless Bedding Rose. [illegible] originated at the PENROSE NURSERIES, **Now First Introduced.** and as it is the first seedling sent out by MESSRS. ROBERT SCOTT & SON, we give their description: "For years past we have been impressed with the great usefulness of *Clotilde Soupert* as a garden rose, as it combines freedom of bloom, hardiness, and perfectly formed flowers. Desiring to increase this type we made more than one hundred crosses, using *Clotilde Soupert* as the seed parent; from these seedlings 'ROSETTE' is the best, and we feel sure will be a welcome addition to any garden. It is a cross between *Clotilde Soupert* and the crimson hybrid, *Ulrich Brunner*. Its growth is strong and vigorous, with light-green foliage. The flowers are very double and of medium to large size. Color is a deep pink, but the petals are bordered with rose. It is entirely hardy.—The flowers are perfectly formed, and so double that it is almost impossible to count the petals.—It is a constant bloomer.—All the blooms are produced singly on long stems, and therefore will be useful for cutting.—It has the rich fragrance of the Hybrid Perpetuals."—**We control the entire stock, and "ROSETTE" cannot be purchased elsewhere.** Desiring that all should give this Rose a trial, we have placed it in this **"COMBINATION COLLECTION"** and offer it separately at a very moderate price. 25 cts. each; 3 for 50 cts.; 7 for $1.00, by mail, postpaid.

Rose, Perle des Rouges
New French Polyantha. Growth is dwarf and compact, with perfectly double flowers of rich crimson [illegible] It is always in bloom and is likely to be hardy. 25 cts.

Geranium, Mad. Jaulen.
[illegible] offered for many years. It [illegible] regards form and color. The plants are of dwarf growth and perfect bedders. Immense trusses of beautifully [illegible] a delicate pink bordered with white. Equally valuable for pot culture as for bedding. [illegible]

Canna,—Gloriosa.
[illegible]

Carnation,—Flora Hill.
[illegible] to date. The flower is of enormous size and rounded build; it is the most prolific [illegible]

Chrysanthemum,—Rose Owen.
The best **early pink.** It is a clean, neat grower with a perfect stem and bright, waxy foliage. The color is a clear, bright pink with a slight tracing of white. Form of flower perfect; large to extra large. 25 cts. each.

In New and Rare Seeds

this Dollar "Combination" Collection contains one packet each of—

GIANT WHITE BRANCHING COMET ASTER, described on page 110,—a half-size packet each of the new **FREE-FLOWERING BEDDING BEGONIAS**, [illegible] page [illegible] of PENROSE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1899, and the superb mixture of **NEW GIANT-FLOWERED GLOXINIAS**, illustrated on page 113,—a full-size packet each of **SUNSET LARGE-LEAVED COLEUS**, described on page 126,—our unequaled **LEMOINE'S GIANT HELIOTROPE**, illustrated on page 131,—**BURPEE'S LARGEST-FLOWERING DEFIANCE PETUNIAS**,—illustrated on page 146,—and the **NEW MAMMOTH WHITE VERBENA**, named in the list of "*Advance Novelties*" on page 28 of THE FARM ANNUAL. ☞ At regular prices these **seven packets of seed alone amount to $1.10.** All are of finest quality, and with exception of the *Aster* and *Verbena* are EXCLUSIVELY OF OUR OWN GROWTH AT FORDHOOK FARMS.

The seeds will be wrapped in oil-paper and sent with the plants, if you want **all at once**,—or the [illegible] With [illegible] we send our **two Booklets**,—one "On the Care of Plants," the other "Rare Flowers from Seed."

☞ **Our Collection "Eight Roses for Fifty Cents,"—see next column.** ☜

EIGHT Ever-blooming ROSES for 50 Cts.

An UNEQUALED COLLECTION of the BEST ROSES for 1899.

This Collection is not made up of "Cheap Roses," grown cheaply and sold cheaply, but contains EIGHT NEW AND CHOICE Ever-blooming Roses, all good, strong plants, as described below, and postpaid, for Fifty Cents.

ROSES are the great specialty of THE PENROSE NURSERIES. The special collections for 1899 give unequaled value in the Best Roses.

CLIMBING KAISERIN AUGUSTA VICTORIA. A [illegible]

PRINCESS BONNIE. [illegible]

MOSELLA, or New YELLOW Soupert. Mosella is [illegible]

THE BRIDE. [illegible] roses for cutting [illegible]

BRIDESMAID. This is the most valuable of all Tea Roses for cutting, keeping [illegible]

CLOTILDE SOUPERT. This beautiful, hardy, ever-blooming Rose yields a constant profusion of perfectly double flowers; pearl-white with rose-pink center.

ANTOINE RIVOIRE. A new Hybrid Tea [illegible] Mid. large flowers. Color [illegible] rosy flesh on yellow [illegible] prettily edged and shaded [illegible]

THE BURBANK ROSE.

We paid Mr. [illegible] BURBANK five **hundred dollars cash** for the original plant, and what he had already propagated, [illegible] [illegible] rich [illegible] becomes a [illegible] at [illegible]

The BURBANK Rose is **perfectly hardy.** [illegible] only a few inches high, and flower most profusely all through the spring and summer [illegible] autumn.

The BURBANK is without exception the freest-flowering Rose in cultivation. The flowers are double, of fine form, nearly three inches across. The color is a deep rose-pink, shading to a beautiful soft rose at the center. The petals are well [illegible] It [illegible] change to a deep, rich carmine.

Price 15 cts. each; 4 for 50 cts., or 8 for $1.00, postpaid.

A flower of THE BURBANK ROSE.

FOR 50 CTS. we will mail all the above eight elegant Roses,—good, strong plants, labeled and all carefully packed.

THIS ADVT. will NOT appear again, and we advise all to take advantage immediately of this most liberal offer in the best New PLANTS and SEEDS.

FOR $1.50 we will mail BOTH Collections,—[illegible] plants and seeds [illegible] we will give FREE as a premium a [illegible] strong plant of the new Hybrid Tea Rose, MRS. ROBERT GARRETT. This grand new rose produces extra large, long buds of a deep shell-pink color, and is worth 35 cts. per plant if purchased singly. ☞ **Order TO-DAY!** Mention CHRISTIAN HERALD and state whether you are ready for all immediately or want the plants held until a later date. ☜

Thousands of Dollars in Prizes

and many other New Features of particular interest, presented in

Burpee's Farm Annual

"Leading American Seed Catalogue."

REGISTERED VAB TRADE MARK

A handsome **new book of 176 pages**,—tells the plain truth about **Burpee's BEST SEEDS that Grow**, including rare Novelties which cannot be had elsewhere. Beautiful colored plates and hundreds of illustrations from nature. Gives practical information of real value to all who would raise the choicest Vegetables and most beautiful Flowers. **Mailed FREE** to any address. ☞ Write **TO-DAY!**

Our Aim is to supply not only the "**BEST SEEDS that grow**," but to help you to [illegible] successful culture. ☞ It will pay to read the **Cultural Directions** given in THE FARM ANNUAL, and also, when ordering, to ask for any of the USEFUL LEAFLETS, mailed FREE, as offered on page 11, BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1899.

New Dwarf Canna, GLORIOSA.

Amateurs and florists generally agree in the opinion that **GLORIOSA is the most beautiful dwarf Canna ever introduced.** Never before have we had a Dwarf Canna with such long trusses or such large individual florets. Although first introduced by us last year, we have grown **an immense stock,** so that all our customers, who desire, can **plant liberally** of this **"Best of All" Cannas.**

The plants, while vigorous and healthy, grow only from eighteen inches to two feet high, with broad, musa-like leaves of a light, rich green. The magnificent trusses of bloom, measuring from nine to ten inches in height and from twenty to twenty-four inches in circumference, are borne upon short, sturdy stalks. We have counted from fifty to sixty buds and flowers on a single truss. The individual flowers are from four to five inches in diameter. The illustration shown herewith was engraved from a photograph, but can convey only a slight idea of the real beauty of this distinct novelty.

The magnificent flowers are of a rich scarlet-crimson, with a distinct golden band around each petal. Although these colors are distinct, yet they seem to blend and harmonize so thoroughly that, as an enthusiastic admirer remarked, they form "a perfect symphony of crimson and gold."

Price 20 cts. each; 3 for 50 cts., or 7 for $1.00, postpaid. By express: Good, strong roots securely packed at the low price of **$1.50 per dozen**, or **$10.00 per hundred.**

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

EASTER NUMBER

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MARCH 29, 1899

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FROM THE FAMOUS PAINTING BY V. TOJETTI

THE WORLD'S FIRST EASTER MORNING

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

S. J., Lyonshall, Mass. 1. Is the night skating rink a proper place for a minister of the Gospel to attend regularly? 2. Should professing Christians play cards, attend dancing parties, and make a practice of Sunday visiting?

[illegible] likely to lose whatever influence he possessed in his church by such a course. 2. Professing Christians might do so, but no real Christian who strives earnestly to make spiritual progress would indulge in such practices.

J. D. S., Maxwell, Ont., a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writes us, sending some arguments against dancing, apropos of a recent letter in THE MAIL-BAG. He says:

The dancing mentioned approvingly in the Bible was carried on by the sexes separately, and generally as a religious act. Mixed dancing has caused much immorality; familiarities are permitted in the dance which would not be tolerated in a sitting-room, and many lost girls have acknowledged this amusement as the beginning of their downfall. Dancing and piety do not go hand in hand. When a professor of religion is known to be a dancer, his influence for good is lost. All worldly people believe dancing to be inconsistent with a Christian profession. The most pious persons, in every church, oppose dancing. No one goes to the ball-room to glorify God, and we are told whatsoever we do should be for his glory.

Reader. Where is the largest printing-press in the world; what is its capacity; who made it and what [illegible]?

The largest printing-press in the world, according to information kindly furnished by Messrs. R. Hoe & Co., New York City, is one recently built and set up by them in the press-room of the New York *World*. It stands thirteen feet, eight inches high, and occupies a ground space of twenty-five feet, six inches by eleven feet eight. It will turn out printed, folded and counted in an hour: 96,000 four, six, or eight-page papers, 72,000 ten-page papers, 60,000 twelve-page papers, or 48,000 sixteen-page papers.

B. R. J., Jersey City, N. J. Why is the yew tree so frequently associated in English prose and verse with the idea of a churchyard?

In ancient times, English yeomen made their long bows of wood of the yew tree, which possessed in greater measure than that of other trees the virtues of strength, durability and elasticity. As the material for weapons of warfare and instruments of hunting at a time when wars were many and men lived largely on game, there was danger of the yew becoming exterminated, and in order to preserve it, its cultivation in graveyards was commanded. The Fothergill yew, near Aberfeldy, in Perthshire, is said to be the oldest tree in Great Britain; Dr. Guthrie speaks of it as "being a sapling when David was a boy," and its age is estimated to be between 2,500 and 2,600 years.

Our friends are still sending us letters which show many to be owners of rare old Bibles. John Herst, Berlin, Ont., writes:

I have an old Bible, printed in Frankfort-on-Main, Germany, 1633, translated by Luther. Contains Old and New Testaments, Apocrypha, Concordance, lists of names and places, Calendar of daily readings for a year, etc. Size, 18 x 12 x 6 inches, and weighs 20 pounds. It is bound in half-inch wooden boards, covered with heavy leather, and ornamented with numerous brass-headed nails, and has brass clasps.

E. H. Mildon, St. John, N. B. I have a key to the Bible, by Francis Roberts, printed in London [illegible].

W. A. Wilcox, Westerly, R. I. I have a King James' Bible, printed in 1611 and 1612, in very good condition.

M. J. Covell, Berlin, Vt. I have in my care the second volume of an old Bible, with notes, printed in London in 1700.

Subscriber, Cocoa, Fla. How would the law divide a woman's property at her death if she owned real estate in Florida and Connecticut, and also some railroad stock, and if she has lived part of the year in each State; a husband (but no children) and brothers living?

The disposition of the real estate of a married woman who dies intestate depends on the law of the State where the property is situated. Her personal property is distributed, in case of intestacy, according to the law of the State where she is domiciled at the time of her death. The husband's domicile would determine the wife's. When a person goes from State to State, staying a short time in each, the question of domicile may be difficult to ascertain. What place is regarded as home? Where does the husband vote? What is the intention? To what place does the traveler intend to return ultimately as his home? "Subscriber" may settle the question by having he) may prefer as their domicile. As to what the particular law may be in different States, lawyers practicing in those States should be consulted. Generally speaking, the husband has the use of his wife's real estate as long as he survives her, provided a child was born alive during the marriage. Otherwise, the real estate will go to the woman's heirs, in this case to the brothers. Personal property, all if there be no children surviving the wife, one-third or some other fraction if there be such children, goes to the husband. The best thing for the wife to do is to make a will. Every State gives effect to the provision of a married woman's will.

Sympathy, Dansville, N. Y. Is it true that the Lee Orphanage, in Havana, which was closed during the blockade, has not since been re-[illegible]?

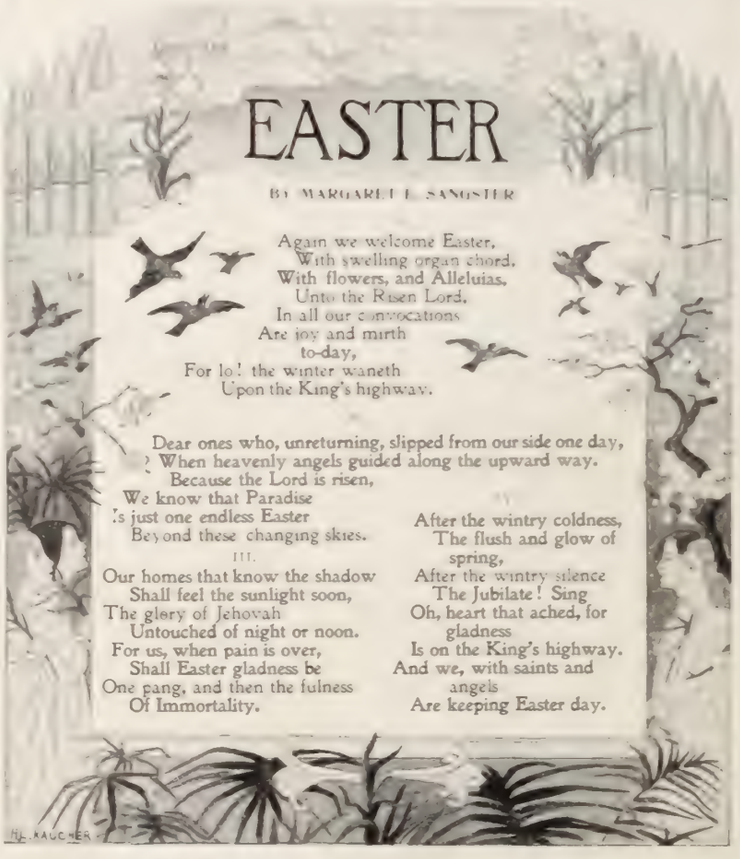
It is not true, and we know of no reason why any one should make so absurd a statement. The Lee Orphanage, which was temporarily closed during the blockade, was re-opened after the cessation of hostilities, and has been and still is supported by regular remittances from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, representing contributions by its readers. We have repeatedly published reports from the Orphanage management in these pages since it re-opened. On another page of this issue, we print a facsimile of a letter from Gen. Lee, which states the condition of the Orphanage work at the present time.

W. L. H., Sparta, Wis. What has been the effect of the late war on missions?

Its direct and inevitable effect upon Protestant missions has been to give them a decided stimulus. It has opened up among the seven millions of souls in the Eastern archipelago, a field which, through Spanish misgovernment and the indolence of the Romish church, has been little better than a heathen one for centuries past. Within a very short time, almost all the leading Protestant missionary organizations will be represented there. In Cuba and Porto Rico, the same conditions have prevailed, though in lesser degree, and the mission-[illegible] assist those already at the front. As to the effect the war has produced upon those at [illegible] foreign missionary energy, it is yet too early to determine. It is to be hoped, however, that they will appreciate the great opportunities before them, and extend generous help to the missionaries in their efforts to preach the Gospel to the neglected races.

[illegible] months old. I am about five feet and a-half in height. I do not want to grow any taller. I weigh about one-hundred and forty pounds, and [illegible] without doing me any great injury, any food help to stop my growth? If so, kindly in your

Your height, for a girl of seventeen, is not excessive, and the weight would indicate that the growth is not disproportionate in any degree. While it is true that the average young woman at your age is shorter and lighter, it is also true that there are thousands of instances of similar development. Statisticians tell us that the average American woman of our day is taller and heavier than her predecessors, and also that the rising generation of women promises to be still taller. A fine physique is a matter for congratulation rather than commisera-


EASTER
BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER
Again we welcome Easter,
With swelling organ chord,
With flowers, and Alleluias,
Unto the Risen Lord.
In all our convocations
Are joy and mirth
to-day,
For lo! the winter waneth
Upon the King's highway.
Dear ones who, unreturning, slipped from our side one day,
When heavenly angels guided along the upward way.
Because the Lord is risen,
We know that Paradise
Is just one endless Easter
Beyond these changing skies.
III.
Our homes that know the shadow
Shall feel the sunlight soon,
The glory of Jehovah
Untouched of night or noon.
For us, when pain is over,
Shall Easter gladness be
One pang, and then the fulness
Of Immortality.
After the wintry coldness,
The flush and glow of
spring,
After the wintry silence
The Jubilate! Sing
Oh, heart that ached, for
gladness
Is on the King's highway.
And we, with saints and
angels
Are keeping Easter day.
H. E. KAUCHER

A. M. R., Peniel, O. Please give me information about the Council of Nice, of whom composed, [illegible] ner of procedure and the work it accomplished.

Two church councils have been held at Nicæa (or Nice) in Asia Minor, but the first of these is the more important in ecclesiastical history. It was convened by the Emperor Constantine in A.D. 325, and consisted of 318 bishops, who remained in session two months. Constantine's object convoking the council is variously represented as having been (1) political, and (2) intended to restore quiet to the church and unite all its factions on the great Trinitarian question. The president is supposed to have been Hosius, Bishop of Cordova. Much time was devoted to the discussion of Arian views. The council finally drew up a new confession of faith, which became the basis of what is now known throughout Christendom as the Nicene Creed. Only eleven copies of the confession made at the time are now extant.

E. P., Hartford, Mich. Will you please explain what the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is that we hear so much about?

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was negotiated between Great Britain and the United States, 1850, at Washington, through the agency of John M. Clayton, Secretary of State, and Sir Henry Lytton, British envoy. Its design, as stated in preamble, is "consolidating the relations [illegible] same cause; and thus hold a highway between the great oceans open to the world.

[illegible] very determined desire to enter the U. S. Army [illegible] Will you please give me your opinion of the [illegible] are?

We sent your letter to Gen. O. O. Howard, who kindly explains as follows: "Should his [illegible] addressed to Adjutant-General Corbin, Washington, D. C., [illegible] sending act. Let a similar note be [illegible] to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., asking for a circular which gives information concerning appointments of cadets in the Navy.

J. T. McK., Thornton, Ind. I inclose a verse, said [illegible] his boyhood days, while he was yet a laborer [illegible]

Must I, a menial toiler ever be?
With my grubbing hoe, my ax, my maul, my [illegible]
And for the world's better, higher light I'll vie; [illegible]

[illegible] the desired information.

Elmer L. McL., Port Huron, Mich. Repeat the [illegible]

M. H. G., Washington Co., Penn. 1. Judges 20: 16. 2. Yes; a Presbyterian.

H. L. P., Providence, R. I. Gen. Washington's height was six feet two inches.

John H. M., Auburn, N. Y. He was a Lutheran preacher, but held the same views as the Plymouth brethren.

F. S. H., Jerome, Ariz. The hymn can be found in so many collections that it is not necessary to reproduce it here.

C. C. W., Columbus, O. You will find illustrations on our Sunday School page. We insert always the best we know.

Unchangeable. The quotation translated, reads: "A truth for the Christian era. A person can marry for love but once; and this blessing can only be found in marriage."

Mrs. C. E. M., Willmar, Minn. Liquid air, as an agent or force applicable to machinery or other practical uses, is yet imperfectly understood. It has never been fully tested by practical scientists.

Mrs. J. H. P., Montclair, N. J.; Mrs. L. M. H., Newburg, Mo.; Lottie Skofstad, Lawrence, Kan.: [illegible]

Cradle Hymn, called for by A. S. N., Newark, N. J.: [illegible]

The beautiful Easter picture on the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is from the celebrated painting by V. Tojetti, whose artistic productions have become famous throughout the United States.

A GENUINE BARGAIN

Last year we purchased a large number of War Souvenir Spoons, which we sold at $1.00 per set. Each set consisted of six spoons. We have now a number of **broken sets,** only five designs, and these broken sets of five spoons each we will send postpaid to any purchaser on receipt of 50 cents. Remember, 50 cents buys the five spoons, all charges prepaid.

The designs of the entire set were as follows:

Spoon 1—Pres. McKinley and the American Flag.
Spoon 2—Mrs. McKinley and the White House.
Spoon 3—General Miles and Chickamauga.
Spoon 4—Lieut. Hobson and the "Merrimac."
Spoon 5—Admiral Dewey and the "Olympia."
Spoon 6—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and Morro Castle.

Remember, these are **broken** sets, and we furnish only five of the six designs.

These spoons were manufactured by one of the most celebrated silversmiths in the country. They are made with the greatest care, [illegible] perfect in finish, and are plated with pure coin silver, oxydized antique silver finish, fully guaranteed. They are not little after-dinner coffee [illegible] regular, good sensible full-size teaspoons. **Remember, a broken set of five, all charges prepaid, for 50 cents. We can supply 117 sets,** and they will soon be sold out. Address to-day,

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Life in Quaint Old Tabreez

Quaint Customs of the Ancient Persian City—A Ramble Among the Bazaars—Missionary Hannah G. Yoseph's Letter

URMI, PERSIA, JAN. 10, 1899.

IN the Persian tongue, the words that signify bazaar (*alish verish*) mean literally, "giving and taking." Merchants also say: "Sugar has a good

PERSIAN MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

bazaar"—that is, it sells high; or, "Wood and coal have bad bazaar"—that is, they sell low.

An Oriental bazaar consists of a series of *dokans* (shops) where *alish verish* is done, and is generally situated in the centre of the city. In addition to this, there are other *maydans* (squares), large and small, where public meetings gather and where fanatical dervishes cry themselves hoarse and Persian fakir-magicians play their tricks. A large shop in Tabreez is four yards square and two yards high. The smallest is about one yard high and one and a half yards square.

If you wish to see the Orient and Orientals of the past and present, visit a bazaar on the *novios* (new day), when people that have come from distant places congregate there. The bazaars are decorated on such a day with many-colored handkerchiefs hanging here and there, gay Persian skull-caps, shining little pocket-mirrors, and many kinds of tempting fruits and fanciful sweetmeats and candies exposed to view. One *novios* a woman friend and myself, enveloped in borrowed native costume, went together to the bazaar. We started early, but already the streets were packed with loaded camels and donkeys, and drivers were constantly calling: "*Khabardar! Khabardar!*" (look out—look out!). We stop in front of the shop of an acquaintance, who is sitting Turkish-fashion on a beautiful rug. "*Salaam alakum*, Hajy Hasan" (peace be to you), we say. "*Aloca Salaam*" (to you peace be), he replies, adding: "*Khanimlar boyrin*" (ladies, come up). In order not to be trodden down by the multitude, we go up into the shop, which is about two feet high from the street, and sit facing the rows of shops on the opposite side.

The sight of so many bright costumes moving to and fro looks like woods in autumn moved by winds. We see men of all races; their style of head-dress is a distinguishing mark. Men with big black sheepskin caps and skeepskin coats and bandaged feet and legs are the keepers of camels—"the Persian railway." The common people, who till the ground and make it "smile into harvest," wear small round felt caps. Wearers of the tulip-like red hat have come from the Sultan's country, and there are Europeans in Western costume.

Mollas (priests) are conspicuous with their snow-white turbans, snow-white stockings, golden yellow slippers and flowing robes. Large dark-blue turbans, dark-green girdles and cruel countenances, mark the descendants of the Arabian prophet, the *sayids*, who rule the country. Here also are dervishes in cone-shaped hats, disheveled hair, untidy flowing robes; some crying loudly, others muttering to themselves. One hands a clove to Hajy Hasan and in return receives a few copper coins. Here comes a son of Zoroaster, with no hat on at all, a band of ragged handkerchief tied around his head, barefooted, and carrying in his hands an immense mace literally covered with tacks and nails. Here and there are horsemen, skilful, graceful and ferocious-looking; these are the Kurds of whom it is said they would as soon kill a man as to look at him. The black pipe hat of the official class is in evidence, their many brass buttons and trimmings of red, showing signs of royal favor.

My friend is earnestly talking with Hajy Hasan, and is saying, "Well, then, what is the price of it?"

Hajy Hasan answers "*Khanim* (lady), this piece is brought right from Frangistan; is equal to broadcloth; it would last a lifetime; it is worthy of your admiration." My friend pleads "Please tell me what is the price of it?" Hajy Hasan: "*Khanim*, for you *ooch panabats*" (thirty cents). She: "Our neighbor bought the same goods from this shop for eighteen cents a yard." Hajy: "*Imam hackichin!* (by the truth of Imam!) we have ourselves bought it for 29 cents, and I am asking you only one cent a yard profit." She: "Well, then, we will have to try some other shop." Hajy: "Bah! (sign of surprise) come back it is a *pushkash* (gift) to you, take it home, I will have nothing to say" throwing the goods at our feet. Taking his iron measure he begins to measure and count the gift. "How many yards shall you command me to measure?"

She: "Two."

Hajy: "Two yards of this beautiful goods, and only 25 cents a yard!"

She: "Please don't cut it for that price. I told you I would buy it for 18 cents a yard. I see it in the opposite shop, and we will go there." We both try to leave.

Hajy: "Why are you leaving. Is not my shop a *pushkash* for you? Here, take it. I will be ruined!" At the same time we caught him whispering in Persian to his neighbor: "Four cents a yard for profit is not bad, is it?"

SHOPPING IN PERSIA—UNCLE SHELEMON AND HIS CUSTOMERS

And this is the wearisome, soul-sickening process that must be undergone to buy anything here. With the traveling pedlar who calls at your house with his wares it is the same. "Uncle Shelemon" (uncle and aunt are bestowed as titles of respect on elders) goes around with his load of everything, from silks to chewing gum, and sells them just as he pleases—there is no rule to his prices. His coming is announced by barking of dogs, calls, crying of children, and much noise and confusion. He says:

"*Shlamalokhoon.*" (Peace be to you.) Flings his load down at my feet and begins to show goods. "I have such varieties," he says, "of facial soaps. Jewish ladies use them, that is why they are so beautiful; won't you call in your neighbors?" He calls them. "I have brought some herbs for your Sultan Khanim, (Mohammedan) neighbor, which will cause her husband to always love her. Smell this," (a mirror box which contained leaves of flowers, etc.). "It is a charm which makes everybody love you. Last spring Sarah's husband was divorcing her; he not only did not divorce her, he even did not bring a *goony* (a second wife) over her. I gave her the charm."

"Uncle Shelemon, show me some material for curtains," I asked. He: "By *Moshy Raban!* (Moses' teacher) I have got such a beautiful piece of goods, fresh from Stamboul." "Please, let me see it," I ask. "Have you made fresh bread?" he inquires, "there is a delicious smell of fresh bread." "You shall have some, after I see the goods," I say. He: "Stamboul never produced such beauty before, by the holy turban of *Moshy Raban!* there is not a yard of it in the whole bazaar. Besides, common people never know the difference between it and silk;" exposing at last a material with large bunches of large red roses printed upon it. "You shall have a spring garden in your rooms the year round," he says.

"How much a yard?" He: "Well, Khanim, how much will you give for this beautiful goods?" "Its regular market price is from 20 to 25 cents a yard, I say." He: "*Allah* destroy my house if I am lying! the price that you speak of will cause me to lose."

Our neighbors have gathered in. In spite of all I can do, the young women pay whatever price he asks for his charms; and because they do not want to be found out by their mothers-in-law, some did not examine what they bought, but ran out as quickly as they came. His charms and cosmetics make more profit than anything else he sells. "Uncle Shelemon, are you ready now to wait upon me?" I plead. Before he answers, a young woman who had bought a mirror-box supposed to contain charm-powder, came almost crying and said, "Uncle Shelemon, there is no charm-powder in my mirror!" He: "You must have overturned it." She: "No, some one near me bewitched it." He: "Give me five cents more and I will put some powder in your mirror-box." She: "I have but two cents." He: "For this Khanim's sake I will give you a little." She, crying: "To-morrow I will make fresh bread and I will fold some and put it in the hole near the gate, and when you pass on your rounds you can take it." He: "I forgot to tell you about two expensive charms; they are some kind of precious stones; to-night tell your husband about them. Tell him also that if they are sewn on the children's clothes, it will protect them from the influence of evil eye, and he must give me three kirans profit." She: "Come to-day; you will, I fear, sell them to some one else." He: "No, you tell your husband about them to-day, and I will come to-morrow."

I asked to see the charms, and found them nothing but the colored portion of the eye of a china doll, and I told him so.

"No, Khanim," he protested; "they are from a genii's toe-nail! How many yards of the cloth shall I measure you? Thirty cents a yard to you, because I have had profit in your house."

I paid him 26 cents a yard. On leaving, he said: "I thought you were going to give me a piece of fresh bread and some pickles." I gave them to him.

This description of shopping in the East will give Western readers some idea of the superstition, falsehood and cheating that pervades Oriental life in all transactions and relations; of the difficulties in the missionary work and of the need of true Gospel teaching.

HANNAH G. YOSEPH.

Our Fresh-Air Work

AS the season approaches for opening our Fresh-Air work again, letters multiply showing that the friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home are both working and praying for tenement waifs. This blessed labor for children has accomplished so much good that it strongly commends itself to all who love little ones. Many a man and woman of the future will look back to the sweet Christian influence which surrounded them in this Home, as the starting-point of a noble life and Christian character. Hundreds of feeble little waifs have been restored to health and happiness; many a tenement mother's burden has been so lightened that it became tolerable; kind missionaries came in and bore some of the poor little suffering waifs off to the cool, sweet country, clothed them in clean garments; the grateful mothers could find no language save tears and sobs in which to express their thankfulness to the generous friends whose gifts had brought so much pleasure and benefit.

Here is a letter from a new friend, who lives in Keewaskum, Wis., sending $6 "to give to an institution which takes in poor forsaken children and teaches them Christian principles." "One who loves little children," in Marshfield, Ind., sends $2.15; "To be used in sending little suffering children to the country this summer. Please take it, and help some poor little sufferer to regain its health and strength." The Junior Epworth League of Fallston, Md., sends $4.50 for the Children's Home and "best wishes for its success." Another contributor writes: A little boy (aged nine), sends 50 cents. "Among the many good works THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is helping, none I think, can be dearer to the hearts of mothers than that which gives the little ones a happy home and Christian teaching." L. C., $2: "A Sunday School collection. We wish it used where it can do the most good for Christ's little ones." All contributions will be promptly acknowledged. The following have been received:

Prev. ack'd	$61 05
N M Lambeer	75
W R Spaulding	1 00
Juha F Abbott ...	45
Miss Ida Lawrence	3 00
Augusta Lawrence	3 00
Mrs T V Murray	2 00
Mrs G L Bliss	3 00
Total	$64 25

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

. . . Life's Acidities . . .

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, John 19: 30. . . .

When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar

THE [illegible] had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day—crying, begging, cursing; but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged—as bent over and tied to a low post, his bare back was inflamed with the scourges intersticed with pieces of lead and bone—and now for whole hours, the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, nauseated, feverish—a world of agony is compressed in the two words: "I thirst!". O skies of Judea, let a drop of rain strike on his burning tongue! O world, with rolling rivers and sparkling lakes, and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink! If there be any pity in earth or heaven or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer.

The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion—a powerful opiate to deaden the pain; but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so he refused the wine. But afterwards they go to a cup of vinegar and soak a sponge in it, and put it on a stick of hyssop, and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anæsthetic and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult.

In some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund. Skies flamboyant. Days resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances, and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away; and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeurs of his throne because, one day, in an interview, Beau Brummel called him by his first name, and addressed him as a servant, crying: "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set afloat regarding her, that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought, and cries out: "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best painting except through a raffle. Andrew Delsart makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunciata, at Florence, and gets for pay a sack of corn; and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives are the sours greater than the sweets. "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar."

It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick, or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised, or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ himself took the vinegar, makes him able to sympathize to-day and for ever with all those whose cup is filled with the sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar.

In the first place, there was the sourness of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of his disciples did him good. You have had many friends; but there was one friend upon whom you put especial stress. You feasted him. You loaned him money. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward, he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He microscopized your faults. He flung contempt at you when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first, you could not sleep at nights. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shall shake hands, the old cordiality will never come back. Now I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, they sold him for less than our twenty dollars! They all forsook him and fled. They cut him to the quick. He drank that cup to the dregs. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of pain. There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of draughts, and by carefully studying dietetics, you continue to this time: but oh, the headaches, and the sideaches, and the backaches, and the heartaches which have been your accompaniment all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities; and instead of the placidity that once characterized you, it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway, and wonder when the exhaustion will end. My friends, the brighest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who, in stirrups, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded and the sound of clashing sabres rang through the land; but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music: but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian fortitude. Besides that, you never had any pains worse than Christ's. The sharpness that stung through his brain, through his hands, through his feet, through his heart were as great as yours certainly. He was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve or muscle or ligament escaped. All the pangs of all the nations of all the ages compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoings, and that always gives an honest man anxiety. There is no sign of destitution about you—pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you; but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up the wages seem to run down. You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push; and when you sit down with your wife, and talk over the expenses, you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here and you abridge there, and you get things snug for smooth sailing, and by [illegible] there is a [illegible] doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some debtor has failed, and you are thrown abeam-end. Well, brother, you are in glorious company. Christ owned not the house in which he stopped, or the colt on which he rode, or the boat in which he sailed. He lived in a borrowed house; he was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet he had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where he could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax-bill. Not a dollar did he own. Privation of domesticity; privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resources! The kings of the earth had chased chalices out of which to drink, but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before him, and it was very sharp and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death, but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the door-bell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart to-day. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head and said: "Oh, if I could only have it still!" Oh, it is too still now. You lost your patience when the tops, and the strings, and the shells were left amid floor: but oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again, if they were scattered by the same hands. With what a ruthless ploughshare bereavement rips up the heart! But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell him anything new in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when he lost one it brought tears to his eyes. Lazarus had often entertained him at his house. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion, the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Oh, yes, yes! He knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Then there is the sourness of the death-hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid-sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die: whether I will be calm or excited: whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our hearts, and serve on us the writ of ejectment, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and summery glories have vanished from our vision: we will wake up into a realm which has only one season, and that the season of everlasting love.

But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds! I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together? Is there no escape from this separation? None: absolutely none. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which he was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phosphorescence of the sea: he trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens, for they were the spangled canopy of his wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies: he twisted them into his sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air: they whirred their way through his discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physi- [illegible] dizziness and hemorrhage and agony, that have put him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom, and he gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows, and he puts them under his own neck and head. He gathers on his own tongue the burning thirsts of many generations. While heaven was pitying, and earth was mocking, and hell was deriding, he took the vinegar!

To all those to whom life has been an acerbity—a dose they could not swallow, a draught that set their teeth on edge and a-rasping—I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel [illegible] of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds nigh: and it is my ambition now, this hour, to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles you may behold the glorious constellation of a Saviour's mercy and a Saviour's love. O, my friends, do not try to carry all your ills alone. Do not put your poor shoulder under the Apennines when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind, you rush this way and that way: and you wonder what this man will say about it, and what that man will say about it: and you try this prescription, and that prescription, and the other prescription. O, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that for our own sinning and suffering race he took the vinegar!

There was a vessel that had been tossed on the seas for a great many weeks, and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They signalled it. When the vessel came nearer, the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water. We are dying for lack of water." And the captain on the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you, and hundreds of feet deep." And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel, and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water, and put out the fire of their thirst. So I hail you to-day, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort, and thirsting for eternal life: and I ask you what is the use of your going in that death-struck state, while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy. O, dip your buckets and drink and live forever. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yet, there are people who refuse this Divine sympathy: and they try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens; and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a hobbling-on from defeat to defeat, until they make final surrender to retributive disaster. O, I wish I could to-day gather up in my arms all the woes of men and women, all their heart-aches, all their disappointments, all their chagrins, and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus. He took the vinegar. Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle, in India, fell back into the jungles of Iheri—jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great lustre and of great value. He died in those jungles: his body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear that to-day there are some who will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of their sin, carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul to be lost forever. O, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation! But, no. There are some, I fear, who turn away from this offered mercy, and comfort, and Divine sympathy: notwithstanding that Christ, for all who would accept his grace, trudged the long way, and received in his face expectorations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty, and the discouraged, and the discomforted of the race, took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation, and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant Gospel!

A Bishop of the Arctic

His Diocese Lies in the Frigid Zone, and He Travels Thousands of Miles Yearly—Faithful Labors in Polar Lands

NOT all the heroic labors that are undertaken in the Master's service are performed in temperate and torrid climes. In these pages, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has at different times related the stories of the suffering and endurance of those brave missionaries who are carrying the Gospel to the benighted peoples of the remote north—the Eskimos the Greenlanders, the Icelanders, and the natives of the bleak Alaskan shores.

Right Rev. Peter Trimble Rowe is the Bishop and head of the Episcopal diocese of Alaska. His territory is a vast one, and involves almost constant traveling on sledges, in rowboats and afoot. In the course of his preaching and diocesan duties he has travelled between 6,000 and 7,000 miles a year regularly since his appointment. He is quite a young man, being only thirty-five years of age, and prior to his elevation to his present position, three years ago, he was Episcopal rector at Sault Ste Marie, Mich.

Bishop Rowe is now in the Western States on a brief furlough, and will return

RT. REV. P. T. ROWE, BISHOP OF ALASKA

to his field in May. In a recent interview, he made some very interesting statements concerning his work. He will cruise among the Alentian Islands during the coming summer, visiting Indian settlements, and in the fall will come down to St. Michael and spend next winter visiting the missions in the interior along the Yukon. While traveling he wears the regular Eskimo dress of reindeer skin. With regard to the healthfulness of the Arctic regions, he says the natural hardships incident to life in such an inclement latitude, together with the lack of a wholesome variety in the food, are responsible for nearly all the sickness to be found there. With these conditions improved or instigated the climate is beautiful.

"The field for spiritual work in Alaska," he added, "is boundless, for in addition to natives, upward of 100,000 white men have gone into the country lately. We had three missions three years ago, but now we have twelve. Polygamy prevails among the Eskimo on the Asiatic side, but it has nearly died out in Alaska. At our mission at Anvik, on the Yukon, one of the last Indians who practiced polygamy was shown the error of his ways in a forcible fashion last winter. He attempted to discipline one of his four wives, and the other three joined forces with her and attacked him until he became convinced of the evils of polygamy."

In his latest report of the progress of the missions under his charge, Bishop Rowe gives some instructive facts. He has eight clergymen engaged in active work, two medical missionaries, one teacher, six women (nurses and teachers), exclusive of the faithful, helpful wives of missionaries, two licensed lay-readers, five native catechists—twenty-five workers in all. The population has, within the three years, probably doubled. Educational work has progressed amazingly and the schools are rapidly extending. Last year's work by the Bishop included visits to Sitka, Juneau, Douglas Island, Ketchikian, Skaguay, Dyea, points on the trail to the interior, Eagle City, Circle City, Fort Yukon, Fort Hamlin, Rampart City, Fort Adams, Copper River, Valdes, Orca, Unalaska, &c. He made two visitations through Southeastern Alaska, one to the interior of Alaska, traveled by steamer, small boat and on foot 8,000 miles; held 155 public services; preached ninety-eight sermons and fifty-seven addresses; officiated at forty celebrations, one marriage, five burials, five baptisms, one ordination, eight confirmations, and licensed two lay readers.

Of his visit to the native settlement at Ketchikian, where he has a mission station, Bishop Rowe writes:

The Indians, to the number of about 200, were holding a "pot-latch," and invited me to visit them. I did so and spoke to them, being replied to by several chiefs. They thanked us with many words that we had come to teach them and their children and hoped we would not leave them. Cape Fox John, of Fort Tongas, whom I confirmed, said that he had asked God to send some missionaries to teach their children, knew that God would do so, and now his heart seemed full of light and joy. The Indians are disposed to gather round the mission, build homes, etc., for they are anxious on account of their children. I am very thankful that God has led us to minister to these poor scattered Indians, who had begun to feel that "no man careth for our souls."

His graphic description of the scenes witnessed on the great gold trail will be appreciated by many who have friends among the multitudes of gold-seekers:

It is almost impossible to describe the vast number of the men on this trail. I estimated it at 20,000, but 40,000 would be more correct. I chose this way of going in for this reason: It gave me an opportunity of getting close to these men as I could get in no other way, I think I fairly succeeded. It was a surprise to them that I should be sharing their life, and for no other object than to tell men the story of God's love. Working by their sides, talking to them around their camp-fires or in their tents, and holding services, I sought these men for Christ's sake; and some of these scenes will live long in my memory. One such occurs to me. We were camped in the midst of many others, waiting for the ice to break. From many points on the river men visited my tent and invariably asked, when leaving, "What time on Sunday will services be held?" As the hour approached men came from their tents, dropped down in their boats, or sat on logs outside my tent and waited. The books were distributed, and the service went on. Sing! I never heard such a choir! Into the steady gaze of 150 men I looked and preached the Word of God. With tears in their eyes, men stepped up and thanked me—men from many States—and said it recalled home and the dear ones, and they had never expected on the trail such a happy privilege!

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A Plea for the Cuban Orphans

Headquarters Seventh Army Corps.

-:- Camp Columbia -:-

near Havana, Cuba, February 23rd. 1899.

Mr. L. Klopsch,

The Christian Herald,

New York City.

My dear Mr. Klopsch:

I am glad to be able to inform you that the Orphan Asylum here, which some of the good people originally called the "Lee Orphan Asylum" is in excellent shape, and I hope that the good work being done there can be continued. You will remember that the children at this Asylum are "reconcentrado" orphans, and that after their fathers and mothers died of starvation, I had them picked up out of the streets and saved their lives by having them placed in a building where they were given food and medicine. There are now in the asylum some fifty five little children, and thanks to the generosity of yourself and others, there is money enough to take care of them for the present; but there are some back bills owing, which were made during the war when there was no communication between the United States and Havana, that should be paid; the gross amount being about $1800.

I am very anxious to get some little thin uniforms for these children. Is there any way that could be accomplished in the U.S? The dresses should be very thin, as the climate here is hot, and for children ranging from two years to eight years old. I know you take great interest in all schemes for the benefit of the poor and needy, and therefore I do not hesitate to bring to your attention the interests of these poor little orphans.

Very truly yours,

Fitzhugh Lee

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on receipt of Gen. Lee's urgent letter, immediately purchased fifty-five suitable uniforms and forwarded them to him at Havana, for the use of the little inmates of the Lee Orphanage.

Soldiers Greet the Gospel

Christian Work in Cuba and Porto Rico—Notes of Progress

OUR faithful laborers in the new West Indian field, are making highly encouraging progress, as the letters received during the past week conclusively show. Mr. A. E. Moody, Secretary of the Army and Navy International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., writes from Buena Vista, Havana Province:

We are just closing the second month of our work with the Seventh Corps, and God has been with us in winning men to Christ, so that we have the sweet mixed with the bitter. Our work is now established in eight regiments and two division hospitals, and has never been more appreciated than at the present time. One of our secretaries says that boys crowd around his desk to talk to him concerning their spiritual life.

I have never seen men go into such wild excesses as I have witnessed here during the last few weeks. I am glad, however, that my observation leads me to think that drunkenness in this corps is on the decrease, as many are keeping themselves from strong drink.

I have recently visited five regiments in the interior and have also made visits to the battleships in the harbor, supplying the men with stationery and reading matter. At present our troops in Havana are scattered so widely that it seems impossible to do work with them along our regular lines. I expect, however, that they will be put in barracks shortly. Our hospital work is very much appreciated by the men. In addition to an immense quantity of papers, magazines, books and Testaments which have been issued, over one hundred thousand note-heads and forty-five thousand envelopes have been distributed.

Mr. F. L. Smith, Y. M. C. A. Secretary at San Juan, Porto Rico, writes:

In judging of the effectiveness of Christian work among the soldiers in Porto Rico, it is not possible to use the ordinary standards because the conditions are so different here. It is an impossibility to produce the same enthusiasm, in either our social or religious work, that was possible in the Southern camps when the men were expecting to be assigned to active duty at the front. Our work now must be steady, helpful, manly assistance along the lines which will touch daily lives. Our restaurant, with the addition of our reading, writing and game rooms, enable us to meet the demands of the case, as nothing else could. Our restaurant is nicely arranged, small tables, chairs and furnishings new and attractive, with well-cooked American food, will enable us to reach men, and to finally organize Bible classes and evangelistic services, making our building the centre of religious influence on the island, from which we can touch the different posts in the interior, providing them with helpful literature and organizing them for religious work. We should have in addition to the equipment already provided, at least $500 to invest in furnishings and embellishments, and so make our rooms the most attractive that are open to men in San Juan. We are praying that some men in the homeland will provide this special fund.

Our work at the theatre and barracks continues very helpful. We have been able to reach not only a number of soldiers, but also the native population, numbers of whom have been led to attend. The services at the theatre last Sunday were well attended. At the barracks I moved our stand to the Guard House and addressed a crowd of prisoners. They joined heartily in the service. Much good was done at this meeting. As we were leaving, a burly fellow, who had been sentenced for six months, called after me and said: "This is what you get for serving your country." I replied: "You are wrong, my man; you get it for serving the devil and drinking rum." The rest of the prisoners cried out: "You're right; we are going to quit." At the close of the service we hurried to the wharf and found a boat waiting to carry us aboard the *Vicksburg*. Rev. H. P. McCormick, of the Baptist Home Mission Society, accompanied us. The captain had prepared a good place amidship on deck, and the boys were seated on benches. A table covered with bunting had on it the Bible and a glass of water, and we immediately began singing "Jesus Saviour Pilot Me," followed by other hymns, the boys heartily joining in the music.

Yesterday was the "Carnival." The streets were crowded with merry-makers, dressed in grotesque fashion, wearing masks and forming in procession, accompanied by musicians playing native instruments. These were joined by the multitude, who mingled with them and followed them through the principal streets. The balconies were crowded with women, who shouted to the maskers and squirted cologne on their friends; also throwing long streamers of paper, colored red-white-and-blue across the street and around the persons of passers-by. Others scattered great handfuls of *papelejo* (little round bits of colored paper) over their friends and neighbors, filling their hair and clothing. It was a jollification in which rich and poor joined heartily.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Anointing in Bethany

S. S. Lesson for April 9. John 12: 1-11
Golden Text, Mark 14: 8

IT was the day previous to his entry into Jerusalem, in the triumph of meekness foretold in Zech. 9: 9, that Jesus came to Bethany, where in a little family of three members he had already so greatly triumphed. "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus" (John 11: 5). Therefore, he took such pains with their education, and suffered each of them to be so tried. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth (or educateth) and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth (Heb. 12: 6). Martha had learned the deep lesson that her service to the Lord, however devoted, however constant, if it were service for which he had not called her, was esteemed by the Lord nothing more than an anxiety and trouble which she had brought upon herself, and which hindered her from doing that which he willed, *i. e.*, that she should sit at his feet with Mary, and learn of him. She had learned that such service had been compatible with harsh and unjust judgment of her sister, who was more in the mind of the Lord than she, and whom Jesus himself justified so fully when he said: "One thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

Mary also had learned the deeper lesson. She understood now that Jesus also must die, as her brother had died, and that he should rise again as Lazarus was raised. Therefore Mary was ready to anoint Jesus for his burial, and this hearing woman must take precedence in faith of the apostles, and in the true understanding of her Lord. Lazarus had learned his lesson: Though he were dead yet he lived, a proof that he had believed, according to John 11: 25. Thus, the death and resurrection of Lazarus served the Lord's purpose, and became through the jealousy and enmity of the Jews an occasion for, but also a rehearsal of the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus.

"Jesus came to Bethany where Lazarus was which had been dead, whom he raised from the dead. There they made him a supper and Martha served—in a very different spirit, however, from that in which her self-conceit could suffer her to blame her sister—but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him." What a company! How typical! Mary, a type of such as are now, by God's grace, understanding the signs of the times, while they themselves are not understood; and Martha, typical of the earnest, devoted workers whom the Lord when he comes will find ready, occupying till he come: Lazarus, a type of those who shall then be raised from the dead: the first resurrection!

It was a special occasion: the disciples were there, but the hearing ear which Mary had, had not been found in them: they were yet without understanding. Deeds go farther than words. While Martha served, and Jesus, "the Resurrection and the Life" communed with him who had passed through death, as he was about to do: Mary arose, and without a word took a pound of ointment of spikenard, very precious, or "costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." Not a word, but the action was full of significance. She, who understood now that the Son of God was glorified in the death and resurrection of her brother, saw in the words which had always been misunderstood by the disciples, that the Son of God should be glorified in his being delivered unto the Gentiles: in his being mocked, and shamefully entreated, and spit upon, in his being killed, and rising again the third day. A light had gone forth in her soul, and in this action Mary anointed the great Sin-offering. She entered into the thought of Christ in this action as no other human being did.

Now she knew why she must pass through the test of faith in her brother's death, and her testing times was by no means ended. One of the disciples—Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him—said: "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" A would-be philanthropist, but really a thief, robbing the slender resources which maintained Jesus and the twelve!

Such an one, who had always an eye to the earthly and to himself, could not understand the outlay of so much money only to do honor, as it seemed to him, to the person of Jesus. The Lord took up Mary's cause against Judas as he had formerly defended her against Martha: "Let her alone: against the day of my burying hath she kept this." What must it have been to Jesus in such an hour to have one human being who understood him! He, the Word which was from the beginning, who was with God, who was God, by whom all things were made and who had yet really taken upon him "the likeness of sinful flesh," and was on the eve of becoming "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" (II. Phil. 8), and yet not one even of the chosen twelve realized the tremendous sacrifice he was about to make! And this one woman understood! Mary counted the value of the death of Jesus at the highest price—nothing was too much to show forth her adoration and her gratitude. He who died for her and the world of sinners whom she represented should have her best. "Ye have the poor with you always: and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but Me ye have not always (Mark 14: 7).

The quiet Mary, with her speechless but significant action, filled the whole house with "the odor of the ointment." When we have the privilege to cede to Jesus that which costs us much, especially if our own ideas are subverted by it, the very brokenness which comes with such a breakdown of all confidence in one's self makes it possible that the savor of Christ may fill the house, the church, the mission field, where we are. It is not our savor, but his savor, escaping from the alabaster box which is perceptible. The great lack of the present day is Christians with the savor of Christ. So many carry their own atmospheres, their own savor, with them wherever they go; and it is Christ, not his messengers, who can meet the needs of a lost world. But his savor is found only in broken vessels. Until, like the family in Bethany, Christ has succeeded in conquering us, his savor, his love, his power, his holiness, does not reach the world through us.

CHRIST IN THE HOME OF MARTHA AND MARY, AT BETHANY

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

ALL the Evangelists tell the story of a woman anointing Jesus with costly ointment, but Luke places the incident much earlier in our Lord's ministry than do the other three. As Luke was not one of the twelve and must have collected the materials for his Gospel from others, it is possible that he may have misplaced the incident. If he did not, we must conclude that there were two anointings. There are other difficulties in the narrative, but they are only such as might arise from four independent witnesses describing an event, especially when, as in this case, they were men intent on teaching spiritual lessons rather than on presenting an historically accurate biography. We gather from John's account that Christ, knowing perfectly well that his death was near at hand, went to Jerusalem to keep the Passover. On his way he stayed at Bethany, a village on the Mount of Olives, about two miles from the city. He probably desired a day of rest among friends before entering on the period of anguish, suffering and death which lay before him. We can imagine how warm a welcome he would receive from the family there with whom he would stay. Lazarus and Martha and Mary had apparently entertained him before this; but now, in the restoration of Lazarus, they had a new reason for making his visit the occasion of a celebration. They made him a supper—evidently a more elaborate repast than usual. Matthew and Mark say it was given in the house of Simon the Leper. Who he was we are not told, but it is suggested that he may have been the father of the family, or possibly the husband of Martha, or again that he was some village magnate, who, having a larger house than that of the three friends of Christ, permitted them to hold their feast there. We find them in the places that our previous acquaintance with them would lead us to expect. Martha, as before, is preparing the meal: Mary is thinking how best she can show her love to her Lord, and Lazarus is at the table in the position befitting his distinction of an unparalleled experience. During the feast Mary approached him with her costly gift and at the opportune moment poured the ointment on his head, attracting the attention of the whole company on herself. There would be a moment or two of distress while she was being blamed, but when he for whom she had sacrificed her treasure came to her defence and commended her act, her heart would be filled with grateful love.

Martha served. She was in her usual place. The time had been when she had felt it as a grievance that her sister left the duty to her (Luke 10: 40); but doubtless the lesson Christ taught her on that occasion had removed all such feelings. Her part was good, and it, too, was an expression of affection, but Christ said the part Mary had chosen was better. Both had the spirit of service—the desire to do what they could. The Emperor of Austria was one day walking in the suburbs of Vienna unattended, as his custom was. A hack-driver passed him and a few yards further on came to a sudden stop. His horse balked, and when the driver whipped him he began to kick. Francis Joseph instantly went to the man's assistance and aided in subduing the vicious animal. When the horse was again in motion, the driver, who had no property in the world but his horse and hack, was anxious to show his gratitude to his unknown helper. "I would like to pay you for your kindness," he said, "but I have no money. If you will step into the carriage, though, I will drive you anywhere you want to go and will not charge you a single kreutzer." His offer was not much to make to an emperor, but it was his best.

Ointment of Spikenard. This was a perfume highly prized in the east. It appears to have been a fluid rather than an ointment. It is said to have been extracted from a rare plant, of the valerian family, and to have required many of the plants to yield a very small quantity of the extract. Spikenard is mentioned by Horace, who, writing to Virgil, to invite him to a banquet, expressed the wish that his guests would bring a little spikenard which he promised to match as an equivalent, with a cask of wine. Mary had a whole pound of this precious perfume, and Judas, who was probably an excellent judge of values, valued it at three hundred pence, which by the usual standard of comparison—the rate of wages—was equivalent to three hundred dollars of our money. This treasure Mary willingly sacrificed to honor her Lord. The following is the story of the sacrifice of a less valuable treasure from the same motive: Some one had given a boy a bowl of goldfish. Nothing could have given him so much pleasure. He spent hours in watching them and attending to them. One day his father, returning from business, missed the bowl from its place. Inquiring what had become of it, he was told that the boy had run out for a neighbor to help his mother, who had cut her hand very badly. The neighbor came, bound up the wound and quieted the hysterical woman. As she went away, after spending an hour in her ministration, she stayed to admire the goldfish, and said how fond she was of goldfish. Instantly the boy gave them to her. "Why did you do it?" the father asked him. "Oh, well, she had been very good to mamma," he said, "and I had nothing else to give."

Given to the poor. There was a plausibility about this complaint that is familiar to modern ears. The poor did need help in those days, as they do now, and Jesus, in many ways, commended any help extended to them. But the complaint was not genuine. Ruskin had occasion to reprove the same plea. It was urged that money spent in the adornment of a certain church would have been better spent in the relief of the poor. It was a wrong comparison, Ruskin urged. It was not a question of the poor, the claims of whom were indisputable. It was a question of the homes in which the givers lived. If they lived in beautiful houses, surely they ought to see that God's house was beautiful, too. They ought not to neglect the poor, but it would be a genuine reproach if God's house was not as beautiful as their own. They should make it so, not by stinting their gifts to the poor, but by diminishing the outlay on their own houses.

The Windsor Hotel Holocaust

ONE of the most appalling hotel fires ever known in New York occurred in that city on the afternoon of March 17. At three o'clock, an hour when the thoroughfares in the immediate neighborhood of the Windsor Hotel, on Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Streets and Fifth Avenue, were crowded with fully 25,000 persons watching a holiday parade, the great hotel was discovered to be on fire. Although the alarm was instantly given, the crowds of guests and sightseers who filled the hotel windows watching the procession, scarcely had time to reach the street before the building seem to be filled with smoke and flying sparks. Before the firemen arrived, one of the hotel elevators had fallen, filling the halls and corridors with a hot, dense, impenetrable smoke. Meanwhile scenes of painful excitement were taking place on the upper floors, where many persons were cut off from escape by the fire. Men and women appeared at the windows, frantically calling for help. Some were saved by ropes, by the firemen's ladders and by fire-escapes, and a number of heroic rescues are recorded; but there were many not so fortunate. Some clung to the window sills and cornices, only to find death a moment later on the stony sidewalk below; others, mad with terror, plunged headlong to the street, either to instant death or mortal injury. Several women were seen at upper windows, appealing pitifully for help. They stood a moment, a lurid background of flame revealing them distinctly before they fell backward into the roaring furnace. Others ran hither and thither in aimless confusion, only to finally disappear, while the horror-stricken crowds below shuddered and moaned. Within half an hour after the fire started, the entire upper part of the hotel was ablaze. The firemen fought heroically, but the great structure was doomed. Soon the roof fell in with a crash, and the bare walls stood sentinels over the blazing pile, in which lay many victims. At five o'clock, the Windsor, once the greatest of American hotels, was a smoking ruin. Some of the injured were taken to the residence of Miss Helen Gould nearby, she having kindly turned her parlor into an hospital. Other good neighbors followed her Samaritan example. Many were taken to the city hospitals. Within twenty-four hours after the fire, sixteen dead bodies were found, and as sixty-five persons are known to be missing, it is feared that the search of the heap of debris will bring many terrible revelations. Twelve hundred men are now at work on the ruins. The injured, in hospitals and elsewhere, number fifty-seven, of whom several may die. For thirty years the Windsor has been a hostelry of more than national fame. Its register showed 212 guests at the time of the fire. Among the guests were Mrs. Abner McKinley, her daughter Mabel and President McKinley's sister, Helen, all of whom fortunately escaped. Mrs Leland, wife of the proprietor of the hotel, perished in the flames, with her daughter and two other relatives. Proprietor Leland, who estimates the loss on the hotel at $1,250,000, believes that the fire originated in the Windsor's double roof; but others assert that the presence of thieves during the panic, looting the guests' rooms and securing much valuable jewelry, indicates that the fire may have been the deliberate work of incendiaries, bent on robbery. The losses of the Windsor's patrons in jewelry, securities and other property will reach $750,000, very little of which may be recovered. The money loss, however, is the least part of the horror. It is of the poor creatures who, in one brief moment, lost their lives, that the public thinks with sympathy and compassion. The calamity has one message to all, and that is the lesson of preparation for death, lest it be said of any as of those whom the last great catastrophe will find unprepared:

When they shall say, peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh (1. Thess. 5: 3).

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE GREAT FIRE AT THE WINDSOR HOTEL NEW YORK

A Midnight Celebration

A strange scene was witnessed in a cemetery at Reading, Pa., on March 17, at midnight. Some months ago, a saloonkeeper of Irish birth died and was buried there. He had been very popular among his countrymen who live in the city, and had a large number of friends, some of whom were prominent in politics. His last request was that every year, on St. Patrick's Day, four of his friends should come to his grave at midnight, and, with bugle, cornet and clarionet, play a number of Irish airs. He also wanted a clay pipe stuck into the turf at the head of his grave and a pouch of tobacco placed beside it. His friends did not forget his wish, and, on St. Patrick's Day, four men, who had been intimate with him in his life, agreed to carry out his request. Punctually when the clocks were striking twelve they stood around his grave with the hired musicians: the pipe and tobacco were laid on the grave, and the silence was broken by the strains of the "Trumpet Call," "Lakes of Killarney," "Ireland Is My Home," "Lass of Galway" and "Irish National Hymn." It is strange that such a request should have been made. One would have thought that even a child would have known that smoking and such music and the things which gratify our physical nature, could be of no service after that nature was laid in the grave. But there are many who understand this, who do not draw the legitimate conclusion that as the soul survives the body, its welfare is of infinitely greater importance, and that its happiness can be secured only by cultivating here the things which it can enjoy after death.

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth; for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God (Col. 3: 2).

A Train in Peril

A press dispatch from Fort Scott, Kan., describes a peculiar accident which occurred near Pittsburg, Kan., recently. A south-bound passenger train on the Kansas City & San Francisco road was slowing up for a railroad crossing when the roadbed for a distance of sixty feet started to give way under the engine and train. When the engineer felt the engine going down, he put on a full head of steam, and, as the rails held together, he succeeded in pulling the entire train out of the hole and up to solid ground. Upon examination it was found that the roadbed was over a mine, and that the ground had sunk to a distance of six feet below the road level. Had the train been running fast when the cave-in occurred, it would probably have been derailed. As it was, the trainmen cannot see why the entire train did not pile up in the hole. The vicinity where the accident occurred is undermined by the vast drifts that have been run for coal. The passengers were all badly frightened as the cars sank, but no one was injured. They owe their lives to the presence of mind of the engineer, who, finding the ground sinking beneath the train, pushed on with all speed to firm ground. Many a man has had reason after a season of doubt or of wandering, like the Psalmist, to thank God for a similar deliverance.

He brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings (Ps. 40: 2).

Derelicts on the Mississippi

Complaints have reached the government officers connected with the Dock Commission of a practice which is a source of danger to steamers on the Mississippi. It is that of allowing vessels to drift down the river without control. The trouble is due mainly to drifting coal barges, which are turned loose in the river at the stream's mercy. These barges come down from some upper river point laden with coal, but under the control of a powerful tug. They land on the bank opposite some plantation and the coal they contain is sold. The barges are of no value afterward and are usually sold for firewood. If firewood is cheap or abundant where they have landed, they are not deemed worth cutting up and are turned loose like worn-out horses to go their own way. This, however, is extremely dangerous to the river craft below. The barges are heavy, and with the current of the Mississippi behind them are like so many rams. They are without control of any kind, and without lights, so that the steamers cannot see them coming. Tossed about by the waves, they frequently run ashore, knocking holes in the vessels landed or anchored there. There have been a number of accidents lately due to collision with these derelicts. It is essential to the security of other shipping that the derelicts should be destroyed, and that the firms who are casting them loose should be restrained from continuing the evil practice. Unhappily, there is similar danger from human derelicts, who, not being under divine control, wreck other voyagers on the ocean of life. Many a soul has been lost by coming in contact with these depraved men and women. But it is not with them as with the boats, necessary that they should be destroyed. As many a notable example proves, they may be rescued and sent out to rescue others:

And such were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified (1. Cor. 6: 11).

BRIEF NOTES

The New York Rescue Band, which is engaged in the rescue of fallen women, has transferred its headquarters from 256 West Thirty-ninth Street to 313 West Fifty-third Street, where women are received until they are permanently settled. Miss A. N. Smith and Miss E. J. Post are in charge of the home.

Rev. Francis G. Penzotti, formerly agent of the American Bible Society, who was imprisoned at Lima, Peru, for Christ's sake, has been directed to commence work in Cuba as speedily as possible.

The income of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel which was established in 1701, and is one of the oldest missionary societies in the world, amounted last year to $1,587,560, the highest it has ever received in any year.

A memorial to both Houses of Congress is in preparation from the Christian Endeavor Society urging the speedy organization of an International Tribunal of Arbitration, and the cordial co-operation with the Emperor of Russia in the disarmament conference.

Rev. Milton S. Rees, of Elmira, N. Y., who has been conducting evangelistic services in New England, Ohio and Pennsylvania, has arranged to take a tour in Egypt, Palestine and Greece. He expects to return in time to resume evangelistic labor in September.

The American Bible Society finds that no less than ten languages are spoken in the Philippine Islands. Into none of them has the Bible been translated, though, in one instance, the Pangasinian, which is spoken by 300,000 persons, the New Testament has been translated. Two others have one or two of the Gospels.

The "Regions Beyond" Missionary Union is the new name taken by the Congo Balolo Mission and the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions. The two organizations now combined are under a board of trustees, with Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, his son, and Rev. F. B. Meyer as directors. They will give special attention to Berar, India, which is a field hitherto somewhat neglected.

The Yale Missionary Band gave six days to Brooklyn during their recent visit to New York State. They began with a service at the Central Presbyterian Church, and ended with a final rally at the Hanson Place Baptist Church. There were daily conferences in different parts of the city, as well as evening meetings in the churches.

A striking testimony to the effect of religion in the army was given recently by Sir William Gatacre, a distinguished General in the English service. He said that there were 30,000 Methodists in the army, and he and his brother officers wished there were more, because they were always devoted to their duty and had a keen sense of what was right.

The National Good Citizenship League will hold its third annual convention at Cincinnati, May 2-4. Several well-known speakers have promised papers on subjects for which the League is working. Several hours each day will be left open for free discussion. All particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the League, Mr. S. T. Nicholson, Washington, D. C.

Rev. Samuel Colcord's addresses on Infidelity, showing the weakness of the arguments of its leading champion, are being well received wherever they are delivered. At Piqua, O., there were large audiences. The secretary of the Y. M. C. A. there said there were three noteworthy facts about them: First, more were present than were ever in the building at one time before; second, more men of prominence than could often be found in one audience; and third, the unusual number of non-churchgoers. Among the cities Mr. Colcord has visited and delivered his lecture this month are: Dayton, O.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Terre Haute, Ind.; Greenville, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo. Letters addressed to Mr. Colcord at this office will be forwarded to him.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

The Easter Festiva

Easter Customs the World Over—Egg-Rolling On the White House Lawn—Easter Toys

CHRISTENDOM has three great festivals, Thanksgiving or harvest-home, Christmas, and Easter. Easter is a survival in the Christian Church of the Jewish Feast of the Passover—still observed by orthodox Hebrews throughout the world. The Anglo-Saxons had a goddess of spring, Ostara, and they marked the fourth month, Ostara's month, with feast, and song, and pagan rite of worship. In fact, all the old heathen mythologies show that the awakening of nature in bursting blossoms and song of birds was greeted with joyous religious ritual by these blind peoples' feeling after the true God and the truth. They celebrated the awakening of the earth; Christianity celebrates the resurrection of man.

Modern customs of Christendom are full of interest, from the almost pagan pomp and ceremony of the Catholic Church at Rome, and the Greek Church at St. Petersburg, to the simple prayer and song service of a little American Sunday School on the frontier.

In all countries, coloring of Easter or Pasch eggs has become a great industry; as has also the provision of new and novel Easter toys. The toy tables of big department stores in our large cities are enough to make grown folks want to go playing. Such dear little, silly, wise-looking rabbits are hitched with blue ribbons to chariots, lined with green moss and loaded with marvelous eggs! What soft little fluffy baa-sheep are harnessed to another chariot with a ridiculous rabbit perched up as driver! What dear little fuzzy ducks and chickens and impossible eggs everywhere! After school hours, mammas and little people crowd around the tables; kind saleswomen show off accomplishments of make-believe chickens, sheep and rabbits that cluck, baa and hop, and everybody has a good time whether they can buy or not gay eggs and pretty toys.

EGG-ROLLING ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN—EASTER MONDAY

For children in Washington, there is the annual Easter treat of egg-rolling on the lawn at the White House. Egg rolling on public greens is a custom borrowed from Europe, where Easter games on parks and commons is childhood's ancient privilege. Our President and his wife show the little folks some attention, and altogether the small American is a person of fortune and consequence on Easter Monday. In Charleston, South Carolina, a beautiful feature of Easter is "The Changed Cross" in an old historic church. The cross has holes in it; it stands dark and gloomy-looking. Persons entering stick flowers into the holes, and presently the cross is a glowing, fragrant monument of beauty! In a Protestant church in a certain city, where the decoration of the chancel and altar was accomplished in much the same way, the privilege was enfirely that of the children of the church and the mission Sunday Schools; the flowers went afterward to hospitals. One Sunday, Bishop, rector and curate stood in their places, white-robed choristers behind them. The long line of children entered singing, each child bearing a tribute of flowers which was laid on the altar. Along with this gay flower-burdened throng, his feet bare, his hands scratched and bleeding, came a little ragged waif. He fell into line, and nobody put him out. He brought a scraggy bough of cedar and a bit of brier-vine. These he deposited with quite a conscious air of pride; and something like an audible titter pervaded the neighborhood, until the good old Bishop lifted the cedar and thorny vine, and said, "The widow's mite!" laying his hand kindly on the head of the wondering child, who had paused blushing and confused.

New York's Indian Teacher

Falling Star, an Indian woman, has recently been in request among standard educational institutions in New York and Brooklyn. She teaches advanced kindergarteners the art of basket-weaving as practiced by Indians; also how to make birchbark trifles, and she tells pretty stories of Indian lore. Her mother and little sister up in the Adirondacks gather sweet grass and prepare the stalks; these and birch bark and the woods needed for bows and arrows they send to Falling Star. The little home cabin is at Lake Luzan, and thither visitors are wont to come and buy articles of Indian workmanship. Educators seem to be awakening to the fact that some arts which the Indians possessed should not be lost.

"Little Mothers"

One of the topics of discussion at the last meeting of the New York City Mothers' Club was the "little mothers," and ways to help them. "Little mothers" are the children who take care of smaller children. Everybody familiar with slum work in large cities understands the term. In New York's tenement sections you see them sitting on the curbs—often at the entrance of a saloon—little, bent creatures carrying a smaller brother or sister, keeping loving and loyal watch, and foregoing for themselves all care-free, childish play. There are "little fathers," too—just as pale, bent, patient, self-sacrificing and loyal. Many "little fathers" and "little mothers" were at our Children's Home last summer, relieved for a time of a burden they were too young to bear. Others brought along the wee sister or brother, still the object of their watchful oversight, although big enough to run around. Some of those who cooperate with us in fresh-air work have sent contributions especially for the "little mothers" and "little fathers."

Women in Africa

Among most African nations, common law allows a man to kill his wife if she displeases him; but he is subject to no such penalty at her hands or those of her kindred. The kindred of the slain woman may demand restitution in the currency of the country; a woman's life is always valued in currency, but if a man murders a man, common law demands that he be killed. A wife or daughter, but not a son or brother, may be given in payment for debt. A widow has no property rights; her huband's possessions are distributed by his people. A woman can be expelled by her husband from her home and country for offence (quarreling or theft are causes sufficient), but a man may not be so treated for any crime. And yet some people say that it is not incumbent upon civilized nations to establish foreign missions in benighted lands.

"Poi," Hawaii's National Dish

The root of the taro plant furnishes the dish, which is to the Hawaiian what potatoes are to the Irishman and porridge to the Scotchman. Poi is quite as healthful as Scotch porridge and Irish potatoes. It is made from the turnip-like root of the taro plant, which is baked, pounded and made into paste. The Hawaiian can eat poi daintily without a spoon; it is somewhat adhesive. He touches two forefingers lightly to the surface of the dish; a pendulous globule adheres and drops by its own weight on the tongue. A Hawaiian baby takes to poi naturally, murmuring between drops. "*Mili, mili*" (good, good). Roast dog used to divide honors with poi, but missionaries soon persuaded Hawaiians to drop this and other barbarous customs. Charles B. Stuart says of the Hawaiian:

His improvement has been a rare example of civilization without bloodshed. In Hawaii the savage has been handed over as a good citizen directly from the hands of the missionary to a membership in the best government on earth. This is largely due to the fact that American missionaries were first in the field.

A Child's Missionary Hymn

O LITTLE [illegible]
[illegible]
And try to turn your night to day,
And help you find our Jesus.

[illegible]
We'll send you of our little store
And tell you of our Jesus.

[illegible]
As to your gods of stone you pray,
[illegible]
Help you to know, and love, and praise
[illegible]
Our faithful, loving Jesus.

Cheltenham, Pa. W. H. MYERS.

The First Flowers

ALL [illegible] of the [illegible] are flowers to talk about at [illegible]. They are the flowers that, breathing of nature's resurrection from winter's long sleep, seem promises of our own. In a woodland ramble through beach and maple and oak and chestnut, we find tender little [illegible] by ferns," the children call them—under shadow of wet rocks where brooklets bubble. Hard by, an early night-shade puts forth a single white blossom. A few dandelions add golden treasure to our basket of pretty things; and here is the snow-white, yellow-hearted flower of the bloodroot, whose juice makes a blood-red stain with which the Indians used to paint their faces.

Here is the white-flowering Juneberry; Indians called it serviceberry because they used its fruit in their cooking. Maybe there is a spice-bush also waiting for us to find it. Revolutionary housewives found its powdered berries a fair substitute for spice, and its leaves have been handy for tea-making. Here, of course, are the ragged leaves and lovely blossoms of the liverwort. "White Hearts," "dog tooth violets" and "Jack-in-the-Pulpits" are ready. An old legend says that the purplish stains of the latter were caused when, at the Crucifixion, drops of the Saviour's blood fell on the plant. These bur-marigolds and water-marigolds came in March. Along the roadside are a lot of little yellow blossoms, about which Wordsworth sang:

There's a flower that shall be mine—
'Tis the little celandine.

Under the pines, where foliage is scant and the sun shines broadly through, we find patches of golden-brown and golden-green moss, and myriads of blue forget-me-nots—that dearest of our wild flowers, about which a poet weaves this story:

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
[illegible]
All-timidly it came;
And, standing at the Father's feet
And gazing in his face, it said:
"Dear Lord, the name thou gavest me—
[illegible]
Kindly the Father looked him down
And said, "Forget-Me-not."

For Daughters of the Poor

The Pascal Institute, 576 Lexington Avenue, New York City, was opened last December, for the purpose of offering industrial instruction free to girls whose parents could not afford to pay for the same and to support them while they are receiving it. Many availed themselves of this offer at once, and classes were formed in plain sewing and dress-making. There is at present a list of forty applicants waiting until accommodations are extended. Departments in domestic science, to be opened next autumn, will doubtless be crowded. The rapidity with which all opportunities for industrial instruction is seized by daughters of the poor is abundant evidence of the need of them.

Spain's Chastisement

The United States an Instrument Used of God for Righteous Retribution on a Degenerate Nation

BY REV. HENRY VARLEY *

THE year 1898 was always likely to be memorable. The students of prophecy have again had their reward. A consensus of testimony based upon the study of the prophetic Scriptures pointed out the end of "the times of the Gentiles" as being identified with the latest years of this century, or possibly with the first decade of the next. We have shared in that widespread conviction. We know the time has arrived when "delay shall be no longer." "For yet a little while and he that shall come will come and will not tarry."

The national life of the kingdoms of the world is rapidly ripening for judgment. The great year of the world's experience permitted by God in order to test whether national life would be established in righteousness by the "Great Powers" has reached its autumn season. It is no longer the world's springtide or summer, these have passed. The harvest of the earth for this evil age has come, and the reaping is at hand.

The incipient stages of this tremendous judgment have had a foreshadowing in the startling events of the year just closed. "Peace, peace," among the nations was the heralded message when the year 1898 began. From the politician's outlook, who could have surmised the happenings which have had place since January of last year dawned upon the world? It is not too much to affirm that the Europe and America of 1897 no longer exist.

We have no hesitation in affirming that the time for the national judgment of Spain, France and Turkey is fully come, and that the United States has been the sharp sword of God in regard to the execution of his righteous indignation and wrath upon Spain, which was for centuries the home of the horrible "Inquisition" where untold thousands of God's saints have been cruelly tortured and slain. The time was bound to come when the retributive judgment of God should tell his estimate of such terrible crimes as these.

But who would have supposed that the United States was to become God's instrument to this result? It may well be written again:

> The wheels of God grind slowly,
> But they grind exceedingly small.

The cry of oppressed Cuba, near enough to be heard, was joined by God's overruling providence with the distant and unheard groan of the Eastern Philippines. The oppression in Cuba was mainly of a civil sort. That of the Philippines was not only civil, but one of a tyrannical ecclesiasticism.

Four brief months sufficed for the United States to deal such crushing blows that Spain's strong navy was practically destroyed and her colonial armies shut up to absolute surrender. Four brief months, and Spain's colonial possessions passed from her possession for ever.

We do not believe that this success or these results can be traced wholly to the efficiency and power of the United States. It is the hand of God that has visited Spain with retributive judgment.

It has been so much the custom in Europe to leave the United States out in the reckoning of the Great Powers that the awakening which has come marks the arrival of an entirely new era. Russia, Germany, France—indeed, the whole of Europe—have seen suddenly the advent of a force which they have to reckon with. The United States henceforth takes her place amongst the foremost of the world's Powers.

Russian ambition has received a needed and salutary check. Germany has heard also, and will not fail to heed the voice of the great Western Republic which contains such a vast proportion of the noble and reliable Teutonic stock. France specially will be checked in her volatile and restless tendencies to disturb the peace of Europe. The voice that raised the question of European intervention on behalf of Spain and against the United States is not likely to be repeated. In our judgment, the victories of the United States have had far wider issues than those yet recognized. Turkey, we believe, will never again attempt Armenian massacres or the destruction of the life and properties of the heroic band of American or any other missionaries. Abdul Hamid and the unspeakable Turk have heard of the *Oregon*, the *New York*, and a strong host of naval vessels, commanders and heroic men. The tremendous voice of the United States naval ordnance will do more to inspire the cruel and blood-thirsty Turk with wholesome dread of consequences than the combined voices of Europe's Great Powers that dared not move at the time of the Armenian massacres because of mutual jealousies, he lived. The former conversation, or conduct, should, like a garment, be "put off," as the apostle phrases it, and the new man be "put on." That is, his outward life should correspond with his new nature, should be the expression of it. This is the Christ-life which is the life the renewed man ought to live. "It is the creation," as the apostle says, of righteousness and true holiness. Now, reformation, which before the renewal of heart seemed impossible, is a privilege placed within the reach of the believer. He enters on the possession of unlimited power, and grace may be had for every daily need. The holy garment that he puts on is the robe of Christ's righteousness which separates him from the impurity and pollution among which he must walk. It is not of his own making, but is given to him as a token and privilege of sonship.

* From his article in *The Prophetic News* for March, containing other articles on Prophecy. May be had, price six cents, from Mr. J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

. . . An Easter Morning Hymn . . .

MORNING BREAKS UPON THE GLOOM.

"Come, see the place where the Lord lay."—MATT. 28 6.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. *Moderato.* JAMES McGRANAHAN

1. See the place where Je - sus lay, Mark the o - pen por - tal; An - gels rolled the
2. Hast - en now to those who grieve, Tell the wondrous sto - ry; Be not faith-less,
3. See the place where Je - sus lay, Weep no more in sad - ness; Hail His res - ur -
4. Tell the world that Je - sus lives, And shall live for - ev - er; From the life that

stone a - way, On that day im - mor - tal.
but be - lieve; Ye shall see His glo - ry.
rec - tion day, Bright with joy and gladness.
now He gives Death no more shall sev - er.

CHORUS. *Joyfully.*

Morn-ing breaks up - on the gloom, Brok - en seal and emp - ty tomb, Seek Him not a - mong the dead, He is ris - en, as He said.

Morn - ing breaks up - on the gloom, Brok - en seal and emp - ty tomb, Seek Him not a - mong the dead, He is ris - en, He is ris - en, as He said.

He is ris - en.

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HOLY GARMENTS

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 9. Eph. 4: 20-24; Rom. 6: 4

WHEN a man proposes to become a Christian, he frequently begins by an attempt to reform his life. He determines that he will give up evil company, that he will cure this or that bad habit, and amend his life in many ways. He thinks that then he will be in a better condition to come to Christ. He supposes that Christ will be more willing to welcome him, if he has already begun the process of self-reformation. Too many find this process so difficult, and fail in it so utterly, that they never come to Christ at all. They are the victims of a mistake. There is no mistake about the necessity of "cleaning up;" a pure life is required of every Christian, but it is a mistake to think that it is the first step. The "holy garment" is to be put on, not to cover evil and corruption, but as the suitable attire of a cleansed man. The outward life is reformed after the heart is renewed, not before. The first step of the man conscious of depravity and desiring reformation, must be to Christ; afterwards, when he has been born again, he will have the strength to reform his life. To begin the other way, by outward reformation, is to institute a system of repression, in which the evil is not eliminated, but held under and restrained, and is always more or less restive under control.

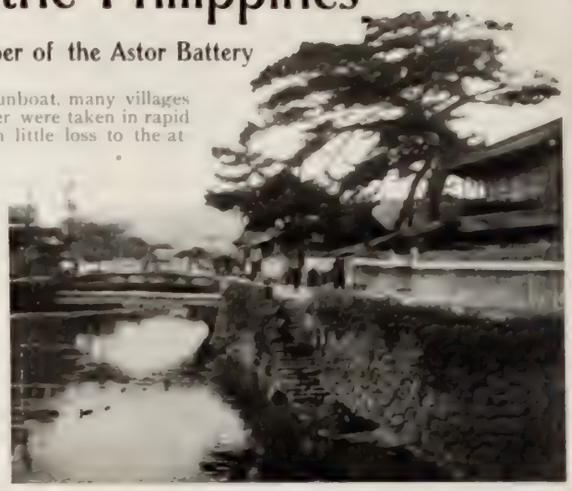
An apt illustration of this truth is used by Mr. Moody in one of his sermons. It is that of a man settling in a new neighborhood. A neighbor calls upon him and cautions him against using the drinking-water from a certain well. It contains fever-germs. The family who formerly lived there, drank that water and they lost one or two children from typhoid. The newcomer examines the water, and finally decides that the right thing to do, is to paint the pump and put it in good repair. "Not so," says the neighbor, "the right thing to do is to dig elsewhere and get pure water." The right thing for a man to do, whose life is wrong, is to get a new heart.

But the holy garment is necessary. The man whose heart has been cleansed should have nothing more to do with the evil among which

Scenes from the Seat of War in the Philippines

Photographed Especially for "The Christian Herald" by a Member of the Astor Battery

PIAZZA DEL INSULA, BUILT BY GENERAL WEYLER



CANAL IN THE CITY OF MANILA

OUR campaign in the Philippines is rapidly nearing a culmination. Soon after the arrival of reinforcements last month, Maj.-Gen. Otis began a series of aggressive operations, which speedily resulted in the dismemberment of Aguinaldo's army and the breaking up of his power as Military Dictator. Gen. Otis' first step was to secure control of the waterworks which supply the city of Manila, and this was accomplished after a sharp struggle, in which the enemy was severely punished. Next came the discovery of a startling plot for a native uprising in the city itself, the purpose of the plotters being to massacre the Americans. This bold scheme was effectively checked and the city's peace secured, although the baffled plotters succeeded in destroying considerable property by means of incendiary fires. Driven from point to point, and compelled to evacuate village after village in rapid succession, the insurgents still showed a bold front, and after each retreat returned in increased numbers to harass the American outposts. Firing was incessant, day and night. On March 12, Gen. Wheaton, commanding a strong force of infantry, artillery and cavalry, began a general forward movement with the object of dividing the Filipino army in two, and ultimately capturing Malolos, the insurgent capital. With the assistance of an improvised gunboat, many villages along the Pasig river were taken in rapid succession, and with little loss to the attacking column.

The important town of Pasig was shelled and captured after a battle lasting several hours, and following up this success, Pateros and Taguig, two other Filipino entrenched strongholds, were seized and the former burned. In these engagements it is estimated that our troops were opposed to a force of nearly four thousand insurgents. Two American soldiers were killed and fourteen wounded, while the enemy lost 400 in killed, besides a large number wounded and 363 prisoners. At one point along the Pasig river, fifty canoes, with supplies for the enemy were captured by our troops, together with 150 prisoners.

Advancing from Pasig, a battalion of the Twentieth Infantry pursued the flying Filipinos to Taytay, which was taken and burned. Another town, Cainta, where Aguinaldo's troops opened a hot fire from entrenchments, was also captured.

On March 19, ten more villages were destroyed, and over 200 Filipinos killed in a battle which resulted in an American loss of seven killed and thirty wounded. This last engagement put us in possession of the entire line between Manila and Laguna de Bay, the enemy's army being cut in two. There is therefore ground for hope that the war will soon terminate in the surrender of the insurgents.

MILITARY HEADQUARTERS AT CAVITE

A FILIPINO CANOE

GEN. MERRITT AND STAFF ON THE "NEWPORT"

AMERICAN SOLDIER GUARDING AMMUNITION ON THE PASIG RIVER

PIANCIANA NUNEZ (A LEADING INSURGENT) AND FAMILY

In this issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is fortunate in being enabled to present a remarkably interesting and entirely new series of photographs from the Philippines. These illustrations, which appear exclusively in this journal, are from negatives taken by Corporal Robbins, of the Astor Battery, recently returned from Manila. They are now rendered doubly important by the fact that almost every locality shown has recently been the scene of hot fighting. Every foot of ground along the Manila canals has been contested; the streets of the city swarmed with natives during the recent rising to "exterminate the Americans;" the docks along the Pasig River have been rifle and cannon-swept, and the stream itself has engulfed many lives. Some of the illustrations show types of the insurgents and their homes. Others reveal the antiquated character of the defences of Manila, its great wall and its batteries of six-pounders—no longer Spain's, but ours. A group that will attract the reader's attention is that which represents the Spanish prisoners at mess. These are some of the men whose release Spain is now endeavoring to secure by every means in her power.

There is happily a prospect that the present war will be a brief one. Aguinaldo, to gain his personal ambition of becoming president and dictator, deliberately plunged his country into the war and precipitated hostilities. After the series of reverses he has encountered, with his army cut in two and his capital in danger of capture, it is improbable that the misguided Filipinos will continue much longer to follow his standard. Already many have deserted him, and, throwing their weapons into the Pasig River, have surrendered to the Americans. He has repeatedly resorted to false claims of victory, in order to raise the drooping spirits of his followers, and has boasted of holding hundreds of American prisoners, when he had not made a solitary capture. Several of the important islands of the Philippine group, including Negros, Cebu, Samar and Leyte, have given in their loyal adhesion to the United States, and are now occupied by our troops, while others are ready to follow their example.

SPANISH PRISONERS AT MESS IN THE MANILA BARRACKS

There is little doubt that a very large proportion of the natives, especially the more intelligent classes, are heartily tired of the incessant wars of the past and would welcome peace and American control. Like the Cubans, the Filipinos look forward hopefully to ultimate independence. While Aguinaldo, by persistent misrepresentation of the purposes of the United States, has induced many of the more ignorant to regard Americans as their enemies and as worse oppressors than Spain, the best element welcomes the new power which has driven Spain from the Asiatic archipelago, and relieved the oppression of centuries. They recognize the fact that the introduction of western civilization and religious freedom will be a blessing to the islands and they will hail the day when the last Filipino combatant lays down his arms and greets the Americans, not as conquerors, but as allies and friends—instruments in the hands of Omnipotence to raise the benighted and neglected people to the full stature of a free and enlightened nation.

Luzon, the scene of the most important of our military operations in the Philippines, is an island 42,000 square miles in extent, or about one-third of the entire archipelago. Its river and lake system is extensive, the largest body of fresh water being the Laguna de Bay, twenty-five miles long and twenty-one miles in breadth, which empties into Manila Bay by the Pasig River. Luzon's population is probably in the neighborhood of five million souls, divided into many tribes, the principal being the Tagalogs and Ilocanos. Both these tribes are partially civilized, and the Tagalogs, who have opposed the fiercest resistance to the American advance, are among the finest physical specimens in the islands, physically and mentally. There are also some Negritos in Luzon, relics of the rapidly disappearing aborigines. The Igorrotes are an almost wholly savage tribe of hill men, and are head-hunters.

Another important, though smaller, island is Mindoro, south of Manila Bay. Its people are described as unfriendly, its rainfall as exceedingly heavy, its miasma as deadly, and its head-hunters wary and skilful. The Mangyans, a tribe of almost naked savages, living in the interior, have been pictured as being both head hunters and cannibals, but recent travelers found them a simple and almost inoffensive people. The Mangyans are fatalists. They have no idea of a future life or of rewards or punishments for good or evil deeds. Children marry at eight years of age, but there is no marriage ceremony, and a man may have as many wives as he can support. Physically they are remarkably strong, and even the women can carry heavy loads.

SPANISH INFANTRY BARRACKS AND CHIEF GATE OF MANILA

THE ASTOR BATTERY'S QUARTERS IN MANILA

A CAPTURED BATTERY AT MANILA

THE CATHEDRAL IN OLD MANILA

"A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY"

A New and Charming Serial Story, Written Exclusively for "The Christian Herald"

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

CHAPTER XXV

SWEET beyond expression to Evadne was the testimony Marion had given. If, as Marion said, her life was such as to convince Louis that there was power in religion, how devoutly thankful she must be. With a heart overflowing with happiness Evadne went downstairs to join the family at luncheon. And there was another cause for elation. That afternoon she was going to give such a pleasure to Gretchen and little Hans. It was beautiful to be able to give pleasure to people—she could fancy how Gretchen's eyes would glisten as she talked to her in her mother tongue, while little Hans' shyness would vanish under the genial influence of Pompey's sympathetic companionship, and he would clap his hands with delight as Brutus and Cæsar drew them noiselessly under the arches of evergreen beauty, bending low beneath their ermine robes, while the silver bells broke the hush of silence which dwelt among the forest halls with a subdued melody, and then rang out joyously as they emerged into the open, where the sun shone bright, and clothed denuded trees and twigs in the bewitching beauty of silver sheen. It would always seem to little Hans like a dream of fairyland, and she would be remembered as his fairy godmother. It was a pleasant role—that of a fairy god mother.

She started, for Louis was saying carelessly to the servant,—

"Tell Pompey to have the sleigh ready by half-past two, sharp."

"Why Louis!" she spoke as if in a dream. "I am going to have the sleigh this afternoon."

"I am afraid not, Coz," said Louis lightly, "as probably we are going in different directions."

"I am going to the Park," stammered Evadne, "with little Hans and Gretchen."

"Exactly, and I to the club grounds. Diametrically opposite, you see."

"But Uncle Lawrence promised me. He said no one wanted the sleigh this afternoon —"

"The Judge should not allow himself to jump at such hasty conclusions. His legal caution seems to have been at fault for once. I wonder he should have ventured to speak for others as well as himself."

"But poor little Hans will be so disappointed! He has been looking forward to it for weeks!"

"Disappointed! My dear Coz, oh no! The placid Teutonic mind is impervious to anything so unphilosophical. But if he is disappointed, it will do him good. It will teach him the truth of the adage that 'there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip' and in the future he will not be so foolish as to 'look forward' to anything."

Evadne's lips quivered. "You are cruel," she said, "to shut out the sunlight from a poor little crippled child!"

"My dear Coz, I give you my word of honor I am sorry. But there is nothing to make a fuss about. Any other day will suit your little beggar just as well. I promised some of the fellows to drive them out, and a Hildreth cannot break his word you know."

"You have made me break mine," said Evadne sadly, as she passed him to go upstairs.

"Ah, you are a woman," said Louis coolly, "that alters everything."

"Did it alter everything?" Evadne was pacing her floor with flashing eyes. "Was there one rule of honor for Louis, another for herself? No! No! No! How perfectly hateful he is!" and she stamped her foot with sudden passion. "I despise him!"

Suddenly she fell on her knees beside the lounge and cowered among its cushions, while the eyes of the Christ, reproachfully tender, seemed to pierce her very soul. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you. That ye may be the children of your Father in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

The sorrowful tones in her spiritual ear seemed to crush her into the earth. Was this her Christ-likeness? And she had let Marion say she was better than them all! What if she or Louis were to see her now! He would say again as he had said before "There is not much of the 'meek and lowly' in evidence at present." "And he would be right!" she cried remorsefully. "Oh, Jesus Christ is this the way I am following thee!"

"You do right to feel annoyed," argued self. "It hurts you to have to disappoint Gretchen and Hans."

"It is your own pride that is hurt," answered her inexorable conscience. "You wanted to pose as a Lady Bountiful. It is humiliating to let these poor people see that you are of no consequence in your uncle's house. It is not what you do, but what you are that proves your kinship with the Lord."

It was a very humble Evadne who, late in the afternoon, walked slowly towards the German quarter.

"I am very sorry," she said quietly, when she reached the spotless rooms where Gretchen made a home for her crippled brother. "My cousin had made arrangements to use the sleigh this afternoon, so we could not have our drive. I am very sorry."

And they put their own disappointment out of sight—these kindly German folk—and tried to make her think they cared as little as if they were used to driving every day.

"Did you notice, Gretchen," said little Hans, after Evadne had left them, "how sweet our Fraulein was this afternoon? But her eyes looked as if she had been crying. Do you suppose she had?"

"I think, Hans," said Gretchen slowly, "our Fraulein is learning to dwell where God wipes all the tears away."

"Are your eyes no better, Frau Himmel?" Evadne was saying gently, as she shook hands with another friend who was patiently learning the bitter truth that she would never be able to see her beloved Fatherland again. "Are the doctors quite sure that nothing can be done?"

"Quite sure, Fraulein Hildreth," answered the woman, with a smile. "But there is one glorious hope they can't take from me."

"A hope—when you are blind, Frau Himmel! What can it be?"

"This, dear Fraulein," and the look on the patient face was beautiful to see. "'Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.'"

And Evadne, walking homeward, repeated the words which she had read that morning with but a dim perception of their meaning: "If limitation is power that shall be, if calamities, opposition and weights are wings and means, we are reconciled!"

She extended her walk, turning on her own thought the best phrases in which to present to her uncle a decision which during the past weeks had been taking shape in her mind. On reaching home she went direct to him and said: "Uncle Lawrence, with your permission, I am going to study to be a nurse."

Judge Hildreth started. So light had been the footsteps and so deeply had he been absorbed in thought, he had not heard his niece enter the library and cross the room until she stood before his desk. Very fair was the picture which his eyes rested upon. What made his brows contract as if something hurt him in the sight?

Evadne Hildreth was in all the sweetness of her young womanhood. She was not beautiful, not even pretty, Isabelle said; but there was a strange fascination about her earnest face, and the wonderful gray eyes possessed a charm that was all their own. She had graduated with honors. Now she stood upon the threshold of the unknown, holding her life in her hands.

"A nurse, Evadne! My dear, you are beside yourself. 'Much learning hath made you mad.'"

"I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness.' I feel called to do this thing."

"Called! Who has called you, pray? We do not deal in supernaturalisms in this prosaic century." The lovely eyes glowed.

"Jesus Christ." What an exultant ring there was in her voice, and how tenderly she lingered over the name!

"Jesus Christ." Judge Hildreth repeated the words in an awestruck tone. Did she see him cower in his chair?

"You must consult your aunt," he said, in a changed voice. She noticed with a pang how old and careworn he looked.

"Kate," he called, as just then he heard his wife's step in the hall. "Come here."

"What do you wish, Lawrence?" and there was a soft frou-frou of silken draperies as Mrs. Hildreth's dress swept over the velvet carpet.

"Evadne wishes to become a nurse."

"Are you crazy?" There was a steely glitter in Mrs. Hildreth's eyes and her tones fell cold and measured on the ear.

"She says not," said the Judge, with a feeble smile.

"Why should you think so, Aunt Kate?" asked Evadne, gently. "Look how the world honors Florence Nightingale, and think how many noble women have followed her example."

"To earn your own living by the labor of your hands—a Hildreth!"

"All the people who amount to anything in the world have to work, Aunt Kate. There is nothing degrading in it."

"Just try it, and you will soon find out your mistake. If you do this thing, you will be ostracized by the world. People make a great talk about the dignity of labor, but a girl who works has no footing in polite society."

Evadne's sweet laugh fell softly through the silence. "I don't believe I have any time for society, Aunt Kate. Life seems too real to be frittered away over afternoon teas."

"Are you mad, Lawrence, to let her take this step? Think of the Hildreth honor!"

Again Judge Hildreth laughed—that strange feeble laugh!

"Evadne is of age, Kate, she must do as she thinks right. As to the rest—I think the less we say about the Hildreth honor, the better for us all."

Mrs. Hildreth swept away in a storm of wrath. Evadne followed her, leaving a soft kiss upon her uncle's brow. He was alone now. He lifted his hand to the place her lips had touched—he felt as if he had been stung—but there was no outward wound.

The Hildreth honor! The letters in the drawer at his side seemed to confront him with scorn blazing from every page. He put forth his hand with a sudden determination. He would crush their impertinent obtrusiveness under his heel. Then when their damaging evidence was buried in the dust of oblivion he would be safe and free! Evadne knew her father had left her something. He would make special mention of it in his will—a trust fund—enough to yield her maintenance, and the paltry pin money which was all the allowance he had ever seen his way clear to make his brother's child. It was not his fault he argued—he had meant to do right—but gilt-edged securities were as waste paper in the unprecedented monetary depression which was sweeping stronger men than himself to the verge of ruin. He could not foresee such a crisis. Even the Solons of Wall street had not anticipated it. It was not his fault. He had meant to make it all right in a few years. What place was that they said was paved with good intentions? He must see that everything was put in proper shape in the event of his death. People died suddenly sometimes. One never knew.

It would be safer to make re-investments. Yes, that was a good thought. He wondered it had never occurred to him before. His wisest plan was to have all securities in his own name. It would make it so much easier for the executors. It was not fair to burden any one with a business so involved as his was now. Of course he would make a mental note of just how much belonged to the brother. It would not be safe to put it on [illegible] and white—executors had such an unpleasant habit of going over one's private papers, —but he would be sure to remember, and if he ever got out of this bog, as of course he expected to do shortly, he would give Evadne back her own. It would leave him badly crippled for funds, but one must expect to make sacrifices for the sake of principle. There were these letters were destroyed they would have no clue. He frowned—what an unfortunate word for him to use!

He fitted the key in the lock and turned it—then his hand fell by his side. No, no, he had not come to that—yet! He had always held that tampering with the mails evinced the blackest turpitude. He was an honorable gentleman. He started. What was that? A long, low, blood-curdling laugh, as if a dozen mocking fiends stood at his elbow—or was it just the shrieking of the wind among the gables? It was a wild night. Could any poor beggars be without a shelter on such a night as this? How did such people live!

He caught himself dozing. He felt strangely drowsy. He straightened himself resolutely in his chair and drew a package of stock certificates from one of the secret draws of the desk. He would see about selling the stock and making re-investments to-morrow. It must be done to save the Hildreth honor.

Evadne was sleeping peacefully, all unconscious of the mental struggle in the room below, in the issue of which her interests were concerned. She had gone to rest thankful that her place in the world was settled, and that there was to be no opposition to her plan. The next morning she took steps to put it in execution, and during many weeks she studied hard to fit herself for her chosen vocation.

She saw but little of her cousins. They passed their days in pleasure—she in work: but Marion, in her rare moments of reflection, as she thought of the strangely peaceful face of the young nurse, wondered sadly whether Evadne had not chosen the better part, after all.

"Oh Louis!" Evadne cried one morning, and her voice was full of pain, "how you are wasting this beautiful life that God has given you!"

Louis stretched himself lazily in his armchair and clasped his hands behind his head. "Thanks for your high opinion, Coz. Of what special crime do I stand accused before the bar of your judgment?"

"Oh, it is nothing special, but you are just frittering away the days that might be filled with such noble work, and you have nothing to show for them but—smoke!" She swept her hand through the filmy cloud, which Louis just then blew into the air, with a gesture of disdain. "Now you will think I am preaching, but indeed, indeed I am not,—only it hurts me so!"

Louis laughed and threw away his cigar.

"No, I will not charge you with belonging to the cloth, but I confess I should like you better if you had not entrenched yourself behind such a high wall of prejudice against all the good things of this life. There is no harm in these things. You are too narrow, Evadne."

"There is no good in them. Life is so real, Louis!"

"Well, I own I am a light weight in the race. But I assure you such people are needed to balance matters. If every one was in such deadly earnest as you, Evadne, the old world would go to pieces. Now Miss Angell is much more genial. She told me the other night that she had a contempt for men who did not smoke or drink. Why can you not be as companionable, instead of reproving me?"

"It is no real kindness to make you satisfied with your lowest. I want you to rise to your best. Oh! Louis, won't you let Christ make your life grand? It would be such a happiness to me!" She laid her hand softly upon his shoulder. Louis caught it in his and drew her round in front of his chair.

"Do you really mean that, little Coz? Upon my word, it is the strongest inducement you could offer me. I feel half inclined to try, just for your sake,—only you see it would involve such a tremendous expenditure of moral force!"

(To be Continued).

Was He Martyred in Tibet?

Rev. Peter Rijnhart's Disappearance—Murdered or Imprisoned—A Plan for Rescue

A MOST thrilling story of missionary exploration, sacrifice, and possible martyrdom comes from Tibet, the "Forbidden Land," the "Sealed Land," and the "Land of Snow," as this rugged country, so hostile to missionaries and explorers, has deservedly come to be called. The story is told in the diary of Rev. Peter Rijnhart and the letters of his wife, which announce his mysterious disappearance.

REV. PETER RIJNHART

The recipient of diary and letters is Rev. T. C. Paul, of Cecil Church of Christ, Toronto, Canada. Dispatches preceding these had stated that Mr. Rijnhart was murdered, but Mr. Paul says:

My firm conviction is that Mr. Rijnhart is a prisoner. We have a scheme for liberating him if alive, I have raised a considerable sum of money for the purpose, and in conjunction with Mrs. Rijnhart, am organizing a relief party to go back to the Tibetan mountains in search of Mr. Rijnhart. The British and Dutch Consuls in China have offered assistance. Mr. Rijnhart is a Dutch subject, and his wife a Canadian.

Mr. Rijnhart is a minister of the Christian Church, and is thirty-one years old. He came to Toronto in 1889. In 1891, he made his first journey to Chinese mission fields; in 1894, his second, accompanied by his bride, a medical missionary.

Few missionaries and explorers have penetrated Tibet's interiors. Landor came back from a short sojourn in the "Forbidden Land," looking twenty years older than when he started. Fear is entertained that Mr. Rinjhart is undergoing tortures similar to those Landor endured. Tibet's religion is a corrupt form of Buddhism and the government is a priestocracy, and the capital is at L'hassa, where the Grand Lama lives. Moravians and other denominations have long made earnest efforts to open Tibet to the Gospel.

A TIBETAN CONVERT

To carry the Gospel to this "Sealed Land," Mr. Rijnhart and his wife left Tankar, May, 1898. He wrote to Mr. Paul:

Off this morning for the unknown with sixteen ponies, three men besides ourselves, 500 New Testaments and 400 Tibetan text-cards. My wife and Charlie (their year-old baby), are in excellent health. We carry food for a year.

After they had traveled a few days in uninhabited country, their Chinese guides ran away in the night. At the foot of Tang-la pass, the baby died.

At Nga Chuka, they engaged fresh guides and ponies. They wanted to stop over winter at Nga Chuka, but were hurried off by the officials. Guides led them astray. They were set upon by robbers; all their ponies but one shot or carried off, and the guides deserted. Seeing some tents across the river, Mr. Rijnhart started towards them for help. She writes:

I waited alone with God until dark. The thought came, "the tents are far away, he will be back by morning." It gives one a strange sensation being alone among a hostile people, without even a tent or a dog.

After watching and waiting several days, she paid some tent people whom she saw across the river to get her over on a yak (ox). Efforts to hear of her husband were unavailing. Riding turbulent yaks and untrained ponies, crossing mountains and rivers, changing mercenary guides for faithless and dangerous ones, seeking protection of nomadic chiefs and bigoted lamas who gave her tsamba and butter and "ula" (official passport), and hurried her off under escort; sleeping outdoors, and glad in this land of snow, to "spend several nights in the stable with horses, donkeys, cows and pigs," terrified when her escort was attacked by drunken Tibetans, she at last reached Ta Chien-Lu. There, in the home of the Tibetan Band of Christians, she "found a haven of rest after the one long journey of over six months. From Ta Chien-Lu she wrote to Mr. Paul of her husband's disappearance.

MORE BOXES OF GOLD.

Also 350 Greenbacks.

To secure some desired information direct from the people, it is proposed to send 5 little boxes, each containing $10.00 gold, 20 boxes, each containing $5.00 gold and 350 envelopes, each containing a $1.00 bill, to persons who write the most interesting and truthful description of their experience on the following topics.

1. How have you been affected by Coffee drinking?
2. Do you know anyone who has been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless at the first trial?
3. Did you set such a person right regarding the easy way to make Postum clear, black and with a crisp, rich taste?
4. Have you ever found a better way to make it, than to use 4 heaping teaspoonfuls to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, then note the clock and allow it to continue easy boiling full 15 minutes from that time stirring down occasionally?
5. Give names and account of those you know to have been cured or helped in health by the dismissal of coffee and the daily use of Postum Food Coffee in its place.
6. Write names and addresses of 20 friends whom you believe would be benefitted by leaving off coffee. (Your name will not be divulged to them.)

Address your letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., writing your own name and address clearly.

Decision will be made on May 1st next, by three judges not members of the Postum Co., and one of the $10.00 boxes of gold sent to each of the 5 best writers, one of the $5.00 boxes of gold sent to each of the 20 next best and one of the $1.00 bills sent to each of the 350 next best writers.

These 375 persons will earn money prizes, and each and every person who fails to win a money prize, but whose letter contains 20 true names and addresses of persons who would be benefitted by leaving off coffee, will receive 25 cents worth of Postum Food Coffee free.

Almost everyone interested in pure food and drink is willing to have their name and letter appear in the papers, for such help as it may offer to the human race. A request to omit name will be respected.

Every friend of Postum is urged to write and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company, as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sensible letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competion and in the best kind of a cause. Cut this statement out for it will not appear again.

STRAWS from REPORTS.

Prof. Horsford: "Peasantry of Europe prefer the bread made from the whole wheat, because the laborer can be sustained on such bread, and *cannot on the white.*"

Baron Leibig: "The nutritive value of flour is less in the same proportion as it contains less of the nutritive salts than the grain*** The nutritive salts of wheat are the phosphates. In

Franklin Mills Flour

A FINE FLOUR OF THE ENTIRE WHEAT

these phosphates are preserved. In white flour they are largely discarded. Do you see which way the wind blows? Sold by grocers everywhere. Beware of substitutes.

The genuine made only by

FRANKLIN MILLS CO., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

"Example is Better Than Precept."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

Scrofula — "Running scrofula sores made me shunned by neighbors. Medical treatment failed. A relative urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Did so and in few months the sores completely healed." MRS. J. M. HATCH, Etna, N. H.

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Never Disappoints

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"A PERFECT FOOD — as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

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ESTABLISHED 1780.

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is as good as any Soap selling for ten times the Wool Soap price

No chapped or rough hands from Wool Soap using

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Our **No. 200 Steam Cereal Cooker and Egg Poacher** consists of a large bottom pan 10½ in. wide with an inside **rack** and **cereal pan** which holds five pints for cooking cereals, etc. Hallow the steam to circulate over and into them making the kernels tender, delicious and readily digestible. It also has a tray with five deep cups for puddings, custards etc., and for poaching eggs, steaming oysters etc. **Eggs are poached** by steam in 2 minutes not broken and water soaked. A little cup for each egg. A cook book FREE with each cooker. Sent postpaid on receipt of retail price, $1.25. We are the largest manufacturers of **Pure Aluminum, Scotch Granite and TinWare** in the world. **AGENTS,** write how to get this and four of our other best selling household novelties. Outfit worth $2.00 **FREE.** All goods guaranteed to give satisfaction. Address Dept T

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$2.45 buys a MAPLE AND REED BODY **Baby Carriage**

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—the go-lightly kind.

it vite critical comparison with any bicycle ever built. Our prices please. Send for catalogue.

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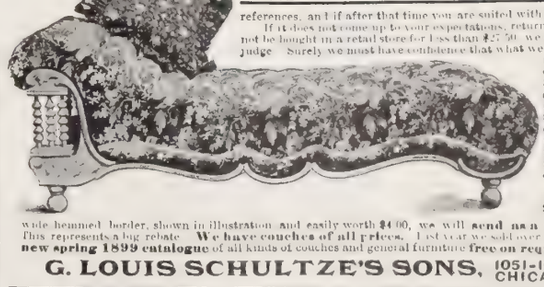

WE LEAVE IT TO YOU

The beautiful couch shown in this illustration we offer to ship **on 30 days' trial** to all who express this factory **$14.90**

references, and if after that time you are suited with the couch send us. If it does not come up to our expectations, return it at our expense. This couch could not be bought in a retail store for less than $25.00 we offer to send it to you and let you judge. Surely we must have confidence that what we claim is true when we are willing to make such a liberal offer. This couch is extra size and very stylish. Best of 5 inch deep arm wide. **Full gondola shape,** as shown in illustration. Upholstered in Colonial Kaiser Plush. **Seventy Springs** in seat head and edge. Hand deep biscuit tufted in 5 buckles. Both ends upholstered to match. Stuffed with fine Cow hair and moss. **Samples of material and coloring free on request.**

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The handsome sideboard shown in this illustration, with wide hemmed border, shown in illustration and easily worth $4.00, we will **send as a present** to each purchaser of our couch. This represents a big rebate. **We have couches of all prices.** Last year we sold over 5000 of our $9.75 couches. **Our new spring 1899 catalogue** of all kinds of couches and general furniture **free on request.**

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Criss-Cross CEREALS

Ask dealers for them — see that packages have these criss-cross lines. Pamphlet and our sample offer mailed free.

Special Diabetic Food, for Diabetes.
Gluten Flour, for Dyspepsia and Constipation.
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Our Folding Boats are puncture proof. Galvanized steel ribbing. For hunting, fishing, exploring and family pleasure. Walter Wellman took them on his polar trip. Lieut. Schwatka explored the Yukon with them. Awarded first premium at World's Fair. Send for catalogue. 40 engravings.

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The following contributions have been received in aid of the various deserving causes named below:

Famine in India.

[illegible]	$[illegible]
Jas R Thomas	2 50
B P Fessler	2 00
Alice I Nichols	1 00
Mrs W T Mooney	5 00
H M [illegible]	[illegible]
The estate of Ella E Hoag	[illegible]
M M E I N [illegible]	[illegible]
Mary Montgomery	1 00
A friend, New Orleans, La	[illegible]
J A W, Tidioute	2 00
—, Sistersville	5 00
Miss Margaret Bauer	[illegible]
E W De Voursa	2 75
Total	$[illegible]

Bella Cooke.

Mrs H P M [illegible]	$2 50
J A W, Tidioute	1 00
Total	$3 50

Philafrican League.

Prev. ack	$[illegible]
M H Bradley	5 00
—, Gresham	10 00
J A W, Tidioute	1 00
Lucy A Mitchell	50
Total	$[illegible]

Door of Hope.

Prev. ack	$1 00
L W M	1 00
J A W, Tidoute	5 00
Total	$7 00

Foreign Missions.

Prev. ack	$35 00
Mrs M Thatcher	1 00
A friend and reader of C H, No Matchtown	2 00
C B Portsmouth, Ohio	5 00
Total	$43 00

Good Samaritan Home.

Prev. ack	$1 00
J A W, Tidioute	1 00
—, Sistersville	5 00
Total	$7 00

Home Missions.

Prev. ack	$25 00
Tenth, N Y City	1 00
Total	$26 00

Mrs. Rose H. Lathrop.

Prev. ack	$3 00
Mrs M Thatcher	1 00
J A W, Tidioute	7 50
Total	$11 50

Any Good Cause.

Prev. ack	$21 55
Samuel Barber	50
Jas R Thomas	2 50
B P Fessler	1 50
Mrs Buddington	1 00
Mrs T McCarroll	50
Thos Dawson	50
W S Lowry	50
Any Good Cause, Ridgeton	1 00
K I H, Waupaca	4 80
J [illegible], Vandergrift	1 00
Mrs [illegible] Hart	2 00
J E Mundy	1 00
Wm Woodside	2 00
Clara A Martin	1 00
I H N, Bucyrus	5 00
[illegible] Washington	50
A reader, Sonyea	10
Miss Anna Bohnet	50
—, Sistersville	5 00
Miss Alice Ashburst	50
Jas McFarlin	25
Total	$53 40

Mayesville Institute.

Prev. ack	$143 00
Home Miss'y Soc, Madison Sq Church, N Y City	25 00
J A W, Tidioute	1 00
Total	$175 00

Jerry McAuley Mission.

Prev. ack	$[illegible]
J A W, Tidioute	2 50
J A R, Summit	50
Total	$4 00

Miss Emma Nason's work.

L W M	$1 00
J A W, Tidioute	1 00
Total	$2 00

Pres. Bd Foreign Missions.

Mrs S C Roe	$2 50

Pres. Board Home Missions.

Mrs S C Roe	$2 50

Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Prev. ack	$9 00
Mrs M Thatcher	1 00
H W Hakes	5 00
Total	$15 00

Clinton St. Settlement.

Prev. ack	$4 50
H W Hakes	5 00
Wm [illegible]	75
Cecil J Lovick	75
Lewis Hargreaves Sons	1 00
Mrs I M Rogers	1 00
J A W, Tidioute	1 00
Total	$18 00

Gospel Work in Cuba.

Prev. ack	$29 70
P Flannagan	50
Mrs Caroline Brand	5 00
J A W, Tidioute	3 00
Total	$38 20

Gospel in Philippines.

Prev. ack	$10 00
S S Austin	5 00
Total	$15 00

School for Syrian Girls.

Prev. ack	$3 50
L W M	1 00
J A W, Tidioute	1 00
Total	$5 50

Spanish Testaments.

Prev. ack	$8 50
Mrs I Rudrauff	50
Mrs I M Rogers	1 00
J A R, Summit	50
Total	$10 50

Florence Mission.

Prev. ack	$5 00
L W M	1 00
H W Hakes	5 00
J A W, Tidioute	10 00
Total	$21 00

Dr. W. Currie.

K I H, Waupaca	$10 00

Dr. Hannah G. Yoseph

Prev. ack	$2 50
L W M	1 00
J A W, Tidioute	2 50
Total	$6 00

Miss Annie Taylor (Miss'y in Tibet).

L W M	$1 00
J A W, Tidioute	2 50
Total	$3 50

Cremorne Mission.

J A W, Tidioute	$1 00

Missionary in Africa.

Prev. ack	$5 00
J A W, Tidioute	5 00
Wm Lees	50
Total	$10 50

Lincoln Memorial University.

Peter Nickles	$4 00
H F Dexter	1 00
James C Lowe	5 00
S R Flock	1 00
J C Bain	1 00
Total	$12 00

A Mammoth's Skeleton Found

Intelligence comes from Vancouver, B. C., of the finding of the giant remains of a mammoth on Dominion Creek, in the Alaska gold territory. August Trulson, a Swede, and his partner, while working their claim, discovered the body forty feet below the earth's surface. It is said to have been in a perfect state of preservation. This description is given by a Dawson newspaper:

The huge monster could not be lifted from its ancient grave, for it weighed from twenty-five to thirty tons. Its flesh was cut and tasted sweet. It measured 44 feet 6 inches. Its right tusk was broken, but its left tusk was perfect, so that the right must have snapped off in the fall which caused its death. The remaining tusk measured fourteen feet three inches in length and forty-eight inches in circumference. The flesh was covered with wooly hair, about fifteen inches long, of a grayish-black color. The hindquarters of the mammoth were weighed in a fashion, the improvised scales showing 8,640 pounds. The neck was short, the limbs long and stout, and the feet short and broad with five toes.

The effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely to remove the symptoms of disease and give the semblance of health, but it eradicates the disease itself and health is the natural result.

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"La Vida" Corsets

Handmade, French Gored, Bias Cut, and all Whalebone.

Unrivalled in Fit, Finish and Material.

Every pair is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction, and they're cheaper, too, than you would expect—ask to see them.

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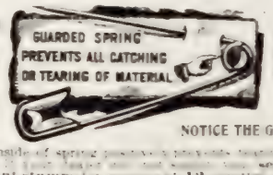
Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins

Work as easily as in the light. They fasten [illegible]

Patented March 7, '82 June 18, '89



IN ALL SIZES

NOTICE THE GUARD

on the inside of spring [illegible] send 3 two-cent stamps [illegible] 12 [illegible]

Consolidated Safety Pin Co., Box 120, Bloomfield, N. J.
Also Makers of "Hoopfast" Hat Pins.

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FASHION MAGAZINE

Spring and Summer Number, 1899. Profusely illustrated, quoting lowest New York City prices in **Millinery**, Dress and Fancy Goods. Sent **FREE** on receipt of name and address.

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OF BOSTON

Sold in boxes only—Avoid imitations.

Earn a Camera

by selling 20 packages of our superior Bluing at 10c each. When sold send us the $2 and we send Camera prepaid. No risk to you; goods sent at our expense. You can also earn a Gold Watch, Tea Set, Phonographs etc. **Brockstedt Mercantile House**, 208 Pine St., Box 18 St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—A case of bad health that R I P A N S will not benefit. They banish pain and promote the Good gives relief. Note the word R I P A N S on the package and accept no substitute. R I P A N S 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for [illegible] forwarded to the R.pans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

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And this Beautiful Picture "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN," all for **30 Cts.**

19 x 24 Inches in Size,

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY.

The Best Known, Widest Read Young People's Paper for Christian Homes in the World.

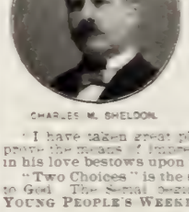
With our EASTER NUMBER April 2 begins the serial story

TWO CHOICES

Written expressly for the columns of YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY by

CHARLES M. SHELDON

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS."



CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Mr. Sheldon, when sending the story, in a personal letter to the editor of YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY says:

"I have taken great pleasure in writing this story for your many readers, and I trust it will prove the means of impressing them with the responsibility that is attached with every talent God in his love bestows upon us."

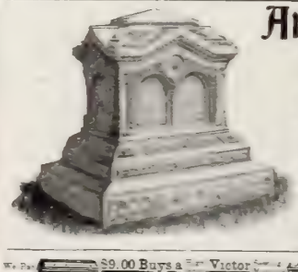
"Two Choices" is the story of a young violinist, who early in her career consecrates her talent to God. The Serial begins with the New Quarter in the Sunday-school. If you are not taking YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY, now is the time to begin.

THE BEST EASTER GIFT

possible to make the young folks of the home circle who are not receiving the paper at their Sunday-school is a year's subscription to YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.—Single subscriptions, 60 cents per year. In lots of three or more, to schools or societies, mailed to one address, 50 cents per year.

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING CO., 36 Washington Street, Chicago.

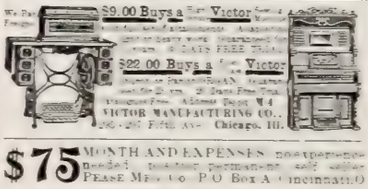


Artistic Monuments...

COST NO MORE THAN PLAIN ONES in White Bronze

[illegible] is natural, not a fake. Granite [illegible] and [illegible] Marble is [illegible] White Bronze [illegible] is an impossibility. It is [illegible] $4,000.00. Write at once for free designs and information. It puts you under no obligation. We deal direct and deliver everywhere.

The Monumental Bronze Co., 70-90 Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.



$9.00 Buys a [illegible] Victor

$22.00 Buys a [illegible] Victor

VICTOR MANUFACTURING CO., Chicago, Ill.

DO YOU WANT TO SELL

or exchange your farm? We are selling property everywhere. Give full description and lowest cash price. Send no money.

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AGENTS WANTED!

We furnish samples free to agents. P. S. Finest [illegible] Ms. [illegible] in 6 days. Territory [illegible] new goods, rapid sellers.

Richardson Mfg. Co., 6th St., Bath, N. Y.

∴ Heart-Letters from Humble Homes ∴

Struggles and Triumphs of Brave Mothers and Daughters—A Poet's Tribute to Mothers

I THINK you will enjoy a glimpse of some of the homes from which my dear correspondents write to me, and this week I am going to point my kodak here and there, and let you see what lies within its range. My first letter came to me from a far-away region in the West, and my friend writes:

"I am twenty-five years of age, and have been married six years. I live fifty miles from a town. My husband is a cattleman, who has 1,200 head of cattle and keeps quite a lot of help.

"I do all of the work, make the butter, do the washing and ironing. I have two little girls, the eldest is five years; the baby is fifteen months. It is three miles to my nearest neighbor's, and others are fifteen and twenty miles away. I very seldom see a woman, but lots of men, and they are a very rough class, too. Help is awfully scarce. I always have help if I can in the summer-time.

"I am trying to live the life of a Christian. It is pretty hard sometimes, for I am quite alone. There are no religious people near, and my husband, although very kind and good to me, does not believe in religion. But I have hopes in bringing him to believe as I do."

(God grant, dear soul, that you may succeed. We will all keep you and your husband in our thoughts, and pray that he may soon find the Lord). This is not all of the letter which I wish to share with you. My friend proceeds in her plain, but most touching story:

"When I first came here, I worried a great deal about my house; it was not at all neat. I lived in it one year without paper on the walls, and we had very little furniture. I am inclined to be melancholy, and as I was alone all day I worried so much that I began to lose my health, of which I now see the folly. God has opened my eyes. I never found him until my dear mother died. When I married, I moved 175 miles away from her. She died two years ago. I have thought a great deal about the other world since my dear mother died.

"We now have a new house of seven rooms, built this summer, and very nicely furnished. It is cozy and comfortable, and I am happy. I need help and counsel in bringing up my little ones."

God bless you, my brave, capable, sensible friend! As I read your words, here in a crowded city with neighbors on every hand, I am impressed with the difference between your home and mine. And yet there is something very attractive to me in the great spaces, the mighty droves of cattle, the magnificent farms of the West. Life is always full of hardship for the wives of pioneers. It seems as if there is no way of making it easy. I am glad you have your dear little girls, and I am sure they will grow up to be a comfort and help to you. You belong to the great circle of women in this land of ours who have a motherly heart, and who care very much how they fulfill the duties God has laid upon them. Again, may God bless you and your bairns! You will feel ever nearer to your dear mother, now that she is in heaven. How I wish I could impart to every desolate mourning girl the wide land over, my conviction that our beloved ones do "bend over us yet," that they are watching for us from the heavenly hills, that the land to which they have gone is indeed "not very far off!" As I leave you now, I must quote for you and for everyone who does not know it, part of Riley's exquisite "Mother-Song:"

Mother, O mother! forever I cry for you!
Sing me the old song I may not forget!
Even in slumber I murmur and sigh for you,
Mother, O mother!
Sing low, "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O mother! the years are so lonely;
Filled but with weariness, doubt and regret!
Can't you come back to me for to-night only,
Mother—my mother?
And sing, "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O mother! of old I had never
One wish denied me, one trouble to fret;
Now must I cry out, all vainly forever,
Mother—sweet mother?
O sing, "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

* * *

RHODA L. My favorite among Thackeray's works is *The Newcomes*, but *Henry Esmond* is by many critics considered its author's best work, and is also regarded as one of the finest products of English fiction in the Victorian period.

* * *

EDWARD. J. K. You are not very gallant to shield yourself behind a newspaper in a public conveyance, and let your sweetheart stand. If I knew her, I would give her a gentle hint that an unmanly lover will make an inconsiderate husband.

Margaret E. Sangster

Only $1.00

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Containing new "helps" with **68 illustrations** distributed throughout the text of the Helps **a new Concordance** to the Authorized and Revised Versions, combined with a **Subject Index and Pronouncing Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names**, &c., all in one a, b, c list, a great achievement and facility.

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We will send our highest grade gent's or ladies' 1899 Acme King Bicycle to any address on easy conditions for only $1.00—the conditions include the distributing of 1,000 small circulars, which you can do in three hours. Send no money. For full particulars how to get our best bicycle for $1.00 and a few hours work cut this notice out and mail to us.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co., Cycle Dept., Chicago.

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A Matter of Months
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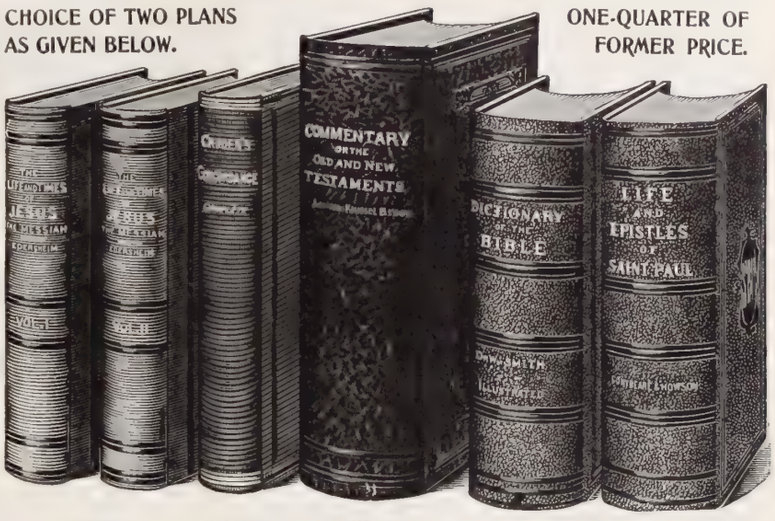

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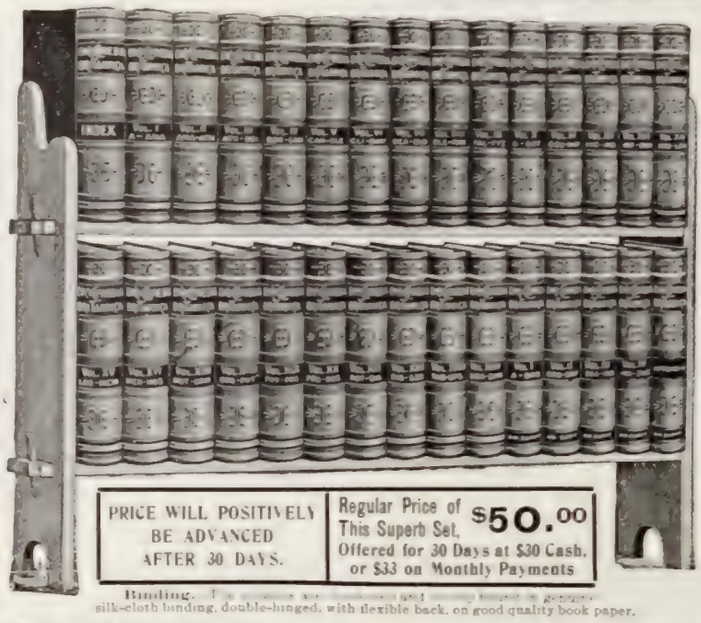

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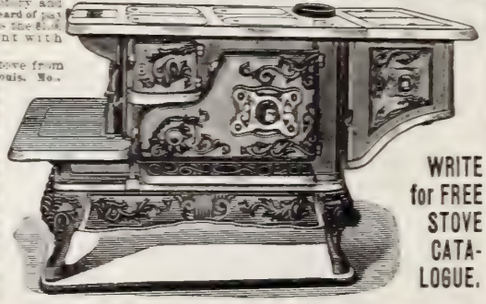

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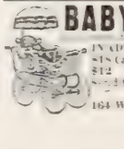

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And our tightening grasp must hold him
All through life.

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O'er some painful loss,
Peace we find, and calm assurance
Near his Cross.

By unnumbered ills surrounded,
By the world enticed,
All our hope in time of danger
Is in Christ.

All our thoughts with his commandments
Blend in sweet accord,
While with holy joy we hail him
King and Lord.

O'er the dead and o'er the guilty
He on earth has wept;
In the rock-hewn tomb of Joseph
Jesus slept.

Life is hallowed, tears are sacred,
Death itself is gain;
Rugged paths of toil and duty
Now are plain.

He is more to us than pleasure—
More than vital breath.
He will guide us through the desert
And through death.

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The bill which was framed by Rev. R. Ashley Cake, the Life-Savers' Missionary, asking Congress to grant an appropriation that would give a chaplaincy to each life-saving district on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, as well as on the lakes, is placed in the hands of Hon. J. J. Gardner, of New Jersey. Owing to the present session of Congress being a short one, it may be impossible to get the bill considered at this time. It is highly commended by several Congressmen, and President McKinley has promised to give it his earnest consideration should it pass and come before him for approval.

WEAK LUNGS

Dr. Hunter, of 117 West 45th Street, has just published a new book on

"The Lungs and Their Diseases,"

which explains all about Consumption, how it arises, the symptoms by which it is known, how it can be prevented, and the only treatment by which it can be cured. He also describes

Bronchitis, Asthma and Pulmonary Catarrh

shows their tendency to produce Consumption, and their speedy and radical cure by *Antiseptic Medicated Air Inhalations.*

THIS BOOK is of such great importance and interest to all who have weak lungs or are threatened with any form of lung disease that it has been decided to issue an edition of 50,000 copies in paper covers for free distribution. Dr. Robert Hunter is the oldest Lung Specialist of this country, and acknowledged throughout the world as the greatest living authority on all diseases of the breathing organs.

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Depends on Good Digestion.

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Mention this magazine when you write.

At Midnight

AT midnight, when the stars were bright
And silence wrapped the earth,
An angel from the realms of light
Brought tidings of a birth.
The mother clasped her baby boy,
And at the break of dawn,
Celestial hosts proclaimed their joy,
"Behold! a child is born!"

'Twas Easter, and the lilies smiled
As centuries ago.
They seemed to chant, "Thus undefiled
Through life thy babe shall go."
The Muses, too, a garland wove
About the silken hair,
Of brightest buds of hope and love
That he should ever wear.

A memory of blissful dream,
Of walks on summer days,
Through fragrant grove, by singing stream,
Along the country ways;
How baby's eyes of peerless blue
In wonder watched the sky,
Or marked the birds that silent flew,
Or brook that rippled by.

At midnight, angels gathered by
The pearly gates of rest,
And welcomed home to courts on high
Our babe among the blest.
Oh, mother, lift thy weeping eyes!
As on that Easter morn,
The joyful song fills Paradise,
"Behold! a child is born!"

Buffalo, N. Y. WALTER ALLEN RICE.

The Indians Could Understand That

Eternal life—there is no end to it! (writes Mr. D. L. Moody). The government was trying to make a treaty with the Indians, and in one place put in the word "forever." The Indians did not like that word, and said:

"No; put it, 'As long as water runs and grass grows.'"

They could understand that. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life."

SPRAYING FRUIT TREES.

The question of spraying fruit trees to prevent the depredations of insect pests and fungus diseases is no longer an experiment but a necessity.

Our readers will do well to write to Wm. Stahl, Quincy, Ill., and get his catalogue describing twenty-one styles of Spraying Outfits and full treatise on spraying the different fruit and vegetable crops, which contains much valuable information, and may be had for the asking.

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A handsome **new book of 176 pages,**—tells the plain truth about Seeds, including rare Novelties which cannot be had elsewhere. Beautiful colored plates and hundreds of illustrations from nature. Gives practical information of real value to all who would raise the choicest Vegetables and most beautiful Flowers. **Write a postal card TO-DAY!**

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SUGAR is not improved by the addition of sand; neither is White Lead improved by the addition of Zinc and Barytes, yet there are hundreds of such mixtures branded and sold as "White Lead," "Pure White Lead," etc.

You can avoid these by making sure that the brand is right. Those named in the margin are genuine.

FREE By using National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, any desired shade is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving valuable information and showing samples sent free. Also folder showing picture of house painted in different designs or various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

National Lead Co., 100 William St., New York.

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Cures Nervous Prostration, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Debility, La Grippe, Pneumonia, Billiousness, Asthma, Bright's Disease, Locomotor Ataxia, Fevers, and all forms of disease without medicine or electricity.

One OXYDONOR will keep an entire family in good health and will last a lifetime if taken care of. A 150-page book of Directions with each OXYDONOR.

Rev. John A. Thompson, Presiding Elder of M. E. Church in Savannah, Ga., writes: THOMPSONVILLE, Ga., Feb. 8, 1899.

DR. H. SANCHE & COMPANY,
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Iroquois Bicycles $16.75

100 of the famous Iroquois Model 3 Bicycles will be sold at one-third their real value.

IROQUOIS CYCLE WORKS FAILED because their wheels were too expensively built and we have bought the entire plant at a forced sale at 20 cents on the dollar. With it we got 1400 Model 3 Iroquois Bicycles, finished and unfinished. Made to sell at $60. To sell quickly we have made the marvelous offer of a Model 3 IROQUOIS BICYCLE - $16.75 while they last. The wheels are 28 inches high, have the best Kenilworth genuine pneumatic tires, the finest equipment throughout, and are guaranteed for beauty and good quality.

DESCRIPTON The Iroquois Model 3 is the most advanced and perfected bicycle of the season. Strong in its strength, handsome in its appearance, equipped with the finest Kenilworth genuine pneumatic tires, with detachable tread, and guaranteed for one year. Our Written Guarantee with every bicycle.

SEND ONE DOLLAR and we will ship the Iroquois Model 3 to you, subject to examination. If you find it the most wonderful Bicycle Offer ever made, send it back at our expense. ORDER TO-DAY. Only a limited number can be supplied at this price.

WE HAVE BICYCLES A complete line of '99 Models at $11.50 and up. Second-hand Wheels $3 to $10. We want RIDER AGENTS in every town. Write for our liberal proposition. We are known everywhere as the greatest Exclusive Bicycle House in the world. We refer to any Bank or Business House in Chicago. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Free Use of a Sundry to Agents. Write for our liberal proposition. We are known everywhere as the greatest Exclusive Bicycle House in the world. We refer to any Bank or Business House in Chicago. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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No. 3034 Buggy. Price $57.25 With Leather Quarter Top.

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You save the jobber's commission and the retailer's profit when you buy direct from the factory. You pay the cost of making with one moderate profit added. We are not agents, but manufacturers of buggies, carriages, surreys, phaetons, wagons, harness and horse accessories. Everything guaranteed. With our illustrated catalogue you can order easily and safely. If what you order does not suit, send it back and we will pay the freight both ways. First, get the catalogue. You are welcome to a copy.

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE & HARNESS COMPANY, COLUMBUS, O.

TRUSSES RUPTURE CURED.

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only Truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, and it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Comfortable Belts made to reduce corpulency. The use of these belts reduces your size and leaves no room for surplus fat to accumulate. They can be used after any operations. Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps and Anklets. Our goods are sold under a guarantee or drug-gists. Send for free pamphlets to the Improved Elastic Truss Co., 785 Broadway, N.Y.

Two Wagons at One Price.

It is a matter of great convenience and a saving of labor for a farmer to have a low, handy wagon. They save more than half the labor of loading in hauling manure, hay, grain, corn fodder, wood, stones, etc.

The man who already has a wagon may have one of these low handy wagons at the small additional cost for a set of wheels. These Electric Steel Wheels, with either direct or stagger spokes, with broad faced tire are made to fit any axle. You can convert your old wagon to a low, handy wagon in a few moments time. You thus virtually have two wagons at one price. Write to the Electric Wheel Co., Box 136 Quincy, Illinois, for their catalogue; which fully explains about these and their Electric Handy Wagons, Electric Feed Cookers, etc.

WE WANT YOU to send us your own and your neighbor's name and address as we are desirous of **EVERY GOOD FARMER** sending at once to

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Agricultural Epitomist

For the busy, practical working farmers of America. It is their paper and claims their support. **Don't Fail to Write us at Once Giving Addresses; Postal Will Do.**

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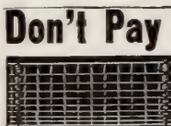

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direct from us at wholesale prices. It's a first-class fence in every way. Write for circulars and prices.

ADVANCE FENCE CO. 1903 Old St., Peoria, Ill.

Enameline

is so very clean and DUSTLESS, which is such a comfort to good housekeepers. The old-fashioned brands of Stove Polish do the work in the old-fashioned way. Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish, and that is the difference. Put up in paste, cake or liquid form. Sold in every civilized country on earth.

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OUR NEW 1899 FLOWER SEED OFFER!

A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS 306 Varieties, FREE!

An Unparalleled Offer by an Old-Established and Reliable Publishing House! THE LADIES' WORLD is a large 24-page illustrated monthly magazine for ladies and the family circle, with elegant cover printed in colors. It is sent to Sixteen Pages, Leaflet, Home Work, Home Decorating, Fashions, Housekeeping, Fashions, Hygiene, Japanese Keeping, Fancy Work, Fancy Work, Fancy Work

Hawaii's Dead Princess

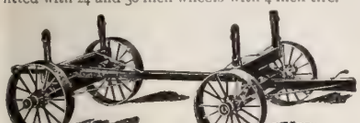
THE regret due her youth, accomplishments and amiable character, as well as her unique and distinguished position, is very generally felt at the announcement of the death of Princess Kaiulani, of Hawaii.

PRINCESS KAIULANI

The Princess was in her twenty-fifth year, a native Honolulan; her mother was Princess Likeliki, and her father A. C. Cleghorn, an Englishman, once Governor of Oahu. Her funeral took place under direction of the Government, Bishop Wilson, of the P. E. Church conducting the service.

Farm Wagon for Only $19.95.

In order to introduce their Low Metal Wheels with Wide Tires, the Empire Manufacturing Company, Quincy, Ill., have placed upon the market a Farmer's Handy Wagon, sold at the low price of $19.95. The wagon is only 25 inches high, fitted with 24 and 30-inch wheels with 4-inch tire.



This wagon is made of best material throughout, and really costs but a trifle more than a set of new wheels, and fully guaranteed for one year. Catalogue giving a full description will be mailed upon application by the Empire Manufacturing Co., Quincy, Ill., who also will furnish metal wheels at low prices, made any size and width of tire to fit any axle.

IF PEOPLE ONLY KNEW

how easy it is to make a **beautiful lawn** with **Henderson's Lawn Grass Seed** the days of using sod would soon be over. Catalogue of "Everything for the Lawn" free on application, to those who mention where they saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
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FINE BLOODED Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs. Send stamps for catalogues. 150 engravings.
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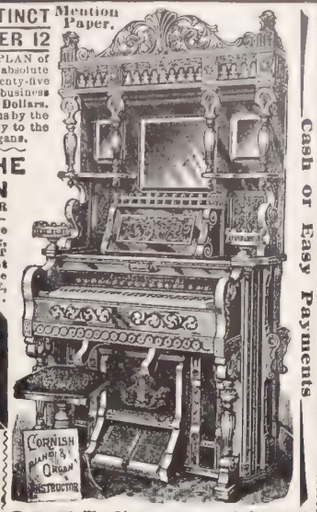
STARK TREES have a 74-YR. Record. Fruit Book Free STARK BRO'S, Stark, Mo. We **PAY FREIGHT**

THE CELEBRATED CORNISH AMERICAN PIANOS AND ORGANS.

ONE YEAR'S FREE TRIAL

WE WILL SHIP A CORNISH PIANO OR CORNISH ORGAN ANYWHERE UPON THE DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING THAT IF IT IS NOT SATISFACTORY TO PURCHASER AFTER 12 MONTHS' USE, WE WILL TAKE IT BACK. It would be impossible for us to make public this unique CORNISH PLAN of doing business were it not backed up by the strongest evidence of our absolute responsibility. The Cornish American Pianos and Organs are warranted for twenty-five years, and with every warrant there is our personal guarantee endorsed by a business reputation of nearly fifty years, and plant and property worth over One Million Dollars. Our success in the past has been mainly owing to the confidence placed in us by the public, and we have a quarter of a million satisfied patrons bearing testimony to the honesty of our methods and the perfection of the Cornish American Pianos and Organs.

Mention Paper.



Cash or Easy Payments.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS CORNISH PLAN and for a complete description of the instruments made by us, see OUR NEW SOUVENIR CATALOGUE for 1899, handsomely illustrated in colors—the most comprehensive musical catalogue in the trade. The frontispiece is a masterly reproduction in fac-simile of an interesting oil painting, designed and executed for us by an eminent artist, representing "SAINT CECILIA AND THE ANGELIC CHOIR." This beautiful catalogue is sent **FREE** CHARGES PREPAID, and we also include our novel reference book, "THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE," CATALOGUE, BOOK AND OUR LATEST SPECIAL OFFERS FREE.

A prompt response to this advertisement will secure a DISCOUNT of $10.00 on the list prices as quoted in our 1899 Catalogue on any **CORNISH ORGAN** or $20.00 on the list prices if you buy a **CORNISH PIANO.**

PIANOS FROM 155 DOLLARS
With the Cornish Patent Musical Attachment, which correctly imitates the Harp, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Etc. This patent can only be had in the CORNISH PIANO

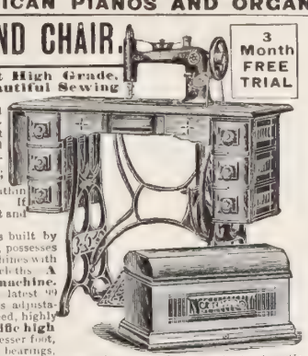
REFERENCES. Our bank, your bank, any bank, or any of the multitude of patrons who have purchased millions of dollars' worth of instruments from us during the past fifty years.

Send for particulars of the Cornish Co-operative Plan, showing how you can secure a Cornish Piano or Organ FREE.

CORNISH & CO., (Established nearly 50 years) **WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.**
MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE AMERICAN PIANOS AND ORGANS. **ORGANS FROM $25.00**

$15.90 BUYS THE MACHINE AND CHAIR.

3 Month FREE TRIAL



A Startling Offer. A Rare Bargain. An Elegant High Grade, Latest Improved $35 Sewing Machine and a Beautiful Sewing Chair to match for $15.90.

SEND NO MONEY if you live within 400 miles of Chicago but send this ad. and we'll ship this **our latest improved Clayton High Arm 7-Drawer Sewing Machine** by freight C.O.D. subject to examination. Examine it critically at express office and if found just as represented **an unparalleled bargain** and the handsomest machine you ever saw, then pay the agent our special price, **$15.90** and freight charges, take it home and **give it three months' free trial.** If unsatisfactory in any respect return it to us any time within three months and we'll instantly refund your money. If you live over 400 miles from Chicago send $1.00 deposit and we'll ship on above conditions.

This Chair FREE

THE CLAYTON at $15.90 is beyond compare. It's built by expert sewing machine mechanics, possesses the good points and improvements of all high grade machines with no defects and is adapted to sew the lightest or heaviest cloths. **A written 20 year guarantee sent with each machine.** Made with piano polished solid antique oak cabinet, latest "0" skeleton frame, beautiful bent cover, rests on 4 casters, adjustable ball bearing treadle, positive forenotion drop feed, highly nickeled drawer pulls, **the best and most scientific high arm head made,** latest needle bar adjustable presser foot, self threading, perfect tension shuttle, adjustable bearings, nearly noiseless shuttle carrier, latest improved tension liberator, louse wheel, new patent automatic bobbin winder, patent thread guard, **28 attachments free** with which you can do any known kind of plain and fancy work. **Our free instruction book** tells how to do it.

BEAUTIFUL $4.50 SEWING CHAIR FREE with each machine. There is positively no extra charge. **$15.90 pays for both. The price of the machine is $15.90; the chair is free.** It is a work of art and an ornament to any home. Furniture dealers bargain price is $4.50 for the same chair. Made from choice selected quartered oak to match machine, piano polished, beautifully ornamented, best hand made cane seat. **The chair is free** with every order for our 7-drawer **Clayton** sewing machine at $15.90. It's a wonder offer.

WE SELL 275 AT $15.90 **$15.90 after 275 are sold.** Order quick. Don't delay or they'll all be gone. You can't afford to miss this Wonder Chance. **Write for our big free catalogue describing Machines from $8.50 up.**

THE C. LOUIS VEHON CO., 155-157 W. Jackson St., CHICAGO, ILL.

$16.95

ONLY ONE DOLLAR DOWN

Cut this ad. out and send to us with **$1.00,** state whether Gents' or Ladies', and we will send you this **HIGH GRADE 1899 MODEL $40.00 ACME JEWEL BICYCLE,** by express, C.O.D. subject to examination. **Examine it at your express office and if you find it a genuine 1899 model high grade $40.00 ACME JEWEL** as represented, and the **grandest bargain** you ever heard of, pay the express agent the balance, **$15.95,** and express charges.

THE ACME JEWEL is one of the **best bicycles made,** finest steel tubing, best material throughout, drop forge connections, full ball bearing, two-piece hanger, high grade guaranteed single tube tires, high grade equipment throughout, finest finish, enameled **black, green or maroon,** handsome nickel trimmings, any gear, 20, 22, 24 or 26 inch frame. **WE SEND A BINDING ONE YEAR GUARANTEE. ORDER TO-DAY.**

YOU CAN SELL ONE A WEEK AT $30.00 EACH.

Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL.

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30 Days Free Trial
IN YOUR OWN HOME. NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE.

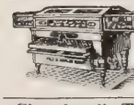
Buy direct from factory and save $10.00 to $25.00. Don't pay agents and dealers large profits.

$45 Arlington Sewing Machine, high-arm $14.50
$35 " " " " $12.50

These machines have all the latest improvements light running, noiseless; adapted for light or heavy work, self threading shuttle, self-setting needle, automatic bobbin winder and complete set of best attachments free. 10 Years written warranty. We are headquarters and have all makes and kinds in stock from Baby Machines at 95 cents to the best high arm. Over 50 different styles including machines as low as **$8.00**

A first class high-arm machine at *$9.25.* Large illustrated catalogue and testimonials free. Write today for special freight offer. Address (in full) **CASH BUYERS' UNION,**
158-164 W. VanBuren St., Dept. B-18, Chicago, Ills.

"THEY CAN'T BE BEAT." At any rate they have never suffered defeat in all the numerous tests, trials and competitions with the many machines of the same class.



RELIABLE INCUBATORS AND BROODERS stand for the highest value known to the incubator art. It takes a book of 228 pages to tell all about them and our large pure-bred poultry plant, poultry supplies, etc. Sent on receipt of 10c in stamps. **RELIABLE INCUBATOR and BROODER Co. Box B 16, Quincy, Ill.**

Chambard's Tea, the most popular family medicine in France for biliousness, constipation indigestion, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, swelling of the stomach, congestions, eczema. The most agreeable and best purgative. Box 35 cents by mail. **Legoll's** Pharmacy, 286 7th Ave., N. Y., and leading druggists.

ASTHMA and CATARRH quickly CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE, apparatus, or loss of time. Method worth $100 to any family mailed for $1. Money Back after 30 days trial if not satisfactory. SANITARY STILL CO., 15 H. St., Atlanta, Ga.

Rheumatism...

gout, catarrh, uric acid troubles all arise from defective action of the kidneys and digestive organs; the kidneys do not properly remove the waste products. Uric acid and chalky deposits accumulate in the muscles and around the joints.

Tartarlithine...

regulates the action of the kidneys, dissolves and removes the uric acid and chalky deposits, and reduces inflammation. It does not upset the stomach, and can be taken by the most delicate. Prescribed by many leading physicians.

Regular package $1.00.
Of all druggists or post-free by mail.
Pamphlets with Testimonials FREE.

McKESSON & ROBBINS,
91 Fulton Street, . . New York.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

THEY HATCH MILLIONS

of **Chickens, Ducks, Turkeys** and **other fowls** in every state and territory in the Union and in many foreign countries—

THE PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATORS.

Used by the largest poultry breeders, duck and broiler farms everywhere. Have taken **over 200 first prizes** in all kinds of competition. The easiest to handle, cheapest to operate, **surest in results** and most handsome and durable in construction. 168 p. catalog and supplement **FREE.** Prairie State Incubator Co., Homer City, Pa.

SOLD ON TRIAL!

Buy no incubator and pay for it before giving it a trial. Many people have lost faith in incubators because they bought one that was never intended to hatch chickens—made merely to sell.

The Von Culin Incubators are sold on trial subject to your approval. Simplest machine made. A child can operate it. The biggest catalogue and "poultry pointers" book published, sent for 5c. Plans for Brooders, Poultry Houses, etc., sent on receipt of 25c. Von Culin Incubator Co. 12 Adams St. Delaware City, Del.

CHICKEN MONEY and how to get it; how to mate, breed, feed and market poultry. Cuts and plans for building poultry houses and cost of same. These and many other things together with **CYPHERS INCUBATOR** which is sent freight paid to every purchaser is contained in our Poultry Guide. Sent for 10 cts. The Cyphers Incb. Co. Box 57 Wayland, N.Y.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

of prize winning poultry for 1899. Pictures of poultry as they are. A perfect guide to poultry raisers. Calculated for 365 days. Tested price of eggs and stock from the very best strains. It shows the finest chickens and describes them all. Price reduced to 15 cents. Everybody wants this poultry book. Send 2c. extra for postage.
B. H. GREIDER, FLORIN, PA.

"Lilies of Easter" are not too high a comparison to apply to the purity of Pears' Soap which is such that it may be used on the tenderest and most sensitive skin, even that of a new-born babe. All sorts of people use it, all sorts of stores sell it.

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS 20 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 14

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Physicians in the Orient

IN no part of the civilized globe is the medical art in greater demand than in the East, yet nowhere has it been so unprogressive. One of the oldest professions known to man, and practised in the Orient from immemorial days, in those decadent lands it has seemingly stood still for centuries, satisfied with the knowledge acquired by a long past generation and sceptical of all later innovations and discoveries. Mohammedanism is the foe of education, and wherever the Moslem faith prevails, there science makes no progress. Americans and Europeans traveling in the East all agree upon the general conclusion that the antiquated medical science which still prevails in Egypt, Syria, Palestine, China, Persia, and other countries, is wholly incapable of coping with the many forms of disease found there—ailments which are greatly mitigated wherever modern medical skill has been introduced. Wherever medical missionaries have sought a field of service in Eastern lands, they have found an open door and a cordial welcome, which would have been denied otherwise. Their art is one of the greatest aids to missionary work. In the Holy Land, Egypt and Syria, communities are found in which ophthalamia, leprosy and imbecility are extraordinarily prevalent. In Cairo, the blind, the sick, the crippled are seen at almost every corner, and they swarm in the Nile cities, at Ghizeh, Sakkara, Assouan, and elsewhere. An American physician travelling in Arabia, has recorded the impression that fully one-half of those natives whom he saw were either wholly or partially blind, or otherwise afflicted. Wherever one goes in Palestine, poor, helpless sufferers of the same class are seen, calling for pity and alms. In Jerusalem, Jericho, Jaffa, Nazareth, and other cities, the experience is repeated, until one is impressed with the fact that the Palestine of to-day, like that of the time of Christ, is still a land of widespread suffering. The streets and highways where the Great Physician walked, and the public places where he miraculously healed the sick, cleansed the leprous, and gave sight to the blind, are to-day the resort of sufferers who sit humbly in the heat and dust, and evoke the compassion of the stranger. In Nablous, in Damascus, and throughout the East to-day, one sees groups of the afflicted. Such scenes are so frequent, and the cry of the sufferers is so pathetic, that no one—unless he be a native and accustomed to those sights—can pass unmoved. Looking at the helpless ones, it is not difficult to understand how Jesus, even amid the ceaseless labors of his divine mission, still found time to pause and speak the welcome words of pity and pardon that brought healing and happiness. In Egypt, where the barbers have been the physicians of the people, and where all medical art, or even its pretense, is regarded as supernatural and miraculous, a great change is now under way. A number of young men are being thoroughly educated in the practice of medicine and surgery, in accordance with present European methods, and the next half score years will witness the first serious breach in the ranks of the native practitioners, who are little better than quacks. Egyptian professional training has heretofore given more thought to alchemy than chemistry, to astrology than astronomy. The native physicians who are supposed to cure the sick either by the use of salves, by bleeding or by other means, include religious devotees, cranks, and ascetics. They teach among other things, that "whoever visits the sick carries away a sixtieth part of their sufferings"—and the promiscuous carrying out of this generous principle results in widespread infection.

AN ARAB DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT IN THE CITY OF CAIRO

Our illustration shows the simpler and more agreeable side of medical life in Egypt. A lady, who has been shopping among the bazaars, has consulted an Arab *hakim* (or "wise man"), as the physicians are styled in Cairo. The latter decides to employ the lancet. Beside the mistress kneels the little servant, whose face expresses deep solicitude at the ordeal the lady is to undergo. The entire scene is characteristic of Egypt and the Orient.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

J. E. B. Iron Mountain, Mich. Are children born sinful as David says (Ps. 51: 5), or holy as Paul says (I. Cor. 7: 14)?

Neither of the passages assert that fact. A child cannot be sinful when it is born. It may and does have tendencies to sin in its nature, and if you watch a child of a few months old you will see proof of the fact, but it is guiltless of sin. That comes later when it becomes responsible and knows the difference between right and wrong. Both passages refer to the parents rather than the children.

Reader, Richmond, O. What did Christ mean by being born of water and of the spirit (John 3: 5)?

The passage has given rise to much controversy and theologians are by no means agreed as to its meaning. Our opinion is that Christ had reference to the topic then agitating such men as the one he was speaking to. They had a ceremony by which the Gentile was admitted to the privileges of Judaism, part of which was baptism, which signified purification from the sins of his old life. To the astonishment of the Pharisees, John the Baptist had insisted that even they were in need of baptism, just as the proselyte was. But as John intimated, that was not enough. There was One coming who would baptize with the Holy Spirit. Therefore Nicodemus would understand Christ's meaning, when he spoke of being born of water and of the spirit. To the new birth it was necessary that a man be purified in heart, his past sins blotted out, which was symbolized by the water, and he must be quickened to a new life, which was done by the Spirit. Both are still necessary to conversion. They are called in theological parlance, justification and sanctification.

L. T., Los Angeles. 1. Please give names of Commanding Generals on both sides

1. You probably refer to a battle in the Teutoberg Forest, 9 A.D., in which Hermann (called in old German song and story, the deliverer of Germany) annihilated the Roman army under Quintilius Varus and freed his country from Roman rule. For fuller detail read German and Roman history. 2. The battle of Fontenoy, 1745, was one of the most famous engagements in the war of the Austrian succession, which eventually secured the Imperial crown and title to Maria Theresa and her husband, Francis of Lorraine. On one side were the French, 60,000 strong, under Marshal Saxe; on the other, the English, Dutch and Austrian allies in equal numbers. Losses on both sides, about 7,000. The French were successful. For full information, consult histories of Austria-Hungary, France and Great Britain.

H. W. H., Tush Ripple, Pa. In the HERALD of March 8th you could not give "Mrs. H. C. Y." the

"For the want of a nail the shoe was lost.
For the want of a shoe the horse was lost.
For the want of a horse the rider was lost.
For the want of the rider the battle was lost.
For the want of a battle the kingdom was lost.
And all for the want of a horseshoe-nail."

Mrs. G. W. B., Central City, Neb. Is there a passage in the Bible which says that one who does not provide for his own is worse than an in-

You will find the passage to which you refer in 1. Timothy 5: 8.

A. B. C., Eastbrook, Me. 1. Why did Christ call himself the Son of Man? 2. Where was he baptized? 3. What became of the Cross on which he was crucified? 4. What is the date of the oldest Biblical writing? 5. When did sacrifices cease to be offered? 6. Are such expressions as "Good Gracious," "Good Lord," etc.,

1. Probably as indicating that he was the representative man, and also with special reference to the Old Testament prophecies in which the Messiah is spoken of under that title. 2. In the Jordan. The exact spot is uncertain. 3. No one knows. There is a tradition that it was found by Helena, mother of Constantine, but only Roman Catholics believe that story now. 4. The oldest is the Sinai Manuscript, which is believed to have been made in the fourth century, or about fourteen hundred years ago. It is now at St Petersburg. It was found in 1859 by Tischendorf, in the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai. 5. When the Temple was destroyed about forty years after the Crucifixion. They were continued until that time. 6. Some of them are. All of them are objectionable and unnecessary.

Reader, Waterbury, Conn. What are the facts regarding the branch of the Washington family

There is an interesting link between the little village of Washington, Durham, England, and our own national Capital; also between our national insignia of stars, stripes

a Cambridge Church, and his mural tablet, bearing date of his birth in 1050, and of his

After the thirty-day Mohammedan fast of Rama from sunrise to sunset), comes the Bairam festival. Moslems make presents to servants and give public places in the principal cities are the scenes of gayety and merrymaking.

death in 1729, is surmounted by a crest, the shield, stars, stripes and eagle of which are too strongly suggestive of our national insignia for the resemblance to be only a coincidence.

A. W. O., Rodgersville, Ala. 1. When was the German Emperor born? 2. Bismarck? 3. When did King John grant Magna Charter at Run-

J. M. H., Shelton, Neb. Was the 14th of April, 1865, the night of Lincoln's assassination, on Sunday?

He was shot on the evening of Friday, April 14th, and died on the morning of Saturday the 15th.

J. L. D., Live Spring, Tenn. Please give me the date of any great fire which occurred in New York during the year 1835.

buildings, were destroyed south of Wall street by a great fire. This misfortune was productive of fire service improvement and fire insurance reforms.

A number of readers have written approvingly of the new Catechism recently adopted by the churches in Great Britain and which was published in this journal. Lyman E. W., Norfolk, Mass., writes:

Your publication of the New Catechism doubtless brings joy to the hearts of many as it does to mine, for we have long wished for some such exposition

with a lance at Corarandel; Philip hanged at Hierapolis; Bartholomew flayed alive; John shot to death with arrows; Simeon crucified in

stoned and beheaded; Barnabas stoned to death at Salamis; Paul beheaded at Rome by Nero.

Constant Reader, Scranton, Pa. Is it right to continue helping poor people who show no gratitude, and who will steal from you after all you have done for them?

The patience of those who try to do good is often sorely tried, but when the motive is right, the temptation to give them up is overcome. If you try to help such poor people for the sake of Christ, the consciousness that you are pleasing him will satisfy you, even when the people themselves return evil for good. If God were to give up blessing people who do not act as they ought, some of us would be in evil case (See Matthew 5: 46).

J. H., East Canton, Pa. 1. If science is true in asserting that the work of creation occupied thousands of years when the Bible says it was

the rest of the Bible is true? 2. Why was the last clause of the Lord's Prayer omitted in the Revised Version?

1. The Bible was not written to teach science. It was given as a revelation of God to men. The language is not that of scientific exactness. Therefore when it speaks of days in the first chapter of Genesis it does not speak of the length of the day, which may,

It had been

writers, but not

Lord (see Num. 21

ogies). *The Story of the Prophet Idds. The*

D. W. C.

hiopia, and Mark in

headed in Jerusalem; James the Less beaten to death with a fuller's club; Thomas pierced

happiest and are thoroughly enjoyed by our little guests.

' Children's Home," or Fresh-Air Home for

to the E

the case

and there." In 1776, he represented

Congress. 2. Write to the editor of

3. Boston, Mass.

A. C. J., Kasson, Iowa. 1. What was the

1. The ostensible causes were intricate and involved. The real cause was that England and France both desired to curb the growing power of Russia. England was concerned about her Indian possessions, and France desired to wipe out the Napoleonic disaster. Russia's encroachments on Turkey served the purpose of a quarrel, and Russia was compelled for a time to cease her menaces. Napoleon III. sidered the pledges Russia gave sufficient satisfaction for the war, and took the lead in making peace. 2. No.

Dorothy Days, Danville, Que. Do not know the

A., Gloversville, N. Y. It is impossible to say; both were very able.

A. A. P. C., Centre Strafford, N. H. Not yet published in book form.

F. A. L., Springfield, Mass. "O. K." is the familiar telegraphic sign for "all correct."

Inquirer, West Brighton, N. Y. Write to Super-

at Fifty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, New York City.

Subscriber. Any well-informed physician will

Thomas H. J., Scranton, Pa. The only way is to write to Munn & Co., New York.

Inquirer, E. Smithfield, Pa. Steamers carrying mail for Manila, sail from San Francisco weekly. From San Francisco to New York, six days.

conclusions. 2. Because it is so in consecutive order.

sweeping. It is probable that the majority do, but yet been furnished.

Subscriber, Fall River, Kan. As the passage is

A. A. T., Heart's Content, N. F. Only the baths in zero weather. Very likely however, your habit of cold bathing had nothing to do with your illness, as the grip seems to attack strong and weak

Saved Behind Prison Bars

Two Remarkable Instances of God's Grace Wholly Redeeming Sin-Wrecked Lives.

By CHAPLAIN MUNRO, of New York Tombs

BIBLE-READING IN THE CELL

HOW strange it is that, when we read the Gospels, or the Book of Acts, we are startled at the wondrous power of God in the salvation of lost souls, and think that such miracles of grace are confined to the apostolic age. In this we greatly err. The power of God in the salvation of lost men and women, may be just as manifest to-day, on the threshold of the twentieth century as when Jesus caused the maniac of Gadara to sit at his feet, clothed and in his right mind.

After studying the character of those who get behind the bars, I have come to the conclusion that a great many persons on the downward course of sin do not and will not take time to think of God and their own eternal destiny till they are shut up in jail. When God shuts a man in prison, he has him in close quarters. He is brought to bay and is humiliated, and will either make a full surrender or prepare for a greater calamity. And to many a man, a brief period in jail is nothing less than a blessing. This is what many have told me behind the bars, and I believe it is true.

Last Christmas afternoon, I stood before the iron grating in the detention ward of the Harlem Prison in this city, preaching the Gospel of Jesus to the inmates. I had been presenting the old Gospel for about fifteen minutes, to from thirty to forty persons who had been committed for various offenses. When I ended my remarks, I found myself face to face with one man—the others seemed to have disappeared. I find it pays to preach even to one man, if he will listen. This is the way Christ made converts. He preached to Nicodemus, Zaccheus, the blind man in the temple, the woman in Simon's house and many others. This man in the jail showed by his earnest looks that he was impressed. I had made special use when speaking of John 1: 12: "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." As I went on speaking, I drew nearer the cage and thrusting my hand through the bars, I took him by the hand. The expression on his face seemed to say: "This is all new to me. Can it be true?" Holding him firmly by the hand I said: "Are you willing to receive the Lord Jesus as your Saviour now?" He replied: "Yes." I continued: "Do you give yourself now unreservedly to Jesus for time and eternity?" He replied firmly: "Yes." I said: "God bless you, my friend. He will do his part faithfully if you are true to him."

Then I began to question him, getting a few details of his history. He had been a confirmed, helpless drunkard, and his wife told me that within recent years his debauches made him a dangerous madman. That same afternoon I went to his home and made a personal investigation, and found that all he said was true. It was the typical drunkard's home. In it I found his wife and five children, scantily clad and showing a lack of proper nourishment. Poor broken-hearted mother and children! I could have wept for them. In his sober moments, as I learned, he was a good husband and father, and when work could be had he provided for his family. I also learned that if he served his full time it was more than likely his children would starve and his family be turned out of doors. Armed with the information I secured, I went to the magistrate and pleaded for clemency. But I knew the grace of God could transform the home of the drunkard and make him an honored citizen.

The magistrate received me kindly. God bless him! He listened patiently to my tale of woe on behalf of the drunkard's family and then ordered the man's release.

Soon afterward the man was set free. I asked him to meet me that evening, as I wished to go to a mission meeting with him. He came, was deeply interested, and when the time to give testimonies arrived he was the first on his feet to tell what God had already done for him. It was a voluntary testimony. At the close he went to the front, taking his little boy with him, and prayed for himself. Since then he has been living the life of a quiet, sober, industrious, prayerful Christian—a brand plucked from the burning.

Case number two was saved in prison on the first Sunday of the new year—a genuine case of real conversion. This man heard the joyful sound in his cell. It came as a message from God. He felt that the Almighty was speaking to him for the last time: it was now or never! In a moment he decided the question of his salvation, dropped on his knees and then and there gave himself to the Lord Jesus. He had the peace of God in his soul.

Monday is generally a "blue day" with most preachers, but the Chaplain of the Tombs Prison has no time to be blue. After a spiritual battle, he goes from cell to cell to see if any were wounded the day before. When he came to this man's cell he found that a great change had taken place—he had been praying and weeping alternately for twenty-four hours. He had settled the great question of his soul's salvation at the Sunday service.

"Now," said he, as the tears ran down his cheeks. "Chaplain, if I were to die to-day, I know that I would be with my Saviour, as he has taken away my load of sin. I am saved and I know it." The day afterward he sent me the following letter which will explain itself. I withhold his name for the present. If, however, anybody is curious to see the man and letter, I can show both with pleasure."

The Jerusalem Chamber

The Famous Hall Wherein the Westminster Assembly Met, and the Authorized and Revised Version of the Bible was Prepared

PROBABLY only a very small proportion of the visitors to Westminster Abbey ever enter the apartment known as "The Jerusalem Chamber." It is about thirty-six feet long and eighteen wide, and was built by Nicholas Litlyngton, Abbot of Westminster, between 1376 and 1386. There is every reason to suppose that the title "Jerusalem Chamber," was given to the room in consequence of the decorations in it, depicting scenes from Scripture subjects, chiefly relating to Jerusalem. Among the scenes painted there are:

"The Stoning of Stephen;" "The Slaughter of the Innocents;" "The Last Judgment;" "The Ascension;" "Peter Walking on the Sea," and "The Beheading of John the Baptist."

Between 1871 and 1874, the chamber underwent a thorough restoration. Its walls are hung with ancient tapestry, and finished with cedar panelling, the fireplace is fitted with an antique grate, and around the tiles in mediæval characters, are the three texts: "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem;" "Build thou the walls of Jerusalem;" "Jerusalem, which is above, is free."

The earliest historical reference to the Jerusalem chamber is, probably, the account of the death of Henry IV.: the consciousness of whose sins, added to the burden of various diseases, weighed so heavily upon his mind, that he determined to join in the Crusade to Jerusalem, where, according to prophecy, he would end his days. He came to Westminster, to be present at the Parliament which met in 1412. While kneeling before the shrine of Edward in the Abbey, he was seized with a violent fit and had to be carried to the Abbot's room. When he had recovered a little, he asked the name of the room in which he was lying, and on being informed that it was called Jerusalem, he said, "Praise be to the Father of heaven, for now I know I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophecy of the before said, that I should die at Jerusalem!"

The Jerusalem Chamber also afforded a temporary resting-place for the bodies of many eminent men of letters. In 1719 the body of Addison lay there in state before burial. Here, too, Congreve lay in state before his pompous funeral, at which noblemen bore the pall; and here also Matthew Prior, Sir Isaac Newton and the poet Dryden also lay in state.

The famous Westminster Assembly of Divines met in the Jerusalem Chamber. The Assembly was appointed by the Long Parliament for settling the doctrine, liturgy and government of the Church of England. It consisted of one hundred and twenty-one clergymen and thirty laymen, ten of whom were lords and twenty commoners, together with four clerical and two lay commissioners from the Church of Scotland. Among the most distinguished of the divines were Ussher; Saunderson, Reynolds and Lightfoot. The Scottish divines were: Henderson, Gillespie, Rutherford and Baillie. They first assembled on July 1st in the choir, where a service was held and a sermon preached by Dr. Tevisse before a large congregation, which included both Houses of Parliament. Afterwards they proceeded to Henry VII.'s Chapel, where their sittings were held until the cold at the end of September drove them to the more comfortable Jerusalem Chamber. The sittings were continued until February 22, 1649. Dean Stanley has summed up the result of these long and tedious theological discussions in the following words:

The five years, six months, and twenty-two days, through one thousand one hundred and sixty-three sessions, the Chapel of Henry VII. and the Jerusalem Chamber witnessed their weary labors. Out of these walls came the Directory, the longer and shorter Catechism, and that famous Confession of Faith, which, alone within these islands, was imposed by law on the whole kingdom, and which alone of all Protestant confessions, still, in spite of its sternness and narrowness, retains a hold on the minds of its adherents.

The Jerusalem Chamber also had to do with the Authorized and Revised Version of our Bible. In 1604, King James appointed a Conference at Hampton Court for determining of things said to be amiss in the Church. The suggestion of a new translation made by Reynolds was taken up by the king, and six committees were appointed to execute the work—two at Jerusalem Chamber, two at Cambridge, and two at Oxford. The Authorized Version appeared in 1611. For the Revised Version two companies of translators were appointed, one for the Old Testament, the other for the New. They sat at the Jerusalem Chamber in 1870. After the work had commenced, a number of American scholars were added to the revision company, and all points of ultimate difference of opinion between the English and American revisers were appended to the versions issued. The Revised New Testament was issued in 1881, and the Old Testament in 1885.

"JERUSALEM CHAMBER," WHERE THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY WAS HELD AND THE BIBLE REVISORS MET

· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·

. . . Angels of the Grass . . .

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Luke 12 : 28 :

If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven: how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?

THE lily is the queen of Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times, and won it: but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long-continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible frankincense and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphire and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ. Cæsar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached, there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the House of the Interpreter, and was shown a cluster of flowers, and was told to "consider the lilies."

We may study or reject other sciences at our option. It is so with astronomy, it is so with chemistry, it is so with jurisprudence, it is so with physiology, it is so with geology; but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when he says: "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inhale their breath. Notice the gracefulness of their poise. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the Eastern and the red lips of the American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilies is the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the lady Washington of the Sierras, the Golden Band lily, the Giant lily of Nepaul, the Turk's Cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have the royal blood in their veins. But I take the lilies of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and their voice of floral beauty seems to address us, saying: "Consider the lilies, consider the azaleas, consider the fuchsias, consider the geraniums, consider the ivies, consider the hyacinths, consider the heliotropes, consider the oleanders." With deferential and grateful and intelligent and worshipful souls, consider them. Not with insipid sentimentalism, or with sophmoric vaporing, but for grand and practical and every-day, and, if need be, homely uses, consider them.

The flowers are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak, they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak, they scream; when the cataracts speak, they roar; but when the flowers speak, they always whisper. I stand here to interpret their message. What have you to say to us, O ye angels of the grass? This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject: What are flowers good for?

I remark, in the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential care. That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us to-day, saying: "God will give you apparel and food. We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well-sweep with which to draw water; but God slakes our thirst with the dew, and God feeds us with the bread of the sunshine, and God has apparelled us with more than Solomonic regality. We are prophetesses of adequate wardrobe. "If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Men and women of worldiy anxieties, take this message home with you. How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life? Half the journey of life? Three-quarters the journey of life? Can you not trust him the rest of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman emperor had on his table at vast expense—five hundred nightingales' tongues—but he has promised to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities, not the luxuries—bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will he not provide for you, his living and immortal children? He will.

No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing-desk for inspiration! Through the cracks of the prison floor a flower grew up to cheer Picciola. Mungo Park, the great traveler and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die, but, seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and traveled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are the evangels of the sky.

If you ask me the question, What are flowers good for? I respond, they are good for the bridal day. The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage altar must be covered with them. A wedding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulation and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is covered up with thorns, we ought to cover the beginning with orange-blossoms.

Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases it is the very best thing that could have happened. The world may criticise and pronounce it an inaptitude, and may lift its eyebrows in surprise and think it might suggest something better; but the God who sees the twenty, forty, fifty years of wedded life before they have begun, arranges for the best. So that flowers, in almost all cases, are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondences, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

There has been many an aged widowed soul who had a carefully-locked bureau, and in the bureau a box, and in the box a folded paper, and in the folded paper a half-blown rose, slightly fragrant, discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there forty or fifty years ago. On the anniversary day of her wedding she will go to the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper, and to her eyes will be exposed the half-blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower, and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the anther, and it rounds out, and it is full of life, and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air; and vanished faces reappear, and right hands are joined, and a manly voice promises: "I will, for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing crowd; but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep-fetched breath, the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper, and then into the box, and the box placed in the bureau, and with a click of the lock the scene is over.

Ah, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers, on your wedding day, be false prophecies. Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellences. Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the calla lilies.

If you ask me the question, What are flowers good for? I answer, They are good to honor and comfort the obsequies. The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth, is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable, that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery. What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard, with the fence broken down, and the tombstone aslant, and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullein stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the wave of roseate bloom rolling to the top of the mounds, and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered blanket.

"Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and trains coming to any living city as there are convoys coming from heaven to earth; and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why has God planted "golden-rod" and wild-flowers in the forest and on the prairie, where no human eye ever sees them? He planted them there for invisible intelligences to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at the wild-flowers of the woods and the table-lands, will they not make excursion and see the flowers which you have planted in affectionate remembrance of them?

When I am dead, I would like to have a handful of violets—anyone could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water-lily—nothing rarely expensive, no insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites, where the display takes the bread from the childrens' mouths, and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperial catafalque of Russian czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by Gospel sermon or Christian deed, to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of China asters.

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral Gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain. If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden-handled casket or pine box, whether a king's mausoleum or Potter's field, with radiant or aromatic arboresence. The Bible says: "In the midst of the garden there was a sepulchre." I wish that every sepulchre might be in the midst of a garden.

If you ask me the question, what are flowers good for? I answer, for religious symbolism. Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arboretum, it is a divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the brightest human life, you will quote from Job: "Man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the Psalmist: "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth: the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah: "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the Apostle: "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible symbolism!

All the cut flowers will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them. Though morning and night you baptize them in the name of the shower, the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cut them. They are bleeding their life away: they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits. Oh, yes! Flowers are almost human. Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink. They are sensitive. They have their likes and dislikes. They sleep, they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and their descendants, their birth, their burial, their cradle, their grave. The zephyr rocks the one, and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslip must leave its gold, the lily must leave its silver, the rose must leave its diamond necklace of [illegible] up, we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower—as the flower!

Change and decay in all around I see;
[illegible]

Flowers also afford mighty symbolism of Christ, who compared himself to the ancient queen, the lily, and the modern queen, the rose, when he said, "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." Redolent like the one, humble like the other. Like both, appropriate for the sad who want sympathizers, and for the rejoicing who want banqueters. Hovering over the marriage ceremony like a wedding-bell, or folded like a chaplet on the pulseless heart of the dead. Oh, Christ! let the perfume of thy name be wafted all around the earth—lily and rose, lily and rose—until the wilderness crimson into a garden, and the round earth turn into one great bud of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God.

But, my friends, flowers have no grander use than when on Easter morning we celebrate the re-animation of Christ from the catacombs. The flowers spell resurrection. The women carried spices to the tomb of Christ, and they dropped spices all around about the tomb, and from these spices have grown all the flowers of Easter morn. The two white-robed angels that hurled the stone away from the door of the tomb, hurled it with such violence down the hill that it crashed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and millions of dead shall come forth.

However labyrinthine the mausoleum, however costly the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolis, however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the Resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brothers and sisters—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers we closed, must open in the lustre of Resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be retuned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues—it must come up.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were thirty trumpeters stationed at the door of the Cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's Cathedral, these thirty trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on. But I have to tell you, what thirty trumpeters could not do for one man, one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, and the clock of the world's destiny strikes nine, ten, eleven, twelve, and time shall be no longer! Behold the archangel hovering! He takes the trumpet, points it this way, puts its lips to his lips, and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast! Look, look! They rise! The dead—the dead! some coming from the family vault: some from city cemetery; some from country graveyard. Upward and away! Christ leads and all the Christian dead follow, battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up! On, on! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection!

And so I twist all the festal flowers of the chapels and cathedrals of all Christendom into one great chain, and with that chain I bind the Easter morning of 1899 with the closing Easter of the world's history—Resurrection!

Little Orphans at Marash

The Parentless, Armenian Children are being Educated and Taught to Work by the Kind American and English Missionaries

TO those readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who have aided in sheltering and supporting the helpless Armenian orphans, the photographs which appear on this page will have a special interest. These groups

A LESSON IN THE WEAVER'S ART

of little ones were photographed for us through the kindness of Miss Salmond, a member of the mission corps, who accompanies her pictures with an interesting letter. She writes:

"We feel that, in a special sense, these are God's children. He has saved them from death and has, in a marvelous way, raised up kind, true, praying friends in many places; and through your aid, they are housed, clothed, and fed. They are also being trained in the homes and at

"Our industrial work begun last May is prospering. Shoemaking, weaving, tailoring, etc., are carried on under our own supervision, in a rented house. One of the seminary students imparts his bookbinding knowledge to five or six lads on the Saturday, in a room off the mission house. A gardener has offered to train some lads in the craft, and it gladdens our hearts to see them digging and hoeing in our recently acquired grounds adjoining our Ebenezer House; sixty boys are now in it. A Protestant brother has taken three other of our lads to teach weave a special cloth. We want tools and money for this department, and then we hope to have carpentry and other useful things in daily operation.

"The girls are being qualified in all domestic arts of the simplest kind plain sewing, knitting, lace-making and embroidery. We have just engaged a Koordish woman to come and teach them to make rugs, which we trust will sell. The health of the children is good as a rule.

"We wish you could be present at our prayer meetings, and hear them ask God to reward you in manifold blessings. Some of our children, after examination, have been received as church members. We are so many now that the question of room for us in the churches and school is quite a serious one. We encourage the child to speak Armenian. We have become two bands. Miss Rubach, who came a year ago and took over 50 girls, has more than double the number, and has opened a third house in which she has 58 boys. Last year we reopened 5

ARMENIAN ORPHANS LEARNING THE SHOEMAKING TRADE

school in those principles that make for righteousness, and truthfulness, and honesty. The return they make for all this love and care, is that in each home, love reigns. We seldom hear of quarreling. Obedience to the house-mother is prompt, and each one does his or her appointed work neatly and orderly; they are taught to have a place for everything and to put everything in its place.

"At school, the teachers report that the orphans are the best scholars, many of them surprise us by the progress they make. Of course, all are not alike gifted mentally, so we arrange for the duller ones to be taught some handicraft during the day and to take evening lessons.

houses with 180 children; this year we have 6 houses with 244; 3 for girls and 3 for boys. We thank all the friends in each country for their gifts and their sympathy and continue to desire earnest prayers on our behalf.

"Some of these boys and girls must leave us in a short time, and if they go with the truth in their hearts, they can live Christ in their work as tailors, and shoemakers, etc., and we shall feel we have done much for them. We want the earnest, believing, persevering prayers of God's dear children. This land—this Bible land—must be brought to Christ.

"Yours sincerely,

"AGNES C. SALMOND."

Another Great Opportunity

The prize proposition placed last month before our readers proved so exceedingly popular, attractive and successful, that we are encouraged to repeat it for subscriptions secured during the month of April and mailed before April 30, 1899. No letter bearing post-mark later than April 30, can be recognized in connection with this competition.

In reply to many inquiries, we beg to say that it is always best to send in each subscription as soon as it is secured, with full remittance, thus avoiding delay and disappointment to the subscriber.

Unless instructed to the contrary, the names of all the successful contestants will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the second issue in May.

Start in to-day, and you will be surprised how easy it is to get subscribers.

To every one desiring it, we will send subscription blanks, colored premium sheets and sample copies free of charge.

This is a great opportunity to earn a number of excellent books and a liberal cash reward. Remember, you earn the books, and, the *cash rewards are an additional incentive* to increased activity, and will be paid to those who are fortunate enough to come out ahead in this competition, *in addition* to whatever books they may be entitled. Thus, even if you should fail to win a cash reward, the books will afford you substantial compensation for any subscribers which you may secure.

We Offer the Following Exceptionally Liberal Rewards:

For One **new** subscription we will give free, all charges prepaid, any one of the following books:

"Onward to Fame and Fortune," by Wm. M. Thayer, 446 pages, beautifully illustrated, bound in cloth, red and gilt;

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For Two **new** subscriptions, the one sending them may select any one of the following rewards:

"Around the World with Eyes Wide Open," by Dr. H. Allen Tupper, Jr. The Greatest Book of Travel ever published for ten times the price; 464 pages, nearly 300 beautiful illustrations, very handsomely bound;

"The Art of Home-Making," Margaret E. Sangster's great home book for Mothers and Daughters—not a book on housekeeping, but on Home-Making; 448 pages, very generously illustrated; a magnificent specimen of modern book-making.

The Christian Herald Library No. 2, consisting of **ten** superb volumes. Their titles and authors are as follows:

The Wedding-Ring, by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.
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These ten books aggregate 3,200 pages, and are beautifully bound in Olive Green, Red and Gilt Titles. We especially recommend lovers of good literature and those who desire to help their **Sunday School Library** to make an effort to get two new subscribers, either in the Sunday School, the Church, or among their friends, and then present to their Sunday School Library the ten volumes constituting this Library. These books are carefully packed in corrugated cardboard cases, ensuring safe and undamaged delivery.

For Three **new** subscribers we will send, all charges prepaid, a superb Long-Primer, Leather Bound and Leather Lined, Divinity Circuit, Red-under-Gold Edged, Teacher's Bible, with patent thumb index, in either the Authorized Version, or the Revised Version. Our Revised Version Bibles are the only ones in verse form conforming exactly to the Authorized Version.

For Five **new** subscribers we will send, all charges prepaid, one of our Superb, Genuine London Art Bibles, 1,334 pages and 852 illustrations, Elegantly Bound in Leather, Divinity Circuit, Red-under-Gold and Overlapping Edges.

This Bible is set in extra large type, and is as serviceable for home reading as for Sunday School work. The **852 beautiful pictures** which it contains elucidate the text more than references and an extensive commentary could do, and they invest the Holy Scriptures with **new life** to old and young. The pictures **illustrate scenes** and **explain orientalisms** which heretofore were but imperfectly understood. It is the **greatest of illustrated Bibles,** and will prove a prize indeed to every one fortunate enough to secure it.

We also Give $100 in Cash

In addition to the above rewards, we will distribute $100 as follows among the persons who, under the above offer, send in the largest number of subscribers:

For the largest list of all, in addition to the books	**$25.00 in cash**
For the next largest list, " " "	**20.00** "
For the next largest list, " " "	**15.00** "
For the next largest list, " " "	**10.00** "
For the Six next largest lists, each $5.00, "	**30.00** "

MAKING A TOTAL OF TEN EXTRA REWARDS, AGGREGATING $100.

And all this in addition to the book reward earned under the above proposition. Remember you get the books anyway, and the cash if you come in ahead.

The Sunday School

Jesus Teaching Humility

S. S. Lesson for April 16. John 13: 1-17
Golden Text, John 13: 15

BEFORE the feast of the Passover, Jesus knowing that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father. His hour was come: he knew he was about to suffer, he knew what he was about to suffer, and he knew it by the Scripture which he had studied. But the suffering, tremendous as it should be, was not the thing that occupied him; but that he, the Man Christ Jesus, having finished the work which his Father had given him to do, having glorified him on the earth, should be able to take up with him to the Father at the right hand of God the human nature in which he had proved it possible to fulfil the whole will of God. The goal was in sight. He saw the purpose of the Father "before the world was" taking shape in his hands, and he was strengthened for the last hours of his awful conflict with sin, the world and the devil.

What was it that occupied Jesus in this critical hour? His own, his unworthy followers whom he loved to call his own! "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." They had failed to understand him in that which most occupied his heart, that he should suffer at the hands of wicked men, be condemned, killed, and rise again the third day. Again and again he had returned to the subject, but instead of his patience being worn out, "He loved them unto the end."

"And during supper . . . Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he came forth from God and goeth unto God, riseth from supper and layeth aside his garments and he proceeded to wash his disciples' feet." Jesus knowing! How did he know? He had voluntarily emptied himself, while he was always "the Son of God who is in heaven" (Phil. 2: 7); and had voluntarily taken upon himself the flesh and blood of the seed of Abraham, and been made in all things like unto his brethren (Hebrews 2: 14–17). Thus coming down to our level, he must increase or advance in wisdom (Luke 2: 40, 52), just like any other human being, by the study of the Scripture, "the things of his Father" (verse 49, margin, R. V.). He, as Man, had learned "in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself," which he, three days later, taught the two disciples on the way to Emmaus. And thus he knew that the Father had given all things into his hands, while the jealous heads of the Jewish Church and state were plotting to get him into their hands. And just when all was delivered to him, he let himself be delivered into the hands of man that he might save us. He knew that he was come from God, and went to God, and he manifested his high position in taking the place of the ordinary slave, and washing the feet of the disciples whose ways and spirit were so contrary to his! The Word which "was from the beginning," which was "with God," and which "was God," by whom "all things were made," "was made flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld his glory!" (John 1: 1, 2, 14). He into whose hands the Father had given all things, who came from God, and was about to go to God, took his position by girding himself to wash his disciples' feet! Such was the deed: "I am among you as he that serveth" (Luke 22: 27) was the word with which he cut from under the feet of the disciples any ground they had for striving which should be the greatest! If he took the lowest place of all, then there is no place of royal dignity in his kingdom as high as that.

One of the disciples, Peter, wanted to be an exception to the rest. It is always pride and self which wants to be an exception from others. Simon Peter said, "Lord, dost thou wash my feet?" He did not say, "our feet." My feet. "What I do," was the answer, "thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." "Thou shalt never wash my feet." Peter looked at things only from his own side. One of those who had striven which should be the greatest; perhaps even the foremost in the discussion, probably his conscience struck him when the only one of the company who arose to take the slave's place was his Lord and Master, whom he had acknowledged as "the Christ, the Son of the living God," and yet the pride of his heart led him to be willing that James and John and the other disciples should be thus served, but that he himself would be an example to them all of the consideration which was due to Jesus. The Lord needed Peter's ear, but he did not need his human consideration. His Father had measured the cup for him. How those words must have followed this disciple after the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and how crushed and covered with shame must he have been that he had not only denied his Lord, but also, in his miserable self-consciousness, had set himself above his fellow-disciples in seeking to be an exception, while not one of them had denied their Lord as he had done! Jesus must bring things to a point with this impulsive, wilful man. "If I wash thee not thou hast no part with me." How soon after, Peter, in his shame and bitter tears, felt his deep sinfulness, and shrank from himself as an unclean thing. How soon he needed more than external washing at the hands of Jesus! Now he says with his usual impulsiveness, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." He soon found that his heart was the seat of the uncleanness, and this same Peter learned himself and taught others a redemption not with silver and gold, from our vain manner of life handed down by tradition from our fathers, but with precious blood, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot. And he had found out the secret that souls are purified in obedience to the truth unto unfeigned love of the brethren (1. Peter 1: 18–22). Jesus answered, "He that is bathed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit; and ye are clean, but not all." For he knew him that should betray him; therefore, said he, "ye are not all clean. Ye are clean!" And yet they would be filled with shame in a few hours that they would all forsake—and one of them that he would deny him!

HE POURETH WATER INTO A BASIN AND BEGAN TO WASH THE DISCIPLES' FEET

LESSON POINTS

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

ONE of the most tender and beautiful of Christ's acts was this of the foot-washing. It showed with what delicacy the truly great leader of men administers reproof. In the East, at that time, men wore, instead of shoes, sandals attached to the foot by a thong passing over it and around the ankle. Walking over the chalky roads of Palestine the dust would collect on the uncovered top of the foot. So the custom grew, for a host, when his guests were assembled, to send in a servant with a basin and pitcher, who removed the sandals and washed the feet of the guests. Christ once called the attention of his host to the fact that

He poureth water into a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet.

Of course they knew that he had washed their feet. There was no need to ask that. What Christ meant was did they know the significance of it. It was not a mere rite which could be observed by simply washing a brother's feet: it was the spirit of humility in the heart which could manifest itself by any service. A very proud man could bring himself to wash another's feet. The Emperor of Austria and the Pope do it once a year, but neither of them thereby fulfils Christ's command. It is a childish thing thus to slavishly follow the letter. Lest they should do so, Christ puts the question, "Know ye what I have done?" A clergyman recently went to a politician and asked him to use his influence to get a poor boy a position in the government service. "The only chance for the boy," said the politician, "is in a certain department, and I cannot help you there. The man at the head of it is a man from whom I could not bring myself to ask a favor. If I were starving I would not ask him for help." But the clergyman argued that what the politician would not do for himself he was bound as a Christian man to do for another, and quoted this incident of the foot-washing. Finally the politician yielded. "It is very humiliating," he said, "I hate to do it. I cannot bear to stoop to ask a favor of such a man. I do it because you assure me that it is my duty as a follower of Christ." He wrote the letter which secured the boy the appointment, and in so doing obeyed Christ better than if he had washed the feet of a hundred men.

Not my feet only but also my hands. When Peter knew that submission was a condition of union with Christ, he was eager for more than was required. He wished to be altogether his Lord's. But Christ explained to him that the one act was sufficient. It is so still. He that is really and truly regenerated does not need a repetition of the process. As he walks through the world, he may get his feet soiled: some of the pollution of sin and worldliness may cling to him, which Christ will remove. But, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." The heart is right, though under extreme temptation, or through lack of vigilance he may have fallen into sin. Then he that has once been washed will come humbly to Christ to be forgiven and to have his impurity removed. The story is told of the second mate of a ship, that he was down in the cabin working out a problem when the captain ordered all portholes closed. The problem was important to the ship's reckoning; and the mate ventured to keep the porthole open that he might have light to complete his task. But he did not know that a huge wave was approaching. In two minutes the water was pouring in in a deluge, and the mate was shouting for help. A dozen men ran down and by their united strength the porthole was closed. Then the mate went up to the captain to confess his fault. "Bid me throw myself overboard," he said: "I deserve it." But the captain was a wise and generous man. "No," said he, "I could not afford to lose a good officer—who will not disobey again." The backslider who returns to Christ is received lovingly and with tender compassion as Peter was after his denial.

Supper being ended. This is a wrong translation. The preparations were ended, but the supper was not begun. It should read, "Supper being served." It was after all was ready and the attendants having retired, Jesus was alone with his disciples that he administered his re-

[illegible] chief, upset a cabinet, in which his father kept a large collection of geological specimens. The confusion was complete, and the serious feature of it was that the father was finishing a work in which he had to refer to them continually. "You do not know, my son," he said, "how much work you have caused me. "I shall have to sit up all night to get these specimens into their proper order." The next morning at breakfast the mother lamented that her husband had been at work all night and had lost his proper sleep. The boy listened with shame, and expected to hear his father explain how it was that he had been obliged to give his night to work. If he did so, his mother and brothers and sisters would blame and despise him. But his father kept silence as to his fault, and merely said that he would get a good, long sleep when his book was finished. The delicacy of his reticence drew the boy's heart to him as nothing else could have done. It was when they were alone that Christ rebuked his disciples.

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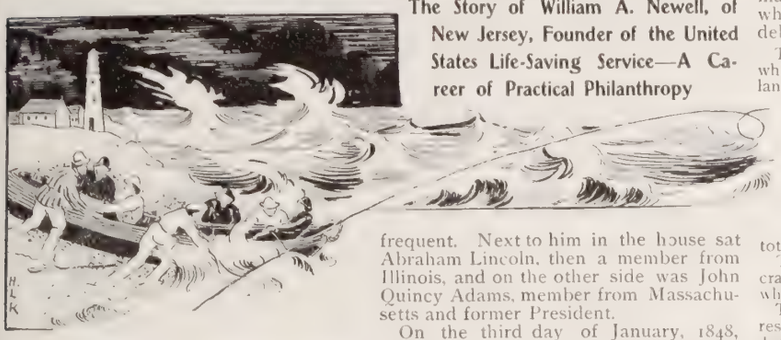
He Flung the First Life-Line



The Story of William A. Newell, of New Jersey, Founder of the United States Life-Saving Service—A Career of Practical Philanthropy

IN these days of widespread philanthropy and benevolence, when efforts for the preservation of human life and the mitigation of human suffering are found on every hand, it is well, both by way of encouragement and example, to look back at the humble efforts in which many of the noblest of these enterprises had their beginnings. In almost every instance, they originated in the consecrated impulse of some earnest man or woman, whose sole unselfish aim was to serve God and benefit humanity. The story of the founding of the United States Life-Saving Service is one that shows the priceless value to the world of a generous idea persistently carried out without thought of personal advantage. One day, in the winter of 1839, a furious storm was raging along the coast of New Jersey. An Austrian brig, the *Count Perasto*, was in peril. Her booming cannon told the dwellers on the coast that she was on a dangerous reef of sand, lying parallel with the shore from Barnegat Inlet to Sandy Hook. The villagers of Mannahawkin gallantly responded to the signal of distress. It was midnight, but lanterns were hurriedly lighted, storm coats were donned, and soon a group of anxious men were seen on the beach. A thousand feet away lay the doomed vessel pounding her timbers on the bar, her lights quivering under every blow of the surf. The men on shore courageously manned a fishing-boat and put out in the breakers, only to be swamped and tossed back in the surf. Time and again they tried, the shrieks of the drowning sailors urging them on; but their boat could not live in that frightful sea. One by one, the men of the ship's crew were engulfed and met death in the angry waters. At daylight, thirteen dead bodies lay on the sands.

William A. Newell, a young medical man of the village, helped carry the dead to their resting-place. As he glanced from the shore to the dismantled hulk of the *Perasto*, he was struck by the pitifully short space that intervened. The ship lay in comparatively shallow water, and the crew had therefore been within a few hundred yards of safety when she struck. The idea at once occurred to him—Why not an arrow or a rifle ball to carry a line? Hastening home, he procured an old rifle, with ramrod and a stout cord. A neighbor lent him a bow and arrows. For hours he stood on the shore, working out the idea which had now fully taken possession of his mind. The arrows fell short, incapable of sustaining the weight of the cord. The bullets and the ramrod snapped the cord at the first discharge. Next Mr. Newell made use of a kite, but this, too, was uncertain. The projectile idea still haunted him when he ran across an old ship's mortar, relic of a former disaster, and obtained permission to use it. This worked better, for it would at least carry the line. It was badly aimed at first, and so failed to reach the vessel. A second attempt fell short, but the third succeeded, the line falling squarely over the wreck amidships. Thus was cast the first life-line.

Mr. Newell continued his experiments and tried to provide means for shooting life-lines from both the decks of ships and the shore by mortars or canonades.

He rose in his profession and became a leader in public affairs in his section of the State, but he still kept in view his life-saving project. He was chosen as a representative to Congress in 1846, his district included Mannahawkin and a long stretch of coast where shipwrecks are frequent. Next to him in the house sat Abraham Lincoln, then a member from Illinois, and on the other side was John Quincy Adams, member from Massachusetts and former President.

On the third day of January, 1848, Congressman Newell introduced the first resolution for a life-saving service. His resolution failed to pass, the members ignoring even the personal appeals of their colleague; but on August ninth of the same year, he offered an amendment to the Senate lighthouse bill, providing for "surf-boats, rockets, canonades, and other apparatus for the better preservation of life and property from shipwreck along the coast of New Jersey between Sandy Hook and Little Egg Harbor."

"Give us some rockets," he said, in supporting the measure. "A few surf-boats, a small quantity of rope, a few cannonades, which can never be put to better use; give us these means and all will bless you; the mariner, the passenger and the merchant will bless you, and he who orders all earthly event will smile upon these efforts in the sacred cause of humanity."

Abraham Lincoln helped Dr. Newell very materially in getting votes for this measure, and was so deeply impressed with the subject that he(Lincoln), a short time afterward, designed and patented an invention to aid wrecked vessels, and later,in 1861, when President, he appointed his old friend, Newell, superintendent of the service on the coast of New Jersey. No salaries were paid for the first ten years or more to the brave fellows who manned the life-boats. In many respects the work resembled the volunteer fire departments of small towns, where men can always be found imbued with the spirit of helpfulness to those in distress. It remained for Mr. Newell to broaden and amplify his first measure. In the second session of the Thirtieth Congress, he secured an appropriation of $40,000 and an extension of the service to Cape May on the south and the Atlantic coast of Long Island to the north. About this time, the value of the new life-saving service was strikingly demonstrated. The Scotch packet-ship, *Ayrshire*, struck the bar during a violent snow-storm, off Absecorn, on the 25th of December, 1849, and drifted to Square Beach. All except one of her 301 passengers and crew were rescued by the new system. A line was sent out, discharged with a ball from a cannonade across the ship. A hawser was bent, on which a life-car was rigged to take the people ashore. This achievement thrilled the country, and had its influence upon Congress. A larger appropriation placed the service on a paid basis.

EX-GOVERNOR W. A. NEWELL
Founder of the United States Life-Saving Service

How the service has grown, and what splendid results have been accomplished, may be gathered from a brief review, for which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is indebted to Superintendent Kimball:

The service now embraces 264 stations, of which number, 192 are on the coasts of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico; 56 on the American coasts of the Great Lakes; 1 at the falls of the Ohio, Louisville, and 15 on the Pacific. There were during the year 1898, 402 disasters to documented vessels having on board 3,113 persons, of whom only twelve were lost. The estimated value of the vessels was $5,861,320; cargoes, $1,307,070. Of this amount, $6,410,530 was saved and $757,860 lost. The number of vessels totally lost was fifty-nine.

The number of disasters to "undocumented craft" was 365, involving 874 persons, ten of whom perished.

The aggregate number of disasters and their results:

Total number of disasters	767
Total value of property involved	$7,368,075
Total value of property saved	6,588,355
Total value of property lost	779,740
Total number of persons involved	3,987
Total number of persons lost	22
Total number of persons succored at stations	663
Total number of days' succor afforded	1,328
Number of vessels totally lost	59

The life-saving crews saved and assisted to save during the year, 471 vessels, valued with their cargoes at $2,868,655.

Assistance was rendered to 430 other vessels in distress. The crews also warned from danger 226 vessels, 215 by night signals, and 11 by day signals. The loss of life and property thus averted cannot be estimated, but that many disasters were prevented is evident from the circumstances under which the warnings were given. The next expenditure for the maintenance of the service was $1,497,676.35.

Six new stations were completed during the year. Information of all disasters of consequence occurring within the scope of the service is now promptly transmitted to the general telegraph system of the country, by which means it speedily reaches all important commercial centres.

The humble village physician, who has thus gloriously realized his dream of saving human life at sea, has been called to many honors and distinctions since that eventful day upon which he cast the first life-line. It has fallen to his lot to be Governor of two States, to serve in three Congresses, to help organize two political parties, and to hold many other important public positions. He was Governor of New Jersey from 1856 to 1859, and of Washington from 1880 to 1884. At the age of eighty-one he has returned to Allentown and settled down to resume the practice of medicine in his old home. There, in the midst of his labors, he often speaks of the past. He confidently declares that it was God's hand that led him to the scene of that wreck in 1839, and that the thirteen poor sailors did not die in vain.

Congress has made no public recognition of his services to the nation and to humanity, but in the two States over which he has had the honor to preside, New Jersey and Washington, resolutions have been adopted by the respective commonwealths, tendering him their thanks. His name deserves to go down to posterity as that of one of the benefactors of the human race.

Fighting of fire and shipwreck, saving men,
Is heroism unto God's own will;
Though they that do it may not know to boast.
Who casts the life-line to the drowning, serves
The One who bade the troubled sea "Be still."
God bless the brave life-savers on our coast!

Temperance Her Life-Work

IT is doubtful if even the late Frances Willard traveled so many hundreds of thousands of miles or addressed more audiences than have been addressed by Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, during the eighteen years in which she has been

MRS. MARY H. HUNT

engaged in the work of securing compulsory temperance education laws in the United States. Mrs. Hunt is National and International Superintendent of the Department of Scientific Temperance Instruction, and Life Director of the National Education Association. Through her persistent and untiring efforts, every State—excepting Utah, Arkansas, Virginia and Georgia—has on its statute book laws regarding scientific temperance education in the public schools.

In 1886, Mrs. Hunt, after months of effort, secured the passage of a national temperance education law for schools under Federal control. Mrs. Hunt has also secured the passage of these laws in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. She has addressed the legislatures of nearly every State and territory in the Union, being an eloquent and forceful speaker.

She employs at her home in Boston from six to nine secretaries and stenographers. She travels thousands of miles every year perfecting and strengthening her work. Her efforts have resulted in legislative enactments in forty-one States and the national Congress, making physiological temperance a compulsory study for more than 16,000,000 children of school age. Mrs. Hunt says of these children:

What shall be taught them is a question fraught with destiny to the individual, family and social life of our people and to the Republic itself. A self-governing people must be a sober people. Alcohol is a brain poison. In the nature of things, either the saloon or the Republic must perish. To falter in the demand that the utmost truth against alcoholic drinks and other narcotics shall be taught would be more than sinful. Except to the eye of faith, this struggle for the truth has seemed an unequal contest, but the God of Nations has been guiding.

Read the Bible Through 56 Times

John McMichael, an octogenarian living at White Oak Creek, Ga., has read his Bible through from Genesis to Revelations no less than fifty-six times. During the last three years he has accomplished the task five times, reading systematically several hours a day in the intervals of his duties as a farmer. In addition to his Old Testament reading, he has perused the New Testament over 100 times, wearing out several copies of the Scripture in doing so. He is a very interesting character, having enlisted in 1836 and served in the Indian wars under Captain Joseph Burke, who is now dead, together with every other member of the command except the old Bible reader. He also served for two years in the Civil War. He was converted forty-two years ago.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.
B. J. FERNIE. G. H. SANDISON.

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Canals—Nicaragua and Others

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand."

THUS sang the poet years ago, and, if he were alive to-day, he would see that even this narrow strip between ocean and ocean is very rapidly disappearing. Men have concluded that ditches are better than ridges, that short cuts must supplant circuitous routes, and all around the world they have taken to cutting out gaps, bridging chasms, dredging canals. The bill in favor of one at Nicaragua has passed the Senate and, it is to be hoped, will also get through the House this session. Its provisions are too familiar to need repetition, and we shall only pause to express our gratification. The benefits of this work upon our coasts and the new life it will give our Pacific States have been dwelt on so frequently, that it were superfluous to recapitulate them. Suffice it to say, that it scarcely requires a prophetic gift to foresee the time when the gulf will be crowded with argosies of our merchandise, and every nation under heaven joining in salutation at San Juan del Norte.

We may lay it down as a general rule, that in these days all things that come under our observation are approaching each other. By steam and electricity the little hills have been made to skip like lambs, mountains have tunnelled, continents have moved. The moon is scarcely further from us than China was from David. London and New York are nearer than were London and Paris in the good old days of Elizabeth. And a man in Washington can more easily converse now, with a friend in Chicago, than he could a hundred years ago with a neighbor in Alexandria. Then, by these canals, oceans are merging into oceans, and, to all practical intents, China moves halfway to the Hub of things terrestrial—Boston.

But do you suppose that this process of juxtaposition stops here? You are mistaken. Earth and heaven are approaching. The Spirit that is from above is driving out the spirit of earth, is introducing more helpfulness, more consideration, more patience, more charity. The number of those who, living on earth, are yet citizens of heaven is so vast as to justify even a rational calculation as to the time when the entire world will be Christianized. But in a yet deeper sense earth and heaven are getting closer. By scientific research, and by philosophic inquiry, men have been mining away from beneath; while from above, heaven is at work; and sometimes in manifestations of baffling mystery, in rays of unwonted light, in visions of unearthly beauty, they seem to be communicating with us below. And even now, there are thousands of souls who have been instant in prayer and firm in faith have had communions and experiences which they refuse to utter to a sceptical world.

But of this we may be sure: the approximation will still go on and some day or other—in God's good time—the last obstacle will be overcome, and earth and heaven, and past and future, will all be united and thereby will be made possible a richness of spiritual traffic and of friendly visitation that is as yet only a hope.

An Inquiry Answered

A READER in the northern part of New York State sends us the following letter:

... N.Y.
May ..., 1899.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage:

DEAR SIR: Pardon a stranger for addressing you, but I have read your sermons until I almost think that if, through the grace of God, I am permitted to meet you in heaven, I shall know you without further introduction. I read a few days since that you had resigned your charge. You have spoken to so many hearts in your sermons, I cannot refrain from asking you to take the matter to God once more, for I know so many look for your sermons, week after week, I fear souls will be lost if you do not continue in the ministry. I am yours in Christian fellowship,

MRS. F. A. WRIGHT.

To the writer of this letter—and to others who have addressed us in similar terms—we gladly give the assurance that it is not now, and has not been at any time, Dr. Talmage's intention to retire from the Christian ministry. He is in the field while life endures, and so long as he has the strength to raise his voice, it shall be lifted to tell the wondrous story of full and free salvation through Christ Jesus. His withdrawal from his Washington pastorate became an imperative duty, in view of the constantly increasing demands made upon him for more widely extended Gospel labor with voice and pen—claims which, though repressed for years, would no longer be denied, even though their recognition involved the sacrifice of personal comfort and most agreeable associations.

For years Dr. Talmage has longed for the opportunity to go about, and, "without money and without price," to preach the Gospel and meet the multitudes who have long been readers of his sermons, but whom he has never yet had the pleasure of meeting face to face. He will now be able to greet in person the members of his larger parish in every State, and to speak to their congregations. Having relieved himself of all other responsibilities, that he may yield a ready and unimpeded response to this broader Gospel call, he hopes to be privileged to speak through press and pulpit, with increasing acceptability and blessing, in the days to come.

Clergymen's Sons

THE world quotes a great many untrue proverbs, and one of those lying maxims reigned from age to age declaring that minister's children never turn out well. The facts collected by another show that a larger percentage of the children of preachers of the Gospel have turned out well than of any other class. President Arthur, son of a Baptist minister; President Cleveland, son of a Presbyterian minister; Ex-Governor Patterson, of Pennsylvania and Ex-Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, sons of Methodist ministers. Many of the best men in our National Legislature are the sons of ministers of many denominations. Thousands of the most consecrated clergymen of to-day are the sons of ministers. It could not be that ministers of religion who give themselves to a calling certainly as useful as any other, to say nothing more, would be made more liable than any other class to domestic misfortune, and I am glad that in the most resounding way, and before all nations, that long prevalent error has been refuted.

What Next?

THINGS seem all adrift. So much unreasonable talk and mere senseless clatter about the attitude this country ought to take, concerning the Philippine archipelago, leave many people in bewilderment. The fact is that God is managing these affairs, and our statesmen need especial guidance. Those public men, who talk as though they can foresee the result of the Americo-Spanish conflict, know no more about what will next happen than the humblest man or woman who reads these lines. The true attitude, for those of us who are not legislators, is to pray and wait. Not one man in America could have a year ago foretold what has already happened. Something as sudden and startling as the destruction of the *Maine* may occur within a month to upset all prophecies. Fevered and angry discussion, in and out of Congress, is most inappropriate and bad. Equipoise, faith, prayerfulness, are the moods we should all cultivate.

The Seas at Work

THE angry ocean has been at it again. The mingled stories of affright and courage have made all our sympathies to tingle. Oh, cruel sea, pity them! "No," says the sea, "I never pity. I swallowed the *Ville du Havre*, and the *Arctic*, and the *Central America*, and the *Schiller*, and the *Utopia*. My plaything are shipwrecks, my wine is made out of the tears of nations." It seems that every shipwreck must give to the world an illustration of the greatest doctrine of the Bible, namely, vicarious suffering. Those sailors, in the face of almost certain death, plunged into the sea to rescue some of the sinking passengers, and go down never to rise. Vicarious sacrifice! Who can watch those brave sailors swamped, without thinking of the greatest deed of these nineteen centuries, the pushing out of the Chieftain of the universe to take the human race off the wreck of a world! Oh, how often has the sea witnessed scenes of self-sacrifice!

Economize for Charities

THE wide-spread extravagance accounts for the poverty of religious institutions. Men pay so much for show they have nothing for God and religion. We pay in this country twenty-two millions of dollars for the great benevolent societies: but what are the twenty-two millions of dollars compared with the ninety-five millions for cigars and tobacco, and the one thousand four hundred and eighty-three millions for drink? How do you like the comparison? Let us set ourselves in battle array against this God-defying extravagance. Buy not those things which are frivolous, when you may, after a while, be in lack of the necessities. Buy not books you will never read, nor pictures you will never study. Keep your credit good by seldom or never asking for any. Pay. Starve not a whole year so as to be able to afford one Belshazzar's carnival. Do not buy a coat of many colors, and then in six months be out at the elbows. Do not pay so much for a muffler for the neck, and be almost barefooted. Flourish not, as some I know of, in elegant hotels with drawing-room apartments, and then vanish in the night, not even leaving your compliments for the landlord. In the great day of fire we will have to give an account not only for how we made our money, but for how we spent it. On this cold day, when so many are suffering, and ... and behind us and want on either side of us, let us quit our waste. Men and women of God, set a Christian example!

BRIEF NOTES

It is agai[illegible]

The local Christian Endeavor union idea ... been formed in Johannesburg, Petermaritzburg, Cape Town, and King William's Town.

The Baptist Home Mission ...

Rev. William Arthur, the author of "The ... works, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday.

A ... Presbyterian Church, New York, of which Dr. Howard Duffield is pastor. The money is to be used as an endowment fund. The donor is a lady who desires her name withheld from publication.

Mr. D. L. Moody's meetings at Santa Barbara Cal., were held in the large Methodist Church which was crowded every day, morning and evening. He has held meetings also at Passadena, Redlands and San Diego, where the interest was intense.

The American Baptist Missionary ... ton, Mass.

The sudden death of Rev. A. S. Gumbart, Pastor of the Dudley-st. Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., was a shock to his people and his many friends of other denominations. As a leader in Sunday School work and childrens' services, Dr. Gumbart was known and admired far and near.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Robert Whitehead of McCutchanville, Ind., an earnest Christian worker and an enthusiastic friend of this ... inexpressibly mournful. May they and all whom he tried to help in the Christian life have the consola[illegible]

An ingenious method of lifting church debts has been devised, by which with very little labor and small individual sacrifice a considerable amount may be raised in the course of a year. All particulars may be obtained by addressing Mr. O. B. ... nue, New York. Enclose stamp for reply.

By the death of Dr. Michael E. Strieby, Secretary of the American Missionary Association, the Congregational Church loses one of its most intelligent and energetic officers. Dr. Strieby served the Association for more than thirty years and did much to elevate the colored people and to spread the Gospel in neglected districts among people beyond the reach of the churches.

A remarkable innovation is reported from Oxford, England. It is a college established in connection with the University by two young Americans, Mr. W. Vroom and Mr. C. A. Beard, for the study of labor problems. It is called Ruskin Hall and its text books will be the works of John Ruskin and other friends of labor. No servants will be employed in Ruskin Hall, like those in other Oxford Colleges. The work will be done by the students in the Hall.

The calendar of the Moravian Brethren for 1898 shows the increase in membership, 1896 to 1897, to have been from 128,302 to 129,617, or only 225. In Germany, there was really a decrease from 8,752 to 8,723. There are 5,597 members in Britain, and 22,345 in America. But in heathen lands the church has been wonderfully blessed. The Moravian has always been a missionary church, and its devotion to the cause is proved by its victories in many lands. Its expenditure in missions for the year amounted ...

An interesting service was held recently in the Lewis Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, when John L. Dube, a member of the royal family of Zululand in South Africa, was ordained a minister of the Congregational Church. He has been required to renounce his rights in his native country owing to the fact that no person is eligible to the chieftainship of a district but one who practices the native religion. Mr. Dube has been studying theology in this country preparatory to labor among the Zulus.

Rev. Thomas Harrison is holding Revival services at Decatur, Ill., where the great revival occurred under his preaching sixteen years ago. Among Mr. Harrison's best helpers are some who were converted then. A local journal says that the great First Methodist Church is crowded at every service, and numbers of people are glad to stand after every seat is taken. Rev. Frost Craft, the pastor of the church, is joining heartily in the work. Rev. W. A. Quayle, of Indianapolis, has promised to preach the Jubilee sermon at the close of the services.

Rev. F. B. Meyer has completed his evangelistic tour in India. The *India Witness* speaks in grateful terms of the blessing his visit has been to the churches. Men of every creed and every Christian denomination have listened with profit to his discourses which were on the subject of the Holy Spirit in the church. Mr. Meyer says that the most amazing revelations of his trip to India has been the discovery of how much American missionaries are doing for India. He counts it as ... and the United States toward the less fortunate non-Christian peoples of the world.

Overhauling the Ruins

WORK on the ruins of the burned Windsor Hotel in New York has been continued from day to day since the fire. Each day furnished a ghastly story of the discovery of charred fragments of human bodies. At the close of the week, eight days after the fire, sixteen of these fragments, each representing the body of a person who had perished in the holocaust, had been taken out of the ruins and carried to the morgue. In the majority of cases it was impossible to form an opinion as to the age or sex of the victim, and in all no feature was left by which identification could be made. Besides these, eleven persons have died, whose bodies were identified, making in all a death list of twenty-seven. The number of guests on the register of the hotel was 212, and the employees who are believed to have been there, numbered 274. Of these, eighteen still remain to be accounted for, and it is feared that all of them perished in the fire. Jewelry and valuables of the value of about fifty thousand dollars have been found, and it is expected that more will yet be unearthed. One of the unidentified bodies is believed, from the position in which it was found, to be that of the elevator man, Guion, to whose devotion and courage many of the persons saved owe their lives. He continued to make trips to the upper floors and bring down their occupants during the fire after the firemen warned him that he was risking his life. On his last trip, he was descending, when the fire burned the support at the top and the pulley and ropes fell. He immediately applied the safety clutches and prevented the fall of the elevator, but it was caught between floors and no one could leave it. He had been twenty years in the employ of the Windsor Hotel, and supported his mother and two sisters. The illustration on this page shows the condition of the ruins five days after the fire. The house overlooking them is the residence of Miss Helen Gould, whose kindness in the emergency deserves the highest praise. She turned the house into a temporary hospital, to which injured persons were carried for treatment, thus saving the time of conveying them to a hospital. There is no doubt that Miss Gould's thoughtful hospitality saved many lives. An ominous statement is made by the Chief of the Fire Department, to the effect that there are many more hotels in the city which would burn as quickly as the Windsor, if they once caught fire. This statement has caused general concern, and there is a strong demand for legislative action to close all hotels which are not safe. It is felt that the public ought to be protected from such danger to life, as is incurred in a hotel which is nothing less than a firetrap. It is much to be wished that there were a similar demand for the closing of places where there is moral danger. The number of people who lose their lives by fire in hotels, is small compared to the number who lose their souls in places where they are lured to eternal death:

He knoweth not that the dead are there: and that the guests are in the depths of hell (Prov. 9:18).

An Old Security

Government officers have been astonished by the presentation of an old note for payment. The note was sent by a Massachusetts bank to a bank in New York, which presented it at the subtreasury. It is found to belong to a series issued to cover arrearages in the expenses of the war of 1812. No note of that series has been presented since 1842, and it was supposed that at this late period none ever would be presented. The note, however, being a genuine acknowledgment of indebtedness, is to be paid and will be charged to an account of the old public debt. Where it has been during the past eighty-four years no one appears to know. If the holder had put it into a savings bank instead of hoarding it, he would by this time have been entitled to a large sum in interest. Every business man perceives the folly of the holder of the note who suffered it to lie idle so long; but few realize that there is similar folly in neglecting to use their gifts and opportunities in God's service; though Christ clearly and emphatically taught the danger of such neglect.

Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the bankers, and at my coming I should have received back mine own with interest (Matt. 25: 27 R. V.)

The War in the Philippines

Although the military campaign in the Philippines has been protracted beyond expectation, it now seems probable that the crisis has been reached. Gen. Otis's plan of operations was to divide the Filipino forces, and, by rapidly advancing his troops, to surround Aguinaldo in his own capital, Malolos, and compel his surrender. The insurgents, though repeatedly repulsed at various points, contested our advance stubbornly, and trenches, jungle and villages were only carried at the cost of many lives on both sides. In three days' fighting on the line between Caloocan and Polo, the Americans under Gen. Harrison, Gen. Otis and Gen. Hale lost 22 killed and 168 wounded, the enemy's losses being very much heavier. Cavalry, artillery and infantry were used in these assaults, but the nature of the ground—jungle, swamp and rice-fields—made the burden of the fighting fall upon the infantry regiments. One by one the assaulted villages were burned by the insurgents before evacuation. The flower of Aguinaldo's army is concentrated at Malolos, where a final stand will probably be made. It is extremely disappointing to find that so many of the people whose good we seek, should resist our supremacy, preferring the anarchy that would ensue under Aguinaldo, to the liberty and development they would enjoy under our rule. It is a pity that they should be so deceived to their own undoing by ambitious men.

While they promise them liberty they themselves are the servants of corruption (II. Peter 2:19).

The New Librarian

In the selection of Mr. Herbert Putnam as Congressional Librarian to succeed the late John Russell Young, it is generally conceded that the choice is probably the best that could have been made. Mr. Putnam has been at the head of the Boston Public Library for several years, and is eminently qualified for the more important post to which he has been called. He is thirty-eight years of age, a graduate of Harvard, and a trained bibliopolist. His first public position was as librarian of the Minneapolis Athenæum, which placed at his disposal $10,000 annually to expend on books. Next he became the head of the Minneapolis Public Library, which he had personally helped to organize, and for seven years had the control of from $50,000 to $75,000 a year for purchasing new publications. He made it one of the most valuable and useful libraries in America, personally superintending the purchases and going abroad in the search for desirable books. In 1895 he assumed charge of the Boston Library, which has grown to splendid proportions under his wise and progressive management. In his new post he will have ample scope for his energies and an opportunity to do the nation valuable service in bringing the Congressional Library up to a high standard of completeness and availability. It is gratifying to know that the office is not to be given to a politician but to a man whose sole claim is the proved ability to perform its duties.

MR. HERBERT PUTNAM
The New Librarian of Congress

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men (Prov. 22:29).

RUINS OF THE BURNED WINDSOR HOTEL IN NEW YORK, AND THE HOUSE OF MISS HELEN GOULD

An Heir in Prison

The captain of the detective police force in New York, was astonished a few days ago by the voluntary surrender of an absconding embezzler. He walked into the Captain's office and stated that he was a man for whom there had been a keen search eleven years ago. He had been employed by a clothing firm on Broadway, and had stolen two hundred dollars from his employers. He had absconded and had been living since that time in California under an assumed name. The police had searched for him, but he had succeeded in eluding them. Recently, however, hearing that his father was dead and had left him all his money, he had returned. He hoped to have arranged with his former employers to escape punishment by refunding the amount of his defalcation with interest, but had been unable to do so. As he knew that he could not secure his inheritance without declaring his identity and so setting the police on his track, he had resolved to surrender himself voluntarily and undergo the penalty of his crime. He was accordingly arrested and was formally committed for trial on his own confession. He is learning the force of a principle which it is so difficult to get people to recognize in their dealing with God. A crime cannot be atoned for by repentance nor even by restitution. The wrongdoer must suffer the penalty. That is why Christ's atonement was necessary to save the world from the penalty as well as the power of sin.

Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God (1 Peter 3:18).

A Boon Unappreciated

The State Agricultural Department of Nebraska has recently received information which will result in the repeal of laws on the statute books of Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming and Colorado. They are laws providing for the extirpation of the Russian thistle, which five years ago made its appearance in those States. It was so hardy and multiplied so rapidly that fears were entertained that it would soon cover all the region between the Missouri River and the mountains, and cause the land to revert to the savage state of the prairie. The Department of Agriculture at Washington was notified and men were sent to investigate it and suggest measures for its extirpation. It has now been discovered that it is not the evil it was supposed, but is useful either for fuel or as fodder for stock. Hundreds of farmers who have used the plant for feeding horses, cattle, sheep and hogs pronounce it equal to alfalfa. In fact, the thistle in a dry state very much resembles alfalfa, and the experience of farmers and stockmen is that it is more sought by stock than any other form of wild hay. It is generally declared to be the equal in every way of prairie hay and devoid of the wiry qualities of the latter. For fuel, the thistle is not to be despised. It is cheaper than any other form of fuel in a country like the four States in which the Russian thistle flourishes, because there is no timber in abundance to be used for fuel. Two bales of thistles are declared to be equal to a cord of wood in point of heat-producing and four bales equal to a ton of coal. The cost of collecting and stacking it is a mere trifle; and as it will grow in the dryest land, its value is understood. Some of our spiritual experiences are of a like order. Many a man has found that the trouble under which he groaned and fretted has proved a blessing to him.

No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them which are exercised thereby (Heb. 12:11).

The New Regime in Cuba—First Parade of Havana's New Police Force

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

THE FORCE GOING ON POST—GENERAL AVANCO IN THE FOREGROUND

REVIEWED BY THE GUESTS OF THE HOTEL INGLATERRA

TWO parties exist to-day in Cuba. The basis of their differences is really the light in which they contend American rule ought to be regarded. Men in the towns, who have not taken an active part in the fighting—property-owners who have something to lose, and all the more conservative element—accept the American situation. They are loud in their praises of the good sense and diplomacy with which Uncle Sam is bringing peace on the troubled sea of Cuban politics. This party is perhaps the largest and is certainly the most influential; but, scattered throughout the country, there are thousands of "irreconcilables." They hardly know what to make of the present situation. They were ready to resist the American government, but they now find nothing that would make resistance justifiable. Accustomed for generations to hate the government, and regarding the idea of *Cuba Libre* as a sacred fetich, they are mistrustful of everything American. They whisper together in the cafes, and growl under their breath when they pass an American on Obispo street. This is the party to which Generals Lacret and Rabi belong—the party which showed their gratitude to Gomez by depriving him of his command, because he accepted the American situation. It is hard to tell exactly what they want; it is questionable whether they know themselves; they are [illegible] chaos in Cuba—the danger to its future.

It is one of the most hopeful signs of the times in Havana that men now talk politics out loud and in public. Children play a sort of Latin "ring around a-rosy" about the statue of Queen Isabella in the park. The theatres are crowded and Havana society has taken a new lease of life. Havana is suffering from a general desire to speak English. The one English book store receives a consignment of English grammars by every steamer, and they are sold almost before they are unpacked. The Mother Superior of a convent where, for almost a century, French was the only foreign language taught, says that tongue has been abandoned for the study of English.

The Cubans want to be American. Their best efforts are now being directed toward an imitation of everything American. The nervous intensity with which they strive to play a part not their own is largely responsible for the unsettled, tumultuous condition of the island. During the interim between the protocol and final surrender, a reaction of mistrust and suspicion of the American government had taken the place of the enthusiastic gratitude which was everywhere manifest in Cuba when Spain, through Cambon, agreed to struggle no longer. The unhappy disagreements of Shafter and Garcia, the long wrangle in the Paris Commission, and the failure of the administration to declare a Cuban policy, all tended to make Cubans suspicious and hostile. All the insurgent leaders absolutely refused to disband their ragged brigades. Spanish censors had hard work to prevent Cuban newspapers from attacking and even insulting everything American. It is a fact that when the first gun of

AVENUE OF PALMS, NEAR HAVANA

PALACE FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

TYPES OF CUBAN SOLDIERS

THE AMERICAN BAND LEADING THE POLICE PARADE

THE MARCH DOWN THE PRADO

MARCHING AND COUNTERMARCHING

GEN. CARDENAS RIDING IN FRONT OF THE COLUMN

the *Texas* gave the signal for Castellanos to hand over the sovereignty of Cuba to the United States. Cuba as a unit, from Cape San Antonio to Cape Mayesi, was prepared to resist and combat the United States. They expected an aggressive policy of coercion. The new regime has disappointed them. It has always taken pains to consult the Cubans' wishes before doing anything. It has commanded, to be sure, but it has always first asked, "What would you like us to compel you to do?" To the smallest detail, this policy has been carried out. Before the surrender, there was a great deal of talk in Cuban newspapers about the duty of all good Cubans to prevent American adventurers from holding offices to which Cubans were entitled. But all the preparations to resist were simply wasted effort. The heads of departments in all the large towns are American army officers, temporarily detailed for the purpose. All of the permanent office-holders are Cubans in whose applications for positions patriotism and a good war record are an absolute necessity.

General Ludlow had not been twenty-four hours Governor of the Province of Havana before he sent for the Junta Patriotica, the official representative of Maximo Gomez and Estrada Palma, and said: "Gentlemen, here is a list of offices which I am compelled to fill at once. Whom do you wish to name for these positions?" The Junta gave him a list containing the names of two or three men who they said were capable of filling the several offices on the list.

"That is not what I want," was the governor's reply. "Tell me definitely whom you wish to be mayor and aldermen, and I will immediately appoint them." It was a command, but a concession at the same time. General Ludlow kept his word. Every one of the men whom the Junta recommended was promptly appointed. So it has been everywhere—the Americans governing, but governing by and through the Cubans. The result has been, to a very large extent, to disarm the forces that were at work to obstruct American rule.

SUMMER PALACE NOW OCCUPIED BY GEN. GOMEZ—PORTRAIT OF CHIEF MCCULLAGH

Chief McCullagh is enthusiastic as to the possibilities of Cubans as policemen. Their new uniform is his own design. It consists of a big panama hat, blue shirts and trousers, with a blue blouse that is worn on state occasions. Instead of the shield of the New York policeman, the members of the Havana force wear a heavy, nickel-plated badge, in design of three castles, the official seal of the city. The greatest innovation is the short club which the policemen carry in their belts. A sword was just as much a part of the personality of an old-fashioned *orden publico*, as was his curled mustachios or flat cap. But there are some things in the world mightier than the sword, and an old New York police officer naturally thinks the club is one of them; so the sword had to go from the Havana police.

FRANCIS H. NICHOLS.

* * *

The new police force of Havana was organized by ex-Chief John McCullagh of New York City. After many weeks of preliminary work, Superintendent McCullagh completed his organization in January last. Seven-eighths of the men appointed are native Cubans. No negroes were chosen, but some of the members are Spaniards and a few are natives of the United States. The force stands thus: Chief, Deputy-Chief, 8 Inspectors, 12 Captains, 48 lieutenants, 48 sergeants, 835 patrolmen, 12 doormen, 10 Detective Sergeants, 14 Central office detectives, 12 precinct detectives.

THE PREFECT'S OFFICIAL PARTY VIEWING THE PARADE

THE POLICE SALUTING WITH THEIR CLUBS

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Working for the Children

Rich Mothers and Poor—A Blessed Privilege
One Mother's "Sacrifice"

NOTHING in life is sweeter," says a rich, busy woman, prominent in good works, "than serving those you love in the little everyday ways of home-life. Many duties crowd upon me, but there are some home privileges and obligations that I just cannot give up to anybody. One of these is putting my babies to bed. I feel that I must have their little arms around my neck each night, take their good-night kisses, hear their evening prayers. I have got to look after their studies a little, too; and I make it a point to visit their teachers and to have their teachers visit me. Their Sunday School work—of course, that is of too much importance for me to relegate its oversight entirely to any one. How do I get time for all this? Why, I take it, and leave less important things to my servants. It does not make me unhappy if my chairs, tables and bric-a-brac are not kept in just such order as if I gave them more personal oversight. It would make me very unhappy if my children suffered for lack of my personal oversight. No, if anything suffers from inattention, it must be my chairs and tables and pictures and not my children—nor other people's children. The work I'm doing for the mothers and children of the poor, I'm doing for Christ. In a way, too, it is for my own children. The better the city in which they live, the better chance for a righteous life my children will have. If I help to purify our streets, to close saloons, to lead mothers and children of the tenements to the God I serve, I am throwing safeguards around my own children."

It is well known how another prominent woman—no less a person than Mrs. Cleveland, the Ex-President's wife—values the privilege of sewing for her children. The making of their little garments has been too dear a task to be wholly given to others. The following is a true story of one woman who sewed beautifully and was so fastidious about her children's clothes that she entrusted their daintiest garments to no one. So much work did she put upon them that she had no time to give to the poor. Her little daughter was taken sick, and it was thought would die. When she recovered, the mother said: "I want to make some sacrifice for others—to give something I value to God." "I will show you," said a friend. And she took her into poverty-stricken homes, and showed her tired mothers at their toil, who did dainty work for other people and their children, but had no time to do for their own. "Pay these to sew for you and your children," said the friend, "and you sew for them and theirs. In this way you can give something to Jesus—for he said, if we do it unto such as these, we do it unto him." Beginning with this "sacrifice" the grateful mother was soon drawn into larger service and was uplifted thereby.

For the Birds

At the recent annual convention, in New York City, of the Audubon Society, the voices of many prominent and eminently practical people were raised in protest against the wholesale slaughter of birds. Many species, valuable for song and beauty, and for usefulness in protection of crops from insects, have become extinct; and the destruction of others seems impending. One speaker said: "I beg all women and girls not to wear birds and birds' feathers on their hats any more." This appears really the one way in which to save the birds, and recently an association of ladies made themselves auxilliary to the Audubon by introducing resolutions to this end. As long as killing our winged friends is profitable, the woodland singers and the insect-eaters will be slain. A very eloquent letter from Governor Roosevelt, in which he expressed his hearty sympathy with the Society's efforts for the protection of birds and his appreciation of the importance of such efforts, was read.

Dairy Work

The dairy-maid in the back of the blue-back spelling book, who spilled the milk, is not typical of the American dairy-maid, who is coming to the front. In parts of our country dairying is a very important industry, and young men and maidens actually go to college to learn the best methods of doing duty by Bossy, as well as improved ways of keeping cream sweet and of making fine cheeses. The twelve weeks' course of the Dairy School of the Kansas Agricultural College is very popular with Kansas young people who do not care to take the full year's agricultural course, and who show by this that they mean to adopt dairying as an exclusive profession. The young woman in the blue-back spelling-book must be relegated to the past; but Bossy will fare better and there will be no spilled milk to cry over.

Domestic Animals in Norway

Their cows, goats, and pigs, are called by name, and frequently by endearing diminutives. They are sleek and well-kept. The good-natured ponies are companionable little creatures; they are talked to and caressed by their drivers. A traveler through Norway recently said that he never saw a pony mistreated there. The ponies are very small, dark or light cream, and very intelligent — as animals so treated are expected to be.

"The Way to Heaven"

A little lad selling matches on a street corner in Glasgow, was asked by a gentleman to direct him to a certain street. The little fellow did this so thoroughly and intelligently that the gentleman said: "Now, if you will give me the way to heaven as correctly, I'll give you sixpence." The child was puzzled for a moment, and then, recalling his Sunday School text for the week, said: "Christ is the way, the truth and the life, sir." The gentleman, much touched, handed him the money. The lad, not realizing what he was doing, stopped another man and said, "If you'll give me sixpence, I'll tell you the way to heaven." In surprise and curiosity the man said: "Tell me," and the child repeated the text. "Ah," said the man, "I have been looking for the way in the saloon many years, but I believe your way is right. It was my mother's way." Some one became interested in this child, educated him, and he became a foreign missionary.

Fire-Drill in the Schools

An incident of the awful Windsor Hotel fire in which so many lives were lost is profitably suggestive. A class of children were receiving instruction in one of the rooms. A sensible maid came in, and whispered to the teachers that the hotel was on fire. The children, at a word, fell into line, and marched out in an orderly way; not one perished. During the same week, a school-house in Brooklyn caught on fire, and burned rapidly. The children, accustomed to their fire-drill, in this instance, also, fell promptly into line of march and went safely out.

A TIRED MOTHER

The long, long seam and the weary tasks;
Ah, short is the day for love's commands.
And the watchful care that the baby asks
At mother's tender hands.

But God is good and his gifts are fair.
And mother is never too tired to bless
The little maid with the golden hair
Who wakes her with shy caress.

Mother's Letter

A LETTER [illegible]

To open its wrapper! would haste, yet delight
[illegible]
May such joy undeserved by an errant belong
To a son, who beneath all his thoughtless disguise,
Hides a heart full of love for his mother—who tries
[illegible]
the dear heart
That loves him so dearly; yet who when apart
From her spirit's encircling arms, still must mourn
[illegible]
return!

[illegible]
In haste I unfold the full missive so dear,
With a throb, and a thrill, and a hint at a tear,
Then the well-known hand-writing lies fair in my view,
And I'm lost to the world till I've read it [illegible]
through!

The postscript, the corners, the interlines, all—
They tell me of love and her image recall;
But my cup runneth o'er with its nectar of joy
As I read the words "Mother is proud of her boy."

Is proud of her boy! Can it be? Ah, how small
Seem the virtues half-fledged, which I try to recall.
But I'm proud of the pride of my mother, and may
God's love, e'en as mine, be with mother alway!

—Henry S. Brown

Little Dorothy and the Queen

DOROTHY DREW, Mr. Gladstone's little granddaughter, has vivid memories of her first visit to Queen Victoria. When she beheld Windsor Castle from the train, she said: "It's just as nice as our castle." The royal carriage drawn by two white horses, with footman behind and mounted groom in front, delighted the little girl. Princess Beatrice met her at the door and she and her mother were conducted to their rooms where big fires were burning. Presently (after luncheon), a grand looking man "all dressed in red" came to say that the Queen was ready to see her. "The Indian man," says Dorothy, "whom the Queen likes very much, was at the door through which they passed to the presence of the great lady, whom "Grandpapa" had served for sixty years—"a nice old lady like my grandmma," thought Dorothy, "with a white cap on her head." Dorothy courtesied and was kissed; she told the Queen that "Grandpapa" called her "Dorsie," that folks at home had pet names; the Queen told her about pet names for people and things at Windsor; and they had an interesting exchange of confidences. "The Queen put on her glasses," says Dorothy, "and asked me to go to the other side of the room so that she could see me better, and then she took a little jewel-case and said: 'This is for you.' I opened it and saw a darling little brooch with a diamond V, and R, and a turquoise I, and a little crown at the top made of red enamel. I courtesied and kissed her hand and said, 'Thank you very much.' She looked very nice and kind and I liked her very much." The Queen kissed the little maid goodbye and her audience with the head of the British Empire was over.

A Wedding in Brittany

May and August are considered unlucky months; and it is hard to find just the right day to get married on. The day decided on, the bride and her godmother, the groom and his godfather set out on separate ways carrying invitations by word of mouth. The feast is prepared in a meadow near the farm-house, neighbors lending loads of pewter plates and coming in to help polish them, and to assist in peeling the potatoes, carrots, turnips and cabbages. Young men make the seats, which consist of rude fence ladders fastened end to end and set lengthwise on the grass. The bride hides herself, and engages in some homely task; seems to have forgotten that she is to be married, and declines to array herself, until friends make great show of persuasion. Her parents, to signify unwillingness to part with their child, secrete some article of her bridal attire—which is always found, however. After much simulated trouble and persuasion, ceremony and feasting are over, the husband takes his wife to his home, where her oaken chest, full of good linen of her own spinning, has preceded her. His mother welcomes her.

. . . Our Womens' Club . . .

The Servant Question in its Various Aspects Discussed by Interested Housekeepers

THE club gathered one morning lately at the home of the president. Unlike many clubs, ours is very elastic, meeting at different places and choosing the hour most convenient for the majority of the members at the particular time of year. The subject at present interesting our members is on a theme which appeals very generally to women.

"Madam President," said Mrs. Homemaker, rising and turning a serious face in the direction of the chair, "What are we to make of this recent combination among the maids? I mean among the cooks, waitresses and other domestic helpers on whom so many of us depend to have our housework carried smoothly on. It appears that numbers of these women consider themselves aggrieved because their hours are so long and they have so little liberty. I am told that they threaten to strike unless the scale of wages can be raised and the amount of work lessened. What are we to do?"

* * *

MRS. HOMEMAKER had scarcely taken her seat when Susan Nipper, a bright-eyed spinster, was on her feet. Said Miss Nipper: "I have great sympathy with the class of persons who go out to service. I consider them very much put upon by thoughtless employers. They have to rise early and sit up late; they never have a moment which they can call their own. In many houses they are forbidden to receive their friends, and as the large majority of them are young unmarried girls, they naturally wish to entertain visitors of the opposite sex just as the young ladies of the family do. I quite comprehend the social longings in the minds of young women who cannot be in their own homes or who have no homes except in their employers' houses, and who are forbidden to receive their friends, and must naturally expect to live a celibate life—at least, to have no opportunity to change it. I am convinced that this single thing is at the bottom of much of the worry and trouble which underlie domestic service. The home of the mistress should be in every sense of the word the home of the maid, and she should be allowed her evenings to herself. Neither do I think," proceeded Miss Nipper, "that when her work is done a girl should be invariably obliged to ask permission to go out just as if she were a child. She should be allowed, within certain limits, to do as she likes when her work is done. Those limits should be very much the same as the ordinary ones which pleasantly restrain the daughter of the house, as, for instance, a certain acquaintance on the part of the mistress with the places to which her maid usually goes, the friends she visits and the hour at which she will return. I am not myself a housekeeper," concluded Miss Nipper, "but if I were I do not think I would make such a mess of the business as many women do." A smile ran round the circle. Old maid's wisdom is proverbial.

* * *

"MADAM PRESIDENT," said Mrs. Truelove, "Miss Nipper has stated one side of the case quite fairly, but if she were a housekeeper she would perceive more clearly than she seems to some of the difficulties in the way. It is not very agreeable if you live in a small apartment in town or in the usual two-story or three-story house there to have your kitchen occupied in the evenings by men who have been very likely working in stables and who bring with them the atmosphere of their employment, or worse with men who have perhaps been drinking. I do not myself forbid my maids the indulgence of visits from young men, provided the latter are respectable and there is a probability that the calls will result in a love affair and honorable marriage, but I draw the line at having my house filled every evening with a rabble of people who bring in dirt and noise."

* * *

"I QUITE agree with the last speaker," said our good Aunt Betsey. "My own idea of the matter is to have servants come in the morning and go home at night. This leaves the family free from interruption in the evening and seems to me a much pleasanter way of managing. I do not see why a day may not come when persons understanding certain special lines of work shall not come and do it and go away when their work is done. When I lived in the South my cook and housemaid had their own quarters across the garden in a little house of their own, and I never enjoyed such peace."

"Well," commented Mrs. Farmer, with a smile, "when I hear you all talk so glibly of what you do or do not approve concerning the maid, I wonder how you would get along if you lived where I do, in a rural district in which it is almost impossible to obtain domestic help for love or money. My home is rather remote from the railroad. In the first place, there is no church near of the denomination to which most persons in service belong. That is with many of them an insuperable objection. Then, few women in service like the country. As I once heard a very intelligent young woman say: 'Don't talk to me about the country. Nothing but trees and brooks and fields—give me people.' No offer you can make of a comfortable room, light service, and good wages make up to such a woman for the lack of her friends in the tenements; her cup of tea and bit of gossip on her afternoon out, and the enjoyment she finds in meeting people of her own class. Where a woman in the country has two or three daughters who are contented to stay at home with her; who are not in themselves anxious to go to the city and have a career—to teach, to paint, or to enter journalism, that mother is well off. She and her girls do their work in much independence. Where women cannot secure any help, the far-off sound of the tumult and conflict raised by this question in town does not seem more than a lullaby. I have tried taking a mother and child from town, and this plan has sometimes worked for a time, but it has its disadvantages, and it is not often that the arrangement becomes permanent. The farmer's wife becomes very tired after a while of the drudgery of doing her own work all by herself. The monotony of constant housework seems to wear ruts in the brain, and this is why our women in rural neighborhoods so often age faster than women do in the city."

* * *

"EVERY condition has its compensations," remarked the minister's wife. "I have a dear and beautiful friend living all by herself in a well-appointed home near New York. One by one the members of her family have left her. Some have died and others have married. In her serene and lovely old age, this lady, worshiped as a queen by her friends, having a sufficient income and keeping two servants, finds herself frequently without any one upon whom to call. Not long ago she introduced into her spotless kitchen a tall, rather capable looking personage from the Emerald Isle, a person well recommended at a city intelligence office. The new comer gazed about the immaculate kitchen, sniffed and said: 'Yez kapes the place clane, don't yez?' 'Yes,' said my friend; 'you find everything clean and I would like to have it kept so. It is just as easy if you do your work regularly every day to keep your kitchen and your closet and pantries in nice order as to have them disorderly and dirty. I ask of you simply to keep this kitchen just as you find it.' Vain request. In two days no one would have known my friend's dainty kitchen for the same place. Grease and dirt were dragged all over it; everything was in disorder. Pots and pans were set away unwashed, and when a remonstrance was gently made against using a dish cloth for a house cloth, the genius of the kitchen turned fiercely upon the mistress and said, 'I'll be laveing when my week is up. It's not living with snoopy people like you that I'll be. I'm used to real ladies that never sets a foot into their kitchen.'"

* * *

"THE ONLY way," said a quiet woman near the door, "in which this whole question will ever be settled will be in accordance with the Golden Rule, 'To do unto others as we would that others should do unto us.' To remember that love is the fulfilling of the law, and that we who are strong should bear the infirmities of the weak. Somehow or other this Gospel teaching will have to go to the foundation of things. Notwithstanding what the last speaker has said, and she has merely described a scene which is only too familiar, there is a way of so living together that mistress and maid work in perfect harmony. A lady, whose duties as editor of a paper take her from her home nearly every day in the week, said to me not long ago, 'I should never have been able to do my work as I have year after year but for the kindness and co-operation of faithful women—Katies, Marys, Norahs and Bridgets who have lived in my home, lifted my burdens, and taken an interest in every dollar I had to spend. It is to them that I owe my opportunity to engage in a literary career.' There is never, dear friends, any question which has not two sides to be presented, and we must always try to look not only on our own things but also on the things of others."

At this time the club broke up to meet again before long.

Margaret E. Sangster

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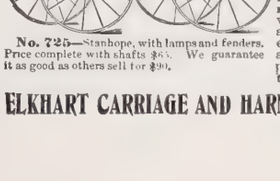

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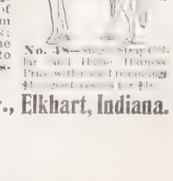

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The Ministry of Service

"I DO wish you would not ride such wild horses, Louis," said Mrs Hildreth, as she stood beside her son in the front doorway, looking disapprovingly, as she spoke, at the horse who was champing his bit viciously on the sidewalk below. "It keeps me in a perfect fever of anxiety all the time."

"Whoa! Polyphemus! Stand still, Sir! Pompey, have you tightened that girth up to its last hole? Better do it then. Don't mind his kicking, it doesn't hurt him, it's just his way. My dear lady mother, if you knew what a pleasure it is to find something untameable where everything is so confoundedly slow, you would not wonder at my interest in the brute. As to your anxiety, that is ridiculous. A Hildreth has too much sense to be conquered by a horse and make a spectacle of himself into the bargain. *Au revoir.* Better take a dose of lavender to calm your nerves," and Louis waved his hand to her with careless grace, as he gathered up the reins of his curvetting steed.

His mother looked after him with a sigh. "He is so fearless! What a splendid cavalry officer he would make! He makes me think of the regiment that went to the war from Marlborough." Her eye fell casually upon Pompey, who was shutting the carriage gates. "What a waste of precious lives it was to be sure, just to free a lot of negroes!"

It was late in the afternoon when Pompey went up town on an errand for Judge Hildreth. The street was full of men and horses hurrying to and fro, but Pompey paid them but little attention. He was busy with his Lord.

Hark! What was that? The sound of a horse's hoofs ringing with a sharp metallic clatter upon the paved street, and children screamed and men turned white faces towards the sound and hurriedly sought the sidewalk.

On they came, the horse and his rider, Louis pale as death, Polyphemus mad with sudden fear and his own ungovernable temper. The bit was between his teeth, his iron-shod hoofs were thrown out in vengeful fury. Pompey sprang forward. "You can't stop him!" shouted the men. "It would be certain death!" But just beyond, the street took a sharp turn to the right and a deep chasm, where extensive excavations were being made for a sewer, yawned hungrily. The horse plunged and reared. Pompey had caught hold of the reins and was clinging to [illegible]

An hour later Mrs. Hildreth was leaning over her son in an agony of fear. He was her idol. He opened his eyes wearily. His cheeks were as white as the pillow.

"Oh, Louis!" she wailed, "I knew that [illegible] would bring you to your death!"

"I am not dead yet," he said, with a shadow of his old mocking smile, "although I have succeeded in making a fool of myself. How is Pompey?"

"Pompey!" ejaculated his mother. "I have never thought of any one but you."

But Pompey was not neglected, although the mistress whom he had served so faithfully was indifferent to him.

Evadne stood in Dyce's little room, beside the bed with its gay patch-work cover. The iron-shod hoofs had done their cruel work only too surely.

"Pompey," she said wistfully, "dear Pompey, is the pain terrible to bear?"

The faithful eyes looked up at her, the brave lips tried to smile.

"De Lord Jesus is a powerful help in de time of trouble, Miss Vadny: I'se a-leanin' on his arm."

Evadne repeated, as well as she could for tears: "'Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness,'" and Pompey answered with joyous assurance: "'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'"

"The Judge has been here," said Dyce with mournful pride: "he says he'll never find anyone like Pompey. He say it wuz de braves' thing he ever knowed any one to do. He jest cry like a child, de Judge did: he say he never 'spect to find sech a faithful friend agen."

"De Judge is powerful kind, Missy. He say he'll look arter Dyce ez long ez he live." The husband's voice broke.

"I don't care nuthing 'bout dat!" and Dyce turned away with a choking sob, "but I'se proud to hev him see what kind of a man you is."

The night drew on. No sound was to be heard in the little cottage except the ticking of the wheezy clock, as Dyce kept her solitary vigil by the side of the man she loved. She knelt beside his pillow, and, for her sake, Pompey bore his pain without a groan. As the shadows of the night were fleeing before the heralds of the dawn, she saw the gray shadow, which no earthly light has power to chase away, fall swiftly on his face. He opened his eyes and spoke in a rapturous whisper: "Dyce! Dyce! I see de Lord!"

The morning broke. Dyce still knelt on with her face buried in the pillow, the wheezy clock still kept on its tireless race, but Pompey's happy spirit had forever swept beyond the bounds of time.

* * * *

The humble funeral was over. The Hildreth carriage, behind whose curtained window sat Dyce and Evadne, had followed close after the hearse. The Judge had walked behind.

"So uncalled for!" Mrs. Hildreth said in an annoyed tone when she heard of it. "Your father never will learn to have a proper regard for polite customs."

"Uncalled for!" ejaculated Louis. "I'll venture to say the judge will never have a chance to follow such a brave man again."

"He sent his carriage. That was all that was necessary."

"Doubtless Dyce finds that superlative honor a perfect panacea for her grief," said Louis, sarcastically. "It is eminently fitting that Brutus and Cæsar should have walked as chief mourners, for they have lost the truest friend they ever had."

Evadne's training was of great value to the household in this season of suffering. She was indefatigable in her attendance on her injured cousin, and her skill and care saved him many an hour of anguish.

"I am afraid poor Evadne will be worn out with such constant attendance upon Louis," said Marion some weeks after Pompey's death. "I don't see how she stands it."

"It is hardly worth her while to undertake nursing," said Isabelle, coldly, "if she cannot stand such a trifle as this."

"Why, Isabelle, just think of the strain night after night. You wouldn't like it I

(Continued on next page)

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A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY

(Continued from preceding page.)

know. I want mamma to get a paid nurse, but Louis won't have any one near him but Evadne."

"Of course I could not stand being deprived of my rest," rejoined Isabelle; "it is hard enough for me to get any under the most favorable circumstances, but probably Evadne sleeps like a log in the daytime. It is the least return she can make for having disgraced the family, to be of some use in it now."

Marion laughed incredulously. "I should never think of associating Evadne's name with disgrace," she said. "What do you mean, Isabelle?"

"Mamma says this nursing fad of hers upset papa completely. He said the Hildreth honor had better not be mentioned any more."

"Well," said Marion, "it seems to me she is of a good deal more value to him now than the Hildreth honor. Dr. Russe says she is one of the best nurses he ever saw. That is a high compliment, for he is dreadfully particular. It is my opinion, Isabelle, that Louis is a good deal worse than we think him to be. Don't say anything to mamma, for she is so nervous, but I heard Dr. Russe talking to papa in the hall this morning, something about an inherited tendency and a derangement of the nervous system. I could not understand—he spoke so low, but papa looked dreadfully worried after he had gone. Don't you think papa looks very badly, Isabelle? And he seems so absent, as if he had something on his mind. I noticed it long before this happened."

Isabella laughed carelessly. "What a girl you are, Marion! You are always imagining things about people. For my part I have too many worries of my own."

Upstairs, Evadne was saying wistfully: "Don't you think your life should be very precious, Louis?"

"It is precious, Coz, but what do you mean particularly?"

"It has cost so much: Pompey died that you might keep it, and have you never thought that Christ died that you might keep it through all eternity? Don't you ever think what a wonderful thing it was to do? You realize how much you owe to Pompey; don't you think Christ's service was of the same kind but infinitely more beneficial?"

"My dear Coz, I find it wiser not to think. Every other man you meet holds a different creed, and each one thinks his is the right one. Why should I set myself up as knowing better than them all? The only way is to have a nebulous faith which may take shape when I know more."

"A 'nebulous faith' will not save you, Louis," Evadne answered sadly. "God expects us to believe his Word, when he tells us that he has opened a way for us into the Holiest by the blood of his Son."

"That Atonement theory is an uncanny doctrine."

"It is the only doctrine that saves. It is the sole way by which sinners can be made 'at one' with an absolutely holy God. Jesus said, 'If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me.' His humanitarianism did not win the hearts of the multitude. The very men he had fed and healed hounded him on to his cross."

"It is not philosophical."

"It is practical. 'Who is it that said so wisely that 'the moving energy in the world's history to-day is not a philosophy but a cross'"?

"The God of the present is Humanitarianism."

"Humanitarianism is not Christ. Paul says, 'Though I give all my goods to feed the poor and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.' The love which he means is the Christ power, for no mere human love could reach the altitude of the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians. Real religion is not a creed, but a Christ. It seems to me the most important questions we have to answer are what we think of Christ and what we are going to do with him. When Peter gave his answer, 'Thou art the Anointed One, the Son of the Blessed,' Christ said: 'On this faith of thine I will build my Church.' Humanitarianism, pure and simple, seems to me but an attempt to imitate Christ. It is beautiful as far as it goes, but it is not my idea of following him."

"What is, Evadne?"

"When Jesus told his disciples to follow, he meant them to be with him. I do not think we can ever hope to be like Christ unless we believe him to be God, and walk with him every day. If we have the Spirit of Jesus in our hearts, we shall be model humanitarians, for we shall love our neighbor as ourselves."

Louis caught her hand in his. "Begin by loving me!" he cried suddenly. "I love you, dear—these long days of watching have taught me that—though I began to suspect it some time ago. It is no use saying anything," he went on hurriedly, as Evadne began to protest. "You must be my wife, for I cannot live without you." He drew a handsome ring, of quaint and curious workmanship, which he had bought in Venice, from his finger, and before Evadne could recover from her astonishment, had thrust it upon hers. "See, you are mine, darling. Now let us seal the compact with a kiss."

"Louis, you are dreaming! This can never be!" She struggled to free her hand, but he held her fingers in a grasp of steel.

"It shall be, my sweet little Puritan! Do you suppose I will ever give you up now? I tell you I love you, Evadne! Love you as I never thought I should ever love a woman. Why, you can twist me round your finger. I am like clay in your hands."

"Louis, please listen!" implored Evadne, with a white, strained face, "this is utterly impossible for—I do not love you."

"I will teach you to, dear," said Louis, cheerfully. "I know I've been a brute, but I will show you how gentle I can be."

"Louis!" cried Evadne, desperately, "you must let me go! I will never do this thing!"

She pulled vainly at the ring as she spoke. Louis' grasp never relaxed. When he spoke, she was frightened at the recklessness of his tone.

"Take that ring off your finger, and I go straight to ruin. You say you want to win my soul. Here is your chance. You can make of me what you will. I own there is something in your Christianity. I can't help sneering when I see Isabelle and Marion playing at it, but I have never sneered at you. Now, take your choice. Shall the devil have his own?

His voice was quiet, but he was laboring under intense excitement. Evadne was in despair. What should she do? Only that morning Dr. Russe had said to her: "It is not the injury he sustained in the fall that worries me. He will get over that. But the shock to the nervous system has been tremendous. Humor him in everything, and avoid the least excitement as you value his life."

She leaned over him and said gently,

"Dear Louis, you are not strong enough to talk any more to-day. I will wear the ring a little while to please you, but remember, this other thing you want can never be."

He looked up at her, his face was pallid with exhaustion. "Promise me," he said faintly, "that the ring shall stay on your finger until I take it off."

And Evadne promised.

(To be Continued).

Lectures to Prisoners

A very interesting experiment is now progressing in England. In accordance with a recommendation made by a Special Prison Commission, a series of lectures for prisoners has been begun at one of the leading penal institutions. A lecturer, with wide experience in nursing and sanitation, was selected, and the women are mates were her audience. She endeavored to teach them the value of fresh air, and the simplest methods of dealing with emergency cases of sickness or injury. In these lectures, the first ten minutes are devoted to questions, the next half-hour to quiet lecturing, supplemented by simple blackboard illustrations and the balance of the session to practical work in bandaging, poultice-making, fomentations and the application of simple remedies. The suggestion is made that a number of competent lecturers should be engaged, in order that as many inmates as possible of all the leading prisons, should be reached by this novel method of educating the ignorant and dangerous classes in neighborly service and self-helpfulness.

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The Eternal Morning

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 16. Isa. 60 : 1-12

PASSAGES like the one associated with the topic, show how little the messengers of God understood the messages they delivered. The writer of this beautiful poem knew that a time of triumph and the supremacy of God's people was coming. So much had been revealed to him. He saw the coming glory as of the dawn gilding the mountain tops, and his soul was filled with joy and enthusiasm, but the narrow conception he had of it has been proved by modern events to be wholly crude and inadequate. He saw Israel returning from the Babylonian captivity, resuming her place among the nations, becoming supreme, so that any nation refusing to serve her should perish, wealth would pour into her treasury, and all nations would be blessed in rendering homage to her. That was the way in which the prophet interpreted the revelation which had been made to him. But not in this narrow fashion did God fulfill his servant's prophecy. It was not the literal Israel that was to be so exalted, but the people of God, the true Israel with which Christ contrasted (John 8 : 39-59), the nation which rejected him. The exaltation was not that of material power and wealth, as the prophet supposed — the gold and frankincense and the flocks of Kedar — but the spiritual power, the moral glory which comes from the triumphs of the Gospel. The head of the nation would not be a conqueror like Alexander or Napoleon, forcing his yoke by might on unwilling peoples, but the Prince of Peace, whose righteous and beneficent rule would be acknowledged by renewed hearts in every land. As we look around in our day and see in every clime men and women of every nationality to whom the name of Jesus is dearer than any earthly name; to whom his law is more authoritative than any law on their country's statute books, we realize how much more glorious than the prophet supposed has been the fulfilment of his prophecy. And the end is not yet. The triumphs of the Gospel will go forward until the whole earth is won for Christ, and every knee will bow to him. Even now the mighty host of them who call him Lord, and hold his will paramount, outnumber the subjects of any earthly potentate, and their number is constantly being increased. God has been better to the world than his servant the prophet could conceive.

But what has come of the dawn that the prophet saw in that time of gloom? If it has not shown in the way he expected, how have its beams penetrated the darkness? Very slow, as we measure time, has been the progress. Generation after generation came and passed away, and little appreciable advancement could be perceived. But from land to land the light passed. The mountain tops, the men of spiritual understanding, caught its gleam. Still, as the prophet saw, darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the peoples. But at last, with the beginning of this century, the impetus of a great forward movement came. Noble, brave, consecrated, devoted men went forth carrying the torch into the darkness of heathendom. How God blessed the mission, all Christendom knows. It grew, and not even the dread of martyrdom arrested its progress. As one herald of the cross fell, slain like his Master by those he sought to save, or perished of disease in pestilential climates, ten offered themselves to fill the gap in the ranks. There are now in heathen lands 11,839 missionaries, and with them 67,754 natives who have been converted and are preaching the truth to their countrymen. It is estimated by conservative statisticians that there are not less than one million and a half of heathens who have been brought to Christ and are now in communion with Christian churches, beside a great multitude who have died in faith. Thus has the dawn brightened into the light of day, and it is penetrating into every land. A better day than the one imagined by the prophet, which shall grow still brighter until it lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

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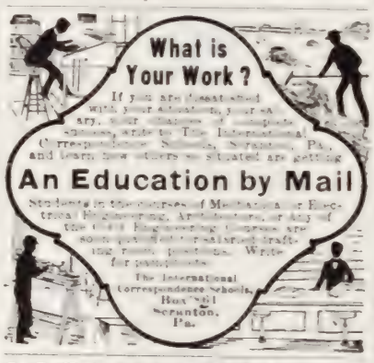

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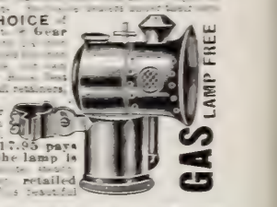

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"If I had dwelt,"—so mused a tender woman,
All fine emotions stirred
Through pondering o'er that life, Divine yet human,
Told in the Sacred Word,

"If I had dwelt of old, a Jewish maiden,
In some Judean street
Where Jesus walked, and heard his words so laden
With comfort strangely sweet;

And seen the face where utmost pity blended
With each rebuke of wrong;
I would have left my lattice and descended,
And followed with the throng.

And I had wrenched the sapphires from my fillet,
Nor let one spark remain;
Snatched up my gold, amid the crowd to spill it
For pity of their pain.

"I would have let the palsied fingers hold me,
I would have walked between
The Marys and Salome, while they told me
About the Magdalene.

'Foxes have holes'—I think my heart had broken,
To hear the words so said,
'While Christ had not'—Were sadder ever spoken?—
'A place to lay his head!'

I would have flung abroad my doors before him,
And in my joy have been
First on the threshold, eager to adore him,
And crave his entrance in!

Ah would you so? Without a recognition
You passed him yesterday;
Jostled aside, unhelped, his meek petition,
And calmly went your way,

With warmth and comfort, garmented and girdled,
Before your window-sill
Saw crowds sweep by; and if your blood is curdled,
You wear the jewels still.

You catch aside your robes, lest want should clutch them,
In its imploring wild;
Or lest some woeful penitent might touch them
And you be thus defiled.

O dreamers, dreaming that your faith is keeping
All services free from blot,
Chr st daily walks your streets, sick, suffering, weeping,
And ye perceive him not!

—REV. S. P. ROSE.

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Battleship "MAINE,"

now lying at Havana Harbor. This metal was secured through the courtesy of Rear-Admiral Bunce, late of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It has been chemically treated, giving the case that rich blue color possessed only by Gun Metal.

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This is to certify that the U. S. Goverment, through their representative at New York Navy Yard, has delivered to the W. F. Doll Manufacturing Company the steel recovered from wreck of the Battleship "Maine" (about 1,200 pounds), being the entire amount of steel saved
W. A. GIBSON, Commander U. S. N., in charge General Delivery of Stores.

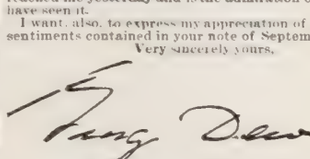
ADMIRAL DEWEY WRITES.

Dewey, as all know, is a man of few words, and he does not write or say anything unless he means it.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg you to accept my hearty thanks for the beautiful watch you so kindly sent me It reached me yesterday and is the admiration of all who have seen it.

I want, also, to express my appreciation of the kind sentiments contained in your note of September 3d.

Very sincerely yours,



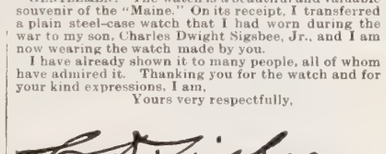
CAPTAIN SIGSBEE WRITES.

He requested the American people to await judgment on the wreck of the "Maine" until report was made. He gives careful thought to all matters, so his commendation of the watch is of high value.

GENTLEMEN:—The watch is a beautiful and valuable souvenir of the "Maine." On its receipt, I transferred a plain steel-case watch that I had worn during the war to my son, Charles Dwight Sigsbee, Jr., and I am now wearing the watch made by you.

I have already shown it to many people, all of whom have admired it. Thanking you for the watch and for your kind expressions, I am,

Yours very respectfully,



THE NEW YORK SUN PUBLISHED.

The New York *Sun* is a paper of truth—what it says, it means.

The material is properly certified to by a certificate from Admiral Bunce, and has the deep, blue color of steel that won't rust.

ONLY 200 WATCHES

HOW TO GET THIS WATCH EASILY.

Send $3.00 in check, stamps or post-office order (this is $1.00 for a choice of one of the following publications for one year, *McClure's, Munsey's, Cosmopolitan, Leslie's* or the *Strand* and $2.00 for the first payment). The watch will be forwarded for your inspection. If it should not be all you desire, return to us and your money will be promptly refunded. If you decide to keep the watch, you are to pay the club $2.00 on the first of each month for six months, then the watch is yours.

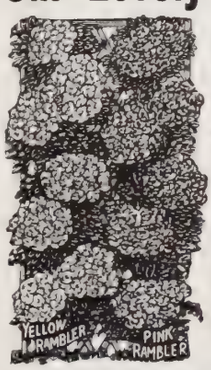
In order to protect ourselves from unnecessary loss, we request that when sending the first remittance, you also send us two (2) references.

In fairness to all, we must decline to sell more than one (1) watch to any individual. In sending your order for the watch, please designate which magazine you desire us to send.

REMEMBER If upon inspection you decide not to retain the watch, return it to us and your money will be promptly refunded.

THE MAGAZINE ASSOCIATION, 154 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Six Lovely Everblooming Roses Free!



To introduce our popular illustrated literary and family paper, **Good Literature**, into thousands of homes where it is not already taken, we make the following *extraordinary offer*: *Upon receipt of only* **Twenty-five Cents** *we will send* **Good Literature** *for the remaining* **Nine Months** *of this year (April to December inclusive), and to each subscriber we will also send,* **Free** *and post-paid,* **Six Lovely Everblooming Roses,** *as follows:*

The Yellow Rambler.—Tea only hardly yellow climbing rose. Flowers deep golden yellow, produced in large pyramidal trusses, often 150 flowers being seen in a single cluster; grows vigorously, making shoots 8 to 10 feet high in a season; perfectly hardy, having withstood a temperature of two degrees below zero; beautiful for pillars and porches.

The Pink Rambler.—Same as the Yellow Rambler, and possessing all of its valuable features, except that the color is a beautiful deep pink.

Mosella.—One of the most beautiful of roses. Flowers white, shading in the center to apricot yellow. Blooms profusely from May until frost.

Meteor.—A rich, dark velvety crimson Hybrid Tea Rose; flowers large and very double; the plant is vigorous and a constant bloomer.

White Maman Cochet.—A superb variety. Flowers snow-white, large and very double; borne in profusion; hardy with protection.

Marie Van Houtte.—Pale yellow, edged with pink. Flowers very large, double and deliciously fragrant. Strong grower and constant bloomer.

Bear in mind that we offer, not one, *but the entire list of six lovely ever-blooming roses* described above absolutely *free*, by mail post-paid, if you will send us twenty-five cents for GOOD LITERATURE for the remaining nine months of this year (April to December inclusive). You will get the full worth of your money in your subscription to the paper; the roses are an absolute gift. Remember that these are not cheap, common roses, such as you see advertised at low prices. They are the choicest and most famous varieties, and such as are sold at high prices by all the leading florists. We shall send you strong, healthy, well-rooted plants, well packed, by mail, guaranteed to reach you in perfect condition, and to give absolute satisfaction. GOOD LITERATURE is a large and handsome illustrated literary and family paper, each issue comprising from 20 to 24 large 4-column pages, including a beautiful cover. You will be delighted with it, and the six lovely roses are worth many times the price of subscription. *Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.* This is a special offer by a well-known and reliable publishing house, established over twenty-three years; we refer to the Mercantile Agencies and to all leading newspapers as to our responsibility. Address:
F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 23, 25 and 27 City Hall Place, New York.

In a world where "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," no praise is too great for **SAPOLIO**

Colorado California

Two books, beautifully illustrated, and written to give entertainingly a pen-picture of these delightful countries, have just been published. You may have either or both without charge by asking P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM...

DR. J. G. CONNOR, Ionia, Mich., writes:

DEAR SIRS:—An old friend of mine handed me a couple of small vials of your TARTARLITHINE some time ago and I tried it on myself, having suffered from rheumatism for several years. I assure you I was so pleased with its effects that I procured a full sized bottle, and since taking it I have been entirely free from rheumatism during the past year. I also observed that it is not surpassed by any other preparation as a PROMPT and EFFICIENT diuretic; besides it is pleasant to administer. Please send me a few bottles for use among my patients afflicted with Rheumatism.

Regular package $1.00
Of all druggists or post-free by mail.
Pamphlets with Testimonials FREE.

McKESSON & ROBBINS,
91 Fulton Street, . . New York.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

Boys and Girls

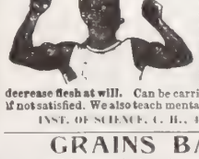
We are giving away watches, cameras, solid gold rings, sporting goods, musical instruments, handsomely bound books, and

SOLID GOLD PENS FREE.

Pen is 14k gold, has beautiful pearl handle, and in handsome plush case; also many other valuable premiums to boys and girls for selling 18 packages of **Royal English Ink Powder** at 10c each. Every package makes 50c worth of fine ink. We ask no money—send your name and address, and we will forward you 18 packages with premium list and full instructions. When you sell the **Ink Powder** send the money to us and select your premium. This is an honest offer. **We trust you.** Don't lose this grand opportunity. Write for the outfit today. Address
Imperial Ink Concern, 48 Adams St. Oak Park, Ill.

OUR SYSTEM THE BEST
DONT FOOL AWAY YOUR MONEY
WE LOAN SEWING MACHINES
BY THE YEAR
YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BUY ONE
WRITE US AT ONCE FOR PARTICULARS.
W.W. THOMAS, 323-325-327-329 Sycamore St.
CINCINNATI, OHIO, U.S.A.

SAMSON'S STRENGTH.

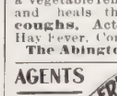


Every part and muscle of the body enlarged and strengthened to twice their present capacity by simple, scientific apparatus. Insures quick and permanent development a Faultless Figure. Health, Strength Vigor Beauty Grace and Sound Sleep. Increase or decrease flesh at will. Can be carried in the pocket. Money back if not satisfied. We also teach mental development. Circulars free
INST. OF SCIENCE, C. H., 19 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

GRAINS BALSAMIC

a vegetable remedy free from narcotics, which soothes and heals the mucous membrane—**cures all coughs.** Acts directly in Bronchitis, Grip, Asthma, Hay Fever, Consumption. Pocket size 10c. postpaid now. **The Abington Co., 715 Chestnut St., Phila.**

AGENTS FREE **$1 an Hour Easily Made.**



This polisher puts a fine edge on knives and forks instantly. Free with 25c. article in our mammoth catalog. Write for it now. DIAMOND CUTLERY CO., 60 B'way, N. Y.

OPIUM MORPHINE and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pain. Book of particulars free. Address **Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. B, Lebanon, Ohio.**

"The Filipino Napoleon"

AFTER a somewhat meteoric career, the supremacy of Emilio Aguinaldo as a leader of the Filipinos, seems to be approaching a close. Aguinaldo is of mixed Spanish and native blood, the son of a planter at Cavite. He was educated at Manila University, and of the Jesuit College there, but enlisted in the Spanish army before completing his studies. Having given offence to the Catholic friars at Silang, by refusing to kneel while a religious procession passed along the streets, he was banished from that city, and the persecution of the priests, in consequence of this incident, became so intolerable, that he surrendered his commission in the army and left for Hong Kong. There he learned several languages and studied British military tactics, served for a time in a Chinese regiment, and later in the Chinese navy.

When he was twenty-seven he became an active member of a secret society for the overthrow of Spain's power in the Philippines, and was Jose Rizal's chief lieutenant. He has had many hair-breadth escapes, and his bold course in dealing with the Spaniards showed him to be brave to recklessness. He led the rebellion of 1896, and was amnestied and persuaded by Gen. Primo Rivera to leave the country and return to Hong Kong in 1897, but the failure of the Spanish authorities to keep their promises of reform brought Aguinaldo again to the front.

It was at this juncture, when rebellion was once more ripe in the Philippines, that Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila Bay. Aguinaldo saw his opportunity, and, returning from his exile, placed himself at the head of the natives and took the field against the Spanish. The story of his subsequent operations and ultimate revolt against American authority is too well known to need recapitulation. As a result of his recent reported defeats, the confidence of the natives in his leadership has been very greatly shaken.

SPRAYING FRUIT TREES.

The question of spraying fruit trees to prevent the depredations of insect pests and fungus diseases is no longer an experiment but a necessity.

Our readers will do well to write [illegible] for a pamphlet describing twenty-one styles of Spraying Outfits and full treatise on spraying the different fruit and vegetable crops, which contains much valuable information, and may be had for the asking.

For Rheumatism and Sleeplessness

We Offer the Best and Simplest Treatment Free.

THE TEST OF TRIAL.

Is it not some proof of the extraordinary merit of SLAYTON'S ELECTRIC SWITCH GLASS CASTERS that upwards of 2,500 sets have been sold in three months, on the plan of asking no payment until their value is proved by trial? We still hold our free trial offer open.

DR. BROWN SEQUARD, the great French physician, taught that rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, sleeplessness, pain in muscles and bones, nervous disorders—that is, diseases of weakened vitality or nerves—all arose from derangement of the electrical condition of the human system, such that the flow of electricity from the body to the earth became excessive and harmful. No one can be sure if this is exactly true or not, but there is much reason for so believing. At any rate this line of reasoning led to the invention of SLAYTON'S ELECTRIC SWITCH GLASS CASTERS, which completely insulate the invalid, and completely stop the weakening flow. The curative effect of his simple process is most wonderful, and is attested by letters from hundreds who have learned its benefits by careful trial.

DO THESE LETTERS MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

TECUMSEH, Mich., Jan. 14th, 1898.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO.

Gentlemen:—I have tried your Glass Wheel Electric Switch Casters and I am happy to state to you that the results were indeed very gratifying. The first night I had them on my bed I slept four hours more than I did the previous night. I am and was fully convinced that retained electricity is a sleep producer. I am 84 years old, and a man of my age is naturally restless in the latter part of the night. Yours very truly, B. L. BAXTER.
(Of the old Tecumseh law and banking firm of Bills & Baxter).

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO.

Gentlemen:—I saw your ad. in *The Literary Digest*, [illegible] rollers and put them under my wife's bed without her knowledge [illegible] she reported having enjoyed the best night's sleep for many [illegible] continued to be benefited. Cannot return them, so send [illegible] herewith enclosed. Yours, REV. [illegible]

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO.

[illegible] Mich., Sept. [illegible]

[illegible] it before using the casters, but now says she never has a twinge of it.
Yours sincerely, W. E. FROST.
(Dr. Frost is the leading homeopathic physician in Tecumseh.)

TECUMSEH Mich., Oct. 6th, 1898.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO.

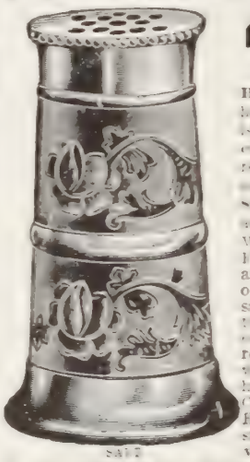
Gentlemen:—I have been laid up with rheumatism since March 16th, 1898. I have suffered untold pain and misery. Your casters have done very much to relieve me. They make me sleep well and eat heartily. I could not do without them. I am now able to get around some. Walked up town yesterday for the first time since March 16. Very truly.
R. G. GOFF.

FREE TRIAL FOR ONE WEEK. We will gladly send anyone mentioning this paper a set of the Casters on receipt of 17c. for postage. Try them for one week according to directions. If they do not help you send them back by mail and no charge will be made. If they do help you, send us $2.00 in full payment.

In ordering be sure to state whether for iron, brass, or wooden bedstead.

SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO., 206 High Street, Tecumseh, Mich.

For Both 25 cents For Both



If you are looking for a Great Bargain [illegible] Greatest Bargains [illegible] Prepaid Both the Salt and Pepper Shakers. They are [illegible] as ornamental to any table rich or poor. If on receipt of the same you do not think or find [illegible] Greatest Bargain you ever [illegible] return them at once to us and we will [illegible] Our Bargain Silverware Catalogue Sent Free.

SALT PEPPER

A. W. LEONARD MFG. CO., 152-153 MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO.

In the selection of food care is exercised to secure the best. No attempt is made to disguise, by flavoring in cooking, the taste of decayed meat or vegetables. Why not this same care in the selection of Cod Liver Oil?

Peter Möller's Cod Liver Oil

is kept free from contamination and all impurities during process of manufacture—hence it is free from all disagreeable taste or smell so common in Cod Liver Oil.

[illegible] the best—a [illegible] Nature the [illegible] of fish oils.

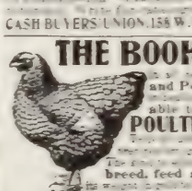
Schieffelin & Co., New York.

$26 REAL BARGAINS
Road Wagons at $16.45
Top Road Wagons at $22.70
Top Buggies at $26.00
Surries $42.50, Phaetons $37

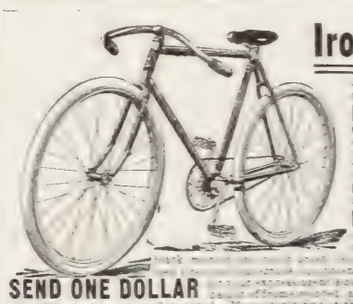
[illegible] wholesale prices.

Free.

CASH BUYERS UNION, 158 W. VanBuren St. B 18, Chicago



THE BOOK OF THE YEAR
[illegible] relating to Poultry and Poultry Management, [illegible] many valuable tested recipes [illegible]
POULTRY GUIDE FOR '99.
[illegible] Millbook Farm. [illegible] breed, feed and market them. [illegible] sent for 10c.
Fowls and Eggs for Sale at Lowest Prices.
THE J. W. MILLER CO. Box 179 Freeport, Ill.



Iroquois Bicycles $16.75
[illegible] Iroquois Model 3
IROQUOIS CYCLE WORKS FAILED
Made to sell at $60.
[illegible] marvelous offer of a Model 8 IROQUOIS BICYCLE $16.75 while they last.
DESCRIPTON
Our Written Guarantee
SEND ONE DOLLAR
ORDER TO-DAY
WE HAVE BICYCLES
[illegible] '99 Models at $11.50 and up. Second-hand Wheels $3 to $10. We want RIDER AGENTS
Free Use [illegible] liberal proposition.
Exclusive Bicycle House
E. B. MEAD & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

BOOM BUSINESS!

[illegible] be [illegible] with poor results. You must hatch thousands of chickens [illegible]
PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR
[illegible] machine in all kinds of conditions [illegible] and kinds of machines. Don't [illegible] Prepare yourself with [illegible]
PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO., HOMER CITY, PA.

LIFE PRODUCERS
SUCCESSFUL INCUBATORS.
LIFE PRESERVERS
SUCCESSFUL BROODERS.
[illegible] about them in our [illegible] catalogue. Mailed for 6 cents in stamps.
DES MOINES INCUBATOR CO., Box 71. Des Moines, Ia.

DENT'S Toothache GUM

(A Swell Affair.)
STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY
ANTISEPTIC, ARRESTS DECAY.
HEALTHFUL TO TEETH AND GUMS.
All Druggists 15c. or by mail upon receipt of price.
C. S. DENT & Co DETROIT, MICH.

CHICKENS! IMPORTED and DOMESTIC
[illegible] and a [illegible]
C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 320, FREEPORT, ILLS.

2000 PREMIUMS
[illegible] FOWLS AND EGGS FOR SALE
CHAS. GAMMERDINGER, Box 70, Columbus, O

SEND ONE DOLLAR CUT THIS AD OUT and send to us, and if you live within 500 miles of Chicago, we will send you this TOP BUGGY by freight C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your freight depot, and if found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY, EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED, EQUAL TO BUGGIES THAT RETAIL AT $60.00 TO $75.00 and the GRANDEST BARGAIN YOU EVER SAW, pay the freight agent OUR SPECIAL PRICE, $38.90,
WE MAKE THIS TOP BUGGY IN OUR OWN FACTORY IN CHICAGO. [illegible] Latest style for 1899. Body [illegible] Best Seasoned Wood. [illegible] Build. End Springs, as illustrated, or Brewster Side Bar. Wheels [illegible] Heavily tired, full size and [illegible] Painting, [illegible] Upholstering, [illegible] Body cloth or Evan's Leather.

$38.90

$38.90 IS OUR SPECIAL PRICE for top buggy complete, wide or narrow track, full length side and back curtains, storm aprons, carpets, wrench, anti-rattlers and shafts. GUARANTEED TWO YEARS [illegible] For Buggies at $15.95 and up, WRITE FOR FREE BUGGY CATALOGUE. YOU CAN MAKE $500.00 This Year Selling OUR $38.90 BUGGIES. ORDER ONE TO DAY. YOU CAN SELL IT FOR $60.00. DON'T DELAY.
Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL.

MUST HAVE AGENTS AT ONCE
[illegible] Sash Locks and Door Holders. Simple Sash Lock [illegible] for [illegible] Immense [illegible] $10 a day. Write [illegible] Address
BROHARD & CO., Dept. 11, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Late Dr. J. A. Spurgeon

THE cable brings a brief statement that Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, the brother of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, was found dead in a railroad carriage on March 22. It is presumed that he was attacked by apoplexy

DR. J. A. SPURGEON

while alone in the compartment, and died while the train was speeding to its destination. The deceased clergyman was sixty-two years of age, having been born three years after his more famous brother. He was educated for business life, but after his brother's entrance to the ministry he decided to make that his own calling in life. He entered Regent's Park College, where he won an excellent reputation as a scholar. His first charge was at Southampton, but as his brother's church grew to so enormous a size, he was persuaded to go to London to help Charles in his pastoral work.

As the membership of the Tabernacle was over six thousand, he had constant occupation in visiting the sick and attending to other matters of pastoral duty. He also took an active part in the Pastor's College, for which his college experience fitted him. At the Orphanage, too, his visits were ever welcome. His voice was not strong enough to be heard in the vast auditorium of the Tabernacle, but he could not be satisfied without preaching. He therefore accepted the pastorate of a church at West Croydon, which is within a short distance of London. He has labored there for nearly thirty years, and with marked success. His brother used to say that he would never have been able to continue his work without the efficient help he had from his brother James, who, by his tact and devotion, relieved him from so much responsibility, and left him free for pulpit work. After Charles's death, Dr. Spurgeon continued to work both in the college and the orphanage, while keeping up his pastoral charge at Croydon.

Books Received

Anecdotes and Morals. Over five hundred incidents of modern life with forceful lessons; by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Pp. 463. Price, $1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

The Commandments of Jesus. By Robert F. Horton, D.D. A series of articles on the application of Christ's injunctions to modern life. Pp. 375. Price, $1.50. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., 150 Fifth avenue, New York.

The Student's Life of Jesus. By George Holley Gilbert, D.D., Ph.D., Iowa Professor of New Testament Literature in Chicago Theological Seminary. Pp. 412. Price, $1.25. Published by The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York.

South America. A Popular Illustrated History of the Struggle for Liberty in the Andean Republics and Cuba. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Pp. 266. Price, $2. Published by Doubleday & McClure Co., 141–155 East Twenty-fifth street, New York.

Lessons from the Cross. Eleven addresses delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, during Holy Week, by Dr. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London. Pp. 132. Price, 75 cents. Published by Thos. Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York.

The Cambro American Pulpit. Thirty-two live and original sermons by the Welsh preachers of America, with a biographical sketch of each preacher. Edited by Rev. Tyrnwy Morgan. Pp. 611. Price, $2. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

Cradle-Songs of Many Nations. Compiled by Miss Katherine Wallace Davis. A portfolio of lullabies and cradle-songs (words and music which will be appreciated especially by the young folks. The cradle-songs of nearly a dozen nations are represented in the collection) the whole being in the form of a musical entertainment for churches, etc. Illustrated, with children in various national costumes. Eighteen pages. Price, $1.00. Clayten F. Summy Co., Chicago, publishers.

A GODSEND TO ALL HUMANITY

Invention of An Ohioan That Promotes Health, Strength and Beauty by Nature's Method, and Relieves Without Drugs, All Nervous Diseases, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Weakness and the Most Obstinate Diseases

Those Who Have Used It Declare It To Be the Most Remarkable Invigorant Ever Produced for Man, Woman or Child

An inventive genius, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has patented and placed on the market a Bath Cabinet that is of great interest to the public, not only the sick and debilitated, but also those enjoying health.

It is a sealed compartment in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and with only the head outside, may have all the invigorating, cleansing and purifying effects of the

IN OPERATION—DOOR CLOSED

FOLDED

most luxurious Turkish bath, hot vapor or medicated vapor baths at home for three cents each, with no possibility of taking cold, or in any way weakening the system.

A well-known physician of Topeka, Kansas, E. L. Eaton, M. D., gave up his practice to sell these Bath Cabinets, feeling that they were all his patients needed to get well and keep well, as they cured the most obstinate diseases often when his medicine failed, and we understand he has already sold over 600. Another physician of Chicago, Dr. John C. Wright, followed Dr. Eaton's example, moved West and devotes his entire time to selling these Cabinets Many others are doing likewise.

Hundreds of remarkable letters have been written the inventors from those who have used the Cabinets, two of which referring to

RHEUMATISM AND LA GRIPPE

Will be interesting to those who suffer from these dread maladies. G. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., writes: "Was compelled to quit business a year ago, being prostrated by rheumatism when your Cabinet came. Two weeks' use of it entirely cured me, and have never had a twinge since. My doctor was much astonished and will recommend them." Mrs. S.S. Noteman, Hood River, Ore., writes that her neighbor used the Bath Cabinet for a severe case of la grippe and cured herself entirely in two days. Another neighbor cured eczema of many years standing and her little girl of measles. A. B. Strickland, Bloomington, Idaho, writes that the Bath Cabinet did him more good in one week than two years' doctoring, and entirely cured him of catarrh, gravel, kidney trouble and dropsy, with which he had been long afflicted. Hundreds of others write praising this Cabinet, and there seems to be no doubt but that the long sought for means of curing rheumatism, la grippe, Bright's disease and all kidney and urinary affections has been found. The

WELL-KNOWN CHRISTIAN MINISTER

Of Una, S. C., Rev. R. E. Peele, highly recommends this Cabinet, as also does Mrs. Kendricks, Princ. of Vassar College; Congressman John J. Lentz, John T. Brown, editor of the Christian Guide, many lawyers, physicians, ministers and hundreds of other influential people.

REDUCES OBESITY

It is important to know that the inventor guarantees that obesity will be reduced 5 lbs. per week if these hot vapor baths are taken regularly. Scientific reasons are brought out in a very instructive little book issued by the makers. To

CURE BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

The Cabinet is unquestionably the best thing in the world. If people, instead of filling their system with more poisons by taking drugs and nostrums, would get into a Vapor Bath Cabinet and sweat out these poisons and assist Nature to act, they would have a skin as clear and smooth as the most fastidious could desire.

THE GREAT FEATURE

Of this Bath Cabinet is that it gives a Hot Vapor Bath that opens the millions of pores all over the body, stimulating the sweat glands and forcing out by Nature's method all the impure salts, acids and effete matter, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys and the lungs and cause disease, debility and sluggishness. A Hot Vapor Bath instills new life from the very beginning, and makes you feel 10 years younger. With the bath it desired is a

HEAD AND COMPLEXION STEAMER

In which the face and head are given the same vapor treatment as the body. This produces the most wonderful results, removes pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions and

CURES CATARRH AND ASTHMA

L. B. Westbrook, Newton, Ia., writes: "For 45 years I have had catarrh and asthma to such an extent that it had eaten out the portions between my nostrils. Drugs and doctors did me no good. The first vapor bath I took helped me and two weeks' use cured me entirely, and I have never had a twinge since."

WHATEVER WILL HASTEN PERSPIRATION

Every one knows, is beneficial. Turkish baths, massage, hot drinks, stimulants, hot foot baths are all known to be beneficial, but the best of these methods become crude and insignificant when compared to the convenient and marvelous curative power of the Cabinet Bath referred to above. The Cabinet is know as the

QUAKER FOLDING THERMAL

Vapor Bath Cabinet was patented May 18, 1897, and is made only in Cincinnati, O. This Cabinet, we find, is durably made of best materials. It is entered and vacated by a door at the side. The Cabinet is air-tight, made of the best hygeinic water-proof cloth, rubber-lined, and a folding steel-plated frame supports it from top to bottom. The makers furnish a good alcohol stove with each Cabinet; also valuable receipts and formulas for medicinal baths and ailments, as well as plain directions.

Another excellent feature is that it folds into so small a space that it may be carried when traveling—weighs but five pounds.

People do not need bath rooms as this Cabinet may be used in any room. Thus bath-tubs have been discarded since the invention of this Cabinet, as it gives a far better bath for all cleansing purposes than soap and water. For the sick-room its advantages are at once apparent. The Cabinet is amply large enough for any person.

The Quaker Cabinet made by the Cincinnati firm is the only practical article of its kind, and will last for years. It seems to satisfy and delight every user and the

MAKERS GUARANTEE KESULTS

They assert positively, and their statements are backed by a vast amount of testimony from persons of influence, that their Cabinet will cure nervous troubles and debility, clear the skin, purify the blood, cure rheumatism. They offer $50 reward for disease that cannot be relieved. Cures wellness troubles, la grippe, sleeplessness, obesity, neuralgia, headaches, gout, sciatica, piles, dropsy, blood and skin disease, liver and kidney troubles. It will

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known, and all those enjoying health should use it at least once or twice a week, but its great value lies in its marvelous power to draw out of the system the impurities that cause disease, and for this reason is really a godsend to all humanity.

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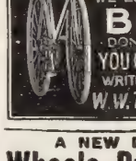

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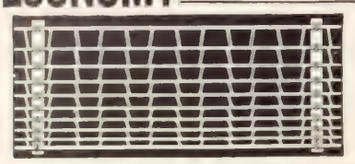

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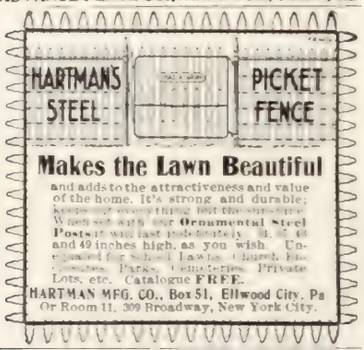

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22 NUMBER 15

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

OUR MILITARY COMMANDERS WHO DEFEATED AGUINALDO AND OCCUPIED HIS CAPITAL

1. Brig.-Gen. Harrison Gray Otis. 2. Major-Gen. Lloyd Wheaton. 3. Brig.-Gen. Henry W. Lawton. 4. Gen. Arthur MacArthur. 5. A Street in Malolos. 6. View at Paranaque. 7. Filipino Prisoners. 8. Entrenchments at Polo.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

L. G. M., Espyville. Is it true that Martha of Bethany was a widow? Is there anywhere any reference to her husband?

No one knows whether she was a widow or not. It is rash for any one to make any assertion on the subject. We know nothing of her, outside of the Bible narrative. It is possible, though there is no evidence to prove it, that her husband was the Simon mentioned Mark 14:3, who being a leper was separated from his wife. But this is merely a conjecture [illegible] or widow?

Reader, Franklin, Mass. Why do you call the creed you published recently "Christendom's New Creed"? It seems to me to have been the same as has been held for many years, and in some respects, not so clear or definite.

The significance of it is in the fact that so many denominations agreed to it. The opponents of Christianity argued that the denominations were hopelessly at variance. They did appear so, when the creeds were, as you say, more clear and definite. The present statement, however, shows that they are much nearer to agreement than was supposed. When Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists can concur cordially in a statement of belief so decided as this, it is easy to see that they cannot be so vitally opposed as was thought. The creed is not new in the sense of the doctrines enunciated, but in the form of statement.

Mrs. M. R., Jackson, Mich. What share does a second wife hold of her husband's estate, he having quite a little real estate at the time they were married, and she also having some money? There are no children by the marriage, but the husband had a son (twenty-four years old), by a previous union.

In some States (New York, for example), a deed of a house and lot to husband and wife jointly, creates the right of survivorship, *i. e.*, the survivor of the two becomes sole owner. In other States, such a deed would confer a half ownership upon each of the parties, and on the death of either husband or wife, his or her interest would go according to last will, or if there should be no will, to the heirs of the one who dies. A second wife, has the rights of a wife, no more, no less. She cannot be deprived of her dower in real estate owned by the husband, *i. e.*, of the use and income of one-third part of his real estate as long as she survives him. No one will buy his real estate from him without her signature. If her husband dies without a will, she will be entitled to a certain portion, usually one-third, sometimes one-half, of his personal property absolutely. The question should be submitted to a local lawyer. As to the son (who has been helped by his father, but who has failed), no legal question is stated.

S. T. P., Boisserain, Can. For some time we have been discussing in our Epworth League the matter of card-playing just among a few, and for pastime. I strongly opposed it, so far as was in my power, claiming that it was a pathway to ruin and a door to the very worst society. This question is all important to us just now. Perhaps if you could discuss the subject—the use of these cards among good Christian society, more especially those who are young and only begun for Christ—I could make it of more value in our circle.

The question of card-playing has been repeatedly discussed in THE MAIL-BAG. It is to be condemned (1), because it awakens the gambling spirit; (2), because it is a pernicious amusement, in that it leads to time-wasting and enervation, and possesses none of the advantages that can be claimed for a wholesome, elevating recreation; (3), it is playing with edged tools, the common tools of the gambler; (4), it has been the means of moral, physical and financial ruin to victims innumerable; (5), it cannot be claimed that anyone was ever benefited by card-playing; and (6) it should be shunned by all who profess to be Christians, on the ground that it is an obstacle to spiritual growth and progress. The card-table, like the dance-hall and the saloon, has been to multitudes an open pathway to perdition, and there is not an argument in its defence that will bear reasonable discussion. There are many amusements in which one may join in without loss of self-respect, but card-playing is not one of the number. Even business men are suspicious of card-playing employees and will not promote them to confidential or responsible positions. When men of the world look at it in this way, it is surely an ominous sign when a church temporizes with an evil which has already involved so many in sin, sorrow and disgrace.

J. G. S., Rose, S. D. If a person's name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, is he not eligible for membership in any Christian church, and ought he not to be received on application?

No church would reject such a person; he is eligible, and would undoubtedly be received without question if he could produce the book and show the entry, or a certified copy of it. As he cannot do that, a church is bound to exercise care as to the persons it receives into membership. If it received all who declared that their names were written there, it might admit some who would get harm to themselves by being admitted, and might disgrace the church. As the pastor and members are not infallible and have only the ordinary means of testing, they have to follow the rule Christ gave: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

S. C., Huyett, Md.: H. W. C., Colbert, Miss., and others. 1. Can it be possible as I gather from [illegible] and some for perdition? 2. If a man is truly converted, can he sin after his conversion? In [illegible] assume that he was not truly converted?

1. You should be careful about founding any belief on an isolated passage separated from its context. You should take into account the kind of people for whom the passage was originally written, and remember that people prone to some kind of error need teaching which it would not be wise to give to others. The truth is one, but there are many modes of presenting it. God appears to have endowed men with the power of choosing their own way. That is a high privilege, very much higher than enforcing good conduct; but it involves the possibility of their choosing the wrong, which, of course, God foresaw. In a sense, therefore, he did bring into the world men destined for perdition. But that is a very crude way of stating the fact. He does not destine them to such a fate; it is they who, by sin. But if any man sin, we have an Advocate. After conversion, a man's sin is contrary to his new nature and he mourns over it, seeks pardon, and tries to avoid repetition of it. Before his conversion, he does not worry about it, but goes on in sin cheerfully.

Reader, Holdredge, Neb., writes:

[illegible] sher (Charles) £100 a [illegible] ries') literature at the [illegible] don. That allowance [illegible] ate to his beloved

[illegible] But [illegible] changeth not.

[illegible] And brings us nearest thee. Our bridegroom in the skies.

[illegible] answered: "Our cause is in the hands of [illegible] tion of

Our correspondent is right in the condemnation of sinful and wicked pleasures and indul[illegible] and enjoyment of all innocent pleasures and recreations, in reasonable measure, are as much the right of the child of God as of those who have not yet come into that high relationship. To shut out all the sun[illegible] ascetic discipline, is not Christian doctrine nor according to Christian example. Those things that hinder our spiritual growth or lead to wicked or morbid desires, that waste time, encourage extravagance or immoderation, that bring us into contact with contaminating influences, are the things to be avoided.

W. L. S., Whitwell, Tenn. I have heard that all the volunteers are to be mustered out and that the men who deserted will be punished by imprisonment for two or three years. Is it true?

We [illegible] government to muster out the volunteers at the earliest date, when such a step is practicable; presumably when the Philippines campaign is ended. The [illegible] and volunteers will have an opportunity for re-enlistment. We know nothing regarding the proposed method of dealing with deserters.

It accords with Paul's answer to the Philippian jailer (Acts 16:31). The new Catechism was not framed to express all that its makers believed, but to state the doctrines in which all the denominations represented were agreed. The Congregationalists, Methodists and Presbyterians do not believe that baptism is essential to salvation and therefore if such an opinion had been expressed in the Catechism, they would not have accepted it. We believe that very few English Baptists believe that baptism is essential to salvation, though they, in common with the denominations mentioned above, believe it is a duty which should not be neglected.

NEW YORK'S TRIBUTE TO OUR HEROIC DEAD

Many thousands viewed the funeral cortege of the members of the 71st Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., who died on field and in hospital during the war and whose bodies were brought home from Cuba for interment. The parade passed up Broadway and Fifth Avenue, the remains being in flag-covered boxes, borne on caissons. A guard of honor, numbering 750 men of the regiment, escorted the sad procession.

Susanna Mills, So. Peabody, Mass., writes:

I am quite interested in the old Bible records. I have one, or part of one. The title page and date are gone. There is no letter J in it. I is for J, as it takes the place of v, and v for w. It came into my grandfather's family, and at his decease to my [illegible]

Judging from the character of the type, it would seem to be a Bible of the 17th century, possibly earlier.

Mr. Wm. C. Stayton, Providence, R. I., is the possessor of a fine old Bible, printed in Edinburgh, 1722, by James Watson, King's Printer.

H. O. W., Northville, Mich. Are we to infer from the Parable of Dives and Lazarus that those who do not have temporal blessings in this [illegible] ings in the next world?

By no means. There are many poor people who are little likely to be welcomed like Lazarus. Neither wealth nor poverty has anything to do with deciding a man's fate in the next world. Christ's one condition as he said to Nicodemus (John 3:7) was "Ye must be born again." The rich may fulfill that, as well as the poor. As a matter of fact, the rich [illegible] that he lived in luxury, and did not trouble

called "encore! encore!" The king said, "Play it again, Mr. Wesley. Madam is coming in to hear you." I omitted saying the hymn was translated by John Wesley.

Miss L. C. T. It is not a question of influence, but of population.

Miss Mary W., Bridgewater, N. Y. Beware of quacks and impostors.

Subscriber. Your quotation is from the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

J. L. C., Farmersburg, Ind. It is an English shilling of the reign of William IV.

M. A. R., Bastrop, Tex. Take no stock in such schemes; they are generally frauds.

Miss C. B., Creston, O. Write to *Demorest's Monthly*, New York City, for all particulars.

Correspondent, Kirksville, Mo. Write to Mrs. [illegible]

S. B. R., Alphaha, Miss. Send to the nearest [illegible]

Miss A. P., Scranton, Ia. They are New Mexico, Arizona, Indian Territory, Alaska, and Oklahoma.

Mrs. D. B., Newark, O. Write to the Missionary [illegible] 151 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Lottie B. C., Belvidere, Ill. You probably mean E-vad-ne, which is pronounced in three syllables, with accent on the second.

Mrs. D. W., Vestal Centre, N. Y. No one knows or can know. The teacher must be a very foolish person to put such a question.

Mrs. S. C. J., Sulphur Springs, Tex. Answers in the order of your questions are: 1. Sept. 20, 1870. 2. April 10, 1881. 3. No date given. 4. May 20, 1775. 5. June 6, 1742. 6. June 15, 1215. 7. July 3, [illegible]

WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED AT THE GOSPEL MISSION WOODPILE

Wanderers Led to the Cross

The New Gospel Mission of New York City and Its Work Among Homeless Men

ONE of the latest and most promising efforts at organized religious work among homeless and unemployed men is that undertaken by the Gospel Mission, at No. 587 Third Avenue, New York City. This mission, though only a few months old, has already done much good work in a locality which had special need of such effort. Its founder, Miss Freeland, is a Christian worker of long experience, and she has thus far supported the mission from her own means, until a point has been reached where the growth of the work and its enlarged necessities have made it advisable to bring it before the attention of those who may be disposed to aid in its extension.

The noon meetings give unmistakable evidence of the genuineness of the work. When thirty or forty men come at noon to hear simple music and a plain Gospel message, one may be sure "the excellency of the power is not of men, but of God."

The "testimonies" are mostly in English that shows early home and school training. It is not tramp dialect. They speak humbly of the degradation into which they had fallen, through a mis-step in business and laxity of moral principle, and of the joy of knowing Christ, and having him restore everything, even the dear, old family life. They seem, in the main, to be Americans, the men to whom a Christly hand has been extended to help them in the awful struggle from out the pit, down which their feet had slipped. They show their joy in their new faith by bringing to the evening meetings those whom they are trying to win for Christ.

The Superintendent, Miss Freeland, speaking of the principles on which she and her helpers work, says they have faith in the men.

"When they say they want to get out of the pit, we believe them and take hold of them with a grip that means no letting go till they grasp the Saviour's hand. Our little wood-yard in the basement keeps them busy,—a luxury for the unemployed, you know, after walking the streets all night, and facing starvation. It tides them over the first terrible days of their fight with the drink habit, and keeps them out of bad company. And in this way they work with the temporary aid given them in the way of meals and lodgings. We find work for them, if we can; but our main dependence is upon God. He does all that lasts, and we are sure of his part, for 'he is not willing that any should perish.'"

In the new mission, there is no flaunting of the old rags of vice—no ostentatious display of self-sacrifice. It is a work worth studying. With such eminent Christian endorsers as Gen. O. O. Howard, Rev. A. C. Dixon and others equally well known, it is entitled to the consideration of God's people everywhere.

When women of social position and culture are willing to devote their lives to service for the "submerged tenth," and show their ability to do successfully what every one knows must be done, the Lord's stewards should stand by them and give the most cordial encouragement.

Miss Freeland has an opportunity of securing a much larger building, which will, in every way, be better suited for the work of the mission, and which will afford an opportunity for establishing certain industries that will, in time, enable the mission to be practically self-supporting. An earnest effort is being made to secure the necessary funds to cover the cost of rent and equipment. Any reader of this journal who may be interested in learning further in regard to this work, which has already been signally blessed in the conversion of many souls, can do so by addressing the Superintendent, at 330 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

A SERVICE AT THE NEW YORK GOSPEL MISSION

AGUINALDO'S FLIGHT

His Capital Taken, His Army Scattered, and He is Now a Fugitive

(See illustration on first page)

WITH the occupation of Malolos, the Philippine capital, and the dispersion of Aguinaldo's army, our military campaign in the Asiatic archipelago has reached a point where no formidable organized resistance is longer expected. Cable dispatches from Maj.-Gen. Otis indicate that the rebel army has been thoroughly disintegrated.

The rebels had used the railway from Manila to Malolos during the early stage of the war for transferring supplies and reinforcements from the interior to the front. Our "Flying Column," under Maj. Gen. MacArthur, as it advanced, captured in rapid succession the stations along this railway, and kept in constant touch with the headquarters at Manila, using also the field telegraph to communicate with Major-Gen. Otis. At every point, the insurgents were found entrenched and prepared to repel attack, but their defense was weak and they invariably broke and fled before the fire of our troops. At Malabon they made a momentary stand, but as the Americans approached and opened fire, the Filipinos broke from their cover and retreated, leaving many dead on the field. This experience was repeated all along the line of advance.

At the taking of the town of Malinta, there was a sharp engagement in which Col. H. C. Egbert of the Twenty-second Infantry was killed, together with several men of the Oregon and Kansas regulars. In their flight, the rebels burned towns and villages and destroyed bridges and railways. At Novaliches and Polo, there was more sharp fighting, but the rebel entrenchments were quickly carried. Our heaviest day's losses during the advance were 2 officers and 25 enlisted men killed, and 8 officers and 142 men wounded. At Marilao, there was severe fighting, our loss being 6 killed and 40 wounded. At Maycauyan, near Malolos, the Filipinos were demoralized by the shouting of the Americans, and fled in panic, leaving 80 prisoners in our hands. On March 31, Gen. MacArthur's troops appeared before Malolos, which had already been evacuated by the enemy, who had left behind a single Filipino detachment, with orders to burn the town. Our troops occupied the capital, after some opposition. Soon the fugitive townspeople began to return. The rebel army had been scattered in confusion, the chief and his followers seeking refuge in the mountains to the eastward. It is reported that he has now only 1,400 men of the once large force. His recent losses in killed and wounded are estimated at little short of 10,000. The war has been continued by our troops with humanity and a due regard for the safety of non-combatants. Filipino prisoners captured by our troops have been astonished on being told that they were not condemned to instant execution. Many deserters are coming over to our lines.

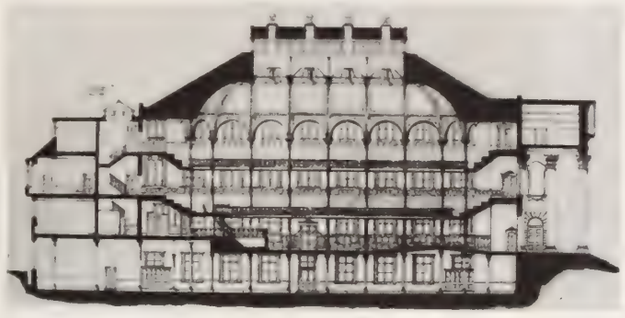
The New Spurgeon Tabernacle

The Vast Edifice, the Scene of the Late Pastor Spurgeon's Labors, Now Rising, Phœnix-Like from its Ashes

BY the burning in the spring of 1898 of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London, the whole Christian world felt a sorrow at the fall of the famous building so long hallowed by

REV. THOMAS SPURGEON

the successful labors of the late Pastor Charles H. Spurgeon. The loss came as a personal bereavement to the many thousands who found the better way of life in that place of large blessings, and there was mourning among thousands of Christians in many lands, that, so soon after the laying down of the life of its longtime pastor, the house of his ministries should also fall. But, while the flames were crackling and the hose-streams hissing among the roaring wreck, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon bravely announced to his people that the Tabernacle would be rebuilt better than before, and the next twenty-four hours brought many cablegrams from America and other lands to reinforce the offers of assistance at home in the worthy purpose.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF SPURGEON'S NEW TABERNACLE IN LONDON

So promptly was the work taken up that on New Year's day the members held a service in the basement of the wrecked Tabernacle, and the pastor joined with his people in the rejoicings over again entering their old home. The basement in which the service was held gives comfortable accommodation to nearly 2,000 people, awaiting the completion of the main auditorium above, which will hold 5,000 when again ready for occupancy. Work is now being steadily pushed upon the main portion of the building, and it is expected that it will be completed in about a year at a total cost of $200,000, which is more than the original Tabernacle represented. The builder is the son of the maker of the first building.

Pastor Spurgeon and his people are busily engaged in raising the $80,000 remaining to be supplied for construction, and large meeings have been held in Exeter Hall and elsewhere to push forward the effort to an early success. Americans and others visiting London next year en route to the Paris Exposition, may expect to see the New Tabernacle in its simple but imposing beauty, standing as a renewed hope to the people of South London and to many others who on that site, or through reading the sermons preached there, have gained such a knowledge of the truth as has changed their lives, and made the name of Spurgeon a blessed and imperishable memory to them. The spiritual work commenced in the old building will be worthily carried on in the new, by the son of the great preacher. The numerous agencies connected with the church are also continued, by Mr. Thomas Spurgeon.

· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·

. . . A Stout Grasp . . .

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, II. Samuel 23: 10, . . . And his hand clave unto the sword.

WHAT a glorious thing to preach the Gospel! Some suppose that because I have resigned a fixed pastorate, I will cease to preach. No. No. I expect to preach more than I ever have. If the Lord will, four times as much, though in manifold places. I would not dare to halt with such opportunity to declare the truth through the ear to audiences, and to the eye through the printing-press. And here we have a stirring theme put before us by the prophet.

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole regiment with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host: "Fall back!" Eleazar, having swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest: but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of his sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it.

I propose to show you how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword. In this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two-edged sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth, and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle, God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun-barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A Book written near nineteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this Book is more than twenty thousand copies every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a Book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of.

Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This Book is the friend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in a cell of a Western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there. 'I am an infidel,'" and the eloquent writer says: "Every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say: "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said: 'He is a liar!'"

This Bible is the sworn enemy of all that is wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on it! Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say: "I guess it is; I don't know. Perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't. Perhaps it may be, figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out, it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, and ascended to nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory, I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy Catholic Church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclusion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth—the sword of righteousness.

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self-forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go never so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." O, my brothers and sisters, let us go into the Christian conflict with the spirit of self-abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation, or abuse, or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand, or an arm, or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who, in order to achieve worldly success, will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American Revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anæsthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said: "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution?

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

[illegible]
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While [illegible]
While the [illegible]

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ. We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of Death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand, I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised [illegible] and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines, that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword, the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword, the sword took hold of him.

Oh, we have found an enemy who cannot be conquered by rose water and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there is gambling, and there is lust, and there are ten thousand battalions of iniquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right name. You have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday, and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Girgashites, and let those poor wretches go, and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you my friends we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian church today. The whole tendency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining on it, until we send apologetic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white palfrey under embroidered housing, putting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender. Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers, when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticize our sermons, or criticize our prayers, or criticize [illegible] the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "and his hand clave unto the sword."

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the sword." But after awhile they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word standing opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words are, "a minister without charge." They were a heroic race. They had small salaries, and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments. But they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer-meeting, or occasional pulpit, or a sick room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon, and peace, and Christ, and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

I had in my parish in Philadelphia a very aged man who in his early life had been the companion and adviser of the early presidents, Madison and Monroe. He had wielded vast influence, but I only knew him as a very aged man. The most remarkable thing about him was his ardor for Christ. When he could not stand up in the meetings without propping, he would throw his arm around a pillar of the church, and though his mind was partially gone, his love for Christ was so great that all were in deep respect and profound admiration, and were moved when he spoke. I was called to see him die. I entered the room, and he said, "Mr. Talmage, I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. He said: "I must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for heaven." And then in this pleasant delirium, both arms lifted, this octogenarian preached Christ and told of the glories of the world to come. There, lying on his dying pillow, his dying hand clave to his sword.

Oh, if there ever was any one who had a right to retire from the conflict it was old Joshua. Soldiers come back from battle have the names of the battles on their flags, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a very appropriate inscription. Look at that flag of old General Joshua. On it, Jericho, Gibeon, Hazar, City of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag, the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is, a hundred and ten years old. He is lying flat on his back, but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry, and a rallying cry for the Lord of Hosts as he says: "Behold, this day I go the way of all the earth, and God hath not failed to fulfill his promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Ostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rods had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is sixty-eight years of age, and ill from the prison cell of the Mamartine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and describing the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or

the thirst that fevers his tongue? Oh, no. His last words are the battle-shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

It was in the front room on the second floor that my father lay a-dying. It was Saturday morning, four o'clock. Just three years before that day, my mother had left him for the skies, and he had been homesick to join her company. He was eighty-three years of age. Ministers of the Gospel came in to comfort him, but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out from his dying pillow: "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." They bathed his brow, and they bathed his hands, and they bathed his feet, and they succeeded in straightening out the feet; but they did not succeed in bathing open the hand so it would stay open. They bathed the hand open, but it came shut. They bathed it open again, but it came shut. What was the matter with the thumb and the fingers of that old hand? Ah! it had so long touched the sword of Christian conflict that "his hand clave unto the sword."

I intend this sermon as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with ineradicable grip, and I want you to strike so hard for God that it will react and while you take the sword, the sword will take you. You notice that the officers of the Northern army every year assemble, and you notice that the officers of the Southern army every year assemble. Soldiers coming together are very apt to recount their experiences and to show their scars. Here is a soldier who pulls up his sleeve, and says, "There, I was wounded in that arm," and shows the scar. And another soldier pulls down his collar, and says, "There, I was wounded in the neck." And another soldier says, "I have had no use of that limb since the gunshot fracture." O my friends, when the battle of life is over, and the resurrection has come, and our bodies rise from the dead, will we have on us any scars showing our bravery for God? Christ will be there all covered with scars. Scars on the brow, scars on the hand, scars on the feet, scars all over the heart won in the battle of redemption. And all heaven will sob aloud with emotion as they look at those scars. Ignatius will be there, and he will point out the place where the tooth and paw of the lion seized him in the Coliseum, and John Huss will be there, and he will show where the coal first scorched the foot on that day when his spirit took wing of flame from Constance. M'Millan, and Campbell and Freeman, American missionaries in India, will be there—the men who with their wives and children went down in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, and they will show where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. The Waldenses will be there, and they will show where their bones were broken on that day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. And there will be those there who took care of the sick and who looked after the poor, and they will have evidences of earthly exhaustion. And Christ, with his scarred hand waving over the scarred multitude, will say, "You suffered with me on earth; now be glorified with me in heaven." And then the great organs of eternity will take up the chant, and St. John will play: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But what will your chagrin and mine be if it shall be told that day on the streets of heaven that on earth we shrank back from all toil and sacrifice and hardship. No scars to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in all this battle for God and the truth, we grasped the sword so firmly, and struck so hard that the sword and the hand stuck together and the hand clave to the sword. O my Lord Jesus rouse us to thy service.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with the eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

FAMINE · FOLLOWS · FLOOD · IN · CHINA ·

. . . The "Yellow River" Inundates a Vast Territory, Spreading Disaster and Death Among Millions of Peasants . . .

A CHINESE BEGGAR

"CHINA'S Sorrow" is the name by which the Hwang Ho river is known throughout the empire. That the name is not misapplied is proved by the record of appalling disaster which is the history of the river for generations past. This year, the tale of destruction and suffering has been repeated, with tenfold intensity, and it is one which, when known to the world, will fill it with amazement and sorrow at the fate of those multitudes who have already perished and the pitiful plight of the survivors whose cry now ascends to heaven.

REFUGEES FROM THE YELLOW RIVER FLOODS

Photographed after last year's inundation, by Rev. S. L. Baldwin for "The Christian Herald"

The first intimation of the disaster came by way of San Francisco, the news being brought by steamers plying between that port and Hong Kong. It was supplemented by letters from American missionaries in the Shantung province, where the greatest suffering exists. United States Consul Fowler, at Chefoo, sent out an appeal in behalf of the inundated population, in which he said:

Hundreds of villages are submerged, cities surrounded by water, homes, furniture, clothing—in fact everything—is under water or destroyed; the natives themselves are living in straw huts; many have absolutely no shelter from the winter's cold and snow, subsisting on bark, willow twigs, roots, etc. The crops have been a failure, the seed for next sowing is gone, and there is nothing for these starving millions to hope for in the future. We shall be glad to receive contributions of money and corn. We earnestly beg the merchants and others on the Pacific Coast to contribute a steamer load of corn.

Dispatches from other sources state that great numbers of the destitute have tried to obtain relief from the people of the southern districts, but have failed, as those districts are unable to extend help.

The present suffering recalls some of the plagues mentioned in Scripture. Last fall an army of frogs appeared and terrified the natives, who regarded it as an omen of evil. When the floods came, the panic was widespread. Some of the mandarins came upon the city walls, in full state costume, to worship the flood-god. The river, leaving its banks, spread over the country on both sides for many miles, obliterating all landmarks except those on high ground and covering farms and dwellings. "China's Sorrow" had indeed vindicated its name.

A few days ago, our own State Department published the substance of recent dispatches from consular officials, and urged that aid be sent from this country to the sufferers. The proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at once telegraphed to the Secretary of State, desiring to know the fullest details in the possession of the Department concerning the flood and famine and offering, in behalf of the readers of this journal, to undertake the raising of a cargo of corn, if the need were really of the exceedingly urgent character represented. To that telegram, Secretary Hay replied as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON.
March 28, 1899.

Louis Klopsch, Esq.,
Proprietor of "The Christian Herald,"
New York City.

Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your telegram of the 25th, in which you state that "The Christian Herald" will undertake to raise a cargo of corn for the relief of the two million sufferers from the Yellow River floods in China, provided the United States Government will furnish transportation facilities from San Francisco, and you suggest that one of the United States transports about to leave for the Philippines might be utilized for this purpose.

Although this Government has, on several occasions, aided in alleviating the suffering in various parts of the world by the transportation of supplies contributed by the people of the United States, the employment of United States vessels for such purpose has usually been done under some special authority of law.

During the Indian famine in 1896 and 1897, for example, the action of this Government in transporting supplies was authorized by Public Resolution No. 14, February 19, 1897. It would not come within the competency of this Department to decide that this Government could act, as you propose, without the authorization of Congress, or, in the absence of an available appropriation, could direct the employment of any public funds for the purpose of chartering a vessel to convey the offered relief to China. I will, however, refer to the War and Navy Departments your suggestion of utilizing a United States vessel for the transportation of the relief supplies generously offered by "The Christian Herald," in order that it may be ascertained whether any Government transport or naval vessel proceeding to Asiatic waters may be found available for the purpose.

Complying with your request for full particulars of the suffering in China as reported by Consul Fowler, I beg to enclose for your information copy of the printed appeal of the American residents of Chefoo for aid for the sufferers; also a copy of Mr. Fowler's dispatch to the Department, No. 113, November 29, 1898, with enclosures. I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
JOHN HAY.

Accompanying Secretary Hay's letter were several official reports from U. S. Consuls in China. Consul John Fowler, at Chefoo, in a letter to the State Department, writes:

"It is stated that **one million people are in distress,** and there can be no doubt that thousands will die of starvation and exposure.

We appeal to the pitiful in every place to which these words may go, on behalf of the sufferers from the appalling Yellow River flood of this year. Public appeals for aid should be made only when the calamity is of vast extent, awful in the misery it causes, and requiring means for its alleviation quite beyond the power of local government organization or private charity. In August last, the Yellow River burst its banks in four places, and the river poured its waters over many counties; the official returns state thirty-one are affected. The great break was on the south side at Ho-t'ou-ch'uan, where an opening of about seven miles was made. Through this gap practically the whole body of the river is now pouring, flooding, and in many parts devastating nine counties.

The members of the committee, in journeying over the flooded district, have seen hundreds of villages submerged and many district cities entirely surrounded by water. Thousands of homes are in ruins; furniture, winter clothing and grain are buried beneath, while that which has been rescued is only useful to people who have fallen into the depths of misery. The people themselves are either living in mat huts on the wrecked ruin of their homes or have found temporary shelter with relatives, or are begging in more prosperous places.

The distress is rendered more acute since on account of drought the spring wheat crop was a general failure.

Every effort of local charity is being made to meet the needs of the people. But all sums likely to be given will yet be wholly insufficient, therefore we appeal to philanthropic men and women in China and in the home countries to assist by generous gifts.

A memorial was addressed by the foreign missionaries in the flooded provinces to the foreign legations at Peking, in which they said:

Thousands are not only destitute of food and clothing, but are homeless and without shelter. Grain has been washed away or spoiled, animals drowned or sold for present means of subsistence, household utensils and building materials are being sold to meet the necessities of the owners thus suddenly rendered destitute by the flood.

Commenting on the situation, one of the leading journals says:

We know what government relief is in China, at its best. It will accomplish much, though far less than its obligations require. There are many generous-hearted individuals among the Chinese, too, who will subscribe to the relief fund; but even when all is done that will be done by foreigner or native, there is no likelihood that more than a portion of the distress can be relieved.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Jesus the Way, the Truth and Life

S. S. Lesson for April 23. John 14: 1-14
Golden Text, John 14: 6

"I AM the way, the truth and the life." Oh, the perplexity, the misery, the despair of a man who had lost his way upon the mountains, in the forest, or on the sea! Oh, the unspeakable relief and joy of having found the way! All impossibilities become possible when we have found the way. And there is a way, a "new and living Way," to be saved, to be holy, to do continually and perfectly the entire will of our God. And this Way is no system of rules, no special experiences which we have to go through: it is a living Way, a living Person—Jesus himself. As the Word became flesh, He made the way by treading it, and he treads it anew with everyone who sets foot upon it. His own death for us, and his own life in our nature, have made this way possible for us, and the steps which he as man has taken, are open for all who will follow him.

"Let not your heart be troubled" or conscious. It is true that the enemy of souls, "the prince of this world," arrays all his power to withstand us in our allegiance to our God, but he who is the Way, has been "tempted in all points like as we are," and has not left one step untried of the way which one of his own must tread: he has left us an example that we should follow his steps, and in his Word his steps are to be found in every circumstance in which we are placed. Where he as Man has gone, there we can go, too. Therefore, it is disloyalty to him to have a troubled heart: the remedy always is. "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." "The Lord (Jehovah) is my Shepherd, sung David"—David's Son, when he was in the flesh: "I shall not want:" and we can take up the song, and say, "The Lord (Jesus) is my Shepherd, I shall not want." He must break a way through wherever he leads me: all the power of the enemy cannot conquer him.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." First he came on earth to prepare a way to heaven, and now he is gone to prepare the heavenly mansions, perhaps of different degrees of glory. "And if I go, and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." What is this? He, the Word, become flesh (R.V.), "the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth," is gone to prepare a place for such as we are, and not content with all he has already done, is coming again to receive us unto himself, that we may be with him in his glory! And we can yet doubt him? And we can remain troubled and anxious? And we can go on comparing our experiences with other people's experiences, instead of being taken up with him? Shame on us that we appreciate him and trust him so little: that we can dishonor him by a troubled heart.

"But I have such weak faith, and my love is so cold," says a feeble, doubting Christian. "And I am wholly sanctified, and full of the Holy Ghost," says some young, enthusiastic Christian, who does not wait, like the early Christians, until someone else says it of him. And neither the one nor the other has his eyes on Jesus, both are equally occupied with themselves and their experiences, but they do not behold his glory. He is the Way out of the weakness of the one and the self-confidence of the other. It is what he is, manifested to us, seen, received, and understood by us, which causes us to be "changed into the same image from glory to glory even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Three years and a half these men had companied with the Son of God, and they knew him not! They did not understand his words! They were taken up with preconceptions, religious prejudices and their own experiences, just as before being finished, Christ has a few parting words to utter to these friends with whom he had lived for over three years, from whom he was about to be separated, and who were to carry on his work after his departure. At last, they understood, though still only vaguely, that bitter humiliation and death awaited him in the near future and they were depressed. He had not come then to redeem Israel and be its king, after all. They could not be other than disappointed. Then, he who was about to suffer, who needed comfort and sympathy, set himself to comfort them. In doing so, he uttered words more significant and impressive than had ever before fallen from his lips. He seems to long to tell them everything, to draw aside the curtain and show them the grandeur and the glory awaiting him beyond the humiliation. But words fail him. This, however, they understood, that in spite of appearances he was not being driven or forced out of the world, but was going voluntarily and for a definite purpose. He was going to prepare a place for his people. Where that place is and how he would prepare it, he does not say. Probably it was not possible to be more explicit. As on a winter's night we look up at the glittering orbs in the sky, it almost seems as if they might be the "many mansions" he referred to. But his main concern was to inspire faith in himself. He is the way by which men may come to God: the truth which satisfies every inquiring soul: and the life which gives the power to follow him. Philip wants to see the Father. He, like others, would walk by sight. Again Christ enjoins faith. The Father cannot be seen by mortal man, but all that man can see of him, they had seen in Christ. The only way in which a man can understand God is to conceive of him living and acting in the world. This they had seen in Christ. He that had seen him had seen the Father. So, all centered in him. And for the future, it is still to him that they must look. In preaching and working, they would be conscious of a new mysterious power. This would be a proof to them that his words were true—that he had gone to the Father.

"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU."

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

I am the way. "During a journey in Switzerland," says a well-known writer, "I engaged [illegible] a guide and a nervous gentleman who had been persuaded to join a party in climbing the Alps. The nervous man was questioning the guide who answered fully his questions as to what he should take with him. But when the questions turned on the path and how this and that difficulty would be surmounted and whether the guide had a chart of the way, he answered bluntly, "I am the way." I thought then that the faith the guide required was just that which Christ expects of us. A traveler writes: "I was sick, full of doubts and unable to realize the presence of God. I was on a vessel, the owner of which was a friend of mine, and we were sailing on the Bay of Fundy. One night I was aroused from sleep by loud whistles and the stopping and starting of the engine. I went on deck and found that we were enveloped in a thick fog. I stayed on deck half an hour watching the captain as he gave his orders. I saw how carefully he navigated the steamer, how intently he listened to the fog-bell, how he noted the report of the man who was sounding with the plummet, and how intelligently he took precautions for the safety of his vessel. I returned to my berth feeling that I could trust such a captain as that. The fog was still around my soul, but I had a still better Captain for that and for the first time in many weeks I rested in the full assurance of faith."

The truth. Milton describes truth as a beautiful creature who came once into the world with her divine master and was most glorious to look upon: but when he ascended, there arose a race of wicked deceivers who hewed her in a thousand pieces as the Egyptian Typhon hewed the god Osiris and scattered the fragments to the four winds. But as Isis made careful search for the fragments of the god, going all over the world to find them, so the lovers of truth have sought her. They have found here a limb and there a limb but never will they find the whole until they see her again perfect in her divine Lord. An eminent judge and an eminent theological professor were brought together at the same dinner table, the host hoping that the conversation of two such great men would be a rare treat to his guests. To his disappointment, after a few minutes' talk, both remained silent. Afterwards, the judge expressed the opinion that the professor was a much over-rated man. "He is ignorant," he said, "he does not know the first principles of jurisprudence." To another person the professor was expressing a similar opinion of the judge. "Would you believe it," he asked, "that man did not even know the decisions of the Council of Trent?" Each was learned in his own sphere, but unfamiliar with others'. The truth as Jesus uttered it goes to the heart of every class and is appreciated by learned and ignorant alike.

The Life. There are many men who know the way in which they should walk, and are convinced of the truth, yet continue in sin, and have no power to overcome their bad habits and propensities. While admiring goodness, they are unable to follow it. What such men need is power or life. They want vigor of will. So Christ fulfills the wants of human nature. He is not only the way and the truth, he is the life and the giver of life. Moody compares the situation to a locomotive. It is in perfect order. Its wheels and pistons and valves are all of the best and without a flaw. But the engine does not move. It is there a dead weight on the track. What must be done? Why, build a fire under the boilers. Let that be done and the engine moves.

Mrs. Bird Visits "Suicide Hall"

The "Mother of the Bowery" Draws a Terrible Picture of the Pitfalls that are Spread for Simple Country Girls in Vile Dens—Vice that Flourishes Unrestrained

"SUICIDE CORNER," ON THE BOWERY AND FIRST STREET, NEW YORK
Here three girls, sick of a sinful life, killed themselves lately

FOR months past the public has heard at frequent intervals, of a notorious resort on the Bowery in New York, to which many young girls had been lured to disgrace and ruin. They had read with a shudder how these poor, hapless beings had formed a "Suicides' Club," with the avowed purpose of ending their wretched lives, one after another, as the opportunity offered. The public had also read further, with amazement, that this dreadful purpose had actually been carried out, as far as three of the poor unfortunates were concerned, and that these miserable girls had ended their lives by poison, in quick succession, on a certain corner of the Bowery, which has since become known as "Suicide Corner." They had selected, evidently by common consent, a place for the final tragedy from which their dying gaze might be fixed upon the resort which had been the scene of their downfall.

MRS. SARAH J. BIRD

It is almost inconceivable that such places should be permitted to exist in any civilized community. Mrs. Bird's graphic and fearlessly truthful description of this evil den which those poor girls and their companions in wickedness frequent, will be read with intense and sympathetic interest. Her story furnishes the strongest argument ever made in behalf of preventive and rescue work among young girls in large cities. To this work she has already devoted a great part of her life, and her experience, no less than her eminent Christian character, entitles her to speak with authority. Her article is given below.

Mrs. Bird Tells Her Story

"Is it not time for a Christian woman to speak? This question has forced itself upon me since my nightly visits at 'Suicide Hall.' Shall I take the risk of offending the delicacy of dearest friends by this protest? My whole nature recoils from this publicity; but the time has come when silence is criminal.

"I am writing this at three o'clock in the morning, having just returned from a morning visit to McGurk's dance hall. The law compels the closing of saloons at one A.M., so of course I found the front of the saloon in darkness; but, opening the side hall door at the end of a narrow passage, was a scene of revelry such as can never be described or forgotten. Liquor of all kinds was brought on waiters from the rear doors of this supposedly closed saloon. Think of the horror—the death of the soul being celebrated by boisterous music and vulgar dance. Young men and girls crazed to madness by the so-called 'soft-drinks,' that can transform human beings into fiends in so short a time. If your corner druggist should sell arsenic to your boys and girls, would you not arrest the guilty party for murder? Is it any less diabolical to serve, in dainty glasses, a liquid which sooner or later will drive those who frequent these dance halls to the suicide of soul and body? Ten years ago, when I went to search for unfortunate young women buried in the dives, I was repeatedly refused admittance. Finally the policeman told me, if I expected to get entrance to the closed doors, I must go in disguise. This I did, frequently assuming the garb of a beggar that I might come in touch with those I longed to save. Now, although McGurk and his assistants know me to be a Christian worker, they open wide their doors, and this also I find to be the case in all of the vilest resorts. Some deem this a hopeful sign. I think not; for these hideous criminals, by their publicity, are making the young—lured by the music and free entrance—familiar with the vilest dives; and the indifference shown by our Christian community is most appalling in its effect.

MRS. BIRD (MOTHER OF THE BOWERY), VISITING THE GIRLS AT MCGURK'S SALOON
She remained for hours pleading with them to abandon their life of sin

"I said to the manager one night: 'I am here to try and induce these girls to leave this place and return to their mothers.' He replied; 'That is right. I would not put anything in your way'; but could I believe that, when the awful machinery for their destruction was all about me?

"About midnight there is some chance of getting the attention of the girls, and they give me their confidence; but as the morning hours come, the frightful intoxication increases, and renders them incapable of any serious impressions. One young woman told me exultingly that they had formed a 'Suicide Club!' Last week, one night, I saw a sad-faced girl by my side. She was too sick to join in the revelry, so she listened to my words of sympathy and gave me her address. The next morning I went to the number given, and the woman of whom she rented her room opened the door. Upon my inquiring, she said she had just put the girl on the street; that she had not paid for her room for three weeks, and was too sick to bring in any money. I asked if she could tell me where I might possibly find her. She called upstairs to a lodger, and found the poor girl had been sheltered by her. There I found this child, a perfect wreck, only twenty-two years old, and a graduate of one of our first colleges. Three years of this hideous life had brought her to say, 'Death is my only friend.' No home, no father or mother, penniless, there seemed to be but one place for her, and that was the hospital. It took two days of much urging before she would consent to go there. She is now lying in an isolated room in the contagious ward.

"In another dance hall, not far away, there had been a terrible fight. A girl told me herself that she attacked her companion with a knife and cut off his cheek. A pistol shot rang out, a bullet entered her side, and she is doomed.

"The scenes of revelry and awful demoralization surpassed anything I could have ever imagined. I met a bright-faced girl and asked her to introduce me to some of her friends. I found I was cordially received, and soon the manager was brought up and introduced to me. There were from seventy-five to eighty girls seated at the tables drinking liquor, and for a time it was comparatively quiet. There were perhaps fifty men; and the most exciting music and coarse round dancing. As the hours went by at the time of my leaving the conduct was too terrible to describe. I have seen many terrible sights in the lowest dives of our city, while in my rescue work, but this surpasses what I could ever have believed would be permitted in a civilized country. It needs a good deal of nerve to spend three hours in this wild confusion of open shame and sin. I could not think of any sleep after such a night of horrors. I feel as though I had spent the night in an insane asylum. The echo of the weird calls and shrieks that filled that Satanic hall will never be forgotten.

"McGurk's is but one evil resort prominently before the public now; there are many others equally vile, where there is a constant repetition of the description given in *Quo Vadis* of the orgies of Rome. We believe it is a good thing to send money and missionaries to the degraded heathen across the seas, but we should constantly have a display of equal zeal in trying to reach the worse than heathenism at our own doors; and unless our good citizens, as well as our earnest Christians soon awaken to their responsibility for so horrible a condition of affairs, we shall have a hell in our own city, which like Sodom and Gomorrrah will deserve to be destroyed for its wickedness.

"MRS. S. J. BIRD."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.
[illegible]

Helen Gould as a Philanthropist

THE opportunity of such a career as that before Miss Helen Gould insures a beatitude. What she did for the soldiers in the field and the hospital, what she has lately done at the Windsor Hotel calamity, will make her name smell sweet and blossom from the dust. She will require no other monument. It is this use of money, that saves money from being a curse to the possessor, and a temptation to those who possess it not.

It was the Being who came as God's great gift to our race, who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is a beatitude that grows with the exercise of giving. When Miss Gould had the poor unfortunates from the awful fire right opposite her queenly mansion, in her kitchen, when she was herself dealing out bread and coffee to the firemen on the day of the great hotel calamity, she entered again upon the precincts of this beatitude. She never can lose the memory of the blessedness of the experience. The family name will henceforth be known, not especially for wealth and luxury, for the manipulation of vast railroad interests, but for dealing bread to the hungry. The example, too, will be contagious. What has once been done by such a woman, will be repeated; and other thousands will yet have occasion to say, "Helen Gould. God bless her."

Hands Off

THE manner in which the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church completely ignored the wrong teachings of one of its ministers, passing the subject by as of no importance, is something admirable. The mistaken man evidently expected to be made a martyr, as had some others we wot of. But the complaint against him as a false teacher was not taken up, and there are not a hundred men who could easily recall his name. One reason for this dismissal of the annoying subject was that other denominations took no interest in the subject.

It will be better for the disciples of each religion to cultivate their own field. In other words, it will be best for us all to mind our own affairs. Every denomination is a family, and I think we have all observed that it is best for every family to manage its own affairs. It always makes a row when outsiders interfere. Unless you are called as an arbiter in domestic strife, you had better abstain from having anything to do with the trouble in a neighbor's household. What is true of domestic broils is true of ecclesiastical discussion. Keep your hands off contests in denominational households. "He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him is like one that taketh a dog by the ears." It must, however, be evident to all denominations that it would make for peace if, when a man finds himself differing with a church, which he has sworn to uphold, he would step right out upon an independent platform, where he would be allowed the largest liberty of thought and utterance. If the time should ever come when I could not conscientiously subscribe to the doctrines or the government of the denomination to which I belong, I would hire some public hall and set up my standard of belief, announcing frankly that thereafter no one would be responsible for my sentiments or behavior. Some writer has said with a great deal of wit, as well as wisdom: "If the windows of a church are to be broken, let the stones be thrown from the outside instead of from the inside."

It is an unfair thing for a soldier to stay in a fortress and eat its rations and take its pay and yet be insubordinate to the commands of its officers. When Professor Swing, of Chicago, could no longer adhere to the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, he did right to step out and preach every Sunday in Hooley's Theatre. When Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, could no longer subscribe to Methodism, he was wise in hiring a public hall where he could say what he would without embarrassment. This world is so wide there is plenty of room for all beliefs and all preferences. Two Illinois farmers on a prairie, each owning 2,000 acres of land, might as well work so near together that their hoe handles perpetually hit, or two ships in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean might as well fight for sea room, or two antagonistic men persist in standing close to each other when there is about 6,000 miles of open field on either side of them, or whole Atlantic and Pacific oceans of sailing room around them. Plenty of room for all of us. Let there be no controversy. That was good advice which Abraham gave to Lot when he said: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen, for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee from me. If thou wilt take the left hand then I will go to the right, or if thou depart to the right hand then I will go to the left."

Typhoid Epidemic in Philadelphia

IT ought to be enough to call the attention of the country to the Keystone State, that she can not elect a member to the United States Senate. But it seems there is something more alarming than this. An epidemic directly traceable to political conflict, if not corruption, has, since January, 1899, afflicted 3,232 citizens of Philadelphia, and occasioned 341 deaths. Last year there were 6,097 cases and 639 deaths. To-day there are many cases in the hospitals, with the prospect of additional mortality. The money—a loan of $3,200,000—is in litigation, though authorized by the city for an improvement of the water supply. A typhoid epidemic! What a comment upon municipal corruption! Has the great city of Brotherly Love descended so low? It used to be thought that plagues and pestilences were the direct scourge of God. How far this is from the hand of God man should not undertake to say. That it might have been prevented: that it has been promoted by an unwholesome if not poisonous water-supply, even a purblind politician ought to be able to discover. "By the blessing of the upright the city is exalted: but it is overthrown by the mouth of the wicked."

A Plea from General Howard

The Veteran Christian Philanthropist Writes Asking Our Readers to Aid in a Worthy Project

To the Readers of "The Christian Herald":

DEAR FRIENDS:—It has been a marvel to me to witness how much you have done [illegible] THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the line of active benevolence. After the dreadful massacres of the Armenians, in Turkey, when the remnant was left in distress—really in indescribable impoverishment [illegible] contributing in sums small and large upwards [illegible] people, who in vast numbers were left by [illegible] catholicity of spirit was exemplified in a contribution of nearly $50,000. The dreadful destitution of India, where wide sections of the country were covered with people crying for food, received nearly $200,000, and a valuable cargo of corn from the [illegible] source. The destitute and starving Cubans [illegible] realized from you at least $130,000 when their needs were greatest. In our own Western section [illegible] for a while there was no rain for more than two years, and famine set in. Your [illegible] then exceeded $30,[illegible] the Mississippi floods [illegible] tions, you not only [illegible] hamlets and villages, and through them to the plantations still inhabited, in the midst of the waters. You can also count in among your enduring charities The Bethesda Home, The Children's Home and the Bowery Mission.

Full of sympathy for our soldiers, when the cloud of sickness came to all the camps, you sent in your contributions so promptly and so freely that you rivalled the great generous givers of New York City. What you gave to the Army and Navy Christian Commission especially touched my heart, and I do not believe that any charity was ever better bestowed or more thoroughly distributed all through our Southern border, reaching into Cuba and Porto Rico, than yours.

Once more, dear friends, we come to you; this time for an immense Christian endeavor; not the setting up or equipping of hospital or relief ships, but of a group of schools which [illegible] nest in the heart of the mountains in a central place, and we anticipate great fruits to humanity and to the world. Already you have had this enterprise fully set forth in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with illustrations, and many of you have sent in small sums, since the first publication, which aggregate, up to the present time, $118.00.

By our teaching of the most practical kind at the famous Cumberland Gap, Tenn., we are giving boys a good start in life. They [illegible] their support and many have secured, thus far, a complete support by working on our 500 acres of good land. The girls have had like advantages in their own line of industries, and as soon as sufficient funds can be secured we shall go on to extend the whole sphere of practical education, especially fitting teachers for the mountain districts, and sending them back home well fitted to help their people to better things.

I very much desire that you will give us, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, your generous aid in this project. We need at least $1,000. I have already received word from Cuba that a native student desires to come to us from that country, and work his way to a good practical education, and we purpose immediately establishing a class for such Cubans and Porto Ricans as may desire to study with us. The cost would probably be about $50 a year for a single pupil. But my main plea at present is for securing our property, free of every obligation. This work is nearly done. So dear friends, coveting for every one of you the choicest of God's blessings, I ask you to send for us, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, such amounts as your heart and your judgment may dictate. In the very best of bonds, very gratefully yours,

O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General U. S. Army (Retired),
Managing Director.

[Acknowledgments will be published in these columns of all contributions forwarded to us for this worthy philanthropic purpose.]

Our Correspondence

IF people understood the amount of correspondence that comes to our tables in New York and Washington, they would never blame us for not answering their letters. For instance, I received a letter from a stranger in Nebraska, saying he had bought a large tract of land, and wanted me to loan him $15,000. I told my wife to send him the $15,000 right away, but as she did not happen to have that money about her, the probability is it was not sent. I received a letter from a young man saying he would get married if I would send him money enough to pay for his wedding trip. A man in New England wants to become a lecturer, and won't I write him two or three lectures? Two letters from people who are desperate, and if I do not send them relief they will commit suicide. A man writes me for my autograph, enclosing a postage stamp: not getting an answer, he writes me to be honest enough to send back the postage stamp. Getting no answer to that he writes me: "You scoundrel! You stand there and preach the Gospel, and yet dare cheat a man out of a postage stamp." Letters through Washington post office and New York post office are handed in at my door, and left for me at my office, until my pockets are full, and my tables are full, and the closets are full, and one of my ideas of the loveliness of Heaven is that there will be no morning or evening mails. I have huge piles of letters of good advice, and the poorer the syntax and etymology, the more urgent the counsel. Letters discussing theological points, spelling the word God with a small "g." Multitudes of welcome letters of encouragement which are to me a perpetual and everlasting help. I shall forever thank God that I received them. But all reasonable people will realize that so great a number of letters makes reply, in many cases, an impossibility.

BRIEF NOTES

Baroness de Hirsch, the widow of the fa[illegible]

English daily newspapers have heretofore [illegible] Sunday editions are, however, now announced by two of them, *The Daily Telegraph* and the *Mail*.

Secessions from the Roman Catholic church continue in Austria. Dr. Zimmerman, a Protestant pastor in Vienna, reports a hundred converts to his church from Romanism, and a neighboring minister has received as many more, including a number of students.

A new translation of the Bible into Korean will shortly be issued. The work of translation is being done under the auspices of three Bible societies—the American, the British and Foreign, and the Scottish. An agent living in Seoul has practical charge of the publication.

The municipal authorities of Odessa, in southern Russia, have decided to found three Sunday Schools to commemorate the Czar's peace manifesto. This is a hopeful sign. Perhaps, after all, the hope of universal peace and disarmament is in the Sunday School, rather than in the councils of diplomats.

Homer M. Messenger, of the Fourteenth Infantry, now at Manila, in the Philippines, desires to thank the readers of this journal who have responded to his appeal by sending copies of the paper to the boys at the front. He adds that the papers do incalculable good, and hopes that the senders will not grow tired of their work.

The soldiers in Porto Rico will be saved from temptation by the opening of a first-class [illegible] Christian Association. Besides the ordinary restaurant, it is to have reading rooms, writing facilities, and rooms for quiet games. This will save the boys the need of going to native saloons for relaxation, and as no intoxicating liquor will be sold, it is hoped that it will be well patronized.

Several deserving institutions receive large legacies under the will of the late Mr. John Quincy Adams, of Wheaton, Ill. The public bequests, which amount to $158,000, include: $20,000 to the American Sunday School Union, $10,000 to the Chicago Theological Seminary, $10,000 to the Illinois Home Missionary Society, $10,000 to the American Bible Society, $10,000 to the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, and $50,000 to Rockford College.

The question of substituting the Revised for the Authorized Version of the Bible was considered recently by the Bishops of the Church of England. It was decided to permit, but not to order, its use. The Bishops, some of whom are eminent scholars, spoke in its praise, recommending it as more accurate, more comprehensible, more rhythmical and superior in every way. It is winning its way in popular favor more rapidly than did the King James version.

An effort is being made to relieve the Manhattan East Side Mission, in New York, of its financial burden. It is located opposite Bellevue Hospital, and its work is done among the patients and the people who pass the mission coming and going to Blackwell's Island. For twenty years it has conducted charitable and evangelistic work with marked success. It has library, lodging-house and restaurant, and is fully equipped. It is, however, in urgent need of funds to continue its usefulness.

New Samoan Trouble

THE conflict in Samoa reported by Rear-Admiral Kautz, our naval representative at Apia, is deplorable from all points of view. It appears that when the *Philadelphia*, his flagship, arrived there, that the condition of the islands was little removed from anarchy. He called a meeting of the consuls and naval commanders of the United States, Germany and England, the three powers responsible for the good order of Samoa, to discuss the situation. It is obvious that at this meeting there was the same division of opinion which has existed ever since the late king's death. The Germans supported Mataafa, while the English and Americans upheld the decision of Chief Justice Chambers, who had awarded the crown to Malietoa Tanu. The majority of the votes at the conference would, therefore, be opposed to Mataafa, and a proclamation was issued by Rear-Admiral Kautz requiring him to withdraw his forces from Apia. He obeyed, but when a second proclamation was issued by the German Consul declaring that Kautz's proclamation was unauthorized, Mataafa returned, and, in attempting to reoccupy the city, killed an American marine and three British sailors who were guarding their respective consulates. Thereupon, the British and American warships opened fire upon Mataafa's men, and for eight days a desultory bombardment of the villages in which they were congregated, was kept up. Several of the villages to the east and west of Apia were set on fire by the shells. One of the shots, or a piece of defective shell, struck the German Consulate, doing some damage to the property. A new proposition, emanating from Germany, for the settlement of the trouble, has, it is believed, been practically accepted by the other two governments. This is, that a commission, consisting of a representative of each of the three powers, be organized and sent to Samoa, with full power to investigate the situation and the past troubles, and to formulate a plan for the settlement of the present difficulty and for the future government of the islands. Whether a commission so constituted would be more free from national prejudices than the present representatives of the powers, may be doubted. It would be well if each commissioner received among his instructions the apostolic warning which applies to nations as much as to individuals.

Where envying and strife are, there is confusion and every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure then peaceable (James 3: 16).

A SCENE IN APIA, THE CAPITAL OF THE SAMOAN ISLANDS

A Mother Puzzled

A kindly benevolent lady in New York, inadvertently caused some anxiety to a Polish mother one day last week. In driving through Broome Street she saw a child crying bitterly. The little one was about five years old and an extremely pretty girl. The lady stopped her carriage and tried to ascertain what was troubling the child; but all she could learn from her between her sobs and cries was that she was lost. The lady took her to her house and comforted her. She washed the dirt off her tear-stained face and gave her a bath which the child sorely needed. She looked so bright and pretty after the experience that the lady dressed her in good clothes and sent out and bought a new hat and shoes for her. The child was delighted, but still fretted for her mother. Finally, realizing that the mother was probably worrying about her child, the lady drove with her to the nearest police station. The sergeant said a woman had been there inquiring for a child of about that age, and would doubtless be there again soon. He advised that the child be left with him, which was done. The little one played around the room for some time, and at last, tired out, fell asleep on a bench. Presently the woman came in again and was shown the child. One glance was sufficient. That was not her child, she said. The sergeant urged her to look again. She looked more closely at the sleeping child's face, and then clasped her to her breast. The unwonted cleanliness and the new clothes had so transformed her, that even then she looked at her doubtfully, until the child opened her eyes and recognized her. She did not know till then how pretty a child she had. Perhaps the revelation may cause her to pay more attention to her in future. If she takes a real interest in the child's welfare she will learn that something more than such a transformation is needed. That change may be worked through the love of Christ.

And such were some of you: but ye are washed; but ye are sanctified (1 Cor. 6: 11).

A Bejeweled Mouth.

Among the prisoners arraigned before the police-justice in a court in New York one day last week, was a woman whose appearance attracted general attention. She had been arrested the preceding night for disorderly conduct and when placed on trial was voluble in her defence. The peculiar feature which was conspicuous every time she opened her lips, was a diamond set in one of her front teeth, which glistened with a novel effect from its strange setting. The diamond, however, did not help her case, though she took care that the judge should not miss a sight of it. She was found guilty and was fined, with the alternative of imprisonment. It is a pity that she did not realize that something different from a jewel in her mouth was necessary to make her attractive. Long ago the wise king uttered the warning that no outward adornment, or personal beauty could make a woman really what she ought to be, but rather served as in this case, to emphasize the contrast between degradation and respectability.

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout so is a fair woman who is without discretion (Prov. 11. 22).

The Steamboat Disaster

Scenes of heroism and noble self-sacrifice were witnessed on board the steamer *Stella* which sank in the English channel on March 31st. It was a fine double-screw excursion boat which left Southampton about noon with about two hundred persons on board, most of whom were going to Jersey and Guernsey to spend the Easter holidays. When about half way to their destination a dense fog set in, which the Captain thought was of no great extent. He kept up the speed in the hope of quickly passing through it, but must have miscalculated his course for in about an hour the steamer crashed on a well-known group of low-lying rocks called the Casquets. They stove great holes in the steamer's bottom and sides through which the water poured in torrents. In about twenty minutes it reached the boilers which exploded with a noise like thunder and the steamer reared on end and went down stern foremost. Directly the steamer struck, Captain Reeks realized the hopelessness of the disaster, and ordered the life-boats lowered. Four of these were filled with women and children and cast adrift. Life-belts were handed out to the men and they jumped into the sea; but it is feared that most of them went down in the suction caused by the sinking of the steamer. The Captain and first mate stayed on the bridge till the last and went down with the steamer. The boats drifted for fifteen hours before being rescued and some of the persons in them were then dead of shock and exposure. It is feared that fully seventy persons, and probably more, lost their lives in the disaster. The scenes of parting when the boats were filled were most pathetic. Some of the women begged to stay and die with their husbands. One woman clung convulsively to her husband's neck and refused to go in the boat but was ultimately persuaded by her husband to go for the sake of their children, who, if she remained, would be deprived of both parents. The first mate's wife besought him to accompany her, but he said his duty was to go down with the steamer. One man who was jumping into the sea, saw a woman without a life-belt and he took off the one he was wearing and gave it to her. Such conduct in so terrible a crisis arouses our admiration, yet how few remember how our own salvation, from a worse fate than drowning, has been won by the highest example of that spirit!

I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep (John 10: 11).

Made Birds Her Messengers

A sergeant of the Forty-Seventh New York Regiment, while stationed in Porto Rico, discovered a singular evidence of superstition. While seeking specimens of the birds of the island for a friend in Cincinnati, who is an amateur ornithologist, he caught a bird resembling an oriole. Attached to one of its legs was a small card requesting prayer for the soul of Julie Valdez. He was curious about the identity of the person who took this strange method of asking for prayers. After some inquiries in the city of San Juan, he learned that Julie Valdez was a widow who died some months ago. She had lived on an annuity provided for her by her deceased husband, and had been known for her eccentricities. On receiving her income near the close of last year, she went to a dealer in birds and purchased several birds and took them to her home. Then she had a grave dug near her home, and a coffin lined with silk and fine wool lowered into it. Having made this preparation for her decease, she tied the cards to the legs of the birds and liberated them. Then she calmly laid herself in the coffin, and was found in it dead. It was not thought that she had committed suicide, but had felt a premonition of approaching death, which proved to be true. The poor creature was evidently demented. But there are many who are accounted sane who are similarly hoping that the safety of their souls which might be secured in their lives through Christ, may be gained after death by the prayers of others or by God's infinite mercy.

There remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a fearful looking for of judgment (Heb. 10: 26).

Life Savers at Niagara

Every year tragedies at the great Falls are of frequent occurrence, and various measures have been suggested to prevent them, all more or less difficult of execution. One of these was to have a great wire strainer from shore to shore. Another was to have men stationed with lassoes on the banks to lasso anyone who fell in. During the past winter, however, a plan has been adopted which is practicable. This is to organize among the people living beside the great cataract a life saving "crew" with over sixty members, who are to be trained and equipped for the work of rescuing from the rushing waters as many as possible of their accidental and voluntary victims. Boats, of course, will not be of utility, but the buoys, life-lines, and most of the other implements found in ordinary coast and lake life-saving stations are to be provided. As soon as this is done men from the Government station at Fort Niagara will go to the Falls and give the members of the new association a course of lessons in the effective use of the available devices. Experiments will be made in lowering men to the water at various points above and below the Falls and from the bridges, and others will venture into the Whirlpool Rapids at the end of life lines held by skilful hands. It is hoped that before the height of the season the crew will have gained considerable dexterity in the work. It appears that the number of suicides almost equals the number of accidental deaths. The life-savers will try to rescue the one as well as the other. The great army of soul-savers also have to do with both classes. It is not always possible to rescue a man bent on evil, but the effort must always be made.

Say unto them, As I live saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live (Ezek. 33: 11).

....A Day in a Deaf-Mute Training Institute, New York City....

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS

INSTITUTION FOR INSTRUCTION OF DEAF MUTES

HELEN KELLER, THE WONDERFUL DEAF-MUTE

A CLASS IN DRAWING

HOW can a dumb child be taught to speak? And how can a deaf child be made to comprehend spoken language? The latter is being accomplished most successfully: the former with a marked degree of success at the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, on Lexington Avenue, between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets, New York: a school which has pupils from every State in the Union. In comprehension of spoken language, these deaf-mutes may be said to have the advantage of people with good ears. Whisper in their presence, if you please, and imagine that they do not understand! If they see your lips, they know every word you have uttered. Some one asks a question in a tone you do not easily catch, and while you are saying: "Beg pardon, but what did you say?" the deaf mutes are making prompt response. Prof. Mitchell, Principal of the Institution, explained the theory to the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and then showed its operation in various class-rooms in the establishment. "In oral instruction," he said, "we do not use or permit the use of the finger alphabet. We pay particular attention to the articulation, and subsequently to the teaching of vocal English. You can see what advantages the orally-instructed child has over the one limited to sign language, when you reflect that he can understand and make himself understood by a stranger. Granted that the deaf mute taught by other methods may acquire general information more quickly than by this, his means of imparting it being limited to sign language and writing, are more circumscribed. We find among parents the almost universal desire that children be taught to speak, so that they, as well as the promoters of this method of instruction, are willing to sacrifice somewhat in the way of general information in order to advance the child in the one particular which shall make it more nearly natural.

"We press into service every other faculty and every instinct to supplement the missing sense. We make use of sight, imitation, natural language of gesture, and the sense of touch. Simple words, as 'papa' and 'mamma,' are very easily caught, also many words that interest childish fancy. A cat comes into the room. I point and say 'cat;' the motion of the lips which produces 't' is what the child at once catches and imitates. I put his hand on my chest, and again on certain muscles of my throat, and repeat the word: he feels the movement of chest and throat muscles, imitates both, reproduces 'at,' and finally the whole word 'cat.' In other words, 'going,' for instance, muscles of the nose are brought into play, and these the little scholar through sense of touch perceives and imitates. We teach them thus to utter letters, words and sentences. Voice and pitch of voice are produced and regulated thus through sense of feeling. In exercises which we call 'tongue gymnastics,' we train children to certain movements of the tongue essential in the production of sound. We try in every way possible to create the habit of speech. The tendency is to relapse into sign language unless we exercise much vigilance over them and over ourselves. I, myself, do not understand the deaf mute alphabet; I do not dare to. I should find myself speaking to or answering pupils in it. To encourage pupils in using spoken language in their intercourse among themselves, we award medals to those most proficient and conscientious.

IN THE BLACKSMITH SHOP

A CLASS IN CLAY MODELING

IN THE MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT—THE CARPENTER'S SHOP

"Lip-reading they are very fond of, and they very soon acquire facility in it. This is carried on by teaching them first the elements of sounds in the alphabet until they are able to take from the lips any combination of sounds without reference to meaning. Presently they will write these on the slate. As, for instance, a doll will be shown, spoken and written until the children connect the uttered and written word and the object."

In the kindergarten, all this was forcibly illustrated. A number of bright little tots with alert eyes sat around their teacher, Mrs. Gruver, who conducted the lesson in an ordinary voice. The little creatures "saw" (one cannot say they "heard") every word as quickly as uttered, although unaccompanied by any gesture. "I employ gestures at first," said Mrs. Gruver, "as, for instance, I would beckon when saying 'Come here' to a beginner, but I have had most

of the children in this class since September." A short time in which to convey so much to these little ones, who understand and speak words, yet who never heard the faintest sound! How attentive, how bright-eyed they were, and how proud of their ability to comprehend what was said to them! One wee lassie—she was not over five—had pretty eyes that fairly danced with delight as she "ran," "hopped," "skipped," "jumped," and brought out all the kindergarten toys for exhibition at her teacher's soft-voiced command. A little fellow—the "baby of the class"—knew all the animals in a Zoo picture by name. Some one tried to confuse him by asking where the fox was; but there was no fox in the picture, and the little man was positive and undaunted in his assertions to that affect. As a matter of curious interest, it may be noted that these children write better than young people of similar ages with good hearing. The "baby's" fluent o's and r's and unfailing punctuation was a matter of wonder. Through an interesting divided-slate system, originated by Miss Barry of Philadelphia, they differentiate quickly and easily between parts of speech and right relations of words. The slate is divided into five parts; the subject is written in the first part, the verb in the second, subject in the third, preposition in the fourth, and so on. Thus, in the sentence, "The boy put the pencil in the basket," the thing itself is done under the teacher's guidance; the boy is led to the blackboard and stationed in front of the space where the subject should be written; his act is indicated and the verb is filled in; the pencil, as object, is placed in the third compartment; as it is dropped into the basket, the preposition is written. The little class was well up on their grammar. What infinite and loving care, pains and patience must have been employed to bring about such results! In the intermediate department, under Miss M. E. Potwin, and the advanced department, under the supervision of Mr. Mitchell, the same system and methods are applied to higher studies. Much attention is paid to manual training throughout the whole course, which comprises kindergarten exercises, mechanical and free-hand drawing, needle work, dressmaking, cooking, wood work, metal work, use of machine tools, art work, oil painting and clay modeling; instruction in every department is oral. There are carpenter, shoe and smithy shops where the boys work away; play-rooms and playgrounds for the children; a gymnasium and a teacher of physical culture. Religious instruction is not neglected; chapel exercises are held every Sunday afternoon. The institution numbers about seventeen instructors and 200 inmates. There are very few pay pupils. The State contributes to its support. Its objects, as stated in articles of incorporation, are: "To introduce the articulate methods as practiced in Germany, by the establishment of an institution based upon the eclectic system. And to provide for the care and the education of deaf mutes." New York has other institutions for the instruction of deaf mutes. There is St. Joseph's at Fordham, and there is the New York institution for the deaf and dumb on Washington Heights. An illustrated description was given of the latter place in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is a most flourishing institution, with sixteen instructors and three hundred pupils; and an eclectic system of instruction. It was opened about eighty years ago, and owes its existence to the Hartford Institution, the leader of American schools for the deaf and dumb. Any article upon work for the deaf and dumb is incomplete without reference to Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, founder of the Hartford College, which, we believe, has the distinction of being the first school in the world providing a full collegiate course for the deaf and dumb. Dr. Gallaudet's sons, Rev. Drs. Miner and Thos. Gallaudet, have continued their father's labors. The latter established the Home for Deaf Mutes near Poughkeepsie, and has accomplished in New York City and at Hartford excellent results along missionary and educational lines. Rev. Dr. E. M. Gallaudet divides with Amos Kendall the honor of establishing the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Washington, D. C., from which, through Dr. Gallaudet's agency, sprang the National Deaf Mute College on Kendal Green. The work performed by this institution has given it a very high grade, and its graduates have distinguished themselves in numerous professions. The studies in the collegiate department embrace Latin, French, German, the higher mathematics, the natural sciences, philology, history, etc. America stands abreast if not ahead of the world in care for the deaf and dumb. Liberal provision is made for their care and instruction by most of the State Governments. So highly was our system rated by Europe that Dr. E. M. Gallaudet was requested by the British Government to visit England and give information concerning it to the Royal Commission.

His father it was who conceived the idea of holding religious services in the deaf-mute sign language, and in Hartford it may thus be claimed that the Gospel was first taught clearly and intelligently to these afflicted ones. The religious services of the institution which is the subject of this article, are conducted in vocal language. The advancements which have been made in the last two centuries for the improved instruction for deaf-mutes is startling when compared with that of all preceding ages. No school was established for them until the eighteenth century. Lucullus wrote:

To instruct the deaf no art could ever reach
No care improve them and no wisdom teach.

St. Augustine's verdict was the same. St. Augustine and Lucullus would be astonished to discover that in this nineteenth century, deaf-mutes are among our most highly educated and useful citizens; that from their ranks the world receives brilliant scholars, and pulpits are supplied with able ministers. The American nation is proud of Helen Keller and Laura Bridgeman, to both of whom, as well as to many other charming and useful people, is due the mastery of not only deafness and dumbness, but blindness. The New York papers, in their society columns, mentions a young lady, socially very delightful, who understands and makes herself understood by articulation. It may be interesting that a military company of deaf-mutes have asked the Government to remove their disabilities, and permit them to enter active army service, claiming that they can be more effective in the field than men who can hear the thunder of cannon and hiss of shrapnel. By their perseverance in overcoming natural limitations our deaf and dumb friends have already fought the good fight of high endeavor.

It must be admitted that the art of speaking is not acquired quickly, nor ever perfectly; that the voice of the deaf is never of musical modulation. Still, it is better than silence that can not be broken. The father and mother who have never heard the words "Papa" and "Mamma" from the lips of a beloved child feel that the result, when attained, is a precious one. The art of teaching the dumb to speak and the deaf to hear (through lip-reading), is in comparative infancy and further advances are hoped for.

PRINCIPAL MITCHELL

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL GRUVER

MATRON SAVAGE

A CHEERFUL TIME IN THE DINING-ROOM

AN ADVANCED CLASS

IN THE KINDERGARTEN—MRS. GRUVER AND HER LITTLE DEAF-MUTES

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

His Sister's Keeper

Mamma's Opportunity—Little Missionaries in the Home and Schoolroom

"DID you take good care of sister, to-day?" mamma asked Fred, when she had the small man to herself at his bedtime hour. Fred was so little that it seemed absurd to question him about "taking care" of anybody. He reflected, looking wise and cute, and, after due deliberation, nodded and got a kiss.

"What did you do for sister?" mamma asked, interested.

"I carwi'd 'er lunch," he responded. "an' I got 'er a banana wif my penny. An' 'er figgers wouldn't come wite, an' she kied, an'—an' I des looked at 'er." Mamma bestowed a kiss for each grand accomplishment. "Cose I 'scorted 'er 'bout." There had been times when "'scortin' 'er" back and forth from school was not a matter of course if ruder playmates tempted him to leave her to a lonely walk; under such stress he had even played truant from school. Mamma had not been severe. She simply set her wits to work to make the little fellow see and live up to his privileges of being sister's companion—her loyal knight. "It would break my heart," she thought, "if, when he grows up, he should behave like a selfish cad to her, as I have seen some men behave to sisters." Mamma enlisted Rosie's interest in living up to the important position of "lovely lady" of her brother's devotion. Rose would be asked—in interested, not inquisitorial, way: "Were you very nice and agreeable to Fred to-day?" Rosie came to take great pride in saying: "He'd rather be with me than anybody else, mamma." "Of course, we don't want him to be girlish," mamma would remark, "nor seem tied to our apron-strings. Have him walk with the boys sometimes while you come home with a girl friend." This clever scheme of mamma's worked both ways, for Rose was older than Fred, and in his first school days it had been a temptation to leave him to his own devices while amusing herself with chums of her own age.

One night Fred said: "W'en sister was at te b'ackbo'd, Polly Smif tooked te lunch out of 'er desk. An' I tole teacher, an' didn' Polly catch it!" Here was opportunity. Mamma said: "Maybe Polly hasn't a nice brother to love her. That makes a girl better, you know. Maybe, too, she hasn't a mamma to fix her a nice lunch. Be patient with her, you and Rosie." A few days later, when Polly had gotten over being vexed, Rose and Fred carried a dainty lunch to her. By degrees, mamma brought him to feel that he could help all little girls to be "lovely ladies" like Rosie by being true and kind. "Jesus," said mamma, "was everybody's brother." Through Rosie's love for Fred, she taught her the responsibility of sisterhood to less fortunate little boys. So it came about that mamma had two missionaries in that school—two who grew up feeling that they must answer before God the question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" The poorest mother in the humblest home can accomplish like results. Dealing out slices of bread to the little man and woman starting forth to school, she can give counsel and prayer with it, and make her little folks powers for good in helping the world to be better because they live in it.

The "School City"

The Gill School City is attracting attention among educators, and interesting little folks. The first "School City" was organized, 1897, in Norfolk street Vacation School, New York, by the well-known reformer, Wilson L. Gill, founder of the Patriotic League. Since then it has been introduced in various public and private schools, East and West. The plan places self-government in the hands of the children. The school is organized and incorporated, charter drawn up, municipal board of mayor and aldermen elected: police, health, fire, and other boards of city government appointed, the children holding all offices and casting all votes. The "City" government is modeled on that of the town in which the adopting school exists. "You can't be alderman in our ward if you don't stop throwing rocks," says one small boy to another, and the threat is effective. The object is to teach children the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Teachers are helped by the children who maintain discipline. Colonel Waring found the children his "ablest seconds" when he interested them in street-cleaning.

Ladies of Havana

Havana ladies are fond of wearing old lace mantillas, and parties of them are frequently seen on Obispo street shopping without hats or bonnets. Fans are important trifles in such a climate, and they have very pretty ones. Obispo, the chief street for retail shopping, is not more than eighteen feet wide at any point; and sidewalks are so narrow that people walk them single file. When two persons meet, the one with the nicest manners steps off into the street and gives the other the sidewalk. How about side walks in other towns, where three or four people walking abreast, let those who meet them step off into the mud?

Kaiulani's Hospitality

Kaiulani, the young Hawaiian princess, who died very recently, was most kind to the soldiers of our Philippine expedition, entertaining them with a generous hand at the residence of her father, Governor Cleghorn. Until 1893, she thought she would occupy the Hawaiian throne as the successor of her aunt, Liliuokalani, but when she saw that that could never be, she accepted the situation gracefully. She was very accomplished and amiable and greatly beloved. One of her warmest American friends was Mrs. Cleveland.

The Blind Hymn-writer's Birthday

Fanny J. Crosby, the well-known Gospel hymn-writer, whose spiritual poems have delighted thousands of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, reached her seventy-ninth birthday on March 24th. A few friends met her on that day at the office of The Biglow & Main Co., where a collation was served and poems for the occasion were read. The following verses were her contribution to the occasion:

NO FRIENDS LIKE MINE

How can I thank you, precious friends,
For all your care for me;
'Tis your [illegible] my natal day
As bright as bright can be.
And while I hear your loving words,
And clasp your hands in mine,
I feel, as I have ne'er before,
There are no friends like mine.

I could not thank you if I tried;
I have no power to speak;
For there are times when language fails,
And words are all too weak.
This is my prayer: God keep you all
Beneath his smile divine.
And while I live, I'll ne'er forget
There are no friends like mine.

"THE BOUNTIFUL MOTHER"

Our illustration—the reproduction of a famous painting—gives the picture of one who was truly her brothers' and sisters' helper. Beautiful Lotte Buff, later Frau Kestner, was greatly admired and revered by Goethe, the famous German author, because of her motherliness to her little brothers and sisters. Through her true character of daughter, sister, mother and wife, she influenced Goethe for good—which is more than can be said of all his friends. Herself and husband were faithful friends to the poet.

Our Babe with the Golden Hair

Still [illegible]
The sweet blue eyes were curtained
Amid the blossoms fair,
Our babe with the golden hair,
As proud as a little angel
Astray from the better land
As sweet as the dewy rosebud
That lay in her dimpled hand.

We thought the Father gave her
To cheer our earthly way:
It seems, he only lent her,
And she is his to-day.
Will grace a brighter clime,
Beyond the chill of winter—
There, in immortal gardens,
'Mid flowers divinely fair,
Our babe with the golden hair.

A Model "Auntie"

MISS JANE WHYTE BALFOUR, Robert Louis Stevenson's best-beloved aunt, and subject of some of his best verses, lives in a house in Edinburgh, Scotland. She is over eighty, but full of energetic kindness in the oversight of her young nephews and nieces. "Little Lou," as she still speaks of the great writer, was one of her heart's darlings. Her room is littered with mementoes of him. His toy horse, his high chair, his bits of childish manuscript are treasured by her. She saved up his early writings, and triumphantly shows them as evidence that she always recognized her "laddie's" genius. Every mail that came over from Samoa used to bring "Auntie" a letter from him. Stevenson wrote of her, in an old blank book in which he had begun an autobiography:

In her youth she was a wit and a beauty, [illegible]
But as she grew up she began to suffice for all the family as well. An accident on horseback made her nearly deaf and blind, and [illegible] and the children of the family came to her to be nursed, to be educated, to be mothered, from the infanticidal climate of India. There [illegible] children about the manse; and all were born [illegible] It was strange when a new party of these sallow young folks came home, perhaps with an Indian ayah. This little country manse was the centre of the world; and Aunt Jane represented charity.

In one of his poems, he says:

"Chief of our aunts not only I,
But all your other nurslings cry,
What did the other children do,
And what were childhood, wanting you?"

The famous author's life is not the only one enriched by the tender care of an "old maid" and his tribute to Miss Balfour is a tribute to everybody's "model aunt."

The Slum Child's Bugaboo

"The goblin or bugaboo of the more fortunate child," says Jane Addams, of the Hull House Settlement, Chicago, "has come to be the need of coal. A little Italian lad came to a party at Hull House and was interested in nothing save a gas stove in the kitchen. He became excited over the discovery that fire could be produced without coal. "I will tell my father of this stove," he exclaimed. "You buy no coal; you need only a match. Anybody will give you a match!" Taken to a country residence, he inquired first thing of his hostess how much rent she paid, and on being informed that she paid none (she owned her house), was quite wild over the solution of a troublesome problem. "Me and my father will go to the country," he declared. "You get a big house, all warm, without rent." The astonishment of guests at our Children's Home in seeing flowers and fruits grow for the plucking, and in being provided with food and clothes for love's sake has been one of the most touching features of this blessed fresh air work.

∴ After-Supper Chats ∴

The Study of the Bible—Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady—Children's Home Study—A Correction

IT is an open question whether or not there is as much Bible reading and study in these days as there used to be in former times, when people were less pressed by the hurry and business of life. Certainly the good old habit of family prayer has gone out from many a Christian home. The imperative whistle of the train in the morning calls the business man from his breakfast in a rush so that he may catch his train, and at night the father is tired out; the young people scatter to their various evening engagements; friends come in to call, and so it comes to pass that there is no family altar any longer in the home. Quite recently I was a guest in a household in which this beautiful custom of family worship is observed with as much scrupulous care as ever. Before breakfast, all the family gathered in the dining room, and the father read a portion of Scripture and a hymn, then led in prayer, closing with "Our Father, who art in heaven," in which all joined. The day seemed consecrated as by a breath of heaven, and we went to the breakfast room with a cheer in our hearts impossible to those who have no family prayer. The beautiful Christian custom is one which more than all else cements the family bond. Sons and daughters in distant lands remember how they assembled to worship God at morning and evening by the old fire-side, and the tender memory of this rite keeps them pure and true to the principles in which they were brought up.

Closet prayer is another matter. Every Christian should make a point of reading a portion of Scripture alone at least once a day, and it would be better if both morning and evening there were a lingering for a little while over the word of God. A friend writing on this subject has some very important truths to enforce. Her letter is so beautiful and sensible that I venture to quote it in full:

* * *

"IT goes without saying that Christians will read the Bible, but mere reading, I care not what kind of reading it may be, will not answer. It will not put one in possession of the real contents. Study, systematic study, is what we are to consider. The Bible, further, is not simply the New Testament, but the Old Testament as well. Go anywhere, read anything, talk with anyone, and the Bible as some portion of it, some discussion of it meets one face to face. Not to know it betrays ignorance of what constitutes one of the greatest elements in modern civilization. In spite of the great and glorious work of the International Sabbath School system, the ignorance which prevails with respect to the well-known book is something stupendous, and the ignorance is an ignorance of the very facts that lie upon the surface. We should study the Bible because of what it is as a history; there is no history like that of the chosen nation, the most wonderful and unique nation that has ever existed upon the face of the earth. We should study the Bible because it shows the gradual development through centuries of a divine plan for man's redemption; our own individual development along the same plan, more rapid but after all gradual. All history previous to Christ's birth was preparatory to his coming as the pivotal event. We search the ancient world for a law that shall equal the Mosaic system, but in vain, because these laws were prescribed by Jehovah and rest upon eternal principles. Study the Bible if you would know how to act as a citizen; how to govern as a ruler. Finally, we should study the Bible because it alone furnishes a true conception of God. If you desire to make this life worth living; if you desire to attain that position in the Kingdom of God which is open to you, reach God through the Word, by which he has shown himself; by which he gives you entrance to his presence."

* * *

ONE of our friends is very much disturbed because he loves a woman, and is not certain that she loves him in return. Let me remind him of the old proverb, "Faint heart never won fair lady." How in the world is he to solve his problem unless he takes his courage in both hands and asks the lady whether or not she can reciprocate his affections. A woman in such circumstances is somewhat peculiarly placed, custom and delicacy forbidding her to take the initiative. She cannot herself walk up to a man and say, "Sir, will you marry me?" and although, indeed, in many subtle ways known to women, she may very properly disclose her preference, it is still her privilege to be the wooed and not the wooer, and therefore my advice to all diffident lovers is without delay to make known their wish to the objects of their affections. A woman has, of course, the privilege of saying no, but all good and sincere women are quite above the meanness of flirting with a man who has shown that he admires them. A flirt of either sex is a contemptible being. Usually a girl knows by many signs and tokens whether or not her lover is in earnest. If she intends finally to reject him, she can in some tactful way which will not wound him, so behave that he will not have to suffer the mortification of a refusal. The poet says that, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." When the blossoms wave upon the bough, and the birds are singing in the tree-tops, and the brooks are dancing for joy that summer has come, all nature combines to suggest to men that they, too, should find congenial hearts to love and protect. After love and the happy period of the betrothal comes marriage and the building of the new home. One of the sweetest things in life is the building of the nest, whether it be that of bird or human being. It does not need gold or jewels, fine dresses or any of the show and display of life to make a true woman happy. If she love a man she will be willing to share with him the day of small things and to work that she may help him build up his own fortunes. One important qualification for happy marriage is that both parties shall be servants of the Lord, for how can two walk together unless they be agreed.

* * *

TALKING about homes, one of the familiar evening scenes which always pleases me best is the sight of little heads bent over maps and slates while the children are doing their home work for school the next day. A father said to me the other day that he found it impossible to help his children very much about their examples in arithmetic and their school work generally because since his day formulas had very much changed, and so had methods of working, so that when he helped Johnnie and Jamie with their examples, the teacher was quite apt to say that they were not right. One thing is evident, and that is that the principles of mathematics and grammar do not change, though the system of instruction may. It does not hurt a father and mother to go to school again with their young people, and those children succeed best in school whose parents at home take a true interest in the home work. It is not right, however, that growing boys and girls should be obliged to devote too much of their home time to study. One hour of earnest study in the evening will not hurt any child over twelve. More than this should not be permitted. Children under twelve should have their studies so arranged that they may do all their work in school. It does no good to a child's brain to force any of the processes of development. Better far let the children develop naturally, gaining in strength and health of body as well as in improvement of the mind. Parents are sometimes much too ambitious, pleasing rather their own vanity than consulting the best good of children. It may be very agreeable to us to have our children carry off the prizes, but the prizes of life are not always given to those who are most proficient in the school curriculum. I read the other day that Rudyard Kipling was by no means a show pupil, and we all have heard of the backwardness of Gen. Grant.

* * *

SEVERAL weeks ago reference was made here to the gifted wife of a clergyman who took his place in the pulpit when he was ill. I desire, having been furnished with fuller information than I had when I wrote the paragraph, to say that the lady did not offer her services, but yielded to the entreaties of the church committee, and that, far from pronouncing the benediction, she simply—as any Christian might do—closed the service with prayer. This correction is most cheerfully made.

* * *

PERPLEXED HOUSEKEEPER. The waitress should pass her dishes to the left, so that the family and guests may help themselves with the right hand. It is usual at many tables to pass everything, have the carving done in the kitchen or the butler's pantry, but I myself like better the old-fashioned custom of placing the roast on the table, and having it carved by the man of the house. The table looks prettier if not crowded with dishes, so that many ladies have their vegetables served from a side table, by the waitress who passes them. If there are no guests she begins with the lady of the house. If guests are present, she first helps the lady guest of honor, who sits at the right of the host. Ladies are of course helped before gentlemen.

Crumbs are brushed from the table before the dessert is brought on. The maid removes the dinner plates and everything else on the table, except flowers and bonbons before she brushes the cloth. She may do this with a silver crumbscraper and tray, a crumb-brush and tray, or simply with a napkin and tray.

Coffee, served after dinner, is very strong and black, and should be served in small cups. Cream is not served with after-dinner coffee.

* * *

ANABEL D. Others beside yourself are asking why first cousins should not marry. For the reason that the marriage of blood relations seldom results favorably for the children born of such a union. These are often deficient in vitality, lacking in intellect, and are in some way handicapped badly from birth, in the race of life. Please do not think of marrying your cousin.

* * *

MRS. E. A. M. The periodical for which you ask is not now published.

* * *

A. M. H. Many thanks for your goodness in sending me the kind letter and those excellent directions.

* * *

B. R. V. I fancy you have had the grippe. It is a disagreeable malady, but if misery loves company you have had plenty of it; for the grippe has been in the fashions.

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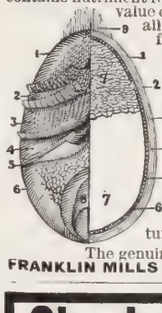

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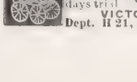

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"A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY"

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BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

[illegible] away and Evadne still wore her cousin's ring. A great tenderness was growing up in her heart toward him. She yearned over him as only those can understand, who know what it is to carry the burden of souls upon their hearts by night and day, but no thought of love ever crossed her mind. To Evadne Hildreth, love was a wonderfully sacred thing. The ring fretted her and she longed to be freed from its presence, but Louis held her to her promise. If he only waited long enough, he persuaded himself, his patience would be rewarded. Some day this shy, sweet bird would nestle against his heart. In the meantime, he would keep the ungenerous advantage which his illness had given him. He forgot that it needs more to tame a bird than merely putting it in a cage. Isabelle had been intensely curious about the reason of the ring being on Evadne's finger, but her questions had elicited no satisfaction from her brother, and Evadne had answered simply:

"Louis took a fancy to put it on my finger. I am wearing it to please him, that is all," and even Isabelle found her cousin's sweet dignity an effectual bar against a morbid inquisitiveness.

They had seen comparatively little of each other. Evadne was constantly busy, either at private or hospital nursing, and very short were the furloughs which she spent under her uncle's roof.

Louis had spent the first winter after his illness with his mother in the South of France, now he was in Florida, but he wrote regularly, and Evadne answered, when she could. Her's were sweet, pleading letters which he read over and over and honestly tried to be better. But it was only for her sake; he knew no higher motive yet.

It was a perfect day. Down by the river an alligator was sunning himself, and the resinous breath of the pine trees swept its aromatic fragrance over Louis as he lay at full length in a hammock with his hands behind his head. He had thrown the magazine he had been reading on the ground and it lay open at the article on Heredity which he had just finished. His desultory thoughts were roaming idly over the subject, when one, more far reaching than the rest, made him start up with a sudden shock of unwelcome surprise.

"Can it be," he asked himself "that I am a victim of it too? It looks confoundedly like it, though even my sweet little Puritan has not felt it a sin against her conscience to keep me in the dark."

He thrust his fingers with an impatient gesture through his hair. "Now I come to think of it, the case grows decidedly clear. The South of France one winter and Florida this. Simple nervous prostration would seem to the uninitiated better fought in the exhilarating ozone of Colorado or—the North Pole—than in this languorous atmosphere. 'An inherited tendency.' Is this the pleasant little legacy which my respected ancestor has bequeathed to his only grandson? It skipped the Judge, but it caught poor Uncle Lenox, and now it has nabbed me! What a fool I have been not to surmise what this confounded pain meant between my shoulders! Grandfather Hildreth kept himself alive with nostrums until he was seventy, but he was an invalid all his life. He ought to be punished for his contemptible selfishness in bringing so much suffering upon the race! There's none of the taint about Evadne, bless her! Russe told me the hospital examiners said they had never passed such a perfect specimen of health."

He stopped suddenly, and bit his lips in pain. Would he not follow his grandfather's example,—if he had the chance? He would stay no longer in this southern land. He would go north, if for nothing else but to know the real truth, which he instinctively felt was being kept from him. He put his resolution in effect, and at once. As he entered his father's house he asked:

"What in the world is the meaning of all this"

He had arrived by an earlier train than he was expected, and only his mother was at home to greet him. The hall was in confusion, workmen's tools lay about, and ladders stood against the walls. Mrs. Hildreth laughed lightly, as she laid her hand within her son's arm.

"Oh, they are only getting ready for the floral decorations," she said, "we give a reception to-morrow in honor of your return. How well you are looking, Louis. I am so delighted to have you at home!"

"Thanks, lady mother. I do not need to ask how you have survived my absence. How is Evadne—and the Judge and the girls?"

His mother laughed again as she drew him on the sofa beside her. She seemed in wonderful good humor.

"Rather a comprehensive question," she said. "Sit down, and we will have a comfortable talk before the others get home. Your father looks wretchedly, but he says there is nothing the matter. I suppose it is just overwork and the usual money strain. Isabelle, too, is not as well as I should like her to be—suffers from nervousness a great deal, and depression. There is a new physician here now, a Doctor Randolph, who, we think, is going to help her, though he is very young, but she took a dislike to Doctor Russe because he belongs to the old school. And now I have a surprise for you—Marion is engaged!"

"Engaged! Why you never hinted at it in your letters!"

"It has all been very sudden. I wrote you there was a young New Yorker very attentive to her."

"Yes, but that is an old story. There were two fellows very attentive when I went away. How long since the present devotion culminated?"

"Just a week ago to-night, and they are so devoted!"

"A second Romeo and Juliet, eh?" Louis' laugh had a bitter ring. "By the way, what is his name?"

"Simpson Kennard."

"Brother Simp! Rich, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, very. In fact he is eligible in every way."

"I see," yawned Louis. "Possessed of all the cardinal virtues. It is a good thing if his wealth is not all in his pockets, for they are apt to spring a leak. But Evadne—how is she?"

"Oh, she is always well, you know," said his mother carelessly.

Louis insisted on a message being sent to Evadne at the hospital announcing his arrival, and that evening she joined the re-united family in the Hildreth home.

"Who is that call, Evadne, standing by the piano?" Louis put the question to his cousin as they stood together listening to the music.

"That is Mr. Simpson Kennard."

Louis surveyed the fashionably-dressed, weak-faced, sandy-haired young man from head to foot. "He will never get above his collar," he said, in a tone of infinite scorn.

Evadne laughed. "You must confess it is high enough to limit the aspirations of an ordinary mortal."

Marion fluttered up to them, her cheeks aglow with excitement.

"Louis, where are you? I want to introduce you to Simpsy: he has just arrived."

Evadne looked after her as she led her brother away. "Poor little soul! What a butterfly it is! Fancy having a husband whom one could call Simpsy!"

She started. Her knight of the gate was standing before her with outstretched hand. A great light was in his face.

"Do you remember?" he asked, and Evadne's eyes glowed deep with pleasure as she laid her hand in his. They would [illegible] "Life is a beautiful possibility," she said. "I am proving it so every day. But—oh, the awful suffering in the world! I cannot understand."

And John Randolph answered, with his [illegible] We do not need to, always, otherwise we would have no room for faith."

They were standing in an alcove, partially screened by a tall palm from the crowd which surged up and down through the rooms. He took from his pocket a morocco case, and, opening it, held it towards her. What made the color flush her cheeks, while her eyes fell beneath his gaze? She only saw a little square of lawn and lace, but the name traced across one corner was "Evadne."

"Did you leave nothing behind you at Hollywood that day?" he asked gently.

"My handkerchief!" she cried. "I missed it before we reached Marlborough. I must have left it at the gate." But Evadne had left more behind her than she knew.

"I will keep it still," he said, "with your permission. Will you give it to me?"

"Oh, Dr. Randolph"—Isabelle's voice fell shrill upon Evadne's silence—"they are calling for you in the other room to decide a knotty question—something about microbes. I told them I was sure you would know. Will you come?"

John Randolph put the case quickly in his pocket and smiled as he turned away. He thought he had read consent in her gentle eyes.

After the reception was over, Evadne knelt by her window until the stars faded one by one from the sky. Then she turned away with a happy sigh. When he came to get his answer, she would know. The next day, though she knew it not, her answer was sought.

"Give that to me!" Isabelle spoke imperiously to the servant, who was passing through the hall with a note in her hand. From where she stood she recognized the clear handwriting of the prescriptions which the new doctor wrote. Her demon of curiosity overcame her. The tempter was very near. The girl held the note towards her.

"It is for Miss Evadny," she said. "Miss E. Hildreth,' you see."

Isabelle gave a careless laugh. "It is a mistake," she said. "I know the writing. The note is meant for me."

When John Randolph called that evening he was ushered into the presence of Isabelle.

"I am so sorry about Evadne," she exclaimed, before he had time to speak. "She had an engagement with my brother. He monopolizes her whenever he is at home." She laughed affectedly. "Oh,

(Continued on next page.)

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A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY

(Continued from preceding page.)

I cannot tell you when it is coming off, but she has worn his ring for years. They will not give us any satisfaction deep as the sea, you know. It seems so strange to me, but then I am so transparent. She is a clever girl, but very peculiar. Does not seem to have much natural feeling, you know—but I suppose I am not fitted to judge. I am so emotional!"

John Randolph bit his lip hard. It startled him to find how sharp a pain could be.

Day after day Evadne waited, but to her surprise her knight did not ask for his answer. She began to meet him professionally, for his reputation was steadily increasing, but he made no attempt to resume the conversation which had been so rudely interrupted. He treated her with a delicate chivalry always. That was John Randolph's way, and once she had caught such a strange, wistful expression on his face as he looked at her and then at a patient's arm which she was deftly bandaging. She was puzzled. What could it all mean? Well, God understood.

Meantime her work grew more and more absorbing. The surgical ward in the new hospital was filled to its utmost capacity, and Evadne found her work no sinecure. The force of nurses was inadequate to meet the demand. Often she would be called from her rest to minister to the critical cases which were her special care, and she would go down to the ward, saying, softly, "The Master is come and calleth for thee," and bending over the sufferers would behold tenderly as in a vision the face of Christ.

"My dear Miss Hildreth," the superintendent exclaimed one day, "how is it that you make the patients love you so?"

"If they do," she said, "it must be because of my love for them." And the superintendent answered in a hushed voice, "Why, that is the Gospel!"

They called her "sister," these rough men in the patients' beds. She liked it so. She felt herself a sister to the world.

It was evening, and the lights were turned low in the ward. Evadne was making her round before going to her room for a sorely needed rest. John Randolph, who had come to pay a second visit to an interesting case in the medical ward, stood in the shadow of a doorway and watched her hungrily. Each one wanted to say something, and Evadne listened patiently. To her the mission of a nurse meant something higher than gruel and bandages. She never forgot, as she ministered to the body, that she was dealing with a soul.

John Randolph, standing with folded arms in the doorway, heard her low sweet laugh as she strove to brighten up a lachrymose patient, and caught at intervals the name of Jesus, as she reminded one and another of the Friend whose sympathy is strong enough to bear all the weight of human pain, and once he thought he heard the sweet note of a prayer. He started forward. Evadne was bending over a man who had been badly crippled in a saw mill. His left arm was gone and all the fingers from his right hand. With the morbidness of those who delight in concentrating attention upon their own sufferings, he had pulled off the loosened bandage with his teeth and held up the stump for inspection, and Evadne had laid her cool soft hands on either side of the unsightly mass of red and angry flesh, and was holding them there while she talked!

"She gives herself!" cried John Randolph with a great throb of longing. "It is what Jesus did in Galilee."

A wave of passion broke over him. It was not true, this story. It could not be! How could her nature, sweet as light, ever be attuned to that of her cynical cousin? She was coming nearer, nearer. He would stay and meet her. He thought he had read his answer in her eyes. Now he would have it from her lips as well. But then, there was the ring! Isabelle had been right. It was no lady's ornament, and he had seen the initials "L. H." graven in the heart of the stone as their hands had met one day in dressing a wound. Evadne Hildreth was not one to wear a man's ring lightly. And John Randolph bent his head and groaned.

"Sister, Sister, won't you sing before you go?"

"Oh, yes, Sister, give just us one song!" The men raised themselves on their elbows in pleading entreaty, and Evadne stood in all her sweet unconsciousness before him, and began to do their will. Soft and clear the music fell about him. The air was "The Last Rose of Summer," but the words were "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." When the song was ended, John Randolph, hushed and comforted, walked noiselessly down the stairway and out into the quiet street.

Evadne had sung her message, while she folded its leaves of healing down over her own sore heart, and human love had paled before the exquisite beauty of the love of God!

In the Hildreth mansion the judge was sitting in his library alone. He had left home immediately after dinner, ostensibly to catch the evening train for New York, and had sent the carriage back from the station to take his family to the choral festival, which was the event of the year in Marlborough, and then returning in a hired conveyance, had let himself into his house like a thief. When we sacrifice principle upon the altar of expediency, truth and honor, like twin victims, stand bound at its foot. He wanted to be undisturbed, to have time to think, and God granted his wish, until his reeling brain prayed for oblivion!

No sound broke the stillness. With the exception of the servants in a distant part of the house, he was absolutely alone.

He drew out his will from a secret drawer of his desk, and looked it over with a ghastly smile. "To my dear niece, Evadne, the sum of thirty thousand dollars, held by me in trust from her father." Then came a long list of charities. It read well. People could not say he had left all to his family and forgotten the Lord. If his executors should find a difficulty in realizing one-quarter of the values so speciously set forth, they could only say that dividends had shrunk and investments proved unreliable. It was not his fault. He had meant well. Besides he had no thought of dying for years. There was plenty of time for skilful financing. Other men had done the same and prospered. Why should not he?

But the letters relating to Evadne's property must be destroyed. He had come to a decision at last. It was an imperative necessity. His hesitancy had been only the foolish scruples of an over-sensitive conscience. The tremendous pressure of the age made things permissible. He was "torn by the tooth of circumstance" and "necessity knows no law." So he entrenched himself behind a breastwork of sophisms. Long familiarity with the suggestions of evil had bred a contempt for the good.

He stretched out his hand towards the drawer. There should be no more weak delay. If a thing were to be done, 'twere well it were done quickly. The horror of a great fear fell upon him. Again his hand had fallen and this time he was powerless to lift it up!

(To be Continued).

Bishop Hartzell's Work

The following contributions in aid of Bishop Hartzell's Gospel work in Liberia and for the founding of an African Mission press, have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

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The following contributions have been received in aid of the War Testament Fund:

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HONESTY

Laxity in Our Just Obligations a Sin

SOME Christian people seem to think that the code of civil law is all the standard that it is necessary to recognize, and also that fulfilling its claims exempts them from higher obligations. But there is a moral law, based upon principles of divine righteousness, that God has instituted, which is binding upon mankind, whether they acknowledge it or not, and specially is it binding upon Christians. It is in the light of this moral law, which the world recognizes, that a Christian's life is judged. A professed follower of Christ, who directs his life by no higher standard than that recognized by a court of justice exerts no influence for his Master, and is frequently a stumbling-block and cause of offense to the world.

Nowhere is this more strikingly illustrated than in the laxity with which nominal Christians regard their just obligations. When the Pharisees and Herodians sought to entangle the Master in an argument regarding the lawfulness of paying tribute to Cæsar, he took a Roman coin in his hand and said, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." In these words Christ emphasized the inviolability of human obligations, no less than he declared the importance of meeting the demands of God. While he would have his disciples render full-hearted and loyal service to him in all things, such service must be accompanied by a consistent life in business relations as well. It is the failure of some Christians to recognize this fact, that has caused on many occasions a scandal to the Church of Christ.

The Mad Rush for Wealth

THIS IS A matter that is far too lightly thought of by many people. The mad rush for wealth seems to blind many men, and those who have once been useful in the church are overcome by the temptation to acquire great wealth. First, there is borrowing money to enlarge the business, then come the speculating investments with borrowed money, often followed by questionable methods and dealings to avert the crash. When, at last, the failure comes, the cause of Christ has to suffer as well as the man's family.

Some men try to keep up appearances by giving to Christian objects, even when they know they are insolvent. They excuse their hypocrisy by saying that it is business and it is a justifiable means of keeping their credit. But in the sight of God this is no less stealing than if the theft were made with no disguise of technical terms. These scandals have already cost the church too dearly, and no man has any right to remain upon the church rolls who would thus use the cause of Christ to abet him in fraud.

What God demands of his children is righteousness, and he who reads men's thoughts, and knows their secret purposes, cannot be deceived.

The Debt Question

TAKE ALONE the question of indebtedness. A debt is an obligation to meet a promise and should be considered in the light of an inviolable contract. Of course, it is possible for a man by entering bankruptcy to avail himself of legal provisions by which he may avoid the full payment of his indebtedness, and a large percentage of the amount may be canceled. But in such a case, the full indebtedness is still morally binding. For by what law of God may a man shirk the full responsibility of his pledge? It is the man who is faithful in a few things that God is able to entrust with great power and influence in his kingdom. A man who conducts his business on no higher basis than that which will keep him beyond the reach of the law, will be a greater benefactor to the Church by ceasing to be enrolled as a member, than by remaining in it and contributing generously to its support. It is just as much a divine command to render to man a hundred cents on a dollar as to render service to God himself.

As to Bankruptcy

BUT SHOULD a Christian man never avail himself of bankruptcy provisions? If it is with the intention of defrauding a creditor of less than his due, No. On the other hand, it may be necessary for the settlement of a business to make a consignment, but because a civil court no longer holds a man to his full contract, it does not follow that in God's sight he is no longer liable. Time and again instances are repeated of Christian men failing in business, paying only a fraction of their debts, and thereafter returning to business and making money without clearing up the past. Such things are the keenest injuries to Christianity, and hinder men from becoming Christians. For, why should they become Christians, when their lives are as consistent and upright as those who make a profession?

A Word to Borrowers

BUT, THE excuse is made, without incurring debts no man can run a successful business. If a man is unfortunate in a business venture, is he always to remain under the harrow? Right here is one of the great evils in business! It may be right to borrow money for a short time for convenience in carrying on business, but never should a man borrow more than he can offer ample and ready collateral for. No man has a moral right to incur risks that will jeopardize his character, to say nothing of the welfare of his family. Many a man has proved that it is possible to conduct business on a cash basis, without risking funds that belong to another, or risking his reputation as a Christian man. But, in any event, it would be wiser to be employed by another, and still retain an influence for righteousness, than run a large business in such a way as to be in constant danger of bringing reproach to the cause of Christ.

D. L. Moody.

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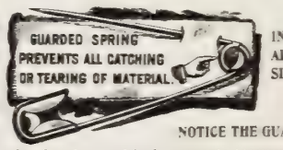

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Vegetable World*

THE vegetable world contains all the elements necessary to human sustenance, and in a much more prime condition than they are found in the diseased tissues of our mistreated servants, the lower animals. The belief that we cannot have peach in our dimples and diamonds in our brains without dead bodies in our digestion, is a belief having no foundation except ignorance. Vegetable fibrin is identical with animal fibrin, and vegetable albumen is identical with animal albumen. Even in albumenoids, in the supply of which meat is supposed to be rather exclusive, there are vegetables, nuts and grains that far exceed chops and steaks. Fish, for instance, contain about 13 per cent. of albumenoids, pork on an average of 16 per cent. and beef 17½ per cent., while nuts furnish 8 to 25 per cent., grain 7 to 15, eggs 14 per cent., cheese 29 per cent., peas 22 per cent., lentils 25 per cent. and beans from 22 to 35 per cent. The vegetable world, in fact, is the natural storehouse, and the only original storehouse from which animals may derive energy. No animal can produce protoplasm, which is the basis of all life and energy. This is a function of the plant, and of the plant only. All an animal can do is to take it after it is produced, and burn it up. Animals are simply locomotives, consuming the energy which plants slowly accumulate from the sun. It is a graceful and perfect process—plants storing up energy from the soil and sun, the inorganic, and the animal using this energy and completing the circle by sending the elements back again to the inorganic. And it is a "barbarism" in nature for animals to violate this beautiful arrangement by turning round and swallowing each other.

Lost in the Storm†

FOR days together, David could not cross the stony bottom to Kenmuir. His enforced confinement to the Grange led, however, to no more frequent collisions than usual with his father; for M'Adam and Red Wull were out at all hours, in all weathers, night and day, toiling at their work of salvation. At last one afternoon, David managed to cross the Bottom at a point where a fallen thorn-tree gave him a bridge over the soft snow. He stayed but a little while at Kenmuir, yet when he started for home it was snowing again. By the time he had crossed the ice-draped bridge over the Wastrel, a blizzard was raging. The wind roared past him, smiting him so that he could barely stand, and the snow leaped at him so that he could not see. But he held on doggedly, slipping, sliding, tripping, down and up again, with one arm shielding his face. On, on into the white darkness, blindly on; sobbing, stumbling, dazed. At length, nigh dead, he reached the brink of the Stony Bottom. He looked up and he looked down, but nowhere in that blinding mist could he see the fallen thorn-tree. He took a step forward into the white morass, and sank up to his thigh. He struggled feebly to free himself, but sank deeper. The snow wreathed, twisting round him like a white flame, and he collapsed, softly crying, on that soft bed.

"I canna, I canna!" he moaned.

Little Mrs. Moore, her face whiter and frailer than ever, stood at the window, looking out into the storm.

"I canna rest for thinkin' o' th' lad," she said. Then turning, she saw her husband, his fur cap down over his ears, buttoning his pilot coat about his throat, while "Owd Bob" stood at his feet waiting.

"Ye'er no goin', James?" she asked, anxiously.

"But I am, lass," he answered; and she knew him too well to say more. So those two went quietly out to save life or lose it, nor counted the cost. Down the wind-shattered slope, over a spar of ice, up an eternal hill—a forlorn hope. In a whirlwind chaos of snow, the tempest storming at them, the white earth lashing them, they fought a good fight. In front, Owd Bob, the snow clogging his shaggy coat, his hair cutting like lashes of steel across his eyes, his head lowered as he followed the finger of God; and close behind, James Moore, his back stiff against the storm, stalwart still, yet swaying like a tree before the wind. So they battled through to the brink of the Stony Bottom —only to arrive too late. For, just as the master peering about him, had caught sight of a shapeless mass lying in front, there loomed across the snow-choked gulf through the white riot of the storm a gigantic figure, forging doggedly forward, his great head down to meet the hurricane. And close behind, buffeted and bruised, stiff and staggering, a little dauntless figure holding stubbornly on, clutching with one hand at the gale; and a shrill voice, whirled away on the trumpet tones of the wind, crying:

"Noo, Wullie, wi' me! Here he is, Wullie!"

The brave little voice died away. The lost sheep found. And the last James Moore saw of them was the same small gallant form, half carrying, half dragging the rescued boy out of the Valley of the Shadow and away.

* From *Why I Am a Vegetarian.* An address delivered before the Chicago Vegetarian Society by J. Howard Moore. Pp. 44, paper; price, 25 cents. Frances L. Dusenbury, Chicago, publisher.

† From *Bob, Son of Battle*, by Alfred Ollivant. Neatly bound in cloth; 356 pages; price $1.25. Doubleday & McClure Company, publishers, New York.

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Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. **Whistle** blows when cooker needs more water. Burning or scorching impossible. It is also a perfect **milk sterilizer. Agents wanted.**

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RHEUMATIC GOUT.....

A physician in Malden, Mass., writes:

"I have been a sufferer from rheumatic gout for many years; have taken preparations of all kinds, but TARTARLITHINE commended itself to my judgment and I am more than satisfied with the results. I am happy to introduce it to others."

Regular package $1.00,
Of all druggists or post-free by mail
Pamphlets with Testimonials FREE.

McKESSON & ROBBINS,
91 Fulton Street, . . New York.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

THE WONDERFUL ZOBO

The most extraordinary musical instrument ever produced, so constructed that it amplifies and changes the human voice so wonderfully as to make it strange, weird and unnatural beyond all comprehension. It seems impossible for it to accomplish so much. It gives you the vocal power of ten giants, yet its music may be softened to the cooing of a dove. Money and music-making feature for **CHURCH CHOIRS**, and other concerts. SING INTO MOUTHPIECE, ZOBO DOES THE REST. If not satisfactory, send right back and get your money. **10c.** each, **4** for **35c., $1.00** a dozen, and illustrated catalogue, postpaid.

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GRAINS BALSAMIC

a vegetable remedy free from narcotics, which soothes and heals the mucous membrane — **cures all coughs.** Acts directly in Bronchitis, Grip, Asthma, Hay Fever, Consumption. Pocket size 10c., postpaid.
The Abington Co., 713 Chestnut St., Phila.

Bell Starch

is easily made, gives a rich gloss and doesn't stick to the iron; doesn't need to boil all day. It is made at once by adding boiling water.

A five-cent package of Bell Starch is the biggest package of starch ever sold for five cents. It contains eight good-sized starchings.

Wyandotte Washing Soda

is a safe sure washing soda.

It isn't safe to use bulk soda or sal soda upon your clothes. They may be dangerous.

Wyandotte Washing Soda contains no caustic alkali or anything else that will hurt the finest fabric or the softest hands. It is used in connection with soap and takes the place of soap, which costs more and does the work of the soap better.

Wyandotte Baking Soda

is a bigger package of better baking soda for less money than you have ever bought before.

It is absolutely pure. Its work is sure. It will make nice, light, dainty soda biscuits, griddle cake and other good things to eat.

Perfect soda means perfect baking. Perfect soda is Wyandotte Baking Soda.

Coupons good for a five cent package of each of these three useful things sent free upon receipt of the name of your grocer.

THE J. B. FORD CO.,
Box F, Wyandotte, Mich.

"The King's Children"

A New Order of Christian Service Established in New York City

DOWN in the most crowded quarters of the crowded East Side of New York is a house with a pure white door. The house itself is not unlike the other buildings surrounding it. Tall tenements these are, for the most part, or old-fashioned piles of dingy red brick, which have stood there since the days of New York's earliest history, and which know nothing of "modern improvements." It is a region of rear tenements, and from ill-ventilated rooms and malodorous hallways, throngs of little children seem constantly passing out to group wistfully around that white door. "The house with the white door," they all call it. In their childish minds the outside whiteness is the intranslatable something which stands for the brightness within. There are dirty little finger-marks on that door sometimes, and its whiteness has been known to be disfigured by kicks from stubby little boot-heels. It is a "neighborhood house"—the Gospel Settlement—and the children of the tenements and alley-ways have learned that happy things are always happening there.

It was the wistful faces of these girls and boys that founded the Order of "The King's Children." They knew so little of the royally good times which are the royal right of childhood! They were so pathetically unconscious of the beauty and the gladness in the world! Their very plays and games were copied from the sorrow and sordidness about them; their lives were shadowy, instead of sunlit—yet they were the king's dear children.

A resident worker at the Settlement, who knew what happy childhood meant—a lady who loved little children and who sometimes wrote stories for them—heard in her heart the message of the King, and went out to tell it to his children, who thronged daily around that white door. She tried to draw their thoughts away from ugly, ignoble things, by showing them their Father's wonderful kingdom of "everywhere." With the thought of his Presence came the thought of his Power; vague ideas of a mysterous, far-away God floated out of the haze in their darkened young minds and formed in a beautiful, child-like faith in a Father who knew them and loved them.

It is an easy thing to bear the King's message. He, himself, opens heart-roads to receive it. These children on the East Side were quickly formed in bands of twenty and taught of their Father, the King. Each was given a badge, each learned sweet words and sweet songs, each is now trying to live as shall please him. The King of kings is the God of Jew and Gentile; and Russians, Germans, Poles and Syrians unite in love and harmony with Italians, Americans and Irish, as the King's dear little children march forth beneath his banner. Little boys and girls in uptown homes, who have slight knowledge of the dreary East Side, are also being formed in bands that they may feel the joy of helpfulness and may heartily work for the King.

This newly-formed Order will grow and spread far, for the blessing of God is upon it. Soon a detailed account of its organization will be in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, together with the incidents attending its beginning. A brief outline of its plan of work is given below:

The Order of "The King's Children" has its headquarters at the Gospel Settlement, 211 Clinton St., New York. It is founded upon the thought that God is Love, and that he wishes his children, great and small, to lovingly work together with him in giving happiness to the world. Any child of any age not exceeding twelve years, may become a member of the Order. Each child, on becoming a member, repeats the following words, and signs (by name or by mark) the little covenant-card containing them:

"I am the King's child. The King is God. God, my Father, knows everything. He can do everything. He always loves me and he is with me everywhere. A King's child should live nobly. I will try to do and speak and think the things that will please my Father who is the King of kings."

The children are united in bands of twenty, each band having a separate leader. This leader may be a Sunday School teacher or a day-school teacher, a mother in the neighborhood, an elder sister, or any lover of children. Each band will choose its own plan of work. The only object of the organization is to encourage the King's dear little children to live pure, true, noble lives; to be happy themselves, and to co-operate with their Father in radiating happiness through his world. Suggestions for work, and a little manual of exercises appropriate to the weekly meetings, will be furnished to each leader of a band on application to the Secretary-General, 211 Clinton Street, New York City. Each band should send to the same address as soon as possible a list of its members and an outline of its proposed work. The badge of the [illegible] a wreath of laurel, with the words "The King's Children," interwoven. This badge will be sent from the Central Office to any band requesting it. The price of each badge is twen[illegible]

It is proposed to extend the order to every State in the Union. Any one wishing to organize a band should address the Secretary of the King's Children, at the address given above.

A Philanthropic Woman

Mrs. Martha B. Stevens, of Castle Point, Hoboken, N. J., who died last week, was noted for her Christian philanthropies. She was the widow of Col. Edwin A. Stevens, and, like her husband, came of a patriotic family, distinguished for noble deeds. During her lifetime she devoted a large po tion of her great wealth to charitable objects. She was the principal founder of Martha's Institute—an industrial school for girls—which was named in her honor. She greatly aided the movement for a free public library in Hoboken, founded a ward in St. Mary's Hospital, and was a liberal contributor to many public charities and to almost every Christian church in Hoboken, regardless of denomination. Her private benefactions were numerous, and she delighted to keep them secret. Her latest public act was to arrange for the erection of a recreation pier on the water front for the use of the poor. In these and many other ways she was a faithful steward, and made her wealth a blessing to many.

STARCH FOODS.

The great majority of all our daily food contains starch. Potatoes, wheat, rice, fruits—in all starch is an important element. Yet, strange to say, medicine has hitherto had no remedy for inability of the digestive system to care for these amylaceous (starchy) foods. Pepsin, pancreatin, are efficient in digest ng meats and albumens, but have no good effect on starch foods.

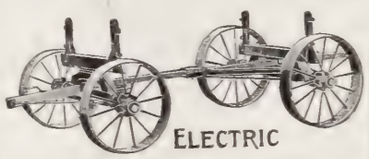
Such being the case, it is small wonder that the medical press of the country has shown great interest in a new digestive principle recently discovered by a Japanese chemist, Mr. Jokichi Takamine. *The Medical Times* speaks thus of it: "In this product, Taka-Diastase, we have what the profession has so long desired . . . a reliable method of treatment."

The Medical News of February 14 contains a long article by Prof. R. W. Wilcox, of the New York Post-Graduate School, of which the following is part: "When I found that a diastase had been isolated by Takamine, and its value certified by Lascar, I again experimented with the substance. This diastase possesses the remarkable power of within ten minutes converting into sugar one hundred times its own weight of starch, and within three hours fifteen hundred times its own weight in starch." He then describes fourteen cases which he has successfully treated with the new remedy. The record of this treatment is making a profound impression among all classes of physicians.

This new cure for an hitherto incurable ailment is offered to the public in the form of Kaskola Tablets, prepared by the P. L. Abbey Co., of Kalamazoo, Mich. So unvarying have been the beneficent results of the treatment, that this Company gladly sends any reader of this paper a full-sized fifty-cent box of tablets on the condition that if benefit comes from their use the price be mailed within two weeks. Otherwise no charge will be made.

BUY THE BEST.

If you want the best low down wagon you should buy the Electric Handy Wagon. It is the best because it is made of the best material: the best broad-tired Electric Wheels; best seasoned white hickory axles; all other wood parts of the best seasoned white oak. The front and rear hounds



ELECTRIC

are made from the best angle steel, which is neater, stronger and in every way better than wood. Well painted in red and varnished. Extra length of reach and extra long standards supplied without additional cost when requested. This wagon is guaranteed to carry 4,000 lbs. anywhere. Write the Electric Wheel Co., Box 136, Quincy, Illinois, for their new catafogue, which fully describes this wagon, their famous Electric Wheels and Electric Feed Cookers.

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY [illegible]
BEYMER-BAUMAN [illegible]
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ANCHOR } [illegible]
ECKSTEIN } [illegible]
ATLANTIC
BRADLEY } New York
BROOKLYN
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SOUTHERN } Chicago
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COLLIER
MISSOURI } St. Louis
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IN your experience with White Lead have you ever been troubled with cracked, pulled or alligatored surfaces, or have you ever heard of such trouble in the use of White Lead?

Never; and these conditions were never known until the introduction of zinc white, "combination lead," and ready-mixed paints, the two last composed largely of zinc, barytes, whiting, etc., very little lead, if any.

—Mr. E. P. Edwards, in "Painters' Magazine."
Mr. Edwards is the senior member of the firm of Messrs. Edwards & King, Painters and Decorators, [illegible]

FREE [illegible] able information and card showing samples of colors free, also [illegible]

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No money in advance. Safe delivery at your depot insured. Installments. Easy payments. Our new 1899 catalogue shows it all. Send for it today. Our Clearance Sale is now on. You have just time to get a high grade piano at a low price. Write us what you want and we will send you a [illegible]

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Premium Book. Organs from $[illegible] up. Pianos from $[illegible] up. Coupon entitles you to deduct $10.00 from the price of any Organ, or $25.00 from any Piano. We give more for the money than any Company in the World. You can prove it by writing us before you buy. We want the largest and best Catalogue in the world. **Our Motto:**

LARGE SALES, SMALL PROFITS.

You may not buy from us, but get our Catalogue. It will at least make other companies come down to our prices. We can save you [illegible] Our factories, with the most modern equipment, enables us to give you a high-grade instrument at a figure much below that of any other company in the world.

Incorporated for Fifty Years. We Lead, Others Follow.

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BOX 741 WASHINGTON, N. J.

SEND ONLY 25 cts.

and the measure of foot, say where other shoes hurt and we will make to measure of genuine Vici Kid either Black or Tan, Lace or Button, the prettiest most stylish, most becoming, most comfortable and longest wearing pair of dress shoes you ever had at any price. You examine shoes first, and if more than delighted with the expert workmanship, New York style, fancy stitching, silk lining, patent leather tips and facings, pay express agent balance, only $2.25. If not more than satisfied order shoes returned at our expense. NOTE.—This firm is reliable and famous for elegant perfect-fitting shoes at the marvelously low price of only $2.50.

HOW TO MEASURE. With a tape, measure foot at heel, instep and ball, as indicated in illustration. Give size and width, also whether button or lace. Measure over stocking.

HOGG & DOWNEY,
Shoe Masters, 126 DUANE ST., NEW YORK.

$4.95 buys a Man's All Wool Suit

of Rich Blue Serge, warranted Best Fast Color, Guaranteed equal in quality, style and looks to others' best $10 Suits.

THE MATERIAL is Mali's Best All-wool Serge, [illegible] picked wool yarn, dyed by a new process and cannot fade. It is [illegible] year around wear; is firmly woven, will positively not fade or wear shiny, and will [illegible] by the same cloth used in the [illegible] that retail everywhere for $[illegible] remember we will sell only [illegible] suits at $4.95—after they've gone the price will be $[illegible] Don't delay but order today before they are all gone.

EXPERT SUIT TAILORS will make the suit in the latest cash style to fit [illegible] perfect [illegible] with Hercules guaranteed [illegible] linen stitch, piped with Satteen AAA quality cloth and [illegible] best grade of canvass, and sewed every seam with pure silk and linen thread.

SEND NO MONEY but send the age, with your height, chest measure and inside measure. We will send the suit by express C.O.D. and allow you to examine and try it on before you pay one cent. If found exactly as represented, the greatest bargain on earth and worth double our price, then pay express agent $4.95 and expressage and take the suit. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory for advertising purposes. Many may ask [illegible] to $9.00—no more at $4.95 after 1800 are sold. Order quick or they'll be gone. Don't miss this wonder chance.

WE SELL 1800 SUITS AT $4.95

WE MAKE other suits from $5.95 to $13.95. Write for free samples of cloth.

G. LOUIS VEHON CO. 155 W. Jackson St. Chicago, Ill.

GOING TO MOVE?

your stoves, stove pipe or other metal articles cannot rust or tarnish even if it rains, if you gently coat them with

RUSTLESS OLEITE.

It will not soil the hands can be wiped off with a cloth

Order of your dealer or by mail prepaid, 25 cents.
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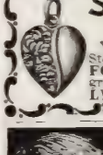

SOLID SILVER HEART CHARM.

We will send a sample of this SOLID Sterling Heart Charm to any address for FOUR CENTS in postage stamps, and a great illustrated catalogue of jewelry FREE. LYNN & CO., 48 Bond St., New York.

Chambard's Tea, the most popular family medicine in France for biliousness, constipation, indigestion, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, swelling of the stomach, congestion, eczema. The most agreeable and best purgative. Box 35 cents by mail. **Legoll's** Pharmacy, 286 7th Ave., N. Y., and leading druggists.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1 at Druggists

The Man with the Pitcher

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 23. Mark 14:12-16

FAMILIAR as is the story of that wonderful, solemn night which closed the ministry of our Lord, it may be useful to dwell on one of the accessories of the picture which may have been dwarfed into insignificance by the sublimity of the main features. Christ had been looking forward to that night with sad, but intrepid feelings. He said to his disciples: "With desire, I have desired to eat this Passover with you, before I suffer." It had been in his mind to have the familiar faces around him at the farewell meal, and to utter words which should console them in the impending bereavement and inspire them with courage to go on when they were leaderless. But where should the meeting take place? At this day how gladly would magnificent homes be thrown open to Jesus for such a celebration! How many thousands there are now who would count it the highest honor they could achieve, to have him under their roof and have him use their houses for his purpose! But then, comparatively unknown; despised and ridiculed and hated by the chief men of his nation, where would he find a door open to him? He, whose influence can reach any heart, provided for the emergency and the honor of entertaining the party was conferred on some unknown man, who was to be recognized by his carrying a pitcher.

A very humble man we should judge this man to have been. Such duties were usually performed by female servants. It was they who brought water from the well for the uses of the household. In those countries, where woman is accounted inferior, it would be a mark of degradation for a man to be doing a woman's work. But this was the man for whom the disciples were looking, and through him the need of the Master was to be met. In the work that Christ has been doing in the world since then, such men have been eminently useful. The men of humble mind, who quietly go about their ordinary work, caring nothing for their lowliness, have often been the connecting link between their Lord and the soul that receives and welcomes him. The greatest preacher of modern times, who probably brought more souls to Christ than any man of this generation—the late Charles H. Spurgeon—was himself converted under the preaching of such a man. A humble Methodist exhorter trying in his simple way to make the Gospel plain to his hearers, had among them this young man who casually strayed into the room and listened. Little did he know what was to be the effect of his sermon. But he did his duty and he carried the word that Spurgeon needed right to his heart. It was only one soul, but from that soul what a harvest! Thousands in his own land and multitudes in other lands were to be brought in through that one seed. And Spurgeon did not even know his name. He was simply a man carrying a pitcher.

It is remarkable how often the call to service has come to men while they were engaged in their ordinary worldly work. As Elijah looking for a successor found him in the person of a man ploughing the field, so this man was honored by being made useful while he was doing menial work. True, it was only a humble service, but just then it was a very necessary service. He was the guide to the men who were looking for a place in which the most memorable meal in the history of the world was eaten. How happy any man might be to render even the humblest service to Christ. It is so little that we can do for him compared with what he did for us, that even that man bearing a pitcher is enviable. And we may do like service in a better way. Christ is still asking, "Where is the guest-chamber where I shall eat the Passover?" He wants to know where there is a heart to which he will be welcome, where there is a soul that will admit him. As we go about our daily work we may find such a refuge, which will be blessed by his presence. We cannot preach, perhaps, or do any great thing for the Master; but if we can be guides, if we can be the means of bringing him to the soul that needs him, we may well be grateful. It is not in meditation or in withdrawal from the world that we reach the dignity of serving him. In going about our daily tasks, in doing our ordinary work, it is possible that we may be instrumental in facilitating something on which he has set his heart, and so may be honored by being employed as was this man with the pitcher.

The Bowery Mission

The following contributions in aid of the work of the Bowery Mission have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Prev ack	$231 40
——, Sistersville	7 50
Mrs Matilda J Bauer	2 50
——, Ridgeway	1 00
P L S, Waterville	5 00
Emanuel Winter	2 50
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B F Yoder	2 00
Mrs Geo Waldron	1 00
Willis Gregory	50
Sarah J Kempton	2 00
M D, Plainfield	2 00
Susanna E Loy	1 00
P H H, Dover	2 00
Darden Walker	1 00
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Mr and Mrs W W Tanbanks	2 00
C T W, N Y City	2 00
E C R, Phila	5 00
A friend, Richmond borough	5 00
C B S, Santa Cruz	10
N M Laimbeer	75
A friend, Orange	50
W R Spaulding	1 00
S L W, N Y City	50 00
Mrs C Linch	1 00
A subr to the C H, Norwich	3 50
Irvin Mentzer	1 00
Mrs Louis A Peirson	1 00
Total	$349 80

Free Catarrh Remedy

Trial Sample of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure Mailed Free to Any One Suffering From Catarrh.

Dr. Blosser, the celebrated Catarrh Specialist of the South, offers a trial sample of his valuable remedy to any one suffering from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness, etc. The remedy is applied in the form of a medicated smoke-vapor, which, being inhaled, makes a direct application to the diseased parts.

Wonderful success has attended the use of this remedy. Thousands of cases have been cured—many of them were of 15, 20, 25 and even 40 years standing. The cost of the treatment is very moderate. A book, "Plain Facts About Catarrh," and a three days treatment will be mailed to any sufferer who will write at once. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

Farm Wagon for Only $19.95.

In order to introduce their Low Metal Wheels with Wide Tires, the Empire Manufacturing Company, Quincy, Ill., have placed upon the market a Farmer's Handy Wagon, sold at the low price of $19.95. The wagon is only 25 inches high, fitted with 24 and 30-inch wheels with 4-inch tire.

This wagon is made of best material throughout, and really costs but a trifle more than a set of new wheels, and fully guaranteed for one year. Catalogue giving a full description will be mailed upon application by the Empire Manufacturing Co., Quincy, Ill., who also will furnish metal wheels at low prices, made any size and width of tire to fit any axle.

8000 BICYCLES

Overstock Must be closed out. '98 MODELS $9 to $16. Shopworn and second hand wheels, good as new, $3 to $10. NEW '99 MODELS $11 to $30. Great factory clearing sale. We ship to anyone on approval and trial without a cent in advance

EARN A BICYCLE

by helping us advertise our superb line of '99 models. We give one Rider Agent in each town FREE USE of sample wheel to introduce them. *Write at once for our special offer.*

E. A. MEAD CYCLE CO., CHICAGO., ILLS.

HEADACHE CURED FREE We will send, *free, postpaid*, a 10c. package of **Dr. Scott's Headache Powders** to any one who suffers from headache GEO. A. SCOTT, Room 7, 842 Broadway, New York.

THYININE, a Wonderful Discovery, destroys all unpleasant odor of Perspiration, is perfectly harmless, and when once used, no one would be without it. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents a box, or sent on receipt of price. Liberal discount to agents. **The Thyinine Co., 77 Bible House, New York.**

CLOTHING SALESMEN WANTED.

$150.00 PER MONTH AND EXPENSES MADE BY ALL OUR ACTIVE MEN. WE PAY MANY FAR MORE.

WE WANT MEN IN EVERY COUNTY in the United States. If your reference is satisfactory we will start you at once. No experience necessary. No capital required. We furnish a full line of samples, stationery, etc. A tailor's-for-the-trade complete outfit ready for business. NO COMMISSION PLAN. You regulate your profits to suit yourself. No house to house canvass. This is not one of the many catchy advertisements for agents, but one of the most few advertisements offering a rare opportunity to secure steady, high-grade **EMPLOYMENT AT BIG WAGES.**

We are the LARGEST TAILORS in America.

We make to measure over 300,000 suits a year. We occupy entire one of the largest business blocks in Chicago. We refer you to the Corn Exchange National Bank in Chicago, any Express or Railroad Co. in Chicago, any resident of Chicago. Before engaging with us, write to any friend in Chicago and ask them to come and see us, then write you if it is a rare opportunity to secure steady, high-class, big-paying employment. Better still come to Chicago yourself and see us before engaging and satisfy yourself regarding every word we say. You can get steady work and big pay. Work in your own county 300 days in the year and you can't make less than $5 every day above all expenses. **WE WANT TO ENGAGE YOU** to take orders for our Made-to-Order and Measure Custom Tailoring, (Men's Suits, Pants and Overcoats). We put you in the way to take orders from almost every man in your county; a business better than a store with a $20,000.00 stock. You will have no competition.

WE ARE THE LARGEST TAILORS IN AMERICA Of Fine Custom-Made Garments. We buy our cloth direct from the largest European and American Mills. We control the product of several Woolen Mills. We operate the most extensive and economic custom tailoring plant in existence, thus reducing the price of Suits and Overcoats made to order to $5.00 and upward; Pants from $1.50 to $5.00. We show a large line of suits at from $5.00 to $8.00. Prices so low that nearly every one in your county will be glad to have their suits made to order.

RIO, WIS., June 20th, 1898.

GENTLEMEN:—In reply to your letter requesting the use of my photograph for advertising purposes, and asking how I am pleased with the work, would say I do not object to your using my photograph, as your prices are very low and garments so exact to my measurements that I gladly recommend you. I would add that I have never made less than $80.00 per month since I received your first outfit, and in the best months have made as high as $150.00 per month. Very truly, E. J. DOYLE.

Should you write Mr. Doyle, be sure to enclose a 2c stamp for reply.

We have hundreds of letters similar to Mr. Doyle's.

We Furnish You a large, handsome leather bound book, containing large cloth samples of our entire line of Suitings, Pantaloonings, etc., a book which COSTS US SEVERAL DOLLARS; also Fine Colored Fashion Plates, Instruction book, Tape Measure, Business Cards, Stationery, Advertising Matter, and your name and address on rubber stamp with pad complete. We also furnish you a Salesman's Net Confidential Price List. The prices are left blank under each description so you can fill in your own selling prices, arranging your profit to suit yourself. As soon as you receive your sample book and general outfit and have read our book of instructions carefully, which teaches you how to take orders, and marked in your selling price, you are ready for business and can begin taking orders from every one. At your low prices, business men, farmers, and in fact every one will order their suits made. **You can take several orders every day at $1.00 to $5.00 profit on every order. EVERY ONE WILL BE ASTONISHED AT YOUR LOW PRICES.**

YOU REQUIRE NO MONEY. Just take the orders and send them to us, and we will make the garments within 5 days and send direct to your customers by express C. O. D., subject to examination and approval, at your selling price, and every week we will send you a check for all your profit. You need collect no money, deliver no goods, simply go on taking orders, adding a liberal profit and we deliver the goods, collect all the money and every week promptly send you in one round check your full profit for the week. NEARLY ALL OUR GOOD MEN GET A CHECK from us of AT LEAST $40.00 every week in the year.

THE OUTFIT IS FREE. We make no charge for the book and complete outfit, but as each outfit costs us SEVERAL DOLLARS, to protect ourselves against many who would impose on us by sending for the outfit with no intention of working, but merely out of idle curiosity. As a GUARANTEE OF GOOD FAITH on the part of EVERY APPLICANT, we require you to fill out the blank lines below, giving the names of two parties as reference, and further agreeing to pay, merely as a temporary deposit, ONE DOLLAR and express charges for the outfit, when received, if found as represented and really a sure way of making big wages. The $1.00 you agree to pay when outfit is received does not begin to pay the cost to us, but insures us you mean business. WE WILL REFUND YOUR $1.00 as soon as your orders have amounted to $25.00. WHICH AMOUNT YOU CAN TAKE THE FIRST DAY YOU WORK.

Fill out the following lines carefully, sign your name, cut out and send to us, and the outfit will be send you AT ONCE.

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The Christian Herald

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On above two lines give as reference names of two men over 21 years of age who have known you one year or longer.

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THE VICUNA IS COVERED BY A BINDING GUARANTEE. Frame is 22 or 24 inch, made from best seamless tubing, finest two-piece Denton hanger, finest full ball bearings, Mason arch crown, enameled black, green or maroon, highly nickel finished, Delhi padded saddle, up or down turn handlebars, best Doyle pedals, HIGH GRADE GUARANTEED REGAL PNEUMATIC TIRES, fine leather bag, complete with all tools and repair outfit, **ORDER TODAY.** YOU CAN MAKE $50.00 EVERY MONTH SELLING THESE WHEELS AT $25.00. (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable—Editor.)

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For $1.00 we furnish a Gas Lamp, the exact same lamp as is now being widely advertized as a premium with a bicycle as a REGULAR $4.00 ACETYLENE LAMP, but we do not guarantee or recommend it.

BABY CARRIAGES Shipped C. O. D. You write to any one at Wholesale Prices. NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. Buy from factory and deal direct with us. $18 Carriages for $9, $5.00 Carriages for $2.50 $12 " " $6. GO-CARTS from $2.50 up. Send for free illustrated catalog and freight offer. CASH BUYERS' UNION, 164 West VanBuren Street, B-18 Chicago, Ills

NO DIRT LEFT in clothes washed with the "BUSY BEE WASHER" 100 pieces in one hour and no hard work done. That is the record. AGENTS WANTED. Exclusive sale. Write for terms, Lake Erie Mfg. Co., 119 E. 13 St., Erie, Pa.

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soap is not only the best in all the world for toilet and bath but also for shaving. Pears was the inventor of shaving stick soap.

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because we sell you wire fence direct from the factory at wholesale prices.

The dealer does not give you a better fence than we do, but he charges you more for it. You can buy the

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direct from us just as cheap as the dealer can. That makes a saving that will amount to something nice. A postal card will bring you our low prices and circulars.

ADVANCE FENCE COMPANY, 1904 Old Street, Peoria, Ill.

No Money in Advance!

$15.50 HIGH GRADE BICYCLES

Shipped anywhere on approval with privilege to examine. Latest styles for Men, Women, Boys and Girls, well made and durable.

$60 "Oakwood" $24.50
$50 "Arlington" $22.00

No better wheels made. Others at $10, $13.50, $15.50, $17.50 & $19.50; all splendid value. Buy direct from manufacturers, thus saving dealer's large profit. We want agents for personal offer. Illustrated Catalogue Free. CASH BUYERS' UNION, 162 W. Van Buren St., B-18, Chicago, Ills.

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Has a Pad different from all others, is self-adjusting, with ball in center and is worn next to the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy and cheap. Send for illustrated Circulars free. C. H. ECCLESTON & CO., 1201 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

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$50 White Star Machine, - - $22.00
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Standard Sewers, $9, $12.50, 16.00

Large illustrated catalogue, free. WE PAY FREIGHT. Address in full,

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"Mizpah" Valve Nipples

WILL NOT COLLAPSE

and therefore prevent mastitis. The valve principle is a vacuum being formed to collect milk. Two full sized nipples, by mail, postpaid, with full instructions, 25c. The proof of the pudding is the eating. Sample free by mail.

WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

O'Neill's

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Fine Millinery, Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Cloaks, Costumes, House Furnishing Goods, etc.

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IT ILLUSTRATES AND TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT THE TREMENDOUS VARIETY OF GOODS WE SELL. A POSTAL CARD WILL BRING IT TO YOU.

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ONE YEAR'S FREE TRIAL

WE WILL SHIP A CORNISH PIANO OR A CORNISH ORGAN ANYWHERE UPON THE DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING THAT IF IT IS NOT SATISFACTORY TO PURCHASER AFTER 12 MONTHS' USE WE WILL TAKE IT BACK AND REFUND PURCHASE MONEY AND FREIGHT CHARGES WITH 6 INTEREST ADDED.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS CORNISH PLAN

and for a complete description of the instruments made by us see our new Souvenir Catalogue for 1899, handsomely illustrated in colors. The most comprehensive musical catalogue in the trade. The frontispiece is a masterly reproduction in fac-simile of an interesting oil painting, designed and executed for us by an eminent artist, representing "Saint Cecelia and the Angelic Choir." This beautiful catalogue is sent FREE charges prepaid, and we also include our novel reference book "The Heart of the People." Catalogue, Book and our latest Special Offers FREE.

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REFERENCES—For many years back any bank or any of the manufacturers of patents with have purchased millions of dollars worth of instruments from us during the past fifty years.

Mention paper and write to-day. CORNISH & CO., (Established nearly 50 yrs) WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

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No. 3004 Buggy Price $47.25 With Leather Quarter Top

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You save the jobber's commission and the retailer's profit when you buy direct from the factory. You pay the cost of making with one moderate profit added. We are not agents, but manufacturers of buggies, carriages, surreys, phaetons, wagons, harness and horse accessories. Everything guaranteed. With our Illustrated catalogue you can order easily and safely. If what you order does not suit, send it back and we will pay the freight both ways. First, get the catalogue. You are welcome to a copy.

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Do you Want Harness of any Kind?

If so, we can save you money. We sell direct to the consumer from our factory. We make 100 styles of single and double harness, each the best for its kind—all of leather. Send 2c. stamp to pay postage and get our 148-page catalogue. KING HARNESS CO. 109 Church St., Owego, N. Y.

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AND PREMIUMS.—FACTORY TO FAMILY

Send for a beautiful booklet free. It tells how to obtain, free, the famous Larkin premiums worth $10.00 each.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Larkin St., Buffalo, N.Y.

OUR OFFER FULLY EXPLAINED IN The Christian Herald, March 29th.

SILK REMNANTS FOR CRAZY WORK.

A big package of beautiful silk Remnants, from 1 to 10 pieces, all specially trimmed, prepared from a large accumulation of silks especially adapted for all kinds of fancy work. We give more than double any other offer, and for fashionable and big large sizes, in most beautiful colors and designs. Send 2c. stamps to Paris Silk Company, Box 2546, New York, N.Y. This concern is reliable and the package of astonishing value.

Palms and Ferns

PALMS AND FERNS are the most elegant plants for use in rooms of refinement and elegance. They are suitable for all seasons. The Cocos Palm is the most ornate and beautiful variety. The Boston Fern is the best of all Ferns for house culture, and grows easy in shade and every room in your home. Send for catalogue.

Price—Cocos Palm, 25c.; Boston Fern, 20c. The two as shown above from photos, postpaid for only 40c.

Buy and exchange of foreign plants with those people in other countries. We have connections in Germany, France, Belgium, Canada, Great W. Ind. Islands and Mexico. Your own CANNA COLLECTION is the best in the world!

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15 Ferns and Palms for $1.00, prepaid.
10 Roses, all different, 50c, prepaid.
10 Geraniums, assorted, 50c, prepaid.
10 Cannas, all different, 50c, prepaid.
1 Acalypha, the Chenille Plant, 50c. "

Our Greenhouses are the most complete in the West for growing and shipping Plants well rooted, healthy. They never grow large plants (Cannas only). We carry over 1,000 varieties. Our Catalogue, the best Flower Seeds in America.

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Sent to Anyone C.O.D. With privilege of examination and try on.

$3.65 SEND NO MONEY

Our Fashion Catalogue

No. 10. This elegant [illegible] is made from a fine grade of fine cambric [illegible] and is trimmed with [illegible] and [illegible] bound [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] with buttons and [illegible] and [illegible] bound [illegible] with [illegible] and

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 16

COPYRIGHT 1899, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE LATE BARONESS DE HIRSCH

This excellent portrait of the late Baroness (the story of whose splendid liberality to the suffering and the oppressed is told on another page), is reproduced for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by special permission of the owner. It is the only authentic photograph of the famous philanthropist in this country. Our other illustrations are from photographs, taken specially for this journal, of a typical philanthropy, one of many established in the Eastern States by the late Baron and Baroness: The Hirsch Agricultural and Industrial Training School, at Woodbine, N. J. The illustrations are: (1) A Woodbine Residence; (2) Workers in the Fields; (3) The Colony School-house; (4) The Synagogue; (5) A Worker's Dwelling and (6) The Farm Buildings, with group in foreground which includes Prof. H. L. Sabsovich, M.A., Superintendent of the Colony. The Woodbine experiment, now eight years old, is a pronounced success, and the Colony's farm products have repeatedly been awarded valuable premiums (See page 300)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mrs. S. H. P. (Subscriber). The worship of the "Bambino" is common in many Catholic countries, and images and effigies of saints, etc., are publicly displayed to adoring multitudes.

E. E. C., Rome, O. 1. Is the name of the river known, by the brink of which Moses was laid, Exodus 2:3? 2. Were the immediate surroundings level or mountainous? 3. Can you give a description of the "bulrushes" and "flags" that grow in that place?

1. It was doubtless the Nile, near Tanis, (now called San), the ancient capital. 2. Level. 3. They are like the tall, weedy grasses that grow in the low, marshy banks of many other rivers, particularly in tropical countries. A bulrush is a long, slender, rounded plant of the papyrus species. It was once very abundant in Egypt, but is now scarce. The little ark or basket in which Moses was exposed was woven of those weeds. The flag is a grassy weed, broader and coarser than the bulrush. A mummy, supposed to be that of the Princess Nofretari, who adopted Moses, has been found by recent investigators in Egypt.

Helen E. Thompson, Macon, N. C., writes to ask whether some reader will send her a copy of the verses beginning: "I have many things to tell, but ye cannot bear them now." The title of the poem is, "O! Christ in Heaven."

Willa T., Chicago, Ill. I have been asked whether a thing is right when we believe it is right, and I am in doubt. It seems to be a question whether conscience is an absolutely safe guide.

It is possible for a person to believe that a wrong thing is right. A case in point is that of the Apostle Paul, who said that when he was persecuting Christians he honestly believed he was doing God service. The conscience needs to be enlightened. It is often possible to show a person that a certain course of conduct is wrong, even after he has come to a conclusion that it is right. The conscience is sometimes blinded by sophistry or by a strong desire for some coveted pleasure or gain. Or it may have been affected by education or environment. We are bound to follow its dictates and do what we believe to be right, but we have to be careful to get all the light we can to aid it in coming to a right decision.

A reader writes us, apropos of the recent opening of the Alaska Railroad: "Far up north, in Sweden, on the Bay of Bothnia, at the city of Lulia, a railroad was built, and has been in operation for the last eight years, that runs from Lulia to Gillivare, a mining place, seventy-five kilometres (forty-seven miles) north of the Arctic Circle." This is farther north than the Alaska Railroad

We are always glad to hear from our boys in blue in distant lands. This letter from a well-known Y. M. C. A. worker now in Porto Rico, shows that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a regular and welcome visitor in our military camps abroad:

SAN JUAN, Porto Rico, April 5, 1899.

Publisher "The Christian Herald":

Dear Sir:—On behalf of the soldiers in this far-away island, I wish to thank you for the copy of your publication which comes so regularly. If you could see the smile of welcome on the faces looking up into ours from hospital cots, and the crowds who run to meet us at the gate of Morro Castle your thoughtful service to the men who are so often homesick for a sight of the United States, and who receive their news principally through your paper, I hope you will continue your co-operation, and if your readers have magazines and books which they would like to have circulated among the soldiers, ask them to send them to me prepaid and I will attend to their distribution.

See'y Army and Navy Y. M. C. A.

E. A. G., Blanchard, Ia. You reported some time ago that Mary Reed, a missionary in India, had been healed of leprosy. How was it done? By medicine, or the "Leaves of Healing," or by faith?

We reported that the disease had made no progress, and that it was believed by Miss Reed and her friends in India that she was completely cured. She consulted one or two physicians in Europe and in India, who, we believe, prescribed for her. Whether she took their medicine we do not know. It is so unprecedented for any leper to be healed that Miss Reed is convinced that she was healed by Christ's interposition, in answer to her own prayers.

J. F. R., Mundan, Kan., writes:

My father has a Bohemian Bible printed in 1787, and a Prayer Book (miniature size—to be more easily hidden during the persecution) printed in 1630.

J. B. V., Guntersville, Ala. If a town taxes the saloons to support the public schools, ought Christian teachers to refuse to teach for money so collected, and ought Christian parents to refuse to allow their children to be educated with such funds?

The better way would be to work on the conscience of the town and to make an organized effort to convince the people that such a mode of raising school-funds is inconsistent and wrong. For teachers to leave their posts and parents to keep their children out of school on that account would be very unwise. It would be another wrong, and, according to the old adage, "two wrongs cannot make a [illegible]."

W. B., Washington, D. C. As every man has two parents, and each of these two parents, thus continually doubling for each generation backward he would have over one billion grand-[illegible] generations ago, and as that is more than all the people that then lived on the earth, how are we to explain this?

It requires no explanation. You have simply erred at the outset in stating that "every man has two parents," which is true, but misleading, since it may with equal truth be asserted that six, eight or ten men have two parents in common. This principle, working backward (as you will doubtless perceive), speedily reduces the whole human race to its two original progenitors.

Edmund H. S., Lee, Mass. I send you a clipping from a New York paper, in which Rev. Dr. Buckley is quoted as making a certain statement. Is the reverend gentleman correct?

The clipping enclosed by our correspondent relates to the proceedings of the New York East Conference, which adopted a resolution approving of the efforts of the Czar of Russia to establish universal peace. As originally presented, it contained a clause directing that the resolution be sent to St. Petersburg. Dr. Buckley, who is usually credited with a prodigious memory, is quoted as saying that he was "afraid the Czar did not know of the New York East Conference, and that the only minister ever known to a Czar was Dr. Talmage, and the Czar he knew was dead." Dr. Buckley's impulsiveness in debate here led him into error. Dr. Talmage was received by and conversed with both Alexander and Nicholas, the latter then Czarowitch and now Czar. The Conference, though perceiving Dr. Buckley's slip, generously let it pass.

Reader, Frankford. The balloting for a U. S. Senator must continue until a result is reached. The law directs that the joint assembly of both houses shall meet every legal day at noon and "take at least one ballot daily until a Senator is elected." A deadlock may be broken by a withdrawal or the nomination of a new candidate. The Governor certifies the election. He may appoint, *ad interim*, when Legislature is not in session.

R. S. McD., Germantown, Pa. What is the present status of relief work in Cuba?

There is no longer starvation, according to the reports of our army officials. General Brooke has been, and probably still is, issuing rations to reconcentrados in certain districts, but the keen suffering is over. Many thou[illegible] dos have returned to their own localities in the country, whence they were driven by W[illegible]. Free rations are being supplied by Government in some thirteen towns in the Department of Matanzas and also in several places in the Department of Santa Clara, but the number of dependents is stead[illegible].

A very touching little note accompanies the following letter:

[illegible], April 6, 1899.

[illegible] Mr. Blackburn [illegible] forward them to you. LILLIAN SMITH.

The note which is written, baby fashion, in sprawling capitals, says:

Dear Mr. Blackburn—Mother has been read[illegible] them the money I made by selling eggs. I want [illegible] go fishing with me. Grandfather and I caught a fish that weighed ten pounds. I hope you will come to see us. Your little friend,

MAGGIE [illegible].

Little Miss Maggie's gift (25c.) has been forwarded to Porto Rico, where it will help some of the poor, little, ragged and hungry native children. Though the suffering in Cuba [illegible] to relieve, the representatives of the Y. M. C. A. in Porto Rico have written that there is a great deal of want and privation there that call for our sympathy and aid.

WAITING FOR THE BULL-FIGHT—A FAMILIAR SCENE IN MEXICO

In a recent letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bishop McCabe, then in Mexico City, told of the shameless desecration of the Lord's day by bull-fighting. It is true, as the Bishop pointed out, that the brutal spirit is supported largely on the Sabbath by the presence of hundreds of visitors from the United States, whose entrance fees often constitute the principal source of revenue for the day. Were they to discontinue their attendance, the desecration would soon die out for lack of support.

Jennie A., Dayton, O. No; the law prohibiting the wearing of stuffed birds, or birds' feathers or skins on hats applies only to a single State—Arkansas. It provides for the arrest and punishment of the slaughterers of the birds, the sellers and the wearers. The [illegible] for each bird or part of a bird so used. Arkansas has taken the lead in this humane reform, and thereby set an example to other States.

F. G., Shelton, Conn. In [illegible] catechism excel the old? I do not think it so good a catechism as [illegible] which I learned as a child.

No one claims that it excels the old, but probably a Presbyterian or a Baptist would prefer it to your favorite catechism, and you would doubtless prefer it to the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism." Its chief merit is that it represents the belief of so many Christians. This is no slight matter in union churches. There are many small towns in which it would be better to have one church with this catechism as a basis of creed, than four or five churches, poorly supported and burdened with debt. The new catechism shows that the great body of Christ's people are nearer akin in their belief than was previously supposed.

G. F. P., Armour, S. Dak. We do not know.

Nannie N. Y. Z., Gayly, Pa. Write to the Secretary, Presbyterian Board, 156 Fifth avenue, New York.

Ruth Tollingsbee. 1. He was not. 2. See any history of the United States. 3. Watch Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster's department.

Reader, Moormans River, Va. The terms are synonymous, as applied to monarchies. The real distinctions are constitutional and absolute.

Marie R. G., Needham, Mass. 1. Such a letter was printed in all the daily newspapers at the time. 2 and 3. Write to the *Diario de la Marina*, Havana, for reliable information.

R. W. L., Burnet, Vt. 1. If the agent incur the debt in his official capacity the government would be liable; otherwise not. 2. Presumably not. 3. To answer would be mere speculation. The future belongs to God.

Hattie D., South Dayton, N. Y. The speculations regarding Lilith, the "earth-wife" of Adam, are based on ancient fable and tradition. Lilith, (a screech-owl or creature of the night) was, according to the rabbins a nocturnal spectre, vampire or ghoul, which carried off children and destroyed them. Like many similar stories, it is purely mythical.

Delancey H. M., Amityville, N. Y. 1. Protestant Episcopal clergy, 4,754; churches, 6,205; communicants, 679,604. 2. Unknown, but probably very little. 3. The summit of the Great Ararat is 16,254 feet above the level of the sea and 13,350 above the plain of the Araxes. Little Ararat is 12,284 above sea level and 9,561 above the plain.

Little Diana, the Heathen

The Waif of a Congo Tribe, under Christian Training, is Developing Noble Qualities

THERE are doubtless many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who will recall the story, published in these columns several years ago, of Diana, the three-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Tia and Wah, of the Grebo tribe, in Liberia, Africa. She is the little African maid, whom the venerable Bishop Wm. Taylor took, as a "raw heathen" and placed her as an adopted daughter in the Christian home of an American missionary at Pluka Station, Liberia. A short time after that event, little Diana was brought to this country, where her diminutive stature and bright face, shining with intelligence, attracted much attention. The change from the Liberian climate to that of New York, even in May, proved dangerous to Diana, and the utmost care had to be taken to prevent her from succumbing to colds and lung troubles, which frequently attack natives of the tropics when they undergo a radical change of climate. But, thanks to the care of her good friends, Diana lived and throve, and when she returned to her native land, she was carefully trained by the missionaries and taught the manners and customs of civilization. Diana, like many other little heathen children, "got religion" early, and gave her heart to Christ in her tender youth. There are, in the great African continent, some forty millions of children in the same unenlightened condition in which Diana was, when the missionaries first took her from the heathen tribe to which she belonged, and by whose consent she came to her new home at Pluka.

LITTLE DIANA.
(Seven years ago)

DIANA, AS SHE IS TO-DAY

Seven years have passed since these events occurred. Children grow up very quickly in Africa, and Diana is now a tall, prepossessing girl, and is with Miss Lizzie Buckwalter, an American M. E. missionary, at Kambini, East Africa. She is a great help to her missionary foster-mother. In a letter to Mrs. Stephen Merritt, in this country, Miss Buckwalter writes:

"Diana is a great comfort and help to us. I hardly know how we could keep house without her, she is such a blessing. We hope to send her to Natal to school next year. We did not see our way to part with her this year."

Should Diana's life be spared, she, in her turn, will become a teacher and missionary among her own people, and thus the gifts of the Christian people who have supported these missions will be multiplied, and become the means of bringing many into the kingdom through the native children, who, like Diana, have been brought into the Gospel fold in childhood.

In the same letter, the missionary gives some interesting glimpses of the experiences she and her fellow-workers are now enduring. She says:

"We are twenty miles from Dr. and Mrs. Richards, and twenty-five from the post-office, and are therefore quite isolated. The arrival of the mail once a month is quite an event. Mrs. Richards and I are the only white women in the province. We try to see each other every two or three months but it seems long between visits. We have been at Kambini a little over a year, and feel quite encouraged over our work. Eight have been converted and have joined the church on probation, and several others have joined the class for instruction. All our services are in the native language. We have had some difficulty in learning this tongue, but since October have worked without an interpreter. We have learned from Bishop Hartzell that the appropriation for Africa has been increased, and we are to have money to support our school and dispensary work. During the past year we have continued this work from our own resources, and this has kept us very poor; but we rejoice daily in the blessings of our Heavenly Father, and are glad to be used to help a few of these poor people who are in such great darkness. Pray for us, for we are surrounded by heathen influences and shut off from all Christian association, except Dr. and Mrs. Richards.

Dr. Richards writes from Imhambane, East Africa, telling of the noble work that is now being done in that section by Mabumbi, a native teacher. She is in a very needy field and in addition to her own two children, she has taken five others—"little, raw heathen"—to raise and instruct in the Gospel of Jesus.

Thus far, Mabumbi's self-denying work has been supported by the gifts of a few godly ladies in the United States, but this source has lately failed, and Dr. Richards commends her strongly to the consideration of all who are interested in African evangelization, as one in every way deserving of encouragement.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

NATIVE HOUSES AT KAMBINI, AFRICA

Another Great Opportunity

The prize proposition placed last month before our readers proved so exceedingly popular, attractive and successful, that we are encouraged to repeat it for subscriptions secured during the month of April and mailed before April 30, 1899. No letter bearing post-mark later than April 30, can be recognized in connection with this competition.

In reply to many inquiries, we beg to say that it is always best to send in each subscription as soon as it is secured, with full remittance, thus avoiding delay and disappointment to the subscriber.

Unless instructed to the contrary, the names of all the successful contestants will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the second issue in May.

Start in to-day, and you will be surprised how easy it is to get subscribers.

To every one desiring it, we will send subscription blanks, colored premium sheets and sample copies free of charge.

This is a great opportunity to earn a number of excellent books and a liberal cash reward. Remember, you earn the books, and, the *cash rewards are an additional incentive* to increased activity, and will be paid to those who are fortunate enough to come out ahead in this competition, *in addition* to whatever books they may be entitled. Thus, even if you should fail to win a cash reward, the books will afford you substantial compensation for any subscribers which you may secure.

We Offer the Following Exceptionally Liberal Rewards:

For One **new** subscription we will give free, all charges prepaid, any one of the following books:

"Onward to Fame and Fortune," by Wm. M. Thayer, 446 pages, beautifully illustrated, bound in cloth, red and gilt;

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· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·

. . . Massacre of the Innocents . . .

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Judges 11: 36, . . .

My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth.

JEPHTHAH was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men, and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and a predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament. The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander-in-chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back;" but he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and, getting no favorable response, marshals his troops for battle.

Before going out to the war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow, that if the Lord will give him the victory, then, on his return home, whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt-offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edges of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the point of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood, and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain.

Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Homeward to your wives and children. Fill high the tankards. The nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed, and the national honor is vindicated.

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid the acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home, that should be sacrificed as a burnt-offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt offering.

Oh, horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast, and pushing the locks back from the fair brow, and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with choked utterance he says, "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain. My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sacrifice!"

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow-hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She bows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek, smokes in the fires of the burnt-offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpeh twisted for Jephthah the warrior have gone into the dust; but all ages are twisting this girl's chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah, or Abigail, or Miriam, but no one in all the ages shall have the title of this daughter of sacrifice.

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord, especially as a provision was made in the law for such a contingency, and Jephthah might have redeemed his daughter by the payment of thirty shekels of silver. But before you hurl your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty, remember that in olden times, when vows were made, men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's vow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it were better broken than kept. But do not take on pretentious airs and say, "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If in former days you had been standing on the banks of the Ganges, and you had been born in India, you might have thrown your children to the crocodiles. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because we have more Gospel light.

Now I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physical, mental, and spiritual sacrifice of ten thousand children in this day. There are parents all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influences which will as certainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. While I speak, the whole nation, without emotion and without shame, looks upon the stupendous sacrifice.

In the first place, I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours in school, and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air, and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of coming life? No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest calibre, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill-ventilated schoolrooms, and poorly equipped halls of instruction is making many of the places of knowledge in this country a huge holocaust.

In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies: children of delicate brain compelled to tasks that might appall a mature intellect; children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact is, in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate, for the simple reason, they say, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution." Tens of thousands of children educated into imbecility: so that connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be asylums for the wrecked.

You may flatter your pride by forcing your child to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child, if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but when you are old or dead, alas! for them, if, through the wrong system of education which you adopted, they have no swarthiness or force of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you make the child's head ache or its heart flutter. I hear a great deal about black man's rights, and Chinaman's rights, and Indian's rights, and woman's rights. Would God that somebody would rise to plead for children's rights. The Carthagenians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into the arms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no sooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking, but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were only one Jephthah's daughter!

Again, there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with wrong systems of discipline—too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the sceptre, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants. There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the Church of God and the pest of the world.

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great rigor. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer, her hand seems better fitted to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother, cry for it. They hope to dissolve her with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper. There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parents shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene. I have witnessed it: a mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs, and mocked her wrinkled face, and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless gums!

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankless child!

But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you cannot successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover that our children have as many. If tradition be true, when we were children we were not all little Samuels, and our parents were not fearful lest they could not raise us because of our premature goodness. You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than ten years of fretting at your children is one good, round old-fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the Gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers, will never come to canonization. The arithmetics cannot calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the groan of the sacrificed. In this important matter, seek divine direction, O father, O mother.

Again: there are many who are sacrificing their children to a spirit of worldliness. In our day most boys start out with no idea higher than the all-encompassing dollar. They start in an age which boasts it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a ten-cent piece, and the Ten Commandments on a ten-cent piece. Children are taught to reduce morals and religion, time and eternity, to a financial transaction. It seems to be their chief attainment that ten cents make a dime, and ten dimes make a dollar. How to get money is only equalled by the other art, how to keep it. Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments? The money market resounds again and again with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what awful tragedy many of the youth of this country are ruined.

Further on, thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialties of society. They are inducted into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that fifty-cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. At thousands of marriage-altars there are daughters slain for time and slain for eternity. It is not a marriage: it is a massacre. Affianced to some one who is only waiting until his father dies, so he can get the property: then a little while they swing around in the circles, brilliant circles; then the property is gone, and having no power to earn a livelihood, the twain sink into some corner of society, the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave, and a sacrifice. Ah! spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head, and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom.

I lift up my voice against the sacrifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath, and I see a group of children, unwashed, uncombed, unchristianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one kind word? Who goes to snatch them from crime and death and woe? Who to-day will go forth and bring them into schools and churches? No. Heap them up, great piles of rags and wretchedness and filth. Put underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more faggots, and while we sit in the churches with folded arms and indifference, crime and disease and death will go on with the agonizing sacrifice.

During the early French Revolution at Bourges, there was a company of boys who used to train every day as young soldiers; and they carried a flag, and they had on the flag this inscription: "Tremble, tyrants, tremble; we are growing up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightier generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin, and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of God? They are coming up! I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-day, encouraging you: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." And though when you lay your head in death there may be some wanderer of the family far away from God, and you may be twenty years in heaven before salvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the kingdom, and before the throne of God you will rejoice that you were faithful. Come at last, though so long postponed his coming. Come at last!

I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and the wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will never stop. Long after you have been garnered for the skies, your prayers, your teachings, and your Christian influence will go on, and help to people heaven with bright inhabitants. Which would you rather see? —which scene would you rather mingle in, in the last great day—being able to say, "I added house to house, and land to land, and manufactory to manufactory: I owned half the city: whatever my eye saw I had, whatever I wanted I got;" or on that day to have Christ look you full in the face and say, "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me: inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it to me?"

China's River of Death

An American Missionary Writes of the Terrible Record of the Hwang-Ho—The Last Great Famine, in which Millions Perished—A Sea that Engulfed Four Million Souls—The Present Distress Awakening World-Wide Sympathy

DRAGON BOAT READY FOR THE FESTIVAL, ON THE MIN RIVER, SOUTHERN CHINA

ALTHOUGH the sad story of China's visitation by flood and famine has only been partially told in the meagre advices that have been received, enough is now known to make it quite certain that the accounts of the suffering in Shantung and the adjoining provinces have in no sense been exaggerated. A general effort is now being made, not only by the Chinese government itself, but by many generous-hearted people in other lands, to aid the sufferers.

As stated in these columns last week, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on ascertaining the character and extent of the suffering, communicated with our State Department at Washington, offering—should the need be so urgent as to make immediate action necessary—to provide a cargo of corn for shipment to Cheefoo, the nearest seaport to the famine region, and requesting government co-operation to the extent of supplying a vessel for transporting the same. This request was promptly transmitted by Secretary Hay to the Quartermaster General of the War Department, and the latter official now sends the following letter:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Quartermaster General's Office,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. Louis Klopsch, Esq.,
Proprietor of "The Christian Herald,"
New York City.

SIR:—In reply to your telegram of 25th ulto., addressed to the Department of State, I am directed by the Quartermaster General to inform you that as all army transports sailing from San Francisco have full cargoes, it will be impracticable for this Department to aid you in the matter of transporting a cargo of corn for the relief of the sufferers from the Yellow River flood in China, as requested in your telegram. Respectfully,

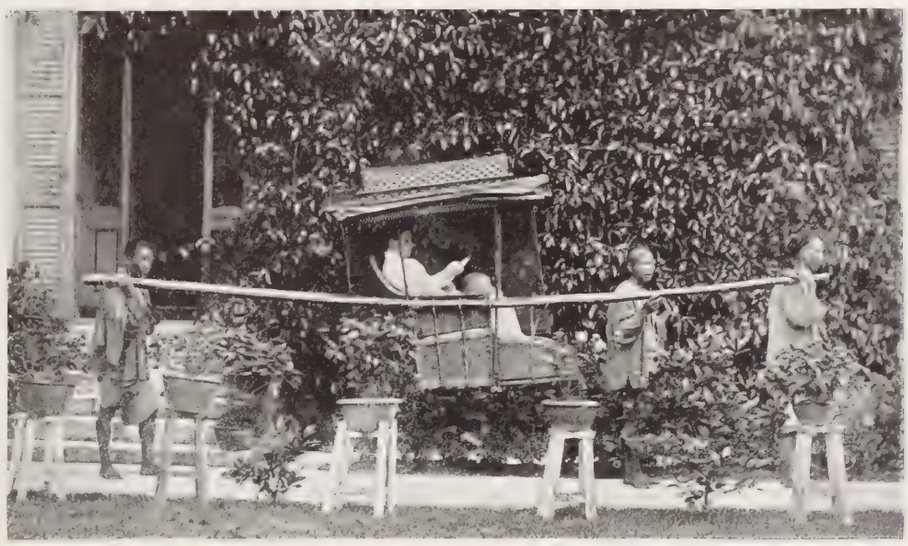
(Signed) CHAS. BIRD,
Col. and Quartermaster U. S. Vol.

This refusal was doubtless unavoidable, in view of the fact that our entire transport fleet has been kept actively engaged ever since the outbreak of the war with Spain, in carrying supplies to the West Indies and the Philippines.

Rev. Dr. S. L. Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin have for many years been actively connected with American mission work in China, and only lately returned from an extended tour in that country. Mrs. Baldwin, who has traveled throughout the famine district, sends a letter which cannot fail to prove interesting to our readers at the present time. She writes:

"To those who know China, and how rarely she cries to other countries, either directly or through friends for help, the appeal for such aid by our U. S. Consul, Mr. Fowler, from Cheefoo, has a great and pitiful meaning of suffering such as few can comprehend in this favored land. China is probably the best supplied with waterways of any great country in the world. She has many great rivers, among which might well be numbered that marvelous structure her grand canal, extending broad and deep 600 miles from the Yang-Tsz to Tien-Tsin, while innumerable smaller canals of every length and width, link rivers and make easily accessible the mighty cities and numerous towns and villages of the many provinces. These serve well in the place of her long delayed railroads and gives food and work to her vast, industrious people. While China's greatest river—broader, longer, deeper, fuller than our Mississippi, and often called 'China Girdle,' because of its central location and its passing through so many provinces—rarely brings other than great blessing to the millions on its plains, the second great water-way, the Hwang Ho, (Yellow River), reaching in its wanderings from the north to within ninety miles of the Yang-Tsz, has made such a record of sorrow and desolation by its mighty floods that it is well termed 'China's Sorrow!' Year after year this uncontrolled river does its deadly work. Villages and towns are blotted out; millions of industrious, patient workers; little homes on the carefully tilled plots of ground; more pretentious homes in villages and towns; children, dear to their parents as are ours to us; women and men, human made to this country for help for China. The first was some years ago, and we were then at Foo Chow, Southern China. The second is the present appeal, and both due to the same cause, the floods of the Yellow River. I shall never forget the first occasion, for though far south of the scenes of suffering, they were vividly before us, and my heart was torn by the sorrows of the people. The flood covered an immense area as it does to-day, and then as now, towns, villages and farms were swept out of existence; more than 1,000,000 of people were destroyed, while as many more were left with absolutely nothing, houses, furniture, clothing, crops, seeds—everything gone, and that not in a warm climate, but in the cold North, which added greatly to the bitter suffering. The poor creatures tried to appease the gnawing pangs of hunger by eating seeds, bark of trees, willow leaves, earth, and even resorted in their hunger-insanity to human flesh. Others dug pits in the earth with their skeleton hands, crawled into them: sucked in eagerly the odors of the earth, died quickly, were passed out and others hastened to take their places. Those dreadful days I ate my own meals and gave to my family with a choke in my throat. Our missionaries and the foreign residents and native people did all they could, but all was so little to meet so great a need.

"As our missionaries went out into the famine districts to distribute relief, the sights were indeed appalling. Men and women and little children lay by the



A CHINESE PALANQUIN AND CARRIERS

In many parts of China in summer, the heat is so intense that Europeans and Americans employ this method of going about, instead of walking

paths and in the fields in all stages of starvation and diseases that accompany such conditions, while living skeletons stood in mute, pitiful groups about them, having lost even the power of appeal save through the staring bones and hungry, sunken eyes. Our missionaries were in danger themselves of starvation, because when they went aside to eat their own food, these mute groups followed, uttering no word, but every bone and skeleton hand, and hungry deep-set eye, yea, their very silence, cried aloud for the food! I believe that in any country but China the poor people would have raided the homes of those who had supplies before coming to such suffering. Through the work of faithful missionaries of different denominations at that time, many a heathen heart was opened to the Gospel of love, and at least one missionary gave his life in this relief work, taking the inevitable famine fever and dying.

"The conditions of that awful time are being repeated now in Shantung Province, while from our Central China work, along the Yang-Tsz, we have word that for lack of the usual rains the crops are destroyed, and the vast millions of those great plains threatened with famine. Already our missionaries are forced to see the suffering as they go to their work, and one wrote: 'In the room with me as I write is one of these famine babes over a year old, weighing less than eight pounds.' While from our old home in the south comes the word, 'all the necessities of life are so high, even some of our best native pastors are suffering.'

"Last year going by rail from Tien Thir to Peking, we passed the so-called 'New Sea,' a vast body of water found on no map of the world, and it is the grave of four millions of people, made by a triple flood of the Yellow River, the Pei-Ho, and the Grand Canal. This occurred in 1890, and yet we never even heard of it! Now this sorrow and desolation are being repeated.

"Are there no benevolent Chinese to help their own people? I have never seen more generous giving than with them. One native firm in Cheefoo, we are told, has given $70,000 and 10,000 bags of corn, but as in India, so in China, the calamity is too great for local relief. Are they a worthless people, mere cumberers of the earth? I have often wondered what they would do with our improved implements—and here again are millions of dollars for us when the farming market of China is opened for our agricultural implements. The farmer ranks next to the literary man in China, they saying that 'the necessities of life came from the ground and are the direct gift of the gods.' The aristocracy of the land are the literati. Wealth is ever second to learning. They know nothing of a military aristocracy which may defend but ever degrades a people. China has never honored fighting, giving no attention to attain skill in killing, but a year ago last September, when her triennial examinations were on, 100,000 of her students went up to their literary halls, found in every capital city of their provinces, to write their themes and seek their degrees. Thirty thousand went to the hall in old Nanking alone. This wonderful fact cannot be duplicated in the world. The Merchant's Year Book gives us London's conclusions, not from sentiment, but from commercial experience, and the following is her startling summing up: For commercial integrity Chinese merchants lead the world at 95; Holland second, at 90; England third, at 85; United States fourth, at 80.

"The eyes of all nations are turned to China to-day. When that incomparably and immeasurably rich country is opened up, its coal and mineral wealth developed, railroads and factories established, a government in power that shall have the welfare of the people at heart, then, indeed, the millennium will be well on its way. The open market of commerce established by England and the United States means a wide open door for the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. China's greatest need. History is being made rapidly these days, and it is a great comfort to know that there is but One who makes the history of the world."

BUDDHIST PRIEST COLLECTING HIS TAX BY BOAT

He is rowed along and the natives put their gifts in his pole-bag

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Comforter Promised

S. S. Lesson for April 30. John 15 : 15-27
Golden Text, John 15 : 16

IN our last lesson we dwelt upon Christ's words: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do because I go unto the Father" (verse 12). He also shall do the works which shall destroy the works of the devil. The works of Christ which fulfil the will of God, and which represent him, are death to the works of the devil, which glorify man, and set up opposition to the will of God.

But how can feeble, fallen, helpless man come to do the works of God? How can man who has been overcome by the devil come to destroy the works of the devil? He who was the Word become flesh, has shown us in his own life. It is only by the power of God dwelling in man, as the Father dwelling in him, did the works. But God cannot dwell where sin reigns, and therefore the shedding of his blood who is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Only as redeemed by his precious blood from the vain manner of life received by tradition from our fathers can we be indwelt of God. Only as redeemed and indwelt of God can we do his works, and so destroy the works of the devil. But it is a moment-by-moment dependence upon the cleansing blood which keeps us in touch with God, and out of reach of the enemy. "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. 12: 11).

By his blood-shedding, and by his life on earth, our beloved Lord prepared the way for the Holy Ghost to come and to dwell in our mortal bodies as his temple: that he might have the full use of all our members as his "instruments of righteousness unto God" (Rom. 6: 13). A real conversion to God changes the whole direction of our lives: we are turned 'round from sin, from our "own way" (Isa. 53: 6), to desire supremely the will of God. We may have very much to learn as to what is his will, we may have many a conflict with our own will, but, if we are really converted and have truly received the Holy Spirit, which is part of a true conversion, it will be our meat, as it was our Master's meat, to do the will of God. It is the test which our Lord himself uses: "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments" (John 14: 15); you cannot do otherwise. "This is the love of God that we keep his commandments" (I. John 5: 3); love is not a sentiment, it is the ruling motive of a life.

"If ye love me, ye will" . . . and I will. Ye will obey, and I will provide you with power to obey. You shall have the same power as I have had: "I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of truth: whom the world cannot receive, for it beholdeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him: for he abideth with you and shall be in you." What a revelation! The world under the power of its prince, "the God of this world" is blindfolded! God the Holy Ghost is here on earth dwelling in his temples, but the world sees nothing of his presence, as although God the Father was on earth dwelling in the human body of Jesus of Nazareth, he was not recognized because the devil succeeded in blinding the minds of the unbelieving Jews of his time.

On our streets, in our offices, traveling with us in the same railway carriage, transacting all the ordinary business of life with us, are men and women whose minds are blinded by the great enemy that they should not see the light of the knowledge of the glory of "Christ who is the image of God" (II. Cor. 4: 4). And unknown to them are men and women in whose hearts the God who said, "Light be, and light was" (Gen. 1: 3), hath shined to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ! Light and darkness are side by side: the kingdom of God and the kingdom of this world's prince. The power of God's kingdom is his indwelling in the hearts of his own: the power of Satan's kingdom is also his indwelling in the hearts of the children of the wicked one.

The world "beholdeth him not, neither knoweth him, but ye know him, for he abideth with you and shall be in you." With you, in you, with disciples who could still strive which should be the greatest, still bargain, "We have left all and followed thee, what shall we have therefore?" (Matt. 19: 27), still deny him, still forsake him—in disciples who afterward were of one heart and one mind, neither said any among them "that ought of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common . . . and great grace was upon them all" (Acts 4: 32, 33). With them the Holy Spirit acted upon them: in them the Holy Spirit controlled and used them. The presence of the Holy Spirit, like the presence of Christ, cannot be hid. And where children of God are obliged to tell us they are filled with the Holy Ghost, the very necessity for such a statement raises the question whether, after all, they may not be mistaken.

The presence of the Holy Spirit within us is also the presence of Christ. He "shall be in you . . . I come unto you" (John 14: 17, 18). Strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith (Eph. 3: 16, 17). "Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also. He shall be in you . . . I come unto you. He shall be in you, and my life shall be life to you, as the Father dwelling in me is life to me." "I live by [or because] of the Father" (John 6: 57). It is only as Holy Spirit dwells within us that we live by the life of Jesus: depending on him for spirit, soul and body, as he in his life as Man, depended upon his Father while all the power of the enemy was directed against him.

"In that day," the day when the Holy Spirit shall be in you, ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. In holy reverence, we may say that by the ministry of God the Holy Ghost dwelling in the hearts of the believing and obedient, they are made "partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption which is in the world through lust" (II. Pet. 1: 4), and thus is the very life of God which flows from the Head, the glorified Man, Christ Jesus, through the Spirit, to every member of his holy body. I in my Father, ye in me, I in you! O how holy is this mystery! What infinite grace that One so great and so holy should thus unite fallen man unto himself!

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

CHRIST'S teaching, in this passage following [illegible] what went before. He has been talking of believing: now he speaks of love. And he goes still another stage and speaks of obedience. So we get the three steps of the Christian life: faith, love and obedience. The product is peace. A whole philosophy of life is compressed into these few verses. To the young Christian setting out on the journey of life this compendium is invaluable. It contains that which men vainly seek in other religions, the power to live and act rightly, and the result is that beautiful, delightful serenity, which does more than anything else we know of, to make a man happy. Another secret is

THE ROOM IN WHICH, ACCORDING TO TRADITION, THE LAST SUPPER WAS EATEN

[illegible] came under discussion in the boys' room. One said it was legitimate, that it had always been done. Another said, "The doctor has forbidden it." Another said that the doctor would not know. It was impossible to detect the offence. But one of the leaders said: "If the doctor has forbidden it, that is enough for me. I could not bring myself to do a thing that [illegible] of his love than the tears he shed in his manhood over his beloved teacher's grave.

Another Comforter. Two words compose this word comfort, meaning, with strength. That is the sense in which Christ called the Holy Spirit, the Comforter. He gives power and energy. Many a man who has lost heart in his struggle with some evil habit, having been overcome in spite of his resistance, has besought the help of the Holy Spirit, and has renewed the fight with new power which has won the victory. He still has to continue the struggle, but no longer in his own might. God does not confer the victory upon him, but he gives him power to win. Like a man toiling hard with his oars and making no progress against the current, who hoists a sail and the wind carries the boat forward, the struggling Christian must put himself in the way of receiving divine aid.

Whom the world cannot receive. We should have expected that the word there would have been "will not receive." But Christ used the word cannot. It is true. When any one gives himself wholly to pleasure or ambition or avarice, he cannot receive the spirit of truth. It is related of a wealthy man, who in his youth put off the acceptance of Christ, that having made his fortune, and attained a period of rest and leisure, he deliberately set himself to become a Christian. The promises were as true as ever, Christ was willing as ever to receive him: but the man said sorrowfully: "I cannot feel: I cannot care for these things: I would give the world to feel as I once felt, but I cannot. I care only for my property and my position, and cannot bring myself to care for religion." His nature had become dense. The new Roentgen rays can penetrate wood or leather or even flesh, but they cannot penetrate glass. Its nature is impervious to them.

Bring all things to your remembrance. That promise explains the reports we have in the Gospels of Christ's sermons and arguments. The question is often asked by sceptical persons, how it was possible for the evangelists, writing so many years after Christ's death, to give so full a report, as they appear to do, of his words. This is the answer, for the promised Reminder was, as we know from Acts 2: 1-4, really sent. A man who was picked up from the wreck of the *Central American*, some years ago, said that while he was floating on the surface of the sea, expecting for hours that every minute would be his last, he heard distinctly a voice saying: "Did you eat your sister's grapes?" When a boy at home he had eaten some choice grapes which had been sent for a sick sister and, when questioned about it had lied. Twenty years had elapsed since that time and, he had never once recalled the circumstances, but in that hour his dormant memory awoke and reminded him of it.

My peace I give unto you. There has been no peace like that. Hated, ridiculed, reviled, beaten and finally murdered, it was unruffled to the end. Nothing could disturb his serenity, and it is this peace that he promises to give. Dr. Cuyler tells the story of a soldier lying mortally wounded on the field of Gettysburg, to whom an officer offered his services. Should he get him a drink of water? Would he like to send a message to his friends? "No," the dying man said: "I thank you, but I am dying, I want neither. If you would get the New Testament out of my haversack, I should be obliged to you." The officer found it. "Please turn to the fourteenth chapter of John. My eyes are misty with the shadow of death." The officer found the place. "Please read me that verse that speaks of peace." The officer read: "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you." The soldier's face was illumined. "It is true," he said: "he has kept his promise. I have that peace and it is better than all the blessings of life." He laid his hand on the open page and so he died.

. . Washington Presbytery's Tribute to Dr. Talmage . .

Many Eloquent Eulogies by an Assembly of Distinguished Pastors at the Nation's Capital—A Great Ministerial Life-work Fittingly Reviewed

AN important session of the Presbytery of Washington was held in the Gunton Temple Memorial Church in that city, a few days ago. There was a full attendance of well-known divines, and the chair was occupied by Rev. George S. Duncan, D.D., the Moderator of the Presbytery. After the transaction of some preliminary matters, the real business of the day was taken up.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, in a brief address, tendered his resignation to the Presbytery as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. He spoke as follows:

After a delightful pastorate in the First Presbyterian Church of this city, I now ask for the dissolution of the pastoral relation. For a long while I have felt called to a more general work than a fixed pastorate allows, but I have not before now seen the way clear to undertake it. The demands of religious journalism upon me have greatly increased, and my opportunities for religious service in other directions have been greatly multiplied. I do not propose to stop preaching, but if the Lord permits, I will preach more than I ever have preached. After a few more weeks of comparative rest from ab orbing work, I hope to be very busy.

In closing my service in the First Presbyterian Church, I wish to express the delight I have had in Gospel work, and in friendships that will last for time and eternity. I have had full and unhindered way of declaring the whole counsel of God, and what a joy it has been to me to offer the mercy and comfort of the Gospel Sabbath by Sabbath to the people! It has been to me a great satisfaction that I have been upheld by the unanimous support of the official Boards of the Church, and they have reinforced me in everything I have proposed.

Meanwhile the acquaintanceships I have formed with the members of churches of all denominations is something for which I thank God and thank them. It will be a matter of rejoicing to me forever that I pitched my tent in this glorious capital.

I desire to retain membership in this Presbytery, and I will not allow this occasion to pass without saying that though I have belonged to various ecclesiastical bodies, in none of them have I found a more consecrated and genial brotherhood than in this Presbytery, and I pray the blessing of God upon these brethren and the people of their charge, and I hope we may often meet in fields of Christian usefulness, and when our work is done meet in the great harvest home when the sheaves come in, and "the reapers are the angels." When we see "the King in his beauty" we will realize how very poor was our best earthly service.

At the conclusion of Dr. Talmage's remarks, which were received with much feeling by those present, brief addresses were delivered by Mr. T. F. Sargent and Mr. C. L. DuBois, elders of the church. Both spoke in behalf of the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church. Mr. DuBois spoke as follows:

Address of Mr. DuBois

To the Presbytery of Washington:

BRETHREN: As Commissioner from the First Presbyterian Church, I beg to make the following report:

The session of our church received from Dr. Talmage notice of his resignation on Thursday evening, March 9th last, requesting an early meeting of the congregation to act upon it. By order of the session, notice of such meeting was duly given from the pulpit on Sabbath morning, March 12th, and pursuant to this notice a me ting of the congregation was held Thursday evening, March 16th, Rev. Mr. Stuchell presiding, all the business being conducted in due form in compliance with the provisions of our form of government. A motion was made and adopted that the request of Dr. Talmage be acquiesced in, although the sentiment among those present showed that the dissolution thus asked was very reluctantly granted. General regret was expressed at the necessity which Dr. Talmage felt impelling him to make the demand for the severance of the pastoral relation. As a member of both boards of our Church (Elders and Trustees), I feel it incumbent upon me to say a word or two in regard to the pastorate of this distinguished divine in Washington.

After reaching Washington, his first interviews and intercourse were with the Elders and Trustees to consult in regard to the work of the church, and we were all impressed with the importance and providential character of his acceptance of the call to our church, as it was a time in our history when we needed assistance greatly, especially in our financial matters, which were fast assuming very serious proportions. We were quickly made to feel in these interviews and conferences that there was no doubt as to the sincerity of the Doctor's wish to advance the prosperity of the cause of Christ in our midst. One of his remarks was: "What I think you need, brethren, is a good old-fashioned revival!" His frank statement at the outset that he did not come to our church to supplant any one; that he would not have the time to attend to such pastoral duties as calling upon any member of the church, and that his visits among the congregation would not be as extensive as he would like owing to the heavy demands upon his time, was accepted and understood by us, and the utmost harmony between himself and the officials of the church was thus established and prevailed to the end of his pastorate.

A GREAT LIFE WORK

Dr. Talmage's great life work and its results need no eulogium from me. They are written in the lives of thousands of Christian men and women who have been led to Christ by his eloquent pleadings and remarkable presentment of the truths of the Gospel.

His work in our church has had beneficent results. Whenever in the city he came to the mid-week meetings, and by his encouraging and inspiring presence, as Dr. Sunderland once remarked after prayer-meeting, "lifted up the whole meeting and put new life into it." His impressive way of conducting the communion services made every occasion of this kind a memorable one and thrilled every one present with a new fervor for the great cause.

SOME PASTORAL RESULTS

In alluding to results attending his pastorate here it must be borne in mind that the great throngs which packed our church to the doors at every sermon, were in most part from the outside: strangers or visitors from other churches, so that the seed sown in their hearts may have borne fruit in distant lands and in sister churches in this city. As for the immediate effect upon our own church membership, it is sufficient for me to point to the fact that at our annual meeting this year, our stated clerk, Mr. Dalrymple, in announcing the number on the church roll of membership, said it was the highest figure ever reached since his connection with the church, extending back some twenty years.

It is with profound sorrow that we take leave of him—he who has made his home with us for four years, and we feel that we have been singularly blessed in having for a spiritual guide one who has made so many thousands happy by his teachings. We are, however, grateful to a kind Providence that ours have been the altar-fires he has caused to flame with such brightness by his presence, and thankful that he is still with us and, as we understand, will be a member of our Presbytery for a long time to come.

The old First Church bids its retiring pastor God-speed and with a grateful appreciation of his wondrous work and achievements for Christ it proffers to him its warmest wishes for a long life of usefulness and the richest blessings that heaven can grant.

Many others spoke in terms of the highest praise of the retiring pastor's good work, not in Washington only, but in many other parts of the Union, wherever his spoken and printed eloquence reached. Rev. Thomas Chalmers Eaton, pastor of the Eastern Church, spoke at some length and his address was listened to with the deepest attention. He said:

Rev. Dr. Chalmers' Speech

MR. MODERATOR: I desire to say a few words upon this matter. The dissolution of the pastoral relation between the First Presbyterian Church and the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. Twenty years and over have passed since the friendship between us was formed, and of course, this event to-day has a special interest to me. Our relations have been most pleasant during these years. It may not be known to many that when Dr. Talmage came to this city, there were invitations from all parts of the world to have the privilege and honor of his precious ministrations. Melbourne, Australia; Toronto, Canada; San Francisco, Calif.; Louisville, Ky.; Chicago, Ill.; New York City; Brooklyn, N. Y.; London, the great metropolis of the British Empire pledged him that a much larger and finer edifice than Spurgeon's Tabernacle would be erected for him.

A CONTEST OF MANY CITIES

All these cities promised to erect more spacious places of worship than the Brooklyn Tabernacle, if he came to them. But these were all waived aside, and he came to the First Church during a peculiar crisis, and for four years has given to it his best efforts.

But the pain of this action in his retiring from the First Church, is mitigated by the fact that he leaves this narrow circle for a far wider area of Christian work, and where his consecrated pen will be used more effec ively than ever in religious journalism.

His attentions are to be given more fully to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of which he is the editor—that marvelous religious paper, which stands unexcelled by any other product from the press of America. Its circulation is unparalleled among the religious press. At the close of last year it issued over a million free copies as samples of the brilliant genius, the matchless poetic fervor, the thrilling pathos and relentless logic of this great Master in Israel.

Wherever the English tongue is spoken or read, through all Christendom, his sermons are read as no other pulpit productions are read. In the Imperial Palace of Russia; Q een Olga, in the Royal Palace at Athens, Greece, and Queen Victoria, in her Highland home at Balmoral, Scotland—all delight in his brilliant discourses. Although he now leaves the First Church, he will still remain with us as a Presbyterian, and his home will continue to be in this city, the Capital of the nation.

DR. TALMAGE'S WIDER FIELD

He will have an opportunity to practice his long cherished desire of mingling with all other denominations, and, in accordance with his broad catholic spirit, his voice will be heard in Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Congregational and other pulpits. The nation, as a whole, has long claimed him as its preacher—the people's favored and beloved minister! His voice will still ring out the old Gospel in loving, pleading earnestness. He has endeared himself to thousands in this city not of his own church because he has been alive to the interests of the people and foremost champion in every phase of Christian reform in uplifting man and exalting Jesus Christ. His coming years will be beyond doubt the best of his life, and I believe that, like Samson of old, when he grasped the pillars of the temple and slew more in his death than in his life, so this deeply beloved and highly honored servant of God will, when he goes to his rest, find the glorious fruits of his ministry transcending all finite comprehension.

Rev. Dr. Stuchell's Remarks

Dr. Easton's address created a profound impression upon his auditors, many of whom were visibly affected. He was followed by Rev. Dr. Stuchell, who spoke with great earnestness and much eloquence. He said:

I never spoke to Dr. Talmage until last spring, but I have known him since the days of my childhood, when I used to forego the play or lay aside the tales of adventure, and in the company of my grandfather, revel in the fascinating imagery and the superb style of the renowned Brooklyn preacher. That grandfather had heard many of the greatest preachers of his time, but his repeated verdict was, "I tell you, Johnny, he is the most original preacher I ever read." Some of his magnificent descriptions are as much a part of my mental furniture as the recollection of my own acts.

THE VERDICT OF PROSPERITY

The esteem so begun has changed only to increase. We are all prone to hero-worship—or at any rate, I pity the man who is not—and I will confess to you now, that the eloquent preacher upon whose words the thousands hung, has a sincere and ardent admirer, though an obscure one, in me. I have traveled over the length and breadth of this land a good deal, and, while from a clergyman who could not get a congregation, and from laymen jealous of success, I have hear l harsh criticism, I have learned that Dr. Talmage has the ear of the people, and, what is more, the heart of the people. Whether in the palace of Chicago or San Francisco, or amidst the ignorance of the lonely hills, or the crudities of a mining camp, makes no difference; the delight with which his sermons are read was expressed by a plain man, who said to me away off in the mountains, "I would rather read them than a novel." And the man who believes that such religious productions can be read without great good resulting, utters a sad disparagement of the activity of the Holy Ghost.

You may remember that Southey consoled himself for the ill success of his poetry contrasted with that of Scott, by the reflection that a discerning posterity would cherish his writings long after those of his rival had sunk into oblivion. You would perceive how just his conclusion may have been were I to ask the brethren who among them has read his *Joan of Arc*, or his *Vision of Judgment*, and then ask who has read Scott's *Marmion* or *Lady of the Lake*. In like manner, I venture to say, that some who now are flattering themselves that after ages will exalt them, when their distinguished brother is submerged, are preparing for a grievous disappointment, should a glimpse from spirit-land be permitted them.

A FAME THAT TOUCHES EVERY LAND

A future age will value Dr. Talmage even more highly than we do, and I expect to have to extenuate even more than I have already been compelled to do, a fact that I regard as a singular impropriety in our Presbyterianism, that, in the assortment of prizes, Dr. Talmage the one man we have whose fame is in all lands—has never been the Moderator of our General Assembly. We boast of the similarity of our church to the republic. I fear that we must share in the censure that the greatest men are not called to its seats of honor—and my appreciation of the present Moderator of the Assembly is so well known, that I need not pause to qualify the statement.

This is not the time for one to make a formal estimate of my famous colleague. Some day, if God spare me, I promise myself to do so at length. But, Mr. Moderator, I trust that the brethren will not misunderstand me if in the ears of a living man I utter a tribute many might reserve as a panegyric for the dead. The success of our brother is due to no mere novelty of method, but to an innate force of genius that would have won distinction in many lines of activity. He is possessed of a mastery of language that would have amazed a Johnson; a picturesqueness of style of which Macaulay would not have been ashamed; a vividness of presentation that in art might have produced a Turner, and a command of imagery that in a poet would have ranked him with Wordsworth and Tennyson. I am satisfied that he has exerted a tremendous influence for good on the church, the ministry and the country at large—an influence greatest, perhaps, where it has been unfelt.

A WORD TO THE CRITICS

I am not surprised that all do not like him any more than I am surprised that Whitefield was hooted through the streets and Spurgeon denounced as a babbler and Beecher as a demagogue; nor shall I be greatly astonished if at a future day those four shall rank together as the characteristic preachers of the nineteenth century.

Temperament decides much for us, though I cannot but wonder at the uncharitableness of those who condemn all with whom they disagree. In such a case, condemnation is self-condemnation.

If you will indulge me a little on this occasion, I would like to say a word about our personal relations. Those who know me know that I abhor flattery. I am indifferent to the judgment of the rest, nor shall their ungenerous suspicions deter me from speaking what I think, though I am well aware a calculating prudence might redound to my immediate advantage. I would have hesitated long ere I became a sistant to another man after having had a church of my own, but in this case I felt that by such a position I honored myself.

AN ASSOCIATE'S HEARTY EULOGIUM

I have felt it a privilege to be associated with Dr. Talmage, and after an intimacy that some might think incompatible with admiration, I say calmly that I admire him more to-day than I ever did. As Paul treated Timothy, so has he treated me. By patient considerateness and generous praise, he has rendered pleasant a situation that would otherwise have been trying if not unendurable. In the great man I have found a father in the Gospel, and though after this temporary conjunction I may return to the obscurity whence I came, I shall carry with me a recollection of this benevolence that was not in word only, but in deed; of this whole-souled cordiality that forgot inequality of position in kindliness of friendship. It has been to me an opportunity for which I shall ever be grateful to listen to his sermons, so instructive in matter, so vivid in conception and delivery, so true to the old Gospel.

I regret this step of the Doctor because I see in it the parting of the ways that have led to so pleasant a fellowship, and the last of his relations with an individual church; and yet I rejoice in it, and I have no fear that he will misunderstand me in saying so.

THE WHOLE COUNTRY CLAIMS HIM

When a man reaches his years and his fame, it is scarcely fair that the precious time that would delight thousands should be spent in the routine duties of a single pastorate; the country at large, that has read his productions and followed his movements, has a kind of a claim upon him. The First Church has felt privileged to have its auditorium crowded, Sunday after Sunday, by people from all over the world, to hear the old, old story with new freshness and charm, and to return to invigorate and bless their particular homes. I therefore rejoice that the Doctor is freeing himself from this field that the country may be his field, and that it is to reap the benefit of that personal contact which it has hitherto been our especial and selfish privilege to enjoy. Of his generosity to the church I will not now speak, but unt l gratitude be dead it will be a theme of grateful recollection for all.

My hope is that these, the latter days of our brother, may be copiously blessed; that the clouds may flee from an untroubled sky; that the twilight may be long and serene, and that hereafter his soul may be rejoiced by the thousands in bright array, who, won by his tireless efforts and his consecrated eloquence, shall crowd to the heavenly portals to meet him and to bring him with the "abundant entrance" to the presence of his God.

THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR
F. F. FERNIE. G. H. SANDISON.

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Letters

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

The Peace Conference

THE conference suggested by the Czar of Russia will soon take place. What will be the outcome? Probably no one expects anything radical. It will be a peace conference. The possible disarmament of nations, the absolute need of some standing army in all nations, discountenancing all competition and rivalry as to the size of standing armies, the obligation upon so-called Christian nations, to favor adjustment of differences by arbitration: these, doubtless, will be some of the topics discused. Only God can see how great may be its results.

It will be a great thing to turn the world's thought to these subjects: to study the things that make for peace: to look at the progress that the principle of arbitration has been making, to consider the predictions of the prophets of God: even if we do no more. The fact of such a conference will set up a milestone in the history of the world. The possibility of attaining the end desired will be considered. It will not be an empty thing for the representatives of the great Christian nations to meet and to consider whether they can not unitedly help to hasten on the day when Milton's lines in the Hymn to the Nativity shall be fulfilled:

Is heard the earth around."

Too Many Bosses

THE trouble is that all classes of men have those among them who want to be bosses. The most of the capitalists do not think for themselves: the most of the laborers do not think for themselves. There are boss capitalists and boss laborers who want their way. Indeed, the human family is divided into two classes—those who boss, and those who get bossed. Capital will never help itself by fighting labor, and labor will never get any advantage from combating capital. They go up together, or they go down together. But there is no doubt that in all parts of the land capitalists are imposing upon labor. They own the legislatures with a few notable exceptions. We have over five thousand millionaires in this country. It is a bad sign of the times when one man dies worth forty millions, and another worth eighty millions, and our richest men are not dead yet. It wants no very great wisdom to see that there are people in this land who have more than their share. I do not wonder that sometimes men lose their equilibrium and strike, although it is unwise to strike, since a strike means less bread, less fuel, less good clothes. I suppose that many of our trade-unions are wielding a despotism, and that workmen are stopped, and driven, and imposed upon as much by people of their own craft as by the capitalists. If a man has a mind to stop work, let him stop: but he has no right to stop me. If a man prefer to go to the poor house, let him go: but he has no right to compel me to go along with him. I expect before labor gets its rights fully established in this county it will have to drive back the encroachments of capital on the one hand, and the outrageous despotism of "trades-unions" on the other.

The Morning Cometh

GOD'S capacity to bless this nation is not exhausted, and though there may be temporary depressions, I am confident that the next decade will eclipse all other decades of our American history. Greater harvests, larger storehouses, busier foundries, better schools and mightier churches are to characterize the future. It is not a time for Jeremiahs, with their book of lamentations, but a time for Isaiahs, who forecast millenniums with a child holding the halter of the lion, and the den of the serpent turned into an infantile play-house. Many good people that I see are all the time like nervous persons in a rail-train when the whistle blows for down brakes, because a cow has the track, and they hold their breath and shut their eyes, sure something will happen. As for myself I have taken a through ticket and have full confidence in the hand and eye that engineer this world, and I do not propose to put my head out of the window against the rocks, or frantically pull the rope to stop the train. It is God that lifteth up one, and pulleth down another, and we are on the way to the time when the round earth will bloom like Chatsworth Conservatory. I know it. I do not guess it. I know it. So when I find minister or layman who would shadow us with his lugubriosity, I say to him as Diogenes said to Alexander: "Stand out of my sunshine!" I can easily see how men of the world can become disheartened about the nation and about the world: but how a Christian can be disheartened, with the Bible crowded with the ecstasy of a rejuvenated and disenthralled world, is to me an amazement.

The Value of Farm Animals

THE statistician of the Department of Agriculture will shortly issue his annual report of the number and value of farm animals in the United States. With the use of bicycles, electric and other traction railroads, it is not strange that the number of horses has been reduced 295,604. It is remarkable, however, that this decrease in number has been attended by an increase in total value of $32,712,406: the average value of the animals advancing from $34.26 to $37.30 per head. There has also been a decrease of 1,269,972 meat animals, not including milch cows, but an increase of $25,634,501 in total value, or an increase of from $20.92 to $22.79 a head. The total value of farm animals is estimated at $1,997,010,407, it being an increase of $108,355,482, or 5.74 per cent.

The ministrations of these four-footed friends of man is often not noticed. Christianity makes better men and women. Better themselves, they treat God's creatures better. They recognize that they owe a debt to their Creator for that portion of his works that bears a part of their burdens, as they cultivate the earth and make glad the desert-places.

Baroness Hirsch's Charities

Her Princely Gifts to the Needy—Her Wealth a Sacred Trust—The Record of a Noble Life

IN the death of Baroness Clara de Hirsch, who passed away at her home in Paris recently, the world loses one who deserves to be ranked among the noblest women of the century. The greater part of her life, no less than that of her distinguished husband, who died three years ago, was devoted to works of the grandest and most disinterested philanthropy, and the vast fortunes they possessed were the means of ameliorating the condition of a great multitude of the poor and suffering, not of their own race alone, but of others, regardless of religious faith. Both were striking examples of the splendid generosity of the Hebrew character, which spares not its wealth to accomplish its purpose, when the end sought is a noble one, and which is ever ready to respond to the appeal of the lowly and the outcast. Their philanthropy was world-wide, and together they expended millions of dollars with a lavish freedom that has rarely been paralleled. Those princely benefactions were not confined to the Hebrews: though they were the recipients of the most munificent gifts; for, as Baron Hirsch once explained: "they had the least chance in the world, and were the most oppressed of all races." During his lifetime, it is estimated that not less than fifty millions of dollars were disbursed in worthy charitable and benevolent enterprises, and both he and his wife were constantly endeavoring to lighten the burdens and the miseries of the poor. The Baroness made personal tours of the slums and poorest quarters of every large city in Europe, and having a thorough knowledge of German, English, French, Russian, Spanish and Italian, was able to talk with the people, and map out and carry into operation the best and most practical remedial measures.

It was during the great Jewish exodus from Russia, that the attention of the Baron and Baroness was first directed toward the United States as the country that promised to afford the most available refuge for the exiles. He placed several million dollars in the hands of trustees here to be expended in the establishment of farming and industrial colonies in desirable sections of the country, and the result has been such as to amply justify his expenditures. Since her husband's death, Baroness Hirsch has carried forward all his benevolent enterprises with unabated energy. Colony after colony has been planted, and many have grown to thriving proportions. Trades schools, kindergartens, nurseries, and similar institutions have also been opened under her patronage, and supported by her wealth, and these have been the means of incalculable benefit to thousands of poor, ignorant Russian, Roumanian and Polish immigrants arriving on our shores.

Baroness Hirsch, before her marriage (which took place in her twenty-second year), was a Miss Bischoffscheim, a daughter of Senator Bischoffscheim, the celebrated banker of Brussels. She was a lady of remarkable business talents, and for several years was her father's secretary. She gave personal attention to the minutest details of the management of her own large fortune, as well as that of her husband's estate. In the highest sense, she was a faithful steward, and regarded her great riches as a sacred trust, to be used to the glory of God and for the benefit of humanity. In recent years, she gave large sums to the cause of charity in the United States: but these formed only a fraction of her whole work, much of which was done in secret and was unrevealed till after her death. It was learned, only after she had passed away, that she had made generous provision for establishing on a broader and more substantial basis, all the charities which she and her husband had founded here, and that a very large portion of her estate would be devoted to this specific purpose. Not long ago she gave a million dollars to the fund for aiding poor Hebrews; another gift was the purchase of a commodious building, costing $150,000, for the Charities School in New York founded by her late husband, and still another donation was $100,000 to pay the debt on the Hebrew Educational Alliance [illegible] to worthy charities, and invariably stipu- [illegible] was 1,000,000 francs to the Pasteur Institute in Paris; another, 1,000,000 to found an asylum for railroad employees in Turkey, and princely endowments were privately provided for hospitals in different European capitals.

One of her latest benefactions was the Clara de Hirsch Home for Working Girls, in New York City, the building for which is now in course of erection in East Sixty-third Street. This Home, while intended as a refuge and training-school for young Hebrew girls, will also open its doors to Christians, Protestants and Catholics alike. It has been regularly incorporated, and Mrs. Straus, the wife of our ex-Minister to Turkey, Hon. Oscar S. Straus, is its president. In the management are represented some of the leading Hebrew families in the city. The building will cost $200,000, and there will be an annual endowment of $12,000

On the first page of this issue is a strikingly life-like portrait of the Baroness de Hirsch, reproduced from the only photograph of that lady in this country, and which was loaned to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by its possessor as a very special favor indeed. Our other illustrations are from photographs taken expressly for this journal, of the Baron de Hirsch Agricultural and Industrial School at Woodbine, N. J. This school, founded in 1891, is the only one of its kind in existence in the United States. The faculty includes Prof. H. L. Sabsovich, M.A., Superintendent, and Messrs. Gravatt, Kotinsky, Pincus, Schmidt, Brailowsky and Jaffe. [illegible] generation of intelligent Jewish farmers. Tuition is free for all regular students. The schedule of studies covers three years, and embraces everything needful in the line of modern practical farm-work. The land is divided into eight small model farms, the greater part of them being now under cultivation. On the settlement grounds are excellent dwellings, schoolhouse, barns, poultry houses, greenhouses and workshops, and there is a substantially-built brick synagogue. Some of the products of the Woodbine colonists have already taken prizes at the New Jersey agricultural fairs.

BRIEF NOTES

[illegible] New York is reported. He was living near Los [illegible]

[illegible] Philadelphia, has accepted the call to the pastor- [illegible]

It is not until this year that France ceased paying pensions to the soldiers who fought under [illegible] ago, but this year the last pensioner died at the age [illegible]

[illegible] evangelist and philanthropist, who is working in Chicago, says that she finds more destitution and [illegible]

Dr. J. G. Paton, the veteran missionary, writes that there are now, in the New Hebrides, [illegible] sand church-members, of whom three hundred are native preachers.

[illegible] of Grace Church, New York, was found in Rome while excavations were being made for the foundations of the American Church. It was buried in the reign of Nero.

Baptists and Presbyterians at Howard, N. Y., have united in holding revival services. The pastors of the two churches alternated in the preaching, and arranged a system of personal visits to the homes of the people.

[illegible] derful success in his work in Nebraska. At Crawford they closed the public schools each afternoon [illegible]

The late Lord Herschell, though holding the [illegible] Sunday School teacher. He taught in the Sunday School connected with the church of which his [illegible] London.

Ex-United State Senator Henry W. Blair's famous pamphlet on "The Future of Temperance Reform," will be forwarded to any address by THE [illegible] a masterly and comprehensive presentation of the entire question and should be in the hands of every [illegible]

The Czar's Peace Congress

OUR country will be well represented at the Czar's disarmament Congress, which will meet at the Hague on May 18. The President's selections of delegates have been received with approval by all parties. They comprise two diplomats: Mr. Andrew D. White, our ambassador to Germany, and Mr. Stanford Newel, our minister at the Hague; two experienced authorities on war: Capt. Crozier of the army and Capt. Mahan of the navy; and one private citizen of municipal distinction, Mr. Seth Low, President of Columbia University. To these must be added the name of Frederick W. Holls, a New York lawyer, who will accompany the delegation in the capacity of secretary. It is reported that the delegates have been instructed by the Government to refrain from pledging this country to any agreement to abide by the decisions of the Congress, as its comparative isolation places it in a situation very different from European nations. It is also stated that they have been advised to concentrate their efforts on getting some system of arbitration adopted, rather than on a scheme of disarmament. The discussions, which have taken place since the Czar's proposal of a Congress was issued, show that disarmament was not contemplated. The utmost that was hoped for, was an agreement among the powers to cease increasing their armaments and to pledge themselves not to adopt any new inventions designed to increase the destructive capacity of their arms. This programme, if it were adopted by the Congress, would give assurance to the world that for a definite term of years the maximum development of warlike preparations had been reached, and the ruinous competition of nation with nation in military and naval expenditure was suspended. It would be a comparatively small step in the direction of the ideal condition when men shall learn war no more, but even that is not likely to be achieved by the Congress. Several nations have already shown their reluctance to enter into such an agreement and it has been pointed out that it would operate to the advantage of Russia, as compared with the other powers. It would enable her to apply the money saved from specific armaments to the completion of her Asiatic railroad system which is really a strategic scheme intended for warlike purposes. If the other powers realize this fact, they will probably reject the proposal which is the very basis of all discussion. Our own project is much more practicable and feasible. If a court of arbitration could be organized which would command the confidence of the powers, they would naturally diminish their armaments, which would then become a useless burden. By no other way is it probable that peace could be secured, until that time comes predicted by the prophets when all nations shall voluntarily submit to the rule of the Prince of Peace:

He shall judge among many peoples and rebuke strong nations from afar off (Micah 4: 3).

HON. ANDREW D. WHITE
Chairman of the American Delegation

The Nation's Dead

The scene witnessed in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., on April 6th, will never be forgotten by any one who saw it. In that beautiful inclosure, where so many of the heroes of our civil war are interred, 336 coffins were placed, each containing the remains of an officer or private who fell in Cuba or Porto Rico. By a special order of the President, they had been brought from those islands that they might rest in American soil. National honors were paid without stint to the dead heroes. The President, the members of his Cabinet, representatives of both branches of Congress and of the Government departments attended the solemn ceremony. Besides these, were Gen. Miles and other army officers, the regiments now in Washington, and a great crowd of citizens, estimated at fully ten thousand. Chaplain Freeland conducted the Protestant service, and Father McGee the service over the remains of the Roman Catholics. They were characterized by military brevity, and at their conclusion three volleys were fired by the troops. The ceremony ended with "Taps," the military signal used in the field for retirement to rest. Over each casket were the folds of the American flag. Each grave will have a stone at the head, on which—in every case where it is known—the name of the soldier in the grave will be inscribed. It is all that the nation can do for those who have fallen, fighting in its cause. But they who serve the King of kings, will have a better reward which only the Giver of life has power to bestow:

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life (Rev. 2: 10).

THE "HOUSE IN THE WOODS," MEETING PLACE OF THE CONGRESS

Two Fatal Fires

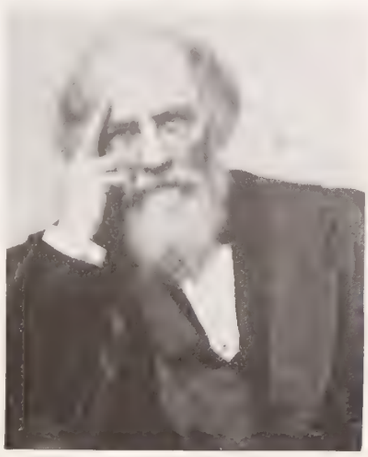
Still another holocaust occurred in New York last week, in which as in the Windsor Hotel horror, the victims belonged to the wealthy class. Two houses in an aristocratic quarter of the city and within three blocks of a station of the Fire Department, were burned in the night and thirteen of the occupants perished. One of the houses was occupied by Mr. Wallace C. Andrews, his wife, and his sister-in-law and her three children. All these died in the fire, and with them six domestic servants. At the second fire, which broke out only two blocks away, about half an hour after that in the Andrews' mansion, one woman was burned to death while arousing the other inmates. All the others escaped. One of them was rescued by the bravery of a policeman, who volunteered to swing himself from the ledge of a window in an adjoining house, while firemen prevented his falling by grasping his feet. While suspended in this dangerous position, he grasped the wrist of a girl at the window of the burning house and lifted her out of the flames. There is some suspicion that one or both fires were of incendiary origin, or were due to the carelessness of some employee; but the firemen think that the first fire was caused by defects in the flue from the kitchen chimney, and that the second fire was caused by sparks from the first. It is remarkable that these fires should have occurred in the homes of the rich, who were able to have their houses constructed in the safest way. If they had been frame houses owned and occupied by poor people, there would have been less cause for surprise. The lamentable fatality will probably stir others who can afford it, to take measures for protection against fire. It would be well, too, if these terribly sudden deaths caused people to seek that salvation which death cannot take away, and that, too, the rich need as well as the poor:

Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God (1 Tim. 6: 17).

A Great Jurist Dead

A distinguished and romantic career closed on April 9, when Stephen J. Field, formerly Justice of the United States Supreme Court, departed this life. Mr. Field had been in comparatively good health since his retirement from the bench in December, 1897, and seemed to have gained strength by his release from judicial duties; but he caught cold during the month of March, and a chronic ailment developed which has proved fatal. He was one of four brothers, of whom only one, Dr. Henry M. Field, formerly editor of the *Evangelist* in New York, now survives. Two other brothers who became famous were David Dudley Field and Cyrus W. Field, whose connection with the Atlantic Cable has immortalized his name. Stephen Field was trained for the legal profession in the office of his brother David, and entered into partnership with him. But when the excitement consequent on the discovery of gold in California thrilled the country in 1849, Stephen Field, then thirty-three years old and in vigorous health, decided to go out there. He was almost penniless when he landed at San Francisco, but he soon made friends, and in a short time was appointed Alcalde, or Mayor, of the mining district of Marysville, and subsequently was elected to the Legislature. In 1857 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of California. His decisions were notable for their courage and breadth of view. Although a Democrat, and one who never concealed his political faith, he had the support of Republicans as well as Democrats when President Lincoln nominated him for the Supreme Court in 1863. His resignation, after a distinguished service of thirty-four years, elicited eulogiums from men of all parties, who, even when they had differed with him, admired the integrity, sincerity and courage which characterized his whole career. He was the kind of judge who has been honored in every land and time; whose qualities were those required by the great Law-giver:

Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment; thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty, but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor (Levit. 19: 15).



THE LATE STEPHEN J. FIELD

A Lawyer's Devotion

A pathetic plea was made recently in the Court of Claims in Washington, D.C., by a lawyer who asked that a certain case in which he was to appear, might be taken out of its regular order and given precedence over other cases on file. His reason was that he was suffering from a deadly malady, and that the doctors had informed him that he could not live more than a month. He added that he had peculiar personal reasons for closing out the case, and that he was the only man living who could complete it. The court consented to hear the claim at once. Despite his weakened condition, the lawyer made an able argument in behalf of his client, but at its conclusion he left the courtroom in evident distress. The prediction of his physician in regard to the duration of his life was true, for he died before a decision was handed down, and did not have the gratification of knowing that he had won the case. He had, however, the consciousness of having done his duty, which to such a man would be very gratifying. Such self-forgetfulness shows true greatness; and its highest example we find as we do other noble traits of character in its highest development—in him who, in death, forgot his own suffering in his concern for his murderers.

Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do (Luke 23: 24).

Calling Down an Avalanche

A court officer relates in the *Rocky Mountain News* an extraordinary experience, showing the power of the human voice in those mountain solitudes. In the course of an excursion into the region above Georgetown, he says, he stayed for dinner at the cabin of a friend. The snow was very deep and there had been some dangerous slides. His host urged him to remain, but he was anxious to proceed and set out soon after the meal. After he crossed the canon he turned to look at the scene. Opposite to him, on the other side of the canon, he could see his host and his wife standing in the doorway of their cabin watching him. He waved his hand to them, and, without thinking of the possible results, he shouted "Good-by." Hardly had the echoes of his voice died away, before a muffled sound struck the ear—a noise like the boom of a cannon—and the whole side of the mountain seemed to be in motion. The snow, ice, trees and rocks started toward the bottom of the gulch, and within five seconds the cabin was buried under fifty feet of snow. He summoned assistance as quickly as it could be done, and they frantically dug out the two dead bodies. "I have never," he writes, "forgiven myself for the word which I shouted on that never-to-be-forgotten day." Few men have cause for self-reproach of that kind; but how many there are whose heedless words have caused spiritual ruin to some soul.

But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof at the day of judgment (Matt. 12: 36).

. . . The Protector and Benefactor of Helpless Children . . .

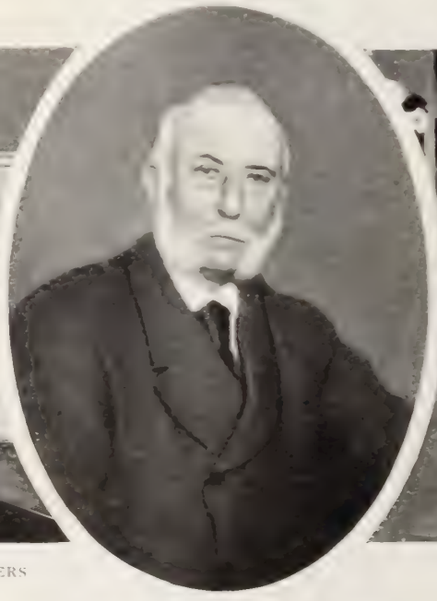
The Work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Illustrated by Photographs, Taken Specially for "The Christian Herald" by Joseph H. Adams

NADDI AND DOMENICO, CHILD BEGGARS

AMONG the numerous philanthropic and benevolent institutions of the metropolis, there is none which appeals with greater force to human sympathy, or whose field of operations affords greater opportunity for work of a character to command public appreciation than the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. For a quarter of a century this beneficent organization has labored energetically in behalf of the moral and physical well-being of the children of the very poor, of the criminal and of the outcasts of society—those helpless little ones who, in the very nature of things, would naturally gravitate to idleness and vice, and if they lived to reach adult age, would in all human likelihood, go to swell the great army of the untrained, the pauper, the shiftless and the criminal. Such a task would indeed seem to be an appalling one, in view of the vast numbers involved; yet the records of our public courts of justice no less than the books of the Society itself, show how well the undertaking has been accomplished, in view of the Society's limited resources and the widely-extended territory in which it operates. Many thousands of such children, once hapless waifs, now grown to respectable and self-supporting manhood and womanhood, live to bless the agency which rescued them from lives that seemed to be predestined to misery and degradation.

It is not a Society for the dispensing of charity, nor for the feeding and sheltering of the hungry and the homeless. It is a branch of the law itself, and was created for the enforcement of the law, that unfortunate and ill-used children might be plucked from atmospheres of poverty and crime, and placed where they would not be at the mercy of cruel, depraving, and brutalizing influences. It is supported by the contributions of those who love its work, by fines imposed upon offenders, and by receipts [illegible] public money is applied to its work. In addition to this, it receives and takes to court any children coming into its custody, frequently to the number of 600 a month. Its own wagon takes and brings them back, when not discharged. [illegible] year it so cared for over 8,000 children. It maintains two officers in every police court, who, upon magisterial order, investigate and report on applications for the commitment of children. In twenty-four years it has investigated 121,6[illegible] complaints, involving 363,162 children; 47,798 cases have been [illegible] rescued and relieved. It prepares a brief for the District Attorney's office in every case where an indictment is found. These and many other interesting features of the Society's work are set forth in the latest annual report of its President, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry.

THE DINNER HOUR AT THE SOCIETY'S HEADQUARTERS

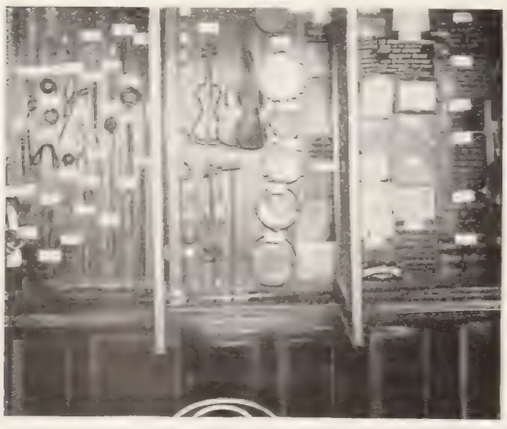


PRESIDENT ELBRIDGE T. GERRY

THE S. P. C. C. OFFICES, NEW YORK

The Society has the power to compel a rigid enforcement of all the laws relating to children, and to bring the violators of those laws into court and ask that they be punished. Should the case demand such action, it has also the power to take children who have been victims of such violation of law from the control of the violators, and place them under proper protection. It receives on commitment, at its own expense, all children charged with the commission of crime, who otherwise would be sent to the city prison, and children who are the victims of physical violence or held as witnesses pending the prosecution of a criminal. Children brought to the Society, when victims of physical violence, often require medical attention.

Our photographic artist, during a visit to the Society's headquarters at No. 297 Fourth avenue, New York, has caught with his camera a number of illustrations which are eloquently descriptive of the character of the work. Among its little beneficiaries are wee tots who have been beaten to a condition of permanent deformity, who have been starved,



MUSEUM WHERE TROPHIES OF CRUELTY ARE KEPT

S. P. C. C. WAGON AT THE TOMBS PRISON

THE APPLICATION OFFICE

CHILD SLAVES OF THE PADRONI

EUGENE AND SILAS, AS RESCUED IN RAGS

EUGENE AND SILAS A FEW DAYS LATER

FORSAKEN BY EVIL PARENTS

who have been driven out to beg on the public streets, who have been compelled to do inhuman labor, to carry burdens fit for strong men, or who have been sent out in rags and tatters, to grow up in the gutter and pick their food out of the ash-heaps. Some of these cases are among the saddest imaginable. Little limbs turned and twisted; backs black and blue all over with hideous welts, the souvenirs of some drunken mother or brutal father; others with their bones sticking through the skin like moving skeletons, the result of dirt and malnutrition. Some have been trained to thievery, though little older than babies, and others to evoke sympathy and coin by a pitiful, lying tale, learned by rote from a stern taskmaster. A few are victims of the padrone system, that species of human slavery which is found in the Italian quarter. Many are orphans and totally destitute. Others are children who have been sold by some heartless mother or unscrupulous midwife. Still others are the child victims of lazy and worthless parents or other relatives who send them to work though under age, that they may profit by the labor of the little ones in close factories and pestiferious tenements. A few are young incorrigibles, whom the parents have given up in despair and who have already given evidence of vicious qualities, which, if allowed to mature, would make them dangerous enemies of society. Some are girls who have been initiated into a life of vice at a tender age by contact with the frequenters of low dives and dens with which certain sections of the city abound.

A few cases, taken from the records of the Society for the past year, illustrate the nature and infinite variety of the work.

Johnny S——, aged thirteen, was found intoxicated in the streets. Another little lad was beaten by his mother until he became a mass of blood and bruises.

Eddie B——, a lame boy, aged thirteen, was peddling illegal articles in saloons, being sent out by a drunken father. Willie F——, aged eight, the child of criminal parents, was sent to the Society by his father, while his mother lay dying, the victim of brutality. Ione, the little daughter of a professional gambler, appealed to the Society to save her from bad surroundings and an evil life. Tessie, James and Frank B——, were taken after their mother had been murdered by a fiendish father. Two children were taken, parents both drunken, the mother at the time lying with her eyes blackened, and her children hungry and unattended. Johnny D—— said: "Me fader and mudder is dead, an' I has to sleep in wagons," so the Society took the little seven-year-old under its protecting wing. Hannah S——, a girl, was frequently in vile Bowery dens and was ungovernable and wayward. She was taken just in time. Another little lad, aged three, was abandoned in Battery Park by a drunken mother. Joseph and Mary S——, aged nine and seven, were sent out by their drunken parents to beg. Mary J——, aged twelve, was a victim of a cruel stepmother. She was a mass of bruises. The stepmother was tried and convicted. One bright little three-year-old boy waif was found on Grand street, and his parents or guardians have never been heard from. A crippled Italian lad of ten, Antonio P——, was sent out by his parents to beg and pick up refuse. Blanche N——, a girl of nine, was taken off the stage of a low vaudeville resort where she was doing vulgar dances. These are only a few of many similar cases.

There are few more cheerful places than the home of the Society, where the children are temporarily kept, previous to being permanently located. It is a model institution and the system which prevails in all the departments is a perfect one. It is a pleasure to visit the playrooms, and the dormitories are sweet and inviting in their cream-white sheeting and general air of neatness and comfort. The reading-room, the drying-room and even the kitchen are exceedingly attractive. One of the unique features is the room in which are kept the trophies of cruelty seized by the officers of the Society at different times. These implements tell their own tale of human suffering and brutal wrongdoing.

THE NURSERY FOR THE WEE TOTS

IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM

LITTLE RESCUED LADS AT PLAY

A LEISURE HOUR IN THE PLAY-ROOM

A BUSY CORNER IN THE KITCHEN

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Old-Fashioned Old Folks

The Old House and Garden — The Wayfaring Guest — The City's Usurpation

IN my memory my father and mother are always associated with thoughts of roses and lilacs. I grew up in a rambling country house, set in the midst of an old-fashioned garden.

Father and mother were fond of pottering about in it, setting out bulbs and sowing seeds; pulling up weeds and trimming rose-bushes, in sparing fashion, for they believed in letting rose-bushes grow after their own sweet will. There was a hedge of Cherokee roses; a honeysuckle clambered up by the dining-room window and thrust sweet blossoms into your face. There were apple and peach, cherry and pear trees in sight, and looking out from the windows in springtime the whole world seemed a glory of white and rose. And O, the lilac-bushes and sweet syringas that bordered the walk! If I close my eyes and think of those days, it seems a far-away dream of fragrance and beauty. There is much practical comfort and honest work about the dream, however, for father and mother were busy people and good housekeepers. They kept a bountiful board, and wayfaring strangers, as well as kinfolk had hearty welcome. I can hear father's cheery voice now, saying to the belated traveler who called to ask the way to the nearest house of entertainment. "Come in! Come right in and make yourself at home!"

Kindness to strangers was a part of their religion. There was a motto on the dining-room wall, "The stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you." I have wondered how much missionary work they did unconsciously, these two dear souls, with their kindly words and handshakes and simple wholesome ways of living. Morning and evening prayer was an unfailing custom. As a matter of course the stranger was present with the family. The servants came in; our old nurse was ever ready with a devout "Amen," when children or grand-children were sick, and father prayed for their recovery. The stranger was always prayed for. At a reasonable bed-time, after an hour or two of cheerful converse, and after the boys and girls had sung and played old and new fashioned tunes, a candle was brought for the guest and somebody conducted him to his room, with hospitable wishes for a good night's rest.

A city has grown up where the homestead stood. Smoky factories cover the garden-spot. Father and mother sleep in the cemetery on the hill. They spent their last days in the confines of a city home. But nothing ever changed their courteous kindly ways, and their simple, old-fashioned hospitality. They always missed their garden, and had a pathetic sort of feeling that the time and labor they had spent in planting fruit-trees and rose-bushes for future generations had been wasted; they had no heart for planting more. On birthdays, Christmas and Easter, we children had our little ones carry them offerings of flowers, as much like those that grow in the old garden as we could find them. These visits to grandpapa and grandmamma were always occasions of great importance and delight to the little grandsons and granddaughters.

That which made the old folks happiest was when we reminded them: "You have planted seeds of kindness which will forever [illegible] in human hearts and lives."

Among THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S readers there are doubtless many old-fashioned old folks who feel that they have planted and watered in vain. Let the young visit and honor them; and give them the comfortable assurance that their labor of love is blessed and fruitful, and that true young lives growing up about them testify to their usefulness and faithfulness. MARY JORDAN

A VISIT TO THE GRANDPARENTS

Naming the Baby

They have queer ways of performing this ceremony in different countries. Among Hindoos, if the mother prefers one name and the father another, a lamp is set over each name; and the name over which the lamp burns brighter is given the baby. Egyptians name three wax candles, and the candle which burns the longest determines baby's name. Mo[illegible] names on as many slips of paper, which are placed in the Koran. The name on the first slip drawn out is the one selected. Little Ainus get no fixed name until five years old. The Japanese are fond of changing the baby's name, and it is said every little Jap has an average of four. Chinese have a way of calling girl babies One, Two, Three, Four, according to precedence. At twenty a son receives a new name in addition to that first bestowed. In America we all know what an important and delightful matter it is to name the baby.

Children's Lies

A study, which may prove very helpful, of the above sad phenomena is going on in New York public schools. It is found that children lie: 1. To defend themselves from punishment. 2. To conceal something they are ashamed of. 3. To amaze or amuse others. 4. For pure love of the unreal. 5. To protect a friend, (very rare). It is plain that in order to cure the habit of prevarication in a child, he or she must be dealt with according to the motive. Thus, back of motive number one, we find fear; we must remove fear, and we must develop moral courage if we want to cure a child of lying from this motive, the most degrading in the category, since it often leads to bearing false witness and casting the blame of one's wrong-doing on another. Motive number two is practically the same as number one; we must develop character to cure it. Fanciful stories proceeding from motive three can hardly be classed as falsehood; a little romancer weaving narratives to amuse comrades must be guided in the use of the imaginative faculty, so that he will not abuse it, but consecrate it, as Louisa M. Alcott and great and good writers have done, to noble uses. Motive five is so noble that the only way to deal with it is to impress upon the child prayerfully and lovingly, that nothing can justify falsehood, and that no real good can come of it.

Chicago's Anti-Cruelty Society

It seems that horse-beating at bridges has been somewhat fashionable among drivers in Chicago, but the fashion is doubtless obsolete by now. If an ignorant driver is stimulating his team to pull too heavy a load of coal, he is apt to be interrupted by a policeman at the order of some lady, who shows as her warrant a little five-pointed star, bearing "Authorized Police Call" and "A. C. S." The Anti-Cruelty Society of Chicago, numbering 100 women, with Mrs. Theo. Thomas as President, held its first meeting April 11. The objects of the Society are stated to be: The protection and relief of children in whose home (mis-called) exist incurable elements of cruelty and neglect; protection and relief of overloaded and over-driven beasts; and, in the words of Mrs. Thomas, "getting the whole spirit of the community aroused on the subject of cruelty to children and animals." She adds: "It is our aim to cooperate with and supplement the work of the Illinois Humane Society."

Our "Vicerine"

Lady Curzon, who was, as we know, an American girl, is endearing herself to the women of India. India's women, even of high caste, have suffered for centuries for lack of proper medical attention, the pardah system, which demands their rigid seclusion, denying them benefits of male physicians. Her Excellency, like Lady Dufferin, who preceded her, is lending active influence to the establishment throughout India of hospitals for women, and to the education of native female physicians. One of her first acts on arrival at Calcutta was to make a round of the hospitals, visiting the various wards and interesting herself personally in the patients. She has announced her determination of doing all that in her lies for the elevation of womanhood in India. Our Vicerine is worthy of America, and we shall watch her with sympathetic interest and strong confidence.

The Bluebird's Song

[illegible]
Up in an apple-tree bough on high.
[illegible]
Twisted and fixed in a cozy place,
[illegible]
Warms our small nest all through and through
[illegible]
Rocks the high bough where our babies lie.
This world? Oh yes, it is bright to me,
Wirrily wee-wee, wirrily wee!"

LUCY A. HASKELL.

The Shah and his Son

MELIK MEN, Prince of Persia, celebrated his eighteenth birthday on April 8th. When he was ten years old, he was called because of his personal qualities "Chao-el-Saltanet" (Sunbeam-of-the-World). His French tutor gives an interesting sketch of Melik Men at that age, describing him as a docile, intelligent and gifted pupil, a sincere, affectionate and faithful friend. He says:

[illegible] like other children of his age, he would sit for hours, perched like a bird, upon his cushion, looking far away, often with tears in his eyes; then, coming suddenly out of one of his dreams, he would run to meet me, and, hovering about, ask me a thousand questions upon philosophical subjects, reasoning like a man. He lived the usual life of a young Persian prince, under the vigilant eye of an aged and careful governor, who watched critically his every movement. Melik Men was habituated from infancy to the royal state of a sultan. He had a palace full of servants, valets, cooks and stand[illegible] regiments of soldiers, and to the du[illegible] vote the greater part of his life. But as soon as his hour of liberty sounded, he would speed away to the low, plain house, built like the nest of a bird upon the ground, and perching upon his cushion, his delicate chin resting upon his little fists, he would gaze off into the clouds.

His father, then heir-apparent, had four sons whom he loved with deep devotion, but, says the tutor, "it seemed to me that he loved Melik Men the most." Court etiquette and Persian customs forbade his living with his family, but he managed to keep the child with him constantly.

When he was with his army, the Shah housed Melik in a little hut close to his own, and when he went upon his tiger hunts, and when he pursued the arghali into the abrupt rocky heights, which look down on Hadj Tehai, and when he drove the bears up the tall summit of Sehend; whenever it was possible he carried with him the delicate child!

By the time Melik Men is Shah, we hope Christian influences will be so strongly felt at the Persian court, that Mohammedan traditions will not have power to so enslave a monarch that he cannot live under the same roof with his own children.

Fun at the Farm-House

Don't let the cities win away your young men and maidens, good farmer. You and your kind wife can evolve plans to keep many of them at home. Encourage the singing-school; interest yourself to get the benefits of the traveling library system for your neighborhood, form reading clubs. Rich people go out of town to their golf links. Have golf links on your ground, and invite your young folks and their friends to amuse themselves in this healthy exercise. Take an interest in the Sunday School, in the Sunday School picnics—in everything that will make the young folks happy. Try to open up fields of business usefulness and opportunity. Let your girls as well as your boys have a chance to help you with the farm, the garden, the dairy, the poultry-yard. Encourage them to make some individual income that is all their own. The cities attract by promise of independence as well as amusement. Help the children to find independence on the farm.

Sabbath- . . . Breaking in Porto Rico

GEN. EATON

.....Gen. Eaton Graphically Pictures the Widespread Desecration of the Lord's Day—Improvement Noted Under American Occupation.....

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

THE Sabbath in San Juan, Porto Rico! What day in the seven appeals with more force to the different elements of man's nature than the Christian Sabbath? To the æsthetic, or love of the beautiful, the quiet and sacred joy that ushers in the day and the glow of holy thoughts as the hours pass and the evening shades appear and deepen the beautiful impressions of its closing hours! To the moral sentiments, quickening their discriminations and their application to observations and conduct, adding a needed force! A day of rest and worship, to which both mind and body in their entireness so gratefully respond!

To the religious, those deepest sentiments of the human soul, which no other day so brings into activity and fills with a foretaste of the Sabbath above! With all of this natural fitness of the Sabbath, to bless mankind, how strangely is it ineffective and misused in spite of its justification to reason! If the reader is resident in the States, let him test thus by reflecting upon the uses of the Sabbath which he has just passed as manifested in the community about him, or here, in San Juan, turn over the incidents of any Sabbath after it has closed. The din of a busy day rises with the sun. Business or pleasure occupy the people as they throng the streets. Clerks are busy, bankers and merchants counting their profits. Every form of industry, whether rude or skillful, makes no pause; machinery and the anvil fill the air with the noise of their activity. The lash and the strident voice urging the horse and ox to their tasks on the streets leave these beasts of burden no chance for the seventh day's release. Yet, Porto Rico was discovered under the influence of a Christian motive, and four hundred years of history have been wrought out under a Christian nation which has paid from its treasury a priesthood to repeat to the people the divine command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

THE MILITARY HOSPITAL, PONCE, PORTO RICO

A PORTO RICAN PEASANT FAMILY

The sad result tells the story of their unfaithfulness. Priests not selected for their piety, became worldly, not to say immoral. Religion was turned to the support of the purposes of the State. Days for the observance of the religious rites multiplied, but they were more devoted to pleasure than piety. The law of the Sabbath was little known and less observed, and the consequences of breaking it bound the people in customs destructive both of spirituality and morality.

There is necessarily a lack of moral discriminations and moral fibre in the make-up of life. Had the Bible been in the hands of the people, small as is the number who can read, more minds would have been enlightened upon the application of the law of rest and worship and its benefits to the individual and society. The example of corrupt priests would have been less followed: the few who declared the sacredness of the day would have had more influence, and there are those who have done this with great earnestness and fidelity.

Occasionally you will hear the arguments for the observance of the Sabbath strongly and clearly stated by the laity. Indeed, in spite of the general disregard of the day, looking more closely into details, it will be found that its periodical influence has a degree of effect. Washing and change of garments answers to a day in seven. You see more people in better clothes on Sabbath morning than on any other in the week. A few more go to the churches. The most marked observation of the day, since American occupation, is seen in the suspension of business by the officials of the general government. Unfortunately, all Americans here do not represent either the spirit or the customs of the true American Sabbath.

One cannot help feeling that the American army is too careless of the day; that its ends, in the preservation of discipline and health, would be better subserved by greater care for its sacred hours. Nor, can one avoid feeling, when he sees Americans rushing to a Sabbath cock-fight, that the influence of the preacher and parent, the church and home, are coming short in enforcing upon the people in the States, the arguments in favor of the observance of one day in seven as a day of rest and worship. Evidently while the considerations of its spiritual benefits should always be urged, those most likely to take effect here in the present state of public thought, are those which point to material benefit. Man's physical nature, indeed, even his domestic animals require this suspension of labor. The drovers, who before the time of railroads drove stock on the hoof from Ohio and Illinois to New York, would bring their cattle into market not only in less time but in better condition, when they drove six days and rested one in seven, than when they drove seven days in seven.

Friends of the Sabbath have every reason to be on the alert. All the arguments should be marshalled in support of our Lord's interpretation of this sacred day. It should be remembered that churches may exist and the forms of worship be observed, and the true Sabbath disappear. There are here churches—San Sebastian, St. Joseph, St. Anne—with numerous images and the multiplication of pictures of our Saviour and his mother and the saints. Some of these churches, gray with years, recall history of the deepest interest; but their worshipers are limited in number—few men, mostly women. The great throng of people go on their way, unheeding the truths out of which these sacred edifices sprang. Their architecture, either external or internal, has nothing special to attract. Already the coming of Americans is marked by religious services. Post Chaplain Brown preaches two or three times each Sabbath to the soldiers; Mr. Smith, representing the Christian associations, holds service in the morning in the theatre. These services are under the auspices of a colonial association of Americans. Mr. Swenson, a student from Carthagenia, Ill., holds morning service and conducts an afternoon Sabbath School. Rev. Mr. Pratt, of the Episcopal Church, preaches in the morning in the hall of the Atheneum—belonging to a literary society of prominence here. All of these efforts have encouraging results. Rev. Mr. McCormick, a Baptist, has his headquarters in this city, but devotes himself to suburban towns. Rev. Mr. Erwin and his wife, of the Christian Church, have come to inaugurate a work for that denomination.

Thus, the new-found liberty represented by the American flag, is beginning to be improved and enjoyed. Rev. Mr. McKim represents the Bible Society, and reports the sale of over 1,200 copies of the Scriptures. He is superintendent of the Sabbath School in the theatre, which precedes the services by Mr. Smith.

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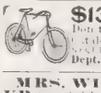

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BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LIKE a prisoner chained and bound, the Judge sat paralyzed in his library and no one knew that he was there.

The hours passed and he sat helpless, bound in that awful chain of frozen horror. In vain he struggled in a wild rage for freedom. No muscle stirred. Where was his boasted will power now? Hand and foot, faithful, uncomplaining slaves for so many years, had rebelled at last!

His brain seemed on fire and the flashing thoughts blinded him with their glare. His brother's letters seemed to be glaring at him from their sepulchre and clothed in the majesty of a dead man's faith, looked at him with an awful reproach, until his very soul bowed in the dust with shame. His will still lay upon the desk, open at the paragraph "to my dear niece Evadne," and the words "In trust," like red-hot irons, branded him a felon in sight of God and men!

The other members of the family returned from the festival, and Louis passed the door whistling. He had had a rare evening of pleasure at the festival, with Evadne at his side. Towards its close, under cover of the rolling harmonies, he had leaned over and whispered: "I love you, dear!" and Evadne had held out her hand to him with the low, pleading cry, "Oh, Louis, if you really do, then set me free!" But he had only smiled and taken the hand, on which his ring was gleaming, into his, and settled his arm more securely upon the back of her chair; and John Randolph, sitting opposite with Dick and Miss Diana, had watched the little scene and drawn his own conclusion with a sigh.

The night drew on. No one came to the library, and Judge Hildreth could make no sound nor movement. The electric lights, which it was his fancy to have ablaze in every room downstairs until the central current was shut off, still gleamed steadily upon the rigid figure before the desk, with the white, drawn face and the awful look of horror in its staring eyes. Again and again he tried to call, but no sound escaped the lips, set in a sphinx-like silence.

He must shake off this strange lethargy. It was not possible for him to die—he had not time. To-morrow was the meeting of the Panhattan directors; they were relying upon him to work through the second call on stock, and two of his notes fell due; if he did not retire them his credit would be lost at the bank—and there was the banquet to the English capitalists, with whom he was negotiating a mining deal, and he must arrange with his broker to float some more shares of the "Silverwing," and manipulate, manipulate, manipulate! An agonized, voiceless cry went up to heaven: "O God, let me have to-morrow!"

But it was not to be. His prayer was unanswered. In the morning they found him dead and cold. It was a shock to all, but the hard, matter-of-fact duties must be done, and so important a man as Judge Hildreth must have a funeral worthy of his reputation in the State.

In a few days the stately obsequies were ended. The paid quartette had sung their sweetest, while Dr. Jerome, standing beside the frozen face in the massive coffin, had delivered an elegant eulogium, and Mrs. Hildreth, clad in her costly robes of mourning, had been led to her carriage by her son. Everything had been conducted in a manner befitting the Hildreth honor.

But the Hildreth honor suffered an eclipse when Louis examining his dead father's private papers found that Evadne's fortune had been used and lost.

"Evadne!" Louis turned a white, scared face towards his cousin, who stood beside him as he sat at his father's desk. Upstairs Mrs. Hildreth and Isabelle were in solemn consultation with a dressmaker. In the drawing-room Marion was being consoled by Simpson Kennard.

"Well, Louis!" She laid her hand on his shoulder gently. She was very sorry for him.

"There is some awful mistake. Poor father seems to have counted on funds which we can find no trace of. The estate is not worth an eighth of what he valued it at. There is barely enough to keep you—mother and Isabelle, alive!" He laid his head down on the desk while great tears fell through his fingers. The shameful mystery of it was intolerable.

But, Louis, have you looked everywhere? There must be some explanation."

Louis shook his head.

"I've looked, but in this drawer, I opened it, but there is nothing but old musty letters. I haven't time to go into them now. Oh, little Coz, I don't dare to look you in the face. The thirty thousand dollars left you by your father is gone!"

"Don't tell Aunt Kate and the girls, Louis. There is no need that they should ever know. I have my profession and I am strong. Uncle Lawrence never meant to do anything except what was just right, I know."

Louis looked up at her, and there was a strange reverence in his cynical face. He was in the presence of a Christliness which he never dreamed of.

"I am not worthy to touch the hem of your garment," he said humbly. But he did not offer to release her from her promise. He had not learned to be generous—yet.

Evadne suffered more than she allowed her cousin to know. Her dream was ended and rude was the awaking. The idea of helping her fellows had grown to be a passion with her, and very fair had been the castle in the air of which she was the princess. A home, not rich or stately, but full of a delightful homeliness which should soothe and cheer those who, walking through the world amid a storm of tears, call earth a wilderness, while their desolate hearts echo the mournful question: "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" She too had been lonely, she could understand, and by the sweet influence of human love and sympathy lift their thought above the earthly shadows up to the love of God.

She had not dreamed of doing things on a grand scale. Evadne Hildreth was wise enough to know that comfort cannot be dealt out in wholesale packages—she never forgot that Jesus of Nazareth helped the people one by one.

She had never questioned the terms of her father's will—if there was a will. She had supposed when she became of age there would be some change, but her uncle had made no reference to the subject, and she had not liked to ask. He was always kind—he would do what was best. Some day she would be free to carry out this beautiful dream of hers. She could afford to wait. Now there was nothing to wait for any more!

How strange it seemed, when the need was so great and she longed to help so much! Well, she was only a little child—she could trust her Father. God understood.

That was what Dr. Randolph had said, this strong, true friend of hers, that night when he asked the question which he had never asked again. How gentle he was; but it was the gentleness of strength, and how every one depended on him! She herself had learned to expect the helpful words which he always gave her when they met. Friendship was a beautiful thing!

He came up behind her as she was dressing the burns of a little lad who had been severely injured at a fire. She did not hear his step. She was telling a bright story to the little sufferer, to make him forget his pain, and the boy was laughing merrily. John's face was very grave, but his eyes lightened as they always did when they rested upon her face.

"Mrs. Reginald Hawthorne is very ill. Can you, will you come?"

And Evadne answered with a simple

(Continued on next page.)

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A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY

(Continued from preceding page.)

"yes." They needed so few words—those two.

It had been a strange meeting between John and his old friend Rege. Many years had passed since Mr. Hawthorne expelled John Randolph from Hollywood and Rege had said that sad good-bye. But one day John, hurrying to the home of a patient met Rege on the street, and they recognized one another instantly.

"John Randolph!"

"Rege!"

The two men stood facing each other with hands held in a vice-like grasp, all unconscious of what was going on around them in the street.

"Where did you come from?"

"Where have you been?"

"In and around Marlborough all the time," John answered, "except when I went to New York for my degree."

"And never let us hear a word from you all these years?"

"You forget, Rege, your father forbade me to hold any communication with Hollywood."

Reginald's face grew grave. "Poor Father! Well, he's done with it all now."

"You don't mean that he is dead, Rege?"

"Yes—and little Nan."

"Oh!" The exclamation was sharp with pain.

"I think she fretted for you, John. She just seemed to pine away. Every day we missed her about the same time and they always found her in the same place, down by the green road. Then scarlet fever came. She never spoke of getting well—didn't seem to want to. The night she died she put her arms 'round mother's neck and whispered: 'Tell Don I'll be waitin' at the gate.' That was all."

John wrung Reginald's hand and turned away. Reginald looked at him with misty eyes, "I used to tell mother it would break his heart. I never saw anyone so wrapped up in a child."

"And your father, Rege?" John was calm again.

"Had a fit of apoplexy soon after. I think Nan was the only thing in the world he cared for. It had never struck him that she could die. We sold Hollywood and went abroad. Mother's health broke up—she was never very strong you know. We spent one year in Italy and one in France, but the shock had been too great. She lies in a lovely spot beside the sea."

"Not your mother, Rege, too!"

Reginald's voice broke. "Yes, they are all gone. It was a great deal to happen in a few years. I am a wealthy man, John; but I am all alone in the world, except for Elsie. Well," he added more lightly, "I have learned not to rebel against the inevitable. It is only what we have to expect."

"Elsie?" echoed John wonderingly.

"My wife," said Reginald proudly. "You must come home at once and let me show you the sweetest woman in the world."

"Not just yet, Rege. I must pay a visit to Mrs O'Flannigan, then there is the Hospital and the Dispensary and I promised to concoct a bed for a poor fellow in the last stages of heart trouble. But I will come to-night."

"Always helping somewhere, John. What a grand fellow you are!"

"We are in the world to help the world, else what were the use of living?"

"I can't do anything," said Reginald sadly, "with this clog." He looked contemptuously at his ebony crutch, as he spoke.

John laid his hand upon his arm.

"Rege," he said in his old tender way, "I think this very 'clog' as you call it, is a preparation to help those who are passing through the baptism of pain."

Mrs Reginald Hawthorne welcomed her husband's friend with a winning charm. She was very pretty, very graceful, and very young. Reginald idolized her. John saw that, as he looked around the sumptuous home, whose every fitting was a tribute to her taste. They had just finished unpacking the things they had brought from Europe. "Strangely enough," said Reginald with a laugh, "I told Elsie this morning that now I was going to start out in search of you!" He had developed wonderfully. John saw that travel and trial had brought out the good that was in him, but not the best.

The evening passed pleasantly. Mrs. Hawthorne played beautifully, and Reginald had kept eyes and ears open and talked well.

"How about the other life, Rege?" asked John, when they had a few moments alone. "This one seems very fair."

"All a humbug, John. You Christians are chasing a will o' the wisp—a jack o' lantern. You remember my fad for mathematics? I have followed it up, and I find your theory a *reductio ad absurdum* I must have everything demonstrable and clear. This is neither."

"Yet it was a great mathematician who said: 'Omit eternity in your estimate of area and your solution is wrong.'"

Reginald shook his head. "I have nothing to do with this faith business. I go as far as I see, no further."

"God calls our wisdom foolishness, Rege. Jesus Christ put a tremendous premium upon the faith of a little child."

Things must be tangible for me to believe in them; reason is king with me."

"Without faith in your fellowmen, and your wife, you would have a poor time of it, Rege. Why should you refuse to have faith in your God? Is your will tangible, and can you demonstrate the mysterious forces of nature? You know you can't, Rege, you have to take them on trust, and if you had seen what I have, you would know that poor human reason is a pitiful thing! But I won't argue with you; some day you will understand."

Reginald Hawthorne went back into the room where his wife was sitting. "Elsie darling, you have seen one of the grandest men in the world to-night. The only trouble is that on the one subject of religion he is a crank."

He had probably often spoken to his wife so contemptuously of religion, for when, in compliance with Dr. Randolph's request, Evadne went to nurse her, she found the patient in a distressing condition of mind.

"I tell you I will not die!" The piercing cry rang through the handsome room and fell like molten lead upon the heart of the man who, with strained, haggard face, was sitting by the bedside. "You have not told me the truth, Reginald! There is a God. I feel it! You have always laughed and called me young and foolish, but I know better than you do now. You said if our lives were governed by reason, we would meet death like philosophers, and I do not know how to die! You used to laugh, and say the whole thing was child's play and there was nothing to fear—and I believed you. But it was easy to believe you then, with your arms folded close about me and the sunlight streaming through the windows, and the merry shouts of the children outside—but now you cannot go with me, and I am afraid to go alone!" The eyes, wild and despairing, burned fiercely in the pallid cheeks. "Do you hear, Reginald? I am afraid, I tell you—horribly afraid! You used to say you would lay down your life to save me—why do you not help me now?

"What makes you look so strangely, if it is all nonsense, Reginald? Why do you shut out the sunshine and why is the house so dreadfully gloomy and still? You told me once you were going to die with a laugh on your lips. I am dying, Reginald, why don't you help your wife to die as you mean to do? A—h!"

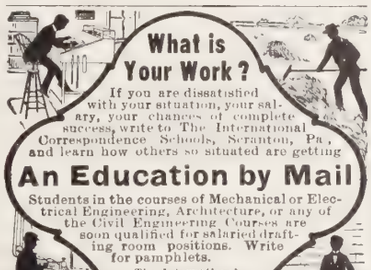
Her voice died away in a low wail of terror, and the delicate blue veins in her temples throbbed with feverish excitement. Reginald Hawthorne had crouched down in his chair and buried his face in his hands.

"I suppose you will give me a splendid funeral—you are so generous, you know—but I will not care whether the prison is pine or mahogony, if I am to be shut up in it all alone! And you will have a long procession, with plumes and flowers and show, but you will leave me in the dreary graveyard and you will come back to our home, where we have been so happy together—so happy, just you and I.

"And some day you will forget me—men do such things they say—and another woman will be your wife and I will be all alone!"

"Sister!" The abject man in the chair held out his hands in an agony of entreaty—"Come here and help us—if you can!" and Evadne came swiftly into the room, and, sitting down on the bed, gathered the pitiful little figure to her heart.

(To be Continued).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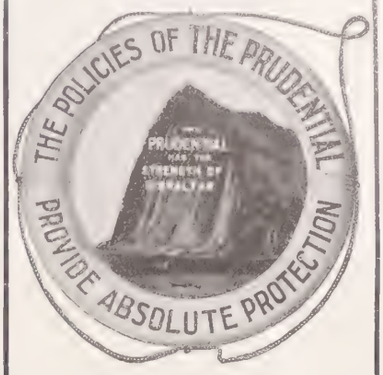

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∴ Chats by the Firelight ∴

Is Street Car Courtesy Declining?—Breaking a Bad Habit—The Nurse's Bill, etc.

A CORRESPONDENT (Jean D.) deplores a lack of gallantry among the men of the period, and states that she seldom, in these days, sees a man rise to yield a seat to a woman in a public conveyance. Really, Jean, there is no obligation on a tired man, who has paid his fare, to resign his place to a stranger of the other sex, unless she is old, or infirm, or burdened with a child. On our long suburban routes, a man may have to ride miles to reach his home or his business. Should he offer a woman his seat, she may leave the car in a few minutes, but he does not regain his place, which is pounced upon at once by somebody else. There are two sides to this, as to most questions. In days when women work side by side with men and compete with them in wage-earning, all the latter have a right to ask, is a fair field and no favor. Women should treat men with courtesy, just as men should treat women with politeness. But when I see, as I daily see, men at a crowded terminus of a trolley line, push and shove and fight and crush women and children in their effort to get seats first, I shake my head. I am puzzled and discouraged.

* * *

EMILY C. tells me that she cannot break herself of saying, "Dont you know?" and "See?" at the end of her sentences; and that when she is embarrassed, she says "Ah!" at the end of her words, and hesitates and flounders about in the middle of her sentences. My dear, you must break yourself of these little things, which are simply tricks of manner; you can do it if you will think before you speak, and nobody can really help you except yourself. The well-bred young woman avoids slang expressions of all kinds.

* * *

THERE WAS a bill before Congress recently which unfortunately was defeated, one wonders why, since its reason for being was in evident necessity, and its provisions, most of them, were in accord with common sense and dictated by human sentiment. Perhaps in some modified form it may be presented again at a future day, for, if we are going to have larger armies than formerly, and foreign wars are to be on our hands, the mothers of the nation will desire that there shall be a corps of properly qualified women nurses to take care of the men who are wounded, and of the sick in hospitals. I do not underate the skill and tenderness of men as nurses, but when our boys are homesick, and fever-racked, and far from home and friends, a gentle woman's hand to turn a pillow and give a remedy, a woman's face to remind of home and mother, will do more for the soldier than any man can do. Many of the leading women of the nation were deeply anxious that the Nurses' Bill should pass, and they are correspondingly disappointed at its defeat. In talking with a woman who saw a great deal of our men in hospitals last summer, both at Montauk and at Chattanooga, she told me that it was simply wonderful to see how the poor fellows, too ill to lift a hand, would brighten up and improve under the nursing of women, which somehow brought with it a spiritual and moral uplift as well as the physical relief.

* * *

IT happened to me, not long ago, to hear a story of discouragement on the part of a husband whose home was on the east side in a great American city. He was a cobbler earning his livelihood for a large family by the repairing of shoes, but do what he would he could never earn enough to keep the little ones in even partial comfort, and at last when illness overtook him he made no effort to get well. "What's the use," he said, "we shall never get ahead," and died, the doctor declared, not so much of disease as of pure discouragement. After all, our brothers and husbands are only mortal, and require toning up as much as women.

* * *

Mrs. T. E. B. I shall be more than glad if you will send me the periodicals of which you spoke in your interesting letter of some weeks ago. Send them simply to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The subject is a very delicate one and has many sides. It is one rather for the individual than for the printed page. I feel deeply with you the hardships involved in many persons, but am not sure that there is any way of relief.

* * *

Mrs. L. A. K. I like such falling in love as yours. I thank you for your very beautiful letter.

Mrs. M. W. S. If it is possible, I will do what you ask me to, and in the meantime many thanks.

A READER. I know of no such book as you are seeking for, but your own heart and common sense will apply all needed help in the matter.

T. C. Pray over the matter. If it is really the best thing for you, God will open the way in his own time. But I advise waiting for the present.

M. E. L. I should leave all the past and all that concerns your dear one with God, who loves us all far more than we love him. I thank you for your kind words to me.

S. R. A. In every church there are lonely and neglected people who would greatly prize a little personal attention. Ask your pastor to give you a list of such, to whom you may write or call.

Margaret E. Sangster

Babylon's Hanging Gardens

M Bruno Meissner, a distinguished French savant, tells of the discovery of a representation of Babylon's hanging gardens, engraved upon an Assyrian tablet. The tablet (says the *Literary Digest*) is now preserved in the British Museum. It is a part of a block of alabaster taken from the ruins of the palace of King Assur-banipal. It shows a temple upon a hill with numerous lofty columns. To the left of the temple is an idol. The right side of the view is occupied by the hanging gardens. The trees in them seem to be poplar or cypress, and there are also vines. The gardens, triangular in form, rest on pillars made of huge blocks of stone. Access is by means of a path cut in the hill. It has been believed hitherto that the inventor of the hanging gardens was Nebuchadnezzar, who ordered them built to please his wife. M. Meissner thinks Nebuchadnezzar only restored the gardens after the destruction of Babylon in 648 B. C.

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Inter-Denominational Evangelistic Work

IN the twenty-six years of my service as an evangelist I have discovered, I think, some weak points which may be remedied and make the work more effectual. My object in writing this letter is to set forth these weak points, and suggest what seems to me a remedy:

1. There is always a great difficulty in securing united effort. Denominationalism is very marked among the churches, and as a matter of course every one looks out for its own. It is exceedingly difficult to secure a union of all the churches in any evangelistic movement.

2. In the active work of evangelization, another great difficulty is to find trained and experienced Christians who are willing to do personal work. There is a strange backwardness; I may say, a lack of zeal among our very best Christian people. What is most needed is that kind of individual effort which characterized the Christians of the earliest days.

3. When the meetings are over, as a rule many of those who have made profession of faith are lost sight of. In some of the churches, diligent pastors, by the help of a few members, may secure larger numbers than others; but as a rule the great majority disappear, and the churches stand looking into each other's faces, after the evangelist is gone, and wondering where are the converts. The usual evangelistic effort is like sheet lightning—lighting up all around for a short while and leaving all in darkness again when the work is done.

4. Another difficulty in the way of successful evangelistic work is the expense of the work. The churches always want to know what it will cost, and there is great difficulty in raising the amount.

Now as to the remedy: Years ago I organized the National Evangelization Society, and for some time had many preachers and singers at work as evangelists all through the land. But the same difficulties applied to their work as to mine. The plan I now have to propose is for inter-denominational effort, and to be brought about in the following way:

First: I have secured already a most excellent Y. M. C. A. secretary to visit cities or towns where meetings are to be held, and through the Young Men's Christian Association, and by personal visitation to the pastors and churches, to secure united effort.

Second: I have also secured the services of another excellent Christian man to take charge of the workers, selecting from the churches, under the advice of the different pastors, such men and women as will make first-class workers, and who are willing to do that kind of work. Thus, without any announcement from the pulpit or any ostentation whatever, the organized forces will do their quiet work.

Third: I have yet to engage another, who will remain after the evangelist has gone, to form the converts of the different churches into associations, and by the help of the Christian workers from each particular church, assist in getting these converts into the churches and setting them out along some lines of work.

Fourth: I propose to secure by contribution sufficient funds to pay the expenses of this work, only calling upon the churches to arrange the place for the meeting and give the daily contribution to some benevolent work.

If THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is the Christian inter-denominational paper of this country, will set this plan before the people, I believe it will be adopted by evangelists everywhere. Those who work in single churches will find this plan a most excellent one, and it may be operated by the help of the pastor alone. Those who are working in Union meetings for all denominations, will, I am sure, find it to their advantage to put this plan into operation. H. M. WHARTON.

[The plan suggested by Rev. Mr. Wharton is one which, from his wide evangelistic experience, deserves serious consideration. We would be pleased to hear from other pastors and evangelists on the subject.]

An Evangelists' Convention Suggested

Editor "Christian Herald": It is apparent to all of us who are engaged in the blessed work of soul-saving that the present methods of evangelism must be changed, if we are to expect the best results. Many parts of our land greatly needing the labors of the consecrated evangelist are seldom reached; the churches that agree upon the fundamental doctrines of salvation are not united as they should be in practical work for reaching the masses of the non church-goers; in opening and prosecuting special evangelistic work in a community, the evangelist is limited in his influence and oftentimes greatly hampered alike by a lack of co-operation on the part of evangelical denominations and a lack of organized effort on the part of Christian workers; and frequently when the evangelist takes his departure (after a spasmodic collection is taken, which leaves a bad taste in the mouths of many and hastens a reaction—alas!) no systematic effort is made to look after the new converts, to instruct them in the Christian life and to bring them under some pastoral care. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would do a good service by encouraging the call of a convention of pastors and evangelists, where these vital questions which bear upon this important subject can be fully discussed.

Montclair, N. J. H. ALLEN TUPPER, JR.

How a Stagnant Church Was Helped

To the Editor: For the benefit of others similarly situated, I write to give our experience in one little country church. We had a pastor for a dozen years or so—a good man, but slow and indisposed to give any attention to progressive ideas. Under his ministry we seemed to make little progress, although we all liked him. Attendance at services dwindled, and the Sunday School became literally "a matter of form"—certainly it was not one of pupils. To crown our troubles, the church gradually dropped behind in finances. I need say no more.

Two years ago our present pastor came—an earnest, energetic man, with experience in other fields. At his coming the church seemed to spring into new life. It was not his eloquence, for he made no special pretence to pulpit ability; but it was his spiritual energy that vitalized us. His motto was, "All must work for the kingdom." He organized the young and old among us on a working basis, entered into the life of the congregation, and became their personal leader in all good deeds. He believes in showing the way. It is a favorite saying of his that spiritual work must precede spiritual refreshment, and that whoso does not work for the cause of Christ week days, need not expect to derive the highest benefit from church privileges on Sunday. We now find the love of all forms of Christian activity so growing among our people that it astonishes us. We have our own missionaries, who write us from afar; our own orphan wards and our own local benevolences, besides the regular demands of our denomination, all of which are regularly and cheerfully met. Work, work, work, is the talisman that has wrought the change.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. J. M.

[This letter, from a regular reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, may furnish a helpful suggestion to some church which is threatened with spiritual stagnation. We wish the writer had been even more explicit.]

A Casket for Buddha's Tooth

Ceylon was recently the scene of a series of remarkable ceremonies, the occasion being the placing of the famous Buddhist relic, "Buddha's tooth," in a golden casket, which had been presented by the Burmese followers of the prophet to the faithful in Ceylon. The resting-place of the relic—to which the most miraculous powers are ascribed—is the great Mohigawa temple at Kandy, where it can now be seen in its new casket, the latter being a piece of the most exquisite oriental workmanship, valued at $50,000. It is in the shape of a dagoba, the body being of massive gold, garlanded with strings of jewels and surmounted by a splendid ruby. It is covered by a silver canopy inlaid with precious stones, and the whole stands about six feet high. With it came from Rangoon thirteen hundred Burmese, 370 of them priests.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

AN OLD HERO'S STORY*

Tropical Fevers

WITH regard to the yellow fever, there has been a large consultation among Cuban professional physicians. They bring out several facts concerning Spanish soldiers, from whom fever statistics have been derived. The Spanish soldier, coming from Spain, at first, is unacclimated; everything touching hygiene, like diet and bathing, is uniformly neglected. He is a prime subject for the fever, so that the percentage of fever in a new Spanish army entering Cuba would be double that of our army.

Again, there is a type of malarial disease which passes for yellow fever, but is not in reality that disease. These things being so, these physicians consider that there is far less danger of the fevers, and less indeed of their proving fatal, than most people suppose. They show very many parts of Cuba where fever does not exist at all, especially where the land is high and rolling and the air and water are uniformly good. Our own hygienic regulations are superb. The difficulty is to live up to them.

The fever, for the most part, in the vicinity of Santiago, is of a mild type, and when taken soon enough is easily controlled. As I am informed thus far of all cases, citizens and soldiers, but twenty-five proved fatal.

General Wood, commanding the city, is working gradually to root out the evil from Santiago altogether. He cleans the city, introduces a system of drainage, and handsomely relieves impoverishment by employing able-bodied Cubans.

. . . .

Corcoran's Trust

As I went on deck and came into the social hall, I found Mrs. Bull, our woman nurse, doing what she could for the comfort of the sick who were lying upon the seats and in the staterooms. Looking across the way, an army surgeon was observing a very sick soldier. Mrs. Bull thought he was dying. He was deadly pale and scarcely breathed. But when I spoke to him gently, and touched his forehead, he opened his eyes and told me that his name was Corcoran, and that he belonged to the Third United States Infantry. For fear that I might do him harm in his weakness, I turned away to others. Before leaving the hall I again looked toward Corcoran. He opened his eyes and gazed eagerly toward me, and then said, with a clear voice:

"Aren't you General Howard?" I said "Yes."

He answered: "I thought so. You spoke to us when we were encamped at Mobile. You told us of the soldier McDonald, who had died for you."

I remembered the occasion: my subject that evening at the regular camp was: "He died for me." I used this as an exhibition of our Saviour's love and sacrifice, and illustrated it with several army incidents, where it seemed to me that the officers and soldiers connected with me had laid down their lives that I might live. McDonald's was a case in point.

I whispered to Corcoran, and said: "Are you trusting in McDonald's Saviour?" He said emphatically:

"Yes, I am."

Corcoran was soon moved to another part of the ship. He had a strong constitution, had, indeed, been an athlete among his comrades. Every time I saw him after that interview he appeared to be better. The doctor said I had done him more good than medicine by coming to see him. He grew better under the faithful care and attention of members of his regiment, who were ill themselves, though not so weak. He would say to me every time I came: "General, I am praying all the time." He was an only son—his father and mother living in Baltimore. I hope to hear that he has been restored to health and to his parents.

. . . .

Gen. Shafter's Story of Battle

Shafter showed me about where they stood—he and his officers—when they took their first look at Santiago: then explained how the approach was made and the plan of battle. How General Duffield, with his regiments, had made a demonstration against Aguadores, while the main army was approaching along a higher road farther north; how El Poso had been taken possession of and Grimes' battery located. There was the movement then from El Poso very much like the opening of a fan with the handle near Grimes' Hill. Shafter did not like to leave El Caney, occupied by Spaniards—a strong place and well fortified—while he advanced from El Poso toward the city. General Lawton's division was sent, and though it took longer than was anticipated, on the first of July disposed of El Caney. Meanwhile Kent's and Wheeler's divisions (Sumner commanding the latter, till Wheeler, leaving a sick bed, hurried to participate), moved forward substantially abreast through a jungle-cut road and deployed right and left in front of what had been called the works of San Juan. Shafter entered into no detail. The men, as we know, encountered a dreadful fire of Spanish artillery and Mauser rifles. The enemy was well fortified: he had a line very considerably expanded, dotted with blockhouses, crowning knolls and heights, and fortifications well constructed. The wire-fence arrangement, with barbed wires wrapped around posts in squares or pentagons, having here and there horizontal criss-crossing, was worse as it stood than our old-fashioned abatis: only with proper instruments, which our troops do not seem to have had, could such a fence be cut down by skirmishers and rushers with very little delay.

This line of the San Juan, between that stream and the city was bravely captured, though with heavy loss. The line was evidently weak, till the forces came back from El Caney—Lawton to push off and secure the right with the Cubans beyond him, toward the Condado Height, and General Bates to march hastily after the affair at El Caney to the extreme left, and thus secure it, so that the Spaniards' attempt of recovering their lost ground was met and hindered

General Shafter ran over the right, the centre, the front, with his arm raised, pointing out the varied positions of his troops and of the Spaniards who opposed him till he came to the left of the line. He then said that the Cubans did not fight well over there. They did not succeed in keeping back Toral's reinforcement, "so that I was obliged to have Lawton send Ludlow's brigade down there by the water—not, of course, to keep out reinforcements, for they had already come, but to cut off the only chance the garrison had to get away." Garcia's men became a second line, though Garcia met Shafter in the beginning and cooperated with the navy and army, probably as well as anybody could reasonably have expected, yet the Cuban method of fighting would never do for us. Even when Gomez was in command on the battlefield, his object was to draw out against himself a Spanish force as large as he could attract, and as far away from the Spaniard's base as possible, and then attack front and flank and to retire quickly rather than suffer heavy loss. His methods were intended to harrass, rather than beat his foe. Except in rare instances, he could not expect anything like a decisive victory. With the bravest Cubans, that method of fighting became too much of a habit to make a Cuban force reliable in a defensive defile, or to hold against heavy odds an open roadway.

*From *Fighting for Humanity, or Camp and Quarterdeck*, by General O. O. Howard, U. S. A. [illegible] work in Army and Navy during the late war with Spain. Pp. 221; cloth covers. F. Tennyson Neely, New York and London, publisher.

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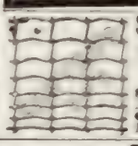

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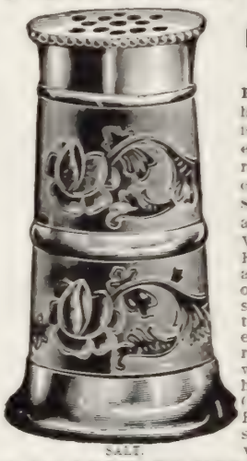

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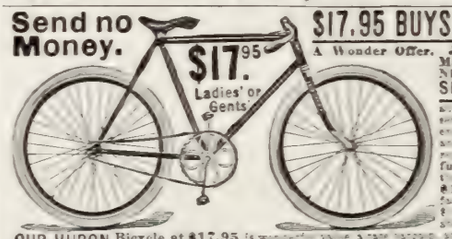

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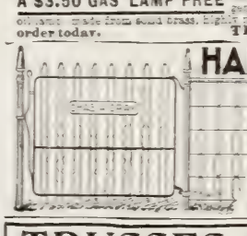

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Dividing Our Time

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 30. Eccles 3: 1-15

THE older generation may remember an illustration used by a good friend of young people, to show the advantage of method. He describes a man who had undertaken to clear a large area of snow. At first he worked irregularly, shovelling the snow at one corner and extending work in various directions. But after some time, he looked over the ground and apparently lost heart at the quantity still remaining to be cleared. Then he took his shovel and with the edge drew lines across the area. Working between these lines he made better progress, and looked over the ground at the end of each furrow with satisfaction. The moral drawn from the story was that a clear and definite plan helped in the accomplishment of work. There is always a possibility of time being frittered away, whether there is much or little to do. If the worker is a busy man with several things waiting to be done, he is liable to take up one and after awhile lay it aside to take up another, which seems to be more urgent, or to sit looking at his tasks hopelessly with the vague feeling that there is more than he can perform. One of the most successful workers we have ever known, a man who got through a great deal of work every day, attributed his power of work to a habit he had of entering every day on a card each task that he had to pertorm. His first act before going to his office was to examine this card and choose the tasks that he would do that day, and enter them on another card in the order in which he would take them up. Every one of his clerks was familiar with his "Now, what's the next thing?" as he referred to his card, and one duty followed on the heels of another, with no intervals of indecision and no waste of time in desultory occupation. A man who works so methodically, does not, at night, have to look back, as so many do, over a day in which he has been busy all the time and yet has no finished task to his credit.

A method which helps in business will help also in religious duty. The man who always intends to prepare his Sunday School lesson early in the week, or to visit some poor family, or to spend an hour with some sick Christian, and does not put his intention into execution, fails in his duty and is dissatisfied with himself. Yet he is very liable to fail if he has no methodical system of dividing his time. It slips away so easily and there is so little of it that the closest economy is necessary. It needs to be treasured and apportioned with the clear idea that unless it is definitely applied it will be lost without result. Among all the things which the Preacher mentions, there are some that will inevitably assert their claims, and it often happens that in the absence of care and plan, they will claim more time than legitimately belongs to them. It is true, as he says, that there is a recurrence of these things. That which was in the past has to be done again today, and what we do to-day may have to be done again in the future, but there are opportunities of service which come but once, and if we do not use them, they are lost and we shall have to answer with shame when "God requireth that which is past."

With many of us the time that we can give absolutely to God's service is extremely small. The earning of a livelihood so that we may live honestly, involves labor which occupies a large part of the twenty-four hours, and this is a duty to God as much as direct service in his cause. Diligence in business is a duty enjoined by the highest authority, and it ought never to be said of any Christian that he neglects it. And in our business there are opportunities of serving God which should not escape. The chance comes of saying an encouraging word to some troubled soul, or of uttering a tactful warning to some one in danger of falling. Things of this kind may be done by the most diligent business man, and they frequently have more effect when spoken at the right moment than the best pulpit effort. But these are, by the way, the little things that may be done as we pass. The question we have to consider is the remainder of the time. The Sundays and the evenings which are at our disposal. It is these which we have to divide so that the claims of home and family shall not be neglected, and yet something shall be used directly in the Master's service. We cannot afford to spend our time so that none shall be consecrated to him. The sacred hour of morning and evening devotion no Christian will allow to be encroached upon who has a true conception of its value; but beyond this, there should be some period which we regard as the Master's time, which should be given to his service. This every one has to settle for himself, but unless it is divided off and set apart it is not likely to be rightly used.

Jane Hope Passes Away

A Noble, Generous-Hearted Christian Woman, Who Delighted in Good Deeds

IN the New York papers of Saturday, April 8, appeared this simple notice:

Died, Friday, April 7, 1899, at her residence, Miss Jane Hope. Notice of funeral hereafter.

The name is familiar to many of our readers. Those who have scanned our column of "Good Causes Helped," have seen it repeated, year after year, as the giver of generous donations. Her first contribution came several years ago with the simple name appended and no explanation. From that time, until the present, hardly any cause enlisting sympathy, or any good work needing help has been presented in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to which Miss Hope did not come forward as one of the first and most generous of givers. She gave to the India Famine Fund which aided thousands of stricken natives, the Russian Fund, the Armenian Fund, our Fresh-Air Work, the Bowery Mission, the Bethesda Home, the fund for the Western Flood Sufferers, and a number of other enterprises of benevolence, philanthropy and evangelism. Her letters have been as modest as her generosity has been large. On the 22d of March, the proprietor of this journal wrote a letter acknowledging her latest gift of $100 to be divided among ten good causes; and closed with the words: "May the blessing of God rest upon the giver, the gift, and those who shall share in it."

Miss Jane Hope was over eighty at the time of her death, and had been in feeble health for several years. She was Scotch by birth, came to this country with her parents and brothers when a child, and lived in New York ever since. She had four brothers, all of whom are dead. The Hope brothers are well remembered by old New Yorkers as prominent, honorable business men, founders of a successful mercantile house, which is still in existence, though now under a different name. Miss Hope's relations with her brother John were peculiarly beautiful. The two were almost inseparable companions, and used to attend together the old Scotch Presbyterian Church (now in Central Park West) when it was on Grand Street. Her brother Thomas left a half million dollars to build and endow a hospital in his native town of Langholm, Scotland. Only one of the brothers, Anthony, married; he left three children, and the youngest, Belle, has been to Miss Hope as an adopted daughter. In late years this young lady has been eyes, ears, hands and feet to her venerable aunt. She regularly read to her. "Among the papers she loved best to hear was THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," said Mrs. Blume, a friend of the family, to the writer.

Miss Hope inherited a comfortable income, and took great delight in relieving the suffering and needy. In addition to her other charities, she gave generously to the Presbyterian Hospital, the Eye and Ear Infirmary, Home for Incurables, and Skin and Cancer Hospital, all in New York City. Her name will be cherished by many who have been helped by her noble generosity, and by none more cordially than those poor and needy ones who, through the medium of this journal, were brought into contact with this great-hearted woman, whose wealth was used as a sacred trust for the glory of God and the benefit of her fellow-beings.

A Sympathetic Princess

Princess Victoria, a daughter of the Prince of Wales, is greatly devoted to charitable work among the London poor.

Lately, in the course of one of her visits, the Princess found in a wretched lodging in Seven Dials, a family almost starved to death. Their faces were drawn with famine, the bodies scarcely able to stand. After she had given them some food she had them photographed, and then presented herself to her royal father with this telling testimony. She said to him: "We are responsible for this suffering. We are the ones who ought to cure the evil. There is something bad in your realm." The reply of the Prince has not been reported.

WEAK-LUNGED PEOPLE

wear away their lives by not building up a part of their body that drags them back when they want to go forward.

The hand of disease on your lungs will soon extend its grasp and, perhaps, squeeze out your very existence.

Chronic cough, or any other lung sickness, easily caught, and hard to cure, is a proof of lung weakness.

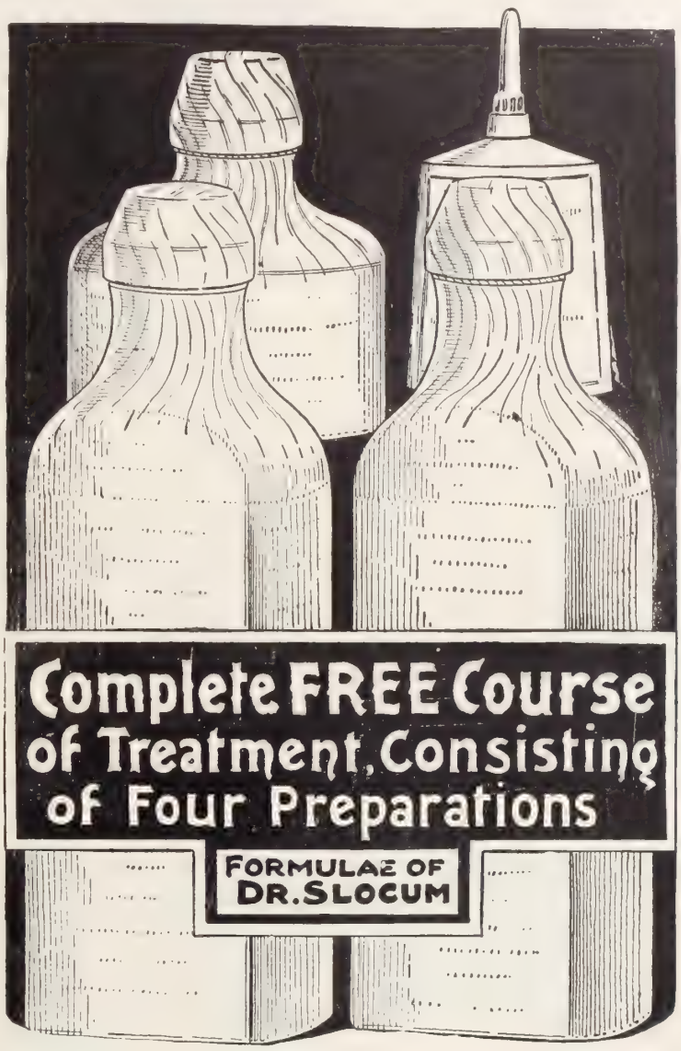
Loss of flesh, caused by blood that needs oxygen, is another.

Cold extremities and general sensitiveness to cold is another.

The system has cured thousands of help less invalids, whose cases had been given up as hopeless, because of its greater grasp upon scientific truths than any methods heretofore used in modern therapeutics. Their letters to-day on Dr. Slocum's files prove conclusively the efficacy of the treatment.

FREE TREATMENT TO ALL

As proof of the wonderful power of the system over all diseases due to lung weakness, the Doctor fraternally and liberally



These signs point to weakness, which is a *great source of danger*.

Weak lungs and weak system need *building up*, and the only scientific and certain way to do it is by the Slocum Treatment.

The Slocum Treatment consists of four preparations (Formulæ Dr. Slocum), forming a complete course of treatment, to be taken in accordance with the rules laid down in Dr. Slocum's well-known book on Consumption, Lung Troubles and Diseases of Loss of Flesh, entitled "My Doctor."

offers to send to all who write, a *Complete Free Course of Treatment*, consisting of the Four Preparations, with full instructions for use in any case.

WRITE THE DOCTOR TO-DAY

Simply write, giving your name, express and post-office address, and stating that you read about the treatment in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Laboratories 96 and 98 Pine Street, New York City, when the complete course of Four Free Preparations will be sent you.

$4.95 buys a Man's All Wool Suit

of Rich Blue Serge, warranted Best Fast Color, Guaranteed equal in quality, style and looks to others' best $10 Suits.

THE MATERIAL is **Mail's Best All-wool Serge,** famous everywhere for its perfect weave, soft feel and rich deep blue color. The cloth was woven by America's best woolen mill, from fine **picked wool yarn, dyed by a new process and cannot fade.** It is medium weight and suitable for year around wear, is firmly woven, will positively not fade or wear shiny, and will wear like leather. It is exactly the same cloth used in the serge suits that retail everywhere for $10.00. Remember we will sell only 1800 suits at $4.95—after they're gone the price will be $9.00. Don't delay, but order today before they are all gone.

EXPERT SUIT TAILORS will make the suit in the latest sack style to fit perfect. Line it with Holman's celebrated farmer satin, pipe it with Skinner's AAA satin, pad it extra well, use best grade of canvass, and sew every seam with pure silk and linen thread.

SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. with your height, weight, chest, waist and crotch measure. We'll send the suit by express C.O.D. and **allow you to examine and try it on before you pay one cent.** If found exactly as represented, the greatest bargain on earth and worth double our price, then pay exp. agent $4.95 and expressage and take the suit. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory for advertising purposes. After they are gone the price goes back to $9.00—**no more at $4.95 after 1800 are sold.** Order quick or they'll be gone. Don't miss this wonder chance.

WE MAKE other suits from $5.95 to $13.95. Write for free samples of cloth.

WE SELL 1800 SUITS AT $4.95

G. LOUIS VEHON CO. 155 W. Jackson St. Chicago, Ill.

STARK TREES have a 74-YR. Record. Fruit Book Free STARK BRO'S. Stark, Mo. We PAY FREIGHT

$75 MONTH AND EXPENSES; no experience needed; position permanent; self seller PEASE MFG. CO., P.O. Box A, Cincinnati, O

Pears'

No other soap in the world is used so much: or so little of it goes so far.

All sorts of people use Pears' soap, all sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists.

A High Gear

is a great delight in cycling or a great drawback. All depends on the condition of the chain. When a high-gear chain is neglected the waste of power is enormous. DIXON'S Cycle Chain GRAPHITES take care of the chain. They are the only lubricants suitable. They keep it limber, clean and easy running. They prevent rust-gumming or the accumulation of dust or grit.

In five styles—stick and paste. They are for sale by all dealers.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

'99 PRICES enable all to ride

Imperial Wheels

—the go-lightly kind.

The '99 Model surpasses all former ones in every way—perfect in design, material, workmanship and finish. Write us for prices and full description.

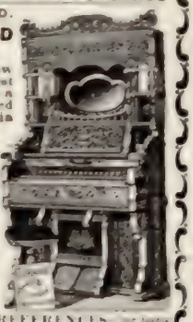
AMES & FROST CO., CHICAGO.

ONE YEAR'S FREE TRIAL

WE WILL SHIP A CORNISH PIANO OR A CORNISH ORGAN ANYWHERE UPON THE DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING THAT IF IT IS NOT SATISFACTORY TO PURCHASER AFTER 12 MONTHS' USE WE WILL TAKE IT BACK AND REFUND PURCHASE MONEY AND FREIGHT CHARGES WITH 6% INTEREST ADDED.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS CORNISH PLAN

and for a complete description of the instruments made by us see our new Souvenir Catalogue for 1899, handsomely illustrated in colors. The most comprehensive musical catalogue in the trade. The frontispiece is a masterly reproduction in fac-simile of an interesting oil painting, designed and executed for us by an eminent artist, representing "Saint Cecelia and the Angelic Choir." This beautiful catalogue is sent FREE charges prepaid, and we also include our novel reference book "The Heart of the People." Catalogue, Book and our latest Special Offers FREE.



PIANOS FROM $155

ORGANS FROM $25

SPECIAL a prompt response to this advertisement will secure a discount of $[illegible] on the list prices as quoted in our latest Catalogue, or any other high grade, or $[illegible] on the most popular styles if you buy [illegible]

REFERENCES [illegible]

CORNISH & CO., (Established [illegible] years) WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

No. 717 Canopy-Top Surrey, with double fenders. Price, complete, with curtains all around, storm apron, sunshade, lamps and pole or shafts, $68; as good as sells for $100.

WHY NOT SAVE IT?

When it comes to buying a vehicle of any kind you may just as well save the money in the transaction and be the manufacturer's guest. Save the big expenses of traveling salesmen, middlemen, dealers, agents, etc.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

but sell direct from our factory at wholesale prices. We are the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world selling to the consumer exclusively.

IN VEHICLES WE MAKE

Rockaways, Surreys, Traps, Phaetons, Stanhopes, Driving Wagons, Top Buggies, Open and Top Road Wagons, Spring Wagons, Delivery Wagons, Milk Wagons and Wagonettes. In harness we make either single or double harness suitable to all the above vehicles and heavy team harness.

No. [illegible]—Single Surrey harness, good as sells for $25

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ELKHART HARNESS AND CARRIAGE MANFG. CO. W. B. Pratt, Sec'y. ELKHART, INDIANA.

LARKIN SOAPS

AND PREMIUMS.—FACTORY TO FAMILY

Send for a beautiful booklet free. It tells how to obtain, free, the famous Larkin premiums worth $10 00 each.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Larkin St., Buffalo, N.Y.

OUR OFFER FULLY EXPLAINED IN The Christian Herald, March 29th.

15 Packets SEEDS. FLOWERS 20 Fine BULBS for 25c Post-paid.

1 Pkt. Japanese Morning Glory, beautiful variegated sorts.
1 " Chinese Pink, superb fringed.
1 " Mignonette, very fragrant.
1 " Sweet Alyssum, pure white.
1 " Portulaca, mixed, finest colors, all year.
1 " Nasturtium, Mixed, tall and dwarf, very fine.
1 " Verbenas, finest mixed, extra and flaked.
1 " Hollyhock, very select.
1 " Chinese Pink, large, bright red fringed.
1 " Wandering Jew.
1 " Aster, Crego.
1 " Gourd, White Flowering.
1 " Pansy, mixed, Medium Size.
1 " Sweet Pea, red, white and blue.

20 BULBS as follows, 3 Gladiolus, 3 Amaryllis, 3 Tuberoses, 1 Hyacinth, summer flowering; 1 tuberose, double, 1 Hyacinth, 1 dwarf white, The Bride, 1 sacred, and 10 other sorts of flowering bulbs.

15 Packets Seeds and 20 Bulbs as [illegible] for 25c., postpaid, with new illustrated catalogue.

J. BOSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N. Y.

Our New Canna Lilies

The most gorgeous flowers for garden and lawn. Plant in pots for immediate bloom, set out when ground is warm. Bears spikes of flowers of Lily-like flowers and elegant foliage.

4 for 25 Cents

—the largest and richest crimson Canna and

1 Lovely Pink,
1 Gold Edged,
1 Rich Variegated,

Live prepaid, safe to bloom.

New Floral Guide

124 pages, tells about 600 other Choice Flowers, FREE. Write to-day.

CONARD & JONES CO., West Grove, Pa.

$26

REAL BARGAINS

Road Wagons at $16.55
Top Road Wagons at $22.70
Top Buggies at $26.00

Surreys $42.50 Phaetons $37
Spring Wagons $29. Single Harness $8. Farm Harness $12. Also Carts, Saddles and everything in the vehicle line at lowest wholesale prices. All correct in style, quality and workmanship. Buy direct from factory. Save dealer's profits. We sell one or more as low as others sell in car lots and ship C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Write for catalogue and testimonials Free.

CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158 W. VanBuren St. B 18, Chicago

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...An 1899 Bicycle *WITHOUT MONEY.*

FREE Ladies' or Gentlemen's Model, Absolutely Guaranteed

During the past year, we gave away an enormous number of SUCCESS BICYCLES to our friends, with absolute satisfaction to all concerned. Now we have determined to outdo the marvelous generosity of the past. The 1899 SUCCESS WHEEL is even better than was last year's model, and that is almost saying that it is "Better than the Best." Remember, please, that you do not have to pay even one cent in cash.

GENTLEMEN'S WHEEL.—**Frame**—True Diamond, Seamless Shelby Nickel Steel Tubing. One-piece head, flush joints. **Crank Hanger**—Three-inch drop. **Height**—22 and 24 inches. **Bearings**—Cones and cups turned from tool steel, carefully tempered, highly polished and dust-proof. **Wheels**—Both 28-inch, with barrel hubs; Rims, best seasoned wood. **Pedals**—Latest pattern, strongest rat trap. **Saddle**—Rosenblatt, finest leather, perfect shape. **Chain**—Three-sixteenth inch, strongest steel links, thoroughly tested. **Gear**—72-84. **Cranks**—Two-piece, 7-inch throw. **Joints**—All reinforced. **Weight**—23 1-2 pounds. **Sprocket Wheel**—Highest quality forgings, detachable. Heavily nickel plated. **Spokes**—Best grade, 14-16 gauge. **Fork Crown**—Drop forged. Strongest made. **Tire**—Goodyear. Patent ball retainers. Shipped crated with tools.

LADIES' WHEEL.—Same as above, EXCEPT: **Frame**—Drop, 20 and 22 inches in height. **Pedals**—Combination. **Gear**—70 to 84. **Cranks**—6-inch throw. **Weight**—24 pounds. **Dress Guards** on chain and rear wheel.

REGULAR CATALOGUE PRICE, $75.

OUR GUARANTEE.—We give a binding one-year guarantee, during which time, if any piece or part gives out, by reason of defect in workmanship or material, we will replace it free of charge.

A VALUABLE WHEEL

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your magnificent SUCCESS bicycle, which you have kindly forwarded to me. It is indeed a valuable wheel, and one that will bear testimony to your good faith and accurate representation. The promptness and satisfactory methods by which your company has fulfilled its promises are at once a recommendation and advertisement for your business, for even in these advanced times all companies are not anxious to please their customers. RICHARD T. EVANS.

PLEASE BEAR IN MIND That 1,000 Superb Wheels are to be Given Away by us Absolutely Free—1899 Model,—perfect in material, manufacture and finish, in 100 Days,—10 Bicycles FREE each day.

Send your name and address on a Postal TO-DAY. We will forward full particulars of this MARVELOUS OFFER by RETURN MAIL.

A SPECIAL PRESENT WILL BE GIVEN TO THE FIRST IN EACH STATE.

Write Us To-day.. **The Success Co.** No. 9 Cooper Union, New York City.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

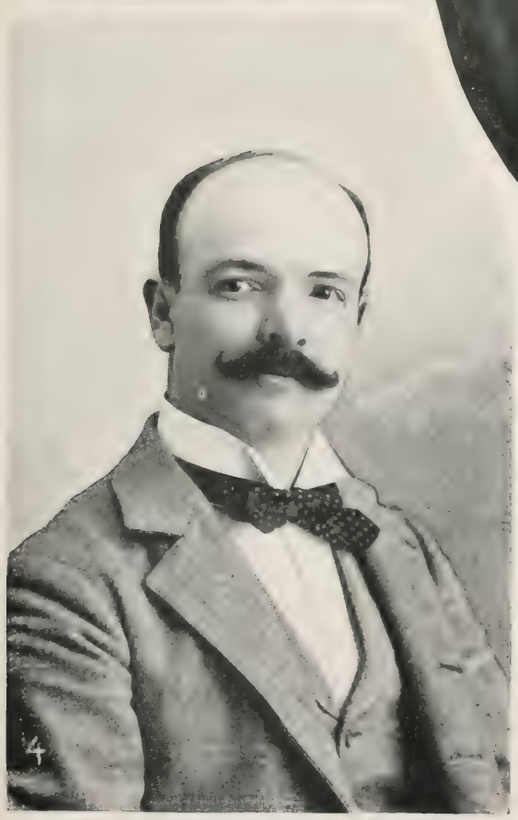
OFFICES · BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 17

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, APRIL 26, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS



LEADERS OF THE TRIENNIAL INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION AT ATLANTA, GA.

1 JOHN M. GREEN, Chairman General Committee. 2. B. F. JACOBS, Chairman Executive Committee. 3. ASA G. CANDLER, Sec'y General Committee. 4. M. D. BYERS, Sec'y Executive Committee. 5. H. H. CABANISS, Chairman Entertainment Committee. 6. Grand Opera House, Meeting Place of Convention

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Veteran, Chelsea, Vt. Does not Mr. Roberts fairly represent the people of Utah? If so why is there any movement to prevent his taking his seat?

He does not fairly represent the people of Utah, because that State as a whole, and the Mormons as a body, have abjured and disavowed polygamy in accepting the conditions imposed by the Edmunds' Act. He represents the illegal element, who still hold fast to polygamy in defiance of law. Utah was admitted to statehood on the distinct understanding that polygamy was then and forever abjured. It would be a sad thing if the people of Utah, or a majority of them, like Mr. Roberts, disregarded that solemn covenant.

Anxious Inquirer, Ailsa Craig, Ont. When were the three temples built?

The first by Solomon about a thousand years before Christ. The second in the time of Ezra, in 536 B. C. The Jews claimed that there never was a third temple. The fact was that parts of the old temple were taken down and rebuilt before the other parts, so that during the rebuilding they were never without a temple, but during the process one part was new and another old. This was [illegible] completed about eighteen years before Christ.

Willa T., Chicago, Ill. I have been asked whether a thing is right when we believe it is right and I am in doubt. It seems to be a question whether conscience is an absolute safe guide.

It is possible for a person to believe a wrong thing is right. A case in point is that of the Apostle Paul who said that when he was persecuting Christians he honestly believed he was doing God service. The conscience needs to be enlightened. It is often possible to show a person that a certain course of conduct is wrong, even after he has come to a conclusion that it is right. The conscience is sometimes blinded by sophistry or by a strong desire for some coveted pleasure or gain. Or it may have been affected by education or environment. We are bound to follow its dictates and do what we believe to be right, but we have to be careful to get all the light we can to aid it in coming to a right decision.

We are in receipt of this letter from Manila, which will be read with pleasure by many of our friends who have been interested in the work to which it refers:

PINEDAR, P. I., Feb. 1899.

Editor "Christian Herald":

Will you, through the medium of THE MAIL BAG, thank your army of readers for their good work done to the boys in the Philippines in sending literature in response to my appeal printed several months ago? The papers do incalculable good, and I would like to write a personal letter to each person who responded. A salary of $15.60 a [illegible] will give this general "Thank You" letter.

The Yankee Xmas Club of Philadelphia (a sunshine distributing society) has responded nobly.

Thanks to you all, kind friends.

HOMER M. MESSENGER.

T. N. B., Scottsdale, Pa. There are some people who contend that it is impossible for a Christian to fall away, and that if a man does fall away, it is a proof that he was never really saved. Is that so?

We do not believe it. Unhappily, there are too many instances of good men falling into grievous sin for us to entertain the belief. Even in Bible times there are the cases of David who committed murder and adultery, and Peter who denied his Lord, and the man mentioned by Paul, II. Cor. 2: 6-8, who was evidently a backslider. The tone of the many promises to repenting backsliders in the Bible such as Deut. 4: 29; Isa. 57: 18; Jer. 4: 1; Hos 14: 4; Zach. 10: 6; Mal. 3: 7; I. John 2: 1, show that it is possible for good men to fall away and be forgiven. The Parable of the Prodigal Son (Luke 15: 12-24), shows that the son steeped in sin and in a far country, is a son still, though an erring one, and is recognized as such when he returns.

W. S. F., Del Rey, Calif. Is there any rational way of understanding the Trinity so as to explain it to a young person? Why, if Christ was one with the Father, as we are taught, did

It is not possible to attain a clear conception of the Trinity. The fact, as we believe, is positively revealed in the Bible, and we accept it as a mystery beyond our comprehension. We need not hesitate to do so, as we believe many things we do not understand. We do not know even how our own being is constituted, nor how the mind operates on the body. Christ was a revelation of the Father. The Father was in him, but in his humiliation in taking the form of man, he became subservient and naturally prayed to the Father, who is invisible. So much we may learn from the Bible, but no one can fully fathom the mystery.

L. P. W., West Liberty, Ill. Did Pastor Spurgeon practise close communion in his church? At what age was he ordained?

No one could become a member of his church unless he had been baptized by immersion; but he welcomed persons who had not been so baptized to the communion as visitors and brethren in Christ. He was never ordained.

S. S. B., Waterbury, Conn. Upon what principle was the recent shelling of defenceless Samoan villages by the warships of two civilized nations justifiable? Are we to be so blinded by the warlike spirit of vengeance as to forget justice? Will not God require at our hands the lives of those Samoan non-combatants who fall by our guns? As I understand the situation these people seem to have been driven to extremity by the interference of the foreign powers. Can you throw some light on the question at issue?

The Samoan trouble is certainly a strange muddle, but it may be more satisfactorily explained than our correspondent anticipates. It is a dispute dating back eleven years, to the time when Great Britain, Germany and the United States entered into a mutual agreement to establish a triple protectorate over Samoa. The real trouble began with the thwarting of Mataafa's claims to the throne, and the crowning of Malietoa. Now that the latter is dead, Germany has withdrawn her objection to Mataafa, but the other two powers adhere to the original agreement to exclude him from the throne. It is probable that a majority of the Samoans regard him as their lawful king, and it may yet be so decided by the highest authorities. Meanwhile, it is well to suspend judgment on events in Samoa until all the facts are received.

J. J. C., Rosner, Mich. Why is it that although ministers regularly read I. Cor. 15 at funerals,

Are you sure that it is [illegible] whole chapter, especially the [illegible] from the thirty-fifth verse, appears to us to teach that God will give a new body rather than that the old one shall be re-animated. Perhaps the uncertainty on this question may account for the omission you speak of.

[illegible] or settlement on American soil?

The oldest town in the United States is St. Augustine, Fla., but the town of Ponce de Leon at Caparra, Porto Rico (which is now also a part of our territory), is said to have [illegible]

Matilda D., Reading Pa. Is there any foundation for the claim put forward by the Catholic Church, that part of the real crown of thorns worn by the Saviour at the crucifixion, is still [illegible]

None whatever. The claim is of a character similar to that made several years ago concerning the "Holy Shirt," possession of which was claimed by two rival French cities, each exhibiting a garment which they declared to be the original one. Even more absurd claims have been made concerning the crown of thorns. Early in the present century, the Church of Rome claimed that twenty-seven of the original thorns were still in existence. Now, a leading churchman is credited with the declaration that there are 560 of the genuine thorns in existence and distributed in Paris, Jerusalem and Constantinople. There are many other statements equally apocryphal, and numerous treatises have been written by scholars to prove that it was still in existence, but all are discredited. Perhaps the most ancient of these legends is that which describes the discovery of the original crown of thorns by the Empress Helena. Gibbon, the historian, relates its subsequent fate.

Miller C., Rahway, N. J. What is the literal meaning of the word "Satan?"

It is from an identical Hebrew word, meaning to lie in wait, to oppose, to be an adversary. The term is, in the original, used in this sense in I. Kings 11: 14; same chapter, 23d verse; I. Sam. 29: 4; Numbers 22: 22; Zech. 3: 1, 2; Job, 1st and 2d chapters, and many other passages.

J. R. S., Tampa, Fla. Are we to conclude from Christ's statement to Nicodemus (John 3: 13) that no one, not even Elijah, had gone to

No; if you will read the preceding verses you will see that he meant no living person had been to heaven. Christ was complaining that people would not believe him when he told them about heaven, and yet they had no other [illegible] and returned to tell what he had seen.

[illegible] from. R. Hunter, Princeton, Neb., writes:

[illegible]

It is said to be of Tartar origin, but the question is involved in much doubt, and many [illegible]

[illegible]

The battle of nations (so called) was fought [illegible] and the allied forces of Great Britain, Russia, Austria, Sweden and Denmark.

H. A. Converse, Parkman, O., writes:

In your list of old Bibles I find but one dated 1569. This is the date of one, formerly belonging to Rev. Ebenezer Parkman, printed by Christophel [illegible]

[illegible]

In four syllables—Con-sco-ce-lo. It is a name [illegible] countries.

Samuel D., Princeton, N. J. 1. How many vessels now constitute the U. S. Navy? 2. What position do we occupy on the list of great navies?

1. One hundred and ninety-two vessels in the regular Navy, and 100 in the auxiliary Navy. 2. Fourth in the list, Great Britain, France and Russia leading in the order named.

Reader, Providence, R. [illegible] We are [illegible] native of [illegible]

G. G., Shepherd, Mich. To whom was God talking when he said: "Let us [illegible]

The expression has been much discussed by Bible commentators. It is not to be regarded as a soliloquy, nor as language addressed by the Almighty to the hosts [illegible] but rather as containing the very [illegible] in revelation, of the great mystery of the Godhead.

L. M., Waterloo, Ind. 1. What is meant by the dark ages? 2. When was that period?

1. The Dark or Middle Ages were so called because of the stagnation in art and literature, and also because of the extraordinary superstition which characterized them. [illegible] to say exactly when this period began and ended. Good authorities place it between 500 and 1500 A.D. It began with the decline of the Roman Empire and the ascendancy of barbarous tribes in Roman provinces.

Artist, Palisades, N. Y. We know nothing about either of the persons you mention.

Subscriber, Ridgewood, N. J. You can obtain *From Manger to Throne* by writing to Historical Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Miss S. G. W., West Gouldsbury, Me. 1. Pisces [illegible] 2. Because it is so, in consecutive order.

E. H. A., Milton, Del. 1. It is a deposit of atmospheric dust. 2. It is a figure of speech, employed to indicate the cleansing of the heart, snow being the whitest object known.

T. E. W., Muncie, Ind. 1. It was begun for the [illegible]

[illegible]

Inquirer, Binghamton, N. Y. The steamship [illegible] intermediate, $275; steerage, $200. For all other information, write to the Philippines Co., 7 Broad[illegible]

E. B., Ilion, N. Y. We do not know to what extent the Curfew law is now in operation, but we understand it is quite limited. Its effect has unquestionably been to improve morals and to decrease the number of arrests.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF LIVINGSTON, MONTANA

This is one of the "Wonder Cities" of the young West. Livingston is the product of that phenomenal prosperity which has been the means of founding many settlements that are now thriving and progressive centres of business and population. It is the Capital of Park County, Montana, situated at a junction on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and on the Yellowstone River, 100 miles distant from Helena. It has extensive carshops and is surrounded by a stock-raising, agricultural and coal and gold-mining district. Its population last census was 2,850, but is now very much larger, if not double that number.

OUR FAMINE . . . ORPHANS IN INDIA

How the Children Supported by "The Christian Herald" Fund Are Prospering Under the Care of the Faithful American Missionaries

WITH thoughtful kindness, Dr. D. Downie, the well-known Baptist missionary of Nellore, India, sends us portraits of twelve children who were rescued during the famine and are now under his care. A quarterly remittance from the funds contributed by readers of this journal goes to Dr. Downie toward the cost of supporting and educating them. He thought that the people to whose generosity these children owe their escape from death by famine, and whose kindness still aids in their support, would like to see pictures of the children's bright, intelligent faces. Ten of the twelve have lost both parents; the other two had mothers still living when they were received, but as nothing has been heard of them for a year, it is feared that they are dead. The names of the orphans have a strange sound in American ears. The front row, beginning on the right, bear the following names: Gundum, Vencatama, Miriam, Raji, Nowmani, Baba and Luke. The names of those in the rear are: Thatpudi, Nagirla, Santosham, Pedda and Chinna. In a sense these are the adopted children of the readers of this journal, as Dr. Downie was encouraged to undertake their charge by the promise of aid from the fund they contributed.

How well and wisely they are being trained may be inferred from the report of a visitor who a short time ago visited the institution in which they are sheltered. He writes: "Dr. Downie is manifestly an excellent missionary administrator in his Baptist diocese. Here there is a fine compound, with excellent buildings for mission purposes. Come with me over to Mrs. Downie's busy department, where her girls and women are taught all kinds of work that female fingers are wont to do. It seemed as if the girls were taught to do everything they are at all likely to be called on to do in their future homes. They learn to mend as well as to make. There is a class always at work under Mrs. Downie's eye. The boys' school is ably carried on. Then, Dr. Downie has a number of Bible women, whose home is here. On Friday evening we went to the weekly prayer-meeting in the church. It was mainly composed of the boys and girls of the school. We were gratified when the time came to throw the meeting 'open' for anyone to pray. Immediately a boy rose and prayed in Telugu. Then after him, without a second's delay, another boy led in prayer. The girls, too, prayed freely as their time came on." When we remember that these boys and girls will be able in a few years to go into the homes of their fellow-countrymen and speak to them in their own language of the religion of Christ, we can see how hopeful is the prospect that this work presents.

Another orphanage which is being assisted from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund, through Miss Edith H. May of the Women's Union Missionary Society, is under the charge of a Christian native lady, Miss Chuckerbatty. She writes us that "there are fifty-one children in the home, all of them famine orphans. One of them named Duklahia was found by a man during the famine sitting on the road beside her dying brother and chewing grass. He had asked her where her parents were, and her answer had been that they lay dead a few steps off that place. He went further down a bend of the road and came upon the emaciated body of a woman who must have died a few hours before; and a few steps more brought him before the dead body of a man, and dogs were devouring it. My friend brought the child home and kept her till he was able to bring her to me.

"Dharam Das, our eldest boy (just seven years old), was found by one of our servants under a bridge at Allahabad, one night in December, 1896. On my asking him if he had any friends, he answered they were all dead of starvation. Then I asked him again how he had lived, and where he had lived. He said he begged the whole day and at night slept under a bridge. He was the son of a farmer. I cannot describe the condition in which he had come, and it would be a very painful account indeed. Now our Dharam Das is the chubbiest little boy we have, and very intelligent.

"Each girl has a painful story of her own, and to relate them would be to bring back to memory the old time of dreadful suffering. But the Lord be praised that those days of misery are now over, and out of them have sprung up schools and institutions unto his glory and the lasting good of man. Every endeavor was made to nurse these wee bits of humanity that came to us with Christian lovingkindness. They came bloodless, mere skin and bones, full of sores, and suffering from various diseases consequent on starvation; but careful nursing and feeding brought them round.

"We have no funds, but we wait on the Lord for the money. Our girls are now learning to read and write Hindi. We are trying to get ours into the level of a primary school. The girls cook, grind, clean the house and sew. They are learning to wait at table and work in the garden. They are learning to sing and go through calisthenic exercises. Of course, they do all their work very imperfectly, but with God's blessing we hope to see them grow up to be good and noble women after a few more years of training. For, above all, our dear children, while taking pains to study their daily secular lessons, are also learning to love their Saviour. It more than repays one for any amount of trouble that might have been taken for them, to hear their sweet childish voices pray aloud at the prayer meetings we have. God doth yet perfect 'praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.'"

OUR FAMINE ORPHANS IN DR. DOWNIE'S INSTITUTION AT NELLORE, INDIA

IN THE SALESROOM AT CALVARY MISSION

Shopping for the Poor

A Novel, Philanthropic Experiment Established by Calvary P. E. Church, New York

THE New York dailies have been giving much attention lately to a "new departure" in some methods of church work, being prosecuted by Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church. It is hardly a new departure, strictly speaking, but a new application of a principle upon which Calvary and several other churches have been operating for a long time. Our readers will probably recall the description given in these columns some years ago, of the opening of the Olive Tree Inn and the Tea Divan, when Rev. Mr. Satterlee, now Bishop, was pastor. The extension of Calvary's work along similar lines has been ably and faithfully prosecuted by Rev. J. Lewis Parks, the present Rector and his assistants, one of the most effective of whom is his wife, a truly earnest and consecrated worker.

The principle referred to above is very tersely expressed by Mrs. Parks in the words: "We never give something for nothing. We furnish employment to a number of women who come to the chapel, 220 E. 23rd St., twice a week, and receive material which they make up into various garments. A good deal of work is secured for them from hospitals and people of the parish. Sheets and towels are hemmed, and aprons made. For all work done, the women are paid just prices. Those who do not know how to sew will be instructed. At Calvary House, our Social Settlement, there are various industrial classes. Our experience in East Side work led to a recent determination to make arrangements for selling the poor what ever they need at fair prices on the instalment plan. As matters exist, the instalment plan of purchase is often used by unscrupulous dealers to make the poor pay many times the value of an article, and if each payment is not made on time, the article is forfeited. We will not undersell any reputable store, and we charge the moderate rate of interest such a store would charge on time purchases. By getting work for the women, we help them to meet their obligations. It amounts simply to this: that we shop for our poor, giving them the benefit of our superior knowledge, experience and credit."

Miss Cushing and Miss Anthony, resident workers of Calvary House, are in charge of this branch of humane activity. Two forenoons in every week, women may be seen passing in and out of the chapel carrying finished and unfinished work and parcels of various kinds. Groceries, as well as clothing are sold. These are always of the best and purest quality, and small quantities may be had at the same rate that the same things would cost in bulk. By this method, purchase of little delicacies for the sick is rendered possible. The whole plan may be summed up thus: In many cases things which used to be given are sold, and purchasers enabled to make payment by provision of fair work at fair rates; in other cases, the poor are relieved from paying extortionate rates for instalment plan purchases from unscrupulous traders. Shopping for the poor is often a way of rendering help which seems to benefit everybody concerned, as the following extracts from Miss Cushing's record of similar experiences illustrates: A mother wanted a cloak for her baby, but had not money to pay for it. Before she could save enough out of her earnings hot weather would come, and the child possibly die in the meanwhile. The ladies bought it for her, and she pays them in such instalments as are possible. The baby has a coat and the store makes a sale which it would not have made otherwise. The case of one beneficiary alone demonstrates the usefulness of the parish employment agency: A woman whose husband is dying of cancer can not go out to work without leaving him to the care of strangers. The ladies supply her with work that she can do at home while nursing him.

During the winter, coal by the bushel has been sold, a just weight at just price, on the instalment plan when necessary. Calvary's wood-yard experiment has proved very successful. This is in connection with the Galilee Mission. When men ask for temporal help, it is understood that it must be paid for by labor in the woodyard unless the applicant is physically unable to work. The opportunity to earn a night's meal or a lodging saves a man's self-respect and enables those in charge to discriminate between men needing work and the professional beggar. During the past year, 1,616 men found employment there. The establishment of a social settlement at Calvary House is also a recent enlargement of work, and promises very happy results. Tuesday evenings the boys of the neighborhood come in to spend an hour with the ladies; clean hands and good behavior being the only credentials required of any caller. There is a reading-room, industrial and recreation classes and clubs for both sexes and all ages.

In our illustration, the lady at the round table is engaged in receiving payments and charging up accounts. On benches, out of range of the camera, women wait for work, cloth and groceries. A number of sewing-women are gathered about the long table. They come and go all the morning. They are for the most part of the respectable poor, who are deserving in every way of assistance. The mothers' meetings of Calvary Chapel are doing good work. "The Cradle," opened a year ago in connection with the chapel is a very interesting feature. A small room is used as a nursery, and careful and competent women are in charge each Sunday to look after babies while mothers attend service.

· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·

The Late Justice Stephen J. Field

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, II. Samuel 3 : 38, . .

Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?

HERE is a plumed catafalque, followed by King David and a funeral oration which he delivers at the tomb. Concerning Abner, the great, David weeps out the text. More appropriately than when originally uttered we may now utter this resounding lamentation: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

It was thirty minutes after six, the exact hour of sunset of the Sabbath day, and while the evening lights were being kindled, that the soul of Stephen J. Field, the lawyer, the judge, the patriot, the statesman, the Christian, ascended. It was sundown in the home on yonder Capitol Hill, as it was sundown on all the surrounding hills, but in both cases the sunset to be followed by a glorious sunrise. Hear the Easter anthems still lingering in the air: "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise."

Our departed friend came forth a boy from a minister's home in New England. He knelt with father and mother at morning and evening prayer, learned from maternal lips lessons of piety which lasted him and controlled him amid all the varied and exciting scenes of a lifetime, and helped him to die in peace an octogenarian. Blot out from American history the names of those ministers' sons who have done honor to judicial bench and commercial circle and national legislature and presidential chair, and you would obliterate many of the grandest chapters of that history. It is no small advantage to have started from a home where God is honored and the subject of a world's emancipation from sin and sorrow is under constant discussion. The Ten Commandments, which are the foundation of all good law—Roman law, German law, English law, American law—are the best foundation upon which to build character, and those which the boy, Stephen J. Field, so often heard in the parsonage at Stockbridge were his guidance when a half century after, as a gowned justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, he unrolled his opinions. Bibles, hymn-books, catechisms, family prayers, atmosphere sanctified, are good surroundings for boys and girls to start from, and if our laxer ideas of religion and Sabbath days and home-training produce as splendid men and women as the much derided Puritanic Sabbath and Puritanic teachings have produced, it will be a matter of congratulation and thanksgiving.

Do not pass by the fact that I have not yet seen emphasized that Stephen J. Field was a minister's son. Notwithstanding that there are conspicuous exceptions to the rule—and the exceptions have built up a stereotyped defamation on the subject—statistics plain and undeniable prove that a larger proportion of ministers' sons turn out well than are to be found in any other genealogical table. Let all the parsonages of all denominations of Christians where children are growing up take the consolation. See the star of hope pointing down to that manger!

Notice also that our departed friend was a member of a royal family. There were no crowns or sceptres or thrones in that ancestral line, but the family of the Fields, like the family of the New York Primes, like the family of the Princeton Alexanders, like a score of families that I might mention, if it were best to mention them, were "the children of the King," and had put on them honors brighter than crowns and wielded influence longer and wider than sceptres. That family of Fields traces an honorable lineage back eight hundred years to Hubertus de la Feld, coadjutor of William the Conqueror. Let us thank God for such families, generation after generation on the side of that which is right and good. Four sons of that country minister, known the world over for extraordinary usefulness in their spheres, legal, commercial, literary and theological; and a daughter, the mother of one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court. Such families counterbalance for good those families all wrong from generation to generation—families that stand for wealth, unrighteously gotten and stingily kept or wickedly squandered; families that stand for fraud or impurity or malevolence; family names that immediately come to every mind, though through sense of propriety they do not come to the lip. The name of Field will survive centuries and be a synonym for religion, for great jurisprudence, for able Christian journalism, as the names of the Pharaohs and the Cæsars stand for cruelty and oppression and vice.

While parents cannot aspire to have such conspicuous households as the one the name of whose son we now celebrate, all parents may by fidelity in prayer and holy example, have their sons and daughters become kings and queens unto God, to reign forever and ever. But the work has already been done, and I could go through this country and find a thousand households which have by the grace of God and blessing upon paternal and maternal excellence become the Royal Families of America.

Let young men beware, lest they by their behavior blot such family records with some misdeed. We can all think of households, the names of which meant everything honorable and consecrated for a long while, but by the deed of one son sacrificed, disgraced and blasted. Look out how you rob your consecrated ancestry of the name they handed to you unsullied! Better as trustee to that name add something worthy. Do something to honor the old homestead, whether a mountain cabin or a city mansion or a country parsonage! Rev. David Dudley Field, though thirty-two years passed upward, is honored to-day by the Christian life, the service, the death of his son Stephen.

Among the most absorbing books of the Bible is the Book of Kings, which again and again illustrates that though piety is not hereditary, the style of parentage has much to do with the style of descendant. It declares of King Abijam, "He walked in all the sins of his father which he had done before him," and of King Azariah, "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, according to all that his father Amaziah had done." We owe a debt to those who have gone before in our line as certainly as we have obligations to those who subsequently appear in the household. Not so sacred is your old father's walking-staff, which you keep in his memory, or the eye-glasses through which your mother studied the Bible in her old age as the name they bore, the name which you inherited. Keep it bright, I charge you. Keep it suggestive of something elevated in character. Trample not under foot that which to your father and mother was dearer than life itself. Defend their graves as they defended your cradle. Family coat-of-arms, escutcheons, ensigns armorial, lion couchant, or lion dormant, or lion rampant, or lion combatant, may attract attention, but better than all heraldic inscription is a family name which means from generation to generation, faith in God, self-sacrifice, duty performed, a life well lived and a death happily died, and a heaven gloriously won! That was the kind of name that Justice Field augmented and adorned and perpetuated—a name honorable at the close of the eighteenth century, more honored now at the close of the nineteenth.

Notice also that our illustrious friend was great in reasonable and genial dissent. Of the one thousand and forty-two opinions he rendered, none were more potent or memorable than those rendered while he was in small minority, and sometimes in a minority of one. A learned and distinguished lawyer of this country said he would rather be the author of Judge Field's dissenting opinions than to be the author of the Constitution of the United States. The tendency is to go with the multitude, to think what others think, to say and do what others do. Sometimes the majority are wrong, and it requires heroics to take the negative, but to do that logically and in good humor requires some elements of make-up not often found in judicial dissenters or, indeed, in any class of men. There are so many people in the world opposed to everything and who display their opposition in rancorous and obnoxious ways that a Judge Field was needed to make the negative respected, and genial, and right. Minorities under God save the world and save the church. An unthinking and precipitate "yes" may be stopped by a righteous and heroic "no." The majorities are not always right. The old Gospel hymn declares it:

> Numbers are no mark that men will right be found;
> A few were saved in Noah's ark to many millions [illegible]

The Declaration of American Independence was a dissenting opinion. The Free Church of Scotland, under Chalmers and his compeers, was a dissenting movement. The Bible itself, Old Testament and New Testament, is a protest against the theories that would have destroyed the world, and is a dissenting as well as a divinely-inspired book. The Decalogue on Sinai repeated ten times "Thou shalt not." For ages to come will be quoted from law books in court rooms Justice Field's magnificent dissenting opinions.

Notice that our ascended friend had such a character as assault and peril alone can develop. He had not come to the soft cushions of the Supreme Court Bench stepping on cloth of gold and saluted all along the line by hand-clapping of applause. Country parsonages do not rock their babes in satin-lined cradle, or afterward send them out into the world with enough in their hand to purchase place and power. Pastors' salaries in the early part of this century hardly ever reached seven hundred dollars a year. Economies that sometimes cut into the bone characterized many of the homes of the New England clergymen. The young lawyer of whom we speak to-day arrived in San Francisco in 1849 with only ten dollars in his pocket. Williamstown College was only introductory to a post-graduate course which our illustrious friend took while administering justice and halting ruffianism amid the mining-camps of California. Oh, those "forty-niners," as they were called, through what privations, through what narrow escapes, amid what exposures they moved! Administering and executing law among outlaws never has been an easy undertaking. Among mountaineers, many of whom had no regard for human life, and where the snap of pistol and bang of gun were not unusual responses, required courage of the highest metal.

Behind a dry-goods box, surmounted by tallow candles, Judge Field began his judicial career. What exciting scenes he passed through! An infernal machine was handed to him, and inside the lid of the box was pasted his decision in the Pueblo case, the decision that had baulked unprincipled speculators. Ten years ago his life would have passed out had not an officer of the law shot down his assailant. It took a long training of hardship, and abuse, and misinterpretation, and threat of violence, and flash of assassin's knife, to fit him for the high place where he could defy legislatures, and congresses, and presidents, and the world, when he knew he was right. Hardship is the grindstone that sharpens intellectual faculties, and the swords with which to strike effectively for God and one's country.

The reason that life to so many is a failure is because they do not have oppo- [illegible] run over by them instead of using them [illegible] mount. Those "born with a gold spoon in their mouths" are apt to take their last [illegible] brave heart in all departments, ye men of many obstacles! There is no brawn or character without them. The roughs glaring and growling around about the shed of a court room in Marysville, California, had as much to do with Judge Field's development as Mark Hopkins, the great Williamstown College president. Opposition develops courage. I like the ring of Martin Luther's defiance, when he said to the Duke of Saxony: "Things are otherwise ordered in heaven than they are at Augsburg."

Notice also how much our friend did for the honor of the judiciary. What momentous scenes have been witnessed in our United States Supreme Court, on the bench and before the bench, whether far back it held its sessions in the upper room of the Exchange at New York, or afterward for ten years in the City Hall at Philadelphia, or later in the cellar of yonder Capitol, the place where for many years the Congressional Library was kept, a sepulchre where books were buried alive, the hole called by John Randolph "The Cave of Trophonius!" What mighty men stood before that bar pleading in immortal eloquence on questions of national import! Edmund Randolph, and Alexander Hamilton, and Pinkney, and Jeremiah Mason, and Caleb Cushing, and the weird and irresistible Rufus Choate, and George Wood, and Charles O'Connor, and James T. Brady, and Francis B. Cutting, and men now living just as powerful.

How suggestive the invitation which William Wirt, the great Virginian, wrote his friend inviting him to yonder Supreme Court room: "To-morrow a week will come on the great steamboat question from New York. Emmett and Oakley on one side, Webster and myself on the other. Come down and hear it. Emmett's whole soul is in the case, and he will stretch all his powers. Oakley is said to be one of the finest logicians of the age, as much a Phocion as Emmett is a Themistocles, and Webster is as ambitious as Cæsar: he will not be outdone by any man if it is within the compass of his power to avoid it. Come to Washington. It will be a combat worth witnessing." The Supreme Court has stood so high in England and the United States that the vices of a few who have occupied that important place have not been able to disgrace it, neither the corruption of Francis Bacon, nor the cruelty of Sir George Mackenzie, nor the Sabbath desecration of Lord Castlereagh.

To that highest of all tribunals Abraham Lincoln called our friend, but he lived long enough to honor the Supreme Court more than it had ever honored him. For more than thirty-four years he sat in the presence of this nation and of all nations, a model judge. Fearlessness, integrity, devotion to principle, characterized him. No bribe ever touched his hand. No profane word ever scalded his tongue. No blemish of wrong ever marred his character. Fully qualified was he to have his name associated in the history of this country with the greatest of the judiciary.

As at twelve o'clock day by day on yonder hill the gavel falls in the Supreme Court room, and it is announced that the Chief Justice of the United States and the Associate Justices are about to enter, and all counsellors at the bar and all spectators rise to greet them, and the officer with the words, "O yez! O yez! O yez!" announces that all is now ready for a hearing, and exclaims, "God, save the United States of America," so I wish we could in imagination gather together those who have occupied that high judicial place in this and other lands, and they might enter, and after the falling of some mighty gavel had demanded attention, we could look upon them—Marshall, the giant of American jurisprudence; and John Jay, of whom Daniel Webster said in commemoration, "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on John Jay it touched nothing less spotless than itself;" and Rutledge; and Cushing; and Ellsworth; and Joseph Storey, called the Walter Scott of common law; and Sir Matthew Hale; and

Lord Eldon; and Lord Tenterden; and Sir James McIntosh; and Mansfield, and the long line of Lord Chancellors and the great judges from both sides the sea—and after they had taken their places in our quickened imagination the distinguished cases of centuries which they decided might again be called on, after the assembled nations had ejaculated, "God save the United States of America," "God save Great Britain," "God save the nations."

Ah! how the law honors and sanctifies everything it touches. Natural law. Civil law. Social law. Commercial law. Common law. Moral law. Ecclesiastical law. International law. Oh, the dignity, the impressiveness, the power of law! It is the only thing before which Jehovah bows, but he bows before that, although the law is of his own making. The law! By it worlds swing. By it the fate of centuries is decided. By it all the affairs of time and all the cycles of eternity will be governed. We cannot soar so high, or sink so deep, or reach out so far, or live so long as to escape it. It is the throne on which the Almighty sits. To interpret law, what a profession! What a responsibility! What an execration when the judge be a Lord Jeffreys! What a benediction if he be a Chancellor Kent!

In passing, let me say that for this chief tribunal of our country, Congress should soon provide a better place. Let some of the moneys voted for the improvement of rivers which are nothing but dry creeks, and for harbors which will never have any shipping, and for monuments to some people—whom it is not at all important for us to remember—be voted for the erection of a building worthy of our United States Supreme Court. John Ruskin, in *Stones of Venice*, calls attention to the pleasing fact that in the year 813 the Doge of Venice devoted himself to putting up two great buildings—St. Marks, for the worship of God, and a palace for the administration of justice to man. In its appreciation of what is best let not 1899 be behind 813. With such granite in our quarries, and such architects capable of drafting sublime structure, and such magnificent sites on which to build, let not another year pass before we hear the trowel ring on the corner-stone of a temple to be occupied by the highest court of the land.

Have you ever realized how much God has honored law in the fact that all up and down the Bible he makes the judge a type of himself, and employs the scene of a court room to set forth the grandeurs of the great judgment day? Book of Genesis: "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" Book of Deuteronomy: "The Lord shall judge his people." Book of Psalms: "God is Judge himself." Book of the Acts: "Judge of quick and dead." Book of Timothy: "The Lord the righteous Judge." Never will it be understood how God honors judges and court rooms until the thunderbolt of the last day shall pound the opening of the great assize—the day of trial, the day of clearance, the day of doom, the day of judgment. The law of the case on that occasion will be read, and the indictment of ten counts, which are the Ten Commandments. Justice will plead the case against us, but our glorious Advocate will plead in our behalf, for "we have an Advocate with the Father—Jesus Christ, the righteous." Then the case will be decided in our clearance, as the Judge announces "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." Under the crowded galleries of cloud on that last day, and under the swaying upholstery of a burning heavens, and while the Alps, and Himalayas, and Mount Washington are falling flat on their faces, we will be able to understand the significance of those Scripture passages which speak of God as Judge and employ the court room of earth as typical of the scene when all nations shall be brought into Tribunal.

To have done well, all that such a profession could ask of him, and to have made that profession still more honorable by his brilliant and sublime life, is enough for national and international, terrestrial and celestial congratulation. And then to expire beautifully, while the prayers of his church were being offered at his bedside, the door of heaven opening for his entrance as the door of earth opened for his departure, the sob of the earthly farewell caught up into raptures that never die.

Yes, he lived and died in the faith of the old-fashioned Christian religion.

Young man, I want to tell you that Justice Field believed in the Bible from lid to lid, a book all true either as doctrine or history, much of it the history of events that neither God nor man approves. Our friend drank the wine of the Holy Sacrament, and ate the bread of which "if a man eat he shall never hunger." He was the up and down, out and out friend of the church of Christ. If there had been anything illogical in our religion he would have scouted it, for he was a logician. If there had been in it anything unreasonable he would have rejected it, because he was a great reasoner. If there had been in it anything that would not stand research, he would have exploded the fallacy, for his life was a life of research. Young men of Washington! young men of America! young men of the round world! a religion that would stand the test of Justice Field's penetrating and all-ransacking intellect must have in it something worthy of your confidence. I tell you now that Christianity has not only the heart of the world on its side, but the brain of the world also. Ye who have tried to represent the religion of the Bible as something pusillanimous, how do you account for the Christian faith of Stephen J. Field, whole shelves of the law library occupied with his magnificent decisions?

And now may the God of all comfort speak to the bereft: especially to her who was the queen of his life, from the day when as a stranger he was shown to her pew in the Episcopal church, to this time of the broken heart. He changed churches but did not change religions, for the church in which he was born, and the church in which he died, alike believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen.

The body of our friend sleeps in temporary resting-place. Hearts overwhelmed with grief cannot just now decide where that sacred and silent form shall hear the trumpet that wakes the dead. Three places are proposed, and all appropriate. Some say let it be in some God's acre near this Capital, where the pillows of dust are already embroidered with spring flowers. How appropriate some cemetery near this city, which was so long his residence, and so near the place where he sat in judgment, holding evenly the balances that God put in his hand! It would be well for us sometimes to go out and read his epitaph and recall his virtues. Some say let him rest on the Pacific slope, where he achieved so much for the new State and fitted himself for so great eminence; and it would be beautiful to let the whole nation bow at his passing catafalque, a funeral reaching from ocean to ocean and three thousand miles long, the Alleghenies and the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas echoing the thunders of the rail train taking him to his last earthly home.

But equally as appropriate is another proposal that he be put to rest amid the graves of father and mother and renowned brothers and the New England friends of the family in the cemetery at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. After a life of toil and struggle he needs some quiet place. Old men who were his school-fellows would lean heavily upon the staff and watch as he was brought through the gates of the place in which they also will soon lie down to rest. Far away from the jostle and contention and rush and activities of the great cities he would sleep the calm sleep of the just. The hyacinths and calla lilies of the spring planted there would typify the resurrection, and the snows of winter banked there would suggest the robes made white in the blood of the Lamb.

Good-by, my dear old friend of more than thirty years. Your words of personal encouragement and good cheer give me the right to offer words of commemoration. But I must leave to others his place of burial. This city might choose Rock Creek and Oak Hill, and San Francisco might choose Lone Mountain; yet if I had my choice I would say let it be the cemetery at Stockbridge. He would be at home there, and it would be a family reunited; but whatever be the place, let me sprinkle over the newly-made grave this handful of heather from the Scotch highlands, in the hymn which the people of that land of Andrew Melville and John Knox are apt to sing on their way to the grave of some one greatly beloved:

Neighbor, accept our parting song,
The road is short, the rest is long;
The Lord brought here, the Lord takes hence,
This is no house of permanence.

On bread of mirth and bread of tears
The pilgrim fed these checkered years;
Now landlord world, shut to the door,
Thy guest is gone forever more.

Gone to the land of sweet repose,
His comrades bless him as he goes;
Of toil and moil the day was full,
A good sleep now, the night is cool.

Yea, village bells, ring softly, ring,
And in the blessed Sabbath bring;
Which from this weary work-day tryst
Awaits God's folk through Jesus Christ.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE COOKING CLASSES AT THE NORTHFIELD TRAINING SCHOOL

(The smaller photograph shows a typical District School House in the mountains of Northfield)

Women's Work at Northfield

The Ninth Year of the Moody Training School Concluded—Many Instructive Addresses

NINE years have elapsed since the Training School for Young Women was opened at East Northfield, Mass., by Mr. D. L. Moody, the well-known evangelist. During that time, it has sent out to the world an army of trained Christian women, the majority of whom are now doing excellent service in many different stations in life. The ninth year's work of the Training School has just ended. At the closing meeting, Rev. James M. Gray, D.D., of Boston, addressed the school, and many friends gathered for the occasion, on the theme, "Divine Guidance from the Human Standpoint." The year's work was represented by papers read by the students, describing the different classes in the Bible course, which is the fundamental work of the school; and also by an exhibit of the cooking class work, dressmaking and drawing.

Though itself the centre of such far-reaching influence through its schools and the well-known summer conferences, Northfield is situated in the midst of like conditions to those which prevail in so arge a proportion of the country—where far distances and comparatively few people make the support of church life and privileges exceedingly difficult. The results consequent upon this isolation are becoming more and more pronounced. President William Dewitt Hyde, comparing the city with its constant increase of country population, to an inland lake fed by many streams, yet having no outlet, says: "As is the fountain, as are the streams, so shall be the lake. The problem of rural Christianity is but the problem of national Christianity stated a few generations in advance." A solution of this problem is being worked out in Northfield, as students from the Training School go, week by week, into the surrounding districts for Sunday School work with the little ones; Bible classes for older people, and converting the schoolhouses into halls for Gospel meetings and church services. Perhaps the visits made are the most important part of the work.

"I cannot tell how much this has meant to me," said a girl, who having been confined to her bed for two years, unable even to use her eyes to read, appreciated the presence and the bright and comforting words of the visiting student.

Besides the actual results accomplished, an experience is being gained by the students, the value of which is testified to by those who have gone out to find all their training called into constant use.

The Moody School will reopen in October with extended Bible course, and in each department offering a thorough equipment for practical Christian service.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Vine and the Branches

S. S. Lesson for May 7. John 15: 1-11
Golden Text, John 15: 5

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE only use of the vine is to bring forth fruit, and it is in relation to fruit-bearing that our Lord says of himself, "I am the true Vine": "Ye are the branches.' The wood of a vine is useless except for fuel. "Shall wood be taken thereof to make any work? Or will men take a pin of it to hang any vessel thereon? Behold, it is cast into the fire for fuel" (Ezek. 15: 3, 4). It is only as the wood and the foliage are cut away, that the sap is concentrated in the fruit, and thus it serves its purpose. What a picture of human nature; useless, undependable, unprofitable; fit only to be burned, except as the life of God comes in, and brings forth fruit in a life which, without him, "can do nothing," and is fit only to be burned!

In Psalm 80, there is a prophecy of him who is the true Vine. How shall God visit this vine, the stock which his right hand hath planted, and the branch or son [Heb.] which he made strong for himself, and which is burned with fire? "Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, upon the Son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself. So shall we not go back from thee." (Ps. 80: 14–18). Only the incoming life of "the true Vine" can replace the life of the degenerate vine. "I am the true Vine," but then, "My Father is the Husbandman"; and there can be no branch in me which will not submit to his cultivation. Absolute submission to, and absolute confidence in our Heavenly Father is needed, that we may really "bring forth fruit unto God."

The great Husbandman cannot be mistaken; he knows the wild sour grape, and he knows the "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance" (Gal. 5: 22, R. V.), "the fruit of the Spirit," which he is seeking. And wherever such fruit is not to be found on a branch, "He taketh it away." Have we not seen, again and again, an apparent conversion, and yet bearing fruit which was far from divine: strife, envying, self-exaltation, jealousy, self-indulgence? The product of the flesh is there; the branch has brought forth fruit unto itself. Little by little, such so-called conversions wither away. They do not love their Saviour enough to keep his commandments; they do not trust their Heavenly Father sufficiently to accept his pruning. When a favorite plan is upset, when work which they have wanted to do is put into other hands, when some beloved companion is removed, utterly regardless of the purpose of the great Husbandman, to obtain more fruit, they pity themselves, seek for consolation in the world, backslide, and God takes them away; they are cut off. The connection with the Vine was not vital, they were never really made partakers of the divine nature: their human intellect had grasped, their human emotions had been stirred for a time by divine things, but the citadel of the being, the will, had not been taken, captured by God to serve him. Every branch that beareth fruit, he cleanseth it or pruneth it that it may bear more fruit.

There is one indispensable necessity for fruit-bearing—"Abide in me and I in you." The branch cannot bear fruit of itself. Only its constant connection with the vine makes fruit-bearing possible. Some great blessing which we may have experienced yesterday cannot enable us to bear fruit to-day: it is as this day, this hour, we are abiding in him, in what he is, not in what we are, that we can bring forth fruit; and we can only abide in him as he abides in us. This takes our eye off ourselves, and that morbid watching our own experience which is a hindrance to so many. We cannot make ourselves fruitful, but all the real contact and habitual dependence and obedience which we exercise towards our beloved Lord makes us fruitful, whether we are conscious of it or not. It is very noticeable that the fruit is not spoken of as consisting in what we do: the number of souls saved, the amount of money we give, and how far we deny ourselves, etc., etc., it is what we are, the principles from which these things sprung. The love which cannot but win souls, and testify of Christ, and the joy, peace, long-suffering, etc., which are reflected from him in whose presence we live, and from whose life ours proceeds—these are the fruit of the Spirit. Thus we see that the spirit in which we do a thing is more important than the thing itself. Works may be done for vain glory, from the love of being prominent and important, but love "seeketh not her own is not puffed up." And without him who is love, we cannot bring forth love.

A VINE ON THE ROOF OF THE PORTICO OF AN ORIENTAL HOME

"If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered, and they gather them and cast them into the fire and they are burned." As in Ezekiel 15, the branch, the wood of the vine, is useless in itself except for the fire. How then can we keep up the connection with the true Vine? "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Access to the throne of grace is ever open, and there is no other way of abiding than in the dependence of continual prayer and faith. As our Lord's interests become always more really our measure as we abide in him, so we are continually more conscious that our interests are his as he dwells in our hearts by faith (Eph. 3: 17).

"My Father worketh hitherto and I work" (John 5: 17). We are his workmanship (Eph. 2: 10), but we are also the workmanship of the Father, and our Lord rejoices to say, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples." Oh, the intense satisfaction of the Father to see in his own Son on earth, living as the Son of man, in complete dependence upon him, the very fruit which he sought in vain on the old vine of Israel, which brought forth fruit unto itself. How the Father's heart must have been glad that the accomplishment of his great purposes for man, which had been postponed for a time through the fall, and the temporary triumph of Satan, should at last be carried out, seeing that his own Son had become the Way of obedience, on which every man who willed might walk, and had made it possible that a seed should serve him (Ps. 22: 30).

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

STRANGE indeed and very significant were these parting words of our Lord. Knowing that within a few hours he would be betrayed, arrested and put to death, he uses the brief period remaining to him to tell his disciples how they might have joy—his joy. These men, from whom he was so soon to be separated, were to carry on his work and preach him to the world: but he does not give them any instructions about the kind of church they were to establish. He uses the time in telling them how they might have life. They could not understand his promise to be with them, when he was removed from them. So, according to his habit, from which they had already learned so much, he gives them one more allegory, or parable. They were familiar with the vine, which was extensively cultivated in Palestine: they were familiar, too, with the Old Testament image of Israel as a vine which God had planted, and which disappointed him by bearing wild grapes: now they learned that Christ was the true vine, and they were the branches. He could not bear fruit, any more than the vine could bear grapes: it was they, the branches, that would bear fruit, as in the natural vine. He could no longer teach and minister to the sick and the poor: they must do that. But they could do it only as they derived power from him, just as the branches of the vine could bear fruit only as they were in the vine. As the sap, the life of the vine, passed into the branches, so his spirit would enter into them and make them fruitful. This was the abiding that they could not understand. Nature showed them that such close connection was possible. It was one and the same life, passing from him to them, and it would be a source of fruit and joy. The same means of cementing this life-giving union that he had indicated before, he again presents to them—love and obedience. Through them they draw ever closer. Then, proceeding with the allegory, he shows them how they would suffer for a purpose. The long, trailing, graceful branches, covered with beautiful leaves, are cut so that the life may go to fruit, not to wood and leaves. Mere eloquence and grace would be pruned in order that the man might fulfill his true function of bearing fruit, which was the very purpose of his union with Christ. They were already clean; they were purified from past sins—now they must go on to show more abundantly the fruits of the Spirit that was in them, and winning souls for Christ. The form of the church to be established was not so essential a matter as that they should be united to Christ and his life should be in them.

He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit. God sometimes brings his servants into affliction and retirement that other people may be helped by them. Luther was so busy a man that the university would have monopolized him. But he was shut up in the Wartburg with nothing to do, and then he had leisure to translate the Bible into his mother tongue. Bunyan was a successful preacher and he missed no opportunity of speaking for Christ; but, if all had gone well with him, his own generation would alone have profited by his genius and his labors. He was imprisoned in Bedford jail and it seemed as if his usefulness was at an end, but there he wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which has been a blessing to subsequent generations, and to hundreds of times as many people as he could have addressed if he had been at liberty. If he had not been imprisoned, we should have had no such work from him. Richard Baxter said: "While I was in health, I had not the least thought of writing a book; but when I was weakened by great sickness and left solitary in my chamber and was sentenced to death by my physicians, I began to meditate on the rest which remains for the people of God. Thinking that if I recovered, I would preach on that subject, I wrote down my thoughts, intending the quantity of a sermon or two, but my weakness continuing, I wrote on until it attained the bulk in which it is published." That is the way the church obtained the book called *The Saints' Everlasting Rest.*

Except ye abide in me. It would be no use to tie the branch to the vine. It must grow out of it. The life of the vine must run into the branches, otherwise, as Christ said, they can bear no fruit. There is a story told of a young man who went to Smyrna, to engage in the fruit trade. He bore the name of a well-known Hamburg merchant, and it was soon known that he was the merchant's son. The young man had very little money, but he found that the banks and the merchants were all willing and eager to do business with him, for he had letters from his father which showed that the father had full confidence in him and was backing his enterprise. After two years, however, there came a change. The young man offended his father by his inattention to business and his dissipation. A Smyrna merchant who visited Hamburg brought back word that the father had broken entirely with his son. The news caused a complete reversal in the son's standing in Smyrna. He could get no credit from the merchants, and no accommodation at the banks. The Christian has no power but that which he derives from Christ, who said, "Without me ye can do nothing."

Ye shall ask what ye will. That must be a very high attainment when a Christian can be so trusted. A man must have great confidence in his son before he would say to him, "Whatever you ask, I will give you." The son might ask something that it was not in the father's power to grant; or he might ask something that would do him an injury if he had it; or something that it would be unjust to others for him to have. Before making so large a promise, the father must know his son's discretion, and the son must have shown the deepest respect for his father, and be so close to his heart that he has not a thought or a desire that is not in accord with his father's principles. When such a father has such a son, and, not till then, is it safe to promise to give him anything that he may ask for.

∴ The Gospel on the Prairies ∴

Two Consecrated Bowery Mission Converts now Pastors on Nebraska Plains

—The Cowboy Preacher's Plea for a Prairie Church

DURING the twenty years of its existence, the Bowery Mission has been the scene of a multitude of conversions. Of the numbers who have there experienced the new birth, and awakened to the possibilities and opportunities of a consecrated, spiritual life, many have gone out to different parts of the world as workers for Christ. To-day, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relates, briefly, the story of two of these converts in their new field. Both are earnestly laboring in the Gospel ministry, and have already been instrumental in leading souls to the light.

REV. JOSEPH L. PAYNTER

REV. F. J. BAYLIS, COWBOY PREACHER

Over a year ago, a band of these converts left the Mission for the far West, feeling led to devote themselves to missionary work. Among the number were Joseph L. Paynter and Frederic J. Baylis, who spent the summer months of 1898 in the mining camps and towns of the Rocky mountains after they had journeyed across Nebraska, where they held services in the leading churches: at Columbus, Grand Island, Hastings, Minden, Holdrege, and McCook. At Denver they spent several weeks holding church services, besides meetings for men under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Their addresses upon the work of the Bowery Mission always excited the most intense interest. They were kindly received by Rev. Dr. Rankin of the Central Presbyterian, Dr. Phifer of the Asbury M. E., Dr. Pettibone of the Boulevard Congregational, Rev. Jesse Gravett of the Galilee Baptist, and Rev. H. E. Warner of the Christ M. E. churches.

Their simple, earnest eloquence won all hearts. Open-air meetings were held nightly near the Denver Central Postoffice by the Haymarket Mission Workers, the services being conducted by the two strangers, and some of the scenes that took place have not yet been forgotten by the good people of that city. These gatherings resulted in a number of sound conversions among the workingmen.

After a time, Mr. Baylis associated himself with the American Sunday School Union as a field worker, and shortly afterward took spiritual charge of the M. E. Church at Imperial, Neb. Mr. Paynter, after conducting a series of Gospel meetings in East Nebraska—at Grand Island, Ashland and Lincoln—engaged in pioneer missionary work in that State. Concerning his work, he says:

My field is one of "magnificent distances," covering nearly all of one county and part of another. To keep the appointments it is necessary for me to travel sixty-seven miles one Sunday, and on the following Sunday thirty-seven miles. Dr. W. F. Weikal, President of the Sunday School Association of Southwest Nebraska, kindly supplied me with a team. This part of Nebraska suffered severely during the great drought several years ago, and many people left the country. The people there have never forgotten the generosity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in raising a fund for the relief of the suffering farmers in that trying time. The past year was a prosperous one.

Our church is a substantial frame building built on the prairie. The nearest house is half a mile east. People come from a distance of many miles to worship. It is known as the Mt. Zion Church.

The devotion of the few church members to the work of the Master is commendable. At one of the prairie churches, thirty miles from the railroad, there are four families with eleven children who have held Sunday School every Sunday during the past winter. At Pink Prairie every family in the colony attends Sunday School, crowding the little 12x19 1-2 building in which they meet. This is said to be the smallest church in the United States.

I am grateful for the efficiency as a worker which my experience in the Bowery Mission has given me. From the day when first I was attracted to the Mission I have never ceased to be grateful for that old Gospel lighthouse. I became addicted to the use of morphine while I was principal of the public schools of a town in Eastern Pennsylvania. As a result I lost my hold on my profession, was estranged from loved ones, and became a wanderer upon the face of the earth. I drifted to New York where I lived under an assumed name. In October, 1896, one day while I was walking down the Bowery, I saw the notice of the mid-day prayer-meeting of the Bowery Mission. I was tired and entered to rest. During the service the Spirit led the organist to begin playing and singing an old favorite hymn of my mother's. It awakened the memory of happier days and broke my heart all to pieces. I determined to surrender and consecrate my life to Christ. From that moment till now, it has been my privilege to testify to both the saving and the keeping power of the love of God.

MOUNT ZION CHURCH

Mr. Baylis is an Englishman by birth, a native of Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare. He was a soldier in the British Army in Zulu-land under General Wolseley. He is forty-one years of age and is known in Nebraska as "the cowboy preacher." He is a regularly ordained pastor of the M. E. Church, with his pastoral charge in Chase County, Neb. At the present time he is in New York, where he is making an effort to interest the friends of our Western pioneer churches with the view of raising money for a suitable church building. Mr. Baylis, speaking of his work, says:

Chase County, until the Fall of 1885 and Spring of 1886, was inhabited only by cattlemen. Its broad prairies, covered with a rich growth of grass and with deep, clean streams, furnished one of the most magnificent cattle ranges found anywhere in the West, and the cattlemen clung to the land with a tenacity that only the government authorities could break loose. The rich soil did not know the plowshare until 1886; then immigration set in, and to-day Chase County is well populated with a fine, intelligent type of people. Imperial, the county-seat, is a town of 400 inhabitants, situated upon one of the finest tracts of prairie in the State. In this prairie town I am pastor, preaching in the Court House, a frame structure. We realize that a church building is sorely needed. We have determined to make an effort to erect one, which will cost $1,500. Our own people have subscribed nearly $600. I have come to New York to try to interest Eastern people in our work.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes into many homes in Nebraska. The farmers remember it with gratitude, and now they hope it may help them once again in this effort to further God's kingdom.

A deep spiritual interest is manifesting itself among the non-church-going people of Chase County. One of our leading merchants, an unbeliever heretofore, now has awakened to the fact that the Gospel is, after all, beneficial to the community, and has given $25 toward our church, besides land to build upon. We have had a number of genuine conversions during our services in the Court House.

I continually rejoice in the work that is going on in the Bowery Mission, where many diamonds "in the rough" are found and polished to shine for the glory of God and the up-building of his kingdom. There is where I first saw the folly of longer striving against God, and gave up trying to accomplish anything in my own strength, and trusted in Jesus. He has never left me nor forsaken me since that day.

Contributions for Mr. Baylis' work at Imperial, Neb., if sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be acknowledged in these columns. The following have already been received:

Contributions by citizens of Imperial, Neb., $573 95

Through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Mrs C Cudlipp	5 00
Jno E Hollingsworth	5 00
Rev F E Tray	5 00
Mrs Sarah J Bird	5 00
Mr Putnam	1 00
Mrs Reed	1 00
Stranger	50
E A Martin	5 00
Mr Mergenthaler	5 00
Mrs Renick	50
J H Wyburn	5 00
S H Hadley	5 00
Total	$43 00

A SOD HOUSE ON THE NEBRASKA PLAINS

Calling a Spade a Spade.

A lady once said to Evangelist Moody: "I have got so in the habit of exaggerating that my friends accuse me of exaggerating so that they don't understand me."

She said: "Can you help me? What can I do to overcome it?"

"Well," I said, "the next time you catch yourself lying, go right to that party and say you have lied, and tell him you are sorry. Say it is a lie; stamp it out, root and branch; that is what you want to do."

"Oh," she said, "I wouldn't like to call it *lying*."

But that is what it was. Christianity isn't worth a snap of your finger if it does not completely straighten out your character.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS . . . IN CONFERENCE

The Ninth International Sunday School Convention Now in Session at Atlanta, Ga.

(See pictures on first page)

AMONG the great conventions of the year, few can claim so widespread an interest as the International Sunday School Convention which meets this week at Atlanta, Ga. It is expected that fully a thousand Sunday School workers, representing all States of the Union, the provinces of Canada, and the schools of Mexico, will be assembled to discuss methods and plans of work and the general interests of Sunday Schools. This is the ninth of these great conventions, which are now held every third year. It is twenty-one years since Atlanta welcomed the delegates, an interval in which there has been wonderful progress both in numbers and in methods. It is believed that when the final statistics are made up, the numbers of teachers and pupils will be found to have increased by more than eighty per cent. during that time. When it is remembered that the Sunday School teachers of the United States, Canada and Mexico constitute a great army of a million and a half workers, who have charge of registered pupils to the number of over twelve millions, it will be readily seen how important a gathering this must be. Reports will be presented from the sections represented. The Convention will be in session four days, beginning April 26, and three meetings will be held each day. On the first page are portraits of five of the officers and a picture of the Grand Opera House in which the meetings will be held.

W. S. WITHAM,
Chairman Finance Com.

From Mr. M. D. Byers, the indefatigable Secretary of the Convention, we learn that the business will be grouped under the following seven heads: *First*—The work as at present conducted, and to make such changes and improvements as are necessary. *Second*—How to reach and help the most needy parts of our field in the United States and Canada. *Third*—To consider the work among the colored people in the South; how it can be improved and extended. *Fourth*—How to aid the workers in Mexico and Cuba, which are now a part of the International field. *Fifth*—To inquire what can be done for the newly acquired possessions of the United States. *Sixth*—Our relations to Sunday School workers throughout the United States and the whole world; how we may co-operate with them to improve and extend the work. *Seventh*—To determine the time and place of the Tenth International Convention and the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention. No part of this extensive programme will be of greater interest than the momentous question of the new territories of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

The organization which manages these conventions, is, as previously stated in this journal, composed of two committees. One of these is the Executive Committee consisting of sixty members, one from each of the States, Territories and Provinces who are recommended by the State Sunday School Associations and serve for a term of three years. Its functions are to arrange the Triennial Convention and to direct the missionary work in the interval and to render aid to such districts as need it. The other committee is the International Lesson Committee consisting of fifteen members representing the chief denominations, who serve for six years and are elected by the Convention. This committee meets annually to select the lessons for the year. Its members serve without compensation. Probably no greater service has ever been rendered to Sunday School work than that of this committee, which has furnished the schools with a systematic method of studying the Bible.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.
[illegible] G. B. SANDILANDS,
Associate Editors.

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The White Man's Exposure to Deadly Climate

IF the white man has great burdens and responsibilities, is it impossible for him to meet them? He only knows what is true civilization. He only knows how to educate semi-barbarous nations for citizenship. Does he have enough scientific knowledge, and will he exercise sufficient guardianship over himself to make it possible to go into regions unwholesome, and do the work ordained for him to do? The American soldier goes to Cuba and the Philippines, and successfully defies unsanitary conditions, partly because of the rules of discipline in the army. Is it possible for the trader, the merchant, the mechanic, the agriculturist to accept new sanitary conditions, to submit to new hygienic laws, to acclimate themselves to these new territories, and thus help solve the problems which are before us?

Great Britain has an empire in the East Indies. She has not acquired it and kept it without sending distinguished Englishmen there. It is an ambition of young men to find a place in India, to acquire reputation, to do noble deeds. Is there to be something corresponding to this, with reference to the new territories, temporarily under the guardianship of the United States? If so, will our young men not only gird themselves for the work, but also guard themselves against the exposures incident to it? Other foes have to be met than those armed with the rifle.

Our New National Domain

THE influence of eminent domain on the progress of the United States is very apparent. The great Northwest, with its prairies and lakes, was the conservative force that kept the original thirteen States from drifting apart. Says Mr. Webster of the ordinance of 1787: "I doubt whether one single law of any law-giver, ancient or modern, has produced effects of more distinct, marked and lasting character." This ordinance threw open a vast territory to new settlers, and invited emigration from all the world. The same influence in kind, though not in degree, resulted from our new possessions in California. They gave us a chance to locate American civilization on the Pacific coast: to take as our own new bays and gulfs and harbors, new territories for fruit culture. Later comes Alaska, and finally Cuba and the Philippines.

First, American civilization swept over the Mississippi valley, then swept down the Mississippi river, then swept through the Golden Gate, then swept to the gold regions of Alaska. And now it is destined under the influence of territorial possessions not yet occupied to the well-being of humanity to go to our new domain acquired from the Hispano-American war. It is the Eldorado cry of humanity for new opportunities. It is the cry of the new settler—Westward Ho! There are those that hold back and are afraid. There are men whose function seems to be to hold fast what we have. This insures our greater safety. Multitudes did not want the war with Mexico: but it brought us California. The same class of thinkers did not want the war with Spain; have been afraid to lay hold of our opportunities since the war is over. But the influence of larger eminent domain can not be avoided or escaped. The larger we grow, the more emigration and enterprise are attracted to us. We began with our three millions under Washington—with our thirteen original States; now we number our seventy millions, with the quicksilver of population still on the upward ascent, doubtless soon to reach a hundred millions. We govern a nation as large as ours even more easily than it was governed under the administration of Washington. While our certain destiny bids fair to make us a friendly rival with the few great nations of the earth, God guide the United States of America; be with the children as he has been with the fathers.

American Adaptability

PROBABLY Lincoln never dreamed in boyhood, nor indeed in early manhood, of such a career as God opened before him. He simply took the next step, did the next thing, achieved the next triumph. Though Lincoln's early life was barren of triumphs, he kept on trying, until the day came when the American people wanted him as President and the Lord wanted him as the great Liberator. He lost the contest for the Senatorship, but that loss prepared the way for his success as President. He was warned that if he put certain views into his speeches, he would lose the contest with Senator Douglass. It was a correct prophecy. But he lost the lesser, only the win the greater.

And now this strange, sensitive, wonderful man is called to assume the greatest responsibility since that of Washington. His growth filling out the needed proportions, is just as certain as the passing of the years. And when he dies there is no greater ruler on the earth. He has proved it by the deeds which he has performed. Connect this fact, with the remark he once made, that during the Civil War, every loyal regiment had suitable material to make the Cabinet of the President. He knew the American people. He knew their power of adaptation. It is an American gift. An American observes everything, studies everything, fits himself in imagination for everything. He critizes the conduct of great affairs. There was not a mistake made by a great military commander during the fearful struggle, when Mr. Lincoln was at the head of our affairs, but the people saw it. The people had rejected some of our generals, almost before Mr. Lincoln himself. And so of the Hispano-American war. Who would have predicted we had in our navy the kind of men who have achieved such victories? Dewey seems to be just as capable in civil as in naval affairs. It was only the other day that a London newspaper said the Americans did not appreciate their own capacity for the administration of public affairs. It is true. And we believe that the management of our temporary military governors will show this. Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines will illustrate this American adaptability. We are all self-rulers, and the man who can rule himself is fit to rule other men.

Revengeful Deeds

THE newspapers report so many cases of malevolence and desperation that some conclude that this is a century of crime above other centuries. No. As long ago as you and I can remember infernal machines were not unusual arrivals at the doors of distinguished residences. The devil of destruction is a very old devil, and he is to be seen at every great fire where there is anything to steal, and at every shipwreck where there is anything valuable floating ashore, and at every railroad accident where there are overcoats and watches to be purloined. On a small scale I saw it in my college days when in our literary society of New York University, we had an exquisite and costly bust of Shakespeare, and one morning we found a hole bored into the lips of marble and a cigar inserted. There has not for the last century been a fine picture in your art galleries, or a graceful statue in your parks, or a fine fresco on your wall, or a richly bound volume in your library, but would have been despoiled if the hand of ruffianism could have got at it without peril of incarceration. Call it what you will, communism, or socialism, or devilism, it has been abroad for ages. Sometimes it shows itself by throwing vitriol into a beautiful face, sometimes by wilfully scaring a horse with a bicycle, sometimes by crashing its cart against a fine carriage, sometimes by shooting down a president, sometimes by loosening the railroad track near a bridge over a deep chasm, sometimes by attempting to blow up a Parliament house. The philosophy of the whole business is that there is a large number of people who either through their laziness or their crime own nothing, and are mad at those who through industry and wit of their own, or of their ancestors, are in possession of large resources. The honest laboring classes never have had anything to do with such murderous enterprise. There has never been one instance where an honest, industrious man had any engagement in such villainous schemes. It is the villainous classes who would not work, if they had plenty of work offered them at large wages.

Lord Kitchener and El Mahdi's Bones

WHAT the royalists did under Charles II.—dig up the bones of Oliver Cromwell and hang them in irons—Lord Kitchener has done, in equivalent, to the bones of the murderer of that unique hero, General Gordon. If in revenge, it is barbarous. If we should speak no evil of the dead, because they cannot answer, because they have gone up to the judgment of the Great Day, their bones should be allowed to rest in peace.

But, Lord Kitchener's friends claim that the digging up of El Mahdi's bones was not an act of vengeance, but one of political policy. As far back as the time of Moses, it is recorded that no man knew the place of his burial. The great law-giver was buried without human hands, so that there could be no witnesses. Was it, lest the people he had led so long and so triumphantly should make his sepulchre a shrine? At any rate, this is the plea for Lord Kitchener. The Orientals are capable of doing this. And Lord Kitchener has prevented it. With the ashes of the Moslem pretender in the Nile, with his tomb at Omdurman razed to the ground, he at least can have no opportunity of inspiring the superstitious worship of an Inhabitant [illegible] natical people. Whether the act was [illegible] a question for English judgment to determine. Members of Parliament are discussing it. Are the bones of the dead to be safe from the hands of a conquering foe? Shall political policy pursue a dead hero across the threshold of the tomb?

BRIEF NOTES

In reply to numerous inquiries, we beg to state that the broken sets of Souvenir War Spoons, advertised in our columns, some time ago, have all been disposed of. Our friends will oblige us by not sending in any further orders to this office for War Souvenir Spoons.

Rev. Geo. C. Needham has been [illegible] ing [illegible] evangelistic services at Dallas, Tex. Three meetings were held daily. He is now conducting services in St. Louis, Mo.

According to the figures of the United States Bureau of Statistics, the consumption of intoxicants in this country for the year 1898 was 1,271,371,205 gallons, which is 17.02 gallons per capita.

The next series of International Sunday School lessons will be eighteen months devoted to the life of Christ in a series of chronological lessons taken from all four evangelists. They will begin in January, 1900.

Mr. William Phillips Hall, sometimes incorrectly described as the Millionaire Evangelist, has been holding successful services in Calvary Baptist Church, New York, of which Dr. Maclaur is pastor.

The Jewish Colonial Trust which has in charge the scheme for the repatriation of Jews in Palestine, which is known as Zionism, has completed its capitalization. It has ten million dollars in five dollar shares.

In London there are 1,750,000 people who do not attend a place of worship. Sixty-three years ago, when the London City Mission commenced its work, London contained 1,500,000 souls; the number has now increased to 6,000,000.

The [illegible] missionary are indicated in a recent work by Miss Lucy Guinness, in which she says that in the city of Bombay, India, no less than one hundred languages are spoken by its heterogeneous population.

Hundreds of the best artisans of Finland already have left their fatherland for Sweden and Norway, and hundreds more will set sail for Canada and the United States ere the summer is over. Their object is to avoid serving as conscripts in the Russian army.

An effort to prevent duplication of missionary effort in Porto Rico is being made by the Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists. The secretaries of the three societies have arranged to meet at stated intervals to keep each other advised on any new advances in contemplation.

Ex-United States Senator Henry W. Blair's famous pamphlet on "The Future of Temperance Reform" will be forwarded to any address by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at five cents per copy. It is a masterly and comprehensive presentation of the entire question and should be in the hands of every friend of temperance.

Dr. Wilbur Crafts suggests that churches and societies would do well to pass a resolution authorizing their pastor or leader to appeal to President McKinley begging him to carry into full force and effect the anti-canteen law, by issuing an order as Commander-in-Chief of the army suppressing all army saloons.

The Florence Mission, in Bleecker street, New York, celebrated its sixteenth anniversary on April 17. This mission has done a wonderful work among fallen women during the sixteen years of its existence, and its founder, Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, has spared neither money nor effort in extending its operations. It has been the mother of many similar missions in various sections of the country.

The secret as to the crime charged against Dreyfus, which has been so long kept from the courts and the public, is now declared to be that the Russian ambassador informed the French government that Dreyfus was disclosing military secrets to Germany. The care with which this fact has been hidden was due to fear of offending Russia. The belief that he is innocent is now becoming general throughout France.

An excellent little work, succinctly presenting Scripture facts about The Lord's Coming, has been prepared by Mrs. M. Baxter, whose articles on the Sunday School Lessons appear every week in this journal. It comprises fifteen chapters, dealing with "The Bride:" "The Great Anti-Christ:" "The Times of the Gentiles:" "The Millennium," etc., etc., 104 pages. May be had, price fifteen cents, from this office, 92 Bible House, New York.

A bill to incorporate the Salvation Army has been introduced in the New York Legislature. It grants to the corporated body the right to establish homes, hospitals, shelters, farm colonies, etc. The bill also exempts all the property now held or to be acquired by the Army from taxation. It provides that the governors of the incorporated body shall be a board of trustees, comprising the commander, the chief secretary and the treasurer of the Salvation Army of the United States and two officers of the Army or two laymen selected by the three first-mentioned officers or a majority of them.

We offer to any of our readers, who may desire to possess beautiful souvenirs of Palestine, a section of Olive Wood from the Mount of Olives, cut and polished in Bethlehem by native craftsmen with such rare skill that the deep, red veinings of the heart of the olive are brought to the surface, and all the delicate traceries and markings rendered transparent. These sections of Olive Wood were shipped direct from the Holy Land. They are especially adapted for use as paper weights or mantel ornaments, and are inscribed in lasting characters with the word "Jerusalem," and the corresponding name in Hebrew characters. These souvenirs will be sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents each.

An International Barter

PUBLIC interest has been aroused by a suggestion that the United States and Great Britain should make an exchange of territory. It is believed in some influential quarters, that it would be a mutual advantage for England to cede to the United States the Island of Jamaica and the other islands it holds in the West Indies, and accept the Philippines in exchange. It is urged that now that we have gained possession of Cuba and Porto Rico, the acquisition of the British West Indian Islands would be a logical and natural result. They would be within easy reach, and would gain by being under the same government as their neighbors. The Philippines on the other hand, would be to us a troublesome possession, while England would be at home in the management of the islands, having by long experience acquired skill in the government of alien and heterogeneous peoples. The islands would also be especially valuable to England as a base of operations in her struggle for power and trade in the far East. The anti-expansionists among our own people would have less objection to our acquiring territory in this hemisphere and would feel relieved by being rid of a possession so far away from our own shores as the Philippines, which it will be difficult to govern and possibly difficult to defend, among the complications of European powers. It is significant that at this juncture when the exchange is mooted, there should be discontent in the British West Indian possessions, and indications that there is friction between the people there and the home government. Some American merchants who have recently returned from Jamaica and St. Kitts, say that the more influential people in these islands would welcome annexation by the United States and that the Danish West Indies have the same desire. On the surface, the proposed exchange appears mutually advantageous, both on geographical and political grounds; but further discussion may show it to be impracticable. It is not yet absolutely clear that the people of the islands desire annexation to the United States, and still less is it certain whether England would consent to give them up if they do, nor whether the United States would be willing to receive them. It is not in international affairs as it is in the affairs of the Kingdom of God. Happily in the latter there is no doubt. All who desire to enter and will accept the conditions are welcome.

Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out (John 6:37).

Benefactors Stoned

A remarkable religious ferment has developed in the Russian province of Kazan, where there is a population of nearly two million persons, a large proportion of whom are Mohammedans. A journalist in St. Petersburg reports that the distress from famine and typhus have worked such havoc in that province that the government determined to send aid, food and sanitary agents. Unfortunately, rumors were circulated, with the assistance of fanatical priests, that the representatives of the government really wanted to convert the Mohammedans. A genuine religious panic ensued, and the government agents everywhere met with a hostile reception, being stoned and otherwise maltreated, so that it became impossible to distribute the aid sent. The most positive assurances were given that the agents had no other object than that of relieving the misery of the people, but the peasants would not believe them. They drove the agents out of their villages, and when the inhabitants of a village heard that a relief expedition was approaching, they would muster outside the village and prevent its entering. The government is trying to reassure the misguided Tartars, but at present without success. One cannot but pity the poor creatures who thus stand in the way of their own interests, and it would not be surprising if the Russians were to leave them to their fate. Happily, the benefactors appear to have some of the magnanimity to which the world owes its opportunity of salvation:

Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do (Luke 23:24).

Animals and Illusions

In an article on the illusions which at expositions are sometimes used to bewilder visitors the writer calls attention to a singular fact which has been observed by the professors. It is that however successful the illusions are in deceiving people, they do not deceive animals. As an instance, he says: "A few years ago I had what is known as the 'Mystic Maze' at the Nashville Exposition. It was simply a small room filled with mirrors, so arranged that you seemed to be in a narrow corridor, full of turns. It was very puzzling, and I used to get lost in the place myself, but it never bothered my dog a moment. He would run through it from end to end at full speed and never bump against a mirror. I saw something on the same line in San Francisco not long ago. A friend of mine had an illusion called 'The Haunted Swing.' You get in what seems to be an ordinary swing, hung in the centre of a good-sized room, and the thing begins to move. It goes back and forth and finally clear over the top—that is to say, it seems to. What really turns round is the room itself—the swing stands perfectly still. It is a good illusion, and when the room is revolved rapidly there never was a man who could keep his head in the swing. It seems as if he must certainly pitch out, and if the motion is kept up he gets deathly sick. But a pet cat belonging to my friend used to lie on the edge of the seat and never turn a hair, no matter how fast the thing was worked. The elder Herrmann told me that animals were never deceived by false table legs, built up with looking glasses, and used in stage tricks. They always passed around on the other side. I guess they must see better, somehow, than men." The ancient prophet had a like opinion of their moral qualities.

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know; my people doth not consider (Isa. 1:3).

Pet Animals Causing Disease

A medical journal calls attention to some important facts which were recently laid before the French Congress on tuberculosis. An eminent French physician pointed out that "A certain proportion of parrots are known to die of tuberculosis. Cats are known to sometimes have tuberculosis, and that they have in many cases been carriers of diphtheria and other ordinary infections directly and indirectly is more than suspected. These would seem to be the facts in the matter. They are, perhaps not enough to justify a crusade, on sanitary grounds, against the keeping of pet animals. It does not seem unreasonable however, that we should demand of their owners great care in the matter of detecting the first signs of disease in them, and then so guarding them as to prevent their being a source of contagion to the human being. Especially does this warning seem necessary with regard to children." It would be well, too, if parents would be more on their guard against moral infection. The number of instances in which children have caught tuberculosis from an animal must be infinitesmal in comparison with those who have been ruined body and soul by evil associates. Parents have continual need to inculcate the wise king's advice.

My son if sinners entice thee consent thou not (Prov. 1:10).

A TYPICAL SCENE IN KINGSTON, JAMAICA

A Hero of Manila

A deed of heroism is reported from the Philippines which deserves special recognition from the government. It was witnessed by an Englishman who was present at the battle, and was described by him in a letter to the *China Mail* of Hong Kong. He writes: "A troop of cavalry under command of Lieutenant Boyd was sent out to locate the enemy. The party had pushed a long way forward without trouble, and were on the point of returning, when the Filipinos appeared from the brush on one side and fired into them. One of the ponies was killed, dismounting Private Davicki and wounding Private Wintler. All hurried to shelter, some 500 yards away, across a deep stream, and it was not until the party had reached it that it was discovered that Private Davicki had been left behind. Without a moment's hesitation Corporal Reno dashed after him, dismounted, placed Davicki in the saddle, and brought him in safety to his companions. Reno ran alongside of the pony, his hand on the stirrup. The Filipinos maintained a heavy fire, but the two crossed the stream and rejoined their party without injury. Such a deed of daring wins the admiration of everyone who hears of it. Yet men often listen unmoved to the story of Him who actually died to save them from a doom worse than death.

That through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, and deliver them who through fear of death were subject to bondage (Heb. 2:14).

The Children's Quest

Two boys, the younger of them not more than ten years old, who were sheltered in a New York police station one night last week, told a pathetic story. They had been found in Stanton street, where they said they were looking for their mamma. They could not find her, and admitted that they were lost, but were eager to resume the search in the morning. Their explanation of their quest was that eight months ago their papa and mamma, who lived in Boston, Mass., had a quarrel, and their mamma went away. "Since then," said one of the boys, "we have been awful lonesome." Their father had fretted, and at last fell ill. Fearing that he might die, he told the boys that he had learned that their mother was living in New York, and gave them her street address. They consulted together and came to the conclusion that if they could see their mother they could persuade her to return and help them to take care of their sick father. By sacrificing their little hoards of savings, they were able to buy tickets for New York. They were unable to find their mother at the address given, but were making inquiries in the neighborhood when a policeman found them and for their own protection took them to the station. They were content to stay on the assurance of the police that they would help them in the morning to find their mother. The children were confident that nothing more was necessary than to see her. They were sure that her own love would do the rest. If those who are seeking their Heavenly Father had the same confidence it would be well; but in their case the conditions are reversed. It is not he who has left them, but they who have wandered away from him.

Even from the days of your fathers ye are gone away from my ordinances. Return unto me and I will return unto you saith the Lord (Mal. 3:7).

A Strange Building Combination

A scientific journal calls attention to the success which has attended the experiments of combining metal with concrete in building materials; and to the advantages so secured. It says: "Such construction depends for its success on the adhesion of the concrete and metal and on perfect action as a unit, their rate of expansion and contraction being uniform. The metal is used in forms varying all the way from wire cloth, or expanded metal now so popular in this country as metal lathing, to the massive beams or built up lattice-girders for the largest spans. Metal work in bridges, roofs and similar structures requires, when exposed, constant inspection to insure its maintenance in an efficient condition, also a periodical coating of paint or other preservative adapted to the particular exposure involved and the service intended. Concrete, on the other hand, is recognized as an excellent conservator of iron and steel. It is stated by M. Emperger, a well-known Austrian engineer, that he has found iron rods quite free from rust after remaining some forty years imbedded in concrete below water level, and an instance is on record of an iron wrench, left buried in concrete for twenty-two years, which on being broken out, still showed its black metallic surface." Doubtless builders, realizing the advantages of this combination, will use it more frequently than ever. It is much to be wished that in spiritual matters, where there is even greater danger from rust and decay, the protection which Christ offers, which is an absolute preservative, was more earnestly sought.

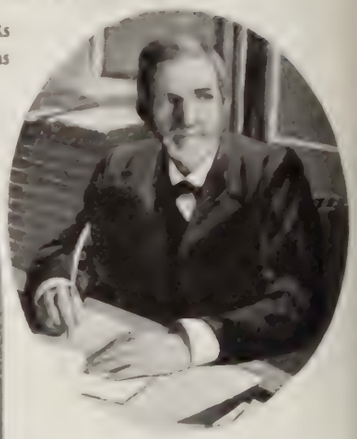
The peace of God, which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus (Philippians 4:7).

. . . The New York Assay Office and its Golden Stores . . .

A Tour Amid Great Piles of the Precious Metals—Testing Gold and Silver—Baking Gold Bricks and Cakes—Illustrated by Photographs Taken for "The Christian Herald" by Joseph Adams

DR. HERBERT G. TORREY, ASSAYER

THE ASSAY OFFICE, WALL STREET, NEW YORK



MR. ANDREW MASON, SUP'T

THE United States, next to Africa, is the greatest gold-producing country in the world. The world's output for 1897 was $237,504,800; of this the United States produced $57,363,000—about one-fourth of the whole. Our output of silver was $69,637,200. In this, but one country—Mexico—approaches us. "The gold and the silver is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts." The Giver of all good has been bountiful to our young republic, and with great riches imposes great responsibilities. The handling of gold, from the time it is taken from the heart of the mine until it is put into circulation as coin, is most interesting and instructive. "The fining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold; but the Lord trieth the hearts," is the inspired comparison.

The United States has twelve mints and assay offices under charge of the Bureau of the Mint at Washington. Second to none of these institutions in dignity and importance is the Assay Office next door to the Sub-Treasury in New York, America's financial centre. The building occupied is the oldest in Wall Street. The Superintendent came from the mother institution in Philadelphia to this branch when it was established in 1853; Dr. Torrey, Assayer for thirty years, succeeded his father; the Chief Refiner has held long tenure of office, which shows that wise Uncle Sam is not always influenced by political changes.

Nearly twice as much bullion is assayed here as in any other office. Average yearly value of deposits is at rough estimate about $50,000,000. For 1868 the value was $81,425,425.19. The material brought in consists of gold and silver bars, uncurrent and mutilated coins, foreign and domestic, and other ware and jewelry, the last a many-item, but comparatively small percentage of value—between two and three millions yearly. Less value than $100 is not accepted; assay charge on this is about $1.25. While the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through courtesy of officials, stood in the receiving room, a man came to the window with a lot of old Spanish coins. They were weighed in his presence on the scales at the window; he was given a numbered receipt, and a card bearing a corresponding number was dropped with his coins into a small tin box. This identification number accompanies the deposit through all its processes. "Can you not buy rare old coins you may find in these deposits for yourselves?" the writer asked. "The policy of the government forbids," was the answer. "Besides, few coins of antiquarian or historic value come to us." The appearance of gold as to weight is deceptive. When the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was invited to lift a bar of gold (about the size of a loaf of bread), it was found quite impossible.

From the receiving room deposits are carried into a melting room and each melted to itself, poured into a mould and stamped with its number. Two chips from each are delivered to the assayer, and a portion of each chip weighed upon scales so accurate that the millionth of an ounce (an eyebrow is considerably heavier) can be weighed upon them. The assay, as the weighed sample is termed, is wrapped in a tiny cornucopia of sheet lead, carried to a small furnace containing a red-hot oven and placed in a little cup of bone-ash. The air, passing

LARGE SCALE, WHERE GOLD AND SILVER ARE RECEIVED AND WEIGHED

RECEIVING AND WEIGHING SMALLER DEPOSITS OF GOLD AND SILVER

TESTING THE PURITY OF SILVER

THE ASSAYING FURNACES, WHERE SAMPLES ARE MELTED IN CUPELS

KETTLES FOR BOILING GOLD AND SILVER IN SULPHURIC ACID

DR. B. T. MARTIN, CHIEF REFINER

CRUCIBLES FOR MELTING THE GOLD BRICKS

into the oven and over the melted assay, unites with the lead and the base metals contained in sample and forms an oxide which the cupel absorbes, so that in a few minutes nothing but gold and silver remains—the tiniest of buttons in the hollow of the tiny cup. This button's weight, subtracted from the weight of the original assay, necessarily gives weight of base metals in sample. The silver and gold button must now be separated into silver and gold, by nitric acid, which dissolves the silver from the gold. The gold, insoluble to common acids, remains behind a powdery dust; its weight determines the gold fineness of sample. Weight of gold and base metals subtracted from weight of original assay, show the weight of silver. The assay of the sample has now given accurate basis for determining value of the deposit, and this value, minus the small charge for assaying, is paid in bars or cash to the depositor. The operation of assaying can be performed in less than an hour. Of course, a number of assays are made at the same time, many chips in cupels keeping company with the one we have followed. A depositor can get the value of his deposit in two days.

The deposit, now Government property, is turned over with others to the refining department, where all are melted together, in certain proportions of gold, silver and base metal, in large crucibles, which will hold about 300 pounds each. The molten mass is cast into a series of large, flat moulds, resembling immense waffle-irons. This gives a thin, flat cake full of holes—the extraordinarily rich waffles of Uncle Sam's cook-shop—and is made in this form in order that sulphuric acid, in which it is to be boiled, may more readily dissolve the silver and baser metals, leaving the gold, like the pure character, lovelier for trial. The boiling is done in huge cast-iron kettles, holding perhaps 1,000 pounds of sulphuric acid. As in the assaying, all metals except the gold are dissolved, forming sulphates, and the solutions are siphoned off into large lead-lined tanks around the sides and on the bottom of which are placed slabs of copper, which sulphur prefers to silver. As soon as the hot solution touches the copper, the sulphur deserts the silver and unites with the copper, forming sulphate of copper, or bluestone. Barrels of these beautiful blue crystals lie about ready for wholesale buyers. The silver, as it is left by the sulphuric acid, is in the form of a white sand, which is washed with hot water, and taken to the powerful hydraulic press of many tons pressure, where it is pressed into hard, round cakes—the rich cheeses of Uncle Sam's making — of about 1,000 ozs. ($600) each; and is then dried in ovens. This silver, now nearly pure, is melted in large crucibles, where it is further refined and then cast into moulds. Samples are taken, and if by assay they prove to be 999 parts out of 1,000 silver, the bars are turned over to the cashier, who pays them out as demands occur.

WEIGHING $100,000 IN GOLD INGOTS ON THE GREAT SCALES

The gold in the cast-iron dissolving kettles, where the silver left it, looks simply a mass of soft, reddish mud. It is thoroughly washed with hot water, pressed, dried, melted the same as the silver, and cast into bars of about $400, $5,000 or $8,000, and turned over to the cashier to be paid out as called for, or sent to the Philadelphia mint for coinage. These operations entail a large amount of floor sweepings; of ashes containing shots of bullion, and of old clothes of workmen (no man carries his working garments out of the office); these are burned, ground into powder, sampled, assayed, and sold to outside smelters—so careful a housekeeper is our Uncle Sam. Sweepings average about ten cents a pound; their total annual average of value is about $30,000.

At present, you can look through the grating of the vault and see $75,000,000 in yellow bars, stored away like nice gold loaves on the shelves of Uncle Sam's cupboard. Employees get so used to seeing precious metal lying around in bulk, to handling it as truck loads of sand and mud, dishing it up with shovels, boiling and baking it and ladling it out, that it ceases to represent financial value to them. The only place which they connect mentally with money is the cashier's desk, where they are paid their salaries.

$2,000,000 IN GOLD BRICKS IN SIGHT

MACHINES FOR PRESSING GOLD INTO CAKES

DRYING OUT $300,000 WORTH OF WET GOLD CAKES

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

The Story of a Mortgage

Putting the Home in Peril—A Debtor, a Creditor, "Bairnies" and a Dream

IT must be sad to sign the dear old farm away; sad to know that one's own hand invests another—perhaps a hard and unjust steward of worldly goods—with power to turn one and one's loved ones out of the home made sacred by long associations. Doubly hard must it be if the signer feels that this bitter trial is the result of his own sin or folly—of intemperance, thriftlessness, rash speculation. If it has not, and if evil times have come uninvited upon the servant of the Lord, then the cloud has a silver lining—the sunshine of that faith which assures the honest and industrious toiler that God is on his side, and that he will not be forsaken. Also, he has hope of that home which none can take from him in our Father's house where the many mansions are.

The giving and taking of mortgages is, however, not always due by any means to grasping avarice on one side, or thriftlessness on the other. It is simply a device of commerce which operates most unhappily in many cases. Few people have any idea of the vast number of mortgages that are held by landlords on the homes of our industrious sons of toil, North, South, East and West. Our last census report showed nearly five million mortgages in force at a valuation of nearly seven billion dollars.

There was a rich, hard man, so a story goes, who took a mortgage on the home of the friends of his youth. The wife, coming with her husband, pleaded against it, promising by all humble economies and faithful industries to help in payment of the debt. Her husband sought to dissuade her from coming, but she insisted, and he, broken spirited by misfortune, and feeling that it was in a sense her right, gave way. He was sorry that he had done so when he heard the cool and measured tones in which she was told that, while it would be very pleasant to grant her request, such an appeal was very unbusiness like, and could not on that account be considered. "Ah!" said she tremblingly, "your little lass and mine are in heaven together. Suppose the dear Lord should make the bairnies feel that their place didna belong to them, and that they might hae to be turned out some time."

That night the rich man dreamed a dream. He saw a wall of jasper in which was a great gate like a single pearl: a shining one kept the gate. Presently it opened; the sound of harpers harping on their harps reached him, and many voices sounded like a murmurous tide of joy. "What a happy home!" he said, "my little Mary must have here!" And even as he spoke an angel that he knew to be his child came without the gate and set her harp down, weeping, and told the keeper she could bide inside no more; other angels came and tried to draw her back. "Nay," she said; "my Lord within hath remembered a debt against me—a sin that I committed on earth—and my home here is not my own any more." The rich man awoke, and he was glad that his child's debts had all been paid by our great Elder Brother, and that her claim to her home could have no doubt. He put the mortgage in a letter and sent it to his old friend, and wrote: "You are an honest man and will pay as you can, I know. I do not need this security. Give it to your wife in the name of the Lord, from my little daughter, Mary."

SIGNING THE MORTGAGE ON THE OLD FARM

Double Eagles to Servants

The German Housewives' Society, of New York City, has just made awards of seven twenty-dollar gold pieces to as many faithful servant girls. Uninterrupted service in the same family for two years and three months entitles a servant to this distinction. The presentation took place at the society headquarters, 121 East Fifty-ninth Street, without formal speech-making. M. S. Sander, the secretary, called the girls to his desk and handed them the double eagles, which they received with smiles and graceful courtesies. Last year the German Empress, as was told in this paper, bestowed decorations in the form of medals of merit on servants who had remained in the same family for twenty years. In London, Princess Christian, President of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, presented certificates of merit to servant girls who, entering a place when under twenty, had kept it for three years.

A Long Island Home

Our readers in various sections who are interested in the pictures and stories given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from time to time, of every-day life, East, West, North and South, will take pleasure in reading the following extract from a letter dated April 13, from one of our subscribers, a prominent kindergartner, who is on a visit to her daughter's home on Long Island, close to where children have a nice time in summer, playing in seashore sand, and bathing in the surf. Her son-in-law is a business man, with an office in the city. She says:

The grass is getting green, and the birds are busy nest-building (which is bird-fashion for house-keeping). This is a very old-fashioned place with a barn and orchard back of us, and some cows, sheep, chicks and chickens belonging to our neighbors, and we take pleasure in watching their innocent play. My son-in-law delights in his garden. He is planting peas to-night, and wants to put in corn, beans, squash, lettuce, onions, turnips and potatoes soon. We enjoy the fresh vegetables immensely, and working in the garden is a relief from the confinement of his office, and makes him happy and strong. I enjoy reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD so much, it tells about so many good works for children, and is helping to show people what kindergartens and mothers' clubs are doing. My little grand-daughter loves to look at the pictures and tries to interest our very new baby in them. Baby prefers his fists.

Spring Festival Among French Peasantry

In some French provinces, the people celebrate the coming of Spring with festivals in which processions descriptive of peasant life and labor are interesting features. Real shepherds and shepherdesses march along with bleating sheep and frisky white lambs, which stop now and then to gaze with wonder at the unusual scene and to cut queer, playful capers; while the faithful sheep-dog overlooks with benevolent indulgence little breaches of order and discipline, which on ordinary occasions would have provoked a warning bark. Then come gardeners waving garlands and carrying watering pots and other appropriate implements; and haymakers, with rakes and scythes. Suddenly, the Alp-horn sounds. Cows and little calves advance slowly, encouraged by the familiar voices of the herdsmen. The head dairyman, his rosy-cheeked daughter at his side, leads his cart containing churn, milking-stool and various implements for making cheese and butter. Presently, the cart stops; the girl takes the stool, advances to the gentlest of the herd and draws a bowl of frothy, creamy milk, which her father, with much pomp and ceremony, presents to the great man of the town or estate who makes a speech in return.

Pussy Willow

Oh, thou lovely Pussy Willow!
Come to smooth my tired pillow,
With thy soft, soft paws.

Of the spring thou art a token,
That the winter's reign is broken,
Cheerer of the heart!

In thy train we soon shall see
Violet and anemone,
Dainty little things!

Even now the blue bird's note,
High above, around, remote,
All the air is filling.

Thou art welcome to my heart,
Of my childhood days a part,
In memory ever sweet.

We'll All Be Together Again

WHEN dear ones have left us to journey afar
O'er mountain or prairie or sea,
Our thoughts travel oft where the loving ones are,
And lonely we often must be.
But sweet is the thought of the home-coming time
To women and children and men;
It rings, like the bells, with a musical chime:
"We'll all be together again."

When sickness and trouble break into our lives,
When cares throng in manifold ways,
When many a wearisome burden contrives
To mar the sweet peace of our days,
'Tis blessed to hope there'll be happiness yet;
That shining will follow the rain;
That those who now hate will forgive and forget,
And will all be together again.

When lives have been sundered by death's cruel hand,
When dear ones no more have our care—
All happy and safe in the beautiful land;
So safe they no more need our prayer—
Oh, blessed the thought of the meeting once more
Beyond all the sorrow and pain,
Where nothing is wrong on the heavenly shore
And we'll all be together again!

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

Our Teachers

IN one sense of the word, our public and Sunday School teachers and our missionary and social settlement workers are the fathers and mothers of Young America. In city slums, schools and mission halls are often the only bright spots in the life of the children. Little waifs who have no home worthy of the name, and whose lives outside of the schoolroom know no elevating influence, find strong attractions in the school and mission-rooms, gay with potted plants and flowers, and bright with patriotic decorations and pious mottos, and the handiwork of scholars. The loving sympathy of teachers brings out what is best in them, and the little responsive creatures give back love for love, appreciation for appreciation, and try to deserve the generous but well-chosen praise given by wise instructors. The quiet, unobtrusive work done by hundreds of faithful teachers is going to bear precious fruit. When summer comes and the schools close, and this beneficent oversight is withdrawn, fresh-air workers take up the burden and blessed labor for children goes on in another form. In waifs coming under their care, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S workers recognize by unmistakable signs those who have felt the public school, Sunday School, social settlement, and missionary workers' guidance. A gracious thing it is that God opens the way to keep the good seed sown in winter from being choked to death with the tares of uninterrupted life on saloon-lined streets in summer.

Children and Fire Drills

A movement is on foot in New York City to make fire drills compulsory in all public schools, which will probably crystalize into action at the next meeting of the Board of Education. This is due to the excitement of public sentiment following the Windsor Hotel and later fires: it is also referable to two incidents related in this paper. One was that a class of children in the Windsor at the time of the fire, fell into line and marched out safely and in good order; and to a similar occurrence in a Brooklyn school, where fire drill had been practised. This movement could be properly instituted in other places—in fact, even in country schools, it would be a valuable precaution and a preparation which might sometimes be effectual in saving life. The truth is grown folks should study fire drill a little.

THE GOSPEL IN OUR NEW COLONIES

Notes of Spiritual Progress from Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines—Our Spanish-American Testament Welcomed

WHEN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, last summer in the name of its readers, and with their hearty co-operation, distributed great quantities of War Testaments not only in our domestic military camps, but to our troops abroad, as well, the gift was one which was invariably received with manifestations of the deepest satisfaction. Thousands of those little pocket Testaments were carried by our soldiers to the trenches and the battlefields. They kept the precious volumes close to their hearts while they slept, and often by the light of the camp-fire they read them with comfort and solace during nights of anxiety. Some carried their little Testaments with them to the grave.

With the return of peace to Cuba and Porto Rico, and at the first beginnings of religious work by our own people on these islands, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD received many invitations to co-operate with the various efforts then begun for the the spiritual betterment of the island population. After due consideration, it was decided that the most practical service would be rendered by giving to the people of the islands the Gospel of Jesus Christ in their own language—a privilege which, under the rule of Catholic Spain, they had never enjoyed. Accordingly, we had printed and bound a large edition of the Gospel of St. John, in parallel pages of English and Spanish, thus presenting the most graphic of all the Gospel narratives of Christ's earthly life and ministry in a form calculated to appeal even to the humblest native, capable of understanding the Spanish tongue. As there is a universal desire on the part of these people to acquire our language also, it was rightly judged that the English version will be acceptable. Such has proved to be the case, for the demand for these little volumes of Scripture, from the time of their issue till now, has been steadily increasing. In addition to the Gospel story as related by "the disciple whom Jesus loved," the book contains a number of specially selected evangelical hymns, also on parallel pages in English and Spanish, and these are now sung in Gospel meetings in both Cuba and Porto Rico. The volume consist of 220 pages, and is printed in a clean, bold type, and bound in limp cloth covers—just a convenient size for the pocket. On the outer cover in gilt letters is the title:

"GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN With Hymns." "EVANGELIO SAN JUAN Con Himnos."

We give below two parallel pages from the book itself, showing the exact size of page and type. We also give the familiar hymn, "Rock of Ages," in the Spanish language, side by side with our own tongue.

Although thousands of these little Gospels have been forwarded to Porto Rico and Cuba, we learn that the demand is such that a very large edition could be used to the greatest advantage by our missionaries and Christian workers now in the field. Those of our readers who have an interest in placing the Gospel in the hands of the people of the new colonies have an opportunity to do so by contributing to this work. All sums intended to aid in circulating the Spanish-English Gospel will be duly acknowledged in these columns. The following have been received:

Prev. ack	$10 60	A friend, Ch	5 00
P H H, Dover	1 00	Caroline Painchaud	10 50
J A W, Tidioute	20 00	S, Scranton	50 00
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Hervey Kent	50 00	F A Rogers	25
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Selma, N Y City	1 00	Total	$167 95

Christian Work in Cuba

From a leading Y. M. C. A. writer, stationed in Havana, comes this letter, giving news of most encouraging spiritual progress in the military camps:

CAMP COLUMBIA, HAVANA, CUBA.

"The Y. M. C. A. among the Seventh Army Corps in Cuba, has done a work whose value can hardly be over-estimated.

"We have made the tents as attractive as possible, with long rows of writing tables, games and good reading matter, while we have given out more writing material than ever before. Nearly every Saturday evening we arrange for an entertainment, which keeps the men from places of sin. But the religious work is by far the most important. Nearly every regiment has had a series of meetings, held by the chaplains and secretaries. Great interest has been shown and many have been saved from sin. In one of the services conducted by a chaplain, after an earnest plea, he gave an invitation for all who wished prayers to rise, and about 150 stood up. Then, he asked all who were willing to give their hearts to God to sign cards which I had. During the three meetings over fifty signed. We wrote a personal letter to each man, giving what help we could. Some have fallen back; but we are doing all in our power to strengthen them.

"One young man came to me after a meeting, and said, 'I signed a card the other night, and received a letter from you which did me much good.'

"After a quiet talk, we knelt in prayer. When we stood up, he said, 'I have something I want to ask you about.' A short time before, he had sold some government property, and had been arrested and tried by court-martial. He thought he ought to see the officer in charge, and this was troubling him. I advised him as best I could. I saw him afterwards, and he told me it was settled, and he was happy in the new life.

E. H. CHAPIN,
Army Y. M. C. A. Sec'y, 2nd. Ill. Vol.

Cuban Orphans Well Cared For

Gen. Lee, under date of April 12, writes us from Havana as follows:

The lady at the head of this institution (the Lee Orphanage), Miss Amada Miranda, has an excellent character and fine executive talent. The children are all growing fat. They not only have such purchased food as they can eat, but a Cuban club in Havana sends them, once or twice a week, quantities of fresh vegetables and other articles of food to which they have been accustomed. I have just purchased for them a lot of new shoes, and am arranging now to get them some clothing. There are fifty-one orphans in the asylum.

Parallel Pages from our New Spanish-American Testament

ST. JOHN, 3.	SAN JUAN, 3.
15 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.	15 Para que todo aquel que en él creyere, no se pierda, mas tenga vida eterna.
16 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.	16 Porque de tal manera amó Dios al mundo, que haya dado á su Hijo unigénito: para que todo aquel que en él creyere, no se pierda, mas tenga vida eterna.
17 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.	17 Porque no envió Dios á su Hijo al mundo, para que condene al mundo; sino para que el mundo sea salvo por él.
18 He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.	18 El que en él cree, no es condenado; mas el que no cree, ya es condenado; porque no creyó en el nombre del unigénito Hijo de Dios.
19 And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.	19 Y esta es la condenacion, que la luz vino al mundo, y los hombres amaron más las tinieblas que la luz; porque sus obras eran malas.
20 For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.	20 Porque todo aquel que hace lo malo, aborrece la luz, y no viene á la luz, porque sus obras no sean redarguidas.
21 But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.	21 Mas el que obra verdad, viene á la luz, para que sus obras sean hechas manifiestas, porque son hechas en Dios.
22 ¶After these things came Jē'sus and his disciples into the land of Jū-dæ'ā; and there he tarried with them, and baptized.	22 ¶Pasado esto, vino Jesus y sus discípulos á una tierra de Judea; y estaba allí con ellos, y bautizaba.
23 And John also was baptizing	23 Y bautizaba tambien Juan

Rock of Ages.	Roca de la Eternidad.
ROCK of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Save me from its guilt and power.	1. ROCA de la eternidad, Fuiste abierta para mí, Sé mi Escondedero fiel; Sólo encuentro paz en Tí, Rico, limpio manantial, En el cual lavado fui.
Not the labor of my hands Can fulfill Thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow, All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.	2. Aunque fuese siempre fiel, Aunque llore sin cesar, Del pecado no podré Justificación lograr; Sólo en Tí teniendo fé Deuda tal podré pagar.
While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.	3. Mientras tenga que vivir, Mi último suspiro al dar, Cuando vaya á responder En tu augusto tribunal, Sé mi Escondedero fiel, Roca de la eternidad.

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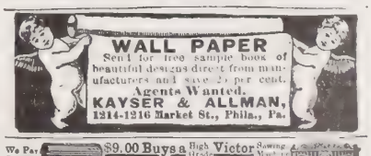

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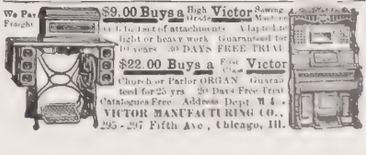

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BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

CHAPTER XXIX.

"He said 'Peace, be still.'"

SAD and distressing as was the scene in that handsomely furnished room in which the abject terror of the soul was in such painful contrast with the comfort provided for the body, it was a scene full of hope for one who bears the life-giving message of the Gospel. Evadne had seen many death-beds in the course of her experience as a nurse and she had learned how powerful was the Gospel to calm the most despairing soul. With an unspoken prayer to Him, who has promised that in the hour of need it shall be given you what you shall say—for the right word in this crisis, she said gently: "Why do you fear? It is not you who will go to the grave. Your body may have to lie there, but you yourself will have left it before then. It is not death that touches you when the body dies, but only a new life."

"I do not understand," said the poor sufferer. "Must I not leave my husband and my home and all I love? How can that be life? Oh, nurse, you seem calm and strong; tell me how to die."

"I will tell you how to live, my dear lady," said Evadne. "Don't you know that Christ promised eternal life to all who would take it at his hands—a life that goes on beyond the death of the body and comes to fuller and better life? When you have that life you need not fear the death of the body, which only sets you free to rise to better things."

"Yes, I have heard ministers preach about that, but I did not understand. I did not try to. I always thought there would be time enough, and since I have been married, Rege—my husband—told me I need not try, it was superstition, but now it seems the most important thing in the world—the only thing."

"It is not too late," said Evadne, "and it is so simple that you can easily understand it."

"Oh, tell me, then. I will try to do anything you say."

"It is simply trust—what the ministers call faith. Christ promises you eternal life if you trust to him, and he makes no other condition than that you believe he is able to give it you and that he will keep his promise. It is just as if a doctor assured you that he could and would cure you if you would follow his directions."

"Is that all? I thought I must repent and change my habits, and live a different life, and I have no time now."

"All that will come. The first and the essential thing is to put all your trust in Christ, to take him as your Saviour and he will make you fit for him."

Elise Hawthorne laid her head upon Evadne's shoulder like a tired child. "But I am afraid," she whispered.

"Your Father loves you, dear, for he sent his Son to die. The thief on the cross was a sinner, yet Christ took him to Paradise. The fitness must come from Jesus—his blood washes whiter than snow."

"But I have done nothing to earn it. I have lived for myself alone."

"We never can earn a gift, dear. God gives in a royal way. He says to you only believe, I have given you life through my Son." Evadne had taken the tiny Bible, which she always carried, from her pocket, and was turning its pages rapidly. "Here it is—Mr. Hawthorne, will you raise the shade that your wife may see for herself? 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish'—You see, there is no death for those who trust in him. And then, 'he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' It does not mean that we may have it after years of toil."

"That is very good," said Mrs. Hawthorne, "but are you sure? It seems too simple to be true. But it goes to my heart as if it were true."

"Admit it and cherish it," said Evadne. "It will give you life."

"I will try," she murmured. "It has given me peace already."

"What charm have you wrought," asked John Randolph in a whisper, as they stood together that evening beside a quiet sleeper. "This is the first natural sleep she has had. I believe it will prove her recovery."

Evadne looked up at him, and over her face a light was breaking, "I have led her to Jesus, the mighty to save."

The next day the patient was decidedly better and the improvement so begun continued. Dr. Randolph insisted that he was not entitled to any of the credit. It was all due, he said, to the peace that had come in the crisis from Miss Hildreth's words.

When convalescence had fully set in he advised an ocean voyage, and Rege decided to take his wife to Europe.

It was a very frail little figure which clung to Evadne the evening before they sailed. They had pleaded with her to go with them. "Give up this toilsome work which is overtaxing your strength," Reginald had said as they sat together one evening in the twilight, "and make your home with us. You have grown to be our sister in the truest sense of the word, and we have learned to lean upon you, Elise and I. We can never hope to repay you," he continued huskily, "but it would be such a pleasure to have you with us for good."

Evadne looked at the pleading eyes with which Elise Hawthorne seconded her husband's wish, and her lips trembled. "How rich God is making me in friends," she said, "I shall never forget that this thing has been in your hearts, but I must be about my Father's business."

And then John Randolph had come to make one of his pleasant informal visits and they had sat together in a beautiful fellowship. When he rose to go, he turned towards Evadne. "How goes life with you now, dear friend?"

The grey eyes, full of a clear shining, were lifted to his. "I am absolutely satisfied with Jesus Christ."

It was true and the satisfaction was growing. Like all who look to Christ for the direction of their lives, and are content with his plan and try to serve him in whatsoever circumstances they meet—Evadne was happy and free from care. If things seemed vexatious and trying, she accepted them as coming from him and concluded that there was something in her that needed correction. To be patient, docile, in a word to be like Christ, was her supreme desire, and she left it to him to choose the discipline that would produce that result. With such a rule of life, worry and repining were excluded and her heart was filled with sweet peace.

After the Hawthornes sailed for Europe, she returned to her duties at the hospital, and was gratified to see how cordially the doctors and nurses welcomed her. It was a busy life, so full of ministration that she had no opportunity to visit her aunt and cousins. But she had heard from them and knew that important changes had occurred in the household.

Marion was married and living in New York. Louis had taken a small house, where he boarded with his mother and Isabelle. He spent his days in the monotonous routine of a bank, and to his pleasure-loving nature the drudgery seemed intolerable; but he said little. He remembered that Evadne never complained.

One day he went to see her at the hospital, and she was frightened at the pallor of his face. She led him to the superintendent's reception room—there they would be undisturbed. He staggered blindly as he entered the room and then sank heavily on a sofa near the door. He looked like an old man.

"Louis!" she cried in alarm. "what is the matter?"

He took a letter from his pocket and held it towards her. It bore her own name, and the writing was her father's! She took it from him and read that last message which had been confided to her uncle for her, and which he had never delivered.

"Can you ever forgive?" Then Louis buried his face in his arms and groaned aloud. The awful disgrace and shame of it seemed more than he could bear.

Interminable seemed the hours after Louis had left her, walking slowly, with that strange grey shadow upon his face, and stooping as if some unseen burden were crushing him to the earth. She dared not let herself think. She must wait until she was alone. At last she was free to go to her room.

Down on her knees she read over again the passionate farewell words which made her heart thrill, so full of tender advice and loving thought for her comfort. Through streaming tears she looked at the closely-written pages of instructions, so minute that she could not err—and he had disliked writing so much! This was the weary task which had tried him so! And all these years she had never known. She had been robbed of her birthright!

Fierce and long the battle raged. When it was ended God heard his child cry softly, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," and she forgave.

She wrote to Louis, telling him not to worry and assuring him that there was no bitterness in her heart toward the dead, and that she was sure that even this loss had been appointed for her by Him who promised that all things should work for good to those who love him. She said nothing of the beautiful work which she hoped to have undertaken, when her father's fortune should come into her hands. That was past now. It could never be, but Christ intended, doubtless, to use her in some other way that might be better for his cause and for her. So she allowed Louis to think that the loss of fortune had not troubled her. And she begged that he would keep the matter secret. Not even to her aunt or Marion or Isabelle was it to be communicated. Their humiliation at their poverty was keen enough, and they must be spared the shame of knowing that Judge Hildreth had been an embezzler. Louis gladly complied, though he wondered at such magnanimity and loved still more passionately the girl capable of it. Many a time when his mother and Isabelle spoke disparagingly of Evadne he was tempted to tell them how she had been wronged, but to please Evadne he held his peace. But how they misunderstood her!

Isabelle wearying of the dullness of Marlborough, and of the coldness of the friends of more prosperous days, went on a visit to her sister Marion in New York.

On the morning after her arrival the two ladies were sitting together talking of old times. Mrs. Simpson Kennard looked very charming in her pretty morning gown with her baby on her knee. She glanced across the room at her sister who was the picture of envy and discontent.

"I wish you had a little child to love, Isabelle. It makes life so different. I am just wrapped up in Florimel."

"For pity's sake, Marion," cried Isabelle, peevishly, "don't you grow to be one of those tiresome women who think the whole world is interested in a baby's tooth! I certainly do not echo your wish. I think children are a nuisance."

Marion caught up her baby in dismay. "Why, Isabelle! Just think how much

(Continued on next page.)

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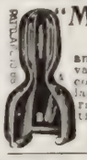

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A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY

(Continued from preceding page.)

they do for us! They broaden our sympathies. I read that only the other day, and——"

"Nonsense," said Isabelle, contemptuously. "Easy for you to talk when you have everything you want! If you had to live in that poky little house in Marlborough, I guess you would not find anything very broadening about your lot.

"It is perfectly preposterous to think of our being reduced to such a style of living!" she continued, as Mrs. Kennard strove to soothe her baby's injured feelings with kisses. "Just fancy, only one servant! I never thought a Hildreth would fall so low."

"But you and mamma are comfortable Isabelle. It is not as if you were forced to do anything——"

"Do anything!" echoed Isabelle. "Are you going crazy?"

"Well, see how hard Evadne has to work, and she is a Hildreth as well as you."

"Evadne!" said Isabelle sarcastically, "with her nerves of steel and spine of adamant! Evadne will never kill herself with work. She is too much taken up with her wealthy, private patients. You should have seen her driving 'round with the Hawthornes in their elegant carriage! And I reduced to dependence upon the electric cars! I don't see how she manages to worm her way into people's confidence as she seems to do. I couldn't, but then I have such a horror of being forward."

"'All doors are open to those who smile.' I believe that is the reason, Isabelle."

"Stuff and nonsense!" was Miss Hildreth's inelegant reply.

"She is a dear girl, Isabelle. Why will you persist in disliking her so?"

"Oh pray spare me any panegyrics," said Isabelle carelessly. "It is bad enough to have Louis blazing up like a volcano if one has the temerity to mention her ladyship's name."

"How is Louis?" asked Mrs. Kennard, finding she was treading on dangerous ground.

"Oh, the same as usual. He looks like a ghost and is about as cheerful as a cemetery. He spends his holidays going over musty old letters in papa's desk. I'm sure I don't see what fun he finds in it. It is so selfish in him, when he might be giving mamma and me some pleasure—but Louis never did think of anyone but himself. One day I found him stetched across the desk, and it gave me such a fright! You know what a state my nerves are in. I thought he was in a fit or something—he just looked like death and he didn't seem to hear me when I called. He had a large envelope, addressed to papa, in his hand, and there was another under his arm that didn't look as if it had ever been opened, but I couldn't see the address. I ran for mamma, but before we got back he was gone, and the letters with him. Whatever it was, it had an awful effect upon him, though he won't give us any satisfaction—you know how provoking he is. It is my belief he is going into a decline, and I have such a horror of contagious diseases! If Evadne is so anxious to work, why doesn't she come and help mamma and me? It is the least she could do after all we have done for her, but as mamma says, 'It is just a specimen of the ingratitude there is in the world.'"

Of course Evadne knew that her aunt and her cousin Isabelle disapproved of her course and her principles. Their manner to her whenever they met showed her that they regarded her as one who had disgraced the family and the name of Hildreth by working for a livelihood. There had been a time when the consciousness of the fact would have troubled her. But now she lived for only one approval, and if she could have that, it was sufficient. He did not misunderstand her; he knew all and would never misjudge her. So long as she lived in Christ's love, why should she be disturbed if others disapproved of her? His grace was sufficient for her, and in his sanctuary she was safe from "the strife of tongues."

Day by day Evadne's work went on, and not a day but afforded her some opportunity of ministering to the soul and the body of some poor sufferer. The world is so full of woe and sorrow and affliction that none need seek far to find opportunities of service. Since she had seen Mrs. Everidge's busy life at Vernon, she had realized the glorious possibility that lies within the reach of the sincere soul, and now she was enjoying it. Aunt Marthe wrote her occasionally, cheering her and encouraging her, and assuring her that there was no life so full of peace and joy as that which was full of such service. And Aunt Marthe knew. As Evadne read her beautiful letters and remembered how that lovely life had been lived, and how much she had borne and suffered, her own life seemed trivial in comparison. But it was growing, and the grace and power which sustained the elder woman was available for her and was becoming increasingly effectual in her own being.

Occasionally, too, John Randolph, meeting her in the hospital or in the homes of some of his patients, would utter one of his cheering, energizing remarks that would glow in her memory for days. He frequently sent to her, telling her of some sufferer whom she might help in body or in soul, and so her circle of opportunities was continually enlarging. That question he had mentioned was not put, and he never even distantly alluded to it. So long as Louis' ring glistened on her finger, John Randolph felt that he was in honor bound to keep silence, and thus even he who understood her life so well, misunderstood one, and that not the smallest, feature of it.

(To be Continued).

Continuance in Well-Doing

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 7. Rom. 2 : 1-11

WHEN in church or prayer-meeting the young believer is exhorted, in the well-known hymn, to "cast your deadly doing down," and is warned that "doing ends in death," he is naturally surprised to find in the writings of the Apostle Paul, on whose teaching the doctrine of the hymn is supposed to be based, so emphatic an assurance that by patient continuance in well-doing men may gain glory, and honor, and immortality. There is, however, no real inconsistency. Doing does end in death if the doer expects by it to enter the kingdom of God. Everywhere in the New Testament, the principle is enunciated that fitness for that kingdom depends not on doing, nor on giving, but on being. It is the nature and disposition of a man which determines his fitness or unfitness for the kingdom. And the principle is logical. We can conceive of a man, whose heart is full of hatred, envy and all kinds of malignity, doing some conspicuous service to the cause of Christ, or giving a magnificent sum to build a church in the hope that in that way he will earn admission to the kingdom. But it would be a vain hope. The man's nature must be changed before he is fit for heaven and nothing that he can do, or give, can fit him for it, apart from that change. That is indispensable. So that whosoever is depending on his good works for admission to the kingdom is doomed to failure.

It is so in society. Men who have made large fortunes, or have attained influential position, have often been surprised at finding that the highest and best circles of society are closed against them. Powerful as money is, it does not always give the key to social recognition. When a man of boorish manners and coarse, degraded tastes, does secure an invitation to a house the inmates of which are refined, cultivated, intellectual people, he and they are unlike uncomfortable. To secure pleasant, harmonious intercourse, there must be congeniality of tastes and common subjects of interest. None can enter the kingdom of God but they who have heavenly minds, whose disposition has been attuned to the heavenly harmonies.

It is, however, important to remember that the changed nature manifests itself in a beneficent life. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The lazy, sensual, unfruitful life is so utterly opposed to the spirit of Christ, that we are justified in doubting whether one who leads such a life really has the spirit of Christ. While salvation is the gift of God and can never be bought, or earned, it is a gift in the nature of a trust, a gift given for a purpose. The impulse of the possessor is to help those around him to do something for them that they may be happier and better. He feels a love for all, and has a desire to benefit others in some way. That is the surest of all the signs of conversion. Not only does the converted man yearn to do something for Christ, but the desire of the new nature imparted to him is for helpful service.

It is not any spasmodic efforts of some great or conspicuous kind that the Apostle urges. The patient continuance in well-doing implies a readiness for such opportunities of usefulness as come in common, ordinary lives. And sometimes this is more difficult than distinguished service. There is a charm about going out as a missionary to a heathen land which is not presented by a life of plain usefulness in the home. Yet there are many Christians who are leading lives in a small circle as truly heroic as those of a missionary. It requires no small quantity of grace to be cheerful, helpful, loving and patient among quarrelsome associates, to bear being misjudged, misrepresented and maligned, to continue kindly relations with a neighbor who has no gratitude, to be gentle and magnanimous under injury and to return good for evil. There is no home, no community, no business in which such graces have no opportunity for exercise. The humblest servant and the poorest employee can show the spirit of Christ in such ways. If everyone who bears the name of Christ would steadily set himself, depending on divine strength to follow Christ's example in patience, in forbearance and love, this world would be a changed place, and men would learn more quickly than they will ever learn from preaching how beautiful and beneficent a thing the religion of Christ really is.

Daily Growth in Grace

THE Rev. John Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley, a divine of deep piety and greatly beloved, drew up for his own guidance the following rules for daily self-examination:

1. Did I awake spiritual, and was I watchful in keeping my mind from wandering this morning?

2. Have I this day got nearer to God in prayer, or have I given way to a lazy, idle spirit?

3. Has my faith been weakened by unwatchfulness, or quickened by diligence?

4. Have I walked by faith and seen God in all things?

5. Have I denied myself in all unkind words and thoughts? Have I been delighted at seeing others preferred?

6. Have I made the most of my precious time as far as I had light, strength and opportunity?

7. Have I kept the issues of my heart in the means of grace, so as to profit by them?

8. What have I done this day for the souls and bodies of God's dear saints?

9. Have I laid out anything to please myself when I might have saved the money for the cause of God?

10. Have I governed well my tongue this day, remembering that in a multitude of words there wanteth not sin?

11. In how many instances have I denied myself this day?

12. Do my life and conversation adorn the Gospel of Jesus Christ?

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Korean Gentleman*

ANYTHING that interferes with the rigid fulfillment of *Yei* (Confucianism) is of course to be avoided, for which reason no gentleman indulges in manual labor, or in fact in labor of any kind. His life consists in one supreme command of coolie service, while the coolie responds to every order. Down to the simplest requirements of life he does nothing, so his hands become soft and his fingernails grow long. From constant sitting, his bones seem to disintegrate and he becomes almost a mollusk before he passes middle life.

When once they have attained to this physical condition of pulp, they are in a measure immune from the thumps and shocks of ordinary life. The impecuniosity of a Korean gentleman is also a profound mystery. I have figured for years on the question as to how an idle man, with nothing left to-day, shall outlive to-morrow; but he lives, dresses just as well and misses none of his meals. He will tell you frankly that the last of his hopes for a livelihood have perished, he is financially a total wreck, and his present condition is one of hanging to the rocks, where he is in momentary peril of the devouring element. You are exercised deeply on his behalf; much more deeply, you learn later, than he himself is. Months pass, and he is in the same condition—a condition *in extremis*, no better, no worse. By way of encouragement, I have said: "You have managed to live for a month or more on nothing; just continue on in the same manner and you will do very well." "Eat and live!" says he, "of course, every dog eats and lives; you would not expect me to lie down and die, would you?" And he leaves in disgust, feeling that the delicate points of an Oriental question can never penetrate the shell that encases the barbarian's brain.

The fact that tradesmen and business people are regarded as low, encourages the Korean gentleman to neglect thought and training in this line. He is a veritable child in business. Many a foreigner entrusts affairs to his native teacher, and wonders why they should turn out so unsatisfactorily in the hands of a native. If business must be transacted, an honest "boy" will quite outdo in executive skill, the best and most honest scholar.

Not only in business but in other affairs of life, the Korean gentleman is a master of inaccuracy. He pretends to be absolutely certain of everything under the sun, and no subject ever daunts him or is beyond his ability to elucidate. The slightest clue gives him a key to the whole; merely let him see the smoke from the funnel, and he will explain to you the why and the wherefore of the steam-engine. He will tell you what a comet's tail is composed of, or what color the dog is that causes the eclipse of the moon. He compares the minor details of the life about him with what went on in the days of king Sun—a contemporary of Noah—with as much assurance as he would talk of the events of yesterday. The new arrival in the "Land of the Morning Calm" begins to think what a marvel of information this man is, and what a fund of accurate knowledge he has acquired, and he a heathen, too. It is only when you put his statements to the test, you find he is astray in everything. By the rarest accident he may be right, but it is the exception. He has no intention of deceiving you. The defect lies in the fact that there is something radically wrong with his manner of reasoning, and of putting two and two together.

He has a profound contempt for women, speaking of her generally as *kechip*, or female. He takes for wife the one his father bargains for, raising no question as to her looks, health or avoirdupois. She is a subject altogether beneath the consideration of a member of the male sex, with its massive understanding. She is relegated to the inner enclosure, and lives a secluded life. He refers to her as *kosiki* ("what-you-may-call-her"), or *ken* (she), and never loses an opportunity of showing how little is the place she occupies in his extensive operations. If the truth were told, however, we would know that the little woman within the enclosure is by no means the cipher he pretends her to be; but that she is really mate and skipper of the entire institution, and that no man was ever more under "petticoat government" than this same Korean gentleman.

His prime object in life is to have a son, who will sacrifice to his shades when he is dead and gone.

*From *Korean Sketches*, by Rev. James S. Gale, B. A., [illegible] illustrated with half-tone engravings. 258 pp. Price $1.00. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The Song of a Nation*

THE President's March, for which the poem, "Hail Columbia" was specially written, and to which it was easily adapted, was composed in honor of President Washington, who then resided at 190 High Street, Philadelphia. The composer of the popular air was Philip Roth, a teacher of music. Not a great deal is left on record about him, but it is declared that he was a very eccentric character, familiarly known as "Old Roat." A claim has been set up for Professor Phyla, of Philadelphia, but the evidence favors Roth.

During the centennial year an autograph copy of "Hail Columbia" was displayed in the museum at Independence Hall, Philadelphia. This interesting manuscript has marginal notes, one of which informs us that the lines:—

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
The rock on which the storm will beat.

But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
[illegible]
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
[illegible]

refer to John Adams, who was President of the United States at the time "Hail Columbia" was written. Mr. Hopkinson also presented General Washington with an autograph copy of his poem, and received from him a complimentary letter of thanks, which is now in possession of his descendants.

*From *Immortal Songs of Camp and Field*: The Story of their Inspiration, together with striking anecdotes connected with their history. A book full of patriotic and literary interest: by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.; 300 pp. 8 vo., $3.00, with portraits and illustrations. The Burrows Bros. Company, Cleveland, O., Publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Faith and Doubt in the Century's Poets. By [illegible]son, Clough, Browning, etc. Pp. 136. Price, $1. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

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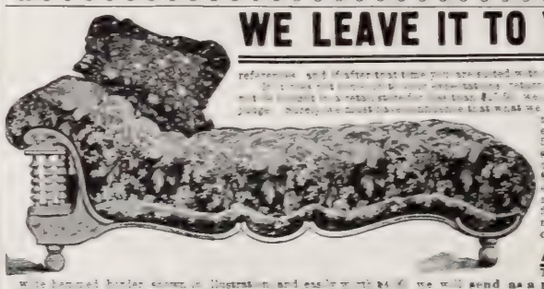

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The Evolution of Blanche Titus

. . . By . . .
Margaret E. Sangster

IT had been a long day, and Mrs. Elkins' kitchen had glowed like a furnace, what with the baking and ironing for six, two of whom were young ladies from town, boarding for the summer, and paying a high price to have their laundry work done in the house. Fluted ruffles and puffs and shirt waists smoothed under the flat-iron till they were miracles of daintiness, meant skill and strength paid out lavishly by Mrs. Elkins. Evening was coming fast, and she was pale and tired—tuckered out, she called it, as she hung the last piece on the clothes horse.

"Some of these things are aired enough to fold," she said, turning to her daughter and fingering the fragrant linen with a practiced touch.

"Oh! mother, no. Do leave them and sit down and take your breath while I mix the bread," cried Florence, getting out the kneading board and bowl, and sifting into it the powdery flour. "I wish we didn't have to take boarders. The Duncans are very nice, but I'm tired of the everlasting work and worry and tret of looking after their wants. Just see them now, cool and comfortable, going off for a spin on their wheels, while we stay here to finish the work made on their account."

"They pay well, Florence," said the mother.

"Why, yes, that is true, but if you have a doctor's bill for pleurisy when winter comes, all because you've gone and tired yourself completely out this summer, the money in the bank will melt away as fast as it did last year. I'm sure it's a mistake, our working so hard. If we could have any help—even a girl from the asylum would save steps."

"No asylum girl for me, Florence," said her mother with emphasis. "I would take a neighbor's daughter, if I could get her, but there are no living out girls in the neighborhood. And anyway, your father might raise objections."

"Yes, he would, probably," sighed Florence. Then added, resentfully, "Father manages to secure what help he needs in the fields, and any labor-saving machine he fancies. Father doesn't stop to wonder what you would say. Well, I'd like to change places with Miss Caroline and her sister once in a while. Say for a single evening. They are just like the lilies in the Bible, 'they neither toil nor spin.' And we, we just drudge and drudge our lives away."

Mrs. Elkins looked troubled, sighed faintly, sorry for Florence's mood. Then she began to fold the clothes. That at least would not need be done to-morrow. Presently she began again on the subject of hired help.

"Your father, Florence, would not like to let a summer pass without our having somebody here besides ourselves in this big house. He works very hard, often beyond his strength, and he thinks we ought not to be idle."

"Idle!" the girl's cheeks flushed hotly. "Without a cent ever paid for even the washing; without a hand to lift the burden, and all the men who come for the harvesting to cook for, as well as our own family. Four of us, two city boarders, and a second table full of hungry men—father does not know what idle means."

There was a low knock at the door.

"Please, Mrs. Elkins," piped up a clear little voice, "let me come and live with you! I'll help you and Florence. Let me fold up the towels and napkins. Aunty has taught me how to work. I'll be worth my keep, you'll see, and if you'll only let me stay here, and go to school, that's all I'll ask; no wages, only a place to sleep and my food, and a chance to go to school. I've clothes enough to last a long, long time. I'd not be a mite of trouble and I'll save a lot of steps. Please try me."

The child in the doorway, her gingham sun-bonnet hanging by its knotted strings at the back of her neck, was a tall, slender girl of thirteen; her dark eyes lighted a plain, sallow face, in which there was no beauty, though it was very intelligent. She was so much in earnest, that without waiting for Mrs. Elkins' answer, she stepped forward and began to fold and pile the clothes with a deftness that pleased that notable housekeeper.

"Why, Blanche!" said Florence, "how can your aunt spare you?"

"Aunty is going to spare me; she can't afford to let me stay with her any longer. She and Uncle Rufus have decided that I must go to town and work in a factory. I can earn three or four dollars a week there, and Uncle Rufus' sister will board me for two dollars and a half. But, dear Mrs. Elkins, my mother was a scholar, and she wanted me to have an education and I can't go back on her; she'd not like it in heaven. I mean to go through school and college and be a teacher by-and-by. I've come to you first, because you knew mamma, but I'm going to every house in the village and over to the Centre, and out on the West Road if I have to, till I find somebody who will let me work my way through school. I'll be a great help, if you'll let me come, Mrs. Elkins."

"Blanche, dear," said Florence, "what will your auntie say? Will she give her consent?"

"She'll not oppose me; she knows how I feel. She'd let me stay there and do my best if Uncle Rufus would be willing. But uncle says it's folly, my going any longer to school, and auntie can't stand out against him."

"Come here early to-morrow morning, Blanche," Mrs. Elkins said, glancing toward the veranda where her husband sat smoking his pipe. "I'll tell you positively then whether or not I'll take you on your terms, which are really very generous ones, my child. You ought to be paid something for your services."

"Oh, no! It will be pay enough if I can have a good home and attend school."

Mr. Elkins was a little disposed to grumble when the plan was submitted to him, but Florence frankly told him that unless her mother and herself could have some assistance they would send their boarders away, and he yielded to their wish. Blanche Titus was presently installed as a child of the house, for though she gave a ready hand everywhere, in kitchen, parlor and chambers, she was not treated as a servant, and she fully made good her word that she would be "worth her keep."

"It's surprising how much that willing little maid accomplishes," observed Miss Caroline to her sister one morning late in the autumn, when before going to school Blanche had made the beds, filled the pitchers, and swept the halls and stairs. Miss Caroline and her sister had found the country so delightful that they had lingered there to enjoy the crisp October mornings, and the drives and rides in the mountains, never so exhilarating as in the sweet days on the edge of Indian summer. The house suited these young women, fastidious as their tastes were; it was so spotlessly neat, the beds were so soft and springy, and the table was perfection. Now that the pressure of farm work was somewhat relaxed, Mrs. Elkins and her daughter were not so weary after the daily toil, and Blanche certainly made their lives easier. Her winsome presence was everywhere felt.

(Continued on following page.)

"WE SHALL BE LOST WITHOUT YOU, BLANCHE," SAID MRS. ELKINS

Tailor Made Suit $4.98

Jacket elegantly silk lined, skirt superbly finished; made from Dahl's Celebrated Fast Color All-wool Fine Twilled Ladies' Cloth; equal every way to others $10 suits. Choice of electric blue, navy blue or black color.

SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. with color desired, size bust and waist measure, length of skirt (down from skirtband to bottom and we'll send the suit by express C. O. D. and **allow you to try it on before you pay a cent.** If found just as represented, a perfect fit and worth every penny of $10.00, then pay the express agent $4.98 and expressage. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory.

THE SUIT is made by expert New York tailors over designs drawn by that king of ladies tailors, M. LaRochelle, from **Dahl's Best All Wool Fast Color Ladies' Cloth,** famous everywhere for its **rich soft bloom and beautiful appearance.**

The Jacket is made in latest single breasted style, with tight fitting back and new fashionable sleeves, it is superbly trimmed with fine satin bands, artistically double silk stitched and **elaborately lined with real French Silk of beautiful colorings and exquisite designs. The Skirt** is splendidly lined, has new fan back, nobby welted seams, is four yards wide and hangs gracefully and stylish from start to finish the suit's tailor-made and worth fully $10.00.

SILLY FOOLISH FIRMS advertise Repellant cloth suits as "wool;" they don't CALL Wool as we do, but "wool" in order to mislead you. **All Repellant cloth is shoddy and half cotton,** its worthless. Order **our** suits and ours, then choose between them. **Write for our Big Free Bargain Catalogue** of other Suits, Skirts, Capes, Jackets, etc.

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In the Dark Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins

Work as easily as in the light. They fasten from either side, but cannot slip through.

NOTICE THE GUARD on the inside of spring positively prevents tearing the fabric. If your dealer will not supply you, **send 3 two-cent stamps** for samples of **12** assorted sizes.

Made in Nickel and Jet Black.

Consolidated Safety Pin Co., Box 129, Bloomfield, N. J.
Also Makers of "Holdfast" Hairpins.

BABY CARRIAGES Shipped C. O. D. Anywhere to anyone at **Wholesale Prices. NO MONEY IN ADVANCE.** Buy from factory, save dealers' profits. **$18 Carriages for $9. $5.00 Carriages for $2.50 $12 " " $6. 60-CARTS from $2.50 up.** Send for free illustrated catalog and freight offer.
CASH BUYERS' UNION,
164 West VanBuren Street, B-18 Chicago, Ills.

$2.45 buys a MAPLE AND REED BODY Baby Carriage 32 page Catalogue Free. We Pay Freight and ship on 10 days trial. No money required in advance. Address
VICTOR MANUFACTURING CO.,
Dept. H 21, 295 and 297 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ONE YEAR'S FREE TRIAL

WE WILL SHIP A CORNISH PIANO OR A CORNISH ORGAN ANYWHERE UPON THE DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING THAT IF IT IS NOT SATISFACTORY TO PURCHASER AFTER 12 MONTHS' USE WE WILL TAKE IT BACK AND REFUND PURCHASE MONEY AND FREIGHT CHARGES WITH 6% INTEREST ADDED.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS CORNISH PLAN

and for a complete description of the instruments made by us, see our new Souvenir Catalogue for 1899, handsomely illustrated in colors. The most comprehensive musical catalogue in the trade. The frontispiece is a masterly reproduction in fac-simile of an interesting oil painting, designed and executed for us by an eminent artist, representing "Saint Cecelia and the Angelic Choir." This beautiful catalogue is sent FREE charges prepaid, and we also include our novel reference book "The Heart of the People." Catalogue, Book and our latest Special Offers FREE.

PIANOS —FROM— **$155** All Pianos are fitted with our Patent Musical Attachment imitating Harp, Banjo, Zither, etc.

ORGANS —FROM— **$25** All Organs are fitted with Multi-tone Orchestral Action.

SPECIAL a prompt response to this advertisement will secure a discount of $10.00 on the list prices as quoted in our 1899 Catalogue on any Cornish Organ or $20.00 on the list prices if you buy a Cornish Piano.

REFERENCES—Our bank your bank, any bank, or any of the multitude of patrons who have purchased millions of dollars' worth of instruments from us during the past fifty years.

Mention paper and write to-day. **CORNISH & CO.,** (Established nearly 50 yrs) **WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.**

$4.95 buys a Man's All Wool Suit

of Rich Blue Serge, warranted Best Fast Color, Guaranteed equal in quality, style and looks to others' best $10 Suits.

THE MATERIAL is **Mail's Best All-wool Serge,** famous everywhere for its perfect weave, soft feel and rich deep blue color. The cloth was woven by America's best woolen mill, from fine **picked wool yarn, dyed by a new process and cannot fade.** It is medium weight and suitable for year around wear; is firmly woven, will positively not fade or wear shiny, and will wear like leather. It's exactly the same cloth used in the serge suits that retail everywhere for $10.00. Remember we will sell only 1800 suits at $4.95—after they're gone the price will be $9.00. Don't delay, but order today before they are all gone.

EXPERT SUIT TAILORS will make the suit in the latest sack style to fit perfect, line it with Hercules's celebrated farmer satin, pipe it with Skinner's AAA satin, pad it extra well, use best grade of canvas, and sew every seam with pure silk and linen thread.

SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. with your height, weight, chest, waist and crotch measure. We'll send the suit by express C. O. D. and **allow you to examine and try it on before you pay one cent.** If found exactly as represented, the greatest bargain on earth and worth double our price, then pay exp. agent $4.95 and expressage and take the suit. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory.

WE SELL 1800 SUITS AT $4.95 for advertising purposes. After they are gone the price goes back to $9.00—**no more at $4.95 after 1800 are sold.** Order quick or they'll be gone. Don't miss this wonder chance.

WE MAKE other suits from $5.95 to $13.95. Write for free samples of cloth.

G. LOUIS VEHON CO. 155 W. Jackson St. Chicago, Ill.

The Evolution of Blanche Titus

(Continued from preceding page.)

The two young ladies watched her walking swiftly down the road to school, her books in her hand. Miss Caroline had helped her with her examples once or twice, and Miss Susan had looked over her composition and given her some hints about her map-drawing.

"She's a singularly bright and clever girl," said the latter; "and I wish we could give her a lift."

"Why can we not?" said Caroline, going to her desk and taking up her pen. "There's that scholarship of Cousin Leonora's in Ellenborough Institute. I don't think it is filled this year. If Blanche could have that, she could stay at the institute three years and be prepared for college. I'll write to Cousin Leonora at once. Isn't there a special delivery stamp in my purse, Susie?"

"Why such haste, dear? Would you not best consider ways and means?"

"In this case, I think not. I'll act first and consider afterward. If Blanche is to have that particular scholarship I want to secure it for her, provided, that is, that she can pass the needful preliminaries."

"I'll see to that part. I've been watching her progress. She's well grounded in what she has studied, and is very faithful and thorough, and, what I like best, is to observe how nicely she does her housework; she slights nothing; she has a sense of honor and fulfils her part of the contract. Even Mr. Elkins, grumpy old fellow that he is, treats Blanche with respect. He admits that she isn't a shirk. And I do think it has penetrated his consciousness that his wife is better for being assisted."

"Sister," said Miss Caroline, "if we send Blanche Titus to the Ellenborough Institute, we shall have to be responsible for her board and clothing during three years. Are we safe in assuming so much? Ought we not to consult our people at home?"

"Mamma had always insisted on our having a maid."

"True, but if Blanche is at the institute, she ought not to be in the position of an upper servant. The city is different from the country. I don't think it would be the best thing for her, nor could she do more than nominally fill the position."

"Well, perhaps not, but she might be our youthful companion. Then she could have the little room opening out of mine; she would come to our home table at breakfast and dinner, and in return for what we do for her, she could render many small services which would take from her a feeling of pauperism. She could write our checks, keep our accounts, dust the bric-a-brac, read the paper to father on Saturdays; oh! there would be no difficulty about arranging work for her."

So though Blanche did not yet know her good fortune, cordial hands were extended to her at the very moment when they were needed. God does help those who help themselves.

The Duncan sisters had money in their own right and were to some extent independent. A conference with Mrs. Elkins resulted in their sending to town for such a wardrobe as would be suitable for a school-girl under their care, and a simple, well-chosen outfit was soon in their hands. When Blanche learned that she was to go with them to town, she had no word to express her joy.

"It seems too good to be true," she said; "but I'll study hard and try to pay you back when I'm a teacher."

"You will pay us now, without waiting for that time if you do your best, Blanche," said Miss Caroline; "and when you are a graduate, you may be able to help some other earnest girl. But you will find almost as much to do in our house as you have had to do here, so I don't wish you to think we are giving you something for nothing."

"We shall be lost without you, Blanche," was Mrs. Elkins' declaration. "You have been a second daughter to me and you must always think of this house as home, wherever you are." She gave Blanche a little purse in which there were two five-dollar gold pieces.

"You are not going into the great world without a penny," said the kind woman, kissing her little handmaid good-bye.

Life in the Ellenborough Institute and in the Duncan household was somewhat in contrast with that which Blanche had hitherto led. But the essentials of good breeding are everywhere the same, and our country girl learned how to enter and leave a room with grace; how to receive visitors; how to take her modest share in conversation. She was quiet, composed, unobtrusive. Mr. Duncan said one day to his wife:

"That child has good blood. She takes to society ways as if to the manner born."

"I almost feel as if I would like to adopt her."

"Not at all, not at all. That would spoil everything. I am watching with interest the problem she is working out. We are helping her to help herself, and that is far better than it would be for us to lift and carry her. But she is gaining more than mere education here. She is acquiring an air of distinction and of charm."

There were many besides Mr. Duncan who observed the same thing when at the end of her preparatory course Blanche, in the center of the white-robed graduates, modestly slipped forward and gave the valedictory. She had chosen her college, one of New England's most famous and honored, and had successfully passed every examination. The beneficence of the alumnæ had provided several scholarships there, and on one of them Blanch: Titus entered, assisted in certain ways by her friends, the Duncans, but supplementing her narrow means by efforts open to college women when they need or choose to make them.

She had been in college only a month when one of the teachers said to her:

"You are more fortunate than many of our students, Miss Titus. You have had an all round preparation for your work. Girls are not always aware that much besides book-knowledge is needful for a college course."

Blanche understood that whatever lay before her in the future she could meet without dread and with an assurance of victory. To Florence Elkins, with whom she kept up a steady correspondence, she wrote at this time:

"I don't know what your dear mother will say when she hears that I am going one of these days to be a doctor. I have quite resigned the idea of teaching. Since I came to college I have been taking work in the laboratory and studying biology. I feel a call within me to medicine and I've a strong hope that the way will be opened. God has been very good to me thus far, and friends have been raised at every step. I'm coaching a girl who does not find Greek as easy as I do, and I've undertaken to do the mending of another who never has handled a needle in her life. These girls pay me liberally for my help. The president and faculty are very kind. Of course it's looking quite far ahead to think of the medical college after four years here, but I dare to reach forward: I dare to believe that nothing is too hard for a girl who can work steadily on to a plain objective point, one day at a time."

* * *

I HAD A letter last week from Doctor Blanche Titus. She is the representative of her college in a mission field on the other side of the globe.

"I have been helped all my life," she writes, "and now I am enjoying the privilege of helping others. It is no easy lot I have chosen, but it is most fascinating in its splendid opportunities of doing good. These poor women are shut into their zenanas and their lives are very dark and bare. I used to think life was narrow and hard on a New England farm, but I tell you, it is rich and luxurious, no matter how hard a woman may toil, in comparison with the lot of a Hindu lady, hemmed in by restrictions, with nothing to think about, no chance to grow, no outlook for this life or the next.

"As a Christian woman I can guide these gentle dark-faced sisters to the better life.

"As a doctor, I have many chances to relieve their body from pain and suffering. I am busy and I think useful, and I am very thankful and happy. The mails bring me dear letters from home, from the Elkins, and the Duncans and my college friends, and I know I am loved in the home land. Don't you think I may be called a fortunate girl?"

You cannot be well when your blood is impure. Impurities of the blood clog every organ. Hood's Sarsaparilla will cleanse the vital fluid and instill rugged health to your whole system.

A Famous Gospel Singer Dead

Prof. John R. Sweney, Author of Many Sweet Hymns, Passes Away

FEW men in the last quarter of a century have been more widely known in connection with Gospel song and revival work than Prof. John Robson Sweney, who passed away a few days ago at his home in Chester, Pa., at the age of sixty-one. Mr. Sweney was the author of

THE LATE PROF. JOHN ROBSON SWENEY.

many sacred songs that have been helpful to men and women in all stages of the Christian life. Perhaps the most famous of his compositions is "Beulah Land," which is now sung by Christian worshipers in many languages. He also wrote "Calvary," "More About Jesus," "Showers of Blessings," "Little Ones Like Me" and hundreds of others almost equally well known.

Mr. Sweney was born in West Chester, Pa., December 31, 1837. At nineteen he began the study of music under Prof. Barili. When the Civil War opened he became bandmaster of the Third Delaware Regiment. From 1871 until the time of his death, he was actively connected with Sunday School and church work, for which a large number of his most popular hymns were written. He edited many hymn books, and the royalties from his copyrights were large. He was greatly in demand as a leader of singing at the principal summer religious assemblies, and was a well known figure at the camp-meetings at Ocean Grove, Round Lake and the Thousand Islands. Many of his choicest compositions have appeared from time to time on the music page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.

Information and book of letters from many users, free.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
223 Trust Bldg. Louisville, Ky.

In the selection of food care is exercised to secure the best. No attempt is made to disguise, by flavoring in cooking, the taste of decayed meat or vegetables. Why not this same care in the selection of Cod Liver Oil?

Peter Möller's Cod Liver Oil

is kept free from contamination and all impurities during process of manufacture — hence it is free from all disagreeable taste or smell so common in Cod Liver Oil.

Ask for Peter Möller's Oil and see that the bottle — a flat one — bears our name as agents. Notice the customs-paid-seal-letters at bottom of the label.

Schieffelin & Co., New York.

MONUMENTS

DON'T [illegible] WHITE BRONZE

NO MOSS GROWING. CLEANING. NO CRUMBLING CRACKING.
THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.,
70-80 Howard Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

OPIUM MORPHINE and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars free. Address Dr. J. E. Stephens, Dept. B, Lebanon, Ohio.

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One Month's treatment of the New York and Philadelphia Hospital Treatment of Catarrh sent FREE. No postage.

Eucalol Cures Catarrh.

Hundreds and thousands of testimonials prove it. The Eucalol method used in the leading nose and throat hospitals prove it. Sir Morell Mackenzie proves it. All we ask is for anyone, anywhere, to TRY IT.

FREE Send your name and address and the Treatment will be sent, postpaid, at once. At the end of a month you may send 75c. for it if you think you are benefited; if not benefited, no charge—and you are the sole judge.

THE EUCALOL CO., 108 Fulton Street, New York.

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Criss-Cross CEREALS

Ask dealers for them — see that packages have these criss-cross lines. Pamphlet and our sample offer mailed free.

Special Diabetic Food, for Diabetes.
Gluten Flour, for Dyspepsia and Constipation.
Barley Crystals, for Kidney Troubles.

FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U. S. A.

SILK REMNANTS FOR CRAZY WORK.

A big package of beautiful Silk Remnants, from 10 to 20 inches, all pretty ornamental, prepared from a large accumulation of silks especially adapted for all kinds of fancy work. We give more than you get any other offer, and the remnants are all large sizes, in most beautiful assorted colors and designs. Send 10 cents in silver or stamps to Paris Silk Company, Box 945, New York, N. Y. This [illegible]

New Ideas in Christian Work

An Open Forum for Practical Suggestions, to Which All Interested Readers are Invited to Contribute

POSSIBLY some of our readers may know of a better or even more successful way of meeting a church's financial emergency than that explained in the letter given below, but Mr. Smiley's experience is certainly worthy of consideration:

An Old Way to Pay Church Debts

To the Editor "Christian Herald": I cannot individually answer the many inquiries reaching me regarding the "Temple Chest Method" of raising the mortgage from the Twenty-third Avenue Presbyterian Church. I gladly, however, avail myself of the privilege of your columns to diffuse this general information for the encouragement of our poorer congregations whose influence is embarrassed by the burden of a church debt. It has never been my duty to contract a church debt, but it has been my privilege to assist in their payment. Of all the experiments thus far tried, I am pleased to proclaim that the "Temple Chest Method" is the most satisfactory and successful. Its Scriptural warrant impressed me while reading II. Kings 12. When King Jehoash needed funds to repair the dilapidated temple, we are informed that "Jehoiada, the priest, took a chest and bored a hole in the lid of it, and set it beside the altar . . . And the priests that kept the door put therein all the money that was brought into the house of God . . . And there was much money in the chest." Such a chest was prepared for a similar purpose and placed upon our pulpit Easter Sabbath. It was simply dedicated by the reading of a few selected passages of Scripture, emphasizing God's claim upon our stewardship, and a brief exposition of the same. Prayer was offered and the nature of the service explained. The people were then invited to deposit their free-will offerings in the chest. The ushers were soon kept busy bearing the gifts enclosed in the envelopes provided for the purpose to the pastor, who dropped them into the chest.

The uniqueness of the method was as surprising to many as the result. There was no "begging sermon," no effort to stimulate competition,no exhortation to evoke large amounts under the stimulus of unwarranted enthusiasm, not even the names of the donors were announced. He who gave sparingly, and he who gave bountifully stood upon the same plane. The object and plan was publicly announced the previous Sabbath, and the people came prepared to "give as unto the Lord." At the afternoon service the children of the Sabbath School brought their savings, which in many cases spoke eloquently of self-denial, and deposited their pennies, nickels and dimes in the chest. A third service was held in the evening, and notwithstanding the blizzard that raged, a large congregation again assembled. About 2,000 people attended the three services. At this service, some who felt upon reflection that they had not given according to their ability in the morning, brought an additional offering. It was a day memorable in our history, and our church will feel the stimulus of it for months to come.

At the evening service the total contents of the chest was announced. There was a natural curiosity to know whether the novel experiment would prove as successful in this ambitious age as in the ancient church. $4,400 were the offerings of the day. Six thousand pennies were found in the chest. The silver coin weighed 100 lbs. There were also bills and checks. We can truthfully say as of old: "There was much money in the chest."

We are free to pronounce the effort an unqualified success, and to commend it to the churches as worthy of trial.

Denver, Colo. (Rev.) FRANCIS E. SMILEY.

. . .

The Usher

Editor "Christian Herald": Among your modern ideas in Christian work I think you should have a word to say about the usher. He is a more important functionary than people generally think. I have had rather a wide experience of visiting churches where I am not known, and I have formed the conclusion that the right kind of usher is one of the best helps a church can have. You must not suppose from this that I am a religious vagabond, but must understand that my business duties call me to various cities, where, having an inveterate habit of church-going, I always make a point of being in the house of the Lord on the Lord's day. I am always interested in the mode of reception. Sometimes the usher will stand and look one over as if he were making an estimate of one's social standing, on the basis of one's clothing, and rapidly deciding the kind of seat that should be given to a person so attired. I never worry about this and always hope he settles it to his own satisfaction, but I can imagine that to some people it would be disagreeable. Then there is the usher who seems harassed by the visitor's arrival as if he really did not know what to do with him, though there are unhappily few churches so well attended as to have no vacant place, after the ninety and nine are seated for the hundredth unexpected man who does not belong to that fold.

But my object in writing you is to tell you of an experience I had in a certain church which gave me an impression of "liveness" and enterprise truly commendable. As I entered the lobby, the usher, a bright, alert man of middle age, recognized the stranger right away as if I was his legitimate prey. He gave me kindly greeting, put a calendar of the services into my hand and conducted me to a seat. So far so good; but he was not through with me. When I came out with the congregation after the service, he greeted me again, asked me if I was staying long in town, and said he would send me a calendar of the midweek services if I would give him my address. He also offered to take me around and introduce me to the pastor, after he had secured my name. I thought then and think now that if I had been a newcomer about to settle in the town permanently, I should have been greatly influenced in my choice of a church home by that usher's friendliness. I believe many a church would be benefited if its ushers were to make a motto of the Scriptural injunction: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. Yours truly,

CONSTANT READER.

[Our friend's hint should not be lost upon those churches—unfortunately too numerous—where a new visitor is made to feel like a stranger and unwelcome, through the coldness and indifference of the officers whose duty it should be to extend a cordial welcome.]

. . .

A Remarkable Pittsburgh Church

To the Editor "Christian Herald:" Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., is in the heart of the down-town region, surrounded by business sky-scraping buildings, it being estimated that the members pay in addition to all other expenses an annual aggregate of over $10,000 in car fares. There is no feature of an institutional church; no outside evangelist is ever employed, and no extra meetings are held. An after service follows each Sabbath evening preaching service, and new members are received by session each Sabbath and frequently Wednesday evening. READER.

[This church would seem to be conducted on "strictly business" principles, yet not to spiritual detriment. We would be pleased to hear from other churches similarly situated.]

Soul-Hunger

ARE you hungry for the Saviour?
Do you long his love to know?
Do you need the joy and comfort
Only Jesus can bestow?
Are you hungry for the Saviour?
Does your fainting spirit crave
Him who made the soul to love him,
Him who died the soul to save?

Are you hungry? Are you thirsty?
Are you weary, sick and cold?
Are you longing for the shepherd,
And the shelter of his fold?
Are you hungry? Are you hungry,
Starving on the husks of sin?
Mercy's door is standing open—
Freely you may enter in.

Are you hungry for the Saviour?
'Twas the Saviour gladly died
That a feast might be provided
And all longing satisfied.
Are you hungry for the Saviour?
He is waiting now to bless
Every sinner who is hungry
And athirst for righteousness.

Are you hungry for the Saviour?
Do not go away to-night
Till you claim his offered bounty,
Peace and pardon, love and light.
Freely take of his abundance,
It will life and health restore—
Take the living bread of heaven,
And you shall not hunger more.

—CARRIE E. BRUCE.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION

BY AN OHIOAN

A genius of Cincinnati has patented and placed on the market a remarkable Bath Cabinet, wherein by any one resting on a chair within, enjoys the famous Turkish, hot vapor or medicated baths at home for three cents each, in which enjoyed only by the rich at public bathrooms, health resorts, hot springs and sanitariums. These baths are celebrated for their marvelous cleansing, purifying and invigorating effects upon the human system, and this invention brings them within the reach of the poorest person in the country.

Clouds of hot vapor or medicated vapor surround the entire body, opening the millions of sweat pores, causing profuse perspiration, drawing

IN OPERATION—DOOR CLOSED

FOLDED

out of the system all impure salts, acids and poisonous matter, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, lungs and skin, causing disease, fevers, debility and sluggishness.

Astonishing is the improvement in health, feelings and complexion by the use of this Cabinet, and it seems to us that the long-sought-for natural method of curing and preventing disease without medicine has certainly been found.

The makers inform the writers that 82,386 of these Quaker folding thermal Cabinets have been sold since January 1, and showed letters from thousands of users who speak of this Cabinet as giving entire satisfaction.

Since this invention bathtubs have been discarded, for it gives a better bath for all cleansing purposes than soap and water, and as there are millions of homes without bathing facilities, it seems this would be a good article for our readers to take the agency for.

Thousands of remarkable letters have been written the inventors, and to our knowledge persons who were full of drugs and nostrums, and have been given up to die, have been restored to perfect, robust health, to the astonishment of their friends and physicians.

E. L. Eaton, M.D. of Topeka, Kan., gave up his practise, because, he said, he could do more good for humanity with this Cabinet than his medicines, and has already sold more than 600 of them. Congressman John J. Lentz, Mrs. Senator Douglas, Rev. R. E. Peale, Una, S. C.; Rev. Samuel Cooper, John T. Brown, editor of the Christian Guide, and a host of our most eminent people recommend it.

J. A. Hagan, Richfield, Mo., afflicted 15 years with rheumatism in its worst form, was cured in 6 days. L. B. Westbrook, Newton, Ia., afflicted 45 years, was cured in three weeks of catarrh, asthma, heart and kidney trouble. O. P. Freeman, Sparta, O., afflicted 17 years, unable to walk, was cured of kidney troubles, piles and rheumatism. A prominent citizen of Elwood, Ind.—E. Veher—was cured of a serious case of obesity. A lady in Maysville, Mo.—Mrs. L. Coen—was cured of woman's troubles, and recommends it to all suffering ladies.

We find this is a genuine Cabinet, with a door, handsomely and durably made of best materials, rubber-lined, has a steel frame, and should certainly last a life-time.

It is important to know that the makers guarantee results, and assert positively, as do thousands of users, that this Cabinet will clear the skin, purify and enrich the blood, cure nervousness, weakness, that tired feeling and the worst forms of rheumatism. (They offer $50 reward for a case not relieved.) Cures woman's troubles, malaria, ague, sleeplessness, neuralgia, headaches, piles, dropsy, liver, kidney and nervous troubles. It will make you strong, energetic, full of life and vigor with the coming of spring and summer, and avoid illness later.

To please the ladies, a face and head steaming attachment is furnished, if desired, which clears the skin, beautifies the complexion, removes pimples, blackheads, eruptions, and is a sure cure for skin diseases, catarrh and asthma.

All our readers should have one of these remarkable Cabinets. The price is wonderfully low. Cabinet complete, with Heater, formulas and directions, only $5.00. Head steamer, $1 extra; and it is indeed difficult to imagine where one could invest that amount of money in anything else that guarantees so much genuine health, strength and vigor.

Write to-day to the World Mfg. Co., 586 World Building, Cincinnati, O., for full information; or, better still, order a Cabinet. You won't be disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet, and will refund your money after 30 days if not just as represented. We know them to be perfectly reliable. Capital $100,000.00, and they will ship promptly upon receipt of remittance.

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Trinity Med. Coll., TORONTO, Canad., Nov. 8, '98.

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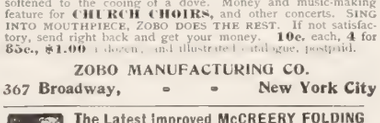

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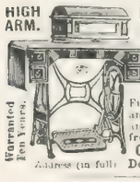

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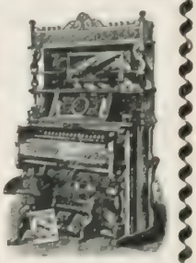

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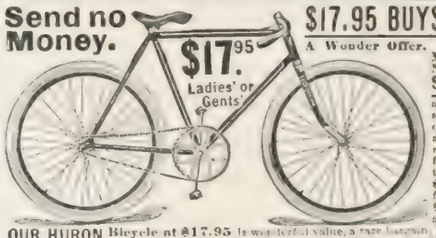

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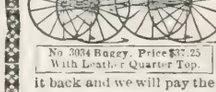

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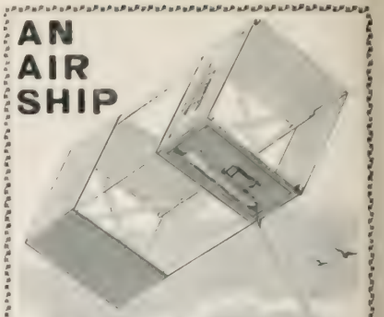

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22 — NUMBER 18

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MAY 3, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE COMMISSION TO SAMOA *(See page 341)*

1. HON. BARTLETT TRIPP, United States; 2. C. N. E. ELIOT, Great Britain; 3. BARON VON STERNBERG, Germany; 4. Gunboat in Apia Harbor; 5. A Samoan Chief; 6. MATAAFA, the Rebel Leader; 7. The Harbor of Apia.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

V. H., Alexandria, S. D., S. T. J., Kasson, Minn., and others. If, as Mark says, our Lord promised that certain signs "should follow them that believe," how is it that we do not see them now?"

He did not promise that they should always follow. The speaking with tongues, casting out devils, taking up serpents, etc., were signs suitable for that age when the people, being densely ignorant, expected miracles and signs. Christ reproved the tendency, and on more than one occasion refused to gratify them. He wanted them to learn from the sign to seek spiritual blessings at his hands, which were of much greater value to them. We have entered into that higher and better understanding of him. It is much more wonderful to see a drunkard reclaimed, a vicious man reformed, than it was to see a lame man healed. The power to cast out devils and to speak with tongues and take up serpents would not be near so valuable to us as is the power he gives to transform evil lives.

J. N., Mahanoy City, Pa. Since the fall of man has it been natural or unnatural for man to sin?

Judging by the prevalence of sin and the early age at which children usually begin, we should say it was natural. David seemed to have that opinion (see Ps. 51 : 5). It was not much better before the fall. Adam and Eve do not appear according to the account in Genesis to have made much resistance to temptation. The fact of its being natural accounts for a new nature being necessary, as Christ explained to Nicodemus (John 3 : 1–21).

H. W., Pittsburg, Pa. 1. If there are on the committee for the building of a new church, men interested in the liquor business and the conduct of worldly resorts, should a Christian refuse, on that ground, to become a member of the committee? 2. What was that hymn that the Lord and his disciples sang at the institution of the Lord's Supper?

1. Very little good work would be done, if Christians insisted on only good men being engaged in it. Of course the ideal condition is to have the workers pure, but Paul reminds his readers (I. Cor. 5 : 10) if they were to refuse altogether to be associated with evildoers they must needs go out of the world. In the case in question the Christian would, we think, be acting wisely in going on the committee, if he is invited, and trying to keep the project free from the taint which might come if it were left in the hands of irreligious men. 2. Probably the Psalms we now know, the one hundred and fifteenth and the three following which were those usually sung at the Passover.

Reader, Riner, Va. 1. Does the warning against adding anything to the "words of this book" (Rev. 22 : 18) apply to the whole Bible or only to Revelation? 2. Is it not adding to the words to speak of sanctification as "the second blessing?" 3. In what sense can it be said, as in Hebrews 11 : 13, that the Old Testament saints did not receive the promises?

1. To the book of Revelation only. The New Testament books had not at that time been collected into one volume, and it is possible that one or more had not been written. Therefore the warning could not apply to the whole Bible. 2. No, it would not be adding to the word; but you would be more accurate in calling it a continuous or progressive blessing. It is a process, not a thing conferred. 3. They had but a vague conception of the revelation that was made by Christ to the world. They had faith in the promise and sufficient light to enable them to seek after righteousness, but they did not receive the blessings promised, nor did they receive the promises Christ made to those who followed

E. P., E. Roxbury, Mass. If, as you say, it is probable that a majority of the Samoans regard Mataafa as their lawful king, why does our government interfere to prevent them having their way?

Because their way is not good for them, and we have made ourselves responsible for the welfare and good government of the islands. With Mataafa as king, the islands would relapse into barbarism, and all the progress that has been made, would be lost. Bismarck knew this, when, in drawing the triparite treaty, he stipulated that Mataafa should not be king. The savage fellow had killed and mutilated German sailors, and he was rightly excluded from the throne. It is a pity that German officials have adopted a new policy. In the recent encounter, Mataafa's followers showed by their mutilation of our sailors, that they are as barbarous as ever. Unhappily, the majority of Samoans like that kind of thing, but it may be hoped for the sake of the better and more civilized part of the population, that they will not succeed in gaining control.

J. N., Nellston, N. Y. Is it wrong for a Christian to use tobacco in any [illegible]

If you are asking our opinion as a matter of advice as to your own course, we would advise you, if you have not begun the habit, not to use it, especially as you appear to have doubts as to its being right. It is an expensive habit and you can put the money it would cost to a better use in these days when churches and missionary societies are in urgent need of funds. Besides this, the habit is not cleanly, it is offensive to other people who do not practice it. On all accounts we advise you not to acquire the habit. But on the other hand, if you ask the question that you may have our authority for condemning some one else, we decline to give it. It is not for us to tell some sufferer who finds relief from it, or who has innocently used it for many years, that he is doing wrong. Let every man be guided by his own conscience.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. When and by whom was work first begun on the Nicaragua Canal? 2. What is the length of the proposed canal? 3. What will be its ultimate cost (estimated)?

1. The Maritime Canal Co., of Nicaragua, incorporated under a charter granted by Congress in 1889 (and having already secured permission from the Nicaraguan government), began excavations in 1891 at San Juan del Norte. 2. One hundred and sixty-nine and

[illegible] Cagliostro, and where can I find his history recorded

[illegible] the fortress of San Leon, where he died at the

B. F. D., Cr[illegible]chard, Neb. When where and [illegible] the M. E. Church founded in the

[illegible] been held [illegible] the city of [illegible] that in England was not regularly formed until the end of 1784, when, acting on the advice of John Wesley, the Episcopal form of government was adopted, and Rev. Thomas Coke, LL.D., and Rev. Francis Asbury became superintendents or bishops. This was done at a conference which met at Baltimore. [illegible]

A GIFT FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICAN METHODISM

This antique, carved chair was presented by the Methodists of Great Britain to the Methodist University of Washington, D. C., and will occupy a prominent place in the University building.

Ellen V., St. Petersburg, Fla. Why are people so fond of eggs on Easter?

The Easter-egg custom is as old as history. The "Paskha" or paste-egg was literally an egg used at the Passover, and was probably a custom borrowed from the Egyptians, who regarded the egg as the emblem of creative power. The use of eggs at Easter (the season of nature's re-birth) was also common among the Scandinavians, and was a feature of the annual festival to the heathen goddess *Ostara* every Spring. The egg in modern times has lost much of its ancient significance, but is still an Easter accompaniment in many lands. In Russia, when an Easter-egg is presented, the giver says to the recipient: "Christ is risen," and the latter responds: "It is so of a truth." In a Christian sense, the egg is a token or emblem of the resurrection.

ANOTHER WARNING

[illegible] from people who, notwithstanding our [illegible] them the [illegible] rule, not only in co[illegible] without premium, at a nominal figure, or who [illegible] scriptions, are either unauthorized or fraudulent. The only authentic receipts are those mailed from this office to the subscriber direct.

Answers to the request of A. S. Newark, [illegible]

Jessie A. McN. Where can I find the lines, "An [illegible]

They are from a poem by Halleck. The verse runs:

But Hope is round us with her angel lay,

[illegible]

Sarah L., Little Rock, Ark. Where can I find the Great Awakening, and by whom was it con-

It was started in Massachusetts and Connecticut, between 1734 and 1744, induced by the eloquence of George Whitefield and Jona- [illegible] Northampton. Their preaching aroused widespread enthusiasm, and multitudes were converted. In the published biographies of both you will find the period of deep religious excitement referred to.

W. V. K., Oakwood, O. Not definitely known.

M. B. H. Regret that we can not inform you.

A. L., Lafayette, Ind. We cannot find such a poem.

A. F. B., Liberty, Mo. Write to Numismatic Bank, Boston, Mass.

L. E., New London, O. See answer to Student, Newbern, Ala., in another issue.

M. B. H. Write to Mrs. Florence M. Kingsley, W. New Brighton, S. I., New York.

Old Subscriber. Damaged Art Bible, $1.75; year's subscription, $1.50; total, $3.25.

Subscriber, Ellisville, Miss. It is a sin, unques- [illegible] law.

I. M. K., Allentown, Pa. No, there has been no [illegible]

E. M., Locust Corners, O. A time is supposed to be a prophetic year. Therefore, this would be three and a half years, or 1,200 days.

G. M. B., Okanagan Falls, B.C. Yes; the law of the land should be observed, unquestionably. If the laws are offensive they should be repealed.

Anxious Inquirer. Write to Secretary, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., for full information. Also read answer to H. W. S., in a former issue.

Reader, Paige, Neb. Red at Advent and Epiphany; purple during Lent; white at Easter and Christmas; green at Trinity; black on Good Friday.

H. N. H., Berlin Photographic Co., Twenty-third street, New York City, and George Busse, art dealer, No. 12 W. Twenty-eighth street, New York City.

The Kadiak Baptist Orphanage, Wood Island, [illegible] work.

Rev. J. Clark, Westchester Station, Nova Scotia can use good religious literature in connection with his home missionary work among the very poor of [illegible]

Reader, Dayton, O. Gen. Eaton's famous pamphlet, entitled, *The Mormons of To-day*, can be purchased of Shirley Eaton, The Concord, Washington, D. C., price five cents.

C. H. P., Lysander, O. Such is the tradition. Evidence of it is found in the reference in the *Arabian Nights* to the genii who rebelled against Solomon, and who were by him imprisoned and cast into the sea.

X. Y. Z., Ohio. 1. In Spandau, we believe, where [illegible] intervals. "life prisoners" are pardoned, as was the case when a prisoner aided his jailers in suppressing a mutiny.

Timely Truths About Cuba

A Warning Against Wild Investment Schemes — Where the Real Opportunities Lie—The Distress Disappearing

A GREAT many folks in the United States want to know how things are going in Cuba. Having been there for several months, I may be able to tell them so that they will feel they know something about it.

There is distress in Cuba, and there will necessarily be distress for months to come. But the situation has improved every day since the American military occupation began, and it is improving every day now. It is true that most of the reconcentrados died, and if it had not been for American relief, a large portion of the population which did not belong to the reconcentrados would also have died. Yet after the army got under way in distributing rations, thousands were saved from starving. It is my understanding that the distribution of rations will be continued through the summer season, the money being taken out of the customs receipts of the island.

The "Crop Season"

Summer is the winter season in Cuba. I do not mean by that that you can see a flake of snow in the air, but that the summer months are those in which the land cannot be well tilled on account of the heavy rains. The Cubans plant in the autumn, and harvest in the winter. During the summer they do some farming, but the rains which keep the earth moist for nine months fall in the period of three or four months in such tremendous downpours that regular farming is not practicable. Therefore, during these summer months there may be reports of distress in the agricultural portions of the island which the people of the United States will not understand without explanation. They will naturally wonder why anybody should starve in what they suppose is the crop season. The explanation is, as I have already given it, that in Cuba the summer months are not the crop season.

Now, regarding the distribution of rations. Some of us who were there thought in the beginning that the army was not the best means of carrying on that work. The time is past for having opinions on that subject. The work was entrusted to the army, and it has gone forward with the distribution. I think, too, that the army officers have done very well. They have been systematic and thorough, and while not without sympathy for the suffering, they have not allowed their sympathies to run away with their judgment. The great point is that the army has organization, and that this organization extends from one end of the island to the other. There is consequently the certainty that no section will be neglected. My own decided opinion is that private relief should not seek to supplement in any way the distribution of rations by the army. It can find other channels in which more effective good can be done.

The Orphans

The great need in Cuba to-day, and the need for months and even years to come, is of orphan asylums and institutions for the women and children. The American military authorities cannot undertake this work. The most they can do is to give their support and encouragement to the private societies and associations in the United States which are undertaking to establish and sustain the asylums. Dr. Klopsch saw that clearly when he directed his activities toward the maintenance of the Havana Orphan Asylum, in which, through his efforts, so many Americans have become interested. It is a good work; no better work could be done. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee takes a kindly personal interest, and his watchful eye is always alert for the welfare of those orphans. I know at times discouraging and conflicting reports come from Cuba concerning institutions of this kind. It must be remembered that there are many difficulties surrounding their management. As much should not be expected from them as from similar institutions in the United States. It is certainly better for the homeless waifs to be housed and cared for under any conditions, than for them to be left to starve in the streets or grow up in idleness and vice.

About other things in Cuba. A great many people have asked me when it is going to be Americanized. If some of the samples of Americanism which have been in the island this winter and spring were to be taken as types of the American people, I should hope it would never be Americanized. But we all know that the adventurers and the schemers and that class are not the real representatives of the people of the United States. It was simply the scum of Americanism. Now the scum is being swept away by the currents of legitimate enterprise, and one can look around and study the prospects.

THE YELLOW FEVER HOSPITAL, HAVANA

GEN. LUDLOW'S HEADQUARTERS, HAVANA

In the first place, I want to say that gold does not grow on trees in Cuba, nor is it shoveled up from the earth by the bucketful. The wealth of Cuba is in its soil. I do not believe there is a richer soil in any portion of the globe. But in order to produce wealth this soil has to be cultivated, just as the soil of barren New England has to be cultivated. Men must plow and sow and reap and market their crops. Two crops of almost everything can be raised in Cuba in a single year, but sombody must raise them. Of course this is not true of sugar, because after the cane is planted and has had an eighteen months' growth, it produces an annual crop for a long series of years.

Raising sugar cane is not a business for the small farmer. It takes a large amount of capital, anywhere from $100,000 to $1,000,000. It is my belief that after a time coffee-raising will again become one of the leading agricultural industries of the island. At present, there are some very fine coffee plantations in Santiago province. There is an immense amount of land which is capable of coffee production. Some of it is within twenty or thirty miles of Havana. But it takes four years to bring a coffee plantation to the point where the trees bear the coffee beans; so while it is a promising business for the future, it is not one from which immediate returns can be had. The crops which can be raised within a year are all kinds of fruits, tobacco, corn, potatoes, onions, and vegetables generally. I should except oranges. Of course an orange grove cannot be planted and be made to bear fruit within a twelvemonth. But it will be a profitable business in the future.

Suspicious Schemes

When I am writing this way, I am thinking of the Cuba of five years hence. It is my conviction that people who go there and buy land and cultivate the land themselves will not regret it. Nor do I think that the climate stands in their way. But it is absolutely certain that Cuba cannot become prosperous until its rich land is again under cultivation. Therefore, I should be suspicious of enterprises of all sorts which promise large returns right away, or which have for their basis fancy schemes of money-making. They cannot drive the cart before the horse in Cuba any more than in the United States. After the land gets under cultivation again and the people get to work, then will come the time for what may be called industrial enterprises.

If I were an American investing in Cuba, I should first want to see the field of my investment. If that were not possible, I should want somebody to see it who was capable of giving me disinterested advice. My own opinion is that an American farmer, or an American who is not a farmer, but has good horse sense, can do very well in Cuba after a time, if he begins right. If he should go to Cuba in the fall—and that is the time to go—during the first season he would get enough out of his land to support himself and family, and probably to pay for stocking it with oxen and farm implements. After that he would get a larger return for his money. Speaking generally, I should beware of all enterprises which promised very heavy returns the first year, and which did not require the investor to know anything about his investment. Even Klondike schemes are safer, because there are gold nuggets in the Klondike.

Security of Land Titles

On one thing the man who is looking to Cuba for investment need have no fear. This is the security of land titles. It seems to be a common mistake in the United States to think that Cuban titles are insecure. They are just the opposite. It must be remembered that Cuba is an old, settled country. I don't believe there have been government lands, or what we would call public lands for the last 200 years. Titles have been handed down from family to family. The Spanish law, oppressive in many ways, had the effect of diminishing cloudy titles. If any of the various formalities required by law were omitted, the Spanish government refused to recognize the title, and it was rarely validated by legal process. Therefore, when land transfers did take place, they were thorough. In every judicial district in the island there is a well kept registry of property.

Americans to Redeem Cuba

My own notion is that Americans who invest money in Cuba—and Americans will invest when the conditions suit them—should be on the island themselves to watch the investment. The young fellow whose father wants to do something for him, if there is the right stuff in the lad, will not make a mistake in giving him a start in Cuba. Many of the American soldier boys who were there last winter will go back next fall to stay. The cultivation of the land must precede other enterprises. Then will come the chances for trade. American enterprise is going to supply Cuba with nearly everything that the inhabitants of the island consume. As the population increases there will be more flour, cotton goods and other articles sent to Cuba, and after a time it may be that American wholesale houses will be established in Havana. But for some years to come American goods will be sold to the Spanish wholesale houses by commission agents. A few American retail stores may be set up in Havana and may do fairly well, but they will be merely a drop in the bucket of retail trade. When the conditions change, there will be railroad-building across the island, so that Havana will be connected with Santiago, and there will be branch lines to the north and south coasts. At present the railroad system may be said to end at Santa Clara, which is about the centre of the island. Large American investments have already been made in the forest lands, and probably the work of taking out the timber will begin within a few months. That will afford some outlet to American energy, and may open up some fresh opportunities. But my advice to everybody is to keep in mind the fact that, in the end, more money is made in legitimate enterprises of this kind and in cultivating the soil than in the promising schemes which seem to give everybody a chance to get rich right away.

A word may be useful on another point. An American young fellow with business training will have his chance in Cuba if he can possess himself in patience. When the land begins to yield its products and new enterprises spring up, then the opening will come for him. American capitalists and American companies engaged in developing the resources of the island will make room for hard-working young Americans who have not capital of their own. In the meantime, these young Americans should learn Spanish. Their countrymen would rather employ an American who knows Spanish than a Spaniard or a Cuban who knows English. Last winter many letters came to me from American young men who were seeking openings. While for the reasons I have already given the opportunity was not then at hand, in every case where I brought the matter to the attention of men of capital they could see a prospect for the young fellow who knew Spanish. It is not a hard language to learn, and after studying it at home, a few months' intercourse with the people who talk it affords a passable facility in its use. So, while no American is certain of getting a place in Cuba any more than he is certain of getting it at home, his chances will be much better if he knows Spanish.

CHARLES M. PEPPER.

Washington, D. C., April 19, 1899.

· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·

. . . The Drunkard's Woe . . .

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Exodus II: 6, . . .

And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt

THIS was the worst of the ten plagues. The destroying angel at midnight flapped his wing over the land, and there was one dead in each house. Lamentation and mourning and woe through all Egypt. That destroying angel has fled the earth, but a far worse has come. He sweeps through these cities. It is the destroying angel of strong drink. Far worse devastation wrought by this second than by the first. The calamity in America worse than the calamity in Egypt. Thousands of the slain, millions of the slain. No arithmetic can calculate their number.

Once upon a time four fiends met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these four infernals came forth to our earth on embassy of mischief. The one fiend said: "I'll take charge of the vineyards." Another said: "I'll take charge of the grain fields." Another said: "I'll take charge of the dairy." Another said: "I'll take charge of the music." The four fiends met in the great Sahara Desert, with skeleton fingers clutched each other in handshake of fidelity, kissed each other good-bye with lip of blue flame and parted on their mission.

The fiend of the vineyard came in one bright morning amid the grapes and sat down on a root of twisted grapevine in sheer discouragement. The fiend knew not how to damage the vineyard, or, through it, how to damage the world. The grapes were so ripe and beautiful and luscious. They bewitched the air with their sweetness. There seemed to be so much health in every bunch; and while the fiend sat there in utter indignation and disappointment, he clutched a cluster and squeezed it in perfect spite, and lo! his hand was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the fiend said: "That reminds me of the blood of broken hearts: I'll strip the vineyard and I'll squeeze out all the juice of the grapes, and I'll allow the juices of the grapes to stand until they rot, and I'll call the process fermentation." And there was a great vat prepared, and people came with their cups and their pitchers, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they drank and drank and went away drinking, and they drank until they fell in long lines of death, so that when the fiend of the vineyard wanted to return to his home in the pit, he stepped from carcass to carcass and walked down amid a great causeway of the dead.

Then the second fiend came into the grain field. He waded chin-deep amid the barley and the rye. He heard all the grain talking about bread, and prosperous husbandry, and thrifty homes. He thrust his long arms into the grain field and he pulled up the grain and threw it into the water and he made beneath it great fires—fires lighted with a spark from his own heart—and there was a grinding, and a mashing, and a stench, and the people came with their bottles and they dipped up the fiery liquid, and they drank, and they blasphemed, and they staggered, and they fought, and they rioted, and they murdered, and the fiend of the pit, the fiend of the grain field, was so pleased with their behavior that he changed his residence from the pit to a whiskey barrel, and there he sat by the door of the bunghole laughing in high merriment at the thought that out of anything so harmless as the grain of the field he might turn this world into a seeming pandemonium.

The fiend of the dairy saw the cows coming home from the pasture-field, full-uddered, and as the maid milked he said: "I'll soon spoil all that mess: I'll add to it brandy, sugar, and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a milk punch, and children will drink it, and some of the temperance people will drink it, and if I can do them no more harm, I'll give them a headache, and then I'll hand them over to the more vigorous fiends of the Satanic delegation." And then the fiend of the dairy leaped upon the shelf and danced until the long row of shining milkpans almost quaked.

The fiend of the music entered a grog-shop, and there were but few customers. Finding few customers he swept the circuit of the city, and he gathered up the musical instruments, and after nightfall he marshalled a band, and the trombones blew, and the cymbals clapped, and the drums beat, and the bugles called and the people crowded in, and they swung around in merry dance, each one with a wine glass in his hand; and the dance became wilder and stronger and rougher, until the room shook, and the glasses cracked, and the floor broke, and the crowd dropped into hell.

Then the four fiends—the fiend of the vineyard, and of the grainfield, and of the dairy, and of the music hall—went back to their home, and they held high carnival because their work had been so well done; and Satan rose from his throne and announced that there was no danger of the earth's redemption so long as these four fiends could pay such tax to the diabolic. And then all the demons, and all the sprites, and all the fiends, filled their glasses, and clicked them, and cried: "Let us drink—drink to the everlasting prosperity of the liquor traffic. Here's to woe, and darkness, and murder, and death. Drink! Drink!"

But whether by allegory or by appalling statistic this subject is presented, you know as well as I that it is impossible to exaggerate the evils of strong drink. A plague! A plague! In the first place the inebriate suffers from the loss of a good name. God has so arranged it that no man loses his reputation except by his own act. The world may assault a man, and all the powers of darkness may assault him—they cannot capture him so long as his heart is pure and his life is pure. All the powers of earth and hell cannot take that Gibraltar. If a man is right, all the bombardment of the world for five, ten, twenty, forty years will only strengthen him in his position. So that all you have to do is to keep yourself right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no damage. But as soon as it is whispered, "he drinks," and it can be proved, he begins to go down. What clerk can get a position with such a reputation? What store wants him? What Church of God wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for an executor? "He drinks!" I stand before hundreds of young men—and I say it not in flattery—splendid young men who have their reputation as their only capital. Your father gave you a good education, or as good an education as he could afford to give you. He started you in city life. He could furnish you no means, but he has surrounded you with Christian influences and a good memory of the past. Now, young man, under God you are with your own right arm to achieve your fortune, and as your reputation is your only capital, do not bring upon it suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments, or by an odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush on your cheeks. You lose your reputation and you lose your capital.

The inebriate suffers also in the fact that he loses his self-respect, and when you destroy a man's self-respect there is not much left of him: Then a man will do things he would not do otherwise, he will say things he would not say otherwise. The fact is that man cannot stop, or he would stop now. He is bound hand and foot by the Philistines, and they have shorn his locks and put his eyes out, and made him grind in the mill of a great horror. After he is three-fourths gone in this slavery, the first thing he will be anxious to impress you with is that he can stop at any time he wants to. His family become alarmed in regard to him, and they say: "Now do stop this; after a while, it will get the mastery of you." "Oh! no," he says, "I can stop at any time; I can stop now. I can stop tomorrow." His most confidential friends say: "Why, I'm afraid you are losing your balance with that habit; you are going a little further than you can afford to go; you had better stop." "Oh! no," he says, "I can stop at any time; I can stop now." He goes on further and further. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He loves himself, and he knows nevertheless that strong drink is depleting him in body, mind, and soul. He knows he is going down, that he has less self-control, less equipoise of temper than he used to. Why does he not stop? Because he cannot stop. I will prove it by going still further. He loves his wife and children. He sees that his habits are bringing disgrace upon his home. The probabilities are they will ruin his wife and disgrace his children. He sees all this, and he loves them. Why does he not stop? He cannot stop.

I had a very dear friend, generous to a fault. He had given thousands and tens of thousands of dollars to Bible societies, tract societies, missionary societies, asylums for the poor, the halt, the lame, the blind, the imbecile. I do not believe for twenty years anybody asked him for a dollar, or fifty dollars, or a hundred dollars for charity but he gave it. I never heard of anybody asking him for help but he gave it. But he was under the power of strong drink, and he went on down, down, down. His family implored him, saying: "You are going too far in that habit; you had better stop." He replied: "I can stop any time; I am my own master; I can stop." He went on down, down. His friends advised and cautioned him. He said: "Don't be afraid of me; I am my own master; I can stop now; I know what I am doing." He went on down until he had the delirium tremens. On down until he had the delirium tremens twice. After the second time the doctor said: "If you ever have an attack like this again you will die; you had better stop." He said: "I can stop any time; I can stop now." He went on down. He is dead. What slew him? Rum, rum! Among the last things he said was that he could stop any time. He could not stop.

Oh, my young friends, I want to tell you that there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man go he cannot stop. But sometimes a man will be more frank than that. A victim of strong drink said to a reformer: "It is impossible for me to stop; I realize it. But if you should tell me I couldn't have a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off.'" I had a very dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him and was talking about his trouble and confessed it. He confessed he could not stop. My friend said: "You must stop." He said: "I can't stop. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and there was a glass of wine on the mouth of the cannon, and I knew you would fire it off if I approached, I would start to get that glass of wine. I must have it. I can't get rid of this habit. I can't get away from it." Oh! it is awful for a man to wake up and feel that he is a captive. I hear him soliloquizing, saying: "I might have stopped three months ago, but I can't stop now. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal and my soul beats against the wires of my cage on this side and beats against the wires of my cage on the other side, until there is blood on the wires, and blood on the soul, but I can't get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

Again, the man suffers from the loss of usefulness. Do you know some of the men who have fallen into the ditch were once in the front rank in churches and in the front rank in reformatory institutions? Do you know they once knelt at [illegible] mental days? Do you know they once stood in the pulpit and preached the Gospel of the Son of God? We will not forget the scene witnessed some years ago in my Brooklyn church when a man rose in the midst of the audience, stepped into the aisle and walked up and down. Everybody saw that he was intoxicated. The ushers led him out, and his poor wife took his hat and overcoat and followed him to the door. Who was he? He had once been a mighty minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in a sister denomination, had often preached in this very city. What slew him? Strong drink! Oh, what must be the feeling of a man who has destroyed his capacity for usefulness? Do not be angry with that man. Do not lose your patience with him. Do not wonder if he says strange things and gets irritated easily in the family. He has the Pyrenees and the Andes and the Alps on him. Do not try to persuade him that there is no future punishment. Do not go into any argument to prove to him that there is no hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

But he suffers also in the loss of physical health. The older people in this audience can remember Dr. Sewell going through this country electrifying great audiences by demonstrating to them the effect of strong drink upon the human stomach. I am told he had eight or ten diagrams which he presented to the people, showing the different stages in the progress of the disease, and I am told tens of thousands of people turned back from that ulcerous sketch and swore eternal abstinence from all intoxicants. God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws on every bone, and stings with every poison, and pulls with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his shivering limbs! What spectres stand by his midnight pillows! What groans tear the air! Talk of the rack, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the Juggernaut—he suffers them all at once.

See the attendants stand back from that ward in the hospital where the inebriates are dying. They cannot stand it. The keepers come through it and say: "Hush up, now, stop making this noise. Be still! You are disturbing all the other patients. Keep still now!" Then the keepers pass on, and after they get past, then the poor creatures wring their hands and say: "O! God. Help, help! Give me rum, give me rum! O! God. Help! Take the devils off of me. O! God. O! God." And they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they cry for help, and then they ask the keepers to slay them, saying: "Stab me, strangle me, smother me. O! God. Help, help! Rum! Give me rum. O! God. Help!" They tear out their hair by the handful, and they bite their nails into the quick. This is no fancy picture. It is transpiring in a hospital at this moment. It went on last night while you slept; and more than that, that is the death some of you will die unless you stop. I see it coming. God help you to stop before you go so far that you cannot stop.

But it plagues a man also in the loss of home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this habit gets the mastery over him he will do the most outrageous things. If need be, in order to get strong drink he would sell them all into everlasting captivity. There are hundreds and thousands of homes that have been utterly blasted of it. I am speaking of no abstraction. Is there anything so disastrous to a man for this life and for the life to come? Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? There are little children in the streets to-day, barefooted, unkempt, uncombed, want written on every patch of their faded dress, and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenance, who would have been in the house of God this morning as well clad as you, had it not been that strong drink drove their parents down into penury and then down into the grave. O! rum, rum, thou despoiler of homes, thou foe of God, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone when it tells you that the inebriate suffers the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates

that if we go into the future world unforgiven, the appetites and passions which were regnant here will torment us there. I suppose when the inebriate wakes up in the lost world, there will be an infinite thirst clawing upon him. In this world he could get strong drink. However poor he was in this world, he could beg or he could steal five cents to get a drink that would for a little while slake his thirst; but in eternity where will the rum come from? Dives wanted one drop of water, but could not get it. Where will the inebriate get the draught he so much requires, so much demands, No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds now for the dregs that were thrown on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind flung out from the punch-bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives called for water. The inebriate calls for rum.

If a fiend from the lost world should come up on a mission to a grog shop, and having finished the mission in the grog shop, should come back, taking on the tip of his wing one drop of alcoholic beverage, what excitement it would make all through the world of the lost; and if that one drop of alcoholic beverage should drop from the wing of the fiend upon the tongue of the inebriate, how he would spring up and cry: "That's it; that's it! Rum! Rum! That's it!" And all the caverns of the lost would echo with the cry, "Give it to me. Rum! Rum!" Ah! my friends, the inebriate's sorrow in the next world will not be the absence of God, or holiness, or light; it will be the absence of rum. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup; for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

When I see this plague in the land, and when I see this destroying angel sweeping across our great cities, I am sometimes indignant, and sometimes humiliated. When a man asks me: "What are you in favor of for the subjugation of this evil?" I answer, "I am ready for anything that is reasonable." You ask me "Are you in favor of Sons of Temperance?" Yes. "Are you in favor of Good Samaritans?" Yes. "Are you in favor of Good Templars?" Yes. "Are you in favor of prohibitory law?" Yes. "Are you in favor of the pledge?" Yes. Combine all the influences, O Christian reformers and philanthropists. Combine them all for the extirpation of this evil.

Thirty women in one of the Western States banded together, and with an especial ordination from God they went forth to the work and shut up all the grog shops of a large village. Thirty women, with their song and with their prayer; and if one thousand or two thousand Christian men and women with an especial ordination from God should go forth feeling the responsibility of their work and discharging their mission, they could in any city shut up all the grog shops.

But I must not dwell on generalities; I must come to specifics. Are you astray? If there is any sermon I dislike it is a sermon on generalities. I want personalities. Are you astray? Have you gone so far you think you cannot get back? Did I say a few moments ago that a man might go to a point in inebriation where he could not stop? Yes, I said it, and I reiterate it; but I want you also to understand that while the man himself, of his own strength, cannot stop, God can stop any man. You have only to lay hold of the strong arm of the Lord God Almighty, He can stop you. Many summers ago I went over to New York one Sabbath evening—our church not yet being open for the autumnal services—I went into a room in the Fourth Ward, New York, where a religious service was being held for reformed drunkards, and I heard a revelation that night that I had never heard before—fifteen or twenty men standing up and giving testimony such as I had never heard given. They not only testified that their hearts had been changed by the grace of God, but that the grace of God had extinguished their thirst. They went on to say that they had reformed at different times before, but immediately fallen, because they were doing the whole work in their own strength: "But as soon as we gave our hearts to God," they said, "and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ has come into our soul, the thirst has all gone. We have no disposition for strong drink."

It was a new revelation to me, and I have proclaimed it again and again in the hearing of those who have far gone astray, and I stand here to-day to tell you that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ can not only save your soul, but save your body. I look off to-day upon the desolation. Some of you are so far on in this habit, although there may be no outward indications of it—you never have staggered along the street—the vast majority of people do not know that you stimulate; but God knows, and you know; and by human calculation there is not one chance out of five thousand that you will ever be stopped in this life. Beware! It is a hard thing to say, but it is true, and I utter the warning lest I have your blood upon my soul. Beware! As to-day you open the door of your wine closet, let the decanter flash that word upon your soul, "Beware!" As you pour out the beverage let the foam at the top spell out the word, "Beware!" In the great day of God's judgment, when a hundred million drunkards shall come up to get their doom, I want you to testify that this day in love of your soul and in fear of God, I gave you warning in regard to that influence which has already been felt in your home, blowing out some of its lights—premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

O! if you could only hear Intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the top of the wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, you would go home and kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should ever become the victims of this evil habit, you might carry them out to the cemetery and put them down in the last slumber, waiting for the flowers of spring to come over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God hath a balm for such a wound, but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulchre?

General Lee and the Volunteers

During the last few weeks the work of mustering out the volunteers who enlisted for service in the war with Spain has steadily progressed, and is now almost concluded. In bidding good-bye to the volunteer organizations who served with the Seventh United States Army Corps, General Lee, commander of that corps, paid them high compliment. He said: "The pages of military history will inscribe the deeds of no troops who won a greater reputation for discipline, drill, and

MRS. THOMPSON'S OLD HOME IN HILLSBORO

manly discharge of duty, soldierly conduct and cheerful obedience to all orders. The President's assurance, had the war with Spain continued, that the Seventh Corps would have been selected to lead the assault upon the Havana lines, proves that the corps possessed the confidence of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, a confidence shared by his fellow-countrymen. It is gratifying to review the career, and remember the harmony which existed among the forty thousand soldiers who answered the roll-call at Tampa, Jacksonville, Savannah and Cuba. Whether it were the 'volunteers' who afterwards, at various times, broke ranks and resumed the duties of American citizenship, or the 'regulars,' whose standards are still flying, and who are now the advance agents of American progress and civilization—soldiers of the North and South took the sunshine and storm of camp together, and marched side by side under one flag, in one cause, for one country. May health and happiness crown their days, and when their thoughts sometimes wander back to Camps Cuba Libre, Onward and Columbia, may their hearts beat quickly as they remember they once marched under the banners of the Seventh Army Corps."

"Mother Thompson's" Prayer

Its Answer Led Her to Become the Heroine of a Great Temperance Crusade

IN a beautiful and picturesque old-fashioned home, surrounded by large and well-shaded grounds, in Hillsboro, O., lives Mrs. Eliza Jane Trimble Thompson, better known the world over as "Mother Thompson," the founder of the Temperance Crusade in America,

"MOTHER THOMPSON"

and incidentally of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, as this organization was really an outcome of Mother Thompson's Hillsboro Crusade. Although Mrs. Thompson is now, to use her own words, "three years beyond eighty," she carries her age well, and is still comparatively active; she is of slight build, with white curly hair, kind eyes and a low and sweet voice. Of late years she has but seldom appeared in public in the cause of temperance, but she has lost none of her interest in the subject.

"The Hillsboro Crusade," said Mrs. Thompson, speaking of the incidents connected with it, "dates back to a lecture given in this place December 23, 1873, by Dr. Lewis, in which he urged the women to go into the saloons and pray. My seventeen-year-old son and my daughter were there, and they came to me on their return home and related the incidents of the evening, how Dr. Lewis told of his own mother and several of her friends uniting in prayer for the liquor sellers of his native town until they gave up their business.

"The lecturer said we might do the same thing in Hillsboro, if we had the faith, and then, turning to the ministers and temperance men upon the platform, he added: 'Suppose I ask the women of this audience to signify their opinion upon the subject?' They all bowed their consent, and fifty or more women stood up in token of approval. When he asked the men how many would stand as 'backers' if the women undertook the work, sixty or seventy arose. They had placed my name on some of the committees. My husband opposed our participation, but after a while he said: 'Children, you know where your mother goes to settle all vexed questions. Instead of family prayers, let her alone to make her decision.' I went to my room, kneeling before God, when I heard a step at the door. Upon opening it, my daughter stood there, and with tearful eyes she handed me her small Bible, open at the 146th Psalm. And my eyes fell upon the words: 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' No longer doubting, I repaired to the church and took my seat near the door. I was unanimously chosen as president or leader, Mrs. Gen. McDowell, vice-president, and Mrs. D. K. Fenner, secretary, in the work that was to follow.

"Appeals were drawn up to druggists, saloon-keepers, and hotel proprietors. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. McSorly, after a few moments, said: 'Brethren, let us adjourn and leave this work with God and the women.' As the last man closed the door I walked forward to the minister's table, and called upon Mrs. McDowell to lead in prayer; it seemed as though an angel had brought down 'live coal' from off the altar and touched her lips. Then Mrs. Cowden, the Methodist Episcopal minister's wife, started the hymn, 'Give to the Winds Thy Fears,' and we all joined in singing this hymn, and formed in line, two and two, and proceeded to our sacred mission, trusting in God. As our band reached the street we were singing:

> Far, far above thy thought,
> His counsel shall appear,
> When fully he the work hath wrought,
> That caused thy needless fear.

"On we marched, looking neither to right or left, until we arrived at a drug store on East Main Street. Mrs. Milton Boyd had been appointed to read our appeal. The druggist quickly signed the druggist's pledge, not to sell liquor except on prescription. Two others signed willingly and assured us of their good wishes. A doctor next signed. After visiting the drug stores we delayed action until the 26th of December, when our committee of seventy ladies met and again formed in procession and visited a number of hotels and saloons. Our first saloon prayer meeting was in a noted resort on High Street. The proprietor walked to his accustomed stand behind the bar."

The leader addressed him: "Well! Mr. ——, this must seem to you a strange audience; I suppose you understand the object of our visit?" He showed agitation, and Mrs. Thompson said: "As you look upon some of the faces before you, and observe the marks of sorrow caused by the unholy business that you ply, you will find that it is no wonder why we are here. We have come, however, not to threaten, not even to upbraid, but in the name of our Divine Friend and Saviour, and in his spirit to forgive and to commend you to his pardon, if you will but agree to abandon a business that is so damaging to our hearts and to the peace of our homes." Turning to her comrades, she said: "Let us pray." Instantly all, even the liquor-seller himself, were on their knees. Mrs. Thompson prayed most fervently, and then the ladies joined in, pleading with the saloon-keeper to accept Christ and abandon his sinful calling. Their prayers were not in vain. This incident—one of many—illustrates the character of the work done by this brave band of godly women.

Mrs. Thompson has been for twenty-five years president of the local temperance union, and has attended the National Conventions until the last two years. Since her retirement from active labor in the temperance field, she has devoted her time to literary work, and her latest book, *Hillsboro Crusade Sketches and Family Records*, has received general recognition.

Porto Rico Sunday School Work

The following contributions have been received in aid of the proposed Sunday School work in Porto Rico:

Prev. ack	$224 80	A teacher, Williamsport	1 00
John Anderson	5 00	A friend a Reader	
C Germann	1 00	No Lansing	10 00
T E A, Phila.	1 00	A V W, Martinsburg	1 00
H N Haag	1 00	Mrs N A Horton	1 00
Union C E Soc, Centre Valley	3 00	Mrs E Wilkinson	1 00
Aid Soc, Colby	5 00	H Hughes	5 00
A friend of Sunday Schools	12 00	Virginia Brennan	1 00
L C Tobias	5 00	Mrs C S Richardson	2 00
Geo Williams	2 00	——, Ipswich	1 00
M A Dikeman	50	Mabe E Barber	1 00
M L Ballard	10	G G Drake	1 00
Mission S S, Royal Oak	3 00	Pres S S, Riverside	1 00
Two friends, Long Hill	1 00	S C S Cresco	1 00
The Chiswell children	75	J H Dudley	1 00
Mrs M Hammond	5 00	Mrs M A Brooks	1 00
Sub, Dresden	1 00	Mrs Mary A Gilbert	1 00
R C Gill	1 00	Ida B Daves & Edmund Budd	1 00
C S C Riday	2 00	Ruth S Stetson	1 00
W J Egge, Jr	1 00	Sam'l B Greene	25
R M Parkhurst	3 00	R A Stewart	2 00
Mrs C Steiger	1 00	Priscilla Hutchinson	1 00
Mrs Geo P Davis	1 00	Catharine B Earhart	1 00
Jos Huey	2 00	Chas Bayer	50
Mrs C G Gough	2 00	L E Ohle	50
A N S, Mazomanie	2 00	Reader, Ft [illegible]	1 00
		J A Evans, Batesville	1 00
		Total	$326.90

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Christ Betrayed and Arrested

S. S. Lesson for May 14. John 18: 1-14
Golden Text, Isa. 53: 3

OUR Lord had poured out his heart to the disciples (John 13: 16) and he had poured out his heart to the Father (17) in that prayer which reveals to us the secret of those mornings "a great while before day," when he was alone with his Father, and those nights of prayer of which we read from time to time in the Gospels. Having thus settled matters with him that sent him, he was ready to be offered as the great sin-offering, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." He had accomplished the work which the Father had given him to do by his life, and had proved indisputably that man, with God dwelling in him could, in spite of the weakness of human nature, in spite of the opposition of Satan, perfectly fulfil the will of God. He was "the anointed priest," and no other priest could offer such an offering. "Through his own blood he entered in once for all into the holy place" (Heb. 9: 12). How he knew the Scriptures! The sin-offering, the guilt offering, the passover lamb had an intense signification for him which was impossible to any other child of man. He, "the Word," was indeed embodying the Scriptures in his own person. We see his glory in his deepest shame and suffering, because in it he was carrying out, at any cost, his Father's will.

"When Jesus had spoken these words (John 17), he went forth with his disciples over the brook Kidron, where was a garden, into the which he entered, himself and his disciples." It was Gethsemane (Matt. 26: 36-46). "The steps of a man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way" (Ps. 37: 23, R. V.). The Father must have watched over every step which the Son of his love took upon earth! Everything was ripening, and hidden things were coming to the surface. Every step of the Lord hastened the redemption of the world, but it hastened also the treachery of Judas, which was also ripening, and the consummation of the sin of the chief priests and rulers. Judas knew the place. Very often before had our Lord escaped his enemies because his hour had not yet come, but now he had said, "Father, the hour is come" The time for his betrayal was fulfilled, and he sought no more to escape. Judas "having received the band of soldiers and officers from the chief priests and the Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons." The Lord's arrest was imminent: how would he meet it? "Jesus, therefore, knowing (from the Scripture which he fulfilled) all the things that were coming upon him, went forth and saith unto them, whom seek ye?" "Jesus of Nazareth." "I am." It was the Word of God's truth, and it went home. Not one of these soldiers, trained for war, could stand upon his feet when the Word become flesh, simply asserted himself by pronouncing the name, "I am!" It was the name by which Moses must make him known to the children of Israel (Ex. 3: 14). But they recovered themselves, and again the same question received the same answer. "I told you that I am," he said: if, therefore, ye seek me, let these go their way," that the word might be fulfilled which he spake. Of those which thou hast given me, I lost not one (R. V.). "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end."

He knew they would forsake him and flee; he had just come from Gethsemane, where even the chosen three had proved that they could not watch with him one hour; there was nothing at all in them to draw out from him this regard at the very moment when, if ever, it seemed as though he needed their succor, and they failed him. But the love of God is not regulated by the same considerations as human love. Human love is like a fire which needs continual fuel to keep it alive, in that which attracts, pleases and gratifies it. The love of God is self-existing: it needs no such fuel. God loves because he is Love, and cannot but love. Where he sets his love he overcomes, as we yield to him, that which in us is distasteful, unattractive and repelling. "Ye have not chosen me," he says, "but I have chosen you, that ye may go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit shall remain, that whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he should give it you (John 15: 16).

And yet one of these very disciples, just at that very time, acted in a spirit directly contrary to his own, and to his teaching. "Simon Peter therefore, having a sword, drew it, and struck the high priest's servant, and cut off his right ear. Now the servant's name was Malchus.' And at such an hour the Lamb of God manifested his true character and spoke his last word of authority to his own disciples before he suffered: "Put up the sword into the sheath! the cup which the Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" It was easier to the carnal heart of Peter to defend his Master with the sword, at the risk of his own life, than to bear the reproach of a maid servant. Self rejoices to be heroic, but self has no play in the spirit which endures, and takes everything in meekness from the hand of God. Jesus touched the ear of his enemy and healed it, and thus he saved Peter, not himself, from arrest (Luke 22: 51).

"The cup which the Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" The Word made flesh, had traced out in the Scriptures in the law of Moses, and the prophets and the Psalms "the things concerning himself," that the Christ should suffer, and rise again from the dead the third day," and thus he saw Judas, the chief priests, scribes and Pharisees, with the soldiers and servants who were sent to take him, as simply instruments permitted by his Father to carry out his will. It was his Father's cup, not the cup of the rulers of the Jews which he should drink. And his disciples had so entered into the truth of this that we find the apostles, both Peter and Paul saying the same thing (Acts 2: 23; 4: 27, 28; 13: 27).

And shall we not also recognize the hand of our Father in everything which he permits for us? We also have to fulfil the Scriptures. How much there is written of us and to us. Are we faithful in embodying the Word of God in our lives as our Master was before us? The cup which our Heavenly Father hath given us, shall we not drink it?

"THEN THE OFFICERS TOOK JESUS AND BOUND HIM AND LED HIM AWAY"

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

LIKE the other incidents in John's Gospel, this description of the arrest was written for a definite and instructive object. It is evidently, as we see from the reports of the other Evangelists, not a complete account. John says nothing about the pathetic prayer in the garden, nor about the agony and bloody perspiration, nor the reproach to the sleeping disciples, nor the kiss of the traitor; but he describes the involuntary adoration of the armed band and gives us the name of the High Priest's servant whose ear was cut off, and mentions that it was Peter who did it, both of which details the other Evangelists omit. John also reports the arraignment before Annas which the others do not mention. He doubtless had their Gospels before him when he wrote, and intended his treatise to cover their omissions without repeating what they had written. His purpose in mentioning the fact of the soldiers falling to the ground is in line with his principle of selection all through. He wrote to prove that Jesus was the Son of God, and here he shows the instinctive reverence that overcame even the rough Roman soldiers. He is also anxious to show that Christ's sacrifice was voluntary. He "knew all things which should come upon him." He would drink the cup his Father had given him, and even to the last his concern was for others: "Let these go their way." The remark was characteristic of Christ's whole mission. He would give himself up peaceably if only his people might go unharmed. So in this one act he typified his work, and as Isaiah said, "The chastisement of our peace was upon him."

Over the brook Kedron. It runs on the east side of Jerusalem in the gorge between the city and the Mount of Olives. As Jesus crossed this brook with the full knowledge of the suffering awaiting him, he probably remembered how a thousand years before that same brook had been crossed by his great ancestor when he fled from his traitorous son (II. Samuel 15: 23). Not many years before Christ crossed this little stream, there had been another eventful passage across a river. Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon, a small [illegible] which formed the boundary of Cis-Alpine Gaul and entered Roman territory, thus [illegible] this esteemed in the history of the world that it has passed into a proverb, and to cross the Rubicon is equivalent to saying that a man has taken a step from which he cannot recede. To the great men of that day [illegible] compared with Cæsar's act, yet the Roman Empire, with all its might and glory, has passed away, while the kingdom that Christ established grows from one generation to another and will continue to grow until it fills the whole earth.

Judas knew the place. Christ was aware that he knew it and was also aware of the plot he was concocting, yet he would not avoid it. It is still doubtful what Judas's motive was. It may have been that the greed and love of money, which he had manifested before, had so eaten into his soul that he was at last willing to sell his Master for the sake of the pitiful sum that the priests were willing to pay. A more probable theory is that he was impressed by the enthusiasm manifested at Christ's entry into Jerusalem and thought to precipitate the kingdom. He may have believed that when Christ was seized, he would exercise his miraculous power, and the people coming to his support, he would be delivered and proclaimed King of the Jews. His despair and suicide, when he saw Christ led away to execution, seem to imply that he had some such plan in mind and was appalled when he saw how fatally it miscarried. It is remarkable how often schemes and plots fail to produce the results intended. Henry VIII. worked for years to get a divorce from Catherine, yet after all, in spite of the divorce, Catherine's daughter came to the throne. Napoleon divorced Josephine, so that he might have a son to succeed him. But the man who did succeed him was the grandson of Josephine, and all the pain and shame went for nothing.

That one man should die for the people. It was a cynical, brutal idea, and it shows the character of the man who could advocate it. Caiaphas had no idea of atonement, though his position as high priest rendered him familiar with it. He merely meant that it was better that an innocent man should die than that the nation should be imperiled by Roman anger. There are, however, noble examples of men who have had the same idea, but it was when they offered themselves as sacrifice to save others. Everyone has heard of the pilot who remained steadfast at the rudder of the burning steamboat that he might run it ashore and save the lives of all on board, and remained until he accomplished his purpose at the cost of his own life. The legend of Curtius is familiar. The legend runs that a chasm opened in the Roman forum and which portended evil to the state. The oracles declared that only by throwing into the chasm Rome's richest treasure could it be closed. Whereupon Curtius, declaring that the state had no treasure so precious as a good citizen, jumped into it, and the ground closed over him. When the English king besieged Calais, and the citizens defended themselves so obstinately as to anger him and cause him to condemn them all to be put to the sword, he relented only on condition that seven of the most prominent citizens should come to his camp with ropes around their necks. It seemed like certain death, but seven men volunteered to give their own lives to save their fellow-townsmen. They were ordered to execution, but were pardoned through the intercession of the queen.

Let these go their way. During the mutiny in India in 1857 an English officer named Baird was taken prisoner. He was severely wounded and was very weak. Nevertheless the order was issued to put fetters on him like the others. But a gray-haired prisoner stepped from the crowd and protested against their putting fetters on a man so weak. He even offered to wear Baird's fetters in addition to his own. He was taken at his word, and was doubly fettered.

· A · Midwinter · Trip · to · Lapland ·

By SHELDON JACKSON, D.D., LL.D.

III.—Perils of Arctic Travel—Lapps and Deer in a Northern Blizzard—The Homeward Journey

IN the spring of 1894, acting for the Bureau of Education, I had brought to the United States seven Lapp families to take charge of the domestic reindeer that the government had commenced introducing into Alaska from Siberia. These families came under a three years' contract, at the expiration of which they were to be returned to Lapland, if they so desired. The limit having been reached last fall, four families asked to be returned to their homes, which was done, and Mr. William A. Kjellmann, superintendent of the reindeer stations in Alaska, was sent in charge of them to convey them safely back to their native country, and also to procure a number of Lapps to engage in the raising and training of reindeer in Alaska.

He sailed from New York, December 1, 1897, and reached Bosekop, Lapland, on the 23d. While passing through Washington, November 30th, he had a conference with the Commissioner of Education and General Agent of Education in Alaska, at which time he was informed that possibly Congress would make an appropriation for the relief of the miners in the Yukon Valley, and if so, he might be called upon to purchase reindeer and procure drivers for the same. In view of this, he was directed while en route to make such inquiries, that if telegraphed to procure deer, he could do so with but little delay. Upon arriving at Bosekop, he received the cablegram of Dec. 23d from the Secretary of War, directing him to purchase 500 reindeer. On the morning of December 25th before leaving New York, according to instructions from the Secretary of War, I cabled him to hire all the help he needed to expedite matters and to send out in different directions. Consequently borrowing one thousand kroners on December 29th, he hired Mr. Per Rist, and sent him to Kautokeino, 112 miles over the mountains, and on the 31st, Mr. Samuel Kemi (both Lapps returned from Alaska), who were sent to Enare, Finland, 265 miles distant, and Mr. Carl Suhr to Sjus Javre, 101 miles, to bargain for trained reindeer, sleds and harness.

Upon arriving at Trondhjem, Jan. 8th, I arranged that the moss purchased by Mr. Kjellmann should be shipped to Mr. Tonsette, commission merchant at Trondhjem. I have already referred to the efforts made in London to forward money to Mr. Kjellmann, and that it was not until I reached Trondhjem, January 8th, that I succeeded. Receiving this money on the morning of January 9th, Mr. Kjellmann left the same forenoon with reindeer team for Kautokeino. There he found his lieutenant waiting for him with the welcome news that the whole number of reindeer, sleds and harness were secured. On the 12th Mr. Kjellmann signed contracts with twenty-three Laplanders as drivers, and on the 13th started on his return to Bosekop to report to me progress and secure additional funds for further payments. Encountering a blizzard in crossing the mountains and losing his way, he did not reach Bosekop until the 16th. Securing from me additional funds, on the 18th Mr. M. Kjeldsberg and Mr. Per Rist were sent to Maci and Kautokeino to complete payments and bring the reindeer, sleds and harness, together with the drivers and their families to Bosekop for shipment. On the 19th Mr. Kjellmann left for Sjus Javre to do the same thing for that section. On the 21st Mr. Carl Suhr was despatched from Sjus Javre to Bautajok, 162 miles, and Mr. Samuel Kemi to Enare to assemble and move to Bosekop the reindeer, drivers, and so forth, procured at those places.

Having started his lieutenants, Mr. Kjellmann himself left Sjus Javre on the 21st for Karasjok, where on the 24th he contracted with the drivers and paid for the reindeer which had been secured by Mr. A. Paulsen. Final settlements being completed, Mr. Kjellmann started on the 25th to return to the coast, reaching Bosekop on the 28th in the midst of a furious storm, the most severe of the winter. That storm had been raging almost without cessation for three weeks, piling the snow in great banks along the fences, filling lanes even full above the fence tops, and obliterating all evidences of roads or tracks in the open country, had been gradually increasing in severity until the 26th, 27th and 28th of January it had turned into a blizzard, culminating on the 28th in the worst day of the season. The hotel at Bosekop, a strong log building with a substantial stone foundation, in a sheltered spot, trembled under the furious blasts of wind and snow. Although the window in my bedroom had double sash and all joints were packed with cotton, over which was pasted heavy paper, the landlord insisted on nailing heavy woolen blankets over the window and moving the bedstead away from the walls into the centre of the room.

At midday on the 28th, houses a block away could not be seen through the driving snow. All traffic was suspended in the streets, and yet on the mountains, where the cold was much greater and the wind swept with the force of a hurricane, were four herds of reindeer and between one and two hundred men, women and children in open sleds facing the blizzard as, on different roads and widely separated sections, they were centering into Bosekop. Anxious lest they should be detained and perhaps some of the children perish, meeting the Mayor (Landsman) of the village, I inquired what were the prospects of their getting through. Shaking his head, he replied that nothing could face that storm for any length of time and live. And I doubt whether any other race than the Lapp, that was cradled in the snow and inured from childhood to hardship, could have done so, or any other animal than the reindeer have brought them safely over the storm-swept and trackless mountains.

About noon, going to a window and with a knife scraping off the frost in order to get sight of a thermometer hanging outside, I saw faintly through the whirling snow a solitary reindeer coming up the street, and soon after could make out a sled with a man encased in ice and snow. It was Mr. Kjellmann, his great fur coat covered with snow and his face and whiskers encased in a mask of ice.

Towards evening a Lapp arrived, announcing that Mr. Mathias Kira, with a band of ninety deer, had arrived from Maci, and gone into camp in the mountains back of the village. And on the afternoon of January 31st, we were cheered by the safe arrival of the other three bands.

THE CITY OF HAMMERFEST

A GROUP OF YOUNG NATIVES OF LAPLAND

(From a photograph procured by Rev. Sheldon Jackson during his midwinter journey)

Driving out with reindeer teams, seven miles to the crossing of Alten River, we met Mr. Carl Suhr and Mr. Samuel Kemi with four men and 114 head of deer from Bautajok, 165 miles distant. They were sent into camp on the east side of Alten River. Returning to Bosekop, we were met by a messenger announcing that Mr. M. Kjeldsberg and Mr. Per Rist from Kautokeino, with 44 Lapps and 252 head of deer had arrived and gone into camp.

While we were rejoicing in their safe arrival, another messenger came with the news that Mr. A. Paulsen, with 29 Lapps and 90 deer from Karasjok, had also arrived and gone into camp outside of the village. The three parties starting from places a hundred miles apart, and journeying by different routes, had reached the rendezvous within a few hours of one another.

On February 1st, the little village of Bosekop awoke from its Arctic night to unusual stir and activity as the Lapps and reindeer came pouring in long lines over the hill into the village, filling up Market Square. The hundreds of Lapps in their bright colored picturesque national dress; those that were going away and those that had come to see them off—greeting old friends and meeting new ones, the unpacking of sleds and preparations for embarkation all made a picture never to be forgotten. All was bustle and excitement. By night everything was ready for the arrival of the steamship, and the first part of the expedition, the purchase of reindeer, sleds, and harness, together with the securing of competent drivers, was an accomplished success. The greatness and extent of this success is heightened by the environment.

At the hotel with myself were two Norwegian judges en route by reindeer transportation to hold court at Kautokeino, 112 miles inland; they were waiting for better weather. On the 21st they had their baggage packed and their reindeer teams and sleds before the door ready to start, but as the storm was still raging they did not finally get away until Saturday afternoon.

In the meantime Lieut. D. B. Devore had chartered the transport steamer Manitoban, of the Allan Line, Glasgow. Sailing from Greenock, Scotland, January 16th, she arrived at Trondhjem, January 23d, for the purpose of loading up the moss, which had been gathered there for the use of the reindeer herd. A severe storm detained the vessel at Trondhjem until the 29th, when she sailed, reaching Bosekop on February 2d. Learning that the steamship had arrived, I went on board and arrangements were quickly consummated for loading the Lapland reindeer.

At 4 A. M., on Friday, February 4th, the anchor was hoisted, and we were off for New York. We had on board 539 reindeer, at an average of $10 each; 418 sleds at $3.60 each; 511 sets of harness at $2.50 each. There were also on board 43 men, 16 women and 19 children, Lapps; 15 men, 3 women and 7 children, Norwegians, and 10 men, Finns, making 78 Lapps, 25 Norwegians and 10 Finns, or 113 emigrants. Of the women 16 were married, 6 of them having been recently married. Among the Lapp men was a Mr. Samuel Johannesen Balto, who accompanied Nansen in his famous trip across Greenland, for which he received a silver medal from Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway. There was also in the company Johan Petter Stalogargo, a Finn who has the distinction of being the northernmost mail-carrier in the world, having for eight years carried the mail on his back to North Cape, Norway, traveling on skees (Norwegian snowshoes). Among the 68 men are 13 who have had experience in carrying the mail with reindeer teams across the mountains and canons and plains of Arctic Lapland.

The reindeer proved to be good sea-travelers, learning to balance themselves with the rolling of the ship, and to rest by lying down the same as if they had been on their native pasture. The loss of one deer by death out of 539, was a very small thing; that death, however, was not due to the sea voyage, but to injuries received in fighting The same was liable to occur if they had been running at large on land. Whenever, during the journey, we encountered a snow-storm, the snow was carefully gathered from the deck by the Lapps in pails, and carried to the pens for the use of the reindeer and they ate it with avidity. The men were organized into gangs, with overseers, for the feeding and care of the deer upon the trip.

On February 27th, our eyes were gladdened with the welcome sight of land off New England, and that evening we dropped anchor inside of Sandy Hook.

On the afternoon of March 1st, in two sections, we started across the continent by way of the Pennsylvania, Wisconsin Central and Great Northern Railways to Seattle.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
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Associate Editors.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.
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Post-Mortem Praise

WHAT eulogiums in Congress and Legislature and church courts of men who were pursued all their days! The very orators whose tongues were drawn swords turned into the service of apotheosis. All around us are people blamed for what they cannot help. There is something in their health, or something in their worldly circumstances, or something in their domestic condition, that disqualifies and disables them. Blamed for idleness, when they have not the strength to work. Blamed for parsimony, when their finances are cramped. Blamed for ill-temper, when their nerves have given out. Blamed for misanthropy, when they have had enough to disgust them forever with the human race. After we have criticized, and blamed, and exhausted the vocabulary of abuse, death steps in and makes revelation of the wrong we have done, when it is too late for reparation. The rough nails driven into the coffin by denunciation while he lives, are silver-headed with panegyric now that he is dead. Let us learn to do our duty with respect to God's approval, rather than with respect to what the world may say. Meanwhile, we had better temper our tirades until we know all. There are many to-day who would pay largely to get back the words yesterday uttered. But words fly not in circles, coming back to the lips that uttered them, but in a straight line, and no gunner ever had fowling-piece that could shoot them on the wing. As we get older, let us get more lenient. When we hear things adverse to any one, let us always remember there is another side. How often we are compelled to change our opinions of men and things. There frequently comes a great outburst of feeling against public men, and after a vast expenditure of reprehension we hear explanations satisfactory to all. We let the dogs out of the kennel for a chase that ought never to be made. After a while our turn comes to be pursued, and then we learn by bitter experience how we may be misrepresented and belied. We need to put ourselves into more frequent association with disposition mild and gentle and which think no evil. Charity, beautiful grace, and rare grace of apostolic and Christ-like commendation—we all need more of it in our speech and lives. Above all, by constant communion with Christ, we will absorb something of that gentleness and love which were the characteristics of his life. No one can be much with him without catching something of his spirit. On the contrary, it is impossible to be much with the hypercritical and acerb without catching their sin. Avoid those who would rather believe evil of others than good. Keep out of the path of nettles and walk in the garden of the Lord.

Evil Speaking

AT times the air is full of defamation. Waste no time in hearing gossips slander others. As soon as she unties the strings of her hat and lies back to have a good talk, excuse yourself and get out into the fresh air, and look up at the stars and think of God. In the first year of my ministry I heard that which has impressed me until this day. In central New York I heard in a parlor a minister of religion, in conversation, most vividly condemn the sin of a minister of the Gospel, saying that he (the minister speaking) could never be tempted to such a crime. It was right that he should condemn the sin, but I did not like the self-righteous declaration that he never could have been tempted that way. Before two years passed that minister of religion was tried for the same crime and condemned—the jury out only a few minutes, so evident was his guilt. The condemned man died of a broken heart, and his body went out to Greenwood, and his soul to that God who, I hope, was more merciful to him than he had been to his fallen brother. James 11:13—"He shall have judgment without mercy who hath shown no mercy." Look out for that! I was not quite certain where that passage in Scripture was to be found, so I picked up my Concordance and found the verse and discovered how many times the word "mercy" is recorded in the Bible. And how many times do you suppose that one word occurs—that princely, beautiful word "Mercy"? Two hundred and eighty-five times it either appears alone or is a part of some other word.

The Death of a Volunteer Fireman

MR. HAMILTON S. WHITE, of Syracuse, N. Y., a relative of Hon. Andrew D. White, came to his death by exposure at a fire in Syracuse, recently. For a generation he has been known in that city, and in distant parts of the country for his unpaid enthusiasm in the study and practical treatment of city fires. Wealthy, honored, a leader of many business enterprises, he once equipped an engine-house, and paid the expense of running it twelve years, and then turned it over to the city. At the time of his death, which occurred from breathing poisonous gases, he was President of the Fire Department, and was recognized as at liberty to take part in battling all conflagrations.

His foible, if we should call it so—was it not just as much his heroism, as that of the leader of a forlorn hope in battle?—at last occasioned his death. John Howard is regarded the prince of philanthropists because his travels and criticisms changed the whole character of prisons. Is there a philanthropy in making a study and an indefatigable battle with such calamities as desolate whole city squares: yes, sometimes sweep a whole city's site? Hamilton S. White, certainly deserves in Syracuse, in some public square, an emblematic monument. Few men can do what he did. His work is not done till his name shall be forgotten. That ought never to be.

One of Our New Possessions

PORTO RICO we for the present shall be likely to hold as our own. We obtained almost bloodless possession of her. Her population is largely white. She has a coast line of three hundred and sixty miles; being [illegible] with an area of some thirty-six to forty thousand square miles. Nine-tenths of her surface is mountainous. The highest eminences do not exceed four thousand feet; the ordinary mountains being less than two thousand. These mountain areas are covered with a deep red, arenaceous clay soil, to which vegetation clings with great tenacity. This soil is one of the marked features of the island. Owing to it, the mountains are susceptible of cultivation to their very summits. Many of the most productive crops of coffee are grown upon steep declivities, which would never be cultivated even by the daring American farmer. Over cultivation has temporarily ruined considerable portions of the island, which can be restored only by the use of fertilizers or forestization. Here are problems for the agricultural chemist as well as the farmer. The equable climate, the high elevation, the beautiful scenery, must make Porto Rico attractive to the tourist; must make it a delightful resort for the half-invalids of the United States. It is said that yellow fever almost never scourges Porto Rico. The only exception is in the barracks of Spanish soldiers and in the ill-cared-for prisons. Indeed, on the whole, as a writer in *Harper's Weekly* has lately said: "Porto Rico has a most salubrious climate and engenders the smallest number of physical ailments among the unacclimated of all the regions of the Western Hemisphere within the torrid zone. In any country where vegetation grows rank and luxuriant, where the suns are hot and the rainfalls frequent, disease is necessarily more prevalent; but Porto Rico has been remarkably free from the scourges which afflict the people of the adjacent islands; moreover, it should be remembered, in summing up the situation, that this fair condition exists on an island where the population, is, and has been for centuries, more dense than that of almost any other purely agricultural section of the New World."

IMPORTANT NOTICE

MI[illegible] parts of the country, and intending [illegible] money, to avail themselves only of the safest modes of remittance, viz., post office money order, express money order, draft on New York or registered letter. While only a small percentage of the mail is lost or rifled, still, people who send *cash* run that risk, and, when safer modes of remittance are equally convenient, they should certainly be utilized.

Recently we received from the Post Office Department the following communication, which requires no comment:

"POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
"OFFICE OF POST OFFICE INSPECTORS,
"[illegible]
"[illegible]

"*Dear Sirs:* The inclosed was recovered from two professional mail robbers—Frank H. Smith and A. E. Bell—who were recently arrested for stealing a pouch of mail at Buffalo, N. Y., April 11, 1899.

"I will thank you to return the inclosed envelope to me, after marking same for identification, which is to be used in the trial of the thieves.

"An official envelope is inclosed for reply, which requires no postage.

"Very respectfully,

"M. D. WHEELER,
"[illegible]"

During the last three or four months there have been many instances in which letters, purporting to have contained cash, when received at this office proved to be "without inclosure."

We trust our subscribers will co-operate with us in our efforts to avoid losses in the mails by sending their remittances by means of non-negotiable paper, such as is described above. If you send money by post office order, or express order, or draft drawn to the order of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, then, should it by accident be lost or should it be stolen, it can be duplicated with little or no expense to you. Surely the security thus obtained is worth the little additional effort the employment of safe means of remittance may involve?

BRIEF NOTES

The Queen [illegible] England, have just received notice that under the will of a recently deceased barrister they will receive [illegible] bidden Land."

[illegible] Mission [illegible] England, have just received notice that under the will of a recently deceased barrister they will receive [illegible]

[illegible] tion of the work of French evangelization, to which he devoted forty years of his life.

[illegible] year. During the last ten years it has averaged [illegible]

[illegible] to continue the canteen in the army. Dr. Cuyler, Dr. Burrell, Dr. A. C. Dixon, Dr. MacArthur and other ministers took part in the proceedings.

[illegible] statistics of Christian schools in that country: Protestant boarding-schools for boys, 15, with 1,520 scholars; for girls, schools 47, containing 2,527 scholars; Protestant day-schools, 105, pupils [illegible]

[illegible] conducted by the Rev. Dr. Wellington E. Loucks, of Philadelphia, in the Fifth Presbyterian Church of [illegible] P. McCurdy is pastor. The spiritual interest of the church members was greatly quickened and deepened.

Interesting revival meetings have been in progress for some time at Mrs. Willing's Evangelistic Training School and Settlement, 463 West [illegible] ducted by Evangelist Ruth of Indianapolis, Ind., aided by the sweet singer Miss Springer of Little Rock, Ark.

Rev. Thomas Harrison is holding services at Clinton, Ill. At the revival under his preaching at Decatur, Ill., upwards of six hundred persons knelt at the altar seeking [illegible] pal Church was crowded to its utmost ca[illegible] and hundreds were unable [illegible]

"The progress of Protestantism in France," says *The Missionary Review*, "is shown by many [illegible] Catholic Church have been converted to Protestantism that it has become necessary to open for them a home near Paris.

The Rev. Dr. Reese F. Alsop, rector of St. Ann's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, has been elected to the office of general secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. The office has been vacant since the death of the Rev. Dr. William S. Langford.

One of the last beneficencies of the late Baroness de Hirsch was an effort to ameliorate the lot of many Jews in Algeria, who were thrown out of employment by the anti-Semitic agitation. The Baroness' gift of two million francs will be used to open manufactories in which the Jews dismissed from Christian firms may find employment.

Mr. D. L. Moody has received a monster petition from Australia to hold revival meetings in that land. It is signed by over sixteen thousand persons. An urgent request has also come from Scotland for a series of meetings. A Bible Institute similar to that in Chicago has been established in Glasgow, at Mr. Moody's suggestion.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the International Missionary Union will be held at Clifton Springs, N. Y., June 14-21, 1899. All foreign missionaries of any evangelical denomination are eligible to membership, and as such are entitled to free entertainment. Additional information can be obtained by addressing Mrs. C. C. Thayer, Clifton [illegible] N. Y.

Rescue Mission Work has been commenced in Seattle, Wash., by Mr. C. N. Crittenton. At a large meeting of Christian people of all denominations, Mr. Crittenton described the work of the Florence Mission in New York and other cities. A rescue band of fifty members was organized and officers elected. Mr. Crittenton expects to commence a similar work in Tacoma.

The Yale Band has been visiting Boston, [illegible] interest in Foreign Missions. Its meetings commenced on April 22d, and closed Thursday evening, the 27th. They were held under the joint auspices of the Boston C. E. Union, Epworth League, B. Y. P. U., Y. M. C. A., and the women's missionary bands. The opening conference was held in Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple.

Rev. Samuel Colcord has had enormous audiences at Sedalia, Cameron and St. Louis, Mo., to hear his lecture on infidelity. The interest aroused by his vigorous, trenchant answers to re[illegible] Christians everywhere seem relieved by the manly stand he is taking for the old Gospel. Applicants from Churches and Societies for his lecture may be addressed to him at this office, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

The Lincoln Memorial University project, so ably explained by Gen. O. O. Howard in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is rapidly making friends in many States. At a recent meeting of G. A. R. Veterans in Elgin, Ill., $200 was pledged to the work, and the meeting adopted strong resolutions of endorsement. Four thousand dollars more will be needed to free the property from indebtedness. All who are interested in this very worthy project may send their contributions to Gen. Howard, No. 10 East Twenty-third Street, New York, and all such gifts will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

To Pacify Samoa

(See pictures on first page)

NONE too soon has the commission representing the United States, Germany and England started for Samoa. The situation there grows daily more critical, and the representatives of the three powers now in the islands seem to be drifting into more decided antagonism. One of the latest developments has involved the death of one British and two American officers and two sailors of each nationality. They were part of an expedition, consisting of 214 men, which marched against Mataafa's supporters and was attacked by an ambush on a plantation belonging to a German resident. The expedition was fired on from the rear and both flanks, and the Samoan members of it fled. The Americans and English stood their ground until a shell from one of the vessels in the harbor dropped in the plantation and scared their assailants away. They returned, however, to mutilate the seven dead bodies according to the barbarous Samoan custom. It would appear that there was a suspicion of complicity on the part of the manager of the plantation, for he has been arrested and imprisoned on board a British warship. The accounts of the troubles are conflicting. The Germans charge the British and Americans with arming the followers of Mataafa and encouraging them to fight. On the surface, it would appear that the American and British attitude is in accord with the treaty of Berlin, which regulated the tri-partite government of the islands. It provided that if any dispute arose about the succession to the throne, it should be decided by the Chief Justice of the islands. It is not disputed that Chief Justice Chambers, who is an American, decided in favor of Tanus. So that, legally, Tanus is the king of Samoa. Why the Germans favor his rival, Mataafa, is not clear. It is the more surprising because it was at the request of the German government that he was excluded from the throne. Bismarck, who conducted the negotiations, stipulated before the treaty was signed, that Mataafa, who had barbarously mutilated German sailors, should in no case be allowed to reign. The German consul, however, appears to think that the prohibition was not intended to be permanent, for he has enthusiastically championed his cause. As there is no probability of the three consuls coming to an agreement, and as their opposition encourages the hostility of the rival claimants to the throne, the three powers have acted wisely in sending out a commission vested with full power to settle the dispute. It consists of Baron Von Sternberg, representing Germany; Mr. Bartlett Tripp of South Dakota, formerly minister to Austria, representing our Government, and Mr. C. N. E. Eliot, of the British Embassy at Washington, representing England. It is hoped that these three commissioners, going to Samoa unpledged and unbiased, will act harmoniously, and so put an end to the unhappy dissension. We trust that in deciding the questions at issue the commissioners will not be concerned alone with the commercial interests involved, but will take into account the welfare and best interests of the Samoan people, which ought to be the chief object to be attained. There is little doubt that the majority of the Samoans would prefer the rule of Mataafa, who belongs to the old order of rulers, and has proved that he has not learned better ways by his banishment: but the commission will probably find that there is more hope of the development of the people under the young king Tanus, who has learned the ways of civilization. It is as it was in the days of the Preacher:

Better is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king who will no more be admonished, for out of prison he cometh to reign, and he that is born in his kingdom becometh poor (Eccles. 4: 14).

SAMOAN WARRIORS MARCHING THROUGH THE MAIN STREET OF APIA

Which is the Faster Foot

A writer in a popular journal calls attention to a curious fact which though known to scientific men has escaped general observation. He asks each of his readers to find out which is his faster foot. It is not a silly question, nor one with a catch in it, but a demonstrable fact that one foot is in nearly every case more active than the other. He says: "If you will take any pavement that is clear of other pedestrians, so that there shall be no interference and walk briskly in the centre, you will find that before you have gone a hundred yards you will have veered very much to one side. You must not make any conscious effort, of course, to keep to the centre or you may do it, but if you will think of something and endeavor to walk naturally, it is a hundred to one you cannot keep a straight line. The explanation of this lies in the peculiarity of one foot to walk faster than the other. Or, to be more correct, perhaps it should be said that one leg takes a longer stride than the other,and this, combined with the quicker movement causes one to walk more to one side than the other. It is well known, for instance, that if one is lost in the woods the tendency is to walk in a circle and eventually to return to about the starting point. This demonstrates the fact, also, that one foot walks faster than the other." Unhappily there is the same tendency to deviate from the straight course in the moral and spiritual walk. Every one has need to heed the warning Solomon gave to his son:

Ponder the path of thy feet and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil (Prov. 4: 26).

Suspected Robbers

An arrest made in New York a few days ago is believed to be one of great importance. A man called on a firm of jewelers and purchased a pair of diamond ear-rings, presenting in payment a draft issued by a bank at Waverly, N. Y. He said that the jewelers would probably like to satisfy themselves that the draft was genuine, so he would leave it and call later for the ear-rings and the change. The jewelers telephoned to the bank and learned that the draft was genuine, but that it had been stolen in transmission by mail. It was in one of a number of letters in a registered mail pouch which was stolen from the mail-car at Buffalo, N. Y., recently. The purchaser of the ear-rings and a man who was in his company when he returned, as he had promised, were arrested. On being searched, a check was found upon one of them for a trunk in a railroad baggage-room. This was opened, and in it was found the uniform of a mail clerk with a badge bearing the initials R. M. S. (Railroad Mail Service). The post-office detectives say that this explains the mystery of the robbery, and of others of a similar character, which have taken place at various times and places. A careful watch has been kept against thieves, but suspicion would not be aroused against a man attired in the garb of an employee of the post office, who apparently understood his business. No ordinary person could get access to the pouch, but it would be easy for a man wearing the uniform of an employee of the post-office to do so. Unhappily the Church of Christ suffers in a similar way. The greatest harm it suffers comes not from avowed enemies, but from those who wear the garb of religion. There is still need to heed our Lord's warning:

Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves (Matt. 7:15).

Heroic Convicts

A remarkable scene was witnessed at the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, New York, a few days ago. It was that of convicts acting as life-savers. A fire had been discovered in one of the upper floors of the old building, which is occupied by the sick patients and the cooking department. There were eighteen patients in the infirmary on the fourth floor, most of them too sick and weak to move from their beds. The warden invited volunteers from among the prisoners at hand, and sixty men offered themselves for service. They were organized in three gangs, and while two gangs fought the fire, one gang went to the infirmary to carry down the patients. The elevator was useless, as the flames had turned the shaft into a roaring chimney. The sick persons had to be carried down three flights of stairs. It was a work of no little difficulty and danger, but the convicts never flinched. They brought every one safely down, and then, while the fire was raging fiercely, they went up again at the risk of their lives and searched the attic floor to see if there was any person there who had been overlooked. Meantime, the other convicts were aiding the firemen in saving the remainder of the buildings. The courage and devotion the convicts displayed, won the admiration of all who witnessed the scene. It is singular that men capable of such heroism should be under punishment for crime. It shows what a mixture of good and evil there is in human nature. What a pity it is that such men cannot be induced to apply the remedy that Paul found efficacious against that evil:

I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity (Rom. 7: 23).

A Belated Vindication

The Legislature of Massachusetts has received a petition, presented by Representative Davis, and signed by many influential ministers and laymen, praying for the reversal of the sentence of banishment, passed on Roger Williams two hundred and sixty-four years ago. The petition pleads that "Whereas, Roger Williams's doctrine of religious liberty, for advocating which he was banished, has become the fundamental sentiment of Christendom. Be it resolved, we petition the honorable Legislature at your earliest convenience to pass an act revoking said sentence of banishment, and your petitioners will ever pray God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." It does not signify whether the Legislature does or does not comply with the request. Roger Williams has long been beyond the power of men to do him good or evil. What is more to be desired is that men may learn from the mistakes of the past to mend their ways and to cease to persecute those who differ from and with them. Even in Christ's time there was the same need, as he told the rulers of his people:

Ye build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets (Matthew 23: 29, 30).

Heroic Treatment

A reporter of a Missouri journal visiting a hospital at Sedalia, heard a story from one of the surgeons which shows how important it is to trust a doctor rather than sensation. It was the case of a brakeman who in entering a car which had been laden with bananas touched a strange creature which was clinging to the side of the car. It looked like a large spider, and as he touched it the creature bit one of the fingers of his hand. He knocked the creature down and set his foot upon it, and then went about his work. Soon afterwards the bitten finger began to swell, and he poulticed it, but as it grew worse he went to the hospital. The doctor lanced it, and after examining the discharge, advised the man to have his hand amputated. The brakeman laughed at him and refused. It seemed so unnecessary for him to give up his hand because of a little bite on his finger. But as it grew worse, he consented to have his finger cut off. The surgeon who performed the operation told him he had better have the entire hand amputated, but he would not consent. Later he was scared by the progress of the swelling and the intense pain, and asked to have the hand cut off. But it was too late then, and the surgeons told him that he had better lose his arm. To this, however, he would not agree, and the hand was amputated. Still the pain continued, and then the brakeman placed himself in the doctor's hands and bade him do as he thought best. The surgeon amputated the arm at the shoulder, and the man, after being four months in the hospital, left feeling thankful that his life was saved. Christ intimated that there were cases of moral and spiritual poison of a like character, in which heroic treatment was necessary, and associations dear as a right hand or a right eye must be given up to save the soul.

It is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell (Matt. 5: 30).

. . . A Visit to the Truant School, New York City . . .

Illustrated by Photographs of the School and its Little Prisoners, taken Specially for "The Christian Herald" by Joseph Adams

TRUANTS AND PARENTS AWAITING EXAMINATION

"FIXING" A BOY'S HEIGHT TO STOP LYING

A TRUANT ON TRIAL

IN a great cosmopolitan city, with its teeming population, one of the most important problems is that which relates to the education of the young. New York's schools are in many respects a model to those of other large cities throughout the Union. Improved methods have made studies more attractive, and the school-room is no longer what it was a generation ago—a place to be dreaded by children who are neither of a studious nor industrious turn of mind. Yet every public school in the metropolis has had its own experience with truants—little lads who, through a natural bent for mischief and a disinclination to study, have persistently absented themselves from school. So numerous did the truants become, and so great a hindrance to class work and an annoyance to teachers were they that it was at last decided by the Metropolitan School Board to adopt a new system of punishment which should act as a check on this growing evil. Accordingly, two years ago, the New York Truant School was opened at No. 215 East Twenty-first Street. It is a four-story brick building, containing laundry, kitchen, play-room, wash-room, offices, dining-room, two school-rooms, a number of dormitories, a hospital and disinfecting-room. The institution is under the control of Mrs. M. E. R. Alger, Supervisor, with a small corps of assistants, including three teachers, who are appointed by the Board of Education. The provisions of the Compulsory Education Act are enforced in New York through the efforts of twenty Attendance Officers, who investigate every case of truancy. Since the beginning of the last school term (October 1, 1898) 900 children have been saved from truancy and the aimless life of the streets by these means. The Attendance Officer, having investigated a case, brings the delinquent to the office of the Truant School, and the parent or legal guardian is summoned to attend and make explanation as to the cause of the continued staying away from school. The hearing is private. Should the parent or guardian refuse, he or she is summoned before a magistrate. Should the hearing be satisfactory, and if the truant make promise of amendment, he is paroled and receives a card, which must be signed daily by the parent or guardian and which contains the record of school attendance and conduct. He must report at stated intervals at the Truant School for a certain time. If, on the other hand, he prove incorrigible, he is committed, either with the [illegible] to the Truant School, where he must remain for the balance of the school year. Truants are also committed to the New York Juvenile Asylum, the House of Refuge, and the Catholic Protectory.

In the Truant School, the offender is made to understand that he is undergoing a deserved punishment, yet he is not [illegible]. His fellow prisoners — usually about fifty in [illegible] boys from eight to sixteen years of age. All are dressed in plain uniforms; they [illegible] other, and are permitted only to speak to the teachers. A [illegible] and docile, gets a red button after being a few days in the [illegible]; two weeks of well-doing bring him a blue button, and another two weeks' excellent record entitles him to freedom on parole. The little prisoners get up at 6 A.M., breakfast at 7, help a little at washing dishes and similar work, then study lessons and go through certain manual training exercises from 9 A.M. to 4.30 P.M., with an interval [illegible] and the open air. Supper is served at 5 o'clock, after which comes more dish-washing; at 6.45 the truants assemble for military drill, and at 7.45 they listen to a short talk by the drill-master. At 8 all retire to the dormitories, and an hour later lights are out and the truants are in dreamland, forgetting schools and laws and stern magistrates in the sweet oblivion of sleep.

Mrs. Alger, Supervisor of the Truant School, states that since the beginning of the present term, about 415 children have been admitted and released, of whom at

MRS. M. E. R. ALGER

Supervisor of Truancy and Manager of the Truant School

DINNER-TIME AT THE TRUANT SCHOOL

THE TRUANTS ON PARADE IN THEIR PRISON UNIFORM

THE NEW YORK TRUANT SCHOOL

A STUDIOUS CORNER IN THE CLASS-ROOM

THE CHILDREN AT FIRE DRILL

least 400 have been thoroughly cured of the truant habit, and are now model, well-behaved boys. For several of the older lads, who have reached the limit of the school age and wanted to work, suitable employment was secured. In addition to the truants committed to her care, about 700 have been paroled by card on pledge of regular attendance at public school. The parents' pledge reads as follows:

I hereby acknowledge the charge of non-attendance as brought against my child in the statement of the Attendance Officer, and promise to require his regular attendance at School No.—— for the remainder of the current year. I therefore pray that this case be dismissed or that action be suspended for this violation of the law (Signed) ..... *Parent.*

Attempted escapes from the Truant School are rare, and still more rarely are they successful. The delinquent knows that to try to escape would bring him into still greater trouble, in the event of recapture. Last year of those paroled on card, nearly all honorably kept their pledge, only eight having been committed for breach of parole. Of the total number committed, only nine were so utterly incorrigible as to necessitate their detention until the close of the school year.

It is proposed to establish a more commodious Truant School, the present accommodations being altogether too small, in which event the present building will be utilized as a Truant House of Detention. There is no arrangement for the care of incorrigible girls, but the probabilities are that a school for their commitment will also be opened.

Our photographer in the illustrations on these two pages has given us glimpses of life at the Truant School which may carry a salutary and helpful lesson to many homes where education is undervalued and the opportunities of childhood are neglected. The little absentee who suddenly finds himself in the grasp of the truant officer, doubtless experiences a shock as startling in its way as that of the older offender who is "rounded up" by justice. He looks forward with dread to what is to follow. Another photograph shows a party of truants and their parents awaiting a hearing in the ante-room of the Supervisor's office, while still another represents an examination of the parents and the offender. Class-room work, the fire-drill, and calesthenics are also shown. Two novel punishments are the solitary recess or cupboard for repeated misbehavior, and "fixing a boy's tongue," to cure him of lying, both of which have proved effective in most cases. The "fixing," it need hardly be explained, is harmless, consisting of the application of a pinch of quinine, which leaves a bitter taste in the boy's mouth that he is not likely to forget, when he next feels the temptation to utter a lie.

THE PADDED CUPBOARD

ARRESTING A TRUANT

A LITTLE RECALCITRANT

Unquestionably the moral effect of the Truant School is an excellent one. Children of wayward and idle disposition, or those who have been led away by evil associates of the "street Arab" order, are there taught the value of obedience to law and respect for their teachers; and the compulsory studies, together with the temporary deprivation of freedom, seldom fail to convince them of the folly and wickedness of their previous misconduct. A kindly Christian spirit pervades the institution and its management, and the boy usually leaves with the conviction that he has passed through a wholesome, if rigid, discipline. It is an experience which is calculated to awaken his better nature, stimulate his energies and influence his whole after-life. Thousands of boys in future years will recall with gratitude the Truant School and its kindly mistress, who set their feet firmly on the path of instruction.

CLEANING UP BEFORE DINNER

THE TRUANTS AT EXERCISE

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Prayer in the Home

Its Practical Helpfulness — The Story of One Woman's Prayerful Life

"I PRAY," said an aged mother in Israel, "that I may win my home eternal in the heavens, and that I may be worthy of it." Her meek eyes would have opened in wide wonder if some one had told her, "By your prayers you have made an earthly home almost like heaven." Yet this was what many said of that house which was a place of peace and of spiritual refreshment and inspiration to all who came within it. As far as worldly goods went, it was a very humble home; yet rich neighbors were glad to visit there, and find a help and comfort of which their palatial dwellings, rich with furnishings of silk and velvet, silver and gold, were sometimes bare.

"Granny," as the village children called her, had known many sorrows; she had borne them beautifully. In her girlhood, when death had claimed the father and mother to whom she clung, and the brother and sister whom she loved, she had carried her troubles to God and left them there: when the grim reaper took her first-born, she had again laid her grief before the great burden-bearer, and had come forth from her closet ready to minister to bereaved ones, wise to utter just the words that would heal. Thus, those whom death visited came to her. People who suddenly lost their riches, came, for they knew that poverty had been, with her, a means of grace. Dwellers in palaces where discord reigned sought to discover the secret of her peaceful abode. Her wedded life had not been a path of roses, as everyone knew, but she had trodden it almost as if it were; and at last, by prayer and patience, had made it nearer what she wished. So troubled young wives found her a safe, sympathetic, helpful counselor. The son, whose opportunity she had labored and sacrificed to secure, was led away by evil associates at college. Her prayer proved stronger than his temptations; he was reclaimed, and made her proud and glad by his labors as a minister of Christ. With troubled friends she prayed—to one and all she said: "All the sorrows I ever had I just laid on the Lord, and he carried them. When I haven't known what to do, I just talked it over with God; and then I'd do all my little duties as they came to hand the best I could, and try to keep cheerful and trust."

One of her children said: "I've never heard my mother speak a cross word. I've seen her cheeks flush when she was tired, but she'd go off by herself a little while and come back presently with a peace not of earth on her face. When we vexed her with childish peccadillos, when we tortured her with fearful trials in our maturity, it was the same thing. We're trying to build our homes the same way: by praying, and then by doing the little duties that come to hand the best we can, while we trust God for his part."

Not Needed Ones

It must be a sad wail that goes up from the heart when this feeling enters the breast, says Mrs. J. H. O'Bryan. If in the home—the dearest spot on earth—there dwells a soul who feels that it is not needed, extend your helpful sympathy to that one. The sick and the aged ones need reassurance on this point. Make them feel by words and smiles and actions that there is a place for them yet; a work for them to do. The aged and the invalid can be patient and loving and cheerful—although the last may cost a struggle. And what is more precious in any home than patience, love and cheerfulness? Their price is above rubies.

Southern Woods and Gardens

A letter which an old friend and long-time reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD writes from Inman Park, Atlanta, Ga., gives an idea of how very pretty things were looking down there on April 20, when the letter was written: "Whenever possible, my little daughter, Mary, and I are out walking and riding. We drive way out in the country; the woods are lovely now; sweet with the fragrance of wild honeysuckle, gay with red, white, blue and purple wildflowers, restful in their leafy greenness; and so musical with bird songs. Some days we take a lunch with us, a nice book to read, or the latest issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and have a real little picnic. My roses are putting up from the roots. I feared they were all dead—killed by the hard winter. My garden is backward, but looks well. We have our first dish of spring greens to-day. It was so cold that we have very few little chickens. We have two pretty little calves, and Bossy and Dimple are giving us milk and butter in abundance. The colt is quite clever, and is taking kindly to education; if he can't talk, he can ask Mary for a lump of sugar; and when he wants water, he lets his requests be known. You should see the new strawberry bed, and our fine row of blackberry bushes. Berries, canteloupes, watermelons and grapes help out our own table every year, and carry refreshment to some sick and poor folks; so we hope none of our vines and bushes will fail us.

A Strange Doll

The following incident related in a New York daily, while very sad must bring a sense of thankfulness to many of our readers, through whose instrumentality so many children of the slums have found happy play in green lanes and flowery fields; and in the tender care and Christian environments of our Children's Home, where we hope that very many will be cared for this summer.

I was [illegible] me and a fine, driving rain, when my attention was attracted by a little girl about [illegible] girl, about five or six [illegible] ly dressed and quite unprotected from the rain, so far as an umbrella went. I hurr[illegible] thinking about how wet and cold and miserable the child must be and reiterating in my mind a determination to which I have often come, not to go home by that ferry, but to cross the bridge for the express purpose of escaping the sight of the children down there. When I came quite up to the child she turned suddenly and faced me. She looked up with the most engaging smile and said, quite simply but pleasantly: "My dolly's as'eep." I looked down and discovered that she was nursing in her little arms a whiskey bottle, quart size and unadorned save for a white label discolored by the rain. For days and nights the picture of that child with a whiskey bottle for a doll troubled my waking and sleeping hours.

Children carrying beer-cans between saloons and homes is a common sight in Cherry, and other streets. God speed the day when there will be no saloons.

A MORNING PETITION

'TIS well to wait upon the Lord,
To read his comfortable Word,
And his divine commands obey.
'Twas well for youth in ages past,
'Tis well for [illegible]-day.

Every Little Penny

[illegible]

He will love and bless them whereso'er they go.
Some poor little heathen may be taught to [illegible]
Don't despise the small things: Jesus makes them great;
He who feeds the hungry, bids us watch and [illegible]

W. H. M.

Singers Help Song-Birds

A WOMAN'S club has again come to the help of the birds, and our feathered friends of field and forest might pipe their gratitude in tuneful numbers if they knew. The Women's Philharmonic Society of New York, recently passed resolutions discouraging the wearing of plumage by women, and pledging their moral support and active influence to the Audubon Society and its President, Morris K. Jessup. They also applauded "the great merchant and princely lover of fine arts, Marshall Field, of Chicago, for having given up more than a year ago the sale over his counters of millinery ornaments manufactured from slaughtered birds; and commend his example to the department stores throughout the country as one of the most potent means of stopping the traffic in question." They ask all "musical and humane women" to memorialize Congress and Legislatures on the subject of legal protection for feathered folk. The preamble urges that the annual slaughter of twenty-five million of insect-eating birds "upsets the balance of nature as arranged by our Divine Creator," and exposes crops to destruction and causes extermination of valuable and beautiful species. The preamble prettily says "for their gift of song, birds should be especially dear to all musical women."

A Nice Doggie

A gentleman signing "Bow wow," in a recent publication, tells of many clever things which his Newfoundland Lion, learned to do. Lion always got his master's slippers out of the slipper-case and brought them to him when he came home at night. If he made a prolonged absence from home, Lion would take note of whether the evening meal was set for one or two. If set for two the intelligent animal knew that master was coming, and the gentleman would find Lion in the hall waiting, with slippers in charge. He knew when his master was going away, for the gentleman would make Lion understand that particular care must be taken of his wife during his absence. Accordingly the big doggie followed his mistress up-stairs and down-stairs, slept at her door, and never willingly let her out of his sight.

Training Children in Self-Reliance

Both in thought and conduct, says Martha B. Mosher, the child should depend upon himself as much as possible. Parents mistakenly enjoy the child's dependence on them, and defer the period of self-reliance as long as possible, thinking perhaps the child may, at a later age, be spared the unpleasant consequences of inexperience: but as he learns mainly by experience, and cannot altogether escape the rude teacher, he in reality gains nothing by a longer period of helplessness. His faculties grow by self-activity alone, and neither his mother's perception nor her experience can be a total substitute for his own. It is hard for a mother to stand by and see her little one commit and take the consequences of various small acts from which he must suffer: and also to deny herself the pleasure of waiting on baby, and have baby wait on himself when he can: but carried out judiciously, the plan is a good one.

Little Things Worth While

AMELIA E. BARR

THERE are some domestic requirements not often included in the list of a woman's accomplishments which deserve our attention, because they are important factors in the happiness-making of the household. First among them is an intelligent knowledge of cooking. It may be taken as an axiom, that no one is insensible to the charm of a good meal, and by a good meal is meant any meal, however simple, if it is only well dressed. Our physical wants are our most importunate wants, our most constantly recurring wants, and their satisfaction in the best possible manner is a good which only begins there—its results are still better. For the body being refreshed, the mind rejoices with it; the brain gives clearer counsel, and the heart more generous responses.

Many a Christian may lay his hours of dark despondency, not to an angry or indifferent God, but to his own weakened or disordered body. We have "this treasure in earthly vessels," and the absolute dependence of the spiritual condition on the physical one is a subject of great individual importance. And if the spiritual health is dependent on the physical health, the latter depends for its highest state of efficiency on the food eaten, and the manner in which it is prepared.

Not only our spiritual happiness, but our business success is very much affected by the meals we take. A fretful, belated, half-cooked breakfast can take all the energy out of a man and send him into the world to fight his battle at a great disadvantage.

* * *

ALL women are fond of admiration, and yet many of them miss a road to it that lies through all their household ways. For though we may please ourselves by imagining men are peculiarly susceptible to refined and artistic pleasure, the truth is, that where one man's heart in a thousand may be reached through his artistic instincts, the hearts of all men are open to the charm of a delicate, well-cooked meal.

There is hardly any office in the household more honorable and more important than that of a good cook; for no service is so necessary to our spiritual, mental, and physical health. And surely when God condescends to be caterer for his great human family—to find them fish and flesh and fruits and dainty sweets—we need not be ashamed to prepare his gifts in the way which shall best honor the wonderful goodness of the Giver. Such an office touches far more nearly than is generally understood all the feelings and events which go to make a happy home.

Another important accessory to pleasant hours at home, is the art of knowing how to talk well. No great intellectual effort is included in this household grace. It has only two vital points—to promote kindness and to unburden the mind. It is therefore an unconscious relaxation, and not a display. If we all cultivated our colloquial powers, we should become insufferable companions. Doubtless many of us have heard on one or two occasions, great wits and clever men air their talents in this way, and we may as well admit that they took a great deal out of us. After an hour in their company, we were not fit for much but sleep. But this is not the conversation that makes the household happy and merry.

* * *

FOR that purpose let us have all the digressions, personalities, stories, and inaccuracies of domestic chatter and news. Let us give and take—make random shots, even commit blunders. We want to be far more intent on bringing out our thought, than on the choice of words for that purpose. We want to have the relief and delight of giving voice to our feelings and opinions; and quite unconsciously, the result of this inspiring confidence is, that it carries weight in general society.

All of us have the gift of speech; and at this day there is so much to talk about that all of us ought to try and use the gift. For talking is self-discipline in a high degree. It acquaints us with ourselves, for as we talk to others we unconsciously reveal to ourselves the trend of our thoughts and aspirations, and the limitations of our powers.

* * *

TALKING has another advantage—it is a wonderfully exhilarating physical exercise. It keeps the mind and body in a glow, and physicians assert it to be one of the secrets of long life. As a rule, great talkers are long livers.

Yet ours is a supercilious, silent age. Even in home-life there is a tendency to prefer books and newspapers, and individual dreaming to the charming interchange of household news, and social happenings. Our young people are in bondage to type, and so cut themselves off from half the important personal influences which ought to stimulate their ideas. Books are very important, but it is also very important to look into intelligent eyes, and to learn through the action of cheerful voices, many things that will not be learned without their aid. Conversation, even with ordinary people, unchains the faculties, and gives us command of words. It also encourages the habit of observation, the art of expression, and that light handling of everyday subjects which makes the household interchange of thought so personal and so charming.

There are people who can talk at once to everybody, and if we examine their conversation it will be found to consist of all that comes into their minds, especially little bits of personal history. A woman among women easily begins on the subject of dress—her own dress—its quality, its price, its maker; and everyone listens because the subject is interesting to everyone. A man who can talk about a dog he once had, or a peculiar accident, or a strange dream, or some household event will, as a rule, find grateful listeners. Such conversations are not to be criticized; they are social amenities, things we say to passing acquaintances, and if they do not show off our wisdom, they at least make people feel that we desire to be pleasant to them.

* * *

THE remarks usually made to strangers about the weather must be taken only as preliminary courtesies, and when they are over many are embarrassed as to the next topic to be introduced. If the stranger has the same tastes and pursuits there is no difficulty. Two literary men, two soldiers, two physicians, two society women, can easily make talk. To be sure there is a foolish prejudice against talking "shop;" foolish, because talking shop means talking of matters that are of interest to the speakers and well understood by them. If the tastes are not in common, then it is safe to fall back upon public events, books, the exhibitions on view, summer watering-places, or traveling.

For three thousand years women have been accused of talking, as if it was a crime to talk. In all languages "silence" has been held up to them as a grace extraordinary; and even with regard to men there has been a superstition that great talkers were somehow little doers. The world has grown wiser, lately, and has become quite alive to the blessing of people who have something to say, and who know how to say it. For good talking is not only an accomplishment; it is also a moral excellence. How can we like a person who repels all our advances with "yes" and "no"? We feel in such curtness a real want of good-will. Our own good-will is soon frozen up, and a sentiment of resentment follows.

However, though this art seems so easy, it is not attained without habit and practice. It cannot be taken up as a resource when we have nothing else to do. We have to learn to talk, and it is an accomplishment worth learning. For conversation is designed to be the long-lasting, never-failing amusement of mankind. It is the pleasure that begins earliest, outlives all other pleasure, and through it, even at the point of death, we signify to those we are leaving, the glory of our hopes and the eternity of our love.

* * *

KINDRED to the pleasure of talking to each other is that of reading aloud. If we have nothing interesting to tell, if we are a little weary of our surroundings, and desirous to escape to stranger people and stranger lands, then there is no more delightful companion than a good book, which being read aloud, has all the advantages of a delightful visitor, besides many other advantages specially its own. In every home there ought to be one or more members accomplished in the art of reading aloud. Nothing better relieves that little strained feeling that comes to all households; it is like opening the windows and letting in a fresh breeze.

But reading aloud as an accomplishment is only attained by considerable study and practice. The middle register of the voice must be relied on, but this can be immensely improved by cultivation, so that even harsh voices can be changed to resonant and flexible ones. Natural readers are apt to find the management of the breath troublesome. The secret is to take breath before the existing supply in the lungs is exhausted; and wherever it is possible, on the vowels "a" or "o." When this is managed, the breathing is not heard; and there is no interruption to the flow of words. It is well that there should be some gesture and variation of voice. If the general tone is impressive, and the articulation absolutely clear, then in many respects a good reader is better than a good actor; for the best actors are apt to spoil their representations by personal mannerisms and perverse pronunciations.

To cook a good meal, to stimulate household mirth and confidence, to chatter and laugh and arouse social interest, "to lose and neglect the creeping hours of time" in simple interchange of simple hopes and plans, to charm the gathered household with the magic hid between the pages of a new story—these things may not be great accomplishments in the eyes of the world, but they are among the little unconsidered blessings that give, unconsciously, not only the tone, but the color to our lives.

Amelia E. Barr

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BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

CHAPTER XXX

Realizing an Ideal

EVER busy in the service of helpful ministration, Evadne scarcely noticed how the months rolled by. Each day brought its opportunity for relieving suffering, its anxiety over life trembling in the balance and its need for direction to be given to some poor, dark soul groping after the light. It was a strange life for one whose early girlhood had been spent as her's had been, but she had obeyed her father's dying injunction to make it the business of her life to seek Jesus Christ, and she had sought and found. That made all the difference. To her, now, Jesus Christ was the one centre of all her thoughts and purposes and her very being. Without him her life would have gone out in darkness. He brightened every hour, and her consciousness of his continual and abiding presence kept her in a beautiful sweet peace. People spoke of her as a self-reliant girl going her own way and leading her own life; but that would have been far from her own description of it. Her sole reliance was on Christ, and not on herself, and she was strong only in him.

One day she sat in the Superintendent's room reading a letter which the postman had just delivered. It bore the Vernon post-mark. When she saw it she grasped it eagerly, realizing for the first time how long it was since her eyes had been gladdened by Aunt Marthe's familiar handwriting. Mrs. Everidge's hands had been full, for her husband's health had failed utterly and he needed continual care. Now her long beautiful ministry was over, for Horace Everidge, serenely selfish to the last, had fallen into the slumber which knows no earthly awakening, and Aunt Marthe was free.

"I do not know what it means," she wrote, "but something tells me I shall not be long in Vernon. I am just waiting to see what work the King has for me to do."

Evadne pressed the letter to her lips. "Dear Aunt Marthe! If the majority had your *tribulum*, they would think they had earned the right to play!"

She looked up. John Randolph was standing before her, with a package in his hands. "I have been commissioned by the Hawthornes to give this into your own possession," he said with a smile.

She opened it wonderingly. Bonds and certificates of stock worth a modest fortune bearing her name. What did it mean? John Randolph had drawn a chair opposite her and was watching her face closely.

"You cannot think what long consultations the Hawthornes and I have held on the subject of what you would like," he said. "You seemed to have no wishes of your own. They went away with the matter still unsettled. There was another subject about which Reginald and I had often talked. His wife's illness and recovery strangely stirred the depths of his nature. You must have noticed that. He seemed for the first time to realize that the community had some claims on a man so rich as he, besides the mere spending of money on his own gratification. He wanted to do something which should be a thank-offering for the life spared, but he did not quite see what was the best form for it to take. In crossing the ocean he seems to have wrestled with both the unsettled problems and eventually he had the happy thought of combining them.

"He determined by one act to show his gratitude to you and his obligation to society. So he sent me a Power of Attorney to transfer these bonds and stocks to you as a trust fund to be used to help the poor and the suffering. He knew that nothing would please you so much as to have such means at your command, and he says he is sure that if he searched the world over, he could not find anyone who could use it so wisely for the purpose he has in mind—that of helping the kind of people who have most need of help."

A great wave of joy swept over her bewildered face. "So God has sent me the fulfilment of my dream!" she said softly. And John Randolph understood.

That evening she wrote to Mrs. Everidge. "Dear Aunt Marthe: The King's work is waiting for you in Marlborough. The work that we used to long for—the joy of lifting the shadows from the hearts of the heavy-laden—God has given to you and me!"

After that letter had been mailed, Evadne counted the days until Mrs. Everidge's arrival. She would take no step until Aunt Marthe could come.

At last on one never-to-be-forgotten day Evadne met her at the depot, and the dear, sweet, heavenly face was kissed with a rapture which told how glad the girl was to see again the guide who had led her into the light.

Then came days of peaceful quiet, during which they talked of plans for the future and discussed the best way of turning Reginald Hawthorne's magnificent gift to the best advantage. Then this subject was put aside until Dr. Randolph could spare a day to talk with them and bring the benefit of his experience and wide knowledge of the poor of the city to help in the solution of the problem.

Evadne described him to Mrs. Everidge, and as she did so her heart thrilled with that old feeling which had come so often when she met him or talked with him. Was it really love? She had analyzed her heart many a time without being sure. Now, with this dear counselor, Evadne felt that she could speak of it and yet shrank from confession of a secret, which as he had not spoken, seemed almost shameful to her. She broke off abruptly and asked: "Dear Aunt Marthe, what is love?"

"I will answer you in the words of one who for years has lived the love life," said Mrs. Everidge. "One must be himself infinite in knowledge to define it, infinite in comprehension to fathom it, infinite in love to appreciate it. Love is God in man, for 'God is love,' and 'every one that loveth is born of God': but love is not merely veneration, nor respect, nor justice, nor passion, nor jealousy, nor sympathy, nor pity, nor self-gratification: to love something as our own is but a form of self-love; to love something in order to win it for ourselves is just a perpetration of the same mistake.

"Dr. Karl Gerok wrote: 'Love is the fundamental law of the world. First, as written in heaven, for God is love: second, as written on the cross, for Christ is love: third, as written in our hearts, for Christianity is love.'

"And Drummond tells us that 'Love is the rule for fulfiling all rules, the new commandment for keeping all the old commandments, Christ's one secret of the Christian life'; and another writer says: 'You are a personality only as your heart lives: and the heart lives only as it loves. Love is all action, therefore the amount of your active love measures the size of your personal heart.'

"Love has been defined 'as the desire to bless.' That is like divine love for there can be no self-thought in God. 'God's love is over all and above all: but when our love responds to his, his love—underneath and about us—becomes to us a personal experience.' Love can reach down when in loving trust we reach up. Love is like the seed. It manifests no life until it begins to grow. Like the seed it must rise out of the dark ground into the light of heaven—out of self-thought into God. God's love to us is like the sun-light: we can make it our own only by being in it: if we try to shut up the sunlight, we shut it out. We forget to do wrong when loving God. As we love God the love we feel for him goes out to others."

"Yes," said Evadne, musingly, "but is it to all and not to one specially?"

"Ah! that is a different matter, little one. This love that I speak of goes out to all without consideration of their qualities, or of any response. It is the overflow of the fountain in the heart. Real love means giving always of our best. God so loved that he gave his Son, the essence of himself. Jesus gave his life, not only

(Continued on following page).

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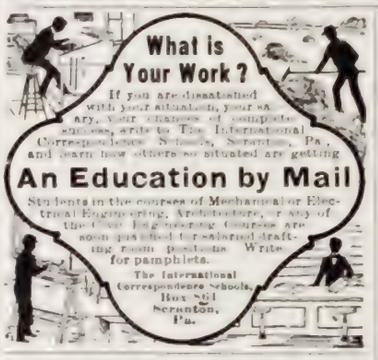

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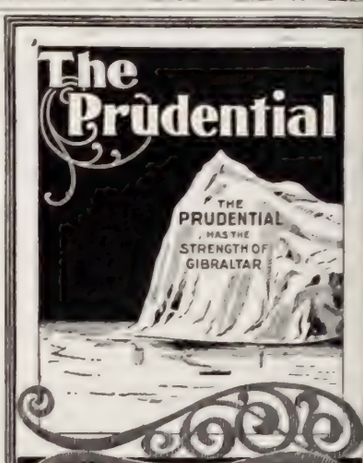

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A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY

(Continued from preceding page).

in the final agony of the crucifixion, but all through the beautiful years of ministry in Nazareth and Galilee. There is a truer giving than of our temporal goods. Our friends, if they really love us, want most of all what we can give them of ourselves. It is those who give themselves to the world's need who come nearest to the divine pattern Christ has set for us to copy, and if we truly love him, we shall want not his gifts but himself. People seek after holy living instead of perfect loving, they do not realize that we can be truly holy only as we love, for 'love is the great reality of the spiritual world.'"

"But when there is no response, not even gratitude, does it not give you a heartache? Forgive me for speaking of it, Aunt Marthe, but when I saw you in your home, I wondered how you could bear to give out all, as you did, and to receive nothing. Your treasure was unappreciated and it seemed to me that you must sometimes feel that there was an aching void in the place from which your love came. I will tell you some day how I have come at times to have that feeling."

"There is a vast amount of heartache, little one, in this old world, and self is at the bottom of it all, when we stop to analyze it. We want to be first, to be thought much of, to be loved best. No wonder that the selfless life seems impossible to most people. Think what a continuous self-sacrifice Christ's life was! So utterly alone and lonely, among such uncongenial surroundings, with people uncouth and totally foreign to his tastes. Ah! we don't realize it. We look at him doing the splendid things amidst the plaudits of the multitude, but think of the monotonous, weary days, going up and down the sun-baked streets, surrounded by a crowd of noisy beggars, full of all sorts of loathsome disease, and the hum-drum life in Nazareth; and all the time the great heart aching with that ceaseless sorrow. 'His own received him not.' Oh, what a waste of love! We do not realize that it is in these footsteps of his that we are called to follow. We are willing to do the great things with the world looking on, but not for the loneliness and the pain! It seems a strange antithesis that Paul should count that as his highest glory, and yet how comparatively few seem counted worthy to enter with Christ into the shadow of that mysterious Gethsemane which lasted all his life. 'The fellowship of his sufferings.' It must surely mean the privilege of getting very near his heart, just as human hearts grow closer in a common sorrow knit by pain. Yes, dear child, self must die, and it is a cruel death—the death of the cross. But then comes the newness of life with its strange, sweet joy, which the world's children do not know the taste of. How can they, when it is the 'joy of the Lord.'?

"Among all the pictures of the Madonna," she continued after a pause, "the one I like best is where Mary is sitting, holding in her hands the crown of thorns; everything else had been wrenched from her grasp, but this they had no use for. What a legacy it was! As I look at it, I see how he has gathered all the thorns of life and woven them into that kingly garland which is his glory. All the wealth of the Indies could not shed as dazzling a light as that thorny crown. Like that brave soldier, who gathered into his own breast the spears of the enemy, Christ has taken the stings from our sorrows and made us more than conquerors over the wounds of earth. Surely he has tasted it all for us—the baseness and coldness and ingratitude and treachery which have wrung human hearts all through the ages. When Judas betrayed him, Peter denied him, and they all forsook him and fled; do you suppose any other pain was comparable to that? Only our friends have the power to wound us, you know, and 'He was wounded in the house of his friends.'"

As Evadne listened, she thought how beautiful had been the life, the inner springs of which Aunt Marthe was laying bare. She had said nothing of all she had borne and suffered; but she was giving her beloved niece the secret of that noble service which she had rendered during all those weary years. Human nature, alone, could not have borne the strain. Here was the Source from which the strength had come.

Evadne was silent for several minutes and the two women, with hands clasped, sat still in the gloaming, each busy with her own thoughts. John Randolph found them so when he dropped in nearly an hour later. A bright intuitive perception lighted his face as he looked at Mrs. Everidge when Evadne introduced him. Aunt Marthe smiled pleasantly as she grasped his hand. It seemed as if both those souls animated by the same principles, walking in the same light, recognized one another by some subtle revelation.

"I am come," John said, "not to talk with you now but to tell you that I am going to take a whole day off to-morrow. Dr. Wilson has promised to see to my patients and I shall have a whole day to myself. I am going to give it to you and I want you to come with me to the Willows, where we will be undisturbed. You will be delighted to meet my dear Lady Di, who is the owner of the place, and she will be glad to welcome you. We will start early, if you are agreeable, and have a long day."

"Aunt Marthe and I were going house hunting again to-morrow," said Evadne, "but your scheme sounds more tempting. I long for a breath of the open country. What do you say, Aunt?"

"I am in your hands, my dear; I will do whatever you think best. You look as if a change might do you good."

So it was settled, and early the following morning John came and carried them off to the Willows.

(To be concluded).

The "Cowboy Preacher's" Church

The following contributions have been received during the week in aid of the movement to erect a church on the prairie at Imperial, Neb., for Rev. Mr. Baylis, the "cowboy preacher," whose interesting story was related in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Previously acknowledged	$43 00
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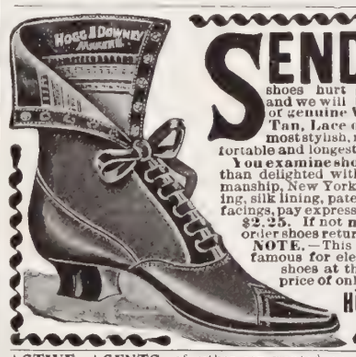

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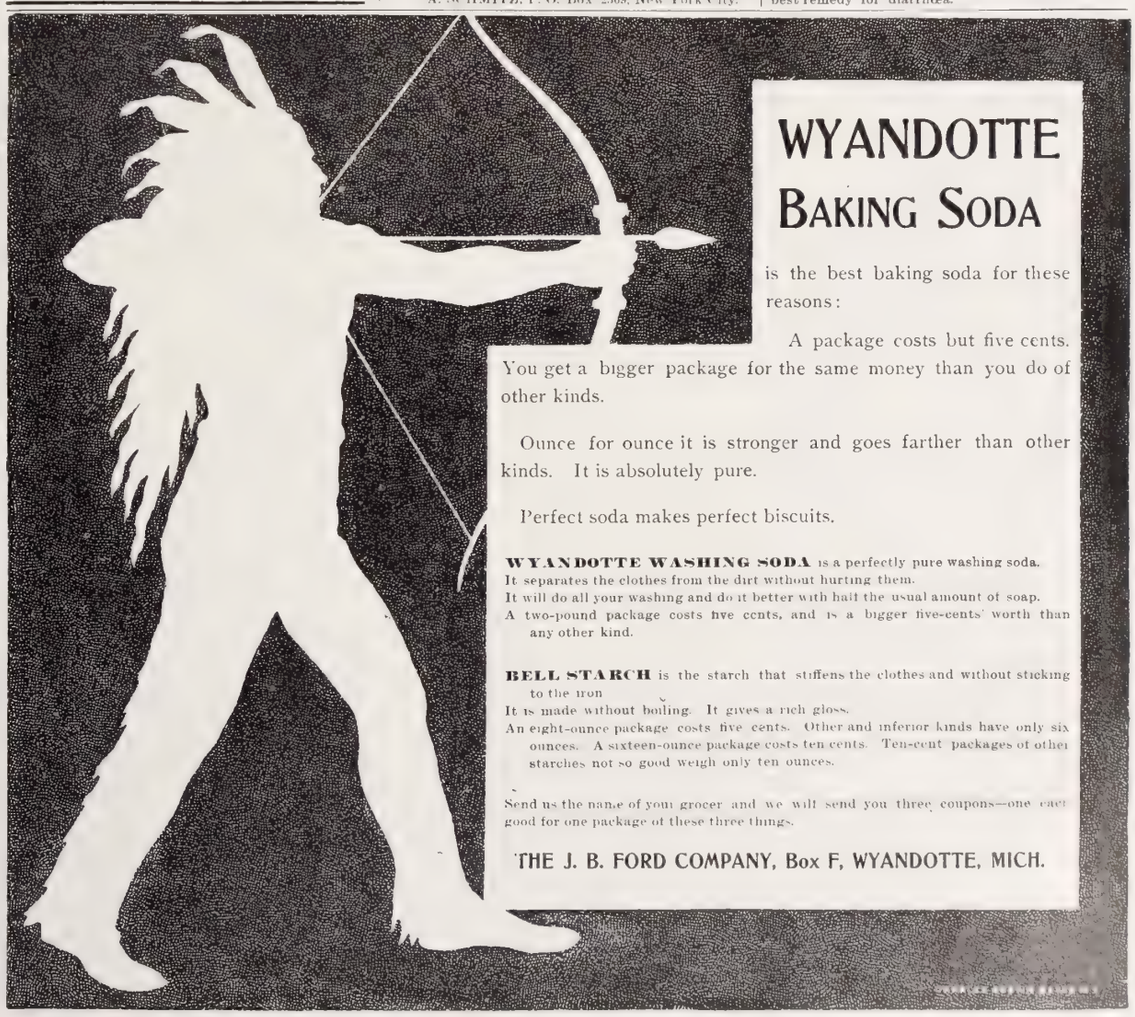

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Our Fresh-Air Work

Many Children Plead—Our Readers' Deep Interest in This Beautiful Charity

PREPARATIONS are going forward for re-opening our Fresh-Air Home for city waifs. Applications from former guests are coming in. Now and then a little waif wanders into the Bible House and anxiously inquires if "the country will open," or if he or she can come. Missionaries and Sunday School teachers are voicing the wants of many children who plead for an outing. Even so early as this, mortality rates in the tenements are creeping up towards the high-water mark which they reach in mid-summer. Statistics of 1897 show that some 7,000 city children died during the summer months.

"SCUPS" FROM THE TAMBLYN'S.

Could you go down into the tenements and see the life that is led there, you would not wonder. Many people live underground in cellars and basements. Others in small, ill-ventilated rooms, towards which they climb up dark, narrow, ill-smelling stairways. After public school hours children are so thick in the malodorous streets and alleys and courts that one can hardly walk for them. This keeps up till late night hours.

Our illustration shows how childhood's natural, God-given instinct for play surmounts difficulties. The little ones have improvised "scups" (swings), with a lamp-post doing duty as tree. No wonder tenement waifs who have been our guests are eager for the grassy lawns, the "scups" hanging from leafy boughs, the bird-songs and the wild-flowers.

In many tenement homes, a table is rarely set. "Table?" say wondering little ones, if you ask how often a table is set in their homes. "We have no table." There is a loaf of bread on a shelf and a piece of meat somewhere, if times are prosperous with basement dwellers. In other cases, there are tables — bare of covering, but scoured to spotless cleanliness by toiling tenement mothers — set forth with meagre fare. These mothers are inexpressibly relieved when several hungry little ones are taken off their hands, carried to a Christian home, fed, clothed and tenderly cared for. Of course, the children of the tenements and many mothers of children are thinking of the bountiful table spread at the Children's Home.

Little guests have noised abroad the good times they had when they went on a ten days' outing up the Hudson to a beautiful place where everybody was so kind, and where children could play on the grass and had plenty to eat. Our Fresh-Air work is growing, and our readers who have co-operated with us in the past, are taking stronger interest than ever in this excellent charity. With gifts of money and promise of little garments come earnest pledges of prayer.

In few ways can so much good be accomplished at such small cost. Three dollars gives a waif a ten days' outing, covering cost of transportation both ways, food, shelter, clothing, medical and caretakers' attention. Six dollars sends two; $9 three; $12 four; and $35 will make twelve children happy for ten days; bring twelve little creatures under Christian influences that may powerfully affect their whole after-lives; and doubtless be the means of restoring to health some little ones who might otherwise have perished.

All contributions to this work will be promptly acknowledged in these columns. The following sums have been received:

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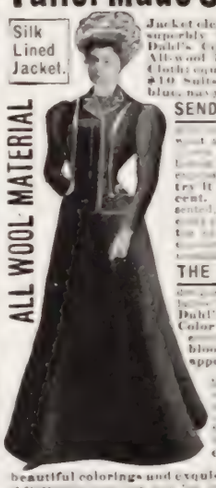

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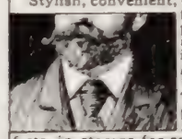

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What Shall . . the . . Children Read?

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

.... Don't be Unforgiving —Tricks of Manner—My Brother's Keeper, etc. ....

A MOTHER, who is trying to bring her little children up to be clever people, good citizens and true Christians, naturally thinks a great deal about what they shall read. One such dear mother writes asking advice, and she tells me, and I tell her in turn, that half her battle is already won, that her children are book lovers even now. It is a great delight to have book-loving children in the home. Also it is a great responsibility. Parents are bound before God and the community to rigidly exclude bad books from their households. In these days there are plenty of good books and in great variety. Only on your part must there be intelligent care. A book-loving child is, in my opinion, far more easily amused and occupied, less liable to get into harm's way, and altogether more comfortable and companionable than one who does not enjoy reading.

* * *

IN my childhood, we had the Rollo books, by Jacob Abbott, and a delightful series of histories from the same gifted man, a row of books bound in red, ranging, as I recall them, from Hannibal and Charlemagne to Charles I., and the Empress Josephine. There were *The Fairchild Family*, *Little Henry and His Bearer*, *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plains*, *Anna Ross*, and other stories, which many of us hold in loving recollection. We had the wonderful masterpieces of Scott: *Ivanhoe* and *Waverly* and *Kenilworth* and *Tales of a Grandfather*. As a child, I delighted in Thompson's *Seasons*, Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Cowper's *Task*. Perhaps you will hardly believe it, but before I was twelve years old, I had read a large part of Matthew Henry's quaint Commentary on the Holy Bible, for the reason that having devoured every other thing within my reach, I was obliged to fall back on those stately volumes, a goodly shelf-full of which flanked the Book itself in my father's house. Once, a small maiden not high enough to reach over the top of the pew in church, I became so absorbed in a memoir of one Colonel Gardner, who was converted under the preaching of John Newton, that the sexton did not see me, and locked up the church on a gray, wintry afternoon, leaving me the sole occupant. There had happened for some reason to be no service, and I, not knowing this, had gone from Sunday School as usual to the family pew.

* * *

I MENTION these books and others, such as the dear *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, and Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, and D'Aubigue's *Reformation*, and the *Life of Ann Hasselton Judson*, to show that if a child is born with a genuine book-hunger, all will be fish that comes to her net, and the most important thing for parents and teachers is to keep out of sight the merely silly and foolishly sensational stuff which is erroneously supposed to form children's literature. Avoid carefully all books in which precociously pious children set a good example to their fathers and mothers, and pose as little martyrs who are suffering for the truth. Such books have a great vogue among children, but they show a false sentiment and are hurtful. Let the children read the dear old fairy tales, *Cinderella*, and *Beauty and the Beast*, and *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and all the rest of them. The children of every age and every tongue have heard these narratives, and they belong to the literature of pure imagination, and should be freely allowed to our boys and girls.

To cultivate a love for the Bible in our children, we must read it with them every day. It may be read in many ways. You are quite right to read the Bible straight through with your darlings. And you are very safe in picking out the beautiful stories of Noah and the Ark, David and Goliath, of Samson, and Ruth and Josiah, and Joseph and his brethren, and telling them, in their historic order, or out of it, as you choose, in a vivid dramatic way, till the children welcome no stories as they do the Bible stories. Don't be satisfied with letting your children learn a golden text once a week, and study a Sunday School lesson once a week; introduce them to the profit and delight of daily, happy Bible reading and study.

I have said all this for one dear, anxious mother, who tells me her little ones already love just such reading as God gives us in his Word. I am sure this precious and thoughtful friend prays for light and help in her daily problems, and also often kneels with her children, and talks to God on their behalf.

One word more before we leave this subject. Cultivate in children kindness for dumb animals, and let them read Kipling's Jungle Books, and stories of animal life generally, and such books as *Black Beauty*. Also give them books of travel and to some extent of adventure. These books will form delightful reading for the whole family.

* * *

I WOULDN'T, if I were you, Constance, cultivate an unforgiving spirit. Even if Irene has treated you unjustly, try to pardon her. But you are not sure she has been in the wrong. At present you are condemning her on hearsay evidence, and—on a testimony that is often misleading—that of circumstances. Why not talk the matter over with her, candidly and fairly, and in that sweet disposition of the heart which leads us, as Christ enjoined, to forgive our enemies not only, but, what is harder, to forgive our friends until seventy times seven.

* * *

A SISTER who yearns over a brother's welfare, both being motherless, consults me about his evenings, which he too often spends away from home. Make home so attractive that he will not want to leave it; ask his friends in to visit you; play games with him, and if you wish to subscribe for a paper for him to have as his own property, why not try *Success*, which I fancy every wide-awake young man in my acquaintance must enjoy.

Margaret E. Sangster

Lecture on Consumption

Why So Many Die and So Few Are Saved

I have made the lungs a specialty for nearly fifty years, and know by experience that Consumption is curable in all stages. By this I do not mean that it is curable in every case, for in some the patient's constitution is so bad and broken down that no healing power is left in the body. But treated in its early stages, fully 95 per cent. recover under antiseptic medicated air inhalations.

All medical colleges now admit that Consumption is Curable, but differ as wide as the poles as to its proper treatment. Since 1891, when Koch's Lymph was heralded by the profession as the long looked for *panacea* for Consumption (but which proved to be the most murderous quackery that ever disgraced the annals of medicine), general physicians have had no treatment beyond palliation and the temporary relief of symptoms. Patients have been practically left by them to die of the disease without any attempt to save them by curative treatment.

It would be invidious for me, as a physician, to make these statements, had I not before me absolute proof of their truth in the testimony of many prominent physicians, given only a few weeks ago before a special committee of the New York State Senate and published in its report.

In answer to the general question, "Does medication, as at present understood and applied, promise much for the arrest and cure of consumption? *Professor Herman Briggs, of the New York Health Department*, said: "*Medication alone promises absolutely nothing.*" His idea of a remedy was to shut up all the "*poor*" Consumptives in pest hospitals and have the Board of Health interne the "*rich ones*" in their own homes under the supervision of the Board! *Dr. A. H. Doty, Health Officer of the Port of New York*, said: "*Medical treatment does not promise much.*" *Hon. Z. Taylor Emery, M.D., former Health Commissioner of Brooklyn*, gave it as his opinion that "*Medication alone does not promise much for such cases.*" *Dr. E. G. Janeway, Consulting Physician of the Presbyterian Hospital*, New York City, considered "*outdoor life and good food the best remedy.*" *Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden* could only say that he considered "medication often useful in certain phases of the disease," but had no curative treatment to advise. *Dr. Henry P. Loomis*, in answer to the same question, said emphatically "*No.*" He knew of no treatment that would cure consumption, and yet he has a boarding house up in the Catskills which he calls a "sanitarium for the *treatment* of Consumption." *Dr. J. Edward Stubbert* said: "*Medication in the way of symptomatic treatment is indicated in almost all cases.*" In other words, a mere system of *palliation of symptoms*, without ever getting at the root of the disease, or attempting to heal the injuries done to the lungs. *Dr. E. L. Trudeau*, who has a sanitarium at Saranac Lake, said he had "*no specific medication. His only treatment was to relieve symptoms and improve the general health.*" *Dr. J. H. Pryor*, of Buffalo, N. Y., "did not consider medication promised anything but to relieve symptoms." *Dr. Joseph H. Raymond, Professor of Physiology and Hygiene in the Long Island College Hospital, former Health Commissioner of Brooklyn*, "thought a good deal might be done by treatment," but said "his experience was not sufficiently extensive to enable him to answer the question."

In this long array of testimony, by representative physicians, speaking of their own practice and the results of their own treatment of the disease, only one had any confidence in any treatment he could advise. The single exception was a Doctor Evans, who announced himself "a thorough believer in the active treatment of Consumption and in its local medication by inhalation." I was gratified at this endorsement of my treatment which I introduced nearly fifty years ago and am still applying with great success in thousands of cases of Consumption and other lung diseases. It is the only treatment that ever cured true Consumption. By it I have rescued hundreds in the last stage of Consumption, and given up as hopeless, who are alive to-day to bear grateful testimony to their restoration to health by my treatment. No stronger proof of the cure of any disease exists than I have shown of the cure of Consumption by my antiseptic air inhalations. The records of my office are always open to inspection and hundreds of cured patients are willing to be referred to.

But the mere act of *inhaling some fragrant nostrum*, is not what I mean by inhalation treatment. The remedies must be adapted to the disease and condition of each patient. The physician must have thorough knowledge of medicines, be able to detect the different forms of lung disease and have experience in the action of inhaled remedies on the lungs or he cannot apply it with success.

Consumption, to have the same chance of cure as other diseases, must be treated in its early stage before serious injury has been done to the lung structures. Almost every case is seen in this stage by the patient's family physician, and if he knew the remedies to use, their strength, and how to apply them to the lungs, there would be few deaths by Consumption.

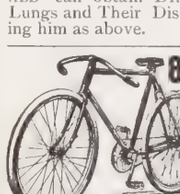
But what possible chance has anyone afflicted with Consumption, under the care of physicians who never cured a case in their whole professional career, who confess that they have no curative treatment of their own, and no confidence in anything they can do for the disease? What moral right have they to treat Consumption at all, or to permit their patients to believe they are striving to cure them when all they are doing is but a wretched system of palliation of symptoms?

Here is the real cause of this wide-spread mortality of Consumption. People die of it because general physicians do not know its proper treatment and are wholly incompetent to cope with it. Before they can do so they must be retaught the principles of medical science which govern the treatment of all local diseases, and, acting under them, must discover, as I did, the remedies which, when locally applied to the lungs, will kill the germs and heal the ravages they have made in that organ.

I have given to the world a positive cure for Consumption in my Antiseptic Medicated Air Treatment, when applied before mortal lesions have taken place. It is a treatment which places Consumption in the list of curable maladies and renders their cure as certain as other serious local diseases. By it healing and germicidal remedies are brought into direct contact with the internal surfaces of the nose, throat, larynx, air tubes and cells of the lungs. It soothes the mucous lining of the breathing organs, arrests irritation and prevents inflammation, while the antiseptics destroy the germ life on which the disease depends.

ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.,
Specialist,
117 West 45th St., New York.

NOTE.—Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can obtain Dr. Hunter's book, "The Lungs and Their Disease," free, by addressing him as above.



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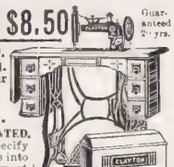
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New "Doors of Hope"

Forty-nine Rescue Homes the Fruit of Mrs. Whittemore's Labors—Redeemed Lives

SINCE the account given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD two years ago, of the opening of thirty one rescue homes under the Door of Hope Union, sixteen new Doors of Hope have been organized, making in all forty-nine rescue homes established in a little over eight years. The object of these institutions, as was then explained, is not simply that of reformation, or of giving such industrial instruction as prepares the recipient for honest self-support, or of shielding unfortunate and penitent women from a publicity that would drag them into deeper shame and sin—although all these purposes are embraced in the general plan—but those seeking are received as a sacred trust, to be brought by the help of God to as speedy as possible an acceptance of Christ.

MRS. WHITTEMORE
Founder of the "Door of Hope"

Hundreds of wayward girls have been truly turned from evil works unto good, and are powerful examples of what the all-sufficiency of grace can accomplish. "On the other hand," says Mrs. Whittemore, "it must be mournfully admitted that large numbers have returned to the old paths. Still, we have the comfortable hope that the good seed sown in the hearts of even these will some time bear fruit. Our faith in God and our experience with individual cases gives ground for this hope. Almost all who come profess to accept Christ before leaving; numbers give positive evidence of a changed heart by an almost startling change of character and life. In this special line of work, accurate statistics of exact numbers saved beyond doubt cannot, of course, be had; but the recompense, as shown in the honest, industrious lives of many of our girls with whom we are able to keep in touch, is more than worth all our trial and trouble."

In the first Door of Hope, opened October 25, 1890, at 162 E. 61st St., New York City, and the second, established later at Tappan, N. Y., both of which are under the founder's supervision, over 2,400 girls have been housed. "The work," Mrs. Whittemore testifies, "has been one of faith in answer to prayer, and without aid of formal collections or personal solicitations over $62,000 has been received."

Illustrations like the following instances of what is being done, could be multiplied many times. A young woman from a distant town came into the Home last winter, and was under deep conviction. She was pointed to Christ as a Saviour from sin, but she ended every conversation by wringing her hands in agony and saying, while great tears coursed down her cheeks: "Yes! yes! it's all true! but he couldn't save me; he couldn't save me!" She had not only lived an evil life herself; she had led others astray; there was but the extenuating circumstance that she had grown up the child of a drunken mother, who had taught her no better, but who acquiesced in her evil ways, and cursed her when she cast them aside. She said: "I have left that life behind. But I need never expect to be forgiven; if I were only responsible for my own sins, there might be hope; but, Oh, when I remember that I have the blood of souls upon me, that I have led other girls astray, it almost crazes me. I know I needn't expect God to forgive such awful sin as that. He couldn't, I wouldn't dare ask him." Her anguish seemed to be wearing her life out; she could not sleep or eat. But at last came acceptance of belief that the words, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," included even herself. This woman is now doing good work for others; one of the first things she did was to bring her mother to a saving knowledge of Christ. Thus, one life which would have been blighting many lives, is now uplifting many. Last September a letter came from one who for twelve years had been the slave of intemperance and graver sins. It said: "Is there any hope for such as I?" When lying in the hospital two years before, a missionary had laid at her side the tract, "The Pink Rose," the story of Delia—Delia, the reclaimed girl, who in eleven months after conversion had brought one hundred souls to Christ. The girl made promises to God, and then going back to evil surroundings, fell into old ways. The day before writing the letter, she had seen the dead body of a former associate, a suicide, carried out of the house opposite, and had determined to seek Christian help and shelter. She is now thoroughly turned from her evil ways and is working to save others. Another case, a fifteen-year-old child, who came a moral and physical wreck, is now a shining example of what God's saving grace can do for penitent sinners. She is, like the other two, an active member of a church, which accepted her with full knowledge of her history.

There are Doors of Hope as far South as Texas and Florida; as far West as California; in Paris, France, and Glasgow, Scotland, and other foreign cities. Six years ago the Door of Hope Union organized a foreign missionary branch, known as the Delia Memorial, supported the inmates of Homes one and two, and through the sales of Mrs. Whittemore's books and tracts. So far, over $10,000 has been realized, and the society is represented in China, Japan, Africa and India.

Army and Navy Gospel Fund

The following contributions in aid of the Army and Navy have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

W. J. Craig	$ 50
Mrs. M. Trotzeier	1 00
Mrs. L. H. Milwaukee	1 00
Harry C. Kinsey	1 00
Mrs. M. L. B. Indianola	1 00
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A trial sample will be mailed free to any sufferer who has never tried the remedy. Write, or order at once, addressing Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

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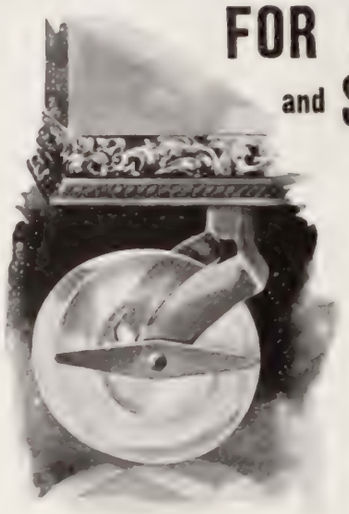

These ailments in the vast majority of cases are greatly relieved or permanently cured by the use of **SLAYTON'S ELECTRIC SWITCH GLASS CASTERS** on the patient's bed. The treatment is on the theory of Dr. Brown-Sequard that these diseases and **all others arising from weakened vitality or nervous energy** were caused by an excessive flow of electricity from the body to the earth. In health this flow is natural and beneficial; but in certain disordered conditions of the system it must be stopped. To do this is the work of the **SLAYTON'S ELECTRIC SWITCH CASTERS,** which insulate the occupant of the bed completely from electrical connection with the earth.

Such is the theory. The effects are truly wonderful; but we do not ask you to accept our word. We ask you this: When 3,000 sets of these Casters have been taken on trial and paid for only after proving their power over these obstinate diseases, isn't it worth while, for your own benefit and that of your friends, to take a free trial of this treatment, which cannot possibly harm you?

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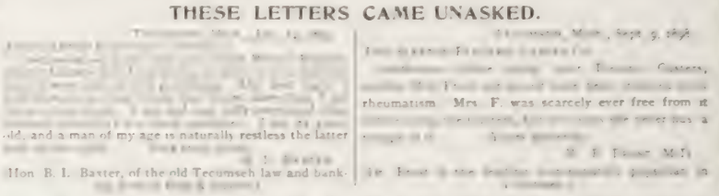

Hon. B. L. Baxter, of the old Tecumseh law and bank-

rheumatism. Mrs. F. was scarcely ever free from it

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Be sure to state whether for brass, iron or wooden bedstead.

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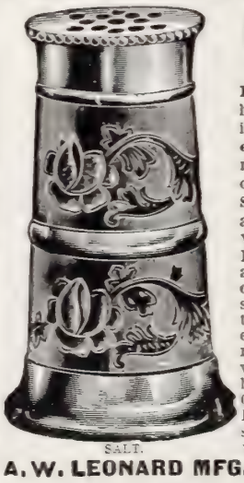

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SEND NO MONEY but send this ad. with your height, weight, chest waist and inside leg measure. We will send the suit by express C.O.D. and allow you to examine and try it on before you pay one cent. If found exactly as represented, the greatest bargain on earth and worth double the price, you pay express agent $4.95 and express charges and take the suit. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory.

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God's Covenant and Ours

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 14. Ps. 105: 1-10

WHEN the Scripture writers represent the relations of God to man in the light of a bargain, they show that they perceive the fact that man lives in the world under the reign of law, and is not merely the sport of chance or caprice. It was characteristic of the Hebrew mind that its conception of the doctrine should take the form of a personal undertaking, that in consideration of certain services rendered, as a lawyer would say, by the party of the second part, certain specified rewards should be conferred by the party of the first part. Far back in the history of the beginning of the nation, the patriarch Jacob had said, "If God will be with me," and will do so and so, "I will surely give," etc. God would reward a man for being good, and the man would give a percentage of the reward back to God. It was a crude idea of the conditions of man's being and one liable to lead to doubts and difficulties, but it was, at any rate, a better creed than that of the sceptical, pessimistic author of Ecclesiastes, who, when he saw the good man perish in his righteousness and the wicked man flourish in his wickedness, jumped to the conclusion that a man had no pre-eminence over the beast.

The leaders of the nation were continually confronted with the problem of accounting for the troubles which fell upon the chosen people of God. But there was always an escape from the conclusion that God had failed to fulfil his promise of protection, in the fact that Israel had not fulfiled his side of the contract. The covenant, they held, had been broken, because the people had not observed the conditions; therefore, God, after long years of patience and forbearance, had at last felt that there was no remedy, and had refused any longer to be bound by the contract. One prophet after another pointed this out to the people, and assured them if they would live up to their bargain, God would do all and more than all, he had promised. In the Psalm associated with the topic, the writer reminds his readers of the signal instances in the past, in which, though provoked by the persistent breaches of the contract, on the part of the nation, God had interfered on its behalf and had been faithful to it. In the following Psalm he reviews the conduct of the nation and shows, by the contrast, that it had no ground of complaint against God. Still clearer was the message of the later prophets, when it began to dawn on their minds that this principle was no bargain at all, but a great law of the universe, that the man who did righteousness was fulfiling the purpose of his being, and would receive in himself the results of righteousness, in peace and true happiness. He might not enjoy temporal prosperity, for God does not always pay in money, but he would always enjoy the higher spiritual blessings of life, which are of more value.

God's covenant and ours are better understood than they were in the Psalmist's time, but the practical conclusion has not changed. Man is so constructed and the conditions of his life in this world are so arranged, that righteousness tends to progress and the highest development of his being. It is a law rather than a covenant. One idea of God is not of that of one man bargaining with another. It is that of a Being intent on the development of the race and patiently wooing men into the ways which lead to that result. The man who chooses righteousness, will enjoy the fruits of righteousness; the man who tries to help others, to bear their burdens, to relieve their wants, and help them to easier, better lives, will receive in himself the joy and satisfaction of service. He may not prosper financially; he may not receive the gratitude of those he tries to help. God himself does not receive the thanks due to him for his uniform love and kindness, and even Christ, the greatest of all earth's benefactors, was rejected and crucified. We need not complain if our work is misunderstood and our service rejected; the reward is not dependent on others; it comes of itself, in the form of the peace which the world cannot give, neither can it take away. So long as sin remains in the world and the majority of men care more for their bodies than their souls the life of the righteous man is liable to be stormy and troubled; but he will always be supported by the inward fortitude that outer circumstances cannot disturb, and his development will go on throughout eternity.

Against the Canteen

A LARGE mass meeting was held at Cooper Union, on the afternoon of April 24, to protest against the canteen in the army contrary to law. The speakers were the Rev. Drs. A. C. Dixon, David I. Burwell, R. S. McArthur, Theodore L. Cuyler, C. H. Meade and Mr. C. H. Howard, of Rochester. Admiral Philip was expected, but sent a telegram which read: "Owing to orders just received, impossible to attend." It is well known that the Christian hero of Santiago is on the side of the home against the saloon. Dr. Dixon, who presided, introduced a resolution drawn up by the New York Prohibition Union of Christian Men condemning the decision of Attorney-General Griggs and the action of Secretary of War Alger permitting canteen in military camp and asking President McKinley to enforce, in spite of this decision, the law against liquor traffic in the army, passed by Congress and signed by himself. It was urged that as Secretary Long had the power to say there should be no liquor traffic in the navy, our President, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, had surely the right to prohibit canteen in the army. It was stated that General Miles, General Shafter, and the better class of soldiers were themselves opposed to the canteen system, calling the canteen quarter the "slums" of the camp, and protesting that it put their regiment on a bar-room level, and developed gambling and kindred vices which they wished to exclude. The announcement was made that over one hundred of New York's churches had opened their doors to the Prohibition Union for a series of meetings to be at once instituted for fighting the liquor traffic in the army and elsewhere, until the curse should "be wiped from the face of the earth." It was said that $50,000 a year for three years subscribed to this movement would meet the needs of a campaign which should rid New York State of saloons. It was emphasized that the Union was a non-political organization, inviting into its ranks men of all creeds and parties who believe that the saloon is a bad thing and ought to go. Dr. Dixon announced that Dr. Louis Klopsch, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Hon. William T. Wardwell, and Dr. Funk were ready to lead a subscription with liberal contributions. A generous collection was taken up. Many poor people eagerly contributed small sums.

Promptings to Immortality

HAVE we not seen before the north wind blew,
And the fields glowed in mellow autumn light;
The little birds their summer haunts eschew,
And through the trackless air southward take flight.

The power that leads them ever leads aright,
For true as the charmed needle to the pole,
Unerring instinct makes their pathway bright
And guides the creatures to their distant goal.

Man has his instincts, too, as well as these,
Promptings to worship, sense of duty owed;
Immortal cravings nothing can appease
Till the soul finds its final rest in God.

—NEIL MACDONALD.

Last Personally-Conducted Tour to Washington via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The last of the present series of Pennsylvania Railroad three-day personally-conducted tours to Washington, D. C., will be run on May 11. The rate, $14.50 from New York, $11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, includes transportation, hotel accommodations, and Capital guide fees. An experienced Chaperon will also accompany the party.

For itineraries, tickets, and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Every man should now consider his physical condition and brace up his weakened energies by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which through purified blood will improve his health.

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BY AN OHIOAN

A genius of Cincinnati has patented and placed on the market a remarkable Bath Cabinet, whereby any one resting on a chair within, enjoys the famous Turkish hot vapor or medicated baths at home for three cents each, heretofore enjoyed only by the rich at public bathrooms, health resorts, hot springs and sanitariums. These baths are celebrated for their marvelous cleansing, purifying and invigorating effects upon the human system, and this invention brings them within the reach of the poorest person in the country.

Clouds of hot vapor or medicated vapor surround the entire body, opening the millions of sweat pores, causing profuse perspiration, drawing

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out of the system all impure salts, acids and poisonous matter, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, lungs and skin, causing disease, fevers, debility and sluggishness.

Astonishing is the improvement in health, feelings and complexion by the use of this Cabinet, and it seems to us that the long-sought-for natural method of curing and preventing disease without medicine has certainly been found.

The makers inform the writers that 82,386 of these Quaker folding thermal Cabinets have been sold since January 1, and showed letters from thousands of users who speak of this Cabinet as giving entire satisfaction.

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Thousands of remarkable letters have been written the inventors, and to our knowledge persons who were full of drugs and nostrums, and have been given up to die, have been restored to perfect, robust health, to the astonishment of their friends and physicians.

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J. A. Hagan, Richfield, Mo., afflicted 15 years with rheumatism in its worst form, was cured in 6 days. L. B. Westbrook, Newton, Ia., afflicted 45 years, was cured in three weeks of catarrh, asthma, heart and kidney trouble. O. P. Freeman, Sparta, O., afflicted 17 years, unable to walk, was cured of kidney troubles, piles and rheumatism. A prominent citizen of Elwood, Ind.—E. Veher—was cured of a serious case of obesity. A lady in Maysville, Mo.—Mrs. L. Coen—was cured of woman's troubles, and recommends it to all suffering ladies.

We find this is a genuine Cabinet, with a door, handsomely and durably made of best materials, rubber-lined, has a steel frame, and should certainly last a life-time.

It is important to know that the makers guarantee results, and assert positively, as do thousands of users, that this Cabinet will clear the skin, purify and enrich the blood, cure nervousness, weakness, that tired feeling and the worst forms of rheumatism. (They offer $50 reward for a case not relieved.) Cures woman's troubles, malaria, ague, sleeplessness, neuralgia, headaches, piles, dropsy, liver, kidney and nervous troubles. It will make you strong, energetic, full of life and vigor with the coming of spring and summer, and avoid illness later.

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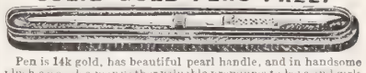

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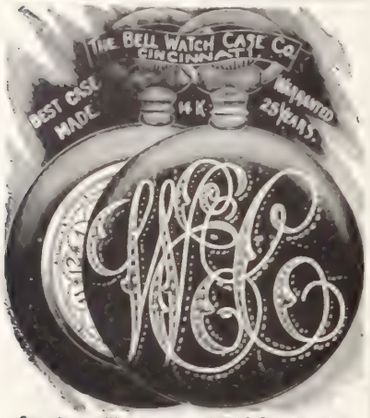

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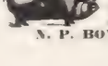

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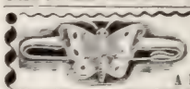

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NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1899

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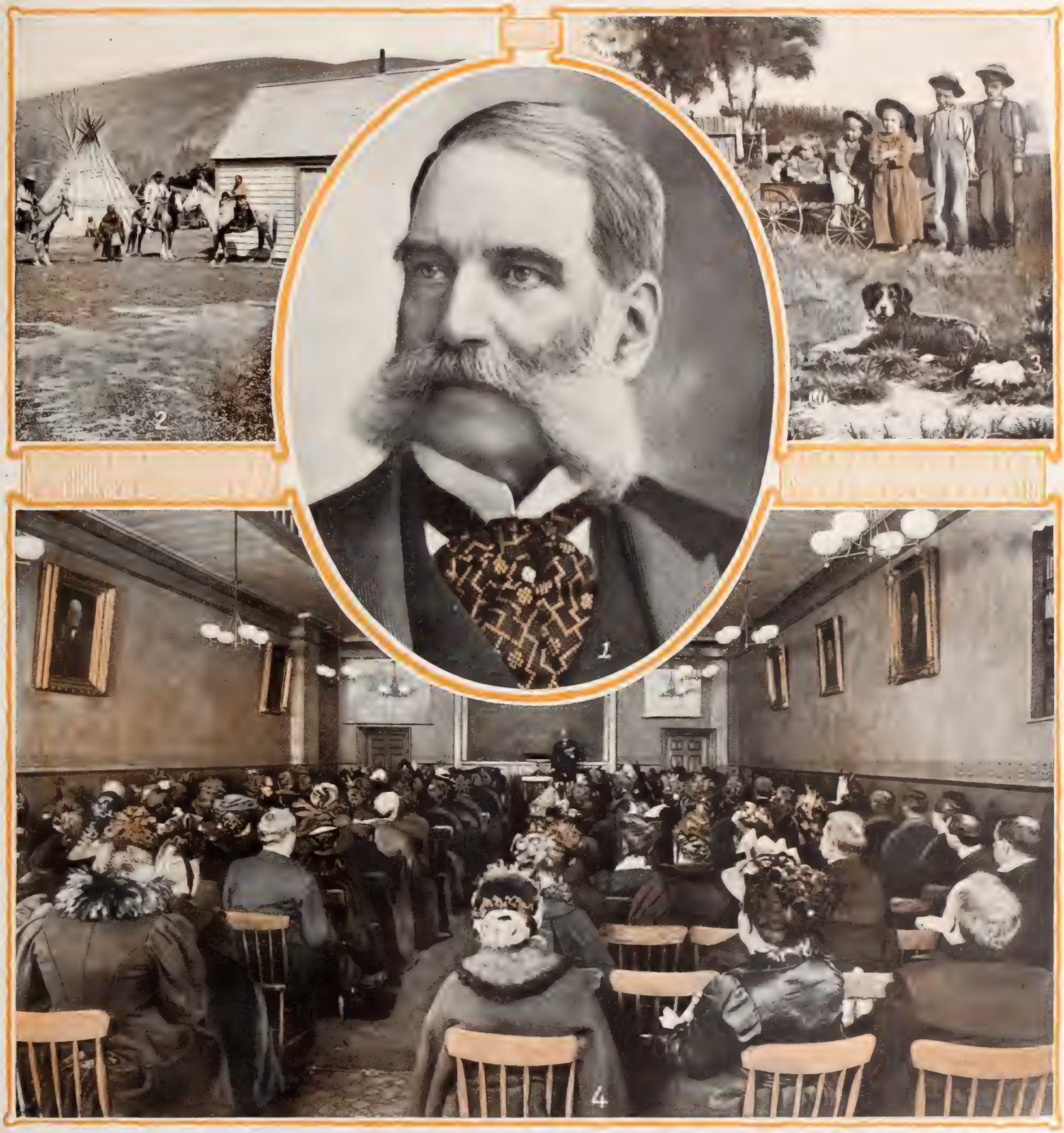

THE APPROACHING AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION'S DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY TO BE HELD IN PHILADELPHIA, MAY 24-26

To celebrate the completion of seventy-five years of earnest work by this great Christian organization. Our photographs are (1) Morris K. Jesup, Esq., President; (2) Mission work among the Indians of Oregon; (3) Prairie children going to a Union Sunday School; (4) Teachers studying the International Sunday School Lesson, Rev. D. M. Stearns, Instructor. *(See page 355)*

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

C. E. W. D., Washington, Ind. Do you believe that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews was mistaken when he said (Heb. 6: 4-7), that it was impossible for one who knew the truth believed it, and then fell away, to be renewed unto repentance?

Does he say that explicitly? He evidently believed that there was a stage, which he describes in clear terms, from which, if a man fall, it is impossible to renew him. We know by experience that there is no class so hard to reach as those who have fallen away after having made a profession of conversion, and we can well believe that, as the writer you quote says, there is a stage when it is impossible. But the difficulty is, not that the mercy of God is limited, or that the backslider is refused pardon, but that the man himself is disinclined to seek it. If he would seek it, it would be given according to promise.

F. O. B., Holloway, N. C. I am a prisoner in Doubting Castle. I know the Saviour has let out the key that would give me release, but the trouble with me is that I cannot accept it. What must I do?

There is no remedy but for you to stay where you are and suffer. If you *will not* accept release (it is not a question of "cannot"), you are not entitled to any pity. God himself can do nothing more for you than he has done. He has made the way of escape so easy that a mere child can avail himself of it. If you were sick, and a doctor was ready to attend you, without charge, a doctor who never failed to cure such cases as yours, the only stipulation being that you trust your case entirely and unreservedly to his hands, following his instructions, what would you deserve if you did not commit yourself to him?

P. S., Bacon, O. A minister who has been preaching here tells us we are on the wrong road, because, according to our belief, a man is not entirely sanctified until he dies. Are we wrong?

If he taught you that a man can reach a stage beyond which he has no need of more grace, or a stage beyond which there is no progress, no further growth in grace, so that he does not get better, holier, and more like Christ, his views are not only unscriptural but contrary to experience. The man who believes he has attained the highest development possible to him is mistaken. He may continue growing better all his life and we do not believe the process stops at death.

N. C. B., Stoyestown, Pa. Is it wrong to go driving for pleasure on a Sunday if your occupation does not permit you to do it on a week day? Is it wrong to play marches, waltzes, etc., on a Sunday?

If you devote your week days to your occupation and your Sundays to pleasure, when do you attend to the interests of your soul? Considering that the soul will live through eternity and our life here is a preparation for it, don't you think that one-seventh of our time is small enough proportion to give to the most important concern we have to attend to? Business and pleasure should not fill the whole time, otherwise at the end of our life here we shall be unprepared for that better life we expect or hope for beyond the grave. It is not so much a question of right and wrong, though even on that ground there is much to be said, but in this, as in other matters, he that sinneth wrongeth his own soul.

T. S. T., Friar's Hill, W. Va. Why do you speak of John's Gospel when you know it is Christ's Gospel written by John, who was a mere man?

It is merely a form of expression, and is perfectly understood by every reader of ordinary intelligence. The correct phrase would not be Christ's Gospel, but, the Gospel according to John; that is, the Gospel as John was accustomed to teach and preach it. It is not by any means certain that he actually wrote it, though there is good reason for thinking that he did. But if he did not, it was based on his teaching, and was mainly a report of his testimony (see John 21: 24).

A. W. S., Spring Brook, N. Y., and many others. I see by the local papers that a prominent minister of your city, speaking at a ministers' meeting, said that he could no longer regard the Bible as infallible. Is that the opinion of ministers generally? etc. etc.

Perhaps you have misunderstood the remarks. Many people have done so through reading only a few extracts from the speech which were separated from the context and selected with the object of causing a sensation. No minister or layman supposed that the Bible, as we have it translated into English, is free from error, otherwise there would have been no need of a Revised Version. Neither was the book from which it was translated free from human errors, due to the mistakes which were inevitable when every book was copied by hand. One such error, as to the age of a king, was pointed out recently by a correspondent in this column. All are agreed so far. Then arises the question whether certain parts are literal, or allegorical, history or parable. Here ministers differ according to their scholarship. But the questions involved do not touch the essence of the book. Even if the higher critics could prove all that they hold—which they cannot—the Bible would remain the guide and authority it has always been to the believer. If for example it could be proved that Jonah was not swallowed by a whale and that the book of Job was a symposium and Solomon's song an epithalamium, the sublime moral and spiritual lessons they teach would still be invaluable as they were before. You need not fear that any attack on the Bible, from outside or inside the church, can undermine its power.

H. C., Eldridge, Ia. How does it come that God gave us a Sabbath and now it is called Sunday? I don't find Sunday in all the Old or New Testament.

You are not in the least likely to find that word or many other words that are in common use in a book written long before the words came into use. Do not make a fetish of the Bible. It is the most precious book in the world, teaching us and revealing God to us. It is impossible to over-estimate its value but if you think it teaches us all we need to know, or that anything outside of it is useless, you are greatly mistaken. There is no place for the Jewish Sabbath in the Christian religion. We still keep a certain part of one day in seven for God, but not as a Sabbath, which was rest and inactivity. We spend it in such a way as to do some good in the world, as Christ did. He was continually being nagged at for breaking the Sabbath by sticklers for the Bible law and at last he told them plainly that he was Lord of the Sabbath.

Mrs. Albert Caldwell, Monrovia, Calif., writes:

I [illegible] a Bible published in [illegible] printed in London in [illegible] Does the [illegible] contain [illegible] [illegible] Canada [illegible] [illegible]

Reader, Portland, Me. If a husband and wife have lived together for three years, and the wife, [illegible] trouble and sorrow—he hoping and praying for her return to him for four years—is he justified in getting a divorce?

[illegible] Divorce should always be a last resort, and is [illegible]

REMOVING THE MONUMENT OF ISABELLA II. AT HAVANA

This famous statue, long typical of Spanish supremacy in the West Indies, has been taken from its pedestal, and will no longer greet the eyes of visitors to the Cuban capital.

L. E. B., Bethel, Mo. 1. How is it that some denominations do not have bishops, presiding elders, etc., as the Protestant Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal churches do? 2. Was Judas present when the Lord's Supper was instituted?

1. For a similar reason to that which causes some countries to be republican and others monarchial. If any form of church government had been clearly and explicitly enjoined in the New Testament, no branch of the church would have dared use any other. Each church, of course, believes that its form of government is authorized by Scripture. Christ, however, insisted on the necessity of divine life in the individual soul, and so far as [illegible] effecting a reconciliation have failed. Desertion is accepted as sufficient ground for divorce. The case, as you state it, seems to be one with special features that cannot be judged of by those not familiar with all the details, especially as, according to your statement, there is no apparent reason for the wife adopting such a course. Any one following such a course must surely have had sufficient provocation. Your other questions are matters for the individual conscience alone.

[illegible] We know [illegible] evangelists it would seem that he left before. [illegible] but except to people who attach undue importance to [illegible] little moment.

This letter, from a "Shut-in," is one of many [illegible] mons to those afflicted thus. I read them aloud to [illegible] you give to lonely ones. I wish that I could send [illegible] copy is a missionary to five other families. M. T.

J. M., Jersey City, N. J. Is there any truth in the [illegible] once, or that he tried to get a divorce from his [illegible]

None whatever. Their affection for one another was continued to the end and was very ardent. His wife outlived him and wrote of him after his death in terms which showed how sincerely she loved and revered him.

W. M. [illegible] connection with politics?

Authorities have differed concerning the [illegible] "beutel" (purse), or the Dutch "buidel" (pocket), or the Friesic word "budel" (bankrupt estate).

Mr. James S. Lawrence, of Trenton, N. J., [illegible] question, which puts the facts in a nutshell:

[illegible] gallons of whiskey, which retails at $16.80. The farmer gets 25 cents; the U. S. Government gets [illegible] turer gets 15 cents; the retailer gets $7; the consumer gets—drunk; the wife gets—hunger; the [illegible]

A barrel of whiskey contains:

A barrel of headaches, heartaches, of woes,
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;
A barrel of sorrow from a weary wife,
A barrel of care, a barrel of strife;
A barrel of all unavailing regrets,
A [illegible]
A barrel of hunger, of poison, of pain,
A barrel of hopes all blasted and vain;
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight,
A barrel of tears that run in the night;
A barrel of crime, a barrel of groans,
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass,
[illegible]
A barrel of falsehoods, a barrel of cries
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies!

L. P. D., Eliot, Me. 1. Do the ancient houses of the East have glass windows? 2. Can a person float on the waters of the Dead Sea, and are they poisonous?

1. No; the windows are generally mere apertures in the wall. The use of glass in Oriental cities is confined to a few houses which have borrowed the idea from the West. 2. Its waters are very buoyant, so much so that it is difficult to dive, and there is little danger of sinking while bathing. From the fact that vegetation, save of a very low order, cannot live in the vicinity, and that birds avoid it in their flight, it may be inferred that there is some poisonous or unwholesome quality in the Dead Sea and its surroundings.

Inquisitive, New York. It is usury.

L. E. L., Bayonne, N. J. One-third: the balance goes to his next of kin.

Cecil S., Lovington, Ill. Answered in a recent issue in THE MAIL BAG.

Mrs. A. G. W., Lubec, Me. We do not discuss politics in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. M. N. Butler, Pa. 1. Thanks for kind wishes. 2. Why not write to them direct?

Miss S. E., St. John, New Brunswick, Canada. It is not yet published in book form, but may be later.

Mrs. W. H. J., Eddy, Colo. They must be a matter of choice, as there are many names to choose from.

P. B. D., Hanover, N. H. You had a legal right to do what you did, unquestionably; but it was not a Christian act.

Student, Newbern, Ala. Write to St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, or to the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City.

J. A. M., Middletown, Ia. We never heard the sentiment and do not know who uttered it, but he seems to have been a sensible man.

L. S. M., Canton, Conn. 1. Thanksgiving Day, by proclamation; Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday, by general observance. 2. We cannot give the desired information.

Mrs. Julia T. H., Defiance, Mo. The proposition as we understand it, contemplates turning the Church and Sunday School into a social musical club, with a view to pecuniary profit.

Reader. The Assistant Secretary of the State Department, Washington, D. C., courteously informs us that the Venezuela-British Guiana Arbitration Court met in preliminary session in Paris.

S. D. B., Coryden, Ky. The Lord's Supper: Christ himself having established the observance and enjoined his disciples to keep it. The organization of the church as a body came afterward. 2. The invitation is given by various denominations to all who believe.

: : : Over One Hundred Thousand Sunday Schools! : : :

Such is the Magnificent Record of the American Sunday School Union, which Celebrates its Diamond Anniversary in Philadelphia this Month A Notable Jubilee

FOUNDERS AND LEADERS OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

HON. WM. STRONG, LL.D. *U. S. Supreme Court* | ALEXANDER HENRY *First President* | REV. E. W. RICE, D.D. *Chairman Executive Committee* | ABRAHAM MARTIN *First Recording Secretary* | REV. J. M. CROWELL *Secretary of Missions*

IN this month of anniversaries and in an age of great Christian enterprises, there are few celebrations which can be regarded as more significant of our progress as a civilized Christian nation than that which will take place in Philadelphia on the 24th and 25th of the present month. The occasion will be the seventy-fifth anniversary, or "Diamond Jubilee" of the American Sunday School Union. This veteran religious organization, with whose great missionary work in all parts of our Union the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have long been familiar, has now attained to the dimensions of a very giant in spiritual activities. During its three-quarters of a century of effort, it has organized 100,928 Sunday Schools, in a multitude of different localities, extending a chain of Gospel influence from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Mexican Gulf. The great majority of these schools were planted in neighborhoods which had till then been destitute of all religious privileges, and in hundreds of instances the schools so established have blossomed into permanent churches with growing congregations. From the seed planted in faith and watered by prayer and earnest consecrated labor, there has sprung a glorious harvest of over four millions of Sunday School pupils, officered and taught by 578,000 teachers, besides such a showing of churches and congregations as may well bring a thrill of satisfaction to the hearts of all who have been interested in this broad home-missionary work, either as active participants or sympathizers and supporters. To our own readers, who for a number of years have been among its most cordial sustainers, this remarkable record of the American Sunday School Union cannot fail to bring the keenest satisfaction.

In a review of the history of the Union from its earliest efforts until the present time, which Rev. Edwin W. Rice, D.D., the Secretary of the Publication Committee, will lay before the Anniversary convention in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, some exceedingly interesting facts will appear. Dr. Rice writes:

A company of nine Christian philanthropists met in Philadelphia, December 19, 1790, "for the purpose of taking into consideration the establishment of Sunday Schools in this city." A constitution for a society was adopted at an adjourned meeting, December 26, and on January 11, 1791, a "Society for the Institution and Support of First-day or Sunday Schools in Philadelphia" was perfected, and Bishop William White, D.D., chosen President. The schools were open to the children of the poor, and to all young apprentices or tradesmen. The teachers were paid; the instruction was chiefly reading and writing from the Bible, and aimed to secure a reformation of morals and manners and a better observance of the Sabbath. Prominent persons from several different denominations, including the Society of Friends, united in this organization.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF MISSIONS

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

About 1810 to 1815, Sabbath Schools began to be generally taught by gratuitous teachers.

In 1791 the Society of Friends memorialized the Legislature of Pennsylvania, urging free schools "at public expense," "as the surest preservative of the virtue, liberty, and happiness of the people." This method was also applied in religious instruction, and schools on Sunday taught by "gratuitous teachers" sprang into existence as early as 1808. Mr. Eleazer Lord, of New York, spent most of 1815 in Philadelphia, and made himself familiar with the "Sunday School system then in successful operation," and "resolved to call the attention of the churches in New York to the subject, and devoted the autumn and winter to this object." This led to the formation of the "Female Union Society for the Promotion of Sabbath Schools," January 31, 1816, and of the "New York [Male] Sunday School Union," February 26, 1816, the two societies uniting nearly all the Sunday Schools in the city and vicinity.

At a meeting in Philadelphia, May 13, 1817, a Union Society was formed, and on May 27 a constitution was adopted, and the organization perfected. The Society was called "The Sunday and Adult School Union," and Alexander Henry was elected the first President and John P. Bankson Corresponding Secretary.

The Society sought to extend the cause in other States, and was soon recognized as the centre of Sunday School influence throughout the country. The first report tells of two schools formed in Charleston, S. C., and the third gives encouraging sketches of schools established in ten States and the District of Columbia. In 1821 the Union employed the Rev. Wm. C. Blair as a Sunday School missionary in "establishing Sunday Schools and tract societies where there are none." He established six tract societies, four adult schools, and sixty-one Sunday Schools in six States. Two years later the Union employed "two missionaries," Rev. Timothy Alden, President of Alleghany College, and a layman, Mr. M. A. Remley, and began to issue a monthly magazine. The first public plea for a "general Sunday School Union in the United States" belongs to the New York [male] Sunday School Union, and appeared in its annual report, May, 1820. A plan for such a society was outlined, and delegates from various societies met in Philadelphia, December 11, 1823, and discussed the plan. Next year prominent ministers and laymen of several different denominations and from fifteen to twenty States, met and organized the "American Sunday School Union," with Alexander Henry, Esq., President. Among those prominent in this movement were the Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D., and Divie Bethune, of New York; Samuel Bayard, of Delaware; Francis S. Key (author, "The Star Spangled Banner"); Hon. John Brownlee, of South Carolina; the Rev. Wm. L. McCalla, of Kentucky; Ambrose White, Frederick Erringer, Philadelphia, and many others. The American Sunday School Union was thus auspiciously begun, and ever since has been closely identified with the origin and development of juvenile religious literature, education, pioneer missions, and similar great movements in the religious progress of this country.

At the approaching anniversary, the meetings will extend over two days, and addresses will be delivered by a number of eminent speakers, representing the varied interests that are served by the Society's work in many different fields. Among the speakers will be the following: Mr. D. L. Moody, the well-known evangelist; Rev. Dr. A. F. Schauffler, New York; Rev. J. M. Crowell, D.D., Philadelphia; Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D., Plymouth Church, Brooklyn; Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D.D., Philadelphia; Rev. Addison P. Foster, D.D., Boston; Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, D.D.; Rear-Admiral J. W. Philip, U. S. Navy; F. G. Ensign, Chicago; Gen. Joseph Wheeler, U. S. Army; Morris K. Jesup, of New York, President of the Society, Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D.D., of Brooklyn, and others. A choir of 600 voices, under the leadership of Mr. H. H. McGranahan, will have charge of the music. Many of the addresses dealing with the actual work in the field, will be a revelation of Christian energy and self-denial on the part of the consecrated workers of the Union.

Succinctly stated, this is what the American Sunday School Union has accomplished in its three-quarters of a century of existence:

100,928 Sunday Schools organized, containing 578,680 teachers and 4,070,348 scholars; 224,844 cases of aid to schools, having 13,333,968 members. Nearly four schools a day organized for every day of the last 75 years. Value of publications distributed by sales and gifts, over $9,000,000.

An idea of the vastness of the field in which the Union operates and of its great needs which increase with our steady growth of population, may be gathered from the statement, based upon accurate statistics, that notwithstanding all that has been done by the various religious denominations, there are still no less than 11,000,000 youths between the ages of five and eighteen years, who are not in any Sunday School. This remarkable condition of affairs, which would seem almost incredible in a Christian country, constitutes a leading reason for the American Sunday School Union's appeal to the Lord's people everywhere to support its workers in their efforts to spread the Gospel in the neglected localities, by planting Sunday Schools wherever practicable. There is work for hundreds of additional missionaries in the pioneer sections of the South and Southwest, and the workers are waiting to be sent. The headquarters of the Union are located at number 1122 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Its members and officers include men who are eminent in Christian work. Morris K. Jesup Esq., of New York, is President, Rev. J. M. Crowell D. D., is Secretary of Missions and Rev. Edwin W. Rice is Editor and Publication Secretary.

· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·

. . . Old Times Lived Over. . .

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Psalm 39: 3, . . .

While I was musing, the fire burned

HERE is David, the Psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple, and the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often, while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work; but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was ten years of age, and I was eight, and I was five. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird-chant woke me, until the evening melted into the Bay of Fundy, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were ahum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in mid-life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present, or disqualify you for existing duties. It is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with obliterations, and I now propose, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin, when we hear his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity, and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity, and at last reach the home of the good in heaven. Perhaps your early home was in a city. It may have been when Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, was residential as now it is commercial, and Canal Street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you — for there was more meaning in that small house than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting-room, where the loved one sat by the plain lamp-light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table; your father with firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by trouble, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt-sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn, and take just one egg, and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night, and find them pushing their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the rag-carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of new-mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden-walk, and the forget-me nots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburnt from the field, and sit down on the door-sill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley; but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel; thank God for an early Christian home.

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night, and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker; but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; [illegible] ing the starting out of a newly created creature. You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter, you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you in your solemn reminiscence, and let his mercy fall upon your soul, if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent, on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart!

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking-house, or through your office, or your shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "Eternity." You said, "I'm not ready for it. Oh God have mercy." The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and in the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal;" and though those hands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day; it is resurrected with all its prayers, and songs, and tears, and sermons, and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start now as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them in one great sheaf, and I call them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood-bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago, you are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life; but how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two, the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street, and there has been music in the distance, you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical time-beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity; with the bright clear oar you made the boat skip; you went on, and life grew brighter, until, after awhile, suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted; you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread; but after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer! You went to your room, and you said, "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it, I can't bear it." You felt as if [illegible] sparkle. If you could have taken that little one in your arms, and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! If you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your [illegible] allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there came up a chill blast that swept through the bedroom, and instantly all the lights went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the bitter cup to put it to your lips, God said: "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands; it was the cup of God's consolation. And you looked at the empty cradle and at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said: "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulchre you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been spiritually better ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said, "Good-night, papa; good-night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

But I must come to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall-paper. Oh, the weariness of exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, was your frequent cry. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in your place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and to implore God's help, and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases, and redeemeth our lives from destruction!

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands on seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities now you have hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you: "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but with heart as loving, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts—is taken away forever. Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken,

leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. As you were moving along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern, down which went all your hopes and all your expectations. But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, he is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe, and palm branch, and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals! Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates! Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear!

Some years ago I was sailing down the St. John River, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said: "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia." "What," said I, "do you mean by 'interval land?'" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is a richer harvest than I know of elsewhere." And I instantly thought: "It is not the heights of the Church, and it is not the heights of this world that are the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone; the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land!

There is one more point of absorbing reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium—*Tete d'armee*—"Head of the Army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour, and woke amid the songs of angels. I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing." Augustus Cæsar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life, and the opening of a glorious eternity.

Among Japanese Young Men

How the Young Men's Christian Association is Reaching the Young Men of Japan with the Gospel

AN interesting story of native Christian work in Japan is told by Saijiro Niwa, the General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Tokio, who recently came to the United States for the purpose of investigating the methods employed by that organization in this country.

Mr. Niwa considers the time ripe in Japan for Association work, which he regards as an all-important factor in inculcating the principles of Christianity in the minds of the thinking Japanese and particularly of reaching the young men of the land. Tokio, the seat of the Government and the centre of education with its student population of 50,000 is a particularly fertile field. With the branch there Mr. Niwa has been connected as General Secretary since 1890. In a recent interview he said:

MANAGERS OF THE TOKIO Y. M. C. A.

"In Tokio there are two branches of the organization, one the Imperial Association, designed particularly for the students of the capital, the other, the City Association, intended for the use of the ordinary young business men. The building for the former was completed ready for occupation in October, 1898, and is provided with a library, reading-room, dining-hall, dormitory and an observatory, which is used every morning from half past five to half past six for prayer and Bible study.

"The hall for the City Association is modeled after the western style of architecture, and is like those used for similar purposes in American cities. Its equipments correspond to the manifold departments of work taken up under the auspices of the Association. There is a library, reading-room and lunch-room; class-rooms for evening school, offices for the directors and other officials, and an auditorium with a seating capacity for one hundred people.

"The site of this commodious and attractive building is Kanda, the very heart of the student town, near the Imperial University of Tokio, the professional institutions, the higher schools, common schools, normal schools, and in the midst of a vast wilderness of boarding-houses. Apart from its service to those connected with the Association, it has become identified with Christian work in general, and with the business community of the city. All the important religious enterprises find in it their headquarters, as for example, the work for the army in the late war with China, done by the native Christians.

"In truth, the Young Men's Christian Association carries on a great variety of good works in its new and attractive home. Every Saturday afternoon the largest religious meetings of the city are conducted in the auditorium, when between three and four hundred young men are attendants. The character of these gatherings is not purely religious. Their principal feature is a lecture by Mr. Matsumura, formerly the principal of a school in Yamagata and one in Niigata, and one of the most popular lecturers in the Sunrise Kingdom. With young men he is especially happy, possessing the qualities requisite for holding their attention while instructing their minds.

TOKIO Y. M. C. A. HEADQUARTERS

"He has been called a born lecturer for young men, and has published many books intended for their edification. His Saturday afternoon addresses under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, give advice pertaining to their physical, mental and spiritual well-being, or review the stimulating biographies of great and good men. After the lecture, questions on the topic relative to Christianity are solicited; a considerable number of the audience remain to avail themselves of the privilege.

"On Sunday afternoons from one hundred and fifty to two hundred hearers meet in the auditorium for evangelistic services, conducted by Rev. H. Kozaki, President of the Doshisha Theological School, and one of the leaders among the Japanese Christians. After the meetings tea is served and Bible classes are held.

"The nightly school is one of the chief attractions, between one and two hundred aspirants after knowledge meet in the pleasant class-rooms to learn English, the only study taught. The acquisition of that tongue the authorities [illegible] as one of the most important results to be achieved by the citizens of Tokio.

"In the library are to be found four thousand volumes, three-fourths of which are English books. These are reserved for the use of members. The privileges of the reading-room, however, are open to all, and afford a large variety of native and foreign periodical literature. Among this may be noticed the monthly forty-paged magazine published by the Association.

"The object of this paper is the dissemination of the principles for which the Young Men's Christian Association stands. With numerous religious faiths and philosophies and anti-religious schools of thought springing up in Japan, the placing before the public of the organization in question in its true light becomes a matter of prime importance. The magazine has a regular subscription list of twelve hundred names and is widely read by many outside the gate of the Christian religion. Besides these advantages, the Association has a self-supporting boarding-house, conducted by a Christian lady which has proved useful.

"Some of Tokio's strongest Christian men comprise our Board of Directors. Of the eight members constituting this body, six have been to America. The president is a naval official—a graduate of West Point, who belongs to the very small number of Christians in our navy. He takes the greatest active interest in the operations of the Association, and stands stanchly for the evangelical principles of Christianity. One of the members of the higher Council of Agriculture is our vice-president. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago, and a professor in the higher Commercial schools at Aoyania College. A third man on our Board is a prominent member of the Imperial Diet; a fourth is well-known as the president of the Temperance Society in Japan, formerly associated in a business way with Mr. Dunn, the American minister to the Empire. Besides the two Associations in the city, there is one in Osaka, another in Nagoya, and others connected with almost every denomination in the city, while thirty-four college associations are connected with our various educational institutions throughout the country. Once a year they meet together in a general conference, and during the warm season they hold a summer school.

"Never has there been a time in the history of the Empire when such work as the Y. M. C. A. is doing was more needed or more effective. Young men are coming to the front in public life, and under the constitution the demand for them is likely to increase. Hence the benefit of instilling Christian principles into their minds, which they in turn are able through their prominent position to have the opportunity of disseminating among the people."

The Difference

A man once said to Mr. Moody: "How do you account for the fact that Mohammed began his work six hundred years after Christ, and yet he has now more disciples than Christ?"

He replied, "A man can be a disciple of Mohammed and not deny himself, nor have any cross. He can live in the darkest, blackest, foulest sin; but if any man will be a disciple of Jesus Christ he must come out from the world, he must take up his cross daily and follow Jesus."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Christ Before the High Priest

S. S. Lesson for May 21. John 18: 15-27

Golden Text, John 1: 11

ALL the disciples had forsaken their Lord and fled (Matt. 26: 56), but there were two among them who could not long remain away from him. One of these was the Peter, whose denial he had foretold (John 13: 38), and the other was the writer of this Gospel, who calls himself "that other disciple," "another disciple," "the disciple whom Jesus loved." These two followed Jesus. Oh how different is God's judgment of his children from that of man! Man would say, What a rank hypocrite Peter must have been to have made himself an exception to the rest of the disciples by following Jesus when they continued to forsake him, although he was just about to deny him with oaths and curses! Man might have thought it would have been more honest to have continued one of those who forsook him than to have returned, and afterwards denied him.

Only God knows a human heart; Jesus knew Peter, and he knew how much there was in his disciple which was divine and which was in the power of an endless life. Jesus never called Peter a hypocrite, although to outward appearance he was so. His heart was conquered, but he had not learned either to distrust himself or fully to trust his God, and thus when everything turned out other than he had expected, he was off his guard, and the enemy had an easy conquest. But the denial was a temporary thing, the following was the true life of Peter, and Jesus knowing that the denial would come, never discounted the following of his disciple even at such a moment. Let us be slow to judge others. "With what judgment we judge, we shall be judged, and with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again" (Matthew 7: 2).

The two disciples obtained an entrance into the court of the high priest because John was known to him, and entered the court without meeting with any opposition, and through his interest Peter obtained an entrance also. Little did Peter think that his very following of Jesus, which was in itself at the risk of his life, would lead to his denial of him. Zeal, when it is in the power and energy of the flesh, may place God's children in positions of great danger. And yet a fleshly zeal is better than no zeal at all, and the Lord loved his undisciplined Peter. The maid that kept the door said unto Peter, "Art not thou, also, one of this man's disciples?" He saith, "I am not." He had ventured where only one other disciple had ventured; and he did not know the whole armor of God. Perhaps the enemy suggested. It is as much as your life is worth to own your connection with him, and it can do him no good now; you have no power to rescue him, and you may as well save your own life. Peter had not learned, like his Master, to lead a life regulated from above; he had believed that he could follow Jesus to prison and to death, but, at the critical moment, he failed.

And now he who so soon was to become the one great High Priest, the only Mediator between God and man, stood arraigned before the bar of a fallible child of man, an earthly high priest, who sought his death. The officers who had come to take him, had gone backward and fallen to the ground, but Caiaphas did not tremble; he had become hardened in his awful resistance of the Holy Ghost (Acts 7: 51, 52). He did not hesitate to sit in judgment upon him whose life and works declared him to be the Son of God according to the Scriptures. Oh the awful hardness of persistent sinners! "There are no bands in their death, their strength is firm, they are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." But oh their latter end! "Slippery places," "destruction," "desolation in a moment," "consumed with terrors" (Ps. 73: 4, 5, 17-19)!

It was a mock trial before this ecclesiastical court, the interrogation of the high priest was evidently with the intention of making him commit himself. But it was a kingly answer: "I have spoken openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogues and in the temple, where all the Jews come together, and in secret spake I nothing. Why askest thou me? Ask them that have heard me what I spake unto them: behold, these know the things which I said." The high priest knew how the written Word was the basis and generally the language itself of the discourses of Jesus. If the chief priests could only get him to speak something which they could prove to be against the law, they would have the justification which they sought, that they might condemn him; but they sought in vain.

Never did poor, weak, sinful man undertake a harder task than that of convicting the holy Son of God of sin. It could not be done; there was nothing found that they could lay hold of. "They found no cause of death in him." Foiled in the attempt to catch him in his words, "the chief priests, and the whole council sought false witness against Jesus to put him to death" (Matt. 26: 50). Maddened by their jealousy and hatred of One whose presence and whose power condemned them, these men, whose office it was to teach and to uphold righteousness, lent themselves to the most culpable unrighteousness and lawlessness, and betrayed their high office in hiring men to pervert justice by false witness!

Some men will do anything for money, "many false witnesses came," but among them all the whole of the learned council of Jerusalem could find nothing on which to base their accusation. At last came two who could agree, and who made the statement, "This fellow said (Mark 14: 58), We heard him say I am able to destroy the temple of God and to build it in three days" (Matt. 26: 61), a perversion of his own words about his body when they had asked him for a sign: "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up." (John 2: 19). So eager was the high priest, now that he had this shadow of accusation, that in his excitement he could no longer keep his seat. "The high priest arose, and said unto him: 'Answer thou nothing? What is it which these witness against thee?'"

"PETER THEN DENIED AGAIN: AND IMMEDIATELY THE COCK CREW"

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

Some time had to elapse after Christ was arrested before the members of the supreme court of the Jewish nation could be aroused from their beds and assembled in their place of meeting. It was probably soon after midnight when Jesus was arrested in the garden, and about two o'clock when he was arraigned before Annas, and sent from him to Caiaphas. Doubtless Annas was aware that there would be a difficulty in convicting him. The judges would give condemnation readily, but the forms of law must be observed. Some charge must be brought that was capital, and two witnesses must be found who would testify that the prisoner was guilty of it. Annas was clearly embarrassed and proceeded to cross-examine Jesus, in the hope that he would make a claim, or an admission, on which an indictment could be framed. But Jesus refused to incriminate himself. There were plenty of people who had heard his teaching: let them testify. It was significant that in spite of the hostile public feeling there should be so much difficulty in finding a capital charge. While the examination was taking place within the palace, there was a crowd in the quadrangle, drawn together by curiosity. If the house of Annas resembled the houses of that date, the quadrangle would be open to the sky and persons in it could see into the court through the arches which supported the house. John was in the crowd. Being in some way acquainted with the high priest he had obtained admission. Seeing Peter, who was a stranger in the capital, unable to get in, spoke to the [illegible] who had charge of the gate and induced her to let Peter in. She probably knew John to be one of Christ's disciples and therefore, in a casual way, asked Peter if he too was a disciple. Why the usually bold, impulsive man should have denied it, is not clear. Perhaps, having been the only one to resist Christ's arrest, he may have thought himself in special danger. He declared he was not a disciple, and, passing on, went to the group around the fire that had been made in the quadrangle. There, he was identified, and again he denied. He appears to have then tried to make his escape from a place where there was so much danger, but at the gate, a relative of the man he had wounded in the garden, saw him and pointed him out, and again Peter denied. By this time, between three and four o'clock in the morning, the preliminary examination of Christ was over, and as he was being taken across the quadrangle to the court for trial, a cock crew, and Jesus turned and looked at Peter. The question there would be in that look, and Peter's guilty conscience completed conviction, and the guilty disciple broke down in tears. This appears to have been what took place. The other evangelists differ in some of the minor details, but as John was the only one of the four who could have been an eye-witness, his account is most likely to be correct, especially as he was the last to write a Gospel.

Then went out that other disciple. John evidently thought to do Peter a kindness. He could not foresee that the temptation would be too strong for his fellow-disciple. When the young pretender to the English throne landed in Scotland, the Lochiel of that day was intent on going to him to explain the reasons why he could not join the standard of the descendant of the Stuarts. "Do not go," his brother Cameron said. "If the Prince once sees you and talks with you, he will get you to do what he pleases." Cameron knew his brother and wanted to keep him out of the way of temptation. He failed, for Lochiel, disregarding his advice, went to the camp and there the general enthusiasm and the Prince's cordiality overcame his judgment and he joined in the rebellion, to his ruin. It is not always that people are so wise as Cameron. Like John, they help a brother to enter some scene of temptation that proves fatal to his consistency.

Was known unto the High Priest. How John came to be known to him we are not told. Possibly there was some relationship, or it may be that before John became a follower of Christ, a young man such as we know him to have been, was regarded by the high priest as one of the promising young men of the day who would be a pillar of Judaism. However it may have been, John was known and the question of the girl in which she used the word "also," shows that she knew that John was a disciple. That is always helpful. If a young man lets it be known that he is a Christian, he is not assailed with the temptation that is applied to one whose character is not known. A young man was accustomed to attend the meetings of a debating society where liquor was drunk, but it was known that he was a total abstainer, and the waiter always brought him lemonade, when he brought the liquor in for the others. No one thought of urging him to drink intoxicants. But one night a friend accompanied him who was not pledged but was always abstemious. "You are not an abstainer are you?" was the question asked. "No, but I am not a drinking man," he replied. "Well you will join us then in a friendly glass," and he had not the courage to refuse. Before he left the meeting he had begun a practice which caused him sorrow and shame.

I am not. It is significant that Peter should have failed in courage which was his strongest point. It is an old saying that no man is so likely to die by drowning as he who is proud of his swimming. He will take risks that a man who cannot swim will avoid.

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MINNIE AND AH HONG LUNG

· New · York's · Chinatown · Mission ·

A Noble Christian Work Among Chinese Women — Human Beings Who are Bought and Sold

IF all the foreigners who have come to America probably none are so strangely tenacious of their own ideas and customs as are the Chinese. While a proportion of those Chinamen who habitually associate with Americans of the better class, notably in the Chinese Sunday Schools, may lose some of their Oriental ideas and may adopt Western opinions on vital social matters, yet the fact remains startlingly true that the great majority of the Chinese in America may live here half a century and never change their minds or alter their customs in the least.

This is especially the case in regard to the condition and status of the Chinese women. In China the girl or woman is bought and sold as any piece of personal property, and though she and her father or husband or owner may live in America for decades, she is still bought and sold and re-sold without a thought of its contrariety to American ideas or of its criminality under American laws. The whole attitude of these foreigners in our land may be summed up in their own trite saying: "American way good for American people, but China way more better for China people."

There is no voluntary adoption of American social customs on their part. A few men may put on American clothes and shave off the queue, but they do not put on the American mind with the American hat. So far as the writer's observation goes, all such change of mind must be forced upon them by the American educator, or missionary, or philanthropist, and unless this knowledge is borne in upon them with reiteration and almost violence, their staid, conservative, phlegmatic minds will never receive it. Hence the continuation of slavery, polygamy, foot-binding, and the seclusion of the women, is continued in America exactly as it exists to-day in China.

Does it startle the reader to know that there are sixty Chinese women in New York city, all bought for money, all held at a money value, and not one safe from the possibility of being sold again, perhaps many times? Not that these women are unchaste; far from it. I have never known more modest or pure-minded women in my life, and most of these sixty are to-day legal wives and the mothers of young children. But the marriage tie is no safeguard to the best and truest of these faithful young wives. Any hour their husbands may take them and sell them if they choose, and may do as they will with their children. Any hour a daughter or little slave-girl who is the family servant may be forced to become her master's concubine, or may be sold to legitimate wedlock or to sin, and she has not the right to say a word in her own defense or to oppose whatever may be done with her.

One woman, who was a faithful attendant of my Mission, was bought in Hong Kong when a little girl, was carried to Vancouver and forced to drudgery as a servant until old enough to be married. Then she was sold to a notorious gambler, who brought her to New York. This man owned another woman also, whom he legally married, but whom he afterward re-sold for $1,600. Then he tried to force this poor "second" wife, as she was called, to earn a living for him by a wicked life. But she refused. She was under the influence of free, Christian American women, and she told me with streaming eyes: "Me no want do bad. Me want be all the same like American woman. Me no likee be bad girl." To save herself from this she once took a dose of poison, but her owner discovered it in time to save her life. Then I took a carriage in the early morning and rescued her and placed her under the protection of the American law. To-day she is an educated, intelligent Christian woman, whom all respect involuntarily.

Another little girl was last summer offered for sale in New York's Chinatown, but she had been so long the tool of opium smokers, living in one of the worst "joints" of the city, that no one would buy her. Her owner, who was at death's door from the opium habit, offered her to me in adoption, and to save the child from absolute ruin I took legal control over her. Afterwards a purchaser was found, and the bargain was completed at $375, of which $200 was paid down. Then the owner demanded the child from me, and finally took the matter into court. But my guardianship was sustained, and the little girl remains now in the orphanage where I had placed her.

This child was once stolen from me. My house was watched, and I had to place her in hiding for weeks. My Mission was attacked, and my kindergarten was closed temporarily, but finally was reopened with its full quota of scholars.

Another little slave-girl was forced to become her master's "second wife," and when her little babe was a year old, the child was taken from her and given to the first wife, and the broken-hearted little mother was sold to a new owner and carried to a distant city. Poor, sad-eyed little waif, with her gentle face, and round, clinging arms, I think I can never forget her!

Another little slave-girl was cruelly beaten many times during the past year. She was neglected and dirty, barefoot and half-clad, shrinking at every sound, fearful always of blows and punishments. Many times I interceded on behalf of this child, but no permanent good was accomplished until I finally threatened her owners with arrest and imprisonment. At last they were made to understand the seriousness of the matter and they have now desisted. The child is treated at present with a fair amount of kindness, and is clothed and cared for.

One Chinese girl became a Christian, and when the time for her marriage drew near she refused to be sold. This girl had been born in America, and had grown up with much more freedom than is the lot of the ordinary Chinawoman. She not only saw her bridegroom before her marriage, but she loved him. She also told him that if he paid any money for her she would not marry him. In this she persisted until she gained her point, and she was the first one to defy the old custom and to be married as a free woman.

Idolatry is practiced in nearly all the Chinese families, and the altar, with the idol above it is as much a part of the household furniture as are the bed and table and kitchen utensils. The children are daily taught to join in this idol worship, and to offer rice and incense upon the altars. But we are trying to stem the tide of this idolatry by giving Christian teaching in our little Chinese kindergarten, and here daily we repeat the first commandment and learn that "Jesus is the best God because he is alive."

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KINDERGARTEN CLASS IN MISS CLARK'S CHINESE MISSION

Our Mission reaches all the Chinese women and children, and is the only evangelizing agency working among them. They are very reticent and timid and it is most difficult to gain access to them, but when their friendship is won they are delightful and attractive pupils.

The Chinese families dwell in the Mott Street tenements side by side with Italians, Jews and Irish. Our Mission comprises three separate departments: one for the Chinese, one for the Italians from Genoa, and another for Neapolitans. In one year we have preached the Gospel to over 50,000 Italians, and we hold a Sunday School and various week-day classes and religious services. Our work in this Mission, for Chinese as well as Italians, would be greatly benefited by two or three additional workers, especially if the Lord would so order in his providence that we might reside upon the field. At present I alone am the only regular worker, but two earnest Christian women are ready to join me there, trusting the Lord for our support, if the means may be provided to fit up an apartment in which we may live. For this purpose $300 is necessary. Who will take part in the reward of this blessed service for our Master, by helping to meet this need?

HELEN F. CLARK.

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MRS. T——,
The First Chinese Convert

MISS F——,

The Hirsch Charities

Baroness Hirsch, the story of whose noble life was told in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 19, has left in charitable bequests more than $12,000,000, according to European reports. $1,200,000 of this is, it is said, left to the Baron Hirsch New York Fund for the extension of schools and other institutions; $600,000 is donated to the Home for Working Girls, lately established by the Baroness; the Baron Hirsch Institute in Montreal receives $120,000; the Oriental Israelite Normal School in Paris for the maintenance of colleges in the East, $800,000; pension funds for teachers in the same institution, $600,000; the Committee of Jewish Benevolence, $1,000,000; each of its twenty officers, $5,000; the Maternity Asylum of Paris and the Society of Good Works receive together $200,000; the loan fund of the Jewish Board of Guardians in London, $600,000; there is also a bequest of $600,000 for feeding and clothing the poorer pupils in the schools founded or to be founded by the Universal Israelite Alliance, the Jewish Colonization Society in London gets $5,000,000, the interest of which must be paid over annually, to the Universal Israelitish Alliance of Paris for the maintenance and extension of schools and other institutions: $400,000 goes to the jubilee fund in Austria, started by the Baroness for the support of boys and girls; the Galician primary schools, to which the Baron devoted $600,000, receive $600,000; the new fund for small loans in Austria, especially Galicia, $300,000; Jewish communities in Vienna, Bremen, Budapesth, Paris, Brussels, Mayence, Frankfort-on-the-Main, and Munich are remembered to the extent of $200,000.

This list may be extended and in some points corrected when fuller details of the will follow the formal reading which did not occur in April. By the Baron's will $100,000,000 went to charitable institutions. During her noble and useful life, his wife spent time, money and labor freely in carrying forward his benevolent enterprises; and in establishing others on kindred lines; by her will, it seems, she has most generously continued in death, the work which both began for wandering Israel—"God's chosen people."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.
[illegible] C. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Read Appropriate Chapters

ALL the Bible must be studied; but when you find something that you cannot understand, do not dwell upon that particular passage until you are morbid. My advice to all sceptics is: "For the most part for six months chiefly read the Evangelists—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John." "But," you say, "is not all Scripture given by inspiration of God, and profitable?" Oh, yes! So are all the medicines in the apothecary shop good and useful, but they all have different uses, and are to be administered under different circumstances. Here are aloes and arsenic and opium and Peruvian bark, all good in their places; but in one condition of the system this medicine may cure you and in another it may kill you. Now, I say that the ninth chapter of Romans, which is a glorious tonic to a strong Christian, is to you, in your present condition, arsenic, and if you do not stop taking it—at any rate, in such large quantities—it will kill you. If you had been sailing in one direction six months for Liverpool and not found it, you would think it time to take another direction: and now that you have for thirty or forty years tried to find the harbor of peace and have not come in sight of port, any Christian sailor would tell you to let go the jib-sheet and brace around the head-yards, taking another tack. In your present spiritual invalidism you cannot digest strong meat. You can take nothing but sincere milk. How dare you risk yourself just now in the ninth chapter of Romans? You go out to contend in that field where strong Christians of forty years' standing have been confounded. In other words, the first time you take a musket in your hand you try an Austerlitz. The devil has had his way with you long enough. He has robbed you of the peace of a whole lifetime, and is now trying to strangle your immortality. Hold your argumentations in reserve. The infantry go into the fight on the plain; the batteries are on the hill and will in due time be unlimbered. So go into this discussion with your heart. Hold your logic and your argument in reserve for a later period of the conflict. Before you get through your earthly battles you will need not only the Minie's rifle, but all the Columbiads. There is a time in a young man's life when he thrusts his finger in the armhole of his vest and tosses his head and gives a Byronic laugh at Christianity, or asks Tom Paine's question about the Serpent in Eden, or the miraculous conception of Jesus Christ. But it is a good deal easier to get lost in the jungles than to get out of the woods.

Murder of No Sex

WHEN a woman commits murder, she can no longer plead that she is a woman. If a man would deserve the death penalty in her circumstances, she deserves it all the more. This is the logical issue of the reform for woman. She is not less, but more guilty than would be a man. Lady Macbeth is regarded a greater criminal than her husband. Recall her appeal to him:

"I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me
I would, while it was smiling in my face
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless
gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I sworn as you
Have done to this."

When a woman unsexes herself by crime, she is a greater criminal than man can be. His nature is coarser, his sensibilities less acute. Her fall before the tempter is from a greater height. God has made her timid about injuring the least creature of his. She faints in the presence of bloodshed; of course, unless, she is under the influence of a great enthusiasm. Then, she can out-do a man. But, when she deliberately plans and executes a murder, she exhibits a hardness of nature greater than would the same act, if done by a man. Macbeth said:

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Lady Macbeth had sinews of steel. Even the resemblance which Duncan bore to her father did not prevent her taking back the bloody daggers used by her husband, but brought away in his fright, to the scene of the murder.

"Why did you bring these daggers from the
place?
They must lie there: go carry them and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood."

Macbeth's reply to this is:

"I'll go no more:
I'm afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not."

"Give me the daggers," returns his wife, and sternly places the daggers where they will seem to prove the murder committed by the grooms, that slept in the ante-chamber.

Shakespeare is true to nature when he shows the woman in the play fallen lower than the man. There is no greater desecration can come to woman, than she has already experienced, when she has said to Evil, "be thou my god."

Dull Pulpits Caused by Dull Pews

OUR attention has recently been called, more especially in religious newspapers, to much excellent advice given to the pulpit. Long series of articles in papers and magazines written by the pew for the benefit of the pulpit. The laity are saying many true things in regard to the arousal of ministers. The demand of the pew is for more animation, more snap, more directness and more fire. This demand on the part of the pew all over Christendom has had its good effect, and dry bones have got up and shaken themselves. Now, as the pews have been so successful in waking up the pulpits, and as turn about is fair play, it is time for the pulpits all over the land to wake up the pews. We suspect that much of the former dulness of the pulpits was inherited from the pews. We know not why a religious audience should not look as bright as any other audience; but how often it is that people who at a concert or lecture look animated seem to feel it their duty as soon as they come into a devotional assembly to look stupid. They think the more dull they are the more pious. Some hearers shut their eyes, and so extinguish, as far as the preachers are concerned, the chief light of the face. What is the matter with your eyes? Is it emotion? Oh, no! It is easily [illegible] trying to review your accounts at the store, or calculating the prospects for the opening business season. Open your eyes and look at the preacher, whatever church you attend. Your manner in many of the churches is a wet blanket on the preacher's enthusiasm. If a speaker begin a sentence with power, and happens to see your face about the middle comma, he will, in the last half of the sentence, drop to imbecility. Have you ever seen a preacher, in the midst of his sermon, get bothered and subside from eloquence into inanity? He saw two or three intelligent men looking as indifferent as dolts. The sun rose clear, but a fog rose to the preacher's countenance and beclouded it. It is astonishing how much the manner of listening has to do with the force of preaching. We will take the contract of arousing the dullest minister that ever addressed an audience, if you will give us enough alert and wide-awake hearers placed at proper distances from the pulpit, so that in whatever direction the preacher looks he shall, by clash of eye, strike fire.

The reason ministers are stupid is because religious audiences are stupid. How much spirit would you have in conversation if, in your parlor, your guests should demean themselves as in church? One of your friends in the arm-chair closing his eyes, another lying back on the sofa as if he were sleeping, another putting his head down on the back of a chair in front of him. You would quit talking, and wish they would take their stupidity out of your parlor, and go home. But the stolid and unconcerned manner which some people could not endure from their friends is every Sabbath inflicted on the pastors of the churches. Wake up, or if you are awake, as you probably are, do not let your manner belie your real condition. There are some churches in which the unarousable condition is so chronic, so hereditary, so perpetual, we never want to preach there. If a Methodist should cry out in that assemblage an "amen" or a "hallelujah," it would create a panic, and make the reading of the riot act appropriate. That church is a pond frozen over, smooth and good for skating, but no warm tides of life, no meeting of preacher's earnest eye with hearers' intense gaze in such churches. Every Sunday humdrum, and extract of poppy, and ecclesiastic morphine. Come, come, church pews all over America, you must share with the pulpits in the responsibility of a lethargic service. We will try to fire up at our end of the column, but you must fire up at your end of the column. We will divide the blame and then share the improvement. We will furnish and shovel in the coal, and you can furnish the kindling wood and open the damper. An eager, intent pew always makes a resounding pulpit.

Go to Work

THERE must be a field somewhere. Sea captains are generally sympathetic, and when they are going over the water and see a signal of distress hoisted, they bear down upon the ship and take her passengers from the wreck. But there have been cases when these men have been hard-hearted, and have seen a signal of distress, but paid no attention to it and come into port. How they have been execrated by the sailors and the people of all countries. What do you think will be said of us in eternity if it shall be found out that we voyaged on through life only careful about our own comfort, while all around us there were signals of distress lifted, but we cared not for the suffering, and were not moved by the cry of the morally shipwrecked! Ah, [illegible] some of the regiments of the Lord's army [illegible] you know that God will have no mercy upon you in your death-hour, and no compassion in eternity, if while professing to be a Christian you sit idly by and let the people perish? You shall not dwell [illegible] them that are at ease in Zion! I hear people, while they have their arms folded,

[illegible]
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I [illegible]

Why, it is very easy to have that question decided. If you have no anxiety about the salvation of others you are not a Christian, and you might as well understand it now as ever. Go heartily to work and your doubts will be gone. Sickness will come to your neighbor; be there and pray for him. Death will come into some of the households: before they have time to put crape on the door-bell, be there to talk of Jesus, who is "the resurrection and the life." Here is a young man who wants to become a Christian, but he does not know how to start. His father cannot tell him; his mother cannot tell him. Take him by the arm, walk with him down the street, and before you leave him be sure his feet are on the road to heaven. You are not called to be king over a nation; you are not called to be admiral of a navy; you are not called to be general in an army; but God has given you the highest honor—he has put into your hands the keys of the kingdom. Be thou faithful unto death, and Christ will give thee a crown.

BRIEF NOTES

[illegible] thousand roubles [illegible] the Dukhobortski, [illegible] who have immigrated [illegible] Manitoba.

The Baptist Missionary Union has closed the financial year with a debt [illegible] closing of the books would have materially reduced, if it did not wipe out, the debt.

The late Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, who would have become President of the Baptist Union at the annual Assembly on April 24, had prepared his chairman's address, and the Rev. J. Owen, of Swansea, was asked to read it at the memorial service with which the Assembly opened.

The aggregate attendance at the centenary meetings of the Church Missionary Society in London numbered 120,000 persons, of which a large proportion were clergymen and their relatives from all parts of the country. No demonstration like it has been known in mission history.

A dispatch from Boston, Mass., states that the famous Old South Church in Copley Square, has formally abandoned its old creed, which contained the ultra-Calvinistic articles on election and reprobation. The creed has long been ignored, but was not formally repudiated until last week.

The American Baptist year-book for 1899 shows that the Baptist Churches in the United States are 42,893 in number, an advance of about 500 over the reported number of last year. There are 28,409 ministers, an increase of 1,054. The total membership is 4,141,995, an increase of 86,189.

The Lake Geneva Student Conference will begin its tenth annual session on June 16th. It is held under the direction of the College Department of the Y. M. C. A. at Lake Geneva, Wis. Among the speakers will be Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. John R. Mott, Mr. R. C Morse, Mr. Robert P. Wilder, and other well-known Christian workers. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing Mr. C. C. Michener, 705 Association Building, Chicago, Ill.

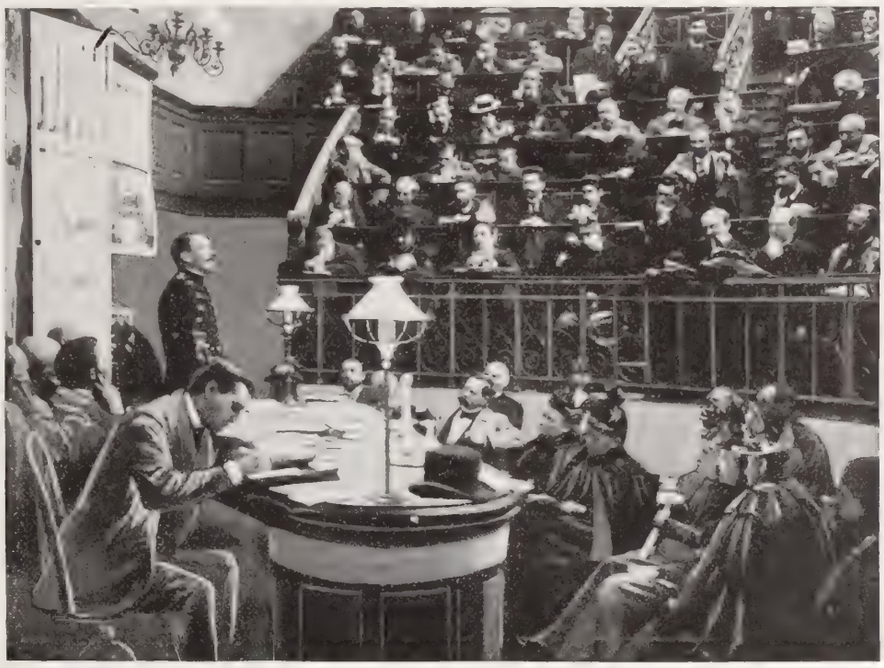
The American Board has undertaken work in the Ladrone Islands which were recently acquired by the United States from Spain. The Board's work in the South Pacific renders it specially adapted for this new field. It is unfortunate however, that just as the Board is thus extending its operations, it should have lost its schooner, the *Robert W. Logan* which has been wrecked on the Mortlock Islands. The Board is now endeavoring to raise $10,000 for a new vessel and $5,000 to begin the work on the Ladrones.

On May 10th, the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, New York City, celebrates its sixty-fifth anniversary. The twelve Industrial Schools of the Society have taught during the year 7,556 tenement children, instruction being given in seven industries by special teachers. The larger boys have learned cobbling, chair-caning, carpentry, and Venetian ironwork, and the classes for the girls have been in cooking, housekeeping and sewing. Kindergarten work has been done by eleven hundred little people. In the Home, 261 children have been cared for, and fifteen sent out to adopted homes.

French Alcoholism

ONE of the most remarkable conferences of modern times, was the International Anti-Alcoholic Congress which has just closed its sessions in the French capital. Temperance advocates from the United States, England, Germany, Belgium, and other lands took part with Frenchmen in the proceedings. They elicited facts which are truly appalling, and discussed measures for remedying the evil. It appears from the testimony given by public men and other witnesses that at the present time France is suffering more than any other civilized land from the liquor evil. One prominent statistician declared his conviction that alcohol caused the death of fully fifty thousand persons in France last year. In the accompanying picture, the witness is a captain of the French army, who gives a terrible account of the ravages of absinthe, which he said was the favorite drink of officers and men. General Gallieni declared that it had been proved during the campaign in Madagascar that even bad water was better for the soldier than the alcoholic drink he resorted to. In one campaign total abstinence was enforced and the efficiency of the men was increased forty per cent. Lieut. Guieysse said that in all those regiments in which the canteen had been replaced by restaurants in which tea, coffee, lemonade and other temperance drinks were sold instead of intoxicants, the reports of the health and morals of the troops showed a marked improvement. Excessive drinking is not confined to the army. Statistics for the entire country show that France is a larger consumer of alcoholic beverages than any other nation. Dividing the total amount annually consumed by the population, including women and children, it was found that the average quantity per head was twenty-five pints: in Belgium seventeen; in Great Britain sixteen; and in the United States between ten and eleven, while in Canada it is only three and a half. The Congress believed that the drinking habit in France had increased largely because of the facilities for opening saloons. In Paris alone, besides the hotels, there are 33,000 of these drinking places and in all France the number has increased from 356,863 in 1880 to 454,500 this year. These figures have caused general alarm for the safety of the country. At the Congress the speakers included Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Atheists, who sat side by side and consulted on the best means for checking the evil. There, as here, the chief difficulty in devising repressive laws consists in the fact that the dealers exert enormous political influence and scarcely any legislator could be elected without the good will of the dealers in his district. The Congress separated without devising any effectual remedy, which indeed no congress could do. So as in olden times, the curse goes on ruining and despoiling the nations, and men groan under it as did God's ancient prophets:

Woe to the crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim and to the fading flower of his glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley of them that are overcome with wine (Isa. 28: 1, R.V.).



A FRENCH OFFICER DESCRIBING THE ABSINTHE HABIT TO THE ANTI-ALCOHOLIC CONGRESS

A Surgeon's Blunder

A terrible mistake which, it is feared, will involve a young man in total blindness has been made by a Canadian doctor of high standing. In operating on the patient who was suffering from an injury to one of his eyes, the doctor removed the uninjured eye. It appears that the young man consulted the doctor for an injury to his right eye. A knife had slipped and entered the sclerotic coat of the eye, and passing forward had cut its way through the iris and cornea. The doctor tried to save the sight of that eye, but later it was found that the retina was injured and it was impossible to cure it. The doctor was convinced that the patient would always be blind on that side. He did not see him again for some time, but as he was suffering a good deal of pain, and there was inflammation in the useless eyeball which was affecting the other eye, the patient came again, and the doctor advised that the blind eye should be removed, lest it cause the other eye to become useless through disease. The patient consented and the operation was performed. Not until it was successfully done and the patient was recovering from the anæsthetic which had been administered, did the doctor discover that he had made a grievous mistake. It was the left eye which was sound that he had taken out. The patient is therefore rendered totally blind, unless the injured eye can be cured, which previous to the operation was deemed to be incurable. The doctor is grieved beyond expression over the mistake. "I would willingly give my own eye," he said, "could it restore sight to the unfortunate youth." But the surgeon's lament is in vain, the injury is irreparable. So many a parent has felt who has made an analogous mistake. It is a common thing for the parents or friends of some young person, who has become anxious about his soul's salvation, to try to divert his mind by pleasure and frivolity, and so the sight that was opening to spiritual things has been taken away in mistaken kindness.

It were well for him if a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were thrown into the sea rather than that he should cause one of these little ones to stumble (Luke 17: 2).

Two Ancient Statues

An important discovery is reported from Egypt. The excavators who have been working for many years in the temple at Karnak have found two statues, one of which was carved, as is proved by an inscription upon it, in the time of Abraham, and the other in the reign of Rameses II., the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites. The former is a well-sculptured representation of a man in a sitting posture, with clearly cut features, and evidently a likeness. A block on the knees of the figure is covered with hieroglyphs, which state that it was set up by King Usertesen I. in memory of his father, and recount the offerings of cattle, bread, garments and incense which the king made to God on his father's account. This king reigned in the year 2100 B. C., the period generally believed to be that in which Abraham lived. The other statue is that of Ammon, the God worshipped in the time of Moses. It is a standing figure of alabaster, eighteen feet high, and the figure is beautifully proportioned. Both statues have been buried in the earth probably over two thousand years, but they have suffered little injury, and show how high a degree of art had been attained in the early period in which they were graven. But grand as was its civilization and mighty as was the power of Egypt, it has happened to it as God's prophet predicted:

I will destroy their idols and I will cause their images to cease, and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt, and I will put a fear in the land of Egypt (Ezek. 30: 13).

The Samoan Imbroglio

A sensible letter from the commander of the German warship at Samoa has been published by the *Nord Deutsche Zeitung*. It explains much that was previously mysterious, and shows how exaggerated some of the rumors have been. He says: "The wildest rumors are current concerning the relations between the officers and crew of the *Falke* and the Americans and English. The reports are due to some of our countrymen who do not tire of creating ill-feeling between the officers and men of the three countries by promoting such rumors. As a matter of fact, the relations between the different commanders and officers are thoroughly courteous and of an accommodating character." He quotes several acts on the part of the American and English commanders as illustrations of his contention. Herr Rose, the German consul, whose portrait appears on this page, has evidently yielded to the wishes of the Germans referred to by Capt. Schoenfelder, who for some reason still unexplained, desire the accession of Mataafa. He has enthusiastically supported his claims, and has given him advice and all the assistance that his official position would allow. On the other hand, the American Chief Justice admits that at first he was in favor of Mataafa becoming king, as he was duly elected; but on careful consideration of the treaty, he became convinced that Mataafa was not eligible, and therefore gave judgment in favor of his rival, Tanu. It will be remembered that the reason for excluding Mataafa was the objection to him of Bismarck, who was angered by Mataafa's barbarity to German sailors. It is a strange coincidence that in giving effect to German antipathy the Chief Justice should have incurred the opposition of the German consul. From recently published statistics it appears that the bulk of the export and import trade with Samoa is in English hands. The imports from Germany are $53,000; from the United States, $84,000, and from Great Britain, $173,500. They also outnumber the other two nationalities in population. The Americans on the islands number 26; German subjects, 20; British subjects, 439. It may be hoped that the Commission now on its way to Samoa will be able to arrange the difficulty in such a way as to insure the welfare of the people, which, after all, is of more moment than considerations of trade and international jealousy. The three Christian nations concerned ought to realize that they have a higher responsibility than their own interests because they represent Him whose rule is for righteousness.

HERR FRITZ ROSE, GERMAN CONSUL IN SAMOA

He shall speak peace unto the heathen and his dominion shall be from sea to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth (Zech. 9: 10).

A Mountain on Fire

An extraordinary phenomenon in Arizona is described by Dr. Louis Albert Banks, the eminent Methodist clergyman of Cleveland, O. He says that when the Santa Fe railroad contractors reached Williams, Ariz., they attempted to tunnel through the mountain. A fire broke out in the workings, which was not extinguished until large quantities of water had been thrown upon it. Scarcely had new woodwork been put in, when the fire broke out again, and this time it could not be put out. It appeared that the geological formation of the mountain is chiefly limestone in a high degree of purity. The water used in extinguishing the first fire had set the lime to slacking. The lime as it slacked dissolved into gas, liquid and ashes, which, falling out of place, released the adjoining strata and exposed a fresh surface to the chemical action of the air and vapor. How far the strata extends is not known, but it looks as if the whole inside of the mountain would be eaten away. There are men sometimes to be met with in society who resemble this mountain. One sin in their nature leads to another, until their whole being seems to be given up to the curse. This is no new phenomenon, but was witnessed in Apostolic times.

It defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell (James 3: 6).

. . . Our Nation's Greatest Naval Station . . .

The New York Navy Yard, its Powerful Warships, its Guns and its Torpedo Boats Illustrated by Photographs Taken Specially for "The Christian Herald" by Joseph Adams

THE CRUISER "NEWARK," AND THE ICE-BOAT "GACELA"

THE OLD TRAINING SHIP "VERMONT," AT HER PERMANENT MOORINGS

DURING the late war with Spain, the New York Navy Yard played a most important part in the great drama of conquest. In the earlier stages of the conflict, its docks were crowded with cruisers, battleships, gunboats and torpedo boats which were undergoing hasty equipment for the serious work that followed. Its magazines were crowded with shells and the machine shops, foundries, ordnance shops, and other quarters were filled with an army of skilled workmen, who labored day and night to send forth our fleets to victory. As many as 8,000 men were engaged there at one time, although the regular force at the Yard is only 2,000. The government property devoted to the purposes of the Navy Yard is situated on Wallabout Bay and covers 145 acres and has a mile of magnificent water-front. As a whole, it ranks as our finest naval station. One of the two great dry docks alone cost over $2,000,000. Besides roomy shops and officers' barracks, there are extensive marine barracks, and a naval hospital. There are also an excellent library and museum in which are stored many articles of historical interest. The chief of the Navy Yard is Rear-Admiral Philip, formerly Commander of the battleship, *Texas*. The storehouses are the largest on this continent and its general equipment is on an ampler scale than that of the other yards which are situated at Portsmouth, N. H., League Island, Pa., Norfolk, Va., Mare Island, Calif., Kittery, Me., Pensacola, Fla., Charlestown, Mass., and Washington, D. C. It occupies a position unequalled in advantages for initiating naval movements in Atlantic waters, as was satisfactorily demonstrated in the late war. It is a centre of enlistment, and here the active force of the Navy was largely augmented during the spring and summer months of 1898. Some fine naval vessels have been built here, and here also are abundant facilities for the repair of ships, hulks and machinery. Here were fitted out many of the vessels of the auxiliary navy, which did splendid service, co-operating effectively with the fleets of Sampson and Schley in the operations off Havana, Matanzas, Santiago and elsewhere during the critical junctures of the war.

GUNBOAT "ATLANTA" (OUT OF COMMISSION)

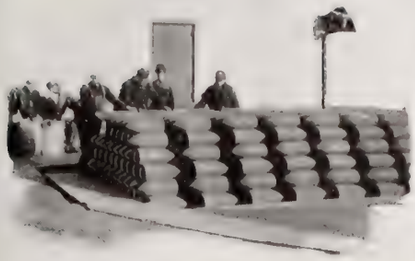
THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE NAVY YARD

THE CRUISER "NEW ORLEANS" COMING INTO DOCK

Our photographs of the Navy Yard, which were taken by special permission, will be found most interesting. During the Spanish War, when almost every available sea-going craft belonging to the Government was placed in commission, the Yard at times was deserted. At the close of hostilities, and as our fleets returned from their different stations in the West Indies, the great cruisers and battleships, the trim gunboats, and the low-hulled, swift, torpedo-boats came back to the old quarters for overhauling and repairs. Vessels and crews were accorded the warmest welcome, civic, military and naval officialdom, and even the shipping in the harbor, all uniting to show their high appreciation of the valor of the American sailor. Latest to return was the *Kearsarge*,

FERRY-BOAT FROM THE NAVY YARD TO COB DOCK

THE BATTLESHIP "MASSACHUSETTS" IN DRY DOCK



EMPTY SHELLS

THE U. S. SUBMARINE BOAT "PLUNGER"

THE PEARY METEORITE

the trim warship which was the first to "cut loose" with her guns in the battle of Manila Bay, and the heartiness of her reception must have surprised and delighted the "jackies," who had been absent from their native land for considerably over a year.

Among the warships shown in the photographs are the *Newark*, which took part in the naval operations in the West Indies; the *New Orleans* (purchased from Brazil), whose Naval Reserves distinguished themselves repeatedly in engagements with Spanish batteries in Cuba, and the *Massachusetts*, also noted for its share in the West Indian naval campaign, and looking like an armed leviathan of the deep. The *Atlanta* has now been out of commission for the last five years. A grim and ungainly craft is the submarine boat *Plunger*, which has a record of disaster, forty-seven men having lost their lives in her at different times. Four of the torpedo-boats—*Winslow*, *Porter*, *Rodgers* and *Foote*,—were active participants in the Cuban blockade, and their crews did brave work on several occasions. The photograph of the *Arrow* recalls the melancholy story of the loss of the *Maine* in Havana harbor. Side by side on the page with a field of our own old and condemned cannon, lie some of the guns recovered from the Spanish warship *Maria Teresa*, their shields pierced by the shells of the American fleet. Some of the larger calibre shells are shown in a photograph on the same page. These are, of course, empty, the custom being to load them on board ship. An object of curious interest is the giant meteorite, which was brought from the Arctic by Peary's expedition, and is supposed to consist principally of iron, which fell to earth in a superheated, molten condition. The Navy Yard is surrounded by a thick wall about 15 feet high, which cuts it off from the Borough of Brooklyn. It is, in some respects, a miniature city in itself, being laid out in streets, and having its own river police and fire departments. The residence of the Commandant is situated on a high knoll at the western end of the Yard, from which spot there is a commanding view of the many ships and buildings. A brass band takes its station here on Saturday afternoons during the summer. The music, the brightly uniformed officers and men, the many fair visitors, and the men-of-war glistening with the "white paint of peace" make the scene a very enlivening one. On the parade ground, in front of the marine barracks, there is also much life and movement on bright days. The marines, who are our "sea soldiers," are being constantly put through military evolutions and in times of recreation are indulging in their favorite game, baseball. One of the objects in the Navy Yard which the visitor never fails to notice, is a great ship of wood whose entire hull is out of the water and filled with windows. It is very evident that this vessel is not intended to go to sea. It is, instead, the training ship *Vermont* which was a frigate in the early days of the Navy, but is now the residing place of the naval apprentices. A young man who applies for a sailor's berth in the Navy and passes the physical and mental examinations, is put on the *Vermont* for a period of training and probation until fully qualified.

8-IN. GUNS FROM "MARIA TERESA"

IN THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT—CLEANING THE QUICK-FIRE GUNS

FIELD OF CONDEMNED CANNON

A GROUP OF NEW TORPEDO BOATS

FOUR FAMOUS TORPEDO BOATS

TORPEDO BOAT "ARROW," SAVED FROM THE "MAINE"

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

IMMIGRATION . . . AND HOME-MAKING

Our Incoming Hosts Home-makers from Afar
Nomads Christianity's Opportunity

SOME TIMES [illegible] times an old song, strikes a responsive chord in our hearts by awakening sad or happy memories. Our illustration may remind some of our readers of similar scenes in their fatherlands. Immigrants, of the class that America is glad to welcome—good, honest, true folks—are bidding adieu to the homes of their childhood, to dear kindred and to old friends, ere beginning their journey to the ship that shall bring them to the New World where doubtless other dear kindred and old friends wait with greeting as happy as this parting is sorrowful.

If "it is home where the heart is," inhabitants of every clime must feel personal interest in the welfare of the United States because of beloved ones here. Our last census shows that from 1881 to 1890, 5,238,728 foreigners sought our shores, 1,466,426 were from Great Britain; 1,452,952 from Germany. During the fiscal year ending June 20, 1896, we had 229,299 immigrants; of these 3,229 were shoemakers, 1,743 miners, 1,137 blacksmiths, 4,492 merchants, 3,826 tailors, 22,560 farmers, 52,231 laborers, 23,656 servants. An industrial army surely! Considering that "laborers" and "servants" [illegible] largely to the agricultural class we can form an idea of how many tillers of the soil Europe gives us annually. Of these honest sons of toil we can truly say: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," for they come as home-makers from crowded countries, to take advantage of the wider room and opportunities afforded by our rolling prairies, expansive hillsides, rich mines and fertile valleys. On farms in New England and other settled sections, their children grow up with our own naturally as American citizens; on frontier ranches, removed from church and Sunday School privileges, our missionaries and preachers seek them out, build up Sunday Schools and churches among them, and assist in the good work of their naturalization while they are reviving or keeping alive Christian sentiments and habits brought from their homes in the Old World.

In cities where Italians, Russians, Greeks, Syrians, Poles, Arabians and other nationalities cluster, Christianity meets a different problem. Many incomers are wandering nomads, ignorant of the meaning of the word "home," for which their language has often no equivalent. Our mission halls, social and Gospel settlements, and our fresh air workers help these most effectually through the little children who take kindly to object lessons in home-life. Our readers who have followed accounts in this paper of Sunday School work on the frontier, and home-making work in city slums, will read with interest the figures given here as showing the magnitude of American responsibility and opportunity in making foreign-born citizens "at home" among us in the true, Christian sense of the word.

EMIGRANTS TAKING LEAVE OF HOME AND KINDRED

Children and Birds

Cornell University has sent out a letter asking children to help entertain our bird visitors this summer. The University, likewise, publishes a leaflet, *The Birds and I*, which will be sent free to all teachers asking for it. The letter says:

Ask your teacher if she has one. In the leaflet are pictures of various styles of bird houses. Some of them are good subjects for drawing lessons. Perhaps your teacher will [illegible] these to a scale, just as an architect would do for the guidance of a carpenter, and later you can build a bird house after your drawings. All may not have the tools or the material, or the skill to build elaborate and aristocratic bird houses, but that need be no barrier of hospitality to those who love birds. In our leaflet are designs as simple as an empty fruit can. We wish you would talk over this plan with your teacher, parents and your chums. The kind of birds that will set up housekeeping in the homes that you provide will harm no one. They are never cross, or throw stones, or rob us, but are always happy and have cheerful songs. We are always kind to people having such dispositions, and why should we not be to birds as well?

Children and Encouragement

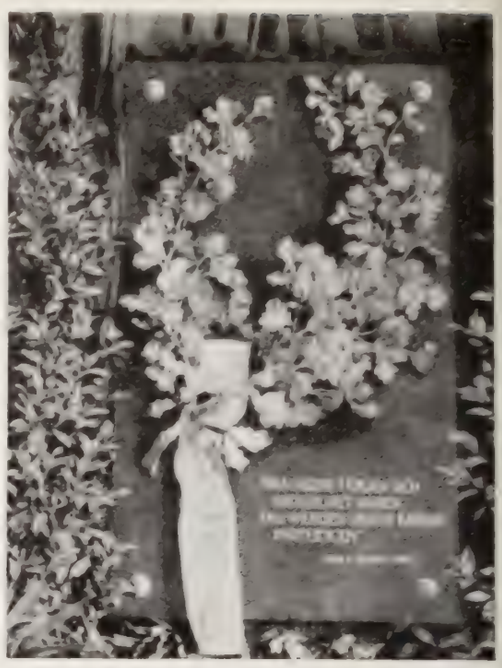
You teach baby to walk by encouragement as much as by anything else. If you continually said to the timid, wavering little creature moving toward you with faltering steps, "Look out! you'll fall!" baby might never learn to walk. When he stumbles, you set him on his feet and encourage him to try again. The same plan applies to the training and education of older children—especially timid, nervous ones. Recognition of any effort at self-improvement, of any act of unselfish service is also a valuable stimulant in the cases of children of sluggish temperaments: used in connection with some judicious system of industrial training, it may be exceedingly effective in overcoming that apathy which is too often taken for wilful laziness. "Try again! You are sure to do it better next time," is easy to say when a child fails in any task he has made a conscientious effort to perform. Sometimes it is wise to change the task to something he likes, and educate him up to the one he dislikes.

A Child's Knock

A busy man sat in his private office; in a room adjoining a group of his assistants were busily employed. Between was a door which no one but the great man ever used. If an employee wished to address him there was the hall-way outside, and another door guarded by an office-boy. One day, a little fellow of six years, rambled into the assistant's room, asked a question or two, and then walked deliberately up to the private door and pounded on it with a good, round, authoritative knock. The great man's chief-assistant looked up with an astounded expression as the unwonted sound fell upon his ear; other employees regarded the child with startled curiosity. Rap! rap! went the little fellow. "Go around by the hall," some one suggested. "I'll not;" said the child, "my papa 'll open this door for me!" It was opened, a smiling face looked forth, a tender voice said, "Welcome, my dear!" and drew the child within. "Ah!" thought the chief-assistant, remembering the text, "Knock, and it shall be opened to you," "if we only had such faith in our Heavenly Father as this child has in his earthly parent, and if we only had such desire to enter into his presence!"

Birthday Presents

"I train the children to give each other and their father and me some trifle on birthdays," said a careful mother. "It makes them thoughtful and unselfish." "Is the giving of trifles truly educational in that way?" asked a friend. "Trifle-giving is overdone. Giving of valuable things is often impossible, but really I think the bestowal of that which costs us little or nothing, and which is not of positive benefit to another, is doubtful exhibition of friendship. My house is littered up with trash I don't want, but that I fear to throw away because I may hurt a donor's feelings." "Ah," said the first speaker, "you have sounded my difficulty. This present-giving costs me much trouble. I spend great thought upon it. I have the children study wants and tastes of each other, so that the gift, small though it be, shall supply an actual need or gratify some particular desire. They clubbed together and gave Rose a piece of music she wanted: Dick got a book he had set his heart on: they worked for the small sum that was put into each of those gifts. The most precious birthday gift I have ever received was from little Joe, who gave me on his birthday the promise to overcome a very ugly fault—a promise which he has faithfully kept."



A TRIBUTE TO BISMARCK

German Women and Bismarck

OUR illustration shows the tribute—a mounted wreath of gold and silver—sent by the women of Hamburg to the tomb of their old friend and neighbor, Prince Bismarck. "Prince Bismarck," says *The London Illustrated News*, "was not what is commonly called a lady's man: and no one could describe as romantic his reasons given in a letter to his father for embracing matrimony: 'I feel lonely and forsaken, and this mild, damp weather makes me melancholy.' Perhaps that was one his way of expressing himself. Lord Beaconsfield had his own way also. But the two men were alike in this—that they made the best of husbands. 'I owe everything to that lady,' said the English statesman, in a memorable speech delivered after nearly half a century of married life. 'You little know what this woman has done for me,' was Prince Bismarck's commentary to Signor Crispi, after an equally long experience of domesticity. The Princess Bismarck was a pious woman, the daughter of pious parents: and it is to the credit of the Iron Chancellor that he was as much led and influenced by her in moral and spiritual affairs as history shows him to have been." It is the domestic virtues of the Prince which the ladies of Hamburg have doubtless desired to associate with the larger national issues connected with Bismarck's name in the tribute they placed upon his tomb.

A Blessing

The Lord bless thee!
How shall he bless thee?
With the gladness that knoweth no decay.
With the riches that cannot pass away.
With the sunshine that makes an endless day—
Thus may he bless thee.

And keep thee!
How shall he keep thee?
With the all-covering shadow of his wings.
With the strong love that guards from evil things.
With the sure power that safe to glory brings.
Thus may he keep thee.

The Drink Evil in High Places

Mr. C. N. Howard's Eloquent Arraignment of the Liquor Traffic at the Recent Great Mass Meeting in New York

ONE of the most remarkable addresses on the liquor question which has been delivered before a metropolitan assemblage in recent years, was that of Mr. C. N. Howard, of Rochester, N. Y., who was one of the principal speakers at the great meeting at Cooper Union, New York, on April 24. His speech, which deserves to be read by all who believe in the suppression of the vile drink traffic, is given below, He said, in substance:

"If God ever gave a people a country that was worth fighting for, worth living

C. N. HOWARD

for, worth dying for, he has given it to the people of the United States. It holds the key to the future destiny of the race. In the sense that Paris is France, America is to be the world. King of commerce, king of science, king of civilization.

"I have faith in my country. I have faith in the people. But I stand here to say, that if America is to be king of anything, we must down the whiskey king. If we are to fill our divinely-appointed mission as the civilizer of mankind, if we are to carry the blessings of liberty and self-government around the world, we have got to raise the standard of public life at home. We have got to reform our civil service from the bottom up and from the top down.

"To fathom the depths of political incapacity and debauchery in the great cities of this country, would require a sounding line that would reach from Hoboken to Helena, Montana. Public scandal is the order of the day. Pick up your New York papers; what say those big types at the head of the column on the front page? 'Public Scandal!' It used to be said that a man was rich in this town if he owned his own home. To-day a man in New York who owns only his own home, must sell it to some rich man who can afford to pay the taxes on it, and must move his family into a rear tenement or garret, where lack of sunlight, foul air and filth are making a pig-sty out of the American home. Public scandal and political corruption are making it too expensive for the common people to live, and the coffin trust is making it a luxury to die. The water-works scandal in Philadelphia has smitten that city with the plague of typhoid, that has slain more people in ten weeks than died of the result of wounds in the war with Spain. The City Hall in Chicago was recently the scene of a mob that threatened to lynch the aldermen who had been bought up like cattle by the street railroad lines of that city. At St. Louis, where I organized a Prohibition Union of Christian men last February, an excise commissioner locating saloons within the proscribed limits of places of worship and public schools, and accepting the petitions of boys who owned bicycles as taxpayers against the remonstrances of their parents, who owned the house. A police commissioner, who instructed bummers to ignore the State law, requiring a license to sell rum, so long as they patronized his brewery. Saloons operating the nickel-in-the-slot living picture machines, that would outrage the moral sense of perdition.

"The devil has fused the saloon and the brothel into one colossal machine to attack the great centres of modern civilization, and unless we can fuse the patriotic, law-abiding, God-serving citizens of the country and meet organized iniquity with organized righteousness, the situation is without hope. To-day, the rum power owns this imperial city in the sense that a hen owns an egg—before it gets into the nest.

The situation in this city, its depth of depravity, its open disregard for law, and the indifference of its citizens, are positively alarming. It does not concern New York only, it concerns the whole nation. Not only do bad men administer its affairs, but it would seem that the more incompetent and unscrupulous a man is, the larger support he commands.

"Our Civil Service is becoming the favored roost for incapables, thieves and plunderers. It has become almost impossible to carry on any public work that does not result in a raid on the treasury. Once confined to our cities, to-day it lays its leprous hand on the State and the Nation. 'Canal scandal' in New York; 'Capitol scandal' in Pennsylvania; 'Allen law scandal' in Illinois; 'City Hall scandal'; 'Gas plant scandal'; 'Sewer scandal'; 'Street paving scandal'; 'Public franchise scandal'; 'Grand Jury scandal'; 'Senatorial scandal'; 'War scandal.'

"There is danger ahead, if we do not stop this wholesale public debauchery. It is high time for decent citizens to wake up and organize with no less an aim than to clean up house and to retire to private life some of the bottle-scarred veterans who misrule our great municipalities, to demand for public office a brand of men who would rather fill a hole in the Potter's Field than fill a public office by truckling to the rum-power.

"We have fought one holy war, to throw off the yoke of Spanish misrule in Cuba. I go in for another holy war to throw off the yoke of bar-room misrule in America. For there is absolutely no hope of regenerating the politics of this country and rescuing our great cities from the political leprosy known a boss-rule, while the saloon lives. You cannot sweep gin-mill politics into perdition and leave the gin-mill in New York at the same time. The saloon is the fortification of Satan in American politics, and we have won our last victory for permanent good government, until we turn our guns on those fortifications. Any plan for civic righteousness that does not provide for a closed rum-shop, is monumental civic nonsense. We will win no victories for permanent civic righteousness in the State of New York, with our left hands, while we vote with our right to legalize 28,000 rum-shops to propagate civic rottenness.

"Do you say it is impracticable and impossible to clean out the whole iniquitous system? Nothing is impossible that is right; nothing that is right is impracticable. Oh, you say, I do not know New York, that a fight like that would result in wholesale butchery; that assassination would lurk in every dark hallway and alley. Well, the meanest coward who walks the earth can die a natural death; it takes a man to face death for a noble cause. I believe that New York would be better off if some of you gentlemen were in heaven to-night. It might be pretty hard on heaven, but if you died in the fight, it would wake the rest of the country up to the fact that the question now facing it is whether we shall suppress this iniquity or be suppressed by it. The potato crop may survive the dry-rot. This republic cannot live on and endure the wet-rot.

"In a speech before the '80 Club of London, Lord Rosebery called attention to the effect of the liquor traffic on the institutions of England, and said it was a political ring that threatened to throttle and control the commonwealth itself. If that be true of England it is doubly true of the United States, where every man, without regard to what he has, what he is, or what he knows, has an equal voice in deciding how and by whom we shall be governed. And if America's experiment of popular government ever fails, in the words of Wendell Philips, 'It will not be incapable of Civil Service, nor an ambitious soldier, nor venal legislations, nor the greed of wealth that will put universal suffrage into eclipse; it will be rum, intrenched in our great cities, making popular suffrage a failure and a curse.' Whatsoever a man soweth, and whatsoever a nation soweth that shall it also reap.

"In 1873, the *Virginius*, an American ship, manned by American sailors, sailed for the coast of Cuba, with Joseph Fry of Tampa, Florida, as captain. She was captured by the Spanish warship, *Tornado*, towed into the harbor of Santiago and Capt. Fry of Tampa, and fifty-three of his men were led outside the walls and shot down like dogs. The Spanish soldiers thrust their bayonets into the mouths of the dying Americans; then came a division of Spanish cavalry and rode their horses over the dead bodies, mangling them beyond recognition. Thus died the brave Capt. Fry of Tampa and his men, at Santiago in 1873. Twenty-five years have gone, and a few months ago there sailed from the home of Capt. Fry, a fleet of warships and transports, carrying the American army, which in less than 100 days, swept the Spanish navy from the seas, captured the Spanish army, and the flag that the Spaniards tore down from the mast-head of the *Virginius* was raised over the Governor's palace at Santiago. Whatsoever a nation soweth, that shall it also reap.

"This nation cannot sow the seeds of anarchy and reap loyalty to law. It cannot license law-breakers and reap honest law-makers. And if this government, founded upon the virtue, morality and intelligence of its citizens, is to endure, we must sweep from the land this hot-bed of ignorance, immorality and anarchy—the American saloon! I appeal to you all

"By all for which the martyrs bore, their agony and shame;
By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets came;
By a future that awaits us; by all the hopes that cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the past,
And by the blessed thought of him who for earth's freedom died
Strike quick, strike hard, strike now, on God Almighty's side!

"Line up for the battle; hand to hand, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart. Storm-clouds are gathering for a break; the hour of God's wrath is come! In the name of Jesus Christ as King, the Liquor Traffic Must Die!

"I close with the memorable words of Abraham Lincoln, uttered in this very place on February 27, 1860: 'Let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so industriously plied and belabored—contrivances such as groping about for some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as would be the search for a man who is neither living nor dead; neither let us be slandered by false accusations against us, but let us have faith. Right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end endeavor to do our duty as God gives us to understand it.'"

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Silk Lined Jacket.

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SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. with color desired, give bust and waist measure, length of skirt (from front from skirt band to bottom) and we'll send the suit by express C.O.D. and allow you to try it on before you pay a cent. If found just as represented, a perfect fit and worth every penny of $10.00, then pay the express agent $4.98 and express charges. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory.

THE SUIT is made by expert men tailors over designs drawn by that king of ladies tailors, M. LaMadelle, from Dahl's Best All Wool Fast Color Ladies' Cloth, famous everywhere for its rich soft bloom and beautiful appearance.

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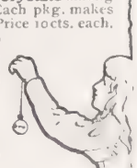

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BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK

CHAPTER XXXI

Clear Shining after Rain

MORE cordial welcome could not have been given to three visitors than that accorded to Evadne, Mrs. Everidge and Dr. Randolph at the Willows. They found Miss Diana Chillingworth sitting in the old fashioned porch of her old fashioned house which opened into the old fashioned garden. Everything about Miss Diana was old fashioned and sweet. Her hair was dressed as she had been accustomed to wear it in her girlhood, and even the head mantua maker of Marlborough — ardent worshipper though she was at Fashion's shrine—was forced to bow before her gentle individuality and confess that Miss Diana's taste was perfect. She wore a morning dress of a soft pearl gray over which she had tied an apron of white lawn with a dainty ruffle of embroidery below its hem. Around her were sweet lilies of the valley and violets and pansies, and the roses wafted long breaths of fragrance to her through the trellis work of the porch, while the morning glories hung their heads and blushed under the ardent kisses of the sun.

From her seat she could see the wide-stretching field, where her dainty Jersey was feeding, with its cluster of trees in one corner under which a brook babbled joyously, as it danced on its way to the river: the pretty barn with its pigeon-house, where her snow-white Fantails craned their imperious heads. Her favorite seat was this wide porch, with its flower drapery, where she sat and read, or worked, with her pet spaniel at her feet, and where her friends loved to gather through the summer afternoons and chat over the early supper before they went back to the city's grime and stir.

Within was the room which had been her father's, and the library which still held his books. There were the engravings which she loved and the pictures her father had brought with him from Europe, and the rare old china and her mother's silver service, and her store of delicate napery and household linen, while every table and chair had a story, and the very carpets of each room were dear.

How precious it all was to her no tongue could tell. In those sad days, years ago, when it had seemed impossible to save the treasures from the auctioneer's hammer, after the failure of the institution in which all her money was invested, she had asked herself: Had she been making idols of these things in her heart?

Then Miss Diana had knelt beside the couch, comfortable as only old-fashioned couches know how to be. "Dear Christ," she cried, "I am thy follower, and I have gone shod with velvet while thy feet were travel-stained, and I have slept upon eider-down while thou hadst not where to lay thine head!"

She had knelt on motionless, until the twilight fell and the stars began to peep out in the sky. Then she went downstairs, and there was a strange exalted look upon her sweet face.

"Unavella," she cried softly, "I have found the sunlight, for I can say, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

"Oh Miss Di-an," wailed Unavella, "I b'lieve you're goin' to die an' be an angel afore the moon changes!"

That day was long past, but it had left a chastened spirit which would remain with her to the end of her life.

As she rose to welcome her friend, whose coming brought cheer to her, as it did to every one, a bright smile illumined her features. Evadne, she had often heard of from John, and was prepared to give her a loving welcome as one whose heart like her own was full of love for the burdened ones, and who, like herself, delighted in nothing so much as to render service to them in Christ's name. Mrs. Everidge she had never heard of, but no one could look on that sweet, peaceful face without being instinctively drawn to her, and Lady Di, as John insisted on calling her, was very susceptible to such influences. They were soon at home together, and while Unavella was busy in the kitchen preparing a feast to do honor to the friends of the man she revered more than any living person, the little party of four sat on the porch, drinking in the sweet country air and talking in cheerful tones.

Lady Di knew all about Reginald's trust fund from Dr. Randolph, and was as deeply interested as Evadne herself in the plans for putting it in operation.

"Why should you not come to the Willows?" John Randolph put the question. Evadne had just finished a merry recital of their woes.

"We have looked at houses until we are fairly distracted, Aunt Marthe and I. One had a cellar kitchen, and I am not going to have my good Dyce, who has promised to be with us, buried in a cellar kitchen; and one had no bath-room, and another was all stairs; and they are all nothing but brick and mortar with a scrap of sky between. I want trees and water and fields. The poor souls who will come to us have enough of masonry in their daily lives."

"I believe it is decreed you should come here," John continued, after the first exclamations of surprise at his suggestion were over. "It is just the work our lady delights in and she cannot be left alone. Dick goes to college next month and I must live in town. The house is beautiful for situation, and you and Mrs. Everidge and Lady Di will form a threefold cord of love and faith which cannot easily be broken."

He looked round upon them, this man who found his joy in helping others, and waited for their answer.

"It would be beautiful, beautiful!" cried Evadne, "if Miss Chillingworth were willing. But the house is not large enough, Doctor Randolph, we will need many more guest chambers you know."

"Nothing easier than to build an addition," said John, with the quiet reserve of power which always made his patients believe in the impossible.

Evadne laid her hand upon Miss Diana's. "Dear Miss Chillingworth," she said gently, "you do not say no to us, do you think you could ever find it in your heart to say yes? I know it must seem a terrible innovation, but we could never have imagined anything so delightful, Aunt Marthe and I. The atmosphere—outdoors and in—is perfection."

Miss Diana looked at the sparkling face and then at Mrs. Everidge with her gentle smile. "I find myself very glad," she said, "since I have to lose my two boys, John, and Dick True, but do you think we had better make any definite plans dear until we have asked the Lord to give us the right idea of it? I always make it a rule to submit everything to him and ask to be led. Our way is not always his way!"

And John Randolph said to Evadne with eyes that were suspiciously bright, "It is impossible for any one to get very far from the Kingdom when they live with our Lady Di."

The talk had wandered then to different subjects and John Randolph listened to the soft play of Evadne's fancy and watched the light in her wonderful eyes. Her nature, so long repressed in an uncongenial environment, in this new soil of love and sympathy was blossoming richly, and he found her very fair. He had rarely seen her resting before; but now the shapely hands were folded together in a beautiful stillness, and then the soft breeze had waved aside a flower, and a sunbeam darting through the trellis, fell upon the stone in her ring and made it sparkle with a baleful fire!

"Poor Louis!" Isabelle had said the last time he had been called to prescribe for her frequently recurring attacks of indisposition, "he will have to wait for promotion now before he can think of marriage. It is very hard for him." So again the truth and lie had mingled.

Before the end of the week it was all settled. Miss Diana had thought over the project and prayed over it and it grew more delightful to her loving heart every hour. Evadne found her on her next visit enthusiastic over the idea and eager to have the preparations begin at once. So an architect was called in and the plans for the additions were drawn, under strict injunctions to retain the home-like character of the old house. Very soon masons and carpenters were hard at work, and in an incredibly short time two beautiful wings were built overlooking a beautiful lawn thus enclosed on three sides. It was an ideal retreat, just suitable for its purpose, where poor weary mothers and their children and convalescent men might come and rest for a few days or weeks while they regained strength.

Mrs. Everidge and Lady Di soon had their hands full, while Unavella with aids selected by herself, ministered to the physical needs of their guests. Evadne herself went to and fro between the Willows and the city, staying in one or the other for a day or two, as circumstances might require, and Dr. Randolph came as often as he could snatch a respite from his work.

One day, talking with Evadne, he said: "With your permission, I am going to send you a new patient, who seems to need treatment for the mind as well as the body."

(Continued on next page).

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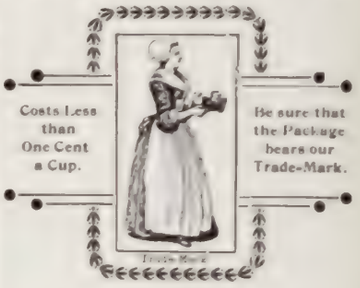

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A BEAUTIFUL POSSIBILITY

(Continued from preceding page).

Evadne laughed. "Still they come! Is it man, woman or child, Doctor Randolph?"

"Your cousin Louis." His voice was very still.

"Poor Louis! Is it something serious then? He has been looking wretchedly for months."

John Randolph examined her face critically. Could she call him "poor Louis" if she loved?

"His present trouble is nervous strain, aggravated by the unaccustomed confinement and some mental excitement under which he is laboring. He must have a long rest with a complete change of environment. If anyone can lift the cloud which seems to be hanging over him, I think it is you."

Evadne shook her head sadly. "The only one who can help Louis is Jesus Christ," she said.

"I may send him then?"

"Certainly. It would make me very glad to help Louis. I have often tried, but it is difficult."

So Louis Hildreth came. Evadne found him lying upon a couch in the cool library the morning after his arrival at the Willows. She was shocked at the change in him since she had seen him last. His eyes were sunken, while underneath purple shadows fell upon his pallid cheeks.

"What a splendid fellow Randolph is!" he exclaimed suddenly. "He is making himself felt in Marlborough, I tell you. Strange, how some men forge their way to the front, while the rest of us just float down the stream of mediocrity. No wonder we are not missed when we drop out of the babbling conglomerate of humanity into silence," he added bitterly. "Who would miss a single pair of fins from amidst a shoal of herring!"

"I think it is because Dr. Randolph is not content to float, Louis," Evadne answered gently; "he must always be climbing higher. Like Paul, he is pressing towards the mark."

"He is a grand fellow! And the beauty of it is he never seems to think of himself at all. Most men would get to be top lofty if they accomplished as much as he does every day."

Evadne's lips parted in a happy smile.

"I think Doctor Randolph is too much occupied with Jesus to have time to waste upon himself," she said.

"Upon my word, Coz, you're a puzzle! You talk in an unknown tongue. Don't you know self is the god we worship, and the aim of our existence is to have it wear purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day?"

"It should not be!" cried Evadne. "Oh, Louis, dear Louis, life never can be grand until we are able to say, Self has been crucified with Christ!"

During Louis's stay at the Willows John Randolph's visits were frequent, and they held long conversations together, these two men—the one who had seized every opportunity and made the most of it, the other who had let his golden chances slip through his fingers one by one—then John Randolph would go bravely back to his life of toil, while Louis listened to Evadne's sweet voice as she sang in the gloaming, or watched his ring glisten as her deft fingers were busy with their deeds of love.

"How do you do it!" he exclaimed one evening when they were alone together. "You never rest! Your whole life seems to be centered in the lives of others—and there is nothing attractive about them—if there were I could understand. It looks like such drudgery to me. Tell me, little Coz, what makes you give up all your ease to make these people happy?"

"When we love our Father, it is our joy to do his will," she answered softly.

"That is what Randolph says. He is a one-idea man, if there ever was one, and yet he is so many sided. He is the most uncompromising fellow I ever knew. I should as soon expect to see the stars fall from the sky as to see him do a shady thing. You would be amused, Coz, to see the lady mother and Isabelle joining their forces to lay siege to his affections."

What meant that sudden start, and then the blush which flamed up over cheek and brow? Louis Hildreth closed his thin fingers over Evadne's ring with a long-drawn sigh. He was beginning to realize that a hand without a heart is an empty thing.

Long after she had left him he lay motionless. This knowledge, which had come to him so suddenly, had a bitter taste.

"You ought to get well, Hildreth," John Randolph said at his next visit, "and you ought to be a very happy man."

"I never expect to be either. When a man has all he has prided himself upon swept away from him, and all that he longs for denied him, how can it be possible?"

"'Count it your highest good when God denies you.' Is that too hard a Gospel? We shall not read it so in the light of eternity."

"Did you ever love—a woman?"

Louis put the question suddenly, watching his friend's face with a jealous scrutiny.

"Yes." The answer was as simple and straight-forward as the man. He knew of nothing to be ashamed of in this beautiful love of his life.

"And her name was——"

"Evadne."

John Randolph spoke the name for the first time to another, looking up at the sky. When he turned to leave the room he saw that Louis's face was buried among his cushions, and he strolled away in great wonderment. What could it all mean?

Later in the day John Randolph and Evadne sat beside his couch talking in the twilight about the help they would give him when he grew strong.

"There is only one thing wanting between you two," Louis said sadly.

"And what is that?" Dr. Randolph asked the question with a smile.

Louis drew his ring from Evadne's finger and laid her hand in that of his friend. "Take her Randolph. She is worthy of you. I would not say that of any other woman."

With a great joy surging in his heart, John Randolph held out his other hand. She must give herself. He could not take her from another's giving. A lovely shyness flushed into the pure face, their eyes met, and Evadne laid her hand in his without a word.

"Evadne!" The rich, tender tones fell throbbing through the silence, enwrapping the name in a sweet protectiveness. "Life is—for us—to do the will of God!"

[THE END.]

Jesus Wept

(Written for "The Christian Herald")

THE tender human heart
Felt keenest woe,
When friend gone far apart
Left Thee with foe;
And they reviled and mocked—
That heartless mob!
With spears around Thee flocked
Thy life to rob!

Yet, Thou would'st gather them
As hen her young,
Even those who did condemn
And, cruel, hung;
Thy hand stretched out to save
They pierce with nail;
And on Thy cross engrave,
"The King! All hail!"

O, drops of bloody sweat!
O, piteous cry!
We see; we hear it yet,
That—"Crucify."
And the last fainting word,
"Father, forgive!"
By rending rocks was heard,
And we, who live.

To read the story sad,
Give tears afresh,
Sorrowing still—yet glad;
Suffering in flesh,
We know He feels for us,
We one with Him;
He wipes our tears, and thus
Makes glad our hymn.

For us, Thy dear heart bled;
Our sorrow, thine;
For us, Thy tears were shed,
O! Friend Divine;
How sacred has God's Word
This treasure kept.
And Christ-born souls have heard
That "Jesus wept."

—CARRIE L. POST.

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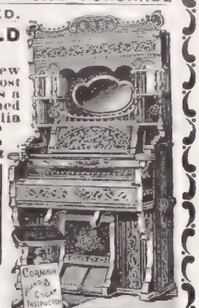

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THE time is approaching when our Children's Home will be ready for its happy little guests. The flowers will soon burst into full blossom; the birds are singing; the greening fields seem waiting for the children. Letters from many readers prove how tenderly kind hearts remember the little tenement waifs who without Christian help could have no happy time in summer. The following extracts show how general and profound is the interest in this beautiful work for Him who said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me."

Eleanor. I enclose $15 for the fresh-air fund, and my earnest prayers, that it may do a little good in this great world, go with it.

It will do more than a little good. It will give five tenement waifs a ten days' outing. Two other good friends of children, J. M. C., Santa Ana, Cal., and J. E. H., Moretown, Vt., send each $15 to give five little waifs an outing.

M. I. F., $3. May our dear Lord bless this work of love for little ones.—A. S., $2. Please use in your good work for the "little fathers and mothers."—M. J. H., $3 to be used to give some little one a good time at the Children's Home this summer, and I hope that the blessing of our Father in heaven may go with it.—I. H. N., $3 for the outing of some poor child. K. M. C., $5. My [illegible] four, is much interested in the poor little children that have no papa or mamma, and wants to help give one an outing.—Sarah Ely. Ten cents from my little girl, given her by her father, a penny at a time, for work done.—Wilhelmina A., $6 to send two children to your fresh-air home.—I wish I had the means to send one hundred.—New York City Mothers' Club $3. Please accept this small contribution to the vacation fund for poor children. W. C., $6. To make two children happy "In His Name."—Mrs. R. P. S., $5. In memory of Howard and Emma.—"One that loves little children," $2.15.—Mrs. A. F. H., $1. May God's rich blessing rest upon this good work done "In His Name."—Mrs. M. A. S., $2, hoping this may help some needy little one.—Mrs. A. W., $1. I have great pity for the tenement waifs.—E. R. L. M., $12, to give four little ones an outing. Wish we could send more.—C. A. L., $10, my annual help for the Children's Home.—Dr. F. M. L., $10. "In His Name."—The "Rosebud Club" (composed of twelve little boys and girls), $3 to send some worthy child to the country.

Is not this a nice letter?

We, in our little country school at Edinboro, Pa., have read with great interest about the waifs made happy at your fresh-air Home, and knowing with how much pleasure we anticipate our vacation here on the farms, we are glad to sacrifice the little festivities which we usually have at the close of each school term, in order to give some dear little city child a holiday at the Home. That God may abundantly bless our offering we humbly pray. Our teacher and a kind invalid lady have helped us. Signed: E. V. K., teacher. Pupils: Rea, Gaylord, Wilbur, Nellie, Albert, Neal, Mary, Perry, Georgia, Glenn, Ray, Anita, Lorence, Bertha ($7.62 enclosed).

The following contributions have been received in aid of the Children's Home:

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Mrs. Chatterton	3 00
Mrs. Henry C. Clark	1 50
A Friend, Fair Haven	3 00
The Rosebud Club, Batavia	3 00
Justin M. Copeland	15 00
Unknown	3 00
John F. Olin	1 00
E. A. Cummins	6 00
W. C. T. U., Woodlawn, N. Y. City	2 00
Ben [illegible]	1 00
Miss Lizzie Dwelley	50
Mrs. Billings	5 00
Job Smith	1 50
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St. Nicholas. Vol. XXV (parts I and II, Nov. 1897 to April 1898, and May 1898 to Oct. 1898), pp. 1,056. The latest volumes of this juvenile magazine is fully up to the high standard of previous years. It is a rich treasury of stories, sketches, poems and general literature, brilliant, entertaining and helpful and its pages abound in beautiful illustrations. Its literary contributors include a host of celebrities, among them being Rudyard Kipling, Mary E. Bradley, Frank R. Stockton, Ruth McEnery Stuart, James Whitcomb Riley, Mary L. B. Branch, Albert Bigelow Paine, Edith M. Thomas, Charles L. Benjamin, Ernest Ingersoll and George Kennan, while the artists staff includes George Varian, C. M. Relyea, Harry Fenn, Irving R. Wiles, R. G. Vosburgh and Katherine Pyle. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

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In this week's number of

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Nervous Prostration—La Grippe.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., Feb. 2, 1899.

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. . . After-Supper Chats . . .

About Weddings—The Bride's Dress—Her Wedding Outfit—Her Presents—Mothers

I AM always glad when I hear wedding bells chime. Some people are sorry. I know one woman who makes a point of always crying at a wedding. She says she foresees so much trouble ahead for the bride and groom, so many hard places they will have to cross, so many tears to shed, that she cannot be cheerful. It never occurs to her that she might stay at home and not strike a jarring note where everything should be festive and cheerful. For my part I believe in looking on the bright side, even when there is trouble, and taking a hopeful view of affairs even though the case may at present seem sorrowful. But a wedding is to my mind an occasion for great rejoicing. Here are two congenial persons who have taken each other for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, for sickness, for health, and they start out with a large capital of love and faith, and with God's blessing and the congratulations of their friends and kindred and why should they not be contented and happy? Why should anybody predict for them aught except happiness and contentment?

The question has been asked THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, when and for how long is a woman a bride? She becomes a bride on her wedding-day; as she dresses for the ceremony and walks up the aisle of the church to the altar, she is a bride, and she remains a bride until her honeymoon is over; in other words while she is a newly married wife she is entitled to the pretty distinction of bridehood.

What shall the bride wear on her great day? Nothing is prettier for her than a white gown and a veil. The gown may be of ivory or cream white satin, with quantities of costly lace, or it may be an inexpensive tulle or *mousseline de soie* or just a plain muslin or organdie, and the vail may be of priceless point, handed down in the family for generations, or of simple blonde, or illusion; in either instance it is the whiteness, and daintiness which makes the dress appropriate for the occasion. A bride carries in her hand a bouquet or a prayer-book, as she prefers; if the former it may be composed of white roses, lilies of the valley, or orange blossoms; if the latter it should be bound in white, and have inside pages where the names of the married pair, the officiating clergyman, and the witnesses to the ceremony may be inscribed. A widow, on her second marriage, does not wear a veil, and her dress, while rich, is not necessarily made in the traditional bride-fashion. She omits orange blossoms, and also has, as a rule, fewer attendants and less pomp than a maiden at the altar.

All expenses connected with a wedding, except the payment for the carriage in which the bride is taken away, are borne by the parents of the bride.

A traveling gown, or a handsome dress intended for receptions and dinners, may with perfect propriety be worn by a bride who does not wish to wear white.

. . .

FORMERLY, in days when all garments were made at home, the bride's trousseau was the main consideration in the family for months beforehand. It was thought needful to fit out a young wife with a great many beautiful costumes, and with many sets of rich underclothing. One might easily have fancied that a bride was going beyond the reach of shops, and that she must have an outfit which could meet every contingency. A father's pride naturally sent his young daughter thoroughly provided for to the home of her husband, and a mother, anxious that no pains should be spared, looked out for everything elegant, costly, and harmonious, which was within her means to obtain for her girl. The young lady herself often sewed and stitched so steadily that she began her married life on the edge of nervous prostration. A pale, wan creature, worn out and weary, she entered on her new life so manifestly unprepared for it that the first baby paid the price in weakness and fretfulness. In these days, an expectant bride does not lose so much tissue in sewing as her mother did. Many of her things can be bought ready made, and she is satisfied with fewer things than girls once were. As of old, however, she likes to be provided with a good supply of household linen, sheets, pillow-slips, tablecloths and napkins. No finer gift is ever bestowed on a bride than a welcome addition to her linen closet. The lovely doilies and center-pieces which all women admire and prize, are without a peer among bridal presents, and hold their own bravely beside silver, glass and china, lamps, pictures, rugs and chairs, all of which are among the articles selected by friends for wedding-gifts. Sofa cushions, too, now that we have grown luxurious with our lounges and divans, are acceptable wedding presents.

. . .

IF possible, a bride must send a personal note of thanks to all who send her gifts. She will do this if she can before her marriage, signing her maiden name. If presents arrive too late for acknowledgment previous to the wedding, the bride will send her note of thanks in her married name, as soon as she returns from her wedding journey. In no circumstances does a lady sign herself Mrs.—— or Miss——, however. She is simply Jane, or Mary, or Augusta, with her surname, to the end of life's chapter.

Heaven bless every happy bride, and every proud bridegroom.

. . .

I heard a dear young mother say the other day as her darlings, four of them, the oldest six years of age, played about her: "I am doing my best work now for God and my country!" My heart went out to the beautiful woman with the sweet motherly heart. Alas! for the reluctant maternity which has nothing but protest and indignation ready when God sends his best earthly gift, a dear little child.

Margaret E. Sangster

The Great Huxley

What Huxley, the Great English Scientist, Considered the Best Start in Life.

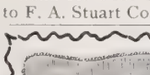
The great English scientist, Huxley, said the best start in life is a sound stomach. Weak stomachs fail to digest food properly because they lack the proper quantity of digestive acids (lactic and hydrochloric) and peptogenic products; the most sensible remedy in all cases of indigestion, is to take after each meal one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets because they supply in a pleasant, harmless form all the elements that weak stomachs lack.

The regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure every form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach.

They increase flesh, insure pure blood, strong nerves, a bright eye and clear complexion, because all these result only from wholesome food well digested.

Nearly all druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents full-sized package.

Send for Free book on Stomach Troubles to F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.



THE Washable Hair Sole . . . .

Remedy for Sweaty Feet, Ease for Tender Feet, Cures Callouses.

15c. by mail Postpaid.

Drains the perspiration from the feet to bottom of sole and shoe. Stops irritation.

H. A. ROBERTS, Shoe Dealer, 16 Bible House, New York City.

COPY OF A $2,000 Oil Painting FREE

Copyright 1898, GEORGE S. GRAVES. Actual size, 19x25.

"UNEXPECTED TROUBLE."

"Unexpected Trouble,"

The wonderful $2,000.00 painting by the noted Englishman

FRED MORGAN,

Last spring we purchased for $2,000.00 the noted oil painting, entitled "Unexpected Trouble," or "The First Swim," by Fred Morgan, Esq., of the British Royal Academy. The size of the original canvass is 31 1-2 by 42 1-2 inches. We have prepared a reproduction of this noted work, every color and shade of color being faithfully reproduced in size 19 by 25, printed on heavy coated paper. Many cheap reproductions of works of art have been scattered over the country; this, however, is not of such character.

FROM MR. MORGAN.—Following is an extract from a letter from Mr. Morgan, the artist, to whom one of the reproductions was submitted:

MONTROSE VILLA, St. Boniface Road VENTOR. It is a most admirable copy of my original quite one of the most satisfactory reproductions I have ever had giving the exact drawing and color and the touches of the brush. In some senses too faithful, as it brings to my memory the difficulties of getting the baby boy to pose, and the worry of the ducklings.

GIVEN AWAY. To introduce Farm and Home our national semi-monthly which already has a circulation of 250,000 into thousands of homes where it is not now taken, we will send "UNEXPECTED TROUBLE," as above described, on the following terms: The regular price of Farm and Home is 50 cents a year, but for a limited time we will accept subscriptions from the time they are received until January 1st, 1900, for only 20 cents in silver, stamps, or otherwise, and without further charge send the picture, as above described, by mail postpaid.

Agents and Club Raisers Wanted. Liberal commissions for good work. Illustrated Premium List descriptive of over 200 useful articles. Free on application. Address all orders to

SPRINGFIELD, MASS. FARM AND HOME, CHICAGO, ILL.

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY Pittsburgh.
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ATLANTIC, BRADLEY, BROOKLYN, JEWETT, ULSTER, UNION — New York
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WHY is it that the brands of White Lead made by quick or patent process are almost invariably sold below the price of standard brands?

Because practical painters and consumers generally know that they are inferior to the brands made by the "old Dutch process" of slow corrosion. The brands named in margin are genuine.

FREE By using National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, any desired shade is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also folder showing picture of house painted in different designs or various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

National Lead Co., 100 William St., New York.

$175.00 Monthly and EXPENSES GUARANTEED

GOOD MEN AND WOMEN

To appoint agents and sell our celebrated $5.00 Quaker Folding Thermal Vapor Bath Cabinet. Many earn more

...No Capital or Experience Required...

Greatest Monopoly and Money Maker Ever Offered Agents

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We Are an Old Established Firm

Perfectly reliable. Capital $100,000.00. Largest manufacturers of Bath Cabinets in the world.

WRITE US TO-DAY stating age, references, territory wanted, etc., and we will forward full information, terms, etc. Don't delay. Send your address anyway. THE WORLD MFG. CO., 613 World Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

...CANCER...

The following and many other reliable persons testify that I thoroughly cure Cancer without the knife: Rev. W. H. Sands, Southport, Indiana, whose father was cured eight years ago of long standing face Cancer. Prof. H. McDiarmid, Hiram College, Hiram, Ohio, cured seven years ago. Had undergone several operations before with knife. Address Dr. C. Weber, 121 W. 9th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, for further particulars and free book.

RUPTURE

is easily curable by the use of the EGAN IMPERIAL TRUSS. Causes no inconvenience, yields to every motion, can be worn day and night. The spiral spring and graduated pressure does it. Hernia always retained; brings comfort and cure. Used by U. S. Surgeon General. If unsatisfactory return in good condition and money will be refunded. Circular for stamp. Ask your druggist or send direct to EGAN IMPERIAL TRUSS CO., 104 N. Fourth St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

WALL PAPER

Send for free sample book of beautiful designs direct from manufacturers and save 25 per cent. Agents Wanted. KAYSER & ALLMAN, 1214-1216 Market St., Phila., Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

The Gift of Power

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 21. Acts 1: 1-8

NOTICES are often seen on large buildings, that floors or lofts are to be rented "with power." Everyone understands what is meant. Prospective tenants may be engaged in occupations differing widely, but the power that is offered them may be applied to the specific purpose of each. One may be a manufacturer and another may be a printer, but the power that wields the hammer, or turns the lathe will operate the printing press. In the spiritual world there is the same need. Of himself man has not the power to do what he wishes. The pitiful confession contained in the seventh chapter of Romans is that which might be made by everyone who has attempted with his own strength to make his own life something better than one of idleness or self-indulgence. The same confession of inability must be made by every Christian worker. He is not able to do the things that he would. There is so much that needs to be done, so many giant evils which ought to be overcome, so many obstacles to be surmounted that the worker cries, "Who is sufficient for these things?" To the man who needs power in his own life or for his work in the church Christ makes the promise that power shall be given.

None have ever needed such a promise more than those to whom it was originally made. They were about to be left to undertake the evangelization of the world. They were plain, ordinary men without the education or influence they would need for so vast an undertaking. We can imagine how their hearts must have sunk as they contemplated it. To them, in their weakness comes the promise, "Ye shall receive power." We know how that power really did come, how they began to preach with boldness and effect and how, seeing a man lame and helpless, they spoke words that sent him running and leaping on his way. They were new men, capable of doing great things and accomplishing great purposes. The mighty fabric of Christianity and the vast extent of its influence to-day come from the impetus given when that promise was fulfilled and the little group of Christ's followers received power. It is always a wonder how so much could have come from so little; but the wonder ceases when we realize that this power came from the Omnipotent. With aid from such a Source, men might do anything. That is the secret of Christianity. It is the connection between God and man. The power that was in Christ in all its fulness is imparted to those who are joined to him by faith, in living union. Emerson's idea of attaching a man's life to a star is surpassed in this opportunity of connecting it with the power of Him who made the stars.

This power is the perpetual heritage of Christ's people. In the early days it was employed in miracles. Christ's promise to his followers of power to heal diseases and do mighty works was kept, but gradually men learned that these were not the best ways in which it could be employed. The curse of the world was the bondage of sin. There was no power that could break the soul's fetters, or heal the sin-stained heart. That was the remedy that was most urgently needed. A miracle might excite their wonder, but the deliverance from the power of evil would save a soul. This was a great triumph and the power that Christ imparted would do it. And it does it to this day. So the poor struggler, worsted in life's conflict, handicapped with inherited tendencies to evil, weakened by years of evil habit, beaten again and again in resistance, hopeless of ever reforming—the message of Christ comes like new life: "Ye shall receive power." And he does receive it. Thousands testify from their experience to its reality. How it comes we know not; but when the poor, weak man goes to Christ in prayer and pleads the promise and asks for strength, believing that he will receive it, the conflict takes a new turn. His arm is nerved with a strength, not his own, and as he wrestles with his old enemy, he has the confidence of the victor. Christ's strength is made perfect in his weakness. The story of persecution and the records of martyrdom tell how men and women have gone bravely to their death in this power, and in Christian lands there have been found many who have found in it the moral courage to confront evil and defy contamination in seeking and saving the lost.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood troubles of all sorts. It brings rest and comfort to the weary body. It cures scorfula, kidney disease, liver troubles and kindred ailments.

Last Personally-Conducted Tour to Washington via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The last of the present series of Pennsylvania Railroad three-day personally-conducted tours to Washington, D. C., will be run on May 11. The rate, $14.50 from New York, $11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, includes transportation, hotel accommodations, and Capital guide fees. An experienced Chaperon will also accompany the party.

For itineraries, tickets, and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Work at the "Good Samaritan" Home

It is with pleasure, says Mrs. Falke in her [illegible] have so many friends, that our work is progressing. Though we are enlarging our accommodations as rapidly as we can, it is an exceptional thing to have an empty bed. In fact we need more room to meet the demands upon us. Never was there greater need for rescue work among that class of erring women to whom the Master said: "Go and sin no more." Newspapers are filled with accounts of suicides; often there are paragraphs which tell that the body of an unknown woman was found floating down the river, taken to the morgue, held for identification, and failing that was buried in the Potter's Field in a nameless grave. Earning an honest living in a Christian home is one of our recent inmates, whom we rescued from just such a fate. She was almost a child when decoyed into an evil place, ruined and made traffic of. Her health destroyed, she was cast into the street, where we found her, carried her to the hospital, and from the hospital brought her here. One of our present inmates is a cripple. A friendless orphan, she fell into the hands of a set of Italian counterfeiters, who used her as their agent to pass bad money, thus making her deformity a stock in trade; for even if detected in crime, her helplessness so appealed to sympathy that people would not prosecute her. When first we told her of Christ's love and power to save, she could hardly comprehend it.

We could tell of many girls who come to us from prisons, and who are now working daily in Christian homes. Such results encourage us to help other penitent erring ones to help themselves. All communications in regard to the work can be sent to the Home of the Good Samaritan, 244 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York, or to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Tied down to housework, to the scrubbing brush and bucket, to the dish pan and housecloth, is the condition of the woman who still uses soap in her cleaning. On the other hand the woman who uses Gold Dust has her work all done by noon, [illegible] noon. With Gold Dust she does her cleaning with half the effort, in half the time and at half the cost as with soap or any other cleanser. For greatest economy buy our large package.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY Chicago St. Louis New York Boston

Send no Money.

$17.95 BUYS THE BICYCLE & GAS LAMP

A Wonder Offer. Just Think—A Beautiful High Grade '99 Model $40 Bicycle and a Fine Highly Nickeled $3.50 Gas Lamp for $17.95.

SEND NO MONEY [illegible]

OUR HURON Bicycle at $17.95 is [illegible] is insured for one year by our written Binding Guarantee.

NINE '99 BICYCLES $9.00 up. Write for Big Free Catalog

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A $3.50 GAS LAMP FREE

Take your choice [illegible] Complete Set of Tools Free. [illegible] No extra charge. The Lamp is Free. [illegible] free with every order. Don't delay; order today.

THE G. LOUIS VEHON CO., 155-157 W. Jackson St., CHICAGO, ILL.

An 1899 Bicycle . . .
. . . Absolutely Free

If you are interested in securing a first-class 1899 Bicycle without the expenditure of more than a single cent, invest that cent in a postal card and address it for full particulars to

THE SUCCESS COMPANY,
Cooper Union, New York City.

Trial Package Free!

If any reader suffering [illegible] to me, I will send them free of cost a trial Package of a simple and harmless remedy which cured me and thousands of others among them cases of over 40 years standing. This you can test before you part with your money. Address: JOHN A. SMITH [illegible] Milwaukee, Wis.

Cooler
More
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More Elastic than Lawn or Cambric

ARNOLD'S KNIT GAUZE DRAWER, with deep umbrella ruffle or cambric, lawn or embroidery, is a dainty and attractive summer garment, as good as it is new.

We have such confidence in the great merit of these goods that we offer to cheerfully refund money in all cases where they fail to give satisfaction.

Prices begin at fifty cents and run up to as high as you want to pay for the embroidery. The fabric is the same in each.

Send for illustrated catalogue of these and other knit goods of our manufacture.

NOVELTY KNITTING CO.
320 BROADWAY. - ALBANY, N. Y.

LARKIN SOAPS AND PREMIUMS.—FACTORY TO FAMILY

Send for a beautiful booklet free It tells how to obtain, free, the famous Larkin premiums worth $10.00 each.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Larkin St., Buffalo, N.Y.

OUR OFFER FULLY EXPLAINED IN The Christian Herald, March 29th.

There are none so deaf as those who won't buy

Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.

Information and book of letters from many users, free.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
223 Trust Bldg. Louisville, Ky.

...THE...
TREATMENT OF
RHEUMATISM.

The editor of the New Albany (Ind.) Medical Herald recently published an article on Rheumatism in which he said:

"But not until lately, when Tartarlithine has been employed by us, have we attained results that were even fairly satisfactory in the treatment of gout and rheumatism. By the employment of this drug I have been able to relieve some of the most distressing afflictions of this class, and now regard Tartarlithine as the most valuable remedy at our disposal in the treatment of this class of affections. In rheumatism and in gout Tartarlithine can be administered with confidence."

Regular package $1.00, 50 doses.
Of all druggists or post-free by mail.
Pamphlets with Testimonials FREE.

McKESSON & ROBBINS,
79 Ann Street, - - - New York.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

A Bible Colporter's Faithful Horse

THOUSANDS of residents on Long Island know "Pat," the Bible colportage horse belonging to Rev. L. A. Mirick. Mr. Mirick has just completed a twelve years' colportage tour of the island, going from house to house, selling the Scriptures to all who were able and willing to buy, and freely giving the Gospel to the destitute who would accept though unable to purchase. Mr. Mirick is a graduate of Amherst, and spent the early days of his ministry in Kansas. The last eleven years and ten months he has spent in thirteen counties of New York State as an agent of the American Bible Society. In that time he has delivered over 1,000 sermons and addresses to audiences representing many different denominations, and has distributed great numbers of Bibles and Testaments, besides some 51,000 tracts and other literature. During nearly all his Bible trips he was accompanied by "Pat," his famous Bible horse, who knew the business nearly as well as his master, and did his work with an extraordinary degree of intelligence. "Pat" hauled the wagon loads of Bibles through the State, and in the performance of this duty traveled over 30,000 miles. He lately grew quite feeble, being thirty years old, and after hauling his last load of Bibles to Corona, L. I., a few days ago, the faithful brute expired in his stable, to the great grief of his master.

"PAT," THE BIBLE COLPORTAGE HORSE, AND HIS MASTER

"Pat" literally died in the harness. He was a good worker and ever willing to set out on his rounds at a moment's notice. During his canvassing tours with "Pat," Mr. Mirick sold 14,179 Bibles and gave away 7,942. He found about every thirteenth house without the Word, and he regularly left a copy at every fifth house. Of 119,755 families visited, he found 8,815 destitute of Bibles. Though usually received with kindness, he sometimes met persecution. On one occasion his horse was taken away from him but was afterwards returned. "Pat," in his lifetime, pulled twenty-seven tons of the Old and New Testaments, eighteen tons of which were sold, the rest being donations.

Our Armenian Orphans

Writing from Mardin, Turkey, Rev. Willis C. Dewey, one of the American missionaries in charge of the work at that station, says:

Your kind letter of Feb. 9th, enclosing check for $200, came to hand by last week's post. The whole number of orphans received since our work was begun is 139—91 boys and 48 girls. There were under care Dec. 31, 1898, 95—62 boys and 33 girls. Not a death has occurred during the year, nor any case of severe illness. Seven of the boys are now in the high school and seven in the preparatory department, while the remaining forty-four attend a special school organized for them. No attempt has yet been made to introduce industrial training, as they are too young to take it up.

Throughout the year religious services have been held for boys and girls together Sunday mornings, and a second service for boys only in the evening. All have also attended Sabbath School. No pressure of any kind is brought to bear to incline the children to Protestantism, but we try to have them learn to read and know and love the Bible.

In a letter from Van, Avatolia, Turkey, Dr. G. C. Raynolds writes of the orphan work there:

Your welcome letter of Feb. 9th reached me by the last post, and I hasten to acknowledge your great kindness. The problem of how to get our orphan boys started in life is one that troubles me not a little. I wish you could have heard my talk, last Sunday evening, with one whom I hope to send out next week. He came to us about three years since, a boy of fifteen years, with absolutely no knowledge of the Bible, having hardly ever heard the name of Jesus save in profanity. He gives good evidence of trying to live a Christian life.

An Opportunity in Porto Rico

A planter from the interior of Porto Rico calls upon the Director of Public Instruction. He says, "I am from the States. I have bought a plantation, five hours' horseback ride from any municipality. The country is rich and well populated. I have just come in from my second visit. My wife has a lady companion. There are no roads, but bridle paths. I have laid out $500 on roads already. I want a school." He adds anxiously, "Can you send me a teacher?" The Director asks to what church shall the teacher belong. The planter replies, "I have no religion, but I want a teacher. There are twenty-six boys and girls, children of my own laborers, ready for school. I want the place to have an elevating influence on the children. I will do what I can for the teacher." The Director informs him of the law, and shows him that it is not flexible enough to supply a teacher. The planter says that a large number of children of families around would attend, making a large-sized school. He would build a school-house, and board the teacher.

Is there a teacher in the States ready to take this place, or is any society or person ready to send one? If these opportunities, as they offer, could be improved, the island could be dotted with modern schools, and the teachers' character and instruction, outside of the school, could be helpful to the community in a great variety of ways, morally and religiously.

JOHN EATON,
Director of Public Instruction.

San Juan, Porto Rico.

Any letter on this subject should be addressed to General Eaton, who will answer all inquiries.

A GREAT REMEDY.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure has Cured More Cases of Catarrh Than Any Other Remedy.

This is the only remedy that goes directly to the diseased parts and is at the same time "constitutional." It reduces the inflammation, heals the ulcerated surfaces, stops the discharge, restores the hearing, when impaired by catarrh, prevents the disease from going to the lungs, or removes it if already there. It gives speedy relief and effects a permanent cure.

This is the best season of the year to begin the treatment of Catarrh. Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure is put up in boxes containing enough medicine for one month's treatment, which is sent postage paid for $1.00. If you have not had a sample, we will send one free by mail, postpaid. Address: Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

In the Dark Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins

Work as easily as in the light. They fasten from either side, but cannot slip through.

Patented March 7, '82 June 18, '89

IN ALL SIZES

NOTICE THE GUARD on the inside of spring positively prevents tearing the fabric. If your dealer will not supply you, **send 3 two-cent stamps** for samples of **12** assorted sizes.

Made in Nickel and Jet Black.

Consolidated Safety Pin Co., Box 129, Bloomfield, N. J.

Also Makers of "Holdfast" Hairpins.

$3.00 to **$10.00** a day can be easily made working for me. People preferred who can furnish their own team. Applicants must furnish satisfactory reference as to character and standing. **B. F. Johnson, 901 E. Main St., Richmond, Virginia.**

$18.00 a Week and expenses to good parties to travel. No canvassing. Permanent position. Also local workers and managers can find profitable employment for part time. Give references. R. H. Woodward Company, Baltimore.

WEAK-LUNGED PEOPLE

wear away their lives by not building up a part of their body that drags them back when they want to go forward.

The hand of disease on your lungs will soon extend its grasp and, perhaps, squeeze out your very existence.

Chronic cough, or any other lung sickness, easily caught, and hard to cure, is a proof of lung weakness.

Loss of flesh, caused by blood that needs oxygen, is another.

Cold extremities and general sensitiveness to cold is another.

The system has cured thousands of help less invalids, whose cases had been given up as hopeless, because of its greater grasp upon scientific truths than any methods heretofore used in modern therapeutics. Their letters to-day on Dr. Slocum's files prove conclusively the efficacy of the treatment.

FREE TREATMENT TO ALL

As proof of the wonderful power of the system over all diseases due to lung weakness, the Doctor fraternally and liberally

These signs point to weakness, which is a *great source of danger*.

Weak lungs and weak system need *building up*, and the only scientific and certain way to do it is by the Slocum Treatment.

The Slocum Treatment consists of four preparations (Formulæ Dr. Slocum), forming a complete course of treatment, to be taken in accordance with the rules laid down in Dr. Slocum's well-known book on Consumption, Lung Troubles and Diseases of Loss of Flesh, entitled "My Doctor."

offers to send to all who write, a *Complete Free Course of Treatment*, consisting of the Four Preparations, with full instructions for use in any case.

WRITE THE DOCTOR TO-DAY

Simply write, giving your name, express and post-office address, and stating that you read about the treatment in The Christian Herald to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Laboratories, 96 and 98 Pine Street, New York City, when the complete course of Four Free Preparations will be sent you.

40 ... DREAMS OF LOVELINESS ... $1.00

Bouquet Collection Everblooming Tea Roses

They will bloom constantly this summer either in pots or planted out in the garden.

WE make the above **Marvelous offer of 40 Roses for $1.00 postpaid anywhere in the U. S.**, not as a cheap catch-penny offer, but as an inducement for new patrons to try our fine Roses. They are strong healthy plants, well established, not little rooted cuttings from sand bed as many firms send out. We have several hundred of the choicest new and standard varieties to select from. We grow no common worthless Roses, nothing but the best.

We offer the following bargains for May Planting: Order at Once. AD. will not appear again.

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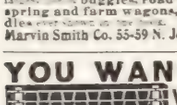

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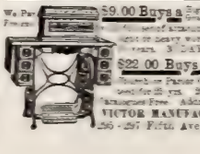

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 20

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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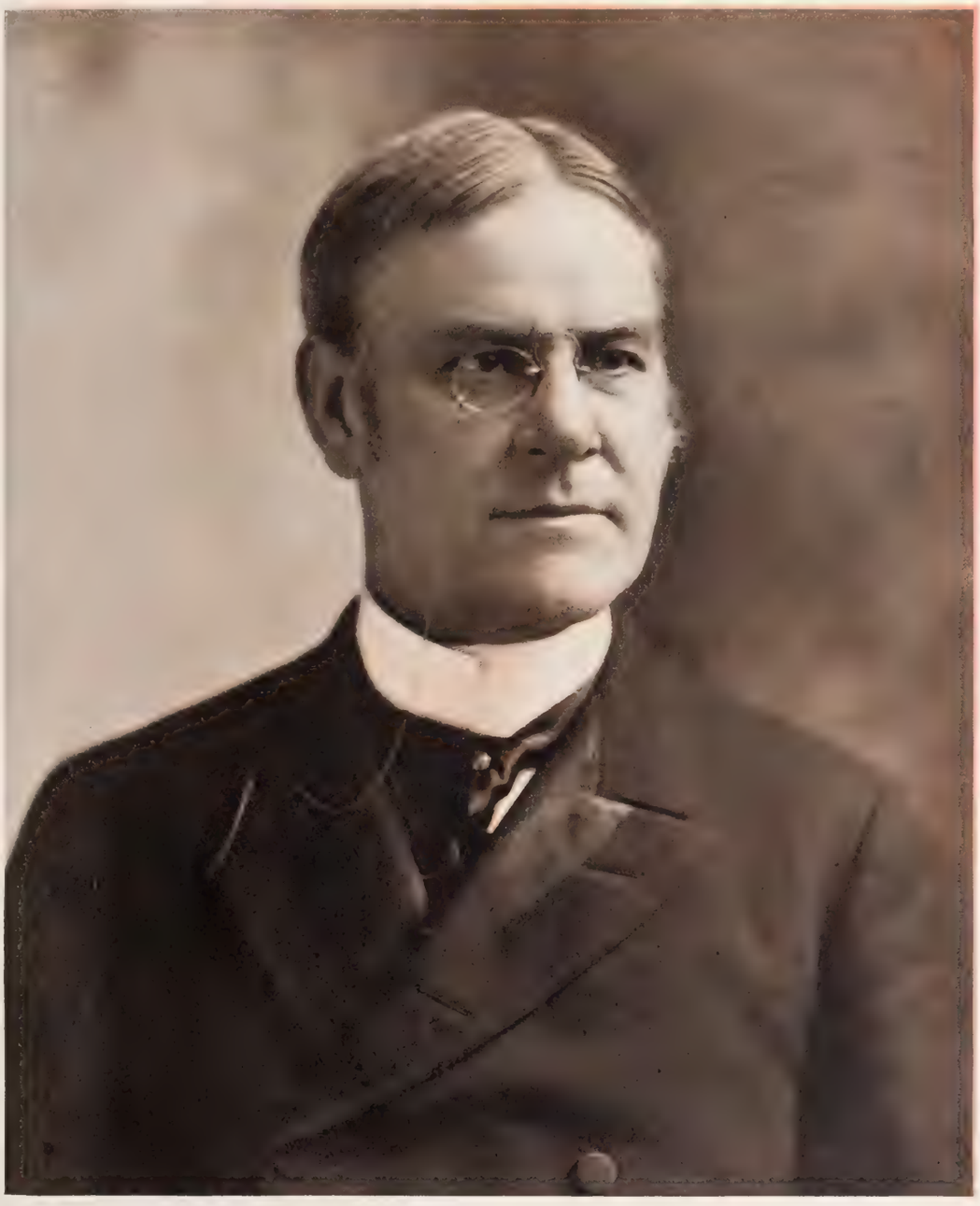
Presbyterians in Council

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to be Held this Week at Minneapolis, Minn.—The Retiring Moderator

AMONG the great conventions of the year, a prominent place must always be accorded to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which will this week be held in Minneapolis, Minn. A gathering representing 7,635 churches, with 7,190 ministers and 4,177 missionaries and missionary teachers, is one commanding respect by reason of its immense and far-reaching influence. The sessions of the Assembly will be held in the beautiful new Westminster Church, of which Rev. Pleasant Hunter is pastor. They commence with a sermon by Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, D.D., the retiring Moderator, whose portrait appears on this page; after which the Assembly will elect its new Moderator, an honor which is always highly esteemed by the ministers as the highest it is in the power of the church to bestow. The Assembly will then be prepared to hear reports from its officers of the progress of the past year, and to take up the various suggestions which reach it from the presbyteries.

This year the Assembly will have the gratification of learning that nearly all the eight boards which have charge of Home and Foreign Missions, Education, Church Erection, etc., are out of debt. The only exception to this cheering situation is the Board for the Aid to Freedmen, which will probably have to confess a burden of forty thousand dollars. But this is so much better than in previous years that the prevailing sentiment will be one of general congratulation, especially with reference to the Home and Foreign Mission Boards, the former of which, only four years ago, had to report a debt of $364,850. The Foreign Missionary Board has not only cleared off its debt, but has a surplus of about $15,000 toward the equipment of new missionaries. Seldom has that Board had so gratifying a report to present to the General Assembly, and we can but hope that there is no need to discount it by a confession of curtailment of work. The missionaries out in the field are devoted, consecrated men and women who certainly deserve the most liberal and hearty support. Whosoever has to suffer by economy, they ought to have all the funds that they need, and now that there is a surplus in the treasury, we may hope that their hands will be strengthened for their arduous work. The total receipts for the year were $854,143, which, though some twenty-seven thousand dollars less than the receipts for the previous year, when a special effort was made, is a magnificent amount to have raised for this one branch of the work.

It is a happy augury of peace and harmony that the proceedings of the Assembly will be opened by a sermon from one so remarkable for tact and discretion as Dr. Radcliffe. He has been styled the "Ideal Moderator." One secret of his power lies in his fairness, in the combination of "tact with tenderness," as expressed in the speech of nomination last year at Winona. A fine parliamentarian, he does not fear to use the gavel. Not for a moment was the Assembly beyond his control, and his rulings were accepted as invariably just. "It is only the man who controls himself who can control others. The personality behind the gavel—"the man behind the gun"—is what an assembly must reckon with. A fine Moderator can, in a certain sense, make a fine Assembly. An Assembly has never yet made a good Moderator out of poor material. Moderators are born, not made.



REV. WALLACE RADCLIFFE, D.D., MODERATOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Of Scotch-Irish origin, his mother a Wallace, brought up in the United Presbyterian Church, Dr. Radcliffe is, theologically, a conservative. Being judicial, he can, however, appreciate the honesty and ability of men differing from him. As Chairman of Bills and Overtures in the Portland Assembly, he reported the celebrated inerrancy deliverance which at first threatened still further debate and division, but which, under his broad and liberal interpretation, became acceptable to all parties.

One of his most significant acts as Moderator was the appointment of Dr. Francis Brown, of Union Seminary, upon the Committee of Bills and Overtures, before which would come all questions of the McGiffert controversy. This was contrary to all recent precedents, and was at first severely criticized. It proved to be the wisest as well as most heroic act of his administration, and was in the end justified on every side. As an after-dinner speaker Dr. Radcliffe is in demand, and his keen wit and power of resource always stand the strain. The powerful impression

(Continued on page 377)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

E. E. W., Acton, Mass. Is it right to flag a milk train on Sunday while crossing the highway?

If flagged for the purpose of sending milk to market, it must be a matter for the individual conscience to decide whether the necessities of the case really demand that it should be sent in on that day or on Monday. Your own loss should not enter into the question; you can only justify the act by the knowledge that others would suffer, not loss of trade, but actual discomfort, were the milk not sent. You cannot control the trains, but you can be master of your own actions. We know nothing of the concern mentioned in the other part of your letter.

W. O. B., Springfield, O. Is it right for a pastor, on the Lord's Day, to call the attention of his people to such subjects as witchcraft, hypnotism, Christian Science, etc.?

As these subjects are very widely discussed at the present time, and are doing much harm by unsettling the minds of credulous people, it may be necessary for the pastor to devote a part of his time in the pulpit to exposing their fallacies, unless he can do so with equal effectiveness on some week-day. Except for the purpose indicated, no Christian pastor would deliberately select them as substitutes for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which it is his duty to preach to his people.

W. E., Columbia, Ia. 1. What is the meaning of the word "Selah," found so much in Psalms? 2. Do you believe it right to sing hymns by uninspired men in public worship? 3. What did David mean in Psalms 37-25? Are we to suppose that every one who comes to our door and begs for bread is neither righteous nor the seed of the righteous?

1. It means simply a pause in music. 2. Hymns are sung not for the sake of the writer or to do him honor, but for the religious sentiment they express. Besides, it would be difficult to determine whether they are or are not inspired in the sense you probably mean, although it might be generally asserted that all the hymns now sung in religious gatherings were written under the inspiration of a high and holy purpose. 3. By no means. David, speaking from his own experience only, declared he had "never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread;" yet there are doubtless many instances of God's children suffering keen privation. It would obviously be unjust to assume that the measure of a man's poverty was in proportion to his wickedness. Lazarus was a beggar. David elsewhere speaks of seeing the wicked flourish. He intended, by the sentence you quote, to convey the lesson that one who fully trusted in God and obeyed his law, though he might endure trials, would also receive blessing, and that the blessing would descend to his children.

G. C., Mecklenburg, N. C. A. is employed by B. B. allows A. to get anything he wants while he (B.) is away and charge to himself. A. gets something and fails to debit himself with it at that time, and after that A. wants to do better and then debit himself with what he has received? Should he then go and tell B. of it?

The Christian, manly, and proper course is for A. to tell B. frankly that he neglected to debit himself with the goods taken, as agreed, and that he regrets it and will make what amends he can by paying for the articles now and promising more correct conduct hereafter.

R. E. L. Corsap, Pensacola, Fla., writes:

In THE MAIL-BAG of your issue of April 26, I find a query from Jessie A., Chillicothe, O., as to the oldest town on American soil. The answer given was St. Augustine, this State. Although general history still upholds the St. Augustine claim, it has been before the public for some little time that this city (Pensacola) is four years St. Augustine's senior. The late Judge Campbell, one of Florida's most eminent and learned sons, spent many years searching Spanish archives for data and notes to be used in his History of Pensacola and Western Florida and its Colonial Wars. As the result of his researches, we learn that a Spaniard named De Nervaez landed here some time in 1528; also De Soto made this harbor his headquarters twelve years later (1540); "then came another Spaniard named De Luna, with 2,000 followers, and made a settlement here in the latter part of 1559," making this or establishing this settlement four years prior to the settlement of St. Augustine. Another history of Florida has lately been published which gives preference to the Pensacola claim. During the course of human events Pensacola found it hard to hold her place on the map: once washed away by a tidal wave, several times destroyed by fire, by Indians and warring countries; once by its own inhabitants. Spain had ceded all this territory to England, and an English colony was sent out to t[illegible] fish laws, destro[illegible] The English pr[illegible] never rebuilt on [illegible] birth of 342 year[illegible] sacola, but some[illegible] place.

Reader, Peoria, Ill. Why is it that so little re[illegible] to certain important days such as [illegible]od Friday, Easter and Ascension Day in the Presbyterian Church? These are [illegible]re directly connected with our [illegible] passion and victory over death [illegible]e, and should concern every one [illegible] regenerated and washed in the [illegible] Lamb. The Lutheran Church [illegible] imagery. Why not [illegible]ropriate preac[illegible]se days?

It is a growing custom among the Presbyterian and among all Protestant churches to have special services at Christmas and Easter. Formerly the Presbyterian Church gave little attention to these days, and no special services were held; but now there is hardly a Presbyterian pulpit in any town or considerable-sized village which is not decorated for Easter, and whose services on both occasions are not specially chosen for the day. There is no good reason why the Catholic and Anglican churches should have a monopoly on such occasions of the attractions that render the services more beautiful, significant and impressive.

C. N. B., Springfield, Ill. Is it not a sin for a man having a good, respectable family, and who pretends to be a Christian, and professes friendship for another man and his family, to force upon that man's wife a declaration of love, and beg her to keep up a secret correspondence, and seek to meet her?

One who would be guilty of such conduct is criminal, both morally and legally. His offense is inexcusable, and if persisted in, is sure to involve himself and his family in moral and social ruin, besides bringing two households to sorrow and disgrace.

In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, mention was made of a law passed by the Arkansas Legislature for the protection of birds. A reader in Bradford, Mass., (B. P. Chadwick, Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner of Massachusetts and New Hampshire), sends us a copy of that law which provides that

Whoever has in his possession the body or feathers of any bird whose taking or killing is prohibited by section four of chapter two hundred and seventy-six of the acts of the year eighteen hundred and eighty-six, whether taken in this Commonwealth or elsewhere, or wears such feathers for the purpose of [illegible]

Mr. Chadwick adds: "The State of Illinois [illegible] tecting birds of all kinds from being killed and [illegible]

[illegible] N. Y. Can THE CHRISTIAN [illegible] me where to find the hymn in which the[illegible]

Help of the helpless
Help thou me."

We think the quotation is an incorrect ver[illegible] with me," by Henry [illegible] Lyte, and found in most hymn books and hymnals:

"When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!"

L. B., Tulee, Tenn. There are certain passages which seem to take away all hope for forgiveness to a backslider, even though he may bitterly regret his fall and desire to return. Is there no hope of his restoration if he has sinned after being once forgiven?

There is every hope, and he is explicitly promised forgiveness, if he will repent and seek pardon. Read the Parable of the Prodigal Son. The prodigal was a son who had lived in his father's house and had voluntarily quitted it. Is not that the condition of the Christian who has fallen? Let him arise and go to his Father and he will be welcomed and forgiven.

J. A. J., Johnstown, N. Y. 1. How far is Porto Rico from New York, and what is the fare? 2. How do you get there? 3. What is the expense of living there? 4. Do the natives speak Spanish? 5. Will THE CHRISTIAN HERALD send a missionary there?

1. About eight days' journey. One way $50; round trip, $80. 2. By train to New York, thence by steamer to the island. 3. The natives, who exist on fruits and cereals, probably find living very inexpensive. As in other places, you can live at greater or less cost, according to your tastes and means. 4. Yes; there are also many English and some German-speaking people in Porto Rico. 5. We are working through the various missionary boards.

UNVEILING THE GRANT STATUE IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA

The beautiful equestrian statue of General Grant, by Daniel C. French and Edward C. Potter, sculptors, was presented to the city of Philadelphia, by the Fairmount Park Association.

Each passing week brings us more letters containing news of rare old Bibles. Mr. Robert J. Goodloe, of Livingston, Miss., writes:

I have an old Bible in good condition, King James Version, published by Thomas Basket, in London, in 1751, and containing the Apocrypha and special prayers, &c.

Bessie V. Fitzhugh, Sulphur Springs, Ky., writes:

A friend has a Bible that was printed in April, 1581, in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. It is in a perfect state of preservation except the binding, which is slightly injured.

W. D. Lang, Indian Head, Can., writes:

[illegible] although not so old as some is unique from the fact that it belonged to the last of Wolfe's soldiers, who fought [illegible]

A. J. Bond, Marquez, Tex., has a Bible dated 1795 (King James Version) in a fine state of preservation.

F. R. W., Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

We have in our family a Bible printed in Edin[illegible]

[illegible] H. E. Church subscribed [illegible]

[illegible] rtesy of Major J. B. Ket[illegible] not ordered into the field Spanish-Amer[illegible] of our [illegible] vice. 2. Post Chaplain D. R. Lowell has been retired on account of disability. 3. Troop K, Seventh U. S. Cavalry, is stationed at Vedado, Havana, Cuba.

[illegible] the African child, who, having been taken into a mission school as a "raw heathen," has grown up to be a Christian girl, who will some day be a mis[illegible]

Highland, Kan., writes:

"Enclosed please find order for $5, for which please send me THE CHRISTIAN [illegible]

[illegible] s of this lady, [illegible] weekly. She is now at Kambini Mission, Southeast Africa, under Miss Bookwalter, where she is doing very good service and making herself valuable in the work. Next year she will probably be sent to Natal, to finish her education for practical work as a missionary teacher.

T. M. P., Lakeport, Colo. It is out of print.

A. G. M., Erie, Pa. The names of those who built or made the statue are nowhere stated.

A. L. S., Temple, Bell, Tex. You can unite with your husband's church on profession of faith, even if you do not get a letter.

Regular Reader, Fairbury, and E. M., Mariner's [illegible] States Civil Service Board, Washington, D. C.

A. E. D., Darien, Ga. The following is the quotation you refer to: "Certainly this is a duty, not a sin—'Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness.'" (John Wesley's Sermons, XCII., on dress).

W. C., Kearney, Neb. The McAuley Mission is a rescue work among the drunken, degraded and criminal classes of New York. Address Mr. S. H. Hadley, Superintendent, Water street, New York.

L. H., Sunnyside, Miss. 1. We do not know. 2. Nathaniel Greene was born May 27, 1742. 3. Lord Beaconsfield died April 19, 1881. 4. Augusta, Em[illegible] [illegible] 5. Read Roman history.

Mrs. H. M. M., Bingen, Pa. 1. The octopus is sometimes called devil-fish. Victor Hugo, in his writings, describes some of such size that they could drag down a small vessel. 2. Place no faith in people who make such pretences: they are usual[illegible]

Mrs. George A. Hickok, Bethel, Conn., can use good literature, especially back numbers of this [illegible] Sunday School at Chimney Rock, Bound Brook, N. J. So also can Anna M. Harris, 115 East St., Baton Rouge, La.

Subscriber, Cleveland, O. That great climatic changes have already taken place on the earth at remote periods is a well-established fact. There is evidence of vast inland seas having occupied the depressions both east and west of the Rocky Mountains, and also that the great Siberian icefields were in prehistoric times the haunt of animals [illegible] Stream were to change its course materially, it would affect the climate of those countries along whose coasts it now flows.

· Breaker · Boys · of · the · Mines ·

Winning them to Noble Lives is the Consecrated Work of a Woman Philanthropist in the Pennsylvania Coal Fields

MRS. ELLEN W. PALMER

LETTING a little sunshine into the lives of poor boys who toil in one of the great Pennsylvania coal districts is the grand work of the Boys' Industrial Association of Wilkesbarre. There are hundreds of boys of tender years in these mines, some not more than eight or nine years old, who are obliged to work and help support their families. They are ill-paid, the work is hard and exceedingly unhealthy, as the coal-dust leads to lung troubles.

The Association was started in 1891 by Mrs. Ellen W. Palmer, the wife of a former Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, who has since devoted her whole time to its welfare. A number of breaker boys, together with newsboys, messengers, and others, had gathered one evening at a stereopticon entertainment. Mrs. Palmer saw them seated before her with their stolid, careworn faces, and she determined to do all in her power to improve their condition. An invitation was sent out, and a large and flourishing association was soon established. The work was begun with an evening school, for Wilkesbarre was then without any such institution. The boys were taught all the intermediate studies of the public schools, and for the whole of one winter they attended most faithfully. The next winter an evening school was established by the city, and Mrs. Palmer persuaded the boys to attend that, so that she could devote more time to other branches of the work.

When the evening studies were given up, a manual training school was started, and the boys entered into this work with spirit. They were taught shoemaking, carpentry and cane-seating, and they can make many useful things for their homes as well. In the beginning of the work drills were organized, but as the boys protested that they were too tired at night to drill, Mrs. Palmer decided to omit them. She now devotes much time to the entertainment feature, and each Saturday night sees several hundred little fellows gathered in a hall to listen to recitations, songs, or some other form of entertainment. Between the songs and recitations there are little talks on manners, morals and good citizenship. The temperance talks are quite a feature, and nearly every boy has signed a pledge against swearing, drinking and chewing tobacco. The boys have organized debating clubs of their own, a glee club, a dramatic club, and a history club. Two drum corps make the inhabitants of different sections of the city aware of their existence. The members used the fourth floor of the City Hall for their meetings for a time, but now they are raising money for a building of their own.

Every boy in the mining district is supposed to work. He may be so small that his dinner-pail drags in the snow as he trudges to work, but into the breaker he must go. In the condition of things it is necessary, for the miners' wages are seldom more than sufficient to provide the barest necessities.

The boys are not obliged to sign a pledge to become members, though the following compact is signed by all who are willing to do so:

"Realizing that the object of this society is for my benefit physically, mentally and morally, I, on my part, promise to refrain from all that will hinder and to do all that will help toward the attainment of that perfect manhood, the true type of which was given to the world in the character of Jesus Christ."

The work is non-sectarian. There are Catholics, Protestants and Jews enrolled in the Association, and no attempt is made to change the child's religion. Many workers are found who are willing to help in the task of reforming the boys, who are usually ignorant of the proprieties when they first join. The following is a true record of one of the conversations which frequently takes place. It was an occasion on which a number of new boys had come forward to sign a pledge to temperance. "Joblots" was among them. Another boy, named Mike Mulherrin, stood by while "Joblots" signed his name, and teased him unmercifully. In order to shield him, Mrs. Palmer asked Mike why he had come forward.

"Oh, I'm steerin' de new ones," he replied.

"But you haven't signed the pledge yet yourself, have you, Mike?"

"Aw, why should I sign de pledge? Don't I work in de cure?"

"Why, Mike, I thought you picked slate in the Kenyon Colliery."

"So he does," two or three voices cried out. "He picks slate beside me in the breaker."

"Then what does this mean about the cure, Mike?"

"It's what de men calls de mine. When you gets your envelope on pay-day, after de company store keeps out de store bill, dere aint enough left to get drunk on."

Such conversations are frequent among the new boys, but a great change is noticeable after they have been members for a time. They come to the rooms with bright, shining faces, and when there they use good, clean language. Remarkable things have resulted from this training. One boy is now studying to be a Presbyterian minister, another to be a Jewish rabbi, and Mrs. Palmer has sent one boy to Lafayette College who is taking many of the honors in the course. This boy's mother is one of the proudest women in Pennsylvania, and she says her boy owes all his success to his training in the Boy's Industrial Association.

It is the aim of the society to discover the direct native talent, and it has been able, through the kindness of friends, to assist in many cases in giving a bright boy an incentive to a higher life that will result in better citizenship in the near future. The workers become so much interested in the boys that they suffer acutely when they lose them. There was one boy named "Hank the Hoodlum," who joined the Association, and who did his best to live up to its rules. He passed through many trials and tribulations, however, before he was finally made into a good and true boy. He was in reality a street waif, for he had neither home nor relatives of any kind, and was in the habit of sleeping around wherever he could find a bed. He was constantly in trouble with other members of the Association, for very often the boys in good standing take it upon themselves to punish the refractory ones. Hank was once guilty of stealing strawberries, and Mrs. Palmer discovered him while he was being thrashed by other members for his misdemeanor. She succeeded in stopping the uproar, but failed in convincing the others that they had done wrong in thrashing Hank. "Never you mind," they said "it'll do him good. He was just needin' a good thrashin'. He'll be 'round to the meetin's again and he'll behave better than ever before."

Hank did come back again, though it was months before he was thoroughly good at heart. Finally his young heart was touched by the Love that conquereth all things, and his savage manner was changed. The poor boy was crushed in the mines long afterward by a runaway train, and lingered through weeks and months of agony. But he was a Christian, and bore the pain in silent resignation.

Of the seven hundred boys who have thus been helped, several now hold important positions in business houses, some are successful in shops, and all of them have received an uplift toward good citizenship and purer morals which will never lose its force.

TEACHING A GROUP OF YOUTHFUL MINERS

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Ambition that Lost a Soul

HIS name signified a star and "Star" we always called him. He had a pleasant face, and seemed so strong in arm and limb, that one would expect him to live on and on for ages. Royal blood flowed through his veins, of which he was very proud, and his great ambition was to become King of Bailundu. He was always friendly with the missionaries, and they were glad to see his smiling face and hear the low, soft tones of the musical instrument which he nearly always carried in his hands, playing as he walked along or rested by the way. He was held in high esteem by all of the villagers, and his judgment much relied upon; and the teachers often wished he would give his heart to God, he would be such a help in winning others, and many prayers went up for him. But, while he would work for the teachers and listen with respect to their words, he would shake his head and say: "It is all true, I am convinced that that is the right way, but our customs are such that should I become a Christian, I would never be elected King, and it is a great thing to be a King; I cannot yield my worldly advantages for the hope of eternal life." As time went on he hardened his heart, though he still confessed that the only thing that kept him out of the kingdom of God was the kingdom of Bailundu. At last he went to come no more. Strong and full of life and hope he started for the coast with a small caravan. He exchanged his rubber for cloth and other things and started homeward, when he fell ill. For a day or two he pushed on, then his friends made a hammock and carried him for two days more. Then came the end.

When a caravan is returning home, they shoot off their guns and shout and chant so their friends are apprised of their coming, and go out with mirth and songs to greet them. But, if one of their number has died during the journey, they come creeping home quietly, each man going to his own house, greeting no one by the way. The village people, seeing them enter thus, know at once that some house will nevermore see its master, and they watch to see whose house it is.

Then—oh! the weeping and the wailing, the firing off of guns! For a week they drum and dance, while all the relatives and friends gather to do homage to his memory. They take the hair and fingernails which have been brought home and, with great ceremony, bury them with some of his worldly possessions. His two wives must lie, for a month or more, on a mat, in a dark and smoky hut, where there is a hot fire and no fresh air, covered from head to foot with cloth. They scarcely taste food. At sunrise and sunset only going out of doors to wail for the departed.

All that remains of Star's ambition is a lonely grave by the roadside. He was a heathen; but are there not many in our own land today, who are closing their ears to the call of God for the sake of some worldly ambition which, in the end, will bring them no greater glory than blasted hopes and lonely graves, with no light on the other side?

BERTHA D. STOVER.

Bishop Hartzell's Work in Africa

The following contributions in aid of Bishop Hartzell's Gospel work in Liberia and for the founding of an African Mission press, have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Prev ack	$208.80
Miss Lizzie Dieffenbacher	1.00
Rev Jas Robinson	1.00
A M W, Jefferson	1.00
A friend of Missions	10.00
Girl's Missionary Circle, Detroit	1.00
N S Doty	6.00
F M Ely	
Mrs M J Covell	1.00
Mrs S C Judd	
Woman's Foreign Missy Society, Dexter	
Jas Timmig	
Mrs L M Swift	
Fannie Claypool	
A friend, Tarrytown	2.00
Total	$226.80

All contributions for this work will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN H[illegible]

· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·

. . . The Sun Put Out . . .

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Acts 2 : 20, . . . The sun shall be turned into darkness

CHRISTIANITY is the rising sun of our time, and men have tried with the uprolling vapors of scepticism, and the smoke of their blasphemy, to turn the sun into darkness. Suppose the archangels of malice and horror should be let loose a little while, and be allowed to extinguish and destroy the sun in the natural heavens! They would take the oceans from other worlds, and pour them on the luminary of the planetary system, and the waters go hissing down amid the ravines and the caverns, and there is explosion after explosion, until there are only a few peaks of fire left in the sun, and these are cooling down and going out until the vast continents of flame are reduced to a small acreage of fire, and that whitens and cools off until there are only a few coals left, and these are whitening and going out until there is not a spark left in all the mountains of ashes, and the valleys of ashes, and the chasms of ashes. An extinguished sun! A dead sun! A buried sun! Let all worlds wail at the stupendous obsequies. Of course, this withdrawal of the solar light and heat throws our earth into a universal chill, and the tropics become the temperate, and the temperate becomes the arctic, and there are frozen rivers, and frozen lakes, and frozen oceans. From Arctic and Antarctic regions the inhabitants gather in toward the centre, and find the Equator as the poles. The slain forests are piled up into a great bonfire, and around them gather the shivering villages and cities. The wealth of the coal mines is hastily poured into the furnaces, and stirred into rage of combustion, but soon the bonfires begin to lower, and the furnaces begin to go out, and the nations begin to die. Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, California geysers, cease to smoke, and the ice of hail-storms remains unmelted in their crater. All the flowers have breathed their last breath. Ships with sailors frozen at the mast, and helmsmen frozen at the wheel, and passengers frozen in the cabin; all nations dying, first at the North and then at the South. Child frosted and dead in the cradle. Octogenarian frosted and dead at the hearth. Workmen with frozen hand on the hammer, and frozen foot on the shuttle. Winter from sea to sea. All-congealing winter. Perpetual winter. Globe of frigidity. Hemisphere shackled to hemisphere by chains of ice. Universal Nova Zembla. The earth an ice-floe grinding against other ice-floes. The archangels of malice and horror have done their work, and now they may take their thrones of glacier, and look down upon the ruin they have wrought. What the destruction of the sun in the natural heavens would be to our physical earth, the destruction of Christianity would be to the moral world. The sun turned into darkness!

Infidelity in our time is considered a great joke. There are people who rejoice to hear Christianity caricatured, and to hear Christ assailed with quibble and quirk and misrepresentation and badinage and harlequinade. I propose to-day to take Infidelity and Atheism out of the realm of jocularity into one of tragedy, and show you what infidels propose and what, if they are successful, they will accomplish. There are those in all our communities who would like to see the Christian religion overthrown, and who say the world would be better without it. I want to show you what is the end of this road, and what is the terminus of this crusade, and what this world will be when Atheism and Infidelity have triumphed over it, if they can. I say, if they can. I reiterate it, if they can.

In the first place, it will be the complete and unutterable degradation of womanhood. I will prove it by facts and arguments which no honest man will dispute. In all communities and cities and states and nations where the Christian religion has been dominant, woman's condition has been ameliorated and improved, and she is deferred to and honored in a thousand things, and every gentleman takes off his hat before her. If your associations have been good, you know that the name of wife, mother, daughter, suggest gracious surroundings. You know there are no better schools and seminaries in this country than the schools and seminaries for our young ladies. You know that while woman may suffer injustice in England and the United States, she has more of her rights in Christendom than she has anywhere else.

Now, compare this with woman's condition in lands where Christianity has made little or no advance—in China, in Barbary, in Borneo, in Tartary, in Egypt, in Hindostan. The Burmese sell their wives and daughters as so many sheep. The Hindoo Bible makes it disgraceful and an outrage for a woman to listen to music, or look out of the window in the absence of her husband, and gives as a lawful ground for divorce a woman's beginning to eat before her husband has finished his meal. What mean those white bundles on the ponds and rivers in China in the morning? Infanticide following infanticide. Female children destroyed simply because they are female. Woman harnessed to the plow as an ox. Woman veiled and barricaded, and in all styles of cruel seclusion. Her birth a misfortune. Her life a torture. Her death a horror. The missionary of the Cross to-day in heathen lands preaches generally to two groups—a group of men who do as they please and sit where they please; the other group, women hidden and carefully secluded in a side apartment, where they may hear the voice of the preacher, but may not be seen. No refinement. No liberty. No hope for this life. No hope for the life to come. Ringed nose. Cramped foot. Disfigured face. Embruted soul. Now compare those two conditions. How far toward this latter condition that I speak of would woman go if Christian influences were withdrawn and Christianity were destroyed? It is only a question of dynamics. If an object be lifted to a certain point and not fastened there, and the lifting power be withdrawn, how long before that object will fall down to the point from which it started? It will fall down, and it will go still further than the point from which it started. Christianity has lifted woman up from the very depths of degradation almost to the skies. If that lifting power be withdrawn she falls clear back to the depth from which she was resurrected, not going any lower, because there is no lower depth. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that the only salvation of woman from degradation and woe is the Christian religion, and the only influence that has ever lifted her in the social scales is Christianity—I have read that there are women who reject Christianity. I make no remark in regard to those persons. In the silence of your own soul make your observations.

If infidelity triumph and Christianity be overthrown, it means the demoralization of society. The one idea in the Bible that atheists and infidels most hate, is the idea of retribution. Take away the idea of retribution and punishment from society, and it will begin very soon to disintegrate; and take away from the minds of men the fear of hell, and there are a great many of them who would very soon turn this world into a hell. The majority of those who are indignant against the Bible because of the idea of punishment, are men whose lives are bad, or whose hearts are impure, and who hate the Bible because of the idea of future punishment, for the same reason that criminals hate the penitentiary. Oh, I have heard this brave talk about people fearing nothing of the consequences of sin in the next world, and I have made up my mind it is merely a coward's whistling to keep his courage up. I have seen men flaunt their immoralities in the face of the community, and I have heard them defy the Judgment Day, and scoff at the idea of any future consequence of their sin; but when they came to die, they shrieked until you could hear them for nearly two blocks, and in the summer night the neighbors got up to put the windows down, because they could not endure the horror.

I would not want to see a rail-train with five hundred Christian people on board, go down through a drawbridge into a watery grave. I would not want to see five hundred Christian people go into such disaster, but, I tell you plainly, that I could more easily see that than I could for any protracted time stand and see an infidel die, though his pillow were of eider-down and under a canopy of vermilion. I have never been able to brace up my nerves for such a spectacle. There is something at such a time so indescribable in the countenance. I just looked in upon it for a minute or two, but the clutch of his fist was so diabolic, and the strength of his voice was so unnatural, I could not endure it. "There is no hell, there is no hell, there is no hell!" the man had said for sixty years; but that night when I looked in the dying room of my infidel neighbor, there was something on his countenance which seemed to say, "There is, there is, there is, there is!" The mightiest restraints to-day against theft, against immorality, against libertinism, against crime of all sorts—the mightiest restraints are the retributions of eternity. Men know that they can escape the law, but down in the offenders' soul there is the realization of the fact that they cannot escape God. He stands at the end of the road of profligacy, and he will not clear the guilty. Take all idea of retribution and punishment out of the hearts and minds of men, and it would not be long before our cities would become Sodoms. The only restraints against the evil passions of the world to-day are Bible restraints.

Suppose now these generals of Atheism and Infidelity got the victory, and suppose they marshalled a great army made up of the majority of the world. They are in companies, in regiments, in brigades—the whole army. Forward, march! ye hosts of infidels and atheists, banners flying before, banners flying behind, banners inscribed with the words: "No God! No Christ! No punishment! No restraints! Down with the Bible! Do as you please!" The sun turned into darkness.

Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists. And first of all you will attack the churches. Away with those houses of worship! They have been standing there so long deluding the people with consolation in their bereavements and sorrows. All those churches ought to be extirpated; they have done so much to relieve the lost and bring home the wandering, and they have so long held up the idea of eternal rest after the paroxysm of this life is over. Turn the St. Peter's and St. Paul's and the temples and tabernacles into club-houses. Away with those churches!

Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they scatter the Sabbath Schools filled with bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little ones who are singing songs on Sunday afternoon, and getting instruction when they ought to be on the street corners playing marbles, or swearing on the commons. Away with them! Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they will attack Christian asylums—the institutions of mercy supported by Christian philanthropies. Never mind the blind eyes and the deaf ears and the crippled limbs and the darkened intellects. Let paralyzed old age pick up its own food, and orphans fight their own way, and the [illegible] Forward, march! ye great army of infidels and atheists, and with your battle-axes hew down the cross and split up the manger of Bethlehem.

On, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and [illegible] yards and the cemeteries of the earth. Pull down the sculpture above Greenwood's gate, for it means the Resurrection. Tear away at the entrance of Laurel Hill the figure of Old Mortality and the chisel. On ye great army of infidels and atheists, into the graveyards and cemeteries; and where you see, "Asleep in Jesus," cut it away, and where you find a marble story of heaven, blast it, and where you find over a little child's grave: "Suffer little children to come unto me," substitute the words "delusion" and "sham," and where you find an angel in marble, strike off the wing, and when you come to a family vault, chisel on the door: "Dead once, dead forever."

But on, ye great army of infidels and atheists, on! They will attempt to scale heaven. There are heights to be taken. Pile hill on hill, and Pelion upon [illegible], and then they hoist the ladders against the walls of heaven. On and on until they blow up the foundations of jasper and the gates of pearl. They charge up the steep. Now they aim for the throne of him who liveth forever and ever. They would take down from their high place the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost. "Down with them!" they say. "Down with them from the throne!" they say. "Down forever! Down out of sight! He is not God. He has no right to sit there. Down with him! Down with Christ!"

A world without a head, a universe without a king. Orphan constellations. Fatherless galaxies. Anarchy supreme. A dethroned Jehovah. An assassinated God. Patricide, regicide, deicide. That is what they mean. That is what they will have, if they can. I say, if they can. Civilization hurled back into semi-barbarism, and semi-barbarism driven back into Hottentot savagery. The wheel of progress turned the other way and turned toward the dark ages. The clock of the centuries put back two thousand years. Go back, you Sandwich Islands, from your schools, and from your colleges and from your reformed condition to what you were in 1820, when the missionaries first came. Call home the five hundred missionaries from India and overthrow their two thousand schools, where they are trying to educate the heathen, and scatter the one hundred and forty thousand little children that they have gathered out of barbarism into civilization. Obliterate all the work of Dr. Duff in India, of David Abeel in China, of Dr. King in Greece, of Judson in Burmah, of David Brainerd amid the American aborigines, and send home the three thousand missionaries of the Cross who are toiling in foreign lands, toiling for Christ's sake, toiling themselves into the grave. Tell these three thousand men of God that they are of no use. Send home the medical missionaries who are doctoring the bodies as well as the souls of the dying nations. Go home, London Missionary Society. Go home, American Board of Foreign Missions. Go home, ye Moravians, and relinquish back into darkness and squalor and death the nations whom ye have begun to lift.

Oh, my friends, there has never been such a nefarious plot on earth as that which Infidelity and Atheism have planned. We were shocked a few years ago because of the attempt to blow up the Parliament Houses in London; but if Infidelity and Atheism succeed in their attempt, they will dynamite a world. Let them have their full way, and this world will be a habitation of three rooms—a habitation with just three rooms: the one a mad-house, another a lazaretto, the other a pandemonium. These infidel bands of music have only just begun their concert—yea, they have only been stringing their instruments. I to-day put before you their whole programme from beginning unto close. In the theatre the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward; but in this infidel drama of death the farce comes first and the tragedy afterward. And in the former, atheists and infidels laugh and mock, but in the latter God himself will laugh and mock. He says so. "I will laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh."

From such a chasm of individual, national, world-wide ruin, stand back. Oh young men, stand back from that chasm! You see the practical drift of my sermon. I want you to know where that road leads. Stand back from that chasm of ruin. The time is going to come (you and I may not live to see it, but it will come, just as certainly as there is a God, it will come) when the infidels and the atheists who openly and out and out and above-board preach and practice Infidelity and Atheism, will be considered as criminals against society, as they are now criminals against God. Society will push out the leper, and the wretch with soul gangrened and ichorous and vermin-covered and rotting apart, will be left to die in the ditch.

A thousand voices come up to me this hour, saying: "Do you really think Infidelity will succeed? Has Christianity received its death blow? and will the Bible become obsolete?" Yes, when the smoke of the city chimney arrests and destroys the noonday sun. Josephus says about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem the sun was turned into darkness; but only the clouds rolled between the sun and the earth. The sun went right on. It is the same sun, the same luminary as when at the beginning it shot out like an electric spark from God's finger, and to-day it is warming the nations, and to-day it is gilding the sea, and to-day it is filling the earth with its light. The same old sun, not at all worn out, though its light steps one hundred and ninety million miles a second, though its pulsations are four hundred and fifty trillion undulations in a second. The same sun with beautiful white light made up of the violet and the indigo and the blue and the green and the red and the yellow and the orange—the seven beautiful colors, now just as when the solar spectrum first divided them.

At the beginning God said: "Let there be light," and light was, and light is, and light shall be. So Christianity is rolling on, and it is going to warm all nations, and all nations are to bask in its light. Men may shut the window-blinds so they cannot see it, or they may smoke the pipe of speculation until they are shadowed under their own vaporing; but the Lord God is a sun! This white light of the Gospel made up of all the beautiful colors of earth and heaven—violet plucked from amid the spring grass, and the indigo of the southern jungles, and the blue of the skies, and the green of the foliage, and the yellow of the autumnal woods, and the orange of the southern groves, and the red of the sunsets. All the beauties of earth and heaven brought out by this spiritual spectrum. Great Britain is going to take all Europe for God. The United States are going to take America for God. Both of them together will take all Asia for God. All three of them will take Africa for God. "Who art thou, oh great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Hallelujah, amen!

Washington's Peace Jubilee

THE people of twenty States will be represented in a Jubilee to be held in Washington next week (May 24-25), commemorative of the restoration of peace between the United States and Spain. It will be practically national in its character, and will give expression to the sentiments of the American people, and commemorate by a great historical pageant the stirring scenes of the war. The arrangements are under the care of a large committee of Washington's most public-spirited citizens, who have given their time and money freely to make the jubilee a success. The entire city will be *en fete*.

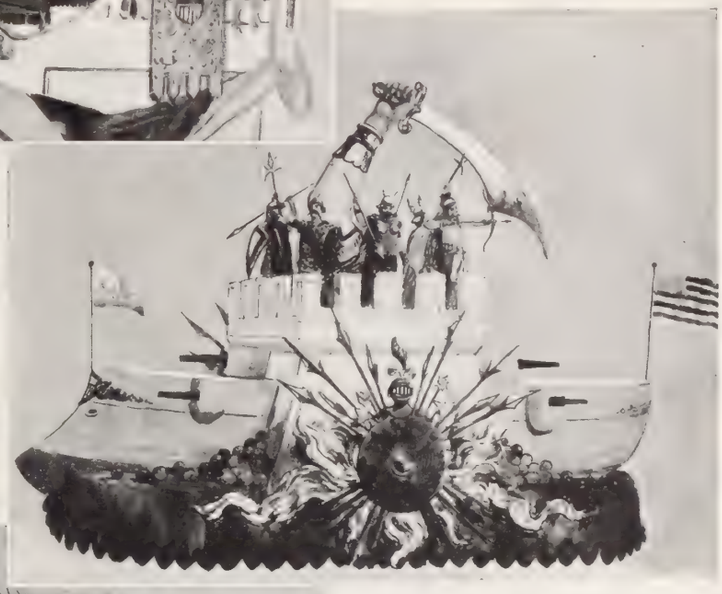
"Peace" will be symbolized by a king and his court, with a court of honor especially designed for the occasion. The throne-room of this fantastic palace will be of galvanized iron and wood; there will be two immense canopies, one on either side, and all profusely decorated.

Gen. Hawley, as chairman of the military features of the festival, has arranged the attendance of troops from several near-by States, and for a liberal representation of the army and navy of the United States to take part in the grand parade. Interest will undoubtedly centre in the "floats," which will be carried through the streets on huge vehicles, as parts of the civic parade. Several of these floats will be filled with people in costume, intended to represent historic personages identified with American events. Others will allegorically portray "Peace" and "War." The industrial trades will have cars showing artisans at work, and the merchant will have his golden argosy. Uniformed and civilian bodies will lengthen the grand pageant, and it is expected that 100,000 visitors will be accommodated in grand-stands.

President McKinley and his family, with the members of the Cabinet and their ladies, will attend the pyrotechnic display on the second evening. Seats will be provided for 11,000 spectators.

The Floats:

1. Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella.
2. Group emblematic of "Victory."
3. "War."
4. "Uncle Sam, Liberty and the Thirteen Original States."



SOME OF THE FLOATS THAT WILL BE SEEN AT THE WASHINGTON JUBILEE

Presbyterians in Council

of his remarkable address at the funeral service of Dr. John Hall is still fresh in the minds of the Church.

An organizer of men, Dr. Radcliffe does not entirely confine himself to his own church, although it has always his best efforts; but in Presbytery and in Synod, in loyal support of the Boards of the Church, he is the ideal Presbyterian.

It is to crowded audiences of all classes—Cabinet, Judiciary, Senatorial, Congressional, the "smart set," the intellectual and exclusive of Washington society, to whom Dr. Radcliffe breaks the bread of life, as well as to the commercial element, to that great and interesting body known as Government clerks, and to teachers and students. His reading of the Scriptures is a notable feature of his pulpit work. He has in his whole ministry made a special study of liturgies, so that the "long prayer" becomes a symmetrical and blessed part of the worship, often spoken of. His devotion and attention to good music as a legitimate and essential part of real worship is well known. His preaching is expository in character, entirely without notes, and singularly varied in form. A critical "sermon taster" said of him that he was always a surprise—never two sermons built just alike, the train of thought or the plan of treatment never to be anticipated.

Whether addressing a room of sewing school children with a cake of soap for a text, or holding in wrapt silence the great dignified audience of New York Avenue Church, Dr. Radcliffe is equally happy and effective. An intense Presbyterian, true blue, he is not a sectarian. His relations with brother evangelical clergymen of every name are most cordial, and in any union movement he is to be depended on. A Pittsburgh boy, he graduated from Jefferson College, and from Princeton Theological Seminary. He has held but four pastorates: West Philadelphia, Reading, Detroit, where he married the daughter of one of his elders; and Washington, where as pastor of the New York Avenue Church, he has increased his own reputation as a preacher and Christian diplomat, and honored a church already honorable.

Christ is the centre and crown of his preaching, and to reach the individual soul for help and for present salvation, through loyalty to and faith in Christ and him crucified, is the aim and end of it all.

When on the 18th of May, Dr. Radcliffe will preach the Moderator's sermon and his successor is elected, one of the most brilliant chapters of a long ago consecrated life will be closed. In this non-sectarian journal, accustomed to record the happy events in all denominations of Christians, we congratulate the great Presbyterian Church of America on its wisdom in calling to its highest place of honor and responsibility, our friend and brother, Wallace Radcliffe.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Christ Before Pilate

S. S. Lesson for May 28. John 18: 28-40
Golden Text, John 19: 4

FEW men, whether professed Christians, or professed infidels, or heathen, will venture to find fault with Jesus. "Which of you convicteth me of sin?" (John 8: 46, R. V.), is a challenge which was made over eighteen hundred years ago, and which has never been seriously answered. But, as in the case of John the Baptist, the chief priests, scribes and elders could not say his ministry was of man, and would not say it was from heaven, lest Jesus should say, "Why then did ye not believe him?" (Mark 11: 29-3). So it is to this day as regards Jesus. Men know that Jesus is true: they can find no fault in him, but they fear the consequences of committing themselves to him. And he who suffered under Pontius Pilate is condemned today by thousands of Pilate's disciples who will not risk the loss of their own righteousness, of their caste, their popularity, their luxury, their position, or other worldly advantage. And thus, in spite of their conviction of the truth, they will not come unto him that they might have life (John 5: 40), and, like Pilate, they take part against Jesus with their eyes open.

How came the Roman Governor into such a position? Annas had sent Jesus bound unto Caiaphas, the high priest. Caiaphas sent him to Pilate, and now the responsibility was upon him of passing sentence upon One whom he knew to have been apprehended only by reason of the envy of the chief priests and elders (Matt. 27: 18). The deluded men looked upon the judgment hall as a defiled place, for Pilate, a Gentile, was the judge. But they did not know how their attitude to him who was the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world was in itself a proof of their inward defilement.

Pilate would not interfere with their religious scruples: he sought to be popular, and therefore he compromised his position, and went out to them, as they would not venture into the court, and put to them the question, "What accusation bring ye against this man?" "If this Man were not an evil doer, we should not have delivered him up unto thee," was the ready answer. But they did not so much as mention before Pilate the accusation of blasphemy which they had laid against Jesus in the priestly court; and they could not lodge a charge against him. "Take him yourselves and judge him according to your law," said Pilate again. "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death," was the answer. Jesus had foretold that he should be delivered into the hands of the Gentiles. That this word might be fulfilled, a Gentile must condemn him. Would Pilate's divided heart elect for himself this ignominious distinction? Pilate entered into the palace again, called Jesus and asked him, "Art thou the king of the Jews?" While this Gentile potentate sat in judgment upon God's Christ, his own conscience was arraigned before his prisoner. "Sayest thou this of myself, or did others tell it thee concerning me?" As though to say, hast thou any fear of political trouble or danger to the government through me, or is this only a pretext of the Jews to destroy me, and thou Pilate art party to it?

Pilate's answer was another question. "Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests delivered thee unto me: what hast thou done?" It was a strange trial: accusers, witnesses and judges were equally at a loss how to substantiate a charge against their unusual Prisoner. But the Lord himself, speaking to Pilate's own soul, and for the teaching of those which should come after, replied, "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered unto the Jews." Judge for thyself, Pilate: has One who is meek and lowly in heart, One who resists not evil, One who loves his enemies, One who heals the sick and casts out devils, judge if he has done anything which thou canst justly condemn. They were heart-searching questions, and Pilate was convinced but not converted.

"PILATE SAITH UNTO HIM, ART THOU A KING, THEN?"

"Art thou a king then?" "Thou sayest that I am a King." But of what kingdom? A kingdom to which Pilate was a stranger, but of which he felt the power. He was almost ready to come under the sceptre of him who is the Truth. Almost, but not quite. "What is truth?" he enquired, but waited for no answer: an expedient had struck him: he might effect a compromise and secure the safety of Jesus by proposing to release the worst criminal who was under detention at the time (Matt. 26: 17). Surely the people would not choose such an one! Why should he release any prisoner? He had "a custom" to release unto the people at the feast some prisoner "whom they would." Pilate's ruling passion was to keep in favor with the people, and so to secure his government position. How could such a man deliver Jesus? Face to face the unrecognized Prince of Truth, and the man who sacrificed truth and righteousness for personal advantage, stood in that judgment hall. The One to sacrifice himself; he saved others—himself he could not save; the other ready to sacrifice others, and to sacrifice justice itself that he might save himself and keep the position which he filled so badly!

Things turned out contrary to his expectation: the people chose Barabbas, and Jesus was thrown again upon his hands. Pilate had already declared, "I find no crime in him," and yet he took him and scourged him, and more, he did not interfere when the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, put it on his head, arrayed him in a purple garment, and mocked and smote him. Meanwhile the conscience which had for a moment been awakened was being hardened, and soon it would be paralyzed, and cease to act. It is an awful, a deadly thing to trifle with conscience. If Pilate had had any doubt about the case it would have been different: but reiterating as he did, "I find no crime in him," it was the most barefaced unrighteousness to scourge and to condemn Jesus.

♦

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

WHEN Christ was arraigned before Pilate a charge was made in the charge against him. The priests knew that there was no hope of the Roman governor endorsing a sentence of capital punishment for blasphemy, which was the offence on which they had convicted Jesus. Some offence must be alleged which was capital under Roman law, unless, indeed, Pilate could be induced to confirm the sentence as a matter of form, without inquiring into the charge. They tried the latter alternative first. In reply to Pilate's question as to the charge, they answered churlishly that if the Prisoner were not a malefactor they would not have condemned him. But Pilate knew better than that: he had seen too much of the Jewish priests to believe that they condemned none but malefactors. Finding that they could not hope to obtain Pilate's confirmation without an inquiry, they charged Christ with high treason against Cæsar. The wily character of Caiaphas showed itself in this charge. He knew that the Roman government was growing impatient of Jewish turbulence, and that at any time it might swoop down on the nation, disband the ecclesiastical government and carry the people away prisoners, as really did occur about forty years later. If now they denounced a man on the charge of claiming kingship, they could take credit for loyalty. Caiaphas had long brooded on this scheme, as was evident from his remark that it was better for one man to die than that the whole nation perish (John 11: 50). But as Pilate looked on the friendless, inoffensive Prisoner, he saw the absurdity of the charge. He therefore proceeded to question Christ on his own account. Christ answered him frankly, and Pilate soon saw that this Teacher of truth was no aspirant to the throne of the Cæsars. He probably regarded him as a harmless fanatic, and determined to release him. When he went out to announce this decision he [illegible] danger to himself. These vindictive priests were capable of moving against him at Rome. They could complain to [illegible] death a man who claimed to be a king. Pilate [illegible] a trivial offence; and Cæsar, not having [illegible] With the cynicism of a selfish man, he preferred to sacrifice an innocent man rather than imperil his own position. After vainly endeavoring to overcome their antipathy, he yielded to them to [illegible] His concession did not save him his place, and it brought upon him everlasting infamy.

Lest they should be defiled. It is strange that they should have been so careful. Their conduct shows how absurdly inconsistent the minds of formalists are. They thought more of the defilement that was entailed by contact with a Gentile court of justice than of the defilement of compassing the death of an innocent man. But the same characteristic survives. Not many weeks ago a man committed a heinous sin of a peculiarly disgraceful nature, and was so little troubled by it that he joked about it. The same man afterwards went into a restaurant and was horrified when his companion proposed that they should eat meat. He would not eat meat on a Friday. A priest in the Tyrol was sought for confession, some years ago, by a man whom he suspected of being implicated in murder and highway robbery. The penitent confessed his failure to attend mass, his omission of certain prayers and other trivial offenses, and said that was all. Then the priest mentioned a notorious murder and asked him if he had not been concerned in it. The man said frankly that he had, but said that such things were so common in the mountains that he had not thought it necessary to include it in his confession.

Take ye him and judge him. As the Jews could not put a man to death without Pilate's consent, this remitting of Christ to their judgment would at least save his life. Pilate was evidently reluctant to become responsible for his death, but he had not the firmness and courage which alone could save him. The English king, Charles I., was a man of similar character. When the Parliament attacked the king's chief minister, Strafford, the king tried to save him by promising never to employ him again, by suggesting light modes of punishment, but it was of no avail. When Charles found that his own position was endangered, he yielded and allowed the man, whose only crime was a too faithful allegiance to his king, to be put to death. There was no doubt that Strafford deserved his doom, but Charles would have been wise in protecting him. He could have had no more devoted servant. Like Pilate, he thought only of himself and his own interests, and was prepared to sacrifice any one rather than endanger them. Like Pilate, too, he did not save himself by his cowardice. He went to the block as he deserved, while Pilate is said to have committed suicide.

What is truth? The question seems to have been one of contempt. Pilate's idea of a king was one of a man like Cæsar, who had armies at his command. A king whose kingdom was based on the truth appeared to him a poor kind of kingship. "What is truth?" showed that he regarded truth as a flimsy foundation for a kingdom. Yet history tells a different story. The mighty empire of Rome soon fell, while the kingdom that Christ founded has extended its boundaries, and will yet embrace the whole world.

GEN. EATON

The Gospel in Our Colonies

Gen. Eaton Describes the Energetic and Successful Y.M.C.A. Work at San Juan—Our Soldiers' and Sailors' Reading-Room

IN his latest letter from Porto Rico, printed below, Gen. Eaton gives a bright and encouraging picture of the condition of religious work on the island.

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, April 22.

Editor "The Christian Herald":

Your readers are asking what progress is made in Americanizing San Juan; yet how few fully realize the meaning of that question! It must be remembered that this is, in a sense, the capital of the Island of Porto Rico; that it has a native population of 33,000, to which must be added the transients of all nations, the new arrivals from America, the soldiers who man the forts and the officers and sailors who man our ships of war in the harbor and conduct the work in the navy yard. Under Spanish rule there was the severest exclusion of all religious services, except Roman Catholic. It is hard for a people, raised under such conditions, to appreciate the free exercise of religious belief. They cannot accord it to others, and they cannot understand how others can accord it to them. But there is a force in man's nature which responds to this liberty, and the course of events under the American flag, carries forward the education in the change, even though a word of explanation is not uttered.

This progress could not fail, however, to bring the representatives of the distinctive religious beliefs in the States. I have already mentioned the efforts of the American Catholics to bring their church here up to the standard in America. I have also mentioned a number of Protestant denominations represented here, and they are all meeting with a considerable measure of success. The work of the Young Men's Christian Association among the soldiers and sailors here is especially comprehensive and significant. It is in charge of Mr. Frank L. Smith, who arrived here December 21, and who has already demonstrated his fitness for the work he has undertaken. He preached his first sermon on Christmas Day in a private house on Sol street, where the Y. M. C. A. is now located. He received his training as an evangelist in the Association secretaryship, and before coming here had successfully managed the Association work in the Seventh Army Corps under Gen. Lee at Jacksonville. In his new field he has been efficiently aided by his son.

He has been able to meet every difficulty with new plans to turn failure into success, and finally place the work so effectively in the minds of those to be reached here that it is already substantially self-sustaining, besides having the prospect of enlargement in San Juan, and of good openings in other Porto Rican cities. He found the theatre the most available place for Sabbath services, and preaching his first sermon there on Jan. 1st, 10 A.M., he has continued every Sabbath since. An hour before service is occupied by the Sabbath School, of which Rev. Andrew McKim, agent of the Bible Society, is superintendent. Mr. McKim speaks Spanish. Both Spanish and English are used in the Sabbath School and church services, the attendance being made up of those who can speak only Spanish, and of others who can speak only English. Mrs. Hanna, wife of the American Consul, leads the choir, playing the piano. An organ was purchased by Dr. Ward, but has not yet arrived. The theatre is owned by the city, and some untoward influence at first operated against permitting the services in it, and the janitor would refuse to open it. On one occasion the stage was extended to cover the entire floor of the theatre, and carpeted for a Sabbath night ball. Such is the sentiment toward the holy day here that the Sabbath is the favorite day for dances. The singing is in English from Gospel Hymn Books furnished from the States. The discourses are brief and effective. The attendance has been very encouraging, averaging over two hundred. Representatives of all religious denominations, as they have arrived here, have participated. Mr. Smith often holds two other services on the Sabbath, either for soldiers or sailors. By request of General Henry he organized a regular Sunday service in the prison, when three hundred prisoners join heartily in singing Gospel songs from slips printed in Spanish. General and Mrs. Henry are frequently in attendance.

Y. M. C. A. SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' READING ROOM AT SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

Not long since here was enacted a scene never to be forgotten. The Spanish were in the habit of putting irons on a class of prisoners, never to be removed—a most cruel punishment. General Henry, after examination of the cases, ordered the irons removed. The prisoners were assembled, and with much difficulty the blacksmith was able to remove the irons. The joy of the men relieved was unbounded, and the effect upon the whole body of prisoners was great. They expressed their gratitude by presenting to General Henry a bouquet of exquisite artificial flowers made by their own hands, and by a vote of thanks. Next Sunday seventy copies of New Testaments sent by the Young People's Society, of Keyser, W. Va., will be given to seventy prisoners selected by the warden.

Early in January, out of his own thought and resources, Mr. Smith—a friend handing him twenty-five dollars—started a soup house for the poor of the city, who are numerous and suffer greatly. It was so wisely conducted that Gen. Henry entrusted to Mr. Smith the Government aid to the poor, and the merchants, instead of handing their *centavos* to beggars, bought tickets for soup and gave them. Nearly 2,000 have thus been relieved. After having made two contracts for rooms, and being compelled to give them up, Mr. Smith has now in successful operation Y. M. C. A. rooms, embracing a room for writing and reading and games; a room for classes in Bible and Spanish, and restaurant rooms; all have marble-tiled floors, and old Spanish paintings ornament the walls. The restaurant is fitted with neat tables. The food is American in kind and cooking. It is patronized by Government clerks and the American colony, and its average receipts are at the rate of 600 *pesos* per month. Mr. Smith has perfected the organization out of a working capital of $500. The restaurant furniture was donated by the Chestnut Hill Army and Navy Relief Association through the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. The help are all Christians, and family prayers are held at seven o'clock each morning. In the absence of the Secretary the other day, they were led acceptably by the colored baker. The restaurant is closed on Sunday, as the only business testimony to the Christian Sabbath on the island, so far as known, excepting that of the Government. On that day rooms for reading and writing are open from 11 A. M until 9 P. M., the games being put away. Mr. McKim teaches the Spanish class every week day. It is delightful to see the soldiers, sailors and clerks enjoying the privileges of the rooms, especially in the evenings, when they leave little unoccupied space. Too much cannot be said for the skill with which this has all been done at so little expense; indeed, the outlay will soon undoubtedly not only be repaid, but a fund commenced with which to erect a permanent Y. M. C. A. building for San Juan.

JOHN EATON.

Y. M. C. A. Work in Our Colonies

In a letter from Manila, dated March 7, Secretaries Jackson and Glunz, of the International Y. M. C. A., report continued activity in religious work. Regular Sunday services are held, besides several additional week-day gatherings, and many visits are paid to the hospitals by the earnest workers—all of which have proved spiritually profitable. Some of the Y. M. C. A. workers have followed the troops in their field operations at the front, and have thus been able to do exceptional service at critical times, in field hospital, in the trenches and by the camp fire.

At San Juan de Porto Rico the religious work among the soldiers has progressed very favorably. A new Y. M. C. A. room has been opened at No. 47 Sol Street, with restaurant, writing room and recreation room. A class for teaching Spanish to soldiers and sailors is now in operation, Mr. Andrew McKim being the teacher. Mr. Frank L. Smith (THE CHRISTIAN HERALD correspondent) is supervising the entire work. Mr. Smith writes that he is hoping for aid in the erection of a permanent Y. M. C. A. building in the city of San Juan.

Antidotes Used Too Late

A press dispatch from Newark, N. J., says that a girl of that city accidentally swallowed some poison a few days ago. The parents sent for a Christian Scientist who prayed over the girl. Subsequently, as the girl became worse, a doctor was sent for, who administered the proper antidotes, but so much time had been lost that the poison had circulated through her system and it was too late to save her.

Many Missionaries Ready

All the Leading Denominations will Soon be Represented in the West Indian Field

FROM present indications, a considerable number of missionaries will soon leave these shores for regular service in Cuba and Porto Rico. They will include representatives of all the great denominations, and will go fully prepared and equipped for evangelistic work in those promising fields. On June 1, the first accredited missionary of the Presbyterian Church of America will sail with his family for West Indian shores. The Central Church of Rochester, N. Y., desired to be the first to send a missionary to Porto Rico, and in token of such desire subscribed a sum equal to one year's salary, leaving the selection to the missionary board in New York. Rev. Milton E. Caldwell, a regular minister of that denomination living in Cincinnati, O., has been designated, and he has accepted. He will take with him a young woman to act as teacher of a school which it is intended to establish near the mission church at Mayaguez.

DR. ALBERT BUXTON

The Methodist Episcopal Church has received a report from Bishop Ninde and a missionary secretary who returned recently from a tour. It has voted $5,000 as an initial fund, and is certain to choose two Spanish-speaking home missionaries from the Arizona and New Mexico field as the advance guard. The United Brethren, whose headquarters are at Dayton, O., announce their purpose of sending several missionaries soon. The Northern Baptists are said to have agreed to concentrate their evangelistic efforts in Eastern Cuba, while the Southern Baptists will establish missions on the Western end. The latter body bought a theatre in Havana, centrally located, that will seat 1,200 people, and transformed it into a church. This is the church in which Dr. Alberto J. Diaz baptized 3,000 persons, about one half of whom fell in the recent terrible war or were exiled. Of the seven churches which he founded only two remain.

REV. J. A. ERWIN

Recently he has returned to Havana and reopened his church. This is now one of the only two Protestant Churches in Cuba.

REV. MELVILLE MENGES

The American Missionary Association have taken a building for school purposes at San Juan, Porto Rico, and another at San Turce, a suburb, to which they will have evangelistic teachers assigned as quickly as possible. Similar schools will be instituted in the districts of Utuada and Mayaguez.

The Disciples of Christ were among the first to send special commissioners to the West Indian Islands. Secretary A. McLeon of the Foreign Board, who had already made a world-tour of mission fields, has returned from this errand, and upon his report two missionaries will be sent to Havana, Dr. Albert Buxton and Rev. Melville Menges. Two others will go to Porto Rico, Rev. J. A. Erwin and wife.

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Judged by One's Own Decision

IT sometimes happens to great advocates to plead on opposite sides of the same case. It was Mr. Webster's lot in the celebrated Caines' case. Such a judicial mind would find it comparatively easy. But it is not often that a judge experiences the lot of the celebrated Justice Field, when a lawyer quoted him against himself.

It is said that a certain lawyer was arguing a certain case, when Justice Field thus interrupted him: "That is nonsense in a legal view." "Nevertheless," replied the counsel, "it has been so ruled by a Justice of the Supreme Court twenty-five years since." And he then proceeded to read from one of Justice Field's own decisions.

There is a verse, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Many a man might be confronted by his own past opinions as against those he now holds. But this may mean nothing more than progress in character. Ralph Waldo Emerson says consistency is of no importance: only loyalty to the truth. Speak what you think. Doubtless this is correct advice when no moral question is involved. But, if on moral questions a man changes his opinion too readily, it may well be feared he has first changed his character. Often the decisions of youth are more accurate on such questions than the decisions of later life.

The Mothers of Presidents

WITH mothers and grandmothers in the family, Presidential circles are all the more interesting and attractive to the American people. When President Garfield came to Washington, he came with his matronly wife, his merry children and a grey-haired grandmother. We saw them all together in the library of his residence on the corner of 13th and I Street. The children were on the floor with their pastimes; there was an open fire and the whole *tout ensemble* was very sunny and homelike. The present administration came without children, but with an invalid wife and a grey-haired grandmother. A little later, the heart of the nation went with the bereaved President to his mother's tomb. With President Loubet of France comes, also, a grandmother. The papers say that she still wears the costume of the peasant class, to which she belongs; the short dress and heavy shoes; and does not visit the capital. Nor, indeed, it would seem, does she rejoice in the honors which her distinguished son has achieved. For she says, "The more he is exalted the less time has he for his mother." It would be a holy influence in the Parisian home of the President there, if his mother were with him; to link to him the hearts of the people, and to continue the simplicity of home-life, to which he has been accustomed from his childhood.

Don't Shoot

WE see that the world has not yet entirely freed itself from the impression that personal dispute must be settled by violence. Another man had a wrong to right, and he shot a prominent citizen. During the past year, several newspaper offices have heard the crack of the pistol. If an editor writes something you do not like, kill him! Ah! this is going back toward barbarism; this is worse than the old-time duels, for then the assailant gave a man a chance for his life by previous challenge and choice of weapons. The time was when it was thought honorable for combatants to settle their differences with deadly weapons. Daniel O'Connell killed D'Esterre, James Stewart killed Boswell, Andrew Jackson killed Charles Dickinson, John H. Benton killed Lucas, Mr. Graves of the United States Congress killed Mr. Silly, Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton, and even DeWitt Clinton exchanged five shots with John Swartout. But those days are far gone by, and any attempt to revive them ought to meet with the condemnation of all decent society. But they were not so bad as this frequent shooting in our time without any introductory civilities, which would give a man a chance to make his will, and say good-bye to his family.

There is evidently among certain educated and well-to-do men an impression that they can right their wrongs by manslaughter, and the idea is becoming more and more prevalent. There are those who think it looks brave to carry a pistol, and there are hundreds and thousands of men in the cities who always go armed. Now, I will undertake to say that any man who lives in a well-defended city, and is afraid to go out and come in without fire-arms, has not the courage of a sheep. If called to go out on the borders of civilization, or as an officer of the law to explore the haunts of a great city, deadly weapons may be an appropriate accompaniment; but a private citizen who, in peaceful times and in well-governed neighborhoods, carries dirk or pistol, has the spirit of murder, whether or not he commits the crime. In all the history of the world slander was never baffled nor was honor defended by taking the life of another. Newspaper abuse was never stopped by extinguishing an editor. An abusive newspaper corrects the harm it does by the reputation it gets for abuse. The most successful and honored men in the world are those whom certain newspapers attempted to annihilate. Every man comes to be estimated at what he is really worth. It is rather an unfortunate thing for a man to be abused only once by a newspaper, for then the public might be deceived in regard to him; but if the abuse go on for weeks and months and years, the people come to understand it as only the wreaking of some old grudges, and hence the charges fall powerless. Besides that, it is not now as once in towns and cities that there was only one newspaper, and that could have things its own way. There are scores of newspapers coming out day by day, and if one paper is unfair with you, other papers will do you full justice. But if there should come a case of defamation, in which no newspaper column is open to set you right, you have the law and a jury made [illegible] self, have reputation and family and sense of right and wrong, and will give you damages. But do not think that by violence you can adjust anything. Keep your heart right, and your life right, and you are independent of the world's bombardment.

There is a certain kind of man who never ought to have a pistol in his pocket, under his pillow, or anywhere in his house from garret to cellar, and that is the young man, or the old, who has a violent temper. And yet those are the kind of men who generally carry fire-arms to say nothing of a revolver. It is dangerous for you to have so much as a percussion cap, or a ramrod, if you have a bad temper. You carry a pistol, and suddenly, in a moment of insane fury, you may do something you may be sorry for through time and through eternity. With such a temper as you have, to carry a weapon of death is as unwise as to put gunpowder and lucifer matches in the same pocket. The orderly citizen in our orderly cities within the next hundred years will need no fire-arms. Ten lives are lost every year through the accidental discharge of fire-arms, where there is one life saved. This complete puppyism, which cannot live without being armed with deadly weapons, ought to be spanked and put to bed before sundown.

Lightning on Wings

WE have long been familiar with the [illegible] But after all our swift lightning has required a track, as much as does a rail-car. It would go on copper wire. Would it travel without a wire? The new method of telegraphy has answered this question affirmatively. Given a transmitter that excites electrical waves at one point, and a receiver by which they are read at another, and the wire is dispensed with. With a conductor eighty feet high, a message can be transmitted sixteen miles. Such a message overtops mountains and defies storms. Ships at sea can communicate with each other and with the shore.

A telegraph message has lately been sent from Washington to Fort Myer at the rate of 200,000 words an hour. The average rapidity of a good operator by the Morse system is thirty words a minute. The new system called the synchronograph carries 3,333 words a minute. The difference in volume of business is as thirty to thirty-three hundred. The theory of the new telegraph is the theory of wave-motion in alternate electric currents. This wave-motion is compared to a nicely-made rail-fence. It is synchronous with the revolution of the transmitter. Already two great companies have negotiated for the use of the new system, and the patentees have taken out patents in nineteen countries.

Taking to Itself Wings

IDLE HOUR, the elegant summer residence of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, at Oakdale, L. I., was lately burned to the ground. Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., were spending their honeymoon there. The watchman discovered the fire in the cellar, the alarm was given, and all the inmates readily escaped. From Sayville and Islip, the nearest points where were firemen, it took one hour to reach the scene of conflagration. By that time the fire had virtually burned itself out, so that with the inferior fire apparatus sent, nothing remained to be done. The loss was from $250,000 to $300,000.

Fire to the wealthy, who can easily replace the property burned is serious enough. And the young couple, whose only occupation for that sad hour was to watch the flames lick up the costly pile and leave them homeless, doubtless had some true sense of their loss. But doubtless [illegible] however, the loss of a home to the poor, or to those of moderate means, is a blow from which there is no recovery. The burning up of Chicago broke up many a family forever. Probably few ever witness such a scene without recalling: "And fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is." Nothing is more consuming, more merciless, more calamitous, than for one to fall a prey to this devouring element.

♦

BRIEF NOTES

The A. W. Halsey [illegible] tion of the work which the members of the Salvation Army are doing in South Africa by making a [illegible]

[illegible] try for several years past, has just been re-appointed [illegible] He will sail for India in a few weeks.

[illegible], or good tracts, or volumes of Mr. Moody's [illegible] will be gratefully received by Mr. [illegible] distribution in prisons and [illegible]

[illegible] ing, N. Y. A [illegible] feeling was manifested and [illegible] forward under the leadership of the pastor of the First Baptist Church, Rev. F. W. Lockwood.

Mr. John Wanamaker was elected chairman of the Executive Committee at the recent International Sunday School Convention, in succession to Mr. B. F. Jacobs, who now, as Honorary Chairman, will spend some time in visiting Sunday [illegible]

Mr. Dube, the young Zulu chief who has been studying for the ministry and has set sail for his own country to work as a missionary, will have an energetic colleague. Mr. Scott, one of the converts of the Seamen's Anchor Mission in Barbados, [illegible]

The International Young Men's [illegible] Association Committee has received conditionally $50,000 toward the Naval Department's work. The two conditions were made that a further sum of $100,000 should be raised, and that the name of this giver be not made public. Rear-Admiral Philip is at the head of the Naval Department.

The [illegible] reports an increase in the Jewish population of Palestine. Out of a total population which he gives as 200,000, about 40,000 are Jews, as against 14,000 twenty years ago. In Jerusalem there are 22,000 Jews; 660 families numbering about 5,000 souls inhabit the 22 Jewish colonies in Palestine founded by foreigners.

[illegible] and faithful servant by the death of Dr. A. H. Clapp, who was for over thirty-four years Editorial Secretary of the Home Missionary Society. Dr. Clapp was in his eighty-first year, but to the last, though often suffering extreme pain, he continued to attend to his duties and took a deep interest in the progress of the society.

A [illegible] organized in Chicago with the hope of getting concerted and united action on matters of moral and religious character. The President is Rev. J. W. Fifield, a Congregationalist; the Secretary, Rev. J. P. Brushingham, a Methodist. Among the members are: Rev. Myron W. Haynes, Baptist; Rev. J. H. O. Smith, of the Church of the Disciples, and Rev. Frank M. Carson, Presbyterian.

At the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Bible lectures open to the public, will be given daily except Sunday and Monday, in the morning. Dr. Torrey's subjects are on Bible doctrine. W. R. [illegible] sionary study on Friday mornings. During this month Dr. L. W. Munhall lectures on books of the Bible. A special summer course of four months beginning June 1, will be conducted by the Rev. Dr. James M. Gray, of Boston.

The Order of Saint Benedict, which has so long held a dispensation from the Pope to make and sell beer at Beatty, Pa., appears from a report in the *Independent* to have relinquished the business. Several Roman Catholic papers have protested vigorously against the monks being in the business, but until this year the protest has not been heeded. The O. S. B., or Order of Saint Benedict, called by the irreverent the Order of Sacred Brewers, has taken out no license this year.

A dispatch from Messrs. Crossly and Hunter describes a wonderful revival which has taken place at St. John's, Newfoundland. The meetings were held in the Gower Street Methodist Church, which was crowded every night for five weeks. More than a thousand members have been added to the Methodist Churches of the city, besides a large number who will connect with other churches. The number of those who publicly sought salvation as registered by the secretary was 1,536. From St. John's the evangelists went to Carbonear for a two weeks' series of meetings.

A church census of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, Pa., was recently taken by the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*. Eighty-two thousand families were canvassed, of whom about five thousand professed no church affiliation. Of the remainder, 26,102 families declared themselves Roman Catholic. The different branches of the Presbyterian denomina- [illegible] lies, and the Methodist Episcopal is third with 9,302 families. There are 8,723 families of Lutherans, [illegible] of African Methodists, and 366 of Greek Catholics.

Telegraphing Without Wires

FOR months past, the scientific world has been discussing a new method of transmitting electric signals over wireless spaces, by a system introduced by Guglielmo Marconi, a young Italian. Half a century has elapsed since Professor Morse announced his discovery of the electric telegraph, and since that event nothing of equal importance to Marconi's invention has come to the attention of the electrical savants. His first experiments were made two years ago, since which time interest in his method has steadily increased, scientists and capitalists alike recognizing the invention as a most valuable one. Marconi's machinery is comparatively simple. In a recent successful experiment at communicating between Wimereux, a village on the French coast, near Boulogne, and the South Foreland, in England, across the Channel, a tall mast was erected at Wimereux, 50 metres above ground, from the peak of which 150 feet of wire was suspended, the loose end being carried into a room by the window, and attached to the electrical instruments there. A similar mast was erected on the English shore, also equipped with wire and instruments. A touch on the key of one instrument sent the electric current through the wire to the top of the mast, whence it leaped in electrical waves across the wireless thirty-mile chasm between the two stations in a direct line to the top of the other mast, and passing through the 150 feet of wire, the signal was recorded by the further instrument with perfect clearness. It is essential, Marconi explains, that each mast-head, with its appropriate wire, should be within the "sphere of influence" of the other mast to which it is destined to transmit the message; thus, a wire 20 feet high carries the effective signal one mile; 40 feet, four miles; 80 feet, sixteen miles. The transmitter and receiver are not complicated machines, and the cost of equipping a wireless telegraph station is comparatively small. It is believed that, while the new system will not supercede telegraphy by wire, it may be made serviceable in communicating between short distances on land, and also between vessels at sea. After it has reached a somewhat more perfect condition, its cheapness and simplicity may bring it into very general use. The essence of the discovery is the fact that communication may be had without a wire connection, if the dispatcher is in the same electrical sphere as the receiver. An analogous principle obtains in the spiritual world. The prayer that reaches God's ear and receives an answer, comes from one whose spirit is in closest harmony with him.

If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you (John 15: 7).

OPERATORS IN FRANCE RECEIVING A MESSAGE FROM ENGLAND BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPH

An Island Disappears

A steamer just arrived from the Southern Pacific reports that Falcon Island, which was discovered in 1885 has completely disappeared and the steamer passed over the place where a year ago it lay, low in the water. The island was built up in the neighborhood of the Tonga group, about thirty-five miles from the island of Tofooa. A submarine volcano had reared from the bottom of the ocean a mighty mass of ejecta, and on this foundation rested the outpourings which rose above the water. The island consisted of two distinct parts. One of them was a hill of gentle slope and wide base, whose height was 153 feet. On one side, the hill ended abruptly in a cliff, whose base was washed by the sea at high water. The other part of the island was a flat, extending away from the base of the hill in a northerly direction and only ten to twelve feet above the high-tide level. The whole bit of land was just a bare, brown heap of ashes, around which the great rollers broke and swept up the black shores in sheets of foam. The island was entirely destitute of any vegetation save for a half dozen seedling plants that had found lodgment there. It is supposed that the continuous action of the currents ate away the volcanic lava which connected the island with the subterranean mountain, and that the island thus losing its support, tilted over and sunk to the bottom of the sea. After a brief existence of fourteen years it has now disappeared as completely as if it had never existed. If any one had built a fine house on the island, or had bought and cultivated land there, how mortified he would have been! The time is coming when, looking back across the grave, every man whose hopes and affections were centred on worldly things will have the same feeling about his investment.

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth (Col. 3: 2).

Inspecting a Railroad

Rumors have been industriously circulated of late that the elevated railroads of New York were becoming weak and faulty. An inspection was therefore ordered, and it appears to have been thoroughly executed. The report says: "Your inspector walked underneath the structure the entire length of all its lines, frequently going over portions of them the second time in order to more closely examine those places where columns and tracks are widely separated. In this manner were examined foundations and columns, and a general view was obtained of girders, connections, etc., from the under side. Columns were frequently climbed by your inspector to scrutinize more closely some connection or other part not plainly visible from the ground. He also walked on the top of the structure, along or upon the tracks, over the entire system, frequently going beneath the ties among the girders or trusses, looking carefully at their various parts, and especially at the connections with tops of columns and with each other; also looking for loose rivets or other defects, often testing all the rivets with a hammer for an entire span, and sometimes several spans continuously. No weak or defective foundations were discovered." It was rightly felt that too much care could not be taken in ascertaining that a road over which so many people travel every day, was thoroughly safe. It is a pity that people do not exercise at least as much care where their eternal safety is concerned. Many proceed heedlessly, even after being warned that the course they are taking is perilous.

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death (Prov. 14: 12).

Her Life for Her Property

A sad fatality is reported from Belle fonte, Pa. On the outskirts of the adjacent village of Boalsburg lived an aged widow, who was in comfortable circumstances. A man returning from work, saw smoke issuing from one of the lower windows of the house in which the widow lived, and immediately aroused her and brought her out. He then ran to the village to get assistance in extinguishing the fire. There was a prompt response and men with buckets hurried to the scene. They found the widow hard at work dragging her belongings out of the burning house. She was very much concerned about a trunk in the upper story in which there was considerable money and some valuable dresses. Everyone was busy trying to put out the fire and she could get no one to venture upstairs for the trunk. She made an attempt to go up herself, but her neighbors held her back and warned her that she would endanger her life. Twice she was prevented entering, but she succeeded in getting in on a third attempt, and was seen at a window trying to raise the trunk to the sill and throw it out. Just then the floor sank beneath her, and she and the trunk fell into the seething furnace of flame on the lower floor. When her charred remains were found, the arms still encircled what was left of the trunk in which her property had been stored. Every one perceives how foolish it was of her to risk her life to save her property, because every one understands that life is more precious than property; but how few there are who carry the comparison further and realize that more precious even than life, is the soul, the interests of which too many sacrifice to the interests of the body!

What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? (Mark 8: 37).

Held by a Finger

A singular accident is reported by a journal of Jamestown, N. Y. It appears that a young lady living in that town, while operating a sewing machine at her home, had the misfortune to get her finger under the machine needle, which penetrated it. The needle became bent in the operation, and it was impossible for her to turn the machine so as to withdraw it. A man heard her cries while passing the house. He went to the rescue, but could not turn the machine to release the unfortunate young woman. A machinist and a physician were sent for. On the arrival of the machinist he was compelled to take the machine apart before the young lady could be released. The physician then extracted the needle, and the wound will very soon heal; but the experience is one which will doubtless be remembered by the victim for a long time. It was a curious and painful predicament to be thus held prisoner by a finger, but it was as securely done as if the whole body had been held in a vise. Something like this sometimes happens in the spiritual world. Some one habit or association holds the victim captive to evil in spite of the nobility or goodness of the general character. It was of such that Christ spoke when he recommended them to make any sacrifice, however painful, to save the soul:

THE SIGNAL MAST

It is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish than that thy whole body should be cast into hell (Matt. 5: 30).

A Dangerous Missive

The secretary of a company of wholesale druggists doing business in Pine St., New York, received a dangerous package by mail one day last week. The clerk who clears the Post Office box brought among the letters a package which looked like a box of medicines. It was wrapped in paper and was about five inches long and three wide and an inch thick. The Secretary, to whom it was addressed, removed the outer paper covering. Inside, was a box punctured all over the lid, as if to admit air. When the lid was taken off, a snake darted up its head from the interior and bit viciously at the wrist of the man who had the box in his hand. He dropped it instantly and called in the clerks. One of them had a pair of pliers in his hand with which he seized the snake, which was writhing on the floor. Another clerk brought a wide-necked bottle and the snake was put in it. It was then sent to an expert in snakes who pronounced it an asp whose bite was venomous. The Secretary is sure that an enemy sent it to him, but cannot think of anyone whose animosity was likely to take that deadly form. It was well for him that he at once recognized the dangerous nature of the missive and cast it from him before it did him harm. Unhappily, the receivers of mail sent by wicked men are not always so fortunate. Scarcely a month passes in which there is not some one detected in sending vile books or pictures by mail, which are more dangerous even than an asp, for while the asp might poison the body, these other missives poison the soul. We have need to be on our guard against those whom the Preacher described as "babblers," who would corrupt the morals:

Surely the serpent will bite without enchantment, and a babbler is no better (Eccles. 10: 11).

. . . The World's First Peace Congress . . .

Everything in Readiness for its Assembling at the Hague this Week — The Leaders who Compose its Membership — Watched by All Civilized Nations

CAPT. A. T. MAHAN CAPT. WM. CROZIER

THE AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS TO THE CONFERENCE

ON the eighteenth of this month there will open in one of the loveliest spots in Europe, a Congress whose proceedings will be followed with boundless interest by every truly Christian man and woman the world over. A Congress of Peace!—how entrancing the sound—a Congress to combat the greatest scourge from which humanity has suffered since the original sin, but for Christ's saving grace rendered us helpless in the face of Evil; a conference of the mightiest nations of the earth in the persons of their chosen representatives, to ward off if possible, the horrors of the great coming war so often predicted of late years, and made almost inevitable by the constantly increasing armaments of the great powers. Is this beautiful dream of peace to remain a dream, or is it to come within the domain of reality? Such is a question all are asking. If the Congress undertakes too much, if it attempts to bring about a general disarmament it will probably fail, but by aiming at a less radical reform, it may succeed in reducing the chances of a general war to a minimum—and this of itself would be an enormous gain.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE (ENGLAND)

BARON DE STAAL (RUSSIA)

President of the Conference

M. LEON BOURGEOIS (FRANCE)

There is still another aspect of the question, which will doubtless receive full attention at the Congress. I refer to the suppression of certain destructive engines of war. I learn that the French delegation, with M. Bourgeois, former Prime Minister, at its head, propose to make a stiff fight on this point. It was not exactly to their taste that special mention should have been contained in the Czar's rescript of the desirability of eliminating submarine boats from the list of permissible war engines. France has made the greatest strides in the field of submarine warfare. She will maintain her right to protect her coast from foreign aggression by the use of submarine craft, but at the same time she will lead the movement for the suppression of all forms of explosive bullets. As to the personality of the leading delegates I can only speak for those with whom I have been thrown in contact. I could not think of one more fitting and worthy to occupy that exalted position than the President of the Congress, Baron de Staal. Well into the seventies, Baron de Staal has filled the extremely delicate and responsible post of the Czar's representative at the Court of St. James for over twenty years. As his name indicates, he is of German descent. He is a Lutheran Protestant by religion.

Germany will be represented at the Congress by Count von Muenster, German Ambassador in Paris. The fact that he has occupied this post for a long period of years, and that in that time he has successfully weathered several severe diplomatic storms, including the Schnaebele incident and the Dreyfus scandal, speaks volumes for his love of peace as well as his tact and prudence. Like the Baron de Staal, he belongs to the Lutheran denomination. France's representative, M. Leon Bourgeois, is considered one of the leading authorities in Europe on international law, to which qualification he adds the gift of oratory in a remarkable degree. As a parliamentary debater it is admitted that he has few equals in his own country.

COUNT WELSUSHEIMB (AUSTRIA) COUNT VON MUENSTER (GERMANY)

M. Bourgeois will also, in a certain measure, represent the Pope. He will be assisted by Messrs. d'Estournelles and Bihouard, the latter the French Minister at the Hague. Great Britain will also have an imposing delegation, headed by Sir Julian Pauncefote and the British Minister at the Dutch Court. Austria will be represented by Count Welsusheimb. The American Commissioners, as already known, are Hon. Andrew D. White, our Ambassador at Berlin; Hon. Stanford Newel, United States Minister to Holland; President Seth Low, of Columbia University; Capt. A. T. Mahan, of the Navy (retired); and Capt. William Crozier, of the army. It would be hard to conceive of a more appropriate spot for the holding of a Peace Conference than the beautiful villa situated in the

DECORATIONS IN ORANGE ROOM WHERE CONFERENCE SITS

QUEEN WILHELMINA

The Royal Hostess of the Conference

A BAS-RELIEF IN THE ORANGE HALL

wood or park adjoining the Hague. The very atmosphere breathes peace and quiet and repose. About eight months ago I visited the town on the occasion of festivities at the coronation of the young Queen of Holland. Never will I forget the impression produced on my mind by the aspect of this royal retreat and its surroundings. The *Huis T'en Bosch*, or "House in the Wood," as the Dutch love to call it, is a miniature palace, built by Princess Amalia von Solms, widow of Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, son of the famous "William the Taciturn," and grandfather of William III., King of England. She intended it to be a sort of mausoleum to his memory, and in the elaboration of her scheme she secured the services of the leading Dutch and Flemish artists of her day. The work, begun shortly after the Prince's death in 1647, required several years for its completion. The building has undergone many changes and restorations since, but in one portion it has remained practically untouched, and that is the famous "Oranjezaal," or Orange Hall, in the very centre, surmounted by the cupola seen in the exterior view. It is in this vast apartment, fifty feet high, that will shortly be held the most important, and possibly, in its results, the most far-reaching gathering in the history of nations. To convey an adequate idea of the superb decorations of the Oranjezaal would require more space than THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S columns permit of. As one enters, the eye is fairly overcome by the multitude of life-size figures that crowd the huge canvases and panellings on all sides. One feels oneself transplanted into another world, a world filled with mythological figures, gods, goddesses, nymphs, intrepid knights, fair women in gems and laces, some of which are painted so startlingly life-like as to seem ready to step down from their frames. The principal wall has a canvas twenty-five by thirty feet, from the brush of Jordaens, a painter of the Rubens school, giving an allegorical representation of Prince Frederick Henry's career, such as his triumph over vice, sickness, and other enemies of youth. It is a perfect revelation of art, is this Oranjezaal—the art of the seventeenth century, which in the opinion of a number of competent critics has never been surpassed since.

THE "HUIS T'EN BOSCH" (HOUSE IN THE WOOD) WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE MEETS

It is hardly necessary to say that the Dutch people are very enthusiastic over the coming Congress. In the first place, they are flattered at the choice of their legislative capital; secondly, they are a naturally peaceful and commercial nation, to whom war is naturally repugnant; and thirdly, they realize that with the introduction of a universal system of arbitration, their chances of being despoiled by more powerful rivals or neighbors are greatly diminished. Dutch newspapers are fond of referring to Holland's position as that of the "second colonial power," and, at the bottom, this is not a vain or idle boast. Though the little kingdom possesses a smaller colonial area than France, or even Germany, her East Indian archipelago alone, comprising Sumatra and Java, are the best colonized and best paying dependancies in the world. Thanks to her wise methods, she has secured the submission if not the friendship of millions of Malays at comparatively little cost of blood or treasure. Having subdued the colonial insurrection in Achin (a merely local affair, by the way), she feels that the only danger reserved for her future tenure must come from the outside. And if the Congress is a success, this danger will disappear, or at least be greatly minimized. And this is why the delegates to the Hague will be received with open arms, alike by the authorities and by the masses generally.

VALERIAN GRIBAYEDOFF.

A CORNER OF THE JAPANESE HALL

THE DINING HALL IN THE "HOUSE IN THE WOOD"

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

The Knitting Lesson

Two Stories with a Moral: The Knitters: A Laundress in Spite of Herself

A CHILD'S taste or distaste for certain kinds of work or for work in general—depends largely upon the tact of the teacher. A young lady of wealth, known to the writer, picked up the gentle art of laundry work when a child, playing around a kindly servant. "I like to wash to this day," the young lady declares. It was fun to learn; I never see the white linen coming smooth and sheen from under my iron, but I think of the lovely times I used to have in the kitchen with dear, wholesome Bridget. I burned my fingers sometimes, but Bridget made such a fuss over me that there was fun even in that."

In contrast with this, is the story of a young woman who cannot abide knitting. "It almost gives me a heartache to look at knitting-needles," she says. "Mamma had a hard time teaching me to knit, and oh, I had a hard time learning! She felt it was her duty, poor dear, to compel me to engage in some sort of occupation a part of every day. Also, when I was naughty and needed a little discipline, she made me take up my knitting and go to work. How I used to look longingly out of the window, watching birds and bees and butterflies and the other children at play. A finger-length on a stocking was my regular task every day. One day I hit upon what I considered a happy expedient. I pulled my loops out so long that it took very few rounds to make a finger-length. You could shoot straws through that stocking! When poor mamma found out what I had been doing, she cried as if her heart would break. 'Here I've been trying to make you good,' she said, 'without whipping you, and just see what you've done! It's the same as telling a falsehood. Put your knitting-needles away.' Her sorrowful outburst and her gentle despair affected me deeply. I took my knitting-needles up. 'I'll do better. I didn't think how naughty that was!' From that day I resolutely knit my daily task — but I always hated it. Now, there's my cousin, who learned knitting of her grandmamma in much the same way your friend learned laundry work of Bridget: she says that nothing rests her so much after a busy day as a quiet hour with her knitting. She and her grandmamma used to sing a sort of song like this during knitting lessons:

"Take your needle in your left hand.
Now a needle in your right—
Catch a loop up—toss it off:
Ah! that is a pretty sight!
Now, to shape the stocking wider,
Out of one loop we'll make two.
And, to shape our stocking narrow,
Out of two loops we'll make one.
Round and fast bright needles clicking
Travel till the stocking's done!"

This grandmamma's way of making work play and play work is along the lines of the great and wise Froebel's teaching, although grandma may never have heard of Froebel. The "Mother Plays" and the kindergarten games and gifts design to utilize fondness for play in a way that cultivates fondness for work. In the nature studies the familiar text is verified. "Go to the ant . . . learn of her ways and be wise."

"CATCH A LOOP UP—TOSS IT OFF!"

His Mother First

The French President recently visited Montelimar, his native town, near which his aged mother (she is eighty-six), lives on the old farm which she manages herself, going about in sabots when the weather is bad, like her peasant neighbors. A great official reception was arranged, and a crowd of glittering functionaries gathered to welcome him. On the balcony of the Sub-Prefecture, his mother waited his arrival, and watched with impatience the crowd and the ceremonials which intervened between her son and herself. The President saw her, sprang from his carriage, and, hat in hand, and smiling, brushed past everybody, rushed up to the balcony, embraced the old lady, his aunt and daughter. Dignified and still smiling, he turned to the crowd, and resumed the role of President of France while the official programme proceeded. The honest townspeople were all the better pleased with their countryman because he forgot them in his joy at seeing his old mother.

Good-Night Words

"If there is one time more than another," says H. Clay Trumbull, "when children ought to hear only loving words from their parents, and be helped to feel that theirs is a home of love and gladness, it is when they are going to bed at night. Good-night words to a child ought to be the best of words as they are words of greatest potency. The last waking thoughts of a child have a peculiar power over his mind and heart, and are influential in shaping his character for all time. Unlike those of the day, they are not dissipated the next moment by play. The night words to baby as he falls asleep are like good seed sown in good ground at a favorable season.

One Boy's Training

The mother of a successful young business man tells the following interesting and suggestive incidents in his early training:

I took Will up to a farmhouse in Maine one summer when he was about nine years old. We were in very comfortable circumstances, and I was [illegible] his wishes and indulgences, but one day he said: "Mamma, may I try to make some money by carrying sheaves for the farmers here?" "You may be taking work from folks who need it, Will," I said. "Oh no, mamma. The farmers are hurrying to get the harvest over with and they need more help." "Go ahead then." He got fifty cents a day, I think. We were in a sheep-raising district and in shearing time Will wanted to "tread wool," which is one of the ways the farmers have of compressing the wool into smaller bulk for transportation. He made tidy little sums, and I was delighted to see how he spent them. I had been treating him to soda water; he now took pride in treating me. When I'd express a wish for any small matter within his reach, he'd say sturdily, "Mamma, I'll give you that." He went to the country store and bought his little sister a most wonderful red print gown, which I had her wear out before returning to town. And he sent off and took THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and got a CHRISTIAN HERALD Library for the little Sunday School up there. When winter came I labored to invent opportunities for Will to keep up his little plan of being as independent as possible and generous out of his own means. I encouraged him to give to his sister and me, and to every cause he thought worthy. And I've been repaid for my trouble—for invention was lots of trouble sometimes. I never have any fear that that boy won't be able to take care of himself and his wife and babies.

PRESIDENT LOUBET HURRYING TO GREET HIS MOTHER

A Good "Mother Work"

MRS. SARAH MARIE HARRIS, President of the New York City Mothers' Club, is conducting an interesting work at the "Little Mothers' rooms, 302 East Twenty-first street. Mrs. Harris has organized a Mothers' class, composed of the mothers of the "Little Mothers." The "Little Mothers," as our readers know, are children who take care of younger children while the parents go out to work. Mrs. Harris' class began with two mothers whom she happened to have a chat with in the rooms, and who were so much interested that she invited them to come the following Tuesday and bring their children and friends. There were nine mothers next Tuesday, six babies and a lot of older children, and the crowd enlarges with every meeting. Gatherings are held in the big, sunny kitchen.

"We show them," says Mrs. Harris, "how nice and pretty a kitchen can be when it is well kept; and what cozy, little social times can be had at small cost. Tea and cookies are dispensed, and while the tea is steaming and when we are pouring it out, we talk together of motherly duties and privileges. I show them how to make the most of what they have to amuse the babies with. Pretty kindergarten plays with clothespins and empty spools are improvised, and the mothers see how the babies can be entertained and really instructed by means of such simple materials. One day I brought in a lot of nice, fresh rhubarb from my son's garden in Long Island, and it was used in the 'Little Mothers'' cooking lesson. Another time, some other friend will bring quite as modest a contribution as my pie-plant; and so neighborly feeling is engendered; and the beauty of it all is that East-side mothers are so eager to learn all that we can tell them about better ways of raising their little ones."

"Bye, Baby Bunting"

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
Gone to get a rabbit's skin
To wrap my Baby Bunting in!

This old lullaby is of Indian origin. We are all familiar with pictures of fur-clad papooses strapped to boards. The little blanket was of rabbit-skin, and Indian mothers crooned the literal truth in the words of this quaint slumber-song.

The Children's Petition—a Unique Incident

In the neighborhood of the Gospel Settlement, 211 Clinton Street, there was talk of turning a bit of vacant ground into a market-place—an east-side market-place of dust and traffic, fish smells, etc. The children of that vicinity have no playground; there are no parks in reach. All the pleasure in life that a large proportion of them find is in the rooms and yard of the Gospel Settlement where they are always made welcome and happy by Mrs. Bird and her helpers. They were making the most of the vacant space spoken of when the dreadful news came that they were to be fenced out and the market house built up: their sorrow and consternation was, of course, imparted to their Settlement friends. The children had heard how grown people accomplish things by petitions to proper authorities. Why could not they? Their Settlement friends promptly drew up a petition, the children signed it—there was a long list of "Annies," "Minnies," "Tommies," "Willies," etc. Mrs. Bird brought their petition to the notice of Bernard Glick, Alderman of the Ward, and through his good offices the children came off victor and the little vacant space is theirs to play in. This is, we believe, the first time children have exerted municipal influence through formal petition.

Four Years Among the Filipinos

Life in the Jungles—Among the Planters—Industrial and Domestic Features—Pagan Superstitions

By per. The Macmillan Co.

A GROUP OF MORO WOMEN AND CHILDREN

IN view of the importance and timeliness of the subject treated, one of the most valuable additions to current literature is *The Philippine Islands and their People*, a book by Dean C. Worcester, Professor of Zoology, University of Michigan. Prof. Worcester spent nearly four years in the islands. The first sojourn of eleven months was in connection with the Steere expedition, in 1887-8, which was made for the purpose of studying birds and mammals and gathering ethnological material and zoological specimens. In 1870, he made a second trip in company with Dr. Frank S. Bourns and Matteo, a Filipino, and spent nearly three years wandering from island to island, through little-known interiors. His opportunities for becoming acquainted with the domestic and industrial life of the shy folks of the jungle, "the sullen, fluttered peoples," who constitute to-day so serious a part of the American "White Man's Burden," were exceptional, while his observations taken, before the revolution against Spain and prior to our own Spanish and Asiatic difficulties, have the virtue of being impartial as well as expert testimony. Phases of life showed then what was coming. Extortionate taxes, military conscription, confiscations, imprisonments, the high cost of the marriage ceremony, of burial service, corruption and greed of clergy and officials, the difficulties put in the way of planters who wished to improve their property by introduction of modern methods and machinery, were existent causes conspiring through discontent in all classes to bring about open revolt. This does not, as the Professor is particular to state, imply that all officers and priests were corrupt. He found many shining exceptions.

Since Negros is the first of these islands that has voluntarily asked our protection and raised our flag, it commands a larger share of American attention than by reason of its comparative area, it otherwise might, and the following extracts will be interesting to our readers:

Negros is probably the richest island of its size in the archipelago, and the fertile lowlands along the coast are extensively cultivated, although much good land still lies idle. Although the most primitive methods of cultivating the cane and extracting the juice are commonly employed, there are a number of fine estates on which comparatively modern machinery is used . . . It was our good fortune, while at Bais, to fall in with Sor. Montinegro, or Don Joaquin as he was familiarly called, the proprietor of one of the best-ordered sugar plantations in the colony.

Agricultural difficulties as manifested throughout the islands is illustrated by those of Don Joaquin:

There were six steam crushers on the place, while cars pushed by hand along a little tramway brought the cane from the fields. Don Joaquin told us that it had taken him six years to secure government permission for the establishment of this tiny railroad and to get the plant through the custom-house. He very strongly implied that it had cost more than time as well. Small wonder that modern machinery is seldom employed on Philippine plantations . . . Cane was suffering in the fields for want of men to cut it. The labor problem in the Philippines is a serious one for all who have occasion to employ men in large numbers. Don Joaquin was a humane man who paid his plantation hands well and dealt fairly with them, yet he was often hampered by lack of help . . . In many parts of the Philippines nature has done so much for the people that they have little trouble in obtaining food, clothing and shelter . . . The average Visayan, with a couple of bushels of shelled corn or a *caban* of rice in the house, and a bit of dried fish for desert, lies on the floor, smokes his cigarette, thrums his guitar, and composes extemporary songs on current events. Why should he not? His wife does the cooking, and brings the water. When the provisions give out, it will be quite soon enough to look for more.

Don Joaquin's hospitality is typical of what might be found among the planter class:

He sent his son, Don Ignacio Simo, with an invitation for us to come out to his plantation and live in a "little house" which stood idle there—it might afford us more privacy than the quarters we were occupying. That there might be no doubt as to the sincerity of his invitation, he sent his carriage to bring us, and buffalo-carts for our luggage. Imagine our surprise on finding that the *casita* was the handsome house of Montinegro's son, from which that young man had moved his family to make room for us! The whole establishment, including glassware, silver, bedlinen, and servants, was put at our disposal. Even then Don Joaquin would not allow us to take any meals at home. In his large and elegant dwelling he had what he delighted to call a *mesa elastica* (elastic table). It could be extended until it reached clear across one end of the house, and he prided himself on the fact that it was impossible to overtax his hospitality.

Quite as representative of experiences in other localities is the following:

At Bais it was only a matter of twelve or fifteen miles from civilization to savagery, and the Monteses who inhabit the neighboring highlands bore rather an evil reputation. We were urged to take a guard of soldiers with us for "moral effect." This we declined to do. Our experience had been that . . . when we boldly entered a country supposed to be dangerous and went quietly about our business, the superstitious natives were, as a rule, not long in concluding that we had *anting anting*, i. e., charms which protected us from harm. . . . Evening found us alone among savages . . . the younger members of the family were innocent of any clothing whatever. Six formidable lances decorated the wall. Five hungry dogs wandered about . . . a flock of chickens roosted overhead. . . . We had no difficulty in winning the good will of our entertainers; but it proved necessary to proceed with caution in forming the acquaintance of our neighbors. We learned later that they at first believed we had come to poison their stream. After watching us for a time, however, they decided that we were merely harmless lunatics, with a mania for gathering little birds, snails and other worthless things. They delighted to encourage us in this innocent, and to them intensely amusing pursuit, especially when they discovered that we were crazy enough to exchange scarlet cloth, valuable brass rings, and priceless gems of colored glass for the forest plunder they brought us.

And how is this for hospitality? It was in Siquijor, in a wretched hut; the explorers had been conducting researches in the teeth of a howling gale.

Here I found Bourns, sitting on the floor eating parched Indian corn from the cob, while a shivering native crouched over the fire toasting another ear. . . . We heard a great commotion at the side of the house, and found that our host was disturbing his sitting hen to get us some eggs . . . We lay down and covered with all the clothing that the region afforded. The news of our arrival had spread, and there was an eye at every crevice in the hut. There were many expressions of pity for our condition.

The picture is not always so amiable. At Marinduque:

Our baggage having been landed at low tide, just above the water's edge, the proprietors of buffalo-carts thought they saw an opportunity to drive a sharp bargain with us, as we had a huge pile of boxes and chests, and the tide was just on the turn. They accordingly doubled their usual charge . . . refused to move us at any price; so we had to half kill ourselves in a frantic effort to carry our heavy chests to a dry place, and then stand guard over them all night.

Rude implements and the most primitive methods are employed in agriculture, natives in the interior being quite ignorant of even the existence of better ways.

Rice was being harvested in large quantities . . . The only implement used by the reapers was a small knife, with which they cut the heads of grain from the stalks one at a time. The rice was then trodden under the feet of women and girls, and the hull removed by pounding in wooden mortars. The winnowing was done with flat baskets, rice and chaff being tossed up in the air together, and the more rapidly falling grain caught on the basket, which was then jerked aside in time to allow some of the chaff to fall to the ground. The operation was repeated until only clean white kernals remained.

Of the war-like Moros of Mindanao, it is said:

There were certain kinds of work that Moros would not do at all, but what they did they did with vim. . . . The men are very skilful boatmen and sailors . . . We had only to float over the clear, quiet waters of our little bay, and point out the corals that we wanted. A diver would quietly slip over the side, swim down to the bottom with perfect ease, and if possible wrench one of the desired specimens free. If it did not yield, he would come back to the boat, get a machete, and, diving again, would hold the specimen with one hand and chop away with the other until he cut it loose. . . . While men and boys were diving for us, the women and girls were busy shedding cocoanut husks, and preparing for us a soft elastic fibre which we found to be a perfect material for packing delicate specimens.

Child-marriage exists, also polygamy. Among all tribes women are expected to do their full share of the work. Some of these nearly naked savages seemed able to do more:

The married woman . . . took the loads which had made all five of us grumble when we came up, put them into a blanket, tied its ends together and threw it on her back. Thus burdened, she began the ascent.

Religion varies with the locality. One tribe is mentioned as having no religious beliefs of any kind. The Mangyans have no word for "god," "gods," or "immortality." They say, "when a Mangyan is dead, he is dead!" Mohammedanism, paganism, superstitions of all kinds take the place of religion; the Catholicism of half-civilized natives and mestizos is often little more than a mixture of pagan superstitions and some Christian forms and ideas. Professor Worcester's book is full of abundant evidence that medical missionaries will find a fruitful field of operation in the Philippines. The Professor does not believe these people more capable of establishing and maintaining a government of their own than irresponsible children would be. He is now in the Philippines, and his knowledge of the islands and people is valuable to General Otis.

By per. The Macmillan Co.

A BIT OF THE WALL AND MOAT OF OLD MANILA

* *The Philippine Islands and Their People.* A record of personal observation and experience, with a short summary of the more important facts in the history of the archipelago. With map, appendix, index and illustrations. Pp. 529. Publishers, The Macmillan Co., Fifth avenue, New York.

The Treasure Myrtle Found

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THERE is not much amiss. Only tension and fatigue. Entire rest for four months, said the great doctor positively. "That is at present my only prescription for you, Miss Myrtle."

The young girl looked dismayed.

"Do you mean, Dr. Ellison," she exclaimed, "that I am not to use my eyes at all, not the least little bit, neither to read, nor to sew, nor to write a letter, nor even to play my scales? Why, what shall I find to do? I thought you would fit me with glasses, and that I should go on just the same as ever, always busy. I haven't the gift of being idle and happy. Doctor Ellison, I shall be wretched, and so will be everybody else around me."

"Miss Myrtle," the doctor answered gravely, "I think I can enter into your feeling of surprise and distress. To a young woman four months seems like a large section of eternity. But we live just one day at a time, and the weeks will slip by before you know it. I advise you to go to the country, to some quiet place in the mountains, some little farmstead or other, where you can walk through fields and lanes, and sit down under trees, and gaze into depths of green leaves and over velvet carpets of green grass. Go to such a place as your father and I were raised in, away back in Vermont, and spend one summer of your life in silence and dreaming. The defect of the education of the period, Miss Myrtle, is that it is robbing our girls of repose, one of the finest and sweetest elements of character. You will have a splendid opportunity to acquire it,

Myrtle Bennett's dark eyes had filled with tears as she listened to the doctor, but she bravely brushed them away, and even smiled faintly as she laid her shining gold piece on the table, and took his hand to say good-by.

"I am not to be afraid of losing my sight permanently?" she asked, pausing in the doorway of the office.

"You are to be afraid of nothing, Miss Myrtle. As the old prophet said ages ago, you are to trust and not be afraid. I will stake my reputation against your recovery, my child, if you have the strength of will to obey my orders literally for the period I have named. Remember, too, that the case might have been far worse. You are not ordered to lie still in a darkened room; you may go about freely. You must only refrain from anything like use of those tired-out eyes. I wouldn't be sorry to hear that you had taken to the nursery hours of bedtime and rising, by the way. Keep up your courage, Myrtle; you come of a stiff stock which has never shown the white feather. And, one word more, you are not to put a veil on, not once, all summer."

Myrtle passed out into the clear sunshine and down the street, a disappointed girl. She had so many plans for the season before her: plans of study, of practice, of enjoyment. It seemed to her as if four idle months stretched on and on, an interminable desert waste; how should she adjust her life to such a period of inaction. As she went slowly up the white marble steps of her father's house, and turned the latch-key, there came over her as never before a sense of the inadequacy of money. There was plenty of that in her purse and in her home, but millions would not rest her eyes. The doctor would have given precisely the same prescription to Jennie Wells, at that moment stitching in her mother's sewing-room.

Myrtle paused on the way to her mother, to say good-morning to Jennie, who was a favorite in the family. She noticed that Jennie was pale and haggard, but the wan face brightened as Myrtle spoke pleasantly.

"Jennie, do you know that Doctor Ellison is sending me off to be hidden in the country all summer long, and he has forbidden my reading and my embroidery, and everything I shall have to look at: I'm to be a drone for four months."

"That doesn t sound so dreadful, Miss Myrtle," said the weary little seamstress. "Besides, you can afford it. If a doctor told me that, I couldn't mind him, yet I'm sometimes so tired I'd almost like to lie down and die."

"You are a good deal too tired to sit at that machine another minute," was Myrtle's unexpected reply. "Shut it right up, and fold that work away until to-morrow. Now sit back in the rocking-chair and put your feet up and take a nap. Yes, you shall do as I say, Jennie, and I'll make it right with mamma. If I am to be forbidden to use my eyes in my own service, I must make it my business to do what I can with my mind's eyes, and they show me that you need a bit of Doctor Ellison's wisdom."

Cheered already by this demonstration of kindness to another, Myrtle went on to her mother, who put down her book and looked wistfully at her daughter as she pushed aside the heavy silken portiere, and coming forward, knelt down and laid her head in Mrs. Bennett's lap. The mother had not been quite unprepared for the oculist's opinion, and she had dreaded its effect on her impetuous child.

It was natural that Myrtle should cry a little, as she began to talk to Mrs. Bennett, but she pulled herself together resolutely before many minutes passed, and told her mother what she had to expect.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bennett, as the doctor and Jennie had said already, "It might be worse. You have no suffering to endure—you are merely condemned to partial inactivity, which is a cross for one of your temperament, but really, my darling, it may be a blessing to you in the end." Myrtle laughed.

"That's what the doctor said, mamma. Well, where shall I go?"

"To Aunt Lanissa's at Woolscombe Hollow, of course." Mrs. Bennett considered a moment. "I wish I could spend the summer there with with you, Myrtle, but your father must go abroad, and Milly and I must go, too. I wonder whether Doctor Ellison would not recommend travel for you. That would pass the time agreeably, and I could look after my girlie myself."

"To people like the Bennetts, going abroad is one of the incidents of every-day experience; they cross the ocean as if it was an inland ferry, and Myrtle already knew Paris and London as she did New York. So she said very naturally:

"It would be more of a change, mother dear, and I fancy more nearly what my eyes need to go to Vermont. Could I not take Jennie Wells along?"

"As your maid?"

"Not precisely. As my friend and companion. She could read to me, keep me mended up, and write my letters from dictation. Jennie has been with us all so much and is so refined and gentle that I would not mind her reading your letters and father's to me, when they came. I could pay her enough to let her leave home without loss to the people there, and such a summer would do her a world of good. Jennie looks very thin and peaked."

"Well, we'll think it over. It would be a boon to Jennie, and all the more so that she would be doing you a real service and paying her way. I think, on the whole, I would prefer to send Jennie to Aunt Lanissa's with you rather than a servant. The dear old lady is afraid of what she calls the upsetting ways of city servants."

* * *

In the sunny south chamber at Aunt Lanissa's old homestead Myrtle found herself before long, comfortably established for her rest-cure. Her room had six windows, white-curtained and ribbon-looped; a cool, gray matting covered the floor, and the old-fashioned four-poster and the solid mahogany furniture were not put out of countenance by the divan, with its dozen soft cushions, the pretty modern desk, and book-shelves, and the low willow rocker, which Mrs. Bennett had sent up from town for Myrtle's especial comfort. Although she might not read, there was no prohibition against her listening to reading, and Jennie Wells, who had been famishing for books her whole life, was more than happy to read aloud every day. The two girls wandered about in the woods, went to the meadow where the men were plowing or sowing as it might be, and grew strong and rosy in the fresh mountain air.

"There'll be nobody to play the organ in church this morning," said Aunt Lanissa, sorrowfully, one Sunday, as they [illegible] ill, and our singing is poor enough even [illegible] they'll not want to come again. City folks, anyway, like to take a vacation when they come to the country, so far as church going 's concerned. That wouldn't matter if our own girls and boys weren't so ready to follow their example."

"You haven't many young people in this community, anyway, Mrs. Birkett," said Jennie. "Folks seem to me to be [illegible] and places with weeds rioting up to the front doors around this countryside. My! When I think of the crowds on our Avenue on hot summer nights, and the little tenement rooms swarming with children, three and five and seven sleeping in one little bit of a cell, and then see these empty houses, it puzzles me. Things seem misfits somehow."

"Our young people go to town," said Aunt Lanissa, "as soon as they are their own masters. And as for those shut-up [illegible] pieces, for a house wears out awfully fast when it isn't lived in."

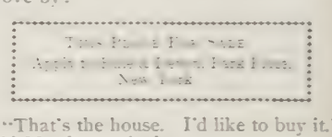
"I'll play the organ, Auntie," said Myrtle, who had been silent during the conversation. "I'll help the pastor out to that extent if I can do no more."

"Won't it hurt your eyes?" said Aunt Lanissa, anxiously.

"Why, no, dear. I can play with my eyes shut, if Mr. Sinclair will choose the old tunes that I know and tell me their order beforehand. And Jennie must sing in the choir to-day. Jennie sings like a thrush, Aunt Lanissa; she has a sweet, silvery voice, very true and firm. She hardly ever flats."

The buckboard was always promptly at the door on Sunday mornings, for Aunt Lanissa had four miles to drive to the church, and the colt, a frisky creature twelve years old, was supposed to take his time on the Lord's Day. It would have looked unseemly to drive fast had the colt been minded to trot, so Aunt Lanissa and her girls poked along over the quiet back road, bordered with pollard willows and maple trees, and soberly plodded through winding lanes where wild roses and violets bloomed. The sweet, clean, green country never looked purer and holier to Myrtle than on a Sunday morning, and she forgot that she could not read Bible or hymn-book while Nature's broad pages were spread open before her eyes.

On the way to church they passed one of the abandoned farms which had awakened Jennie's interest. It gave a touch of familiarity which rather jarred on the scene, when Jennie read aloud as they drove by:



"That's the house. I'd like to buy it," said Myrtle, musingly.

"Buy it!" exclaimed Aunt Lanissa in great amazement. "And pray what would you do with it when it was bought?"

"Oh," returned Myrtle, "I should have a party. I have always wanted to give a party all by myself. I might have a house party or a dozen house parties if I only owned that lovely old place."

"Why don't you then, Myrtle?" asked her practical aunt. "It can be bought cheap. But there—we're violating the fourth Commandment. The Lord's Day is no time for discussing worldly affairs. Jennie Wells, when we go home we'll drive by the other road and we won't be tempted. But we'll come back here

"THAT'S THE HOUSE. I'D LIKE TO BUY IT," SAID MYRTLE, MUSINGLY

to morrow, and I'll get the keys from the post office, Myrtle, and then we'll see." She gave Myrtle's hand a little motherly pat, and Myrtle's gray glove squeezed the black lace with a very loving pressure.

* * *

Eben Piper was ill, and the minister had made up his mind that he could have no music; but when Myrtle offered herself as a substitute she was joyfully accepted, and never had the wheezy old organ been half so well played as on that Sunday morning, for music is always more dependent on the player than on the instrument, and Myrtle's gift was in her soul as well as in her finger-tips. As for Jennie, she could sing; and the congregation, following the lead of the two girls, poured out their hearts in "Old Hundred" and "Rock of Ages" and "Maitland," till the whole simple service was tender and sweet beyond its wont.

"One need not be altogether useless if she can play," said Myrtle on the way home.

"I am so glad to hear you say that," Aunt Lanissa answered "for I began to think you never meant to touch the piano again."

"Yes," added Jennie, "and Miss Myrtle is such a fine performer; she knows how to bring music out of anything from a banjo to an organ. She's just fine."

"To keep up one's music in a scientific way is a serious thing," said Myrtle, "and you must know I've been a real student, and have worked very hard. I've always felt a contempt for people who ran over the keys for mere pleasure, and played by ear, and cared for little catchy tunes, but since I've been idle and had more time to think I've somehow had it shown to me that its a good thing to give one's friends pleasure even if the music is not classical. I can play in the dark, and as I've said, with my eyes shut, and though it wouldn't satisfy a master, it may pass with you, dear Auntie."

"Yes, girlie, you'll sit right down when supper is over and give me 'Mary to the Saviour's tomb' and 'Naomi' and all my old favorites."

The next day dawned in great beauty, and early in the morning, armed with the keys of the house which had attracted Myrtle, the girls set out on a tour of investigation. Mrs. Birkett let them go alone; she and her handmaid, Martha Jane, were much too busy with housewifely duties on a bright Monday, to spend time in wandering far afield. But Myrtle did not care. In fact, she confided to Jennie that it was on the whole as well that Auntie had staid at home.

"For," she said "if I like this house, I'm going straight away to buy it. Aunty would wish me to take time to reflect."

"Won't you write over to your father, Miss Myrtle, for his consent?"

"Why, no, Jennie. I'll not use father's money. I'll take part of Cousin Grafton's legacy. That is my very own to do as I like with."

Jennie, whose pale face had rounded and filled in the country air, but whose purse had always been of the scantiest since she could recollect money as a part of life's necessities, thought for the twentieth time, how nice it was to be rich. But she did not think it with envy. She knew that Myrtle regarded her money as something to be used for others, and Myrtle was her friend.

"I'll not be foolish, Jennie," Myrtle assured her. "I'll see Squire Dill and let him make the best bargain he can for me, and look into the title and all that, and then if we do get the place, I'll have it cleaned and put in order at once, and our friends from the club shall be asked up here for an outing. And, Jennie, we might persuade your mother to come, and bring Rosy and Ned and the baby. Wouldn't that be a lark?"

Jennie's joy could not express itself in words.

"Oh! Miss Myrtle!" she gasped. "I've been half way to heaven ever since I left New York. If Mamsey and the others come here too, I'll be there entirely."

* * *

It proved possible for Myrtle to buy the house, and in an incredibly short space of time she had it renovated and painted, filled with suitable furniture, and still better, overflowing with guests. Two of her mother's old servants were installed to take care of it and so busy was she and so happy, she never thought that she was neither reading, nor writing, nor working in a single direction which taxed her eyes.

"My days never flew faster," Jennie wrote for her to the mother across the Atlantic. "When night comes I'm so sleepy that I'm off to dreamland the moment my head touches the pillow. Jennie is a very good little secretary. When I don't need her in this capacity any longer I shall look up another such position for her; it will pay better than sewing, and I tell her this is her training time. She is making the most of it."

The summer went by on wings, and Myrtle found that it brought her numerous chances for unselfish ministries. There was old Madame Faunce, who could move her arms and hands, but was paralyzed from the waist down, and obliged to sit in a reclining chair from morning till night. People called her querulous and sharp-tongued, but Myrtle found her an entertaining companion, when she had established the habit of a daily visit, and could beguile the old gentlewoman into describing her early life in Paris.

The minister's wife had a nursery full of children; their golden heads were like steps, and the little mother grew very weary sometimes with all she had to do, and the care of the minister and half the care of the parish besides. Myrtle would take her aunt's old rockaway, and a hamper of picnic dainties, and she and Jennie and the colt and the parsonage brood would go off to the woods for a whole day, leaving the mother to rest and stillness, and an hour or two to read in peace, or drive with her husband to some out-of-the-way farmhouse on the edge of nowhere in particular.

* * *

When Myrtle returned to New York in the autumn, and went to see her doctor, he looked at her beamingly.

"Young lady," he said, "you are perfectly well. Your eyes have had a rest cure. And I would not be surprised if while they were having it you had discovered that hidden treasure which in this generation most of us are forever seeking in vain."

"What can you mean?" inquired Myrtle, puzzled.

"My dear Miss Myrtle, I mean this, time enough to live; most of us are spendthrifts of time; it is all gone while we are getting ready for our lives. You have had time to be good, and to be happy. Don't lose the fine art, my child, since you have had the good fortune to gain it."

Margaret E. Sangster

Mothers' Cares

Mother, with your brood at night,
Safe within your tender care;
Every golden head in sight,
Not a darling missing there.
Haply you are very tired,
Sometimes heavy-hearted, too;
Just the things you most desired
Were not yours this day to do.
Troubles seem to come in troops,
Wearily your prayers are said;
'Neath your load your courage droops
As you drag yourself to bed.

Mother, count these happy days,
Fill them not with dole and fret;
Round them out with ceaseless praise,
God's great love is on you set.
When the little lads are still
Sheltered in your guardian care;
Yours to mould them as you will,
Not a darling missing there.
When the lads are bearded men,
When the little maids have grown
And the children leave you, then
Making homes their very own;

When you cannot tell at night
Where your best beloved are,
East and West and out of sight,
O'er the wide world scattered far;
One a sailor on the wave,
One a soldier in the strife,
One low lying in the grave,
Worsted one in woes of life—

Mother, then your heart may ache;
Happy days you're spending now,
When the little frocks you make,
Part the ringlets on each brow,
Hear the little daily tasks,
Soothe the passing childish grief
That of mother ever asks,
Sure to find, the sweet relief.
Thank the dear Lord when you pray,
For the crowding nursery brood
Are your own and his to-day!
"Praise the Lord for he is good!"

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Parable of a Letter-Box

By Pastor Thomas Spurgeon

THERE is one way in which it is possible for the members of church and congregation to help the preacher, which I fear is falling somewhat into disuse. Time was when the conversation after the service was about the sacred theme rather than concerning the speaker, the singing and the fashions. Yet, thank God, the good old custom has not quite died out. Still there are some to be found who make it their business to apply and follow up the message.

Passing a pillar-letter-box recently I happened to notice that a letter had become fixed in the aperture. I suppose that he who thought to mail it was in so great a hurry that he could not tarry to see if his note dropped in. It was only half mailed, and had the next comer been of thievish propensities he might readily have abstracted it, appropriating the stamp and contents. I warrant you that if it had thus been prevented from reaching its destination, the correspondent would have laid all the blame on the unfortunate post office authorities. The fault, it would appear, is always theirs, not ours. I had a certain satisfaction in giving that letter a push—the slightest touch sufficed—and in hearing it fall into the receptacle below. If it miscarried anywhere I could at least be sure that it was mailed properly.

It has occurred to me that what I did for the letter, you hearers of the word might do for the sermon. Much of our preaching is, alas, faulty as to application. We do not drive it home. In that case it is useless. It must reach the heart to be of any service. If it affects the ear only, how easily it can be abstracted altogether. Sermons are needed nowadays that stir the soul and prick the heart and arouse the conscience. Of eartickers we have enough and to spare. But if the preacher fails to thrust the truth right in, perhaps some of the congregation can supply his lack of service. A word will sometimes suffice. An inquiry may serve the purpose. It gave me real pleasure to help that letter toward its destination, though it was none of mine. What joy it brings to the Christian worker to clinch the nail the preacher has been driving! On the way home from a meeting a friend can say a word which may prove to be a *coup-de-grace*. Say it then! Pray do not pass on without heed, or the next comer may be a thief, and snatch away the word. You will be surprised how little is needed to complete the impression. The word is nigh them, even in their mouth. Ask them a pointed question, tell them your own experience, indicate your personal interest in them, and the word which has lingered mid-way will reach the heart. Oh, blessed "word of faith which we preach"! God help us to urge it home on every unsaved soul.

One thing I discovered early in my ministry. How glad I am that I did. Some of those who seem most unconcerned are really quite the reverse. They wouldn't be thought "anxious" for the world, so they use the disguise of flippancy. It is mere bravado for the most part. They will be glad of a word by the way, even if they do not seem so. They often blame Christians for not addressing them personally, though it must be confessed they do their best to discourage them from attempting it. The utterances of the Lord's servant in public have not yet gone out of the other ear, so now is your opportunity to press them into the heart. The Lord will give you the thought and the tact if you will ask and trust.

Whatever we do, we must not, on the return from worship, say aught that will hinder the progress of the truth. This would be thieving indeed. If we cannot push the letter in, pray do not let us take it out. Silence is better than speech in such a case. But, if the truth be told, it must be admitted that after-service conversation with many is the reverse of helpful. I have known even the ministers themselves undo their pulpit influence by their private conversation.

I am not pleading for sanctimonious talk but I do urge God's people to see to it that nothing is said or done that will mar the mailing of God's letters. The sermon is not "done" when the book is closed, and the church doors are shut. Oh no. then it is that the sermon begins to be "done." Will my readers resolve that henceforth the hallowed hour and its holy influences shall not cease so abruptly.

Let them be continued while walking or driving from the sanctuary, and indeed for many an hour beyond. My late dear father used to say that he was as the sportsman who shot the birds, but that his faithful members were the retrievers who brought back the wounded game. The gun is of little use without the dogs. Oh that our churches had many such retrievers! Will you, my friend, God helping you, be one?

I have thought, too, that this half-mailing is like much of our praying. The petition is all that could be desired, as presumably that letter was — carefully worded, neatly folded, possibly highly-scented and duly addressed. But when it came to be presented, this was done half-heartedly. We are generally in far too much of a hurry. We cannot stay to urge prevailing pleas, or to await the assurance that our prayers are heard. We get as used to praying as we do to mailing our letters, and, truth to tell, we are inclined to be hurried and careless over both. Moreover, when we fail to receive a reply, we blame not ourselves, but God. Oh, for more directness in public prayer! A long letter is no good if it does not drop into the box, and a long prayer is worse than waste of time if it fails to stir the hearts of those who try to follow it, and, if lacking plea and power, it does not reach the throne.

Perhaps the next leader of our devotions will, as he mails his letter, push the last one in. I mean that I have known a prayer-meeting saved by a short, pointed, homely prayer towards the close. The other petitions were all that could be desired, only they seemed to lack the one thing that the last possessed, and the force of it seemed to carry the rest along, too.

Best of all is it to know that when we fail to pray aright the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, and our ever-pleading Jesus will see our petitions safe to the throne. If at any time our prayers seem to (may I say it?) "stick"—ah, me! I know the feeling all too well—our loving Saviour will take our case in hand. He watches all the letter-boxes. He is wherever prayer is offered. Nor will he let one sincere desire come short. How well this is for us, in the rush and turmoil of this busy life!

The Nebraska Prairie Church Fund

Deep interest is being shown in the meetings Mr. Baylis is holding in the different churches in New York and vicinity for the purpose of raising funds to build a church in the prairie town of Imperial, Neb. Many enjoy the gatherings and are refreshed in spirit by the earnest, plain Gospel message delivered by this preacher from the prairies. The following additional contributions to the work have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

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R. M. P., Newark	5 00
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Nemo, Dansville	1 00
Total	$97 95

Bad-Tempered People

BY AMELIA E. BARR

IF it be true that cheerfulness is the sunshine of the home, then bad temper is its gloom and gust and tempest, as any one knows who has seen an angry man or woman go through its rooms, clashing every door behind them. The remarkable thing is, that some pride themselves on their quick tempers, and expect to have innumerable impertinences and impositions forgiven, because "they lose their temper so easily;" the fact being that they do not lose, but exchange it for whatever at the time they happen to want. They lose their temper in the home that they may gain every other persons' rights and comforts. They lose it in the world, in order that extra hours, and disagreeable dunning and humiliating asking for favors, may not be assigned to them. They are always "owing it to themselves" to fly in a passion about something—to tell unpleasant truths that do no good—to send inoffensive persons out of their presence, depressed and uncomfortable. The meanness of this disposition is proved by the fact that it rarely shows itself to a superior. The bad-tempered person knows how to control himself, in the presence of those richer, more bad tempered, or physically stronger than themselves.

In family life it is particularly unjust that one member of it should not only make all the others submit to their whims, but also by their native surliness render that submission as disagreeable as possible. And whether they understand it or not, they are an offense to the universal feeling of kindred and brotherhood, and no one is really loyal to them. We have a striking example of this in the case of Nabal, a churl infamous for all time. His own household called him "such a son of Belial that a man cannot speak to him," and his wife entreats David not to regard his insolent temper, "for as his name is so is he. Nabal is his name, and folly is with him."

HOWEVER, men are not the only sinners in this respect. There is probably a shrew for every churl—shrill voiced, sharp-tempered women, ready to take fire at the smallest spark and scold at all creation. Such women are often excellent housekeepers; they have even strong affections, and at a pinch can heroically rise to every occasion of self-sacrifice. But "pinches" come but seldom; and the need for comfort, and peace, and happiness is an every-day craving. If they would only consider that Biblical proverb about the dinner of herbs, and the stalled ox, it might help them to understand why their husbands go to saloons and club houses at night, and their children keep as much away from home as possible, excusing themselves on the ground that "mamma is always nagging, and making every one miserable."

Bad temper has many forms. It may be aggressive, petulant, grumbling, violent, sullen, melancholly and sulky; but all these forms, unfortunately, find their highest development in the home, and round the family table. They cannot spread themselves long in the world without opposition; but in the home they have special toleration and particular opportunities. For the bad-tempered person knows just how and where to hurt—knows exactly what particular raw on each member he can most effectually strike—and what apparently innocent remark will in every case be most cutting.

TO BE courteous at home! That is the great household virtue, but the bad-tempered never reach it. They think it a kind of humbug, and the very highest of their attempts to be agreeable usually takes the form of chaff. But "chaff," to fine natures, is the most intolerable kind of pleasantry; not only for itself, but because it always ends in rudeness, quarreling, and the worst kind of personal abuse. In the market-place a man finds there is a limit to "chaffing," but in the home it is not apt to be openly reproved until it ends in open impertinence and quarreling.

If bad-tempered people would only reflect on the kind of submission rendered them, they would feel little pride in their power. It is very near kin to that unreasonable "giving way" which may be observed between the principal of an insane asylum and his patients. He does not contradict their most absurd views, nor oppose their most foolish wishes, simply because it is easier and safer to let them assert themselves than to control their maniacal violence. So also, lovers of domestic peace let the high-tempered have their way, rather than go through a scene or have a family row.

BUT THIS is a false and immoral position in every way, and a noble nature would feel such concessions to be highly humiliating. No one is justified in giving way to unreasonable temper. Such exhibitions ought to be heroically treated, and a healthy explosion of just indignation at their selfish, irrational conduct is frequently followed by the happiest results. Provoked by a temper which has worn out patience, and imposed upon good nature beyond further endurance, it is well "to have your say out" in protest against the wrong; remember that "having our say" is an affair of the heart—a thing done hastily, as David did under provocation—a very different expression of feeling from "speaking our mind," which is an affair of the head, and which is usually the result of a deliberate intention to say something spiteful or disagreeable.

In this way we may be lawfully angry and sin not. Indeed, there are few people who have not cause to regret the occasions when they should have shown anger and did not do so. Such wrongs to our own moral respect leave forever in the memory a sense of shame and chagrin, at our want of the necessary righteous courage to express our indignation at the proper time.

Of great deeds in the great emergencies of life, little account is to be made, it is the great, patient, daily life that tells—the being good at home! Many a man faithful in the sanctuary, and blameless in the world, is a stumbling block and a rock of offence in his own household. The temper he rules in the world, rules him at home; and though he pays all his tithes of mint, anise, and cumin to church and society, he is worse than a publican to his own family.

WITH WOMEN, especially, the small things relating temper make up their moral probation. They have rare opportunities for any great trial of their faith or fortitude, but every hour they can cultivate strength and beauty of character in the good-tempered bearing of the small trials that constantly assail them—sickly, fretful children; impertinent, lazy servants; thoughtless, irregular husbands; headaches, weariness, all the little pains and limitations incident to their sex and condition. These are "her warfare," and because it has been laid upon her, she must accomplish it without shrouding her home in gloom, or making its atmosphere electrical with impatience and irritability.

There is a popular idea that good temper belongs to rather inferior minds, and that a "high temper" is indicative of some sort of superiority. Nothing could be more untrue. The great men and women of the world have been noticeably good-tempered. Shakespeare, Bacon, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, Horace, Chaucer, Montaigne, Goethe, Raphael, Sir Walter Scott, only indicate a host behind them. That Carlyle was always grumbling and scolding, in spite of being a philosopher, and "having a word in him," and the only sane man among millions of fools, is only the exception that proves the rule. Good temper is a characteristic of great mental power; and those who think they show some intellectual superiority by unkind, ill-natured, sarcastic views are far mistaken. No people are so tolerant as really great men and women; for tolerance has its source in the heart, and not in the head.

APART from that divine assistance we may all have, there are some personal helps to good temper we should not neglect; for what good soldier is negligent because he knows his leader to be invincible? and a few evident ones I submit to those who are waging war against some dumb, sullen, or passionate devil.

First—Sleep well every night, and in pure. Don't eat anything or wear anything to-day.

Second—Few people regard words in just the same sense. Remarks taken for imports, indeed are often ignorant speaking with an angry tongue.

Third—There is a vast difference in temperaments. Some persons keep a [illegible] others have a thing of every [illegible] Some people's nerves are [illegible] touch; others lie right on the surface, and quiver to every word and look. If such people's feelings can not be measured with the slow, persistent injury of the man insensible to outside influences.

Fourth—Rise early. A late riser is sure to be irritable. He gets up with a sense of his day's work being belated, and is out of temper with himself before he comes in contact with others.

Fifth—Indigestion breeds bad temper. A man suffering the pangs of an exhausted [illegible] is safe for [illegible] as a sick and penitent drunkard.

Sixth—Shut your house door on all outside grievances. Never bring the quarrels of the market-place to the fireside.

IF WE have good temper naturally, we are very happy. If it is to cultivate, surely no sacrifice is more acceptable to the God who wishes our happiness than that of a proud, passionate nature "rocking itself to rest" in obedience to the whispers of His Spirit or the written commands of His law.

Missionaries in Samoa

The report that the London Missionary Society is taking an active part in the troubles in Samoa on the side of Tanu is authoritatively contradicted. The [illegible] is that its medical missionaries have treated the wounded on both sides and at latest reports the inhabitants were crowding [illegible] are thankful for the kindness they have received.

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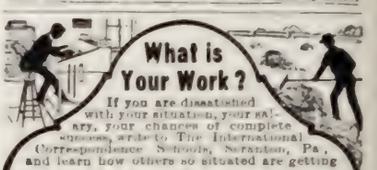
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Established in Heart

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 28. Rom. 1 : 11, 12; Ps. 112 : 1-10

TRUE to the underlying principle of all Bible teaching, both the Psalmist and the Apostle lay stress on the need of the heart being right, rather than on the conduct. Their insight of human nature convinced them that when the heart of man was right—or established, or steadfast, as they phrase it—the conduct was sure to be right. Christ taught the same doctrine, and showed that the spring of evil was within, and that not until it was cleansed and purified and strengthened, could there be assurance of a really righteous life. There might be rigid formalism and the most punctilious observance of rites and ceremonies, the careful giving of a tenth to God, the strictest observance to the minutest points of the law, while the heart was corrupt. There were men then, as now, like white-washed sepulchres, whose moral life was irreproachable, yet who were mean and selfish and ungodly in their nature. The vital springs of life of which the heart is the type, have to be attuned to God's nature before we can be sure of getting the true godly life in the world. The Pharisee, the elder son in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, who could say, "Neither transgressed I thy commandment at any time;" the priest and the Levite in the Parable of the Good Samaritan, are all instances of outward goodness covering inward ungodliness.

The heart, or inward nature, being changed, or rightened, needs to become established, or steadfast, as when a tree spreads its roots in the earth, so that, though the winds may blow and the storms beat upon it, it is not uprooted. In the present day there is urgent need of this characteristic. In the press, on the platform and even from the pulpit come utterances which are liable to disturb a faith that is not well-grounded. We are told that certain facts which we had been led to believe, are merely myths, that certain doctrines which we had regarded as essential, are not scriptural and the very Scriptures themselves are mixed with human mistakes, scientific and literary. The young Christian hearing these things, is apt to ask, "are there none of my beliefs true?" "Is there nothing certain?" Happy is he then if, looking back on his own experience, he can say, like the blind man whose sight was restored: "Whether these things be so or not, one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." The change of heart cannot be gainsaid. He who has quitted his sins, who seeks God, who desires to be holy, who longs to help others, and in all things to be like Christ—such an one knows that there is power in Christianity and that whatsoever theories or doctrines may be impugned, the divine life in the soul is a fact which has transformed his nature. His heart is established.

Then, too, he is unaffected by his environment. Sometimes a Christian is placed, in family or business life, in a position which is extremely trying to his disposition. He may be cruelly misunderstood, he may be slandered, he may be unjustly blamed, he may be injured and wronged in a hundred ways, but if his heart is steadfast leaning upon God, none of these things move him. Looking back he may remember a time when in such circumstances he would have been harassed and distressed beyond measure, when he would have been angry and perhaps have retaliated, but now though possibly the outer surface may be momentarily ruffled, there is below, a sweet peace that the storm does not reach. Or it may be that adversity comes upon him, he loses his property by the fraudulence of some one whom he trusted, or by robbery, or by fire and the tempter whispers to him that God has not taken care of his child. Perhaps sickness comes, too, and he seems beset on all hands, like Job. Then we learn whether his heart is really established, whether he is steadfast, trusting in God. It must please God very much if in such hours of darkness, his child can cry triumphantly: "though I am slain yet will I trust in him. I know in whom I have believed." But only when the heart is established is the Christian prepared for such experiences.

Consecration of Holy Trinity

The formal consecration of Holy Trinity took place on May 7, Bishop Potter officiating. The Bishop was assisted by a large number of clergy, and the occasion was very impressive. Our readers recalling the history which has been given in these columns of this magnificent edifice and St. Christopher's House adjoining it, will remember that the building and the ground covered by them representing $500,000, are gifts of Miss Serena Rhinelander, to the parish of St. James P. E. Church, of which Rev. E. Walpole Warren is rector. Rev. James V. Chalmers is vicar of the new church. Rev. Philip M. Rhinelander formally presented the instrument of donation; and William Rhinelander Stewart, the articles of agreement providing for the conveyance of the church to the rector, wardens and vestrymen of St. James parish. Dr. Warren read resolutions adopted by the rector, church wardens and vestrymen of St. James, thanking Miss Rhinelander for her munificent gift, and Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart for his faithful services in managing the business connected with the erection of the buildings. Dr. Huntingdon, of Grace Church, preached the sermon. Miss Rhinelander and other members of the Rhinelander family were present. The church is a memorial to her father and grandfather.

Work for the Children

A Missionary Explains How Our Children's Home Helps to Build Up Her Sunday School

A STRANGER in New York would be astounded, if he went the rounds with a missionary engaged in night work, at the great number of children on the streets after hours when little ones are ordinarily abed. This is not necessarily because of depravity. It is because the overcrowded rooms in which they live become more and more uncomfortable as hot weather approaches. The roofs, the fire-escapes, the sidewalks, streets, alleys and courts are thronged with people seeking better air to breathe than they can find in their stuffy rooms. Children stay out later and later. Mothers knowing what poor comfort home offers, hate to call them in; sometimes they are almost too tired and sick to notice how the moments pass. In other cases, mother is dead, father drinks, nobody cares. The kindly missionaries go about, speaking to the children as opportunity offers, and inducing them by all the arguments they can think of to get them interested in coming to the mission, the Gospel Settlement and the Sunday School. A missionary, who yearly presents a number of small candidates for our Children's Home, came in recently with her usual list of names and said:

The good readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who help us to have Christmas trees and summer homes for tenement children, cannot realize as missionaries do what an all-the-year-round power for saving children they put into our hands. The promise of a Christmas tree, or an outing at a country home draws into the Sunday School many a child who might not respond to higher appeals, and thus we have an opportunity to influence him and to help his hard working parent or mother to make him aright. The following typical experience illustrates what I mean.

It was nearly midnight. I was returning from a visit to a sick child friend on Hester Street, whose mother I had left much cheered by the promise of a summer outing for the little one. I passed [illegible] on every street I traversed. On the sidewalk in front of a warehouse two small boys were making marks in some white stuff like sand. "What is it, dears?" I asked. "Jes some sugar, missus. It leaked out a bag dat got busted when de porters were carrying it in." "Would you like to play in sure-enough sand, and roll over and over in grass?" "Missus, [illegible] play on de grass in de park." "Oh, I mean way out in the country, where there's lots of grass just for children to play on." "Sure!" They were all alive with interest now, and we'd had a good talk, which I left off—to be continued at the Mission Sunday School, where they promptly appeared, and where they have been regular attendants ever since.

All contributions to this excellent work will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Junior C. E., Au Sable	1 00
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Will not split, warp or break. Stay where you put them. Never rust, and never wear out. Made in black, brown and light hair. State what you want and send 25 cents. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 10 cents for sample pin. CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN COMPANY, Box 129, Bloomfield, N. J.

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As Spring approaches and warm weather sets in the disease can be permanently cured so that it will not return. Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure eradicates the disease by killing the germs, which are the direct cause of all Catarrhal disease.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure is put up in boxes containing enough medicine for one months treatment, which is sent, postage paid, for $1.00

A trial sample will be mailed free to any sufferer who has never tried the remedy. Write, or order at once, addressing Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

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New Ideas in Christian Work

An Open Forum for Practical Suggestions, to Which All Interested Readers are Invited to Contribute

PROBABLY a majority of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are interested in Sunday School work, some as teachers, others as parents of children who attend there, and still others in different ways. We commend this letter to their careful perusal:

Are Our Sunday School Teachers Inefficient?

To the Editor: How often is the question asked by the parents of our Sunday School children, "Who teaches my child?" and by the question not simply meaning the name of the person, or a general idea of who he is, but a deep, searching inquiry as to his character and qualifications for the office of a teacher! That there is grave need for such a question is not doubted by many who are familiar with the work done in our schools. It is a fact, probably not generally realized, that a considerable proportion of our teachers are unfitted to perform the duties devolving upon them, when tested by the highest standard. That we have so many of this class of teachers is largely so because the dearth of workers is so great that schools eagerly seize upon anyone who will offer his services. There is often even a kind of going out into "the byways and hedges and compelling them to come in." Such excuses as "I can not teach; I do not understand children," or "I have not time to devote to the study of the lesson," or "I prefer not to; I really do not care to undertake the task," are treated simply as expressions of modesty, or a desire to evade a definite answer. The person is deluged with a flood of compliments regarding his ability and special adaptation to the work. He is urged to make a start, at least. What are his qualifications for teaching? What his spiritual life? Is it deep, pure, strong, healthful, or otherwise? is never questioned. The qualifications of the pastor, the elders, the deacons, and other officers of the church are a matter for serious consideration, but who teaches the children in the cardinal principles of Christian faith and living apparently makes little difference.

This dragging teachers into service from every condition of spiritual, mental, and social life is a dangerous method. Often new converts, who have not yet begun to walk themselves, are allowed to direct the foot-steps of the still weaker babes in Christ. Those wholly unqualified mentally for dealing with the various phases of the progressive Christian thought and life of the present day, are given classes of bright, intelligent scholars. Social standing is often a passport to the office of teacher, when a spiritual or intellectual examination would prove the candidates to be more stumbling blocks than saviours to the children.

The youth of our Sunday Schools come largely from two classes of homes: one, of poverty, ignorance, and vice; the other, of luxury, indulgence, and lax virtues. This is a great enough difficulty to contend with by itself; but when we attempt to oppose this influence with teachers, who, at their best, are sadly deficient, and in many cases do not even aspire to a creditable standing, but are satisfied with asking the golden text, the catechism, a few disconnected and unintelligible questions, or reading a chapter from a story book—anything in fact to fill up the study hour, what results can be expected?

It is certainly the duty of every parent to prevent this state of affairs as much as possible by not simply taking it for granted that because the teacher is in the school, he is efficient, but by a scrupulous examination of the child at home to prove beyond a doubt that this is so. It is the duty of the church, as the custodian of the children in the larger spiritual sense, to see to it that none hold this responsible position who are not in every way worthy. If candidates for teaching were submitted to an examination, under the direction of the pastor and officers of the church, as to both their intellectual and spiritual qualifications, much might be gained.

The question may arise, If the dearth of teachers is so great now, what would be the result if such a course were pursued? There are several answers to this. In the first place the classes could be enlarged, the teacher devoting himself or herself to the particular duties of instruction, while assistants were provided for keeping order, marking cards and other mechanical incidentals. Secondly, there are many teachers in our public schools and other lines of employment who would be specially competent, and could be secured for a small compensation. Paid superintendents are not a new departure in Sunday School work. Why should not paid teachers be equally satisfactory? But it is not a foregone conclusion that the number of teachers would be reduced. The examination would cause many to seek the position, who now shun the place. It would offer a premium for ability and give a dignity to the office, which now has little or no standing in the community, for it is well known that any one may now teach who signifies a willingness to do so. A step in the line of educating persons for this work would be to establish weekly undenominational teachers' classes. A person should be secured to take this class who is not only competent to instruct along the ordinary lines of study, but also to show the various relationships existing between teacher and scholar—the duties, obligations and responsibilities—and to inspire the members of the class to active, efficient work.

Whatever may be said on this subject regarding the cause of so large a number of inefficient teachers, and the best plan of improving existing circumstances, this must be allowed without question, that the church is not giving enough attention to the spiritual and intellectual standing of its Sunday School workers. ANSON A. CARTER.

Newark, N. J.

Mr. Carter's able and earnest letter should not pass unnoticed by the teachers themselves. His suggestions are novel and practical. There is doubtless another side to the question which we would be glad to present in these columns. Meanwhile, the statements he makes are such as to compel serious reflection by all who are interested in Sunday School work.

. . .

Spiritually Dead Churches

A church which lives for itself alone is spiritually dead. There are, unfortunately, many such churches. Though not precisely a "new idea," it would at least be a new experience for such churches to try to "do something for somebody." Idle Christians, who meet week after week, year in and year out to hear the Gospel, and who never get beyond the stage of petitioning heaven on their own behalf, have not learned the joy and satisfaction of progress in the spiritual life. That joy can only be realized by setting to work for the Master, doing the thing that lies nearest to us. The letter below is a familiar illustration of the need of spiritual activity in churches if they are to be kept from becoming moribund:

Our village has a population of 6,000 or 7,000 inhabitants, with six Protestant churches, but seemingly without any thought of rescuing the degraded men and women who never enter our churches, and cannot be induced to in their present condition. READER.

Norwich, N. Y.

It seems that one man, with the aid and co-operation of a few Christian citizens, has made a self-sacrificing effort to establish and maintain a mission in the town. Such a work, if worthily conducted, should be heartily sustained by the churches, which will find themselves greatly helped and strengthened by such an experience.

. . .

Shepherding the Converts

CRISP, Texas, April 24.

Editor "The Christian Herald":

I was impressed after reading Mr. Wright's plan of successful evangelistic effort, and the apparent failure of co-operative work upon the part of Christian workers—failure to realize the greater results—and the consequent scattering of converts, who are lost as far as joining the church is concerned. The community wonders where these converts are. In the first place the churches are generally spiritually cold and indifferent, and when the evangelist holds his meeting there must be a revival of God's own children [that is the churches] who must be in a condition to receive the new-born souls whose very beings are thrilling to associate with them. Frequently I believe the condition of the churches is such that the regenerated ones find in them only a dreary and formal state of religion.

These things have worried me. I have prayed that I might receive light, and was led to these passages of Scripture: Matthew 24: 11, 23, 24, II. Thessalonians 2: 10, 11, 12, and I. Timothy 4: 1, and II. Timothy 3: 7, also 4: 3-4, and Titus 1: 10. A. B.

♣

The Late Rev. Dr. Clapp

Rev. Alexander Huntington Clapp, D.D., who died recently in New York City, was born in Worthington, Mass., September 1, 1818. He graduated from Yale in 1842, spent two years in Yale Theological Seminary and one in Andover, graduating from the latter in 1845. In 1850 he was Professor of Rhetoric *pro tem* in Middlebury College, Vt. He was ordained as a Congregational minister October 14, 1850, and became pastor of the Centre Congregational Church, Brattleboro, Vt. Here he edited "Lives of the Presidents" and other works. In 1853, by reason of severe affection of the eyes, he had to suspend preaching and resigned his charge. He resumed labor in the summer of 1855 with the Beneficent Congregational Church, Providence, R. I., and was installed its pastor. This charge he resigned in 1865, accepting the appointment as Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society, New York, and from that time until his death he continued in the service of this Society as Secretary, Treasurer, Honorary Treasurer and Editorial Secretary. While pastor at Providence he served as Chaplain of the Tenth Regiment of Rhode Island Volunteers, called for the defence of Washington. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Iowa College in 1868. Dr. Clapp was a man of rare sweetness of character and marked abilities in the pulpit and on the platform and as a writer.

♣

Seeking for Jesus

John 6 24.

SEEKING for Jesus, a curious quest!
For nothing they know of his worth;
Yet, seeking, they find him, the wisest and best
That ever set foot on the earth.
Seeking for Jesus, but just for the food
The poor human body might need;
Yet, seeking they find the superlative God,
The Bread on which cherubims feed.
Seeking for Jesus, but why they scarce know,
They hurry so over the sea;
But urged by some impulse directly they go
To him who so loved Galilee.
Seeking for Jesus, O glorious quest!
They find him who points them the road
That leadeth to life with the holy and blest,
Sweet life in the service of God.

W. T. SLEEPER.

If your 'life's blood' is pure, Nature will take care of the rest. Hood's Sarsaparilla enables you to cleanse your blood of all impurities and make it strong and wholesome. It never disappoints.

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If any reader, suffering from rheumatism, will write to me, I will send them free of cost a trial Package of a simple and harmless remedy which cured me and thousands of others among them cases of over 40 years standing. This is an honest remedy that you can test before you part with your money. Address: JOHN A. SMITH, 219 Summerfield Church Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

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RELIEF FROM RHEUMATICS..

Mr. W. H. Jenkins writes from Topeka, Kan., under date of August 5th, 1898:

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My mother in looking over the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE saw your advertisement, and we ordered one bottle of your Tartarlithine, which gave me immediate relief.

I have recommended your medicine to a number of parties in this city, who have had chronic rheumatism for years. One of them, a lady 68 years of age, is now doing her own work. So far your medicine has not failed to make a cure.

In conclusion your medicine is just as represented, and has entirely eliminated the disease from my body. My mother is enthusiastic over the benefits that I have derived from the use of your medicine.

Regular package $1.00,
Of all druggists or post-free by mail.
Pamphlets with Testimonials FREE.

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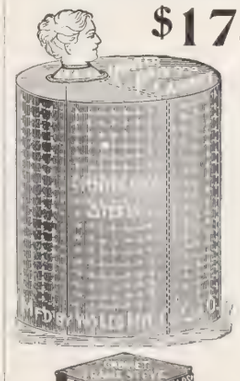
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.



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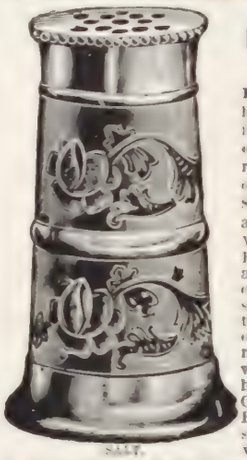

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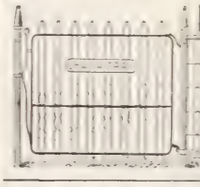

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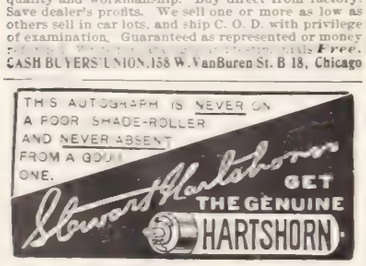
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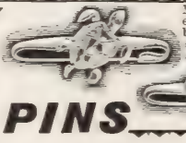

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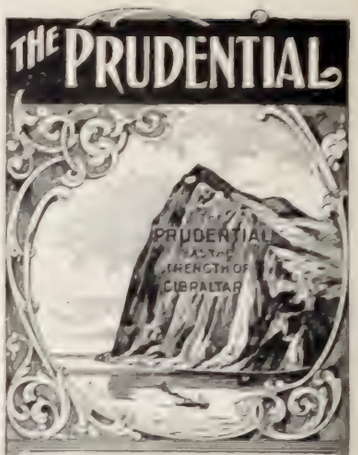

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22 NUMBER 21

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MAY 24, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

COUNTESS ADELINE SCHIMMELMANN, WHO RENOUNCED RANK, FORTUNE, AND ROYAL FAVOR, TO LABOR FOR CHRIST (See page 501)

1. Castle of Ahrendsburg, the Countess' Birthplace. 2. Among Baltic Fishermen. 3. The Yacht *Duen*. 4. A Gospel Service on Board Ship.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

M. L. ... ed? 2. Schley? 3. What office did Dewey hold when he went to Manila? 4. What rank was later conferred on him by Congress? 5. What country uses *centimos* for money? 6. How much is a *centimo*? 7. I have some for... on them? What country are they from. 8. What is the meaning of the word *Cembroil*? It is a foreign word I think.

1. Ag-gwin-al-do, in four syllables, and with "a" as in hat. 2. Sly. 3. Commodore. 4. Admiral. 5. You probably refer to *centesimos*, coins used in Italy, Spain and the Argentine Republic. 6. About one-fifth of a cent. 7. Hungary. 8. You doubtless mean *Cinquefoil*. In architecture, the term is applied to five-pointed ornaments and rosettes. In botany, to a number of plants having five-pointed leaves. The word means five-leaved.

Oliver E. B., North Branford, Conn. Where is the saying: "Cleanliness is next to godliness"?

It first appeared in the *Beraitha*, a Hindoo "sacred book," as the last Mishna of Sola. It has been variously credited since, some attributing it to John Wesley. The Hindoo philosophers, however, have the prior claim.

An aged reader at Vinita, Ind. Ter., writes:

I have been much interested in different accounts of old Bibles. When all are reported, I suggest that you say so in THE MAIL BAG, and then tell us who has reported the oldest, giving date, for some of us will forget, for many do not keep their HERALDS, but, as I do, pass them on to others each week. I found at a neighbor's, a veritable ancient literary curiosity in the shape of a copy of *Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest*, nearly 250 years old, printed in London in 1652. It must be an unabridged edition, for it is a ponderous, bulky volume of 1032 pages. It has been rebound. It is in excellent preservation, print very plain in black letter, with curious ornamental initials and headings.

F. N. McL., Forbestown, Calif. Please explain the words: "When it giveth his color in the cup:" (Prov. 23: 31). Why is the pronoun "his" used?

It means that we should not be caught by the fascination of its color in the glass—by its light and sparkle. No significance is to be attached to the pronoun "his," as used in the Authorized Version. The Revised Version substitutes "its color," which is doubtless correct.

D. D., Marshland, Ore. Of what use were the lamps and pitchers that Gideon used? (Judges 7: 16-20). When is it supposed the battle took place?

It was a night attack. The pitchers were used to hide the lamps until Gideon's force surrounded the enemy's camp. If you can imagine the sensation of an army being awakened in the darkness by a crash such as would be caused by the breaking of the pitchers, and then looking up and seeing the camp surrounded by lights, you can understand that there would be likely to be a panic, and the number of Gideon's little force would be overestimated. The battle is supposed to have taken place about 1,250 years before Christ, or, thirty-one centuries ago, in the Valley of Jezreel, near little Hermon in Palestine, now called Jebel el Duhy.

Subscriber, Allisonia, Va. Do you think the word "fire" in such passages as Matthew 13: 42 is to be understood literally?

We have no means of knowing, but are inclined to think not. We do not see how a literal fire could affect the immaterial soul. Fire is used as a symbol of destruction and of refining in other parts of the Bible. It should be sufficient for us that Christ, who knew the condition of the lost, should use such a figure to describe the awful doom of the impenitent and should couple it with such expressive figures as "weeping and gnashing of teeth."

J. C. D., Sheridan, Mo.: Bereaved Reader, Hoboken, N. J., and many others. Can you tell me where the soul goes to immediately it leaves the body? I am told by a Christian friend that it lies in the grave and will have no conscious existence until the resurrection. Another friend tells me that it goes straight to God in heaven. Which is right?

The Bible which is, of course, the only authority on such a question, does not answer it explicitly. It does, however, afford us ground for inference. For instance: in the parable of Dives and Lazarus (Luke 16: 19-31), Christ represents both men as being in conscious existence after death and before the resurrection. You will see that Dives wanted some one sent to warn his brothers who were still living on the earth. Another significant passage is Christ's promise to the penitent thief (Luke 23: 43). Paul evidently did not expect to lie unconscious in the grave after his death. Writing of death he says (Phil. 1: 23): "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ which is far better." Still more pertinent is his remark (II. Cor. 5: 8) about being absent from the body and present with the Lord. All these and other passages appear to us to imply a conscious existence of the soul apart from the body, beginning immediately after death. At the same time it does not appear to be one of the highest happiness. The remarks about the resurrection (such as I. Cor. 15: 40-49) appear, somewhat indefinitely, to imply a higher state of existence which we may enjoy when the spiritual body is conferred.

THE OLDEST TOWER IN HAVANA

This building has a melancholy interest. It has been occupied at different times as a prison, a hospital and a barracks. At the time of the blockade by our warships, it was occupied by Spanish troops. It is believed to be one of the oldest structures in the Cuban capital

Mr. J. E. Batcher, Lytham, Lancashire, England, writes:

Here in England, I read Dr. Talmage's sermons every week, and have done for the past fifteen years. I am not an ordained preacher, being only an ordinary workingman, but I teach on Sundays, and I write to tell you that I use the old and new sermons so much that I consider you are at least entitled to my thanks for the thoughts I constantly gather from these sermons. I think it is well sometimes to let a man know how much influence and power is exerted by his words. Your sermons are looked forward to week by week. You should know how they are appreciated in this part of the earth.

E. J. K., Brooklyn, N. Y. Can you give me approximately the number of persons in the world who are identified with the chief religions?

There are no absolutely reliable statistics. The quarterly of the American Statistical Society, however, gives a careful estimate based on population, and corrected by every means accessible. This gives the figures as follows: ... 230,800,533; Protestant, 143,237,625; ... 43,000,000; Shintoists, about 14,000,000; Jews, ...

Mrs. L. K. D. Who was Tam O'Shanter?

Robert Burns' poems, and not a character worthy of any admiration.

J. F., Poland, O. 1. Is more than one electric bat...

1. A battery consists of two or more cells. Two should answer your purpose. 2. The current from a voltaic cell is very steady in comparison with the stream of sparks from a magneto-electric machine, but of smaller force. Frictional electricity is convulsive, noisy and sudden, while voltaic is silent, gentle and powerful. 3. Yes. 4. A dry battery is composed of a zinc cup, in which is a mixture ... substance, which will not easily spill. A car... bon electrode is placed in the centre and the whole tightly sealed with an insulating cement.

L. A. N., Diligent River, N. S., Can. Please explain Mark 10: 25, what Christ meant by the needle's eye.

It was a proverbial expression, denoting literally a thing impossible, but figuratively a thing very difficult. In Oriental cities the gates are usually so arranged that a central entrance of considerable width is provided for beasts of burden, while a small side portal known as "the needle's eye," is used by foot-passengers. For the camels to use the smaller entrance would be an obvious impossibility; hence the illustration employed in the passage quoted may be said to have been drawn from actual observation.

Endeavorer, Philadelphia, Pa. Is a Christian justified in selling articles, such as soap, to persons leading notoriously immoral lives, and receiving for it money earned in a wicked way, or, say, to barbers who use it in shaving on Sunday?

We think he is justified. We doubt if he has a legal right to refuse such custom. No man can discriminate as to his customers. It would be impracticable for him to require a ... he would serve him, or to demand a pledge ...

York, N. Y. ... S. P. I. Wood ... more soul into the kingdom. Praise God!"

... neighbors used to have little dancing parties ... attend, believing it wrong. Two older sisters ... of the matter since, and cannot feel at rest about it until I know whether I will be forgiven.

... that it is not necessary to repeat them here. We are assured of forgiveness the moment we truly repent and ask the Father, in Christ's name, to pardon our sin (see I. John 1: 9). Your own experience may be made the means of persuading your sisters to view the pursuit of worldly pleasure in its true light—as a moral stumbling-block and a hindrance to spiritual growth. And let us add here that, in our view, a church with a dancing congregation and ... sermon would be punctuated with extracts from a "society novel," and preceded and followed by concert-hall ditties instead of the grand and inspiring hymns that encourage and comfort the earnest worshiper.

M. S., Moehland, Pa. Is there a form of insanity ... no purpose. Aside from this habit he doesn't seem a bad boy except that he has a great love ...

It is frequently found, in such cases, that the trouble is due to a too vivid imagination, combined with the lack of early moral training. The gift of imagination is a precious one; but, if distorted, or misdirected, it works great evil. If you can direct it into a proper channel, and at the same time impress the child with the wickedness, the shame and the dishonor of an untruth, you may accomplish much. Many young people are given to indulging in "romances" at a tender age, but are cured of it afterward. All lying is wicked, but there is a distinction between the vindictive lie told to deceive, to hide some fault or to injure another person, and the lie that is prompted by a vivid and ungoverned imagination, and with no purpose in view except to say something extraordinary. The faculty of saying or imagining extraordinary things is one to be guided and ennobled, not suppressed, but if the lie be vindictive, the child should be made to know that it is a crime. This is, in substance, the view taken by our leading public school educators in dealing with the question. In one institution in New York, where there are many children, the one detected in an untruth is punished by receiving a small pinch of powdered quinine on his tongue, which leaves a taste so bitter that he is not apt soon to forget it.

Mrs. H. D., Meriden, Conn. We believe not.

J. M. D., Phœnixville, Pa. See I. Cor. 15: 41. ...

Reader, Clinton, Me. Address him Madison Square Garden, New York.

Callie Collins. Write to Fleming H. Revell Co., Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Subscriber, Brantford, Can. Write to the War Department, Washington, D. C.

Erickson, Omaha, Neb. The year 1900 will be the last year of the nineteenth century.

W. H. H., Norfolk, Va. The principle is co-operative. We believe it to be a reliable concern.

C. B. E., Upton, Mass. We have no knowledge of their denomination. Why not apply to the parties direct?

Anxious American, Paterson, N. J. At Governor's Island, or at the recruiting office, Third avenue near Cooper Union, New York.

Frederick A. K., Anita, and Mrs. C. A. C., West Stockbridge, Mass. Send them to the nearest hospital, jail, prison or mission.

Walter C. W., Colorado Springs, Colo. In Mr. Moody's book entitled *Texts from My Bible*, published by Revell & Co., New York.

D. H. R., Newburg, N. Y. *The A. B. C. of Bee Culture*, by A. T. Root, is a good book on the subject. It is published by the author at Medina, O.

H. A., Arcadia, Ohio. They are worthless. No one would buy them unless they were sorted and pasted in. Even then it is doubtful, as the method of selection varies.

D. A. B., Tatum Station, S. C. We wish we could oblige you. Thousands would be glad of the information. They would not be lost if it was known where they were.

M. L., Rushville, Ill. In the New Testament: John the Baptist, John the Apostle, John Mark the writer of the Gospel, and John, a member of the High Priest's family, mentioned ...

Among the Dervishes of Persia

Miss Yoseph, Our Medical Missionary, Relates Her Adventures—The Most Peculiar of Oriental Religious Sects—Strange Legends and Superstitious Observances

SEVERAL months ago, Miss Hannah G. Yoseph, a native Persian lady educated in the United States, and now laboring as a medical missionary in her own land, contributed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some remarkably interesting letters descriptive of the social and religious life of the Persian people. To-day we publish the first of several letters just received from that talented correspondent, in which she relates her adventures among the dervishes of her country. These letters deal with a subject wholly outside the reach of the ordinary correspondent and contain much that is new and exceedingly interesting concerning the strangest of all the Oriental religious sects—the *darvishy*.

"MARAGHA, PERSIA.

"*To the Editor of "The Christian Herald".*

"I am going to tell you something about a few of the Mohammedan sects or societies, which have more or less secret and unknown ceremonies and beliefs; and what I am going to write is not from the Koran or any other religious book, but from my own experience among them.

"No doubt many of your readers have heard about *darvishy*. The name *darvish* makes one think of Arab and Bohemian life. Although I had lived in the country of the *darvishy*, still I knew very little of them until lately. What I state has been seen and heard in my own experience.

"In conversing with those who hold secret beliefs, it is a rare thing to find two whose statements agree, and one has to "warm their hand" (bribe them) to make them speak or reveal anything. Some of the *darvishes* say that there are seventeen, and others twenty-four, classes among them. Some are *darvishes* because their fathers were so before them; others have been so dedicated because the parents had vowed, if a certain Imam gave them a child, that it should be reared as a *darvish*, either for life or for a period of years. The infant *darvish* (a dedicated one), on the completion of the seventh day of its existence, is carried from door to door asking alms at least once a day. If the child be rich, the alms are given to the poor. Its hair is left to grow luxuriantly.

"*Darvishes* are usually very inoffensive people, meek and mild, probably due to the habit of taking opium, arsenic, etc. Their origin is traced to Medina. At the time of Mohammed (according to the legend), there was a man whose wife was childless. The husband went and cried to the Prophet "Ya Rasull Allah" (O, God's messenger) give my wife's *talaka* (divorce); she bears me no issue." Afterward forty children were born at once! For two years they were miraculously provided for, and as soon as they could walk, each went asking alms. But the people of Medina became tired of giving to so many and asked the prophet to send them away. So the prophet ordered them to a nearby mountain to shelter themselves in a cave. At this time a plague prevailed, except where the *darvishes* were, and until this day their presence in a community is regarded as a blessing. Day by day, the legend adds, one of the forty went to Medina and asked alms. Sometimes the forty sustained life upon a single nut and a piece of bread. One of the number used to come and ask alms of Hasraty Fatma. She noticed that he had not come for forty days. When he came again, she asked him: "What is the reason of your not coming for forty days?" He replied: "the last time you gave me a piece of bread; it lasted until to-day." She cursed him and all the other *darvishes* and said: "May you gather in much, but may you always be hungry." This legend is told all over Persia.

A DERVISH NAGHIB

"In every city, *darvishes* have two men to whom they look up. One is *Moorshud*, their spiritual father and teacher; the other is a *sayid* (a descendant of the prophet), who is their governor, and is called *naghib*.

"Their costume is not ungraceful, consisting of long, flowing white robes. A cone-shaped *taj* (diadem), is embroidered with verses from the Koran. Some carry *kashkaal* (collection boxes), suspended from the neck or shoulder. They also carry with them maces or clubs, and a few carry a horn of some animal. It is seldom blown and is greatly feared, people saying it brings calamity to human beings.

The dervishes may be classed as follows:

"I. *Ahly shareyat* (the men of the law of Koran).

"II. *Ahly Kharawat* (men of ruin or without law).

"III. *Ajamy* (from Ajam that is Iran).

"*Ahly Shareyat* follow the law of Mohammed strictly, give *minajat* at the time of death, and sing the *Azon* on the roofs to call the faithful to prayer; they wail and sing at the time of Moharrum (month of mourning), and when someone dies, they are invited to wail and make the people weep. Some of this class deny themselves sleep and food for three or four days at a time; they repeat God's name a million times, and say that God has one thousand and one names, the repetition of which is considered a great sanctity. *Ahly Kharawat* (the literal meaning of the word is wilderness, ruinous, careless, without law) beg from door to door, and repeat words and sing until people are glad to give almost anything to get rid of them. The *Kharawaty* puts up his little tent at the gate of the rich, and stays in it day and night, sometimes for days, weeks, and even months until the demanded amount is given to the *darvish*—sometimes a few *tomans*, or a quantity of rice or wheat, or perhaps a sheep.

"*Kharawaty* are professional opium and arsenic eaters. Some of them do not marry and these dress in a peculiar white garment like a shroud. *Ajamy* are an irregular class of *darvishes* and live mostly in Adarbajan.

"As I was anxious to know how some of the rites and offices of *darvishes* were observed, I made an appointment to go and see for myself. One of the first offices was the receiving of a new candidate. There is only one room in each city where *darvishes* meet, and here their *moorshud* teaches the secrets of their society. The homeless and strange ones make this room their home.

"The *moorshud*, their bishop, received us with many kind and Oriental expressions and showed us a place of honor near himself. The *moorshud* said, 'I say to my *darvishes* that Masih (the 'Anointed One,' from the Hebrew, which means Christ) was a *darvish* like ourselves.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'he became poor and homeless in order to make us rich in his love and heavenly blessings.'

"The *moorshud*, turning, said, 'We believe, too, that Christ was one of the many manifestations that God had made to this world, of which one of them is *Ganaby Amur* (Ally). We cannot believe that Christ was crucified. *Astaferilla! Astaferilla!* (God forbid! God forbid!) that death ever had any power on Issa!' (Mohammedans say that when the Jews came to put hands upon Christ, he escaped, but some one else, whom God had made ready there, was crucified and died instead of Christ, the latter being taken up to heaven.)

"About thirty-five *darvishes* were sitting around about the room and close to the walls like motionless statues. As soon as they heard the prayer of their candidate and his sponsor, the whole community of *darvishes* began to say over and over, 'Ya-hoo! Ya-hak!' (God's names). The candidate, before being brought in for the secret ceremony, was rolled in six or seven yards of white material (the sign of a shroud) and covered with it from head to foot. The sponsor said: '*Ya Ali madat*' (O strength of Ali).

"Candidate: '*Ya Ali madat.*'

"Sponsor to the *moorshud*: 'This man desires to become a *darvish*.'

"*Moorshud*: 'What, you' (to the candidate) 'you wish to become a *Darvish!* You may be deceiving me. You may wish to steal my rugs, my *samowar*, or something else that you have eye upon.'

"Candidate: 'No; I love your *naphas*' (breath, soul, being), 'and I would like to serve you.'

"*Moorshud*: 'Then I wish you would throw yourself down from that' (pointing to a two-story building).

"Candidate: '*Aywilla*' (all right).

"*Moorshud*: 'You must put out your eyes.'

"Candidate: '*Aywilla.*'

"*Moorshud*: 'You must cut off your hands.'

"Candidate: '*Aywilla;* I love your *naphas.*'

"Then both the sponsor and the candidate walk toward the *moorshud* and sit before him. The latter takes a plateful of common earth and throws a handful upon the head of the candidate, repeating some mysterious incantations. Then both the sponsor and candidate fall down on their faces and say: '*Hy li lahillila illuhim moaanta malikoo haky lasin.*" On arising, the *moorshud* crowns the candidate with the *darvish taj* (diadem).

"Presently, we found ourselves in a *Takrah* (large room) and forty or fifty *darvishes* of all nations sitting camel-like fashion. They began their fanatical incantations which are called *zicker* (the repetition of certain words like *Ya-Hoo* and *Ya-Hak*). I wanted to move, but could not; I wanted to think, but could not; I tried to shake myself, and presently the candidate arose and exposed his shoulder, and the *moorshud* lighted a piece of explosive rag and put it on the flesh, upon the spot to be burned. He began to repeat some unknown words, and every little while he dropped his finger in a dish of water and rubbed it around the burning rag, so as to limit the scar. It burned till it almost reached the muscle, then the *moorshud* pressed the thumb upon the spot, and dressed it with some rags. This concluded the initiation—a baptism of fire which many Christians would shrink to undergo. Men on becoming *darvishes* take another name, and when the scar is burned, they also receive a new name.

"As I was about to leave, a *darvish* took off his *taj* (diadem), at the door of the room and brought it and put it at the feet of the *moorshud*, and went and stood at the door with folded arms *darvish* fashion, and said '*Hay willa illilla dasty zalum rasidam*' (in the name of God, the hand of the cruel I received). Some one had beaten him.

"The *moorshud* said '*Hoo* (God) be thy guide, *Hoo* be thy helper,' and took the *taj* and put it on the offended *darvish's* head and bid him to 'be comforted and arise.' As he did so we left the place.

"HANNAH G. YOSEPH."

A GROUP OF PERSIAN DERVISHES

Some are holding their maces or sticks of their office: others have the *Kaskal* (collection box). The man in the chair is the *moorshud*, being tied to signify that he is bound to his office.

· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·

. . . THE BALANCES . . .

A Sermon by The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Dan. 5: 27. . . . . Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting

BABYLON was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, two million men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city sixty miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city, from which the material for the building of the city had been digged. There were twenty-five gates on each side of the city; between every two gates a tower of defence springing into the skies; from each gate on the one side, a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so that there were fifty streets fifteen miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the river Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and to keep it from ruining the city, a lake was constructed into which the surplus water of the river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and then this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge spanning this Euphrates there was a palace—the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace seven and a half miles around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country, and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babylon; and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain four hundred feet high. This mountain was built out into terraces supported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones, on the top of that a layer of reeds and bitumen, on the top of that two layers of bricks closely cemented, on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead, and on the top of that the soil placed—the soil so deep that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery fetching up the water from the Euphrates to this hanging garden, as it was called, so that there were fountains spouting into the sky. Standing below and looking up it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom, or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I suppose she was pleased. If that would not please her, nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that temple an image, just one image, which would cost what would be our fifty-two million dollars.

Oh what a city! The earth never saw anything like it, never will see anything like it. And yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The king and his princes are at a feast. They are all intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices! Drink to the health of the king! Drink to the glory of Babylon! Drink to a great future! A thousand lords reel intoxicated. The king seated upon a chair, with vacant look, as intoxicated men will—with vacant look stared at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes on intensity, and it is an affrighted look; and all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall. And then there drops a darkness into the room, that puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger—a finger of fiery terror circling around and circling around as though it would write; and then it comes up and with sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plastering of the wall the doom of the king: "Weighed in the balances, and found wanting." The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace is followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into a thousand quivering hearts. Now Death is king, and he is seated on a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance lifted. God swung it. On one side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities, on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances—found wanting.

There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the Government, to change that state of things, appointed commissioners whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break, or some of the metal may be clipped, or in some way the equipoise may be disturbed. You cannot always depend upon earthly balances. A pound is not always a pound and you may pay for one thing and get another; but in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God, a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect bushel, and a perfect peck, and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again. If from the imperfect measure the merchant pours out what pretends to be a gallon of oil, and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and he calls upon his recording angel to mark it: "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. He pours out the apples from this imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel: "Mark down so many apples too few—an imperfect measure." We may cheat ourselves, and we may cheat the world, but we cannot cheat God, and in the great day of judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood at school is correct: that twenty hundred weight makes a ton, and one hundred and twenty solid feet make a cord of wood. No more, no less, and a religion which does not take hold of this life, as well as the life to come, is no religion at all.

But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of to-day, that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which weigh principles, weigh churches, weigh men, weigh nations, and weigh worlds. "What!" you say; "is it possible that our world is to be weighed?" Yes. Why, you would think if God put on one side of the balances suspended from the throne the Alps and the Pyrenees and the Himalayas and Mount Washington, and all the cities of the earth, they would crush it. No! No! The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the world's opportunities, and on the other side the world's sins.

So God will weigh churches. He takes a great church. That church, great according to the worldly estimate, must be weighed. He puts it on one side the balances, and the minister and the choir, and the building that cost its hundreds of thousands of dollars. He puts them on one side the balances. On the other side of the scale he puts what that church ought to be, what its consecration ought to be, what its sympathy for the poor ought to be, what its devotion to all good ought to be. That is on one side. That side comes down, and the church, not being able to stand the test, rises in the balances. It does not make any difference about your magnificent machinery. A church is built for one thing—to save souls. If it saves a few souls when it might save a multitude of souls, God will spew it out of his mouth. Weighed and found wanting!

So we perceive that God estimates nations. How many times he has put the Spanish monarchy into the scales, and found it insufficient, and condemned it! The French Empire was placed on one side of the scales, and God weighed the French Empire, and Napoleon said: "Have I not enlarged the boulevards? Did I not kindle the glories of the Champs Elysees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded opera house?" Then God weighed the nation, and he put on one side the scales the Emperor and the boulevards, and the Tuileries, and the Champs Elysees, and the gilded opera house, and on the other side he puts that man's abominations, that man's libertinism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, and all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting!

People say there is a day of judgment coming. My friends, every day is a day of judgment, and you and I to-day are being canvassed, inspected, weighed. Here are the balances of the sanctuary. They are lifted, and we must all be weighed. Who will come and be weighed first? Here is a moralist who volunteers. He is one of the most upright men in the country. He comes. "Well, my brother, get in—get into the balances now, and be weighed." But as he gets into the balances, I say: "What is that bundle you have along with you?" "Oh," he says, "that is my reputation for goodness, and kindness, and charity, and generosity, and kindliness generally." "Oh, my brother! we cannot weigh that: we are going to weigh you—you. Now stand in the scales. I put on your side the scales all the good deeds you ever did, all the kind words you ever uttered: but on the other side the scales I put this weight which God says I must put there—on the other side the scales and opposite to yours I put this weight: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." Weighed and found wanting.

Still, the balances of the sanctuary are suspended and we are ready to weigh any who come. Who shall be the next? Well, here is a formalist. He comes and he gets into the balances, and as he gets in I see that all his religion is in genuflexious and in outward observances. As he gets into the scales I say: "What is that you have in this pocket?" "Oh!" he says, "that is Westminster Assembly Catechism." I say "Very good. What have you in the other pocket?" "Oh!" he says, "that is the Heidelberg Catechism." "Very good. What is that you have under your arm, standing in this balance of the sanctuary?" "Oh!" he says, "that is a church record." "Very good. What are these books on your side the balances?" "Oh!" he says, "those are 'Calvin's Institutes.'" "My brother, we are not weighing books; we are weighing you. It cannot be that you are depending for your salvation upon your orthodoxy. Do you not know that the creeds and the forms of religion are merely the scaffolding for the building? You certainly are not going to mistake the scaffolding for the temple. Do you not know that men have gone to perdition with a catechism in their pocket?" "But," says the man, "I cross myself often." "Ah! that will not save you." "But," says the man, "I am sympathetic for the poor." "That will not save you." Says the man, "I sat at the communion table." "That will not save you." "But," says the man, "I have had my name on the church record." "That will not save you." "But I have been a professor of religion forty years." "That will not save you. Stand there on your side the balances, and I will give you the advantage—I will let you have all the creeds, all the church records, all the Christian conventions that were ever held, all the communion tables that were ever built, on your side the balances. On the other side the balances I must put what God says I must put there. I put this million-pound weight on the other side the balances: 'Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.' Weighed and found wanting!

Still the balances are suspended. Are there any others who would like to be weighed, or who will be weighed? You have come gambling. He gets into the scales. I can very easily see what his whole life is made up of. Stocks, dividends, percentages, [illegible] get into these balances and be weighed—weighed for this life, and weighed for the life to come." He gets in. I find that the two great questions in his life are: "How cheaply can I buy these goods?" and "How dearly can I sell them?" I find he admires heaven because it is a land of gold, and money must be "easy." All the week he has been weighing fruits, weighing meats, weighing ice, weighing coals, weighing confections, weighing worldly and perishable commodities, not realizing the fact that he himself has been weighed. "On your side the balances, O worldling! I will give you full advantage. I put on your side all the banking-houses, all the store-houses, all the cargoes, all the insurance companies, all the factories, all the silver, all the gold, all the money-vaults, all the safe deposits—all on your side. But it does not add one ounce, for at the very moment we are congratulating you on your fine house and upon your princely income, God and the angels are writing in regard to your soul: 'Weighed and found wanting!'"

But I must go faster and speak of the final scrutiny. The fact is, my friends, we are moving on amid astounding realities. These pulses which now are drumming the march of life may, after a while, call a halt. We walk on a hair-hung bridge over chasms. All around us are dangers lurking, ready to spring on us from ambush. We lie down at night, not knowing whether we shall arise in the morning. We start out for our occupations, not knowing whether we shall come back. Crowns being burnished for thy brow, or bolts forged for thy prison. Angels of light ready to shout at thy deliverance, or fiends of darkness stretching out skeleton hands to pull thee down into ruin consummate!

Suddenly the judgment will be here. The angel with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, will swear by him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer: "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." Hark to the jarring of the mountains. Why, that is the setting down of the scales, the balances. And then there is a flash as if from a cloud, but it is the glitter of the shining balances, and they are hoisted, and all nations are to be weighed. The unforgiven get in on this side the balances. They may have weighed themselves and pronounced a flattering decision. The world may have weighed them and pronounced them moral. Now they are being weighed in God's balances—the balances that can make no mistake. All the property gone, all the titles of distinction gone, all the worldly successes gone; there is a soul, absolutely nothing but a soul, an immortal soul, a never dying soul, a soul stripped of all worldly advantages—a soul on one side the scales. On the other side the balances are wasted Sabbaths, disregarded sermons, ten thousand opportunities of mercy and pardon that were cast aside. They are on the other side the scales, and there God stands, and in the presence of men and devils, cherubim and archangel he announces, while groaning earthquake, and crackling conflagration, and judgment trumpet and everlasting storm repeat it: "Weighed, and found wanting."

But, say some who are Christians: "Certainly you don't mean to say that we will have to get into the balances? Our sins are all pardoned, our title to heaven is secure. Certainly you are not going to put us in the balances?" "Yes, my brother. We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and on that day you are going to be weighed. Oh follower of Christ! you get into the balances. The bell of the judgment is ringing. You must get into the balances. You get in on this side. On the other side the balances we will place all the opportunities of good which you did not improve, all the attainments in piety which you might have had, but which you refused to take. We place them all on the other side. They go down, and your soul rises in the scale.

You cannot weigh against all those imperfections. Well, then, we must give you the advantage, and on your side of the scale we will place all the good deeds that you have ever done, and all the kind words that you have ever uttered. Too light yet! Well, we must put on your side all the consecration of your life, all the holiness of your life, all the prayers of your life, all the faith of your Christian life. Too light yet! Come mighty men of the past, and get in on that side the scales. Come, Payson and Doddridge and Baxter, get in on that side the scales and make them come down, that this righteous one may be saved. They come, and they get in the scales. Too light yet! Come, the martyrs, the Latimers, the Wickliffes, the men who suffered at the stake for Christ. Get in on this side the Christian's balances, and see if you cannot help him weight it aright. They come and get in. Too light! Come, angels of God on high. Let not the righteous perish with the wicked. They get in on this side the balances. Too light yet! I put on this side the balances all the sceptres of light, all the thrones of power, all the crowns of glory. Too light yet! But just at that point, Jesus, the Son of God, comes up to the balances, and he puts one of his scarred feet on your side, and the balances begin to tremble from top to bottom. Then he puts both of his scarred feet on the balances, and the Christian's side comes down with a stroke that sets all the bells of heaven ringing. That Rock of Ages heavier than any other weight!

But says the Christian: "Am I to be allowed to get off so easily?" Yes. If some one should come and put on the other side the scales all your imperfections, all your envies, all your jealousies, all your inconsistencies of life, they would not budge the scales with Christ on your side the scales. Go free! There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Chains broken, prison houses opened, sins pardoned. Go free! Weighed in the balances, and nothing, nothing wanted. Oh! what a glorious hope! Will you accept it this day? Christ making up for what you lack. Christ the atonement for all your sins. Who will accept him? Will not this whole audience say, "I am insufficient, I am a sinner, I am lost by reason of my transgressions, but Christ has paid it all. My Lord, and my God, my life, my pardon, my heaven. Lord Jesus, I hail thee!" Oh, if you could only understand the worth of that sacrifice which I have represented to you under a figure—if you could understand the worth of that sacrifice, this whole audience would this moment accept Christ and be saved.

We go away off, or back into history, to get some illustration by which we may set forth what Christ has done for us. We need not go so far. I saw a vehicle behind a runaway horse dashing through the street, a mother and her two children in the carriage. The horse dashed along as though to hurl them to death, and a mounted policeman, with a shout clearing the way, and the horse at full run, attempted to seize those runaway horses to save a calamity, when his own horse fell and rolled over him. He was picked up half dead. Why were our sympathies so stirred? Because he was badly hurt, and hurt for others. But I tell you to-day of how Christ, the Son of God, on the blood red horse of sacrifice, came for our rescue, and rode down the sky, and rode unto death for our rescue. Are not your hearts touched? That was a sacrifice for you and me. O thou who didst ride on the red horse of sacrifice! come and ride through this world on the white horse of victory!

· A · Mother · of · New · York · Churches ·

The Centennial of "St. Mark's, of the Bouwerie"—The Church History Dates Back to Petrus Stuyvesant's Chapel of Dutch Colonial Days

PETRUS STUYVESANT

THE recent celebration of St. Mark's P. E. Church, on the corner of Stuyvesant Sq., E. Tenth street and Second Avenue, was an interesting event in the religious history of New York City. The spot upon which St. Mark's stands has been longer occupied as a house of religious worship than any other in the city. The edifice itself is practically the same as when consecrated May 9, 1799, by Right Rev. Samuel Provoost, first Bishop of New York, assisted by Rev. Dr. Benjamin Moore, who became, later, the second Bishop of New York. The establishment of the congregation antedated that. Hence, this venerable institution is a metropolitan landmark. One of our illustrations shows the church as it was when Bishop Provoost dedicated it; another, as it stands now. The steeple was added in 1829; the pillared porch in 1856; and at some period the grey stone walls were stuccoed brown.

The interior is not large. It has undergone slight, if any changes, from Revolutionary times. The roll of membership shows that many descendants of the quaintly-garbed old Knickerbockers who gathered on this spot every Sunday afternoon to hear Dominie Soleyns preach in Petrus Stuyvesant's chapel, claim St. Mark's as their spiritual home, although they have moved their residences farther up town. On the walls, one after another memorial tablet has appeared, as testimonial to some godly man or woman who gave his or her life to pious works. During the centennial week when the old brown church was almost covered outside with United States flags, beautiful plants were blooming in all the windows and on the brackets under each tablet, until the whole interior seemed encircled with fair and fragant tribute to the honorable and pious dead. Green palms decked the altar where many ministers have stood.

The first rector of the church was Rev. John Callahan; the last is Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Rylance, Rector Emeritus. Dr. Rylance is in Europe, and in his absence the three centennial services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Babcock, minister in charge, the Ven. Archdeacon Tiffany, Dean E. A. Hoffman of the Theological Seminary, Rev. Drs. Harris, Kimber, Greer, Rev. Messrs. Percy S. Grant, Richard Cobden and Wm. A. Harris. The sermon on Sunday was preached by Bishop Potter. On Monday addresses were delivered by Dr. Huntingdon of Grace Church, Dr. Rainsford of St. George's, Dean Van Amringe, of Columbia University (one of whose presidents was a rector of St. Mark's), Rev. Dr. Richey (who holds in the General Theological Seminary St. Mark's chair of Theology, endowed by Peter Stuyvesant), Rev. Dr. Jacob Shipman, and Rev. Dr. E. B. Coe, representing the Reformed Dutch Church which divides with old Trinity parental right of interest in St. Mark's. The historical address of Tuesday, a most interesting discourse, was delivered by Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity.

The plot of ground upon which St. Mark's stands was once a part of the "Bouwerie," as the farm of Governor Petrus Stuyvesant was called. This farm covered the whole of the eleventh, seventeenth, and a large part of the sixteenth wards of the present city.

What is now the Bowery, probably the most cosmopolitan street in the world, was then a country lane running between the "bouweries," or farms, of the Dutch burghers. Adjoining his manor-house, the old Governor had a small chapel built to accommodate people who found a journey to the "old Dutch church in the fort"—the only church then in New York—too long a walk. The little chapel was of the Dutch Reformed faith. It had fallen into decay when the present church was built upon its foundations and incorporated as "the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Mark's in the Bouwerie." In 1793, Peter Stuyvesant, grandson of the old Dutch Governor, and a vestryman at Old Trinity, made an offer to the corporation to donate a plot of ground, 150 by 190 feet, and $2,000 if the corporation would erect a church there. Trinity accepted, added a considerable sum of money, and later thirty lots out of the property known as the Consolidated Church Farm, which had been conveyed to Trinity by grant of Queen Anne. St. Mark's still owns and derives some income from a number of these lots. Others have been sold at various times to develop outside work. Hence it will be seen that St. Mark's is the daughter of the old Dutch Church and of Old Trinity also; and that points of wide historic interest centre in this church and in the graveyard surrounding it.

A tablet, about which green vines clamber lovingly, is let into the side wall shown in our picture of the church as it stands to-day. The tablet bears these words: "In this vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant, late Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Amsterdam, in New Netherlands, now called New York, and of the Dutch West India Islands. Died in A. D. 167–, aged 80 years." (The last figure of the year is not clear reading.) Under a plain slab in the green churchyard, an early Vice-President of the United States, Daniel D. Tompkins. The family vaults of Hamilton Fish of Revolutionary fame; of Abraham Schermerhorn, and other men prominently identified with local and national history are also in this resting-place, which, like the burying-ground of Old Trinity on Broadway, is divided only by an iron fence from the rush and tumult of a metropolitan thoroughfare. On one side lie the quiet dead; on the other electric cars speed by, and during business hours hurrying multitudes continually pass. It was from a vault in this churchyard that the remains of A. T. Stewart, which have never yet been recovered, were so mysteriously removed.

A quiet and refined congregation of people who treasure the faith of their forefathers fills the pews each Sunday. Yet St. Mark's, rich as it is in traditions of the past, is fully abreast with younger institutions in progressive social and evangelical work. In 1856, mission work was undertaken on the East Side, and afterwards on West Forty-eighth street, where a chapel was built as a memorial to Rev. Dr. Henry Anthon. That institution, transplanted to Madison Avenue and East Sixty-sixth Street, is now the church of All Souls, an independent parish ministered to by Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton. Dr. Anthon was a pioneer in institutional church work, and while he was St. Mark's rector, several of the church farm lots were sold to carry out his plans. At the present Chapel of St. Mark's, on Tompkins Square, a great deal of mission and industrial work, embracing a Day Nursery, Girls' Guild, Athletic Club, Temperance Societies, Dressmaking and Cooking Classes, Mothers' Meetings, and various very interesting features are carried on. This institution, established at a cost of some $200,000, is largely the gift of Rutherford Stuyvesant, who raised it as a memorial to his wife.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK'S 1899 —REV. DR. JOSEPH H. RYLANCE, RECTOR EMERITUS

The Bowery Mission

The following contributions in aid of the work of the Bowery Mission have been received:

Previously acknowledged	$349 55
Jennie A. Killian	1 00
P. M. Barrow	1 00
Mrs. T. A. Murray	3 00
I. M. C. and Sister, Redwood Falls	75
Mrs. L. C. Allen	2 00
Louis De Lancett	1 00
R. W. Jones	2 00
J. Allie Finley	1 00
M. Elberson	1 00
M. C. T. Leonard	1 00
Total	$363 55

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, 1799

Practically the same building as the church of to-day

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Christ Crucified

S. S. Lesson for June 4. John 19: 17-30
Golden Text, Gal. 2: 20

THE Scripture must be fulfilled. In the beginning of his ministry the Lord said to John the Baptist regarding his baptism, "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." (Matt. 3: 15). And in every detail of his life on earth the Lord Jesus was fulfilling that which was written of him. All the injustice, the wicked, persecuting hatred of the chief priests and elders of the people did not exceed "all things that were written of him" (Acts 13: 29). Thus when Pilate's iniquitous sentence was passed upon him under pressure from those whom this ruler was appointed to govern, Jesus made no resistance. They took him therefore, "and led him away. And he bearing his cross (which was afterwards borne by another, Matt. 27: 32), went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha, where they crucified him and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst." He was fulfilling Scripture. "Surely he hath borne our sins," etc., (Isa. 53: 4).

Do we realize fully what these words mean? Do we see how unspeakably abhorrent our sins must be in the sight of God, that no other way could be found consistently with his holiness by which sin could be forgiven and put away? He, the Holy One, who "knew no sin" must be "made sin for us" (II. Cor. 5: 21), must himself know all the overwhelming shame and confusion which comes upon us when we see ourselves, our unspeakable loathsomeness! That which is revealed to us when we see him: he must know as much as though he had himself been the guilty one! He was made sin for us! What it must have been for him, the unsullied, all Holy One, to bear on him the iniquity of us all, who can conceive? Oh let us bow down before him in shame and confusion: but also in our overwhelming gratitude and unspeakable adoration. "By his stripes we are healed." God be praised indeed, but let us not forget at what a cost.

Yes, he fulfilled it all to the very letter, and in the fulness of the spirit of what was written. He knew from the Scripture that he should not die alone; that to heap insult on their flagrant breach of justice, his enemies would crucify real evil-doers with him, that it might be as he himself said: "This that is written must yet be accomplished in Me, and he was reckoned among the transgressors." Nothing is so unbearable to human nature as to be unjustly accused, and to be classed with those whose deeds are utterly foreign and abhorrent to us. But the patient Lamb of God accepted all his Father's will without question, and submitted without any protest to be numbered among the transgressors!

Pilate wrote a title and put upon the cross, in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, that all might read, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." This did not please the chief priests and they demurred, saying, "Write not the King of the Jews, but that he said, I am the King of the Jews." For once Pilate was firm. He answered: "What I have written I have written."

And that Scripture must be fulfilled, it was written in Ps. 22: 18: "They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture." The soldiers, utterly ignorant of this Scripture, took his garments and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat [or tunic]. Now the coat was without seams, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves, "let us not rend it, but cast lots for it whose it shall be." Thus God's word, which cannot be broken (John 10: 35), was accomplished.

Just before he yielded up his spirit to the Father, there remained just one short word which had not been fulfilled. "Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished that the Scripture might be fulfilled, 'and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink' (Ps. 69: 21), saith, 'I thirst.'" They filled a sponge with vinegar and put it to his mouth. He could not die until all was fulfilled.

Before this, one little incident occurred which cannot go unnoticed. "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end" (John 13: 1). There stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, "Woman, behold thy son!" Then saith he to the disciple, "Behold thy mother!" And from that hour that disciple took her into his own home. At such an hour he could make provision for his loved ones! Can we ever doubt him now that he is no more a suffering Saviour, but is wearing a glorified human body, sitting at the right hand of God—can we ever doubt his tender care for us?

When Jesus, therefore, had received the vinegar, he said, "It is finished," and he bowed his head, and gave up his spirit (R. V.). His life was finished, his death was finished, the redemption of the world was finished: he had done all—no more remains to be done. All our salvation, our sanctification, cleansing and victory over death, when our Lord shall come show out of his finished work. But he identified himself with us, "made sin" and "made a curse" for us (II. Cor. 5: 12; Gal. 3: 13), that we might identify ourselves with him. Paul the Apostle knew what this meant when he said, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, [illegible] (Gal. 2: 20). He could go yet farther and glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom he said the world is crucified to me and I unto the world (Gal. [illegible]).

"NOW THERE STOOD BY THE CROSS HIS MOTHER AND HIS MOTHER'S SISTER"

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

PAINFUL as it is to dwell on the pathetic scene of our Lord's death, it must not be passed over, lest we lose the view, that ought always to be present with us, of the unutterable love which voluntarily endured such suffering for the redemption of the world. We must remember that this was a Man of thirty-three years, in the prime of life, and with a body sensitive, as is always the case with men of high poetic temperament. All the elements were present for acute agony. And the fiendish delight in witnessing suffering was glutted by seeing the death agony of a crucified man. The cross was laid on the ground and the victim was stripped and stretched upon it. A soldier held one of the victim's hands extended while another drove a nail through the palm. The other hand was similarly fixed to the wood: then the feet were crossed and one nail driven through the insteps. Then the cross, with the victim so attached to it, was raised to an upright position and dropped with a jerk into a hole that had meanwhile been dug to receive it. The victim's feet were usually not more than two feet from the ground, so his executioners and the spectators could easily converse with him, while he hung suspended. Generally there was a slight projection on the cross, on which the victim partially sat, so that his weight [illegible] cruel death we can scarcely conceive. The nails in the hands and feet sent the blood coursing at fever rate through the body, and the hot sun, shining on the bare head, increased the misery. There could be no movement, save of the head, to re[illegible] posture, no cessation of the excruciating pain. And this continued in the case of Christ for six long hours, from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon. Yet physicians tell us that this was not the cause of Christ's death. Agonizing as were his physical sufferings, his mental anguish was worse. It was that which killed him. It literally broke his heart. The medical explanation of his death is that the heart was ruptured; and proof of the fact is furnished by the blood and water which flowed from the sac, in which the heart is enclosed, when the soldier pierced it. Crucifixion alone did not kill so speedily. The victim was often two days in dying, and in the case of the two thieves, it was necessary to add to their torture by breaking their legs, so that they might be dead before six o'clock. Jesus was overwhelmed by spiritual suffering. Isaiah tells us the reason: "The Lord laid upon him the iniquity of us all."

Pilate wrote a title. It is remarkable that the brief inscription was not accurately remembered. No two of the four Evangelists agree as to the exact words which were written on the board. This fact ought forever to silence those unwise teachers who contend for the absolute verbal inspiration of the Bible. It does not signify to us whether Pilate simply wrote, "The King of the Jews," as Mark says; or "This is the King of the Jews," as Luke says; or "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews," as Matthew says; or "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," as John says. The meaning is the same in all cases, and this, after all, is the essential matter. But the differences show that the idea of the Holy Spirit dictating to the writers the very words they were to write, cannot be true. Such inscriptions it was common to suspend on the crosses of evil-doers, so that passers-by might see and take warning. Pilate saw in the custom a way to vex the priests, who had forced him to do a thing he did not want to do. They protested, but he would not change it. Jesus, therefore, by official statement, died as a King. It is as a King that he would deal with us. A man who attended revival meetings in New York three years ago, went to his minister in a state of anxiety. How was it, he asked, that he could not get peace? He said that he had accepted Christ as his Saviour and was trusting wholly in him for salvation. "Have you accepted Christ as your King?" the minister asked. "Have you put away your sins, as he commanded, resolving as far as in you lies not to sin again?" The man answered: "Well, no, but I hope that I shall be forgiven." The minister said: "You never will: Christ does not forgive on those terms. You must accept him as your King, and abjure sin, otherwise you will get no peace."

Woman, behold thy son. It was characteristic of Christ that in that hour of anguish, his concern should be about some one else. He could not say much, for he was near death; but the fragmentary utterance was enough. John understood that his master was confiding a precious commission to him as a last legacy, and he took the broken hearted mother to his home. A few years ago, a humble servant of Christ, in Brooklyn, N. Y., heard of a widow, a devoted Christian, who in her old age was penniless and sick. He was very poor, himself, having a family to support on a very small income. But the condition of this widow preyed on his mind. What ought he to do? He went to one and another trying to get some richer man to take charge of her, but no one would do it. "Let her go to the poor-house," they said. Finally he took her into his own household. One of his well-to-do friends saw her there and blamed him for taking an additional burden on himself. "I was obliged to do it," he said. "I am sure that Christ loves her and I cannot bear that anyone whom he loves shall suffer want so long as I have a roof over my head." So like the Apostle John. "He took her unto his own home."

· An · Evangelist · Countess ·

The Wonderful Life-Story of Adeline Schimmelmann, Lady-of-Honor to the German Empress, who Left Royal Court, Hereditary Castle, Title and Influence to Work for the Master Among the Lowly

(See pictures on first page)

OUR readers, who have already been informed through these columns of the good work of that Christian noblewoman of Denmark, Countess Adeline Schimmelmann, will be interested in the following letter, giving a fuller history than has yet been published of this remarkable lady. The writer is Mr. George Williams, of De Kalb, Ill.

"There came recently to De Kalb, Ill., a person of whom you probably have heard through the work she does, the Countess Adeline Schimmelmann. Perhaps in the life of this noble woman, whom the Lord hath led in such wondrous ways, there are facts of general interest for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is certainly an exceptional thing to see a Countess doing mission work. What led her into this work? Not her birth, nor the way in which she was brought up and lived till her thirtieth year; although her rank, her education, her experiences in the world surely prepared her to become the fitting instrument which she now is in the hand of God.

"Adeline, Countess Schimmelmann, the daughter of Count Schimmelmann of Lindenborg, one of Denmark's greatest noblemen, was born at his castle, Ahrendsburg, near Hamburg, in Holstein; thus, by nationality a Dane. The Countess was brought up in Germany, her mother being German, and the family staying mostly on the estates near Hamburg. When only three years old, the young lady had been presented at court in Copenhagen, to the late Queen Charlotte Amalie. Shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, she was presented to the late German Empress, Augusta, who fell immediately in love with the handsome young lady. Charmed by the beauty, the sweet disposition, the fine manners, the natural tact and the simplicity of Countess Adeline, she wished to retain her at the court in Berlin, and made her a lady of honor in attendance upon herself. From that time the young Countess was one of the most fashionable court ladies ever seen in Europe's palaces; the late German Emperor, Frederick, introduced her once to other monarchs as 'the most charming young lady in Germany and several other kingdoms beside.' The longer Countess Adeline stayed at Berlin, the more Empress Augusta discovered what a precious jewel she possessed in this girl of seventeen, whose heart and mind were pure, sincere, simple, and full of good and kind qualities; and she treated the young lady like a daughter.

"As beauty of the court, honored and beloved, the Countess enjoyed society life and saw only the very best side of all that the world could give; everything that money, influence, honor, art and science could bestow, was hers. Dark and sad things, the world's poverty and misery, were carefully hidden from those kind, clear blue eyes, which bore witness that her young pure heart knew nothing of wrong and evil.

"Her parents were members of the Lutheran church, the State church of Denmark, in which the Countess was raised and to which she still belongs. From childhood she prayed, read the Scriptures, received the sacraments and was considered an excellent Christian. But she did not find full satisfaction in her faithful observance of these outward forms of Christianity. She felt that something was lacking. God revealed to her that she did not keep the first commandment, to love God with all the heart, but only with divided affections. She tried to so love God, but felt that she could not; then the Divine Voice came to her, saying that her salvation depended not upon how much she loved him, but how much he loved her, giving his only Son, Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. Peace and joy came then to her troubled soul and she rejoiced in the Lord.

"By this time, her father, whom she loved most on earth, and whose sunshine and joy she was, died; and all worldly pleasure lost its worth for Countess Adeline. To divert her thoughts from her own sorrows, the Empress proposed that the Countess should, as Imperial Representative, visit all the prisons in Berlin. It was then that the distinguished lady, who up to that time knew nothing of distress, got a glimpse of the sin, the toil and tears of this world. Her heart, by nature kind and sympathetic, and filled now with the love of Christ, went out to all deserted and neglected ones.

"A few months later, on the way to Denmark, the Countess was accidentally detained in a different place from the one she intended to reach, because of her trunks having gone a wrong way. It was a lonely island in the Baltic Sea where thousands of fishermen live by hard and perilous toil; going out for weeks in open boats to the fishing-grounds, getting no warm meals, having no home and making very little money. When they came ashore, nobody cared for them; their few pennies were soon gone for whisky; crimes were frequent among those rough people, who had no friend. Seeing their plight, Countess Schimmelmann determined to establish a free kitchen for these men, where they could get at every hour warm coffee or a good meal. Think of this—a lady who up to that time had cared only for fashions, dainty toilettes and society, now a lonely woman among thousands of rough seamen, cooking for them, providing for them with her own means. What made this immense change possible? Only the love of God that was in her heart. Think of the dauntless courage of it—a timid woman living among people with whom the police did not like to interfere. Soon the effect of her work became apparent; the men stopped drinking, swearing, and playing cards; they waxed gentle and quiet, feeling that this woman whom they called 'our mother,' had a loving heart for them. Naturally her impelling nature could not be hidden; she told them of the love of Christ; God's Spirit gave the right words to her lips, words which touched those cold hearts, so that many men were converted. For years she stayed with the fishermen, though it was unpleasing to her proud relations. Feeling her isolation, the Countess adopted little twin boys, a fisherman's sons, and educated them as her own children, proposing that they should assist in her work, which was growing from year to year. Later, she took a third, an older boy into her house, who soon became a great help. She bought a cutter, and sailed about among the fisher fleet, dispensing coffee and food, and telling them of the Gospel. She came in contact with sailors of all nations, to whom she, as the result of her excellent education, could speak in six different languages.

"The Lord enlarged her means so that in addition to this work among the Pomeranian fishermen, she was enabled to start a sailor's mission. Meetings were held, tracts and gospels distributed on board ships sailing under all flags and in all harbors, and the work was attended with great blessing.

"But persecution came to the Countess by her own brethren, who were angry with her because of her mission work. She was kidnapped and put into a lunatic asylum. But in all her hardships Christ upheld and made her more than victorious. He strengthened her, kept her mind free, her thoughts clear, her heart quiet, though she shed many bitter tears. Finally inquiries about the well known lady were instituted, and her whereabouts discovered. Five weeks of this unjust imprisonment had passed before she was liberated, but she had suffered for Jesus' sake and that is never without reward. Parliament interested itself in her case, the whole country was on her side, and she became one of the best known and most popular persons in Denmark. Her Gospel meetings were overflowing, and she spoke, 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' Her mission homes that had been destroyed by her persecutors were rebuilt; the cutter started again; her adopted sons were restored to her; her fortune was partly regained, and her name was honored as that of a brave, true, and pious lady.

"The Lord enabled her to keep her promise, given when she was kidnapped, to do three times more mission work—more than ever if she should be delivered from imprisonment. She secured of Prince Waldemar, of Denmark, a racing boat—the schooner yacht *Trimmelom*, changed the ship's name to *Duen*, and hoisted on the main top her light-blue flag bearing a white dove, and with the prayer that God's Spirit might in some way touch everybody who came on board, set sail on her work for sailors of all climes. This private yacht, now the movable home for the Countess and her sons, sailed under command of an excellent captain and manned by a well-trained crew, from port to port. The lady's health being broken by the tortures she had undergone, it seemed almost impossible for her to continue her active work of holding meetings; yet God gave her strength day by day, and Countess Schimmelmann preached the Gospel not only to sailors and fishermen, but also to large crowds of workingmen on land.

THE LATE ROSWELL P. FLOWER

"People of all classes came to her meetings, whether held in Denmark, Germany, England or Italy, and Countess Adeline Schimmelmann's International Mission became a reality, growing from year to year in extent and in its power to carry a blessing to thousands of human souls.

"So the Countess came last year, following what she felt to be a call from God, to this country, her *Duen* sailing across the Atlantic with her eldest son and eight helpers on board, while she crossed in a White Star liner to New York, and met the yacht at Montreal. From Montreal the little craft sailed up the St. Lawrence, anchoring first on United States ground in lovely Alexandria Bay, where the distinguished guest was received with American hospitality. Entering our lakes, the *Duen* visited all larger places on the shores, as Rochester, Buffalo and Detroit. It was in Detroit that on one dark night the Countess going ashore for a meeting, fell into the river. She did not utter a single cry; her faith in God sustained her and enabled her to retain her presence of mind; as she was sinking the third time, her son and one of her sailors succeeded in rescuing her. She was saved, she felt, to go on to her work in Chicago.

"Finally the boat brought its noble mistress to the Western metropolis, 6,000 miles away from her home-country. For the winter the *Duen* was transformed from ocean flyer into free kitchen, where during the four months from December to March over 50,000 homeless men, desolate and without work, found food and shelter for Jesus' sake. The Countess has held hundreds of meetings, bringing the Gospel of Jesus Christ to thousands of people; speaking in their own languages to Americans, Germans, Skandinavians; inviting members of all churches and denominations; bringing many souls to Christ and awakening many that had become lukewarm. Thousands will stand up in the Judgment Day and bless this woman who rescued them from death and told them of Christ's love.

Ex-Governor Flower's Death

THE announcement of the sudden death of ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower, was received with widespread interest and regret. On the morning of May 12th, he had left his business cares behind him and gone to Eastport, L. I., for a day's fishing. He was apparently in robust health. That night, at 10.30, he was dead, having succumbed to an attack of indigestion and heart failure.

It was by indefatigable energy and industry, directed by a clear and strong intellect, that Mr. Flower reached his position of power and influence. He began life as a farmer boy in Jefferson Co., N. Y. In the summer months he made the money which paid his expenses during the winter terms, graduated at sixteen, became a teacher, a worker in a brickyard, a railroad magnate, a Congressman, and finally Governor of his State. As Governor, he gave an honest and effective administration. On leaving office, he gave his undivided energy to the development of the vast enterprises commanded by him.

In business and public life, his honesty was unquestioned, and he was a great patron of industry. That feature of his character in which readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be most interested is his career as a public benefactor. At Theresa, his birthplace in Jefferson County, stands a beautiful Presbyterian Church, built by him in honor of his parents. St. Thomas' Home and Chapel in 59th St., and the Flower Hospital at 63d St. and Ave. A, New York City, are monuments to his generosity. The St. Thomas institution was a memorial to his son. Outwardly brusque, Mr. Flower was at heart tender as a woman. During his first year as Governor he pardoned 95 convicts: the second, 110. He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but his benefactions, public and private, were undenominational. On Saturday, May 13, many poor men and women who had been helped by him mingled with the carriages of wealthy friends which rolled up to the door of his home where he lay in his last rest. Mr. Flower was in his sixty-fourth year.

How to Kill Jealousy

There were two business men—merchants—and there was great rivalry between them. One was converted. He went to his minister and said:

"I am still jealous of that man, and I do not know how to overcome it."

"Well," he said, "if a man comes into your store to buy goods, and you cannot supply him, just send him over to your neighbor."

He said he wouldn't like to do that.

"Well," the minister said, "you do it, and you will kill jealousy."

He said he would, and when a customer came into his store for goods which he did not have, he would tell him to go across the street to his neighbor's. By and by the other began to send his customers over to this man's store, and the breach was healed.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.
B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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The Christian Herald ... the return of unsolicited manuscripts forwarded to it with a view to publication.

Letters ...

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Our Cuban Relief Work

WE extend to our readers, and to all who have had a share in the Christ-like movement for the relief of the starving Cuban reconcentrados, congratulations upon the finished work, as it is presented in the statement printed in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Begun at a time when the conditions in Cuba were almost hopeless, when hunger was claiming its thousands of victims and Spanish oppression and cruelty were threatening a subject people with extermination, the gifts of food from Christian America came to the sufferers with multiplied blessing. By the timely aid furnished through the generosity of the readers of this journal, the worst ravages of the famine were stayed, and thousands now live to bless the hands of succor that were then reached out to save them from perishing. The work so nobly done for stricken Cuba adds another laurel to the trophies won in the campaigns for humanity in many lands besides our own, by our splendid phalanx of consecrated Christian men and women. To the roll, which already includes Russia, Armenia, India, the Western Famine, and the New York Relief movement of 1894, there must now be added Cuba—the latest and in many respects the grandest of their many charities.

It is also a matter of congratulation that, in the conduct of this Fund (as the appended statement shows), the total administrative expenses should have been only **one and one-quarter** per cent. of the entire contributions. This economical record has hardly a parallel. The advertising done at an expense of $1,700 produced returns aggregating upward of $12,000, while the circularizing—which reached nearly half a million homes at a cost of $8,000—produced $25,000 to the Fund, thus bringing the work $3 for every dollar invested, and yielding a net profit from this investment of over $17,000, a most substantial addition, where every dollar meant the possibility of saving a life.

Nor should the efforts of the Kings' ... be forgotten. ... grant of sanitarium ... of Christian ... made many thousands of dollars' worth of garments for the refugees, at an expense of $... which included rent, ... wages, materials, machines, and other incidentals, their own labor being given gratuitously. ... co-operation was well worth thrice the investment.

And so it was, through every branch of the Funds' work—every dollar being put to best advantage. Of the relief afforded to the "Silent Sufferers," the life-saving work at the Lee Orphanage (which is still receiving Fund support), and of the benefits conferred by the Fund in other directions, it is not necessary now to speak, as these are already well-known to all our readers.

Our Cuban Relief Fund.

Contributions .	$141,105.95
Disbursements, . . .	140,587.96
Balance on hand, . . .	$517.99

DISBURSEMENTS IN DETAIL.

	Central Cuban Relief Committee ...		
	Central Cuban Relief Committee ...		
			$100,775.22
Feb. 21.	**Red Cross Society,** for traveling expenses of Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Lesser to Cuba and return ...	250 00	
Mar. 2.	**Red Cross Society** ... respondent and bookkeeper, from New Orleans to Havana ...	100 00	
Apr. 5.	**Red Cross Society,** various remittances ...	93 77	
Mar. 11.	**Red Cross Society,** traveling expenses, etc., for four trained ...		
			545.77

RELIEF OPERATIONS, FREIGHT CHARGES, ETC.

	Gen. Fitzhugh Lee ...		
	" " " ...		
April 7.	" " " ...		
	... Superintendent of cargo ...		
April.	Cablegrams, telegrams, etc., in connect ...		
Mar. 31.	Zaldo & Co., Cuba, for sundry expense in connection with relief ...		
April.	Cartage, expressage and sundry expense ...		
			7,591.90

LEE ORPHANAGE FOR RECONCENTRADO ORPHANS

July 14.	Cabled to Dr. Sotolongo ...	500 00	
Aug. 1.	" " ...	500 00	
Aug. 16.	" " ...	500 00	
Aug. 20.	" " ...	500 00	
Aug. 23.	" " ...	500 00	
	...		
	2. Remitted to " ...		
	21. Remitted through Dr. Rodolfo Guzman ...		
	...	500 00	
	...		
	...	500 00	
	1897. Remitted through Gen. Fitzhugh Lee ...		
April 6.			
			6,800 00

CLOTHING FOR RECONCENTRADOS

	... to King's Daughters, for material, operating expenses, rent ...		
	... etc., at Clinton Hall, New York, for the manufacture of cloth ...		
April 1	... ing for Reconcentrado men, women and children ...	2,489 31	
			2,489 31

For Drugs, Medicines, Etc., Sent to Cuba, as Follows:

	... or absorbent cotton, bandages, etc ...		
	... for quinine pills, calomel, etc. ...		
	...		
	...		
	...	55 00	
Jun. 24.	Mr. Chambers, for messenger services ...		
			1,052 81

SUPPLIES FOR LEE ORPHANAGE, HAVANA.

Mar. 4.	John Wanamaker, sheets, towels, tables, chairs ...	500 00	
Dec. 21.	John Wanamaker, Christmas toys and freight charges ...	60 00	
			560 00

CONSULAR RELIEF OPERATIONS

Mar. 22.	Central Executive Committee, Cuba, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, Chairman.	1,000 00	
Mar. 26.	" " " " "	1,000 00	
Mar. 30.	" " " " "	500 00	
Mar. 14.	U. S. Consul W. B. Barker, Sagua La Grande, Relief Work in Sagua	1,000 00	
Mar. 14.	" " " " "	1,000 00	
Mar. 14.	U. S. Consul Brice, Matanzas, for Relief Work in Matanzas ...	1,000 00	
Mar. 22.	Silent Sufferers Relief Committee, Fitzhugh Lee, Chairman; E. R. Johnstone, Treasurer; C. M. Pepper, Secretary ...	1,688 54	
Mar. 24.	U. S. Consul W. A. Stakeman, Manzanillo, for Relief Work ...	500 00	
Mar. 24.	U. S. Consul Dr. P. E. Hyatt, Santiago, for Relief Work ...	500 00	
Mar. 24.	U. S. Consul or Agent F. Iznaga, Trinidad, for Relief Work ...	500 00	
Mar.	Sundry cash payments to indigent Cubans ...	57 49	
			8,746 03

ADVERTISING AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

All discounts and commissions donated.

	...		
	...		
an. 19.	N. W. Christian Advocate .... " " " ...		
an. 19.	West Christian Advocate .... " " " ...		
an. 15.	Central Christian Advocate ... " " " ...		
an. 27.	Christian Endeavor World .... " " " ...		
	...		
Feb. 3.	Interior ... " " " ...		
Feb. 3.	Advance ... " " " ...		
Jan. 30.	Churchman ... " " " ...		
Jan. 13.	Sunday School Times ... " " " ...		
	Total expenses for advertising.		1,720.79
	Contributions resulting from advertising	12,845 45	
	Net gain from advertising	11,124 66	

CIRCULARIZING

Mar. 20.	Jessup & Moore Paper Co., paper for 414,000 Pamphlets, Special Appeals, Circulars and Acknowledgments ...	$2,709 48	
Mar. 20.	H. Lindenmeyer & Sons, paper ...	105 00	
Mar. 20.	...	17 ...	
Mar. 20.	E. J. Merriam, paper ...	87 20	
	For Composition, Electrotyping and Printing, etc., 414,000 Pamphlets and Special Appeals, Letter Circulars, Envelopes and ...	2,085 33	
Apr. 20.	...	227 ...	
Apr. 20.	Berlin & Jones Envelope Co., Envelopes for Circulars ...	301 05	
	Postage on 414,000 Pamphlets and Special Appeals and Acknowledgments ...	2,732 00	
	Total expense for circularizing.		8,265.52
	Contributions resulting from circularizing ...	25,405.92	
	Net gain from circularizing ...	17,140.40	

ADMINISTRATION EXPENSES

Office stationery, etc ...	481 54	
Postage on letters ...	198 46	
Wages of envelope addressers, entry clerks and office assistants ...	1,290 61	
Accountant's expenses ...	70 00	2,040.61
Grand Total of Disbursements,		$140,587.96

BRIEF NOTES

... reported as having taken place last week in the ...

... minister of the United Brethren (Moravian) ... age of seventy-three. He was widely known in the denomination.

... has eight candidates fully approved for missionary work. They are thoroughly well equipped for service, and are all anxious to begin work. Some fields are urgently asking for such help. The ... the eight missionaries could be sent immediately.

... Temperance Union in many of the States are celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversaries. The next National Convention to be held at Seattle, Washington, will be October 20-25, the commemoration ... Special notice will be given to this feature of the meeting.

The Southern Baptist Convention at Louisville, Ky., has accepted the resignation of Prof. ... Seminary, who filled the chair of Church History and was President of the Seminary. Dr. Whitsitt is one of the most learned and able men in the Baptist church, and it will be extremely difficult to find any one capable of filling the offices he has resigned, so successfully as he has done.

We are glad to learn that a lady, after reading an article in this journal on the work of the Misses Talmage at Amoy, China, made the institution of which they have charge a legatee in her ... of one dependant. At his death the amount of about $1,500 will be paid over to the Misses Talmage to aid them in their missionary work. The will states that the legacy is left because of the account published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Salvation Army has filed its certificate of incorporation with the Secretary of State at Albany, N. Y. The property of the Army, according to this statement, is: Real estate, $450,000; value of leasehold, $22,500; value of farm colonies, $... personal property, $163,500; total, $745,250. The ... Frederick ... Booth-Tucker, Commander; Edward John Higgins, secretary; William Conrad Hicks, treasurer; Alice ... Holmes Ferris, legal secretary.

The Chautauqua Assembly announces for 1899 a series of courses by prominent ministers, who will deal with problems of theology, ethics, and the ... George Adam Smith, of Glasgow; Amory H. Bradford, Montclair, N. J.; Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, New York; Dean George Hodges, of the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary; Chancellor O. C. S. Wallace, of McMasters University, Toronto, Can.; G. L. Robinson, of McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago; Prof. Francis G. Peabody, of Harvard; and Dr. W. P. Thirkield, of Gammon ... Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

Sworn to before me
this 16th day of May,
A. D., 1899.

WM. C. VERMILYEA
NOTARY PUBLIC
NEW YORK

Wm. J. Guinness
Notary Public

Public Accountant's Certification.

This is to certify that I have carefully examined every item of expense in connection with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Cuban Relief Fund, and have diligently compared every stub, receipt, voucher and check, and find the same correct and in accord with the above statement in every particular.

Lorin Houston
Public Accountant.
31 Nassau Street, New York.

Cromwell's Tercentenary

NOTABLE, especially to us in this country, is the celebration which has just taken place in England of the three hundredth anniversary of Oliver Cromwell's birth. There was a time when Cromwell meditated coming here, to join his Puritan brethren who came over in the *Mayflower*. How different would the history of his country have been had he been one of that noble band! It would have been an easier life for him, in spite of all its hardships, but what would have been the fate of his own land? The oppression and injustice which drove the *Mayflower* pilgrims across the Atlantic, where with his mother, wife and children, he lived a peaceful, devout life, until the miseries of the time called him to the front and required his presence in London. It is gratifying that at last, after three centuries, the people whose present liberty is largely the result of Cromwell's valor and wise statesmanship, have recognized his greatness and have shown their appreciation of him.

The memory of the just is blessed but the name of the wicked shall rot (Prov. 10: 7).

Marking the Danger Spots

One of the most useful bureaus of our government is the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department. No country in the world has so elaborate and extensive system of work as that which exists in this office. It issues a weekly bulletin notifying mariners of derelict ships and other dangers to navigation, and every month a pilot chart of the Atlantic and another of the Pacific oceans. The master of a vessel weighing anchor, from San Francisco to Yokohama, can, by reference to the Hydrographic Office's chart of the Pacific, so shape his course as to keep out of the way of an abandoned ship which the chart informs him had been reported on a certain date in a certain position, moving in a certain direction with a certain current. If the skipper does not deem it necessary to alter his course to avoid such an obstruction, he at least doubles the lookout to keep a sharp watch for it when his ship approaches the latitude and longitude indicated on the chart. The chart for the Atlantic Ocean has been issued every month for the past fifteen years, while that for the Pacific has only been published during the past four years. The charted positions of derelicts and icebergs as given on these maps of the sea have so often been verified by the commanders of ships that the skippers of all nations have come to regard the charts as almost infallible. The captains know the value of such information, and carefully examine the charts during their voyage. They do not neglect them as people too often neglect their Bibles, which are similar charts of the voyage of life. Many a spiritual wreck might be avoided if the voyager consulted more frequently the Book which warns him of his danger.

Holding faith and a good conscience; which some having thrust from them made shipwreck concerning the faith (I. Timothy 1: 19, R. V.).

Gives His Body

A citizen of Maryland has formally bequeathed his body to Johns Hopkins Hospital. He is suffering from a lingering disease which must eventually prove fatal. Some time ago he left his farm and went to the hospital for treatment. The doctors there did their utmost for him, but after having him under treatment for eight weeks, finally confessed that it was impossible to effect a cure. They were able, however, to give him so much temporary relief under his suffering that he was grateful, and he volunteered to give them his body for dissection after his death. The offer was accepted, and the man has added a clause to his will to give effect to his promise. To friends who were surprised that he should make such a disposition of his body, he said he was utterly indifferent as to what became of it, and the doctors were welcome to it if it would be of any use to them. We may hope that he does not feel in that way about his soul. The body he can afford to treat with indifference, and all the more so if he has the hope which sustained the Apostle, who like him had to bear suffering and weariness of the flesh.

For we that are in this tabernacle, do groan being burdened; not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon that mortality might be swallowed up of life (II. Cor. 5: 4).

An Eccentric Will

A press dispatch from Hanover, Mass., describes a strange funeral which recently took place there. The deceased was Edward Y. Perry, who is reputed to have been a millionaire. He left elaborate directions to ensure his funeral being exactly according to his own ideas, and they were implicitly followed. At one stage of the proceedings his will was to be read. It left a plot of land in the city to be divided into ten lots, and directed that a lot be given to the first ten worthy persons who came along and were prepared to build on the land. The testator ordered that the remainder of the estate should be converted into a trust fund, the income from which was to be spent on the poor of the city. Food, fuel and medical attention are to be provided for all worthy persons who are residents of Hanover; and young men of that city of no means who want to go to college are to be aided. The trustees are likely to have plenty of applicants for participation in the fund. It will not be necessary to send out men to urge them to accept it, as it is to urge them to secure that inheritance which God offers to those who come to him by Christ:

To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them who are sanctified (Acts 26: 18).

Heroism at Manila

A report recently received by the Government from Major-General Otis describes a remarkable act of heroism performed by Sergeant Leon H. Chick of the artillery during the fire at Manila. The Filipinos, it will be remembered, set the city on fire in several places before they evacuated it, and there was at one time reason to fear that the whole city would be burned. Captain A. T. Wood determined to check the fire in one direction by destroying some houses so as to prevent it spreading from one quarter to another. Shells, to which fuses were attached, were placed in these houses, and were fired by electricity. One of the shells, however, failed to explode, owing to a defect in the fuse. Sergeant Chick, however, entered the building with a new fuse which he put in the shell, and quickly made his escape. He was barely outside when the shell exploded, the building fell in ruins and the progress of the fire was stayed. It was a heroic thing to do, for it was possible that the shell might explode while the sergeant was in the building. As General Otis says, the man literally took his life in his hand in the performance of the duty. Everyone admires so gallant a deed, and is glad the doer escaped. It is strange that people who are thrilled by such a recital will often listen unmoved to an infinitely more pathetic story in which they have personal concern. When the whole world was threatened with destruction Christ interposed to save it, although he knew that in order to do so he must give himself to death on the cross.

He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross (Phil. 2: 8).

THE TERCENTENARY OF OLIVER CROMWELL'S BIRTH

1 Oliver Cromwell—2. The Old Grammar School at Huntingdon—3. Cromwell's House at Ely—4. Hinchinbrook House

. . . . A Day Among the Auto-mobiles . . . .

Horseless Carriages Superseding Present Methods of Locomotion---Different Styles of the New Vehicles

A DRY-GOODS PACKAGE WAGON

AN ELECTRIC DELIVERY WAGON

A LIGHT MOTOR CARRIAGE

THE "horseless" age seems to have begun, and the old prediction credited to Mother Shipton many generations ago, that "carriages without horses shall go," is in a fair way of fulfilment, if one may judge by the rapidly growing popularity of the auto-mobile, which can now be seen—though yet in comparatively small numbers—in every large American city. It is well-known and widely patronized in all the important cities of Europe, and at the annual electrical exhibition now being held in New York, the various styles of motor-carriages are a centre of interest. Although much too expensive for general use, it is reasonably certain that this new product of our later civilization will soon go far toward revolutionizing present transportation methods.

Our photographer has succeeded in presenting, on these pages, pictures of a number of the new carriages, showing the styles that are now being produced in American manufactories, and which are gradually becoming popular. Those shown in the photographs are equipped with electricity as a motive power, and are known as motor-carriages, motor-vehicles and auto-mobiles.

Experiments have been made with gasoline or naphtha engines, but have not proved so satisfactory as electricity. In almost every town and village throughout the country, it is now possible to have the storage batteries recharged with a supply of electricity sufficient to drive an electric carriage an average day's journey, and it is estimated that the cost of such locomotion is about one cent a mile, and even smaller, where the owner of the carriage has his own electric plant. From thirty to seventy-five miles a day may be made with an auto-mobile, when the batteries are properly charged.

The electric equipment of a motor carriage is very simple and easily managed. In the lighter vehicles, a single two-horse power motor is used, and in double-seated vehicles, two motors of the same capacity are required. These are connected with storage batteries which are supplied with each carriage. The motors, which are completely enclosed in order to be dust-proof and water-proof, are of the same type as those used on trolley cars, though lighter and better finished. The power is transmitted to the wheels by a simple and effective arrangement. The speed can be readily regulated; the carriage can be run at three, six or twelve miles per hour, according to requirements, and either backward or forward. Many are in use in New York at the present time, and move in and out on the busiest thoroughfares, threading their way slowly and accurately among the maze of vehicles on Broadway, or moving swiftly and noiselessly along the up-town avenues, or the Hudson River drives. These motor-carriages—some of them cabs, surreys, phaetons, landaus and heavy delivery-wagons—move with entire confidence in the most crowded parts of Nassau, Wall and John streets, and with much greater facility than the ordinary carriage drawn by horses could possibly do.

A SIX-MILES-AN-HOUR CAB

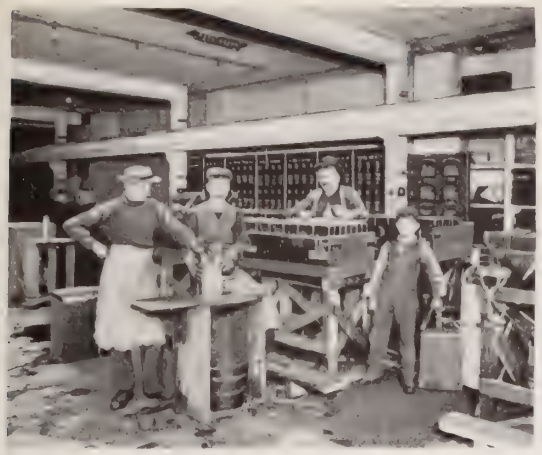
OUT FOR A RIDE ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE

ONE OF THE LATEST PLEASURE VEHICLES

A [illegible]

AN ARTISTIC DELIVERY WAGON

A PLEASURE PHAETON



MAKING STORAGE BATTERIES

AN ELECTRIC CAB READY TO START

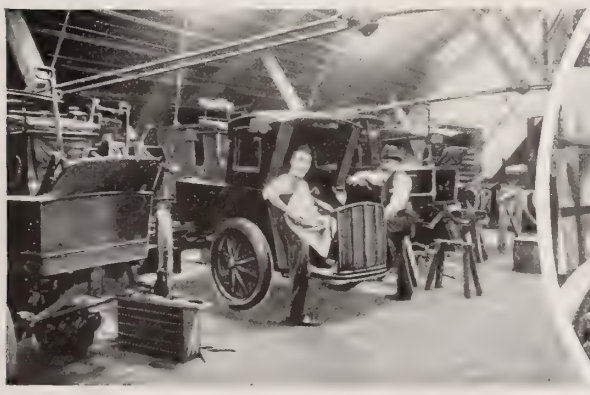
TIRES AND WHEELS

The operator in most of the carriages sits slightly to the left, where he can have control of the compact machine, and where he can start, slow down, go full speed, or stop at will. There is less chance of accident by collision or otherwise with an automobile, than with an ordinary carriage. The brake or the reverse lever can be applied instantly, and the whole machine can turn on much less ground than the ordinary vehicle. The movements of motor-carriages are under control at all times. If desired, they can be "geared" so as to run up a fairly steep grade; but the ordinary motor-carriage is "geared" for comparatively level running, though it will easily take any ordinary rise to be found in the streets of a town or village. The motor-carriages are supplied with electric bells loud enough to be heard above the din of public traffic. The consumption of electricity is recorded in a small meter, in sight of the operator, who can tell at a glance the state of his battery, and whether he has enough electricity left to go any distance. This is very important, as otherwise one might make the unpleasant discovery, while miles away from a source of supply, that his batteries were almost exhausted. Reasonable care can always avoid such a contingency.

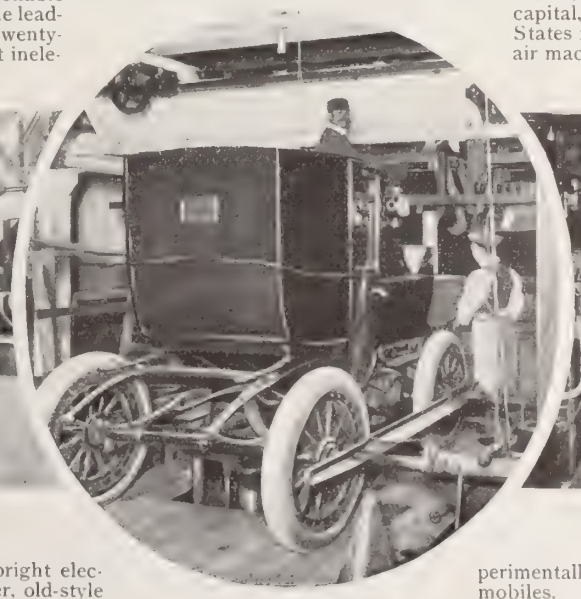
An interesting and desirable attachment in some of the carriages is the "running plug," a small key which, when removed, cuts off the current, stops the vehicle, and makes it impossible for it to be used by anyone except the operator himself. As inquisitive people might be likely to tamper with such a machine out of idle curiosity, in a moment when it is unguarded, the "running plug" prevents the possibility of their starting up the machine.

Soon horseless carriages will cease to be a novelty. Their numbers are increasing in our cities, and their utility and comfort are everywhere recognized. Many of the large dry goods stores in New York are now using them for delivery, and find them cheaper, safer and better than the old system, and capable of carrying heavier loads. One sees the more fashionable style of motor-carriages waiting for "fares" in front of the leading hotels, and at the coach stands on Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets. The contrast between the heavy, but not inelegant motor-carriages, with its rubber-tired wheels, its bright electric lights, and its substantial fittings, and the lighter, old-style vehicle, is a striking one. Electricity has already proved the greatest rival the horse has ever known. In substituting electricity for horse-power on the street cars of New York and other cities, hundreds of thousands of equines have been literally thrown out of commission. In the case of a single metropolitan surface road in New York, nearly 3,000 horses were formerly used, the feed for which came from the near-by farms on Long Island and in New Jersey. Hundreds of "green horses" were bought every season by this street car company, and the stables required the services of a large force of laboring men. Now, the farmers are compelled to seek another market for their oats, hay and straw; the price of horses of the class used in car service has dropped to a point where profit ceases, and the hundreds of employees have to seek some other occupation. This experience of a single car line has been repeated wherever electricity has supplanted the horse. Indications point to a similar revolution in many other lines of business where horses are now employed. Prices for auto-mobiles now range all the way from $750 for a modest road wagon to $1,950 for a surrey and $3,000 for a hansom, but competition will doubtless soon put these vehicles within the reach of a large majority of those who now keep horses for purposes of pleasure or business or both. There are some lines of business in which "man's faithful friend," the horse, will still remain a necessary factor for many years to come; but it seems inevitable that his usefulness will be somewhat limited. The advance guard of what has been designated as "the auto-mobile invasion," is represented by nearly a dozen companies which have been organized for their manufacture—three of them being in New York City—and with American mechanical skill pitted against European ingenuity, it will be strange indeed if lighter, cheaper and better machines are not soon produced here than any that have been put on the market thus far. Nearly a hundred auto-mobiles are now in regular operation in the metropolis, over thirty of them being for private use. Auto-truck companies, with large capital, have been organized in Eastern, Middle, and Western States for the purpose of manufacturing electric or compressed air machines, of which a number have already been made experimentally. They are much heavier than the passenger auto-mobiles. Their great carrying capacity and facility in handling will soon bring them into very general use.

INFLATING TIRES OF MOTOR-CARRIAGES BY PNEUMATIC PRESSURE



IN THE MOTOR-CARRIAGE REPAIR SHOP



LOADING AUTO-MOBILES

CHARGING THE STORAGE BATTERIES

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

African Home Life

Domestic Occupations in the Kraal—Mission Schools—Laundry Work

THE fact that the great Zulu chief, Umquawe, requested Dr. and Mrs. Thompson, missionaries of the American Board, who have labored for years in Africa and are now on a visit to America, to bring the wife of his heir to this country to be educated, is significant of better things for the women of Zululand than they have known hitherto. This girl's husband and his brother are already here, receiving an education which embraces industrial arts.

Cecil Rhodes is planning, it is said, extensive railroad systems for Africa, and Africa is beginning to show eagerness for improvement; that is, in places here and there where God's devoted missionaries have opened the hearts of the people and prepared the way for civilization. Umquawe, who is sending his children over here, is a frequent visitor at the Inanda missions, whither he goes on state occasions clad in civilized costume, which he does not wear in his kraal. One of the first effects of mission work upon the wild people of the veldt is to stimulate them to intelligent industrial effort and to cause them to clothe themselves in neat and modest apparel. The washerwomen in our illustration belong to one of the mission schools of Inanda. There is a laundry in connection with the school, and the women are there trained to do the work in the American or European way; but often they take the clothes to the falls in the river near by, and wash them out on the stones in the old method to which they are accustomed, and which answers well enough when nature provides such ideal laundry arrangements as this river affords.

A BUSY GROUP OF NATIVE WASHERWOMEN, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA

The life of the Zulu woman is very hard. The man looks after the cattle, it is true, but all the rest of the home and farm work devolves upon her. She is up early, digging or plowing in the fields; she cuts the wood, brings the water (often from a distant river), builds the fires, cooks and serves the food, never sitting down at meat with her husband and sons; helps to make pots and mould brick, and also to weave baskets, in which last labor the man sometimes shares. Her thatched hut has no outlet for smoke, and is very dark and uncomfortable; as a rule, she sweeps it out quite faithfully twice a day; the first time, which is in the morning, she rolls up the sleeping-mats and hangs up the blankets, and tidies otherwise in such ways as she knows. She also sweeps the plot around her hut. Every kraal contains a number of huts, and every morning many women will be seen performing these duties. The Zulu hut resembles a great wicker-basket inverted and thatched with grasses. The only opening is a door so small that one must crawl through it.

The industrial schools, which missionaries are establishing wherever and whenever possible, will do much to lighten the burden of the African woman. She is not only taught to do her work in the best and easiest manner, but her husband and her sons learn how to replace smoky huts with neat homes provided with chimneys; men learn, too, that polygamy is wrong, and that it is not honorable to make women bear burdens which they should carry, and perform labor which is more properly theirs.

♦

Saving Her Pet

A touching incident occurred in connection with a recent fire at 342 Quincy street, Brooklyn. A little girl saved her cat's life at the peril of her own. In telling the story, she says:

"I never thought about getting burned at all [illegible] with doors and windows closed. Yesterday when we heard the people upstairs calling 'Fire!' mamma and I ran into the hall, saw the fire up above. We picked up some clothes and a policeman smashed the front door in and told us that every one was out of the house, and that if we did not hurry up we would be burned to death. Half the ceiling fell in, and out we went. Soon as I reached the street I remembered Babe, and, dropping the clothes, ran back. The policeman shouted and tried to catch me, but in I went and got wet through. I got to the kitchen at last. Babe was all burned and singed, but she ran to me. I picked her up and out we went.

If this child could risk her life for her pet, how much should we not be ready to risk in saving our friends from spiritual peril?

♦

Flo's Class

Flo was the comfort of her teacher's life. It was not that her lessons were always perfect. Sometimes they were not when she had been giving so much of her energy and her play-time to gathering recruits, finding out why certain members had failed to appear, visiting sick classmates, and similar work, that her beloved lesson had of necessity suffered some neglect. The little thing was full of loving interest in all the children she came in contact with, and of active sympathy with her overburdened teacher, who taught during week-days at the public schools as well as at the mission Sunday. Where the class room to be the teacher class of that school and the pride of the Superintendent's heart, the teacher used to say, in response to all compliments: "I could never have kept this class together or built it up but for Flo. It's Flo's class."

♦

Praising Children

Unstinted praise should never be bestowed upon the child; but praise of the action performed, of the effort put forth, is most helpful, says E. C. Caryl, in *The Normal Instructor*. I have seen children under the influence of injudicious praise as proud as little peacocks. "You are a smart boy, John," and "Mary is the brightest girl in school" flatters John and Mary at the expense of other scholars, who, though not so bright as either, may be more truly deserving, as having put forth more effort. "How you must have worked to get that lesson, Mary!" says the judicious teacher; or, "I am so glad you thought out that difficult problem, John," or, "The work on your slate is good; try for perfect work to-morrow." In the latter case, thought is centred not on the child, but on the effort put forth. This path being open to all, can not engender pride in one and jealousy in another. It stimulates endeavor.

♦

School Girls for the Birds

Hundreds of girls attending the public schools of New Brunswick, N. J., have passed resolutions that they will wear no more birds or bird's feathers on their hats. Mme. Lehmann, the great concert singer, and a member of the New York Philharmonic Society, who has taken such an active interest in the protection of birds, wrote a letter to Mrs. Jordan, musical instructor of the public schools, promising the girls to come and sing for them in November if they would help in the crusade against bird-killing. As Mme. Lehmann usually receives fabulous sums for singing, the girls are appreciative of the lady's attention, and New Brunswick is congratulating itself over the treat in store for their town when the famous singer will entertain them. New Brunswick women are taking up the crusade begun by the children; and even the City Improvement Society, an august body of grown folks, are following in the chidren's wake, and endorsing the movement.

My Grandpa and the Crickets

[illegible]

H. R. [illegible]

♦

The Religious Life of Our President

"My [illegible] a great woman and a good woman," Mr. McKinley once said to Dr. Manchester, his pastor in Canton. "William will come out all right if he trusts in the Lord," the mother said in her turn. Mr. McKinley was converted when a youth; soon after he went to Canton, he was elected superintendent of the Sunday School of his church; and is to-day one of the church trustees. The President and his Canton pastor are intimate friends and keep up a close correspondence. Dr. Manchester speaks with pleasure of an incident in the Presidential campaign of 1896, when Mr. McKinley refused to receive on Sunday a delegation of young men from Detroit. The minister says:

He told them he was going to church and advised them to do [illegible] groups after that.

An intimate friend of Mr. McKinley is quoted by Dr. Manchester as follows:

[illegible] man. I have been with him many times, and during all of his campaigns. We have frequently attended political meetings and campaigns, and have often returned at a late hour, but I have never known him to go to his bed until he had read from his Bible and had knelt in prayer.

A good Christian and a good son makes a good husband. Our President's devotion to his wife is well known, and America has reason to be grateful to God that the home-life of our chief magistrate is a model one. The home life of rulers has not always been such. Foreign kingdoms have fallen from high estates because of corruption of the home. It is a comfort to think that the progress of Christianity has so modeled public sentiment that more is required of rulers than of ordinary men and women, and that rulers feel that their obligation to live up to exalted standards is greater than that of ordinary people—that they must be examples to their people. The court where Henry VIII. ruled, is presided over by one of the purest and most pious women of the age; and the young Russian Czar, where Catherine II. lived, is a home of love, peace and purity.

♦

"A Paris Doll"

That is what people called a certain little girl whose loving mamma dressed her so daintily that she always looked as "if she had stepped out of a band box." The little maid was very quiet and gentle in her ways, and very fragile in appearance. Her pallor troubled her mother; and one day when the child's drooping took on the form of actual illness, the poor lady was almost distracted. "And I'm so careful of her," she said to an elderly friend. The old lady replied: "Perhaps you are too careful, dear. When she gets a little better, put her into plain, strong gowns and turn her out to play in the sand and the grass. Let God and nature help her. Sometimes we are so careful of our treasures that we do not give God a chance to do anything for them."

One : : : Dark Night

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

.. Or ..

The Crisis in Martha Yorke's Married Life

THE day had been lowering, and toward evening it grew bitterly cold, and rain fell with gusts which blew in one's face, and dashed under one's umbrella, and made the pedestian long for the warmth and cheer of the fireside. As Mr. Yorke hurried along and approached his own door, he felt in his pocket for his latch-key, and turned it, ejaculating under his breath, "Thank God!" It was a night to make a man grateful for a shelter from the storm, and Abel Yorke as he took off his top-coat and shook it, and set the drenched and ice-streaked umbrella in the rack, thought how pleasant it was to be in the house, and how delightful the easy chair would be, the fire in the library, and the children climbing over him and begging for a story. Little Willie had been not quite well in the morning. Perhaps he was worse, and that was why there was no rush of little feet to welcome papa home, no cheery greeting from a smiling wife, no babel of merry voices.

"Martha!" he called from the foot of the stairs. "Martha, where are you all?"

No Martha answered, but a grave-looking elderly maid came lumbering slowly up from the kitchen.

"Mrs. Yorke told me to say, sir, that dinner was ready as usual, but she would not be in and you were not to wait. She and the children have been called out of town. There's a note for you in the library."

In ten years of a tranquil married life, Mr. Yorke had had no such surprise as this. He felt amazed, resentful, confused, but he did not stop to analyze his emotions. Martha and the children and little sick Willie gone—out of town—without apprising him at the office, without consulting him! There could be no excuse, for there staring him in the face was the telephone communicating with the office for Martha's especial convenience. He had not left the office all day, and she had not rung him up.

The human mind acts very swiftly on occasion. Mr. Yorke flew upstairs with a bound as it seemed to him, but he was so angry nevertheless that he fell upon the letter, waiting for him in Martha's bold handwriting, with something of the impulse of a cat springing upon a mouse.

It did not take long to read. There was no preamble, no pretence of "dear," no wasteful introductory affectionate explanation. The letter read as follows:

"I have discovered your perfidy and will no longer remain under the same roof with you. I have taken the children and gone to my mother's. MARTHA YORKE."

With a woman's inconsistent relenting, she had added a postscript, "Willie's cold is better."

Mr. Yorke tumbled all in a heap into the nearest chair. An earthquake could not have upset him more. Gradually his benumbed faculties revived, and he took in automatically the exquisite order and peace of his fireside, everything so clean, so shining, so luxurious. In one corner of the sofa lay Mildred's doll, and a toy horse stood beside the window. The father crossed the room, picked up the doll, smoothed its frock, stooped down and lifted up the tin horse. As he did so, a great dry sob shook his frame, and his face darkened, but no tears came. The man had an iron self-control, and his life habit stood him in stead. Martha, Martha, Martha, he said over and over in his soul, but no word escaped his lips. His wife had left him and taken the children! Could a worse calamity overtake a proud and honorable man? What did it mean? Why had she suddenly so far forgotten what was due herself and him? They could never look each other in the face again, forgetful of this. Mr. Yorke hardened as he glanced around his lonely house; softened as he saw the bed turned down as usual for the night, and his dressing-gown hanging over the back of his chair.

He went down to the dining-room and made a pretence of eating his dinner. But it was the merest pretence. Martha's blunt declaration, "I have discovered your perfidy," was tolling itself over and over like the sound of a fog-bell in the night, and he could not escape it.

Hardly had he risen from the table when a special delivery letter was handed him. This, too, was in a woman's hand. It was faintly suggestive of violets, and sealed with white wax. Mr. Yorke opened it, not eagerly, but almost with a protest, and a shrug of his shoulders. Alice Raymond was a client, and an interesting young woman, but why need she pursue him to his home with her letters? As by a flash-light he now recalled that Martha had been annoyed and cold when twice or thrice lately Miss Raymond's affairs had so occupied him that he had not been able to go somewhere with his wife, and she had been more disappointed than usual in consequence. With a lawyer's customary reserve he had not given her an intimation concerning the nature of Alice's business with him, and, feeling perfectly innocent, it had not occurred to him that his wife could misinterpret attentions, which seemed in the circumstances perfectly appropriate and natural. Like many another agreeable man, Mr. Yorke's attitude toward women was marked by an air of deference, not to say gallantry, and, if he was less polite at home than elsewhere, was not that, too, a thing to be expected? Why—Martha, she was his wife! She had his name, his life, his means in her possession; she was his children's mother! That Martha should be jealous of his manner to a girl of twenty, half her age and his, was an absurdity. Yet in the silent house, at the empty table, the special delivery letter gave him a pang, and his face grew darkly red, for what was there in that scent of violets? What of reproach, what of accusation? They were Alice Raymond's flavor. This was Alice Raymond's birthday, and he had sent her, simply as a friend and her legal adviser, a great bunch of costly blue violets that very morning.

He read her note:

My Dear Mr. Yorke—You were kind to remember my birthday, and I am indebted to you for much courtesy. This is simply a note of goodbye. I have suddenly decided to go home, and I shall not return to the East until after my marriage, which will take place in June, when my business affairs, so safe in your kind hands, will be transferred to my husband's guardianship. Mr. Stanley and I have been engaged for a year, but we are only now announcing the fact to our friends.

Truly yours, ALICE RAYMOND.

Mr. Yorke's frame of mind was beyond description. To tell the truth Miss Raymond's engagement or her marriage, her coming or her going was a matter of indifference to him at the moment, but he did feel that he had been made ridiculous, and he was conscious that while one young woman had laughed at him, and accepted his devotions as a tribute to her youth and beauty, another, the woman of all the world to him, had almost broken her heart over what she now denominated his perfidy. And Martha was not of a forgiving disposition. He knew that. Her temper was of the slow kind, hard to rouse; once roused a lion for endurance and savagery. Somehow or other he must make his peace with Martha. But the situation was horrible. He could not drag Alice into it; she was blameless, or almost so, and as for himself, to go down in the dust and beg his wife's pardon seemed to him a thing impossible.

Meanwhile the night wore away. The rain changed to snow. It was a dreadful night, inclement, fearful; a night when cars would be stalled in the storm, and wires would be down, and people exposed to the tempest would freeze to death. Not a night for a delicately cared-for woman, and a sick child, and a little girl like Mildred, to be exposed to the fury of the cold, even in Parlor cars; for this cold would creep in everywhere. It might cause Willie's death! Mr. Yorke groaned in utter agony of soul. He did not undress that night.

"A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER WAS HANDED TO HIM"

On the cars speeding to Chicago, Mrs. Yorke with her little ones was torn by a new anxiety. The sick child was in no condition to be taken from a warm house and a warm bed and his own father and doctor. The mother, angered beyond all bearing by the sight at the florists of a magnificent basket of violets, bearing her husband's card, going to a girl of whom already she was resentfully suspicious, had acted on an over-mastering impulse, and had taken no counsel of wisdom or discretion. She had packed her trunks in a cold fury, written her curt note, and started for Chicago, dragging the children with her, and with her feeling at white heat, had cared only to punish her husband. As hours wore on and Willie's fever increased, and the storm grew hourly worse, she had time for reflection. Finally she grew desperate. Mildred was asleep; she had cried because papa was not there, but her mother had hushed her, with promises of grandma's house, and Aunty Lou, but Willie, Willie was a very ailing child, hoarse, and croupy.

"My God!" exclaimed the mother, at last, "my child will die. What a wicked woman I have been—how foolish!"

She did not know that she spoke aloud, but she did, and the only other woman in the car heard her. Wrapped from head to foot in a traveling cloak, Mrs. Yorke did not recognize her companion, nor did Alice Raymond notice who Mrs. Yorke was.

"I have some medicine in my bag which may relieve the little fellow. Let me help you," said a sweet voice, and the remedy was found, a hot water bag and a spirit lamp were produced; together the two worked over the suffering child for hours and hours. Toward morning he was better. By the time, twenty-four hours later, that the train pulled up in Chicago, Mrs. Yorke and Miss Raymond, without a word, had found each other out, understood everything, had each mutely asked the other's pardon and were friends.

"What possessed you, Martha," said old Mrs. Parsons, "to come to Chicago at this season, and without sending me word. Surprises are charming, but you or Abel would better have notified me. And it was a great risk for little Willie. Why did not Abel come with you?"

"Abel is coming on the next train," said the wife. "I had to get to you, Mother. Don't say you don't want me. Once in awhile there is nobody like mother. I had to see you."

"I suppose Louise worried you with her fears of pneumonia," said the old lady complacently, "but I've only had the grippe, and am all right now. It will be nice to see Abel and to have my children all around me once more."

Meanwhile the telegraph carried this message to Mr. Yorke:

"Forgive mistake. Willie better. Come by first train. Martha."

♣

The Nebraska Prairie Church Fund

Deep interest is being shown in the meetings Mr. Baylis is holding in the different churches in New York and vicinity for the purpose of raising funds to build a church in the prairie town of Imperial, Neb. Many enjoy the gatherings and are refreshed in spirit by the earnest, plain Gospel message delivered by this preacher from the prairies. The following additional contributions to the work have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Previously acknowledged	$97 95
I. H. N., W. & E. B., Brooklyn	2 00
A Child of Christ, Stewartville	10 00
C. O. D., Mechanicsburg	5 00
Mrs. A. S. Barbour	2 00
One who loves Jesus	25
Trinity M. E. Church, West New Brighton	21 95
Thomas Nugent	1 00
In His Name	50
B. H. S. A., Savannah	5 00
W., Chanute	5 00
Mrs. G. W. Ford	5 00
K. E. Barclay	5 00
Mrs. E. P., Chanute	5 00
A poor old English woman, Morden	2 00
Mary Isabella Banks	5 00
E. Glover Mansfield, Jr.	5 00
A King's Daughter	2 00
Ben. F. Jones	1 00
Richard Lavery	5 00
Mrs. K. H. Jones	2 00
Miss M. Corliss	50
Mr. Freed	5 00
First Reformed Church, Flushing, L. I.	21 75
Central Presbyterian Church, Orange, N. J.	25 50
Mr. Williamson	5 00
Total	$271 40

· Vision · and · Disclosure ·

A Sermon Preached May 18, at Minneapolis, Minn., before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, by Rev. W. Radcliffe, D.D., the Retiring Moderator. Text, Prov. 29: 18: . . . . . / "Where there is no vision the people perish."

IDEALS rule the world. The dream may be a vagary. The vision is the perception of reality, the revelation of forces and possibilities, before unseen and unappreciated. The dream

may also be a madness and guide through night to chaos. The vision uplifts, consumes and glorifies principle, impulse and life. Where there is no vision the people throw off restraint. Where there is vision, in the very revelation, the people see a great light. Spain had dreams, and she reels toward chaos. America had vision, and she marches to glorious destiny. Everywhere, man moves from meanness to nobleness, from limitations to enlargement, from subjugation to freedom, from sin to grace—not so much by syllogism and argument as by the distant and radiant vision. We live in two kingdoms. The opening of the inner eye gives revelation, we become affiliated to the spiritual universe, the invisible things of God become visible, in their light we see light and are transformed from glory to glory. The redemption of humanity is in the awakened perception and vivid realization of the Christ. The Gospel is the Christ. The Christ is the Gospel. Apostolic conquest was because of inspired vision. When the disciples say one to another, "we have seen the Lord," their hearts burn within them, and their lives glow with service and sacrifice. As the vision fades or becomes distorted, material things attain undue proportion, doubt enters, spiritual passion is chilled and spiritual adventure shrinks and dies.

There come to the church and the individual the alternations of enthusiasm and coldness, of power and weakness, of formalism and reformation, of apostacy and return, and the quickening has ever been, not in war or contest, not in legislation or syllogism, but in the renewed and more distinct vision of Christ. In the presence of that beauty our deformities seek hiding. In the radiancy of that grace, our own being becomes illumined. In the sufficiency of that work, our hopes are enlivened and enriched, and in the authority of that Presence, the soul bows and yields.

The Answer to Every Need

to-day, and every day, is in this revelation. If there be anxiety or fear, if there be lack in faith and faithful service, if materialism threatens and chills our life, or infidelity in new forms insinuates doubt or marshalls mighty attack, if in any way life or doctrine or ordinance have threat or anxiety, the redress must still be in the restoration of the divine vision. "Look unto me and be ye saved." The test and deliverance of a church, a nation or of a man is in his ideals. Men to-day are confused and doubting. They despair in the fatalism that is debilitating, or become reckless or effeminate in an epicurianism that only eats and drinks. Difficult problems, intellectual perplexities, practical perils encompass us. Our redemption is in the full vision; for, standing in the full vision, we stand with Christ and look with his eyes and have inspiration in his spirit.

First. The vision. It is a vision of the Divine Christ. Modern philosophies patronize our Lord. Robe and palace and courtiers may be his, but the crown is withheld. In every magnifying of his humanity they detract from his divine claim. If he is not divine, his law is no more authoritative than Justinian's, his exhortations no more truthful than Seneca's, his example no more winning than Plato's, his work no more sufficient than Cæsar's.

We hear a great deal to-day about transitional theology. Systems may change, but truth abides. If we clothe our prophet only in human flesh, we dethrone and repudiate. There is

No Room for Compromise

His own claim of Divine Sonship is explicit, and the Father has glorified himself in its confirmation. He that would see God must see him in the face of Jesus Christ. No appreciation of humanity, no winsomeness of teaching and example, no beauty or power of life should seduce us from the unequivocal and triumphant ascription to his divinity. Let no man take his crown. To surrender his divinity is to surrender his redemption. "All our springs are in thee." His commission and benediction are to a worshiping church. He from whom is our hope, to whom is our obedience, in whom is our life, and by whom we conquer is the One whose coming was with the song of angels; whose divine look upon the water brought its blush; whose almighty touch multiplied the bread; whose benign presence blessed the weary and heavy laden and constrained to his arms the little children; whose feet trod the waves; whose voice commanded the winds and broke the bands of death asunder—who laid down his own life and took it again—who ascended far into the opening heavens, before the gladdened eyes of his worshiping church, and who in the heavens, clothed in our humanity, waits, rules and lives, Emanuel, God with us.

It is the vision of

The Wounded Christ

"Thus it behooved Christ to suffer." His supreme mission was not example, but sacrifice and propitiation. We must not be misled. Vicariousness is written into all history. It is the story of all humanity. When men talk of heredity they declare the fact of vicariousness. We are bearing in ourselves the sins, the sorrows, the hopes, the acquirements of generations past. The cross is not unique to the history of redemption, nor limited to the spiritual experiences of the soul. It throws its shadow over all existence. The life is in the blood. We must restore the old terms and fill them with their revealed meaning and proclaim them in their authoritative exclusiveness. "Substitution," "propitiation," "expiation," "atonement:" these are the key-words of the Scriptures. They reveal the sinner presenting the substitute; and in the blood of the substituted victim, an atonement made and a Holy One satisfied. Not to the Israelite, but to all humanity is the promise made. "It shall be accepted for him to make atonement for him."

I sympathize with every honest effort to see larger truth, or to put the old truth in new and more acceptable garments. But the truth must abide and have revelation. The atonement is the way of salvation. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin." The Cross must abide the central theme of a regenerated life and regenerating Gospel. The crucified is the only answer to the guilty, the only peace to the troubled, the only rest to the weary and heavy laden. We must not strive to heal the wounds in his hands and side. Whatever beauty, grace, wisdom, power he may bring to our varied wants and ambitions and possibilities, over all and through all must appear the shadow of that cross. Back, back, back from temporalities, politics, questions, literature, society, philosophies—back to the sweet story of old—simple, comprehensive, enduring, satisfying. To the uplifted Cross flow all nations, all influences, all delights, all moneys, all song, all life. It is the messenger of peace. Out of atonement is the highest conception of love and fatherhood. The Cross inspires both reverence and [illegible] relation of the divine heart. Justice is the expression of love, and love moves the universe. Divine love will swallow up death; it only has within itself the expression of divine justice. It is the quickening of spiritual life. It is the inspiration of morality. It is the develop-

"Thou Bleeding Lamb
[illegible]"

The vision of

The Regnant Christ

He is the Son of God with power. When Paul reveals him to the Philippians, it is not only as the one obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, but by very reason of that humiliation as the One whom God hath highly exalted, and given a name which is above every other name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow—of things in heaven and things on the earth and things under the earth. When he was revealed to the Apostle John, he moved with authority and glory in the midst of the golden candlesticks. When he was pictured in the Canticles, he wore the gold ring set with beryl. He wears the seal ring of Jehovah.

We are getting a little tired of the old word mediator. It is rather obsolete to speak of the mediatorial reign of Christ; but with the words, the truth also slumbers that this Christ, as our redeemer, has sovereign authority; that he has authority by virtue of that sacrifice. He is incomplete in his relationship to you and me save as the sceptre, and the crown, and the gold ring gleam before our eyes and in our hearts. We teach the children in the Sabbath School that Christ executes, as our redeemer, the offices of prophet, priest and king; but evangelistic and easy-going Christians persuade us almost unconsciously that there is nothing in Christ's work save that of an atoning sacrifice. A monotonous call of "Come to Jesus" is a belittling Gospel. A Christ only imploring men to be saved is a belittled Saviour.

Indissolubly linked together are these three offices of Jesus Christ, and one link broken, all falls to the ground. He who accepts him as prophet, and not as priest and king, has a broken chain. If to the prophet relationship, and the priesthood of Jesus Christ, we add this royal prerogative, we are bound with chains stronger than those of steel, indissolubly united in the very work and nature of Jesus Christ.

The Mediatorial Reign of Christ

governs all conditions of life—human, celestial and the devilish; touches men and angels, heaven and hell, so that everywhere, and in all things, and through all time, Christ reigns, and his soul touches them, and his authority uses them and gathers them all up for the development of his one eternal purpose. All physical conditions are under his control. This One who was born in Bethlehem; who walked in Palestine; who bowed yonder in Gethsemane; who died upon the cross—this One is in heaven carrying our humanity to the right hand of the Father, glorified regal, absolute.

This world does not exist for Cæsar, but for the Church through Christ. And he is the hope, over all things thus to the Church. The Church is his especial care because he is its origin and its life. He has assured his divine presence alway unto the end of the world. There may be a change through changing conditions, adaptations to new developments; but always the Church of Christ, always a living Church, because always a living Christ. He rules in all things for the sake of the Church. His sceptre sways that his eternal purpose for the Church may have development, the kingdom of nature and of providence that through these there may be the eternal kingdom of his grace.

The progress of the years is Christ's work. Beneficence, sympathy, sacrifice, progress—everywhere shows the gleaming of the gold ring and the pointing of [illegible] viction makes life worth living. In war [illegible] change and destruction and revolution, Christ is educating, remodeling, furnishing, controlling. Life is transfigured, trial is made a joy, and all things work together for good. That sovereignty of Christ's has endowed us [illegible] with its stimulating [illegible] ment; that same sovereignty endows us with the present with its imperative attainments and opportunities. Mightiest changes are before us in individual and organized life. The inspiration of all attainment is hope, a better future, a better time. But only as we are inflexibly and enthusiastically loyal to that sovereignty.

To-day we stand before the impressiveness of his command, comprehending more than ever of the world's achievements and opportunities. That very gift is necessity and command. It is significant to the thoughtful Christian to recognize the

Five Epochal Events

of the past year, in each the pointing finger of this mediatorial King — the Spanish-American war, the Anglo-American friendship, the Czar's proposal for peace, the re-formation of China, the opening of the Soudan: liberty, unity, peace, light, redemption. The most significant century of history is closing; the most significant opportunity of history is opening. The world is brought nearer. The pulse of a new life, the omnipotence of new ideas, the expectation of awakened hope thrills and vivifies the distant and darkened nations. In the East, the sun does not rise: it leaps above the horizon! The dawn has suddenly come before our astonished gaze. We are living in the golden age of humanity. The beams of the Son of Righteousness gleam into open doors to the North, to the South, to the East, to the West. Hermit nations are no more. Not alone in multiplied converts but in ideas, principles, habits, commerce, government, education, fellowship, he has revealed himself in achievement and unwonted opportunity. Ours is to awaken, to arise, to see, to listen.

To-day as we convene in General Assembly, the Peace Congress meets in the capital of Holland. The very call is the echo of Christ's prayer, "Thy kingdom come." That Congress declares that God hath done great things for us. Nations are flowing together. In the presence of these opportunities the Church cannot be careless. We dare not refuse obedience. He calls us to subjugation. Force is the only argument known to savages from Joshua to McKinley. The earth must be subdued that it may bring forth the rose and the fruit—that it may bring forth the trees of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. Our national life has new impulse and dazzling ambition. We are looking out from our provincialism with an awakened thought and high purpose. There are dreams of wealth, extended commerce, enlightenment, liberty. We have made war for humanity. We have conquered for humanity. That victory will be a defeat and that endowment a poverty and destruction, save as through these open doors the church shall immediately and enthusiastically carry the vision of Jesus Christ.

I See Peace

White fields, inviting doors of commerce, and enlightened races: but I see them all beyond the Cross. There is no other way than by Calvary. Culture is not the salt to save the republic. Liberty will become license, commerce a curse, and wealth a blight save as they are received and held in the light of that glorious vision in the person and work of the crucified and regnant Christ.

I believe in imperialism, but an imperialism that is a beneficent republicanism. I believe in a war for humanity, but in a war for humanity which carries to humanity the enduring peace and good will of the Gospel of Christ. We cannot escape responsibility. This is not the time for swollen ease. If we dally, another will dominate. If we evade, the sceptre will be given to another. We will take no step which will condemn our forefathers or rebuke the ring of the Pilgrim's staff

upon Plymouth Rock; but with kindred faith and enterprise, we will seek to carry to the dark places of the earth the light and glory of the celestial vision. We have come into the kingdom for such a time as this. Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines—these are the summons of our Mediatorial King. Questions of politics do not enter here, nor personal wish. It is not a matter of words. The man of Macedonia waves and calls to us from across the waters. This is not the day for microscopic vision. We have waited long over material considerations and delicate distinctions and refined discriminations. We are tempted to see and consider only the little circle which bounds the domestic, the comfortable, the politic. It is the day for

Telescopic Vision

A wide horizon, high achievements, beatific prospects, stars of magnitude and brilliance, worlds of spiritual wealth await and invite our enterprise and conquest. Lift up thine eyes and see. It is not the time for retrenchment. To retrench is to retrograde.

Our foreign mission enterprise must recognize opportunity and hear the authoritative command. It is a matter of humiliation that in the yearly increase of money, of numbers, of influence, of opportunities there has been no increase of appropriation or gifts. We have gone for years upon the same level. There comes no intelligent method and no uplifting enthusiasm. It seems to be constantly a matter of hysterics or lassitude. Our Mediatorial King commands as never before. Opportunities gleam with the glory of his presence. The future offers attainments and victories of grace unprecedented. Indifference is disloyalty. Apathy is sin. There is especial obligation upon us. American republicanism has its mold and inspiration from Presbyterian republicanism. American imperialism must have its counterpart in Presbyterian imperialism which will awaken to the significance of itself; which will recognize its own fitness and opportunity, and in the distinctness and responsibility of its own life, go forth and carry its republican beneficence, its spiritual republicanism, its divine spiritualness to the ends of the earth.

We are just entering the twentieth century. We have signalized other epochs with special gifts. The Reunion with $5,000,000; our Ministerial Relief Fund with $1,000,000. We would be indifferent and unfaithful if

Our Significant Position

did not have the significant recognition. Other churches are moving. Our objects are manifold. We are proud of our record in education and in mission work. Schools and colleges in this and other lands, implore for aid and enlargement. They are the depositories of power for the Church. The hour is striking. The time should not pass without the initiation of a movement which will lay upon the altar a million of dollars for each century for the educational and missionary work of the Presbyterian Church. I summon you to thoughtfulness, to gratitude, to high and holy endeavor. It will cost money, but it is always better even to be crucified with Christ than to be released with Barabbas, to be poor with apostolic power than rich in Roman condemnation.

The world of art is to-day impressed with the faithfulness and power of the artist who has brought upon canvas not a picture, but the entire life of Jesus Christ. The artist, until his fiftieth year, depicted the life of the boulevards and the drawing room. A sudden revelation has given him renown and power in the highest themes of religion. He tells the story of his conversion, that, contemplating a work, he entered one of the churches of Paris, and, bowing his head, saw a vision. A peasant and his wife sat amid the ruins of a castle—a scene of utter destruction and despair. Over the ruins came gliding a figure of One whose hands and feet were dripping with blood, whose face was drawn in agony. He sat down by the suffering ones, and laying down his head, outstretched his hands and feet as though to say: "See, I have suffered more than thou. I alone am the solution of sorrow. I alone can solve the problem of life against which Art and Science and Military are marshalled in vain." The vision was the artist's awakening. It left the church with him; followed him; sat between him and his canvas. He could no longer paint frivolity, idleness, and sin. He was compelled to paint the picture of his vision. Completed, it did not satisfy. He must study. He must paint the real Christ amid the surroundings of his Palestine home; and out of that vision and its study came all that wonderous pathos and beauty and power of Tissot's pictured life of Christ. It is the parable for the Church.

The Disclosure.

The vision we have been considering will not come through mere knowledge of the truth. Knowledge cannot raise the dead. The ministerial touch has no disclosing power. The person of the Holy Spirit must be recognized in his presence and power if the vision is to come with its illumination and control. The need of the church is not in dogmas or treasuries or machineries or methods. With these multiform, abundant, adapted as never before, the hands hang down and knees are feeble. Enterprise never languishes when faith is clarified. The vision is by the Holy Ghost. We must re-emphasize the doctrine in pulpit and principle. He is. He is a person. He is here. He is almighty. He is not straitened nor given in measure. Honor him and he will honor you. To our cry, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord!" comes like the thunder and the flash, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength O Zion!"

A revival is simply a day of the Spirit's power. It is possible to return to the simplicity and enthusiasm of other days. Now we see men like trees, awakening. We stumble. We wander in uncertainty and ineffectiveness. When Christ touched the eyes, the man could see. The deliverance and success of the Church will be not in its machinery, nor its wealth, nor its accomplishments, but in the recognized presence and spiritual submission to the supernatural power promised of olden time. As ever, he is

Waiting to be Gracious.

We are straitened in our own selves. We must restore and vivify our conception of the Holy Spirit and our humble acceptance of his method and control. Our assertive energy and pride of conquest may themselves dishonor his presence and withhold his power. In waiting, we may renew our strength. Let us be known as those who sing our hymns not only to Christ, but to the Holy Ghost as God. He stands waiting with responsive revelation to every honest cry of "Lord, that I might receive my sight." The supreme, imperative, essential need of to-day is the divine touch of the Holy Spirit which will arrest our wandering and bewildered gaze, illumine the Word, give money to our treasuries, devotion to our worshipers, peace to our councils, wisdom to our legislation, unity to our brotherhood, simplicity to our faith, radiance to our hope and ardor to our sacrifice, because it will give clear-eyed, enrapturing and inspiring vision of him who walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks. Thou Spirit of the living God, Light of light, Truth of truth, Life of life, come in thy vivid disclosure, come in thy quick deliverance, come in thy gentleness and power, come in thy glorious revelation! Heal us with thine almighty touch. Anoint our eyes with eye-salve, that we may see. Speak, that our opened eyes may behold the glory of the King, and in that light see the great light that shineth unto the perfect day.

A Holy Life

O YE who wander in the night
And blindly grope and fall,
Let Jesus be a ray of light
To guide you home withal.

Why stand without that Light in view
And bend to Satan's rod,
When you can have your heart made new
By giving it to God?

Let not your hopes be fixed on earth
Or its alluring prize,
But try to have an angel's worth
And win the shining skies.

This world is but a wreck at best—
A place of sin and strife,
And he who would have peace and rest
Must lead a holy life.

Graham, Tex. —G. K.

The Wheat and the Tares

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 4. Matt. 13:24-30

VERY difficult of interpretation as this parable is, and prolonged and bitter as the disputes about it have been, there are lessons in it which we shall do well to learn. The facts are simple. Here is an ordinary farmer tilling a field and sowing it with wheat. It is his own land which he prepares for cultivation, and when it is ready, he sows good seed and has a right to expect a good crop. But some vindictive enemy desiring to injure him cunningly sows weeds in the field. He gains nothing by it. It is an act of simple malevolence. It is not that he claims the field or that he attempts to cultivate it. He utilizes the preparation which the owner has made and he goes his way. It is a secret act done in the night and no one knows of it. But when the wheat appears, the servants discover that the delicate sprouts are not all wheat. There are tares growing with it. These tares are the darnel, or false wheat, so like the wheat that only an experienced eye can detect the difference. They propose to weed the field, but the farmer forbids this. They might make a mistake and root up the wheat. Besides, the roots of the tares are intertwined with those of the wheat, and, in taking out the one, the other may be pulled up. Let them grow together till the harvest, when both will be cut down. It will be easy to discriminate then, because the darnel has no ear. Then they can be separated and the tares burned, while the wheat is garnered.

Christ's explanation of the parable is not sufficient for the theologians. It leaves unsettled the question whether the field is the world or the church. But the mingling of the seed applies to both. The church is not free from the tares; it was not free in Christ's own time, for there was a Judas among the chosen twelve. In the world we know that there are good and evil, and very often they seem to us so much alike that we can scarcely tell one from the other. But time determines. The difference is one of nature and character; and this nature will manifest itself. The good man will assuredly do good. There will be fruit from him. There is no need of worry or distress, no ground for apprehension of confusion. The real character will inevitably manifest itself. Hypocrisy may succeed for a time in deceiving society, but in the end it will reveal itself. Both good and evil grow up together, but in the end, the difference is so clear, that there is no possibility of mistake. The essence of Christianity is in nature. It is not in forms, or observances, or duties. All good results will come if the nature is right; if it is not right, there is nothing that can supply the deficiency. Church membership does not avail; benevolence does not avail; even martyrdom, as Paul says, will not avail—the nature must be Christ's nature, the disposition and character must be in harmony with Christ, otherwise the man will be classed with the tares.

So there must be patience. Persecution has never availed to turn out the evil and it never will. Let them grow together. And there is a reason for this in the spiritual world, beyond that in the natural world; for the bad man may in the process growth become good, while the tares can never turn into wheat. Expostulation, admonition will do more for the human tares than excommunication. There is always hope and therefore the more need for patience. The reapers are not men; the reapers are the angels. It is they who distinguish the one from the other. Men have always erred when they have undertaken the duty. And there must be toleration. Withdrawal from the world has been tried in monastries and nunneries but never with good result. The two seeds are to grow together. But the evil men are not to flatter themselves that it will always be so. There comes a time of separation. God is not so indifferent to the nature of men as some would have us suppose. It is only the good who are gathered into the garner. Closely as the evil may have been associated with them there will be an end to that. It is not always that the righteous will be vexed with the enforced companionship with the ungodly. He must bear it now, keeping himself as far as he is able from pollution, or rather being kept by One greater than himself, but in the end he will be delivered.

A Missionary to Porto Rico

The Rev. Milton E. Caldwell begins his work in Porto Rico this month. As has been previously stated in these columns, Mr. Caldwell is the first accredited missionary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions in America to reach the promising field so newly opened to Protestant effort in the West Indies. Rochester, N. Y., has the honor of sending him, having subscribed his salary for one year. Mr. Caldwell's family is with him. A lady, who will have charge of the mission school to be opened at Mayaguez, also accompanies him. Among all denominations entering Cuba and Porto Rico now it is realized that instruction of the children is an important feature of the work.

REV. MILTON L. CALDWELL

The Gospel in Micronesia

ONE of our American missionaries on the far-off Pacific island of Ruk (a member of the Micronesian group), sends us this very interesting letter:

To the Editor "Christian Herald":

A trading vessel came into our lagoon yesterday, and brought us a few letters, the dates more than a year old. One from you bears date February 1, 1898, and contained a check for $10. I thank you for it, and shall make it specially valuable to the work.

A San Francisco vessel brings us later news. We would be glad to know what nation is to have the Caroline Islands, how much religious toleration there is to be, and some other things. There has been a great deal of fighting among these natives during the past year; not open, manly warfare, but wanton, cruel murders, stealing unawares upon sleeping, or unarmed people, and shooting them down. Such deeds are the outgrowth of past feuds, which are constantly fanned to a flame by new acts of cruelty and bloodshed. If some Christian government will come in, stop the fighting, and prohibit the sale of arms and ammunition, it will be a great help to missionary work. It could be easily done, for the people are not brave. There is no organized authority of any kind here.

The next greatest need is some industry for the people. It is only to a limited extent that the missionaries can help in this matter We teach the boys and girls who are in our schools to do many kinds of work. We try to make the mission premises an object lesson to them in the way of neatness and cultivation; but that is only as a drop in the great cistern of natural incapability and laziness. When they come to us they know nothing of systematic work of any kind, and unless the grace of God has taken a strong hold of their hearts, when they leave us they gravitate to their former state.

We have eighty young people directly under our care and instruction, fifty in the training school and thirty in the girls' school. Besides, there are quite a large number of pupils in the day school and forty little ones in our kindergarten. Our Sunday congregations average two hundred as does also our Sunday School. Our teachers, except classes taught by missionaries, are taken from the more advanced among our scholars who come together each week for teachers' meeting.

The common conversation among the people is vile, as I suppose it is among all heathen. Nearly a year ago our attention was in some way more especially called to it, and we felt that a crusade must be made against it. A society was formed called "The Children of Joseph," in which the members pledged themselves to abstain from lying, swearing and vile talk. Those who keep the pledge during the week wear a white ribbon on Sunday. The society is very popular with the young people, and there is a great improvement in the tone of the general conversation. Very cordially yours, MRS. MARY E. LOGAN.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Qualifying for Public Service*

THE government of the United States is the best of employers. Fair compensation, regularity of payment, reasonably sure tenure, tasks which are not too difficult and hours which are not too long, offer strong attractions to young persons of both sexes who have no settled income, and whose ambition does not lead them into independent money-making ventures. Indeed, since the era of exclusive partisan patronage has given way to the non-partisan merit system, under which every citizen is given an equal chance, the Civil Service has been used by many young men and women as a path to larger fields of efforts in private life. They enter government employ, spend their spare hours in studying law or medicine or finance, and save enough from their salaries to enable them to start in a professional or business career.

In exchange, however, for furnishing such advantages, the government demands that it shall have, not simply competent employees, but the most competent who can be found. This is the reason for the competitive feature of the examinations it has prescribed as a test of fitness. If fifty persons are examined, and twenty-five of them pass with credit, these twenty-five are entered on the registers of eligible candidates in their precise order of excellence. The one who has passed with the highest average will have the first chance of appointment; the next in order will have the second chance, and so on. It is therefore all-important that any one who takes an examination should make the best average of which he is capable; and he should begrudge no amount of time and trouble spent in preparation to this end.

The examinations are of a practical character, in spite of all statements to the contrary by enemies of the existing system. For example, the applicant for appointment as post-office clerk who "crams" for an examination in astronomy and chemistry spends his strength to no purpose. It is to save such time and energy that this little book is written, so that any candidate may learn from it just what is necessary, and what unnecessary, in brushing up his studies; and what his chances are, all things considered, for making his way into Civil Service, and staying there.

*From *How to Prepare for a Civil Service Examination*: by Francis E. Leupp. A decidedly interesting manual and one calculated to be especially serviceable to all who aspire to fill government positions, since it points out the lines in which they must qualify. It is really a complete guide to the Federal Civil Service. Pp. 553; cloth binding; price, $2. Hinds & Noble, New York, publishers.

The Wreck of Friendship†

IN one way or other, the loss of friendship comes to all. The shores of life are strewn with wrecks. The convoy which set the [illegible] in the sunshine cannot all expect to arrive together in the haven. There are the dangers of storms and collisions, and the separation of the night, and even at the best, if accidents never occur, the whole company cannot all keep up with the speed of the swiftest.

There is a certain pathos in all loss, but there is not always pain in it, or at least it is of varied quality and extent. Some losses are natural and unavoidable, quite beyond our control, the result of resistless change. Some loss is even the necessary accompaniment of gain. The loss of youth with all its possessions is the gain of manhood and womanhood. A man must put away childish things, the speech and understanding and thought of a child. So the loss of some friendship comes as a part of the natural course of things, and is accepted without mutilating the life. We each go our separate ways without much regret.

Among the petty things which wreck friendship, none is so common and so unworthy as money. It is pitiable that it should be so. Thackeray speaks of the remarkable way in which a five-pound note will break up a half century's attachment between two brethren, and it is a common cynical remark of the world that the way to lose a friend is to lend him money. There is nothing which seems to affect the mind more, and color the very heart's blood more, than money. There seems a curse in it sometimes, so potent is it for mischief. Poverty, if it be too oppressive, grinding down the face, may often hurt the heart-life; but perhaps oftener still it only reveals what true treasures there are in the wealth of the affections. Whereas, we know what heartburnings, and rivalries, and envyings, are occasioned by this golden apple of discord. Most of the disputes which separate brethren are about the dividing of the inheritance, and it does seem to be a case that few friendships can survive the test of money.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend.

†From *Friendship*, by Hugh Black, M.A. Bound [illegible] & Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

An Old Man's Philosophy*

"I'VE learned to mend most things," said the old man; "it isn't given to every one to make, and I'm one of the menders in the world not the makers. There's one thing I can't mend—and that is broken hearts."

There was silence: Roy broke it at last by saying with knitted brow, "I'd rather be a maker than a mender, but lots of people aren't either."

"Quite right," nodded the old man; "most folks are breakers."

"I wish I was as clever as you," said Dudley; "you mend umbrellas, and kettles, and plates, and windows, and gates, and all sorts. How did you learn?"

The clock was done. Old Principle put it carefully by and then mounted on some wooden steps, and took down a tin saucepan. The boys knew the shelf well; as though apparently it was just a row of tinware for sale, many a pot and pan held treasures that geologists would have given a great deal to possess.

Now when Old Principle held out a peculiar shaped stone with loving pride, Roy and Dudley pressed forward to look at it.

"I know, it's a Roman hammer," shouted out Dudley."

"It's a Saxon jug," suggested Roy.

"It's part of a jaw of a mammoth many thousand years old, and there are two teeth in perfect preservation." Old Principle said solemnly.

"Where did you find it?"

"Ah, you must come and see! In a cave that I have only just discovered, and which must originally have been by the side of a river. I'll take you there tonight if you can get permission to come."

"Old Principle, do you think we ought to make opportunities?" questioned Dudley, presently; "Roy thinks we ought, and I did make one the other day, but it didn't turn out well."

"Ay, Master Roy is always for making," said the old man, with a smile; "he will try to cram his life with what will come fast enough naturally, if he only waits."

"But will it?" questioned Roy, flushing up with eagerness. "Do you think it will? I'm longing to do something big and grand and good; I mayn't live to grow up, you know, and I'm sure we're meant to do something when we're boys."

"We're trying to do good to all men as we have opportunity," said Dudley, gravely.

"Ay, stick to that, boys, and you'll succeed. There's none too small to be true philanthropists."

"What is a philanthropist?" asked Roy.

"A man who benefits his fellow creatures. 'Tis a good principle to keep in mind."

"But it's difficult for boys to do grown-up people good. They always do boys good."

"Now, look here, Master Roy. I've lived and learned where you haven't, and I try to pass my principles on to you. That's how I do you good. You come to me and take what I give you, and, seeing you act out the advice I offer you does me good. You do me good, too, every time you come to see me; it's cheery to hear and see you."

"But that's very tame for us," said Roy, a little scornfully.

"Oh, well, if your own likes must come into the question, it's a different story! I didn't know it mattered about our feelings as long as the good was done! 'Tis a bad principle to try to please others only when it pleases ourselves."

Roy looked a little ashamed of himself. He said no more on the subject.

*From *His Big Opportunity*, by Amy Le Feuvre; illustrated in half-tone and bound in cloth; 193 pp. Price 75c. Fleming H. Revell Company, publishers, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

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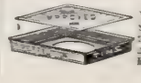

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... The Family Tie ...

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

JEHOVAH is not only the King of kings, and the Father and Lover of men, he is also "the God of the families of the whole earth;" and Christ is not only our Saviour and Elder Brother, but it is in "our Lord Jesus Christ the whole family in heaven and earth are named." These two facts alone sanctify and ennoble the family relation, and give to it an importance which for lack of consideration many of us hardly realize. Come then and let us together give an hour to the consideration of the affection and solidarity of the family tie.

A family is built up of natural affinities. It is not a guild, nor a league, nor a society; these unions are raised artificially and sooner or later come to an end. But families are not built up on similarity of tastes or objects or opinions; their foundations are in the affinities of nature. We none of us choose our father or mother or brother or sister; they are chosen for us, and we are bound to them by ties reaching into two eternities.

How wonderfully are families arranged! They are composed of the two poles of entire humanity—masculine and feminine—and these together, not separately, make up the whole of man. Then, as to family affection, how diverse it is! The love we have for our father is not the same kind of love we have for our mother. Boys love their sisters differently to their brothers. Sisters love each brother with an affection special to their case and character. Then the diversity of family love is supplemented by the diversity of character; the strength of the father, the tenderness of the mother, the fidelity of the sister or brother. Again, one brother is brave and adventurous, another practical, a third poetic. One member is strong, another weak and sick, drawing all the sympathies of the entire household to that point. All these and many other traits are not accidental, they are of divine ordination, and no family is complete without this variety.

. . .

THERE are a few grand old words connected with the family that are fading away, and which we all ought to do our best to restore to daily use. They are Kin, Kinsman, Kindred, Kinsfolk. They come from the oldest root in the whole Aryan stem, and they should not be pushed out of meaning and use. But Kin is nearly gone. Kind and Kindly have changed their original significance, and instead of Kindred and Kinsfolk—words with a delightful meaning—we have "Relations," a word which may mean anything or nothing. For we stand in all kinds of "Relations" to our family and to the whole world. How this undesirable change has come about, Professor Muller or Dean Trench may perhaps find out for us; we only recognize the fact.

But whether "Kindred" or "Relations" they are our miniature world, and the discipline involved in this connection, is very complete and wonderful. What faith, and patience, and forbearance we show to the faults that we have been used to from infancy! Family affection is a divine thing, for it enables us not only to tolerate but to love those whose action we are obliged to condemn; and it even blinds us so far as to make us excuse in our own what we condemn in others. We think of, and we talk of, and we feel towards our kindred as if they were different beings to the rest of mankind. If they are wronged, how bitterly we feel it; if they fail in anything we are ready to blame any one and any event, rather than believe they have failed deservedly. In the bottom of our hearts we may not approve their conduct, or even enjoy their society, but Kin is less than Kind when it is willing to admit the fact.

. . .

THE WAY in which the family influence tells, is very natural and beautiful. Usually, there is one member stronger, or wiser than all the others; and it is delightful to see how cordially and completely the less strong and wise fit into his groove. Say it is the father, they adopt his creed about everything in a simple, hearty way that has no misgivings. They are wholly of his persuasion, and accept his family views and opinions with a good-humored confidence that is almost touching.

Sometimes the eldest brother or sister is the leading spirit. If it is the brother, he leads, not because he is older or wiser, but because "he is a fine fellow." If it is the sister, it is not because she is prettier or more graceful or because she is a woman, but because "she is a dear, helpful, sympathizing girl." For in the family, as in the world, it is the superiority of character that tells; and the triumph of the family persuasion is the triumph of some sort of personal nobleness.

. . .

THEREFORE, this family influence is a powerful one between husband and wife. If a husband has any strength of character, he is sure to bring his wife to his way of looking at things. If this was not the case, what a wall of separation there would often be between married couples. But as a general thing the young wife nestles comfortably into her husband's beliefs. It is not his arguments that work her to this voluntary agreement, but the silent force of a stronger or wiser character acting upon her daily life; and there is really something very fine and sweet in this adaptability and unconscious acceptance of a superior influence.

Much has been said and written about the duty of "setting a good example" in the family; but there is no necessity to worry about our example; for the only example worth anything is that shown by being really ourselves. If a father is upright, a mother loving, a brother brave and truthful, a sister gentle and tender, those who live with them know it, and are influenced by these virtues. Parents and kindred who deserve to be honored and loved, are honored and loved as a matter of course; and it would be a wretched world if this were not so. For when every other anchor drags, the one that binds us to home and family holds firm.

. . .

IF THESE things are true, we ought then to do everything we can to preserve the family influence and the family tie. Family gatherings should be kept up. There are selfish people who gird against them, and think it a mark of superiority to sneer at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's festivals. They are willing to separate themselves from their family, and wish to be regarded as an unit of individual life. Such people don't deserve any kindred. There was an old Roman imprecation, only hurled at an enemy in the bitterest hatred, "May you die the last of your family!" and they deserve all the loneliness of pain and sorrow, and all the hunger of the heart this terrible curse implies. For such miserable cynics are moved only by a selfish feeling that family gatherings interfere with their duty to themselves; a duty which they regard as the first and the highest. There are many good gifts of God which we wickedly despise, but the man or woman who willingly cut themselves loose from home and family ties, have made themselves willingly something less than human.

. . .

DOUBTLESS the advance of the modern realistic spirit has penetrated even into the sacred places of family and home; and, though the sense of family obligation is not weakened, it is undoubtedly more materialistic and exclusive. We smile at the barren delight which irradiates a Scotchman's face at the sight of a seventh cousin; and are more and more disposed to exclude from our family sympathies all but those on our special twig of the family tree. Yet blood is still thicker than water, and all other things being equal, a far-off cousin is really nearer to us than a stranger.

Love of money is a great weakener of family ties. Men want more and more money, and they give more and more time to getting it, until they have no room in their hearts for anyone but wife and children. Ambition also is a fatal loosener. Through it, England has become too small for her sons, and they have found homes in China, India and in the great Austral plains. In the same way the Eastern States have emptied themselves into the West; and the South into the North; but all the more we should adorn this exodus at Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, and birthdays with some gracious and tender sentiment. There is nothing but good in wearing a soft inner lining to the rough garment of our daily existence.

. . .

GOD grant that none of us may ever be too old, or too wise in our own conceit, or too selfish, to shelter our souls in this sweet family affection. No matter how far we have drifted away from the home, we cannot afford to forget it. If we cast away this blessed past, we remain but half ourselves. The past is inalienably ours. We will not be base enough to be unfaithful to it. We will blend the noble hopes of our future with the tender memories of our past. And so, when home and family fade from our sight, we shall have them always in our heart. Alas! if we do not, we shall certainly come to a day when the wide, wide world will be a world too wide for us.

Amelia E. Barr

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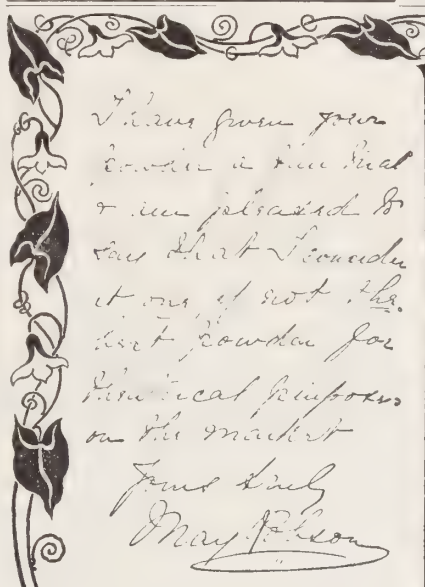

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Mrs. [illegible] 1 00
S A Cochran 1 00
D D S, Le Raysville 1 50
[illegible] 1 00
Collected by Hattie Dutcher 1 10
Faith M A B, James- [illegible] 1 00
Mrs G F Hauser 1 00
Kinzie B Zeigler 10
Mrs [illegible] 1 00
M [illegible] 1 00
J R Oatliam 1 00
Cahuenga, U S S 3 35
Mrs E E Peck 50
Lizzie M Kaup 1 00
W M. 1 00
Maggie Tabb 25
Reader, Peoria 2 00
Mrs. Emily E Warner 1 00
Subr, Leechville 1 00
Mrs [illegible] 1 00
Mrs E A Evans 1 50
A W Whitner 1 00
Conrad E W Snow 15
[illegible] 1 00
Mary L Cady 15
Mrs F W Klock 2 00
Mrs L C Sartorius 1 00
Geo W Hack 2 00
In Jesus' Name 3 00
S M Clark 1 00
Mrs [illegible] 1 00
E Carpenter 1 00
E A Cummins 5 00
Total $437 40

Gospel Work in Cuba.

Prev. ack $52 95
I H N 1 00
A B 1 00
Walter Corliss, M.D. 1 00
R C, Milford 2 00
W M. 1 00
——, Morden Man 1 00
J A McC, Phila, Pa 1 00
Mrs S G Buchanan 1 00
In Jesus' Name 3 00
Mrs S W Eaton 1 00
Total $69 15

Armenian Fund.

Prev. ack ..... $[illegible] 43
L A Swartz 5 00
A A Szabo 5 00
Mrs Chas Phillips 3 00
Ella Fitch Backus 5 00
John Musil 1 00
A M P. Florence 1 00
R B Watrous 1 00
Mrs Frederick Lynn 1 50
Total $234 93

China Flood Sufferers.

D Gladstone $5 00
[illegible] 5 00
E J Gehrmann 5 00
Mary C Austin 5 00
Mrs [illegible] 1 00
Mrs J S N. Patterson 2 50
Ben F Jones 5 00
——, Minn 1 25
M Parsons 1 00
F O B, Princeton 2 00
——, Aguascalientes, Mexico 12 86
Miss F Hoyt 1 00
Mrs [illegible] & friend 50
S J Seymour 5 00
A friend of Jesus, Brunswick 1 00
For Jesus' Sake, Buckfield 1 00
——, Peterboro 1 00
W [illegible] 1 00
Mrs E S Stone 1 00
H MacMillan 50
Chas A Hagaman 10 00
Subr ..... [illegible]
Total ..... $[illegible]

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By CARTER H. HARRISON, Mayor of Chicago

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Our Children's Home

WHILE the children of the tenements are making eager inquiries as to "when the country will open," their friends all over the United States are remembering them in gift and prayer. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me" are precious words which may well apply to those who are co-operating with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in this blessed work for the little ones of whom jesus said: "Suffer little children to come unto me." Letters, brief though they be—often only a line—which come with every contribution, show that the gift is sanctified by prayer and faith. Such gifts will bear much fruit. The good seed is sown in fresh young hearts, the Christian influence of the Home, the close walk with nature, God's handmaid, in the flowery fields and on green hillsides—all supply conditions which promise rich returns. The following extracts from many letters show in what sacred interest all givers hold this work.

Mrs. M. B., $5. God's blessing rest ever on the Home and the workers there.—A. B. E., $3. May the good work prosper is my prayer. —I. S. C., $1. May heaven bless the good work.—Mrs. C. A. K., $3. Praying that it may prove a blessing to some little child.

The handwriting in some of the following indicates age or invalidism of the giver; others are in childish chirography; still others show that business men, the happy, the young and the strong, carry the welfare of the tenement waifs upon their hearts.

J. H. D., $3. Hope it will make some poor little waif happy and well.—J. D., $3. For your Fresh-air work.—One who loves little children, $3 to make a little waif happy.—H. M. DeL., $1. Help some little child.—J. R., $3 for the children's happiness and health.—B. K. S., $5, to be used for the children.—A friend, $1 for the little "Fresh-airs."—A. M. C., $1 for the children.—L. & M., $1 to help send a child to the country.—L. J. S., $2. I hope to send more for the Fresh-air Fund next month.—A friend, $5 to help the Fresh air work.—M. J., $1. A little help in Jesus name.—Mrs. C. H. H., $1. I am prayerfully interested in this work.

By these three friends of children, thirty-one little tenement waifs will be made happy:

H. E., $35. Please place to the credit of the twelve little tots you are to take to the country for me this summer.—Mrs. D. B., $25. for the little "Fresh-Airs."—E.W. $2. "The Lord's Tenth."

Could the same amount of money applied in any other way accomplish so much good? The Fortnightly Social Club of Harlem sends $24, "the proceeds of a sale the young ladies of our Church held for the benefit of the Fresh-Air Fund." The Junior Christian Endeavor of Au Table, Mich., sends $1. "hoping it will do a lot of good."

The following contributions have been received:

Previously acknowledged	$408 82
A M R, Stewartsville	10 00
B H S A, Savannah	3 00
A M C, Bath	1 00
Mrs C G Atkinson	10
W, Chanute	6 00
Elizabeth & Wm Hunter	3 00
L & M, Gray Horse	1 00
P S Conde	1 00
James Richards	3 00
A Friend	1 00
A Friend, Cromwell	5 00
Harriet E Strong	35 00
Mrs T A Murray	5 00
Ben F Jones	3 00
A Reader, Fall River	3 00
Mary Jackson	1 00
Lillie T Smith	2 00
A B Erskine	3 00
Barbara K Smith	5 00
The Fortnightly Social Club, Harlem	24 00
A Constant Reader, Zanesville	10
One Who Loves Little Children E Freedom	3 00
J H Dudley	3 00
Mrs Chas H Hubbard	1 00
Mrs David Brown	25 00
J D, Worcester	3 00
E W, Dartford	2 00
Mrs C A Kutscher	3 00
Total	$564 02

Good Resolutions

"The new birth isn't making good resolutions or good intentions, or turning over a new leaf, or making promises or vows. That isn't the new birth at all.

"Perhaps some of you say, 'What is it?' Well, listen. Christ says, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." There is life in his word. You take the Word of God into your heart, and there is the germ, there is the life. If I should take my watch and plant it, I wouldn't get any little watches, would I? Why? Because the germ of life isn't there. If I should plant a bushel of gravel, I wouldn't get any more gravel would I? But let me plant a bushel of corn at the proper time, let me get the seed and put it in the ground in the month of May, and let the dew of heaven come upon the land, and the rain and the sun, and out of the death of that corn will come a new life. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

The Gospel in Bulgaria

ONE of the most prosperous evangelical churches in the Principality of Bulgaria is the Congregational Evangelical Church at Sophia, of which Rev. M.N. Popoff, a young Bulgarian educated in this country, has been pastor for six years.

REV. M. N. POPOFF.
Pastor of C. E. Church, Bulgaria

The church was organized in 1885 and the building erected in 1887. The auditorium can seat 400, while in time of emergency more than 600 can be accommodated. A fine organ was presented several years ago by friends in America. A two-story parsonage stands near the church.

The Sophia Church has contributed about $900 annually to general Christian work. It is nearly self-supporting. The pastor's salary is $480 yearly and free parsonage. The members number about 260, and the Sunday School 90. The services are all well attended.

In connection with the Sophia Church are several active societies, including a Woman's Benevolent Society, Young Men's Society, Temperance Society, and Bible Class. During fourteen years the church has had four ministers, viz., Dr. J. N. Matincheff, Mr. A. C. Tsanoff, Rev. N. T. Boyadjieff, and Rev. M. N. Popoff. The present incumbent is the accredited representative of all the Bulgarian Evangelical churches to the Bulgarian Government.

E. S. AKRABORA.

"O to Do Something!"

"His work shall be rewarded." Jer. 31:16.

O TO do something, something, just what my Saviour ordains!
A pensioner of his bounty I go to secure my claims.
Go to do errands of mercy to all who are needing a friend;
Go while the Saviour is waiting his weary ones here to defend.

O to do something, something—millions are calling to-day
For faithful and earnest endeavor the great tide of evil to stay,
Calling to sacrifice nobly of what we hold dear here below;
To show forth the news of salvation that God through his grace will bestow!

O to do something, something for Jesus my best beloved Friend!
Who loves me and says to me ever, "I'll strengthen and help to the end;
Strengthen the helpless and weary, their burdens to rest upon me."
When life with its toils are but dreary, my refuge and help is from thee.

O to do something, something for Jesus the Lord of my life!
Who left the dear home of his glory to mingle with turmoil and strife,
Left all to give to the erring a way of escape from their sin,
Left the blest mansions of glory a lost world of sinners to win.

O to do something, something, Saviour of sinners I pray
That I may be taught of the Spirit and live close to thee day by day;
May I be watchful and earnest to tell of the love thou dost give;
The love that to death even brought thee, that all who would trust thee might live.

Boston. MRS. C. B. PARMENTER.

A Soap Reminder

Just to remind you that you will never regret having ordered Wool Soap for your toilet and bath, for it's the purest soap afloat, the soap you are sure of, the soap safe for you and for baby.

If your dealer hasn't it, send us his name, and we'll send you a cake free.

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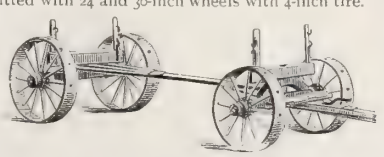
Farm Wagon for Only $19.95.

In order to introduce their Low Metal Wheels with Wide Tires, the Empire Manufacturing Company, Quincy, Ill., have placed upon the market a Farmer's Handy Wagon, sold at the low price of $19.95. The wagon is only 25 inches high, fitted with 24 and 30-inch wheels with 4-inch tire.



This wagon is made of best material throughout, and really costs but a trifle more than a set of new wheels, and fully guaranteed for one year. Catalogue giving a full description will be mailed upon application by the Empire Manufacturing Co., Quincy, Ill., who also will furnish metal wheels at low prices, made any size and width of tire to fit any axle.

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The Electropoise is a remedy which cures without medicine, placing the body in such condition that it will take directly into the circulation all oxygen required, thus throwing off all the impurities and leaving the system as nature intended it.

The Electropoise conscientiously used will cure Catarrh, Neuralgia, Asthma, Hay Fever, Insomnia and Indigestion.

A Doctor Writes of It:

"Without a doubt the Electropoise has the gift and power to cure multitudes who without it must surely die, and that too, in early life or in the very maturity of strength when their untimely death is most difficult of solution.
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For years I suffered with rheumatism in my left knee, but I am happy to say that through the use of the Electropoise it has entirely disappeared.

A brother missionary was badly troubled with a bad sore on his limb, and unable to get about except by means of a crutch; after one course of treatment by the Electropoise the sore healed of itself, and the crutch was laid aside. It has been successfully used in several cases of extreme nervousness; dropsy has also been cured, and it has been used to advantage among the natives. A number of our missionaries can testify to the good they have received through its use. Praying it may continue to be a blessing to thousands, I am,
Yours truly, ROBT SHIELDS.

[The Rev. Mr. Shields has been a missionary in Africa under the Methodist Missionary Society for the past twelve years.]

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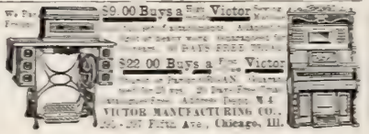

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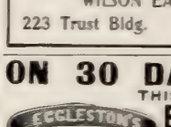

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 22 NUMBER 22

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MAY 31, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

DECORATION DAY, 1899 — "HER HOPES LIE BURIED WITH HER HERO DEAD"

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mrs. H. H. D., Fortuna Ariz. It does not seem to us that the marriage ceremony, quoted in your letter, is sacrilegious. It conforms to the prescribed form in Protestant churches.

R. G., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 1. Give a definition of character. 2. I had a dispute lately concerning riding for pleasure on Sunday afternoon, when the employer, a Christian man, made the employee work in the morning. Is it wrong? 3. Please explain Matt. 15: 26, 27. 4. What was the dispute Jesus had in the Temple with the Scribes when he was twelve years old?

1. Character is what a person really is; reputation is what others believe him to be. 2. Sunday riding, if for pleasure, is desecration. 3. Additional light is thrown on the incident by comparing it with Mark 7: 24–30. Christ designed to intimate to his disciples that his mission was first to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." At the same time it was clearly his purpose to try this woman's faith, and when she replied (see verse 27) he granted her request as the reward of her belief and as an object-lesson to his disciples. 4. The dispute or discussion was probably confined to hearing and asking questions on the prophecies, which was the rabbinical form of teaching. He had not yet assumed the office of Teacher, as he had yet to increase in "wisdom and stature" (see verse 52); but doubtless his answers, and still more his questions, addressed to the rabbins, astonished them when contrasted with those of other pupils, and must have invested him with a dignity and importance altogether unusual in such cases.

Mrs. Elizabeth P., Corning, N. Y. 1. Why do Catholics worship St. [illegible]? 2. Why [illegible] Catholic? 3. What is the difference between foreknowledge and foreordination?

1. He is one of their "patron saints," all of whom are objects of veneration and adoration. 2. Patrick, who is variously claimed as a native of Armoric Gaul and of a little village on the Clyde in Scotland, was, according to his own "Confession," the son of Calpornius, a deacon of the early Christian Church (5th century). Christianity had reached the British islands from Asia more than a hundred years before and the churches which Patrick founded, were doubtless identical with others that had received the Gospel from the same source. Patrick was not even claimed as a disciple of the Roman Church. Several of the most eminent historians of that church do not even mention Patrick's name and there is ample evidence that the Christian Churches in Britain were not in repute at Rome until the eighth century at earliest. Much that is legendary and traditional has been written about his ministry by the monkish historians of later days, but there seems to be very little foundation for their claims. Ussher, in his "Religion of the Early Irish," states that no Irish religious teacher was canonized until 1150 A. D. The ultimate canonization of Patrick was the first official acknowledgment by Rome of the old evangelical church he had founded. 3. Foreknowledge or prescience is the faculty or attribute of knowing an event before its occurrence; foreordination or predestination is being set apart, destined or devoted to a particular use, end or condition beforehand.

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THE PERAHERA—AN ANNUAL BUDDHIST PROCESSION IN CEYLON

This is one of the great religious festivals, when the disciples of Gautama Buddha make their bravest show, and the long lines of priests, the gaily caparisoned elephants bearing the temple relics, and the eager throngs of devout natives combine to make a most picturesque presentation of heathen worship.

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The call for volunteers was responded to by almost double the number of men required. They came of our best citizens, and the men in the ranks were from all departments of life, some who will doubtless fill the highest offices in the future. Let us battle for the volunteers until such time as they are taken care of, our government thus rewarding the citizen soldiery. Is it not the duty and should it not be a privilege for this nation to do equally well?

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[illegible]

[illegible] books are that Satan disputed the burial, claiming the body because of the blood of the Egyp[illegible] [illegible] leader's sin at Meribah. Having "the power of death," he opposes the raising of Moses' body again for these reasons, but the latter's [illegible] resurrection. Josephus [illegible] the people.

Anna S. W., Drain, [illegible] explain the forty [illegible] [illegible] ly belongs to you? Or does it apply to lawsuits [illegible] answered in THE MAIL-BAG recently. 2. Send to one paper only. It is a violation of existing rules to send the same article to both [illegible] crowded with poetic contributions. 4. It means simply that Christians should not cultivate a quarrelsome and litigious disposition, which seeks to carry all differences into court, instead of adjusting them quietly and privately. In its extreme meaning, it counsels submission to injustice (when private effort [illegible] er than a resort to law.

Reader, Winnipeg, Man., Can. Some years ago, when a boy, I took from my employer a sum of money by mistake, but afterwards [illegible] am now converted and want to return the amount, but cannot remember the sum. What shall I do about it?

Though you may not be able to remember the exact amount of your indebtedness, you can doubtless recall it approximately. If you take enough of your own money to cover the original amount, and add legal interest—satisfying yourself that you have assuredly covered the sum—you may then forward it to the proper address, feeling reasonably sure that you have made proper restitution.

[illegible] Cleveland, O. [illegible] do not know.

J. E. A., Baltimore, Md. Address him by letter direct.

B. L. W., Blue Springs, Neb. Arizona is a Territory.

Cora May W., Sargerstown, Pa. No clue to authorship.

R. S., Rutledge, Tenn. In 1800 Easter Sunday was April 6.

W. J. H. The verse to which you [illegible] be found in I Peter 3: 6.

F. S. W., Brantford, Ont., Can. We cannot give the desired information.

H. R. R., Winsted, Ct. Repeat your question, giving full name and address.

Dr. T. W. H. We do not believe there is any truth in the report. Some succeed, but many do not.

A [illegible] Kenner, Rosetta D. The description is a well-known fabrication: it is utterly untrustworthy.

P. L. P. Write to Moody's Colportage Library, [illegible] of the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia.

Mrs. L. M. D., Grampian, Pa. The *World-Wide Encyclopedia* is a first-class, up-to-date publication in every respect.

A. P., Louisville, Neb. 1. Golden-rod. 2. It has always been emblematic of strength. 3. German. 4. It is pronounced "Sly."

J. F. W., Victor, Mont. Write to the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York City, about the Bible Dictionary.

S. N., Mass. 1. They will be returned to owners if identified. 2. None. 3. The despatches have already explained what you want to know.

J. A. M., Middletown, Ia. We never heard the sentiment, and do not know who uttered it, but he seems to have been a sensible man.

Miss Helen F. Clark, of the Chinatown Mission, 21 Mott street, New York, writes to thank unknown donors who sent contributions for her mission work.

H. T., Hamlin, N. Y. Yes, you can qualify for admission [illegible] antiquity. There are free classes in Cooper Union, N. Y., where you can get information.

R. H., Worcester, Mass. Battles of El Caney and San Juan Hill, July 1, 1898. June 22, General Shafter's troops began disembarking at Baiquiri and Siboney, near Santiago.

Riverside, Cal. In THE MAIL BAG of March 22 the question is asked: "Are a pomegranate and an orange the same fruit, and where does the pomegranate grow?" The pomegranate grows to perfection in Southern California. The blossom is a beautiful red flower tinged with white. The fruit is full of seeds, which are eaten and are very good. The fruit grows on trees about the size of orange trees.

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It is certainly a remarkable record. We would be pleased to hear from others who have knowledge of notable Bible-reading records.

Mrs. M. B. W., E. Corinth, Me. Will you ask your readers if any of them have seen a poem by Whittier, not to be found in any of his standard works, in which, referring to an election, he says, "The 'Free-willers are out;' " "Free-willers" being a term applied to "Free Will Baptists," now "Free Baptists," who divide with the Quakers the honor of never having countenanced human slavery? I am very sure I saw such a poem when I was a girl, and several others claim to have seen it also. If the poem cannot be found I would like to hear from any one who has seen it and can tell anything of its contents.

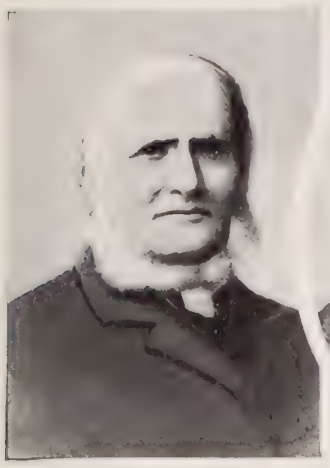
Possibly some reader may be able to give the desired information.

Mrs. S. G. M., Marion, Ala. Please explain Jude 1: 9, and tell where an account of it is found?

The passage in Jude, referring to the dispute between Michael and Satan over the body of Moses, is regarded by Vitringa, Lardner, McKnight and other distinguished commentators as symbolical, "the body of Moses" being intended to represent the Mosaic law and institutions (see Zech. 3: 1), in the same manner in which modern Christians call the church "the body of Christ." According to others, it has reference to a Jewish legend connected with the secret burial of the great lawgiver in a valley of Moab, and the dispute between Michael and Satan over the body of Moses

A Hundred Years of Mission Work

THE CENTENARY OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY CELEBRATED WITH IMPOSING CEREMONIES AND DEVOUT ENTHUSIASM IN LONDON



REV. CANON SUTTON

RT. REV. BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

PRESIDENT SIR JOHN KENNAWAY

REV. JAMES JOHNSON

RT. REV. BISHOP WHIPPLE

LEADERS IN THE CENTENARY OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY

THIS generation so familiar with the work of Foreign Missionary Societies, is liable to forget that it is not more than a century since such work was new to the church. The fact is brought home to us by the celebration which has just taken place in England of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Church Missionary Society, one of the oldest, one of the most active, and one of the most influential of all the missionary organizations. The celebration has been a royal one. While its centre was in London, where St. Paul's Cathedral was crowded with a vast congregation, and Westminster Abbey was filled with the most eminent and illustrious of the sons of the church, and Exeter Hall and other large buildings were filled day after day by people eager to join in the celebration, it was not confined to the metropolis, but great gatherings were held in three thousand cities and towns at which the same enthusiasm was displayed.

In spite of the divisions in the Protestant Episcopal Church, which just now are especially acute, the celebration has called forth the hearty congratulations of men of all parties. Archbishops and bishops who are seldom seen together on the same platform, came to join in the general rejoicing and vied with each other in their devout thankfulness for the triumphs which God has wrought through this society. America had her appropriate representative in the venerable and beloved Bishop Whipple, whose spirit and life have been throughout of the missionary order. There was no man in those vast gatherings, when England produced her ablest and most eloquent preachers, whose words were listened to with more delight than this saintly man, who might, had he been less modest, have told stories of privation and hardship and consecration in his own experience, as thrilling as those of the missionaries to heathen lands.

The reports of the society came from every country in which work is being done, and in many instances there were representatives who could speak as eye-witnesses of the value of the work. According to the summary of these reports, the society has 496 mission stations, with a total staff of laborers in the field, European and natives, of 7,193, while its native Christian adherents number 240,876. It has 2,257 schools and seminaries, and in the medical branch it has hospitals, in which there were during last year 9,285 in-patients, and nearly 600,000 out-patients.

Like most great and useful institutions, the beginnings of the Church Missionary Society were small and apparently feeble. In 1797 four noble men of God—John Venn, Chas. Simeon, Chas. Grant and Wm. Wilberforce, while dining at Henry Thornton's, in his house at Clapham Common, near London, which is still standing, talked over the project of a missionary society in connection with the Evangelical party of the Church of England. After this, the project was discussed at the Eclectic Society—a small society of evangelical clergy and laity—and a resolution was passed to form a missionary society. Early in April, 1799, some rules were made, and a meeting being called on April 12, at the "Castle and Falcon," a well-known hotel in Aldersgate Street, London, at which sixteen clergymen and nine laymen attended, the rules were passed and the society was formed. Five principles were laid down by John Venn, for the guidance of the society, as follows: "Follow God's leading," "Begin on a small scale," "Put money in the second place, not the first," "Under God all will depend on the type of men sent forth," and "Look for success only from the Spirit of God."

ENTRANCE TO EXETER HALL

There was great opposition at the first from conservative clergymen in the church, but the founders persevered. During the first two years the collections for the support of the society amounted to only $4,560, but only $475 was spent, and that for printing. There was greater difficulty in getting missionaries than money, and even when some men were found who were willing to go to India, the opposition of the East India Company formed an insurmountable barrier against work among the heathen. The first five missionaries the society sent there went in the capacity of chaplains to British soldiers and rulers, and these did excellent work as such, especially the devoted Henry Martyn, afterwards a missionary to Persia.

The first missionaries sent by the society to a really heathen people were two men who were sent out in 1804 to a tribe on the Rio Pongas, north of Sierra Leone. This work was carried on for thirteen years with great loss of life, until 1817 when the mission stations were wholly destroyed and the missionaries driven out at the instigation of slave-dealers. The work, however, was not without fruit, for a chief was converted who remained a steadfast friend of Christianity until his death in 1861. Work was subsequently begun in Sierra Leone, but the results were enough to discourage the stoutest hearts. The climate was so deadly that the missionaries died, one after another, and some lived only a few months after landing. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the society had, in six years after entering the country, two thousand natives in its schools, and several thousands attending the services. One of the trophies of this work is Rev. James Johnson, whose portrait appears on this page. He is a native of the colony, the son of an emancipated slave. He is still serving as a missionary of the society in his native land.

It was in connection with the Sierra Leone mission that the society enlisted one of its very greatest men. In 1816, Edward Bickersteth, father of the present Bishop of Exeter, threw up his practice as a lawyer to go out as a missionary in the deadly climate of Sierra Leone. Bickersteth came back with one of his negro converts, and went through the country speaking and preaching. Wherever he went he stirred his hearers to their hearts' depths, and set them praying and working with redoubled earnestness. In 1829 Bickersteth's efforts had resulted in raising the income to $260,000 a year, and there were seventy missionaries at work.

The present President of the Church Missionary Society is a layman. He is, however, a whole-souled friend of missions, and comes of a family whose missionary activity has been proverbial in three generations. He is Sir John H. Kennaway, a Devonshire baronet, who represents his county in Parliament. His grandfather was president of the Devonshire auxiliary of the society, in which office, at his death, he was succeeded by his son, and now his grandson is President of the parent society.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON

A vivid presentation of the earth-girdling work of this great society in its centenary year, was given by one of the speakers at the celebration, who pictured the anniversary being celebrated at daybreak at each of the stations in foreign lands. He said, when with us it is midnight, our station among the Maories at our antipodes would just be beginning their new day. A little before two in the morning our Australian brethren would take up the strain. Before their hymns had ceased the Japanese stations would succeed them, and then the Chinese stations one after another. Then India's hymns would rise, Calcutta leading the way. From that point there would be one long succession of doxologies as the sun passed over India, Ceylon, Persia, Palestine, and Africa, until an hour beyond noon. Then another break, nearly three hours long, while the meridian line passed across the Atlantic. When once Newfoundland broke the silence there would thereafter be no pause until, little more than two hours before midnight, the last echoes from the Yukon died away.

· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·

. . . The Bride of Nations . . .

A Sermon by The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Isa. 62 : 4. . . . . Thy land shall be married

As the greatest tragedies are meaningless, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicycle of our own republic. Bold, exhilarant, unique, divine imagery of the text. At the close of a week in which for three days our National Capitol was a pageant and all that grand review and bannered procession and National Anthems could do, celebrated peace, it may not be inapt to anticipate the time when the Prince of Peace and the Heir of Universal Dominion shall take possession of this nation, and "thy land shall be married."

In discussing the final destiny of this nation, it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpits and on platforms and in places of public concourse, I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded, as though we were on the way to national interment, and beside Thebes and Babylon and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be entombed, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials; not mausoleum, but carpeted altar; not cypress, but orange-blossoms; not requiem, but wedding march; for "thy land shall be married." I propose to name some of the suitors who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so affluent, that it has many suitors, and it will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected.

In the first place: There is a greedy, monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is known by the name of Monopoly. His sceptre is made out of the iron of the rail track and the wire of telegraphy. He does everything for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people. Things went on from bad to worse until in the three legislatures of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, for a long time Monopoly decided everything. If Monopoly favor a law, it passes; if Monopoly oppose a law, it is rejected. Monopoly stands in the railroad depot putting into his pockets in one year two hundred millions of dollars in excess of all reasonable charges for services. Monopoly holds in his one hand the steam power of locomotion, and in the other, the electricity of swift communication.

But Monopoly is not so easily caught now as when during the term of Mr. Buchanan the legislative committee in one of our States explored and exposed the manner in which a certain railway company had obtained a donation of public land. It was found out that thirteen of the senators of that State received $175,000 among them, sixty members of the lower house of that State received between $5,000 and $10,000 each, the Governor of that State received $50,000, his clerk received $5,000, the Lieut.-Governor received $10,000, all the clerks of the legislature received $5,000 each, while $50,000 were divided among the lobby agents. That thing on a larger or smaller scale is all the time going on in some of the States of the Union, but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and therefore not so easily exposed or arrested. I tell you that the overshadowing curse of the United States to-day is Monopoly.

I have nothing to say against capitalists; a man has a right to all the money he can make honestly—I have nothing to say against corporations as such; without them no great enterprise would be possible, but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corporations that are applied to the poorest man and the plainest laborer. What is wrong for me is wrong for great corporations. If I take from you your property without any adequate compensation, I am a thief, and if a railway damages the property of the people without making any adequate compensation, that is a gigantic theft.

Monopoly, brazen-faced, iron-fingered, vulture-hearted Monopoly offers his hand to this republic. He stretches it out over the lakes and up the great railroads and over the telegraph poles of the continent, and says: "Here is my heart and hand; be mine forever." Let the millions of the people North, South, East and West forbid the banns of that marriage, forbid them at the ballot-box, forbid them on the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelming sentiment of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the Church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven. That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all-devouring Monopoly that this land is to be married.

Another suitor claiming the hand of this republic is Nihilism.

He owns nothing but a knife for universal cut-throatery, and a nitro-glycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven, and no hell except what he can make on earth! He slew the Czar of Russia, keeps many a king practically imprisoned, killed Abraham Lincoln, would put to death every king and president on earth, and if he had the power, would climb up until he could drive the God of heaven from his throne and take it himself, the universal butcher. In France it is called Communism; in the United States it is called Anarchism; in Russia it is called Nihilism, but that last is the most graphic and descriptive term. It means complete and eternal smash-up. It would make the holding of property a crime, and it would drive a dagger through your heart, and put a torch to your dwelling and turn over this whole land into the possession of theft and lust and rapine and murder.

Where does this monster live? In all the towns and cities of this land. It offers its hand to this fair republic. It proposes to tear to pieces the ballot-box, the legislative hall, the Congressional assembly. It would take this land and divide it up, or rather, divide it down. It would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good. Nihilism! This panther having prowled across other lands has set its paw on our soil, and it is only waiting for the time in which to spring upon its prey. It is Nihilism that glares out of the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. Ah! its power has never yet been tested. I pray God its power may never be fully tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, schoolhouse and college in ashes.

Let me say it is the worst enemy of the laboring classes in any country. The honest cry for reform lifted by oppressed laboring men is drowned out by the vociferation for anarchy. The criminals and the vagabonds who range through our cities talking about their rights, when their first right is the penitentiary—if they could be hushed up, and the downtrodden laboring men of this country could be heard, there would be more bread for hungry children. In this land, riot and bloodshed never gained any wages for the people or gathered up any prosperity. In this land the best weapon is not the club, not the shillalah, not firearms, but the ballot. Let not our oppressed laboring men be beguiled to coming under the bloody banner of Nihilism. It will make your taxes heavier, your wages smaller, your table scantier, your children hungrier, your suffering greater. Yet this Nihilism will feet red of slaughter, comes forth and offers its hand for this republic. Shall the banns be proclaimed? If so, where shall the marriage altar be? and who will be the officiating priest? and what will be the music? That altar will have to be white with bleached skulls, the officiating priest must be a dripping assassin, the music must be the [illegible] tudinous victims, the garlands must be twisted of nightshade, the fruits must be apples of Sodom, the wine must be the blood of St. Bartholomew's massacre. No! It is not to Nihilism, the sanguinary monster, that this land is to be married.

Another suitor for the hand of this nation is Infidelity. When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart in St. Mark's churchyard, everybody was shocked; but Infidelity proposes something more [illegible] robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tombstones of your Christian dead the words, "Asleep in Jesus," and substitute the words, "Obliteration — annihilation." Infidelity proposes to take the letter from the world's Father, inviting the nations to virtue and happiness, and tear it up into fragments so small that you cannot read a word of it. It proposes to take the consolation from the broken-hearted, and the soothing pillow from the dying. Infidelity proposes to swear in the President of the United States, and the Supreme Court, and the Governors of States, and the witnesses in the court room with their right hand on Paine's "Age of Reason," or Voltaire's "Philosophy of History." It proposes to take away from this country the Book that [illegible] the difference between the United States and the Kingdom of Dahomey, between American civilization and Bornesian cannibalism. If Infidelity could destroy the Scriptures, it would in two hundred years turn the civilized nations back to semi-barbarism, and then from semi-barbarism into midnight savagery, until the morals of a menagerie of tigers, rattlesnakes and chimpanzees would be better than the morals of the shipwrecked human race.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of healthful jurisprudence. That book has been the mother of all reforms and all charities—mother of English *magna charta* and American Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin, holding that Holy Book in his hand, stood before an infidel club in Paris and read to them out of the prophecies of Habakkuk, and the infidels, not knowing what book it was, declared it was the best poetry they had ever heard. That book brought George Washington down on his knees in the snow at Valley Forge, and led the dying Prince Albert to ask some one to sing "Rock of Ages."

I tell you that the worst attempted crime of the century is the attempt to destroy this book; yet Infidelity, loathsome, stenchful, leprous, pestiferous, rotten monster, stretches out its hand, ichorous with the second death, to take the hand of this republic. It stretches it out through seductive magazines, and through lyceum lectures and through caricatures of religion. It asks for all that part of the continent already fully settled, and the two thirds not yet occupied. It says: "Give me all east of the Mississippi, with the keys of the church and with the Christian printing-presses—then give me Wyoming, give me Alaska, give me Montana, give me Colorado, give me all the States west of the Mississippi, and I will take those places and keep them by right of possession long before the Gospel can be fully entrenched.

And this suitor presses his case appallingly. Shall the banns of that marriage be proclaimed? "No!" say the home missionaries of the West, a martyr band of whom the world is not worthy, toiling amid fatigues and malaria and starvation. "No! not if we can help it. By what we and our children have suffered, we forbid the banns of that marriage!" "No!" say all patriotic voices, "our institutions were bought at too dear a price and were defended at too great a sacrifice to be so cheaply surrendered." "No!" says the God of Bunker Hill and Independence Hall and Gettysburg. "I did not start this nation [illegible] a farce." And the cry ten thousand voices, "to Infidelity this land shall not be married!"

But there is another suitor that presents his claim for the hand of this republic. He is mentioned in the verse following my text where it says: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." It is not my figure; it is the figure of the Bible. Christ is so desirous to have this world love him that he stops at no humiliation of simile. He compares himself in my text to a suitor begging a hand in marriage. Does this Christ, the King, deserve this land? Behold Pilate's hall and the insulting expectoration on the face of Christ. Behold the Calvarean massacre and the awful hemorrhage of five wounds. Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel, but Christ, my Lord, the King, suffered in torture thirty-three years to win the love of this world. As often princesses at their very birth are pledged in treaty of marriage to princes or kings of earth, so this nation at its birth was pledged to Christ for divine marriage.

Before Columbus and his one hundred and twenty men embarked on the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Nina*, for their wonderful voyage, what was the last thing they did? They sat down and took the holy sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. After they caught the first glimpse of this country and the gun of one ship had announced it to the other vessels that land had been discovered, what was the song that went up from all the three decks? *Gloria in excelsis*. After Columbus and his one hundred and twenty men had stepped from the ship's deck to the solid ground, what did they do? They all knelt and consecrated the new world to God. What did the Huguenots do after they landed in the Carolinas? What did the Holland refugees do after they had landed in New York? What did the Pilgrim fathers do after they landed in New England? With bended knee and uplifted face and heaven besieging prayer, they took possession of this continent for God. How was the first American Congress opened? By prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. From its birth this nation was pledged for holy marriage with Christ.

And then see how good God has been to us! Just open the map of the continent, and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land, rolling down on all sides into the sea, prophesying large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains timbered with wealth on the top and sides, metaled with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of iron. The land so contoured that extreme weather hardly ever lasts more than three days—extreme heat or extreme cold. Climate for the most part bracing and favorable for brawn and brain. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery displaying an autumnal pageantry that no land on earth pretends to rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No London fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No Germanic divisions. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth. It is the testimony of every man that has traveled abroad. For the poor, more sympathy; for the industrious, more opportunity. Oh, how good God was to our fathers, and how good he has been to us and our children. To him! Blessed be his mighty name! To him of cross and triumph, to him who still remembers the prayer of the Huguenots and Holland refugees and the Pilgrim Fathers—to him shall this land be married. O! you Christian patriots, by your contributions and your prayers, hasten on the fulfilment of the text.

We have been turning an important leaf in the mighty tome of our national history. One year at the gates of this continent over 500,000 emigrants arrived. I was told by the Commissioners of Emigration that the probability was that in that one year 600,000 emigrants would arrive at the different gates of commerce. Who were they? the paupers of Europe? No. At Kansas City, I was told by a gentleman, who had opportunity for large investigation, that a great multitude had gone through there, averaging in worldly

estate eight hundred dollars. I was told by an officer of the government, who had opportunity for authentic investigation, that thousands and thousands had gone, averaging $1,000 in possession each. I was told by the Commission of Emigration that twenty families that had recently arrived brought $85,000 with them. Mark you, families, not tramps. Additions to the national wealth, not subtractions therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymn books, thanking God for his kindness in helping them cross the sea. Some of them had Christ in the steerage all across the waves, and they will have Christ in the rail trains which at five o'clock every afternoon start for the great West. They are being taken by the Commission of Emigration in New York, taken from the vessels, protected from the Shylocks and the sharpers, and in the name of God and humanity passed on to their destination; and there they will turn your wildernesses into gardens, if you will build for them churches, and establish for them schools, and send to them Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah, that shows you have not been to California, that shows you have not been to Oregon, that shows that you have not been to Texas. A fishing smack to-day on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being overcrowded by foreign populations in this country. The one State of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian Empire, yet the Austrian Empire supports 35,000,000 people. The one State of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports 36,000,000 people. The one State of Texas far surpasses in size the Germanic Empire, yet the Germanic Empire supports 41,000,000 people. I tell you the great want of the Western States is more population.

While some people may stand at the gates of the city saying: "Stay back!" to foreign populations, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them and beckon to foreign nations, saying: "Come, come! all ye people who are honest and industrious and God-loving!" But say you: "I am so afraid that they will bring their prejudices for foreign governments and plant them here." Absurd. They are sick of the governments that have oppressed them, and they want free America! Give them the great Gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard-earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ, and "thy land shall be married." But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky Mountains, when, through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards and orchards and grain fields. Then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlestons of the Pacific coast come to the marriage altar on one side, and then let the Bostons and the New Yorks and the Charlestons of the Atlantic coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel; and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevadas on the one side, or moved the foundations of the Alleghanies on the other side, should open full diapason of wedding march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of him who would take the hand of this bride of nations, saying, "as a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." At that marriage banquet the platters shall be of Nevada silver, and the chalices of California gold, and the fruits of Northern orchards, and the spices of Southern groves, and the tapestry of American manufacture, and the congratulations from all the free nations of earth and from all the triumphant armies of heaven. "And so thy land shall be married."

A DERVISH BEGGAR

Some Strange Dervish Legends

Fantastic Religious Beliefs of the Secret Sects of Persia—Adam, Ali, Moses, and Christ Intermingled with the Reincarnation and the Transmigration of Souls—The "Ali-Allahis" and their Extraordinary Creed

TO-DAY we devote space to the second letter of our Persian correspondent, Hannah G. Yoseph, on the dervishes, in which the writer sheds a flood of light on this most interesting subject, bringing to the surface many facts never before disclosed concerning this mysterious people. Her letter is a notable contribution to the history of the religions of the Orient.

"MARAGHA, PERSIA.

"A few weeks ago, while sitting in my drug-room, a tall, handsome *darvish*, of about thirty-five years, came bowing very low, and extended his right arm to the floor, then to his head, then to his heart, as a sign of humility. As he sat down he said:

"'Your servant said you wished to speak to me.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I would like to know something more about *darvishes*, and I hear that there are a great many *Ali Allahis* among you?'

"'Yes, there are a few who are *Ali Allahis*. I have an intimate friend who is one, and will bring him here if you command so,' at the same time taking out from his side pocket something which he began to sew.

"'*Daba Darvish*' (Father Dervish), I said, 'what is it that you are embroidering so gracefully?'

"'I am making a *taj* (a dervish hat). For these we receive from one *toman* to as many as fifteen. Only a few *darvishes* know how to sew and embroider. It helps toward our opium money. We all use opium, as it gives us strength to go about and make our livelihood.'

"'I have never yet seen a man that used opium who lived long enough to grow old,' said I. 'Can you show me a *darvish* who has used it and has grown old?'

"'It is true I have not seen among the *teryakches* (opium-eaters) any old men.'

"'*Dada Darvish*, will you embroider a *taj* for me to send to *Yengidonya* (America) to a newspaper which is called *Jarchre Maschy* (THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), which has done much good to the just, and never hesitates whether the needy are Mohammedans, Jews, Christians or heathen. If disease and plague have confronted them; if enemy or famine have visited them, it always extends a hand of fellowship, a voice of comfort, just as it helped the people in Hoondistan and in Asmanli.'

"'*Hakim Khanina*, the owner must be a very rich man,' responded the *darvish*.

"'I do not know about that; but I know this, that some years ago, when there was famine among you Mohammedans, and men were eating their own children, many of the Christian people in America sent money for the hungry over to Mimi.'

"*Darvish*, astonished, holding his long beard in his right hand, said: '*Li lahillilla—li lahillilla!* And we Musselmans see each other starve, and are not helping. *Wallah!* (a pious exclamation). We have turned into *lafar*' (heathen).

"There is a class of men who like it to be thought that they are living like *darvishes*. They sit upon grass mats, but pile up the expensive rugs and carpets around them. Last summer I was called to visit the wife of a rich *molla*. We entered the *haramkhana* and found the two rooms completely bare, except a yard-square grass mat, on which were two smoking pipes and an earthen water jug. When the husband entered, the wife stood up until her lord commanded her to be seated.

"She had toothache, but would not let me remove the tooth. She called her maids and said to me: '*Hakim Khanim*, take out one of her teeth; let me see if it hurts, then I will let you remove my tooth.'

"The poor maid came meekly, but there was no bad tooth to be removed. Her mistress, looking at her with anger, said: 'Dog! Why do you not allow the doctor to remove a tooth?'

"'*Wallah, Khanim*,' said the maid, 'I will let the doctor remove all, if you will only have your tooth removed.'

"Her husband said to the maid: 'I will turn my back, so that I may not see your face, and you can let the *hakim* remove a tooth, so that the *knanim* would see it does not hurt much.'

"'But I never do remove a sound tooth just for pleasure,' I said.

"I rose to bid them *Khodo hafiz* (farewell) and the *molla* said: 'I am a poor man.' His wife spoke to me: '*Hakim khanim*, ask him, if he is poor, why he is going to marry another wife?'

"Among this class it is quite fashionable to pretend poverty in the sight of Mohammedans in order to increase the appearance of sanctity.

"The sect or society of *Ali Allahy* is a most difficult subject to deal with. Any member found revealing the secrets of the society is assassinated. There are a few things which I cannot put down because my English vocabulary is limited.

"This secret society has adopted a great many ceremonies from the Christians, and through fear of the Moslems are keeping them secret. They are very friendly to Christianity. I believe they have certain practices which they do not like to practice before strangers.

"The name, *Ali Allahy*, means the people who worship Ali (the third Oman Caliph) as God. There are eleven or twelve sects: *Darvidy* (from David), *yeddilar* (sevens), *Alavy*, *Atash Bagy*, *Abdalbagy*, *Benyamins*, *Kadery*, *Sahiby*, *Nozaby*, *Nasery* and *Sheik Ibrahimy*. They are called by different names in different states, those near Mimi being called *Abdalbagy* and those in Maragha *Ali Allahy*. In Turkey they are called *Guiran*. They call themselves *Yol Haky* (turn way), *Ahly Tarik* (people of ceremony), *Mornen* (faithful), *Arkantin*, *Iman, jafar*, *Sadie*, etc.

"There is not much difference between the sects in their religious beliefs. *Kadery* legends say that when Gabriel was flying through space he reached an arch, and suddenly a voice from within it said 'Who art thou?' Gabriel said (rather haughtily) 'I? I am and thou, thou art.' His five hundred wings were removed and he was left hanging between heaven and earth for five hundred years. One day, after his wings had grown, an old man (who was Ali), meeting Gabriel, said to him, 'When thou approachest that arch again and the voice asks thee who thou art, then say Thou art the Creator and I am the creation.' One day, when Gabriel was again flying, on reaching the arch the voice said to him, 'Who art thou?' Gabriel said, 'Thou art the Creator, and I the creation.' Thus answering, a door opened into the arch. Gabriel entered and saw a lamp burning with three kinds of light: the white was God's influence; the second light, red, was Ali; and the third light, green, was Mohammed. These three are the 'light of the world' according to the doctrine of *Ali Allahy*.

"They also believe that God has manifested himself to the world in seven different *dones* [the meaning of *done* is skin, cover or person] at different ages and times. The first manifestation appeared in Yah, the second in Adam, the third in Sultan Purderver, the fourth in Shahis, the fifth in Shah Fazil Kalantar (who was the originator of the society of *Ahly Tanik*), the sixth in Ali (who gave the law), and the seventh is Kayam (present), but hidden from sight, and will remain so until the time for his final appearance.

"*Ali Allahy* have an annual feast called 'the feast of *enguin* and *see*.' There are a few secret signs by which these people know each other. The mountain of Sahind is considered sacred by them, and many thousands every year make *zeyarat* (pilgrimage) to a spring to which they say the Ali came when he fled to Ajam from Arabistan from his enemies. He was thirsty and threw his spear angrily, and the point penetrated the rock and a spring of water gushed forth.

"About the origin of *Ali Allahy*, one told me the following legend: 'There was a *Shah Namatoolls Wally* 300 years ago who left us the tale. When *Ali Asalamalieum* was Caliph, a criminal was to be beheaded, and Ali himself beheaded him. He brought the dead man to life and said to *Janabi Ameer*, 'thou art God.' Forty times he was killed and brought to life, and each time *Janabi Ameer* told him, 'I am not God.' The convict still persisted: 'Thou art God, how otherwise could you bring me to life?' *Janabi Ameer* said: 'No, I am only a man, and was Adam. I came to give law and order to the people and they did not obey. After many years law was given through Noah, but the people grew wicked and we brought the flood. I departed from this world and came down through Abraham, and found the people just as wicked as ever. After teaching and instructing them they became better. I again departed and came through Moses, but they did not receive my laws and I cursed them. I next came down through Issa in meekness, patience and love. Day by day the people grew more wicked. Then I came down through Mohammed, and the people still went after their evil ways. I will again appear to the world—my last and final appearance will be more terrible than any of the previous ones.'

"A *molla* told me: 'After death, if I have been faithful, my being, through a mysterious way—that is, from my ashes—will spring up herbs or worms, and they will be eaten by birds and animals; birds and animals will be eaten by man, and beings will be born, for whose fate I will be directly responsible. If I have been good, from my being springs up a prince, a prophet, a fortunate. If bad, I will live according to the degree of my condition—through a donkey, cat, dog, or, worse still, through a worm or a fly.'

"HANNAH G. YOSEPH."

A CAMP OF DERVISHES ROASTING MEAT FOR THE EVENING MEAL

: : : A Church of Manifold Activities : : :

How Institutional Methods Have Multiplied and Developed the Spiritual and Social Life of Morgan Chapel, Boston

FROM time to time, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has published accounts of the methods employed by various institutional churches in leading cities throughout the country, whose example has doubtless afforded inspiration and encouragement for workers elsewhere. One of the most notable institutions of this character, whose work has been followed by marked success, is Morgan Chapel, Boston, Mass. Our photographs on these two pages afford some idea of the varied and attractive features that have been introduced in this particular church, whose pastor, Rev. E. J. Helms, has been the leading spirit in the new departure. When Mr. Helms began his pastoral duties at Morgan Chapel, nearly four years ago, he found the old-fashioned, time-honored methods prevailing: regular doctrinal sermons, Sunday School, Class Meeting and Prayer Meeting—all of the type to be found in the average New England Methodist Church at any time during the last twenty-five years. He went to work with the object, not of disrupting, but improving. At the present time, all the services formerly held are still preserved, while many new modern features that add zest to religious life, and do much to develop the social side of the church as a great Christian family, with broad spirituality and enlarged activities, have been introduced with marked success. One of the first things Pastor

THE CARDBOARD CLASS (INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL)

IN THE PRINTING DEPARTMENT

[illegible] with instant favor, and has [illegible] larger enterprise than could [illegible]

One of the worst features of life in the tenement sections of a great city where temptation of every sort is multiplied, is the tendency of [illegible] liquor on Saturday evenings. Temptation in the form of gilded saloons lure them at every corner. To counteract this evil, Pastor Helms devised the Saturday night free concert, which has exercised a potential influence upon the men themselves and has been a blessing to their families. In this undertaking, the voluntary services of the members of the church societies are enlisted for carrying out an attractive musical and literary programme. At eight o'clock the concert opens, and when it closes there is held a rousing temperance meeting, which lasts until eleven o'clock, the hour for closing the saloons. Coffee is served during the entertainment and a general invitation is extended to sign the pledge—an opportunity of which hundreds avail themselves. These gatherings are held under the auspices of the Total Abstinence Guild. Even these unusual activities did not exhaust the church's energy. A Medical Mission was next established, and several city physicians volunteered to help in the work among the needy poor. Then followed an Employment Bureau,

THE WORKERS' LUNCH ROOM

REV. E. J. HELMS AND MRS. HELMS

SLOYD WORK IN THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

Helms did was to open a Reading Room, which was supplied with periodicals and other attractive literature, through the generosity of many contributing friends. This was kept open at all times, and soon had a large patronage. Next, as the church is situated in a thickly-peopled tenement district, contributions were invited for the purpose of supplying bathing facilities. A number of public baths were placed in the basement of the church for the use of which the nominal fee of five cents was charged. These baths from the outset have been more than self-supporting, and have yielded a surplus which is used for the support of the Reading Room.

Next, a School of Handicraft was opened, in which pupils were taught printing, cobbling, tailoring, dressmaking and carpentry, all the instructors being unpaid where employers were charged a small fee, sufficient to cover the running expenses. Hundreds of deserving workers are helped to situations every year through this bureau. Mention has already been made of the Trade School. After a time it developed into a bureau of Co-operative Industrial Work, by means of which many hundreds of unskilled and necessitous people have been greatly benefited. Idle men can get shelter and food by doing a light task: unemployed women are kept busy, at ten cents an hour, repairing garments which are sent in by friends of the work—the garments being sold afterward. Shoes, food and fuel are supplied in cases where charity is deserved, and the bureau is conducted generally on the lines of philanthropy and charity. One of the unique features of the Morgan Chapel system is the Evening Training School for the study of the Bible, music and sociology.

WORKERS IN THE COBBLING DEPARTMENT

IN THE WOODYARD

THE EMPLOYMENT AND MENDING BUREAU

A KINDERGARTEN CLASS MISS MARY E. FRENCH, HEAD OF EMPLOYMENT BUREAU DINNER HOUR IN THE NURSERY

Instruction is given in all kinds of musical instruments, and the vocal and instrumental classes are under teachers from the various Boston conservatories.

No part of the work has received more care and attention than that which is carried on among the children. Three years ago, a Day Nursery and Kindergarten was opened in a part of the chapel vestry, but the accommodations were soon outgrown. Now the Nursery is kept open from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., and on Sundays during church hours, in order to give the parents an opportunity to attend the services. For each child cared for a nominal fee of five cents is charged, and the arrangement has proved a great boon to working mothers. The Kindergarten Training School meets every afternoon on week-days, and it would be difficult to find anywhere a happier or brighter set of children or more enthusiastic teachers. The teacher is principal of a large kindergarten and training institute in Boston. On Saturday afternoons, the Children's Industrial School meets, the average attendance being about 300. Plain sewing, garment designing and similar work are taught to the girls, while the boys are instructed in drawing and cutting out designs in paper. The sloyd work of the little lads is something really remarkable. Of course, moral instruction is a marked feature of the general training in all the classes.

Writing of the success which has attended the Morgan Chapel work, Pastor Helms recently used these words: "Many churches hesitate to undertake any institutional church methods, for fear of the great expense involved. Others dread the opposition likely to be incurred by certain elements in the church. The success that has attended the introduction of new methods at Morgan Chapel, Boston, and the small increase in the expenses of the work may encourage others in similarly difficult fields to venture in like directions."

It is now over fifty years since Morgan Chapel was built. Being intended originally for a family church it is poorly adapted for institutional work, and many alterations had to be made, the cost of which was borne by the congregation themselves. One of the most encouraging results of the new departure is the very marked increase in church membership since the institutional idea was put in operation, and this has yielded an increase of revenue almost sufficient to meet the expense involved. A stimulus has also been imparted to the missionary work of the church, which now regularly contributes $500 yearly in excess of its former contributions for this purpose. There is, moreover, a visible augmentation of the spiritual energies and activities of the church in other directions. Audiences at the various religious services have been greatly increased and evidences are abundant of a deeper spiritual interest than ever before. There is a continuous revival. More conversions were reported last year than in any previous year of Morgan Chapel's history. In proportionate gifts to missions, as well as in spiritual results, it now holds the second place among the churches of the New England Conference —a result attributable, under Divine approval, to the adoption of methods suited to the times, and especially to the wants of the multitudes whom it is proposed to reach with the Gospel of Jesus Christ and of brotherly helpfulness and social good-will.

MR. GEORGE GAMLIN, CLASS LEADER

SEWING DEPARTMENT IN THE SATURDAY INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

MISS M. FAGAN, SUP'T OF NURSERY

A GROUP OF LITTLE KINDERGARTNERS

A PUBLIC BATH

A NOOK IN THE FREE READING ROOM

A Perfect Child

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 11. Luke 2: 40-52

WHAT Christ was as child, is a fruitful field of conjecture. It is strange that it should have been left to conjecture. If, as seems probable, his beloved disciple John, was his cousin, he must have known something of that period of the life of his Master, and he had, besides, in his home, one in the person of Mary, who would infallibly remember, as none other could, all the incidents of his boyhood; but John is silent on the subject, and the other Evangelists have little to impart. The solitary incident of this visit to Jerusalem in his twelfth year, when he was made a "Son of the Torah," as the ceremony was called, in which he took upon himself the obligations of the law, is the only glimpse we have of his childhood. It was probably passed peacefully at Nazareth, much in the same way as the lives of other boys of the time. He would be instructed in the law, which was the principal study in the Jewish home, though he does not appear to have attended any of the advanced schools. Later in life, it was evident to the scholars of the day that he had not received special training, for they asked contemptuously, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" The ordinary study, the usual amusements and the learning of the carpenter's trade, doubtless filled up his young life. If he had been precocious, or had developed in an unusual manner, the people of Nazareth would not have been so surprised as they were at his words and deeds (Mark 6: 3), when he visited the place in his manhood.

The incident in the temple seems to show, however, that even in his boyhood, some consciousness of his divine nature and mission had come to him. His answer to his mother cannot be understood on any other theory. She spoke to him of "thy father," meaning Joseph; but it was not to Joseph that he referred when he said, "my Father," for it was not Joseph's business which had kept him behind the caravan in Jerusalem. That it was a clear and definite idea is improbable. Possibly it was stirred by his visit to the historic temple, the passover rite which he had witnessed two or three days before, and the sight of the eminent teachers who were explaining the religion of the time to the people. He was in an atmosphere which would be likely to develop the intuitions of a heavenly mind.

Whatever conception may have come to Jesus at this time appears to have made no change in his relations to his family. He went back to the former life at Nazareth, and, as Luke says, "was subject unto them." He had come to live a man's life on earth, and he neglected no part of it. It is not always that they who call themselves by his name follow his example in this. There is sometimes an attitude of superiority, a condescension and a vanity on the part of the young Christian, when he is the only religious person in the household, which are unlike Christ. The divine nature in him was manifested in the ordinary relations of life, not in separating him from them and raising him above them. But this was not a flash of light; it was the dawn that was to become the day. There was growth not in stature alone, but in wisdom. Therefore there could not have been perfection to begin with. It was a gradual unfolding, and even to his own consciousness the perception of the truth must have been a process rather than a revelation. But during the process there was filial obedience. "He was subject to them." It is an example to be followed by those who have not his justification for an independent course. If Christ himself yielded his own will and repressed himself and submitted to the will of that village carpenter and his wife, surely none of his followers need shrink from their humiliation. What noble patience, too, he displayed as to his work! For seventeen or eighteen long years he was content to live that humble, unconspicuous life, waiting the call to manifest himself to the world. With such a mission committed to him and such a work before him, there was no impetuosity, no impatience, but the calm majesty of divinity.

CUBAN RELIEF FUND

Belated Contributions Received up to May 20, 1899, and Included in the Report Contained in Last Week's Issue, but not Heretofore Acknowledged in "The Christian Herald"

ALASKA

[illegible] 12.00

Total 12.00

ARIZONA

Grayard, W H 1 00

Total 6.50

CALIFORNIA

Bashain, J P 2
Bayley, T L 2
[illegible] 50
Duke, G A 25
Findlay, Mrs B L 1 50
Griswold, E C 50
Hardy, W P 13 00
Harter, J P 25
Hurlburt, F M 2
Inglehart, John 2
[illegible] 3 00
Kilby, Minnie 2 00
Kinley, Minnie 2 00
Lowers, Mrs M E 1 00
Martinez, D 10
Mayfield, Mrs R 2
Myers, Mrs 1
Nitecker, Mrs E 5 00
cal school for girls 5
Smith, Mr & Mrs H 1
Smith, Mrs S 1
Stewart, Mrs M J 2 00
[illegible] 2 50
Waters, Mrs T H 75
Williams, W W 2
Winchell, Theo 25
[illegible] 1 00
[illegible] 1 50
Friendly Circle K D, Central M E Ch, San Francisco 5 00
Impromptu col. Biggs 4 20
Mrs E N, San Jose 2 50
S R W, Santa Paula 1 00
—, Lodi 25
1st Bap Ch, Madera 8 00
Mendocino Bap S S 5 24
Middletown Y P S C E 1 50
C E Soc, Toluca 1 00
Los Angeles 3 50
Jr League, Burbank 50

Total 114.19

COLORADO

Barrow, Mrs M A 1 00
Daniels, Mary E 5 00
Daniels, W J 5 00
Daniels, Mrs W J 5 00
Hutchinson, Arthur 1 00
Jordan, Mrs A 1 00
Reichter, Mrs 25
Rollings, Mrs G 25
Savage, Mrs W L 1 00
Shumway, Mrs J L 3 00
Sumner, E & Alta 1 00
Thiatts, Grace 10 00
Turner, Mrs E S 2 00
Wheeler, Mrs Huldah 10
Jonnnie M, Topeka 10
Nellie M, Topeka 10
S S Class, Holland 1 00
S S Class, Bird City 2
[illegible] 1 00
Concord S S,
Intermediate Dept of
Col taken at a small Union S S on Children's Day 6 57

Total 73.21

IOWA

Empire 1 00
Y P M C, Wray 12 00

Total 54.75

KANSAS

Newman, D A 25
Rohde, Henry 25
Sander, Charlotte M 25
Snakenberg, Mrs E 2 00
Wade, J H 2
Wagstaff, M B 2
Wolf, H P 25
Wolf, John 10
" Star
Pres S S & C E Soc, Marion 7 74
S Flint S S, Danville 5 00
[illegible] 1 45
Keo a 10 29
Ladies of Grandview 1 25

Total 168.16

INDIAN TER.

cational Inst 1 55

KANSAS

Edwards, Euz 1 00
Grell, C J 2
Hardy, Gertrude 25
Heath, R D 2
Hetzell, Y & wife 2 00
Hills, F M 1 00
Johnson, Mrs Alex 50
Johnson, Maggie 25
Johnson, Mrs V L 50
Lee, P B 2 50
Masheed, Dr 50
Muddson, Miss Theda 10
Montgomery, Mrs L 25
Shumway, Mrs J L 3 00
Sumner, E & Alta 1 00
Thiatts, Grace 10 00
Turner, Mrs E S 2 00
Wheeler, Mrs Huldah 10
Jonnnie M, Topeka 10
Nellie M, Topeka 10
S S Class, Holland 1 00
S S Class, Bird City 2
[illegible] 1 00
Concord S S,
Intermediate Dept of
Col taken at a small Union S S on Children's Day 6 57

Total 73.21

MINNESOTA

Purves, Mrs C 1 00
Smith, Mrs J T 1 00
WFM Soc of M E Ch,
Austin
Hebron C E Soc 2 50

Total 41.15

MISSOURI

Andrews, B H 5 00
Asher, Solomon 1 00
Backledge, Mrs 45
Fulkerson, S & wife 2 00
Glazier, J & Nannie 2 00
Hanemann, Chas 3 00
Miller, Jno B 50
Sharpe, Mrs Jane 1 00
—, Fulton 2 40
Concord M E Ch,

Total 70.85

NEW YORK

Barber, Rev J T 4 00
Bartlett, Mrs E J 2
Battrick, Mrs E E 50
Brandon, Mrs L J 5
Brandes, Carl 2
Brandes, Sarah 2
Clark, Mrs L A 1 00
Countryman, Mrs H J 2
Cox, Mrs E L 1 00
Dempster, Wm W 1 00
Hardy, Mrs W A 1 00
Keese, Mrs H 1 00
Staubacher, C W 75
Stevenson, Hattie 1 00
Henry M 2 00
David 1 00
Mrs 4 00
1 25
1 00
1 00
1 00
1 13 40
Library 1st Ref ch, 10 00
Woman's Assoc 1st Ref ch, Rochester 10 00
R P ch, Hackville 4 00
SS, Axton 2 00
Hilton S S el No 2 1 40
branch S S, Brooklyn 2 10
Washingtonville 2 00
WFM Soc of M E ch,
Trinity Meth C E Soc,
WHMS, Hedding M E ch, Lansingburg 5 00
C E S, Napoli 14 03
Jr C E Soc 1st Reformed, Central Bridge 1 00
Ellenville 3 00
Journey Club, Sag Harbor 3 85
No 599 10 00
No 587, Hannibal 10 00
I M B, for Jesus sake 5 00
Fridge, Miss D Man—
Charlotte, Flushing 2 00
T B, Brooklyn 2 00
—, Linwood 2 00
Ref ch S S, Fonda 8 00
YPSCE, Carthage 5 00
Jr C E of Seventh Day
Jr C E S, Plattekill 2 39
Y P S C E
Fund Soc,
Brooklyn
Freely ye have received
Miss
Richford 11 75
Fund Soc,
Brooklyn
Freely ye have received
Miss
Richford 11 75

Total 716.67

SOUTH DAKOTA

Brandt, Mr & Mrs J 1 00
Wood, Mrs S A 1 00
Good Will Mission 3 00
—, Bowdie 1 00

Total 74.97

VERMONT

King's Dau, W A C, Barre
Reader, Beldens 50
Rockingham S S,

Total 37.25

WISCONSIN

Ellis, Mrs Emma 1 00
Esser, J H, col by 15 63
Fry, Rev Josiah 1 00
Mineral Point 15 50

Total 63.13

WYOMING

Total 23.00

FOREIGN

Bromfield, Daniel 2 44
Fulford, Miss I 5 00
Sinclair, Daniel 72
Shaw, I C 1 00
Chili 10 00
Sch of Boys & Girls 10 00
India 10 16
From readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Total 137.33

MISCELLANEOUS

Silverthorn, Ella J 10
Word, J W 25
N W 1 50
TDWT 10 00
Anon 100 00
Invalid 2 00
W 50
B Y P U of Thorn

Total 125.02

BRIEF NOTES

Most of our subscribers when writing to "The Christian Herald" after expressing themselves in terms most complimentary concerning the paper wind up their communications with a statement that when through with reading their copy they send it on to distant friends, thus sharing it with others. To these subscribers, we would say that they will find it to their advantage to avail themselves of The Coupon Offer explained on another page which ensures prompt service direct from the main office for the balance of the year at twenty-five cents in cash and one coupon. This is actually cheaper and much more convenient than to pay one cent postage each week to forward their copy. It also enables them to use their own copy in their immediate neighborhood, and thus while saving money, to do good by widening out the already enormous circulation of "The Christian Herald," and enlarging the sphere of its usefulness.

[illegible] Society in one of [illegible] adult re[illegible]

[illegible] The Rev. F. B. Harwood [illegible] when the men are locked up for the night, "the [illegible] knowledged leader of this movement.

Rev. T. B. Pandian, a Hindoo Christian, [illegible] left that [illegible] India, has come [illegible] has given him a letter of introduction. Churches [illegible]

An inkstand believed to be thirty-four hundred years old has been found at Thebes, and has [illegible] wood, and has two compartments, an upper one [illegible] red ink, and a lower one for holding pens. The black and the red ink are certainties, for some still remains, in a dry condition, within the receptacles. If the estimate of its age is correct, which there is no reason to doubt, the user of the inkstand was a [illegible]

[illegible] and will be in session for three days. Among the speakers will be Rev. Drs. MacArthur, J. Wilbur Chapman, Burrell, Schauffler, Hurlbut and Mc[illegible]lyn; Dr. Pentecost, of Yonkers, Dr. Packard and Dr. Sims, of Syracuse; Dr. Barbour, of Rochester, and Dr. Phelps, of Buffalo. All particulars as to [illegible] ing the Secretary, Mr. E. W. Hawley, Bible House, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. T. MacKnight, well-known missionary workers, are now at Las Palmas, Can[illegible] have suffered physical deterioration in the African field. As the Canaries are very conveniently situated for workers in West Africa, it is believed that the project will be a great advantage to those to whom a brief respite from labor under a tropical sun and in a deadly climate has become absolutely [illegible] home furlough. The Canaries have a salubrious atmosphere and fevers are unknown.

Mr. D. L. Moody writes from East Northfield, Mass., as follows: "I am very anxious that the Christian public generally should understand the character of the Student's Conference to be held in Northfield June 30th to July 9th. Some have thought that the meetings of this gathering are open only to the student delegates, but this is not the case. All the platform meetings are open to the public, and are yearly attended by hundreds of men and women who are not delegates. There are abundant and comfortable accommodations provided for all who wish to attend. This Conference affords a splendid opportunity for pastors and others to help young men. Hundreds in our churches might be stirred up to come and it would prove the turning point in many lives. Some of the most widely known teachers in this country are to be present, among them Drs. Faunce and Schauffler, of New York, Dean Hodges of Cambridge, Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. R. P. Wilder and Mr. John R. Mott and others. There will be no opportunity to meet the brightest Christian men from over one hundred colleges and universities. Arrangements are provided so that parties who wish to do so may camp out at very small expense."

Lilies and Roses

A Story of Memorial Day—The Union of Two Homes—Peace Prayers

PERHAPS in the history of many homes, in both sections of our country, the following story (in which real names are not given) might be duplicated on this Memorial Day, when tender womanly hands, North and South, are strewing flowers on the old graves and the new; and praying for the reign of the Prince of Peace, when war and occasions of war shall cease.

The sister of Captain Harry Graham, of the U. S. A., killed at Gettysburg, grieved because her mother could never speak of Harry's death without bitterness. She would have loved to talk of the gallant young brother whose face she dimly remembered, and who occupied a hero's niche in her heart. But she had to keep silence about him, for his name always excited her aged mother to some remark out of keeping with her gentleness of character.

"Strange," thought Alice, "that the one to whom I can talk most freely about our Harry is a Southerner whose brother fell fighting on the other side." All the girls at Vassar, Northern, Southern, Eastern and Western, had heard with interest her story of Harry's goodness and gallantry; blue eyes, black eyes and brown eyes had sparkled with unshed tears, when she told of her mother's long years of heart-break and bitterness. Some of the girls could exchange experiences of a similar nature. Antoinette, the Louisianian, understood better than any one, for she, too, had a beloved brother in Metairie Cemetery, whose dear name she dared not call in her mother's presence for fear of shaking a gentle and tender lady with emotions that Antoinette was tortured to witness, and in which she could not share, for she, like Alice, was too young to have caught the sad rancours of the sixties. Antoinette visited Alice and Alice Antoinette, and each mother learned to love the other mother's daughter; and the daughters in the privacy of their rooms talked about the dear, dead brothers with sympathetic reverence. Shortly Richard Graham, somewhat older than Alice, won Antoinette for his wife; and the Southern and Northern mothers met at the bridal and fell in love with each other, recognizing each in each such beauty of character and motherhood, that that the reverse was hardly possible. But while they could converse freely about their living children, of their dear, dead boys neither mother spoke to the other. A year crept by, and a little grandson was born in the Northern home, and the Southern mother and Northern mother were there together, and each looking at the new babe thought she saw in it a likeness to her dead son, but neither spoke. The day of the christening came, and the name for the new baby had not been decided upon. Each mother wanted it named for her dead, but neither expressed the wish; both felt under the ban of a cruel silence. At last, the good minister, holding the little one in his arms, said: "Name this child?"

And then the young mother spoke in a clear voice that trembled: "Harry, for my husband's brother, and Emile, for mine." And the minister said: "Harry Emile, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen!" The two aged grandmothers put their arms about each other and wept; the cruel spell of a bitter silence was broken: each talked to each about the dear, dead son, who was so brave and so true. With the baby's cradle between them, they knelt that night, and clasping their aged hands across his little sleeping form, prayed that the peace of God which passeth understanding might keep, not only their own hearts, but all the world in such perfect peace that war should be no more and that the sweetness of other mothers' spirits might never be tried as theirs had been.

Every Memorial Day, until one of them had passed away, there came to the Northern mother a box of flowers gathered in an old-fashioned Southern garden by the aged hands of the other, and with it a little card, on which was written in cramped characters: "For your dear boy's grave, from your sister in Christ."

MEMORIAL OFFERINGS

Over the bowl of roses and lilies, the two friends would smile and whisper lovingly, and thank God that their prayers for peace and perfect love in the hearts of these stricken ones had been answered.

* * *

On Memorial Day, this year, another box of flowers will come from the old Southern garden. Between the grave of a Northern captain and his mother is a later mound, the grave of Lieutenant Harry Emile Graham, who fell at Santiago; he was brought back by his cousin from New Orleans, an officer of the U.S.A. While the two women who loved him best are praying for the coming of Christ's kingdom when war shall be no more, they wonder if the Peace Congress at the Hague is not a bow of promise.

The White House Grounds

Reports from Washington state that visitors to our National Capital will behold the novel spectacle of our White House grounds turned into a corn and potato patch. This does not mean that the first lady of the land and her husband have turned farmers and gardeners—not that there would be any diminution of dignity in such a metamorphosis, for since the time of the patriarchs, rulers of men have been tillers of the soil—but that experts have failed so far to get a good carpet of greensward on the lawns, and have decided that the only way to accomplish this is by first restoring the soil to its virgin condition, and that the best way to do this is to plant corn and potatoes. Dandelions have taken almost complete possession of the lawns, and it is largely to get rid of these that the ground is to be ploughed and seeded.

A Friend of Dumb Animals

The well-known writer, Mrs. Frances Holley, of Bismarck, N. Dak., has been appointed State Agent for the prevention of cruelty to animals by Governor Fletcher. There is no salary attached, but there is an appropriation of $500 to cover expenses incurred in looking after the welfare of the dumb helpers who draw our loads and bear our burdens so patiently. Mrs. Holley's predecessor was Mrs. J. M. Bartholomew, wife of the Chief Justice, who interested himself so prominently in measures looking to the protection of beasts and birds.

O living loveliness of flowers serene,
Decking the loveliness of living green,
Ye tell how true affection and true faith
Are stronger still than hate or war or death.

The Filipino Farmer

The native Filipino has rude, agricultural implements and primitive ways of farming. There are no horses; ponies do the lighter, buffaloes the heavy work. The natives—sometimes the children—ride the buffaloes to and from the fields. "It took quite a bit of coaxing," a returned soldier says, "to make these beasts pass a United States soldier. He was an unfamiliar sight and the buffaloes wanted to stop and look at him."

Come, Little Children

"COME, little children," the birds are singing,
"Come to the woodland away
Help us to set the hillsides ringing
With music and laughter and play!"

"Come, little children," the flowers are crying,
"The fields they are waiting for you.
The daffodils, daisies and cowslips are sighing,
'O, where are our playfellows true?'"

And the brooklet is babbling, "O, children come quickly!
And barefooted wade in my stream!
Along all my banks the lush grasses grow thickly,
And my pebbles like bright jewels gleam!"

O, come, little children, from tenement shadows,
Out in God's pure air to roam,
Out by the river, mid bird-songs and meadows,
To your beautiful, God-given home!

—GODLOF HARPER.

The Servant Question

IT is time women were taking this matter in hand with the purpose of setting some wrong things to rights. The difficulties of the servant question are emptying homes and filling up boarding-houses. Women are banding themselves together for the purpose of correcting many social evils through the power of organized movement and in the light of combined experience and opinions, and here, in this servant question, is a domestic evil, right within the home and certainly to some extent threatening home disintegration for which, we believe, some effective remedy should be found. In various ways the problem is being attacked. Through training classes in domestic science, house service is being rendered more capable and dignified; at the same time, more expensive, and thus out of reach of all but the wealthy. Another way in which individual women, here and there, seek to modify the question is by making their servants as comfortable as themselves, having the kitchen bright and pretty, etc., etc. Across the ocean women of no less exalted station than the Empress of Germany and the Queen of England's daughters are putting their shoulders to the wheel of this problem and conferring medals upon serving women who have remained a certain length of time in any one family; the German Housewives' Association of New York apply the same idea when they bestow a twenty-dollar gold piece instead of the medal. Those movements are all in the right direction, but they are only attacking the problem "in spots," as it were. Organized measures, to be effective, must be made by both employers and employed, acting in unison. For the good of both, both must demand that a reference (now regarded as almost worthless, no matter whose name is appended) shall be accurate testimony. A good mistress should not be at the mercy of her servant because she cannot replace her at short notice; nor a good servant, through caprice of her employer or through any accident, in danger of being out of work. We do not know just how these ends are to be attained—there are many questions, many difficulties in the way, and much experimenting is involved—but we are sure that when women set their minds resolutely to work, a plan which shall make the burdens of the housekeeper lighter, and insure the comfort and livelihood of domestic help will be evolved.

Katie's Lesson

Katie had just come back with her mamma from church, where the minister had preached from the text: "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead," and she was very thoughtful. "Mamma," she said, "I'm so little and I haven't anything. What can I do for Jesus?" Mamma said slowly: "Whosoever shall give a cup of water to drink in my name——" Katie blushed. "Oh, mamma!" she cried, "I understand." The day before, her aged uncle who could not walk, and who was querulous and unpleasing to the child, had not had his request for a drink answered with pleasing promptness. "Mamma," Katie confided that night when she said her prayers, "I'll never mind running around waiting on people any more. I never thought that such little things could be service to Jesus."

One Million Subscribers

Expecting Great Things

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has the faith to believe that there are a million families in this country who would be glad to subscribe for it were they acquainted with its surpassing worth. We further believe that all of our present subscribers are so thoroughly pleased with the paper that they would be glad to see our faith fully realized. They know the blessed influence THE CHRISTIAN HERALD exerts, for they themselves have felt it. Week after week they have scanned its beautiful pages, have read its inspiring messages, have reveled in its literary and artistic wealth, have been deeply interested, edified and instructed, and, after having read it from beginning to end, have sent it to some distant friends that they also might enjoy its perennial riches.

All Love It

Few papers published are read and re-read as is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and none affords greater pleasure and delight, or makes warmer and more lasting friends. It is an indisputable fact that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has a larger percentage of renewals than any other paper, and that, from its very beginning, it has carried more permanent subscriptions than any other publication; and its subscription list is constantly increasing. Nine years ago its circulation was 31,000; to-day it is a welcome visitor in 198,000 families. But what has been done in the past is only an indication of what may be done in the future, provided we all work heartily together with a view to securing the million on which we have now set our heart.

A Financial Sacrifice

To bring this about we have determined to enlist the cordial co-operation of our friends, and ourselves to make such a financial sacrifice as will demonstrate our own sincerity in the matter. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cannot be produced at less than its regular subscription price, which is $1.50 per annum. But to interest those who cannot appreciate its beauties, simply because they do not see the paper, we have decided to accept, during the month of June, an unlimited number of Half Yearly trial subscriptions at 25 cents each, subject to the easy conditions set forth in the annexed coupons. We could not make this sacrifice but for the experience of the past that a very large percentage of our subscribers renew, and when they renew they are glad to pay the regular subscription price, because they are satisfied that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is well worth all we ask for it.

A Magnificent Record

This year THE CHRISTIAN HERALD attains its majority. It will be 21 years of age in September next. Its history is grand beyond compare. It has collected and expended **A MILLION DOLLARS IN CHARITY.** The peasants of Russia, the martyrs of Armenia, the orphans of India, the reconcentrados of Cuba, the rescued men of the Bowery, the unfortunate girls of the Bethesda Home, the ten thousand hapless waifs of the tenements, all rise up and call it blessed. God be thanked for the opportunities and the privileges which were ours in the past; and may He graciously continue to pour out His blessing upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, its editors and proprietor and its readers, and make us one and all increasingly useful in His service.

The Only Paper in the World Edited by Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage

52 TIMES A YEAR

. . . The Christian Herald . . .

Bible House, New York City

$1.50 PER Year

To introduce **The Christian Herald** into New Homes, we will Accept this Coupon as Good for ONE HALF DOLLAR, if accompanied by Twenty-five (25) Cents in Cash in Payment of a Half-Yearly Subscription (from date to Jan. 1, 1900), if received at the Office of **The Christian Herald**, Bible House, New York City, before July 1st, 1899, and endorsed with the name and address of the new subscriber on the reverse side of this Coupon.

Half a Dollar

Good Only Until June 30, 1899

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND SEAL THIS THIRTIETH DAY OF MAY, A. D. 1899.

Foreign Postage $1.00 Extra per Annum.

Proprietor.

The Best Home Paper

But, in addition to these great monumental charities, there is the mission of blessedness and usefulness of the paper itself which results in light, cheer, hope and happiness in the home circle. And it is this which we now wish to extend. We are engaged in a great Home Missionary effort. You can help us. We know you will help us, and thus have part and parcel in all the good which, under divine blessing, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD shall accomplish in years to come.

We Look to Our Friends

Let us begin this work by doubling the present number of its subscribers. While this is a great undertaking, an unprecedented task, it is nevertheless an easy one, for it means just one new subscriber for each and every one now on our list. Surely every subscriber can do this, and we believe you will do **your** share, while we will gladly do everything within our power to help you.

How to Do It

Our plan is as follows: On the following page you will find six coupons. Please tear them apart at the perforated lines, then distribute them among such of your Church and Sunday School friends as will be likely to subscribe. They will thank you for doing so. Explain to them the beauties, the riches, the great attractiveness of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and urge them to give it a trial. Tell them that **each coupon saves half a dollar** on this semi-yearly trial subscription, and you will be surprised how quickly they will avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity thus offered. If six coupons are not enough for your purpose, write us and we will send you as many more as you may require, absolutely free of all charge. Do not forget, however, that the coupons are good only until June 30, and cannot be received after that date.

Your One Opportunity

Or, if you prefer, you may make a regular canvass among your friends and solicit, by mail or in person, their subscription at our regular price—75 cents for six months. Then retain half a dollar from each subscription and send us a coupon and 25 cents in cash. Thus, while doing good by spreading the glorious influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, you are actually benefiting yourself. No such offer has ever been made and surely we shall never repeat it. Hence this is your one opportunity, which, if missed, will never be offered to you again.

Now for Victory!

Whichever plan you adopt, may success attend your efforts. We shall never rest until we have a full round million subscribers, and we feel sure that the most active friends in this aggressive campaign will be our present subscribers, who know and appreciate the good THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing, and will be glad of this opportunity to encourage the efforts of its editors and proprietor to maintain its high standard as the brightest and best family paper in the wide, wide world.

Let All Co-operate

Now for united co-operation! Let the glorious month of roses bring a harvest of subscriptions greater than any in the unequaled history of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and full of encouragement for the faith that is strong enough to believe that we shall some day attain our million!

Ellis Mapsch

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A Transvaal Conference

HOPES are entertained that some solution of the problem of the Transvaal may be found at the conference, which is to take place, at the end of this month, between President Krueger and Sir Alfred Milner, the English governor of Cape Colony. The interview is to be held at Bloemfontein, in the Orange Free State. The primary object of the conference is to induce President Krueger to advocate the redress of some of the grievances of which Englishmen and Americans resident in the Transvaal complain. At present, although they pay nine-tenths of the whole amount raised in taxation, they have no rights of citizenship. Even in Johannesburg, where they constitute the bulk of the population, they are not allowed to vote in municipal elections, nor to control in any way the spending of public money, nor to have any share in the management of educational matters. Even if they abjure their allegiance to their own countries, a period of twelve years must elapse after such abjuration, before they are allowed to become citizens, and then only if three-fourths of the Boer population endorse their application. If they are charged with any offense, or have a suit at law, they must appear before a Boer judge and jury. The government exercises a rigid censorship over their newspapers, and the Executive has the power to expel, without trial, any editor or resident who offends him. Although the "Outlanders," as they are called, have done more to develop the country and enrich it than the Boers themselves, they are harassed and thwarted by taxes on their implements and working necessaries,such as dynamite; and by concessions and monopolies, devised to embarrass their operations and enrich the Boers. It is conceded by the more intelligent of the Dutch residents that such grievances ought to be redressed; but hitherto President Krueger and the ring of Boers who keep him in power, have steadfastly resisted any concession. Mr. Chamberlain, who is Secretary of the Colonies in the English Government, has strenuously endeavored to obtain some relief for the Outlanders, and has now arranged this meeting between President Krueger and Sir Alfred Milner in the hope that at least some of the more irritating causes of discontent may be removed. It is evident that hitherto, although President Krueger is a Bible reader, and even preaches occasionally, he has not been disposed to follow the Apostolic example in overlooking differences of nationality and regarding all men as brothers:

Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all (Col. 3: 11.)

♣

Recovered Through a Blow

A dispatch from Toledo, O., to the New York *Herald* reports the strange recovery of a demented man through a blow on the head. Many years ago the man was thrown from his horse and in falling injured his spine. He lost memory and had strange illusions, one of which was that he was only twenty-one years old when in reality he was over sixty. His condition has varied, but his mind has never been clear. The doctors in several hospitals have treated him, but have never been able to do him any good. He remained harmless but was demented. His relatives took care of him to prevent his being sent to an asylum. A few days ago he was standing near a buzz-saw watching the cutting up of some large logs. Suddenly one of the pieces of wood flew from the edge of the saw and struck him on the head. It stunned him and at first it was thought that he had been killed, but in a short time he recovered consciousness. Then his relatives saw a look on the old man's face that they had never seen before since he was hurt in his youth. He awakened as if from a long sleep. He now takes an intelligent interest in all that goes on and is deeply interested in the trolleys and other improvements which have been introduced of late years. It was a strange means of cure. Yet there are many who have recovered their spiritual health as this man recovered his mental vigor—by an apparent misfortune. Like the prodigal, it is when they are in want that their thoughts turn to the only true source of recovery.

When he came to himself, he said . . . I will arise and go to my father (Luke 15: 17, 18).

♣

A Strange Defense

In a trial for murder at Pittsburg, Pa., recently, the prisoner made an extraordinary plea in defense. She was charged with having killed her own mother by shooting her with a revolver. At her trial she did not deny the shooting, but said that she did it "under orders from the spirits." They commanded her to kill her mother, and in obedience to them she went to a drawer, where there was a loaded pistol, and took it to her mother's room. Her mother was asleep, but she awakened her and fired at her four times, each bullet taking effect. She added that her mother taught her to believe in spiritualism. It was fatal and pernicious teaching. It is singular that people who are so credulous as to believe in spirit communications, which are as a rule either the suggestion of their own disordered brains, or of other persons, should neglect the cautions of the Bible which did assuredly come from the unseen world.

Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets have gone out into the world (I. John 4: 1).

♣

A Safe Float for Warships

A peculiar contrivance has been offered to the Naval Department by the inventor. Its object is to preserve silver, gold and valuables in case of a war-vessel being wrecked, and possibly also log books and other important documents. The invention is an egg-shaped device, fire, water and burglar-proof, it is claimed, and designed to float under all conditions of weather, and yet so heavy and strong as to make it difficult to be broken. It is designed to rest in a cradle, built upon the deck of a vessel, from which it will not move until the vessel founders. Then it floats, and the action of the water raises a flag signal, rings a bell and starts a light which will burn for several weeks. The inventor hopes to have every warship fitted with one of his contrivances. Officers who have examined the float say that it would be of great service in preserving the records of a ship, and in making it more certain that in the event of a vessel going down at sea, some one might pick up the float and secure the valuables and the log books. So much, at least, would be saved, if there was such a float on board a vessel that foundered. Unhappily, there is no such provision in cases of spiritual and moral shipwreck. The soul, the most valuable part of the man, is lost when his body is laid in the grave.

Fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body (Matt. 10: 28).

♣

The Peace Conference at Work

No gorgeous military procession, accompanied by salvos of cannon and blare of trumpets, announced the opening of the World's Peace Conference at the Hague. Although it was the first instance in history of all the great nations assembling to discuss measures for the maintenance of universal peace, the opening was so quiet and unostentatious that the good burghers of Holland's capital might well marvel at the lack of the glittering pomp and display that are the usual attendants of the assemblies of the "great ones of the earth." Nearly thirty governments, including all of importance, were represented by delegations; but it is understood that when the Conference is fully organized, those governments that are now unrepresented will all be invited to participate, in order that it may be in the fullest sense "A Parliament of Man, a Federation of the World," representing all the civilized nations of both hemispheres. At the opening session on May 18—the Czar's birthday—M. de Beaufort, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Netherlands, delivered the inaugural address and welcomed the delegates. M. de Staal, the representative of Russia, then assumed the Presidency of the Conference. Up to the present time, the sessions have been short, and progress is necessarily slow. Many of the delegates doubtless are unable at the outset to clearly comprehend a programme which has for its object the subversion of many accepted ideas of monarchial power and prerogative, and time must be allowed for ample discussion. The Conference is divided into three sections—one to consider disarmament; another, the laws of war and mediation, and the third, arbitration. In the last, the American delegates are expected to make a strong impression upon the Conference. A great mass of diplomatic documents will be submitted including the memorandum of Prince Metternich for a peace conference (1876), the arbitration tribunal plan of David Dudley Field (1871), and the proposed arbitration tribunal for all the Americas (1890). The immediate aim of the Conference will be to assert the duty of all disputants to resort to mediation by the neutral powers before appealing to the sword. Compulsory arbitration, according to the Czar's instructions communicated to M. de Staal, could be attained either through a supreme tribunal of the great powers, or by a tribunal consisting of those powers whose interests are at stake, supplemented by the friendly mediation of some neutral power. Russia, Great Britain, France and the United States are distinctly favorable to arbitration, while some of the other powers are represented as opposing it. Possibly they foresee complications arising in the future, as they have in the past, in which they can gain more by the sword than would be awarded to them by an impartial tribunal. Even when that time comes when all nations have submitted to the rule of the Prince of Peace, there will be occasion to reprove and restrain the greed of some of the nations.

M. DE BEAUFORT

He shall judge among many peoples, and rebuke strong nations afar off (Micah 4: 3).

PRESIDENT KRUEGER'S STATE PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO JOHANNESBURG

♣

Ruined by a Personal

Local journals of Bridgeport, Conn., tell a pathetic story of the ruin of a widow, through answering one of the wretched "personal" advertisements in a New York journal. She had property valued at over a hundred thousand dollars, and was in her youth one of the belles of Bridgeport society. A few years ago she saw an advertisement for a wife, and she wrote to the advertiser describing herself and her property. A correspondence was thus commenced, which led to a personal acquaintance. The man who had advertised was handsome, well-dressed, and claimed to be the owner of a considerable fortune. Eventually they were married. The husband then persuaded his wife to raise a large sum of money by a mortgage on her property. No sooner did he get the money into his hands than he left her and went West. She heard nothing of him for some years. The first intimation of his whereabouts came in the form of a notice from a California Court that he had applied for a divorce. She went out there to contest the case, but as she was unable to pay the expense of witnesses, she was beaten. She returned East, and tried to retrieve her losses, but her ventures were disastrous, and last week she was sent to the poor-house. It was a cruel, heartless thing to so rob a confiding widow, and then leave her to the tender mercies of the poor-house, but how foolish she was to put herself in the power of such a man! Sad as her case is, it is not so bad as that of people who, listening to the wiles of the great enemy of the human race, make shipwreck of their lives and lose their souls.

Be sober, be vigilant because your adversary the devil as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour (I. Petcr 5: 8).

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Christ Risen

S. S. Lesson for June 11. John 20: 11-20
Golden Text, Cor. 15: 20

BY REV. M. DWIGHT

HOW those words, "I am the way," (John 14: 6) apply to every part of the ministry of our blessed Lord and Head! "No man cometh to the Father but by me," is only a part of all which is included in them. No man riseth from the dead but by me, he could have said with equal truth, for he is "the resurrection and the life" (John 11: 25). His resurrection is the guarantee for ours.

Mary Magdalene was in a measure under the power of things seen and temporal. Among the followers of Jesus, disappointed hopes were expressed in the words, "We hoped that it was he which should redeem Israel" (Luke 24: 21). Nothing had turned out as they expected. He who had delivered so many had not delivered himself. He who had raised others from the dead, had himself been carried a lifeless corpse to the grave; and it seemed indeed as though man, and Satan, and death had prevailed against God, his Christ, and life. But as yet the way of the Cross was not understood: through death he destroyed death, through being made sin for us (II. Cor. 5: 21) he conquered sin, through humbling himself God highly exalted him. It was the manifestation of God's thoughts and God's ways, which are higher than ours (Isa. 55: 8).

"Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping." She had been the first to come to the sepulchre "while it was yet dark;" and seeing the stone rolled away she had run to Peter and John to tell them. But her idea was not the result of faith in his word. He had declared that he would rise again. In the empty tomb she only saw human intervention. She did not say, Can his word be true? Is he risen? No. She said, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." But as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre. Already what was to be seen there had convinced John of the resurrection.

But Mary saw what neither Peter nor John had seen. There was life within that tomb; she saw two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. Heavenly beings had taken possession of the empty tomb; the place of death became filled with life, and the first voice from that tomb was, "Woman, why weepest thou?" Mary, still on earthly lines, answered, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." It was her own personal loss. "My Lord," and human agency "they" which occupied her. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. When we are full of our own ideas, and especially with that which touches us personally, we have not an eye to recognize Jesus even when he is near to us.

Supposing him to be the gardener, she said to him, "Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." Jesus saith to her, "Mary!" she turned herself and saith unto him, "Rabboni!" which is to say Master.

She knew the voice. Jesus may appear to his own in many very unexpected ways, and they may be strangely unconscious of him. We are so apt to have our own ideas as to the way in which he will make himself known. But his sheep "know his voice" (John 10: 4); when he speaks they are conquered at once. No sooner did he say "Mary," than there was the instant answer, "Rabboni," my Lord. It meant I am thy servant, at thy disposal. Now Mary understood; she saw before her the risen Christ. Mary's first impulse was like that of the woman from Galilee, "to hold him by the feet and worship him" (Matt. 28: 9), but this must not be; others who were so weak in faith that they needed tangible proof of his resurrection might do this. But Mary's worship was not to consist in emotions which might gratify her, but in obedience which would serve him. "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended unto my Father: but go to my brethren and say unto them I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and to my God, and your God." What a message, and by what a messenger! It was not to apostles, but to the woman who knew how to wait that the Lord appeared, and to her, not to them was spoken the first word after he rose from the dead.

"JESUS SAITH UNTO HER, WOMAN, WHY WEEPEST THOU?"

"Touch me not;" take not hold of me: henceforth faith is to take the place of sight; I am risen, I shall soon ascend and you will learn to sit with me in heavenly places (Eph. 2: 6). I have come down to human life; I have been made flesh and dwelt among you; you must now become partakers of the divine nature that you may dwell with me; seek nothing for self; let self be crucified with me, and be ye partakers of my resurrection. But go unto my brethren. No word of reproach against even Peter, no mention of their forsaking him. "My brethren." He is not ashamed to call them brethren. Say unto them, "I ascend unto my Father." That would not be so difficult to understand, but when he added, "And your Father," how ashamed must Mary have felt that she had so little understood him, or taken his words for true when he spoke of his rising again; how miserably she had maintained his cause, and yet he says, "My Father and your Father," putting his disciples on a level with himself, "My God and your God;" for, as Man, he was a worshiper in common with his fellowmen.

It was his death and resurrection which had made possible this oneness with himself. Now he would send the Holy Ghost to dwell not only with men as he had done, but in his own, to make real in their lives what he had taught, and to reproduce in them the life he had lived.

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

VERY simply is this story told. The writer offers no explanation, makes no argument, propounds no theory, but relates the facts in the direct manner of one who witnessed them. His narrative differs in certain details from those of the other Evangelists, but it is more copious and as it was written after the others and the writer probably had their works before him when he wrote, it is doubtless the most accurate. We see in it that none of Christ's followers was expecting a resurrection. In spite of their Lord's repeated assurances, they had no thought of seeing him again. The women went to the tomb in the early morning, with their spices, to complete the embalming, which had been interrupted on the evening of the crucifixion, by the setting of the sun and the beginning of the Sabbath. They clearly expected to find the body there and when they saw that the tomb was empty and reported the fact to the disciples, there was general surprise and consternation. John, it is true, believed when he saw the empty tomb, and Mary Magdalene believed when she saw and recognized the Lord, but it was not until evening, when Jesus himself appeared among them, uttering the familiar greeting, "Peace unto you," and showed them his wounded side and hands, that the general body of disciples were convinced that he had really risen from the dead. Subsequently he appeared in Galilee, where his followers were more numerous and there he was seen and recognized, as Paul tells us (I. Cor. 15: 6), by above five hundred at once. These witnesses who, as they show, were slow to believe, became most positive in their attestation. The disciples made the resurrection of Jesus the central fact in their teaching, regarding it, as they had a right to do, as conclusive proof of his divinity. And this, too, not at a period long subsequent to its occurrence, but while the people were alive who could have disproved it, if it had been false, and in the very city where it took place. In these days, when it is the fashion to explain away miracles, and account on natural grounds for supernatural events, it is most important to give such testimony, as this of the apostles, its proper weight; for as Paul says: "If Christ did not rise our faith is vain."

Mary stood without at the sepulchre. She could not be comforted. She had brought Peter and John, but they had looked and had gone away. Mary remained. She loved him intensely, and now she was denied the privilege of weeping over his dead body. She must have been very desolate when she broke down in a fit of weeping at the entrance to that empty tomb. In one of Tennyson's poems a beautiful story is told of a husband who, after his wife had been laid in the vault, went away to another land, being unable to bear the sight of his desolate home and the scenes that spoke to him of the departed. But a man who had loved her dearly, begged permission to go into the vault that he might kiss her dead face. While there, he detected signs of life in her form, and he carried her out of the vault to his mother's house, where, under skilful and loving care, she was nursed back again into vigorous life. The husband was still away wandering no one knew whither, striving vainly in changed scenes to forget his lost wife. After a year or two he returned to visit the grave and weep there. The poet gives a thrilling description of the scene when his friend took him to his home and there gave him back, living and well, the wife he had mourned as dead. Like this was Mary's joy; and like this will be the reunion of souls that have loved on earth when they meet beyond the grave.

Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended. Precisely what Christ meant is not clear. It could not be that he shrank from the touch of humanity, for later, in the case of Thomas (John 20: 27), he invited it. Probably he wished Mary to understand that the old familiar relations were come to an end. Death had severed them, and he who had passed through death into resurrection life was now a being to be reverenced and worshiped. It is related that a number of literary men were talking of how they would act if the great dead writers of the past came among them. One spoke of the welcome that would be given to Homer; another said how he would hail Shakespeare, and others mentioned other mighty men of the pen whose coming they would greet with joy. One of them said: "How if Jesus of Nazareth entered the room?" "Ah," said Carlyle, "if he came, it would not be greeting: we should bend before him and say: 'My Lord and my God.'"

My Father and your Father. That was the key of all Christ's teaching. His Father was the Father of all men. Not a being far off and remote, an austere ruler indifferent to the welfare of his creatures, but a being with the loving sympathetic heart of a father. The story is told of a young man who disgraced his father's name and committed a crime which he believed naturally would turn his father against him forever. The son went away to a distant land, and despairing of ever being forgiven, held no communication with his family. But the father made good his son's defalcation and in his heart forgave him. The son one day heard that his father was ill, and he returned that he might see him and ask his forgiveness before he died. But he was too late. He arrived on the day of the funeral. He sat with the others to hear the will read, expecting that his misconduct had cut him off from any share in the estate. To his amazement he heard that he was to share equally with his brothers. Later he received a loving message that his father had uttered when he was dying. His heart was filled with love for such a father, and from that day he became a new and better man.

Concerning Recreation

IN many minds the ideas of duty and pleasure are antagonistic to each other; and there was a time in our social evolution when this opinion was of worth. But it has now lost all its utility, and been displaced by a view of life which sets a postive value on enjoyment. Indeed, Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his *Data of Ethics*, contends that the cultivation of pleasurable consciousness is a prime duty of life, and a valuable guide to sound living. For pleasure creates a direct increase of bodily and mental energy, and thus raises the "tide of life."

Looking at pleasure and recreation from a religious point, is it not almost wicked to think the good God organized us so diabolically that pleasures are injurious and pains beneficial? Consider the whole run and tenor of the Old Testament. Does it not couple feasting, enjoyment, leisure, rest, with all its spiritual blessings? The Land of Promise was a land of good things. Its corn and wine and oil were types, but they were facts, too. And whenever a special solemnity, a holy time, a dedication, was to be celebrated, it was with unstinted cheer and rejoicing. As in the law, so in the Gospel. Christ inaugurated his mission at a marriage, and took part in its feasting and rejoicing. He permitted his first called apostle to celebrate his conversion by a feast, at which He was himself present.

* * *

NO MAN or woman can live happily without some recreation, and its study is a duty to ourselves and to others. For few of us are naturally any more capable of amusing ourselves than we are of fencing or of playing the fiddle. In order then to get the most enjoyment from the world we live in, we should train the faculties most pleasant to ourselves, and most profitable to the race. We should study the art of pleasure-taking. As a preliminary, we may acknowledge that the opposition of religious sects to what is usually called "pleasure" is a just and healthy opposition. The pleasures they disparage are very questionable ones. It cannot be either mentally or morally healthy to be dancing in a hot room until long after midnight; and a crowded theatre is equally objectionable.

Too often, however, it is a personal rather than a religious disinclination that has to be overcome. People fall into the rut of every-day life and every-day opinions. They contribute their relay of work, and as soon as they have done it, they do it again. They are always on the same road; always under weight. Then if trial comes, it finds them below its requirements. Happiness finds them still more below. For this non-satisfaction of a natural love for enjoyment brings a sense of something wanting—a dreary feeling that depresses the moral and mental tone, and throws a gloom over life. Health suffers, temper suffers, annoyances multiply; they begin to take morose views of life; injuries and offences are nursed; and they feel a constantly increasing disinclination to enjoyment.

* * *

THEN what God demands, they feel it hard to give. The faith, sympathy, and refreshing cheerfulness their families require, they have not got. They can see their loved ones come home, and look, and then turn from them disappointed just as they would turn from a spring dried up. They fail to render, even those they love, happy: for their lassitude depresses; and their weakness, exhausts. And as for the outside world, it finds them disagreeable, troublesome, useless. Now this is not a condition God ever wills. On the contrary, he wills us to be alive and happy. Air! Room! Recreation! These are what we all want; and if they are refused, we must take them by force. We need vigor of body as well as soul, to conquer ourselves; and we must insist upon rest and pleasure as well as on work and duty. To do this, is not to be cruel to others, it is far otherwise. Woe to those households where there is no time to be kind! no time to be human! no time for innocent recreation! For if we would have sympathies to share, we must have lawful leisure to cultivate them. They who work like an engine, will become hard as iron.

Such a condition of depression and gloom is not only an unhappy one, it is also an immoral one. It leads in numberless ways to inflicting suffering on the weak, the guiltless, and the dependent—on those who would gladly live joyfully, if they were permitted. All of us must have experienced, at some time, the calamity of living with a gloomy, irritable person; and we know it is as great an affliction as a painful illness. Indeed, it may be reasonably asserted that where a man or woman deliberately refuse to cultivate, through rest and recreation, the conditions of a happy mind, they can, and generally do produce, in a family, as much suffering as a criminal. They will probably assert that they are sacrificing themselves by their unceasing labor for the good of others. Not so! They are deceiving themselves, and cruelly depriving and injuring others. If they would be real benefactors, let them take recreation enough to make them cheerful and good-natured; so that in the light of their countenances the faces around them may catch light, and dare to wear smiles and speak hopefully. I declare that this is by no means an easy thing to do. It is a result only to be reached at a high point of moral culture.

* * *

TO MANIFEST and foster a gladsome spirit—when naturally prone to a gloomy one—involves considerable self-restraint. For there is a moral sluggishness to be overcome, before pleasurable and emotional feelings are created. Yet how often have we dissipated a dark, mental depression, by vigorous bodily exercise, to which the mind was at the moment strongly opposed. The creating and sustaining then, of that bright and joyous temper, which accepts recreation as a duty and a pleasure, is often a matter of real difficulty, and deserves to be extolled as a moral triumph over a physical infirmity.

The pursuit of healthy recreation being then a conscious pursuit, demands self-assertion; and that often in the face of social custom. For if a man or woman is to be the radiant centre of happiness, it is evident they must seek happiness for themselves in their own way. It must also be sought for itself, and not for an end to something else. Whether it be a fashionable recreation or not is of little matter; the great point is that it should appeal to the individual taste. And yet it would be well to recognize that the simplest pleasures are the best. As a rule, the pleasures that cost us the least are generally those that are the most thoroughly enjoyed.

To mix reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth, is one rule for true re creation; and another is

> Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

Also let us never forget the wise advice of Ecclesiasticus 14:14—"Defraud not thyself of the good day, and let not the part of a good desire overpass thee."

> For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
> And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
> That with superfluous burden loads the day,
> And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

Amelia E. Barr

Christian Policemen

ONE of the most unique religious organizations in Philadelphia is the "Christian Police Association." In the fall of 1894, a few women met weekly for prayer in the interests of the work, and, as a result, there were twelve meetings in as many police stations. The association was organized May 29, 1895, and during the four years of its existence it has proved a great influence for good. The service consists of Bible reading, prayers, singing hymns and a short talk by a clergyman or layman invited for the afternoon. The song service is a special feature. The men in several of the stations have collected money to purchase organs and hymn books. In other stations, books and organs have been presented by friends specially interested in the policemen.

SERGEANT B. C. MCMANES
An Active Christian Worker

This admirable work is wholly unsectarian. The godly women in inaugurating it built better than they knew, and the results already attained have well repaid their efforts. Several conversions of policemen and their families have taken place. Efforts are also made to benefit the "temporal" man, and a home for convalescent and aged policemen and an orphanage for policemens' children are among the projects now looked forward to. Sergeants McManes and Elliott are actively interested in the work and are doing all in their power to spread the Gospel among their fellow policemen.

Rev. Charles M. Boswell, who has charge of the Philadelphia "Forward Movement," was elected president of the association, and it is expected that the work will progress even more favorably in the future than it has done in the past. This special work among policemen is international in its scope; Miss Catharine Gurney, of London, England, being the secretary of the international association.

GOSPEL MEETING IN A PHILADELPHIA POLICE STATION

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Death of a Christian Soldier

CAPT. ALFRED E. HUNT, of Pittsburg, Pa., a chemist and metallurgist of national fame, passed away in that city a few days ago. He was the son of Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, the author and leader of the world movement for scientific temperance education in public schools. For his discoveries and his valuable work, Captain Hunt was made a Fellow of the American Society for the Advancement of Science the youngest man who ever received that distinction. In addition to his crowded life of study and business as a metallurgical engineer, he organized and commanded for nearly fifteen years a division of the National Guards of light artillery in Pennsylvania. When war with Spain was declared, he with his men, was among the first in the field. While in service in the field the poisonous seeds of the malarial disease were sown which finally caused his death.

A Comrade in Service writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "A few days before he died, in answer to the question raised in his presence, 'Were the Cubans, Porto Ricans and Philipinos worth the sacrifice of our noble American soldiers?' Captain Hunt replied, 'I do not look at the question from that standpoint. The verdict of history will show that the Spanish-American war was for the advancement of the principles of human freedom for which our nation stands. For such principles, every true American should be willing to sacrifice, if need be, life itself.' That nation is not in its decadence which can produce such men as Captain Alfred E. Hunt and a citizenship capable of appreciating his noble qualities and service."

An Industrial School for Zulus

AN interesting mission work is being done at Incwadi, Unkomas Valley, Natal, South Africa, by Rev. John L. Dube and his wife, native Zuluans, who have lately sailed from New York City to his country. Mr. Dube came to America in 1887, with the the Rev. W. C. Wilcox, a returning missionary, and took a course at Oberlin, O., where he worked his way. He went back to Incwadi, and organized a mission centre there with two churches and two day schools. In 1896 he returned to America, leaving the work at Incwadi in charge of his associate and helpers there, and bringing Mrs. Dube with him; their intention being to better equip themselves for labors among their people. Last May, after graduating from the Union Missionary Training School in Brooklyn, Mr. Dube and his wife have been traveling among the churches of different denominations, soliciting funds for the establishment of a Zulu Industrial School in connection with his mission, and studying methods of mission work among the negroes of the South. He has secured about $10,000 to devote to the industrial school, and many gifts of material for carrying on the work, such as agricultural implements, carpenters' tools, etc. His uncle, Chief Umqawe, has given 500 acres as the foundation of the plant. This chief, persuaded of the benefit to his people of industrial training and Christian teaching, has sent his heir and another son to this country to be instructed in law and the manual arts.

The Nebraska Prairie Church Fund

The following additional contributions to the Nebraska Prairie Church Fund have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Previously acknowledged	$281 [illegible]
(Mrs E P, Chanute, acknowledged in issue of May 24 as $5, should have been $1 00.)	
Frank Sawyer	[illegible]
Collection from Summerfield M. E. Church, Mariner's Harbor	[illegible]
M S R, Brooklyn	1 00
Linden Ave M. E. Church, Jersey City	14 2[illegible]
Total	$289 [illegible]

Children's Day

The Little Folk's Anniversary—Happy Occasions East, West, North and South

CHILDREN'S DAY is now generally recognized by churches, Sabbath schools and secular schools as an anniversary in the undisputed right of little folks. On that day, the public schools in many cities and states let the scholars out early, or do not demand their attendance at all; and mothers and teachers, pastors and friends lend themselves to making the occasion a happy one for small people.

In different States, the date is not the same; nor are the observances uniform; the name by which it is known varies, but in the essential feature of being set apart as a time for the special entertainment and activities of children, the anniversary is the same. In many sections, for instance, Sunday School Celebration Day is the children's day of days. In some of the Southern States it usually occurs in watermelon time, and the gathering takes place in country churches or out in a beautiful forest. Sunday Schools of all denominations gather from far and near; speeches are delivered, and choruses and solos, for which the children have been practicing for weeks, are sung. Farmers have brought dinners along in their wagons—fried chicken, ham, biscuit, "light bread," corn-bread, cakes, pies, and freezers of ice-cream; villagers also keep open house, and the occasion is one for the exercise of hospitality and neighborly kindness. In the Western States, the date and the fare would be different, but the spirit would be the same. Every congregation in all sections would be sure to sing "America," and to have the Stars and Stripes in abundant evidence.

Perhaps, of all towns in the world, Brooklyn makes the most of Children's Day, or Anniversary Day, as Brooklynites interchangeably call it. It would almost seem as if no other city had so many children to parade as Brooklyn. As the "City of Churches," Brooklyn Borough, can logically claim more Sunday School children than any other town of equal importance. Think of eighty to one hundred thousand children on the streets at one time! They are not all in one unbroken line, but detachments march here, there and everywhere, with colors flying and bands playing. The Stars and Stripes hang from every window on prominent streets and float bravely over Prospect Park, where the festival culminates in parade review before distinguished personages. The children are roped together, and little companies of men and women, many of them no "taller than the tongs"—the girls in fleecy gala dress, the boys in cutest military uniforms—march out of the woods and across the velvet green and pass before the reviewing stand. Over them float countless banners; in front of some companies, the dearest little drum-majors in the world wave authoritative batons. A May-pole, gay with ribbons, is borne along. From the size and number of flags in evidence everywhere, and from the magnitude of the celebration, a stranger in Brooklyn might suppose he was witnessing a national instead of a local festival. Parades, songs and speeches over, children return with their teachers to their respective churches and mission halls, and feast on strawberries and cream.

CHILDREN'S DAY IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

The subject of Children's Day would be incompletely treated without reference to that anniversary, which occurs on a fixed date—the second Sunday in June—in many churches. It is the evolution of "Flower Sunday," and of a special day for the baptism of children. In the M. E. Church, it followed the founding of the "Children's Fund," and dates back to the Centenary celebration in 1864, when it was arranged that on some particular Sunday, services should be held for children and the contributions made by them be devoted to educational purposes. The M. E. Church was the first to incorporate a "Children's Day" for such a purpose into church law, and in this sense the institution owes its origin to that denomination.

♦

The Tombs Gospel Mission

In its latest annual report, the Gospel Mission to the Tombs (the New York City Prison) presents a record of much excellent spiritual work accomplished. This work includes visits, religious services, letter writing and personal counseling in the Ten-day prison, the Woman's Prison, the old Prison and Boy's Prison. In the latter a Christian Endeavor Society has lately been organized, and as nearly 1,700 boys pass through every year, it is felt that there is a great and promising field for spiritual effort. Our readers are already familiar with the work done by the Gospel Mission to the Tombs, which aims at the salvation and reclamation of the men women and boys in that great criminal barracks. From time to time articles from the [illegible] plished by preaching the old Gospel, visiting these unfortunates in their cells, and pointing [illegible] the sin of the world." As this Mission is unsectarian and undenominational, it should commend itself to all who love Christian work. It is wholly dependent on voluntary contribu[illegible] supply all information regarding the work, or [illegible]

♦

"The King's Children"

"Each one resembled the Children of a King."

FRANCES HILEY HAVEN ALLEN said: "If the King is indeed near of kin to us, the royal likeness will be surely recognizable." These little ones of this Order are the King's Children, and the [illegible] in the lines of the face, as the gentle chiselings of "line upon line, precept upon precept," and the joy of Christ's love leave their impress.

Do you expect to see a palace when you come to see these children? This Home is not palatial in size or equipment, but a large, airy dwelling house, with a scrap of garden in the back yard. Jesus was not born in a palace. He experienced the frugality of life, but the kingly life left a glory that shines down all the ages, to illumine every life that acknowledges him the Christ, the Saviour of the world. Yesterday, nearly a hundred small children marched around our little square of grass, singing:

[illegible] King's dear little children,
We are walking in his garden.

[illegible] farther than the four walls; people came out on the fire-escapes of the surrounding tenements, and every window framed many faces, of those who, perhaps, would catch the bit of joy that would set the echo ringing through a lifetime.

A beautiful ivy vine is trying to hide with its clinging leaves the brick wall of the prison at the end of our King's Garden, where are sheltered those who have transgressed the higher and the civil law. What a contrast! This side of that wall, childhood, with merry voices and eyes (windows of the soul), eagerly pleading for the love which is the one great cry of the human! Within those walls, the hideous wail of those grown old in sin! God grant that our little ones may be kept so close to the guiding Hand that they cannot wander away.

The Constitution of the Order of the King's Children is as follows:

[illegible] Children.

Article II. Object: To plant [illegible] the heart of each child that the spreading of Christ's Kingdom in the home will follow.

[illegible] Irwin; secretary, Mrs. Sarah J. Bird. The Gospel [illegible]

There are many circles of twenty being formed, and the officers ask all who have formed or are now forming bands to kindly notify them, giving full name of Circle, as they are making up a list, and are ready to furnish with the covenant cards, the manual of exercises for the meetings. Address all letters to Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, 211 Clinton Street, New York.

♦

Germany and Total Abstinence

Medical professors in the Universities, and practising physicians in Germany are pushing the study of alcohol problems with a determined hand. They are thoroughly aroused on the subject, are organizing societies, instituting courses of lectures and public discussions of the subject, and giving addresses in the interest of total abstinence.

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Our Children's Home

On the Beautiful Hudson Still—Soon to Open—Many Little Ones to be Helped

AFTER five years' occupancy of the premises at Mont-Lawn—five happy summers, during which nearly ten thousand tenement children have enjoyed delightful outings there during the torrid months—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is about to make a new departure. Rev. Dr. A. D. Lawrence

A TENEMENT DOORWAY

Jewett, our "Children's Friend," and the owner of Mont-Lawn (through whose generosity it was granted us for our fresh-air work until last season), having passed away, the estate went into the possession of his heirs. Permission was kindly accorded us to continue our fresh-air work at Mont-Lawn last summer, with the understanding that thereafter the property was to be restored to the heirs for other uses. It therefore became necessary to find another location for our Children's Home, and this has been done.

By an arrangement with Mr. S. R. Bradley, owner of the Prospect House property on the hillside overlooking Nyack, that property will be occupied by our children this season. The situation is as lovely as Mont-Lawn, and in some respects is more convenient for our purpose. There are twelve acres of land surrounding the cottages; part in woodland, part in flowery fields. The view of the Hudson and of the surrounding country is superb; the scenery is almost Alpine in loveliness and grandeur. Matron Collins and her assistants are busily engaged making everything ready for our little guests.

Our picture, which tells the truth about tenement homes as words cannot, is argument enough for the encouragement of this work for city children. The efforts at tidiness in the dress of members of this group show how worthy they are of help. Think of this dwelling when the mercury goes up above the hundred mark! Observe how some children on the steps have other children in their arms. From such dwellings as these come the "little fathers and mothers," who, through the loving-kindness of Christian friends, find a sweet respite from cares each summer at our Children's Home on the beautiful Hudson. There, free from their burdens, they play and make merry and gather strength for renewed duties—duties that it is at once beautiful and sad that they should carry. The patient mothers, who are relieved of the expense of two, three or more children during the heated term, are helped beyond what words describe. Readers who are co-operating with us in this good work are doing more for struggling mothers and children than they can well realize.

IAN MACLAREN

The first of four stories picturing new and peculiarly interesting phases of Scottish life with all the sweet pathos and humor of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush."

—on their way home from school they loitered to study him, standing in the gateway of his stables, straddling his legs

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MAYOR OF BOSTON

Gives an interesting account of "The Work of a Modern City."

JULIAN RALPH

Contributes a strong Russian story—"In the Grip of the Tsar."

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The first of three practical papers by HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM, of Marshall Field & Co., full of sound common sense for young business men.

ROBERT BARR

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Divine Life in Man *

IN thinking of that sanctification through which the divine life advances toward perfection, we need to pay due attention on the one hand to its nature as a process, and on the other to the events or crises that mark its course and the various stages through which it proceeds. Yet these two aspects can scarcely be treated separately or in succession, for each is essential to the meaning of the other.

Plainly sanctification is not an event, but a process. Being the progress of the divine life toward perfection, it is a movement, an advancing. It is a double process—or rather it may be viewed from the negative side or the positive. Negatively it is progressive deliverance from sin in action and in character. Positively, it is progressive training of the powers and development of the possibilities of the soul in its divine life. These two processes are but one; for the development of the divine life gradually banishes sin, and deliverance from sin is the way to fresh development of the divine life. Of these two aspects the positive is the primary one, though it is not often so regarded. Popularly sanctification is spoken of as consisting mainly in deliverance from sin. But in fact it consists mainly in the development of a divine life that conquers sin and grows the more freely in proportion as sin is gone. And in either aspect, the negative or positive, sanctification is a process, not an event. Never at a stroke is sin entirely conquered, and never by a step is perfection in the divine life reached.

Plainly the process of sanctification must pass through unnumbered stages. It is often asked whether there is a higher Christian life. The answer is, yes, and a higher life beyond it, and a higher still beyond. The Christian life is ever higher and higher. It must pass through all stages between its beginning and its perfection.

Plainly also the process includes innumerable events. Many of these are ordinary and simple, but some are profoundly significant, decisive of large issues, immensely helpful to the progress. Sometimes a single experience or crisis in life will bring a great advance in sanctification, releasing the soul from some old bondage, or adding new power to some godlike quality, or opening the way for mightier operation of divine influences. God uses experiences of every kind as elements in this holy progress, and the best progress is made only by loyally accepting the benefit of the experiences through which he leads. Every day's life should be in some way significant for sanctification, for every inch of the road to perfection has to be traveled—whether slowly or rapidly, still traveled.

We are often asked how soon sanctification is to be completed. That depends upon two considerations—how much there is yet to be done, and how rapidly men are able to receive the gifts of the Holy Spirit. The end, we should remember, is moral likeness to God in a human being. When we fairly consider how much there is yet to be done, we learn that it is vain to look for perfection soon. A man is not a thing, to be acted upon, but a free spirit, to be transformed from within; and to say this, remembering what the end is, is to say that the end is not in sight. Perfection in the divine life is far remote, even from the best men, and even the higher stages of imperfection are far away. Nor does the end seem nearer when we ask how well able men are to make full use of the Holy Spirit's sanctifying influences. The best men are able to learn the divine lessons but slowly, and there is no man who can receive the fulness that the sanctifying Spirit might impart. God cannot sanctify men through anything but experience. Even to the end, sanctification will be a process of experience; and if once we see what perfection in the divine life means, we shall never think that the present life, at the longest, is long enough to bring a beginner up to it. Sanctification is growth up to such likeness to God in character as a human spirit is capable of attaining; not merely toward it, but up to it in its full moral glory; and by no process of growing can that result be attained in a human lifetime. Even negative sanctification, or deliverance from sin, is so great a work that he who best knows himself will not be the one to think it near.

Expectations of a speedy completion, and claims of completion already attained, are founded upon insufficient sense of the greatness of the work. Usually there is an inadequate definition of sin, according to which sin can easily be made to seem a thing of the past. Often, there is a shallow sense of sin, and often there is a quick and enthusiastic but undiscriminating appreciation of divine grace. Usually it is assumed that sinlessness is perfection. But sinlessness is not perfection; it is the indispensable condition for the attainment of perfection. When a soul has become sinless, then the movement toward the full perfection of a soul may go on more freely. A truer knowledge of divine realities not only tempers rash claims, but postpones our hopes. Doubtless God will sanctify his children as rapidly as he can, but even God cannot accomplish it without long time. It is a great work to sanctify the soul.

In fact, not even with death can sanctification end. Death is undoubtedly the most significant of all the crises in the soul's history, with the exception of regeneration, and it certainly brings in new elements that must be highly influential in the progress of the divine life. The new vision of God and of Christ must be mighty for good, and other strong helps may doubtless then be brought to bear upon the soul. Yet there is no evidence in Scripture, and no assurance elsewhere that death has power of cleansing upon the soul, or that then, in a moment, by special act of God, sanctification is completed. Still must sanctification be accomplished through experience. The sanctifying process is one to which an immortal soul is introduced, and it is a process of the soul's immortality. Death can only be a step in it, though an important step, and the process must continue in another world. The heavenly life is progressive. If the divine life ever comes to perfection, it will be in the ages to come.

But probably there is no such thing as bringing the divine life to such completion that no further progress shall be possible to it. The goal of sanctification is perfect goodness like that of God, and that goal lies far beyond deliverance from sin. Even if perfect goodness were reached, there would still open before the soul the living of the perfect life that then first is possible.

* From *An Outline of Christian Theology*, by William Newton Clark, D.D., Professor of Christian Theology in Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y. A concise and popular statement, in untechnical language, of the essential truths of Christianity. One of the most useful books of modern times for the unprofessional as well as the professional student of God's truth. Pp. 488; price $2.50; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue, New York.

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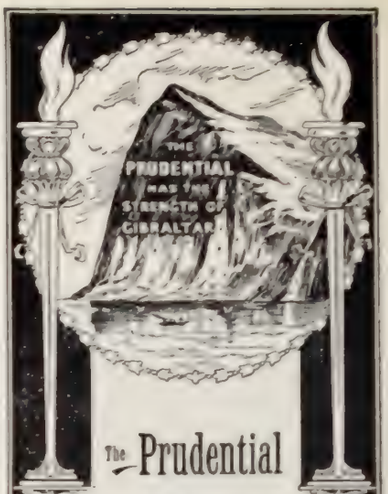

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issues an attractive form of Life Insurance, known as the participating

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policy on which the number of Annual Premiums to be paid are limited (as Five, Ten, Fifteen, or Twenty) while the Insurance continues for life.

This policy is profit-sharing, the cost is moderate, and all the rights of the policy-holder under it are absolutely protected both during life and after death.

Write to us, stating your age nearest birthday, and we will send specimen policy and full information free.

AMOUNTS $500 to $50,000.

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$75 MONTH AND EXPENSES guaranteed to parties to introduce our goods. Permanent position. Address Mfg. Co., P.O. Box A, Cincinnati, O.

Exercise

fails of its purpose when respiration is retarded by a stiff and rigid corset. The benefits that accrue from healthful activity is enhanced many fold by a Ferris Good Sense Corset Waist. For the woman who plays golf, tennis, or rides a wheel, for the woman who loves good health and takes pride in her personal appearance there is no garment equal to

FERRIS' Good Sense Waists

If you would like to see how the Ferris Waist looks in all its forms, we will send you a book free, illustrated from life.

Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waists are **sold by all leading retailers.** Do not take substitutes. Ladies', $1.00 to $2.75; Misses', 50c. to $1; Children's, 25c. to 50c.

Made by THE FERRIS BROS. CO., 341 Broadway, New York.

TRUSSES RUPTURE CURED

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only Truss in existence that is worn with ease and comfort, night and day, and retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Comfortable Belts accommodate. They can be used after any operations. Our goods are not sold by agents or druggists. Send for free pamphlets to the **Improved Elastic Truss Co., 768 Broadway, N. Y.** (Established 17 years.)

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It Is a Certainty That Catarrh can be cured. You will believe it after using a sample of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure. Mailed free. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Blosser Building, Atlanta, Ga.

After-Supper Chats

A Word About Wife-Beaters—The Danger of Fire—Rich and Poor Brides, etc.

A ST. LOUIS judge who seems to be a survival of the Dark Ages, has just given a decision in wife-beating. Not content with excusing from punishment the particular specimen of unmanly brutality in his presence, the judge went a step farther, in effect, applauding the husband before him, and saying in plain words that some wives were so irritating and so given to nagging that a man could not restrain himself from giving them a blow of his hand or fist. "And," summed up the remarkable judge, "If no particular damage is done, I see no reason for punishment.

. . .

I HAD the curiosity to look up the report of this matter in a St. Louis daily paper, and found that the occasion which excited the husband to a personal act of violence toward his wife was her determination to send their three children to Sunday School. The father wished one child to go on an errand; the mother interfered, and desired the child to go to his Sunday School class. The resolution of both parties was firm, and neither would yield, but the man, by right of superior strength, prevailed, and struck his wife in the face; how often is not stated. The judge held that a man is the ruler of his family, and that when a woman marries she understands that her husband is to be the head of the house; he said he "knew a high-binder as soon as he saw her." I never heard that word before and do not know just what it may mean; but apparently it applies to a woman who dares to resist the will of her good man, whether he be good or bad in reality. The poor high-binder in the instance which has been reported in all the daily papers from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, did not receive comfort from the court to which she applied for relief. Her children will scarcely respect her hereafter, and her husband will probably wax bolder than ever, now that a learned judge has proclaimed himself on his side. There is an old rhyme which says:

A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them, the better they be.

Wife-beaters in St. Louis may with impunity put that bit of nonsense to the test.

. . .

IN ALL soberness, let it be said that a decision of this sort, in any court of Christendom, turns back the hands on the clock of civilization. It is a very perilous thing to give license to the anger of rough and ill-taught men, and to allow them, without fear of subsequent penalty, to raise their hands against women; strength against weakness; force used to hurt and not to protect. For the class of husbands among which this thing is possible, belongs to that class which drinks the wages of the week on Saturday night and on Sunday morning transforms the home into a hell. Not the Christian gentleman, refined, tender, loving and unselfish, attacks his wife with fist or weapon, but the man already a brute, and worse than the primitive savage, by all that the nineteenth century saloon and beer shop can do to make savagery intenser.

. . .

WE SIT in our sweet-sheltered homes, with everything lovely around us, voices soft, tempers held in leash, gentleness regnant, and what do we know about the rough winds of sorrow which blow through the households of poverty and the misnamed home of the drunkard? If we would go, not in the spirit of criticism but in that of true sisterly friendship into such homes, we should learn something of the need which exists of Christ's own uplifting hand among the masses.

. . .

I, FOR ONE, hope to see the dawning of a day when there will be an end to all cruelty on the earth. When little defenceless children shall not be beaten at the caprice of their angry parents or teachers, when dumb animals shall not be put to pain and anguish either by heedless and wicked owners, or needlessly in the name of science. The sum of unnecessary suffering in this world cries to heaven, and the agonized strain of human plaint, or of tortured beast calls for mercy in the ear of God. When the better day breaks and shadows flee away, then shall there be surcease of needless suffering.

. . .

TOO MUCH power in the hands of the irresponsible and ignorant is always a source of misery. Only as people are well-taught and only as they are in sympathy with Christ, can they safely hold the reins of power.

. . .

WE HAVE had several dreadful fires lately in this great city, one of them in broad day burning down a great hotel, and causing a fearful loss of life, another occurring in the middle of the night, and resulting fatally to fourteen persons: the old, the middle-aged, the young together swept away by a frightful death.

Few of us, overtaken in sleep by the onslaught of the leaping flames and the pressure of the suffocating smoke, would remember what we would best do. Such precautions as the cool-headed and the stout-hearted and brave-handed take, some of us might be able to put in practice, but for the great majority, the dizzy way of the fire-escape, the going hand over hand down a rope, the stepping from sill to sill, even the descent, yielding to those who were bent on saving us, would be hard enough. Therefore, it behooves us to exercise great care that our homes do not take fire. Matches should be kept in fire-proof boxes. A lighted match should be guarded from loose papers and kindlings. People are amazingly careless about the disposition of half-burnt matches. Smokers should be incessantly watched and warned. Children should not be suffered to play with fire. Maids should be enjoined to use no kerosene in lighting their ranges. Everybody should be careful for the sake of everybody else.

. . .

THE pretty Vanderbilt bride, wrapped in furs and seated in a chair on the lawn watching the destruction of the stately country house, where she was spending her happy honeymoon, awakened our sympathy. But our compassion is aroused much more for the poor wife of the tenement who sees the devouring flames destroying her poor sticks of furniture and the children's clothes, not knowing where she is ever to get another chair or table, or a frock or jacket for her boy or girl. The contrast between the rich and the poor is very great in our period. It is a pleasant sign that the former are not indifferent to the latter. Flowers from the stately avenue weddings are sent downtown next day to sick beds, to hospitals, to asylums, to the cheer and the blessing of many lives. And our rich girls are our most earnest and self-denying and intelligent workers among the lowly.

. . .

HAZEL'S MOTHER. I am sure your little daughter will prove the very light of your life, and be the sweetest gift you ever had. Take a farm for her! Why, of course, you wouldn't, nor would her father.

. . .

KATHARINE W. I send my congratulations. But don't wait too long, if you can help it, you and your friend. Long engagements are perilous.

. . .

MARTIN S. Latin and Greek are less in vogue than once for educated men, and if you prefer to give your time to modern languages, nobody need criticize you. But a classical education has some advantages. For a business man's use, German, however, is likely to be of greater value than Greek.

Margaret E. Sangster

Gospel Work in Liberia

MISS MARY A. SHARP, the well-known American missionary at Monrovia, the capital of the Liberian Republic, writes acknowledging recent remittances sent to her through this paper for her work, and adds:

Not are these sums the only way you have helped, as a lady in Maysville, N. Y., through reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has taken the support of a boy in my school. Others have sent papers and periodicals that have been very acceptable. My hours are so occupied, that only after the children are all abed can I get time for reading and writing. "Many hands make light work;" but alas for the multitude of heathen hereabouts the hands are few. Mine is the only school for natives within many miles. In my church in Krootown (among the Kroo tribe) we have a continuous revival. The converts seem wonderfully taught and illuminated by the Holy Spirit. Their testimonies are clear and striking, and their lives show the Divine transformation. For "family prayers," they gather before light in the church and have a prayer-meeting, and the same at the close of the day. An evangelist who came here said that, in all her meeting, in the homeland among various classes, she never met with any who manifested so great an eagerness to hear the Word of God as do these Kroo converts.

Many are very anxious to have their children taught. The only successful way to accomplish much in this direction is to take them into mission homes, where they are not only free from the degrading influence and the gross superstition of heathenism, but where they learn English—which they do with astonishing rapidity. English school books (principally second-hand books from a school in Brooklyn), are used. After all, this is an era of "Good will to men."

In one Bible class are those who cannot read, nor do they know English. That is taught through an interpreter. Gray-haired men and women can be seen poring over A, B, C's, stopping now and then to ask of a letter, "What him name?"

I am grateful for the help you have given and the interest you have taken. So many could enter these fields, white for the harvest, and be so cordially welcomed by these asking for the light, but so very few do enter.

Yours sincerely and gratefully,

MARY A. SHARP.

Daybreak

BEYOND the far
Horizon bar
Lie realms of unknown story:
Where distant gleam
With mystic beam
Day-stars in chastened glory;
Their paling light
Fails on the sight,
No rays our pathways showing;
Yet signals are
From skies afar
Of lands with radiance glowing.

. . .

Beyond the ken
Of mortal men
Lie realms with time co-eval;
Though signals burn
We scarce discern
Those shadowed lights primeval;
'Twixt Doubt and Hope
We blindly grope,
Our day-stars yet revealing
Beyond the ken,
Beyond the bar,
Unseen of men,
Bright regions are
Within God's own concealing.

—L. C. S.

Trial Package Free!

If any reader, suffering from rheumatism, will write to me, I will send them free of cost a trial Package of a simple and harmless remedy which cured me and thousands of others among them cases of over 40 years standing. This is an honest remedy that you can test before you part with your money. Address: JOHN A. SMITH, 219 Summerfield Church Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

Nothing injurious in
BROWN'S
Bronchial Troches
A great relief for coughs, hoarseness, throat and lung troubles.
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WANTED.—A case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R·I·P·A·N·S on the package and accept no substitute. R·I·P·A·N·S 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 1 cents. forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 50 Spruce St., New York

Right Royal Endorsement

Meeting to Discuss Subject of Consumption Held in Historic Marlborough House, at Suggestion of Lord Salisbury

PRINCE OF WALES PRESIDED

Principles of the Famous Slocum System of Treatment, Upheld by Sir William Broadbent, Physician to the Royal Family

Never before, in the history of medical science, has a discovery received such emphatic and cordial endorsement, as has been accorded to Doctor T. A. Slocum, who has had the honor to give to the world the first and only cure for the curse of countless centuries,—Consumption, and which science has named in his honor, the Slocum System of Treatment.

America was first to honor her gifted son with endorsements from medical and scientific men, statesmen, the heads of universities, learned doctors of law and letters, the clergy, in fact from all the higher walks of life, came homage in the shape of grateful endorsement, and now, from across the sea, comes the cordial upholding of the principles of the Slocum System.

In historic Marlborough House, London, at a meeting recently held to discuss the subject of Consumption, the active principles, which are the underlying strength of the Slocum System, were emphatically endorsed by Sir William Broadbent, the Royal Physician, who further stated, what Doctor Slocum has contended from the very beginning of his observations and researches, that consumption is contagious and not necessarily hereditary. This meeting, of vital importance to the whole civilized world, was called at the suggestion of Lord Salisbury, and presided over by the Prince of Wales, and simply resolved itself into a ratification of the principles of a discovery American to the very core.—the well-known Slocum System of Treatment for Consumption and tenacious tendencies.

It has been a known fact among medical men for many years, that no one remedy on earth ever could cope with consumption and cure it. For centuries, efforts have been made to form a combination of remedies which would meet this enemy of life and health at every vulnerable point, and vanquish it, and not until Doctor Slocum crowned his years of study with success was this accomplished.

In the Slocum System of Treatment, Doctor Slocum has prepared a system that never fails. It furnishes a powerful antiseptic, that at once kills the germs and drives them forever from the lungs, throat and body; it stops the cough, does away with that fearful strain on lungs and heart, and eradicates the evil of mucous and catarrhal discharges; it introduces a fattening, strengthening food, and tissue-builder, which makes the wasted, tired lungs new, normal and perfect in every part, and it sends over the entire body a tonic influence which enriches the blood, perfects the circulation, stimulates the heart, vitalizes every weak spot, puts color in the cheeks, snap and sparkle in the eyes, and imparts courage, hope and vigorous vitality.

The Slocum System practically re-creates and makes anew, men, women and children debilitated and run down by Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Grippe and after-effects, Pneumonia, Catarrh, Colds, Coughs, and all other consumptive and semi-consumptive conditions. In order that all humanity may benefit by his discovery, Doctor Slocum has agreed to send FREE to all readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the Four Preparations making up the Slocum System, who will send name and postoffice and express address to the Slocum Laboratories, 98 Pine Street, New York.

Write to the Doctor.

Write fully and freely to Doctor T. A. Slocum, 98 Pine Street, New York, and he will gladly give you the benefit of his years of experience and send you free, with full and complete directions for use, the Four Preparations of the Slocum System. Be sure to give full address and name, and say that you saw this offer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Slocum System is dispensed by chemists everywhere, in large, original packages, with full directions for treatment in any case.

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Delicious Dentifrice.

FREE SAMPLE consisting of two bottles—enough of "OUR FAVORITE" GOLD ENAMEL (Washable)

As brilliant and smooth as gold-leaf. Ready for use. A child can apply it. Shows no brushmarks. Can be washed without tarnishing. Gilds everything.

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Hammock and swinging arm for in-door Rest and shade. Changed to any swinging or reclining position instantly. Arms adjust to any desired angle. Arms extended from walls. Side rails, made of heavy, fancy striped awning cloth, reinforced hand-engraved Pressed Brass Nos. 1 and 2, $2.50; No. 3, $2.75; No. 4, $3.00; No. 5, $3.25; No. 6, $3.50. Send measure of room we may suggest size. Send for booklet. Your money refunded if not satisfactory.

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HARTMAN'S STEEL PICKET FENCE

Makes the Lawn Beautiful

and adds to the attractiveness and value of the home. It's strong and durable. Will turn anything from the smallest to the largest animal. Ornamental Steel Posts without extra charge. 24 to 58 inches high, as you wish. Unequaled for Orchard, Lawns, Church, Cemetery, Farm, Poultry Fences. Private Lawn Gates. Catalogue FREE.

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are perfect in action. Over 40 years' experience counts the manufacturer. Get the genuine. No tacks required. To avoid imitations notice script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

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WOMEN'S CHEVIOT SERGE SUITS with Fly Front, Walking Coat lined throughout with black Taffeta. The Skirt is Percaline-lined, full circular shape. These Suits are made and finished entirely by men tailors $9.98

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We manufacture 110 styles of vehicles and 60 styles of harness and sell them to you direct. No matter where you live, we can please you and save you money. We can and will refer you to thousands of customers in every State in the Union. We manufacture everything we sell. We manufacture everything we sell, from the cheapest grade of work to the finest grade of work, guaranteeing every vehicle and every set of harness we sell. Our vehicles are made of the best selected materials throughout, by the most skilled workmen, and finished in the most elegant manner. Our harness are made of the best oak tanned leather, hand-stitched throughout, and are the most substantial harness made. We ship anywhere for examination before purchase is made. We allow 360 days' time on all work we sell. We are the only manufacturers who do this. We are the only manufacturers who sell to the consumer exclusively. When you buy a vehicle or harness from us you pay only the profit of the manufacturer.

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is usually caused by retention of uric acid in the system. It can be traced to results of rheumatic, catarrhal or kidney troubles.

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gives immediate relief in these cases.

Dr. J. M. Walsh, St. Paul, Minn., says: "I gave Tartarlithine to a lady who had been suffering for two days with a severe headache caused by retention of uric acid, having been a sufferer from that complaint for several years. For the past two days her physician could not relieve her headache, and the Tartarlithine helped her very materially—at once."

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EARN A BICYCLE by securing us advance orders for 1899 models. We give one rider agent in each town FREE USE of sample wheel to introduce them. Write at once for our special offer.

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THE INESTIMABLE BLESSING OF SIGHT

AVOID SPECTACLES & EYEGLASSES, HEADACHE & SURGICAL OPERATION. ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ON THE EYE, MAILED FREE.

PAT. FEB 7, 1899.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 23

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JUNE 7, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

BARON DE STAAL EXPLAINING THE CZAR'S PROGRAMME TO THE PEACE CONGRESS

This photograph was taken expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by permission of the Netherlands Government and with consent of the Conference. It represents the opening session of the world's first great assemblage in the interest of Peace and Arbitration. The delegates are seated in the beautiful "Orange Hall" of the House in the Wood, at The Hague. It is the only picture taken of this particular episode, no other camera save that of our correspondent being allowed to pass the doors. The picture should become historical.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

R. T. L., Tallassee, Ala. Where can I get one of the Russian Bibles?

Write to Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C.

M. T. W., Unionlevel, Va. In the Bible we are taught to "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Is the seed of the [illegible] the best method of children

Unquestionably. The child who receives, from a Christian parent or teacher, its first spiritual impressions, and grows [illegible] the successive stages of Christian development unconsciously. There are countless thousands who have grown to manhood and womanhood as true and devoted Christians, having become such at so early an age that they have no recollection of the event of their conversion. Characters developed on these spiritual lines are the sweetest of all and are living evangels of the truth throughout their lives, doing good to all who come into contact with them

N. L. T., Rockford, Va. 1. Will we know each other in heaven? 2. If we do not see a very dear friend there and know he is lost, will it not make us unhappy? 3. Will THE CHRISTIAN HERALD send sample copies on request? 4. Is it wrong to pray to be made happy?

1. All the evidences in Scripture lead to the conclusion that Christians will recognize their dear ones in the future life (see II. Sam. 12:23; Mark 9:4; Luke 16:23; I. Thes. 4:13-18, also 5:10). 2. It is a difficult question to answer. Dives, in torment, was concerned about the fate of his living brethren; but, on the other hand, we are distinctly assured that no sorrow shall enter heaven (Rev. 7:17). Our earthly views of happiness and those entertained in the next world will no doubt be radically different, so there is no proper basis of comparison. 3. Yes; send us the addresses to which you wish them mailed. 4. No, if it be the right sort of happiness that is meant—the happiness of serving God and [illegible] and of having loving and helpful relations toward our fellow men.

Old Subscriber, Ukiah, Calif. While traveling in northern California in the remote little Round Valley, I was pleased to find THE CHRISTIAN HERALD taken and appreciated by families there. An Indian reservation is located in the northern part of the valley. It has a boarding-school building with many modern improvements, and some teachers from Carlisle. A resident minister preaches to them, and sustains an interesting Sabbath School. The Indians seemed quiet and are peaceably tilling the lands which have been allotted them. The little village of Covelo is the centre of a prosperous settlement of white people. It has two churches. The Presbyterian was the pioneer church and has been mostly built and sustained by a persevering ladies' aid society, which recently celebrated its sixteenth anniversary. With the aid of the Home Missionary Board loaning them money without interest, they have built and sustained a church and a modest parsonage, and now have a church property free of debt. The present pastor, Rev. A. I. Compton and wife are doing a good work there.

From distant Armenia—the land of massacre, persecution and famine—comes this letter, written by a native pastor:

KHENOUR, Erzroom, Turkey, April 25, 1899.

Dr. Louis Klopsch, New York.

MY DEAR SIR:—More than two months have passed since I have not received the most lovely paper of mine, that is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I can be without bread; but I cannot be without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Dr. Talmage's writings are my inspirations. I cannot part with the paper; it is my close partner here in time and eternity. Please continue your compliments. You cannot know what I do, but afterwards you shall know.

MATTIOS HOVINIAN.

Pastor Hovinian's name has been placed on our subscription list and he will receive the paper for another year.

J. P. J., New Gloucester, Me. Some fifty years ago or more, as near as I can recollect, while down upon one of the wharves of Boston, I picked up a scrap of paper that was flying about my feet. The enclosed lines attracted my attention, and thinking them very beautiful, I committed them to memory and threw the scrap of paper away. I have penned them from memory after all these years, but I believe that they are correct. Can you, or some of the many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD tell me the poem? How I should like to have it!

You [illegible]
A pale-browed band of Jewish matrons stood
Is [illegible]
Yet one amid that throng appeared of noble mein,
A being strangely bright and fair,
[illegible]
And the warm flush of maiden beauty gone.

I. S. S. Are professors [illegible] of religion who strenuously oppose baptism by water, living up to their privileges? 2. Was Peter's denial of his Lord typical of Christian conduct in the present day?

1. We suppose that such professors honestly believe that Christ did not intend the ordinance to be perpetual. We think they are mistaken; but if they really believe it they are bound to act on their belief. There is no privilege about it that we can see. People usually regard it as a duty. Those who practice infant baptism do it as an act of consecration; those who practice adult baptism do it as a mode of public confession of Christ, which typifies the cleansing and the new birth wrought by the Holy Spirit. 2. Peter's denial was simply due to a lack of courage on his part. It was not intended as a type of anything. Every Christian, in all times, who hides his connection with Christ, resembles him to a greater or less extent.

Subscriber, Coatesville, Mo. 1. Did Jesus baptize as stated in John 3:22, or was it his disciples, as stated in John 4:2? 2. Did Paul ever go to Spain? 3. Does the declaration in I. John 1:8 imply that there are none who lead sinless lives?

1. As the latter passage is a definite statement, we must conclude that Jesus did not baptize. The former passage must be under-

[illegible] orders, the baptism would be considered as [illegible] appears to contradict it. He held the same [illegible] one that Christ imparted could not sin, but the fleshly nature resisted it and did sin.

Subscriber, Summit, N. J. 1. What proof have we that our prayers will be answered, when it is obvious that some are absolutely ignored? 2. [illegible] should they be lost, and, if saved, why do we [illegible] or spiritual? 5. Will the future punishment be natural or spiritual? 6. Is God self-created or [illegible] in that of which we cannot conceive? I sent these questions more than a month ago, but no answer was published.

[illegible] answer or withhold the answer to our prayers, just as a human father, howsoever much he [illegible] prayers are ignored. 2. We know nothing more than the Bible states. 3. We "bother" about them because the [illegible] the best help any man can have. It lifts him out of sin and fits him for this life and for heaven. In short, it brings him eternal life, and we are anxious that he should have it. 4. We [illegible]

John T. B., Newburg, N. Y. I wish to avail [illegible] By all means sign the names yourself. Many of our subscribers are availing themselves of this exceptional opportunity to introduce "The Christian Herald" to their friends, and are thus helping us **to carry out our object to give "The Christian Herald" the widest possible circulation. Remember that we shall be glad to supply you free of charge with as many coupons as you may require. One subscriber has undertaken to send us two hundred subscriptions under this unprecedented proposition.**

H. W. K., Kewashum, Wis. In what sense can it be said that Christ learned obedience by suffering (Heb. 2:10)?

[illegible] sense as in Heb. 2:18 he is said to have been qualified for succoring the tempted [illegible]

J. M., Birdsboro, Pa. 1. Who was that [illegible] when he spoke (John 10:16) of "other sheep not of this fold?" 3. Would it be in accord with the divine plan for [illegible]

1. We [illegible] himself. If you turn to John 21:20, 24, you will see that he was accustomed to speak of himself in the third per[illegible] "The [illegible] ed" of the twentieth verse is plainly stated in the twenty-fourth verse to be [illegible] things." 2. Various suggestions have been made. One is that he referred to the Gentiles, and that appears most probable. Another, somewhat fanciful, is that he meant inhabitants of other worlds. 3. It would be rather in accord with the human than the divine plan. Such methods of raising money are unsatisfactory and ought not to be needed. Perhaps they are better than the burden of debt, but that is not saying much in their favor.

[illegible] ble that a Christian would open a letter entrusted to him and addressed to another person? If such a person should be converted, should he or she not confess this act? Is there not a penalty for opening other people's [illegible]

To tamper with the mails in transit, or to open a letter addressed to another before it has been delivered to the proper owner, is an offence punishable by statute. Apart from its illegality, it is certainly an unchristian thing to do, and would only be excusable if done in a great exigency, where a matter of life and death depended upon the act. No honorable person would knowingly tamper with another's mail, and if he did so even accidentally, would hasten to apologize.

New Reader, Chelsea, Ind. Ter. We see nothing wrong in what you have stated in your letter.

A Subscriber, Edgerton, Mo. We know nothing about it, but would warn you against humbugs.

H. A. R. F., Keesville, N. Y. All the letters are pronounced as written except "c," which is silent.

F. G., Gravity, Ia. The book can be gotten from Hunt & Eaton, New York, publishers, or Cranston & Stowe, Cincinnati.

D. S., Highpoint, Ga. We know nothing about the concern and would advise you to be careful in dealing with strangers.

Subscriber, Warren, Vt. Queen Victoria's name under such circumstances would be Mrs. Wettin, and Emperor William's would be Hohenzollern.

Anxious wife, Plymouth, Mass. We cannot advise you in the matter. You should consult your pastor, and if that is not satisfactory, see a reputable lawyer.

L. J. P., Hyland, N. Y. We never heard of any volunteers being rejected for the reason mentioned in your letter although there may have been instances outside of our knowledge.

Gertrude De F., Sandy Lake, Pa. The man is eulogized for his good qualities. There are none, unfortunately, who are wholly free from blemish of some sort, but patriotism overlooks minor faults.

"One of His Own," Massillon, O. Christian work at home, in Sunday School and missions. The further development will come through your church, and your pastor can best advise as to that.

E. T. H., Lakeport, Ia. He was the head of a committee of public safety in 1774—a patriotic body appointed for devising ways and means for the preservation of the lives and property of the people.

TRANSFERRING THE AMERICAN SITE AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

This photograph, taken specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, deals with an interesting incident. On May 3, M. Picard, Commissioner General of the Exposition, transferred to the American representatives the site on the Quai D'Orsay, upon which the United States National Building will be erected. Both M. Picard and Commissioner Peck made informal speeches, after which the American flag was hoisted amid cheers. The figures in the group are: 1. M. Picard; 2. Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, U. S. Commissioner; surrounding them are Associate Commissioner Gen. Woodward; Architect Coolidge; Col. Kerr, Military Attache; Mr. McGibbon; Arthur Lynch, and French Exposition officials. The designs for the American buildings, it is announced, have been drawn up by M. Morin-Goustraux and Mr. Coolidge, and approved by Mr. Peck. The principal U. S. building will be eighty-two feet front, ninety-four feet deep, surmounted by a dome at an altitude of 130 feet, with an eagle at its apex. The entrance will be a triumphal arch with the U. S. Coat-of-Arms, and above it a figure of "Liberty in the Chariot of Progress." On the walls will be figures representing all the States of the Union. The dome will be a net-work of electrical stars lighted at night in red, white and blue. In front of the entrance there will be a heroic figure of Washington.

Subscribers and others continue to write to us with information of the ownership of some very rare, old Bibles. Mrs. Susan R. Glazier, North Leverett, Mass., writes that she is the possessor of a metrical version of "the Psalms of David," compiled in 1709, and printed by David Niven in 1785.

Mr. J. D. Miller, Newton Hamilton, Pa. writes:

I have in my possession a German Bible (which I inherited from my father), printed in Lubigen, Germany, in 1730. Its weight is twenty-six and

: : : Pioneer Missionary Work in South-Eastern Africa : : :

Dr. and Mrs. William L. Thompson's Labors for the Salvation of the Souls and the Health of the Bodies of the Rhodesian Natives

AN AWKWARD OBSTACLE ON THE NEW RAILROAD

DR. AND MRS. WILLIAM L. THOMPSON

CAUGHT IN A SOUTH AFRICAN FLOOD

GRAPHIC stories of missionary work in South-eastern Africa are told by Dr. Wm. L. Thompson and his devoted wife, who have just arrived in their native land for a brief period of rest and recuperation. Dr. Thompson is a Medical Missionary who has been laboring under the auspices of the American Board in Rhodesia. He is a native of Oberlin, O., where he graduated in 1886, and then came to New York for a medical education. Under the guidance of that devoted helper of medical missionaries, Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt, the young man successfully pursued his studies and graduated with honor in 1889. From that time until 1890, when he sailed for Africa, he worked in the dispensaries in New York and Newark, N. J., gaining experience in the art of healing and administering to the needs of the sick poor.

On his arrival at Beira, on the South-eastern coast of the Dark Continent, Dr. Thompson and Mr. Wilder, with a number of Zulu helpers, traveled inland about 250 miles to a point within British territory, just beyond the Portuguese frontier, where land was found suitable for a mission station. Their selection was approved, and as soon as the necessary arrangements were completed, Dr. Thompson settled there. Happily he did not go out alone. During the time that he spent in Natal while the preparations for his settlement were in progress he made the acquaintance of Miss Mary McCormack, of Elgin, Ill., who had been laboring for two years in that part of Africa, under the auspices of the American Board. Their common devotion to the great work of evangelizing the heathen drew the young people together, and when Dr. Thompson set out for his pioneer station he had the happiness of taking with him a wife who was in full sympathy with his work and specially qualified to help him in it.

The people among whom the station was planted were veritable heathen. Their dialect was part of the great Bantu tongue, but most of them understood Zulu, their country having been overrun by that warlike people before the British forced them to remain within their own borders. Both Dr. and Mrs. Thompson were thus able to make themselves understood. They were, however, some time in making friends with their new neighbors. The women especially were shy and reserved, but the uniform kindness and friendliness of the newcomers eventually won their way and Mrs. Thompson was allowed to visit them in their kraals. They found, as other missionaries in Africa have learned, that it is less by preaching and teaching that the first steps in gaining the confidence of the natives are won, than by the kindly Christian life and ready helpfulness that comes from the spirit of Christ in the consecrated heart. Before the missionaries left their station for their visit to America they had a church of thirty members and a regular congregation, in which there were many others ready and eager to make profession of faith in Christ, but were restrained by the missionaries until they give proof of their steadfastness and clear apprehension of the truths of the Gospel. Besides this, they have a school in which there are over one hundred pupils, many of whom show marked intelligence.

THE BEGINNING OF A CHURCH BUILDING

PRIMITIVE TRAVELING

Dr. Thompson has found that his medical skill has been of great service to his work as a missionary. Until recently there was no other physician within one hundred and fifty miles of this station. The only resource of a native who fell sick, was the witch-doctors, with their hideous and ghastly enchantments. It is astonishing that these men, in spite of their impotency in case of sickness, have gained the confidence of the superstitious people. So firmly have they done so that Dr. Thompson has learned that, in more than one instance, men who have been persuaded by their friends to become his patients, have neglected to take his remedies and have gone secretly to consult the witch-doctor. But with the increase of education and the manifest good results of the American doctor's treatment, this distrust in him is vanishing and he finds his practice rapidly increasing. He badly needs, however, a suitable building in which to house his patients. The temporary hospital he has built is neither wind nor rain-proof and thus his treatment does not have a fair chance of effecting a cure. Beside this he badly needs a horse. There have been calls for his services from places sixty miles from his station, and when he is unable to borrow a horse from some friendly Boer he is obliged to walk, thus losing precious time.

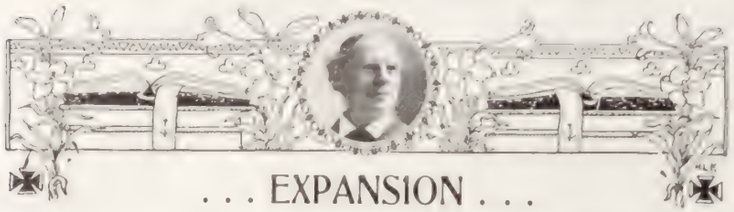
Among the patients the doctor has treated, one case is especially interesting. It was that of a woman who was brought to the station by her brother. Her husband was dead, her only son had gone to Johannesburg and had held no communication with his mother since his departure and she was alone in the world, save for this brother whose fraternal affection was pathetic. They had walked twenty miles to consult the doctor about a painful swelling from which the woman suffered which incapacitated her for work. Dr. Thompson speedily diagnosed the case as one of tumor. It was early in his settlement, before the shed which now does duty as a hospital was erected. The necessary operation had consequently to be performed in the open air. The only semblance of privacy was the shadow of the hut which fell on the patient as she lay on the ground. The operation, however, was successful. The woman's brother stayed with her and waited upon her, after she recovered consciousness. They remained a few days while the wound healed and then together set out to walk the long journey back to their home. Dr. Thompson was concerned about the woman taking the journey so soon after her suffering, but the brother said they had left his children alone in the kraal and they might starve if no one was there to attend to them. To Dr. Thompson's delight, the man returned to the station in a few weeks reporting that his sister was quite well. He brought a goat as a thanks-offering for the cure. The missionary was still more pleased some months afterward when on one of his journeys,, he saw his patient and her brother come into a meeting that he was holding, which happened to be within a few miles of her home. She listened intently to the preaching and after the service, she went to the missionary to express her obligation to him.

As in other lands, the missionaries have learned the value of native help. Two natives who have become teachers have proved remarkably useful. Nganggeni, the elder of the two, first heard the Gospel from some of the missionary party while on the way to the station, but he knew that his relatives would be very angry with him if he deserted the old religion, so he resolved to have nothing to do with the white man's faith. Still, the story of Christ seemed very wonderful and beautiful to him. After a time he came to the station and asked for work. In reality he wanted to hear more but thought that by simply working for money he could learn all about the new religion without committing himself. It was not long, however, before he became an earnest believer and has proved, like his comrade Zeita, a successful teacher.

THE NATIVE PALANQUIN AND BEARERS

SCENE IN A NATIVE VILLAGE IN RHODESIA

· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·



. . . EXPANSION . . .

A Sermon by The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Genesis 28: 14, ...

Thou shalt spread abroad to the east and to the west

SINCE the Americano-Hispanic war is concluded, and the United States ambassador is on the way to Madrid, and the Spanish ambassador is on the way to Washington, the people of our country are divided into expansionists and anti-expansionists. From a different standpoint than that usually taken, I discuss this all-absorbing theme. I leave the political aspect of this subject to statesmen and warriors, and pray Almighty God that they may be enabled rightly to settle the question whether the islands in controversy shall be finally annexed, or held under protectorate, or resigned to themselves, while I call attention to the fact that a campaign of moral and religious expansion ought to be immediately opened on widest and grandest scale.

At the close of this war God has put into the hands of this country the key to the world's redemption. Heretofore the religious movement in pagan lands had to precede the educational. After in China and India and the islands of the sea the missionaries have labored over fifty or seventy-five years the printing-press and the secular school came in. Now, to better advantage than ever before, religious and secular enlightenment may go side by side, and so the work be accomplished in short time and more thoroughly. Starting with the fact that in Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands at least three-fourths of the people can neither read nor write, what an opportunity for school and printing-press! Within five years every man in those islands may be taught to read not only the Bible but the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States and the biography of George Washington and of Abraham Lincoln.

It seems to me that the Government of the United States ought by vote of Congress afford common schools and printing-presses to those benighted regions. Our national legislature by one vote appropriated fifty million dollars to give bread and medicine to Cuba. Why not by a similar generosity give fifty million dollars for feeding and healing the minds and souls of those ignorant and besotted archipelagoes. In the name of God, I nominate a school for every neighborhood of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. As soon as the gavel falls at twelve o'clock of next December 4th on the table of Senate and House of Representatives, and the roll has been called and the preliminaries observed, let some member of our national legislature, with mind and soul and voice strong enough to be heard not only through those halls, but through Christendom, propose a measure for the mental and moral disenthrailment of the islands in controversy.

What has made American civilization the highest civilization the world has ever seen? Next to the Bible and the church, schools, common schools, schools reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from British America to Gulf of Mexico. Five years under such educational advantage and this whole subject that keeps our public men agitated, some of them to frothing at the mouth, will settle itself. Give those islands readers, spellers, arithmetics, histories, blackboards, maps, geographies, globes. Let the State Legislatures at their next meeting, some of them assembling in early autumn, take parts of those islands under their especial educational patronage. What is needed is State and national action in this matter of schools.

Then let the editorial associations of the United States, as many of such organizations as there are States, resolve at the next convocation to establish in every region of those islands a printing-press, to be supported by people of this country until it can become self-supporting. Each of these State editorial associations sending out to those islands at least one editor and two reporters and enough typesetters, down will go the ignorance and superstition of those islands as certainly as the Spanish fleet under Cervera sank under the pounding of our American battleships, and into their every port will go intelligence and love of free institutions as certainly as into the harbor of Manila went Admiral Dewey on that famous night when he was not expected. Hoe's printing-press! Nothing can stand before its bombardment. Editors of American newspapers and publishers of American books! Take the ordination for such a magnificent service. Eloquence on yonder Capitol Hill cannot meet the exigency. Epigrams of political platforms or in State Legislatures will not hasten the desired consummation one week or one hour or one moment.

When Cubans and Porto Ricans and Filipinos see the morning and evening newspapers thrown into the doorways and hawked along the streets of Havana and Santiago and Manila, those who cannot read by the force of curiosity will learn to read, so that they may know what information is being scattered; and that which may be missionary effort at the start, and carried on by Americans sent forth to do the work, will soon be done by educated natives. Porto Rican editors! Porto Rican reporters! Porto Rican typesetters! Porto Rican publishers! It was a great mercy to take those islands from under the heels of despotism, but it will be a mightier mercy to emancipate them from ignorance and degradation. The expansion of the knowledge and intellectual qualification of all those islandy regions is the desire of all intelligent Americans. Awake all you schools and colleges and universities and printing-presses to your opportunity!

Still further here is a wide-open door for Christianity. First of all, we have the attention of those people. The heathen nations are for the most part soporific. The American missionaries heretofore had great difficulty in getting heathendom to listen. They excited some comment by their attire, so different was the parting of the hair and the shape of the hat and the cut of the coat and the formation of the shoe of the evangelizers; but the questions constantly arose in regard to the missionary: "Who is he?" "What is he here for?" And then the interrogator would relax into the previous stupid indifference. But that condition of things [illegible] The guns of our American navy have awakened those populations. They do not ask who we are. They have found out. They are now listening to what American civilization and our Christian religion have to say on any subject. Now is the time while their ears and eyes are wide open, to tell them of the rescuing and salvable and inspiriting power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. The steam printing-press which secular education plants there may be used and will be used to print religious newspapers and tracts and sermons and mighty discussions of questions temporal and eternal.

The comfortable homes of those populations, when Christianized, standing side by side with the degraded huts of those who remain pagans, will be revolutionary for good. The Porto Rican and the Filipino will come out from his uncleansed, and low-roofed, and uninviting kennel, and say to his neighbor of beautiful household: "Why cannot I have things as you have them?" And when he finds that it is the Bible, with its teachings on family life and personal purity and exalted principle, and the church of God that proposes the rectification of all evil and the implantation of all good, he will cry out: "Give me the Bible, and the church, and the earthly alleviations, and the eternal hope which have wrought for you such transfiguration."

Now, church of God; now, all Christian philanthropists, is your opportunity! Nothing like it has occurred since Christ came. Perhaps there may be nothing like it till his Second Coming. Here is a definiteness of aim that is most helpful and inspiring. The millions of dollars given for the redemption of the world and the thousands of glorious missionaries who have as volunteers gone forth among barbaric nations, were given and enlisted under a great and immeasurable idea; but when they come to add to the great and immeasurable idea the idea of definiteness we will infinitely augment the work. More than three hundred million of heathen in India, more than three hundred million of people in China, and more millions of heathen than can be guessed outside of those countries, sometimes stagger and confound and defeat our faith; but here in these islands of present controversy we can farm out the work among the churches, and in five years, under the blessing of God, not only fit the people for the right of suffrage, but prepare them for usefulness and heaven. The difference between the general idea of the world's evangelization and some particularized field of evangelization is the difference between the improvement of agriculture among all nations and the improvement of seventy-five acres put under one's especial care and industry. By all means let the general work go on; but here is the specific field for religious concentration and development. This is not chimerical or impractical. I read this morning that the American Missionary Association of the Congregational Church has already begun the work at San Juan, Utuado and Albonito, and all denominations of Christians, in six months, will be in those islandy fields, and we all need with our prayers and contributions to cheer them on to take for God and righteousness those regions which our navy has captured from Spanish perfidy.

At last [illegible] the Americo-Spanish war cost us three hundred million dollars. It would not cost half of that to proclaim and carry on and consummate a holy war that will rescue those [illegible] When [illegible] will [illegible] der the one-starred, blood-striped banner of Immanuel? Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines [illegible] and take the round world for God. We need a new evangelical alliance organized for this one purpose. In all denominations [illegible] hearts and who have been thoroughly enough converted to join in such an advanced movement; men who, putting aside all minor differences of opinion, "believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son," and who would march shoulder to shoulder in such a Gospel campaign. The result would be that those islands, after such a scene of gospelization, would assort themselves into denominations to suit themselves, and some would be sprinkled in holy baptism, and others would be immersed in those warm rivers, and some would worship in religious assemblage silent as the Quaker meeting-house, and others would have as many jubilant ejaculations as a [illegible] those who preached would be gowned and surpliced for the work, and others would stand in citizen's apparel or in their shirt-sleeves preaching that Gospel which is to save the world.

Mark you well that statesmanship, however grand it is, and wise men of the world, however noble, cannot do this work. Mere secular education does not moralize. Some of the most thoroughly educated men in all the world have been the worst men. Quicken a man's intellect, while at the same time you do not make his morals good, and you only augment his power for evil. Geography and mathematics and metaphysics and philosophy will never qualify a people to govern themselves. A corrupt printing-press is worse than no printing-press at all, but let loose an open Bible upon those islands, and let the apocalyptic angel once fly over them, and you will prepare them to become either colonies of the United States government, or, as I hope will be the case, independent republics.

God did not exhaust himself when he built this nation. Those islands will yet have their Thomas Jeffersons, qualified to write for them Declarations of Independence; and George Washingtons, capable of achieving their liberties; and Abraham Lincolns, strong enough to emancipate their serfdoms; and Longfellows and Bryants, capable of putting their hills and their rivers and their landscapes into poems; and their Bancrofts and Prescotts, to make their histories; and their Irvings, to write their *Sketch Books;* and their Charles O'Connells and Rufus Choates, to plead in their court rooms; and their Daniel Websters and John J. Crittendens, to move their senates.

The day cometh—hear it all ye who have no hope for those islands of bedwarfed and diseased illiterates—the day cometh when those regions will have a Christian civilization equal to that which this country now enjoys, while I hope by that time this country will be as superior to what it now is, as to-day Washington and New York are better than Manila and Santiago. Do you see by this process of Gospelized intelligence, those archipelagoes will as a nation be protected from the two woes prophesied in regard to this country, the one woe prophesied by the expansionists, and the other woe prophesied by the anti-expansionists? It is said by those who would have us take all we can lay our hands on as a nation, that unless we enter the door now open for the enlargement of our national domain, we will decline the mission which God, in his providence, has assigned us. But surely no woe will come upon us, or upon them, if we Christianize them as we now have the opportunity of doing. The political technicalities are nothing as compared with the importance of this movement. I implore all political expansionists to augment us in this work of moral and religious expansion, for unless those islands are moralized and elevated in intelligence and habits, we do not want them, and their annexation would be

... What Think Ye of Christ? ...

A FEW months ago, at a Public Meeting held in New York City, it was intimated that **the leading men in our National Government, and in Army and Navy Circles, were either unbelievers in Christianity, or at least not in cordial sympathy with the faith and hope that inspire Christian hearts.** This naturally seemed incredible, and in order to ascertain accurately to what extent the assertion was founded on fact, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD caused a careful canvass to be made among the Leading Men of the Nation, and we are now ready to submit the result to our readers and to the world.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE we shall publish a large number of **signed articles, from the Foremost Americans of this Age, the whole constituting one of the Most Notable contributions to Christian Testimony** ever published. Soon after its appearance in these pages, we shall republish it in its entirety **in pamphlet form, and a Million Copies** will be issued at such a nominal figure as to insure for them practically gratuitous distribution. Every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and all who are interested in **the Great Battle between Faith and Infidelity,** should without fail secure and preserve a copy of this very remarkable collection of Christian Testimony, which has been gathered with the greatest care and only after extraordinary labor. It is a presentation of this absorbing subject which will be read with the keenest interest and universally appreciated.

political damnation. On the other hand, I implore all anti-expansionists to take a hand in the Gospelization of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. The only way to prepare them to take care of themselves is to give them the Ten Commandments that were published on Mount Sinai, and let them hear the groan of sacrifice that was breathed out on the heights of Golgotha. What they most want is the Gospel, the pure Gospel, the omnipotent Gospel, the Gospel that helps heal the wounds of the body, and irradiates the darkness of the mind, and achieves the ransom of the soul.

But on this platform the so-called expansionists and so-called anti-expansionists will yet stand side by side. Though I am not a prophet, or the son of a prophet, within five years, if this religio-educational work is properly attended to, there will be a Cuban republic, a Porto Rican republic and a Philippine republic, none of them on a large scale; but they will all have their schools and printing-presses and evangelical churches, their presidents, their senates and house of representatives, their mayors and their constabularies; and as good order will be observed in their cities as now reigns on Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, or Broadway, New York.

Christ has started for the conquest of the nations, and nothing on earth or in hell can stop it. The continents are rapidly rolling into his dominion, and why not these islands, which for the most part are only fragments broken off from continents, the interval lands, having been sunk by earthquakes, allowing the ocean to take mastery over them? Each mother-continent has around it a whole family of little continents. If the continents are being so rapidly evangelized, why not the islands? If America, why not Cuba and the Bahamas? If Asia, why not the Philippines and the Moluccas? If Europe, why not the Azores and the Orkneys? If Africa, why not Madagascar and St. Helena? The same power that broke them off the mainland, can lift them into evangelization.

In the old Book, which has become a new Book by reason of modern discoveries, especial attention is called to the Islands. "Declare the Lord's praise in the islands," commands Isaiah. "Let the multitudes of the islands be glad thereof," says the Psalmist. "Hear it, and declare it to the islands afar off," exclaims Jeremiah. You see from this the islands are not to be neglected. Perhaps they are the Lord's favorites, as in households if there is any favoritism at all it is for the weakest. They may not be able to marshall large armies, or to send out navies to sweep the sea, but better than that, they have the chariots of heaven on their side and the drawn swords of the Almighty. I have as much faith in the salvation of the smallest island of the Falklands, of the Canaries, of the Ladrones, of the Carolines, of the Fijis, of the Barbadoes, of the Cape Verdes, of the Society Islands, as I have in the salvation of America.

I believe the United States Government will last as long as the world lasts. I believe the fires of the judgment day will leap on the domes of our State and national capitals while yet they are in their full power. I believe the last earthquake will put its explosion under our national foundations while yet they stand firm. I believe that republican and democratic form of government will be the universal form of government for all nations when they have been evangelized, for then the nations will be capable of self-government and will have demanded and secured that right. It will be either that or a theocracy, which will be the direct government of Christ in his personal reign on earth, as many Bible students believe. Yet that jubilant expectation is founded not on the skill of human statesmanship or human legislation, but upon the belief that this nation will submit to divine guidance, and obey the divine law, and carry out its divinely-imposed mission. But if we defy the God of nations, our doom is fixed.

It required the pen of an Edward Gibbon, through four great volumes of more than five hundred pages each, to tell the story of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, concluding his monumental work with the words: "It was among the ruins of the capitol that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised near twenty years of my life, and which, however inadequate to my own wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity and candor of the public." What! the Roman empire dead. Did she lack warriors? No. Behold her Pompey and her Julius Cæsar. Did she lack lawmakers and law-givers? No. Think of the masters of Roman jurisprudence, our American attorneys to-day quoting those laws in our court rooms more than fifteen centuries after they were enacted. In poetry did she not have her Virgil and Ovid? In history did she not have her Sallust and her Livy? In eloquence did she not have her Scipio and Cicero? In satire did she not have a Juvenal and a Horace? What pens were wielded by her Cato, and her Terence, and her Pliny! All nations heard the cry of her war eagles, the voices of her oratory, and the chime of her cantos. But the day of judgment came for that nation, and Hannibal crossed the Apennines, and the Goths and Vandals swooped, and the Carthegenian fleet assailed, and Numidian horsemen galloped, and nations combined, and Rome sank. The tourist now on the banks of the Tiber sees the ruins of her Forum, the ruins of her Coliseum, the ruins of her Art, the ruins of her Aqueducts, the ruins of her Catacombs, the ruins of her palaces.

If our nation forgets its duty to other nations and practices injustice against other people, however insignificant, it will not take another Edward Gibbon twenty years, and through four great volumes, to tell the story of the Decline and Fall of American Institutions.

A EUROPEAN FRONTIER WHERE FOUR COUNTRIES MEET

By so much as our opportunities have been greater than any nation that ever lived, and the mission to which she has been ordained is more stupendous than any bestowed by the Almighty upon any people, if we forget our God and enact wickedness our overthrow will be quicker and more tremendous, and yonder Capitoline hill with its architectural magnificence will become a heap of gigantic ruins, to be visited by the people of other times and other nations, who will read in letters of crushed and crumbled marble that which David wrote many hundred years ago upon parchment: "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down."

We concluded a few days ago the annual decoration of Northern and Southern graves. Three years ago, at this season, in memorial sermon I proposed the twisting of two garlands, one to be put upon the grave of the Northern soldier, and the other to be put on the grave of the Southern soldier; but this year we need three garlands, the third to be put upon the graves of those who fell in this Americo-Hispanic conflict. The third garland needs to be quite as fragrant and as radiant as the other two. These last heroes braved more than bayonets and bombshell; they braved the pestiferous breath of the tropics—whole battalions, whole regiments, whole brigades, whole armies of deathful malaria. They confronted those oppositions of the torrid climes which no sword can pierce, no agility climb, no stratagem flank, no torpedo explode, no courage conquer. Under the awful charge of visible and invisible hosts about six thousand men went down, some to instant death, and others through lingering pangs in hospital.

If in this third wreath you twist the crimson rose, suggestive of sanguinary sacrifice, and the white calla lily, suggestive of glorious resurrection, put in also a few forget-me-nots, suggestive of remembrance, and a few passion flowers, suggestive of the love that mourns the slain, and a few heliotropes, suggestive of the fragrance of their memory. Then let the night's dew put the tears into the blue eyes of the violets, and all the soldiers' cemeteries be so many censers burning incense before the throne of that God who has been the friend of this nation from the time of Lexington to the time of San Juan Hill, from the guns of the United States warships *Constitution* and *Constellation*, at the beginning of this century, to the guns of the United States warships *Olympia*, *Oregon*, *Brooklyn*, and other loaded thunders at the close of the nineteenth century.

Remember here and now that those brave boys opened up the way for a kind of expansion we all believe in. They swung open the gates for the speedy Gospelization of islands stupid with the superstition of ages. They cleared the way for missionaries, and Bibles. They set those islands free. Leaving to the United States Government to decide what shall be the political destiny of those peoples, let us all join in a campaign of religious expansion—expansion of affection that can take all the world in, expansion of our theologies until none shall reject their broad invitation, expansion of hope that embraces eternity as well as well as time, expansion of effort that will not cease till the whole earth is saved, and the time arrives when the prophecy shall be fulfilled, and "they shall come from the north and the south and the east and the west and sit down in the kingdom of God, and the last shall be first and the first last."

Week before last, in this capital of the nation, we set three nights on fire in celebration of naval and soldiery heroics, and there were rockets of fire, and wheels of fire, and sheaves of fire, and spouting fountains of fire, and bombardments of fire, and ships of fire sank in billows of fire, and those three nights were three garlands of fire; but now we are in softer and quieter mood, and the three garlands of to-day are woven of blossoms and corollas of all colors and all pungencies of aroma, and we bethink ourselves that this third garland was needed to chain together the northern garland of other decorative times to the southern garland of other decorative times. Floral chain of three links! For the first time in sixty years the North and South stand in complete brotherhood. Heroes of Vermont and Alabama, of Massachusetts and South Carolina, of Maine and Louisiana, shoulder to shoulder! May that alliance remain until the last oppression is extirpated from the earth and all nations stand in the liberty with which Christ would make all people free!

Recreations at Camp Northfield

The Famous Religious Gathering-Ground Ready for the Summer Campaign

OF the many successful enterprises inaugurated by Mr. D. L. Moody, none is more successful from every point of view, or by the breadth and timeliness of its purpose, its wise and genial management, and the character of its results, appeals more forcibly to a wider circle than does "Camp Northfield." Dr. Gregg, of Brooklyn, recently said: "The summer is the season of relaxation. Everything takes a vacation, even conscience . . . . Thoughtful and wise-hearted men have seen the menace which the summer as spent in our age carries in it, and it has awakened them to search for a defence. They have seen idle time going to waste; they have seen the sleep of conscience; the frivolous and hurtful dissipation . . . the people returning to their homes morally unkeyed and spiritually paralyzed."

A burning sense of the truth expressed led Mr. Moody, five years ago, to the determination that to the Northfield program should be added some feature which should prove a "defence against this waste and wrong," by offering to young men a vacation-place attractive with comfort and recreation, pure in surrounding and association. And this not for the student class alone, which is already so largely represented at the World's Student Conference, but for young men, in offices, in business houses—those whose vacations are limited by time, and their choice of an outing place governed by considerations of expense.

Northfield is to a remarkable degree adapted to just such an undertaking. Its natural beauty in all the variations of mountain and valley and river scenery, is spread before one whether he rests beneath the peaceful pine trees, climbs to mountain tops, or wheels along the miles of splendid road through Northfield and surrounding regions.

The pines, among which stand Camp Northfield's tents are well up on one of the mountains, which rise as a background to the village. This situation combines the desired retirement with nearness to the many interests of Northfield. Not far distant is abundant recreation in form of base-ball fields, tennis courts and golf-links. A swimming float on the Connecticut secures safe and pleasant bathing. Boats await the camper's use. Camp-fires, corn-roasts, clambakes, each with musical accompaniment are some of the features of the "evenings at home." A number of delegates to the World's Student Conference, regularly stay in camp and form a connecting link between it and the Auditorium. All the platform meetings of this as well as the other Conferences are open, and the privilege of hearing such eminent speakers and teachers as Dr. Schauffler, Dr. Faunce, Dean Hodges, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, Mr. Robert Speer, as well as Mr. Moody himself, and the English preacher, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Rev. G. Campbell-Morgan, and Rev. S. A. Selwyn, with many others, is one gladly appropriated by many of the campers.

This, with the strong, clear life of many of the leaders of work by and among young men who are in the camp, often throughout the entire season, has been the means of transforming many who have come to Northfield careless, if not more, into men who, having come face to face with God, go out into a new life of service and obedience.

A Strangely-Marked Frontier

If one searched the whole world, it would be difficult to find a frontier boundary division as remarkable, in many respects as that which is shown in the accompanying illustration, which appears in the London *Illustrated News*. Here converge the boundaries of Germany, Belgium, Holland and the Neutral Territory. The latter has been independent since 1814, a self-governing country of about five square miles in extent, with no army and no import duties. The German policeman on horseback is flanked by the Hollander, the Belgian constable and a German Customs officer standing in that order; and the representative of the Neutral Territory on a rock which is the highest part of the Netherlands.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

New Life in Christ

S. S. Lesson for June 18. Col. 3: 1-15
Golden Text, Col. 3: 15

BY MRS. M. E. BAXTER

JESUS CHRIST, our Lord, has brought life and immortality [or incorruption] to light through the Gospel (II. Tim. 1: 10). The same Apostle Paul, who wrote this Epistle to the Colossians, says in writing to the Corinthians (I. Cor. 15: 1), that the Gospel (which brings life and immortality to light), is that which he preached, which they received, whereby they stand, and by which they are saved. And he thus expresses it (verses 3, 4). "I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins" (*i. e.*, according to Isa. 53), and that he was buried, and that he hath been raised on the third day according to the Scriptures. The death and resurrection of Christ, which the twelve disciples could not understand when he was with them upon earth, and not his power to work miracles, is the Gospel which saves men, and by which believers can stand. This is the Gospel by which life and incorruption are brought to light. It was Christ's decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem, and not his healing power or miracles which occupied Moses and Elijah on the Mount of Transfiguration.

But there is more than the death of Christ for our sins in this Gospel. Life and incorruption come to us through our being identified with the dead and risen One. Not only did he die in my stead, but I also virtually died in him. As really as one can expect nothing from a lifeless corpse—it is put away in the ground out of sight, no more to be cared for or considered — so if in very deed we by faith are crucified with Christ, we cease to consult ourselves, to care for ourselves, or to consider ourselves; we learn instead to deny ourselves, and to put him who died for us in the place which ourselves have occupied; giving over ourselves to him, and taking himself in the stead. Thus doing, we do not expect the new life in Christ from anything we are, or anything which we can do; but only from Christ dwelling in us by the Holy Ghost. The apostle writes to the Colossians as "having been buried with him in baptism" (but burial is not life). "Wherein we were raised with him through faith in the operation of God, who raised him from the dead (Col. 11: 12).

Where there is no death, there can be no resurrection; the new life in Christ is a life which has passed through death. There is no such thing as living the life of Christ by imitation; our nature cannot be Christ-like, our nature must come to an end and die to itself, that another and quite contrary nature may be "formed in us" (Gal. 4: 19). But the apostle, having thus laid the foundation, goes on to show the practical outcome of really taking such a position: If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things which are above, where Christ is at the right hand of God (R.V.) It is not by logical reasoning that we can take the place which being risen with Christ gives us, *i. e.*, "made to sit with Christ in heavenly places" (Eph. 2: 6); it is by "faith in the working of God," faith which sees him, and is not occupied with our own experiences or our own doings. Faith looks "not at the things which are seen"—*i. e.*, what we are and what we can do—but at "the things which are not seen" (II. Cor. 4: 18), at what he is, and what Scripture says he has done. If his word tells us that he has raised us up, and made us to sit with him, let us take our place practically there, and he will make us heavenly.

It is beneath the position of one whose place and whose citizenship is in heaven (Phil. 3: 20), to be taken up with, or immersed in the cares, the humors, or the pleasures of this earth. All the earthly things which we must have to do with in our daily life, may be a precious discipline, just so far as they serve God's purpose as tests of our faith and patience; in these duties serving God (Rom. 14: 18). "Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth, for ye died and your life is hid with Christ in God" (R. V.). No past experience can be a substitute for present faithfulness; day by day, and hour by hour, ruling things on earth which would absorb us by the heavenly considerations which we learn in fellowship with him with whom we sit in heavenly places, in the place of rule. It is blessedly possible to look upon all things, however trivial, from above, *i. e.*, from how they touch God, instead of from the earth side, how they touch us. If we are true to him, we are dead to personal considerations.

"When Christ, who is our Life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also be manifested with him in glory." But it is those whose life is hid with Christ now, that shall be manifested with him in glory then. If we will be manifested now: if we cannot rest unless we are understood and appreciated now; if we cannot consent to take the lowest place with the meek and lowly One now; if we want to be "seen of men" now, we shall have received our reward (Matt. 6: 2, R. V.); just what we have sought and no more, and we cannot be manifested with him in glory then. Let us not forestall God's promises by our carnal anticipation. When he shall be manifested, and all his saints with him, the fulness of him that filleth all in all (Eph. 1: 23), then he shall have the glory due to him as the Head of his body, the church, and we, if we are indeed instinct with his life, shall be glorified with him.

"Mortify, therefore (make dead for) your members which are upon the earth," not only the vile, gross, outward sins which belong to the unsaved, "the sins of disobedience," but also "members" which are terribly common among those who look upon themselves as Christians, "anger, wrath, malice, railing, evil speaking out of your mouth," and lying. Of the former things Paul says, "In the which ye walked afore time when ye lived in them." A drunkard lives in his sin; it is his life. But also a malicious believer, an evil-speaking believer, lives in his sin and walks in it. How then can he live and walk in Christ? His life is death to the Spirit of Christ, and the Spirit of Christ is death to anger, malice, evil speaking, etc., all of which proceed from self-assertion, and are contrary to the Spirit of "the Lamb, which openeth not her mouth" (Isa. 53: 7). Make dead these things; starve them to death by giving them no food to nourish them, no room to develop. Take them to Christ the moment they appear, and thus make them dead. This is the instinct of the Christ life.

A SCENE IN ANCIENT COLOSSÆ

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

PAUL'S letter to the Colossians was written while he was in prison in Rome. It was apparently called forth by certain reports he had received from Epaphras, the pastor of the church at Colossæ, and probably its founder. Paul did not personally know the members, but he appears to have learned from Epaphras a great deal about them, and he was concerned about their welfare. The errors on which the Roman Catholic Church of our time is based, were beginning to work at Colossæ, and Paul sets himself in this letter to the task of extirpating them. They had begun to make too much of the observance of holy days, to depend on rites and ceremonies, and to seek the intercession of angels or saints. For these tendencies and other evils, growing out of them, Paul prescribes a remedy. It is the same remedy that, under another form, he prescribed to the Romans, to the Corinthians, the Galatians, and all persons with whom he came in contact, by word or letter. He had found it effectual in his own case, and he recommended it to others. In effect, he says, this observance of days, of rites and ceremonies, this hope of the intercession of saints, will not help you at all in achieving your desire. You want to be better, stronger men, free from the power of sin—men who do not yield to temptation, but are getting holier every day. The way to that end is by identifying yourselves with Christ, coming under his influence, submitting yourselves to his power. That is the general principle. Then, proceeding to details, he tells them how people who thus identify themselves with Christ, will live. There are certain things to avoid. Men who are sincerely desirous of being like Christ—that is being Christians—will take care to avoid things which would hinder Christ's influence working on them. They are common sins, practices that ordinary people do not consider serious faults, but people who want to be like Christ must have nothing to do with them. They must be dead to them. Just as a man who in his lifetime was fond of music, and at the [illegible] was, a few years ago, noted for his business knowledge and shrewdness. He did not know much about art, very little about religion and not a great deal about even his family affairs. His wife managed the home and if she introduced a new picture or a new piece of furniture into the house, he scarcely noticed it, took no interest in it. He [illegible] except his business, and that he knew thoroughly. If any one told him of a new process or a new product that affected his business, he was alert in a moment. He had one interest, however, besides his business, and that was a little daughter of whom he was very fond. But she died, and her death changed the man. He began to take an interest in Christian work and a special kind of work which seemed a memorial of her. Gradually the work grew upon him until it absorbed all his time and his energies. In a few years he became dead to everything else, just as in the old time he had been dead to everything but his business. He had [illegible] matters, but he had not lost interest; he had transferred it to something else. That is what Paul means by saying to the Colossians that they are dead.

Mortify [illegible]. A great [illegible] remarkable instance of personal influence. A young man of ungovernable temper and unrestrained passions was placed under the care of a certain clergyman. He had been reproved, scolded, punished, until he was almost desperate. He was capable of committing murder or doing anything violent. But when he came to the clergyman's house and lived with him, he saw a noble, manly, earnest, beneficent life, and he admired it. He grew to love his tutor, and wished to be like him. The clergyman rejoiced in having won his esteem, and proceeded to show him how to gain control over his unruly temper. "Unclench your hands," he said to him one day when the young man, under provocation, was standing with his fists clenched and stamping his feet. "I cannot discuss the thing with you while you stand so. Open your hands and let us sit down and talk the matter over." It was taking the impulse at the beginning and correcting it there. Gradually there were other gestures and motions which were subdued until, under the clergyman's influence, the young man learned to restrain himself, and to not only act gently, but to feel kindly to others.

Where there is neither Greek nor Jew. The crudest idea of life is where a man cares only for himself. But when he is a Christian, his sympathies go out to the whole world. To him then it is not a question whether a man is a fellow-countryman. He does not ask his nationality. If he can help him, or do him a service, he is ready. A Japanese young man went to England to learn a special kind of business, which he believed he could turn to account in his own country. He was ridiculed, snubbed, deceived. But one day he met a man who listened to his story, took time to understand his purpose and told him how to go about it. He left his business to take the foreigner to another part of the city, and personally introduced him to a firm who could help him. He used his influence for him and took a great deal of trouble for him. "Why do you do all this for me?" the Japanese asked one day. "It is a Christian duty," was the reply. "I thought you were all Christians here," said the Japanese, "but I begin to see that there are two kinds of Christians—one who does his duty and one who does not."

The Peace Conference at Work

Strongly in Favor of Arbitration for Adjusting International Disputes — The Quaint Old Palace Where the Sessions are Held

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE HAGUE, May 15. It is now several months since the Emperor Nicholas of Russia launched his famous rescript convening the nations of the earth to a general conference for the discussion of a means of lessening the burdens of militarism. To judge by the condition of things now prevailing at The Hague, this rescript might just as well have been issued a week ago. The conference begins on Thursday next, and to-day (Monday) not only are four-fifths of the delegates still to appear, but there reigns the greatest uncertainty as to a hundred matters that one would naturally suppose to have been settled long ago.

Among these is the question of admitting journalists to the sessions. It is generally assumed that this will be decided in the negative, but as no definite reply can as yet be obtained from the Dutch officials in charge of the arrangements, a flickering hope still remains with some of the more sanguine of the newspaper fraternity that the proceedings may after all be carried on in the "full blaze of publicity."

Not less uncertainty exists as regards the mode of procedure to be followed during the debates, the time limit for speeches, the status and role of technical advisers, the nature of the questions to be discussed, etc., etc. It is in vain that one turns from M. de Beaufort, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the Director of the Protocol of the Conference, and from the latter to one or the other of the foreign delegates already here. None could be more courteous or obliging than the two former gentlemen. They admit the inquirer to their sanctums without obstacle or delay, and endeavor to answer his questions to the best of their ability. But it is apparent so far that they have no definite plans, and are as much in the dark as to the final dispositions as the swallow-tailed attendant at the door. Such of the foreign delegates on the other hand as are met in the corridors of the various hotels being, if possible, still more ignorant of the whole subject, one can only fall back on the stereotyped answer that the decision rests in the end with Baron de Staal, while this gentleman remains—for all journalistic purposes—as dumb as the proverbial oyster. We learn that he is holding conferences with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to whom he presented the order of Alexander Nevsky yesterday morning, and that is all.

As regards the material preparations for the Conference, the accompanying set of photographs made last Saturday, show that at least in this one particular no attempt has been made to follow the general rule. My application to Yonkheer Heuff von Hulsen, Inten dant of the Royal Palaces, to be permitted to take pictures of the Conference Chambers for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was readily granted, and the readers of this paper will therefore obtain an idea of their appearance at this moment. One picture shows the arrangement of the benches in the Conference (Orange) hall. In this sextagon, of about thirty-five feet in diameter, over a hundred persons will be crowded, and, as the hot season is approaching, I imagine it will prove a pretty hard matter for them to remain cool. Various other departments decorated with Chinese and Japanese designs have been set apart for the committees and sub-committees, and excellent arrangements have also been made for providing refreshments. The grounds around the chateau are beautiful, and have been still further embellished with exotic plants and statuary.

On the whole, the delegates can congratulate themselves that they have been well taken care of by the Dutch government. The latter has certainty been most generous in all its preparations for entertaining the delegates. It remains for the delegates themselves to "do the rest," and agree on a plan by which some of the miseries of war will be abated or diminished, and Christ's kingdom on earth brought nearer to suffering humanity.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

* * *

By the 18th, all the delegates to the International Peace Conference were at The Hague, and a little past two o'clock on the balmy afternoon of that day Dr. de Beaufort, Vice-Chairman, opened the meeting at the House in the Woods with an address in which he welcomed the assembled delegates in the name of his sovereign, Queen Wilhelmina, and paid tribute to the Czar of Russia, initiator of the Conference. Baron de Staal, who, on motion of Dr. de Beaufort, was unanimously elected President of the Conference, responded on behalf of Russia, whose representative he is. The session, though brief and informal, was impressive, although the delegates, when viewed at a glance, formed no more than an ordinary gathering of black-coated legislators, unrelieved with color except for some naval uniforms and the barbaric splendor of the Chinamen's costumes and the gorgeous livery of Dutch attendants. The various powers represented were as follows: Austria-Hungary, Belgium, China, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Japan, Norway and Sweden, Persia, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Siam, Servia, Spain, Switzerland, Turkey, and the United States.

As the first Peace Conference of the world, this body had no precedents to follow, and business moved slowly. The Conference was divided into three general sections. One to consider questions relating to disarmament, another the laws of war and mediation, and the third, all matters relating to arbitration. The third section was to consider, among other things, the late David Dudley Field's plan for the establishment of an arbitration tribunal, the Washington treaty of 1871, the proposal for an arbitration tribunal for Northern, Central and Southern America signed in Washington in April, 1890, and also Lord Salisbury's letters to Sir Julian Pauncefote in 1896, relating to the arbitration treaty and the terms of the unratified treaty.

These sections were sub-divided into committees, and much work was done during recesses between sessions. Early in the Conference it was shown that the time is not yet ripe for disarmament of the powers. The laws of War Committees leaving alone what it could not at this juncture accomplish, limited discussion and action to sections 5, 6 and 7 of Count Muravieff's circular which read:

To apply to naval warfare the stipulations of the Geneva Convention of 1864, on the basis of the articles added to the convention in 1868.

To neutralize ships and boats employed in saving those overboard during or after an engagement.

To revise the declaration concerning the laws and customs of war elaborated in 1874 by the Conference of Brussels, which has remained unratified to the present day.

The important work to be done, therefore, is on arbitration, to which from the first session, England and America, in the persons of their representatives, gave their concentrated attention as the most practical scheme for accomplishment of the objects of the Peace Congress. The United States has also made a special point of securing international law against the seizure of private property at sea by contending powers. The latest news from The Hague is that the Conference, as a whole, is strongly in favor of arbitration, and a permanent International Board of Arbitration will probably result.

GROUNDS IN REAR OF THE PALACE WHERE THE CONFERENCE IS HELD

DELEGATES' SEATS IN ORANGE HALL

CHINESE ROOM

IN THE GREAT DINING HALL

WHERE THE DELEGATES TAKE THEIR LUNCH

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A Queenly American

THE most striking figure in India, to-day, is Lady Curzon, by marriage the queen of more people than are embraced in all the nations of Europe, excluding Russia; that is two hundred and forty millions. Her proper title is Vicereine of India. Lady Curzon has been received in her new position with the greatest pride and affection. The favorable impression she made in Bombay and Calcutta has been repeated even in the small cities of the interior, and praises and compliments are showered upon her from every side. Even London itself has accepted this judgment of India; so that it is certain her position is secure.

What an opportunity for a lady of American origin and American tastes and predilections, to display what American ladyship is! Queen over scores of native queens, the representative of Victoria herself; in official standing, the next woman to Victoria; if she can exert her charms and prestige, less toward pomp and ceremony and parade, than toward true Christian womanliness, then, the swarming millions of India will have cause to bless the day when the noble Viceroy turned to one of the daughters of this Republic, and invited her to become the companion of his vast responsibilities in India. In such a role this whole nation will rise up and call her blessed; applying to her the passage: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

The Stars Fighting for America

THE stars seem to be fighting for the United States. A war of moral necessity had to be fought for the sake of humanity and the future. We fought the war on land and sea, and conquered a peace. Meantime, United States exports have been plunging ahead. *The British and South African Gazette* publishes a recent article on the comparative imports of the United Kingdom and the United States to South Africa for February, 1899. The exports from the United Kingdom in February, 1899, show an increase of $32,500 over the exports of the same month 1898; while the exports from the United States for the same month show an increase of $362,941; or an increase in our favor of $330,441. Ten years ago the total exports from the United States to Africa amounted to $3,496,505; in 1898, they were $17,515,730. These exports are books, bicycles, builders' hardware, typewriters, and especially boots and shoes. American cotton-seed oil is very popular; so, also, American lard and lumber. We close this editorial with the following summary of figures, which surely do not lie:

Shooting the Orchestra

THE French actresses, a precious group, some of them divorced two or three times, and with a system of morals independent of the Ten Commandments, have reinforced a fashion which it was hoped was dying out. I refer to the bird millinery, or the adornment of the hats with the winged denizens of the sky. The taxidermists are, in the destruction of birds for the purpose of fashion, not only silencing the songs of our forests, but surrendering the agriculture of the land to the worst insectile devastation that the world ever saw since the locusts and the flies came down to plague Egypt. Those who are unaware of the facts have no idea of the threatened peril. Birds have been ordained of God chiefly as the friends of man and the enemies of harmful insects. While hawks, once in awhile dissected have been found to have despoiled the barnyard of a chicken, the most of their crops are filled with vermin and insects. But we are not appealing for the hawks. If we had a gun on our shoulder and we were a good marksman, and we saw a hawk wheeling about a hen house or a chicken coop, we would not pledge ourselves to abstinence. But we do plead for the whole kingdom of birds, either distinguished by gorgeous plumage or sweet cadence: the orioles, the grosbeaks, the robins, the quail, the meadowlarks, the bluebirds, the cuckoos, the finches, the ptarmigans, the hummingbirds, the swallows, the kingfishers, the jays, the turtle doves, the starlings, which are by the skyful being swept into the millinery establishments.

The groves, the orchards, the forests of America are being exterminated of all winged life. Seventy thousand birds from one village were sent to New York, not for food—for that would be legitimate—but for human beautification. A three months' trip in South Carolina furnished for the market 11,000 bird's skins. One sportsman furnished 10,000 white egrets, and at Cape Cod in one season 40,000 terns were slain for the same purpose. An establishment of New York bargained to furnish a Parisian firm with 40,000 of these dead musicians. A million bobolinks near Philadelphia were killed in one month! Whole species of birds have become extinct through persistent springing of the trap and flashing of the gun. One February one commercial house in New York had on hand 200,000 bird's skins. One auction-house in London, in three months, sold 356,000 East India bird's skins, and 404,000 West India and Brazilian bird's skins. If they were taken for scientific museums or for human diet, that would have been different, but this universal war is now mostly waged either for fun or fashion. What a state of things when a daily paper says of a lady's head dress: "She had a whole nest of sparkling, scintillating birds in her hair which it would have puzzled an ornithologist to classify."

If it were a matter of whim or sentiment, I would not treat of it, but we are slaying whole armies of our natural defenders. Once in awhile, as when years ago, all the streets of most of our cities were so loathsome with caterpillars, we sometimes took the middle of the street in preference to the sidewalk, and we were all much of the time engaged in the philanthropic effort of removing from each other's hats and coats and shawls these crawling invaders, and as the grasshopper scourge swept Kansas and Iowa into suffering, we get some idea of what an all-destructive force of insectile life might in a season move up, and would move up, did not the sharp beaks of innumerable birds hinder them. A scientist tells us that these insects multiply so rapidly that in one season one pair of insects may have a progeny of six billions. We want more birds, millions of them, multiplied by other millions that shall sing in every tree-top and flutter out of every grove and nest—under the eaves of every house. We are baring the orchards and gardens and the harvest-fields of America to an exposure that is awful beyond calculation. So the ornithologists tell us; so the Agricultural Department at Washington tells us; so legislative committees tell us; so our common-sense tells us. The laws on the subject are insufficient. Those we have already upon our books are not executed. What is most needed and what will be most effective will be the establishment of a public sentiment in American womanhood that shall be opposed to bird-slaughter. If once they realize the wrong they will extinguish it. The kindly and songful birds have enough enemies without human antagonism. No creatures of God have a harder time to live than they have. First, they have enemies in the animal kingdom, as man has in his. The cruel eagles, the crows, the squirrels, the weasles, are their assailants. Then the hurricanes dash them against the rocks and hurl them against lighthouses and tangle them in the telegraphic wires and toss them into the sea and drive them back in their semi-annual migration. And they have their own distempers to contend against, and what a gauntlet of earth and sky they run before they come within range of sportsmen or taxidermists. For God's sake and for the harvests' and the orchards' and the gardens', of which they are the natural defenders, let them live, and remember that while you have navies and armies to keep off other enemies, against whole kingdoms of stinging, besoiling and deathful animalculæ there is only one weapon that has ever been formed, or ever will be formed, and that is a bird's beak. Do not pull down your own fortress. Do not spike your own guns. Do not carbine your own cavalry.

Instead of this perpetual shooting and stoning of your feathered friends, feed the snow-bird from your window and listen quietly to the song in the forest, and coax the advances of these bright creatures of God. Do not shoot the orchestra. Do not assassinate these prima donnas of roundelay. Enough sighs, but not enough carol, enough dirges, but not enough anthems.

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Shepherds of the Orient.

Among the pastoral pursuits of the East that of the shepherd has always been highly honored. Abel, Abram, Lot, Moses, Jacob, David, Amos of Tekoa and many others might be named as among the illustrious shepherds of Bible times. In a nomad state of society such as even yet prevails in many parts of the East "every man, from the shiek down to the slave, is more or less of a shepherd," observes a recent traveler. As the patriarchal progenitors of the Jewish nation were nomads, their literature and history are rich in the experiences of pastoral life. Even at the present day a very large proportion of their descendants who remain in Palestine retain the inherited love of the same life their forefathers led, and their flocks may be found scattered all up and down through the Holy Land.

In Palestine and throughout Syria today, the duties of a shepherd are frequently full of hardship and not without danger. Exposed alternately to intense heat and severe cold; fed on rough diet and often compelled to depend upon the supplies afforded by nature, such as fruits, berries, carob-husks and wild honey, the shepherd, as the defender of his flock, has sometimes to face the peril of attacks by wolves and lions, or other wild animals, and to encounter robber bands who would not scrupie to take human life, if opposed in their predatory designs. He must, therefore, be courageous and faithful, and his lusty staff or cudgel—his only weapon—must ever be ready in the defense of his charge. His equipment usually consists of a heavy, hairy coat of goat or sheepskin, a scarf or wallet for food, a water-bottle, and, occasionally, but not often, a shelter tent. In his frequent marches, as he changes his pasturage, looking for fresh forage for his flock, the tent would simply be an incumbrance.

The term "shepherd" has a peculiar signification in the Gospels. Christ describes himself as the "Good Shepherd" who gave his life for the sheep, and his illustrations contain frequent allusions to the pastoral calling. There is no more beautiful picture within the pages of the Sacred Book than that which shows us the loving Saviour in the character of a tender Shepherd searching for the lost sheep which had strayed from the fold and whose rescue and return brought joy to the Master's heart.

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BRIEF NOTES

There are in China 2,461 missionaries, 5,071

were added to the

Jesus." It has been published in

guages and has reached a circulation

clergy to refuse to celebrate a marriage in which either of the parties has been divorced, if the partner from whom he or she was divorced is still living.

cently began the issue of a Sunday edition have both discontinued it in deference to the protests of the religious public. No English daily, now, has a Sunday issue.

The International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations at Grand Rapids, Mich., was largely attended. Dr. J. M. Buckley, Rev. Charles Erdman, Mr. Anthony Comstock, and other well-known men took part in the proceedings.

has concluded his services at Gaffney and Summerville, S. C., and Pocahontas, Va. All the churches are receiving large additions. Mr. Crane has promised to return to South Carolina next month to fulfil appointments.

All the Methodist churches of New Zealand have excluded intoxicating wine from the com-

ence they passed a resolution making total abstinence a condition of church membership.

A New Jersey journal notifies worshipers at the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Jersey City, that the doors are closed at the beginning of the service and are opened again once during the service to admit late comers. This is done to correct the growing habit of tardy attendance.

At the eighty-third annual meeting of the American Bible Society, held recently, it was stated that $3,770 was added last year to the invested funds, which now aggregate $416,652; that the receipts were $370,664, and the expenditure $366,529, that the total issues were 1,382,892 copies.

A novel libel suit has been instituted by the white residents of Lagos, in Western Africa. They have combined to sue Bishop Tugwell because he made the public statement that of the Europeans who died on the West Coast of Africa, three out of every four came to their death through excessive drinking.

A visitor to the offices of the American Board of Foreign Missions in Boston recently asked to see one of the Secretaries. As he was out at the moment, he left a letter for him which, thousand dollar bills. The letter accompanying them was unsigned.

and elsewhere, been enabled to take a three months' tour in Europe. They were reluctant to leave Tuskegee for so long a time, but, as Mr. Washington has had no vacation in eighteen years, his friends urged this trip upon him. He expects to deliver a series of addresses on negro education while in England.

Rev. H. M. Wharton, D. D., of Baltimore, Md., has decided to enter the evangelistic field as an exclusive sphere of labor. The many calls he has received from all parts of the country for service, combined with the need of raising money for the benevolent institutions depending on him for support, have made this course necessary. Dr. Wharton is beginning with a series of meetings in the Auditorium, Richmond, Va.

A City in Miniature

PROBABLY the smallest walled city in the world was recently leased by China to Great Britain. Its name is Kow-Loon and it stands picturesquely at the head of a shallow bay near Hung-Ham. It is part of the section of a peninsula about four square miles in extent, known to diplomatists as the Kow-Loon Extension, which Great Britain is permitted to hold for a period of ninety-nine years, or as long as Russia holds Port Arthur. The city itself is so extremely small that it is possible to walk around it in ten minutes. It is oblong in shape. Its walls are of granite, twenty feet high. In the embrasures a few dismantled and antiquated cannon are lying, as a mere mockery of defensive armament. People have built houses outside the walls, until now there is a larger population outside than inside. In all there are not more than five thousand persons within the city limits. Like most Chinese cities its streets are narrow and dirty. It cannot be said to be without a sewerage system, for an open sewer runs down the middle of the chief streets, exhaling a horrible stench. Pigs roam at will through the streets and have free access to the dwelling houses. Kow-Loon has long been notorious for its criminal classes. Several famous pirates made it their headquarters and criminals of other kinds who operate chiefly in Hong Kong, but prefer to live at a convenient distance from the jurisdiction of the Hong Kong police, have fixed their homes at Kow-Loon. These people are inveterate gamblers. There are numerous buildings devoted to their passion for hazard, but even those do not meet the demand and it is common to see them playing for large stakes publicly in the open streets. Outside the city runs the curious bamboo fence which marks the boundary of the British concession. It passes through cultivated lands, with gardens on each side of it. Its light, flimsy character is in striking contrast with the solidly-built granite walls of Kow-Loon. But the bamboo fence is a more formidable obstacle to those who understand its significance than are the granite walls. They might be battered down with comparative impunity, but to remove the bamboo fence would be to incur the vengeance of England. The real strength of a thing is in that which it represents. People who injure God's humble people in their business dealings sometimes forget this in spite of the warning

Remove not the old landmark and enter not into the fields of the fatherless; for their Redeemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with thee (Prov. 23. 10, 11).

GAMBLERS IN KOW-LOON

BAMBOO FENCE MARKING THE BRITISH BOUNDARY OF KOW-LOON, CHINA

Sentenced to Sunday School

The Mayor of Bowling Green, O., sitting as a police justice, passed a peculiar sentence on an offender a few days ago. The prisoner is a boy who is a terror to the town. He has been arrested before, for malicious mischief, but escaped punishment on a technicality. When he was arraigned this time the case was proved. The mayor gave him a severe lecture on his misconduct. He said that the law empowered him to send the youth to jail for twenty days. But he doubted whether that was the best way to reform him. On consideration, he had decided on a different sentence. The boy must attend the Sunday School of the Church of the Disciples regularly for eight weeks. If at the end of that time he presents a certificate from a Sunday School teacher showing that he has been punctual in his attendance and has behaved himself well he will be released, otherwise he must serve his term of twenty days in jail. The boy gladly accepted the alternative of the Sunday School, and as there is in it a better prospect of his reformation, the community may yet be glad that it was offered him. When the reclamation of the wrongdoer rather than his punishment is made the chief object in dealing with him, there will be more hope of social improvement, because it will be following God's plan.

I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live (Ezek. 33: 11).

A Strange Kidnapping Case

The whole police force of New York have been put on their mettle to discover the perpetrator of a dastardly crime which was committed on May 21. On that day a nurse girl in the employ of a family named Clark took her charge, a little girl named Marion, twenty months old, for an airing in Central Park. Shortly afterwards, the child's father followed her and saw the empty baby carriage standing outside one of the Park offices. He waited half an hour, supposing that the nurse had gone inside and would soon return. As she did not come, he asked the attendant if she had seen her. The attendant said that the nurse had asked her to watch the carriage, as she was going to take the child to see the bears. The father went to the bears' cage, but not finding the nurse or the child, informed the police, who at once commenced a search for them. When the father returned to his home with the disquieting news, he learned that a note had been delivered there by a boy, stating that the nurse and child were in safekeeping by persons who were in need of money. The parents were warned in the same letter that if the police were set to work, or the case was published in the newspapers, the parents would never see their child again. The letter caused the parents agonizing distress, and the mother became critically ill from the shock. The police redoubled their efforts to find the child, but although every policeman in the city has been furnished with a description and instructed to look out for such a child, a week has passed without any trace of her being found. The whole city is interested in the mystery, and rewards, aggregating over four thousand dollars, have been offered by newspapers and private citizens for the recovery of the child. The case is likely to make all parents anxious about the safety of their children. It is much to be wished that they may also be on their guard against the enemy of souls who is infinitely more to be dreaded than even the kidnappers.

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour (1. Peter 5: 8).

Ocean Miners

A scientific journal publishes in its current number an interesting description of the strange creatures of the sea who have the power of boring into wood and rock. One of them, called the "pholas," inhabits a richly chased shell about two inches long, in which there is a light by which the creature works. It bores the hardest rock, and after it has made a tunnel of a few inches, it proceeds to enlarge its resting place, making a large chamber. It stays there, and as it grows, it is often unable to make its way out of the narrow tunnel by which it entered, and remains a prisoner till it dies. In tropical waters a destructive ocean miner is found in the "teredo" that penetrates the hulls of vessels and woodwork of all kinds. A wreck stranded on a coral reef, has been so mined that the hand could be thrust through the apparently solid planking. There are some men like this wreck. Though to outward appearances they are morally intact, yet sin has wholly permeated their nature until in some stress they collapse and people wonder at their fall.

From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises and festering sores (Isa. 1: 6).

The Greatest of Feminine Painters

News comes from France of the death of Marie Rosalie Bonheur, better known as Rosa Bonheur, who is held to be the greatest of her sex in the realm of art. She was seventy-seven years of age and was a native of Bordeaux, in France. Her father was a painter who eked out his slender income by giving lessons. He began to teach her, and she made wonderful progress. After a time the family removed to Paris, where the young girl studied sedulously. It was some time before she took up the line of subjects in which she attained eminence. She was nineteen when she exhibited two small pictures in the Salon.

THE LATE ROSA BONHEUR

One of them was of goats and sheep and the other of two rabbits. The talent they displayed was so marked that it was felt she had found her true sphere. During the next two years she tramped through the country sketching horses and cattle on the farms and spending whole days in the public slaughter-houses. On this excursion she assumed masculine garb, and in coat, trousers and soft felt hat mixed affably with drovers and cattle-dealers, who never suspected her sex. On her return she produced several cattle pictures, which attracted general attention and brought prices which surprised her. She was able, then, to build the studio at Fontainebleau, where most of her great works were afterwards produced. In her own studio, she clung to her masculine attire, though dressing in feminine garb to go into society or to meet her friends. Her best-known picture is the Horse-fair, for which she received $10,000. It was afterward sold to Mr. A. T. Stewart, the famous dry-goods merchant of New York, for double that sum, and when his collection of pictures was sold, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt bought that picture for $55,500, and presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it now hangs. Though intensely patriotic and always reluctant to allow her pictures to go out of France, the French people never showed the appreciation of them that the Americans and English did. An unexpected tribute to her greatness was paid by the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterward the Emperor Frederick, during the Franco-Prussian war, when he forbade his soldiers to touch her property, and not even to take so much as a cabbage from her garden. The property of other French citizens in the same neighborhood was ruthlessly destroyed, but the great artist, by her services to the world at large, had a claim on the consideration of her country's foes, which they respected. It proved a better protection to her than a fortress. In times of trouble, safety is sometimes insured by means that seem to practical people mere sentiment, as those have found who put their trust in the Lord:

He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about (Ps. 32:10).

A Tour in Southern China

Mrs. Baldwin Writes of Her Travels Among the Celestials—Progress of Mission Work—Magnificent Chinese Scenery

HAVING completed our tour in Central China, we returned to Shanghai, and there, on November 7, took the fine Peninsula and Oriental—known as P. & O. steamer *Sunda*—for our old home, Foo Chow, in Southern China. This mission is really the mother of all our mission work in Eastern Asia, and it is the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of this mission that brings us east at this time. With us were delegates to our jubilee, not only from our North and Central China missions, but from missions of other denominations also. An exceptionally delightful voyage of two days and nights on the China Sea brought us to the entrance of the Min River, where we anchored and waited for the tide to enable us to go to our anchorage twenty miles up the river. All of our company were charmed by the fine scenery, not surpassed by that of our Hudson, while to us, to whom it was so familiar, it seemed more beautiful than ever. The mountains, terraced and cultivated well up the side and beautifully green, a perfect, mild day and rich scenery, made the twenty miles up the river a great delight to our visitors, and to us a joyful home coming. Our steamer lies at Pagoda Anchorage—a lofty pagoda marking the spot—twelve miles below the city of Foo Chow, as the river, though broad as our Hudson, is too shallow here in places to admit steamers of heavy burden, but steam launches and house-boats connect with the city. We had no sooner anchored than a delegation of friends from both our general and woman's missions were on hand to give us such a welcome as only missionaries can give to missionaries who "come back home" after a long absence. We were soon on the launch steaming over the remaining twelve miles of this, one of the two most beautiful rivers of the world, on one of the most perfect of days, our hearts too full for utterance of joy and gratitude that we were once more permitted to greet our friends and co-workers, and to see these familiar scenes to which we had come in our young days, and where we had seen almost the beginnings of God's kingdom being built up in all this great empire.

The moments flew, and sooner than we could believe we were at dear old Foo Chow. There were the same grand old mountains, the same great 900-year-old stone bridge spanning the broad river from our island to the city—yes, and there stands, in full view on the hill, our mission compound and our old home, in which we spent so many busy, happy years, to which came our children, and from which the precious remains of two were carried to our mission cemetery. How fast crowd the memories of the past! I look for the dear old *Tieng ang tong* ("Heavenly Peace" Church), but am more than resigned to see in its place the spacious new structure bearing the same good name and nearly ready for dedication. Soon we are at the dock and in our sedan chairs, and over the beautiful hills to our mission compound, and are receiving such a welcome to the pleasant home of our old friends, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Plumb, the only workers now in our mission who were here with us. Welcomes from our missionaries and native friends multiply, and lo! the old language comes back, and we chatter away to our native friends in the old tongue as if we had not been on the other side of the world for eighteen years talking English! As I look about me with friends of our earlier years—native and foreign—the mild winter sun so bright, the flowers blooming as they only bloom in Foo Chow in winter, and the talk in Chinese went on, I felt more at home than I have in eighteen years.

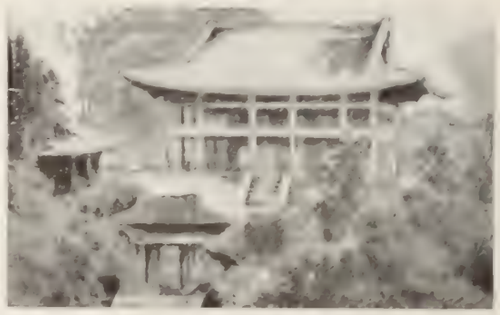
Every moment of our stay in this our oldest mission was brimful of interest. Having been connected with our Mission Boards at home, we had kept in nearest possible touch with our missions abroad, and of necessity with our China work, of which we had personal knowledge. Foo Chow is one of the original five great treaty ports and was one of the greatest tea posts, but India and Japan teas have injured the trade throughout China. I think it is conceded that this place, in beauty of scenery, is not surpassed, if equalled, by any port in China now opened to trade. The great city of a million people is located on the Min River. It is a walled city and the capital of the fine province of Fuh-Kien, and to it come the scholars of the province for their triennial examinations in the "Literary Hall," of 12,000 rooms. Foreigners chiefly reside on a large, beautiful island opposite the city, with which it is connected by the "bridge of ten thousand ages," a solid stone structure of forty piers, 900 years old. On the island are the fine residences of the merchants of almost every nationality, of the customs officials (largely foreign), of representatives of different governments, and the compounds of our own and the Church of England missions. The only other Protestant mission here, the American Board, is located in the suburbs and city proper. While these three missions have large centres of work in cities in the interior of the province, Foo Chow of necessity remains the business and distributing centre for all, and each has a great work here. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so do they surround Foo Chow, and the broad, beautiful river adds not only to the charm of the scene, but is a highway to the innumerable villages and towns at the base of the mountains. Temples and shrines are found in the most picturesque places. The climate is exceedingly hot in the long summer, and frost is rarely seen in the winter, as the latitude is that of extreme southern Florida. The mountain and seaside resorts which have been secured these later years have greatly lessened the death rate among foreign residents. The American Board and our own Methodist missions have a cemetery together. It is now so full that an enlargement is imperative, and now being considered, yet there has been but one burial from our mission in more than twenty years, a great testimony to the value and economy of the sanitariums, as the filling of the cemetery took place before we had these refuges from the intense heat. For twenty-five years our workers had no place to go from the severe heat in their direst need, save a Buddhist monastery, 1,800 feet up a mountain, where we only had little windowless rooms and lacked every comfort, were surrounded by seventy priests and 500 idols, and worship is heard every moment, night and day, for should it cease the gods might fall asleep and wreck and ruin would follow! To this place we resorted only when ill and to save life, because there we could have the air which had life in it, although all the influences about us were most depressing, in spite of the incomparable beauty of the place. It was during these needy years that the large houses were built that are so often criticized by the tourist, and alas! sometimes by the mission visitor. All of these are careful to time their visits, and the acceptance of the hospitality of the missionaries, whom they criticize, for the winter season, when the climate is so delightful, and wholly ignorant of the rest of the year here, hesitate not to charge the missionary with extravagance. Every large house in our mission, [illegible] verandas, was built before we had a sanitarium, and was constructed with reference to securing as perfect ventilation and as much air as possible. With every effort and following the custom of building here induced by experience, not of a winter, but of years, we who lived in these great barns of rooms knew often what it was to wander through our verandas at night trying to find a breath of air and rest from the heat. Not one summer is enough to test one's power of endurance, but a series, each lessening strength, after the strains of mission work, than which none is greater, while the joy of its blessed results, it seems to me, alone makes life less possible.

A GREAT HEATHEN SHRINE IN CHINA

The mission home is all that a missionary in heathen lands has of Christianity about him, and all that his children have of home life in a heathen land. It is his little heaven, in the midst of what one tourist called a hell: then let no one criticise, but thank God that through the efforts of missionaries and the example of their homes heaven is being brought unto the heathen. The Fuh-Kien province has its great centres of Protestant work at Foo Chow, the capital, and at Amoy. Without doubt it is the nearest Christianized province in the empire. Years ago we could travel overland from Foo Chow to Amoy and stop with a native Christian every night. Our own Foo Chow mission has a membership of more than 13,000, with a constituency favorable to and connected with our Christians, of more than five times that number. The same is true of the Church of England, while the American Board follows with a membership of more than 5,000 and a proportioned constituency. Our own work has had a marvelous growth.

When I came to Foo Chow in 1862 we had perhaps a dozen or twenty members, and this one central station in the entire Empire. What have we to-day? Thirteen thousand members, with a corresponding Christian connection of five times the number, with a great work in the outlying districts of Ku Cheng, Ning Cheng, Hok Chiang, and Hing Huea, the last just constituted a separate Mission Conference.

The annual conference was followed immediately by the jubilee services, when the work of fifty years was reviewed. Dr. H. H. Lewry came back to congratulate the mother who sent him to Pekin to do pioneer work with the late Dr. Wheeler. Dr. and Mrs. Beebee, of our General Board, and Miss Gertrude Howe, in this



A BUDDHIST TEMPLE

her twenty-fifth year of service for our woman's society, were the foreign delegates from Central China, and Mrs. Hu, the native, while the Southern Methodists sent Rev. Mr. Hendry, of Shanghai, and the Amoy friends, Rev. Mr. Studley, of the Reformed Mission, and our Japan mission was ably represented by Rev. Mr. Draper and his devoted mother, and Miss Hampton. The local missions—American Board and Church of England—were present at many meetings.

It was a great week for our native Christians. Men, women and children were in gala dress and carried shining faces. The very spirit of the occasion, the jubilee, was in the face and whole personelle. The papers reviewing the work were most valuable and encouraging to faith. I wished that all the workers of the past, who had toiled amid such difficulties with so little return, but who never lost their faith and courage, and that those of the future, who cannot know by experience what it costs to found such a work, could have been present to hear the review of years, and then to have shared with us that Jubilee Sunday, when the new church was crowded by eager listeners, and seen the fine intelligent faces of men and women and children—even to the fourth generation of Christians, fully half of them women and girls—all ready to hear *Po' Ling Sing Sang* (Baldwin Teacher), who had come to them thirty-nine years before, and now after eighteen years absence, was to preach the jubilee sermon in their own tongue with no interpreter. Two great Sabbaths we had: Conference Sunday, when our Bishop Joyce gave us a great sermon, Dr. Wosley, interpreting the spirit as well as the meaning, and Jubilee Sunday, when their old comrade went back in the history of the mission where no one in all our work in China could go, and told them of the foundation work sought out through tribulations, through illness, death and sorrow, and came on to their own fathers and mothers who had such a glorious part in the work. Some went back and returned to the present with memories most precious. Dr. Gilym and Sites, and many others, and Dr. McClay, still with us, but so far away, and the devoted women and the dear little children lying in our mission cemetery—did not they all have a part in this victory? Over the hill, within sight of our own little cemetery, is another, that of the English community. In it—in a long row—are the graves of the eleven martyrs of the Hwasang massacre of three years ago. All of them workers of the Church of England Mission, with which we have been pleasantly associated these many years. Mr. Baldwin proposed that after our Sunday morning jubilee service we should all, foreign and native, go in quiet procession with flowers to the graves of these friends who had given their lives for this people. Bishop Joyce and Mr. Baldwin leading, we made a great procession to our own cemetery, where we placed flowers upon the graves of those most dear to us.

MRS. S. L. BALDWIN.

. . . Three Great Christian Charities . . .

OUR Saviour said: "Be ye merciful even as your Father in heaven is merciful," "Give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven," "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, . . . ye have done it unto Me." Providentially THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was called to identify itself with the three great charities described in these pages, and during the years that have passed, God has been pleased to so abundantly own and bless the work, that to-day thousands are ministered unto, the fallen are raised, the poor relieved, the destitute clothed and fed, the sick cared for, the repentant encouraged, the backslider reclaimed, and all who are willing, helped onward and upward to higher, better, nobler things, and to a purer, cleaner and holier life.

The following pages reveal Christian activity of the widest and most effective kind—practical and helpful, earnest and consecrated, engaged in with loving hearts, open hands, willing feet, and over and above all, in the name and strength of Him who, while on earth, went about doing good as he had opportunity. Glorious work this work for the Master—beneficent in its influence, blessed in its results, uplifting, strengthening, soul-saving and life-redeeming! Doing good to the body, doing good to the soul; helping some poor prodigal son, some wayward daughter, some unfortunate child. Read the story, ponder it, and then rejoice with us in the great things that God hath wrought, and according to your means, contribute freely, that the work may expand and develop, and that you may share with us the blessing of Him who "came to seek and to save the lost," and who for our sake became poor that we through his poverty might be rich.

A Light-House for Lost Men

The Wondrous Story of Twenty Years of Rescue Work in the Old Bowery Mission, New York City

THERE is probably not a country under the sun to which the Gospel of Jesus Christ has come, where the name of the Bowery Mission of New York is unknown. It stands for years of earnest consecrated Gospel work, and its converts are scattered all over the world. One meets them in Europe, in India, in Asia, in Australia; and in our own land they are to be found in every State, holding steadfastly to the truth as they accepted it in the grand old Mission, that has stood these two decades like a Christian Gibraltar amid the swelling tides of sin that dash against it. To the living army of men who have there been brought to the Saviour, it shines like a blessed beacon-light amid the darkness of sin. To others, who have passed all earthly struggle, it was a gateway to heaven.

WAYFARERS AT THE DOOR OF THE BOWERY MISSION

A Humble Beginning

Twenty years ago, two life-long Christian workers, Rev. A. G. Ruliffson and Mrs. Ruliffson, decided to open a Mission on the East-side of New York. They took counsel with Jerry McAuley, of the Water Street Mission on the matter, and the first suggestion of a Mission on the Bowery was the outcome of those talks. "If I could be the means, under God," said Mr. McAuley, "of establishing a mission on the Bowery, that is all I would ask on earth." His desire was gratified. Soon a preliminary Mission was started in a small room at No. 14 Bowery. Mr. Ruliffson and his good wife were almost alone at first; but soon a band of earnest men assembled to help them, by personal effort, gifts and prayers. In a short time it became necessary to seek more commodious quarters. With the financial assistance of Mr. Tibbals, No. 36 Bowery was rented, and there the Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home was established, with Mr. J. Ward Childs as Superintendent. For a number of years, the blessed

work of rescue was carried on in that neighborhood, and the labors of the workers were attended with much blessing.

Its Later Development

With the death of the head of the Mission, in 1894, there was a disposition on the part of some who had supported the work, to abandon it, and at this crisis in its affairs, the friends of the Mission made appeal to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in its behalf. Four years before, as Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, returning from his tour of Palestine, was about to visit the site of the church at Ephesus, he stopped a day at Smyrna. In the evening he attended a Mission service there, conducted by an English sailor, who in the course of his testimony stated that for six years he had walked the Bowery of New York, a confirmed drunkard. One night, while under the influence of liquor, "he walked into the Bowery Mission, and there found the Saviour, whom ever since he had been holding up as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." So deeply impressed was Dr. Klopsch by this testimony that five years afterward, when he heard of the decision to close the Bowery Mission, he determined that, cost what it might, the old Gospel Lighthouse on the Bowery should continue to shed its light abroad, and

THE MISSION ENTRANCE

its ever open doors should never be closed against any soul that desired to be restored and to flee from the wrath to come. In 1895, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD assumed charge of the Mission, and shortly after it was incorporated, when the following persons cheerfully consented to act as a Board:

INCORPORATORS:

REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.,
REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.,
MRS. SARAH J. BIRD,
REV. DAVID JAS. BURRELL, D. D.,
REV. C. H. MEAD, D. D.,
REV. JOSIAH STRONG, D. D.,
MRS. AMELIA E. BARR,
REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.,
HENRY EDWARDS ROWLAND, ESQ.,
B. FAY MILLS,
REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.
REV. STEPHEN MERRITT,
REV. R. S. MCARTHUR, D. D.,
REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.
REV. JAMES M. KING, D. D.,

LOUIS KLOPSCH,	President
B. J. FERNIE,	Vice-President
G. H. SANDISON,	Secretary
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,	Treasurer
JOHN H. WYBURN,	Superintendent

Many friends of the work wrote their hearty approval of the undertaking and pastors, evangelists, business men and all who were interested in the moral purification of the East-side, gave unqualified commendation. Since then, every successive year has brought increase of spiritual blessing. The Mission has become a very focus of Christian activities and many of its converts have become workers in their turn and gone out into various fields to labor for Christ. Some are preachers, in charge of congregations in distant states; others are evangelists, telling to audiences the story of that full and free salvation which brightened their own lives and brought them enduring happiness, and still others are active soul-winners in their various church organizations. Since the Mission was first established, some *Seventy Thousand* of those who attended its services have become inquirers of the way of salvation, and the multitude of converts that go out to scatter the Gospel abroad is being constantly augmented. These converts are of almost every faith and nationality under the sun:—Jew, Gentile Mohammedan, Catholic and Protestant. Their changed lives and earnest, efficient service are the best testimonials to the reality of their conversion. Drunkards, wanderers, criminals, helpless men who had lost their moorings and were drifting to perdition, men and lads estranged from home and friends, and thousands of others in various stages of the downward career, have found in the Bowery Mission a blessed haven of peace and the entrance to a new and better life.

"HANDS UP FOR PRAYER," AT THE BOWERY MISSION

THE GREAT ORGAN IN THE MISSION HALL

"Waifs and Strays" of the Bowery

There is no depth of human misery and degradation so low that it cannot be reached by the love of Christ. In the carrying out of His work, those of His servants who are faithful do not hesitate at personal sacrifice, peril or discomfort. In every city of large population there are many men who, having gone down step by step in the paths of sin, have at last reached a depth beyond which it would seem impossible to go. They are the moral shipwrecks who have been swallowed up in the maelstrom on whose edge they dallied until hopelessly engulfed. At last, ruined and forsaken, they are cast up, like wreckage, upon the outer coasts of society, to be turned from with loathing by their fellowmen, as something too vile for recognition. They have well-nigh reaped the harvest of their sins, and it would seem that nothing remained but a wretched close to a career so miserable and forlorn. But

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea,"

and many of those poor, forsaken, miserable, stranded waifs have, through that mercy, been cast up at the doors of the Bowery Mission. Rejected elsewhere, they have found there a welcome. Their poor clothing and filthy condition have been the cause of other doors being shut in their faces; for even in mission work, it is customary to draw the line at those who have fallen so very low as to make their very touch contamination. But the Bowery Mission, like a lifeboat on its merciful errand, plunges down into the lowest depths, if by so doing it may bring up some poor, sinking fellow-mortal into the light of God's love. Are they sick and penniless? It cares for them as tenderly as if they were brothers. Ragged? It is never without a garment for those who need one

CLEANSING AND FUMIGATING CLOTHING

AN EVENING GOSPEL MEETING AT THE OLD MISSION

IN THE READING ROOM OF THE OLD MISSION

to shut out the piercing winds of winter. Are they even foul and verminous? It sends them to a place where they are thoroughly cleaned, and where their clothing is put into a wire "cradle," inclosed in a hot-air chamber and subjected to a temperature that effectually destroys all cause of discomfort. Are they idle and despairing? It aids them in finding employment. Are they sin-sick and sore, weary of the hard battle of life? It leads them gently and kindly to the foot of the Cross, where they may lay down their burden of guilt, and begin a new and better existence.

The Gospel Services

Such, in brief, is the work of the Bowery Mission. From its hospitable doors at No. 55 Bowery it has never turned away the hungry and the penniless, although it does not forget that its chief object is to raise the fallen by assisting them to be helpful and self-supporting.

The Gospel Services every evening and all day Sunday have been the means of leading to salvation thousands who were on the verge of ruin and disgrace. A word in season, kindly spoken, has turned many a man from the commission of some contemplated crime, and thus saved many a precious soul. Some of the experiences related at those meetings are intensely interesting and may be regarded as extraordinary instances of the working of the Holy Spirit on the hearts of sinful men. The effect they produce on others, who are still living in sin, can hardly be adequately described. At these gatherings there is a genuine spiritual fervency that is rarely equaled. Writing of one of these meetings, Mr. S. H. Hadley, the well-known rescue worker, says:

"As soon as the doors are opened a great crowd, which has been moving to and fro along the sidewalk from early morning (until far past midnight), begins to come into this meeting. On these benches, with that ragged, unkempt throng, sits a man, a graduate from college, once handsome and bright, but now covered with rags and vermin, and his face broken out with disease, yet there is something about his air that shows that he has been tenderly reared, and to-day some loving mother may be wondering where her boy is. How glad she would be to know that he is in the Bowery Mission, where kind eyes are watching him, and warm hearts are trying to bring him to Christ!

"There is a man further along in crime and sin. He has come in half drunk to take a quiet sleep, but he is awakened by the singing, and is apparently interested. Each one of these men has a personal history. All over this land homes are represented there—vacant homes, sorrowing homes. How many thousands of prayers are answered that ascend from these earnest gatherings in the old Bowery Mission!

"The Superintendent takes up a hymn book and announces a hymn. The boys all find the place, and the organ peals forth its melody, and every one joins in. How they sing! They roll out the glorious rescue songs on the Bowery. The passer-by stops to listen. The poor frail girl, as she strolls along, casting furtive glances from right to left—she stops and listens to the song.

> There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins.

What is this memory it must bring to her? She wipes away a tear from her eye, and then, as if ashamed of her emotion, hurries on, and is lost in the throng. After a few hymns are sung the leader says: 'Now, we are going to unite in prayer. Let every head be reverently bowed, and you who know Jesus pray to-night that the Holy Spirit may overtake some dear hearts in this room, and bring them to repentance.' A few minutes are spent, and three or four lift up their hearts—converts of the Mission, for in the Bowery the workers are the converts.

Reading the Old Book

"Then the Superintendent takes up the Book of books, opens it, and reads the Scripture lesson for the evening. Another hymn is sung, and then he says: 'Now, brethren, we are going to spend a while in testifying for Jesus. Let those who can witness for God stand up and tell what they know about Jesus.' One after another arises, and the first man says with faltering lips: 'A year and six months and two nights ago I came into this place, drunk and literally dying. I walked the streets for many nights. The singing attracted my attention, and, brethren, Jesus must have got hold of my heart. The testimonies interested me and gave me hope that I, too, could be saved, and I knelt down when the invitation was given, and, in the best way I knew how, gave God my heart. I have not wanted to drink from that day to this; the appetite has been removed that cursed my life so many years, and I do not want rum now.'

"Another man says: 'Twenty-four hours ago I gave my heart to God. Pray for me.'

"And so the testimonies go on. We could fill columns and columns with the testimonies of one night's service.

"Then Superintendent John Wyburn rises, and all the house becomes still.

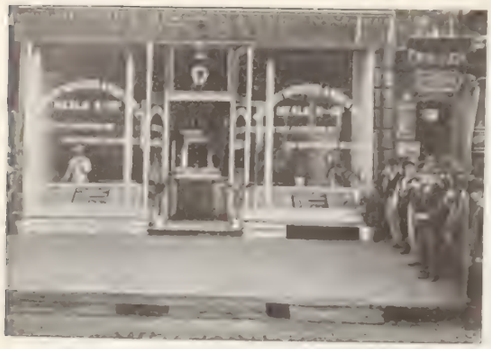
"'Men, listen to me,' he says. 'We are going to pray now, and I want you men to gather around me here, as many as can; as many as feel as though they need Jesus to help them, come and He will save you. You need not be afraid to come. It is the greatest step you ever took, and Jesus will hear your prayer. I was a drunkard—He heard my prayer. Jesus met me that night, and I have not wanted a drink in over ten years. And He will save you as He saved me. Won't you come? Who will come?'"

"One after another rises and comes. Then a hymn is sung, such as your father and mother heard in the old church in the country, and it rings out with glorious inspiration and invitation. One after another comes out into the aisle, and walks up, and kneels down at the precious mercy seat of the Bowery Mission.

"Then they are asked to take their seats, and the Superintendent sits down, and, before the whole audience, asks them a few simple questions about their determination, and tries to encourage them, and quotes a verse or two of Scripture. He then asks them to stand up and tell what they intend to do." Seldom, indeed, does such a meeting close without some poor wayfarer seeking the Saviour and experiencing sound conversion.

The World's Wickedest Thoroughfare

The Bowery has been justly denominated "the wickedest thoroughfare in the world." From end to end, the great highway was, in other days, a carnival of vice and a festering sore upon the face of the greatest municipality in America. The annual tribute of lives given to the fabled Minotaur was trifling in comparison with the gluttonous demands of this monster of sin, which swallowed up its thousands every year. Young men and old, men with gray hair and tottering steps, and some, too, who were fresh from the old home and the mother's kiss, there fell victims to the fascinations and allurements of sin. Lives were blighted, characters ruined, reputations forever lost, souls loaded with sin and bodies dragged prematurely down to the grave by its accursed pleasures. It was the resort of the vicious and the degraded from all parts of the globe. Its fame was notorious, and it was a fatal magnet, which drew to itself the weak and the innocent, as well as the vicious. In its drinking dens, crimes were hatched and dark deeds plotted, and its dance halls, with their flaming



A BOWERY MISSION RESTAURANT IN 1898

lights and bewildering scenes, lured foolish victims to sure moral and physical destruction. To save both souls and bodies from such a fate, the Bowery Mission reached out hands of rescue and blessing. Set in the centre of this Pandemonium of crime and immorality, it has lifted up the Cross of Christ. Its influence upon the morals, not of the Bowery alone, but of the whole city, has been distinctly felt, and that influence is broadening and deepening year by year. Its bands of workers have gone out into the dives, the gambling places, the vile resorts, proclaiming the Gospel, and through their instrumentality many have been literally "plucked as brands from the burning," who would otherwise have gone down to their fate unrescued.

Echoes of Rescue

Most of the men who come to the Bowery Mission have been truly feeding upon husks. They have come to the turning-point in their lives; they have reached the very bottom and can go no further into the depths of human degradation and misery. Hardly an evening passes in which from ten to a score such men do not profess conversion. "Do such converts remain true to their allegiance?" is a natural question for the reader to ask. It can be stated with absolute truthfulness that, while some back-slide into sin, a goodly percentage do remain steadfast. In illustration, we give below, in the briefest outline, the facts concerning a few such conversions, and their subsequent outcome, as learned from entirely reliable sources, for the Mission endeavors to keep in touch with its converts wherever they may go:

An Educated Pharmacist, an infidel, on the eve of committing suicide, entered the Mission, heard the Word from the text, "What shall I do to be saved?" became converted, accepted the Saviour and is now a redeemed man.

A Young Man, reared under Christian influences in the West, went to Chicago, secured employment with a leading dry goods firm, soon entered a life of dissipation, became a defaulter and for some years followed a sinful and dissipated life, indulging in gambling, drinking and kindred vices. Finally, homeless and friendless, he entered the Mission, was converted and redeemed, is now steadily employed, and living an upright, Christian life.

A Poor Homeless Drunkard, while wandering upon the Bowery, heard the singing within the Mission, entered, was redeemed and is now restored to his family. He has found steady employment. He induced his wife to come to the Mission, and she, too, now rejoices in the salvation which is Jesus Christ. The result is a happy, Christian home.

A Man From Philadelphia, formerly a postal clerk, but who, through participation in some election frauds, had been sent to prison and gradually drifted from bad to worse, found himself at last on the Bowery. He entered the Bowery Mission, felt the power of God to save through Jesus Christ, accepted and has since been restored to family, home and friends.

Two Men, one having spent eighteen years of his life behind prison bars and the other having been in prison six times, found their way to the Bowery Mission, heard of the Saviour and are now redeemed men. Both are respectably employed.

A Poor, Broken Wretch, with whom the world had gone all wrong, and whose hope had given way, decided to kill himself. He procured a pistol and was on the way to the docks, intending to make a sure end of himself, by shooting and drowning. As he tottered down the Bowery, deaf to almost everything, he passed the open door of the Mission, and a strain of music fell upon his ears. He stopped a moment, listened, and without thinking what he did, went in. Presently the clouded brain comprehended what was going on; he became interested and, after listening still further and being talked with kindly, he put his suicidal purpose aside. Again and again he came to the Mission, and at last found peace in believing.

Striking Testimonies

Some of the testimonies given at the meetings in the Mission are eloquent in their simple, earnest way of telling about the speaker's experience in the paths of sin and his ultimate redemption. We have space for only a few of these testimonies, though hundreds might be given.

A Converted Outcast, who became a pastor, said:

"A few years ago a man, miserable and wretched, under deep conviction, and realizing his helplessness, and that without a Saviour he was lost, wandered past that lighthouse, the Bowery Mission. Attracted by the singing, which he had often heard before unheeded, this night the Spirit of God constrained him to go in, and there he heard that 'Whosoever' meant himself personally; that the loving invitation 'Come unto Me, and there receive rest, peace and happiness,' meant himself also. Taking God at His word, he came to Jesus as he was.

"I was that poor outcast, and now by the grace of God I am pastor of the M. E. Church at Imperial, Neb. I am the only preacher up here, *i. e.*, in Lamar, and have the western part of the county of Chase. Services are held in the court house morning and evening, and were you to see the number who come out to hear the Gospel, you would say truly the harvest is plentiful."

One Who Has Been Redeemed after a long career of sin said:

"Born in a Western State, I graduated in the law department of a flourishing Western college, finally beginning the practice of law in my native State. Business grew until it yielded a respectable income. I became a member of the Church, and up to my twenty-fifth year all was compara-

GIVING OUT TESTAMENTS TO THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS AT THE BOWERY MISSION

A FORMER MISSION CHEF

tively well. I then made a new departure by joining a company of young men who often sought solace in drink. Now I am the only survivor of the once gay and dissipated band. My second

MRS. SARAH J. BIRD
The "Mother of the Bowery Boys"

quarter of a century was filled with shortcomings and periodical reformations. All my efforts were void and fruitless. I was gradually wandering on the broad road that leads to destruction, and unable to stop. Coming to New York, an opportunity enabled me to attend a meeting at the Old Bowery Mission, where I heard the testimonies of men who claimed to have been even farther from our Father's loving care than I, and who were now living monuments of the wonderful salvation of our Master. With a sincere heart I sought divine assistance to strike off my yoke of sin, and received an inexplicable blessing very soon thereafter. *The old desires are gone!*

A DRUNKARD NOW REDEEMED said: "I believe I was the most persistent drinking man I ever saw, when I look back over my life. I had no excuse for having become a drunkard. My father was a minister, but died when I was three years old. I had a Christian mother. But her influence was apparently soon forgotten, for it was not long until I discontinued going to church and began to break the Sabbath by going to theatres and frequenting saloons, and before many months I had acquired an appetite for strong drink. Still, I was prosperous, but the saloon keepers got my money nearly as soon as I

MRS. BIRD'S MOTHERS' MEETING

did. I married a faithful, earnest Christian girl, who made my house all that a comfortable and cheerful home should be, and when I fell into the grasp of drink for a second time she did not scold and upbraid, but pleaded with me lovingly, and knelt at my feet and prayed earnestly to God to change my course. For a time I seemed all right, and if I had then made an earnest appeal to God to give me strength I would never have become a wanderer and a tramp on the streets of New York.

"The day came when my employer discharged me. My faithful wife died, and when I came to myself it seemed as if I was without a hope on earth. I drifted about in Milwaukee and Chicago for a year and a half, and later came to New York. I wandered into the Bowery Mission on Sunday, September 25, looking for something to eat, which was given me, and there it was that I saw and heard men standing up and testifying to the wonderful redeeming power of God's saving and keeping them from lives of drunkenness and sin, misery and degradation. This was a wonderful revelation. I returned to the evening service, heard more testimonies, and became deeply convicted of sin. God gave me the courage to ask Him for Christ's sake to forgive my sins and take away the terrible appetite for drink. My sins were forgiven; the old desire for rum left me, and I became 'a new creature' in Christ Jesus. I now lack for no good thing which I need. I keep my eyes fixed upon Jesus, and daily ask his strength and guidance. Some day I hope to reach that promised land."

Reunited by the Bowery Mission

Among the many instances of reunited families, whose members, after long years of separation and wandering, have been brought back to home and friends through the instrumentality of the Bowery Mission, there is probably none that is more interesting and instructive than the following, which is truly the narrative of a repentant prodigal. The story is given in a letter written by Helen H. Holcomb, an American missionary at Jhansi, India. She says:

"Two years ago, while on an evangelistic tour in a native State in the heart of India, we spent several days in an 'inspection bungalow,' provided by the English Government for the use of its officers when on duty. This bungalow was a short distance outside the walled city of Dalia. One day we noticed two European gentlemen in the vicinity of the bungalow. One of the gentlemen learned that the two occupants of the bungalow were the traveling agents of a large jewelry establishment in Madras, waiting for a command to visit the palace and display their wares. One day, one of the gentlemen walked over to our bungalow, and asking to see the gentleman whose acquaintance he had made, communicated to him the contents of a letter which he held in his hand, and which had been forwarded to him from Madras. The letter was from the Bowery Mission, and told him that his son, who had been a prodigal, and had sorely grieved the hearts of those who loved him, had 'come to himself,' was ready to acknowledge his wrongdoing and longed to return to his father's house. 'His repentance seems sincere,' continued the writer of the letter. 'He feels that his Heavenly Father has forgiven him, and he hopes that in the heart of his earthly father, there is also a place for the repentant wanderer.' The letter bore the signature of the 'Mother of the Bowery Boys,' Mrs. Sarah J. Bird. 'I should like to communicate with my son,' said the stranger, 'but I do not know where to forward my reply. Where is the Bowery Mission?' he asked in an eager way. When he had received the desired information he turned back to his lodging house with a light heart. He could now tell the penitent prodigal that a father's heart and a father's house were open to receive him."

Philanthropic Work

In addition to the spiritual work, the Bowery Mission has been in recent years, since it came under the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a channel of vast and far-reaching philanthropic and benevolent enterprises. In seasons of suffering among the poor, during the bleak winter weather, it has fed daily hundreds of families who otherwise might have starved. It has afforded shelter, "without money and

MRS. BIRD'S GIRL'S CLASS

without price," to thousands of homeless and penniless men and boys, and has never turned away from its hospitable door the hungry or way-worn applicant, either by day or night. To the homeless its light has been a beacon, even through the darkest storms of winter. During a season of special severity it provided substantial means for thousands of poor families at cost, and at one period, when there were over 40,000 idle men in New York, it supplied meals to nearly 2,000 persons daily, each averaging the price of a single drink of liquor. At Thanksgiving times it has brought joy into hundreds of homes of poverty and suffering by sending a bountiful supply of food. At each recurring Christmas the poor children of the East Side tenements, thanks to the tender thoughtfulness of Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, are always remembered. Mrs. Bird has been affectionately called "The Mother of the Bowery boys," and her many years of devoted service in rescue work form one of the brightest records of Christian effort in the great metropolis. Her labors among the fallen of both sexes have made her known and beloved throughout the land. Her Christmas Tree at the old Bowery Mission, loaded with useful gifts, has for a number of years been an object of delight to those little ones whose lives are usually joyless indeed. In these and various other ways it has striven to minister to the material wants of the needy, while endeavoring also to reach their hearts with the message of God's love for all his children.

MRS. BIRD'S MEN'S MEETING

In the last published annual statement of the Bowery Mission the following figures appear, which give the reader some idea of the vast spiritual and philanthropic agencies that have been actively at work there during many years:

Gospel meetings held	437
Aggregate attendance	80,239
Professed conversions	5,437
Men and boys sheltered in lodging house	40,943
Meals served in restaurant	628,673
Patients treated in free dispensary	2,300
Employment found for	1,200
Kindergarten attendance (3 months)	770
Attendance at Mrs. Bird's women's meetings	2,300
Professed conversion at same	250
Free meals	50,850

This is the showing of a single season; but what shall be said of the twenty years of consecrated, unceasing labor on these lines—twenty years of effort for soul-and-body reclamation? If the saved from the old Bowery Mission could be now assembled, they would constitute a mighty host; its beneficiaries, whom it has lifted up from the mire of shame and a dissolute life, and restored to respectability and usefulness, would be an army indeed. Many have passed away, but a multitude [illegible] of thousands, survive to declare, in home and distant lands, their love for the Mission and their undying gratitude for the helping hand and kindly word it extended to them in their time of sorest need. Better than all—the precious, never-dying souls that have there found peace in believing; who shall count them? Such are the trophies of the Bowery Mission in its long battle for the Gospel and humanity.

To the friends of Christian work everywhere, and especially to those who have at heart the cause of the poor, the neglected and the morally shipwrecked, we make earnest appeal in behalf of the lost men and boys of the Bowery. They are our brothers—fallen, degraded and apparently forsaken of God and man—yet still our brothers. They need our uplifting hands of love, our voices of cheer, our earnest prayers, and our material assistance to restore them to manhood and to win them to Christ. This is the work in which the Bowery Mission desires all who read this paper to cordially help. We want your consecrated co-operation, in the efforts to reclaim these lost ones, homeless, shepherdless and wandering in sin. It is a burden laid upon the hearts of God's people in all stations and conditions of life. None are so poor that they cannot help a little in this redeeming crusade. None should despise the star which may be set in His crown as the result of being the means of *saving one poor wretched creature* from sin and despair.

REV. A. G. RULIFFSON, FOUNDER — JOHN H. WYBURN, SUPT.

We ask you, then, to take up this burden with us, as a precious privilege and to do what lies in your power for the work. We wish you also to feel that the Bowery Mission has a special claim on your prayers, and that you may unite with us in asking for it the largest blessing and the in-bringing of many souls to the Kingdom.

Your mite may accomplish much. The gift you send may, under Divine blessing, be the means of rescuing one poor, shipwrecked fellow-man. It may prove the turning point in the life of some wayward, homeless lad, who, coming in from the comfortless street, can find shelter and friends under the shadow of the hospitable Mission Lighthouse. It may turn a man from crime, win a hopeless, friendless one from suicide, a sin-burdened one from that despair which leads to the worst of all calamities—the loss of the immortal soul. You cannot afford to be unrepresented in such a work as this. Whatever your means, you are able to do your share, and to acknowledge God's goodness and Jesus' redeeming love to you, by "passing it on" in the form of help to one who is more needy and who has not yet come into the light. Give, then, as the burden is laid upon your heart, and you may be sure that your gift will be welcomed.

AN "AFTER MEETING" AT THE CLOSE OF THE BOWERY MISSION REGULAR SERVICE

There are doubtless many who read this who may be in a position to give systematically for the support of a work so Christ-like in character. To all such we would say: Give, if you can, your pledge for one dollar a week. **One dollar a week will feed a hungry man or boy; one dollar a week will give him a shelter from the street; one dollar a week will keep him clean and decently clad.** But your offering, whatever it may be, will be gratefully acknowledged. For the convenience of those who desire to give systematically a pledge coupon is appended, which may be filled up and torn off and mailed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

"Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave.
There is a brother whom some one should save:
Somebody's brother! Oh, who, then will dare
To throw out the Life-Line, his peril to share?

Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men.
Sinking in anguish where you've never been.
Winds of temptation and billows of woe
Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.

Soon will the season of rescue be o'er:
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore.
Haste, then, my brother; no time for delay.
But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day."

All contributions will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which will take pleasure in forwarding to the givers, from time to time, reports of the Mission's work, if desired, and will also answer any inquiries that may be made concerning this progress.

I hereby Pledge myself to give the Sum of ..... *weekly or monthly*

in aid of the Gospel and Rescue Work of THE BOWERY MISSION for a term of twelve months,

and enclose herewith $ ..... *to apply on account.*

Name .....

Street ..... *Town* .....

Date ..... *1899* *State* .....

. . . A Children's Paradise . . .

"The Christian Herald's" Fresh-Air Work for the Boys and Girls of the New York Tenement Poor

"MAY I GO, TOO?"

OUR COTTAGES: FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

A LONELY WAIF

A summer visitor to New York city, looking across the way from a window in Cooper Union Library, would be puzzled to note how children flock to the Bible House between the hours of eleven and one. They come in squads of five, six, fifteen, twenty, in charge of older people; or forlorn mites struggle along by themselves; they are evidently children of the poor. Other groups who enter have a prosperous appearance; they are brown, ruddy, well clad, laden with fruits and flowers, or bags evidently containing treasures. If the visitor questions a New Yorker, he will be informed that he is watching the initial operations of one of the most interesting and excellent charities of the metropolis. The children thronging the Bible House are incoming and outgoing guests of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S summer Home for children at Nyack-on-the-Hudson. The adults in charge are missionaries who bring them from tenement districts; or caretakers who conduct them back and forth between the Home and the city.

For every detachment of twenty-five children brought back from the Home, a corresponding number is returned, the population being kept at 150 to 200. Each child stays ten days. Beneficiaries must be between the ages of five and twelve. Candidates undergo a medical examination at the Bible House, which is the collecting and distributing point; those showing symptoms of contagious diseases are necessarily excluded, but are told to try again when better.

The Cry of the Children

About 7,000 children die in New York city (not Greater New York) every summer.

The conditions of life, in New York, where an immense population is congested on a narrow island, are exceptionally hard on children of the poor. Childhood's playground is the burning pavement, the sweltering alley, the narrow, ill-smelling court in the centre of the tall building where people live thick as bees in a hive. Tier on tier of fire-escapes rise above the court; laundered clothes on lines strung from window to window drip down; no bit of green grass is to be seen. Perhaps, on some fire-escape, a sickly-looking plant puts forth an adventurous blossom. Except for some poor bloom like this, hundreds of these children never know what a flower is. Many are born, live their short, troubled lives and die, without ever having seen a green field or played under the shade of a friendly tree. They are prematurely old; they lug around little brothers and sisters before they are able to carry such burdens. Many of them don't know how to play, though they may know how to drink. You see them sitting on barroom steps with babies in their arms. Some are generous in giving baby beer; they know no better.

From such environments the very frailest and neediest are gathered and taken to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Summer Home on the Hudson, where nearly 10,000 children have spent ten days each during the past four summers. Many when received were little bundles of rags. Every child went back to the city clad in good, strong garments.

In windows and fire-escapes overlooking courts people are crowded; palid, sick folks; patient, laborious mothers plying needle and thread; inside hot stuffy rooms, women bend

END VIEW OF A DORMITORY

THE MATRON'S HEADQUARTERS

OUR KINDERGARTEN QUARTER

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

over washtubs and ironing boards, and the thermometer at 100 (or 111, as last summer) in the shade! In these stifling rooms are children too weak to go out, and children cooped up by conscientious mothers, who seek to protect them from influences of street and court.

In the efforts of Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of the paper, to seek out cases representing the profoundest want, he has been ably assisted by the city pastors and missionaries. The Home's guests are principally drawn from diminutive, malodorous dwellings, in which six or more people live, eat and sleep, and in which all the cooking, washing and ironing are done. Departure of some inmates leaves more breathing space and more food to those that remain, and the relief afforded to thousands of hard-working, overburdened tenement mothers is incalculable.

The journey, consisting of a car ride to the River, a sail on the steamer *Chrystenah* up the noble Hudson, and a wagonette drive through flowery lanes and lovely woods, is an excursion of delight to the waifs whose "wide, wide world" has been stifling court or alley. Irrepressible *Ohs!* and *Ahs!* greet the first wild flowers sighted; the driver must needs stop his horses and let the children get out and help themselves to daisies and black-eyed Susans. One child, seeing a field of daisies, exclaimed, "Oh, teacher, may I get out and pick a daisy? I'll only take just one!" Another little girl in reply to the statement of one of the children that she never had enjoyed a carriage ride before, said: "I had a carriage ride the day mamma was buried." By the time the wagonette reaches the Home childish faces are peeping through masses of flowers, and childish voices are piping every tune they know. If among the children some have been to the Home before, the hills will echo back pretty Gospel songs, and this also is sure to be sung:

Three cheers for the Home on the Hudson,
Three cheers for the Home on the Hill,
Three cheers for the patrons who brought us,
We give with a hearty good will!

And they shout this: "Here we are! Here we are! C. H., C. H., Ha! ha ha!" The welkin rings when they drive up. A joyous company on the lawn waits their arrival; greetings are shouted; children run pell-mell to the gate; Housemother Collins stands in the door with smiling welcome. Under direction, children fall into line, and to the beat of a drum (the drummer is a very proud and important little boy) march to supper in the marquee tent overlooking the river. Around the tables little heads are bowed, little hands folded, and lead by "Teachers" children sing:

God is great, God is good,
And we thank him for this food.
By His grace must all be fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

Such a nice supper for hungry little folks who never know what it is to have enough to eat! Abundant bread and butter, all the fresh creamy milk one can drink, fruit and cookies. After supper, a little play on the velvety grass, a brief prayer and song service in the pretty chapel; and then the little lambs are folded for the night in the great dormitories abloom with snowy cots, where cool, sweet winds from river and mountain sweep through wide windows, and moonlight and starlight shine down like a benediction. Soft-voiced "Teachers" (children call every woman on the place "teacher") have helped them undress, told them pretty stories, and taught them to say "Our Father."

A MEAL [illegible]

In the morning, bird songs wake them. They look out of the window. The grass is there—just as it was last night—and one may roll over and over in it. Swings in ever so many trees! One cannot get on one's clothes fast enough! Breakfast, and plenty of it! The simple, wholesome fare is absorbed with amusing and pathetic eagerness. How big and beautiful the world is! One finds that out running before "teacher" up hill and down dale, and riding around the country with her in the wagonette. Plucking wildflowers, weaving daisy chains, bathing in the pool (which belongs to boys one day, girls the next), playing ring-a-rosy, fill the merry hours. How is it that such blessings have come to us? the children ask. Why have people

TAKING CARE OF BABY BROTHER

HAPPY TIMES UNDER THE TREES AND IN THE "SCUPS

A WEE [illegible]

MISS DELANEY ASKING, "DO YOU WANT TO GO TO THE CHILDREN'S HOME?

brought and sent us here? When teachers explain how for love's sake, kind friends who serve Jesus have remembered them, life takes on a brighter look to the tenement waif of yesterday whom nobody seemed to care for, and the little hymn they sing in the chapel every day, "Suffer the children to come to the Master" has a new meaning.

Influence of the Home

The influence of the Home in developing good citizenship is an important feature; particularly when it is considered that many nationalities are represented there, as many as fifteen being counted under the roof at one time. A number of little Cubans, orphans and children of refugees, have been guests. Running up the flag, singing "America" and other patriotic songs, is a constant exercise and delight. The Fourth of July is a red letter day. The house is decorated with flags, a feast of unheard-of dainties is provided, folks from New York, from neighboring towns and hamlets, and from all the country round, come to see the little folks have a good time. In the evening, there are fireworks. The Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Editors, and representatives from the business office, are all on hand to help make the children happy.

This is the fifth summer of this fresh air work. In childish parlance, it might be said that the Home "just opened and growed itself," since it was the natural and beautiful development or diversion of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Food Fund. In the terrible winter of 1893-4, when there was almost unprecedented suffering among the poor, and the paper, with the co-operation of its readers, was distributing coal, food, and clothing to thousands of destitute homes (actually supporting over 12,000 souls), the needs and hardships of the children were pressed so forcibly upon notice, that when summer came, it was determined to carry the relief work into the heated term and see what could be done by giving little unfortunates rest, food, good air, and childhood's right, play, at a country home. Rev. Dr. A. D. Lawrence Jewett, who was in hearty sympathy with the work, placed his beautiful estate, Mont Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, in New York State, at the disposition of the projectors for a nominal rental; residence, annex, lodge and chapel were fully furnished and equipped by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; trained workers put in charge, and little ones gathered from the highways and byways of the slums, and made as happy and comfortable as love and kindness could make them. Readers of the paper who had contributed to the winter relief work lent the new plan abundant sympathy and fullest approval. They wrote letters about it, contributed to it, and have wanted it continued and enlarged from year to year. Bereaved mothers remember it in yearly memorial gifts; parents with healthy, happy children around them express gratitude to God by sending one, two, three (sometimes as many as twelve and occasionally more) of these little children of the poor to the Home each summer. Junior Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, Helping Hands, Sunday Schools and Sunday School classes and various organized bodies of children all over the country, claim the privilege of helping in this good work for children, while individual children proudly send small sums of their own earning. Givers are often put in direct communication with beneficiaries, the little ones able to scribble taking great delight in inditing wonderful scrawls to benefactors. Other givers come in personal touch with the children they are helping by visiting the Home, where friends are ever most welcome.

MISS COLLINS, MATRON

Miss Helen Collins, the Housemother, who has been in charge of the Home for four years, is a trained missionary of large experience; her assistants are consecrated young women; among them are kindergartners and public and Sunday school teachers. The children are considered too precious a charge to be confided to any but the most skillful and conscientious care. It takes intelligent, earnest and consecrated work to make a lifelong impression upon a child's nature in ten days; but earnest, intelligent and consecrated work, under God's blessing, can do it, and it is being done in this fresh air work. Many of the children are followed up: parents, Sunday and public school teachers report good things of waifs who did not promise improvement. In children coming year after year caretakers note progressive change for the better.

Little Lives Redeemed

The history of this work has many touching chapters of individual suffering relieved; full of inspiration are its true stories of little lives reclaimed, little feet that all unknowing were treading slippery paths downward, turned and set in right ways. No feet are so easily turned from evil as childhood's

One of the Home's best and most trusted assistants is a tall, brown-eyed lad, called Earnest, and sometimes "Our little preacher." On his first visit four years ago he was so wayward and gave so much trouble that it was feared he might need to be sent to some institution where sterner methods prevailed. The first thing that interested him was the opportunity, purposely made, for him to be helpful in a way he liked; the next was a Bible story book full of pictures; from study of that he first began to acquire the knowledge which won him his title. He is most helpful in influencing other boys for good.

Jennie's father is in a hospital, her mother a drunkard; that is enough to tell of her sad story to make everybody glad that she had a blessed two weeks of love and care at the Home last summer.

"Sulky Nellie" was found by a garbage barrel, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against children who would not play with her. She was always quarreling and fighting and she had no friends. Somehow, after she went to the Home, Nellie began to change; the law of the place is kindness, and Nellie, who had been

RESTING AFTER A HAPPY RAMBLE

A BOSKY DELL AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

MONT LAWN, FOR FOUR YEARS OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

kicked and cuffed in an abode where intemperance reigned, appreciated the beauty of the new order.

Goldie is a regular guest and helper. A prominent city missionary reported his case four years ago; a little fellow then—almost a baby—whose mother had just died; he was trying to cook and keep house for his father. A worker went down in the tenements and found him, a little bent figure bowed over pots and pans. He was carried to the Home; he wanted to work, felt ill at ease without it, they had to give him little tasks to keep him content, and they had to teach him to play. He has a nice voice and sings in the chapel for the children.

A mother, whose husband was serving a term of eight years in prison and who supported her six children during his absence by taking in washing, refused to let her daughter, a girl of eleven, go to the Home because she was so bad that she would "disgrace the family." At last she was persuaded to let us take her on trial, and the girl came with twenty others. She received no more notice than the rest and gave no trouble whatever. After she was returned to her home her mother called on Miss Delaney, the noble mother of the Catherine Mission, and said to her: "Well, Miss Delaney, I never saw anything like it. My child is a changed girl. She is obedient and polite, and says 'Yes, mother,' and 'Please' and 'Thank you.' I really can hardly believe that she is the same girl."

Sunday Services

There are special services every Sunday. These services are made so bright with pretty Bible stories and Gospel songs that the children love them. Earnest or Goldie has only to ring the chapel bell to bring the little ones flying.

Dr. Klopsch addresses the children, and it is a pleasure to listen to their bright responses to his questions and watch the rapt interest with which they follow his words.

Those who have helped in this work may congratulate themselves on the fact that in no other way could so much good be accomplished at such small cost. Three dollars covers the expense of one child's outing, including transportation both ways, caretaker's attention, medical examination (and attention, if needed), food, shelter and clothing; $6 will send two children; $9, three; $12, four; $15, five; $35, twelve. Could $35 invested in any other way make twelve people happy for ten days; feed, clothe and shelter them; probably save life, and surely make twelve children better forever thereafter for the kindness shown and the influence exerted?

The New Home

The Children's Home will continue at Nyack, although in 1898 Dr. Jewett, "The Children's Friend," passed to his reward above. Major Jewett, his son, continued his father's generous concession last summer, and this year a magnificent property of twelve acres, three large buildings and four beautiful cottages will be utilized in making between 2,000 and 3,000 children as happy as the day is long. But the Fresh Air work has enlarged and developed, and is ready to take on features of new usefulness. There have always been more applicants than room. The Divine Hand is leading and we pray that ways may so open that we may have to turn no little ones empty away. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," said the Master, "ye have done it unto Me." To reach and help these little ones is a blessed opportunity.

How much will you contribute toward this blessed work? Three dollars for one child's vacation or six dollars for two? Perhaps, twenty-five dollars for eight or thirty-five dollars for twelve? Give whatever you can. It will be thankfully received, conscientiously administered, gratefully acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and, later on, in Heaven.

THE BED-TIME PRAYER AT THE CHILDREN'S HOME

I hereby Pledge myself to give the sum of .....weekly or monthly in aid of the Fresh-Air Fund work of "The Christian Herald's" CHILDREN'S HOME, for the months of June, July, August and September, 1899, and enclose herewith $..... to apply on account.

Name .....

Street ..... *Town* .....

Date ..... *1899* *State* .....

. . . Saving Somebody's Daughters . . .

How the Workers at the Bethesda Home in Brooklyn are Rescuing Unfortunate Girls From Sinful Lives

One of the most interesting groups of Bible students to be found in Greater New York may be seen any evening in the rooms of the Bethesda Mission, at No. 79 Fort Greene place, Brooklyn. A quiet, loving, sweet-voiced lady is the centre of the group, and around her are a number of younger women, varying from fifteen to twenty or more, whose faces and manners indicate a past over which the sacred Book they are studying has had little influence. It is not the higher criticism, nor the literature, nor the recondite doctrine of the Bible that holds their attention; they are learning how to apply its promises and power to their lives. The Apostle Paul wrote with confident assurance to people, who, in his day had the very same reason as these girls have, for such a prescription: "Walk in the spirit and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh." This is the lesson, presented in many forms, that is being taught to these girls. It is a wonderful truth which many who know the power of those lusts are disposed to regard as an inadequate cure, but which at Bethesda, and many another mission of that kind, in this and other cities, has been proved effectual for the transformation of life?

THE COURT GIVES A PRISONER TO THE BETHESDA HOME FOR RECLAMATION

Pitiful Stories

Who are these students? If a person can gain their confidence, he will hear heart-breaking stories. Here is a girl well educated, brought up by loving parents, who has had the comforts and some of the luxuries of life, but has thoughtlessly fallen in love with some unprincipled man; and, for his sake, turned her back on home and friends, only to find after a few months that he has deceived her and cares nothing for her. She is ashamed to go back to her home, and she has become one of those women whom her sisters only too truly call "an abandoned creature," unfit for "decent society." Another girl tells how there was straitness at home, and she had to do something to earn a livelihood. She secured a position as saleswoman in a department store, where she was expected to dress well, and keep herself on a salary of four dollars a week. Driven to her wit's end in the endeavor to pay so much with so little, she listened to some vile man who made her presents of the much needed money; and finally she gave up her virtue that she might have bread to eat. She, too, after a time could not conceal her shame, and sank to the gutter. Another girl was living frugally on her small salary as a clerk in an office, until one day her employer, having no further occasion for her services, discharged her with an excellent certificate of her ability and character. During the next week she diligently sought employment; but trade was dull, and no one wanted help. At the end of the week, being unable to pay her board, she was turned out of her boarding house; and on a cold winter's night stood in the doorway of the place she had called home, without a dollar in her pocket, not knowing where to go for a refuge. A man who saw her standing there weeping, pretended to pity her, and offered her a meal. He took her to a hotel, plied her with wine, and that night she began the course the end of which is eternal death. Another girl has a story showing still greater turpitude in temptation. She, too, was working for a living and helping a sick, widowed mother with part of her small earnings. She had the woman's natural desire for decent clothing, and felt humiliated by wearing the poor patched dress and the coarse clumsy shoes which were the best she could afford. Casually meeting a girl who had been her school-fellow, she remarked her stylish, rich attire, and asked her how she managed to dress so well. Her friend said if she would meet her that evening, she would show her how she, too, might have an easy life and plenty of money. She fell into the snare. Her friend introduced her to a society where the men and women were all vicious; and in a few days her ruin was accomplished. And the tempter was one of her own sex! So in endless variety the stories run; but all have the inevitable ending of sin and degradation.

Redeemed by Love

How should such women be treated? The law provides a prison for them. Virtuous women gather up their skirts as they pass them, lest they should be contaminated. They are scorned even by men who have contributed to their ruin. They are the outcasts of society; and they repay its contempt with bold defiance and reckless bravado. But of late years Christian people have been trying more and more to make Christ himself the model of their lives, and they have asked themselves the question how that pure and sinless Being treated such women. They read what he said to the "woman who was a sinner," who wept over his feet and dried them with her hair, and what He said to the wicked woman whom the self-righteous leaders of the people dragged into His presence, that He might indorse their purpose to put her to a cruel death. Learning the lessons of His words, they came to understand that abhorrence of the sin should be combined with compassion for the sinner. Efforts were made, here and there, to reclaim the wanderers. As a rule, the women were brazen and hardened; but the result of the efforts put forth in the

loving spirit of Christ was astonishing. The fallen women had been unused to disinterested kindness. They knew how to meet scorn with scorn, and reproof with contempt; but when the hand of affectionate solicitude was held out to them they were first amazed, and then broke down in shame and contrition.

Many acknowledged that they were utterly miserable in the life they were leading, and in spite of their assumed gaiety were sick and sore at heart. If it were only possible to retrace their steps there was no blessing they could conceive of that would be so great. But that door, they knew, was closed, and in sheer despair they were walking the path into which they had been lured. The Christlike compassion which had sought them out wrestled with the problem of their future, and so institutions like the Bethesda Home, in Brooklyn, have been established to grapple with the difficulty.

Origin of the Work

The Bethesda had its origin in the effort of two consecrated, self-sacrificing women—Mrs. Halvorsen and Mrs. McIntyre—to rescue three of these fallen women with whom they came in contact in their mission work. Finding that the three women were sincerely penitent, and desired to earn an honest livelihood by any kind of work, they hired an apartment in which they could live until work could be found for them. These devoted women furnished it with such articles as they could spare from their own homes, and made it as comfortable as they were able. The apartment was never empty. As soon as it was known that such an avenue for escape from a vicious life was open, applicants for help were eager to enter. The work grew beyond the limited means and capacity of the two workers. Economically as it was conducted, the resources were inadequate; and the workers were unable either to find the necessary funds, or to spare the time from their own families that was demanded. Yet the results were encouraging, and the opportunities for service were continually multiplying. An appeal for help was made to the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It seemed so clearly a call to service, and one that had already received the manifest blessing of God, that the appeal was laid before the readers of that journal, and the response was so prompt and generous that it was decided to undertake the work. A house was rented which afforded accommodation for the numbers of applicants for whom the poor apartment previously used, had no space; a matron was engaged whose soul was full of love of Christ, and compassion for the erring; and the management of the institution was vested in a committee of ladies connected with Dr. Talmage's church in Brooklyn. This was in 1894, and from that time to the present, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers have defrayed the expenses of the work. It has been marvelously blessed; and a large number of girls have been rescued through its instrumentality, who now bless God that this door of hope opened to them when they were in despair.

Industrial Help

From the first, the one reliance of the managers, in their difficult work, has been the Gospel of the grace of God. All who have labored there were profoundly convinced that in no other way could there be any reasonable hope of permanent reformation of character than by a change of heart. There are women who through pique, or misfortune, or poverty desire to quit their evil lives, who look only for material help, and are sincere in their desire, but such have been pointed to Christ as the one sure way of salvation from their sins. Until they were led to give their hearts to him, no confidence has been felt in their protestations of reform. But that point attained, there still remained the difficulty of providing for their material welfare. In some instances, the managers have been able to arrange for their return to their parents; and it has been a precious privilege to witness the joy with which the long-lost wanderer has been received by the grief-stricken father and mother. In others, a husband has been induced to forgive the wife who deserted him, and welcome her back to her home. But with the majority it has been necessary to find them some means of earning a living. This is always a difficulty, and the penitent is aware of the fact. "No one would employ such as I," she generally says. "What can I do? Where can I go?" and in truth it is hard to tell her. She is sure to find that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Much has been done through domestic service. Places have been found, in which the Christian ladies, knowing all the circumstances, have been willing to accept the penitent as a servant; and few, indeed, are the instances in which they have not proved faithful and industrious. Many of them were totally unfit for such work when they were received at Bethesda; but they were eager to learn, and were taught the duties they would have to perform. Occasionally a series of lessons on cooking has been given, so that the girls might be still more useful in their service. Others, who had not the strength, or the aptitude for such work, have displayed skill with the needle. One of the inmates proved to be an expert dressmaker; and it has been her delight, since she was reclaimed, to render service in teaching the inmates the mysteries of her art, and to aid them, when sufficiently proficient, in securing employment. Another means of support has been laundry work. The Home itself has welcomed work of this kind, which has been a source of revenue; and has at the same time been a means of training for unskilled hands. Some of the girls have become trained nurses, and have been successful in that beneficent life. One girl opened a day-nursery in which, for a small sum, poor mothers who were obliged to earn their own living could leave their children for the day while they went to work. This has prospered, and now many a mother, who was reluctant to part with her child, and yet was under the hard necessity of laboring for its support and her own, brings it to the Nursery in the morning, and calls for it again at night, assured that, while she is away, it is being well cared for. Thus, in various ways, the redeemed women find their places in society, and become useful and helpful. The aim of the managers is first to lead them to Christ, that they may be cleansed from their sin, and saved from relapsing into it; and then to give them such training as will fit them for the work to which they are best adapted.

The managers of the Home are careful to keep in touch with the inmates after they leave it, so as to give them counsel and encouragement in their effort to lead clean, virtuous lives. Some of these who live in New York or the neighborhood visit the Home as they have opportunity, and those at a distance are encouraged to write frequently. Their testimonies to the power of Christ to keep them from temptation are very pathetic, and their grateful acknowledgment of the kindness they received at the Home is beautiful. An extract from one letter may serve as a specimen of many. It is from a girl who is

A CLASS IN SEWING AT THE BETHESDA

AT WORK IN THE BETHESDA LAUNDRY

LITTLE TOTS IN THE BETHESDA DAY NURSERY

A LIBEL TALK IN THE BETHESDA HOME

now happy in domestic service, though when she entered the Bethesda Home she had come from a flat where she had every luxury, as the price of her sin. She writes:

A Pathetic Letter

"I am very happy here, and am getting on better than I expected. You know I was quite ignorant of this kind of work, except what I learned at the Home. You said Jesus would help me, and He has. Soon after I came Mrs. —— told me to do something I had never done in my life before, and I did not know how to go about it. I was sorry, for I thought she would think me stupid, and would lose patience with me. Well, I remembered what you told me, and as I went down to the kitchen I just prayed to Jesus to give me wisdom. It was all in a moment, but at once I saw how the thing might be done. I did not know if it was the right way, but I did it so, and when Mrs. —— saw it she said it was beautiful. Don't you think it was Jesus helping me? I thought so, and it has been the same several times since. He seems so real to me, and, like that woman He helped when He was here, I love much because I have been forgiven much. What a change it all is from the old life that ended a year ago! Oh! you need not have fear of my falling away. It would be impossible now. How kind you were to me! It was that that won me. I was so low down that escape seemed foolish to think of, and besides, I did not want to escape till you showed me how terrible it all was, and encouraged me to try. I thank Jesus every day, and ask Him to bless you for all your kindness. Do try to save more of us; there are so many who might be saved."

The girl's appeal is pathetic, and it is a significant fact that nearly all the letters that come from them contain a similar appeal. They want others rescued as they have been.

Watching the Police Courts

Another sphere of work in which the Bethesda Home has been useful is in connection with the Police Courts. A girl who has been arrested for immodest behavior on the streets or for being intoxicated, is in a condition when she is arraigned in court to listen to a Christian worker. If it is the first time that she has been in the hands of the police, she is usually overwhelmed with the disgrace, and her heart sinks at the prospect of being sent to the Island. If she shows signs of contrition, and Miss Emily Meury—that devoted friend of the unfortunate of her sex, who is well-known in every police court in Brooklyn—is there to plead for her, the judge will usually confide the prisoner to Miss Meury's care instead of sending her to prison. How much that means to a girl who has not lost all sense of shame can easily be understood. But Miss Meury has too many such protegees on her hands to be able to care for them personally. It has consequently been of great service to her to have a Home to which she can take girls of the class the Bethesda is specially designed to help. Many such girls have been brought there by this consecrated Christian worker, and in their humiliated, grateful mood they have heard the good news of the way of salvation from sin. In a letter recently received from Miss Meury, she thus expresses her obligation to the managers of the Bethesda Home for the help it has been to her in her work: "It is my duty to thank you for the great help the Home has been to me, especially during the past few months. What it has done for the poor unfortunate girls is fully known to God alone. It has been a comfort and blessing to me not only in being able to take the miserable girls there, but to know

A WANDERER AT THE BETHESDA HOME

that they were being brought under an influence which tended to their permanent reclamation. I cannot speak too highly of the matron, dear Mrs. Bleekman, and her helper, Miss Stickney, who have been so successful in turning the girls from their lives of sin and shame to the ways of peace and virtue. May God bless them and all who have this work at heart. Let us pray for still greater prosperity, believing in His promise, who said: 'Ask and ye shall receive.' The girls are committed to my care; they are ready as at no other time to listen to the voice of wise Christian counsel; I can send you all you can care for; let us ask our Heavenly Father for the means to carry on a work so peculiarly his own, and one that is urgently needed these times." It is worthy of notice that these girls who come to the Home through Miss Meury's efforts have been those who have turned out most hopefully. That is probably because they have come to the Home under a sense of gratitude for being saved from prison, and they learn then how salvation in a deeper and wider sense is offered them.

Thus in one way or another the resources of the Home are taxed to the utmost. Frequently it has been necessary to make up beds on the floor, when every cot from garret to basement is occupied. More than once during the past few weeks, a poor wanderer from the ways of God, has heard of the Home and of the kindness shown to repentant prodigals, and has come to the door, but her heart failing her there, unable to believe after being scorned and mocked, that any soul could have compassion on one so degraded, has sat down on the stoop in despair, afraid even to apply for admittance. One such woman recently walked to and fro for hours unable to summon courage to ring the bell, until at last, weary and exhausted, she sat down on a step and almost fainted. Happily the matron saw her as she passed the window, and gave her the invitation she was too humble to ask for.

It was a great joy to see how thankfully this woman accepted the meagre accommodation which, in the crowded condition of the Home, was all that could be offered her, and how eagerly she seized the opportunity of escape from the miseries of her sinful life. Of the large number who thus come to the Home voluntarily, many are saved permanently; some fall away, but of these latter a large proportion soon return, humbly asking for another trial, and are eventually reclaimed. It would need a volume to tell the stories of those who, through God's blessing on this work, have been rescued and saved for time and eternity.

During the past few months the inmates of the Home have had the advantage of special instruction in Gospel truth from Miss Stickney, who was trained in the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. She is an experienced worker among the class to which the inmates belong. Under her teaching, the girl desirous of quitting her evil life and returning to the path of virtue, learns how she may obtain pardon for the

past and strength for the future. The latter is always urgently needed, for temptations are sure to assail her which, in her own strength, she cannot resist.

One of the most useful spheres of work that the Bethesda Home has done is in the search for missing girls. Frequently letters come from country districts, from parents whose daughters have left their homes to come to New York. Sometimes they are lured away by men who make love to them; some by offers of employment; some who honestly seek work, but failing to find it, fall into sin. There is sorrow then in the distant home. Letters do not come from the absent daughter, for she is ashamed to tell the old people what she is doing, and the father writes: "Do try to find my girl; I am afraid she is not living a right life," and he gives a description of her, and perhaps sends a photograph. In such cases a girl may be induced to go back home before she becomes habituated to the awful life. Many a one has been lost who might have been saved if someone had been able to reach her to tell her that forgiveness and welcome would be accorded to her if she would return. Thus the whole country is served by such an institution; for the great, cruel city exercises a wondrous fascination over the youthful mind, and draws, like a great maelstrom, the victims into its vortex. Many a girl who has heard descriptions of its splendors and gaieties knows no rest until, with or without the consent of her parents, she comes to New York, believing that clerkships or employment of some kind can be easily secured. When she discovers her mistake she shrinks from returning, and the tempter is at hand to lead her to destruction.

The Wide Opportunity

Opportunities for such work as the Bethesda Home is doing are manifold; and they might be indefinitely extended. But the work is restricted by the straitness of the funds available for carrying it on. In spite of the rigid economy practiced, and the vigilance over all the expenditures, the aggregate outlay is very heavy. Unavoidable expenses such as rent, gas, fuel, the board of the inmates, clothing suitable for their changed condition in life, which generally has to be supplied, traveling expenses which must be furnished, make a large total. But never did investment yield a richer return in souls won, and lives transformed. If only more money could be had the present work would be the nucleus of one far greater and more beneficent. The victims of sin who have been rescued, say that a great multitude out of the thousands of such women in New York and Brooklyn would be only too thankful for an opportunity of renouncing their sin, and quitting the sinful life, if it were offered them. But to reach them would involve still greater expense, and more commodious quarters for their reception. It is sad to think that the effort to win them cannot be made. But even for the work in its present shape the funds are insufficient. More money is urgently needed, even to accommodate applicants who seek the refuge. How much more if some bearer of the Gospel message were to go into their haunts and invite them to enter! Yet that is the duty of Christ's people. Sad is it that the duty cannot be performed through lack of means. The joy and gratitude over the success already achieved act as a stimulus to further effort. The organization is formed; the consecrated workers are ready and eager to labor; the knowledge of methods and experience in service—all these are ready—and the harvest awaits the reapers. Only the money, the indispensable prerequisite to service, is lacking. That supplied, the number of the rescued would easily be increased ten or even a hundred fold. Now, too many have reason to say: "No man careth for my soul." Surely there ought to be no ground for such a reproach in these days.

THE BETHESDA'S HELPING HAND

There must be many Christian people, among those who read these lines, who could afford to give at least one dollar once a month to help in a work so glorious as that of bringing these wanderers to Christ. Even if it could not be given without practicing self-denial, or giving up some luxury, it would be worth while. There are none who deny themselves for the sake of Christ, who do not receive in their own souls an abundant reward. He who noticed and praised the widow who gave her two mites, would see the sacrifice made in love of Him, and that dollar would be doubly blessed, for it would bring a blessing to him who sent it and to those to whom it was sent. Let everyone who loves Christ well enough to do something specially for his sake, fill up and sign the accompanying pledge and mail it to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The privilege of aiding the work of rescuing the perishing is cheaply secured by contributions to such an institution as the Bethesda. They would enable the workers to gather in a great harvest; and many a grateful soul, now steeped in sin, would be washed; and many a parent's heart would overflow with thanksgiving over a daughter restored and redeemed. To give to such a work is a sacred privilege; and its reward will be a share in that blessing that is promised to the successful laborer: "Let him know, that he who converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

I hereby Pledge myself to give the sum of ..... *weekly or monthly*

in aid of the Gospel and Rescue Work of THE BETHESDA HOME for the term of one year,

and enclose herewith $ ..... *to apply on account.*

Name .....

Street ..... *Town* .....

Date ..... *State* .....

· A · Notable · Philanthropy ·

Two Novel Colonies Peopled by Epileptics, Who are Being Brought Back to Health and Happiness

A NOTABLE experiment in philanthropy, and one which promises to attract much attention, is now in progress at the town of Skillmans, near Princeton, N. J. It has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the class of sufferers known as epileptics, and is known throughout the surrounding section of Somerset County as "The Epileptic Farm."

The projectors of this benevolent project base their expectations of success on the theory that here air and sunshine will do more toward effecting a cure than medicines. If it meets with success it may have the effect of relieving households, hospitals and asylums all over the United States of their epileptic patients, and of establishing villages for their especial benefit.

When Herr Von Bodelschwind, a rich courtier of Emperor William I., abandoned his title of nobility and delegated his fortune to the cause of humanity in 1869, he announced that he felt called to the special work of healing the unfortunate sick. He purchased two thousand acres of fertile land in Hanover, Germany, on the outskirts of the little burg of Bielefeld. All the destitute sick who were not afflicted with contagious diseases were welcomed there and domiciled in cottages. The place was known as the "Bethel Colony." A great many epileptics were admitted. The trades open to them were farming, blacksmithing, boxmaking, hatting, milling, painting, and kindred industries. Those who were permanently cured were given work in villages near by as dressmakers, cooks, school-teachers, servants, carpenters, tailors, gardeners, machinists, trunkmakers, bricklayers, filecutters, harnessmakers, shoemakers, firemen, engineers, butchers, clock-makers, photographers, and even telegraph operators and merchants. Five meals were given every day, the hours being 6.30, 9.30, 12, 4.30 and 7 o'clock, the food being given in small quantities. Six per cent. were cured thoroughly; sixty per cent. were benefited, while the rest remained hopeless invalids.

A BIT OF THE CRAIG COLONY GARDEN

Three years ago the population of the colony had reached 3,200 charity patients, of whom 1,450 were epileptics. The applications numbered 204,000, coming from Germany, England, Scotland, France, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, Africa, Russia, and South and North America.

The experiment on this side the Atlantic is to be made under the auspices of the State of New Jersey. "Maplewood Farm," as the property recently purchased is called, is an estate of 187 acres at Skillmans, a rural spot in Somerset county, four miles from Princeton. An additional park of 215 acres has been secured by the managers, subject to legislative approval. Professor Garrison, who is already widely known as the director of the New Jersey Training School for Feeble Minded Children, at Vineland, explains it is proposed to demonstrate that a very general amelioration in the condition of epileptics can be attained by the colony and treatment at Maplewood Farm.

It is to the energy and good judgment of the Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley that the commonwealth of New Jersey is indebted for the inception of this work. Associated with him in the work are Prof. S. Olin Garrison, of Vineland; Dr. John H. Ewing, of Flemington; Dr. John B. Ward, of Trenton; Dr. William S. Combs, of Freehold, and Dr. Thomas J. Smith, of Bridgton. There are more than 2,000 epileptics in the State, the condition of many being deplorable. They are not received in public or private schools, are shunned by playmates and practically excluded from churches and social gatherings. Very few of them can gain employment. Yet the astonishing fact remained, according to Dr. Buckley's plea, that a majority of them, if given proper attention, would be able to work and study as well as most persons. A small appropriation has been granted by the Legislature of New Jersey for the experiment. The work even in its earlier stages, gives promise of success. An old mansion is used for the reception of patients. Cottages and suitable workrooms are to be erected with a view to carrying out a policy of self-support.

Through the efforts of the late Mr. Oscar Craig, of Rochester, N. Y., a noteworthy philanthopist, and the generosity of the State of New York, a colony of the same character has been established on these lines at Sonyea, Livingston County, N. Y. Since its opening 410 epileptics have been admitted, of whom 322 remain. The colony administration building is a handsome structure of granite and brick. The main building of the women's group is also of solid construction, and the children's dormitories are smaller but fire-proof. A good system of street-making prevails, with a brigade of sweepers made up of patients in uniform, to keep everything neat and clean. There are water-works, fire-apparatus, electric light and power-house, and attractive workrooms for shoemaking, blacksmithing and carpentry. One of the novelties is a brick-making plant, employing eighteen hands. The surplus products of these industries, and of the 2,000-acre farm, are sold at a profit. The total value of the products of farm, garden and workshops was $36,889.03, with only a part of the ground in cultivation. Dr. William P. Spratling, the medical chief, has applications from over 600 patients whom he cannot take until additional quarters are provided.

COLONISTS AT WORK IN THE TOMATO FIELD

THE CRAIG COLONY BRICKYARD

The colony managers find labor an aid to recovery in most cases. None are put to work who are unfitted; yet even in the cases of the women and the little children there are opportunities. One young man (an epileptic), who had been pronounced incurable at two State hospitals, was cured last year after becoming a "villager." He learned the printer's trade and gardening, and is now supporting himself and his mother in New York City.

Recreations are provided for certain hours. The teachers take the little tots out for daily walks in good weather. A band gives open-air concerts during the warm evenings, while a military company of thirty-six boys lends a martial air to the little settlement.

Our illustrations afford some idea of the working of the new system, which other States are considering as a substitute for the present method of isolation. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania have already appropriated money for settlements, and Maryland, Virginia, Michigan, Kentucky, Missouri and California are contemplating similar action. Thus, in the near future, there is a likelihood of a great humane reformation in the treatment of a class of sufferers who till now have been regarded with universal sympathy as wholly beyond the reach of succor. In this age of Christ-like helpfulness, there are few movements more worthy of support and approbation than this in behalf of the afflicted epileptics.

Early Egyptian Tombs

IN an interesting article in the current number of *The American Antiquarian*, on prehistoric Egyptian tombs, the writer says: "There are some things which indicate that the Pharaonic race had its origin in Mesopotamia, and [illegible] the habit of constructing its royal tombs of brickwork, and their pattern and style also, beside the knowledge of metals, the treatment of stone for vases, jars, etc., and the introduction of cereals for cultivation and food purposes. M. Jequier points out that the square tomb of 'Dja,' at Abydos, with its encircling wall, is a transition from the older royal tombs to the Mastabas of the old empire. This is an observation helpful in the attempt to place these monarchs in rightful order of succession. He also points out that the use of Babylonian cylinders for sealing clay was superseded by the use of scarabs as early as the third and fourth dynasties. The cylinder lingered till the Middle Empire. Here again is a pregnant hint for chronologists. No scarabs are found in these early royal tombs, or in the tombs of their families or courtiers. One conclusion is important to notice, namely, that the hieroglyphics are indigenous to Egypt. The epigraphy begins with rudeness and imperfection under Menes, improves with Dja, and foreshadows its finer achievements in the relics of Ty. Two tombs were found at Negadah, and five at Abydos. Of these, no less than five show signs of a practice of cremation, which is always characteristic of the Bronze Age. One at Negadah affords no evidence, and the latest in time, that of Ty, shows no trace of fire. Is there not here proof of some great change of custom, perhaps of religious belief? Out of these seven royal tombs, not one bears any trace of mummification — of that strange reverence and care for the body shown by later dynasties.

PROF. S. OLIN GARRISON

"The mode of burial was in itself a proof of high antiquity. The tombs were never more than five feet long, showing that the bodies were not deposited at full length, but were curled up. In fact, several skeletons found were lying on their side, the knees drawn up to the head.

"The evidence in the shape of methods of burial and the objects found by Mr. Quibell (another explorer), confirm M. de Morgan's conclusion, that the predecessors of the Pharaohs were a Neolithic white race akin to the Kabyles of North Africa. The tombs are built of rude bricks, so unevenly laid that it seemed as if these early masons knew nothing of a plumb-line. The floor of the tombs of the kings was laid with heavy planks of sycamore wood, fastened together by strips of copper. The ornaments were sometimes crude, and at others well finished. One bone, carved into the shape of a hand, seemed comparable to the relics of European cave dwellers. There were also stone knives and saws of remarkable execution."

THE : : : UNEXPECTED

Or, Aunt Jane's Fresh Air Experiment, and how it Resulted

By HELEN HALL FARLEY

"Bar-tol-o-*mew!*" The shrill voice pierced the air like a knife, raising the ire of a freckle-face, red-headed, half-grown boy in the barn, whose old straw hat was full of fresh eggs just gathered. He would have enjoyed throwing the hat and its contents at the owner of the voice, and felt tempted to do so, but he refrained.

"Bar-tol-o-*mew!* Bar-tol-o-*mew!*" The voice was nearer and more exasperating. The barn door was flung open from within with a bang that was startling in its effect upon the frowsy-headed girl outside.

"Well, you needn't try to scare me to death!" she exclaimed, holding her hands to her ears and tittering in the most ridiculous manner.

"Who's trying to scare you to death, you big simpleton!" he observed, with the usual courtesy (?) he showed his aunt's trying maid-of-all-work, Peggy Worth. "I'll tell you one thing you needn't do any more," looking daggers at her.

"What's that?"

"Well, you needn't call me as if I was a cat—'Bar-tol-o-*mew!*' Bar-tol-o-*mew!*' Just for all the world as if my name was Bartolo and you wanted me to '*mew!*' You can *mew* yourself if you want to."

Peggy laughed saucily.

"Well," she said, "whatever I call you, you'd better be makin' tracks fer the house. Miss Temple wants you this minute—she said so. You're to go somewhere right off fer some fresh hairs."

It was the boy's turn to laugh now, and he did so derisively.

"Ha, ha! That's a good one, that is! Go after 'fresh hairs,' indeed! Perhaps you'll be kind enough to inform me where they sell fresh hairs? I'm afraid there's great danger of your setting the North River on fire, Miss Peggy."

Peggy did not see the joke, but she tittered with evident appreciation of something, which, if it were vague, was funny.

"Bartholomew! Bartholomew!"

It was Miss Temple's voice this time, consequently there was no further delay.

"Here, Peggy," the boy said, transferring the old hat, with its contents, to the girl; empty these—will you?"

He hurried to Miss Temple, who stood on the vine-shaded porch waiting impatiently for him.

"Now," said she, with considerable nervous excitement in her voice, "I want you to hitch up and go down to the 'Corners,' and be quick about it. It won't be long before the train comes in with the 'Fresh-Air' children. Bring me two."

"I thought you said you wouldn't take any," the boy said, in surprise.

"Never mind what you thought"—grimly. "I suppose I am allowed the privilege of changing my mind if I want to. Now, you hurry up! Tell Squire Daniels that I've decided to take two children two weeks."

"Yes, ma'am; two children two weeks." He turned to go.

"Bartholomew!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Bring nice children—do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

He went on down the walk.

"Bartholomew!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"On your way back, call to old Mr. Crane and tell him he can have six of those white Wyandottes he wanted three weeks from to-day."

"Yes, ma'am."

He started barnward again.

"Bartholomew!"

The boy had a vague wish that he were a near relative of Job, but he turned about once more as patiently as he could.

"Don't forget—six of them in three weeks."

"No ma'am, I won't forget."

"Six of them—three weeks," he said to himself as he hurried to the barn.

He hitched up Billy, and after improving his personal appearance slightly at the kitchen sink, he started on his way to Cross Roads. He reached them a few moments after the train came in. Squire Daniels, a ruddy-faced, kindly man, was there to greet the bevy of "Fresh Air" children who came rushing pell mell from the train. There were several little ones who did not rush—poor things!—they could not for they were crippled.

The last children to emerge from the car was a group of six who seemed to cling to each other. They had not been dressed for their outing, as had the others, by kind friends, but wore exceedingly shabby clothes. Two of them were barefooted and one had no hat. Counting these, there were twenty-six. Squire Daniels, having only expected twenty children, was in a dilemma.

"You see it was this way," explained an attendant who had come with the children. "Miss Gilbert, one of our city missionaries, brought that party" inclining his head toward the "unexpected;" "the very last moment, and she was determined I should bring them. I told her there were only homes for twenty, but she insisted that there were plenty of homes. 'The Lord will provide,' she said."

Squire Daniels stroked his iron-grey whiskers thoughtfully.

"I surely hope he will!" he answered; "but—"

"Squire Daniels!"

It was Bartholomew speaking. He was almost out of breath from his rapid running. Swinging his hat in his hands he stammered forth: "Aunt Jane said I should tell you that she'd take six children three weeks."

"Well, now, if that ain't Providential," said the deacon, wiping the perspiration from his face, which suddenly glowed with joyful relief. "Miss Gilbert said the Lord would provide, and here you come saying Miss Temple 'll take the whole six. Lord bless you, Bartholomew!"

He extended both hands to the boy.

"But it isn't my doings," said Bartholomew, too honest to accept undeserving praise, "it's Aunt Jane's."

"Well, it's you who have come for them any way, and may the Lord bless you both! Now, let's see. Miss Temple wants six. My, but that's good of her. She'll have her reward as sure as my name's Jacob Stiles."

The children were already climbing into the big country wagon awaiting them, all but the six who stood huddled close together, with half-frightened, half-wistful faces, wondering what was to be the next move.

"Would Miss Temple like boys or girls? Or has she no choice?" asked the deacon.

"She didn't say. I don't believe she'll care. Supposing I take those six over there," waving his hand toward the forlorn half dozen. "They look as if they didn't have a friend in the world."

"All right, my boy, and I'm much obliged to you for taking the forlornest of the 'least of these.' I hope Miss Temple won't object."

A strange look came into the pale, thin faces of the "unexpected" as they climbed into the wagon and took the places that Bartholomew suggested. On the back seat were three little girls: on the front one, beside Bartholomew, a boy about eleven, and a tiny one of four; and sitting down in front of them, a little fellow of perhaps seven. The tiny boy had to be lifted in, so had one of the girls, for each of them used a crutch.

It was the largest of the boys who lifted the little boy in, for they were orphan brothers, and the elder one was a "little father" to the younger one who was the "apple of his eye."

"BARTHOLOMEW JUMPED OUT OF THE WAGON TO PLUCK A BUNCH OF FLOWERS FOR THEM"

But it was Bartholomew who lifted the youngest girl in, and he did it so gently that she smiled into his face, whispering, as if hardly daring to hear the sound of her own voice, "Thank you."

A lump seemed to come into Bartholomew's throat.

"She's as light as a feather," was his thought. "Poor little girl!"

As the boy took the reins and drove on, the forlorn little faces brightened. The three small girls in the back seat began to talk to each other in whispers of delight. The tiny crippled boy on the front seat clapped his little claw-like hands at sight of the cows and calves in a beautiful meadow. He cried out joyfully at a bird's song away up in the branches of a wayside maple. At the "littlest one's" cry of joy, tongues were suddenly loosened.

Bartholomew told himself over and over that he had never heard anything before in all his life that would compare in interest with the conversation of the "unexpected." He smiled upon them all in a fatherly way, as if he was sixty instead of sixteen, but there was a troublesome lump kept choking him now and then, and he seemed to need the services of his handkerchief quite frequently. "Perhaps I'm getting the hay-fever," he tried to make himself believe, as if there were some new kind of hay-fever that would bring lumps into one's throat. He came near forgetting to stop at old Mr. Crane's to tell him about the poultry, but the old gentleman caught sight of him and ran out of the gate.

"Helloa!" he called.

"Whoa, Billy!" said the boy.

"Seems as if you'd got a pretty big load on fer one horse."

"Maybe it looks so, but 'tisn't so, for there isn't much weight to any body in this wagon except me."

"What yer goin' to do with all them young ones?" the old man asked wonderingly.

"Going to dump them out at Aunt Jane's," laughed the boy; "and, Mr. Crane, Aunt Jane said you could have two of those young white Wyandottes two weeks from to-day."

"Two of 'em! Only two of them! Well, I don't see why she can't let me have more."

"Well, I don't either, but that's what she said—two of them in two weeks time. Git up, Billy!"

On they rolled, over the quiet country road, where dandelions and cowslips blossomed on both sides, past fields of clover and green meadows, in sight of hills where lambs frisked and young colts pranced gaily. The sparkling eyes—as Bartholomew jumped out of the wagon to pluck a great bunch of meadow flowers for them—told its own sweet, pathetic story. The eager clutch of the thin hands when the kind-hearted lad threw the flowers into the wagon with the one word, "Catch," was something to be remembered. The breath of sweet clover and new-mown hay fanned their pale faces. Their eyes sought the blue of the forget-me-nots on the edge of the pasture, and the rosy glow of the wild roses blooming close to the old stone fence brought a flush to the wan faces.

Bartholomew had tied a big handkerchief (fortunately he always had more than one in his pockets), over the head of the tiny boy who had no hat. The dear little face looked out from the handkerchief like a sweet flower that was just opening, because the sun was shining upon it for the first time.

"Me finks dis mus' be heaven, aint it, Tom?"

Tom made no reply in words. I do not think he could, for his lips quivered nervously, but he nodded his head as if he, too, thought it might be heaven, and smiled upon the tiny boy.

* * *

Miss Temple had been making biscuit for supper. She had just cut out her last one, when Peggy rushed in.

"Goodness, gracious!" she ejaculated, "Bartolomew's a drivin' up with a hull raft o' younguns, they must be a dozen."

"Shut up," said Miss Temple, as she dropped the biscuit-cutter and hurried to the window. "You needn't act like a crazy loon, even if that pig-headed boy has brought up the whole poor-house."

Her amazement was great, but her wrath was greater, as she saw her nephew lift out of the wagon three small girls, one a cripple, and a tiny crippled boy. Two other boys had jumped out. Carlo and Shep began to bark uproariously.

"It reminds me of some verses I used to say," Miss Temple observed, excitedly.

"Hark, hark! Hear the dogs bark!
The beggars are coming to town—
Some in rags and some in tags
And some in velvet gowns."

"I don't see no velvet gowns," said Peggy, maliciously.

To be Continued

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Home Minstrelsy

The Harper of Old Times—Temple Worship—Trained and Untrained Singers

IN ancient times every castle had its minstrel; around the evening fire he touched his harp and sang for the entertainment of his superiors and companions, while his lady and her maidens worked at their embroidery frames. Before books were, his simple ballads caught and recorded the history of great events and transmitted them to succeeding ages, so that in one sense he has been the world's historian. The world's greatest epics, the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," are the ballads of Homer, the blind singer of ancient Greece. The troubadours of France, the minstrel of the British Isles, and particularly of the Scottish border, have all played pleasing and valuable part in national history and domestic life.

The wandering minstrel, traveling from door to door, carried the news from neighbor to neighbor, and so, writes some one, "was the newspaper, letter-carrier, poet and historian of his day all in one." With the world's progress and advancement his art fell into disuse, and

A wandering minstrel, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned to please a peasant's ear
The harp a king was wont to hear.

Sir Walter Scott has given a pleasing picture of the last days of the "Last Minstrel," in the home provided by his friend, the kind Duchess of Buccleuch:

A simple hut, but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth and lattice clean.
There sheltered wanderers by the blaze
Oft heard the tales of other days,
For much he loved to ope his door
And give the aid he begged before.

David was a minstrel, and it was during his reign that the music of the Temple began to take on such magnificent proportions, although before his day the Temple was the school of music. Of the 38,000 Levites, 4,000 were appointed to "praise Jehovah with the instruments which David made," and for which he taught them a special chant, beginning: "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." That must have been a glorious choral, with all the congregation of Israel responding! Among the temple properties in Solomon's time were 200,000 gold and silver trumpets and 40,000 harps and psalteries.

Scientific music on noble themes is excellent in its way. The one harm that can come of it is in repressing the untutored singer whose timidity seals his or her lips in the presence of the skilled musician. This should not be. Among God's woodland singers it is not so. The sparrow does not forego her cheerful twitter because the lark's song is an "embodied joy" among the clouds. If the trained musician, by his proficiency, is to put a ban upon congregational singing, and the simple, spontaneous home solos, duetts and chorals, the trained musician is a public disadvantage. His duty—nay, his privilege—is to encourage others and to lead hesitating voices into songs of gladness. Let not the aged parents, longing to voice God's praises, hold timidly back, keeping silence because they "do not know how to sing;" nor the little ones, thrilling with the joy of living in God's beautiful world, be hushed because "their voices are not trained." The minstrel of the old days made homes happier. The minstrels of the new can fill this mission in a larger way. If you are a trained singer or player, use your gifts for the delight of everybody around you; but do not join the ranks of that unhappy army who care neither to hear or give anything but "scientific music."

Sing while you work, children,
Sing while you play;
Be happy as the birds
Through the livelong day.

♣

Innovation by the Chinese Empress

Recently the Empress Dowager of China received at the palace in Pekin all the ladies of the diplomatic corps. This was the first occasion on which foreign ladies have been admitted to the Imperial Court.

The wives of the seven foreign ministers assembled at the British Legation and proceeded together to the palace. Several ladies of the court escorted them to the audience chamber, where the Dowager Empress was seated on a dais, the Emperor being seated on Her Majesty's left. The ladies of the diplomatic body ranged themselves in front of the dais, and Lady Macdonald, wife of the British Minister and dean of the corps, read an address offering their congratulations to the Dowager Empress on her birthday, bowed to the Emperor and Dowager Empress, and was followed by the other ladies. The Dowager Empress presented a gold ring set with pearls to each of the ladies.

♣

"God's Representative"

A few months ago, a steamer was wrecked at sea. Boats had been lowered and passengers safely transferred; among them the captain's wife and little daughter, about four years old. She clung to her mother in fear as their little boat rode the high waves and went down into the deep hollows. "We'll tell God about it," mamma whispered to the trembling child, "and then we'll keep very quiet and let him save us." Presently a big steamer sighted the struggling craft and rescued its passengers. As the big bronzed captain of the rescuing vessel held out his arms for the little one, she nestled against him lovingly, and looking at her mamma, asked: "Mamma, is this God?" A mist gathered in the captain's eyes as mamma explained that he was God's representative. We may each be God's representative in helping a soul out of peril.

♣

The First Presidential Home

The abutment of the Brooklyn Bridge facing Franklin Sq. elevated station, New York, bears a tablet inscribed: "The first Presidential mansion, No. 1 Cherry St. Occupied by George Washington from April 23, 1789, to February 25, 1790. Erected by Mary Washington Colonial Chapter, April 30, 1899." This tablet was formally unveiled on May 2, and presented to the city by the Daughters of the American Revolution comprising this chapter. Miss Mary Van Buren Vanderpool drew back the veil and uttered the words of presentation, while President Guggenheimer of the City Council accepted the gift in behalf of the city. To the little children in the street who were watching the ceremony with interested eyes, some of the ladies told in pretty story fashion about George Washington's home that once stood on this site. At the time Washington lived here, Wall Street was a promenade for richly dressed ladies and gentlemen. Prior to that, the neighborhood was a great cherry orchard, and below it was a foot-path called *T. Maadgde Paatje*, or Maiden's Path, because Dutch lassies had worn it tripping to the ponds to wash clothes. We can with difficulty associate this rustic pathway with the crowded thoroughfare called Maiden Lane, but that is how this street came by its name.

AN AGED HARPER AND HIS DAUGHTER

June Roses

JUNE roses! June roses! Tell us, we pray,
Whatever are you saying?
Under the lattice you're nodding away
As if you were talking and playing.

"We say and we say we're glad that we live,
Though just for a day and a morning,
Pleasure to many so freely we give
All hours from its dewy dawning

"Till evening comes and we go to sleep,
Wrapped in our blankets of fragrance,
And the next sun shines where the bright dews were!
O'er our petals like scattered red vagrants.

"But we've done what our Father hath sent us to do,
And we'll wait in our graves till their breaking.
We know, Ah! we know that our Father is true.
June again our red blooms will be waking."

—G. H.

♣

A Private Flower Mission

ONE day, a lady coming into town from her country residence, brought a large bunch of roses for a city friend. On her way to her friend's residence she stopped at a store to make some purchases. "What beautiful flowers!" said the shopgirls across the counter, looking longingly at the fragrant blossoms. The girl who was waiting on her said nothing, but the hopeless, wistful expression of her eyes went to the lady's heart. "Would you like to have some of these, my dear?" she asked. Instantly a light leaped into the weary eyes. "O yes, madam. O, thank you," as one after another long-stemmed, leafy, dewy beauty was taken from the collection and laid in her hand. "My mother," said the girl in a low, quivering voice, and lifting eyes as dewy as the roses, "is sick. She used to have a garden, flowers and other nice things. I have not been able to buy any for her. These will cheer her." A kind look, a pressure of the hand, and the two newmade friends parted—after the rest of the bouquet had been divided among the girls. The next time the lady came to town she brought a box of berries for the sick woman's daughter. "That bouquet," says she, "has opened up for me a lot of beautiful work among shop girls, and I put to excellent use lettuce, tomatoes, apples, peaches and other things that once went to waste. So many people, whom I never knew before, love and pray for me. O, that was the blessedest bunch of flowers!"

♣

Stevenson to His Mother

The famous writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, whose words were literally "worth their weight in gold" so ready were publishers to purchase, was unsparing of letters to his mother. In *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*, in the June issue of *Scribner's Magazine*, appears one that has been called "A Christmas Sermon, by Robert Louis Stevenson, to His Mother," in which he says of his religious faith:

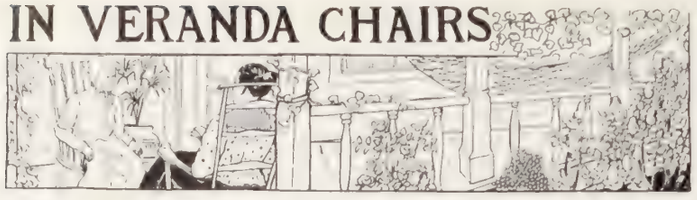
I wonder if you or my father ever thought of how Christ was continually substituting affirmations for the negative form of the law as stated in the Ten Commandments. "To love one's neighbor as one's self" is certainly much harder, but states life so much more actively and kindly that you begin to see some pleasure in it. It is much more important to do right than not to do wrong; and the faithful design to do right is accepted by God. Christ tells you to hope. The whole necessary morality is kindness, and it should spring of itself from the one fundamental doctrine—faith. If you are sure that God in the long run means kindness by you, you should be happy, and if happy, surely you should be kind. You have had a page of sermon.

♣

Women and the Peace Congress

People interested in the Peace Conference have flocked to The Hague from every corner of the globe, and the opening week saw crowded streets. The quaint town of The Hague was gay with flags of every nation represented in the Conference. An interesting incident of the first day was the presentation to Baron de Staal, by Mme. Selenka, the famous peace advocate and promoter of the Woman's Peace Crusade, of an illustrated album containing the texts of resolutions in favor of peace adopted by meetings representing several million women.

IN VERANDA CHAIRS



College Girls—Take Good Care of Mother—June Bugs and a Prayer-meeting, Etc.

WHEN summer is fairly here, and we can sit in the veranda and enjoy the cool breeze that stirs the vines, or take our fancy-work outdoors and have afternoon tea under the maples on the lawn, most of us are conscious of a great tide of joy. For that brilliant bit of gold and orange and black which flits and glances through the trees is an oriole, and he is singing a love song to his mate, and that carol of delight from the orchard comes from a robin, and a wren is busy with her pretty housekeeping in the very shadow of our eaves. And the ground is carpeted with violets and spring beauties; the hepatica is here, the dogwood is shining in starry splendor through the openings in the forests, and the exquisite pink mountain laurel is blooming on the hills. Where yesterday was white and fragrant with blossoms, to-day is affluent with the promises of fruit, and the whole wide world is lovely and fair, and God is speaking to us through the thousand tongues of Nature.

I made a little pilgrimage a few days ago to one of our most useful and honored colleges for women. Few sights are to me more impressive than that of a college chapel at morning prayers or vespers, when the girls—freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors—come filing in, decorously taking their seats, and joining in the services with a much more reverent air than one ordinarily observes in a men's college on a similar occasion. A hymn is given out, and the sweet, fresh voices sing with a ring which lingers in memory, so tender and full are the cadences. There are Scripture reading and prayer, and the girls are attentive and in earnest. Looking into those austere young faces, pure and virginal, one wonders what pathway lies before the eager feet. To the very ends of the earth some of those girls will go as missionaries, as travelers, as the wives of soldiers, merchants and sailors. Some will be home-staying and home-keeping. Some will become teachers, some lawyers, and editors and doctors.

. . .

THE CHIEF pearl of many a home is the daughter at college. Girls do not always know what sacrifices their parents make to keep them there; to give them the opportunities they crave. There are girls in all our colleges who have to work very hard indeed to sustain themselves and pay their way. The college world is a true democracy, and no one is more regarded and respected there than the student who is bravely and pluckily paying her own way. I know young women who have gone through college with credit and won enviable honors, and who have supported themselves through term-time by doing housework, cheerfully undertaking waiting in summer hotels, and fine laundry work for summer boarders during vacation. All praise and honor to the noble young woman or man whom difficulties do not daunt, who strives the harder when there are obstacles to overcome.

It pleases me to see that college girls can spin along on their wheels, play basket ball, row a boat, drive, do whatever athletic sport requires. Don't believe anybody who tries to make you find immorality in the bicycle, as a good preacher or two think is existent. I am sure they are mistaken, as the best of men often are. The bicycle is perilous only when it is used immoderately. A delicate young girl should be careful not to ride too fast, nor too far. As for the bicycle costume, it should be sufficiently short for safety, and sufficiently long for modesty. The outdoor dress of women, whether designed for walking, tennis, golf, or wheeling, should invariably be sensibly short. The exact length can be decided best by the wearer. Women have been handicapped for ages by their long, trailing skirts. I am glad the day has arrived when short skirts for special work, or special recreations, are considered modish and approved by the fashionable. Long skirts are graceful for ladies of leisure in the drawing-room. On street pavements and dusty roads, and in public conveyances, they are most inappropriate.

. . .

IN *Blackwood's Magazine*, to change the subject, there has recently appeared an autobiography of a child, which ought to be read by those parents who are inconsiderate and harsh to their little ones. Parents addicted to punishing children by beating, a usually most unnecessary and cruel proceeding, might learn something to their advantage should they see in this frank narrative how such experiences live and rankle in children's memories. An admirable volume, *From the Child's Standpoint*, by Florence Winterburn, is also commended to persons interested in child study. It is full of excellent and wise suggestions.

. . .

I DO not advise girls to go off on long jaunts on their wheels in parties of two, a man and a woman, unless the relationship of the two be that of brother and sister. Parties of five or six, with a married lady as chaperone, are best and most agreeable. When fathers and mothers share the amusements of their young people, as a matter of course, we shall have reached the ideal state of society.

Here comes mother! She is older than her girls, and growing stout, and she has had a busy day. Up at dawn this morning, long before the young folks had turned on their drowsy pillows; cooking, sewing, ironing, patching, comforting, advising, holding in her hands the hearts of the whole household all day long—here she comes now at eventide, our blessed darling, never-to-be-forgotten, uncanonized saint. Give her the easiest chair in the pleasantest corner, slip a footstool under her tired feet, let everybody listen when she speaks, and, by all means, let the younger ones wait on her, and show her by their thoughtfulness that they prize her presence and love every hair of her head. Mother has never in her life been selfish or exacting, and this is the reason why she so often does not receive her full measure of attention. Mother would do without a new gown or bonnet to the end of time, so that her pretty daughters could have frills and furbelows; but is it right for them to let her always be the shabby one of the family? When she sits with us in the veranda, let it be with her dear hands folded, so that she may take a full breath and rest. I wish she would ride a bicycle! I have seen grandmothers managing those magical pedals and wonderful handle bars, but I have seen them with awe and fear. Most women who have taken on years and avoirdupois together prefer a safe rocking-chair on the veranda, to a Tam O'Shanter witch-like thing on wheels.

. . .

WAS that a June bug which flew straight at Edith, attracted by her golden hair? June bugs and other flying creatures are very surprising in their demonstrations, but they are harmless. I once knew of their invading a prayer-meeting, though, and breaking it up, aided and abetted by their contemporaries, the bats. All through the devotional exercises and the addresses and the petitions of the brethren, these winged guerillas of the air disturbed the ladies, and some of the men, too, dodged their attacks and waved fans and handkerchiefs in dismay. At last the Doctor could endure no more. "Before I pronounce the benediction," he said firmly, "I give notice that I will not again hold services in this room until screens have been placed in the windows." And he was right.

. . .

THOUGH you care nothing for dress, Mr. Oldster, you should defer to the wishes of your daughter, and cease to be careless what sort of tie you have on, and you should not disdain a clean shirt, nor neglect to shave. Old persons have much more need, old men have especially great need, to be particular as to their toilet. Indeed, there is no merit in being untidy and unkempt, and nobody is excusable who does not at all periods of life endeavor to look as pleasing and comely as possible. We owe this to ourselves as well as to our friends and kindred.

Margaret E. Sangster

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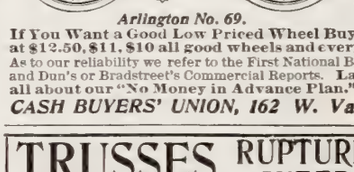

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Intemperate Pleasures

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 18. II. Tim. 3: 1-7

ONE age, howsoever it differs from another, bears a certain resemblance to it in its real character. Looking below the surface, we see that men now are engaged in the same struggle with self-indulgence that they had to fight eighteen hundred years ago and have been fighting ever since. In some periods and in some countries it has taken one form, and in others another, but in all it is the same principle, the same old enemy, trying to assert itself and bring human nature into subjection. The Apostle, writing to his young disciple, predicted the coming of a time when men would be lovers of themselves, and urged him to be on his guard against them. Paul evidently thought that such a tendency would be a sign that the last days had arrived; but, though the sign has appeared in every generation, the end has not come. Whether we may expect such characteristics as he describes to be more marked in a future age than they have been in the past or than they are at present does not greatly concern us. We have to do with the present problem and the future as it may be influenced by the present.

While the young people's societies are expected to direct their attention mainly to the subject of the drink problem, that is only one of the forms of development of the great principle of self-indulgence. Men cannot be persuaded to make the effort needed for self-control and self-mastery. It is so much easier to yield than to resist and, at the beginning of life, so much more agreeable. It is at the end that retribution comes, and the way of the transgressor becomes hard. That is the reason why the effort should be made in the beginning of life, before the nature has become accustomed to the rule of the oppressor and his power has become firmly established. There can be no doubt that in this one matter of intoxicants, for example, it is possible in nearly all cases, by the inculcation of early habits of abstinence, to reduce the struggle for self-mastery to small proportions. In normal conditions the love and craving for stimulants is born and bred of indulgence. It is therefore an important service that one generation may render to another by setting an example of abstinence and educating the children in the same practice. Temptation may come in after life, and doubtless will come, but it will come with far less power if it comes as a stranger than if it proposes to occupy ground already familiar with its presence.

Past generations have been negligent in not making the drink question a matter of religion. We need to realize that in this, as in other forms of self-indulgence, we have a responsibility, both to ourselves and others. The habit is so insidious that the strongest are liable to fall unconsciously under its power, and to discover that its chains are firmly rivetted before there was consciousness of their being fastened. Then the struggle is severe, and many a one has been beaten in it. But, assuming that personally we are in no danger of falling, the prevalence of the evil calls for action from everyone who has taken upon him the name of Christ. His duty requires him to bear the burden of his brother. When he sees how many of his brethren are under the bondage of the habit, he perceives that anything he can do to help them to liberty it is his duty to do. Thus he may set them the example of abstinence; by his own abstinence he may do his share toward making that course respectable, so that the sufferer, who cannot bear the stigma of weakness, may have so many companions in the temperance brotherhood that abstinence ceases to be a stigma. Toward the fallen the Christian has also a clear duty. He has in his holy religion the one sure remedy which he may proclaim with confidence. The very essence of Christianity is union with Christ, the impartation of Christ's strength to the relief of human weakness. This is the drunkard's hope of deliverance, and this the Christian should proclaim.

"Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords,
Whose parents were the Lord knows who."

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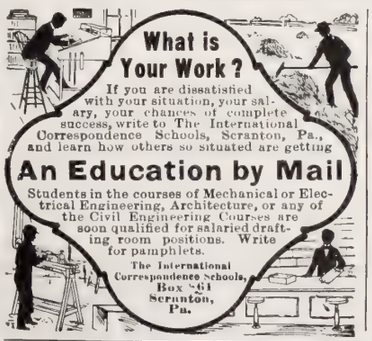
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But I thought it was the Master show'ring blessing on my head.

Surely 'twas a moment holy; felt I more love's sacred power
When my spirit knew his presence and he brought to me a flower.
Eagerly mine arms would clasp it, but he softly answered, "No;
Far too frail its folded petals; earth would mar those leaves of snow."
Through my heart then, like an arrow, swiftly shot a pang of woe.

Mighty was the love I bore it; with a yearning wild and deep
Prayed I that the loving Master would give me this flower to keep;
But he gently whispered: "Trust me; earth is full of sin and blight;
This fair flower will bloom in heaven, in the golden city's light;
There your own you yet may claim it—when faith blossoms into sight."

M[illegible]

♦

A Drunkard Who Bought a Jail

AMONG the many stories of reformed drunkards, one of the most remarkable is that of Thomas Handsford, a young workman of Derbyshire, England. Handsford had a very bad reputation; he was a notorious drunkard and poacher and had been imprisoned many times. It was said that for years he had not been sober for one whole week at a time. While drinking with a companion in a saloon adjoining the jail where the two had so often been confined, the companion, whose name was Stafford, staggered and fell dead upon the floor. Handsford rushed out of the place, vowing he would never touch the vile stuff again as long as he lived. He kept his resolution faithfully for thirty-five years—until he died. For ten years he worked industriously and soberly, and at the end of that time had saved enough from his earnings at stone-cutting to buy the old jail in which he had served many a term for his misconduct. He soon converted the building into a cheery, comfortable home for himself and his bride, whom he took there on the day of their wedding. Soon after they were settled in their new home he inserted in the front wall of the building a tablet with the following inscription:

A DRUNKARD'S REFORM

A working man, a teetotaler for ten years who was formerly a notorious drunkard and a [illegible] sober earnings in the purchase of the town's prison, which he has converted into a comfortable [illegible] the prison whilst a drunkard and a poacher, he is now owner of the whole and occupier of the premises [illegible]

The old jail is now occupied by his widow, who lives there with her only son. Its strange history and the stone tablet in the wall make it an object of general interest.

♦

The Gospel in Porto Rico

Mr. Frank L. Smith, Superintendent of the International Y. M. C. A. work at San Juan, Porto Rico, who has undertaken the work of Sunday School organization there, writes to us as follows:

SAN JUAN, P. R., May 16.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I am in receipt of a letter from Mr. Banks enclosing your check for $300 to be applied for the Sunday School work here. Last Sunday I announced to our congregation at the theatre, that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had authorized me to enter upon a definite campaign for them and their readers, and that I proposed to make a success of the Sunday School in the theatre. This building is large and admirably adapted to the purpose. Already we have a nucleus for successful work, but I have purposely delayed permanent organization until you were ready to act definitely. Now I shall begin a careful and systematic work, using all the forces that can be mustered.

Last Sunday we had forty-six little ones in a class taught by Miss Ida Hayes, of the Baptist Home Missionary Society of the United States, while Mr. McKim taught a larger class of adults. For the present, I shall continue Mr. Andrew McKim as Superintendent, and shall act as Secretary of the school so as to care for the detail work. Already one or two workers are pledged to assist, and instead of employing a missionary it will be better to avail of volunteer workers at present. I shall call to my aid each month as an auditing committee Gen. John Eaton and Mr. McKim, in order that your readers may have an exact accounting of the funds which they provide. You will also remember that we labor against a united Roman Catholicism. They have forbidden the children to attend the [illegible] but we look for a great many children who will be drawn by our bright and attractive exercises. Thanking you for the interest in our Army and Navy work,

[illegible]

We hope from time to time to publish letters descriptive of the progress of the Sunday School work in San Juan and other Porto Rican cities, where Mr. Smith is now laboring. All contributions for this special work among the little children of the new colony will be acknowledged in these columns. The following sums [illegible]

[illegible]	$40 [illegible]
[illegible]	5 [illegible]
Bernice Alderman	2 00
C. O. D., Mechan[illegible]sburg	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
B. H. S. A., Savan[illegible]ah	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
Melissa Elberson	25
Mary Isabella Banks	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
Mrs. M. C. Bennett	1 00
A Friend of Sunday Schools, Thorn Grove	1 00
Edwin Johnson	10 00
Maggie Huffman	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
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I have advised the tablets with great success, both in curing indigestion and to build up the tissues, increase flesh in the thin nervous patients, whose real trouble was dyspepsia and as soon as the stomach was put to rights they did not know what sickness was.

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The Hon. T. P. O'Connor, member of Parliament [illegible] the life of his old colleague, Sir Isaac Holden, who [illegible] and four o'clock [illegible] fatigue, nor eve[illegible] did not bring [illegible] to him, and, ev[illegible] tality and bra[illegible]

[illegible] selection of food has [illegible] largely lost. This [illegible] properties of the [illegible]

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[illegible] Send for Catalogue [illegible]

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Seizure of Guam

ONE of the bloodless victories of the United States during the war with Spain was the seizure of Guam, in the Ladrone Islands, on June 21, by Captain Glass, of the cruiser *Charleston*. The object of seizing these Spanish possessions in the Pacific was to provide the United States with a base for coaling, and at the same time deprive Spain of some of her territory. After the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the Philippines by Rear-Admiral Dewey, and the appointment of Major-General Wesley Merritt as military governor of the islands, no less than four expeditions of the United States troops were despatched to the Philippines on transports from the port of San Francisco.

One of these expeditions, convoyed by the *Charleston*, seized Guam. It was on the morning of June 20 that the *Charleston*, with three troop-ships following, sighted the island of Guam. The transports remained off the island, while the *Charleston* headed up through the channel in the coral reef that makes San Luis de Apra the best harbor in the middle Pacific. The *Charleston* sent thirteen shells from her forward three-pounder into the fortress of Santa Cruz, shortening her range with each shot. As the fortress did not reply, it became evident that the defence had been abandoned. The *Charleston* opened fire on the fort at half-past nine o'clock in the morning. At half-past ten a small boat containing three Spanish officials put off to the *Charleston*. The officials were the captain of the port, Lieutenant Commander Jose Garcia y Gutierrez, of the Spanish navy, and Dr. Jose Romero, port surgeon. The officials came on board entirely ignorant of the fact that war had been declared between the United States and Spain, and making most profuse apologies that the lack of ammunition at Santa Cruz made it impossible for them to return the *Charleston's* salute. Greatly to their surprise, the Spanish officials were conducted to Captain Glass's cabin, where they were informed that they were prisoners of war. They were ordered to convey to the Governor of the Ladrones, Don Juan Marina, a demand that he come upon the *Charleston*. Paroled to deliver this message, the Spanish officials were sent ashore. In the afternoon Captain Duarte, the governor's secretary and an interpreter, boarded the *Charleston*, with a letter from the governor. Don Juan Marina, taken by surprise, was playing for delay. His letter stated that under the Spanish law it was impossible for him to come aboard a foreign man-of-war. Captain Glass next morning sent Lieutenant Braunersreuther, Ensign Evans, and half a dozen well-armed sailors to Piti, the landing of the harbor.

Lieut. Braunersreuther bore a letter from Capt. Glass to the Governor of the Ladrones, demanding the immediate surrender of the islands without conditions. Lieutenant Braunersreuther was instructed to allow only half an hour for the consideration of the demand. It was a quarter past ten when the Americans stepped ashore at the landing stage at Piti. The Spanish officials met them at the boat stairs, and, with profuse politeness, offered to escort them to the house of the captain of the port. This courtesy was refused and the letter from Captain Glass delivered. Governor Marina expressed some surprise at the peremptory character of the demand made by the men who had come ashore under the Stars and Stripes, but retired to the house of the port captain to consider the demand. Twenty-five minutes had elapsed when the Spanish governor and the three officials who had taken part in the conference, the port captain, the port surgeon, and Captain Duarte, commanding the Spanish infantry on the island, returned to the landing with a sealed letter addressed to Captain Glass. Lieutenant Braunersreuther promptly broke the seal, opened the letter, and handed it to an interpreter to read. It was a surrender in due form, without conditions, of everything in the way of troops and military supplies on the island of Guam.

*From *History up to Date*, a concise account of the War of 1898 between the United States and Spain, by William A. Johnston; illustrated; pp. 258; price, $1.50. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, publishers.

Books Received

Encyclopedia of Sacred Theology, Its Principles. By Abraham Kuyper, D.D., of the Free University, Amsterdam. Translated from the Dutch by Rev. J. Hendrik De Vries, M.A. With an introduction by Professor Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D., LL.D., of Princeton Theological Seminary. The English translation of this famous work will be warmly welcomed by Calvinistic scholars. Pp. 799. Price, $5. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Bishop Thoburn has a new book in press, entitled *The Church of Pentecost*. Although the volume will not be a very bulky one, running only to about 350 pages, it will treat of a wide variety of deeply interesting subjects. Among its twenty-three chapters, says the *Indian Witness*, are discussions of such topics as Christian Communism, The Gifts of Pentecost, The Baptism of the Spirit, New Testament Prophecy, Church Polity, Social Life and Worship, Evangelists, The Bible of Pentecost and other themes of kindred importance. *The Church of Pentecost*, we may state, will be issued simultaneously in Calcutta, London and New York, and will probably be in the hands of the public in two or three months.

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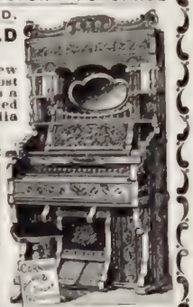

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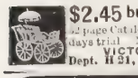

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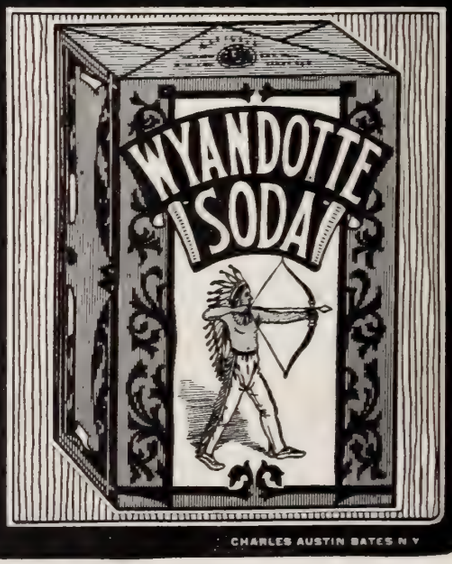

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

HOLY BIBLE
He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God (2. Sam. 23:3).
Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth: let them praise the name of the Lord (Ps. 148:11, 13).
Righteousness exalteth a nation (Prov. 14:34).
By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth (Prov. 8:16).
HOLY BIBLE
The throne shall be established in righteousness (Prov. 25:5).
Thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over them, to be rulers (Ex. 18:21).
Is it fit to say to a king, thou art wicked? and to princes, ye are ungodly? Job 34:18.
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The Nation's Foremost Men Declare for Christ

1. The President; 2. John Hay, Secretary of State; 3. Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury; 4. U. S. Senator Eugene Hale; 5. U. S. Senator W. B. Allison; 6. Rear Admiral W. T. Sampson; 7. Brig.-Gen. W. R. Shafter; 8. Maj.-Gen. John R. Brooke; 9. Brig.-Gen. Guy V. Henry; 10. Francis L. Patton, Princeton University; 11. Marshall Field

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Aug. M. B., Reading, Pa. What was the "Potter's Field" and where did it get its name?

It was a piece of ground on which a pottery had previously existed, and although the name by which it is now known, locally, is *Hak-ed-damm*, the old association clings to it. In the Septuagint, the word translated "potter" (in our Bibles), is rendered "furnace." After the incident mentioned in the Gospels, it was used as a burial-ground for strangers and paupers.

W. T. G., Helena, Okla., and many others. What [illegible]

The ordinary study or criticism is directed to finding out the meaning of the passages, their correct translation and their significance and bearing on doctrines. The higher critics go above and back of all that, applying to the books of the Bible the same tests and methods of examination as are applied to other ancient books. They try to find out who were really the authors of the books and when they were written and whether any changes have been made in them since they were written. This latter question they try to solve by a close examination of the text. When they find, for example, such an expression as "There was no king in Israel in those days" (Judges 17:6) they conclude that that sentence was inserted as explanatory, by some one who edited the book after the contemporaneous historian had finished it. Or to take an example of a different kind: There is a statement in Psalm 51:16 that God desires not sacrifice, while in the nineteenth verse it is said that he will be pleased with sacrifice. The explanation the higher critics give, is that probably the latter verse was added later, by some priest who did not wish the people to cease bringing sacrifices. The best scholars of the present day believe that many of the conclusions reached by the higher critics are erroneous, and that others are mere guesses for which there is not sufficient evidence.

B. L. C., Verona, Pa. What was meant by the reservation of the Temple Court in Rev. 11:2?

The seer was instructed not to take the outer court into account, as it was used for the Gentiles and they would have access to it, while the Jews were excluded from their parts. The forty and two months, or three and a half years, is a favorite prophetic period, being half of a septennate. According to the year-day method of interpretation it would mean that Gentile ownership of Jerusalem would continue 1,260 years.

B. V., Spring Lake, N. Y. Is there any evidence that Jesus knew before he was baptized by John that he was the promised Messiah?

His reply to his mother when she found him in the Temple (Luke 2:49), appears to show that at that time, Jesus being then twelve years old, he had some idea that God was in a special and peculiar manner his Father. Whether he realized at that time what his mission was is doubtful. Luke's remark (2:52) that he increased in wisdom after this may indicate that he did not know.

Mrs. S. [illegible]

2. What Indian tribes were represented in the treaty by which the land was ceded to the whites?

1. The area is estimated at 31,400 square miles, and the population at the time of the last census was about 75,000, but is now very much larger. 2. The Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Seminoles, and Chickasaws.

T. T. V., Fr[illegible] 1. What is known of [illegible] is the name of the father of Mrs. William H. Sigourney, the poet? 3. How can I obtain a copy of Rev. Dr. Talmage's answer to infidel [illegible]

1. Nothing definite. Many stories have been told of his capture and death, but none are substantiated. The last positively known of him, after his treachery to the English and the massacre he perpetrated at Cawnpore, in 1857, was his retreat into Nepaul before Sir H[illegible]

[illegible] inner cleansing and clearness of spiritual [illegible] burst was over, brought him back grateful and [illegible] thanks. The nine are not again mentioned.

M. E. C., Bath, Mich. How is it that when we pray for the conversion of friends, they are not converted? Surely God wishes them to be converted and Christ promised that what we asked [illegible]

It is not God's way to force conversion on any one. It would not be conversion, in the [illegible] If the man will only turn to him, if ever so feebly he will look to him, God will change his nature. But there must be a conscious willingness to receive the blessing. Many such prayers as [illegible] so deals with a man in his providence as to lead him to seek the blessing. But there is [illegible] dealings fail of their designed effect. Man is responsible; you cannot escape that fact and God will not save him against his own will. Christ's promise did not include matters contrary to the principles of the divine government.

Anna S., Ogden, Ia. I am trying to live a true Christian life. I am very fond of skating and "out of doors" games, and I am told that it is just as bad as dancing. As it is impossible for me to think so, I come to you for advice.

There is no harm in a moderate indulgence in innocent recreation and whoever is attempting to persuade you to the contrary is wrong. This applies equally to indoor and outdoor recreations. Your own conscience will prompt you to draw the line at all doubtful enjoyments. To skating and different pastimes that call for exercise in the open air there can be no objection, provided the company be rightly chosen. Dancing, on the other hand, is a recreation that

New Movement of Hebrew Benevolence

Home of the United Hebrew Charities of New York City—Gift of Solomon Loeb—Help for Jewish People

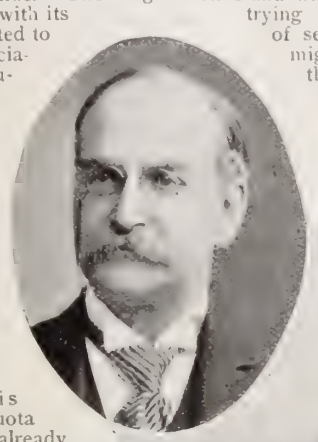
HENRY RICE,
President

DR. LEE K. FRANKEL,
Manager Executive Staff

JACOB H. SCHIFF,
Chairman Executive Committee

OFFICERS OF THE UNITED HEBREW CHARITIES OF NEW YORK

ONE of the most important and interesting events in the history of organized metropolitan charities is the recent dedication of of the new home of the United Hebrew Charities of the city of New York, at Twenty-first street and Second avenue. The large and handsome edifice, with its numerous offices suited to the needs of the association, is a noble monument to the generosity of the donor, Mr. Solomon Loeb. Heretofore the association, one of the most helpful in the city of New York, has not been fitly housed; in its convenient and beautiful new dwelling it will be able to accomplish larger and more effective results in administering relief to needy and struggling Israelites of this great city, whose quota of Hebrew citizens, already large, is continually receiving increase by immigration from countries less friendly to the race than our own.



I. S. ISAACS, SECRETARY

H. S. ALLEN, VICE-PRESIDENT

THE NEW UNITED HEBREW CHARITIES BUILDING

The impressive and dignified opening exercises were attended not only by Hebrews from all over the city but by a large concourse of their Christian friends. Mr. Henry Rice, president of the association, in his address formally accepting the building, gave as follows a brief history of the society:

"Next October will witness the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of this society. Many years ago the need was felt of co-operation among the relief societies which dealt with the Jewish poor of this city. But no successful movement to unify these heterogeneous elements took place until 1874, when delegates from some five or six Jewish relief societies met and organized the United Hebrew Charities of New York City. Year after year other associations with objects of like character have become affiliated with us, and our association has from small beginnings become a mighty factor for good. In 1880, following the well-defined policy of this Society that the truest way to help the poor is to prevent poverty, the directors established our Industrial School for Girls. A somewhat similar institution for boys was created the following year by the Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum Society and the Hebrew Free School Association in conformity with the suggestions of this society. Both these institutions are fulfilling their respective missions in a manner most satisfactory. A strain was put upon us in 1882 when the rapidly increasing immigration of Jewish refugees from Russia necessitated large expenditures and painstaking personal work. Arduous as were these duties, they were almost insignificant when compared with the labors required to meet the second tremendous wave of Russian immigration which began in 1891. The Russian Transportation Fund was established, in that most trying year, to provide a means of sending newly arrived immigrants to such parts of this country as seemed best fitted to afford them means of gaining an honest livelihood. In 1892 the Central Russian Refugee committe was formed and under direction of the United Hebrew Charities assumed the care of all newly arrived immigrants requiring assistance. The operations of this society extended from February to December of that year, since which time our society has dealt with this class as well as the resident Jewish poor. During the twenty-five years of the existence of the United Hebrew Charities the sums spent in caring for the thousands of the Jewish poor have aggregated more than two and a half million dollars."

The organization has 600 regular contributing members, some of whom give over $1,000 per annum, besides 1,000 annual contributors whose names are not formally enrolled. In addition, prominent Hebrews have been unsparing of their time, interest and labor in developing and perfecting the various branches of work undertaken. The various Sisterhoods of Personal Service, composed of Jewish ladies, and which cover city districts from the Battery to Harlem, joined forces with the Association in 1890, and are doing excellent relief work. The medical and nursing service to the poor in their own homes renders much timely aid where it is sorely needed. The Employment Bureau, which makes a special feature of removing families from the city and distributing them through rural communities, has accomplished much, not only in the interest of the Hebrew beneficiaries, but in that of the overcrowded municipality whose population is thereby reduced, and the country districts whose laboring force is correspondingly increased.

Allied institutions co-operating with the organization are numerous and prominent, as the Central Committee of the Baron de Hirsch Fund, the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, Mt. Sinai Hospital, and others of relative note and distinctively Hebrew origin and management; besides the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Nurses' Settlement, Legal Aid Society, and others in which Christian and Jew are united for the relief of suffering humanity.

The founders of the association, who are also annual contributors to the extent of $1,000 or over, are David L. Einstein, M. Guggenheimer's sons, Emanuel Lehman, Loeb Solomon, Jacob H. Schiff, Speyer & Co., Louis Stern, L. Strauss & Sons, and A. Wolff. The President is Mr. Henry Rice. Messrs. H. S. Allen and Isaiah Josephi are Vice-Presidents; Solomon Loeb, giver of the building, is honorary Vice-President; the Treasurer is Cyrus L. Sulzberger; I. S. Isaacs is Secretary; Charles S. Hirsch, Superintendent of Employment Bureau; and Miss Lillie H. Boedicker is Registrar. Dr. Lee K. Frankel, of Philadelphia, who entered upon his duties as manager of the executive staff in May, is well known through his work as Director of the Jewish Chautauqua Society, Secretary of Dr. Berkowitz's congregation, and member of the Baron Hirsch Fund sub-committees. He succeeded to his position upon the resignation of Mr. N. S. Rosenau, who has been prominently identified with the benevolent activities of the association.

Many interesting facts are brought out in the twenty-fifth annual report of the association. For instance, the Employment Bureau Record shows improvement in the industrial situation. The number of applications received during the year fell from 8,569 in '96–'97 to 7,828, while the applications for help from employers rose from 2,578 to 3,428, showing increasing demand for labor. The number of Jewish immigrants was 21,070, of whom according to the best information to be obtained 4,455 left New York City for interior points, leaving 16,615 to be added to the population of the city.

Russia's Gratitude

When the cable several weeks ago announced widespread suffering in Russia, the proprietor of this journal, desirous of learning the facts, wrote to Count Bobrinskoy, one of the foremost nobles of the Empire, and who rendered valuable service in the great famine of 1892, when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent the steam ship *Leo* to Russia with a cargo of food. Count Bobrinskoy's reply, received last week, will be read with interest by many who will recall the circumstances to which he refers. He says:

NICE, France, May 11, 1899.

My Dear Friend:—I thank you sincerely for your letter which I received at Nice. Your cablegram, in which you offer help to the people suffering from hunger in Russia, touched me deeply. Though the failure of crops last year can not be compared with the one of 1891, affecting only some parts of Eastern Russia, yet the need in a limited region is great, especially in the province of Kazan, near the Volga. Your letter has been communicated to the Secretary of State, Count Mouravief, who gave notice of it to the Emperor. I have already informed you by cablegram that foreign help is considered at present by the government as unnecessary, yet your generous offer was highly appreciated as a new proof of the generosity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its proprietor, whose charitable activity in 1892 will never be forgotten by Russia. I shall always remember it with deep esteem. If I could remain this spring in Russia, I would accept with pleasure the task of being again (but in a private way this time), the channel through which your help might be sent to the famine-stricken districts; but being obliged to leave Russia and remain several months abroad, I could not offer you that co-operation.

A. BOBRINSKOY.

Our Porto Rican Sunday School

From the *San Juan* (Porto Rico) *News* of May 21, we take this extract, which will be read with interest by all who have been observant of the course of religious events in our new West Indian colonies:

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School.—The Sunday School has been organized into classes under competent instructors who understand the Spanish language, and is under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of which Dr. Louis Klopsch is proprietor, and Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, editor. The contributors of the widely circulated religious periodical provide the necessary equipment for a modern Sunday School, and will hereafter be in touch with the work in Porto Rico, and religious news from the island will be regularly perused by its million readers. The Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock A. M. The little folks are taught to sing hymns and receive excellent moral instruction. Soldiers lately arrived are cordially invited to attend these services." Little Porto Ricans can be greatly helped through Sunday Schools.

· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·

. . . WHICH CHURCH? . . .

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Gen. 13: 8:

"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

UNCLE and nephew, Abram and Lot, both pious, both millionaires, and with such large flocks of bleating sheep and lowing cattle that their herdmen got into a fight, perhaps about the best pasture, or about the best water privilege, or because the cow of one got hooked by the horns of the other. Not their poverty of opportunity, but their wealth, was the cause of controversy between these two men. To Abram, the glorious old Mesopotamian sheik, such controversy seemed absurd. It was like two ships quarreling for sea room in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. There was a vast reach of country, corn-fields, vineyards, harvests, and plenty of room in illimitable acreage. "Now," says Abram, "let us agree to differ. Here are the mountain districts, swept by the tonic sea breeze, and with wide-reaching prospect, and there is the plain of the Jordan, with tropical luxuriance. You may have either." Lot, who was not as rich as Abram, and might have been expected to take the second choice, made the first selection, and with a modesty that must have made Abram smile, said to him:

"You may have the rocks and the fine prospect; I will take the valley of the Jordan, with all its luxuriance of cornfields, and the river to water the flocks, and the genial climate, and the wealth immeasurable." So the controversy was forever settled, and great-souled Abram carried out the suggestion of the text: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

Well, in this, the last decade of the nineteenth century, and in this beautiful land, which was called America, after Americus Vespucius, but should have been called Columbia, after its discoverer, Columbus, we have a wealth of religious privilege and opportunity that is positively bewildering. Churches of all sorts of creeds, and of all kinds of government, and all forms of worship, and all styles of architecture. What opulence of ecclesiastical opportunity! Now, while in desolate regions there may be only one church, in the opulent districts of this country there is such a profusion that there ought to be no difficulty in making a selection. No fight about vestments, or between liturgical or non-liturgical adherents, or as to baptismal modes, or a handful of water as compared with a riverful. If Abram prefers to dwell on the heights, where he can only get a sprinkling from the clouds, let him consent that Lot have all the Jordan in which to immerse himself. "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

Especially is it unfortunate when families allow angry discussion at the breakfast, or dining, or tea-table, as to which is the best church or denomination, one at one end of the table saying he could never endure the rigid doctrines of Presbyterianism, one at the other end responding that she never could stand the forms of Episcopacy, and one at one side of the table saying he did not understand how anybody could bear the noise in the Methodist Church, and another declaring all the Baptists bigots. There are hundreds of families hopelessly split on ecclesiasticism, and in the middle of every discussion on such subjects there is a kindling of indignation, and it needs some old father Abram to come and put his foot on the loaded fuse before the explosion takes place and say: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen. Is not the whole land before thee?"

I undertake a subject never undertaken by any other pulpit, for it is an exceedingly delicate subject, and if not rightly handled might give serious offence; but I approach it without the slightest trepidation, for I am sure I have the divine direction in the matters I propose to present. It is a tremendous question, asked all over Christendom, often asked with tears, and sobs, and heart-breaks, and involving the peace of families, the eternal happiness of many souls. In matters of church attendance should the wife go with the husband, or the husband go with the wife?

First, remember that all the evangelical churches have enough truth in them to save the soul and prepare us for happiness on earth and in heaven. I will go with you into any well-selected theological library, and I will show you sermons from ministers in all denominations that set forth man as a sinner and Christ as a deliverer from sin and sorrow. That is the whole Gospel. Get that into your soul and you are fitted for the here and the hereafter. There are differences, we admit, and some denominations we like better than others. But suppose three or four of us make solemn agreement to meet each other a week from now in Chicago on important business, and one goes by the New York Central Railroad, another by the Erie Railroad, another by the Pennsylvania Railroad, another by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. One goes this way because the mountains are grander, another takes this because the cars are more luxurious; another that because the speed is greater; another takes the other because he has long been accustomed to that route, and all the employees are familiar. So far as our engagement to meet is concerned, it makes no difference if we only get there. Now, any one of the innumerable evangelical denominations, if you practice its teaching—although some of their trains run on a broad gauge and some on a narrow gauge—will bring you out at the city of the New Jerusalem.

It being evident that you will be safe in any of the evangelical denominations, I proceed to remark, first, if one of the married couple be a Christian and the other not, the one a Christian is bound to go anywhere to a church where the unconverted companion is willing to go, if he or she will go to no other. You of the connubial partnership are a Christian. You are safe for the skies. Then it is your first duty to secure the eternal safety of your lifetime associate. Is not the everlasting welfare of your wife impenitent, or your husband impenitent, of more importance than your church relationship? Is not the condition of your companion for the next quadrillion of years a mightier consideration to you than the gratification of your ecclesiastical taste for forty or fifty years. A man or a woman that would stop half a minute to weigh preferences as to whether he or she had better go with the unconverted companion to this or that church or denomination, has no religion at all, and never has had, and I fear never will have. You are loaded up with what you suppose to be religion, but you are like Captain Frobisher, who brought back from his voyage of discovery a shipload of what he supposed valuable minerals, yet, instead of being silver and gold, were nothing but common stones of the field, to be buried out as finally useless.

Mighty God! In all thy realm is there one man or woman professing religion, yet so stolid, so unhitted, so far gone unto death that there would be any hesitancy in surrendering all preferences before such an opportunity of salvation and heavenly reunion? If you, a Christian wife, are an attendant upon any church, and your unconverted husband does not go there because he does not like its preacher, or its music, or its architecture, or its uncomfortable crowding, and goes not to any house of worship, but would go if you would accompany him somewhere else, change your church relations. Take your hymn-book home with you to-day. Say good-by to your friends in the neighboring pews, and go with him to any one of a hundred churches till his soul is saved and he joins you in the march to heaven. More important than that ring on the third finger of your left hand it is that your Heavenly Father command the angel of mercy, concerning your husband at his conversion, as in the parable of old: "Put a ring on his hand."

No letter of more importance ever came to the great city of Corinth, situated on what was called the "Bridge of the Sea," and glistening with sculpture, and gated with a style of brass the magnificence of which the following ages have not been able to successfully imitate, and overshadowed by the Acro-Corinthus, a fortress of rock two thousand feet high—I say no letter ever came to that great city of more importance than that letter in which Paul puts the two startling questions: "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? Or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" The dearest sacrifice on the part of the one is cheap if it rescue the other. Better go to the smallest, weakest, most insignificant church on earth and be copartners in eternal bliss, than pass your earthly membership in most gorgeously attractive church while your companion stays outside of evangelical privilege. Better have the drowning saved by a scow or a sloop than let him or her go down while you sail by in the gilded cabins of a *Majestic* or *Campania*.

Second remark: If both of the married couple be Christians, but one is so naturally constructed that it is impossible to enjoy the services of a particular denomination, and the other is not so sectarian or punctilious, let the one less particular go with the other who is very particular. As for myself, I feel as much at home in one denomination of evangelical Christians as another, and I think I must have been born very near the line. I like the solemn roll of the Episcopal liturgy, and I like the spontaneity of the Methodists, and I like the importance given to the ordinance of baptism by the Baptists, and I like the freedom of the Congregationalists, and I like the government and the sublime doctrine of the Presbyterians, and I like many of the others just as much as any I have mentioned, and I could happily live, and preach, and die, and be buried from any of them. But others are born with a liking so stout, so unbending, so inexorable for some denomination, that it is a positive necessity they have the advantage of that one. What they were intended to be in ecclesiasticism was written in the sides of their cradle, if the father and mother had eyes keen enough to see it. They would not stop crying until they had put in their hands as a plaything a Westminster Catechism or the Thirty-nine Articles. The whole current of their temperament and thought and character runs into one sect of religionists as naturally as the James River into the Chesapeake. It would be a torture to such persons to be anywhere outside of that one church.

Now, let the wife or husband who is not so constructed sacrifice the milder preference for the one more inflexible and rigorous. Let the grapevine follow the rugosities and sinuosities of the oak or hickory. Abram, the richer in flocks of Christian grace, should say to Lot, who is built on a smaller scale: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee. Is not the whole land before thee?" As you can be edified and happy anywhere, go with your companion to the church to which he or she must go or be miserable.

Remark the third: If both the married couple are very strong in their sectarianism, let them attend the different churches preferred. It is not necessary that you attend the same church. Religion is between your conscience and your God. Like Abram and Lot, agree to differ. When on Sabbath morning you come out of your home together, and one goes one way and the other the other, heartily wish each other a good sermon and a time of profitable devotion, and when you meet again at the noonday repast, let it be evident, each to each, and to your children, and to the hired help, that you have both been on the Mount of Transfiguration, although you went up by different paths, and that you have both been fed by the bread of life, though kneaded by different hands in different trays, and baked in different ovens. "But how about the children?" I am often asked by scores of parents. Let them also make their own choice. They will grow up with reverence for both the denominations represented by father and mother if you, by holy lives, commend those denominations. If the father lives the better life, they will have the more favorable opinion of his denomination. If the mother lives the better life, they will have the more favorable opinion of her denomination. And some day both the parents will, for at least one service, go to the same church. The neighbors will say: "I wonder what is going on to-day, for I saw our neighbor and his wife, who always go to different churches, going arm in arm to the same sanctuary." Well, I will tell you what has brought them together, arm in arm, to the same altar. Something very important has happened. Their son is to-day uniting with the church, He is standing in the aisle, taking the vows of a Christian. He had been somewhat wayward, and gave father and mother a good deal of anxiety, but their prayers have been answered in his conversion, and as he stands in the aisle and the minister of religion says: "Do you consecrate yourself to the God who made and redeemed you, and do you promise to serve him all your days?" and with manly voice he answers, "I do," there is an April shower in the pew where father and mother sit, and a rainbow of joy which arches both their souls, that makes all differences of creed infinitesimal. And the daughter who had been very worldly, and gay, and thoughtless, puts her life on the altar of consecration, and as the sunlight of that Sabbath streams through the church window and falls upon her brow and cheek, she looks like their other daughter, whose face was illumined with the brightness of another world on the day when the Lord took her into his heavenly keeping years ago.

I should not wonder, if, after all, these parents pass the evening of their life in the same church, all differences of church preference overcome by the joy of being in the house of God where their children were prepared for usefulness and heaven. But I can give you a recipe for ruining your children. Angrily contend in the household that your church is right and the church of your companion is wrong. Bring sneer and caricature to emphasize your opinions, and your children will make up their minds that religion is a sham, and they will have none of it. In the northeast storm of domestic controversy the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley will not grow. Fight about apostolic succession, fight about election and free agency, fight about baptism, fight about the bishopric, fight about gown and surplice, and the religious prospects of your children will be left dead on the field. You will be as unfortunate as Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who in battle lost a diamond the value of a kingdom, for in your fight you will lose the jewel of salvation for your entire household. This is nothing against the advocacy of your own religious theories. Use all forcible argument, bring all telling illustration, array all demonstrative facts, but let there be no acerbity, no stinging retort, no mean insinuation, no superciliousness, as though all others were wrong and you infallibly right.

Take a hint from astronomy. The Ptolmaic system made the earth the centre of the solar system, and everything was thought to turn round the earth. But the Copernican system came, and made the sun the centre around which the planets revolved. The bigot makes his

little belief the centre of everything, but the large-souled Christian makes the Sun of Righteousness the centre, and all denominations, without any clashing and each in its own sphere revolving around it. Over the tomb of Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey, is the passage of Scripture: "Thy commandments are exceeding broad." Let no man crowd us on to a path like the bridge Al Sirat, which the Mohammedan thinks leads from this world over the abyss of hell into Paradise, the breadth of the bridge less than the web of a starved spider, or the edge of a sword or razor, off the edges of which many fall. No; while the way is not wide enough to take with us any of our sins, it is wide enough for all Christian believers to pass without peril into everlasting safety. But do not any of you depend upon what you call "a sound creed" for salvation. A man may own all the statutes of the State of New York and yet not be a lawyer; and a man may own all the best medical treatises and not be a physician; and a man may own all the best works on painting and architecture and not be either painter or architect; and a man may own all the sound creeds in the world and yet not be a Christian. Not what you have in your head and on your tongue, but in your heart and in your life, will decide everything.

In olden times in England before the modern street lamps were invented every householder was expected to have a lantern suspended in front of his house, and the cry of the watchmen in London as they went along at eventide was: "Hang out your lights." Instead of disputing in your home about the different kinds of lantern, as a watchman on the walls of Zion I cry: "Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven." Hang out your lights! You may have a thousand ideas about religion, and yet not the great idea of pardoning mercy. It is not the number of your ideas but the greatness of them. A mouse hath ten offsprings in her nest, while the lioness hath one in her lair. All ideas about forms, and ceremonies, and church government put together are not worth the one idea of getting to heaven yourself and taking your family with you.

But do not reject Christianity, as many do, because there are so many sects. Standing in Westminster Hotel, London, I looked out of the window and saw three clocks, as near as I can remember, one on the Parliament House another on St. Margaret's Chapel, another on Westminster Abbey, and they were all different. One said twelve o'clock at noon, another said five minutes before twelve, another said five minutes after twelve. I might as well have concluded that there is no such thing as time, because the three timepieces were different, as for you to conclude that there is no such thing as pure Christianity, because the churches differ in their statement of it.

But let us all rejoice that, although part of our family may worship on earth in one church and part in another church, or, bowed at the same altar in a compromise of preferences, we are, if redeemed, on the way to a perfect church, where all our preferences will be fully gratified. Great cathedral of eternity, with arches of amethysts, and pillars of sapphire, with floors of emerald, and windows aglow with the sunrise of heaven! What stupendous towers, with chimes angel-hoisted and angel-rung! What myriads of worshipers, white-robed and coroneted! What an officiator at the altar, even "the great High Priest of our profession!" What doxologies of all nations! Coronet to coronet, cymbal to cymbal, harp to harp! Pull out the tremulant stop to recall the sufferings past! Pull out the trumpet stop to celebrate the victory!

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold.

Colombia Pleads for the Gospel

An Urgent Call for Christian Work in "The Neglected Continent"—Rev. Mr. Norwood's Labors at Bucaramanga—Consecrated Effort that Deserves Cordial Support

SOUTH America, after ages of spiritual darkness and submission to Romish superstition, is at last beginning to see glimpses of the light of truth, in the preached Gospel of Jesus Christ. There are still, however, many parts of that great continent which may be truthfully described as wholly unevangelized. The Republic of Colombia is one of the great sections of that vast territory where, except in the most limited sense, the Bible is still a sealed Book, forbidden to the people; the preaching of the Gospel is followed by the bitterest persecution, and the population are purposely kept in the densest ignorance concerning spiritual affairs.

Rev. Joseph Norwood, a regularly ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and a member of the Central Mexican Mission Conference of that Church is conducting a very important religious work in Colombia. He was a successful missionary in Mexico for fifteen years.

Since April, 1897, he has been in charge of the Venezuela Agency of the American Bible Society, which embraces the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia. In 1892 and 1893 he was associated with the Rev. Francisco F. Penzotti, whom the majority of our readers know as a faithful agent of the Bible Society, who, only a few years ago, suffered many months' imprisonment for the cause of Christ and the Bible. With Mr. Penzotti and other assistants, Mr. Norwood canvassed the principal towns and cities of the five republics of Central America, distributing in a little over six months more than 16,000 copies of the Word. During all these twenty-two years in difficult and trying foreign mission fields, Mr. Norwood has been very successful in establishing schools and many new mission stations, in organizing churches, circuits and districts, and in distributing the Holy Scriptures. He is held in esteem by the officers of the American Bible Society and by his fellow-missionaries of all denominations, who give testimony to his Christian zeal and to a prudence and moderation born of experience and judgment. Hundreds of Spanish-Americans have been converted under his preaching. Many of these are now engaged in Bible distribution and other branches of evangelical work, and not less than six are ordained preachers. Associated with him is his excellent wife, who has been a helpmate, indeed, for twenty-one years. Concerning their new undertaking, Mr. Norwood writes as follows:

"In my duties in the Gospel ministry, I have been led on step by step, from the Brazos River to the Rio Grande, thence to the interior of Mexico and from Mexico to Central and South America. I began to preach in the Spanish language in 1878, and since then have preached the Gospel to many thousands who had never before heard it, and in more than a hundred cities, towns and villages, where a Gospel sermon was a thing unknown. In Spanish-America, street or open air preaching is prohibited, but nearly everywhere I have been able to get some sort of a place to preach in, and have not only seized every opportunity, but habitually seek and try to make opportunities to tell the 'glad tidings of great joy' to all the people. I have preached in all kinds of places, and have learned, by experience, that God blesses the Gospel of his Son wherever it is preached with sincerity and in faith, whether in the homes of the rich or the poorest, in the club-room or the theatre, in rented halls, hotel parlors, or dedicated churches.

"But in the interior of the Republic of Colombia I have met a new experience. For several months I tried in vain to secure a place to preach in. Though in no part of Latin America have I found so large a percentage of the people desirous of hearing the Gospel preached and anxious to learn something of 'the Protestant religion,' I found it impossible to secure any sort of a place to preach in except our own home. I tried to rent private houses for the purpose, but was refused. In fact, only a very few persons are willing to rent us their houses even to live in. Bucaramanga, capital of the Department of Santander, is a city of about 40,000 inhabitants and has a low grade theatre in which all kinds of theatrical performances are allowed; yet the proprietor refused to rent it to me to preach in, because the parochial priest notified him that if he did so he and his family as well as all who attended the services, would be immediately excommunicated. Thus it is throughout the interior of the country. Those who own houses, though they may not care for excommunication, dread the effectual boycotting which it produces.

"The American Bible Society pays my salary and traveling expenses, as also those of my colporteurs; but from the very nature of its work, its constitution and regulations make no provision for covering the expenses necessarily incurred in holding Gospel meetings. When in Caracas, Venezuela, we rented and furnished a large store capable of seating 250 persons, and the foreigners—chiefly Germans and Americans—aided us in meeting the expenses, which were $3,000 in two years. Now there are two Protestant missions established in that beautiful city. In other parts of Venezuela, in the northern part of Colombia, and for many miles along the Magdalena River, many persons braved the opposition and granted the use of the largest room in their private residences for our services; and it was a joy to deliver the divine message of love, reconciliation and salvation to the hungry, starving multitudes as they thronged to our meetings.

"In Bucaramanga, Pamplona, Socorro, San Gil, Tona, Zapatoca, and various cities and towns of that department, embracing a population of nearly a half million souls, there are thousands who have become so awakened by our Bible work that they are constantly coming to me and sending me messages to inquire when I am going to preach to them. The people of Tona have twice sent a committee to request us to establish regular services in their town, and proposing to pay all the expenses, including a comfortable support of a missionary. But nowhere have we been able to secure a room, seats and lights for such temporary services as I can give them in connection with my duties as a traveling agent of the American Bible Society.

"My heart longs for an opportunity to give the Gospel to those hungry souls. We could doubtless purchase a site and erect a building, but the plan that suggests itself as being more immediately practical is to have a tent 40x60 feet, made in three sections, so that it may be carried from town to town on mule-back, which is the only means of transportation in that mountainous country. We would also need 300 camp chairs, and wind-proof lamps, and funds to pay the expenses of transportation of these equipments from place to place, as well as to pay for the cost of lighting. The original cost of a complete outfit will be about $750, and the freight and customs duties about $350 to $450. After this, $100 per month will easily cover all expenses for moving and lighting.

"My own services will cost absolutely nothing, because I know from long experience that the impetus our Bible work will receive from these public services will amply compensate for the time I would devote to them, which will be chiefly at night and on Sundays."

Missionary Norwood's plea should not be overlooked by those who are interested in the spreading of the Gospel in "The Neglected Continent," as South America has been aptly called, in a spiritual sense. Any reader of this journal who may feel interested in his excellent work, and who would be pleased to have a share in the evangelization of the unenlightened and superstition-ridden people of Colombia will have an opportunity of doing so. It is a work which deserves the most cordial support of God's people everywhere. Rev. Mr. Norwood, who is now in New York for a short time before returning to his distant post, may be addressed at No. 130 Bible House, New York City, where all letters will receive prompt attention at his hands. Contributions for the "Gospel Work in Colombia" may be sent to Mr. Foulke, treasurer, Bible House, N. Y.

MISSIONARY WORKERS IN COLOMBIA, S. A.

In the photograph, Rev. Mr. Norwood, Mrs. Norwood, and Sen. Gonzales, their helper, are shown, mounted in readiness for an evangelistic tour among the hills near Bucaramanga. Pack mules carry their Bibles and other Gospel literature.

. . . Progress of the World's Peace Congress . . .

Bright Hopes of the Ultimate Success of Plans for Universal Arbitration—The Great Powers Heartily in Accord

DELEGATES ARRIVING AT THE PALACE

DELEGATES LEAVING THEIR HOTEL FOR THE CONFERENCE

THE HAGUE, May 19th.—Thank God, a beginning has at last been made! The great Conference, called by the Czar of all the Russias to discuss and decide upon some practical means of lessening the burdens and the miseries of war, was solemnly opened yesterday afternoon in the "Orange Hall" of the House in the Woods. It was a magnificent assemblage—a wondrous scene, this representative body of the world's statesmen and diplomatists gathered here under the cupola of one of the most beautiful and artistically decorated halls in the world to perform a task which, if carried to its logical conclusion, will win for them the blessings of untold generations and generations. I doubt if another human being—and I do not except the delegates themselves—was so well favored by circumstances as myself in regard to obtaining a view of the proceedings. Thanks to the courtesy of M. De Beaufort Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, and to the exceptionally kind attitude of Yonkheer J. C. N. Van Eys, Chief Secretary of the Conference, I was the only newspaper man allowed into the hall during the first session. All the others, without exception, were relegated to the small gallery seventy feet above, and to them, as one of their number afterwards remarked, the assemblage presented the aspect of a huge billiard board overcrowded with balls. To me, on the contrary, it was a picture that, by reason of its impressiveness, will never be effaced from memory. The opening was set down for two o'clock, but a full hour earlier the delegates began to arrive. The very first to enter were the two Chinese—grave, stolid celestials, one old and stout, the other young and thin. They were dressed in rich silken robes, and wore small, round caps. Alone in the great hall, they looked around in wonderment, though also with a certain dubious air, at the huge canvases representing in many instances the blessings of peace and the horrors of war. I almost thought I detected a sarcastic twinkle in the elder man's eye. Was he thinking of his far-off Fatherland, and of the ruthless manner in which it had been carved into of late in the name of humanity and civilization? Presently there arrived the tall form of Count de Muenster, German Delegate-in-Chief, whose seventy-five years have neither affected the elasticity of his gait nor the geniality of his disposition, as he afterwards proved by willingly accompanying me into the garden with several of the other members of the German delegation, in order to be specially photographed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. After Count Muenster arrived the Americans, and I am proud to say that, taken as a body, they were certainly as fine-looking men as any in the Conference. Four of them are six-footers, to wit, Stanford Newel, American Minister to The Hague; Capt. Mahan, the famous naval writer; Capt. Crozier, the military *attache*, and Lawyer Holls, the legal expert, while what Seth Low and Andrew D. White lack in stature they make up for in the distinction of manner and appearance. The seats being in alphabetical order, these gentlemen took their places under E (standing for

THE AMERICAN DELEGATION

GERMANY'S DELEGATES (COUNT MUENSTER IN FOREGROUND)

THE FRENCH DELEGATION (M. BOURGEOIS IN CENTRE)

The Photographs on these two pages were taken specially for "The Christian Herald" by our Correspondent, by permission of the Conference officials at The Hague

THE BRITISH DELEGATION (SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE SEATED ON LEFT)

Etats-Unis, French being the official language of the Conference). In the row in front sat the Germans. The English delegation, consisting of Sir Julian Pauncefote, the able and popular British Minister to Washington, and Sir Henry Howard, British Minister to The Hague (a gentleman who, by the way, is bound to America by many close ties and friendships and by the fact that his wife is an American lady), were seated some benches further away. All the delegates having arrived, shortly after two o'clock M. De Beaufort seated himself in the presidential chair with his back to the three windows that light up the hall. He rapped lightly to order, and immediately the buzz in twenty-four languages ceased as if by magic; one might have heard a pin drop. A hundred thoughtful, earnest faces were turned toward the Chair as the Minister arose and commenced his speech of welcome. M. De Beaufort's delivery was clear and measured. He speaks a faultless French, and every word was distinctly heard in all parts of the hall. The cable will already have informed you of the tenor of his remarks. At the close, he proposed the venerable and much respected chief of the Russian delegation, Baron De Staal, for the permanent Chairmanship of the Conference. This proposition was unanimously adopted, and then from one of the furthermost recesses of the hall, close up against the large picture of Prince Frederick Henry's apotheosis, I saw the figure of an aged gentleman with bushy white side-whiskers struggling to reach the aisle. Succeeding in this, he made his way to the Chair, which had meanwhile been vacated by its occupant.

Baron De Staal, in addition to his great age, is not in the best of health, and his delivery was made with effort. He had prepared his remarks in writing, and at some points either his eyesight failed him or the text proved illegible, for he was obliged to stop, hesitate, and even omit one or more sentences. Despite these drawbacks his words made an evident impression on the assemblage, as I could well see from my coign of vantage behind the curtain of a window to the speaker's left, where I secured a photograph of this particular episode no other camera but mine having been allowed to pass the doors of the Orange Hall.

At the conclusion of Baron De Staal's speech the Conference proceeded to appoint as honorary Vice-President, Yonkheer A. P. C. Van Karnebeek, former Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, and as permanent Secretary, Yonkheer Van Eys, already mentioned, after which the proceedings were adjourned until to-morrow, when the members will settle down to hard work. The scene at the House in the Woods became most lively and interesting after the adjournment. Members, officials of high and low degree, and the journalists from above invaded all the rooms placed at the disposal of the Conference. It became a veritable *brouhaha* of voices and a Babel of tongues, every one talking and gesticulating at the same time. But as everything must have an end, little by little the animation subsided, and the crowd drifted towards the front steps of the building, where a large collection of carriages of every kind were drawn up. Just one hour later the House in the Woods looked every bit the same as it does on ordinary occasions when visited by the tourist with a red Badeaker in his hands.

Although in a hurry to catch the mail, I will not conclude my article without referring to the presence at the Conference of that noble, self-sacrificing woman, Baroness Bertha de Suttner, whose book, *Die Waffen Nieder*, has attained a world-wide reputation. She was the only woman present, and stood above in the press gallery during the whole proceedings, following them with feverish anxiety. By her side stood W. T. Stead, that other great apostle of peace; E. T. Hargrove, Count Goubovsky and the Councillor Jean de Bloch, who is supposed to have inspired the Czar's action by his great statistical work on the losses incurred by war. But these philanthropists, as well as Felix Moscheles and Mesdames Selenka and Waszklevicz, who have all come here to exert their influence in the work of the Conference, will be made the subject of a special article, illustrated with photographs, which I propose to send to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

* * *

Late cablegrams from The Hague indicate that substantial progress is being made by the Conference. The Drafting Committee, of which Russian, American, English and Italian delegates are members, discussed the Russian proposals bearing on arbitration, and agreed to five of the articles almost without modification, though the American delegates declared that they could not admit the provisions of article 10, that monetary questions and questions concerning interoceanic canals should be compulsorily submitted to an arbitration tribunal. The Committee has yet to take up the most important question of all—article 13, which deals with the establishment of an arbitration court. It is expected that the American, British and Russian proposals will be welded into one, and there is every indication of a universal desire to reach the establishment of a system of permanent arbitration.

Among the important changes in the laws of war which the special Committee on the Brussels Conference has adopted are these: "Cities, towns, dwellings and ships which are undefended may not be attacked or bombarded. Buildings devoted to divine services, arts, sciences, benevolence, and hospitals and other places for housing the sick and wounded, to be spared."

The matters that may ultimately be submitted to compulsory arbitration are pecuniary claims for illegal action or neglect toward a subject of another state, postal, telegraph and sanitary conventions, treaties relating to library, artistic and industrial property, boundaries that have only technical and not political interest, questions of assistance, judicial assistance, and rules for preventing collisions at sea.

M. DE BEAUFORT OPENING THE PEACE CONFERENCE

DUTCH TROOPS PARADING IN HONOR OF THE CONFERENCE

HOTEL VIEUX DOELN, HEADQUARTERS OF [illegible]

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Review of the Quarter

S. S. Lesson for June 25. John 11: 20
Golden Text, I. Timothy 1: 15

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

NEITHER the world nor the church will have the Cross; the offence of the Cross is not ceased. In our Lord's day it was not only the sinful multitude, but also, and much more deeply, the religious teachers among the Jews who were scandalized in Jesus Christ. But above and beyond these, the very apostles themselves, the very foundations of the church on which she is built (Eph. 2: 20) "understood none of these things," until Jesus was risen from the dead. The church in the present day is equally blind; far more Jewish in her spirit than really Christian; building more upon doing than upon being what God has called his people to be.

Why was it that the raising of Lazarus so exasperated the chief priests, the Pharisees, Sadducees, scribes and rulers of the people, that from that time the death of Jesus was determined upon by them? How did it touch them? This gentle, holy Man of Galilee, who "went about doing good and healing all them that were oppressed of the devil: for God was with him," sought in no way to usurp their position or authority; why were they so wrath against him? "God was with him," and they felt it. He could not come near to them but that their consciences were made uncomfortable, his presence was intolerable to them. If he was right, all their life was wrong; his teaching was subversive of all the etiquette and customs of their social life; and all their religion withered like grass before the intense reality of his holy, mighty words. They saw that there could be no stopping short in following him: like the rich young man they must part with all that they had if they would follow him, and the cost was too great; so they must—they would get rid of him—in whom God came so uncomfortably near to them.

There is such a thing as "crucifying" to ourselves "the Son of God afresh," and putting him "to an open shame" (Heb. 6: 6), and the crime is more common than it is generally thought to be. There is no neutrality in our relations with him who took our sin and our shame upon the Cross. If we do not take our place with him and put ourselves to shame at his Cross, we take our place against him, and by our rejection of the Cross, we put him to an open shame. The raising of Lazarus was such an indisputable proof of Christ's divine mission that no neutral position could be longer maintained; either he was the Messiah, and must be acknowledged, or he was a malefactor and must be executed. The Jews held counsel together, not as to whether he were indeed the Messiah, but as to what they should do to maintain their "place and nation" (John 11: 47–48). Their consideration was not what was right, but what was politic; not what would please God, but what would best suit them.

Such is human nature: fallen, crooked, contemptible, human nature; it is incapable of transparent truthfulness: it is as the flower of the field, only fit to be burned. Is it any better in the days in which we live? Let judgment first "begin at the house of God" (I. Peter 4: 17). Even in spiritual things, children of God are for the most part self-seeking; they would build up what God seeks to destroy. An experience which would satisfy themselves and make them pleased with themselves—with their love to God and zeal for his service, with their light on the Scriptures, and their readiness to testify for him—this is what most Christian people are seeking for. They want joy, peace, and a consciousness of being holy. This is not the Cross. Taking our place at the Cross cuts off all satisfaction with ourselves and our own experience, our doings and our sayings; we see how all that we are and do is under the curse; but it brings a wonderful satisfaction in what Jesus is, what he has done, what he has said. Like Lazarus we come to death, and learn to know him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

In the anointing at Bethany we see how one woman understood what neither the religious teachers, nor yet the disciples had understood; and Mary anointed for his burial the great sin offering. She had sat at his feet and taken in the lesson of

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK" (REV. 3: 20)

the Cross, which the disciples, still anxious to maintain their own glory, could not learn while in their hearts the ruling thought was which of them should be the greatest. Oh, how dangerous it is for Christians to "compare themselves among themselves!" As long as we can compare ourselves with others, we have not fully understood that in us, "that is, in our flesh, dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. 7: 18); and that if, by grace, we are members of the Body of Christ, we are to complement, not to resemble one another.

In our Lord's practical teaching of humility, by washing his disciples' feet, we learn the same lesson, and even more deeply. Such a thing may be done by imitation, as in the strange and almost piteous anomaly of the Pope's washing the feet of a few already washed beggars, and at the same time, instead of being like the Lord Jesus, "meek and lowly in heart," proclaiming himself infallible! The way to true humility, and the only way is Christ in us. Human nature, fallen human nature cannot but be proud; Christ cannot but be humble. On earth his human nature was uninterruptedly in contact with God.

God brings human nature to nothingness. Even the Lord himself—pure, sinless as he was—knew that of himself as Man he could do nothing (John 5: 30): the very object of his Being was to set forth and express His Father which was in heaven.

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

AFTER our six months' study of the Gospel of John, it will be well to ask whether this wonderful treatise has had, in our case, the result which it was designed to produce. Reminding his readers that his work was in no sense a complete biography, but merely a record of some of the things that Jesus said and did, the writer says (20: 31): "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God: and that believing ye might have life through his name." That, then, was his object. Has it been accomplished? We must acknowledge that the incidents selected are adapted to the purpose. In the miracles we are impressed not only by their marvelous character, but by their beneficence. In the conversations with individuals, as with Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria, there is disclosed a matchless beauty of character and an authoritative tone that are consistent with the idea of divinity. And in the discourses to the disciples there are revelations and pregnant utterances which could have come only from a Being in whom dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily. And we are witnesses of the result. Those who believe do have life. There is no other way of accounting for the changes of character which we see in every generation when that belief enters into a man's heart. And that life still comes in the same way.

Against the day of my burying (John 12: 7). This was a coincidence. It does not mean that Mary foresaw his death. She poured the perfume upon her Lord in the pure love of her heart and probably with no other thought than that of expressing her reverent affection. It was Christ who pointed out the sad appropriateness of the offering. He intimated that it served a purpose of which only he knew. The story is told of a sailor who owed his life and the lives of his comrades to the gift of a woman. On his leaving home on a voyage, his sister looking around for some parting gift for him, selected a miniature mariner's compass to be worn as a charm on his watch-chain. The ship on which he sailed was wrecked, and when he and a few others escaped in a boat at the last moment, they had no compass on board and knew not which way to steer. Then he thought of the charm his sister had given him and by that they steered until land was reached.

Thou shalt never wash my feet (John 13: 8). We respect Peter's protest. It showed his humility and his reverence for Christ. He felt as some honest workman might feel, if his employer's wife or daughter offered in some emergency to lace his shoes. He would say, "It is no fit work for you; I will not permit it." But true loyalty required obedience to Christ's wishes. Peter's protest did him credit; it showed his reverence; and his yielding after Christ's explanation did him credit, too. The story is told of a great king who desired to put one of his courtiers to the test. At an imposing celebration when the courtier was to ride in the same carriage with the king, and all the high officials of the court were looking on, the king bade the courtier enter the carriage first. The courtier realized that all the spectators would charge him with being rude and disrespectful, but his king's wish was paramount. Caring nothing for his own character, or what the others might say of him, he entered the carriage, in advance of the king. As they rode away together the king said: "That was the severest test of loyal obedience you ever went through."

Herein is my Father glorified (John 15: 8). How wonderful that the Being who created the universe and sustains everything can derive added glory from anything we can do! And yet Christ said it was so and we can see how it may be. A little girl is at a boarding school. She knows no one when she arrives, but soon it is seen that she has made many friends. Her gentleness and sweetness, her sympathy with any child who is in trouble, her good temper and uniform cheerfulness have won the affection of schoolmates and teachers. What is the cause? "What a good mother that child must have had!" says the principal, and so that woman whom they have never seen rises in the esteem of all because of the conduct of the child. Happy the Christian who so lives that people seeing his life think better of his Heavenly Father!

There stood by the cross (John 19: 25). It is not certain if four women are here mentioned. Many scholars think that the Greek text implies that the sister of Mary, to whom John refers, was Salome, John's mother, and that Mary, wife of Cleophas, was a different person and not Mary's sister. It is significant that of all who had been blessed by Christ and had followed him, so few appear to have been present at his death. It speaks well for these loving women that they were there. We naturally think that had we been among his friends that we would not have deserted him in his last hours. But how few have the courage when he is ridiculed to avow their allegiance! Not long ago a group of Salvation Army girls were holding a service on the corner of a street. A Christian young man stood listening on the sidewalk. Presently a number of men whom he knew, his employer among them, came out of a *cafe* and began to ridicule the Salvationists. One and another uttered a gibe, and from making fun of the girls they went on to make fun of their message. They were witty, and soon their remarks set all the crowd laughing. The Christian young man felt an impulse to go to the side of the distressed girls and avow himself a Christian, but he could not get sufficient courage. He turned and slunk away, ashamed of himself for being ashamed of his Lord.

What Think Ye of Christ?

The Greatest Question of the Ages Answered in a Symposium, in which the Leading Men of Our Nation Give Spontaneous Testimony, Publicly Declaring their Belief in the Fatherhood of God, the Divinity of Christ, and the Exalted Mission of the Christian Religion

INFIDELITY, if we may accept the statements of its recognized exponents, has made startling advances during the last twenty years, in all parts of the civilized world. Especially,

L. P. Morton

they assert, has it progressed in those lands where Christianity is the prevailing religion. Agnostics, free-thinkers, atheists, sceptics and infidels have joined forces in common cause against the old Bible. They have attacked its integrity, denied its authority, scorned its precepts, contradicted its history, mocked at its science, and scoffed at its story of Redeeming Love. Their printed blasphemies have been widely circulated to emphasize the evil done by their platform harangues. All this extraordinary infidel activity has produced the most pernicious results in many quarters, especially among the young and inexperienced.

Encouraged by these evidences of success, the infidels have grown arrogant

Jno Wanamaker

and, in more recent platform utterances, their leaders have not hesitated to declare the conviction that the United States is not only not a Christian nation, but that, if the truth were permitted to become known, it would be seen that a very large proportion of the leading men of the nation shared the same opinions with avowed sceptics, atheists and agnostics. The age, they urged, is too enlightened for men longer to consent to a superstitious thraldom suited only to mediæval ignorance and credulity; the era of successful priestcraft has gone by, and intelligent people must now reject the fables and legends, the myths and traditions of the Orient, which had been cleverly gathered together and foisted upon the human race in that agglomeration of books known as the Bible. This being all very skilfully proved to be the case—according to the views of the infidel advocates—the doctrines contained in the Bible, its patriarchal narratives, its impossible miracles, its prophecies and its Gospels, went for nothing, and it must be regarded henceforth as a literary curiosity.

In asserting that ours is a Godless nation, that our leading men or any considerable proportion of them are unbelievers, the champions of the propaganda of infidelity have uttered a calumny which involves every man, woman and child within the boundaries of the United States.

For the purpose of setting this remarkable charge at rest, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the name of the God-fearing and Bible-loving people of our country, assumed the duty of investigation. A circular letter was sent to the President, the Cabinet, Supreme Court, United States Senate, Commanders in our Army and Navy, the Governors of the various States, and other leading men of our country. This letter set forth the assertion of the infidels that ours is a Godless nation, and that a large proportion of the leading men in public affairs are infidels or rapidly becoming so; and it concluded by asking the following questions:

I. Are you a friend of Christianity?
II. Do you believe that Christianity is the friend of mankind?
III. Does your belief extend to the recognition of a Supreme Being, to the Divinity of Christ, to the surpassing potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence?

In the following pages, the answers received to this widely disseminated letter of inquiry are accurately recorded. We present them without comment and leave all who read to draw their own conclusions.

That the United States Cabinet—that body of distinguished men who are the President's advisers in all that relates to the nation's welfare—are Christian, is forever set at rest by the willing and cordial assurances given in answer to the inquiries made upon this point.

EXECUTIVE MANSION.

Copyright, by Wm. Bell Criddle, 1898

Washington, May 26, 1899.
My belief embraces the Divinity of Christ and a recognition of Christianity as the mightiest factor in the world's civilization.

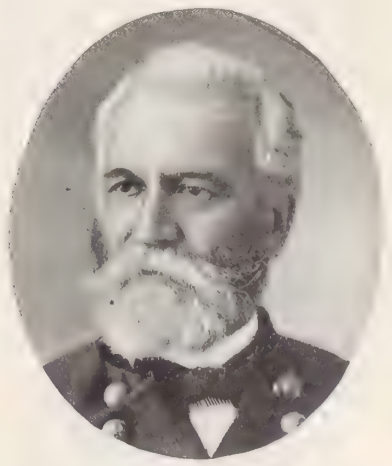
William McKinley

J. W. Philip

Commodore, U. S. Navy

Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, was seen personally by our commissioner, and gladly placed himself on record for Christianity. He said: "I am a member of the Presbyterian Church," and this, to those who know of his activity in that denomination, means much.

Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, said he had no hesitation in answering in the affirmative the question whether he believed in the Christian faith, and he added his firm conviction that Christianity was the friend of mankind. Further, through his private secretary,



Oliver O. Howard

Major-General, U. S. A. (Retired)

Mr. Gage authorized the statement that he is an active member of the Central Presbyterian Church, of Chicago. There is no more active Christian in the Cabinet.

Hon. Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War, also unhesitatingly declared himself a friend of Christianity—a reply

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT, AS AT PRESENT CONSTITUTED

"I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Our Divine Saviour is the best friend any human being ever had or ever could have, and His loving help is freely offered to all who will accept it."

Commissioner, U. S. N.

"I am a firm friend of Christianity . . . My belief extends to the recognition of a Supreme Being, to the Divinity of Christ, and to the surpassing potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence."

Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. (Retired.

which, brief though it was, sufficiently answers the infidel assertion.

Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State and the leader of the Cabinet, in most emphatic affirmatives, declared himself a friend of Christianity, a believer in its value to lost humanity, and as recognizing the Divinity of Christ and the potentiality of Christianity as a civilizing agency.

Postmaster General Charles E. Smith authorized an affirmative answer to all the questions.

Attorney General John W. Griggs, the Judicial Executive of the nation, also authorized an affirmative answer.

For a Christian President and Christian advisers, our nation ought to be thankful. But there are further causes for devout thankfulness, as we shall see, on proceeding with our inquiry.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Supreme Court

THERE is no more dignified or learned judicial body anywhere in the world than the United States Supreme Court. Its functions are of the highest importance, involving questions affecting the most vital interests of the nation—civil, religious and political. Individually, and as a court, its members enjoy the profoundest respect and confidence of the country. Their rulings have frequently been set up as a model of jurisprudence for the emulation of other nations.

Hon. Melville D. Fuller is the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. When called upon by our commissioner in person, he explained that the members of the Supreme Court are met with all manner of inquiries from innumerable sources, many of which are undeserving of answer. He recognized the importance of the present inquiry, however, and, although it was a rule among the justices not to answer any question intended for publication, he declared: "I am a friend of Christianity."

Appreciating the delicacy of questioning the Supreme Bench on this matter, or indeed on any matter which might involve the violation of their general rule of silence where publication is intended, no further questions were asked. Indeed, none were necessary.

Hon. Geo. Shiras, Associate-Justice, who was also seen personally, replied: "I am a Christian, of course."

Hon. John M. Harlan, Associate-Justice, would not consent to be interviewed, preferring to observe the judicial rule of silence on such matters: but no oral or written statement from him was needed. Judge Harlan teaches a Bible Class every Sunday morning, and his stainless public career, no less than his private life, give evidence of his Christianity.

The other Associate-Justices observed the rule of silence; but, notwithstanding this fact, there is in all cases the best ground for claiming them on the side of Christianity.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Navy

IT has been urged, with reason, that the life of a sailor is not conducive to the development of Christian character. Continual change of scene, involving new interests and diversions; contact with people of many different creeds and nationalities; alternate hardship and ease, idleness and activity, and long periods during which the seaman has to suffer the deprivation of the society of all who are dearest, combine to make even the mariner's life one that hardly admits of the cultivation of the spiritual side of his nature. And if this be true of the merchant service, how much more may it be true of the Navy? In times of warlike excitement, such as those we have just passed through, when our sailors are called to resist the country's enemies; when scenes of battle, bloodshed and death are familiar; when carnage, shipwreck and disaster are episodes of frequent occurrence, how shall a man engaged in such work give heed to the affairs of eternity?

But "Truth is mighty," and the facts, which are now brought out in the correspondence given in subsequent pages, effectually confound the infidel assailants and establish the character of our naval leaders for orthodox Christianity. It is with genuine pleasure that we give space to the letters themselves. Of the active officers of the Navy, not one who has been communicated with has failed to make a satisfactory declaration.

Rear-Admiral Wm. T. Sampson, who commanded the Atlantic Squadron during the war with Spain, and who is

"I am now nearly seventy-seven years old and for more than a quarter of a century I have been a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church."

Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. (Retired)

"I have been and am now impressed with the belief that the naval men, as a body, are believers in Christianity, and a large number members of Christian churches. I am a friend of Christianity. My belief extends to the recognition of a Supreme Being, to the Divinity of Christ, to the surpassing potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence. I believe I have answered all of the questions you have asked, and wish you success in your good work.

Rear-Admiral, U. S. N.

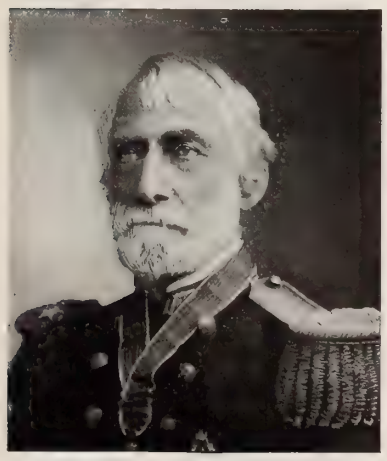
"I am a friend of Christianity, and firmly believe that it is the keystone of the social fabric and the greatest of all civilizing influences."

R. W. Evans

Captain, U. S. N.

"I believe that the inference that many of our most famous and distinguished men of the day are freethinkers, agnostics and unbelievers, and if they are not enemies of Christianity, they are at least not Christianity's friends, is unwarranted."

Thomas L. Phelps
R. Admiral U.S.N.



"The religion of Jesus Christ is the only source or fountain of righteousness, justice or peace to man on earth. I am a friend and a believer in the Christian religion. Of all the religions which have appeared among men, Christianity is the only true one, and it alone has brought to men solace in their sorrow, and a hope in their souls."

F. A. Roe,
Rear Admiral
U. S. Navy

one of the most modest and unassuming men in the service, writes:

"I claim to be a friend of Christianity. I was thus brought up, and thus taught to believe. I have never had occasion to change my belief and convictions on this point."

Brave, clear, ringing words from the lips of the man who led our Atlantic fleet against Spain, and whose guns at Santiago, Cienfuegos, Matanzas and San Juan thundered forth the doctrine of human rights and emancipation from ages of oppression to Cubans and Porto Ricans.

* * *

Rear-Admiral Montgomery Sicard, one of the senior ranking officers in the Navy, thus places himself on record:

"I most heartily answer in the affirmative all of the questions you ask in your letter to me. Furthermore, I can say that I do not see how anyone can reasonably doubt the truths of Christianity."

* * *

Speaking from a lifetime of observation in the U. S. Navy, **Rear-Admiral H. L. Howison,** writes:

"I have been and am now impressed with the belief that the naval men, as a body, are believers in Christianity and a large number members of Christian churches. I am a friend of Christianity. My belief extends to the recognition of a Supreme Being, to the Divinity of Christ, to the surpassing potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence. I wish you success in your good work."

* * *

Strong and impressive are the views expressed by **Rear-Admiral J. H. Upshur.** In his letter he says:

"Although I am rather averse to seeing my name in public print, the questions you have put are fraught with such dignity and importance to all mankind that I do not hesitate to place myself on record as being profoundly impressed with the importance of Christianity to the world. Without its potent influence, I am persuaded we should sooner or later relapse into semi-barbarism. Mental strength, if derived alone from the highest culture and refinement, falls far short, in its benign influence, of that derived from a firm belief in the lessons of God and of his Son, Jesus Christ. True civilization, I believe, can be derived from no source ignoring the existence of God."

* * *

Rear-Admiral Thomas S. Phelps, in giving an affirmative answer to all the questions, adds that he believes the impression the chief agnostics have so industriously endeavored to disseminate, that the public men, foremost in our government and in our army and navy, largely hold infidel views, is unwarrantable.

* * *

An admirable letter comes from **Rear-Admiral Francis A. Roe,** who writes:

... "I am a friend and a believer in the Christian religion. Of all the religions which have appeared among men, Christianity is the only true one, and it alone has brought to men solace in their sorrow, and a hope in their souls. I recognize the existence of Almighty God, the Father of men, and Jesus Christ as his only begotten Son. In the history of mankind, of states and nations, no philosophy or doctrine has been as potent for civilization and amelioration as the religion of Christ. It is the only source or fountain of righteousness, justice or peace to man on earth."

* * *

Rear-Admiral Samuel R. Franklin gives a hearty assent to all the questions in the letter of inquiry.

* * *

Rear-Admiral James A. Greer writes: "Having been a professor of religion for more than forty years, I will, in reply to the questions propounded, in your favor of 2nd inst., say emphatically, 'Yes.'"

* * *

Rear-Admiral C. F. Stanton (retired), writes: "I believe in the existence and rule of a Supreme Being, in the Divinity of Christ, and in the surpassing potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence. One of my hopes and prayers is that all the peoples of the world may some day be joined in a universal brotherhood of Christian love and Christian civilization."

* * *

From **Rear-Admiral George E. Belknap** (retired), comes this letter, which leaves no doubt concerning the position of that officer:

"Perhaps the enclosed extract, from a recent address I made upon the subject of the Navy, will answer sufficiently the questions propounded by you. Nevertheless, let me add that in a service of fifty-one years, I do not remember to have met more than two officers who held to views similar to those maintained by professing infidels. On the contrary many of the most devout Christians I have ever met have been officers of the navy, distinguished alike by their high professional standing and their undoubting belief in the Divinity and teachings of Christ. As for myself, my membership of the Episcopal Church must attest my faith and belief in a Supreme Being and in his Son, our Lord and Saviour."

* * *

The extract from the address mentioned in the Rear-Admiral's letter is given below:

"If anyone here to-night has ever seen one of our ships-of-war in foreign waters, let me ask him if his pulse did not beat the quicker, his heart thrill with more glowing pride at the inspiring sight? Who could, indeed, look upon the flag of his country, floating in foreign waters from the peak of a trim, well-ordered man-of-war, without quickened throbbings of the heart and more exultant thrills of patriotism? For such ship, wherever she was, carried with her the sovereignty of the United States, and the moment you stepped on board, you found yourself at once on the soil of your country and under the protecting folds of its flag.

"Furthermore, let me tell you that there is no class of our people more interested in the maintenance of the navy than our missionaries. I have met them in many lands and in every clime, and have more than once afforded them the protection of the flag which it has been my privilege to bear abroad. Doubtless some of you are interested in foreign missions. Perhaps some friend or kinsman has gone forth from your midst to do the work of the Master in the solitudes of Africa, or the jungles of Africa, tropic Siam, the great heathen empires of China and Japan, barbaric Korea and the isles of the sea. What to them is the protecting presence of a stout ship-of-war in the waters of those remote parts of the world, can be felt and expressed by themselves alone.

"In this connection, let me give you this little incident in the life of the late Rear-Admiral Foote, of noble memory. When he visited Siam in command of the sloop of-war *Portsmouth*, in 1856, he invited the second king to visit the ship. The king gladly accepted, and after being received with royal honors and shown all the ins and outs of the ship, including a battle exercise, he was asked into the cabin for luncheon. As they sat down at table, Foote, as was his wont, said grace, whereupon his guest remarked, 'I thought only missionaries prayed before meat?' 'But, your majesty, every Christian is a missionary,' replied stout Foote, the subsequent hero of Fort Donelson and Island No. 10 during our civil war. Now the king was a man of thought and cultivation and fairly conversant with the English tongue, but imbued with a depreciative feeling towards missionaries. His host's sturdy reply, therefore, must have strongly impressed him, and doubtless often recurred to him subsequently when called upon to deal with questions affecting the missionaries in his kingdom."

* * *

Commodore Frederick Rodgers writes himself down "emphatically a friend of Christianity and a full believer in it. I believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, in the Divinity of Christ, and, moreover, in the imperative necessity of such belief for the maintenance of civilized government of the people."

* * *

Many of these letters, from men whose names are familiar in every American household as those of our nation's bravest and ablest commanders, go far beyond the text of the note of inquiry. Thus, **Commodore W. K. Mayo** writes:

"I am the child of Christian parents, and made a public profession of my trust in the atoning grace of our Lord Jesus in the Presbyterian Church, at Norfolk, Va., ere I was twenty years of age. There was nothing remarkable about my 'con-

"I desire to answer emphatically, Yes."

C. S. Norton
R. Admiral U.S.Navy

"I answer emphatically, Yes."

S. R. Franklin

Rear-Admiral, U. S. Navy

"True civilization, I believe, can be derived from no source ignoring the existence of God. I do not hesitate to place myself on record as being profoundly impressed with the importance of Christianity to the world Without its potent influence, I am persuaded we should sooner or later relapse into semi barbarism."

Just. H. Upshur

Rear-Admiral, U. S. Navy

"Christian nations lead in the world's achievements, progress and greatness."

James A. Mount

Governor of Indiana

"In a service of fifty-one years I do not remember to have met more than two officers who held to views similar to those maintained by professional infidels. On the contrary, many of the most devout Christians I have ever met have been officers of the navy. As for myself, my membership of the Episcopal Church must attest my faith and belief."

Rear Admiral, U. S. N. (Retired)

"For a third of a century I have been a member in good standing of the Protestant Episcopal Church."

Brig.-Gen., U. S. A.

"I wish to speak with emphasis of full conviction after long and careful consideration of both sides of the subject. Most fully and distinctively, yes, I am a friend of Christianity."

Brig.-Gen. U. S. A.

version,' as this act is popularly called; it was simply the outward evidence of an internal 'make-up'—a natural endowment—and nearly all of my seventy years of life have been so full of joy a.... gratitude that my matin song is 'Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.'

"I have lived long enough, have seen enough of men and manners, have so often enjoyed the *consciousness* of a Divine Helper being near me when in circumstances of trial and danger, as to know that my faith in God, Jesus, and the present help, the Holy Ghost, does not come out of that Book which men call the Holy Bible, but that the Holy Bible is the outcome of that religion of [illegible] understanding to perceive. The primal disclosure of God, the native propensity to religious thought, constitute the reason of my faith, which gives me trustful reliance upon God, blessing him for the covenant of his Grace, and Jesus the Mediator of it, and the Holy Spirit, to guide and govern in the beauty of Holiness."

* * *

Rear-Admirals Lewis A. Kimberly and **Silas Casey** both sent affirmatives to all the questions.

* * *

Rear-Admiral Pierce Crosby (retired), writes: "I am a firm friend of Christianity. . . . My belief extends to the recognition of a Supreme Being, to the Divinity of Christ and to the surpassing potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence."

* * *

Rear-Admiral Aaron K. Hughes declares himself a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church for over a quarter of a century.

* * *

Rear-Admirals A. H. Farquhar and **C. S. Norton** answer with emphatic affirmatives.

* * *

Rear-Admiral E. C. Matthews believes in the truths of Christianity "to the fullest extent," and adds: "I cannot see how an earnest and reasonable man of Christian parents can believe anything else."

* * *

Commodore J. W. Philip, one of the bravest officers actively engaged in the Spanish war, gives a very decided affirmative answer to all the questions.

* * *

This admirable letter from **Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce** marks him as an officer with Christian convictions that are not only earnest, but intensely practical:

"I am a member (an unworthy member goes without saying), of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. Being a member of the Church of Christ, I may be considered as a Christian, as far as poor, weak humanity may hope to be one. It is my belief that the countries where the observances of the Christian religion generally prevail are absolutely sure of Divine protection and guidance in national affairs. The nations that are the most religious are the most prosperous. I have always held that where the various denominations of the great Christian Church can meet on common ground—as they most certainly can—there should be drawn up a code of Christian ethics, which all might subscribe to, for the use of public and private schools throughout the land. All children of Christian parents should be taught the few, simple truths on which the Christian religion is based. It is in this way that we, as a nation, may become religious, when all things will be so ordered and settled upon the best and safest foundations, as the Liturgy has it, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations."

* * *

It will be remembered that when our Government contemplated sending a fleet to the coasts of Spain, that important command was given to **Commodore John C. Watson**, one of the bravest officers in the service. He is not only a brave sailor; he is a thorough Christian, as his letter below demonstrates. He writes:

"I gladly answer 'Yes,' and I believe the Lord Jesus Christ, our Divine Saviour, is the best friend any human being ever had or ever could have, and his loving help is freely offered to all who will accept it."

Noble words these, from a hero and a veteran of the Navy. Such are the men who uphold our flag throughout the oceans of the world!

* * *

Commodore J. H. Gillis, another veteran, writes as follows:

"I would state that, having been for many years, and being now a member of the Presbyterian Church, I could hardly be other than in sympathy with any movement against the enemies of religion, and could not reply to any of your questions except in the affirmative and that in the most emphatic manner. . . I consider the company of any earnest follower of Christ, no matter how humble his station, better than that of the highest in land, if he knows not God."

* * *

Commodore H. B. Robeson is a member of the Episcopal Church, and gives a cordial affirmative to all the questions.

* * *

There is a boldness characteristic of a "Son of the Sea" in this frank avowal of belief from **Commodore W. P. McCann.** He says he would be very sorry to hear that his name had been enrolled among the disciples of infidel teachers, as he has not the slightest respect for such small philosophers or their teachings or theories. In a general way he adds: "I can answer for the older officers of the navy, with whom I have been associated for over half a century. *I cannot recall the name of one who was or is an enemy of Christianity.* Moreover, those officers who have particularly distinguished themselves by their ability and heroism have entertained the warmest religious sentiments."

* * *

Captain C. M. Chester, of U. S. S. [illegible]

"Much as I dislike to appear publicly in the discussion referred to in your letter, I am compelled by the vows taken upon my becoming a member of Christ's church many years ago, to answer all your interrogatories in the strongest affirmative. If we exclude the recognition of a Supreme Being and the potency of religion as a civilizing influence from the results of the recent trouble with Spain, then was that war vain and our protestations fraudulent?"

* * *

Captain Silas W. Terry, of the battleship *Iowa*, writes: "I have no hesitancy in saying that I am a friend of Christianity, that I believe that Christianity is the friend of mankind; and, further, my belief extends to the recognition of a Supreme Being, the Divinity of Christ and the dignity of Christianity as a civilizing agent."

* * *

Captain Robley D. Evans, better known as "Fighting Bob," the commander of the *Indiana*, in answering the inquiries, begins by saying that he has no quarrel with anyone on religious grounds, as he believes in absolute freedom in such matters; but he adds: "You may be sure that I am a friend of Christianity, and firmly believe that it is the keystone of the social fabric and the greatest of all civilizing influences."

* * *

Captain Henry Glass of the cruiser *Charleston*, in expressing his emphatic belief in the Christian faith, adds: "From my experience in anti-Christian countries, I believe that Christianity has accomplished more for enlightenment and progress and the alleviation of human suffering than all other known influences."

* * *

Does not this echo the testimony of our missionaries and Gospel workers abroad in a manner truly wonderful? Doubtless the experience and observation of other commanders will coincide with that of Captain Glass.

In the foregoing letters and interviews it is submitted that the evidence effectually disposes of the charge of the allegation that "agnosticism and infidelity have found supporters among the leading men of the nation"—as far, at least, as the most prominent officials in our national Administration, Cabinet, Supreme Court, and Navy are concerned. By their frank and unqualified avowals, these leaders of national thought and action have forever set at rest the ungracious slander uttered against the country. Their letters will gladden the hearts of multitudes who

"I beg to state that I am decidedly a friend of Christianity."

[illegible] U. S. A.

"All men who [illegible] progress [illegible] civilization in all countries must believe in the potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence."

[illegible] U. S. A.

"To all questions I answer, Yes."

U. S. S.

"When any one tells me there is nothing in the Christian religion, and sneers at my mother's faith, and talks flippantly of her Bible, he heaps insult upon the honored dead, and I will have none of it."

Governor of Missouri

had been greatly disturbed by the loud claims of the unbelievers, and especially by the flagrant assertions of the prevalence of infidelity in "high places." These letters show, beyond all peradventure, that we are a Christian nation. They refute the calumny of national godlessness and establish the fact before the whole world that, as a people, "America is for God"; that we regard Him in all our policies, seek Him in our counsels, and lean upon Him in our mightiest enterprises.

The Army

IN times of war, with a large army in active service, one might suppose that there would be very little opportunity for the inculcation and growth of Christian principles, particularly among the officers and troops. Such, however, is very far from being the case. It has been demonstrated, in many instances, that when troops are actively engaged on the field, and when sickness and death invade the camps—whether as the result of the enemy's bullets or from the ailments peculiar to military campaigns—there is a strong undercurrent of serious thought among both officers and men, which affords excellent opportunity for turning their minds to spiritual things. The rank and file of our army contains not only a goodly proportion of sound Christian men, but many of the officers are earnest believers. This has been made apparent during the religious work in our camps both at home and abroad during the last twelve months. Chaplains, evangelists and lay workers of all denominations united in praise of the Christian spirit evinced by many of the officers, as well as by the men themselves; and this spiritual activity has been kept alive to a large extent among our troops in the West Indies and the Philippines, notwithstanding the rough work upon which they were engaged.

* * *

But it is with the heads of the army that we have to deal in the present instance, as the imputation of irreligion "in high places" which is made by the infidels, aims far above the rank and file. Were we to accept it, we would believe that the generals, major-generals, brigadier-generals and lieutenants of our army—from the highest to the lowest of the grades—were largely tainted with the poison of unbelief. Is this true, or is it a libel on our army? We shall let the officers speak for themselves.

* * *

Major-General J. W. R. Shafter, the victor of Santiago, and one of our bravest and most popular military leaders, unhesitatingly places himself under the standard of the Christian faith. He declares, in his letter in response to the questions submitted, that he is a friend of Christianity and believes in the Divinity of Christ and in the power of the Christian religion as a means to salvation.

* * *

Brigadier-General M. D. Hardin writes: "I sincerely believe there is no hope for the permanent success or real progress of any people who are not truly religious. And now that the Christian religion has been revealed to man I sincerely believe no nation can progress without believing and practicing it in its purity, avoiding formalism and superstition on the one hand and agnosticism and atheism on the other: the latter is due to the pride of intellect by which man fell."

* * *

Brigadier-General R. C. Drum avows himself a decided friend of Christianity, and so also does **Brig.-Gen. W. P. Craighill,** the latter supplementing his affirmatives with this sentence: "I wish to speak with the emphasis of full conviction after long and careful consideration of both sides of the subject."

* * *

Brig.-Gen. W. B. Rochester also gives with a soldier-like directness, a bold and hearty affirmative to all the questions.

* * *

Brig.-Gen. D. W. Flagler, chief of Ordnance of the United States Army, thus indicates his religious position:

"I have to state that I have been a communicant in the Protestant Episcopal Church, United States of America, for many years, and believe in all statements contained in the creed of that church."

* * *

A very significant and instructive answer is that of **Brig.-Gen. William P. Carlin,** who writes:

"I answer your questions in the affirmative. I believe that the manifest decline in Christian faith is due to the failure of professing Christians to live their religion."

* * *

Brig.-Gen. M. R. Morgan is a thorough believer in the Christian faith.

* * *

Brig.-Gen. Guy V. Henry is the Commander of the Department of Porto Rico, and the questions reached him at his headquarters in San Juan. After answering all in the affirmative, Gen. Henry adds this sentence, which may well be pondered by thoughtful Americans:

"The foundation-stone of a nation's prosperity, as history shows, is moral education, and any man who follows the Christian code will not fall by the wayside. Upon that foundation our success in governing our colonies will depend; its neglect will result in failure. 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.' This motto is over the West Point Chapel; it is educated into, and I believe felt to be true by every officer and soldier in our army and navy."

* * *

Adjutant-General H. C. Corbin is brief and to the point, and contents himself with stating that it gives him pleasure to send an affirmative to all the questions.

* * *

Surgeon-General George N. Sternberg declares himself the son of a clergyman and a friend of the Christian faith, implying a living belief on his part in the same doctrines.

* * *

A notable letter, which may well serve as a model of its kind to both soldier and civilian, is that of **Brig.-Gen. J. M. Wilson,** Chief of Engineers, who writes:

"I am an earnest friend of Christianity, I recognize the power and love of a Supreme Being, and I fully believe in the Divinity of the Saviour and the surpassing potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence. For a third of a century, I have been a member in good standing of the Protestant Episcopal Church; the vestry of the parish, with which I am now identified, has upon it three officers of the regular Army, one officer of the Navy, one ex-officer of the regular Army, and one ex-officer of the former Confederate Army.

* * *

Inspector-General Joseph C. Breckinridge sends a letter, which conveys, in no uncertain tone, his fervent faith. After affirmative answers to all the questions, he adds:

"I believe in God the Father, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord. Any man who follows the progress of civilization in all countries must believe in the potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence. Are not missionaries the forerunners of civilization?"

* * *

Major-General John R. Brooke, Commander of the Military Department of Cuba, writes from his headquarters at Havana in curt and soldier-like phrase, "I answer 'yes' to all of the three questions." Those who know General Brooke most intimately declare him to be a model soldier, broad-minded, judicious and everywhere commanding respect by his strong Christian character.

* * *

This record of the religious views of our country's valorous sons would be incomplete without the name of **General Oliver O. Howard.** Though now retired from active service, Gen. Howard's heart is still with the men of the camp and field, with whom he has spent the better part of his life, and among whom he rose to high distinction through gallantry and ability. General Howard is the typical Christian soldier of this country, everywhere honored and everywhere loved. He writes:

"You ask me, first, 'Are you a friend of Christianity?' If there were any way to strengthen the word 'yes' I would say adopt it. A thousand times yes. Of

"Yes, with all my heart."

W. P. Frye

U. S. Senate

"There is not nor has there ever been in the world any influence to be compared to Christianity as a civilizing influence. It has done more for man than all the religions, from the foundation of the world."

Richd. R. Kenney

U. S. Senate

"Christianity has done more good to mankind than all other religions or systems of faith or belief or unbelief. I believe in God the Father, Christ the Son and the Holy Ghost."

F. M. Cockrell

U. S. Senate

♣

"I cannot believe that any considerable number of the leaders of thought at the present day are freethinkers, agnostics or unbelievers."

A. D. Candler

Governor of Georgia

"I answer Yes to all of your questions."

James H. Berry

U. S. Senate

"Returning to Washington, I find your favor of 21st awaiting me. Replying to your query, 'Are you a friend of Christianity?' I answer, Yes."

Boies Penrose

U. S. Senate

In addition to sending a hearty affirmative to all the questions, Senator Kyle adds: "I am happy to express my sincere belief in the principles of Christianity."

James H. Kyle

U. S. Senate

♣

"I claim to be a friend of Christianity. I was thus brought up, and thus taught to believe. I have never had occasion to change my belief and convictions on this point."

W. D. Crampton

Rear-Admiral, U. S. N.

"My belief extends to the recognition of a Supreme Being, to the Divinity of Christ and the surpassing potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence. No one has a right to quote me to the contrary."

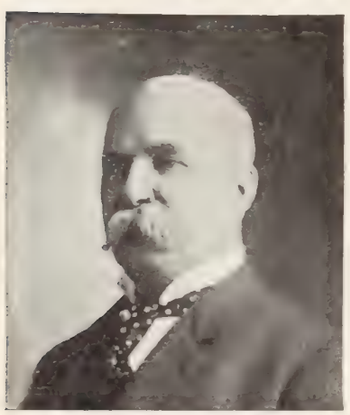
W. V. Allen

U. S. Senate

"To all of the questions I answer unhesitatingly, Yes."

J. M. Thurston

U. S. Senate



"I do most assuredly" (believe in Christianity).

J. H. Gallinger

U. S. Senate

"It has done more for civilization and the elevation and ennobling of mankind than all other influences in the world."

Geo. C. Perkins

U. S. Senate

course. I mean in the answer no sect, no denomination of Christians, no hierarchy of any human making, but simply the Christian religion as set forth in the New Testament and supported by the holy Scriptures of the Old Testament.

"Second. Is the Christian religion the friend of mankind? Of course. It makes man happy; it makes him, when genuine, treat his fellow-man with love and helpfulness.

"Third. Do you believe in the Divinity of Christ? This covers the whole ground. Certainly I do. The Almighty manifests himself especially to us all in the person of his Son, our Lord. God's Holy Spirit helps me to understand the Scriptures concerning Christ. My love for him meets his love for me, and I am glad. The Spirit calls me to see his shining face—the face of a living, loving, mighty Saviour. Through him—the Mediator, the Immortal—our Father's arms are always stretched out to welcome every child who will turn towards him. These are things to be spiritually discussed. The outsider, the sceptic, tries to solve such problems by intellect alone—but they are heart-problems. 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness.'"

U. S. Senate

OUR quest has already taken us through the various departments of the National Government—those of the Chief Executive, the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Army and Navy—and we must needs look elsewhere to find the substantial proof of the assertion of "infidelity in high places." Whither shall we now turn in pursuing our investigation? Is it in Congress that the sceptics, agnostics, free-thinkers and what-not hide themselves? Has the nation, while preferring Christian statesmen and leaders in other positions of eminence, neglected Congress, and so allowed its spirituality to go by default that an unbelieving troop has crept in who "know not God," and believe not in his Son?

* * *

As we turn to that grave and august body, the United States Senate, we confess to no misgivings. We find the Senators—almost all of them men of ripe judgment in human affairs, and with great interests in their keeping—ready to give to our interrogatories most attentive consideration. Their responses speak for themselves and need no comment or explanation of ours to declare the fact that the Senate of the United States is Christian.

* * *

Sen. Thomas C. Platt, of New York, writes this very striking testimony, which affords a glimpse of the religious inner nature of this well-known public man:

"I consider that Christianity, rightly apprehended and vitalized, is inherently and essentially a friend of humanity, and that to-day, with the enlightened attitude that mankind is assuming toward it, Christianity is proving itself to be more than ever a friend to the human race. I believe that the qualities of Divine goodness were marvelously illustrated and actualized in the character of Jesus Christ, and that his life is a remarkable revelation of the inherent possibilities in human nature. I believe that the genius of Christianity, which emphasizes the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—the kinship of all races and individuals—is potentially broadening, liberalizing and civilizing."

* * *

Sen. W. V. Allen, Neb., writes declaring his belief in Christianity, and adds: "No one has a right to quote me to the contrary."

* * *

Senator B. R. Tillman, of South Carolina, a man noted for his outspoken opinions, runs the Gospel flag to the masthead and writes that he is not in any sense of the word a disciple or believer in the doctrines of infidelity. "True Christianity," he adds, "is a very rare thing, even in the churches, and he would be a fool who denies the beneficent influence of the Christian religion upon men as taught by Christ. It is the best code of morals to live by that has ever been formulated."

* * *

"I am a Presbyterian and a member of that church," writes **Senator Chas. J. Faulkner,** of West Virginia, in giving his affirmative answer, "and an earnest and sincere believer in Christianity and in the Divinity of Christ. I believe that the teachings and precepts of the Christian religion have had more influence in ameliorating the condition of human society and advancing its civilization than any other cause."

* * *

Senator Geo. L. Wellington, of Maryland, has a "word in season" concerning infidel claims which is specially appropriate. He considers that too much importance is given to infidel leaders as factors in religious matters. He adds "So far as I am personally concerned I have no hesitancy in saying that I believe in the Christian faith, and, further, I believe that the Christian religion and the civilization it brings with it are the highest and best gifts to mankind.

* * *

Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas, in these unmistakable words avows his belief:

"I am a firm believer in the Christian religion, in the immortality of the soul, and in the beneficence and wisdom of an All-wise God, and that but for this belief, this life, in my opinion, would not be worth living."

* * *

"I am happy to express my sincere belief in the principles of Christianity," is the terse reply of **Senator James H. Kyle,** South Dakota.

* * *

"There is not nor has there ever been in the world any influence to be compared to Christianity as a civilizing influence," enthusiastically writes **Senator Richard R. Kenney** (Delaware). "It has done more for man than all the religions from the foundation of the world."

* * *

Senator F. M. Cockrell (Mo.), writes: "I believe firmly and unwaveringly in our holy Christianity as the most potent, civilizing and elevating influence on mankind in this world. I am the unfaltering friend of Christianity, which is man's best friend. Christianity has done more good to mankind than all other religions or systems of faith or belief or unbelief. I believe in God the Father, Christ the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

* * *

"Yes, with all my heart," responds **Senator Wm. P. Frye,** of Maine, in avowing his Christian belief. Equally cordial are the affirmatives that come from Senators W. V. Allen (Neb.), W. B. Allison (Ia.), James E. Berry (Ark.), J. H. Gallinger (N. H.), W. E. Mason (Ill.), John T. Morgan (Ala.), H. C. Hansbrough (N. Dak.), H. D. Money (Miss.), Geo. W. McBride (Ore.), Eugene Hale (Me.), Marion Butler (N. C.), John L. McLaurin (S. C.), J. M. Thurston (Neb.), George Gray (Del.).

* * *

Senator Geo. C. Perkins, of California, in his letter, makes this declaration:

"I am a loyal friend of Christianity, and believe that it has done more for civilization and the elevation and ennobling of mankind than all other influences."

* * *

From **Senator Samuel Pasco,** of Florida, comes a thoughtful note in which he defines his belief in these words:

"The highest type of civilization the world has ever seen is founded on Christianity, and the practice of its principles has in all ages made mankind better and happier. I accept the Bible as the revealed will of God to man, and believe in all of its doctrines and principles. In my opinion, it clearly teaches the Divinity of Christ."

* * *

Such is the testimony of the Upper House of Congress—the United States Senate. These letters prove, more than whole volumes of argument could do, that Congress recognizes that God is at the helm of our nation's affairs, and controlling its destinies. One cannot help remarking the earnestness that characterizes many of the letters, the writers of which desired to make the record effective in the battle with Agnosticism.

"I unhesitatingly answer yes to all the questions you ask."

John R. Taylor

Principal of Yale

"I am the friend of Christianity; it gives me pleasure to answer in the affirmative."

H. C. Corbin

Adjut.-Gen. U. S. A.

"I am a Presbyterian and a member of that church, and an earnest and sincere believer in Christianity and in the Divinity of Christ. I believe that the teachings and precepts of the Christian religion have had more influence in ameliorating the condition of human society and advancing its civilization than any other cause."

Chas. J. Faulkner

U. S. Senate

"I am glad to answer Yes to all your questions, and would add that my belief is that the leading men of the country hold the same views."

Marshall Field

State Governors

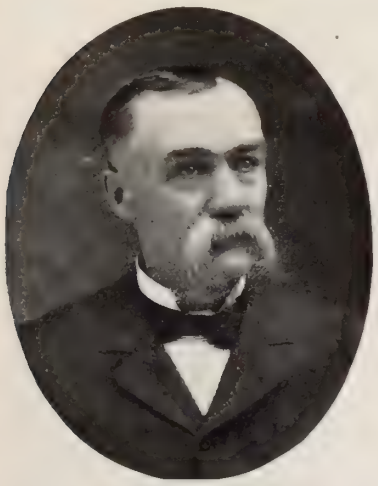
"I beg to answer in the affirmative."

GEORGE GRAY,
U. S. Senate

"I am a friend to Christianity. I know Christianity is the friend to mankind. I believe in the Trinity, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. I believe in the Bible as the inspired Word of God."

A. J. McLaurin

Governor of Mississippi



"I am a friend to Christianity. To your second and third questions I can also cheerfully answer in the affirmative."

Andrew E. Lee

Governor of South Dakota

"In answer to the questions which you have put to me, let me answer in the most direct way, and simply say: To the First, I am: to the Second, yes; and to the Third, yes.'

Wm. A. Mercer

Brigadier-General, U. S. A.

BUT leaving national affairs, it may be argued that there are still other public men of exalted position, besides those we have already indicated, of whom the assertion of the infidels might be true. To anticipate this claim, we have written to the Governors of all the States, a letter of inquiry regarding their attitude toward Christianity. As in the former lines of investigation, we let the responses speak for themselves, being willing that the agnostics should derive from them whatever encouragement they may afford.

* * *

There could hardly be a stronger or more eloquently touching testimony than this of **Hon. Lon V. Stephens,** Governor of Missouri. He writes:

"If there is nothing in this religion of Christ, who died for man, my own mother deceived me on her death-bed. When her soul was about to wing its flight she told us all triumphantly, with her poor emaciated face wreathed in smiles, that she was going to another home in heaven; that she would join other loved ones there; that she wanted her boys and girls to so live that on some sweet day we would all meet again and live and love forever and forever. When anyone tells me there is nothing in this Christian religion and sneers at my mother's faith and talks flippantly of her Bible, he heaps insult on the honored dead, and I will have none of it."

* * *

God's people everywhere will value this outspoken declaration from **Hon. George W. Atkinson,** Governor of West Virginia, which proves that State to have a wise and worthy Executive:

"I most certainly believe that Christianity is the unquestionable friend of mankind. It has given humanity, all over the world where it has been introduced, an uplift which is not comparable in any sense with any other system of religion that has been tried in the past.

"I never had any doubt arising in my mind about the Divinity of Christ, and I have given to the subject careful thought and study. I believe in the surpassing potency of the civilized influences which grow out of the teachings and principles of the Gospel of the Christ. To blot out Christianity would be to draw a veil of darkness over the world and render mankind desolate and miserable."

* * *

Hon. W. E. Stanley, Governor of Kansas, Hon. DeForest Richards, Governor of Wyoming, Hon. Robert B. Smith, Governor of Montana, Hon. Wm. O. Bradley, Governor of Kentucky, Hon. H. M. Wells, Governor of Utah, Hon. Andrew E. Lee, of South Dakota, Hon. E. C. Smith, Governor of Vermont, Hon. W. D. Bloxham, Governor of Florida, Hon N. O. Murphy, Governor of Arizona, Hon. David W. Jones, Governor of Arkansas, Hon. A. J. McLaurin, Governor of Mississippi, Hon. C. M. Barnes, Governor of Oklahoma, and Governor Frank Rollins, of New Hampshire, have all written, declaring their firm belief in Christian doctrines.

* * *

Some of the letters received from the Governors of other States are magnificent testimonials to the truths of Christianity. **Hon. Joseph M. Devine,** ex-Governor of North Dakota, thus expresses his personal belief:

"Christ gave to the world an ideal and with that ideal, life. He lifted and continues to lift up all mankind. He who holds to that ideal is invincible; no environment can control him, no combination absorb him, no adversary destroy him, for he has that within himself which laughs at destruction and abides forever. Christianity as a civilizing influence permeates and uplifts all civilizing influences. The religion of a man, an age or a nation determines the character of that man, that age or that nation."

* * *

The triumphs of Christianity are set forth in eloquent words by **Governor James A. Mount,** of Indiana. He writes:

"Christian nations lead in the world's achievements, progress and greatness. It is the Christ-like spirit that inspires and carries forward charitable and philanthropic work. The founders and managers of colleges and seminaries, of hospitals and reformatories, are largely Christian men and women; even the exceptional cases are always found in lands dominated by Christian influence. It is the Christian spirit that seeks to reclaim the fallen, to relieve distress, mitigate suffering, to make the world purer and mankind happier.

"I believe in a Supreme Ruler, and humbly seek the light of his unerring counsel to guide me in the discharge of the duties incumbent upon me."

* * *

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Governor of Iowa, writes:

"I answer each of your three interrogatories in the affirmative. The history of the past year, more than that of any other twelve months, emphasizes the potency of the Christian religion as a civilizing influence. Think as we please, plan as we will, do what we may, the evidence is unmistakable that Christian civilization is to encircle the globe, and that the nation that rejects it, or refuses to assimilate, must soon perish from the earth."

Governor Shaw is a member of the M. E. Church, and has thrice represented his State in Quadrennial General Conference.

* * *

In a somewhat similar strain **Hon. C. A. Thomas,** Governor of Colorado, writes:

"I am a friend of Christianity. It has been of great and incalculable benefit to mankind, and its influence upon civilization and society has been uplifting and ennobling. The abandonment of Christian teachings and Christian influences would be calamitous."

* * *

The claim of the agnostics of "widespread infidelity in high places" is not entertained by **Hon. A. D. Candler,** Governor of Georgia, who writes avowing his Christian principles, and adds: "I cannot believe that any considerable number of the leaders of thought at the present day are free-thinkers, agnostics or unbelievers. This certainly has not been my observation, either among the professional men, the business men, or even among the politicians in the portion of the republic in which I live."

* * *

Hon. Joseph F. Johnston, Governor of Alabama, after declaring his Christian principles, writes: "I believe the precepts of the Master the only safe guide for individuals and nations, both in this life and that to come."

* * *

Hon. Alva Adams, ex-Governor of Colorado, writes that he is in no sense a disciple of agnosticism. "I believe," he adds, "that our civilization will become weaker and less virile in measure as we depart from the orthodox Christian faith of our fathers."

* * *

This, from the Governor of Virginia, **Hon. J. Hoge Tyler,** will be read with especial appreciation by those who know the preciousness of the privilege to which the distinguished Virginian refers. His letter illustrates the readiness of the loyal believer at all times to "stand up for Jesus," and certainly in these days, when arrogant atheism and infidelity assail on every hand, it is more than ever necessary for the Christian to show his colors. He writes: "Recognizing the inestimable benefits conferred upon the world through the Christian religion, it is a privilege to bear personal testimony to the comfort and joy the belief in the Atonement through Christ can give."

* * *

Another State Executive who firmly upholds Christianity is **Hon. Wm. A. Poynter,** Governor of Nebraska, who writes: "Christianity is the foundation of the world's highest and best civilization. The more nearly States conform their laws to the teachings of Christianity, the more equal justice is the portion of all the people."

Such is the voluntary testimony of the Governors of many States, and it establishes the fact that they are, as a whole, men of high Christian principle, worthy of the great offices they fill.

"Yes" (to all the questions)

"I am a friend of Christianity. I am a member of the Episcopal Church, and firmly believe in the Apostles' Creed."

D. W. Jones,

Governor of Arkansas

"Recognizing the inestimable benefits conferred upon the world through the Christian religion, it is a privilege to bear personal testimony to the comfort and joy the belief in the Atonement through Christ can give."

J. Hoge Tyler

Governor of Virginia

"I believe that the manifest decline in Christian faith is due to the failure of professed Christians to live their religion."

William P. Fowler

Our Universities

"He would be a fool who denies the beneficent influence of the Christian religion upon men as taught by Christ. It is the best code of morals to live by that has ever been formulated."

U. S. Senate

"So far as I am personally concerned I have no hesitancy in saying that I believe in the Christian faith, and further, I believe that the Christian religion and the civilization it brings with it are the highest and best gifts that can be given to mankind."

U. S. Senate

"Yes! I do believe in the Divinity of Christ. Yes! I do believe that Christianity is the friend of mankind. Yes!-I do believe in the surpassing potency of the Christian religion as a civilizing influence.

Very [illegible] yours,

Russian Imperial Embassy,
Washington, D. C.

"AS education advances, the belief in Christianity wanes," is an oft-repeated assertion of the disciples of Agnosticism. The wish is father to the thought. The imputation is levelled at our universities and other institutions of learning. How far it is true, may be ascertained from the answers received from a large number of our leading educators, which conclusively show that the great colleges of America are controlled by men of high Christian principle, whose loyalty to the doctrines of the Great Teacher is deep and fervent. With such illustrious examples in the faculties of these institutions, the youth of our nation are not in danger of being seduced by the sophistries of the agnostics. These letters, in the main, are concise and go straight to the point at issue.

* * *

"What I believe is expressed in the Apostles' Creed," writes **Rev. George Williamson Smith, D.D., LL. D.,** President of Trinity College.

* * *

Hon. Alex. Stewart Webb, LL.D., President of the College of the City of New York writes: "I believe in the Bible and in Christianity. Yes, yes."

* * *

"It gives me pleasure to reply to your letter of inquiry," writes **Prof. George E. MacLean,** of the University of Nebraska. "In the words of the Apostle Paul, 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.' My belief extends to the recognition of a Supreme Being, the Divinity of Christ, and the potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence."

* * *

The Principal of our leading University for women, **Prof. J. M. Taylor,** of Vassar, replies tersely: "I unhesitatingly answer 'Yes' to the questions you ask."

* * *

Prof. Henry Wade Rogers, President of Northwestern University, in announcing his orthodoxy, writes: "Christianity has shaped the laws, manners, customs and literature of the civilized world. Every one, whether he believes in Christianity or not, must concede that fact. It has abolished slavery, modified the rules of war, built hospitals, poorhouses, and asylums, and taught that all men are free and equal."

* * *

"I am an ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church," is the answer of **Prof. Francis L. Patten,** President of Princeton University, "and of course my belief extends to the recognition of a Supreme Being, the Divinity of Christ, as well as the other doctrines embraced in the Westminster Confession of Faith."

* * *

Prof. A. H. Fetterolf, Ph. D., LL.D., President of Girard College, writes: "I answer your questions with a cheerful and unqualified 'Yes.'"

Yet the enemies of Christianity pointed to this college as one that was founded in infidelity.

* * *

From Mount Holyoke College (which has educated and sent out a great host of Christian teachers), comes this letter: "The testimony of the nearly 2,000 years since Jesus Christ came into the world shows that Christianity is the friend of mankind. I believe that the kingdom of Jesus Christ will be universal on the earth, bringing in the reign of righteousness and peace.—**Elizabeth G. Mead,** Principal."

* * *

"I am not ashamed or unwilling to be known anywhere as a thorough, old-fashioned believer in Christianity, pure and unadulterated for every man, and woman, and child whom God hath made. I believe it is the agent, and the only effective agent, in giving civilization to man." This is the answer of **Prof. E. Hitchcock,** Dean of Amherst College.

* * *

Prof. R. E. Adams, of the University of Wisconsin, sends a brief note, in which he says: "I beg to answer all three questions in the affirmative."

* * *

Through his secretary, **President Cyrus Northrup,** of the University of Minnesota, also gives affirmative answers, and a similar reply comes from Prof. F. H. Swan, of the University of Kansas.

* * *

President Schurman, of Cornell University, is now in the Philippines, as a member of our Peace Commission, but his secretary, Mr. H. C. Howe, writes for him in his absence, giving assurance of Dr. Schurman's Christianity. He says, in his note: "Dr. Schurman is a member of the Baptist Church and an earnest Christian."

* * *

"I am giving my whole life to teach these things" (the doctrines of Christianity), writes **Prof. William R. Harper,** of the University of Chicago.

* * *

Prof. Martin Kellogg, LL.D, University of California, sends a decided affirmative.

* * *

"Yes, to each of the questions," answers **Prof. Cochran,** of the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn. "Christ and Christianity have given to humanity all that is noblest and best."

* * *

In a letter expressing the most loyal belief in Christianity, **Prof. James B. Angell,** President of the University of Michigan, concludes with these words: "I have endeavored to illustrate that belief during a somewhat extended life."

* * *

Such is the testimony of some of our nation's most distinguished educators, who, perceiving the importance of the occasion, and ever ready to declare their love and loyalty to the old Bible and the faith of their fathers, have considered it time well spent to place themselves on record in the battle against Infidelity.

* * *

In addition to the foregoing, a number of letters have been received from men and women prominent in the mercantile and professional world—some of them among the best known Americans of our day—and all, with singular unanimity, declare their loyalty and adherence to the Faith of the Cross. **Marshall Field,** the merchant prince of Chicago, and an employer of thousands of workers of both sexes, gladly answers with a "yes," to all the questions, and adds: "My belief is that the leading men of the country hold the same views."

* * *

Mr. John Wanamaker, whose noble Christian life and broad philanthropies are known everywhere, sends the assurance of his faith in Christianity, and adds that he has never entertained a doubt of the Divinity of Christ, and that, as he grows older, he recognizes more and more the importance of the Christian religion to mankind.

* * *

Hon. Levi P. Morton, speaking for himself and for the important class he represents, declares for orthodox Christianity.

* * *

Such is the verdict of the nation's leaders in thought, influence and public position, on the great question of the ages. Their unanimous and unequivocal declaration of Christian belief will come to all lovers of Gospel truth like a welcome message, proclaiming the United States a Christian nation, and its foremost representatives sincere followers of the Man of Nazareth.

* * *

At all the embassies of foreign governments in Washington, as well as at the Legations, the United States is officially regarded as a "Christian nation." Even the Ambassador of China, **Wu Ting-fang,** places on record, over his own signature, the fact of our national Christianity, of which the Infidels and Agnostics appear to be so ignorant. Minister Wu sums up his own and his government's position in these remarkable words: "For my answer, I have to refer you to the 29th article of the treaty of 1858, between China and the United States which reads, 'the principles of the Christian religion . . . are recognized as teaching men to do good, and to do to others as they would have others do to them.' Such was, and still is, the opinion of the Chinese Government respecting Christianity, and in this opinion I heartily concur."

"Christian civilization is to encircle the globe, and the nation that rejects it or refuses to assimilate, must perish from the earth."

Governor of Iowa

"I believe that the genius of Christianity, which emphasizes the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—the kinship of all races and individuals—is potentially broadening, liberalizing and civilizing."

U. S. Senate

"The principles of the Christian religion, as professed by the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches, are recognized as teaching men to do good and to do to others as they would have others do to them."

Chinese Ambassador at Washington

Baby Clarke Restored

SELDOM have the troubles of a private family so interested millions of persons as did the kidnapping of little Marion Clarke, described on this page last week. There were few citizens of New York who were not concerned about the lost child, and anxious to have her discovered and restored to her parents. Combined with sympathy for the parents was the desire to have the criminals detected and punished in so exemplary a way as to deter others from engaging in the same enterprise. It is doubtful if the police, unaided, would have been successful in either object. But the daily journals spread the news of the crime far and wide, and by publishing an excellent portrait of little Marion, enabled any person seeing her to recognize the child. This recognition occurred on June 1 in a country post-office at St. John's, N. Y., a hamlet in the mountains of Rockland County. A woman, carrying a child, called there for letters, and the Post-mistress handed her two. Looking at the child, she felt convinced that it was the missing babe, and as soon as the woman left, the Post-mistress gave information to the authorities and secured a warrant for her arrest. Information was at once sent to New York, and a detective, accompanied by the child's father, went to the country village and identified the babe and arrested the woman and her husband, whose name is Wilson. On the next day the nurse who abducted the child was found at White Oak Ridge, a village near Summit, N. J. She confessed her guilt and said that she was led to commit the crime by Wilson, who, with his wife, occupied an apartment in a New York lodging house, where the nurse-girl made their acquaintance. The girl was poor, and Wilson showed her how, by stealing a child, a large sum of money might be secured as ransom. He undertook to conduct the negotiations if she would steal the child. She consented, and efforts were made to get a place for her in some wealthy family. These failed, but she succeeded in getting an appointment from the Clarkes. The child was taken, as already related, and the nurse and the Wilsons went with her to the country. The nurse then returned to New York, leaving the child in the care of the Wilsons. But getting scared in the city, she went to the residence of an aunt near Summit, where she was arrested. The babe received an ovation when her father brought her home. A great multitude gathered in the street when the news was published that she was coming home, and gave joyful cheers as she was taken from the carriage and placed in the arms of her distracted mother. Such a scene helps us to understand the assurance that Christ gave of the rejoicings that there are in heaven when a soul which has been lost, but is found by the Good Shepherd, and is brought out of the bondage of sin into God's kingdom.

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MARION CLARKE, THE CHILD KIDNAPPED BY HER NURSE

Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth (Luke 15:10.)

Dreyfus to Have a New Trial

At last justice is to be done to the French officer who for four years has been imprisoned on Devil's Island off the coast of Guiana. On June 3 the Court of Cassation in Paris formally pronounced as illegal, the trial at which he was condemned, and ordered a new trial; which is almost sure to end in his acquittal. The evidence submitted to the Court of Cassation showed that when Dreyfus was tried for disclosing military secrets to Germany, three documents were produced in proof of the charge, and on those documents he was condemned. Two of them have now been proved to be forgeries, and the third, which may be genuine, did not refer to Dreyfus at all. The prisoner is clearly innocent, and all the disgrace and suffering inflicted upon him were the result of a wicked plot. The men guilty of the outrage are men at the head of the French Army, and one of them is a statesman who has held high office. Their knavery and duplicity have disgraced the name of France throughout the world. A large part of the population of Paris have added to the disgrace by opposing the vindication of the innocent sufferer, on the ground that he could not be vindicated without condemning men high in office in the government and the army. Happily they have not had their way. The innocent man is to be taken back and retried. Whether the guilty men will be punished is uncertain, as they have powerful influence which may be used to protect them from the penalty they so richly deserve. It cannot, however, protect them from the scorn and contempt of the civilized world, nor can it remove from their country the stain they have brought upon it by their villainy. The French people have long been notorious for their godlessness and they are reaping the fruits of it.

The right of the needy do they not judge. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this? (Jer. 5:28).

The Lucknow Memorial

A noble granite shaft has just been erected at Lucknow in India, to commemorate the valiant defence of the Residency there, during the mutiny of 1857. The heroism of that siege is historic. A handful of officers, with their wives and daughters, were surrounded by the native soldiers, who had been armed and trained for service in the English army of occupation. They hoped to outrage and massacre the little company, as they did the women and children at Cawnpore. But the English closed the gates of the Residency and fought bravely in defence of the place. Though outnumbered nearly a hundred to one, and though weakened by disease and overpowered by the intense heat, they kept the demoniacal murderers at bay, throwing them from the top of the walls, when they tried to enter by climbing, and struggling with them underground, when they dug a tunnel under the walls. The ladies of the garrison nursed the sick, attended to the wounded and even carried ammunition to the soldiers, who could not, even for a minute, leave the breaches which the enemy's cannon had made in the walls. Early in the siege, the brave Sir Henry Lawrence died of his wounds, but with his dying breath, he enjoined his men to die at their posts rather than surrender. There was not a man among them who hesitated to obey, or would agree to yield. Their ammunition was almost exhausted and most of their provisions had been eaten—for they held the place for eighty-seven days—when the Highlanders, under Sir Colin Campbell, cut their way through the besieging force and delivered the heroic garrison. The shaft now erected on the spot where the fiercest struggles took place, is a memorial of the men and women who held out to the end. The courage and endurance they displayed should characterize the Christian in fighting the good fight of faith. The time will come when the heroes in that conflict will be honored.

OBELISK RECENTLY ERECTED AT LUCKNOW, INDIA

They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony and they loved not their lives unto the death (Rev. 12:11).

The Test of Insanity

At a recent meeting in New York of the American Medico-Psychological Association there was an important discussion of the criminal side of the insanity problem. The question arose out of a paper read by Dr. Charles Macdonald on the true test of insanity in criminal cases. He contended that the present tests are misleading. "It has been decided by the highest court of this State," said he, "that the test upon which the responsibility of a criminal who pleads lunacy is established is the knowlege of the distinction between right and wrong, and the knowledge of the quality of the act which has been committed. Such a test is in direct conflict with the law of nature and the discoveries of science. Something more than the mere knowledge of right and wrong is requisite to make persons responsible for the commission of crime. As a prerequisite for such responsibility, the defendant must possess the ability to choose the right." The courts are very little likely to agree with the Doctor in classifying all as lunatics who are unable to choose between right and wrong. Many are in that condition, not through lunacy, but through the bondage of habit and self-indulgence, which has weakened the will. Paul's remedy for such cases is better than a lunatic asylum.

Walk in the spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh: for the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, so that ye cannot do the things which ye would (Gal. 5:17).

Ropes from Spiders' Webs

A scientific journal reports a remarkable result of French ingenuity. This is no less than the training of spiders so that they will spin webs regularly for a useful purpose. The webs are used for the construction of balloon ropes for the military-aeronautic section of the French army. This novel industry is in operation at Chalais-Meudon, near Paris, and is an object of extreme interest not alone to entomologists. The insects are kept diligently active in a certain routine of movement, each one being able to spin some thirty or forty yards of thread without taking a rest. Twelve spiders are placed above a reel, to which their threads are attached, and the reel, being gently revolved, winds off the thread as fast as the little spinners are able to produce it. The threads are twisted into strands which after being carefully washed, are then skilfully woven into cords. The latter are declared to be both stronger and lighter than the silken cords which have hitherto been used by balloonists. It seems almost incredible that anything as weak and flimsy as a cobweb could ever, even in great number, become strong. It would appear, however, if this report may be trusted to have been done. But the spiritual achievement to which the prophet compared it, remains as impossible as ever. No man out of his own feeble performances can weave for himself a rope of righteousness.

They weave the spider's web . . . but their webs shall not become garments (Isa. 59:5, 6).

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
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T. DeWitt Talmage
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
... New York City.

The Filial President

WHEN we wrote about Presidents and their mothers, a few weeks since, we thought especially of President Garfield and President McKinley and their respective mothers. But President Loubet, of France, in the matter of filial affection seems to be quite their equal. One day lately, he visited the little town of Montelimar, where his peasant mother resides, and though at the risk of breaking up the parade which attended to do him honor, when trembling with emotion and delight, his mother appeared on a balcony especially arranged for her, he descended from his carriage, climbed up to the balcony and caught the delighted woman in his arms, imprinting on her cheeks kiss after kiss, and hugging her as he would have done in his boyhood.

There is something very hopeful for a civilization which cultivates these holy affections of our nature: and that nation which honors a son because he honors his humble mother, has elements in it which will endure. There is a republican simplicity. And there is, also, a domestic simplicity, which is more beautiful still. God says, "Them that honor me, I will honor." And sons who honor their parents honor God. This incident is especially interesting as coming from France and from a republican President there.

The Child Population of Porto Rico

THIS does not strike the stranger as a very important factor. But, still it is true, that she who rocks the cradle, rules the world. Civilization and Christianity must both begin with the children. It is only picturesque, to watch the half-clad or naked progeny that multiply so rapidly in Porto Rico. But, soon they cease to be "toddling weethings," and are projected into the world, to do petty errands, bring the fuel for the fire, beg of the stranger a pittance toward the domestic support. Gen. John Eaton, so long the honored Commissioner of Education in this country, is studying the problem of the public school, and the different Christian denominations, with reference to work in the churches and the families. There is a grand opportunity for the Catholic Church, as represented by Americans, to illustrate what is best in Americanism; the liberality and activity of the Christian denominations in their Christian work here. Never before has there been so good a chance for the different denominations to rise above their differences and obey the commandments given by the Master to the Apostle Peter: "Simon Son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my lambs, feed my sheep."

Population Determined by An Industry

COMMERCE in Hawaii is dependent upon the sugar industry. Of the thirty millions of dollars devoted to this industry, twenty-two and one-half millions are American. Of the population employed in the same, mainly Chinese and Japanese, there are 24,623, or nearly one quarter of the population of the island. In other words, the capital of this industry is American, the labor Mongolian. In its historic origin, the capital comes from a Christian land: this labor from the lands that are pagan. This, at least, is true of China, and to a large extent of Japan.

What the capital of this industry might do to elevate this labor, by encouraging the work of schools and churches: by cultivating among these Mongolians, the true conception of the family: by making the industry friendly to labor, it would take a long story to tell. Certainly it will not do for American capital to treat Oriental labor as if it were slave labor. It is the labor of men made in God's image, however much they have lost it. It is the labor of human brotherhood: schools and churches and the influence of home surroundings. Why should not Americans, growing wealthy through this rich response of the tropics to their outlay, be generous toward their laborers? Why should not American civilization show itself Christian? It will make better laborers, and their investments will yield richer returns.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME

Contributions, Disbursements, Etc., of "The Christian Herald's" Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y., for the Summer of 1898

DISBURSEMENTS.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS AND FITTINGS.

[illegible]	$51 82	
G. R. Wyman, "	34 00	
Howard Garner, Hardware	5 00	
E. J. N. Tallman, Hire of Piano	15 00	
[illegible]	15 00	
[illegible]	21 42	
G. C. M. Thompson, Painting	3 90	
G. D. Williams, "	4 52	
[illegible]	10 80	
		153.13

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING AND SUPPLIES.

Harrison & Dalley, Dry Goods, etc.	12 11	
[illegible]	12 14	
Thos. Glynn, Shoes	27 20	
[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	
		235.80

MEDICAL.

Dr. Lewi	45 00	
Dr. Polhemus	22 00	
J. D. Blauvelt, Drugs and Medicines	7 29	
		74.29

SALARIES, ETC.

[illegible]	[illegible]	
Caretakers	269 86	
Watchman, Hostler, Helpers and Chores	458 61	
[illegible]	[illegible]	
		899.48

FOOD SUPPLIES.

Geo. J. Altman, Butcher	76 71	
E. L. Baldwin, Fish	10 03	
J. K. Smith "	3 18	
A. H. Denton, Vegetables	12 33	
J. E. Morris & Co., Groceries	446 83	
Randolph & Sippell "	59 95	
[illegible]	[illegible]	
American Pie Co., Pastry, etc.	11 25	
Mrs. J. Fraser, Bread	160 40	
Creamery Bakery, Bread	151 57	
Robertson & Monroe, Bread	31 40	
Geo. F. Wood, Milk	219 40	
Nyack Ice Co., Ice	42 43	
Miscellaneous Groceries	17 22	
Wages to Cook, Maids, etc	121 10	
		1,445.87

LIVERY AND STABLES.

A. E. & J. H. Christie, Harness, etc	58 10	
Rye & Town, Hay, Feed, etc	93 22	
E. Van Houten, Livery	27 [illegible]	
J. H. Blauvelt, Horse shoeing, etc	14 40	
Use of Horses	107 30	
Transportation of Horses	17 30	
Miscellaneous	11 00	
		329 10

FREIGHT AND TRANSPORTATION.

Matthews Express Co., Baggage, etc	17 81	
North River S. S. Co., Children's Fares	225 83	
[illegible]	[illegible]	
Miscellaneous Car Fares	17 42	
		404.00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Blauvelt & Morrell, Insurance	50 00	
W. H. White & Co., Coal	19 32	
W. W. Hinton, Stationery, etc	4 85	
J. W. Tremper, Water	20 00	
[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	
Telegrams and Telephone	4 58	
Legal Expenses	10 00	
Auditing Account	35 50	
		169.64
Total Amount of Disbursements		3,711.31
Deficit in 1895, 1896, 1897		2,299.65
		6,010.90
Contributions received during 1898		5,149.03
Deficit carried forward		$861.93

Public Accountant's Certification.

This is to certify that I have carefully examined every item of expense in connection with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home, and have diligently compared every stub, receipt, voucher and check, and find the same correct and in accord with the above statement in every particular.

Sworn to before me this 26th day of May, A. D., 1899.

WM. S. GUERNEAU, NOTARY PUBLIC, NEW YORK

Wm. S. Guerneau
Notary Public

Louis Klopsch
Public Accountant,
[illegible] New York.

BRIEF NOTES

Recent statistics [illegible] Hawaiian Islands the Japanese outnumber the native Hawaiians.

A weekly journal [illegible] two years [illegible] jail for too candidly commenting upon Government affairs.

The American Tract Society [illegible] fact that during the past six years American citizens have given $263,800,000 to educational, philanthropic and religious organizations.

The Methodists of Washington [illegible] thousand dollars, which some anonymous donor has given them to lift the debts from their chapels.

According to recently published statistics of churches of all denominations in the United States, compiled by Dr. H. K. Carroll, there are now 26,057,909 communicants, a gain since 1890 of [illegible].

[illegible] of Washington, D. D., of which Rev. E. H. Severn is pastor, more than seventy persons were added to the [illegible] sixty-two and the youngest eleven years.

There are now eighteen Baptist churches in France, with a membership of 1,295, and thirty-six preaching stations. One of these churches, that in Nancy, goes back to Reformation times, and is descended from the original Baptists of the Vosges.

The latest church statistics collected for 1898 gave for the whole country an aggregate of 143,320 ministers, 187,100 churches and 26,651,969 communicants. The denomination ranking first in point of numbers is the Roman Catholic and the second the Methodist Episcopal.

There are 250,000 Indians in the United States, distributed throughout twenty-five States and territories, the largest number, 72,000, living in the Indian Territory, with 35,000 in Arizona, 18,000 in South Dakota, 13,000 in Oklahoma, 12,000 in California, 10,000 in Wisconsin, 5,200 in New York, and 2,802 in North Carolina.

Advance summaries of the Congregational Church, collected by the *Independent*, show the total number of churches to be 5,620; ministers, [illegible]; [illegible] Sunday School membership is 682,613. The benevolent contributions in all were $1,892,910. The membership shows a gain of 2,370. The additions on confession were 25,189.

Dr. Harry Dowkontt, who is at the Philafrican League's settlement of Lincoln, West Africa, writes that Mr. Frank T. Lea, one of their valued workers, has been very ill, with a temperature at times of 105. He and Mrs. Lea are now on their way home. Their places at Lincoln will be filled by Mr. Carson of Scotland and Miss Beinrichs of Switzerland.

Rev. Eynon Davis, an English minister, speaking recently at a Sunday School anniversary, described the trouble he had when a Sunday School teacher, with one boy in his class, who was utterly mischievous and unmanageable. The boy has grown up, and a few days before coming to that meeting, Mr. Davis met him. He had grown out of his recollection but he knew his former teacher and he introduced himself. To Mr. Davis's surprise, the bad boy had become a Baptist minister.

A dispatch from Guthrie, Okla., announces a tragic death in the pulpit. Rev. H. H. Baldwin, while conducting a service at Fountain, Dewey county, had just finished an impassioned appeal to his hearers to repent and turn from sin, when a thunderstorm broke over the town. There was a blinding flash of lightning, a tremendous crash of thunder. The congregation were horrified to see the preacher fall to the floor, and when friends went to his help he was found to be dead.

For the information of a subscriber at Denver, Colo., and others, we explain: 1. Gifts intended to be left by will in aid of our Fresh Air work should be left to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, as the institution is incorporated. 2. The same applies to legacies or bequests for the Bowery Mission, which is also an incorporated institution. 3. Bequests or legacies for the Bethesda Home Rescue Work should be made payable to the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as the institution is not incorporated.

Mr. William [illegible] has been visiting this country, has this pleasant report to give to the English journal with which he is connected: "It is not to the creature comforts of America that I look back with gratitude and affection. It is to the spontaneous and unaffected human kindness that met me on every hand, the will to please and be pleased in daily intercourse; and in the spiritual sphere the thirst for knowledge, for justice, for beauty, for the larger and purer [illegible]."

President McKinley sent congratulations to the American Sunday School Union at its [illegible] recently in Philadelphia. Among the speakers at the meetings was Dr. N. D. Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, who at the beginning of his career served the Union as a missionary in Nebraska. Mr. Henry Varley tendered congratulations from English Christians, and every Evangelical [illegible] represented by some eminent minister who bore testimony to the value of the work done by the Union.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Women in Japan

A Strange Tribute — Working in Rice-Fields — Advancement — The "Baby Carriage"

IN the southern part of the city of Kioto stands the well-known temple Higashi Hongwanji, the largest and most magnificent in Japan. From the beams of the roof hang thick black ropes, once used in hoisting heavy timbers; one of them is five inches in diameter and 250 feet long; all are made of hair from the heads of 3,500 women, who having no other way to help, offered the tribute of their glossy tresses to Buddha. Here and there, gray threads making pathetic breaks in the raven ropes, show that the aged gave their scanty locks. The temple is of comparatively recent erection; yet it is doubtful if any Japanese women of the present day would make again such sacrifice to Buddha. In Kioto flourishing mission work has been in existence since 1885; hospital, school buildings and teachers' residences, all fronting on the Imperial palace grounds. Recent rumor has suggested possible change in the established State religion, which is Shintoism. A new university in Tokio, under Imperial patronage, affords first-class educational advantages to women. The Empress is cultivated and progressive, and is doing much to introduce Western customs among her people. The great danger which threatens Japan as her old religions are being demolished, is from agnosticism and infidel sophistries. But one need not fear for the kingdom of Christ; it will prevail. The Japanese women who made such offerings to Buddha, will accept gladly, as it is more freely revealed to them, the higher object of devotion, our Christ, who asks neither sacrifice nor burnt offering, but love for God and our fellows.

Every year on the steps of the Higashi Hongwanji, a traveler tells us, the contributions of rice brought by pilgrims from distant provinces are stacked high in their cylindrical straw bales, themselves emblems of abundance. This rice is sent as an annual tribute from different parts of the empire to be used as offerings in the sanctuaries, for the priest's food and for alms for the poor. Such gifts often represent graver sacrifice than the ropes of hair. Rice is the staple of the Empire, the food of the people. Its production and preparation, especially in the interior, where only the most primitive agricultural implements are found, involve much hard and repulsive labor, which the women share equally with the men. In the rice-fields, workers stand knee-deep in the mud setting out young shoots or stirring up the muck. From their costume, one sex can hardly be told from another. All wear trousers and coarse blue cotton blouses; wrappings to the knee of thick cloth to protect the flesh from the assault of frogs, snails and blood-suckers of many kinds. For protection from the sun and rain they wear great white hats of straw, looking like so many mushrooms in the paddy-fields. Grass coats which shed the rain are worn in wet weather. Fields are dotted with long well-sweeps; or here and there, laborers are seen treading water-wheels. One of the easiest and prettiest features of the industry is shown in our picture where a mother and her daughter are separating grain from the stalk by an exceedingly primitive process. The fashionable baby carriage of Japan finds illustration in our photograph. Says E. A. Skidmore:

The little children are the most characteristically Japanese of all Japanese sights. Babies are carried about tied to their mothers' backs, or to that of their small sisters. They sleep with their heads rolling helplessly around, watch all that goes on with their black beads of eyes, and never cry. Their shaven crowns and gay little kimonos, their wise, serene countenances, make them look like cabinet curios. As soon as she can walk, the Japanese girl has her doll on her back, until she learns to carry it steadily and carefully; then the baby brother or sister succeeds the doll.

NATIVE WORKERS SEPARATING RICE FROM THE STALK IN JAPAN

Pleasant Goodness

We need to realize more vividly the necessity of being "pleasant to live with," as well as faithful to life's higher obligations, says a thoughtful writer. We may accomplish our daily tasks painstakingly and well, and bear our full share of each day's burdens and perplexities, and yet by an unlovely spirit cause the very ones for whom we toil and sacrifice to feel that what we do does not compensate for what we are—that the value of our service is overbalanced when placed in the scale with the cloudy looks and sharp words which are its accompaniment. The fact is, we must joy in doing what is good and kind for its own sake, and not for the sake of any recognition or reward from those we help. Let us do good because it is the better part.

"Little Brother and Sister's" Letter

A letter in big, printed characters, signed "Little Brother and Sister," comes from Chattanooga, Tenn., and puts a pretty appeal so prettily that it makes a nice little story for family reading. It says:

We live on a big farm near Lookout Mountain. We used to live in New York, and we know about the poor little tenement children there. Our mamma reads us about all the children you are helping at your beautiful Children's Home in the country, and we want to send some of our clothes to the little ragged ones. Our mamma will let us, and we will send good, strong ones that we have outgrown and some that we can wear now—for we don't want to give only the things we don't need. One of us is seven and the other is nine. Would the clothing we wore last summer and the summer before be too little? Shall we send them to the Bible House?

"Little Brother and Sister," our children at the Home will be delighted to be remembered by you so kindly. Our little guests are from five to twelve, so you see that your little suits and dresses will be sure to fit somebody there. Send to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y.

"The Bible in the Home"

The May meeting of the Mothers' Club of Atlanta, Ga., took as their subject for discussion "The Bible in the Home," and considered this subject under the following phases, which we give, thinking they may be helps to the study of this important question elsewhere:

1. Value of the Bible simply as one of the books in the home. 2. The Bible as literature. 3. Value of the Bible as the only safe guide to correct living. 4. Value of the Bible as an early companion to children. 5. What do the Scriptures suggest concerning the teaching of God's Word to children? 6. How shall Bible stories be rendered in the home? 7. How shall Bible truths be taught in the home? 8. There are homes where the Bible is never touched except to be dusted; there are other homes entirely without the Bible. If your child were to be brought up in either of these homes, which would you prefer? Why? 9. Experiences—(a) As a child what did the Bible mean to you? (b) As a mother what does it mean to you now? (c) What do you want it to mean to your child?

The President of the Georgia Assembly of Mothers is Mrs. William King, who by personal work, and as woman editor of a big Atlanta daily, has done much to advance the cause of childhood in the home and in the Sunday School.

One Egg for Dinner

That is the bill-of-fare on a California ostrich farm, says a traveler.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said the farmer, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich farm with him. "I guess that one egg will be enough." He went to the paddock and brought to the house an ostrich egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, then the shell was broken, and a three-pound hard-boiled-egg was laid upon the plate. The white had the bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg, and the yolk was of the usual color. It tasted as it looked—like a duck's egg, and had no flavor peculiar to itself. As it takes twenty-eight hen's eggs to equal in weight the ostrich's egg which was cooked, there was enough and to spare; and before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that an ostrich egg is good fare.

Compensation

The truest words we ever speak
Are words of cheer.
Life has its shade, its valleys deep;
But round our feet the shadows creep,
To prove the sunlight near.
Between the hills those valleys sleep—
The sun-crowned hills,
And down their sides will those who seek
With hopeful spirit, brave though meek,
Find gently flowing rills.

For every cloud a silvery light;
God wills it so.
For every vale a shining height;
A glorious morn for every night;
A joy for every woe.
For snow's white wing a verdant field;
A gain for loss.
For buried seed, the harvest yield;
For pain, a strength, a joy revealed;
A crown for every cross.

An Odd Request

IT is very well known how tenacious a hold a habit obtains over one. The following incident illustrates this fact in a forcible, though rather amusing manner. A lady of my acquaintance had a large family of boys, whom she was earnestly striving to bring up in the right way. Among various good plans which she adopted was that of reading a chapter in the Bible aloud to them every night before they went to sleep. Time went on, and the eldest son arrived at an age when he could earn somewhat to help himself, and he obtained a position as telephone operator in the little village where they lived. He was required to sleep at the office in order to answer any possible night-calls; and about ten o'clock the first evening wheron he entered upon his new position, the telephone in his mother's house rang sharply. Upon answering the call, she found it to be her absent son, who said that in the hurry of packing up his belongings, he had omitted to take his Bible. He could not sleep without having read his customary chapter, and he concluded by asking his mother to read him a chapter over the telephone. She was a good mother and very solicitous to do everything possible for her son's best welfare, but the task was a little too difficult even for her loving zeal, and he was obliged to wait until the next day for his Bible reading. This true story illustrates the point that a good habit can be as strong as a bad one.

MARY S. WILLIAMS.

Motherhood as a "Profession"

It is quite the fashion, nowadays, in well-to-do families, says Helen Watterson Moody, to provide the daughters with some special training by means of which they can earn their own bread and butter if the family fortunes should suddenly fail. It is held to be altogether wise and proper to educate a daughter for a possible profession in a remote contingency; yet, while nineteen out of twenty of our girls become wives and mothers, no training whatever for the real profession of their lives is thought to be necessary. Any practicing physician will tell you that four-fifths of the illness among children could be avoided by proper knowledge and care on the part of the mothers. May this not be true of mental and spiritual defects, also? Knowledge, as well as good intent, is essential to success in growing trees and flowers. Child-culture is equally a science; and it is certainly a far more serious and important one.

A Wise Plan

"It is what my child is and will be; not what he has or may have, that concerns me most," one mother said to another as they watched their children at play. "You know he understands quite well what I mean when I say, 'Robbie, I want you to keep your soul clean to-day. I don't want you to have one thought that will soil it.' We tell our children that about their clothes, but not about their souls. 'Bring mamma a lot of good deeds to-night,' I say, and he tries to do it."

· A · Unique · Missionary · Effort ·

How Bible Study, Conducted by Rev. D. M. Stearns, in Many Cities, Has Led to the Giving of $121,975 to Foreign Missions

AMONG the many significant religious developments of the closing years of this century, one of the most remarkable is the work of Rev. D. M. Stearns, the pastor of the Church of the Atonement, at Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. It may be thought at first sight an exaggeration to class a work so quietly and unostentatiously conducted as one of the most remarkable movements of the century, but there are many movements intrinsically important and deeply significant of which the world knows little—and this is one of them.

It would astonish many a man to spend a week with Mr. Stearns and see the kind of work in which he is engaged. On Monday morning, after preaching twice on the previous day in his own church at Germantown, he is in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he finds about two hundred and fifty earnest men and women with Bibles in their hands, ready to devote a morning to the study of God's Word. At the conclusion of the meeting he goes to New York City where a similar company of one hundred and fifty await his coming. Every Thursday he meets his Philadelphia students, numbering three hundred, and on every Saturday he has a meeting at Germantown, of one hundred and twenty. As if these four important meetings were not sufficient, he has a list of ten other cities which he visits in alternate weeks. In one week on the days between the New York and Philadelphia meetings, which are held every week, he visits Morristown, N. J., Orange, N. J., and Easton, Pa. Then after holding the Philadelphia meeting he visits Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, Md., getting back to Germantown in time to hold his regular Saturday evening meeting. The next week the route after leaving New York is Plainfield, N. J., Newark, N. J., and Jersey City, N. J., thence to Philadelphia and Harrisburg, Pa., and Lancaster, Pa., and back to Germantown. The audiences in these cities vary from two to three hundred regular attendants. Truly a busy life is this, involving much study and almost continuous travel.

In all, Mr. Stearns has the opportunity of addressing upwards of two thousand students in the various cities. They belong to many denominations and are of all classes. There is no sensational method of drawing them together, no advertising, no peculiar teaching. Mr. Stearns believes in the Bible, as the inspired Word of God, and teaches the doctrine of salvation through the blood of Christ. He believes that Christ will come again to receive his people to himself and will reign with them through the Millennium, and while waiting for that glorious appearing it is the duty of Christ's people in dependence on him, to make every effort possible to them to make known the Gospel in every land. Prominent in all his teachings is the great truth that Christ will fill every heart that is emptied of worldliness and sincerely desires his presence, and that the soul so blessed with Christ's indwelling will be holy and an instrument that our Lord will use in his service. To know God in Christ Jesus as revealed in the Scriptures and to be filled with the Spirit—these are the ideals which this consecrated teacher holds up to all who come within sound of his voice. There is nothing unusual or remarkable in this teaching, but there is in the directness, clearness and persistence with which it is presented and urged at every meeting.

The spiritual results of this teaching and the study of the Bible, on which it is based, cannot easily be estimated; but there is one tangible evidence of its effect. Mr. Stearns has very little to say in his classes about money. For himself, all he cares to have are the small expenses of his weekly journeys; but he presents the needs of the Lord's servants who are laboring at the front in heathen lands. His appeals on their behalf are never urgent; he is content with letting the facts be known, believing that if the spiritual teaching has been received and assimilated, the duty of giving will be perceived. The man in whose soul Christ dwells, cannot be happy unless he is "about his Father's business," and he soon realizes that it is a delightful privilege to give to the Lord's work. Thus, without any special effort, and almost spontaneously, the members of these Bible classes have handed to Mr. Stearns sums of money to be devoted to such causes as he has recommended. In 1889 the amount thus given aggregated $553. It continued to grow until it has reached the astonishing sum of $23,511 in a single year, and in the ten years from the beginning of 1889 to the end of 1898 it reached the magnificent total of $121,975. None of this money goes to the support of Mr. Stearns' own church, which itself contributes freely, but to the support of home and foreign missionaries. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has had the pleasure of receiving and transmitting a portion of this money to the foreign lands as indicated by Mr. Stearns, and gratefully acknowledges the aid thus rendered to the good causes from time to time presented in its columns. Mr. Stearns has adopted the excellent method of publishing monthly, in a little journal called *Kingdom Tidings*, an acknowledgment of every sum received during the month, and a statement of the causes to which it was applied.

During the past year the distribution was as follows: To the missionary work in Japan $5,500; to China $5,200; to India $4,800; to Africa $1,400; to South America and the West Indies $1,400, and the remainder to various causes, prominent among which was the support of Christian men who are laboring for the conversion of the Jews. These sums are sent regularly as fast as they are received to the various fields of labor, through the recognized American Boards and Missionary agencies, and the wishes of the givers are always scrupulously observed in the destination of their gifts.

REV. D. M. STEARNS, THE FAMOUS BIBLE CLASS TEACHER

The Lord's servant who has been the humble instrument of this truly wonderful work is the most modest of men. He insists that the work could be done just as easily and successfully by any other minister, and that Christ is always ready to use in such service anyone who will yield himself to his influence. Mr. Stearns is a Nova Scotian by birth. He received his education at Picton Academy and subsequently studied theology while filling the office of principal of a public school at Halifax, N. S. In 1876, he removed to Boston, Mass., where he was ordained to the Congregational ministry, and since that time has devoted all his time to preaching and teaching the Bible classes. In 1885, he became pastor of the Reformed Episcopal Church of Scranton, Pa., organizing Bible classes in other neighboring cities. Thence he removed to Germantown, where the present work has been organized. In 1891, Mr. Stearns visited India, China and Japan, spending a month in each country, personally witnessing the work he has done so much to support. Last year he visited South Africa and made the acquaintance of the missionaries there. It is worthy of notice that during the seven years Mr. Stearns has been at Germantown, as at Scranton, this great Bible class work grew spontaneously. Calls came to the teacher from people in the various cities who had heard the kind of teaching he gave, and desired to participate in its benefits. He simply responded to the invitation, and in no case did he "work up" a class. It has, he contends, been the Lord's leading throughout, and no one is more surprised at it than Mr. Stearns himself. There has been no attraction but the Book itself, simply expounded, and its precepts applied to the exigencies of modern life. The missionary development came in the same way, and at the outset no one foresaw how large would be the result of these voluntary offerings. Like Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, England, Mr. Stearns has seen a great work grow under his hands, by simply availing himself of the opportunities which the Lord opened before him. He has never regarded it as his own work, but as the Lord's, and himself as the Lord's agent in the doing of it.

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The Blessedness of Giving

"CHARITY never faileth." The poor we have always with us, and there are few hearts that do not in some way acknowledge their claim. But true charity is not a casual emotion nor yet one of accident. It is of course better that people should give in response to a casual emotion than not give at all; but it is far better that the feeling should be based upon duty and principle, and administered with something of that method and regularity which are the only security for the discharge of obligations of any kind.

Undoubtedly many noble hearts feel that sending regularly a certain tithe of their incomes to accredited charities is but a cold and formal settlement of the claims of humanity. But though such vicarious charity is not all, it is the best a very large portion of the community can do; for, supposing they were willing to give their time as well as their money, it is doubtful if they would not do more harm than good. What bunglers the majority of our business and professional men would be in a garret or cellar! Not only that they would be "taken in"—every city missionary and Sister of Charity is that, over and over again—but they would not know what to say nor how to say it. They would probably cut the matter short with a dollar, and go away disgusted without in any way touching the better feeling of the person relieved.

The poverty and suffering in large cities is indeed so vast that no private charity could deal with it; it can only be reached by co-operative attempts. Even these may be unable in many instances to do more than keep soul and body together; but so sacred is human life that all instantly admit the immediate and elementary claim of sheer physical want. Deaths from starvation, in its true technical sense, are rare; but few of the miserably poor are free from disease, which the want of proper food wakens into activity—that is, they get just enough to prevent death from absolute inanition. There are thousands of such cases in every large city, not one hundred of which would be reached by private charity.

. . .

ASSOCIATE charities are the only way yet devised capable of coping with misery on a large scale, for a corporation, instead of working through individual prepossessions, decides according to arranged scales of relief, based upon wise rules and proved principles, two of the most prevalent being, first, an obvious and physical necessity; second, a willingness to work if work is found for them. To obstinate and resigned idleness no help ought to be given, for "Thus we command you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." No political economist could be more severe on the idle poor than the Apostle in this sentence.

There is not one word in the Bible which teaches that the poor should be made comfortable by the rich. The brotherhood of Christ gives no right to be idle in the name of Christ, and if such a claim exists it is limited to those who, from misfortune or sickness, are unable to maintain themselves. The Bible idea is that a man should be independent; should labor for himself and his household, and bravely face his lot if it is a hard one. A man who can work and who takes charity debases his manhood and has no conception of that dignity of soul which Christianity teaches. Voluntary dependence on society is a moral curse, and no man can escape his relation to God and his fellow creatures by burying himself in a huge body called "the poor," and thinking, because he is not rich, that therefore the duty of Christian manliness does not fall on him.

. . .

THE case of Lazarus is often too much strained. If Lazarus had been an able-bodied, healthy man, the parable would have ended differently. It is the sick, the cripples, the very young, and the very aged, who are *prima facie* claimants of the city's charity. But the managers of all institutions know that great numbers of strong men ask alms from relief funds because they have refused upon "trade principles" to work for lower wages than they valued themselves at. Any charity to such, is a wrong in every direction; but most of all, to the man himself; for as soon as a workingman admits that there is for him any other way of living than by the labor of his hands, he is on the descent from the idle to the dangerous classes; for what he cannot get by begging, he will soon take by force. "Every able-bodied beggar is already an actual thief, and a possible burglar." To give alms to such is to seal their degradation; daily work is the only social gospel by which they can be saved.

If our connection with the poor be limited to meat and money matters, the interest on both sides is shallow; to be strong and enduring it must embrace the wants of the immortal nature. It is the greatest of fallacies to imagine that

> "The bread of man indeed made all his life,
> And, washing seven times in the 'People's Baths'
> Were sovereign for a people's leprosy—
> Still leaving out the essential prophet's word,
> That comes in power."

. . .

THE necessity of charitable associations being evident, how much ought we to give? The Jew gave a tenth; but we must notice in the larger personal responsibility of the Christian dispensation it is made the very essence of charity that it should be given willingly and of love. All through the New Testament charity is inculcated as a grace, not as a duty. Believers are expressly told that they are at liberty to give or to withhold—as in the case of Ananias—their willingness being the savor of charity most acceptable to God. Hence the poor as well as the rich are included in the blessedness of giving; for it was the poor widow's two mites that Christ praised, it being love and not gold that makes charity of great price.

. . .

IT is not charity then to give through pressure of public opinion, or for our own glory; we might as well give under torture, and think it a merit. Pure charity should also have the ground to itself. It is wrong to mix it up with pleasure-seeking and money-getting. What can be more absurd than a charity dinner, or a charity ball? One set of people starving and another set eating a rich dinner to relieve them! Does dancing at a ball, or buying at a bazaar, or putting half dollars into a raffle, or listening to fine music become virtuous acts because the proceeds are to go to charitable purposes? Can the damsels from the House Beautiful take stalls at Vanity Fair, and the pilgrims to the Celestial City buy from them, and so get a push forward on the heavenly road? Is not this a pernicious way of teaching, that we may do evil that good may come? True charity is doing good to the souls and bodies of men and women, without looking for a return, either in the way of music, dancing, flirting, or acknowledgment of any kind.

We have been so long and so earnestly warned against giving money to beggars on the streets, that we have all experienced that peculiar sensation of feeling mean on high moral grounds, which follows a refusal to some evidently miserable victim of sickness or famine. And somehow there is always a lurking doubt as to whether this refusal is in accord with what Jesus of Nazareth would have done in the same circumstances. It may be a truth of social science that such alms propagate vice and misery; yet it is hard to snap our purse in the face of a little child, or weary woman, hunger-smitten and weeping. There is a wonder in our hearts whether a political principle is always a cardinal virtue. We ask ourselves if Christ walked Boadway, as he once walked old Jerusalem, would he pass by the blind man, or the crippled child, or turn a deaf ear to the pleading voice begging in "God's name." I presume not to judge here, but for myself I will venture my penny, trusting that charity, even when she shoots at random, will not miss her mark.

. . .

AND who has not in their best moments been sensible of that mysterious longing to give, and not to get—to give their bread, their clothing, their money, their selves. It is a blessed impulse, for it is from the Divine One, who gives himself, and with himself freely gives us all good things. The cup of cold water may be given with a blessing or a word of salvation, and shall not lose its reward. We cannot all be Luthers to reform nations, or Whitefields to preach to thousands, but we may remember that if we "convert one sinner from the error of his way, we shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins." And it takes a soul to save a soul. It is only accomplished by that love which is the very essence of true charity, and without which, though we gave all our goods to the poor, we are only as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

Let us give, then, willingly and generously; and in so doing taste of the blessedness of heaven. Let us give, and it shall be given unto us. "There is he that scattereth, and yet increaseth; there is he that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is he that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth only to poverty." Charity gives itself rich. And it is to be a part not only of our private piety, but of our public worship; a part beautifully expressed in the following very ancient Latin hymn:

O Lord while thus in Psalm and prayer
Our voices we uplift,
Fain would our hands thy worship share,
And praise thee with a gift.

The rich shall bring their golden store,
The poor shall yield their mite;
And every heartfelt gift shall be
Just equal in thy sight.

So may to us these words divine
One day thy welcome be:
"Because thou gavest unto mine,
Thou gavest unto me."

Amelia E. Barr

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THE : : : UNEXPECTED

Or, Aunt Jane's Fresh Air Experiment, and how it Resulted

... By HELEN HALL FARLEY ...

CHAPTER II.

BARTHOLOMEW wondered why his aunt did not come to the door and greet his invited guests. When, after helping the last child out of the wagon, he caught sight of her flushed and angry face at the window, he was dumbfounded.

"What's got into her now I don't know," he said to himself with some anxiety in regard to the welcome of the "unexpected." He instantly resolved to put the children in a safe place and face the storm alone. He led them around the house to the big side piazza.

"Just make yourselves comfortable right here, will you?" he said pleasantly. "I'll be back before you can say Jack Robinson."

"Now, sir," said Miss Temple wrathfully, as the boy appeared in the kitchen a moment later, "I want to know what you mean by bringing all those rag tags here, and where you're going to take them."

"Where am I going to take them?" he repeated wonderingly. "I don't intend to take them any further. I brought them here as you said I should."

"[illegible]"

"Ma'am."

"How dare you stand there and lie to me?"

His face flushed.

"I'm not lying," he said with some temper. "You said that I should tell Squire Daniels that you'd take six children three weeks, and that's what I told him."

Miss Temple raised up her hands in horror.

"I did not," she said emphatically. "No one in their senses would agree to take six children from the slums for three weeks. I told you I'd take two children two weeks, and I told you particularly to get nice children. Now you start off in double quick time and take every one of these young ones to Squire Daniels—right off, do you hear!"

"I can't. Squire Daniels has gone to Murray with a load of children."

"Well, you've got to take them some where, and be quick about it. "I don't intend to keep an orphan asylum even to please you."

The boy was getting desperate, not realizing that he stood like an impregnable rock between his aunt's anger and the helplessness of the "unexpected."

Suddenly a happy thought cleared the shadows from his face.

"Aunt Jane, said he coaxingly, "just step out and see the children, and then, if you say so, I'll take them somewhere."

She looked at him piercingly, as if she would read his motive in the suggestion, then she went out of the kitchen door aggressively, as if searching for a weapon of war. She stood on the door step for a moment, and then went slowly around the house.

Bartholomew wisely lingered behind. "You've got it this time, ain't you?" remarked Peggy, with her customary titter. But her remark passed unheeded; the boy's thoughts were wandering around the house.

He walked up and down the kitchen for perhaps five minutes, then he went outside and sat down on the door-step for ten minutes more. Billy stood patiently outside the gate—waiting and wondering.

Presently the boy went quietly around the house, then he pulled his handkerchief out and wiped his nose and his eyes at the scene before him. Every one who had called Miss Temple austere and cold and reserved ought to have seen her there. The "littlest one" was on her lap, crutch and all. The small, crippled girl sat on a stool at her feet, and the other four hovered about her like bees after honey. Her eyes were wet with tears, but they shone like flowers after a bath. Her usually plain face was all aglow. Catching sight of Bartholomew she called out cheerfully:

"Tell Peggy to bring out a big pitcher of milk, and—and—I guess you'd better unhitch Billy."

Bartholomew felt as if he were treading on air as he ran to attend to Billy's wants.

"She pities them," he said to himself, "and they say 'pity is akin to love.' But it doesn't seem like Aunt Jane—not a bit. How her face shone! And she was smiling and crying at the same time."

No, it was not like his Aunt Jane—not in the least. She had been kind, in her way, to Bartholomew, but never tender, nor were smiles often seen on her face. She had tried to do her duty to her orphan nephew, but it had been simply cold duty without love.

"She looked really pretty, Aunt Jane did, holding that dear little crippled boy; it looked homelike."

Bartholomew swallowed a sob as his thoughts ran riot after this fashion, for it suddenly came to him how his mother used to hold him. He hurried with his work, patting Billy softly now and then and once laying his cheek against him.

Presently he was back in the yard again, going around the house to feast his eyes on the pretty scene. They were all there yet—his aunt and the guests—and Peggy had joined them to say that the biscuits were baked. Then there was a busy time. Faces and hands were hastily washed, the table was set, and very soon the "unexpected" were seated with Miss Temple and Bartholomew around such a table as they had never seen before. There were hot biscuits and honey, cold chicken and frosted cakes, berries and cream and sweet, fresh milk. There was a great bowl of fragrant roses in the centre of the table, and through the open doorway came the scent of the climbing honeysuckle and the glad song of birds.

The shyness of the guests passed away before the meal was ended. It could not have been otherwise under the kindly attentions of the mistress of the house and the merry chatter of Bartholomew.

After supper the latter was commissioned to take the little ones out of doors, which he did with great pleasure. Meanwhile his aunt and Peggy had their hands full getting the supper dishes away and beds ready for the children. Miss Temple insisted upon thorough baths all around.

At nightfall every child was sleeping restfully. Bartholomew was looking over the *Cross Roads Record* when Miss Temple joined him.

"What did old Mr. Crane say about the Wyandottes?" she asked.

"He said he didn't see why you couldn't let him have more than two."

"More than two! Who said he couldn't have more than two? I told you to tell him he could have six in three weeks' time."

A light suddenly dawned upon Bartholomew: his face flushed hotly.

"Aunt Jane!" he cried out.

"Well?"

"It's all my fault," he said honestly. "I'm an old blunderhead, and I don't wonder you were vexed with me. I got mixed up somehow, and I just turned things right around. I told Squire Daniels you said you wanted six children three weeks, and I told old Mr. Crane you'd let him have two white Wyandottes in two weeks. I'm awfully sorry."

He expected she would be angry, but, instead, she laughed good-naturedly.

"I am not sorry you got mixed up," she said. "I'll make it all right with old Mr. Crane, and I think it will be all right with the six children. What do you think?"

"Do you mean to keep them all here three weeks, Aunt Jane?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's mighty good of you," he said, with admiration in his eyes and voice, "and I'll promise to help you all I can."

"Bartoli!" she said gently.

She had never called him that before. That had been his mother's name for him. She had never looked at him as she was looking at him now—with love-light in her eyes. He did not speak; it seemed as if he could not; but he looked at her with an answering gleam.

"Bartoli!" she continued, "I [illegible] When I was sinning the worst I was a wicked woman. I was furious to think you had brought me six miserable neglected children, and I felt like doing something dreadful. I was nearly up to the piazza before the children saw me. I'll [illegible]" her voice becoming exceedingly gentle. "They were all eagerly watching a humming bird that was getting nectar from the climbing honeysuckle. They were not talking, they scarcely moved, each little pale face lit up with expectancy. If there had been a clamor of voices, I suppose the 'old Adam' would have held high carnival with me. But I couldn't hold out against the pathetic sweetness of those pale, rapt faces. The 'littlest one' heard my step first, and looked at me, a soft gurgle of gladness escaping him. He reached out his tiny arms, crying out, 'It's buful, ain't it? Me finks dis is heaven here.' Well, Bartoli, my dear, who could stand that? That poor, pitiful little cripple held the key to my heart, bless him! My heart—I hardly knew I had one, Bartoli—flew open then and there, and in another moment I had that little child on my lap, in my arms, close to my heart. A strange thing happened to me all at once, with those six pairs of eyes regarding me wonderingly and wistfully. I seemed to see Jesus right there with a halo round his dear head. It was just as if I heard his voice saying, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me.' Perhaps I nearly smothered the little fellow in my close embrace, for when I loosened my hold a little he lifted great startled eyes to my face. But even as I looked at him a great joy came into them. I did not know I was crying until the little one said, 'Don't ky, me loves ou.'"

She was considerably excited and had talked rapidly; Bartholomew, meanwhile, watching her wonderingly and yet sympathetically. She had stopped now, and was leaning her head on her hand. Suddenly she began again:

"Bartoli," she said with unmistakable tenderness, "I don't suppose I have ever acted as if I loved you, but I do. I haven't done the fair thing by you—my own brother's child—but I'll turn over a new leaf. I promise you as sure as my name is Jane Temple. You've wanted to go to the academy and I've held you back, but when the fall term opens, there is where you'll be and—and—God bless you."

The new love had lifted her up above herself—as it were. There was a radiance in her eyes altogether new to her, and color had come into her usually sallow face.

Bartholomew's lips parted as if he were about to speak, but instead he arose from his chair and threw his strong young arms about his aunt with the first caress he had ever shown her. It said—even stronger than words—"I love you! I love you!" And she was satisfied. Life would henceforth be worth living for both of them. The outer door was still open, and they went and stood in it with their arms around each other. They stood silently a little while, then Miss Temple said with a smile:

"I think we'd better go to bed, Bartoli. It is getting late, and there are our guests to think about early in the morning."

They kissed each other good-night for the first time, but it would not be the last. Then they went in and shut the door, and the peace of God dwelling within that house rested upon them.

(To be continued).

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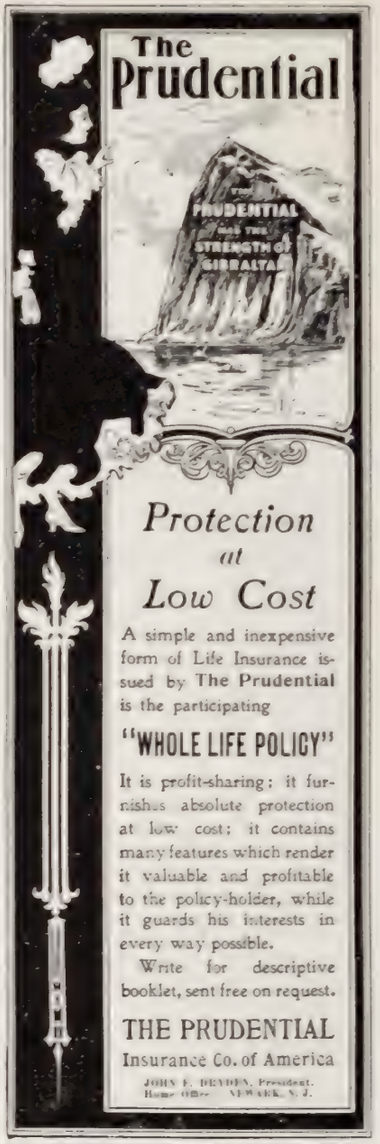
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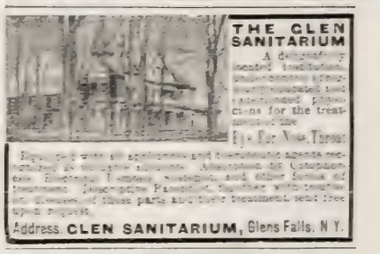

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Traveling Men's Social Temptations

Horto, P. I., April 12th.

Editor "The Christian Herald"

I have at hand a copy of your paper of date February 22, in which I have been reading with much interest a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Talmage entitled "The Midnight Express Train," addressed to the traveling men of the country. I have seen the entire question discussed therein by Mr. Talmage from the point of view which it is impossible for him to take—that of one of the fraternity, with the necessity behind me of thereby winning a livelihood—and I desire to reply through you, if you will permit, to what seem to me to be errors of both omission and commission. I assure you at the outset that I am actuated by no spirit of controversy, but merely wish to present more clearly a great problem which must be solved in due time and place, if our modern Christianity is to accomplish what all admit to have been the purpose of the great Teacher. I trust that with this explanation you will give the space for what I have to say.

I am a yeoman in the navy, now serving on the Asiatic station. I enlisted for the late war with Spain as a landsman, and without outside influence have won by hard work the position I now hold. I was previously collector, clerk, draughtsman, purchasing agent, traveling man—just as I had to be to earn my living. I was brought up a strong churchman; and, while I do not pretend that I have resisted the temptations which beset men on the road or off, yet it would be a most pleasant sight to see Mr. Talmage's exhortations carried into practice by the young men who every year go upon the road to sell their employer's wares. But are we to be content with pointing out the right road when more than mere pointing is needed?

Now the young man has decided to start on his journey on Sunday "to save a day." He is told that his employer has no right to rob him of that day of rest, to say nothing of the violation to the Sabbath. But his employer expects him to save that day. If he does not, he may be sure that he will either be dismissed for his neglect, or at least will have a mental mark made against him, which on some future occasion may decide a question of retention or dismissal against him. I fully appreciate all that can be said of time-serving or bowing the knee to Baal—but has Mr. Talmage ever had to search, day after day for employment, with his pockets empty or nearly, his clothes old and worn, shabby, chilled by rebuff after rebuff, perhaps in winter when all his limbs are so cold and tired that he can hardly drag them from one office to another; so disheartened by failure and stung by frequent rudeness in the receptions he experiences, that he is but barely able to continue the struggle, and, above all, when he must still counterfeit hope and courage that those at home dependent upon him for bread (no more) may not lose heart as he long ago has? I have done this and know what it means, as does many another. But he will say, "Put your trust in God, who sends these trials for your own eventual good." Ah, yes; but at those weary moments you have no trust to repose there and God seems so far away. So far away that prayer will not reach him, and the world and its inevitable necessities so terribly near at hand.

Of the recommendations as to the manner of spending time while on the train I have nothing but hearty approval. The same for his attack on the various practices of "treating." I must add, however, that most of the best houses now discourage this practice among their salesmen, considering that the outlay is much greater than the return.

But we come to the manner of spending the evening. Now, the salesman has been "on the go" all day. When making a circuit of smaller towns he has probably taken a train before daylight in the morning so as not to lose any part of business hours from seeing his customers. The house requires him to report frequently on the state of trade in the different places, the dispositions and financial appearance and methods of the houses he interviews, and the nature of any business arrangements he has effected or set on foot with other concerns. He has also probably to conduct more or less correspondence with customers to whom he is personally known, and who either expect his coming or think he should explain some matter to the firm he represents which is not by them properly understood. Besides all this he has frequently to see, on business, men whose occupations during the day did not permit representations at such length as was necessary to secure their trade. He therefore often finds himself working night and day, with no more time to himself than sufficient for sleep and food. Now he has an evening to himself—what shall he do with it? He need not be necessarily a vicious young man. He may be one of good principles, perceptions and intentions. But he is a very tired one, for he has not only abored faithfully and conscientiously for his employer, but he would have been censured by that employer and in danger of dismissal had he done any less. Competition is so keen nowadays that it is only by the greatest exertions a salesman can succeed. His competitors are straining every nerve and so must he. His employer has gone out for a week, perhaps, made a record-breaking, nerve-racking trip—for that week only—and has returned loaded with orders. He says, "See what I have done." And he will see no reason why his employee should not do it, too, for many weeks at a stretch.

Now, every young man has a good, healthy desire for recreation. It need not be violent, it need not be at all excessive, but some pleasure he must have. He cannot, in the interest of his own brain, work all the time, since all men have not the capacity of the learned blacksmith for it. He is just an ordinary young man, needing some amusement or diversion to restore the healthy normal balance of his mind and brain, and the question is, How to pass the evening.

He is forbidden to go to the theatre. Why? Are all dramatic representations harmful? I have myself seen and taken part in Y. M. C. A. affairs of mock trials, dialogues, recitations and elocutionary efforts, and it seemed to me that all hands had a very good time, including the clergy.

The gambling house and house of infamy I will condemn most unqualifiedly, but at the same time I will tell you the secret of their fascination. They do anything and everything to please; and, above all, they plan on the knowledge that human nature is very weak.

These are some of the phases of the question which must be taken into account before it can be effectually answered. It is well to urge the employee not to desecrate the Sabbath; but the fault lies not with him, nor should the blame. Keep the Sabbath day holy by all means, but apply the lever to the master, not the man. Keep from evil places and foul companionship, but make something to take the place of what is given up.

I wish as earnestly as any one can to see the same result arrived at as that Mr. Talmage advocates; but I know it can never be done until the hook is baited as skilfully for the palate of the misguided fish as that which the arch-enemy uses. Yours very truly,

ONE OF THE MANY.

Spiritual Growth

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 25. Mark 4: 26-32

OUR commonly accepted idea of conversion is responsible for much that is unsatisfactory in the Christian life. It is not at all unusual to find in a church, members who, if asked how they know themselves to be Christians, reply by referring to an experience in some past time. At some period, recent or remote, they went through anxiety, distress and alarm, and found peace by trusting in Christ. That time is a memory, recalled at seasons of communion, or under doctrinal preaching. Much as when a man takes out a policy of insurance on his life, they regard this experience as a transaction by which they will secure certain benefits in the life to come. But the teaching of Christ and of his Apostles, show that the Christian life is much more than this. Such experience may be the basis, the commencement of Christian life, but can never be more than its starting-point. Christ insisted that unless a man took up his cross and followed him, he could not be his disciple. This was not belief in the Cross but actually bearing the burden of the cross and living a life of self-denial and self-renunciation. Paul speaks of being crucified with Christ and dying daily. Peter inculcates growth in grace. James demands increase in self-control and active charity and John an increasing yielding to the nature which cannot sin.

All this implies not a reliance on a past transaction but progress and development. The new nature which Christ imparts, when the soul yields itself to him at conversion, should be gaining fuller mastery of the soul and be transforming the whole man into likeness to Christ. Negatively, it should prevent the man committing sin; and positively, it should develop the better qualities of his nature so that he becomes a living example of Christ to the world. Christ thus becomes in truth a Saviour, delivering the soul from the thraldom of sin and giving it new power of active beneficence. This process is a continuous one, to which all our experience should contribute. If our lot is one of suffering, patience should grow and increase. If it is one of persecution and temptation, the faith and courage and vigor of the soul ought to be developed; and so with every grace of the Christian character. All that happens to us should perfect us, and all things work together for good to them that love God. To become a Christian is not merely to escape future punishment, but to obtain the highest development of which the soul is capable. As a boy at school may escape the rod by performing his appointed tasks, but is chiefly being fitted by his education for future duties in the world, so the follower of Christ, if he submits to Christ's discipline, becomes capable of fulfilling the purposes for which he was saved. Forgetting the things which are behind, he presses forward to those which are before, always making the height attained, a starting-point for some higher attainment.

Sometimes this progress is spoken of as a race, or a struggle, a fight, which are all conscious experiences. It is also a growth which may be in large measure unconscious. As the blacksmith does not labor to increase the muscular power in his arms, but to perform definite work, yet by that very work does gain increased muscular power, so the Christian, by doing the will of Christ in the world, gains increased capacity to do it. His eyes are not continually fixed on his own condition, but while endeavoring to help others, gains unconsciously. Like the tree, he bears fruit because it is his nature to bear fruit and not by conscious effort. Christ being his model, his ideal, he is transformed into the same image or into his likeness by loving reverence. And apart from his own side of life, there is a definite operation on him of divine grace. We know not how it is applied, but it is a matter of experience that the nature of Christ has power over him. As we have seen a hypnotic subject actually living temporarily the thoughts of the operator, doing his will and expressing his nature, so Christ exercises over the soul, that yields itself to him, such a power that it lives Christ's life among men. This comes from a desire to be his to use, and a readiness to be his instruments. When he sees in any soul such a spirit he makes his abode with it and the soul grows into power and usefulness.

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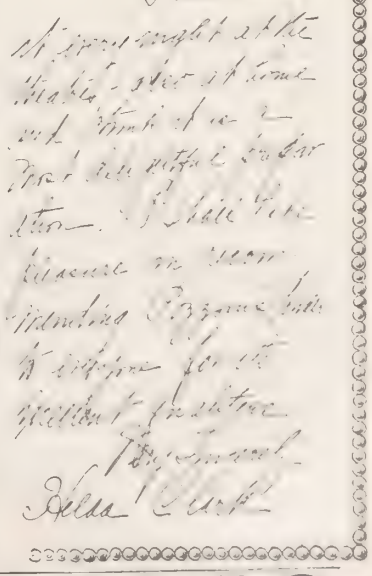

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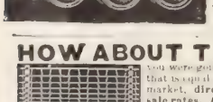

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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AN ORIENTAL SHEPHERD OF THE PRESENT DAY (See page 501)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

L. V. B., Pittsfield, Mass. What is the meaning of Christ's not quenching smoking flax (Matt. [illegible])?

It refers to his gentleness and patience. When men come to him with a feeble faith he does not despise and reject them, but increases their faith. The fire in the flax does not deserve to be called fire—it is a mere smoldering, which rough treatment would put out. Only by the smoke do we know that there is any fire in it, but it may be fanned to a flame. Christ deals gently with the weak, and is patient with their infirmities.

H. A. D., Valley Mills, Tex. Is not insurance of any kind a species of gambling? Does not, for instance, the insurance company practically bet [illegible] burned within a year?

No; the principle is one of average. If the statistics show that as a rule only one house in two hundred is burned in a year and the company can persuade two hundred persons to insure, the company will receive a thousand dollars in premiums. If the assumed average is fulfilled and one house is burned, the company pays the owner five hundred dollars and makes five hundred profit. It is legitimate business and mutually advantageous.

Reader, Allegheny, Pa. 1. If God leaves us for a moment, is that [illegible]? 2. If a person is called to repentance by a vision but through not understanding the vision does not respond, does it become too late when he afterwards does understand the vision? 3. What does Paul mean by saying (I. Cor. 13: 12) "then shall I know even as I am known"?

1. No, God does not leave us at death. Some injury to the body, or disease, or old age is the cause of death. 2. A dream, or a vision as you call it, may scare a person and eventually lead him to repentance, but God does not call a person to repent[illegible]. He may use the dream as he uses other methods, but it is foolish to regard them as calls. You will find in the Bible definite calls to repentance and you may accept them at any time. Pay no attention to your dreams; they, as a rule, are the product of indigestion or an overwrought brain. 3. That in the future life knowledge will be increased, and we will know the mysteries of our being as now God knows them. Some commentators believe that the expression is an assurance that men will know, and be known by, their friends in the future life.

Mr. J. S. McComb, a reader of this journal in Honolulu, H. I., writes:

A grand work is being carried on by the Peniel Mission in Honolulu, H. I. This city is the half way resting-place between the mainland and the Philippines, and the opportunities for Christian work among the troops from the transports are great. A few days ago, Col. Smith of the Thirteenth Regulars, gave us permission to hold a service on the transport *Senator*. The boys were delighted. They listened attentively to the Gospel story, and many were bathed in tears. At the close of the meeting about forty requests for prayers were made. The great need is Bibles and Christian literature; the boys crowded around us begging for Testaments and Bibles. Miss Whistler, Miss Bushnell and Miss Cheeseman are carrying on this blessed work. Any packages of Bibles or devotional books will be judiciously distributed.

Reader, Summit, N. J. Suppose two men were walking along the street, and a block or two distant from a certain Mission building, where a service was going on. One of the men realized that he had forgotten something, and turned to go in the other direction; but his companion, proceeding on his way, passed the Mission house, and, being much impressed by the music, went in and gave himself to Christ. Now, suppose also that his companion would have become a Christian had he only been so fortunate as to have attended the meeting: Do you think that the Christian would have any more right than his companion to enter heaven?

Your hypothetical illustration is evidently based on your inward conviction that affairs in this world are largely governed by chance. Such a combination of circumstances as you describe is quite possible, however; but it does not follow that because one became a convert through entering the Mission, the other, by not entering, lost forever, through no fault of his own, the opportunity of salvation. Had he afterward truly repented of his sins and put himself in a receptive attitude, as the other did, he would have found the gate of mercy wide open and God ready to pardon. Besides, the "right" to enter heaven belongs to no one on his own merit or as the reward of anything he has ever done, since all are sinners before God; but it is a right secured through the blood of Christ, who "brought life and immortality to light," and who has made all who accept and believe in him joint heirs with himself in the life hereafter.

Reader, Mittineague, Miss., writes:

I am a paper-maker by trade, and would like to put in a word for my fellow-workmen. Most of the paper mills in this section have stopped working their employees on Sundays and Sunday nights, while in some mills all repairing and fixing of machinery is planned for Sunday, though most of it could be done during the week as they do where I am employed. We have a Sunday School superintendent at the head of the company I work for, and he tries, I believe, to get others to attend church by his example. I think there should be a Sabbath League formed to take in all denominations. It should be impressed on the workingman that his liberty is being taken away from him by unobservance of the Sabbath. Of course, I am only a workingman, but I don't always expect to be; and I will always use my influence for the recognition of one day's rest in seven for every one.

A SCENE ON THE ROUTE OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL

Our photograph shows the nature of the territory through which the proposed interoceanic canal will run. The road-bed has to be made substantial and a great deal of preparatory work will have to be done before the rails are laid. In certain seasons the section is a very unhealthy one.

L. D. S., Maxwell, Ont. What is Theosophy? What special doctrines different from Christianity do theosophists believe?

It differs little, if at all, from ancient mysticism. It depends less on the revelation of God in the Bible for its knowledge of him than on communications the Theosophists profess to receive from the unseen world. They hold that man is "an efflux" from the Infinite Existence; that God manifests himself in the triune forms of fire, light and spirit. Human life is the result of the divine fire from which light and love are generated. The cause of spiritual deterioration is that a man should prefer the life, light and spirit of the world to those of God. They also hold that man is a composite of five elements which as bodies encompass him. That these bodies are successively sloughed off at the close of successive existences and the final state of happiness is not reached until, one after another, he has lost these bodies and as pure spirit passes into the Infinite. The length of these existences is determined by conduct, so that if in this life a man has i[illegible] which, as his outer [illegible]s, so that [illegible] fixture of Christianity with Hinduism and Buddhism.

Mrs. A. McD., Rahway, N. J. We have been [illegible] appeared in THE MAIL-BAG from the fortunate possessors of rare old Bibles. We have heard of [illegible] bottom of the page or not, the printer never carried anything over to the next page, but invariably be[illegible] to the confusion of the reader. I have never seen one reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may have.

E. O., Ancram, N. Y. In early ages, surnames or over-names, as they were called, were not in use, there being no family names. Surnames can be traced no further back than the latter part of the tenth century. It seems that they first came into use in France and [illegible] introduced into England. The assumption of [illegible] where of much later date than their use by the noble families, who took the names of their estates. Many names were derived from the surroundings or country, such as "Marsh," "Dale" and "Wood," and in some cases the preposition "at" was retained as "Atwood." Many surnames are patronymics, often formed by "son," or its equivalents, added to the name of the father. Such names often fluctuate from one generation to another, as Alan Walterson had a son, Walter, who called himself "Walter Alanson." In the highlands of Scotland, the prefix "Mac" served the same

Subscriber. 1. Is it true that the Filipinos inoculate American prisoners with leprosy? If so, is it not contrary to all rules of war, and may not the horrible practice cause an epidemic of leprosy in the United States when the soldiers return? 2. What will give fluency of speech in public prayer? I have stayed away from prayer-meeting at times through fear of being called on to pray. I get nervous and repeat my words.

1. Such stories have been circulated, but we regard them as largely sensational. In a few isolated cases they may be true. There is no danger of an epidemic of leprosy from such a cause. 2. You are wr ng to stay away. Timidity can never be overcome except by accustoming yourself to the trying situation. Many of the most famous speakers have been exceedingly timid at the outset. In praying in public, make your petition as brief and simple as possible, suited to the peculiar needs of the occasion. If your heart be in [illegible] will find [illegible] of nerv[illegible]

Ruralist, Paterson, N. J. Is it true that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Bright Hopes for the World's Peace

A Great Gathering of Famous Peace Advocates at the Hague, to Influence the Conference

From Our ... Special ..... Correspondent

FELIX MOSCHELES

THE HAGUE, May 26th.—It is now eight days since the world-famous Peace Conference opened in this ancient town. Those delegates who came to The Hague either imbued with a hostile feeling toward the Conference, or at the best with the idea of engaging in its debates in a perfunctory manner, and simply because international comity required that the Czar's proposal should be treated with some show of respect, have apparently been converted to sounder views on the subject. At all events, there is no more shrugging of shoulders, no more sneering, no more flippant talk with reference to the outcome, but, on the contrary, there is a general tendency to put the shoulder to the wheel and secure practical and lasting results. This change of heart applies even to the worst sinner of all—Professor Von Steugel, of Munich, who scandalized all Europe a short while ago by his brochure, entitled *Eternal Peace*, which would have been much better named *Eternal War*, since he endeavored to prove in its pages that the idea of arbitration, partial disarmament, etc., was a wild and ridiculous chimera.

Besides the delegates proper, there are in The Hague to-day many *ex-officio* workers in the cause of Peace—noble men and women who have devoted so many years of their lives to this cause. One of the foremost of these is Baroness Bertha Von Suttner, the authoress of that now world-famous book, *Lay Down Your Arms*. The Baroness Von Suttner's rooms at the large hotel adjoining the Plein or central square of The Hague can be considered the headquarters of the different peace societies, whose representatives have come to watch the proceedings of the Conference. Here, in a spacious apartment, specially provided for the purpose, the Baroness is to be found the best part of the day, consulting with her friends or receiving visitors. Every moment of her time is thus occupied. Thanks to her high position and her literary attainments; thanks above all to the charm of her manner and her social qualities, she is *persona gratissima* with all the notable personages attending the Conference, and at her table may often be found the chiefs of the delegations themselves. The first day I called on her, for example, she was expecting to dinner Count Welsersheimb, chief of the Austrian delegation; Count d'Estournelles, of the French delegation; Count Gourko-Romeika, Baron De Staal's first secretary, and Baron Jean De Bloch, the famous author of *War*, that huge, statistical work which is said to have inspired the Czar to issue his rescript.

The Baroness is a lady in middle life. Although a *doctrinaire*, she is not a "new woman" in the vulgar sense of the term. Her husband is a stanch supporter of his wife's theories, and devotes as much time as she to the cause dear to both. In answer to my inquiry as to the reason of her appearance at The Hague, the Baroness said: "Although my heart is filled with joy that this dream which for so many years seemed to be beyond the pale of realization should have at last assumed tangible form, I am not allowing myself to be carried away by my enthusiasm. There is still an enormous amount of work to be done before the end is attained—obstacles innumerable to be overcome. Among these, of course, must be reckoned the preconceived notions of many of the delegates—such men as Professor Steugel and others, who seem to look upon war either as an unavoidable evil or an absolute necessity. My object in coming to The Hague was to reach these people, if possible, to bring them together in my *salon* and there discuss these questions in a spirit of fairness and conciliation. This exchange of ideas will, I think, be the more effective for being less formal and less hampered by diplomatic usage or parliamentary rules than the debates in the bosom of the Conference. I hope in this manner to exert a wholesome influence on the delegates, and, if possible, smooth over some of the difficulties that are sure to arise."

Baroness Von Suttner is at the head of the Austrian branch of the International Peace Association, having its central bureau at Berne, Switzerland, and as such she has been extremely active in organizing meetings in favor of the Czar's recent rescript throughout the entire Austro-Hungarian empire.

Another most interesting feminine peace advocate now at the Hague is Frau Margareta Lenore Selenka, wife of Professor Selenka of the University of Munich. This delicate little woman has, by sheer force of will and determination, succeeded in organizing, in a few short weeks, a universal manifestation among members of her own sex in favor of the Conference. On May 15 no less than four hundred mass meetings of women were held in all the large towns in both hemispheres, at which resolutions were passed warmly indorsing the Czar's rescript. The terms of these resolutions being sent by cable to Madame Selenka, this lady was able to present the entire batch to Baron de Staal in person, yesterday afternoon. It is currently reported that this manifestation has created a deep impression on the members of the Conference. Among the signers of the resolutions were Lady Aberdeen, wife of the Governor-General of Canada; Mrs. Wright Sewell, of Indianapolis, and many other women prominently connected with public movements in the new world.

As a specimen of the telegrams received by Madame Selenka, the following sent by the prominent ladies of Tokio may be found interesting. The translation was made by a Japanese student, and is reproduced verbatim:

"We, women of Japan, gathered together today in Tokio in an assembly, have resolved unanimously to express our heartiest gratitude to his Imperial Majesty, the Czar of Russia, for his taking initiative to advance the cause of peace of the world. We also wish to express our profoundest sympathy for the noble act of the Governments of the world in accepting this initiative and coming together in a conference in order to consider the means of carrying out this sacred ideal. We wish with all the heart and mind and give expression to our deepest hope that the Conference may advance the realization of the great aims for which it has been called together, and thus the brutalities of belligerent acts may vanish more and more and peace and justice be established among nations. Then only shall the continued prosperity of the countries and the undisturbed happiness of the families be attained.'

With a passing mention for Madame Wascklavicz von Schilfgaarde, who, as the head of the Dutch Women's Peace Association, is rendering valuable service to the cause in general and to the delegates at the Conference in particular, let us turn to the masculine promoters of peace and good-will now engaged in seconding the Czar's programme at The Hague. The most picturesque of these is undoubtedly the old Jewish banker of Warsaw, Privy Counsellor Baron Jean de Bloch, who is stopping in the village of Scheveningen nearby. The old gentleman has written or compiled an enormous work in several volumes, showing the terrible ravages of present-day engines of war, and the manifold sufferings occasioned by the modern military system. The book was suppressed by the Russian censor, but the Baron did not allow himself to be sat down upon so easily. He brought the matter to the attention of the Czar, and not only was the embargo taken off the work, but, as many say, the Czar was sufficiently impressed by it to look into the subject further, and finally issue his famous rescript. In justice to Baron de Bloch, it must be said that he does not make any pretence himself of having directly influenced the Czar. To come to his personality, he is full of his books, or rather of the subject of which they treat. I think I should have needed a good-sized handcart to carry away the volumes which he placed at my disposal. He has treated every phase of the question with a wealth of detail and a conscientious regard for facts and figures which do credit to his honesty, industry and perseverance. His books teem with illustrations, mainly photographic reproductions of the effects of the modern rifle-ball. Some of these pictures are terrible to behold, one particularly—the photograph of a man's head smashed practically into atoms by a shot from an army rifle with the missile known as a "jacketed" bullet. The Baron intends remaining near The Hague during the entire duration of the Conference. He has ordered several cart-loads of his books to be sent here, and he will distribute them among the Conference members.

The Anglo-Saxon nations are represented in this peace-loving coterie by Felix Moscheles, chairman of the Executive Committee of the International Arbitration and Peace Association of London, and Dr. Benjamin Trueblood of Boston, secretary of the American Peace Society. Felix Moscheles is the son of the late well-known German composer, the life-long friend of Mendelssohn. He is himself a talented musician, but also, and above all, a painter of note and a writer of distinction, a sociologist and a polyglot. All will remember his interesting reminiscences of his early companionship with Du Maurier, published two years ago in an American magazine. His recent autography has received general encomiums from the press on both sides of the Atlantic. Moscheles has been identified with the peace crusade for many years, as also with numerous other reform movements. A series of paintings by him, entitled "Pictures With a Purpose," have been exhibited in the Whitechapel district and elsewhere with the object of bringing certain social and moral lessons home to the masses.

It should not be forgotten that although the Russian Emperor has taken the initiative in this all-important question, it is to the United States that falls the honor of having been the first in the field to advocate general peace and disarmament. The very first association to propagate this theory came into existence under the name of "The Society of Peace" at Boston in 1810, its founders being Dr. W. Ellery Channing and Noah Webster. Five years later similar associations were started in New York and Ohio, and in the course of time these and other branches were incorporated under the title of The American Peace Society. This, with the kindred Universal Peace Union, now constitutes a powerful force among the factors that are making for peace.

Last, but not least, among the prominent advocates at the Hague is W. T. Stead, the enterprising, wide-awake and go-ahead editor of the London *Review of Reviews*. In many respects Stead deserves to be placed at the very top of the list, for he alone, of all the apostles of disarmament and arbitration, has succeeded in gaining the ear of the great Russian potentate, the last time within the past fortnight. His special newspaper, *War Against War*, fairly brought the non-conformist masses into line in England, and prevented the jingoes from placing obstacles in the way of the proposed Conference, for all of which the Czar felt grateful, and did not hesitate to thus express himself when Stead last called on him. Mr. Stead is in constant touch with the delegates, beginning with M. de Staal himself, and will probably play an important part behind the scenes during the course of the Conference.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

BARON DE BLOCH, THE AUTHOR OF "WAR"

BARONESS VON SUTTNER—W. T. STEAD IN HIS WORKROOM NEAR THE HAGUE

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· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·

Pictures Good and Bad

A Sermon by The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Isaiah 2: 12, 16, ... The day of the Lord of hosts shall be . . . upon all pleasant pictures

PICTURES are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental, or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of Divine observation and arraignment. The divine mission of pictures is my subject. That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the bad is frankly admitted. After the ashes and scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii, the walls of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel; they would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and they have, when in some respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a canvas embarrassing to the good but fascinating to the evil.

It is not in a spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth, when I say that you have no right to hang in your art rooms or your dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut clear through to the bottom, and a stout finger thrust in on the right side ripping clear through to the left. Pliny the elder lost his life by going near enough to see the inside of Vesuvius, and the further you can stand off from the burning crater of sin the better. Never till the books of the Last Day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination and he becomes a mere carcass. The show windows of English and American cities, in which the low theatres have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses in style insulting to all propriety, have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts been at times suborned of evil. How has music been bedraggled? Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp, and Handel's organ, and Gottschalk's piano, and Ole Bull's violin? and the flute, which though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on the side like flute holes, yet for thousands of years has had an exalted mission? Architecture, born in the heart of him who made the worlds, under its arches and across its floors, what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted! It is not against any of these arts that they have been so led into captivity!

What a poor world this would be if it were not for what my text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible, which father and mother read out of, and laid on the table in the old homstead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not gotten from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder; and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza; Elisha restoring the Shunammite's son; the massacre of the innocents; Christ blessing little children; the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings, which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nine-tenths of you. If I could swing open the door of your foreheads I would find that you are walking picture-galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all; but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink, but the pictorial art, must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few, and then engravers' plate or woodcut for millions on millions!

What overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what reinforcement for patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and Christ, what distribution of Scriptural knowledge of all nations, in the paintings and engravings therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple;" Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ;" Raphael's "Michael the Archangel;" Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse;" Michael Angelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents;" Tintoretto's "Flight Into Egypt;" Rubens' "Descent from the Cross;" Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper;" Claude's "Queen of Sheba;" Bellini's "Madonna" at Milan; Orcagna's "Last Judgment," and hundreds of miles of pictures, if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths until the Scriptures are not to-day so much on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as in all the colors of the spectrum. In 1833, forth from Strasburg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in speed and boldness anything and everything that the world had ever seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gustave Dore. At eleven years of age he published marvelous lithographs of his own. Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's *Paradise Lost*, emblazoning it on the attention of the world, he takes up the Book of Books, the monarch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light," "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by his Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen," and two hundred and five Scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and a grasp and almost supernatural afflatus that make the heart throb and the brain reel and the tears start and the cheeks blanch and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London Art Gallery, under the power of Dore's "Christ Leaving the Praetorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman, and see no divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

It is no more the word of God when put before us in printer's ink, than by skilful laying on of colors, or designs on metal through incision or corrosion. What a lesson in morals was presented by Hogarth, the painter, in his two pictures, "The Rake's Progress," and "The Miser's Feast," and by Thomas Cole's engravings of the "Voyage of Human Life," and the "Course of Empire," and by Turner's "Slave Ship." God in art! Christ in art! Patriarchs, prophets and apostles in art! Angels in art! Heaven in art!

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semi-starvation. West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a great skater, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of General Howe, of the English army, who through coming to admire West as a clever skater, gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson, of England, were sold for fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Alcyone" a piece of Stilton cheese. From 1640 to 1643 there were four thousand six hundred pictures wilfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles the First it was ordered by Parliament that all pictures of Christ be burnt. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the eighteenth century that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art, and obliged to give accounts of what they did with their colors. The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil till, as a painter, he won wide recognition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the loss of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far back when in this year of our Lord, to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect; poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated! When I hear a man is a painter, I have two feelings—one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body. But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been hardly bestead. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on the coat over his left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world-renowned Bishop Asbury had a salary of $64 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift no complaint; they make no strike for higher wages. But with a keenness of nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius, these artists suffer more than anyone, but God, can realize. There needs to be a concerted effort for the suffering artists of America, not sentimental discourse about what we owe to artists, but contracts that will give them a livelihood; for I am in full sympathy with the Christian farmer who was very busy gathering his fall apples, and some one asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg, and the busy farmer said: "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef and butter and eggs and potatoes; that is all I can do now." Artists may wish for our prayers, but they also want practical help from men who can give them work. You have heard scores of sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but we need sermons that make pleas for the suffering men and women of American art. Their work is more true to nature and life than some of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists, and to know little or nothing about our own Copley and Allston, and Inman and Greenough, and Kensett.

What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day a five minutes' look in the morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in which our population daily drudge! Or what a good thing the half hour of artistic opportunity on the way home in the evening, from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for the city where you live, what W. W. Corcoran did for Washington, and what others have done for Philadelphia, and Boston, and New York? Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe and take out your last will and testament, and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence a throne for American art? Take some of that money, and build an art gallery that shall associate your name forever, not only with the great masters of painting, who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live; and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people, who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be advantaged. By your benefactions build your own monuments, and not leave it to the whim of others. Some of the best people sleeping in Greenwood have no monuments at all, or some crumbling stones that in a few years will let the rain wash out name and epitaph; while some men whose death was the abatement of a nuisance, have a pile of Aberdeen granite high enough for a king, and eulogium enough to embarrass a seraph. Oh, man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whim of others your monumental commemoration and epitaphology, to be looked at when people are going to and fro at the burial of others, build right down in the heart of our great city, or the city where you live, an immense free reading-room, or a free musical conservatory, or a free art gallery, the niches for sculpture and the walls abloom with the rise and fall of nations, and lessons of courage for the disheartened, and rest for the weary, and life for the dead; and one hundred and fifty years from now you will be wielding influences in this world for good. How much better than white marble, that chills you if you put your hand on it when you touch it in the cemetery, would be a monument in colors, in beaming eyes, in living possession, in splendors which under the chandelier would be glowing and warm, and looked at by strolling groups with catalogue in hand, on the January night when the necropolis where the body sleeps is all snowed under. The tower of David was hung with one thousand dented shields of battle; but you, oh man of wealth, may have a grander tower named after you, one that shall be hung not with the symbols of carnage, but with the victories of that art which was so long ago recognized in my text as "pleasant pictures." Oh, the power of pictures! I cannot deride, as some have done, Cardinal Mazarin, who, when told that he must die, took his last walk through the art gallery of his palace, saying: "Must I quit all this? Look at that Titian! Look at that Correggio! Look at that deluge of Caracci! Farewell, dear pictures!"

As the day of the Lord of hosts, according to this text, will scrutinize the pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book or newspaper or on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that has not specimens of woodcut or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty and wassail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods, and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues. Volapuk many have hoped, with little reason, would become a world-wide language; but the pictorial is always a world-wide language, and printers' types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures; but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first thing that he looks at is the pictures. Have only those in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny. Under the title of fine arts there have come here from France a class of pictures which elaborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a bar-room,

and they need to be confiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's house with them clear on to the grave, and, passing that marble pillar, will take them through eternity.

Furthermore, let all reformers, and all Sabbath School teachers, and all Christian workers realize that, if they would be effective for good, they must make pictures, if not by chalk on blackboards, or kindergarten designs, or by pencil on canvas, then by words. Arguments are soon forgotten; but pictures, whether in language or in colors, are what produce strongest effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and his Sermon on the Mount was a great picture-gallery, beginning with a sketch of a "city on a hill that cannot be hid," and ending with a tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the prodigal son, a picture; parable of the sower, who went forth to sow, a picture; parable of the unmerciful servant, a picture; parable of the ten virgins, a picture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world wants pictures, and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother will sit beside him and rehearse a story, which is only a picture. When we see how much has been accomplished in secular directions by pictures—Shakespeare's tragedies, a picture; Victor Hugo's writings, all pictures; John Ruskin's and Tennyson's and Longfellow's works, all pictures—why not enlist, as far as possible, for our churches and schools and reformatory work and evangelistic endeavor, the power of thought that can be put into word pictures, if not pictures in color? Yea, why not all young men draw for themselves on paper, with pen or pencil, their coming career, of virtue if they prefer that, of vice if they prefer that. After making the picture, put it on the wall, or paste it on the fly-leaf of some favorite book, that you may have it before you. I read of a man who had been executed for murder, and the jailer found afterward a picture made on the wall of the cell by the assassin's own hand, a picture of a flight of stairs. On the lowest step he had written: "Disobedience to parents"; on the second, "Sabbath breaking"; on the third, "drunkenness and gambling"; on the fourth, "murder"; and on the fifth and top step, "a gallows." If that man had made that picture before he took the first step, he never would have taken any of them! Oh, man, make another picture, a bright picture, an evangelical picture, and I will help you make it! I suggest six steps for this flight of stairs. On the first step write the words: "A nature changed by the Holy Ghost and washed in the blood of the Lamb"; on the second step: "Industry and good companionship"; on the third step: "A Christian home with a family altar"; on the fourth step: "Ever widening usefulness"; on the fifth step: "A glorious departure from this world"; on the sixth step: "Heaven! heaven! heaven!" Write it three times, and let the letters of the one word be made up of banners, the second of coronets, and the third of thrones! Promise me that you will do that, and I will promise to meet you on the sixth step, if the Lord will, through his pardoning grace, bring me there, too.

And here I am going to say a word of cheer to people who have never had a word of consolation on that subject. There are men and women in this world by tens of thousands, who have a fine natural taste, and yet all their lives that taste has been suppressed, and although they could appreciate the galleries of Dresden, and Vienna, and Naples far more than nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand who visit them, they may never go for they must support their households, and bread and schooling for their children are of more importance than pictures. Though fond of music, they are compelled to live amid discord; and though fond of architecture, they dwell in clumsy abodes, and though appreciative of all that engravings and paintings can do, they are in perpetual deprivation. You are going, after you get on the sixth step of that stairs, just spoken of, to find yourselves in the royal gallery of the universe, the concentered splendors of all worlds before your transported vision. In some way all the thrilling scenes through which we and the Church of God have passed in our earthly state will be pictured or brought to mind. At a Cyclorama of Gettysburg, a blind man who lost his sight in that battle, was with his child heard talking while standing before that picture. The blind man said to the daughter: "Are there at the right of the picture some regiments marching up a hill?" "Yes." "Well," said the blind man, "is there a general on horseback leading them on?" "Yes," she said. "Well, is there rushing down on these men a cavalry charge?" "Yes," was the reply. "And do there seem to be many dying and dead?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, now, do you see a shell from the woods bursting near the wheel of a cannon?" "Yes," she said.

REV. MR. ELDREDGE LEADING IN PRAYER—THE SHIPWRIGHTS GATHERING FOR THE SERVICE

"Stop right there!" said the blind man. "That is the last thing I ever saw on earth! What a time it was, Jenny, when I lost my eye-sight!" But when you, who have found life a hard battle, a very Gettysburg, shall stand in the Royal Gallery of Heaven, and with your new vision begin to see and understand that which in your earthly blindness you could not see at all, you will point out to your celestial comrades, perhaps to your own dear children who have gone before, the scenes of the earthly conflicts in which you participated, saying: "There from that hill of prosperity I was driven back; in that valley of humiliation I was wounded. There I lost my eye-sight. That was the way the world looked when I last saw it. But what a grand thing to get celestial vision, and stand here before the cycloran a of all worlds while the Rider on the white horse goes on "conquering and to conquer," the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara!

REV. W. C. MARTIN

A Shipyard Congregation

Noank, Conn., the Scene of a Novel Method of Spreading the Gospel Among the Shipwrights

THE largest "wooden" ship-building plant in the country is in Noank, Conn. It is owned and operated by a corporation composed of earnest members of the Baptist church, the president and vice-president being worthy deacons. It goes without saying that no industrial troubles are ever known there. If an employee is injured, even by his own fault, the corporation takes care of him and pays all expenses until he is able to work again, and if his injury is permanent, it employs him at regular wages at something he can do without inconvenience, as long as he lives.

There are five hundred men in the yard, and no more orderly and intelligent class of laborers can be found anywhere. Many are consistent members of Protestant churches, many more are Catholics, and perhaps about a third have no church connections of any kind whatsoever.

About two months ago Rev. W. C. Martin, of the Noank Baptist church, and Rev. C. F. Eldredge of Old Mystic, decided to hold open-air meetings in the shipyard at the noon hour, since more than half the men carry their dinners which they dispose of in less than half an hour, and have therefore, a half hour before a whistle blows for resuming work; time not always profitably employed. About the middle of April, the meetings were started and in three days the attendance had increased from about thirty to over three hundred. From that time until now four meetings a week have been held with preaching by Rev. W. C. Martin, Rev. C. F. Eldredge, Rev. E. E. Knapp and Rev. W. L. Swan, and almost the entire force of men attend every meeting. Frequently over four hundred can be counted in sight and there are others out of sight in shady spots here and there, but within hearing. No more respectful or attentive audience attends the ministry of the Word in any church than that shipyard congregation. They listen as to a message fresh and new and drink it in like thirsty men who have found a satisfying stream. A telescope organ is sometimes used, the instrument having been purchased by money given mostly by the men themselves, and a solo or two sung; but usually the service has consisted of a brief prayer and a strong, hearty, sympathetic address, setting forth man's need and God's plan of salvation. For a pulpit any handy stick of timber is used and the men arrange themselves around in easy unconventional attitudes on huge sticks, and piles of lumber. Frequently after the service Mr. Martin spends the whole afternoon in the yard, going about among the men to find where the seed has taken root, and to offer such instruction and help as may be needed. He has found the result far beyond expectation. A great revival took place in this shipyard three years ago, when nearly a hundred men were converted.

The "Elim Home"

While most pastors of churches and other religious workers who receive stated salaries, are enabled to enjoy, during the summer season, a deserved and well-earned vacation, there is quite a large class of Christian workers who labor in missions and among the poor in the slums of our great cities whose limited incomes do not allow them to enjoy even a few day's outing during the hot weather. For the past three seasons Rev. Mr. James, of New York, has rented a furnished house, known as the "Elim Home" on Long Island Sound, at Bell Island, Conn., near South Norwalk, a little over an hour's ride from New York City, and by the assistance of kind friends he has been enabled to entertain a number of the latter class of Christian workers without charge for board. They have been not only very grateful for the outing but have been greatly benefited physically. He will reopen the home this summer for four months, and will invite a large number of these workers for a short sojourn with him, as in former seasons. Mr. James will be grateful for the co-operation of any of the readers of this journal who are interested in a work of this character, and will gladly answer any inquiries that may be addressed to him at P. O. Box 61, Rowayton, Conn.

An Unknown Friend of Sailors

A gift of $50,000 has recently been made to the United States man-o'-war's men by a donor who makes the condition that his name shall not be made public and that the men themselves give $100,000. The fund is to be administered by the Naval Young Men's Christian Association, co-operating with Rear-Admiral Philip and other naval officers, including Captain Merrill Miller, Chaplains Wesley O. Holway and Robert E. Steele, Captain McCalla and Commander Stockton. The plan is to provide shore homes for sailors at all of the Atlantic, Gulf, Pacific and new territorial naval ports. The English long ago did something of this kind for British tars; and it is held that if the United States is to encircle the world with its naval stations, America must extend its care to our sailors who visit them. This is one of the good things that has grown out of the Spanish war. "The wrath of man shall praise thee, and the remainder of it thou shalt restrain." Rear-Admiral Philip has suggested that New York build the Brooklyn home as a memorial to our sailors who died during the Spanish war. The plan of work has been approved by the government authorities at Washington.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Gracious Invitations

S. S. Lesson for July 2. Hos. 14 : 1-9

Golden Text, Hos. 6 : 1

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

BOTH Israel and Judah had departed from the Lord. The idolatry commenced by Jeroboam, when he set up the golden calves at Dan in the north, and at Bethel in the south of Israel, had increased so much that the holy people of the Lord had become degenerate: there was among them "no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of the Lord. By swearing, and lying, and killing, and stealing, and committing adultery they break out, and blood toucheth blood" (Hos. 4 : 1-2). The priests, no longer priests of the Lord, but devoted to the worship of the golden calves, were foremost in sin. "As troops of robbers wait for a man, so the company of priests murder in the way by consent: for they commit lewdness" (Hos. 6: 9). And this was the people of the Lord, chosen by him to be near to him "as the girdle to the loins of a man," that they might be to him "for a people, and for a name, and for a praise, and for a glory" [illegible].

And yet God did "not cast away his people whom he foreknew." In the midst of the idolaters and open sinners were those whom he would call "My servants." The people as a whole were "ye that forsake the Lord, that forget my holy mountain" (Isa. 65 : 11): those were given over to idolatry and destined "for the sword . . . because when I called ye did not answer, when I spake ye did not hear." But there was a godly remnant which God would not destroy: "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it," and these he calls "a seed out of Jacob," "an inheritor of my mountain," "my chosen." And why? They are "my people that have sought me." Just as in the midst of a worldly, corrupt Christianity in our own day, God has "a people for his name" who are addressed as "him that overcometh," and "he that hath an ear" in the epistles to the seven churches, so there existed, in degenerate Israel and Judah, a people that were true to him.

The chapter we have before us was addressed to the sinful people as a call to return to the Lord, to leave the company of them which forsake him, and join the godly remnant which were true to him. Applied to Gentile, so-called Christians in the present day, to whom it is not addressed in the text, it may touch not so much unconverted professors as backsliders. O Israel, return unto the Lord, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Distance from the Lord can never be excused by any outward circumstances, however unfavorable. No "things present" can separate us from the love of Christ, they all "work together for good to them that love God." Nothing but sin can really separate us from the Lord. "Thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." There is no probability of return until the sin, whatever it may be, is recognized, judged, confessed and forgiven. Then it can be cleansed and conquered. But the return to God may be as soon as it is confessed and forgiven.

But how shall that return take place? Bitter experience has told a backslider that he has lost power over his own heart and his own will. It was a comparatively easy thing to come to the Lord in the first instance, but now he has trifled with light and sinned against it; he has played with his conscience, he has lost control of his will. His feelings have no longer the sensitiveness which they once had about that which touched God, and he has become hypersensitive about all which touches himself: how shall he return unto the Lord? As a father will place large stepping-stones in the bed of a brook that his child may cross it without danger, so the God of Israel has prepared a way of return for his backsliding people. "Take with you words and return unto the Lord." Take the true position and he will meet you.

Take with you words, but not your own words. They might be full of excuses, and such words would not be accepted. Take with you words, but they must be words about your sin. "Come now, and let us reason together saith the Lord:" not about your righteousness, your good resolutions, your promises of amendment, but "your sins." So do now. Say unto him: "Take away all iniquity and receive us graciously." By grace! Yes, by the unmerited mercy of him who died for us "while we were yet sinners" (Rom. 5 : 8); of him who was "made sin for us," though "he knew no sin," "that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (II. Cor. 5 : 21). "So will we render the fruit of our lips" (R. V. margin). "The fruit of our lips giving thanks unto his name" (Heb. 13 : 15 : or R. V. "the fruit of lips which make confession to his name"). The returned backslider has learned to be ashamed of his own name: he hides himself under Another, and confesses to his name.

"Neither will we say any more to the work of our hands ye are our gods." The idols of the heathen are the work of their own hands: but in every sense dependence upon what we can do—the work of our hands rendering us independent of God—is displeasing to him: he wants us to depend upon him in everything. And why? "In thee the fatherless findeth mercy." The fatherless who are without protector or defender, who know their weakness and are thankful for and touched with the love of him who has a father's care for those whom man despises. To such an invitation what shall be the answer? Shall we, in the words of the prophet, say: "Come and let us return unto the Lord, for he hath torn and he will heal us: he hath smitten, and he will bind us up" (Hos. 6 : 1).

What is his answer to the words he puts into the lips of his returning people? "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away from them." Oh, poor backsliding child of God, do not keep away from such a God with the idea that in some ways you can make amends for the past, and do something to win his favor before you return. "Thus saith the Lord, Thy heart is miserable, and thy wound grievous. There is none to plead thy cause, that thou mayest be bound up: thou hast no healing medicines" (Jer. 30 : 12, 13). Only One can heal sin: it is he who bore our sins in his own body on the tree. "I will restore health to thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds saith the Lord" (Jer. 31 : 17). "I will heal their backsliding." How? "He was wounded for our transgressions: he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him and with his stripes we are healed" (Isa. 53 : 5). Thus is his anger turned away.

THE CEDARS OF MOUNT LEBANON

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

HOSEA'S prophecy was delivered in the latter years of Israel's existence as a nation. It was a period of national prosperity. Jeroboam II. had so extended his borders by conquest that the northern kingdom was almost as large as the united kingdoms over which Solomon ruled. But Hosea did not rejoice in the prosperity. He saw in it elements of decay, and he was sure, as Amos had been before him, that if those elements went on developing, they would bring ruin to the nation. He therefore utters an earnest warning, hoping against hope that his people would listen and amend their ways. The passage set for our consideration in the lesson is the close of his solemn and pathetic appeal to his people. He was specially qualified by a painful domestic trouble for his task. In his relations with his wife he learned how God might be supposed to feel in his relations with Israel. Hosea tells his sad domestic story early in his work. He married a woman named Gomer, whom he tenderly loved. But in those days of Israel's moral corruption, she was like other women of the time. After becoming the mother of three children, she either deserted her husband or was discarded by him, when her unfaithfulness was discovered. But his heart yearned after her still. Hearing that the men who had lured her astray had deserted her, and that she was to be sold as a slave, he bought her and took her back as a servant into his home. There she was put on a period of probation, and we may infer that, proving repentant and humble, she was reinstated in her position as a wife. Hosea, dwelling on these domestic sorrows, sees in them a reflection of the relations between God and Israel. God had loved the nation: had espoused it to himself: had borne with its unfaithfulness and idolatry, and had finally given it up in despair. But God would yet redeem Israel as Hosea had redeemed Gomer, and he imagines—his own unhappy experience being his guide—the kind of talk which would introduce renewed endearing relations. This, as Professor Moulton divides the chapter, is the conversation:

The Prophet: O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thy iniquity. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord.

[illegible] Say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously: so will we [illegible] bullocks [illegible] Assyria shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses; neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods: for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy.

The Lord: I will heal their backsliding, I will [illegible] all be as the olive tree, and his smell as [illegible]

The Prophet: They that dwell under his shadow [illegible] return: they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the [illegible]

[illegible] say: What have I any more to do with [illegible] heard him and observed him. I am like a green fir tree. From me is thy fruit found.

Israel: [illegible]

The Lord: [illegible] and he shall cast forth his roots as Lebanon.

The Comment: [illegible] and he shall know them: for the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them: but the transgressors shall fall therein.

Thus we get from Hosea, the first of all the prophets to perceive it, the grand keynote of Christianity, which Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel were afterwards to sound more elaborately, but not more clearly—the keynote of the redemption of the lost. Amos had denounced the people and made them see their own sinfulness, but he went no further. It was left for Hosea to show, in his own life and home, and by his preaching, how the lost might be found and the ruined restored, by long suffering, all-enduring, persistent love. As he redeemed his erring wife from slavery and wooed her again to repentance and faithfulness, so, he taught, would God redeem his people to a fidelity never more to be violated. It was in Galilee that all this happened, in the very land where, seven centuries later, the greatest of all teachers taught the same truth in the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Like Hosea, too, but with infinitely deeper meaning, he lived the message he proclaimed.

Cast forth his roots as Lebanon. The reference is doubtless to the famous cedars which grow on Mount Lebanon. They are noted for the wide space around the trunk of the tree, through which the roots spread. As they grow at a height six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and as their branches stretch out over a wide reach, they could not stand the storms which rage over the mountain if the roots did not take firm hold and extend to a long distance. When Israel was restored, as the prophet predicts, it would, like the cedar, be firmly rooted, and would no more be easily overthrown.

I will heal their backsliding. This is something more than forgiveness. The wanderer from God gets trouble to himself. He comes back wounded and sore. God promises him sympathy and healing. Three young men were employed a few years ago in the same house of business. One of them, who was called Fritz, was a merry fellow who was inclined to be dissipated. On the monthly pay-day, Fritz put on his best clothes and was going out to have "a good time." "Come with me," said Arthur, another of the trio. "We will go down to the Y. M. C. A. and see what is going on." Fritz said that was too slow, and the third young man, coming in at the moment and hearing the effort Arthur was making to keep Fritz out of temptation, joined in the conversation and advised Fritz to tell Arthur to mind his own business, and not to interfere with another man's amusements. Unhappily, Fritz took this advice, and would listen no more to the pleading of his friend, who was trying to save him in spite of himself. His other companion treated him more as a man. But when the next morning Fritz came back with his arm in a sling and his head bound up, it was Arthur who nursed him and helped him, and the other still minded his own business and left the unhappy young man to get out of his trouble as he could.

The calves of our lips. Even at that early day there was one man who perceived how useless sacrifices were. He advised that the people should come to God confessing their sins, entreating forgiveness and asking strength for the future. Better than bringing calves to offer in sacrifice, was it to bring these prayers which were more acceptable to God than the offering of calves. How would it be in our own families if a child had done some wicked thing? Would the father's anger be appeased by the child bringing him a present? He would far rather have the child come penitently, confessing his fault and asking to be forgiven.

Reception to a French Hero

THE reception given to Major Marchand by his countrymen, on his return from Africa, must have in part consoled him for his recall. They acclaimed him in the streets of Toulon where he landed from the ship, and went wild with exultation when he drove through Paris. A more enthusiastic welcome has seldom been accorded to any traveler. At Toulon the Mayor of the city and all the French Generals in the neighborhood assembled on the pier to greet him and the public buildings were gayly decorated with flags and mottoes. On his arrival in Paris an enormous crowd was waiting for him at the railroad depot. They smothered his carriage with flowers and shouted themselves hoarse in their excitement. He was conducted to the Ministry of Marine, where a sumptuous lunch was provided. After congratulatory speeches by statesmen and generals a medal and sword of honor were presented to him. Thence he drove to the Palace of the Elysee to wait on the President. After the interview he was taken to the Military Club. There the Minister of Marine, M. Lockroy, General Zurlinden, Military Governor of Paris and other eminent personages were assembled to greet him. Fully thirty thousand persons are estimated to have thronged the sidewalks of the streets through which he passed. They shouted "Long live Marchand! Long live the army!" and "Long live the Republic!" And the dense crowd around the Military Club sang the *Marseillaise*. Major Marchand was obliged to respond to the cheering. He spoke from the balcony to the crowd, pointing out that France's weakness was caused by divisions among her own people, and urging all to unite in support of the national honor. It is evident that the enthusiasm of the reception was an embarrassment to the government. In acclaiming Major Marchand, the populace showed disapproval of the powers which had failed to support him. His achievement in crossing Africa with a little band of one hundred and fifty followers and reaching Fashoda on the Nile, had proved futile. The Major had been brave even to rashness, and had refused to lower his flag at the bidding of the victorious Sirdar, but the French government had yielded to the demand of England and had ordered him to retire. Praise to Marchand was therefore a reproof to the government. But the course that was taken was clearly the wise one, for it averted a disastrous war, which would have been inevitable if the government had obeyed popular clamor:

Scornful men bring a city into a snare: but wise men turn away wrath (Prov. 29:8).

WELCOME TO MAJOR MARCHAND IN PARIS

MAJOR MARCHAND

ON THE WAY TO THE PALACE ELYSEE IN PARIS

An Exile's Appeal

The good offices of the State Department at Washington have been invoked by a naturalized citizen who has suffered at the hands of the government of his native land. He came to this country from Russia in 1858. On the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Union army and served through the four years of conflict. He was wounded several times, and earned distinction by his courage and intrepidity. At the close of the war his services were recognized by conferring upon him the brevet rank of first lieutenant. In 1886 he heard that his father was dead in Russia, and he went there to receive his share of the family estate. He was promptly arrested and tried for abjuring his allegiance to the Czar. Mr. Bayard, who was then Secretary of State, interfered on his behalf and secured his liberation, but could not prevent a sentence being passed on him, decreeing him to perpetual exile, and confiscating his property. He was glad to escape with his life, and he has since lived here. He thinks the meeting of the Peace Conference an opportune time to plead for a remission of the sentence, and has asked the President to appeal to the Russian government on his behalf. It may be hoped that the appeal will be successful, but there is not much hope. There are many who have had to endure similar losses when they have abjured their allegiance to Satan and have entered the kingdom of God. But none ever regret that step, for, like Paul, they can say:

I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things (Phil. 3:8).

A Neighbors' Quarrel

Members of the aristocratic circle of society at Yonkers, N. Y., are taking an amused interest in the outcome of a quarrel between the owners of adjacent properties. Sometime ago a gentleman purchased some land and erected a handsome residence overlooking the river. His neighbor on one side complained that the new house was one foot nearer to his house than it should have been. He carried his complaint to the courts; but they decided against him. Thereupon he erected on his own land a high fence which he said would eventually form one side of a conservatory and would be covered with trailing vines. Neither the conservatory nor the vines have appeared, as yet, and the unsightly fence stands in naked ugliness. It shuts his neighbor out of his view of the river from the windows of his house, which the Yonkers people think was the purpose for which the fence was erected. A few days ago, workmen were again employed on the fence, extending it westward. This has the effect of preventing the neighbor seeing the river from his piazza. So far the fence seems to be useless to the man who erected it, unless the blocking of his neighbor's view may be called a use. It is sad to think that any man would deliberately set himself to deprive another of pleasure. There are some, however, who do a more serious injury. By inconsistent conduct, professing Christians sometimes so obscure the view of Christ and heaven that people are prejudiced against religion. Nehemiah's reproof to his people applies to many in our day:

It is not good that ye do: ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God because of the reproach of the heathen, our enemies (Neh. 5:9).

An Ex-Convict's Inheritance

A man who was pardoned out of the penitentiary of Frankfort, Ky., last March, has just learned that he is heir to an estate valued at a million and a half dollars. He is an Englishman who came to this country about nine years ago and led a wandering life. He was infatuated with horse-racing and was in the habit of betting heavily. For a time he won more than he lost, but eventually he grew reckless and lost large sums. Finally he lost all he had, and adopted various expedients to raise money. After several narrow escapes he was arrested for obtaining money under false pretences and sent to the penitentiary. Before his sentence expired his health broke down, and the Governor, hearing that he was likely to die if he remained in prison, pardoned him. After his release letters began to arrive for him from England, but he had disappeared and no one knew where he had gone. Advertisements were published offering a reward for his discovery and an agent came to search for him. The ex-convict knew that he was wanted, but apparently believing that he was in danger of another arrest, he kept himself hidden. At last he has been found and has learned the good news that an uncle who died recently made him his heir. He now regrets that he did not disclose himself sooner and so avoid the poverty and hardship he suffered while the search for him was going on. There are many men who have found out that they were similarly mistaken about their spiritual interests. They have regarded religion as a bondage and a misery, but after they have been found of God they have learned that it is a joy and has the promise in it of an eternal inheritance.

Godliness is profitable to all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come (I. Tim. 4:8).

A Hero at a Fire

The driver of a Hook and Ladder Company, in New York, performed a heroic act of rescue at a fire in Harlem recently. The truck-driver, whose name is John Fridenberg, had his truck at the fire first after the alarm was turned in. It was his duty to stand by the horses and take care of the tools and apparatus; but when he arrived he found a man and his wife on the sidewalk, begging that some one would save their two boys, who were asleep on the third floor. Fridenberg could not resist their pleading. He ran to a house further down the street and made his way over the roofs to the burning building. There he tore open the scuttle, but the smoke was so dense he could not descend. He pulled up the iron ladder and put it over the outside of the house. Directing his aides to hold it fast, he went down upon it to a third floor window, by which he entered and found the two boys. They were both unconscious, but he brought them out, one at a time, and climbed up the ladder that the men were holding for him with his burden on his shoulder. Twice he made the perilous ascent, while the crowd below cheered him for his desperate heroism. When he had landed the second boy safely his strength was exhausted. He had to be carried to the sidewalk and brought round by restoratives. The Chief, who witnessed the daring rescue, was loud in his praises, and has recommended that his name be inscribed on the roll of honor. Had the men who held the ladder, through carelessness or weakness, lost their hold upon it, nothing could have saved the hero's life. He must have fallen headlong to the sidewalk. But he knew them and knew that he might safely trust his life in their keeping. That is the kind of faith that Christ asks. All who trust him have the assurance of safety, which Paul expressed:

I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him. II. Timothy 1:12.

A JOURNEY ON THE "FATHER OF WATERS"

On the Smooth-Flowing Mississippi

Illustrated Specially for "The Christian Herald"

ONE of the most delightful journeys imaginable, at certain seasons of the year, is down the Mississippi River, from St. Louis to New Orleans. With several companions, the writer engaged passage on the palatial steamer *City of St. Louis* for a voyage down the river for the purpose of enjoying its scenic attractions and of studying more of that peculiar character understood but little in the East—the Mississippi River roustabout.

WATCHING AN APPROACHING STEAMER.

MISSISSIPPI ROUSTABOUTS.

As soon as we boarded the steamer that nonchalant character was greatly in evidence. Scores of roustabouts were storing barrels and boxes of all sorts in the vessel's commodious hold, and the mates were continually urging them to greater efforts. These negoes seemed to be unusually free from care and worry; numbers of them were singing as they worked, seeming to enjoy their task immensely. A great quantity of freight was put aboard in an incredibly short time, and as soon as the last package was stowed away, the steamer backed out into the swift current. We went to the upper deck to get a better view of the fast receding city, and presently a panorama of great beauty was spread before us. On one side were steep bluffs covered with dense foliage; on the opposite side (*i. e.*, Illinois), the flat country, where, as far as the eye could reach, were to be seen farms and orchards in a high state of cultivation. Jefferson Barracks, a finely located U. S. military post, was reached in a short time. We were struck by the substantial look of the buildings, which have been erected within the last year or two. The ever-changing scenery was a constant delight. Presently, as we reached a shallow part in the river, the sounding line was thrown overboard and the depth of water sung out to a man standing on the upper deck; and by him communicated in the same melodious refrain to the pilot. Along the banks were dotted large piles of corn, ready for shipment to the South. These were soon put aboard by the never-tiring roustabouts. The manner of loading flour was interesting. Thousands of barrels were taken on at various places; at one mill, where there was a sharp incline toward the river, the barrels were shot aboard by means of a long skid or toboggan. At Cairo, Ill., a view of part of three [illegible] once: Illinois, Missouri, and Kentucky. The different color of the water in the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers is very pronounced here.

It was noticeable, as soon as the negroes were off duty, that a [illegible] on the lower deck, and we soon discovered that they were inveterate gamblers. It often happens that some lose their entire wages on the trip before the boat arrives at its destination. The captain courteously pointed out to his passenger-guests many historical places and scenes of interest, such as the battleground of Belmont, Mo.; Fort Pillow, Tenn.; wrecks of gunboats; Fort Adams; the ruins caused by the great earthquake at New Madrid, Mo., in 1811, etc., and all enjoyed his entertaining descriptions.

Below Memphis we started to unload flour at several small landings and plantations. A peculiar fact is that here there are no houses visible from the river, except the landing warehouse, which is generally in charge of some old darkey, the settlements being behind the levees. Some of the landing-keepers are very picturesque and densely ignorant, but very polite, nevertheless. These levees are costly affairs for the government and the different states, but they are absolutely necessary to protect the lowlands from the annual spring floods. Enormous damage occurs to property for miles around when the levee has a break or "crevasse," owing to the great pressure of the water when the river is high. From Baton Rouge to New Orleans is known as "The Coast." Sugar plantations line

"SKIDDING" FLOUR.

LOADING CORN ON A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER—AT A PLANTATION LANDING.

UNLOADING SCENE.

THE CAPTAIN.

AFLOAT ON THE GREAT RIVER.

HEAVING THE LEAD.

AN OLD-TIME LANDING-KEEPER

both sides of the river almost to the outskirts of New Orleans. As the latter place is the journey's end, visitors usually spend several days seeing the sights. A few of the more important places to be visited are the old French market and U. S. Mint. A standard attraction is a drive on the Shell Road, which runs parallel to the Canal. One of the finest cemeteries in the country is located on this famous driveway—the Metairie—and is well worth a visit from one who happens to be in New Orleans. C. B.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, VIEWED FROM THE RIVER

ON THE LANDING AT HOLLY BROOK, ARK.

There are few more spacious or comfortable craft afloat than the Mississippi packets of the first and second class. Light and almost frail in appearance, they give the observer an impression of inflammability and weakness; but this is a mistake. They are stanchly though elegantly constructed, and the completeness and finish of their cabinet-work does not in any particular interfere with their strength and availability. Each boat is a floating hotel, with all the equipment necessary to the fullest enjoyment of the journey. The saloons are spacious, high-ceilinged, white and gold decorated, brilliantly lighted and furnished with artistic regard to the demands of cultivated taste; the staterooms much larger than those ordinarily found on coastwise or ocean steamers. In the great dining-rooms of these floating leviathans, the napery, menu and attendance are usually of a high order of excellence, the viands well cooked and capitally served.

MUSIC ON DECK

IN THE STEAMER'S DINING-SALOON

In an interesting account of a trip down the river, Julian Ralph gives this pen picture of the scenery: "The Mississippi is not so unlike a northern river as might have been expected. Fields of grain run to the edge of the bluff and here and there are houses and patches of trees. The Illinois side is a long reach of wooded bluff. The water itself was mud. Everywhere it was dotted with logs, twigs and little floating islands of the wreckage of the cotton-wood thickets of Dakota and Montana, perhaps of the forests at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Here and there we saw a government light—a little lantern on a clean white frame-work, suggesting an immaculate chicken-coop. Men who live in nearby houses get $10 or $15 a month for lighting them every night and putting them out every morning . . . For miles and miles we floated out in the channel and were alone in the world—we and the distant blue hills, the thin, bare forests and the softly speeding stream. Not even a fence or a ploughed acre was in sight . . . . The river (at certain points) runs between banks that cave in and hollow out and turn into bars and islands in a way that is almost indescribable. Islands which were on one side one year are on the other side another year. Channels which the steamboat followed last month and for years past are now closed. Bars no one ever saw before suddenly lift above the surface. Piloting on the Mississippi is a business no one ever learns. It is a continual subject of study."

THE CAPTAIN INDICATES A POINT OF INTEREST

Our photographs, taken specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, afford a realistic idea of a Mississippi River journey. As the traveler approaches New Orleans, and the evidences of a great city near at hand become increasingly apparent, the scenes along the shores have an added interest. New Orleans became known as the "Crescent City" from the fact that the older portion was built on the curving shores of the Mississippi. Near the river the land is somewhat elevated, and slopes gradually backward to the swamps and Lake Pontchartrain, which lie in the rear of the city.

In spite of the elevated banks and the protecting levees, the city has repeatedly been inundated by the river. Less than ten years ago, during a flood, the water poured into Lake Pontchartrain at the rate of 3,000,000 gallons per minute, and at the same time a very strong easterly wind was driving the waters of the Gulf inland and over the defences. In late years, owing to the extension and fortifying of the levee system (the principal levees now being made of concrete instead of earth), the city has not suffered quite so heavily as in the past.

IN THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

A STOP AT LIMA, ARK.

THE SHELL ROAD AT NEW ORLEANS

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.
E. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Letters ...

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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SELF-EXPLANATORY

Question

On the face of the coupons recently sent out you say: **"Good if RECEIVED before July 1st, 1899."**

On the back of the same coupon you say, "This coupon must be **MAILED not later than June 30th, 1899."**

Please state which of these statements is to be accepted as final by intending subscribers?

Answer

If coupons are **mailed** on or before **June 30, 1899,** they will be accepted regardless of the date on which they reach this office. Thus, we give our friends the full advantage of the **latest date.**

Honest Praise

HOW some of the secular newspapers love to pounce upon clergymen, when they are reported to have gone astray or made serious mistakes! What a big tax upon the capital letters of some printing establishments is made by the default of some ecclesiastic! No doubt there are ministers who amount to nothing or worse than nothing, sacred *homunculi*, and ordained specimens of putty, and theologians manufactured by the schools; but, take the ministers of religion as a class, and there are no grander men. I know many thousands of them, and I do not know one man among them who is unworthy of confidence. Do not withhold from them while they live proper gratitude and admiration. They suffer enough rebuffs and knockdowns during their lifetime to keep them humble, and to create a proper equilibrium they need your commendation. When they do you good, say so. When they have come through long years of toil and still continue their industries of consolation and helpfulness, speak out the words of honest praise.

And let us establish the habit in our treatment of faithful persons in all occupations and professions. There are ten thousand men and women in this country to-day who deserve congratulation and approval. For all these merchants, mechanics, lawyers, doctors, the world will for the most part reserve expressions of appreciation until they are dead, and cannot hear a word that is said, or see a garland on their casket. Praise them while they live. It will cheer them on to still better achievement. The cup of life has in it so many acids that it needs a good deal of sweetening. Put on your table the cruet of sweet oil as well as the cruets of vinegar and cayenne pepper. The vast multitudes have more burdens than they can carry. If you can unbuckle the strap one hole so as to make it less tight, do so. If a mechanic does for you a nice job of work, let him know that the bannister is well turned, or the wall is well papered, or the carriage is well constructed. If the goods that come from your grocer are superior, when you settle the bill let him know what thorough satisfaction he has given you. If after long endurance from shoemaking you get sandals that neither pinch nor chafe, let the man who sits wearily pulling the wax threads through the leather know that he has saved you from pedal martyrdom. If a book that you read, consoles, instructs or inspires you, inform both author and publisher of the fact. If a musical instrument charms your houshold, so inform your tuner and the manufacturer. If your coat fits you, thank your tailor. Be more economical with your censure and more lavish with your encomiums. Take warning from Thomas Carlyle, who passed most of his married life in making his wife Jane miserable. He tried to sweeten her temper by taking her out in the country, fifteen miles from any settlement, where there were no persons but themselves, and then did not speak to her for two weeks. I believe in appreciation while living. Let this principle run through our every-day lives. When the coffee is clear, the bread is light and the steak is masticable and the dessert is tasteful to the palate, let the husband compliment the wife, and the wife praise the cook, and the cook praise the baker. When your child rapidly advances in schooling, pat him on the shoulder and send him a commendatory letter with him to his overworked teacher. In this way we not only cheer others, but we help ourselves.

Give commendation instead of hypercriticism; compliment rather than disparagement; sociability rather than ostracism; pean instead of curse; gentleness instead of coarseness, and request rather than command. So I am in favor of all testimonials, receptions or assemblages to do honor to faithful men and women, but many of the faithful will not get the encouragement they deserve; indeed, until Christ, in the presence of the assembled universe, shall hand them everlasting reward and pass them into a blessed immortality.

Christ in the House

SUPPOSE Christ should come into your house. First the wife and the mother would feel his presence. Religion almost always begins there. She may not make any fuss about it, but somehow, everybody in the house knows that there is a change in the wife and mother. She chides the children more gently. Her face sometimes lights up with an unearthly glow. She goes into some unoccupied room for a little while, and the husband goes not after her, nor asks her why she was there. He knows without asking that she has been praying. The husband notices that her face is brighter than on the day when, years ago, they stood at the marriage-altar, and he knows that Jesus has been putting upon her brow a wreath sweeter than the orange-blossoms. She puts the children to bed, not satisfied with the formal prayer that they once offered, but she lingers now, and tells them of Jesus who blessed little children, and of the good place where they all hope to be at last. And then she kisses them good-night with something that the child feels to be a heavenly benediction—a something that will hold on to the boy after he has become a man forty or fifty years of age.

Timely Facts About Cuba

Mr. Pepper Answers and Advises many Inquirers who Contemplate Settling There

S... about the article published in THE ... means to give the information sought.

... anybody to realize one hundred per cent. on his investment in Cuban lands within a short time after the investment is made. The land is there, its richness is inexhaustible, and people who buy it and settle on it and work it, will, in a short time, be making a good living. But they won't have earned their hundred per cent. within twelve months, and they may lose a hundred per cent. if they count too much on town lots and other artificial means of increasing the value of farm lands.

An intending Cuban settler should by all means look to the land, and he should look to it as he would at home. Rich as the soil is in Cuba, there are some lands that are not worth paying postage stamps for without a knowledge of their location and immediate surroundings. Everybody who is thinking of settling in Cuba should first make a personal investigation. From the letters received, I judge that in many places in the United States ... tlements. That is an excellent idea; but before a dollar is invested, they should send some experienced member to locate the land, and get all the information which can only be had on the ground.

Next winter, the railroad and steamship companies will be getting up excursions to Cuba at a low rate. Opportunities of this ... instance, it will be cheaper to spend $150 pros... than to invest from $200 up to $1,000 before anything is known of the land.

Americans can raise any product in Cuba that Cubans and Spaniards have been in the habit of raising, and they will probably do it more systematically and get better results. But the small investor has no show in raising sugar-cane, and any of the alluring prospectuses which promise sugar plantations should be avoided. The reason is the simple one that sugar production in Cuba requires large capital. Tobacco raising is not out of the reach of those who have been engaged in it in the United States, but it requires knowledge and experience. With these, and a small capital, it is a safe business for Americans. General farming, however, is the chief thing, and by this I mean raising fruits of all kinds ... cocoanuts, oranges, lemons and a dozen other fruits which find a ready market, are capable of cultivation by those who have learned something of fruit-raising in a temperate climate. To my mind, the most profitable opening in Cuba is going to be market-gardening or truck-farming. There is not only the home-market, but there is, at some seasons, the market in the United States. Within easy distance of most of the large towns there is good land which can be leased for this pur..., or occasionally, can be purchased outright. Little attention has been given to systematic truck-farming by the Spaniards or the Cubans. Americans can teach them a great many things in that line. As all these crops are produced twice a year, the possibility of doing well with a small capital is easily seen; but there must be some capital, and some experience with which to start.

Dairy-farming is also going to be profitable. In Havana, most of the dairies existed right in the city, where the cows were fed in their stalls, until the American authorities moved them out for sanitary reasons. But there is not much real dairy-farming. For persons with larger capital, I think the best opportunity in the island is to engage in grazing. It will be several years before there are enough cattle on the island to supply the home demand, either for beef or for oxen to work on the plantations. There are no grazing ranges of government land, such as exist in the Western part of the United States; but there are good ranges in the interior which can be leased.

Personally, I am not over-sanguine of the immediate creation of new American villages in Cuba. For that reason, if I had a little money and were going there to settle, I should not get too far away from the older towns, which are either on the railroads or on the coast. Land can be bought relatively almost as cheap in these older communities, as in the regions where it is proposed to create new settlements. The chief thing, however, in Cuba, is to use the same prudence that would be shown at home when it comes to ... land. I ... land owner for $100. He had a hundred lots to sell, somewhere out in the sandy part of California; but the lots weren't worth a dollar each, although certificates for them were nicely printed and would have done to paper the walls of my office. A friend who had been out there told me about them, and I saved $100. But if I had been intending to invest in California lands and settle there, I should have gone out first to see for myself, or have sent somebody who knew the value of land, and that is the whole thing in relation to Cuban lands. First, know what you are buying, and then go ahead, but don't go ahead simply on the strength of printed prospectuses.

Now, again, about the chances for young men who want to engage in commercial and industrial enterprises. There will be a chance for them when American capital begins to develop the resources of the island. That will mean railroad building, electric lighting, road-making and a great many other things; but there will be very little manufacturing, because Cuba, from its nature, cannot become a manu... better advice than to find out what firms are engaged in Cuban trade, and seek through them the means of making an opening for themselves in the commercial and industrial development of the island. They can get this information, I presume, through the regular commercial agencies, or at any of the shipping ports. New York, Boston, Portland, Baltimore, Savannah, Jacksonville, Tampa, New Orleans, Galveston and Mobile all have shipping trade ...

Now about learning Spanish. A smattering picked up at home, even without a Spanish teacher, is better than nothing. No one ever learns to talk a foreign tongue except by being among the people who speak it. However, there is less of Spanish to unlearn, when among Spanish-speaking people, than of most languages. Every syllable is sounded and every word pronounced, so that while the exact pronunciation may not be secured, some idea may be gained of the sounds. Besides, it is very useful to read the papers, and a reading knowledge can be acquired within a few months. If I were going to learn Spanish in order to visit Cuba, I would not spend money buying a big dictionary or expensive books of any kind. A dollar ought to be sufficient to get a good grammar and reader with a vocabulary. My own notion is that this is a better way than to try the various manuals which profess to teach Spanish by throwing together a lot of supposed conversations. It has been my experience that these phrase books are not of much benefit. CHARLES M. PEPPER.

Washington, D. C.

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, pastor of the Fifth ... sity, of Providence, R. I.

Rev. A. Pen Oliel, according to a letter published by *The Congregationalist*, has closed his ... permanently.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford has conveyed nearly the whole of her fortune to the Leland Stanford University. The president of the university says that the real estate and securities comprised in the gift could now be sold for fifteen million dollars.

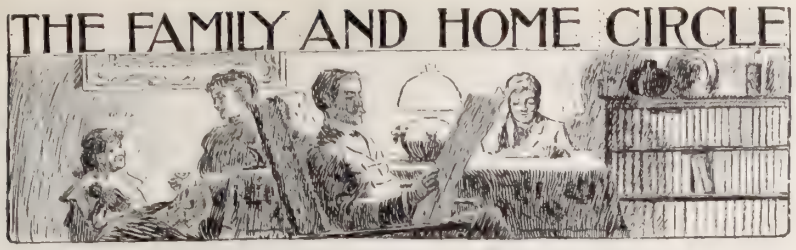
The statistics of the United Presbyterian Church, as published by the *Independent*, show that there are this year 12 synods, 66 presbyteries, ... members. The church held its forty-first general assembly in Philadelphia recently.

The pastor of a church at Leavenworth, Kans., has organized a people's evening college in connection with his church. He has sixty students and has a faculty of ten professors. There are ...

The newly-elected chairman of the Congregational Union of Great Britain is Mr. J. Carvell Williams, M. P. It is very unusual for a layman to be elected to this office. Mr. Williams is seventy-eight years old, and has been for over fifty years a champion of Congregationalism in the political field.

A noble utterance is that of the Jewish wife of Capt. Dreyfus. Speaking of Du Paty de Clam, now in prison, who had more to do than any one, ... Dreyfus to prison, she said: "I do not want him punished. I shall forgive every one when my husband is liberated. There shall be oblivion so far as I am concerned."

At the recent meeting of the American Baptist Education Society, a report was presented ... colleges for women with 4,000 students; thirty-three negro and Indian schools with 5,000 students, ... dents, and sixty-four academies and schools with 1,200 students—a grand total of 160 schools with ... learning have regular Bible study.



Some Brazilian Homes

Indian Huts on the Amazon—Domestic Implements—Features of City Life

THE ways and customs of the United States of Brazil are not so familiar to us of her sister republic as are those of European countries, yet our morning cup of coffee often breathes, if we could understand it, a story of Brazilian valleys and plateaus, where laborers, sad and merry, pick berries from hundreds of trees. Brazil is the greatest coffee-growing country in the world, and most of this product she sends to us. The great international railway, so much talked of in late years, may bring us in closer touch with our South American sister, who liked our government so well that she modeled hers on it; we will then know each other better.

Brazil may be considered very progressive, since she is the only country that ever made a radical change in her form of government except through war and bloodshed, and since she voluntarily, and by a wise system of emancipation, freed herself of the curse of slavery. Yet centuries of Portuguese domination left much to overcome, and in some respects she is an undiscovered country, and many peoples on the Amazon live in as primitive fashion as the natives of Africa.

The aboriginal Indians of the interior are an interesting folk, and, to a large degree, civilized. The little, brown-skinned, dark-eyed children are observant, quiet, and almost stolid according to our ideas of child-character. If hurt, they do not cry out; if delighted, they do not clap their hands and skip and shout. The Indian women are industrious. The men go fishing and turtle-hunting, and the burden of agricultural, as well as domestic, labor devolves chiefly upon them. They manufacture their own pottery, make mats, and weave hammocks on slow and primitive looms for family use and for sale. Some are lace weavers. They are early risers, beginning each day, it is said, with a bath in lake or river. Our Amazonian laundress has certainly no excuse for not getting the clothes clean; her washtub is fifty miles wide. They live in adobe huts, and the furniture of a typical dwelling consists of benches, baskets, trunks, hammocks, and low, odd-looking stools made of the hard skin of an alligator's breast twisted into shape, or of a large terrapin shell.

Among cooking and eating utensils, there might be an iron kettle from the nearest town; and there would surely be home-made pots and bowls of clay, calabashes, turtle-shell pans, gourd bottles, wooden spoons, baskets and clay-lamps for burning fish-oil. The principal foods are fish and manioc. The latter is to the Brazilian what wheaten bread is to us or the potatoe to the Irish. The itinerant bakery, shown in our picture, doubtless contains dainties made of manioc meal; although, of course its principal stores are bread and cake, for Parahyba is a coast city where people have the conveniences and luxuries we ordinarily find in such towns. The itinerant peddler is a marked feature of all Brazilian cities. Negro women selling sweetmeats or pots of tapioca soup (also made like manioc meal from the manioc root), or with baskets of luscious fruit on their heads, coal-venders, merchants with cloth and yard-stick, newsboys, candy-boys, and dealers in all sorts of things, throng the narrow streets crying their wares.

A BAKER'S CART, PARAHYBA, BRAZIL—WASHING CLOTHES IN THE AMAZON

Little Kenneth's Prayer

When the steamship *Paris* ran on the rocks near Falmouth, with a shock that drove strong men frantic with fear, a little seven-year-old boy met the disaster in a way that beautifully demonstrates the value of Christian faith and pious training. His mother says:

I was wakened by the fearful shock as we rushed on the rocks, and got up at once feeling that some awful calamity had come upon us. Then my little boy, Kenneth, turned to me—for I had wakened my two eldest children at once. "Are we drowning, mother," he asked. "I don't know, dear," I said. "Oh, mother," he said, "something has happened. I must pray," and then and there the dear little soul got down on his knees, and amid the tumult and excitement, the hurrying of people past our room, and the shouting and crying, he said the Lord's Prayer as he had been taught to say it almost from the day he could talk. Then one of the stewards came to my room and told me to take the children and come up on deck at once. That was an awful moment for me. I had three children, and I didn't know which to take first. Just then I looked out of my door and saw that the stairs were blocked and that people everywhere were standing about with life-preservers on. That decided me. I thought there could be no hope for me in such a crowd at such a time with my three children, and so, rather than desert any one of them, I sat down in my cabin and waited—simply waited. Finally the steward came down to me again and told me there was hope that we would all be saved and for me to come on deck now. The stairway by this time was cleared, and I was able to get all my children up.

A New "School Commencement"

It's the cooking-school commencement. The graduating class does not stand up in frills and furbelows and cap and gown (nice as these things are in their way) and read essays tied with long streamers of satin ribbon. Not they! Quaint mob-caps, newly-laundered white sleeve-guards, great snowy bib-aprons constitute their regalia. Instead of reading essays, they mix, mingle, bake and broil all sorts of good things to eat right before your eyes, and serve them to you toothsome, piping hot or frosty cold, dainty as a poem, and economical, too. Instead of applauding a literary production, you are expected to partake of a wonderful soup, a marvelous chicken-pattie, or a refreshing salad, and for dessert such flake wafers or almond crisps, or crust pie, or caromel ice cream, or charlotte russe as never was. Everybody goes away wishing the commencement exercises had been longer, and promising themselves unfailing attendance on all that come off in June a year hence. The cooking school commencement is in growing favor in all our large cities, and the classes are made up alike of poor and wealthy girls. So the home-making arts that our grandmothers valued are by no means being despised.

Nature Studies for Children

Longfellow wrote of the childhood of Agassiz, the great and pious student of nature:

> And Nature, the old, old nurse,
> Took the child upon her knee,
> Saying: "Come, read in the story-book
> Thy Father hath written for thee."

One way to guard against infidelity and agnosticism is to train children to study brooks, bees, flowers, plants, sun, moon, stars and clouds, as if they, even as the Blessed Bible, bore a message to them from the Divine Creator. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." "Consider the lilies of the field . . . how they grow. . . . Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." As your child studies the wonderful structure of a flower as, working in his little garden he helps in the creation of plant-life, whisper to him: "Behold the Father's wisdom and goodness. Think of the beauty that he brings to pass."

For Porto Rican Women

The Colonial Aid Society is a new and timely organization. Its officers are Mrs. Guy V. Henry, president; Mrs. Janvier Le Duc, secretary, and Mrs. Horace See, treasurer. At a recent meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, Gen. and Mrs. Guy V. Henry talked about the needs of the Porto Ricans, and definite lines of helpfulness were discussed, among them the establishment of branches of the Porto Rican woman's exchange here next fall for the purpose of showing Americans what their West Indian sisters can do. Porto Rican women do exquisite needlework, and make quaint fans and pretty gourd-baskets. Specimens of their craft were exhibited at the meeting, and it is believed that they can be helped effectively through sales of their products here. The exchange lately established by the Aid Society at San Juan is doing well. A dispensary is needed at San Juan, says General Henry, and the ladies of the society have that matter in hand. Many branches of this worthy organization are being established in different places.

Come to the Home

Flowers for the children bloom on the hills;
And the birds sing, "Children, come!"
And the coaxing voices of laughing rills
Call our little ones to their home.

Come from the crowded, sweltering street,
Where children droop and die,
To river and mountain, where breezes sweet,
For playmates seem to sigh.

Come to your Home, where loving care,
Guarding playtime and rest,
Leadeth the lambs with faithful prayer
To Him who the children blest.

GOODLOE HARPER.

The Nurse-Girl Problem

THE kidnapping case recently described in this paper, where little Marion Clarke was carried off by her nurse and kept in hiding for ten days of terrible suspense to her parents, shows one phase of the power that we mothers inevitably put in the hands of the caretakers to whom we confide our children. It shows one phase only, and one so unusual and of such peril to any attempting its exercise as to hardly merit disturbing thought. How about our baby's disposition, its budding character, that we continually place in unrestrained, and perhaps not true and holy, hands? Everybody knows when the little body is stolen there is a hue and cry, and nobody rests till the baby is restored to its mother's arms. But how about the little soul led astray imperceptibly, day by day, through impressions made upon it by an ignorant, thoughtless caretaker, unconscious of the harm she does, and unable, in the nature of things, to appreciate the sacred responsibilities reposed in her?

"The most difficult place to fill in my household," says many a mother, "is that of nurse-girl. To replace cook or house-maid is not so serious a matter as selecting the girl or woman into whose hands I confide my precious baby." It is so serious that many mothers give it up in despair and take upon themselves the whole care of baby, putting out the sewing and all other work that they may do so. If a woman is head of a large household, it is impossible for her to devote herself wholly to the baby. Perhaps, too, she is not strong enough to do the little one justice. The nurse-girl is a necessity. In New York City one philanthropic lady, a kindergartner of distinction, has a class for training nurse-girls, in which free instruction is given. Her example might be followed elsewhere with advantage to mothers and babies. This branch of education is, if anything, more important than that of training nurses for hospital work, which is one humanity will forevermore insist upon, now that it has realized what blessings it brings.

The "Black Heart"

None of our little readers have, we trust, such a heart as the poor anemone bewailed in this allegory, but we tell the story hoping that it may help them to guard against such an affliction:

An eastern legend tells how when the earth was created and the flowers appeared in all their glory, they were without a ruler. One day they met and had a discussion as to who should be queen. The lovely Damascus rose was chosen. All the flowers were satisfied except the gorgeous scarlet anemone. She was so full of envy and hatred that she was not chosen queen, as else she might have been. Her beautiful red heart turned black, and has remained so ever since. Now in the happy flowering time, she sighs as the breeze blows over her, and says, "It is time I have a very gorgeous dress and many people admire me—but my heart is black, my heart is black!" Surely envy is the root of much evil. "In honor preferring one another," says God's Word; a loving spirit will keep the heart free of evil.

THE : : : UNEXPECTED

Or, Aunt Jane's Fresh Air Experiment, and how it Resulted

... By HELEN HALL FARLEY ...

CHAPTER III.

I SAT and gazed upon my sunny home;
All pleasant things were there;
Bright things to look at, and sweet, soothing sounds
That came and went upon the perfumed air.
The sunbeams glanced and quivered
Through the many-colored pane,
And the marble floor at the open door
Mirrored it back again.
The flowers blushed in beauty;
The birds sang forth their glee;
I looked and listened, and I thanked my Father
That 'twas all for me.

And then I thought of One who had been here in days of yore,
Wearily walking on the world he made;
The Son of man, and yet the Son of God—Despised and poor!
I thought of him when first his infant form
Needed a resting place, and there was none:
The King of Heaven was waiting to be housed
Earth's dwellings had no room!

I thought of him upon the mountain-side,
When all night long
The silent stars looked down upon his loveliness
For Jesus had no home!

I thought and thought until my gushing heart
Groaned forth its longings:
"Oh, had I been there!
What tender ministry, what fostering care
Wouldst thou have known,
Thou blessed One!
What kindly words!
What thoughts and deeds of love'"
The hot tears gathered fast
I laid me down and wept.

* * *

Was it a breeze that stole into my room
So like a voice?
That came quite close—close to my burning brow,
And whispered: "Why not now?"
It came again: I brushed the tears away,
And, as I bent my head down very low,
I thought I heard him say:
"But why not now?"

Whatever Miss Temple had lacked, she had always possessed an unusual amount of executive ability. She would have made an admirable general had her work been along that line. Before she closed her eyes in sleep that eventful night she had planned her siege, and at early dawn she was up and dressing. Oh, what a day that was, from the beginning to the end!

The improvement in the children's faces was already perceptible. A night's rest in comfortable, clean beds, with fresh air to breathe, had done its good work. Little faces were not as pale as they had been, eyes were less weary. And such a breakfast!—"topped off" with deliciously brown pancakes and maple syrup, and partaken of in a pretty room with an open doorway, through which they could get a peep at the "green things growing."

A bluebird alighted for a moment and then flew away, its wings glistening like jewels in the sunlight. Job, the man who took care of Miss Temple's farm, was already at work with a team of red oxen in a green meadow within sight. The sweet fragrance of summer in the country filled the air.

There was bread to bake that morning, and, as the family had so greatly increased, there must be a large quantity. Job's wife, Sally, was sent for to do the baking and assist Peggy with other matters.

"I want brown bread and white," said Miss Temple to Sally, "and make sugar-and-molasses cookies. We will probably be back by half-past eleven, so please have dinner ready at that time, for the children will be hungry after their long drive."

Bartholomew was waiting for her at eight o'clock at the gate with the bay horses and the three-seated carriage. "Come," called Miss Temple to the children, who had not been told they were going for a drive.

They came at once, but with evident reluctance. Little Bennie, the cripple, was the last one to reach the gate, and there were tears in his eyes. He caught hold of Miss Temple's dress, looking up into her face appealingly.

"Me doesn't 'ant to do away," he said. "Me finks it's bufull here—me 'ants to stay wid 'ou."

He was afraid they were to be taken to Cross Roads station.

"But, my dear," she said smilingly, "I'm going with you, don't you see? We're going to the town of Murray to get some nice clothes for all of you. We will be back in time for dinner, and then you can spend the whole afternoon in the yard if you want to."

A look of seraphic joy came into the little face. A drive through the beautiful country! A good dinner afterward! And the whole afternoon in that wonderful yard, where the birds sang and the roses were in bloom! Oh, what joy! Oh, what joy! And the carriage rolled on.

Bennie sat next to Miss Temple on the back seat, with Tom on the other side of him. Her eyes grew misty occasionally, as they rested upon one and another of her guests with their wretched clothes. She wondered how Bennie would look when his tattered, outgrown coat and miserable little shapeless trousers and clumsy, toeless shoes were exchanged for new things. She wondered what they would say when she filled the girls' arms with pretty dolls and the boys' with toys. She felt happier than she had ever been before.

Long before they reached Murray the children began to feel at home with Miss Temple and Bartholomew. They talked and laughed softly together, their eyes wandering here and there over the beautiful landscape.

The world that had been hitherto all wretchedness to them had suddenly filled with unutterable joy. It was a balmy day. There had been rain the previous morning, and all nature looked fresh and fair. The cherry trees were loaded with white and crimson fruit. The silvery-leaved maples softly rustled their branches, like brooding, gleaming wings. The wild bushes along the driveway were gay with pink and purple blossoms. There was sweetness and beauty everywhere.

Miss Temple and her guests created considerable excitement when they entered the largest dry-goods store in Murray, but the former kept her own counsel. They were a long time in the store, which was rather hot and close, but when they emerged once more into the open air Miss Temple's face beamed with undisguised satisfaction. There was a certain air about her which was extremely becoming. It bore a resemblance to what one would expect to see in the countenance of a victorious general.

Every little face was radiant. Every little body was clothed from head to toe in new and becoming clothing. Each little girl carried a pretty doll in her arms. Each boy had something he had chosen. Bartholomew drove the bays up to the curb-stone just in time to get the full benefit of the glory of the transformation. He laughed merrily and clapped his hands in hearty congratulation, at which there were murmurs of delight from all of them, and a soft gurgle of mirth from Bennie.

"'Ou didn't know us, did 'ou?" he said innocently. "We look bufull, don't we?"

Bartholomew gave his aunt a look of unmistakable admiration. "Strange how her face has changed," was his thought.

He had always considered her features severe, but they were softened now to an almost youthful bloom.

The clerks brought out large bundles of goods and put them under the carriage seats. On the way to Murray, Miss Temple had stopped at Rachel Newcomber's to ask her to come and sew for a few days. On the way back, she, with her bag and bundles, was taken in.

A chicken dinner awaited them at home. Not one, except Tom, had any remembrance of ever having tasted chicken before, so you can imagine the enjoyment of the six guests. The desert was strawberries and cream.

During the long, sweet summer afternoon while Miss Temple and Rachel Newcomber chatted together while they sewed busily for the "least of these," the latter were allowed to wander about the charming grounds at their own sweet will. Bennie did not stray far away, being altogether too frail to be on his crippled limbs long at a time. But he took many happy little journeys down and around the pebbled walks and over to the sweet syringa tree, around which gay little humming-birds flitted to and fro. Then he would come back and rest upon the piazza where it was cool and sweet, and where he could see the face of the dear lady he had already learned to love. Miss Temple often looked up from her sewing and smiled upon him. Noticing after awhile that he looked weary, she dropped her sewing suddenly and went out to his relief. She swung up a hammock on the piazza, put some pillows in it, and then called Bennie.

"Here, my dear," she said, "is a lovely place to rest."

She lifted him in, brought him a glass of milk and one of Sallie's fresh cookies, then she went back to her work. The birds sang to him, the soft breeze fanned him, the fair, blue sky smiled upon him. Presently his eyes grew heavy and he murmured something.

"What did you say, Bennie?" asked Miss Temple from the window.

"Did me—say—somefin'?" he said sleepily.

"Yes, I thought so."

"Me was finkin' dat dis is heaven."

The blue eyes closed. On the sweet little face there was a smile of ineffable peace. Soon after Bennie fell asleep, Sylvia came slowly up the garden walk. Sylvia was the crippled girl. She was only seven years old and small and slight for her age. Her eyes were dark and the clustering rings of soft hair around her delicate face were golden brown. She looked really beautiful that day with her face all aglow and clad in her becoming new clothes—a crimson dress and a ruffled, white apron. She saw Bennie asleep in the hammock as she reached the piazza. With a thoughtfulness not often seen in such a little one she walked as gently as possible, so as not to disturb the sleeper. Her crutch was under one arm, her doll held close in the other. She went close to the window where Miss Temple sat.

"Bennie was tired, wasn't he?" she whispered softly.

"Yes," said Miss Temple, "and you are a little tired, too, aren't you, dear?"

"I guess I'm just a little tired," admitted Sylvia honestly, "but I shouldn't want to go to sleep in the day-time."

"Why not?"

"'Cause what?"

"'Cause its so—so—lovely here. If it didn't get dark I don't believe I'd want to go to bed at all. There's so much to see everywhere—so much. I never knew there was so much to see in all the world."

"Don't whisper any more, my dear, it tires you. Just talk in your natural tones; it will not disturb Bennie. And, if you do not want to go to sleep, come in here. Take this big arm-chair beside me."

(Continued on next page).

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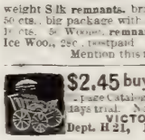

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The Unexpected

(Continued from preceding page)

Sylvia smiled. That was what she wanted—to get very near this dear lady, who had done so much for her. She went inside and climbed into the big, soft chair, with its downy pillows, and sat down with a restful sigh.

Miss Temple called to Peggy to bring the child a glass of milk and a cookie. While the latter ate and drank, she talked. The pretty blue cambric that Miss Temple was sewing on attracted her attention at once.

"Oh," she cried, "how pretty that is! Just the color of the sky, ain't it?"

"It is your dress, Sylvia. I'm glad you like it."

"My dress?"—wonderingly.

She lifted up her pretty white apron, contemplating her crimson dress with serious eyes.

"This is my dress, ain't it? You bought it for me, didn't you?"

"Yes, my dear; that is yours and this is yours."

"And this is yours, too," said Miss Rachel Newcomber, holding up a breadth of dainty pink gingham.

Was it really true? Were all these pretty new things hers? Miss Temple was smiling reassuringly. There was a quiver around the little mouth, a mist before the sweet, dark eyes. Suddenly the child slid softly down from her chair and went close to Miss Temple.

"Are they really and truly mine?" she said, wistfully.

Miss Temple felt a lump in her throat, but the smile still lingered on her face.

"They are really and truly yours, little one," she answered.

A light crept into the child's eyes; a smile that one might call cherubic stole over her face. Suddenly her little arms found their way around Miss Temple's neck.

"I love you!" she said. "Oh, how I love you!"

(To be continued).

Our Country for Christ

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 2. Ps. 33: 10-22

ONE of the most benumbing and paralyzing theories that can get into a man's mind, is that God has wound up this world and set it going, as a man does a clock, and then left it to its own way without taking further interest in it. The theory is the natural result of our discovery that the universe is more like a machine than had been supposed. God was nearer to the ancients than he appears to us, because they believed that the thunder was his voice and that many other phenomena of nature were the direct operations of his hand. We know, now, that they are the result of natural causes and are produced by natural laws, and we can trace the operation of these laws and do not find God's hand interfering in nature. For everything there is a cause, and even the curse, causeless does not come. But though we recognize the method, and are ever detecting the laws which produce phenomena, we shall be very short-sighted if we do not look beyond and behind the law, to see the God who established it and admire anew the wondrous wisdom which planned everything in its beautiful order and set the springs of action in their places. Nor shall we do justice to him, if we do not realize that he takes a keen interest in human affairs, and, as the Psalmist says: "He looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth and considereth all their works."

All that we learn of God from his works and his Word indicates a thorough knowledge of us and of what we do. It seems strange to us that he does not interfere more in human affairs, that he should let wickedness triumph and the good be oppressed, but all that mystery will be explained some day. At present, from all we see, we come to the conclusion that man must work out his own salvation and that it rests with him whether this world shall become better or worse as it grows older. But though God has placed this responsibility on man, and is trusting him so fully with his own destiny and the destiny of the world, he has not left him unequipped for the gigantic struggle. He knows what his creature needs and is aware that of himself he cannot win the victory. That is why Christ came and brought into the world the divine strength, and by infusing his nature into ours, gave us the power to conquer. God has shown his sympathy with men in this practical way and has placed help within their reach. It is therefore with hope and confidence that Christian men may enter the arena to win the world for God. There is no object so noble or so glorious. If, when we lie down to die, we can congratulate ourselves that the world is better than it was when we were born, we have the highest satisfaction that can be in the human breast. Still better is it if we can feel that we have done our part in winning this step upward, slight though it may be, that it may be said of us, as it was of David, that "having served our generation, we fell on sleep."

There is much to encourage us in the struggle. No intelligent man can have read the daily history of our own land, as it is recorded in the press, without seeing that the situation is better than it was. True, there are times of ebb, but as a man standing on the beach watching the rising tide, can see that the waves are steadily advancing, though some seem to fall short, we can see there is a better tone and a higher public spirit abroad than formerly. Public opinion is more surely on the right side than of yore. The distinction between right and wrong is more generally recognized and self-interest is not now the all-compelling and conclusive argument that it once was. Iniquity is more disgraceful and needs to clothe itself in disguises, and hide itself under cover, because the conscience of men would condemn it if it showed itself in its naked deformity. For so much we are thankful. It is a step gained; but that step is only a trench nearer to the enemy's works from which a further advance should be made. There is much land still to be possessed; gigantic evils still flourish which must be abolished before we can claim our country for Christ. While drunkenness is prevalent; while vice still parades our streets; while capital and labor still stand opposed, instead of joining hands for the general good; while so large a part of our population cannot tell from one week to another when grinding poverty may crush them, the very outworks of the citadel are in the enemy's hands. And beyond all these lies the spiritual triumph for which we long, when Christ's rule will be acknowledged everywhere within our borders and men will bow to him as their king and serve him with full purpose of heart.

Faith, Hope and Love

TRUST on, though in the tempest
That goads the maddened main
Thy bark be flung toward leeward shore,
Where wrecks before have lain.
The Master of the raging sea
Will bring His own to land.
Then trust the helm that guides thee to
His hand.

Hope on through all thy shadows;
Hope on through all thy tears,
And, though the clouds may hide the sun,
Subdue thy doubts and fears.
Sometime thy feet beyond the flood
Shall press the golden strand.
Till then, thy truest friend will hold
Thy hand.

Love on, though none deserve it;
Though men thy foes shall prove.
No soul should be beyond the pale
And power of thy love.
Thy Saviour's love envelopes all,
Though men his love withstand.
Love on, wouldst thou go with him hand
In hand.

Noank, Conn. —W. C. MARTIN.

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For further information apply to Ticket Agents.

The Shepherd

(See illustration on first page)

In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD there appeared an article descriptive of the shepherds of the Orient. Even to-day a very large proportion of the population of Palestine earn their living on the land, and many are shepherds, as their forefathers were before them. The calling has been honored above all others, for Jesus himself hath said: "I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep and am known of mine. . . . I lay down my life for the sheep." Clement of Alexandria thus addresses the Saviour:

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing
Hither our children bring
To voice thy praise.

Ever be thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial Word,
Lead us where thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

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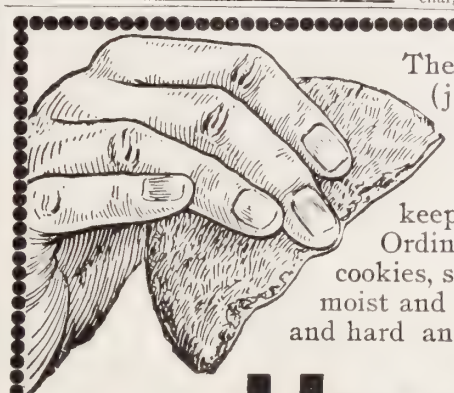
Franklin Mills Flour of the Entire Wheat does not make "white" bread. It makes bread that contains all the nutriment that the Creator put into the wheat. That is just what cannot be "white."

The strength giving properties and natural food-giving properties of the wheat are of a dark color, hence must be removed in the whitening process. Remove them, and the remainder is too largely starch, which is less digestible and of less food value.

Franklin Mills flour, on the other hand, contains all the nutriment of the wheat berry ground whole, nothing but the outer husk being removed. One pound of it is equal in real food value to four pounds of ordinary "white" flour, and one barrel of it will go as far in bread-making as two barrels of ordinary "white" flour. Therefore it is the most economical flour made.

In addition, it makes delicious bread of a beautiful golden color—just to look at it will make one's mouth water; to eat it is to want some more. If you want to bake the most nutritious bread, the most delicious bread, the best-looking bread, the least expensive bread, the best bread in every way, you will use Franklin Mills Flour of the Entire Wheat. It is sold by nearly all up-to-date grocers, who sell "the best" rather than "the most profitable." If yours should not have it in stock, write Franklin Mills Company, Lockport, N. Y., who will see that you are supplied, and who will gladly send you a handsome illustrated booklet free of charge, upon request.



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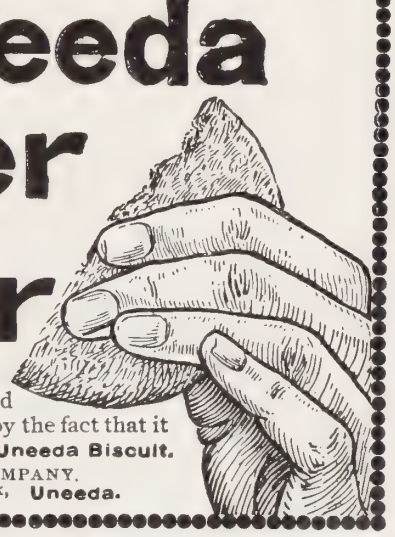

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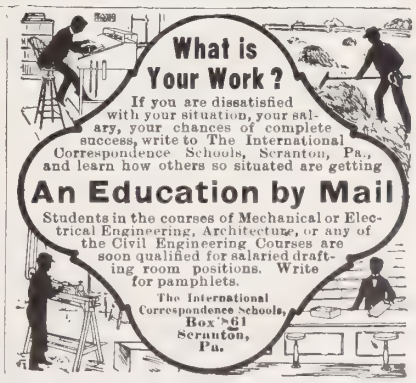
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IN VERANDA CHAIRS

Morning in the Country—The Terror of Kidnapping—A Word as to Mothers-in-law

IT is not only in the moonlit and starlit evenings that one likes to sit in the verandas in summer. I am seated in one of the pleasantest nooks in the world on a bright summer morning as I write to my friends, who are at this moment engaged, some in dressing the babies for the day, others in their Saturday's baking, others with their sewing and mending: still others, with an artistic occupation, as painting on China, or embroidering a doily or centerpiece. It is early, and the June morning is full of sweet odors and music, for the birds are singing all about, and, as sound as sweet as theirs, a sweet seven months' old baby is cooing and laughing in his cradle in the shadow of the vines. The whole family life goes on the summer long in this little loggia. The children's play, the shelling of peas for dinner, the reading of the last new book and paper, the entertaining of guests, and perhaps the mid-morning luncheon of milk and gingerbread, or the afternoon cup of tea, may be socially served here. The veranda is large enough for very comfortable furniture: it is not crowded, though there is a good-sized table with a blue cloth cover and a half dozen chairs at one end, and though a hammock is swung across the other end, while rocking chairs are conveniently standing about in the space between. When my friend built this house in which I am paying a visit, he planned piazzas first and the house afterwards. My own idea of house-building resolves itself into three features—plenty of closets (a woman always wants closets), plenty of fireplaces, plenty of porches. As for the rest of the house, I don't mind so much, though, of course, I like conveniences.

One of my acquaintances says that if her dining-room is spacious and cheerful she has nothing left to wish for. a sister of hers is satisfied with a dining room no bigger than a hencoop, and a cousin of both concentrates her attention on her parlor, indifferent to the comfort of bedrooms and kitchen. A kitchen, by the way, should be comfortable, well appointed, with conveniences of every kind—water on tap if possible, or else with a pump in the sink, and a reservoir on the stove large enough to keep a quantity of hot water always ready for use. Women should not just get along with any sort of kitchen: too much of their lives are spent there and too much of their strength. They should insist and contrive and manage until they have a kitchen where they can do their work easily and happily. A kitchen is not an unworthy or an undignified part of a home: it is its heart, its engine-room—the "very pulse of the machine."

* * *

TALKING of the cooing baby, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired, who laughs as I lay a finger on his satin-smooth cheek, I am reminded of the horrible fact that occasionally babies are kidnapped. Can there be a more fearful trial in life than to have one's baby stolen away, day after day to search blindly here and there, groping after vague clues, seeking wildly in the night and the darkness for the precious child who is in the custody of wretches too vile for thought? The baby who lies asleep in its little coffin, with waxen hands folded, is happier far than the infant reft away by mercenary ruffians from its proper home, and the mother weeping over a newly-made grave is not to be so compassionated as the mother whose empty arms reach out in vain for her stolen darling.

I saw a very sad little story in my morning paper one day this week. Tommy, aged five, had been naughty, and to punish him his mother took off his trousers and jacket, the pride of the small boy's heart, and put on his outgrown petticoats, condemning him to this degradation for the day. To put a little fellow of five or six into a frock after he has once known the promotion of a real boy's toggery is equivalent to degrading an officer to the ranks—a thing simply not to be borne. The child smarts under such a mortification as keenly as under the blows of a whip. The particular small boy in question, walking away in despair, had the misfortune to step upon a match: it ignited and set the offending skirts on fire. The mother gathered the child up in her arms and tried to smother the flames in a quilt, but the little one was so badly burned that he died in an hour. If this pathetic tale has any moral, it is that matches should not be left lying loosely around, nor, indeed, within the reach of children. Matches have no business on the floor. But, though it is not a moral, I wish just now to put in my plea for gentleness in the management of children and for the minimum amount of punishment in their cases. Young mothers and fathers are generally too ready to resort to penalty. You must not get tired of me if I say this over and over. You need to hear it, and you will never be sorry if you will only heed it.

* * *

THE death, late in May, of the great French artist, Rosa Bonheur, added another lustrous name to the list of those forever starred on the roll of fame. This gifted painter of animals began her career early in life, and her most wonderful picture, "The Horse Fair," has been so often reproduced that most of us are familiar with it. The artist had a masculine cast of countenance, wore her gray hair short and parted at one side, and never adopted the beautiful in her attire, preferring short skirts and a workman's blue blouse. I wonder whether Rosa Bonheur in a corset and a flounced and lace-trimmed robe could ever have gained the triumphs she won in her special domain.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes that she has been very much outraged by witnessing the indecorous behavior of a daughter-in-law whose home is in the family of her husband's aged mother. Far from treating the venerable matron with consideration, the younger woman openly flouts her opinions, upsets and interferes with her cherished domestic arrangements and scorns her in the most open way: this, too, when she and her husband are under many obligations to the kindness of his mother. Well, if I could do what I would like in such a situation, it would be this: I would whisk that ill-natured daughter-in-law on some bit of an enchanted carpet, after the fashion of the "Arabian Nights," far over land and sea, and I would set her down—hard and suddenly—in a zenana in India. She would learn her lesson of how to keep her place in that bitter school, a heathen home. Her mother-in-law should rule her with a high hand and much severity of discipline, and she should be taught politeness and discretion and repression of speech, and never be brought back to America until she had repented and resolved to behave sweetly and gently in her American home. Throughout the Oriental world the mother-in-law holds the reins of household government, and she is often far from kind to the sons' wives, who, in countries where the patriarchal system obtains, must all be brought home to the paternal roof, there to reside. In our own country I do not think it is common to find quarrels and disagreements between relatives-in-law, except among low and illiterate classes of society. The son's wife defers to her husband's mother and loves her, and the wife's mother is highly honored by her son-in-law. Misunderstandings, wrath and friction belong to the people who have neither traditional elegance of manner nor religious principle back of them.

If it can be avoided, however, families should not double up in such close quarters that they can jar on each other. The young people who are beginning life would better have two or three rooms somewhere by themselves than form an integral part of a finer home belonging to parents on either side. Every young married couple have their own puzzles and problems: they will work out their own solutions better if they are without spectators or critics.

* * *

THE Board of Education of the town of Lynn, Mass., have forbidden public school teachers to appear before their classes in bicycle costume. This seems rather despotic, though I can imagine that a pretty young lady in a very short skirt might look rather childish and be less awe inspiring than is desirable in the circumstances. As, however, the young teachers are not prohibited from riding to and from the school on their wheels, they can exercise ingenuity enough to have a long gown in their school-room closets, which may be duly donned before the bell rings. I am inclined to think that a truly commanding personality can overcome even a bicycle skirt, and that children care less than their elders about the teacher's style of dress: but from time immemorial it has been customary for law to modify the dress of women, or at least to make the attempt occasionally. I shall look with curiosity at the little schoolmarms of Lynn, hoping that they may hit on a happy medium in their toilettes, agreeable to all concerned.

Margaret E. Sangster

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GOLD DUST

THE BEST Washing Powder

Suffering in the Tenements

The Torrid Heat Claiming Its Victims—Help for Little Ones—The Home Opens Soon

JUNE came in with a temperature breaking all previous Weather Bureau records. On the sixth day, the mercury made a leap of twenty degrees between morning and afternoon. Late in the evening, it was still suffocating; and even in the uncrowded uptown districts, many people were unable to sleep during the torrid night that followed this hottest of June days for twenty-nine years. Twenty-seven cases of prostration and two deaths among adults were officially reported, and similar

TAKING AN AIRING IN THE CELLAR DOOR

announcements followed for several succeeding days.

If grown people in the uncrowded districts were prostrated, and living plants in city parks began to fade, what about the tenement children? If the thermometer in open, well-ventilated places registered 107, how about the cramped tenement rooms, with the many dwellers cooking, eating, sleeping, washing and ironing in narrow quarters? During those first days of awful heat, all the more trying for its suddenness, many little ones, tired of the terrible struggle for life, closed their weary eyes, to open them no more on earth. In a number of instances, children placed on fire escapes and in windows by poor mothers seeking to give them a breath of air, fell to the street and were killed. In addition to the many published cases of child-death from the heat, many little ones, already weak and ailing, became, without doubt, too enfeebled by the sufferings of that phenomenal hot week to withstand repeated trials in this direction, unless, through the kindness of Christian friends, relief is administered. To every liberal reader of this paper, co-operating in our beneficent fresh-air work, it must be a blessed thought that they are actually saving many child-lives by their generosity. This year the work will be more perfectly conducted than ever. The Housemother's experience and that of her trained helpers is enlarged. The proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been most careful in his selection of workers; only spiritual, consecrated women are put in charge of our children. The oversight and the leading of thousands of little bodies and souls for three months every summer is no light responsibility. Only by the Master's help could it have been carried out with such happy results. With nearly 10,000 children who have been cared for at the Home, not one death has occurred, although many little ones were so feeble when they came that such an end seemed inevitable.

Not one serious accident has happened, although a large proportion of our guests have been drawn from neighborhoods where rock-throwing and kindred devices are not unknown. Fathers and mothers have been brought under regenerating Christian influences through the kindness shown their children at the Home, and the moral improvement wrought in them by an outing there. Our aim is not only to build our children up physically, and to send them home ruddy and well-clad, but to lead them to their Saviour, and thus endow them with a spiritual gift and strength that will help them to overcome the temptations they must meet in saloon-cursed streets. In this work we have been nobly sustained by the prayers and co-operation of our readers, without which we could not have accomplished so much for the tenement waifs and their overworked mothers.

Everything is being put in readiness for our little guests, and the hospitable doors of our lovely new Home at Nyack will soon swing wide open for our happy little children. The following contributions have been received:

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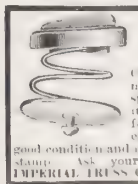

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(Washable)

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Send [illegible] cent for [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] than [illegible] the quantity [illegible] enough [illegible]

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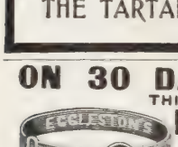

[illegible] Has a Pad different from all others, is self-adjusting, and can be worn in any position. [illegible] The Ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the [illegible] and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. [illegible]

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Yours sincerely H. S. Johnston

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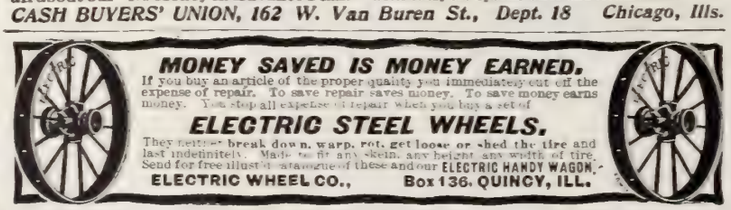

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, JUNE 28, 1899

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 26

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE HEATED TERM IN NEW YORK—AN EVENING SCENE ON THE ROOF OF A CROWDED TENEMENT *(See page 512)*

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mrs. James A., Washington, O. Where is the *Porte Dorée?* I have a picture given to me by a missionary in Turkey, with the title mentioned. It is the ruin of a beautiful building.

The *Porte Dorée* or "Golden Gate," is a double-arched passage in the outer wall of the Haram in Jerusalem, now closed up. It is evidently a work of antiquity, probably of the time of Herod.

Subscriber, De Groat, N. D. Why do not all churches adopt the ceremony of foot-washing?

Because they have too much sense. The passage you quote (John 13: 14) would not be fulfilled by foot-washing. Like all Christ's commands and teachings, his words on this subject conveyed a general instruction. He taught humility, and in that day the man who washed the feet of another showed his humility. He could not show it more conspicuously. It was a common habit, as common as washing the hands is with us. It was done by a servant, and therefore when Christ washed the disciples' feet, he took the place of a servant. That was the principle he laid down. The washing of the feet was merely an illustration of a man being ready to do menial, or any kind of work that was needed. If we were accustomed to going around barefoot, or with sandals and no stockings, the practice of having servants to wash the feet might again become common, and then the Christian might do that or any other menial work. But to do it now, argues a singular lack of understanding, an observance of the letter instead of the spirit, which Christ condemned.

L. M. W., Terry, S. Dak. If other planets are inhabited, in what way do they become heirs of eternal glory, when this world required a Jesus Christ to atone [illegible]

Your question is one wholly outside the domain of human speculation. We do not know that other worlds, assuming them to be inhabited, are sin-cursed and fallen, like ours. Again, while they may be the abodes of intelligent beings, their seasons, climate and general conditions are probably so very different from ours that no comparison can be established between the inhabitants, on moral or physical grounds. They are all parts of God's vast universe, whose extent, character and development are incomprehensible to finite minds. Astronomical writers have reckoned that the stellar host exceeds two thousand millions, and each new telescopic improvement reveals new worlds. Whatever may be the condition of the people of other spheres, you may depend upon it that the Divine Father's love and care are experienced universally, and that whether those distant worlds have ever had a revelation such as ours or not, there is no world where intelligent creatures exist that does not enjoy a sense of the Divine protection and a recognition of the beneficent government of the all-wise Creator.

R. A., Rising Sun, Ia. What is the meaning of [illegible] Matt. 5: 22?

The people who listened to him thought that he was making things easier by abolishing law. He showed them that in his dispensation the requirements were even more radical than in the old. He therefore quotes in the previous verse, as an illustration, the law against murder and then shows that his demand went far deeper. His followers must not only refrain from murder, but from the angry feeling which leads to it.

W. S., Manston, Wis. 1. Is it possible for men to become perfect as Christ was perfect? 2. Will God be satisfied with anything less?

1. It is possible, but we have never heard of any man who attained it. Many have claimed to have done so, but in no instance has the claim been admitted by the persons around them, who were qualified to judge. As a rule, the persons making the claim, exhibit the fatal defect of not having the humility of Christ, and they often show a lack of the kindliness and charity which characterized him. But we ought to strive after that ideal, and those who keep their ideals high, have the highest attainment. 2. We think God will not be satisfied with anything less than perfection, but we believe he will be merciful and will not exclude from his presence those who have tried to attain it and have failed. "He considereth our frame and remembereth that we are dust."

J. W. R., Pony, Mont. In what respect will the resurrected body differ from our natural body?

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he appeareth we shall be like him" (See I. John 3: 2).

C. D., a soldier correspondent at Camp Vedado, Cuba, sends this interesting letter:

Please allow us, through your paper—which has been weekly found upon our Y. M. C. A. reading table—to express the hearty appreciation of the men of the artillery for the faithful and earnest work of Mr. H. A. Howell, who has had charge of the Y. M. C. A. work among us here in Cuba. His labors have been crowned with success, and have proved a blessing to many of our boys. I can always look back with great delight and pleasure to the night of Feb. 22, when, after listening to a short, earnest and heart-touching sermon on the [illegible] "What will you do with Jesus?" in our [illegible] within [illegible] very depths, and I found myself one of eleven who arose. After the meeting I spent two hours with the speaker in his little sleeping tent, in prayer and searching God's Word, for I could not go to sleep that night till I had found peace and favor with my God. The International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. has no more earnest worker in the field, or to whom the men took to more kindly than Mr. H. A. Howell.

C. A., Philadelphia, Pa. The arguments for conditional immortality appear to me so cogent that, but for certain explicit statements in the Bible, I should reject the idea of eternal punishment. Is there any way of explaining them? Will the soul grow or develop after death?

Many Christian men, some of them eminent, hold the belief in conditional immortality; but the most learned of them have your difficulty in reconciling those passages of Scripture with the belief. But you must remember that conditional immortality does not exclude the idea of future punishment. It rather intensifies it by regarding it as so extreme as to be destructive. It really does not concern the man who trusts in Christ whether the impenitent live and suffer after death or pass through so fierce a fire that they really lose their existence by a second death. You cannot prove that the soul develops in the future life, but what would be the use of a future life if it did not develop?

Reader, Albany, N. Y. Canals date from a period long before the Christian era. The Chinese work in this line is said to be unrivalled, the Imperial canal having a length of about 1,000 miles. These early canals were made very largely on level ground and required no great skill. It was not until the fifteenth century that the lock was invented, the Italians and Dutch both claiming the invention. In 1681, the Canal of Languedoc was completed, and was one of the greatest undertakings of the kind on the continent. It is 148 miles long, and has more than 100 locks and about 50 aqueducts, and the highest point is [illegible] Canal dates back to antiquity, but was re-made in modern times.

R. S. Bosworth, Brownville, N. Y. One of the [illegible] That these scales were not made to weigh sugar [illegible]

* * *

Which contained all the wit that had ever been [illegible]

As a weight he threw in the [illegible] scrap of a leaf
Containing the prayer of t[illegible]
When the skull rose aloft [illegible]
That it danced like a ball [illegible]

Seventy years have nearly swept it from my mind. Can any of your readers furnish it for reproduction in your valuable journal?

Rev. Frederic Bayliss, pastor of the "Prairie Church," at Imperial, Neb., writes:

My people wish to thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers for their kindly interest and support in procuring the necessary funds for a [illegible] you all.

N. Y., Decker's Road, Pa. Is it right for women to speak in Christian Endeavor meetings and other meetings, when Paul directed them to keep silence in church?

Yes, quite right. Paul explained why he gave the injunction. The circumstances of the Corinthian church were peculiar. It would have done irreparable mischief to have allowed women to speak there. But our circumstances are very different, and if Paul were here now, he would be glad to have them speak, as they do so much good.

Mrs. Etta Sargent, So. Starksboro, Vt. 1. I wish some of your readers would send me the full poem of which this verse is an extract:

"We have been without a pastor some eighteen months or more.
And though candidates are plenty—we've had at least a score.
All of 'em tip-top preachers, or so their letters ran—
[illegible]"

2. What is the Via Dolorosa? 3. What does I. N. R. I. (the inscription over the Saviour's cross) mean? 4. Also the letters S. P. Q. R. in the picture of Christ before Pilate?

1. Some reader may be able to supply the missing verses. 2. It means the "Sorrowful Way," the route by which the Redeemer was led from the Praetorium to Calvary. 3. They are the initials of *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Iudæum* (Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews). 4. The letters are the initials of the words "*Senatus Populusque Romanus*" (the Roman Senate and People).

Distressed Reader, ——, Ia. Ought a wife whose husband is living in sin to ignore his life and treat him as if he was doing right, or should she reprove him, or leave him?

It is difficult to advise, without knowing more of the circumstances. First of all, in any circumstances, she should pray earnestly for him. We doubt if much is to be gained by reproof. Husbands do not take that kind of talk docilely from their wives. Perhaps pleading and entreating might be more effectual. Leaving him would be the last and extreme [illegible] saving him which, of course, is the object she has in view. We do not know his character, and it is possible that it may require special treatment, but in most cases the most effective means are prayer and a loving, earnest appeal.

Referring to a recent paragraph in THE MAIL-BAG, regarding electro-magnets, Read—, Albany, N. Y., writes:

[illegible] as the door bell requires a direct and steady current to ring it. As to its making an electro-magnet, an alternating current is only used for an electro-magnet in the process of demagnetizing [illegible] magnet.

S. M. Hine, Winsted, Conn., writes us that he has two old Bibles, one printed by Mark and Charles Kerr, His Majesty's printers, 1795, Edinburgh; the other printed by T. Wright [illegible]

L. M. W., Terry, S. Dak., writes:

[illegible] goes rolling ahead of a light breeze and leaves a seed wherever a thorn touches the ground. The [illegible] afterward springs up and chokes all else out. Where it once gets a hold it cannot be exterminated.

J. W. B., Amsterdam, N. Y. Feeling called by the [illegible] course should I pursue to fulfil his command?

Go among your friends and those who are around you and try to win for Christ any who have not given their hearts to him. Gather any children you may know of who do not go to Sunday School and try to win them for Christ. If you know any mission where an effort is being made to reach people who do not go to church, go and help it, and if there is no such mission near you, [illegible] get into a salaried position where you will be paid for working for Christ. Earn your own livelihood and give your work for him freely without any compensation other than that he will give.

R. K. B., Hilo, Hawaii. Was the new Catechism, of which you published the chief parts recently, unanimously adopted by the several churches mentioned? Where can it be procured?

Not by the churches, but by the committee elected by the churches. [illegible] the churches think the [illegible] did not do its work well. The committee itself was unanimous, and so far as we have seen by the comments in the leading religious papers, the work is heartily approved. You can procure the complete catechism by sending five cents to the American Sunday School Union, Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

T. W., Preston, Kans., C. Matz, Lodi, [illegible] reliable Sunday School statistics? If so, what are the chief?

The United States lead with 123,173 schools, 1,305,939 teachers, and 9,718,432 pupils. Next comes Great [illegible] and 5,976,537 pupils. Next is Canada, with 8,386 schools, 69,521 teachers, and 576,064 pupils. Other countries are a long way behind. Russia, for example, has 88 schools, 777 teachers, and 15,524 pupils.

L. W. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. He is still living.

R. R. C., Kresgeville, Pa. We know of none.

A. C., Bristol, N. H. We know of no such place.

J. N. E. McC., Corydon, Ia. We are not familiar with it.

A. W., Arrow River, Man. Send them to the [illegible]

J. A. S., Merrimac, Ill. The article in question was undoubtedly greatly exaggerated.

Anxious, N. Y. Such an indorsement would probably be construed as a renewal of the note.

F. C. F., Wilton, N. H. Write to Rev. Josiah Strong, United Charities Building, New York City.

T. V. F., Avilla, Mo. It opens, we believe, in May, 1900, and will remain open probably six months or even longer.

Constant Reader, Pacific Coast. 1. No. 2. Ditson & Co., New York. 3. Regulated by Government, according to sales. 4. Individual conscience must decide such a question.

I. H. S., Le Roy, Mich. Certainly, but all the schools were under the control of the Roman Catholic Church, and the educational system was anti- [illegible]

A. A. C., Ayrshire, Ind. 1. None whatever. The epistle was written to the people of Philippi, a city of Macedonia, now a part of the Turkish Empire. 2. Either pride and boastfulness or because he wanted to impose a new tax.

Miss L. E. L., Salem, N. C. The beautiful poem entitled the "Unrecognized Christ," which appeared in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was written by [illegible] P. Rose, of Canada, read the poem with great effect at a recent ministerial meeting in that country.

A COSTA RICA WOMAN MAKING TORTILLAS

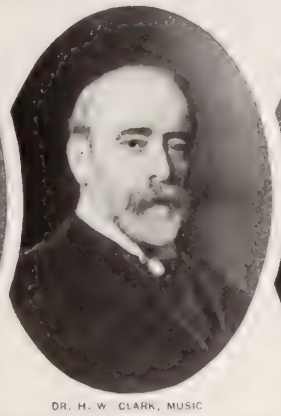
Tortillas are flat cakes made of coarse corn meal and baked on a hot iron plate or a heated stove. They are universally used in South American countries, and are eaten by the rich and the poor.

: : Christian Endeavor's Annual Convention : :

The Great Assembly of the Society to be Held Next Week at Detroit, Mich., for Conference and Fellowship

F. M. THOMPSON, BUILDINGS

F. KENNEDY, PRINTING


DR. H. W. CLARK, MUSIC

G. J. VINTON, B.Y.P.U.

A. G. HIGGINSON, DETROIT Y.P.S.C.E.

F. J. MASON, DECORATIONS

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES OF THE INTERNATIONAL C. E. CONVENTION

THE great red-letter day of the Christian Endeavorer's year is at hand. One week from the date of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD many thousands of earnest young men and women—how many cannot yet be estimated—will be in Detroit, Mich., to attend the first session of the Eighteenth International Convention of the Christian Endeavor Society. From that evening until the evening of Monday, July 10, there will be a succession of meetings that will fill the delegate's time and make his visit to the Convention city a golden memory and a spiritual uplift of his life. On this page are portraits of the men who, for a year past, have been planning and toiling to make the Convention a success. It requires no little administrative ability to entertain such a multitude of guests as the Christian Endeavor Society sends into the city which has the honor of playing the part of host for the annual assembly. But Detroit has enlisted her best men and they have gone to work so energetically and with such forethought and systematic vigor, that they are prepared now to welcome all who come, and the larger the contingent the better they will be pleased.

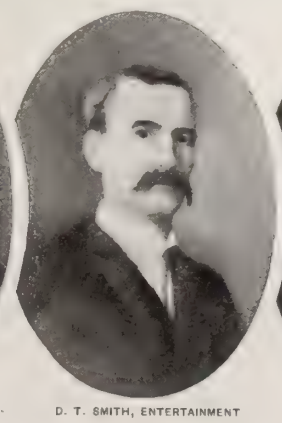
SECRETARY C. R. COOK—C. E. HEADQUARTERS IN DETROIT, MICH.—TREASURER R. G. ANGELL

The city, as we learn from the "Greeting of the Press Committee," promises everything that is delightful to the coming guests. The headquarters are on Campus Martus, to which all street car lines lead, and are therefore easily found. Beautiful spots, resorts and pleasure retreats are close at hand. The Committee has looked up the records of temperature for the last eight years and finds that the mean record is of seventy-three degrees and only four times in the eight years has any one of the days fixed for the convention this year been a rainy one. Near at hand is Belle Isle, a beautiful island of seven hundred acres, covered with woods and lawns, beautiful flowers and sequestred nooks. At night it is a veritable fairy land, with its electric lights and its witchery of wave and foliage. Besides this, Detroit boasts of twenty-seven other parks and lovely wide breathing-places, which soothe and delight the senses of the lover of nature. The visitor to Detroit next week will therefore find delights for the body as well as the soul provided for his delectation.

The Convention will open with a prayer-and-praise meeting on *Wednesday* evening, at which Dr. F. E. Clark will preside. Addresses of welcome will be given, and the due responses made. On *Thursday* morning, at 8.15, and every morning during the convention, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman will conduct a quiet hour in the Light Guard Armory. At 9.30 the chief session will be held in Tent Endeavorer, under the presidency of Dr. Nehemiah Boynton. At this session, Secretary Baer will read his annual report, and President Clark will make his annual address. In the afternoon, about thirty denominational conferences will be held in various churches. In the evening, simultaneous services will be held in Tent Endeavorer, Tent Williston and the First Presbyterian Church, in which last Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., will read a story he has written specially for this Convention. *Friday* will be given up to work and conferences and addresses on practical Christian Endeavor work. On *Saturday* the motto is to be, "Saved to Serve," and addresses will be given by Dr. Clark and other eminent speakers. In the afternoon there will be an excursion to Belle Isle, and in the evening the State rallies will be held. Two evangelistic meetings will be held on *Sunday* afternoon, and in the evening twenty-six simultaneous Consecration meetings will be held in as many churches. *Monday* is Home and Foreign Missionary day. In the afternoon the rally of the Juniors takes place, which will for many be the great event of the convention. The farewell meetings in the evening will be addressed respectively by Bishop Vincent and Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.

Among the speakers besides those already mentioned are: Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the new pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn; Rev. A. C. Crews, of Toronto; Rev. S. A. Noble, of Chicago; Dr. S. P. Henson, of Chicago; and Dr. Wilton Merle Smith and Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of New York.

DR J. E. DAVIS, EXCURSIONS


D. T. SMITH, ENTERTAINMENT

REV. A. H. BARR, PULPIT

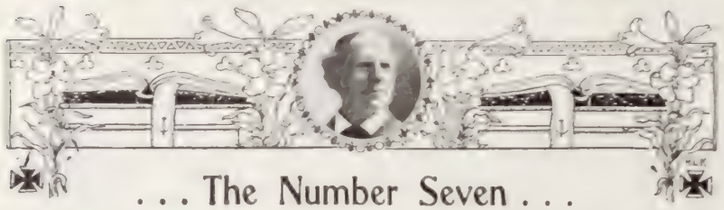
DR. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON, TRUSTEE C. E.

W. H. STRONG, GENERAL CHAIRMAN

H. H. BURR, RECEPTION

OFFICERS OF THE GREAT CONVENTION OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES

· THE · METROPOLITAN · PULPIT ·



. . . The Number Seven . . .

A Sermon by The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Genesis 2: 3, ... God blessed the seventh day

THE mathematics of the Bible is noticeable: the geometry and the arithmetic: the square in Ezekiel: the circle spoken of in Isaiah: the curve alluded to in Job: the rule of fractions mentioned in Daniel: the rule of loss and gain in Mark, where Christ asks the people to cipher out by that rule what it would "profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul." But there is one mathematical figure that is crowned above all others in the Bible: it is the numeral seven, which the Arabians got from India, and all following ages have taken from the Arabians. It stands between the figure six and the figure eight. In the Bible all the other numerals bow to it. Over three hundred times it is mentioned in the Scriptures, either alone or compounded with other words. In Genesis the week is rounded into seven days, and I use my text because there this numeral is for the first time introduced in a journey which halts not until in the close of the Book of Revelations its monument is built into the wall of heaven in chrysolite, which, in the strata of precious stones is the seventh.

In the Bible we find that Jacob had to serve seven years to get Rachel, but she was well worth it: and, foretelling the years of prosperity and famine in Pharaoh's time, the seven fat oxen were eaten up of the seven lean oxen: and wisdom is said to be built on seven pillars: and the ark was left with the Philistines seven years: and Naaman, for the cure of his leprosy, plunged in the Jordan seven times: the dead child, when Elisha breathed into its mouth, signalled its arrival back into consciousness by sneezing seven times: to the house that Ezekiel saw in vision, there were seven steps: the walls of Jericho, before they fell down, were compassed seven days: Zechariah describes a stone with seven eyes: to cleanse a leprous house, the door must be sprinkled with pigeons' blood seven times: in Canaan were overthrown seven nations: on one occasion Christ cast out seven devils: on a mountain he fed a multitude of people with seven loaves, the fragments left filling seven baskets: and the closing passages of the Bible are magnificent and overwhelming with the imagery made up of seven churches, seven stars, seven candlesticks, seven seals, seven angels, and seven heads, and seven crowns and seven horns, and seven spirits, and seven vials, and seven plagues, and seven thunders.

Yea, the numeral seven seems a favorite with the divine mind outside as well as inside the Bible, for are there not seven prismatic colors? And when God with the rainbow wrote the comforting thought that the world would never have another deluge, he wrote it on the scroll of the sky in ink of seven colors. He grouped into the Pleiades seven stars. Rome, the capital of the world, sat on seven hills. When God would make the most intelligent thing on earth, the human countenance, he fashioned it with seven features—the two ears, the two eyes, the two nostrils and the mouth. Yea, our body lasts only seven years, and we gradually shed it for another body after another seven years, and so on, for we are, as to our bodies, septennial animals. So the numeral seven ranges through nature and through revelation. It is the number of perfection, and so I use it while I speak of the seven candlesticks, the seven stars, the seven seals and the seven thunders.

The seven golden candlesticks were and are the churches. Mark you, the churches never were, and never can be, candles. They are only candlesticks. They are not the light, but they are to hold the light. A room in the night might have in it five hundred candlesticks, and yet you could not see your hand before your face. The only use of a candlestick, and the only use of a church, is to hold up the light. You see it is a dark world, the night of sin, the night of trouble, the night of superstition, the night of persecution, the night of poverty, the night of sickness, the night of death: aye, about fifty nights have interlocked their shadows. The whole race goes stumbling over prostrated hopes and fallen fortunes and empty flour barrels and desolated cradles and deathbeds. How much we have use for all the seven candlesticks, with lights blazing from the top of each one of them! Light of pardon for all sin! Light of comfort for all trouble! Light of encouragement for all despondency! Light of eternal riches for all poverty! Light of rescue for all persecution! Light of reunion for all the bereft! Light of heaven for all the dying! And that light is Christ, who is the Light that shall yet irradiate the hemispheres.

But mark you, when I say churches are not candles, but candlesticks, I cast no slur on candlesticks. I believe in beautiful candlesticks. The candlesticks that God ordered for the ancient tabernacle were something exquisite. They were a dream of beauty carved out of loveliness. They were made of hammered gold, stood in a foot of gold, and had six branches of gold blooming all along in six lilies of gold each, and lips of gold, from which the candles lifted their holy fire. And the best houses in any city ought to be the churches—the best built, the best ventilated, the best swept, the best windowed, and the best chandeliered. Log-cabins may do in neighborhoods where most of the people live in log-cabins; but let there be palatial churches for regions where many of the people live in palaces. Do not have a better place for yourself than for your Lord and King. Do not live in a parlor and put your Christ in a kitchen. These seven candlesticks of which I speak were not made of pewter or iron: they were golden candlesticks, and gold is not only a valuable but a bright metal. Have everything about your church bright—your ushers with smiling faces, your music jubilant, your hand-shaking cordial, your entire service attractive. Many people feel that in church they must look dull, in order to be reverential, and many whose faces in other kinds of assemblage show all the different phases of emotion, have in church no more expression than the back wheel of a hearse. Brighten up and be responsive. If you feel like weeping, weep. If you feel like smiling, smile. If you feel indignant at some wrong assailed from the pulpit, frown. Do not leave your naturalness and resiliency home because it is Sunday morning. If as officers of a church you meet people at the church-door with a black look, and have the music black, and the minister in black preach a black sermon, and from invocation to benediction have the impression black, few will come: and those who do come will wish they had not come at all.

Golden candlesticks! Scour up the six lilies on each branch, and know that the more lovely and bright they are, the more fit they are to hold the light. But a Christless light is a damage to the world rather than a good. Cromwell stabled his cavalry horses in St. Paul's Cathedral, and many now use the church in which to stable vanities and worldliness. A worldly church is a candlestick without the candle, and it had its prototype in St. Sophia, in Constantinople, built to the glory of God by Constantine, but transformed to base uses by Mohammed the Second. Built out of colored marble; a cupola with twenty-four windows soaring to a height of 180 feet; the ceiling one great bewilderment of mosaic; galleries supported by eight columns of porphyry and sixty-seven columns of green jasper; nine bronze doors with alto-relievo work, [illegible] and vestments encrusted with all manner of precious stones. Four walls on fire with indescribable splendor. Though labor was cheap, the building cost one million five hundred thousand dollars. Ecclesiastical structure, almost supernatural in pomp and majesty. But Mohammedanism tore down from the walls of that building all the saintly and Christly images, and high up in the dome the figure of the cross was rubbed out that the crescent of the barbarous Turk might be substituted. A great church, but no Christ! A gorgeous candlestick, but no candle! Ten thousand such churches would not give the world as much light as one home-made tallow candle by which last night some grandmother in the eighties put on her spectacles and read the Psalms of David in large type. Up with the churches, by all means! Hundreds of them, thousands of them, and the more the better. But let each one be a blaze of heavenly light, making the world brighter and brighter, till the last shadow has disappeared, and the last of the suffering children of God shall have reached the land where they have no need of candlestick or "of candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever." Seven candlesticks the complete number of lights! Let your light shine before men, that they seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Turn now in your Bible to the seven stars. We are distinctly told that they are the ministers of religion. Some are large stars, some of them small stars, some of them sweep a wide circuit and some of them a small circuit, but so far as they are genuine, they get their light from the great central Sun around whom they make revolution. Let each one keep in his own sphere. The solar system would be soon wrecked if the stars, instead of keeping their own orbits, should go to hunting down other stars. Ministers of religion should never clash. But in all the centuries of the Christian church some of these stars have been hunting an Edward Irving or a Horace Bushnell or an Albert Barnes: and the stars that were in pursuit of the other stars lost their own orbit, and some of them could never again find it. Alas for the heresy hunters! The best way to destroy error is to preach the truth. The best way to scatter darkness is to strike a light. There is in immensity room enough for all the stars, and in the church room enough for all the ministers. The ministers who give up righteousness and the truth will get punishment enough anyhow, for they are "the wandering stars for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

I should like, as a minister, when I am dying, to be able truthfully to say what a captain of the English army, fallen at the head of his column and dying on the Egyptian battle-field said to General Wolseley, who came to condole with him. "I led them straight: didn't I lead them straight, General?" God has put us ministers as captains in this battle-field of truth against error. Great at last will be our chagrin if we fail leading the people the wrong way: but great will be our gladness if, when the battle is over, we can hand our sword back to our great Commander, saying: "Lord Jesus! We led the people straight: didn't we lead them straight?" Those ministers who go off at a tangent and preach some other gospel are not stars, but comets, and they flash across the heavens a little while and make people stare, and throw down a few meteoric stones, and then go out of sight if not out of existence. Brethren in the ministry, let us remember that God calls us stars, and our business is to shine and to keep our own sphere, and then when we get done trying to light up the darkness of this world, we will wheel into higher spheres, and in us shall be fulfilled the promise "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

[illegible] you think! Forgive me, if having at other times glorified the medical profession, and the legal profession, and the literary profession — I glorify my own. I have [illegible] men never breathed, and the Bible figure is not strained when it calls them stars: and whole constellations of glorious ministers have already taken their places on high, where they shine even brighter than they shone on earth: Edward N. Kirk, of the Congregational Church: Stephen H. Tying, of the Episcopal Church: Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist Church: John Dowling, of the Baptist Church: Samuel K. Talmage, of the Presbyterian Church: Thomas DeWitt, of the Reformed Church: John Chambers, of the Independent Church: and there I stop, for it so happens that I have mentioned the seven stars of the seven churches.

I pass on to another mighty Bible seven, and they are the seven seals. St. John in vision saw a scroll with seven seals, and he heard an angel cry: "Who is worthy to loose the seals thereof?" Take eight or ten sheets of foolscap paper, paste them together and roll them into a scroll, and have the scroll at seven different places sealed with sealing wax. You unroll the scroll till you come to one of these seals, and then you can go no further until you break that seal: then unroll again until you come to another seal, and you can go no further until you break that seal: then you go on until all the seven seals are broken, and the contents of the entire scroll are revealed. Now, that scroll with seven seals held by the angel was the prophecy of what was to come on the earth: it meant that the knowledge of the future was with God, and no man and no angel was worthy to open it: but the Bible says Christ opened it and broke all the seven seals. He broke the first seal and unrolled the scroll, and there was a picture of a white horse, and that meant prosperity and triumph for the Roman Empire, and so it really came to pass that for ninety years virtuous emperors succeeded each other—Nerva, Trajan and Antoninus. Christ in the vision broke the second seal and unrolled again, and there was a picture of a red horse, and that meant bloodshed, and so it really came to pass, and the next ninety years were red with assassinations and wars. Then Christ broke the third seal and unrolled it, and there was a picture of a black horse, which in all literature means famine, oppression and taxation: and so it really came to pass. Christ went on until he broke all the seven seals and opened all the scroll. Well, the future of all of us is a sealed scroll, and I am glad that no one but Christ can open it. Do not let us join that class of Christians in our day, who are trying to break the seven seals of the future. They are trying to peep into things they have no business with.

Do not go to some necromancer or spiritualist or soothsayer or fortune-teller to find out what is going to happen to yourself or your family, or your friends. Wait till Christ breaks the seal to find out whether in your own personal life or the life of the nation, or the life of the world it is going to be the white horse of prosperity, or the red horse of war, or the black horse of famine. You will soon enough see him paw and hear him neigh. Take care of the present, and the future will take care of itself. If a man live seventy years, his biography is in a scroll having at least seven seals: and let him not during the first ten years of his life try to look into the twenties, nor the twenties into the thirties, nor the thirties into the forties, nor the forties into the fifties, nor the fifties into the sixties, nor the sixties into the seventies. From the way the years have got the habit of racing along, I guess you will not have to wait a great while before all the seals of the future are broken. I would not give two cents to know how long I am going to live, or in what day of what year the world is going to be demolished. I would rather give a thousand dollars not to know. Suppose some one could break the next seal in the scroll of your personal history, and should tell you that on the next 4th of July, 1901, you were to die, the summer after next, how much would you be good for between this and that? It would

from now until then be a prolonged funeral. You would be counting the months and the days, and your family and friends would be counting them: and next 4th of July you would rub your hands together and whine: "One year from to-day I am to go. Dear me! I wish no one had told me so long before. I wish that necromancer had not broken the seal of the future." And meeting some undertaker, you would say: "I hope you will keep yourself free for an engagement the 4th of July, 1901. That day you will be needed at my house. To save time, you might as well take my measure now, five feet, eleven inches." I am glad that Christ dropped a thick veil over the hour of our demise, and of the hour of the world's destruction when he said. "Of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels, but my Father only." Keep your hands off the seven seals.

There is another mighty seven of the Bible, viz., the seven thunders. What those thunders meant we are not told, and there has been much guessing about them; but they are to come, we are told, before the end of all things, and the world cannot get along without them. Thunder is the speech of lightning. There are evils in our world which must be thundered down, and which will require at least seven volleys to prostrate them. We are all doing nice, delicate, soft-handed work, in churches and reformatory institutions, against the evils of the world, and much of it amounts to a teaspoon dipping out the Atlantic Ocean, or a clam-shell digging away at a mountain, or a tack-hammer smiting the Gibraltar. What is needed is thunderbolts, and at least seven of them. There is the long line of fraudulent commercial establishments, every stone in the foundation, and every brick in the wall, and every nail in the rafter made out of dishonesty: skeletons of poorly paid sewing-girls' arms in every beam of that establishment: human nerves worked into every figure of that embroidery: blood in the deep dye of that refulgent upholstery; billions of dollars of accumulated fraud entrenched in massive storehouses, and stock companies manipulated by unscrupulous men, until the monopoly is defiant of all earth and heaven. How shall the evil be overcome? By treatises on the maxim: Honesty is the best policy? Or by soft repetition of the golden rule that we must 'Do to others as we would have them do to us?" No, it will not be done that way. What is needed and will come is the seven thunders.

There is drunkenness backed up by a capital mightier than in any other business. Intoxicating liquors enough in this country to float a navy. Good grain to the amount of 67,950,000 bushels annually destroyed to make the deadly liquid. Breweries, distilleries, gin shops, rum palaces, liquor associations, our nation spending annually seven hundred and forty millions of dollars for rum, resulting in bankruptcy, disease, pauperism, filth, assassination, death, illimitable woe. What will stop them? High license? No. Prohibition laws? No. Churches? No. Moral suasion? No. Thunderbolts will do it: nothing else will. Seven thunders!

Yonder are intrenched Infidelity and Atheism with their magazines of literature scoffing at our Christianity; their Hoe printing-presses busy day and night. There are their blaspheming apostles, their drunken Tom Paines and libertine Voltaires of the present as well as the past, reinforced by all the powers of darkness from highest demon to lowest imp. What will extirpate those monsters of infidelity and atheism? John Brown's shorter catechism about "Who made you?' or Westminster Catechism about "What is the chief end of man?" No. Thunderbolts! The seven thunders! For the impurities of the world, empalaced as well as cellared, epauletted as well as ragged, enthroned as well as ditched; for corrupt legislation which at times makes our State and National capitals a hemispheric stench; for superstitions that keep whole nations in squalor century after century, their Juggernauts crushing, their knives lacerating, their waters drowning, their funeral pyres burning, the seven thunders!

Oh, men and women, disheartened at the bad way things often go, hear you not a rumbling down the sky of heavy artillery, coming in on our side, the seven thunders of the Almighty? Do not let us try to wield them ourselves; they are too heavy and too fiery for us to handle; but God can and God will; and when all mercy has failed and all milder means are wholly exhausted, then judgment will begin. Thunderbolts! Depend upon it, that what is not done under the flash of the seven candlesticks will be done by the trampling of the seven thunders. But I leave this imperial and multipotent numeral seven, where the Bible leaves it, imbedded in the finest wall that was ever built, or will be constructed, the wall of heaven. It is the seven strata of precious stones that make up that wall. After naming six of the precious stones in that wall, the Bible cries out—"the seventh chrysolite!" The chrysolite is an exquisite green, and in that seventh layer of the heavenly wall shall be preserved forever the dominant color of the earth we once inhabited.

I have sometimes been deeply saddened at the thought that this world, according to Science and Revelation, is to be blotted out of existence, for it is such a beautiful world. But here in this layer of the heavenly wall, where the numeral seven is to be embedded, this strata of green is to be photographed, and embalmed and perpetuated, the color of the grass that covers the earth, the color of the foliage that fills the forest, the color of the deep sea. One glance at that green chrysolite, a million years after this planet has been extinguished, will bring to mind just how it looked in summer and spring, and we will say to those who were born blind on earth, and never saw at all in this world, after they have obtained full eyesight in heaven: "If you would know how the earth appeared in June and August, look at that seventh layer of the heavenly wall, the green of the chrysolite."

And while we stand there and talk, spirit with spirit, that old color of the earth which had more sway than all the other colors put together, will bring back to us our earthly experiences, and noticing that this green chrysolite is the seventh layer of crystalized magnificence, we may bethink ourselves of the domination of that numeral seven over all other numerals, and thank God that in the dark earth we left behind us we so long enjoyed the light of the seven golden candlesticks, and were all of us permitted to shine among the seven stars of more or less magnitude, and that all the seven seals of the mysterious future have been broken wide open for us by a loving Christ, and that the seven thunders having done their work have ceased reverberation, and that the numeral seven, which did such tremendous work in the history of nations on earth, has been given such a high place in that Niagara of colors, the wall of heaven, "the first foundation of which is jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite."

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold:
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

... To Fight the Drink Traffic ...

The National Anti-Saloon League's Work Progressing with Amazing Results—Organized in 26 States

FIVE years ago a little band of godly men, in the State of Ohio, met for the purpose of considering the best method of combating the drink evil. As the result of that gathering, an Anti-Saloon League was organized. The movement begun so quietly and unostentatiously rapidly developed strength, and found friends in other States. The Anti-Saloon League is now a national organization, with active members in twenty-six States, and with nearly one hundred devoted Christian men and women giving all their time and energies exclusively to the prosecution of the work. About sixty of these workers are ministers of the Gospel, who have withdrawn from local pastorates, owing to an overwhelming conviction that the churches must do more for the suppression of the liquor traffic in the future than they have done in the past. The motto of the League is: "The Saloon Must Go," and its ultimate aim is the total effacement of the open grog-shop, as the citadel of the corrupting and benumbing influences of the city and of the public conscience.

REV. HOWARD H. RUSSELL, D.D., LL.D.
National Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League

REV. J. Q. A. HENRY
Superintendent New York Anti-Saloon League

The League works in, through, for and by the churches, making them, as organizations, responsible for an aggressive temperance reform. It maintains that the church is the original reform institution that alone has the power, and ought to have the disposition to crush the liquor traffic. It holds that Christian people are primarily the custodians of the public conscience, and that they must set the pace of civic reform. It contends that the problem of the open saloon will never be solved until the Christian forces can be organized, consolidated and hurled against this enemy of Christian progress and good government.

The League makes the open saloon the point of attack, and thereby avoids much controversy, concerning issues that have too frequently been used disastrously against temperance work. Its adherents agree to think differently on many minor points. Its seeks to federate all moral Christian forces against the saloon. It is interdenominational and omni-partisan in its methods. It works with all parties and with all creeds, upon the sole condition that they are the foes of the saloon, and stand together on one issue—the destruction of the open dram-shop. It contends that the twenty-six million church-members in this country ought to have more voice in directing the policy and determining the government of the nation, than the two hundred and forty thousand saloon-keepers have. It makes no attempt to build up a new party, nor to favor any party, but to use and work through all parties opposed to the drink traffic. The League seeks to drive the liquor traffic back within the limit of license and law, as the best method to secure a public sentiment that will demand legislation so full and so complete as to destroy the open saloon.

The methods of the League appeal strongly to the business men, so that financial aid has never been wanting with which to conduct a vigorous and victorious crusade. In Ohio, within the past five years, the League has reduced the number of saloons from more than thirteen to nine thousand. Last year more than fifteen hundred saloons were voted out of Ohio. Within three years four hundred towns and villages have voted the saloon out of existence. In North Dakota, forty-five towns recently voted on the question of license or no license. Out of the forty-five, forty-one went dry. Similar results are being realized in Michigan, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and other States in which the League is fully organized. The great results achieved in other States inspire the conviction that the Empire State will offer the widest field for the League of any State in the Union. For nearly three years representative ministers and laymen have been urging the national organization to begin work in the State of New York. The plans are now completed and the work has begun. Already more than fifty meetings have been held in as many different churches, covering much of the Hudson River Valley District, including the cities of Poughkeepsie, Kingston and Newburgh. Wherever presented, the work of the League has received most hospitable welcome, and the representatives are greatly encouraged concerning the outlook. At the present time the newly-elected State Superintendent, Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, D.D., of Poughkeepsie, is being assisted by three representatives of the national organization, including Rev. Howard H. Russell, D.D., National Superintendent; Rev. H. A. Tucker, D.D., and the Rev. J. C. Jackson, D.D., Assistant National Superintendents. These men will remain in New York State for two or three months at least, to assist in getting the work thoroughly established.

Already hundreds of ministers and churches in the State are urging an early visit to their churches and cities to assist them in federating the temperance forces for an onslaught against the saloon. Until after the summer vacation, the headquarters of the State League will be at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and the work will be largely confined to the centre and western portion of the State. In the fall, it is expected that permanent headquarters will be opened in the City of New York, and a most aggressive temperance reform will be inaugurated.

"Mustered Out"

At the muffled drum came his comrades gray
And formed into line where the hero lay;
To the silent ranks he had passed away:
He was "mustered out."

They draped the flag above the form
That had stood unmoved 'mid the battle storm;
But silent and cold was the heart so warm
He was "mustered out."

E. Corinth, Me. —MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and [illegible] Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Daniel in Babylon

S. S. Lesson for July 9. Dan. 1: 8-21
Golden Text, Dan. 1: 8

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

DANIEL [illegible] the captives who were carried away into Babylon in the reign of Jehoiakim, probably about 606 or 607 B. C. (II. Chron. 35: 5-7); about eighteen or nineteen years before the final taking of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, after the protracted siege, when the inhabitants were starved into submission (II. Kings 25: 1-4). Daniel was of noble, perhaps even of royal blood; and was chosen, among others, by the special favor of King Nebuchadnezzar to be educated at his expense in the first schools of learning in Babylon, the then centre of the world. Nebuchadnezzar, heathen though he was, had not the spirit of a cruel, narrow-minded tyrant; there was very much that was large-hearted and noble in his character; it was only when his imperious will was crossed that the unscrupulous vengeance of the natural man in him came to the surface.

Unknown to himself, he was a prepared instrument to carry out the purposes of God in judgment upon his own people and upon the surrounding nations. The captivity of Daniel and his three friends affording Nebuchadnezzar the opportunity to come frequently in contact with a man who knew and walked with God, was no mere chance, but specially ordered of God, for the purpose of making himself known to that generation, and causing himself to be proclaimed among the heathen just when his own people had failed to witness for him. God wanted a special instrument; and just as Moses' education in Egypt, "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and mighty in word and deed" (Acts 7: 22), singularly fitted him, as soon as he was yielded to God, for the high position to which he was called; so also was it with the education of Daniel. God has a purpose in the life of everyone of his children, and our educational advantages are not meant for our own self-exaltation, but to serve him.

We have no means of ascertaining Daniel's age at this time, but it seems he must have known the Lord before the commencement of his education in Babylon, and God permitted his young servant to be put to a test in which he might bear witness for his God. The King had commanded that all the Israelitish students should be supplied from his own table, a mark of distinction which was no small honor done to them. But "the king's meat and wine which he drank" had no attraction for the incipient prophet of Jehovah. Already, in his secret soul, the stamp of his God was upon him; and he knew that he was not his own. The honor which many a student in Babylon would have coveted was nothing in Daniel's eyes, compared to the eternal honor of bearing witness to the King of kings. The young student was already learning to look not at the things which are seen and "temporal;" but at "the things which are not seen," "and eternal" (II. Cor. 4. 18); he also "endured as seeing him who is invisible" (Heb. 11: 27).

"Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat nor with the wine which he drank." Probably the meats at the king's table had all been offered to idols, and the young man and his friends had an opportunity by voluntary personal self-denial to bear witness to their true and living God. It was a new thing in Babylon to hear of a God who possessed the hearts of his worshipers. The heathen worship from fear; they seek thereby to defend themselves against malevolent spirits, which, they think, work evil against them. But a holy God whom they can respect, a loving, merciful God whom they can love, is unknown to them. But the heathen can understand the value of a thing at the price paid for it; and the estimation of a person by that which anyone will suffer for his sake. Daniel knew this; and he requested of the prince of the eunuchs who was president of the college where he studied, "that he might not defile himself." It was a bold request, but something in Daniel (was it not the presence of his God?) made this man see that no insult was intended.

Something in the young man strangely attracted Ashpenaz. God's hand was in it: "God had brought Daniel into favor and [illegible] prince of the eunuchs.

RUINS OF THE PALACE OF THE KING OF BABYLON

But he, too, was placed in a difficult position, and he said to Daniel, "I fear my lord the king, who hath appointed your meat and your drink; for why should he see your faces worse liking than the youths are of your own age?" (R.V.). Not gaining ground with Ashpenaz, Daniel addressed himself to Melzar, who had the immediate responsibility of the provision department. Daniel's request was so moderate that Melzar, who must also have been impressed by the young student, gave a ready ear to it. This was his request. "Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat (lentils or the Hindustan "dahl") and water to drink. Then let our countenances be looked on before thee, and the countenance of the children that eat of the portion of the king's meat; and as thou seest, deal with thy servants." What a risk! Suppose it had not succeeded? some unbelieving one might say. But it does answer to trust the living God. Thus Melzar "took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink, and gave them pulse." And every mealtime, Daniel and his friends in their eating and drinking served God, and proclaimed thereby that there was a living God, whom they loved and honored and served. And as they bore witness to God, he also bore witness to them. He blessed their simple diet and above all, their absolute trust in him, and he blessed their studies so that he "gave them skill in all learning and wisdom."

The time of the public examination of the students over which Nebuchadnezzar himself presided, came at last. And the king communed with them, and among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah; therefore they, captive Jewish youths, stood before the king, *i. e.*, they received government appointments. "And in all matters of wisdom and understanding that the king enquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm."

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

DOUBTS as to the period in which the book of Daniel was written, and as to the writer, will naturally arise in connection with these lessons, but they may wisely be left to learned scholars for settlement, while we attend to the singularly beautiful story that the book tells. It represents Daniel as a youth, probably about fourteen years of age, of princely, if not royal, birth, being taken away from the land of his fathers, to Babylon, the greatest city in the world at that time. How he became a captive, we are not told, but it was probably at the beginning of the conflict, when as related in II. Chronicles 36: 6, 7, the King of Judah first felt the weight of Nebuchadnezzar's hand. Nothing is said there about any prisoners being taken, but as the conqueror was able to bind the King of Judah with fetters and to despoil the temple, he would be likely to carry off some of the choicest of the people to grace his triumph. At a later date, the great mass of the nation was carried off, but at this period probably the number of prisoners was small, and all of them young nobles. Their lot was not a hard one. They were not immured in dungeons, but were treated as honorable exiles to be trained for the holding of high office. If any of them were without patriotism or religious principle, they might regard the change in their lot as good fortune. In this, therefore, there was special danger. The young Hebrews had only to forget their country and their God and adapt themselves to the manners and customs of their new domicile, as the Jews can do to this day more adroitly than men of any other race, and the way was open to place and power. Like Joseph in Egypt in ancient times, and Beaconsfield in Great Britain in modern times, the Jew easily beats all competitors and overcomes all obstacles when he has a fair opportunity. Daniel's success, according to the book, was greater than either, for in his time Babylon dominated nearly all the known earth, and Daniel stood next to the throne in power and influence. That he maintained his position under Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, Darius and Cyrus shows how completely he had mastered the details of the art of [illegible] become. This, too, without surrendering his principles. The temptation must have [illegible] great. To be [illegible] a little provincial kingdom like Palestine, to the metropolis of the world was itself a severe test. Then, too, he was saturated with Babylonian lore and moved in the highest society. Everything combined to make the desertion of principle a matter of self-interest. His example in holding firm to his early faith amid environment so trying, is one of the finest in history.

He would not defile himself. What a pity it is that young men do not always take that view of sin. It is defilement, no matter how beautifully it is gilded. When the young man from the country farmhouse comes to the city and is introduced by his companions to the haunts of pleasure, he is urged "to see life," to learn what "is going on in the world," not to be "behind the age," and to give up his "hayseed scruples." If such a young man would adopt Daniel's view of it as defilement, he might be saved. Hawthorne's beautiful story of Beatrice is full of meaning in this matter. A young man is attracted by the beauty of a girl who walks daily in the garden beneath his window. He is, however, surprised, as he watches her to see that insects which fly around her lovely head fall dead to the ground, and that a lizard approaching her is killed by a drop of dew that she shakes upon his head. But he is infatuated and makes her acquaintance and spends hours daily in her company. Not until after many days does he discover that the subtle poison emanating from her has changed his being, and that he, too, is a deadly power. Fresh flowers fade in his hand, a spider on which he breathes falls lifeless, and the insects that come near him are killed. So it is that purity and goodness by contact with evil are transformed into poisonous, malignant influences.

Why should he see your faces worse liking? It is only in modern times that scientists have learned that wine and alcohol are really injurious to the human system even in moderation. It is not so long ago that any person who resolved to abstain from intoxicants, was regarded as a foolish person who put away from him a source of strength and health. When Canon Wilberforce began his ministry he had fainting fits which sometimes seized him even in the pulpit. His doctor prescribed ale and wine. The young clergyman took them, but his ailment continued. After a time, he resolved to become a total abstainer. The doctor heard of his decision and went to him to expostulate. "You will surely kill yourself," he said. "There are people who can do without stimulants, but you need them and will surely die without them." After a year Canon Wilberforce met the doctor in London. "Well, doctor," he said, "I am still abstaining and I am alive yet. More than that, I never have any fainting fits now."

Daniel had understanding. That is more than can always be said of a young man who is under the power of liquor. When he has drunk a certain quantity he will do things from which in his sober senses he would shrink appalled. Van Doren tells a story in point. A young lawyer married a beautiful girl who was the pride of a refined and elegant home. After a few years the man was a drunkard and the wife with her two children felt the pinch of poverty. One bitter winter night the husband came home intoxicated. As there was no coal in the house nor money to buy it, the rooms were very cold. The poor lady lay with her children closely pressed in her arms to keep them warm. The husband inquired why there was no fire. He cursed when his wife told him the reason. He said he would soon have warmth enough. How he set the place on fire neither he nor any one knew. His wife and children died of exposure.

Fighting the Plague

NEVER was medical skill needed more urgently than it has been in various parts of India since the famine. The dread bubonic plague has appeared in Bombay and other great cities, and has claimed its victims by thousands. In some cities the deaths from the plague even now when its worst rigor is abated, average fifty a day. It has been no uncommon experience to see a family sitting at their evening meal, apparently all in good health, and on the following day at the same hour to find them all dead. The victims, in nearly all cases, are those who suffered most from the famine. The lack of food, or the eating of substances unfit for food, appears to act as a pre-disposing cause. Such people are more likely than any others to fall ill with the plague; and are more likely than others, if they do take it, to die. The missionaries, who stood by the people in the famine, are their friends now in this terrible affliction. They have shown no fear of infection and have ministered courageously to the sick and dying. They have also availed themselves of the discoveries of science to avert the dread scourge, when the native Hindoos will submit to their treatment. Our illustration on this page, is a photograph of a scene at Maroda, in which the operation of inoculation is being performed. The principle of this treatment is the same as vaccination, and it is claimed that a person inoculated is unlikely to take the disease, even when exposed to infection, or, if he should take it, will not have it in malignant form. The operator in the picture is Dr. Emma Hodge, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has been laboring for several years in the vicinity of Maroda. After consecrating herself to foreign missionary work, she studied under Dr. George D. Dowkontt, General Director of the Medical Missionary Society in New York, and subsequently took a course in the New York Women's Medical College, where she graduated. With Dr. George Hall, who afterwards laid down his life in Corea, Dr. Summers, who died in Africa, and other medical missionaries now laboring in many lands, Miss Hodge practised among the poor in the fourth and seventh wards of New York, while waiting for her appointment to a foreign field. She learned there the lessons of love and sympathy with the suffering that she is now practising in India; and for the plague of sin, as prevalent here as there, she prescribes the same remedy, the only one that in all the ages has proved efficacious:

The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death (Rom. 8:2).

Germinates by Fire

A description in a horticultural journal of a Californian pine tree, whose cones are opened by intense heat, elicits an interesting letter from a former resident of Australia. He says that Australia has a tree which has the same peculiarity. It is the *acacia decurrens*, familiarly known as "the wattle tree." It was noticed that these trees always grew on land that had been desolated by a bush fire. No clue to the cause of this coincidence was known until a settler who had collected a number of different seeds, put them to dry near a log fire. A burning log rolled from the fire upon the wattle seeds, and instantly they burst open. He mentioned this fact to a scientific farmer who had noticed the tendency of the wattle to grow on burnt ground, and he made an experiment. Wattle seeds which had lain on the ground for more than a year were collected and a fire was built over them. Within a few weeks they had sprouted, and in less than twelve months a small forest of young wattle trees flourished on the spot where the seeds had been under the fire. Another experiment with similar seeds planted in good ground and well watered, but without fire, produced no result, and when the seeds were dug up after being several months in the earth, they were found to be in the same condition as when they were planted. Not one of them had germinated. Ministers and Christian workers have often observed a similar phenomenon. The Gospel message has failed to take root in the heart of a prosperous man, but has burst into life and filled his heart when some fierce trial, like a scorching fire, has desolated his life.

His flesh is consumed away that it cannot be seen. Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave . . . . Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man to bring back his soul from the pit (Job 33: 21, 29).

Mining for Gold in a Sewer.

There was excitement a few days ago in that part of New York known as "Little Italy." An Italian painter had received among his remuneration for decorating a church, a gold eagle, which he showed boastfully to a friend whom he met on the street. They both admired the beautiful coin and the owner kept it in his hand as they walked homeward. He could not refrain from tossing it up to see it glitter in the sunlight. He was doing this when he came to the corner of Canal Street, when he failed to catch the coin and it rolled in the gutter and into the sewer, Then there was consternation. The loser offered two dollars for the recovery of his treasure and immediately a fellow countryman volunteered to go down into the sewer to search. Saucepans and growlers were borrowed from the neighboring tenements and armed with them the Italian removed the sewer trap and decended into the shaft. He handed up the cans full of black mud to the loser of the coin, who with his friend's aid, strained it through his fingers in search of his treasure. The news that there was a ten-dollar gold piece astray soon attracted a crowd, eagerly watching operations. It grew so large that a policeman interfered and ordered the suspension of the work. The man in the shaft refused to come out, but someone turned on the hydrant and he was glad to climb out to escape drowning. The policeman then took the party to a fire-engine house where he turned the hose on them. When they were sufficiently cleansed they were arraigned before the Justice who discharged them and told them to get a permit to open the sewer. When men go into such a foul abomination as a New York sewer to find a ten-dollar gold piece, Christians ought not to shrink from contact with moral filth to save lost souls, which are more precious than gold in God's sight.

If thou take forth the precious from the vile thou shalt be as my mouth (Jer. 15: 19).

To Illuminate the Ocean

An ingenious device has been offered to the Navy Department by Col. W. J. Wilson, its inventor. It consists of a steel cylinder about three inches in diameter and about five feet long. The lower end is weighted, so that when thrown in the water it will maintain a perpendicular position. The lower end is filled with calcium-carbide, which, when wet, generates acetylene gas. Above this is a battery to ignite the gas. When the cylinder is placed in the sea, the water has access to the calcium-carbide through perforations in the cylinder, the gas is generated and ignited. It escapes through a burner in the upper end of the cylinder, and gives a brilliant light, which shines for an hour and more, and neither wind nor waves can extinguish it. The advantages of such a light are obvious. It might serve, if in sufficient number, to protect the mouth of a harbor from torpedo boats. Or in a wreck at night it would indicate the position of a ship to the life-savers, and would make the process of transferring passengers to the boats safer. If the light is really inextinguishable, it will be brought into common use, both for warlike purposes and for the saving of life. The servant of Christ who goes forth into the dark places of the earth to save souls needs such a light, too. God has in his Word provided one for him which exposes the hidden pitfalls for the victims of the powers of darkness.

All things that are reproved are made manifest by the light: for whatsoever doth make manifest is light (Eph. 5: 13).

A Bridegroom's Misadventure

A citizen of Hoboken, N. J., for whom his friends and the police have been searching for several days, has returned to his home with a strange story. He was to have been married on the previous Tuesday; but when the time set for the ceremony arrived, he did not come and on sending to his home to ascertain the cause of his absence, it was learned that he had not been there for two days. His story is that he set out to visit an uncle who lives some six or seven miles away, and on his way stepped into a saloon to get a glass of beer. After drinking it his mind became a blank and he remembers nothing that occurred until two days after when he was aroused by a policeman. He was then sitting on a bench in a park. He asked the policeman where he was, and learned, to his astonishment, that he was in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, nearly a hundred miles from home. How he traveled there and what he had done after his arrival, he cannot remember. There was no money in his pocket, though he had seventy-six dollars when he left home. As he did not know anyone in Philadelphia from whom he could obtain assistance, he had to walk to New Brunswick, N. J., where a friend lived who would lend him the money to return home. It was a long journey on foot, but he accomplished it and after a few hours rest, he took the cars for Hoboken. It is evident that he had been drugged and robbed. He doubtless wishes now that he had never entered that saloon, as his visit not only led to his losing his money and having to make a long journey, but to his being too late for his wedding, thereby mortifying his bride and disappointing their friends. There are some who have broken their promises to Christ through similarly venturing into danger, in spite of the warning he gave:

Another said: I will follow thee: but let me first go bid them farewell which are at home, at my house; and Jesus said unto him, No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God (Luke 9: 61).

A MEDICAL MISSIONARY INOCULATING PLAGUE PATIENTS IN INDIA

A Child Without a Country

The immigration authorities in New York are puzzling over the status of a twelve-year-old girl who arrived at the Barge Office on a White Star steamer. She is the daughter of a Hungarian tailor who came here with his wife fifteen years ago. He settled in New York and for a time prospered. Two children—this girl and a younger brother—were born. Latterly, misfortunes came. The tailor lost his work and then his wife died. He grew despondent. Finally, placing his boy with friends, he started for his own country, taking his daughter with him. But on the voyage over he lost heart, and, leaping overboard, was drowned. The passengers on the ship took a kindly interest in the orphaned girl, and made up a purse of $250 for her. As she had never seen her Hungarian relatives, she begged to be taken back to New York, where her little brother is. But she had to confess that she had no other relatives here, nor any friends. She was accordingly brought back as she desired. But the immigration commissioners have a rule that they will not admit any one likely to become a public charge. They therefore detained the child while her case was considered. It is inferred from the tailor's returning to Hungary that he was not naturalized, so possibly the child may be a Hungarian subject; but having been born on our soil she may claim American birth. Her situation is a sad one and full of danger. It may be hoped that there will be some one who will encourage her by telling her of the special promise that God makes to such as she:

He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and loveth the stranger in giving him food and raiment (Deut. 10: 18).

A Miser's Will

A dispute which will shortly come before the courts has arisen over the will of a man who died recently at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He was a tanner by trade, but of late had done little work. Apparently he was in extreme poverty, and was grateful for any little gifts of food or clothing that charitable people gave him in return for doing an errand or some little service. He had relatives, but only one of them took any notice of him. This was a nephew living several miles away, who for many years had made it a habit to visit the old man twice a year and look after his comfort. About a month before his death the old man sent for a lawyer and instructed him to draw up a will, leaving the bulk of his property to his nephew, whom he made his executor. The lawyer, sharing the common idea of his client's poverty, was amused by the terms of the will, but he drew it as instructed, and the old man signed it and paid him. Since his death it has been found that the will was not so ridiculous as it appeared. Securities worth forty thousand dollars were hidden away in the house, and there are other investments. As there are several relatives as near or nearer of kin than the nephew who is made heir, the will is to be contested, but there is little probability of its being broken. This is not the first time by many that disinterested kindness has been unexpectedly rewarded. More frequently such kindness has no direct reward in money, but it never misses the approval of God, which is better.

Do good and lend hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind to the unthankful and the evil (Luke 6: 35).

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM REAL LIFE

Tenement Child-Life in New York

Illustrated Specially for "The Christian Herald"

A GLIMPSE OF BATAVIA STREET, A VERY POOR SECTION — A MERRY LITTLE GROUP — AN AFTERNOON AIRING ON THE CURB

WHEN the Weather Bureau says: "Mercury Hot Wave Coming. New Yorkers [illegible] possess their souls in patience, buy palm-leaf fans from street-venders (of cooling burdens but dripping brows) and make other possible preparations to meet the torrid temperature with comparative grace and comfort. Wealthy families are usually out of town; although the men of such households are often held in the city at the receipt of custom or in the place of duty. Large rooms, electric fans, cooling drinks, fresh linen temper for them the tortures of the heat and humidity. But no amount of personal comfort can make the kindly-hearted among them forget the burden which every humane New Yorker carries upon his heart and purse—the sufferings of brothers and sisters of the slums, especially of the little ones.

Great changes have and are being wrought in tenement districts since missionaries and newspapers—among which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was a leader—began to bring before the public facts as they really exist in sections which prosperous people rarely see. The late Colonel Waring instituted many sanitary reforms which a philanthropic and public-spirited citizenship will surely push to more sweeping and excellent results. Churches, missions, social and religious settlements, business men, and the Health Board are all interested in the question of replacing old rookeries, unwholesome cellars, terrible back tenements, and double-deckers with model dwellings at righteous rentals. Commodious school-houses are rising in every quarter; playgrounds (treeless as yet, for trees do not grow by magic) and recreation-piers are being provided with commendable rapidity. But a city cannot be torn down and rebuilt in a day. This great metropolis on its narrow island is the Mecca for incoming hordes from the four quarters of the globe. A large proportion of these new arrivals get no further than the down-town districts; and so the dense population [illegible] fortable and well when the thermometer runs up to 107 and more [illegible] do the people of Hester, James, Hamilton, Cherry and equally crowded, equally malodorous districts manage to live? Some of them—especially among the children—do not manage it at all: they give up the struggle [illegible] mother of invention, the "teeming thousands" find some interesting ways of mitigating the hard conditions of their lot.

A MAKE-BELIEVE RIDE IN AN IDLE TRUCK WAGON

You would discover some of these ways, as did the writer, by spending some days and nights in a down-town settlement. Go up on your roof at night and see how roofs around you are populated. Look down upon children sleeping upon fire-escapes. Thinking of the stifling, ill-smelling rooms from which these multitudes come, you will thank God that there are roofs and fire-escapes. In the morning, if you can stand the glare, go up again and mark the array of mattresses left behind. Many stay there till the end of the season, except for disappearances in the [illegible] trying to get them in is at once pathetic and amusing. Looking at night upon the sleeping multitude on the roof, the thought occurs: "There is not space up here for all the dwellers of the big buildings." What about those below? Even in cellars—dark, unwholesome, suffocating [illegible] and back tenements, with dormitories [illegible] ing to sleep. After twelve o'clock at night the writer has seen mothers sitting on sidewalks with sleeping children across their knees or in their arms. Many a mission-worker, many a kind doctor, hears the story: "I staid on the street all night with my sick child." Children are curled up on cellar-doors, truck-carts, and dry-goods boxes—anywhere rather than in the sweltering rooms within. The kindly policeman, going his rounds, indulgently refrains from seeing some things: for instance, he does not examine too

THESE CHILDREN [illegible] TRUCK AS FITS IN A RIOT — AN ALLEY DOOR — A GUTTER FOOT-BATH WHEN THE HYDRANT FLOWS

COOLING OFF ON THE FIRE-ESCAPE

CATCHING A BREATH OF AIR IN THE AREA-WAY

A NETWORK OF CLOTHES-LINES

closely the wet sheets on clothes-lines in front of fire-escapes; it is against the law to sleep on fire escapes, but not against the law to hang clothes-lines there. The policeman knows how to sympathize; he is warm himself; and is he not the officer of a merciful and discriminating public, who realize that a relentless thermometer may relax even the law?

If the night is trying, the day with its fierce glare, when pavements blister the feet and the roof is impossible, is worse. But it, too, has its ameliorations. The ice-wagon comes along, and a crowd of youngsters gather about the restaurant or saloon and watch wistfully and thirstily for chips that may haply fall. For the prosperous newsboy or bootblack that "has the price" there is the stand at the corner where a tiny glass of indescribable lemonade, ice-cream, or crushed ice with berry juice on it may be had for a penny; some carts dispense with the glass and ladle the refreshment on to a piece of brown paper; young Cherry St., not being hypercritical, had as lief take it so. Young Cherry St. is generous, too, and will often divide its penny's worth with the child that has no pennies. The real gala time is when streets are flushed from public hydrants; playing in gutters of rippling water is delight almost beyond compare with wee folk who never waded in a running brook, and who, like plants in a drought are parched and drooping with heat. The kindly policeman comes, but does not see; he beholds too many little coffins going out of these doors not to be ready to give the children all possible latitude. Better than the flowing hydrant is a sprinkle from the heavens. The writer stepped into a Cherry street door once to escape a wetting, and was amused to note the number of children, divested of as much apparel as propriety permitted, running out like ducks into the blessed shower-bath from the clouds. Thus much for the meagre out-door ameliorations of the child-life of the poor in the heated term, when many grown people in cooler uptown districts are succumbing to sun-stroke. These ameliorations, as will be seen, make our prospective citizens children of the street perforce. When it comes to improvement of the stuffy, malodorous interiors, the case seems hopeless. Sometimes, when by gift, the dwellers of a home where there is a sick child come into possession of a large piece of ice, they wrap it in newspapers, and closing windows and doors to keep out the heat, effect a small reduction in temperature. Other devices, such as hanging up wet sheets, are resorted to. Childhood, in spite of ill conditions, is ready for fun the world over, when there is a chance and strength to take it. An idle truck will be quickly pre-empted by small folks taking make-believe rides. Where a building is coming down or going up, see-saws on available timbers are in order when the sun goes down. But children too serious and too weak for play are always in abundant evidence in the tenements as soon as hot weather begins to claim its victims. Of all days in the seven, the Sabbath is the day on which to find most children on the streets. The churches and missions do their best, but in the hot weather it is impossible to hold the little ones to that attendance on Sunday Schools which the warmth of the rooms in winter's cold attracts. No public schools are keeping; no kindergartens are in session; working mothers who board their babies at the day nursery on week-days have their little ones home. Children who work in stores, factories and sweat-shops have holidays. Numbers are combed and curled and neatly dressed in their best. The beholder wonders, however, how the patched or ragged best of hundreds could at any time be worse. Workingmen and women, also on holidays, swell the throngs, which on Sunday afternoon more than any other time in the week, suggest the trite comparison, "thick as bees in a hive." In addition to what the city is doing in establishing public baths and playgrounds, institutional churches and missions are aiding in various ways to alleviate the sufferings of child-life in the slums and to lower the fearful mortality rate among little ones. Great as is this mortality rate, it has been markedly reduced in the last ten years—a matter of congratulation to the officers of the Health Department, the city physicians, and the various workers of charitable organizations, who have labored strenuously to accomplish such results; as well as a matter of profound thankfulness to humanity at large. Fresh-air work—which at once gives the children needed outings, with nourishment, care, moral and spiritual training; relieves hard-working mothers of their keep; and reduces the population of the overcrowded home—is conceded to be one of the most effective relief measures under existing conditions. It would not be just to close this article, without saying that no single religious or humanitarian agency has accomplished more good during the past five summers than the beautiful fresh-air work conducted at Nyack on the Hudson by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the co-operation of its readers. The sufferings of the children of the poor have been lessened, their death rate has been greatly decreased thereby and little lives have been turned to hope and higher purposes by teachings received and benefits conferred.

In 1898, with a population estimated at 1,349,745, 17,358 very young children died; in 1899, with a population of 1,815,878, the number of such deaths was 15,591. These figures do not include children of ten years and over. It will be seen that while the population had increased 466,663, the death-rate of little ones was lessened by 1,767. But the physical is only one side of the question. The proper development of the mental, moral and spiritual side of the thousands of children in the metropolis who must become influences in the political, moral and religious future of our republic is no light responsibility.

A STREET IN "LITTLE SYRIA"

A WELL-CROWDED DOORWAY

IN A DILAPIDATED BACK YARD

HOMES OF THE WASHERWOMEN

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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What God Expects of Them Now

THOUSANDS of young people are now leaving their respective Alma Maters, with a diploma in their hands. Beautiful young maidens, with proudly beating hearts and flashing eyes; strong young men, ready for whatever encounter with fate. We bid them God-speed. Never was there a better time for young people to enter upon life's work. What does God expect of them? Certainly work commensurate with their opportunities of study: commensurate with their opportunities of work.

The American ideal is not ease with leisure, but work. American youth crave a chance. They inherit nothing. The world all before them, and Providence their guide, they can not fail. In teaching, in clerkships, in the professions, in the army, in the navy, in the great cities, in the country's new provinces, the whole round earth is calling for them, to show what stuff is in them, and whether they understand the spirit of these times.

It is not irreverent to ask again, What does God expect of them? Some of them must enter the pulpit, go to other lands as missionaries, write books, edit newspapers in the interest of all that is good. The world will not stand still for them. They must cast in their lot with the world's movement; fit into their places, asking of their Maker, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" Instead of the father, the children. Make way for the new recruits. Give them a welcome and a chance.

Modern History

A CONTEMPORARY tells of a school-boy who was glad Admiral Dewey's victory did not occur till after his class had finished modern history, because in that case the class would have had to master the history of another war. But Americans cannot dodge the study of modern history. They are in it—school-children and all. The flag of the country floats above their heads in school hours. Not only have we histories of the past, by John Fiske and others; we have history of the present, written up to date, in the magazines and newspapers. Senator Lodge, whose spirit is candid and whose pen is graphic, is giving us the history of the war with Spain, illustrated by pictures taken on the spot. We do not have to depend upon mythical stories for our heroes. Roosevelt and Funston and a hundred others are shown to us, often just as the art of photography caught them.

The effect of this record of heroism will be sure. Every State will have its heroes. Just as after the close of the Civil War the heroes of that period moved forward in their turn to the highest places and honors in the Republic, so it will be in the future. The several States will look after the men who have done them honor. Roosevelt's recognition was immediate. When he was climbing the heights of San Juan; when he saved the day there, he was making a record which America was sure to remember. Modern history can not be shirked; the boys must know it all.

France Redeeming Herself

THE modern world has seen no such spectacle as Republican France submitting to the outrageous treatment of Dreyfus. The possibilities of a combination of army officials in a plot to forge testimony against an innocent officer of the same army, to bring upon him and his family a judgment of infamy, and an imprisonment, such as was almost sure to terminate in death: this seems awful. And when Zola interposes at the risk of exile, asking for only a re-hearing of the case, only for a fair trial, to see the rage awakened against him, rage not short of the madness of a blood-thirsty wild beast let loose in the colosseum, has compelled the wonder of the world.

But, this has all gone by. France has recovered herself. Dreyfus returns and will be permitted a fair trial. His enemies have confessed, have taken their own lives, have disappeared from the arena, have gone beforehand to the judgment. This is true. But, when we recall the confession of Esterhazy that what he did, he did under the direction of his superiors, here is a gulf of military infamy which it will be hard for the world to forget. Military honor! If this goes, what is there left? The military officials requiring testimony to be manufactured, so that an innocent man might be crushed to the earth! And this is the land of Lafayette!

Another Hero at the Front

COLONEL FUNSTON of the 20th Kansas is the new hero. Thirty three! and laurels enough for a man of sixty! Anything he wants. Kansas will give him. A light weight, wiry, active, dare-devil kind of man. In newspaper work, fighting among the Cubans, swimming the Rio Grande under fire, promoted to Brigadier General, by lightning message, what awaits him next? Governorship of Kansas, a senatorial toga—let him speak, the country will applaud him, whatever his new sphere. As yet, no sign that he is in danger of losing his head, or saying foolish things. It is time for him to avoid unnecessary exposures. For plentiful as American heroes are, we do not want to lose them through Aguinaldo's sharpshooters. Let the Colonel keep his mouth closed, say no indiscreet things, and we shall see what we shall see.

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In the House of Our God

"O THAT I knew where to find him! that I might come into his presence! that I might know the sensible presence of God, and the shining of his clear, discovered face!" This is the longing in the soul of man, when remembering the day which he has made and sanctified. This longing is worship, and the rendering of [illegible] blessings. How shall we render it? The one hundredth Psalm tells us joyfully and distinctly, "O go your ways into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name. [illegible] is everlasting; and his truth endureth from generation to generation."

It is often now said that there is no necessity for any set place of worship. Men and women wander off to the parks, the woods, and the seaside, and profess to look up through Nature, to Nature's God. Some consider that Christ in his conversation with the woman of Samaria, abrogated the obligation for the temple and the temple services. But they assume far too much.

The Samaritan woman's inquiry referred to a point of theology, not of religion. The controversy between Jew and Samaritan turned on an antiquarian point as to the correct reading of the twentieth chapter of Deuteronomy, and the woman though confessedly living in sin, was so deeply interested in this theological question of worship between the Jews and the Samaritans, that her first thought when she met Christ, was to find out whether he was sound on this great doctrinal point.

And Christ pointed out that there was a greater point than where God was to be worshiped, and that was, how God was to be worshiped; that "the right burning of the two kidneys with the fat" was not as acceptable as that "worship in spirit and in truth," which the Father "seeketh," and that neither Jerusalem nor Samaria, nor any other particular place had particular sanctity, because God was not like the heathen deities confined to a wood, or a shrine, or a city, or a nation. He was "the God of all the earth."

[illegible] ed the Sabbath day's worship. He indeed taught that God was larger than all churches, but he also knew that the church was God's trysting-place for sinful, sorrowing men, and the most remarkable scenes of his ministry and his life are associated with his Father's House. And there are many personal reasons for our continued and continual reverence for the rite of public worship. First: its great human fellowship. When we kneel, and pray, and sing, and take our spiritual lessons and consolations together, we come near to each other, and feel in a special manner that we are all the children of one Father, and members of one great Household. An isolated Christian is never a healthy Christian. The thing that most divides us from God is that, for any reason, we isolate ourselves from our fellows. To be separate from man, is to be separate from Christ and God, and to cast ourselves into the abyss of self-consciousness. We must live the life of Christ among our fellows, and be a witness for God among them. Then the sight of our life and efforts will help, and do others good, and we may bless many, even as we fight our own battle.

If we go to the woods and mountains to worship, we are very apt to find only ourselves there. We feel our superiority to trees and stones and water, and our pride, not our humility, is nourished. Without some powerful influence to lead our thoughts and feelings, we are pretty sure to let them drift continually to our own affairs. Nature never said to any erring soul, "Return." She has no Gospel for the weary and heavy laden. She has no temple for spiritual worship. It is with our fellowmen we must find that "worship in spirit" which Christ approved—that doing justice and showing mercy, which is worshiping the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Again the Church is the place set apart by common consent for the worship of God; and we are all subject to that law of association, by which a train of ideas returns more easily to one place than to another. In a Court House, we naturally think of trials and criminals. In an Exchange of buying and selling, and in a Church, this same law of association, leads our minds to heavenly things. This is the only sanctity of place we acknowledge; for as soon as we transfer our feelings of worship to a place, we verge upon superstition. Paul, Augustine, Wesley, Whitefield, the Salvation Army and the missionaries in all countries, have made temples on hill-sides and in the streets of crowded cities. It is a holy congregation that makes a church building holy; and the altar is not the high place set apart, it is the heart of the humblest, most sincere Christian in it.

Yet, for the great and constant spiritual needs of humanity, a spiritual home is necessary to the highest life of every individual. The Church in the community typifies our Father's House. It is the court to it; and the everlasting doors are always lifted up, that we may enter in. There, we may carry our cares and sorrows and leave them. There, we shall be most likely to experience that swift, inward sense of a present God, and of his honorable, true and only Son. There we have a feeling [illegible] sounds that bring heaven to earth; and there, we realize the sweet [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] fore his presence with thanksgiving, and show themselves glad in him with psalms;" and which send them back to the world, with the [illegible] than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven."

Of course churches are prostituted. There are such blasphemous houses as "fashionable churches" where a humble Christian worshiper wonders whether he is present at a religious or an operatic service. Churches, where in spite of prayer and praise, we are terribly conscious that the old, old difficulty, about the camel and the needle's eye, as stated nearly 1900 years ago, is still painfully apparent. Thousands go to Church, not for devotion, but for vanity. They look as if they thought coming at all was an act of condescension; they wish to separate, and to worship God in some superior and aristocratic manner. Thousands go to church because it is Sunday, and such a dull day, and they have nothing else to do. And quite as many go because it is the proper thing, and so respectable, and they are accustomed to it. But even so, all these are in the way of getting good; and being so, their angels may incline them to listen to the Word of the Lord, and the prayers of the true worshipers in their midst, prolong their day of mercy. For never yet was there a congregation in which God did not have his "reserve," some few, simple, yearning hearts who had come there to meet him; who had come there because they really believe the Church to be the house of their Father; because they really do get the help there, they require; because they really do feel a day in God's courts, to be "better than a thousand."

It may interest some worshipers to ponder a moment or two, the favorite image of the Church in all ages—a ship or a boat. The first preaching in the world was connected with a ship: for Noah, while building his ark, preached repentance to the doomed anti-deluvian world. The holiest object in the Jewish Tabernacle was an ark made like a boat. Christ's sermons, and miracles, and apostles are wonderfully associated with the same figure. The favorite image of the persecuted early Christians was a boat beaten by the waves; and our own churches, up to this very day, preserve this world-long and world-wide idea, by giving to the body of the church—the place where the congregation meets—the name of *nave*, from *navis* a ship. Indeed many of the old churches of Venice, are built in the shape of a ship; and there is a royal chapel near Lisbon, built of marble, with pillars like masts, and the sails and cordage carved on the walls.

And is not this life a voyage to the eternal shores? And what could better typify our safety than a Church which is a ship, with Christ the Captain of our salvation guiding it? Yet, if the Church be a ship of life, we are not to be idle passengers. We are to work our way across. We are to be watching that we may help those ready to perish. We are not to creep along in the shadows of the land, but do as our Captain orders—"Launch out into the deep." And though we must meet many storms, and perhaps come to port at last with

Rent cordage, shattered deck.
Torn sails, provisions short.
And [illegible] stress.

we shall find our eternal haven in the Spiritual Church, with its invisible rites, and the splendor and music in the souls of the saints.

Amelia E. Barr

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding services at New Albany, Ind. Hundreds of children were attracted to the services, and have made confessions of faith.

The new Catechism is making its way especially in districts where there are union churches. Its value is heartily appreciated and the firms who publish it are issuing new editions as rapidly as they can be produced.

Dr. John R. Hykes, agent in China of the American Bible Society, reports that the Emperor of China is a believer in Christianity and was preparing to make it the national religion when he was suppressed by the Empress-Dowager.

The American Bible Society received last year from its auxiliaries and from direct gifts and legacies $276,938, and from the sale of volumes $33,815. The value of books sent to foreign agents and missionary societies was $30,772, and of books donated $21,000. The total expenditure was about $255,000.

The death of the Nun of Kenmare is announced. She was Abbess of Knock, in Ireland, and had established convents in this country and England. After a career of thirty years in the Catholic Church, she was converted to Protestantism, and wrote and lectured extensively on the evils of convent life. Her real name was Margaret Anna Cusack. She was seventy years of age when she died.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Egypt's Homes and Gardens

The Saviour's Place of Refuge—Egypt of To-day—The First Girls' School

TO the Bible-reader the word Egypt calls up at once some of the saddest, happiest, and most beautiful passages in sacred history. Into Egypt, little Joseph, Jacobs darling, was sold a slave to become Pharaoh's adviser, to succor his people in their trouble, and to welcome his father to the land where plenty was in time of famine. Out of Egypt went wandering Israel, driven by oppressions, led by Moses, the world's greatest law-giver and meekest of men. Into Egypt, when Herod was "seeking the young child's life," went Joseph and Mary with their precious charge, the infant Christ. It would be extremely interesting to know just the sort of home that sheltered the holy family during that rest in Egypt. The land of the lotus was far more prosperous then than now; but it held many poor and humble people—doubtless some dwelt in such mud huts as the fellaheen (working-people) now live in. Then, there were better houses built of brick, such as the Hebrews made for Pharaoh. Every one who could, had a garden. In the pleasure-grounds surrounding villas of the wealthy, avenues of trees shaded the walks, and "a great abundance of violets, roses, and other flowers was always to be had even in winter. A part also was assigned to vines and fruit-trees." Doubtless there were flowers and singing-birds about the home, however humble, in which our Saviour was sheltered. Perhaps he was in some shepherd's cot; and if so, the dwelling was poor indeed, for shepherds were much despised.

Along the Nile, there were then as now fishermen and sailors; and may be, our little Lord sojourned with sea-faring folk. Perhaps some prosperous home entertained him. The blessed Book does not tell; but we love to linger in thought over Christ's childhood, and wonder what his Egyptian home was like. We know that whatever roof sheltered him was blest; and we feel that better times must come to Egypt than are now hers through the impress of Christian civilization that will in some way reach her more effectually after awhile.

When the Empress Eugenie visited Cairo, Ismail Pasha showed her proudly his European innovations: military, engineering, medical and surgical schools; and she asked: "But where is the girls' school?" There was none. The Pasha ordered at once the construction of a palace where noblemen's daughters could secure a European education: it was built; but not a nobleman would send his daughter. Women are more secluded and less cultured in Egypt now than in Pharaoh's day. The Pasha compelled the neighboring children to come in, and thus initiated "the first girls' school of Cairo, which was gathered from the lame, halt and blind in the crowded quarter of the mosque of Tooloon." Cairo is the seat of Mohammedan learning; at the Azhar, the greatest Mosque college in the world, where from 11,000 to 12,000 students are received yearly, they still teach that the earth is flat, the sun moves and the firmament consists of seven canopies.

There are modern railroads in Egypt, but our illustration shows the most common mode of conveyance. The Israelites said: "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leaks, and the onions, and the garlic." Beans, peas, lentils, tomatoes, egg-plants and many other vegetables are carried to the bazaars of to-day on patient donkeys driven by donkey-drivers wearing long blue cotton gowns roped in at the waist. The white donkeys of rich merchants are magnificent, with "saddles of red morocco or yellow velvet, and bridles tinkling with rows of silver chains reaching nearly to the ground."

VEGETABLE-SELLERS, NEAR CAIRO, EGYPT

The Ovenbird Family

Perhaps our little friends living in the country know this little sober-colored feathered body, who builds her home on the ground and makes it like an old-fashioned Dutch oven. It is lined with soft moss and grasses, and is so well concealed that it is not easily found. Mr. and Mrs. Ovenbird are attentive parents to the little Ovenbirds, and do much walking around and scratching on their behalf. Should an intruder appear, says a writer who has studied their ways, they become limp, flutter with fright, and tumble about in such a bewildered fashion that you hurry away rather than increase their alarm. The call-note of "teacher!" gives no promise of its song. Visit the wood some evening at dusk in the height of the nesting season, and you will hear a song so wild and free as to be almost startling. From this call-note of "teacher!-teacher!-teacher!" children often call the Ovenbird family "teacher-birds."

Housewives and Aldermen

Our readers will recall the plans of the German Housewives' Society detailed in these columns for improvement of domestic service by awarding twenty-dollar gold pieces to servant girls remaining in the same family two years; also, accounts from time to time of movements on similar lines instituted by leading women of the Old World—Kaiserin Augusta and Princess Christian for two. At a recent meeting of the Board of Aldermen of Greater New York, the German Housewives' Society presented, through Alderman Goodman, a petition asking the Municipal Assembly to investigate the servant question with a view of creating between mistress and servant more thorough appreciation of responsibilities towards each other and of protecting each against unfairness and injustice practiced by one against the other. It is submitted:

That laws should be formulated providing a system such as is in vogue in Europe, by which each applicant for a servant's position can and must present credentials as to character, etc., duly and officially certified to; that will protect the honest and faithful and minimize the number of dishonest and faithless, that will afford to all domestics every right in equity and law that the mistress enjoys, yet will not give the former more consideration and privilege than is accorded to the latter.

Ice-Homes

Eskimos, who get their living by hunting and fishing, have to move from place to place. Their houses are cooling to think of. They are made of snow—the only material they have in abundance—and it takes about three hours, Lorena Osborn Hunt says, to build one. The snow is so hard it can be cut in blocks; these are laid, circular-fashion, one on top of the other, narrowing toward the centre; and the structure is dome-shaped and just high enough for an Eskimo to stand up in; he must crawl through the door. One block is usually left out and a slab of ice put in for a window. A shelf of ice running around the room serves for table, bed and chair. The baby in his bear skin bag is laid on the shelf for a nap, which it takes quite comfortably there. Everybody sleeps in bear-bags and the ice-hut is not so cold as it sounds.

Little Philanthropists

It was recess and lunch-time at school. A little, pale-faced girl, noted for her lady-like manners and application to her books, was making her usual dry meal of water-crackers: her mamma was dead, her papa drank; she was studying to be a teacher, and so help her little brothers and sisters. She was shy and sensitive, and always tried to eat unobserved. Some of the children paraded enjoyment of abundant baskets before her; but most of them were sympathetic and others wanted her to share their luxuries. But seeming to feel that she could not return favors, she declined them. At last, three little lassies, rather dull at books but quick at more important things, thought out a scheme and said: "If you'll help us with our lessons, we'll give you some of our lunches." "I'll help you without," said the little one proudly. "We'il not take help without," was the quick rejoinder. The compact was concluded; three little girls were more studious, one had more to eat, and everybody's self-respect was saved.

A Child's Prayer

The earth hath closed its weary eye;
Hushed all things round and still.
And to my little couch I hie,
Of sleep to get my fill.

Go with me—wilt thou, Lord, and set
An angel at the door?
Nor let him once the charge forget
The morning light before.

So, in the darkness of the night,
And in its silence, too,
I may be kept from all affright
And sleep the whole night through.

I thank thee for this happy day
This happy day of bliss;
I know not for what else to pray
But for a good-night kiss.

Thou knowest what for me is best,
Thou truest of all friends:
A little wholesome childhood rest
My prayer; and so it ends.

—PROF. RANKIN'S *German-English Lyrics*.

Victoria and the Girl-Merchant

AMERICAN readers have been interested ever since Victoria of England was a young girl with stories of her simplicity of dress and manners, and her kindness of heart. In throne-room or coach of state she has ever been able to support the dignity of empire, but among the common people, at Windsor and at Nice, she never seeks to awe beholders into any painful consciousness of her position. A French religious weekly tells this story of her recent sojourn at Nice:

"On one of her customary drives in her little donkey-carriage, she stopped at a small place surrounded by a railing and giving a fine sea view. The stall of a young vender of relics named Josephine intercepted this view, and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to the girl and asked her to move the stall a little. Josephine refused. The Princess insisted, saying the kindness would give her mother pleasure. 'Who is your mother?' asked Josephine.

"'That lady in the little carriage.'

"'Tell her that business people do not disturb themselves for any and everybody. You have the appearance of having made your fortunes by following the fairs, you, your mother, your donkey, and your brother who is holding the bridle.'

"The Queen overheard and was amused. The princess conferred with her and returned, asking the little merchant if she would move if they purchased all her stock. Josephine said they evidently did not know what they were talking about, as she had at least fifty francs worth of goods. The princess handed her a hundred franc note. Josephine moved, and asked where she was to send the goods. The Princess said: 'Keep them. We have enjoyed the view. If you think we have overpaid, you can repay us by lending us your place each time the Queen comes here.' 'The Queen? What Queen?' 'My mother. The Queen of England.' 'That old lady in the donkey cart?'

"'Certainly.'

"Josephine remembered hearing how the Queen rode around in a donkey-cart. She rushed to the carriage, threw herself on her kness and said:

"'Madame, the Queen, I ask pardon. How could I know you when you go about in a little donkey-carriage and do not wear a silk dress? You do not look like a Queen, though I must say you have an honest face. Here are your hundred francs. Take them back.'

"'Keep them,' said Victoria. 'They will console you for this little trouble. Good bye, Josephine. I shall certainly see you again before I leave Nice.'"

The Bridegroom Hat

"A European Government servant," says a Singapore paper, "was recently married to a native woman in Samarang by the Mohammedan ceremony. It took place in the mesjid, and it was conducted by the penghulu, but the bridegroom was not present. He had given written notice that he would not put in an appearance, but he sent his hat, which according to custom was sufficient. She married the hat.

THE : : : UNEXPECTED

Or, Aunt Jane's Fresh Air Experiment, and how it Resulted

... By HELEN HALL FARLEY

IT was Tuesday when the children came; by Saturday every one of them was well provided with neat and comfortable clothing. Rachel Newcomber expressed her surprise when Miss Temple [illegible] muslin, with lace for trim[illegible]

"Why, you [illegible] to make white dresses for these little girls, are you?" she exclaimed.

"I thought I would."

"For goodness sake! If that don't beat anything I ever heard of! It's a queer notion—very. What do you suppose they will do with their white dresses when they get back to the slums? Not particularly appropriate to wear there, are they?"

"It will be time enough to think about that later"—calmly. "They will be here for three Sundays, and they will wear their white dresses to church."

"Are you going to take all that raft of children to church?"—in amazement.

"Yes—certainly."

"Your pew won't hold 'em."

"There are other pews."

They all went to the pretty little country church on Sunday. The "overflow" found seats in Deacon Stiles' pew, which was just back of Miss Temple's. Bartholomew and two of the little girls sat with him. Sylvia sat on one side of Miss Temple and Bennie on the other, both leaning on her more or less during the service. Tom sat at the entrance of the seat, and Duncan, the seven-year-old boy, in the furthermost corner. Birds sang outside all through the service, and one, more venturesome than the others, flew in and perched on the window-sill, where he sung a joyful song unmolested, and then flew out again. Some sweet, wild roses peeped into one window, and a honeysuckle climbed around another one, wafting in its fragrant breath.

Deacon Stiles found his attention wandering from the sermon frequently; his mind would dwell, in spite of himself, on other texts, such as "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me."

"For I was a-hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me." "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."

"And Miss Temple has received six," his mind ran on. All these texts and others passed through his mind, and the big white handkerchief was very much in evidence.

"I wonder what ails Deacon Stiles?" whispered Squire Benton's wife to her eldest daughter. "I never knew him to be so restless before."

"He's got the hay-fever, likely," was the answering whisper.

"Then he's got it bad, I must say."

But Amanda Benton was not the only one who laid the deacon's uneasiness to hay-fever. He kept getting out his handkerchief quite frequently to wipe his nose and eyes. It was not hay-fever, however, that caused the frequent appearance of the handkerchief. This was the first time he had seen the "unexpected" since the day they got off the cars at Cross Roads Station, ragged, neglected, pale and sorrowful children from the slums. It was the first time, too, that he had seen Miss Temple since he had asked her if she would care for a couple of "Fresh Air" children for two weeks, and she had replied shortly and most decidedly, "I'd like to oblige you, Deacon Stiles, but I'm not used to children, and I can't possibly take any. They would bother the life out of me."

"Well, she changed her mind," his thoughts ran on, "and she took six—just think of six—and she doesn't look as if they'd bothered the life out of her either. She looks younger and better than I ever saw her. What a marvelous change a few days of ministering and being ministered unto has made in her and them. Lord bless them all, every one."

The sunlight came through the small stained glass window of the head of Christ, and fell upon the little heads of black and brown and gold, as if caressingly, while the choir sang "Nearer My God to Thee."

"Any one can see she is nearer to God than she was," was the Deacon's mental comment.

"—even though it be a cross," sang the choir.

"It was a cross too hard to make up her mind to take those children," he said to himself.

"—that raiseth me," sang the choir.

"Yes, it has raised her," thought the Deacon. "See her face, how sweet it is! It was never so before. And see those little cripples lean on her. Lord bless her! She'd ought to have been a mother. Who would have thought there was all that beauty hidden away in the 'unexpected'? Look at that tiny boy—his face reminds me of Raphael's cherubs—and that bit of a girl clinging to Miss Temple looks like an angel."

The little girl next to the Deacon fell asleep and her brown head touched his arm. He scarcely stirred after that for fear of disturbing her—he even allowed his handkerchief to remain in his pocket. The brown head drooped lower, resting upon him.

A most enjoyable surprise awaited the children upon their return home. By Miss Temple's order the dinner-table was laid out-of-doors on the green grass under the maples, where the birds sang all day long. Miss Rachel Newcomber, who had been invited to remain over Sunday, had arranged the table beautifully. There were delicate vines running here and there over the tablecloth, wherever they could be put without interfering with the dishes, and, in the centre of the table, was a great rare bowl filled with fragrant sweet peas of many hues. At each place there was a fresh half-blown rose.

Sally had cooked the dinner, and she helped Peggy serve it.

"If Miss Temple's best friends from the city was here, she couldn't do any more for 'em than she does for these poor little children." Sally had confided to [illegible]

"I don't know what's got into her," had been Peggy's answer; "she don't seem like Miss Temple any more. She don't scold me at all, an' she don't look cross. She smiles, an' I declare I will say it, Sally, if you do laugh, I think Miss Temple is real sweet."

Sally had no inclination to laugh; instead of that she wiped her eyes. "I think she's sweet, too, I know she is. Job an' I've been talkin' it over. Job says Bartholomew's goin' to the preparatory school in September, and when he gets through there, he's goin' to college. Job says Bartholomew thinks there's no one like his Aunt Jane. I saw a pretty picture last night when I carried some fresh water upstairs, Peggy. Miss Temple was sittin' on a low chair with three of them little ones kneelin' around her a sayin' their prayers. Her eyes were shinin', an' one of her hands was restin' on little Bennie's head and one on Sylvia's, an' if she'd had another hand, it would have been restin' on Duncan's."

Sally had been engaged to work every day in Miss Temple's kitchen. She and Job lived in a pleasant, small house in the back yard, which was joined to the farmhouse by a covered passage-way. They were both fond of children, but had none of their own, and they helped make it pleasant for the "unexpected" in various ways. There had been one rainy day during the week; on that day Sally had invited them all into her own kitchen. She had made "coikenice" for them, and had baked delicious little spicy brown cakes with raisins in them. Job, not being able to work on the farm on account of the rain, had cracked nuts and told stories, and they had had a regular jubilee. And the days passed on.

Towards the end of the second week there was another rainy day. This time Job worked in the large, pleasant woodhouse. He was making a big wooden swing, that he knew would bring great joy to all the young hearts. It would hold them all at once. The children were all with him, watching the progress of his work with happy anticipation. They knew they were to have another week there, and, like most children, they were living in the present, which was just as well. One might better enjoy the sunshine when one has it, and not think about the rainy days that have passed or are coming.

Tom, however, often thought with dread of the return to the city. It seemed now, in the sweet rest and joyousness of the present, like a hideous dream from which he had awakened. But, for all, he knew that it had been no dream, and he woke sometimes in the night with a shiver thinking that he and Bennie were in that dreadful foul cellar with its darkness and filth, its mold and sickening odor of gas. He had held the poor little sobbing and frightened Bennie close in his arms when a rat had run over their faces at night. He had given Bennie whatever clean food he could get—never letting the little fellow know that he himself was starving.

When Tom awoke from such dreams he tolded his hands—as Miss Temple had taught him — and talked to God, thanking him mentally for what was his now, the comfortable bed, the fresh, sweet air coming through the open window, the abundant food, and the dear, blessed lady who had done so much for him. Then he would fall asleep again with a smile of peace upon his face.

Before he had been at the farm-house three days he had begun to make himself useful. He had learned from Bartholomew where the hens' nests were, and he gathered in all the fresh eggs. He fed and watered Billy. He ran the lawn-mower. He cut kindling for Peggy, and gathered the fresh vegetables for Sally—in fact he did all a deeply grateful boy could do to show his appreciation of the goodness and mercy that had been shown his beloved brother and himself.

Charlotte, the oldest girl, was ten. She, too, had made herself useful. She wiped dishes for Peggy and set the table. Where she had learned to work was a mystery, but she seemed to take to it naturally—"like a duck to water"—so Sally said.

She was a plain-faced child, but so willing, so motherly (one might say) to the younger children that Miss Temple's heart went out to her.

Kathie, the little girl, who had fallen asleep in church on Deacon Stiles' shoulder, was Charlotte's sister. She was eight years old. Charlotte took care of Kathie's hair and, also, Sylvia's. One day she begged to brush and comb Miss Temple's pretty brown hair that was always arranged in a severely plain way. The latter consented with this understanding.

"If you will promise not to pull or snarl my hair."

"I'll promise."

So Charlotte combed and brushed gently until the hair was smooth and light, and soft as silk.

"Now, can I put it up?" she coaxed.

"You, put it up! Oh, my dear! I'm afraid you couldn't do that to my satisfaction."

"But please let me try."

"All right, I'm in your hands."

Charlotte was delighted, and as she proceeded with the hair dressing, Miss Temple sat quite still wondering where the child's gift came from. After many soft brushings and rollings and twistings the task was finished. Charlotte's plain face was radiant. Peggy happened in the room at that moment with some clean towels.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, dropping the towels in her surprise, "who fixed your hair? Oh, how young you look, Miss Temple! How sweet! How pretty!"

Miss Temple laughed.

"I fear you've been kissing the Blarney stone, Peggy," she said, and then, turning to Charlotte, "Bring me the hand-glass, my dear."

Charlotte brought it, and Miss Temple looked at herself. Her hair was arranged in pompadour style, showing her fine forehead to advantage. Two or three stray locks had been curled and fell over her temples. She could see for herself that she looked ten years younger. Peggy had gone out. Charlotte stood looking at her kind friend with love and admiration shining in her face. Miss Temple suddenly held out her arms, her lips were quivering, her eyes, misty.

"Really, my dear," she said, "you are a jewel."

[illegible]

When the rich casket shone in bright array,
[illegible]
When Jesus spake, well might his language be,
[illegible]

(To be Continued)

Good Causes Helped

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

[illegible] $2 —
[illegible] 50
Mrs Eliza Rose . . . 50
E T S B [illegible] 1 00
A friend, El Paso . 10 00
Ella Holmes 10
[illegible] 50
—, Marquette . . . 1 00
T [illegible] 2 —
[illegible]
[illegible] $4 00
Jno. J Bonnycastle . . 1 50
Mrs G F Kilburn . . . 10
W [illegible] 1 —
James B Roberts 10
F M [illegible] 1 —
Mrs M [illegible] 5 —
E [illegible] 1 —
X X X [illegible] 1 —
A [illegible] 1 —
[illegible] 1 —
M [illegible] 1 —
D W [illegible] 5 —
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Frontier 5 00
—, Carratelle 2 00
[illegible] 1 —
[illegible] 4 00
M [illegible] 2 —
Prev. ack . . . $20 50
[illegible] 2 —
T [illegible] $28 50

Jerry McAuley Mission.

[illegible] $ 2 —
Anon, Grafton . . . 2 00
[illegible] 2 —
[illegible]
[illegible] $4 00 00
[illegible] 2 —
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How : : : "Bowery Ike" Found Christ

S. H. HADLEY

The Life Story of a Converted Thief who Became an Earnest Mission Worker

LATE in the month of September, 1894, I was walking up the Bowery about one o'clock in the morning, when my attention was drawn to a wagon, in which two young men were lying. "Mr. Hadley, can I speak to you a minute?" asked one man, anxiously.

"What can I do for you, boys?" I asked.

"I have a friend," said the taller one, "whom I would like to have you interested in."

The idea of a man sleeping in a wagon on a chilly night without even a coat to his back, and having a friend in whom he wanted to interest a stranger, filled me with curiosity.

"Who is your friend?" I asked.

"Oh, it's Bowery Ike—one of the smartest thieves on the Bowery. I'd like to have you get acquainted with him, as he is in trouble. You see, this is the lay: He goes into buildings where carpenters are at work, and swipes the watches from their clothes that's hanging up. Why," said he, enthusiastically, "I have known him to swipe sometimes eight watches at a time! Yesterday he got drunk, and he went into a place and he fell through the joist and made a big noise and he got pinched. 'Twas a dreadful pity, for he had a nice gold ticker in his pocket he was going to get away with. Now, Mr. Hadley, I hear that you are a friend to us fellows, and if some one don't go down and help him out he will get a long term in prison, for he has been arrested many times, and the police know him."

"When is his trial coming off?" I asked.

"To-morrow morning, in the Tombs."

"Well," said I, "meet me at the Tombs Prison to morrow morning at eight o'clock, and I will see what I can do for you."

"Oh, no!" said he, with a little laugh, "I dasn't go there!"

"Why?" said I. "What's the matter?"

"Ah—they know me!"

"Well," said I, "wait at the street corner until I come, and I will take you in with me. What's your name?" I asked.

"My name is Rummy."

"Why do they call you Rummy?" I asked.

"Oh, because I love rum so well, I reckon."

"Who is this chap with you?"

"He is Shorty Hunchback."

"What are you doing here?"

He answered with a little laugh: "Goin' to sleep here."

"Why don't you go to bed?"

"I hain't got the price."

I took the two out of the wagon, gave them a good supper and a comfortable bed. They met me at the Tombs next morning, and I took them into the Court of Special Sessions. There, for the first time, I saw Ira B. Synder, "Bowery Ike." After some conversation with the judge, my man, instead of a long term in Sing Sing, got off with six months in the penitentiary. I got 'Rummy' a job in a lodging-house at $5 a week and his bed. When pay-day came around, he handed me back $3 and said: "Mind that for me."

This went on until I had $15 of Rummy's money. I said: "What are you going to do with this?"

"Well," he said, "winter is coming and it's mighty cold there on the Island where Ike is. I know it, for I have been there myself, and I'd like to get him some warm underclothes and a pair of mittens and a comforter and a good cap, and a piece of carpet for his cell."

"Well," I said, "you've got money enough for that. Let's get them and I'll go over with you."

I visited Ike often during the six months he was there, and found him an unusually bright man. He had, through trouble at home, left when a mere child. He had tried selling papers and blacking boots, but soon gravitated to the Bowery and became a thief. He was arrested many times. All the education he ever received was in the New York Juvenile Asylum. He escaped from that institution and traveled from one city to another, stealing as he went, stopping in cities and towns a day or two, and "beating" his way on trains. When his time was up in the penitentiary, I got him a position. He soon proved valuable help and became cashier. He often handled as much as $2,000 a month belonging to the owners, and also money of the lodgers which I was responsible for. He had stolen from others but he never stole from me. Sometimes he got tired and would say, "Mr. Hadley, I am going to quit." He would throw up his position, board a freight train and start out West. Once he went as far as San Francisco and back—never paying a cent to the railroads for his transportation. He would be gone from three to six months, and some morning I would see him in the office, and he'd say: "Have you got a job for me, Mr. Hadley?" And without more ado, he would begin at the bottom and again work up to the top.

I loved Ike—I had prayed for him, and a great love had sprung up in my heart for this friendless, homeless criminal. I saw that in him the devil had stolen a rare prize from the Lord, and I was bound by his help to win him back to love and righteousness.

One day he said that he was going to leave me "for good." A competitor of mine said: "Now, I'm going to hire Hadley's mascot," and he employed him in a similar business and put him in the office. I never knew of a man who was robbed as he was. Ike stole his clothes, his watch, his money — everything he could lay his hands on—and then disappeared. Detectives were employed to hunt him out, but they might as well have hunted for the nests the partridges had last year as hunt for Ike. It was six months before I saw him. I said: "Ike, why did you rob that man?"

"Oh," he said, "I had to. Mr. Hadley, he watched me."

Ike was finally arrested for drunkenness and sent to the workhouse for six months. It was on the boat *Fidelity*, while carrying the dead from the Morgue to the Potter's field that God, in his mercy, spoke to him and saved his worthless life. He said then and there: "When I get out I am going to the Water Street Mission." He did so, and came forward for prayer three nights, and finally yielded and gave his heart to God.

"Rummy," (whose name was John Dolan), had come down, prior to this, to the Water Street Mission, and was converted, and the year after died, and was buried from the Mission. He left a bright testimony. Ike was at his funeral and was much affected at the death of his old friend and partner in sin.

After the conversion of Ira (I will call him 'Ike' no longer), he found friends on every hand. One of our missionaries, Mrs. Lida Lamont, was wonderfully drawn to him. My wife had prayed with me ten years for his conversion. His heart was as tender as a child's. In the testimony meetings, which form such an important part of our work in the old McAuley Mission, he never failed to witness for Christ. Many of his old chums came down to hear what he had to say, and could not believe that he had really become a Christian, and had stopped stealing. One night he got up and said: "Mr. Hadley, I lied to-day. I needn't have done so. I didn't make a cent by it. I told a lie, and I am going to come forward to-night and ask the Lord to forgive me." Several times he made confessions like this right before the whole house, when he felt that in some way the devil had got the advantage of him.

His life was clean from the time of his conversion, although he was tempted many times by companions to go back to the old life. He developed into a good worker, and went around among his old companions asking them to come to the Saviour whom he loved so well. Finally, with the assistance of one of our trustees, Mr. Walter M. Smith, we sent him to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, and he developed a wonderful knowledge and aptitude in learning the Word. He had charge of mission out-door work in Chicago, while there, and after eighteen months of such work, just as he was ready to come East and go to work in Water Street Mission, he was stricken with heart failure and died. He felt that Jesus held him and his death, like his later life, was a miracle of God's love and saving grace. The body was brought to New York and buried from the McAuley Mission, surrounded by loving friends and many of his old criminal companions.

I wish you could see a believer's funeral in the old Water Street Mission. We do not mourn and weep. We rejoice that another soul has passed the dead-lines of sin and has safely made the port of heaven.

S. H. HADLEY.

THE MERCER MEMORIAL HOME, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Poor Invalids Helped

IN [illegible] sort, Atlantic City, there stands a rambling, [illegible] as the Mercer Memorial House for Invalid Women. Wide verandas almost entirely surround the first and second stories, and in clear weather they present quite an animated scene with their groups of patients out for recreation. All are cheerful because it is against the rules to speak of ailments. Those who are able stroll on the board-walk, or walk or ride to various parts of the city. Others, less fortunate, must content themselves with wheel-chairs. [illegible] vided especially for such cases. On each of the three floors are alcoves, cozy little places where one may converse, play, sew or read. The library consists mainly of old and new periodicals and religious books, and another alcove contains writing materials. Nurses are at hand and may be summoned by any patient instantly. A busy life have these nurses, in night and day duty. There is a resident physician and a doctor-in-charge. The rooms are spotlessly white and prettily furnished. They are assigned by the matron, the location being determined by the patient's ability to walk, or ride in the elevator. There are accommodations for one hundred and twenty women, and the house is generally filled from March to October.

The place is exceedingly home-like. Bells announce the rising hour, and at each meal a blessing is asked by the matron. After breakfast there is a little service of prayer and praise. It was especially established for the hard working, intelligent, but ofttimes suffering poor a seaside home for refined but needy invalid women. Philadelphians were to have the first choice of places, but women from other parts of the country are admitted when there is room, the charge being nominal. In 1884, Mrs. Ann J. Mercer, as a memorial to her deceased husband, built and furnished the main building. Since then an addition has been added.

Those who know the Mercer House best commend it because, while unsectarian, it is yet distinctly an American institution, and reaches in a quiet way a class of sufferers of which the great world knows little.

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Preaching Christ in Prison

The Gospel Proclaimed in the Historic Praesidio Prison at San Juan, Porto Rico.

IF any one had asked a Porto Rican to point out the gloomiest, the saddest spot on the whole of that beautiful island, he would have replied that it was inside the walls of the Praesidio Prison. There, so many tragedies have been enacted, so many sorrows have whelmed human hearts, that the very name of the Praesidio became the synonym for suffering and persecution. Such was its condition and character under Spanish rule; but now all is changed. Offenders are treated with humanity and the law of Christian kindness prevails. Under American rule, the cruelties of the past have already been well nigh forgotten.

Our photograph presents a scene in the old prison which well deserves to be remembered. It is the first religious service held by Americans. On this occasion, Gen. Guy V. Henry, Governor General of Porto Rico, United States Consul Hanna, and a little company of their fellow countrymen were present, among them being several American ladies including Mrs. Philip Hanna (presiding at the organ), Mrs Benton (daughter of Gen. Henry), Mrs. Jessie M. Holland, of New York City (President of the Sunshine Society), Mrs. S. Breechmin, wife of Mayor Breechmin and Miss Graves, a guest of General and Mrs. Henry.

THE FIRST GOSPEL SERVICE IN THE PRAESIDIO PRISON, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

The services were conducted by Frank L. Smith, of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A., Rev. Mr. McKim acting as interpreter, and Rev. Mr. Pratt and Dr. Wyborg, of Chicago, also assisting. During the week Gen. Henry had given orders to have the shackles filed from the limbs of the prisoners, the dark cell done away with and all the modes of torture of the Spanish regime abolished. This service was held to mark the passing of the Spanish system for the prisoners of San Juan. The ladies had learned to sing a few hymns in Spanish for the occasion. After the sermon, and when Mr. Smith had made plain to the prisoners all Gen. Henry had done and desired to do for their welfare, Gen. Henry was called on to speak. He arose, and in a majestic way, and as if about to give a command, raised his hand and said, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." No other remark would he make. Senor H. Diaz, the Minister of Justice, then made a short address.

The picture shows the main corridor of the prison. Just back of the railing, the prisoners sleep on a sort of wooden plank laid across two wooden horses. These are placed side by side down the corridor. There are no cots or cells. The prison now has a most humane warden, Marimo Lucinarus. He it was who met Gen. Miles when the latter landed, and who acted as guide for the American army on its arrival in Porto Rico.

Services have been continued at the prison and a marked improvement is noticeable in the inmates. A number work on the streets. For this they are allowed five cents a day for extras.

At the third prison Gospel service a most touching incident took place. It was noticed by the ladies during the first part of the service that there seemed to be a suffused excitement among the prisoners. After the opening service, Mr. Smith said: "Warden Lucinarus is going to make a few remarks." The Warden arose, and said: "The prisoners are very grateful to the ladies and to Gen. Henry, and felt that they would like, in some way, to show their gratitude; so, during the week, they collected among themselves the sum of $4.50, and requested me to purchase some flowers for the ladies, which I now take great pleasure in presenting."

The ladies were deeply touched by this unexpected kindness. Mrs. G. V. Henry, in behalf of the visitors, thanked the prisoners not only for their gift, but for the spirit that prompted the offering.

Gospel Progress at Manila

The workers of the Young Men's Christian Association at Manila, Philippine Islands, have sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a report of the results of their labors during the past month. It says:

"Since last report, our main work has been the continuance of the distribution of stationery and literature. The field is large, extending from Pasai, five miles south, to as far as the Bagbag River, thirty-five miles north, but as far as possible all the troops were reached. Special attention was given to the incomplete regiments which have no chaplains to do such work for them. To enable us to more readily reach the men, Gen. Otis kindly issued us general passes, which also permit us to use the railway, there being two trips daily between Manila and the present terminus at Bagbag River. Some of our trips occupy several days. For instance, when Malolos was taken and the advance halted for several days, a good supply was taken up on the train and temporarily stored at the commissary depot. Three days were spent in visiting the different regiments and disposing of the supplies. On such occasions a blanket and ration outfit was carried. We are always made welcome to the company mess, and to occupy the shelter tent of men who happen to be on outpost duty. For such trips as to the waterworks, Calcoocan or Pasai, the supplies are usually taken in one of the two-wheeled carts or caramatas, and the distribution along the line done on foot.

"Various supplies were sent to the men at Negros, Cebu, Iloilo, Corregidor, and an effort made to supply those at the First Division Hospital. During March and April we distributed 73,500 pieces of stationery; 3,200 papers and magazines; 1,050 Colportage Books, and 350 New Testaments.

"The religious services at the Philipino Theatre on Sunday mornings, at which we have been assisting with our organ, hymn books, etc., still continue. The attendance at the services at the First Division Hospital has been increasing, an average of between 75 or 100 of the convalescents gathering every Sunday afternoon. The influence of the meetings extends far beyond this, however, as many of those confined to the wards can hear the singing and listen attentively as the familiar tunes greet their ears.

"The prospects for the future seem encouraging. Regular troops are constantly arriving, so that when the Volunteers are sent home, there will still be a very large army gathered here. During the rainy season, which is close at hand, many of the troops will no doubt be located in the city, even should peace not be declared. We ask for the continued interest and prayers of those in the homeland for this work in Manila."

Camp Northfield Ready to Open

INDICATIONS point to a season of unusual activity at Camp Northfield. Letters, covering a range from Canada to Alabama, tell of the coming of new and larger delegations this year, which will need from one to five tents for their special accommodation. As usual, a large number of the visitors attending the World's Student Conference, will tent in camp during the Conference. Among the institutions whose delegates expect to be in camp, are: Mass. Institution of Technology, Boston University Medical School, College of Liberal Arts, Cornell, Amhurst, Dartmouth, and Barrington. Mr. Moody commends as an example well worthy of imitation, the pastor in a neighboring state, who has made up a party of the young men of his congregation and will himself lead them in camping out. This seems a very practical method for pastors to maintain the ties of friendship and interest between themselves and their young men, and several are now trying to effect similar arrangements.

The Camp is in no way behind in matters of patriotism, and the Fourth of July celebration will be of stirring interest. Commander Wadhams, U. S. Navy, will give the patriotic address, and it is hoped that Admiral Higginson will also be present.

The speakers have already been announced in these columns. Mr. Moody will be at the camp all summer. Alterations and improvements are being made which will make it possible to accommodate the largest number the Camp has ever held in any year of its existence.

Trial Package Free!

If any reader suffering from rheumatism will write to me, I will send them free of cost a trial Package of a simple and harmless remedy which cured me and thousands of others among them cases of over 40 years standing. This is an honest remedy that you can test before you part with your money. Address JOHN A. SMITH, 219 Summerfield Church Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

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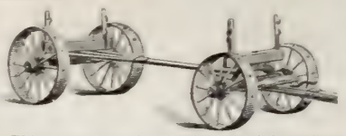

This wagon is made of best material throughout, and really costs but a trifle more than a set of new wheels, and fully guaranteed for one year. Catalogue giving a full description will be mailed upon application by the Empire Manufacturing Co., Quincy, Ill., who also will furnish metal wheels at low prices, made any size and width of tire to fit any axle.

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Beginning a Unique Evangelical Movement in New York City

A GOSPEL tent in the heart of the great metropolis is a novel sight; yet this is what greeted the eyes of the multitudes who traveled along Broadway on the morning and afternoon of Sunday, June 18th. There is a large vacant lot on the corner of Fifty-sixth Street and Broadway, upon which there had risen, almost as if by magic, during the night, a great, billowy structure of snowy canvas, beneath whose folds 1,500 persons could be easily accommodated, or even 3,000 when opened out at the sides. The mammoth tent was the first step in what promises to be the most remarkable street preaching campaign New York has witnessed in many years.

Several weeks ago an organization embracing pastors of various evangelical denominations was formed for the purpose

REV. S. HARTWELL PRATT

of conducting the new summer Gospel crusade. The officers chosen were: William Phillips Hall, president; J. L. B. Holme, of Calvary Church, treasurer; George E. Bemis, Church of the Strangers, secretary; the Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, the Rev. E. S. Halloway, the Rev. John H. Elliott, the Rev. Leighton Williams, executive committee. Besides these officers the following were elected as directors: Mr. James Talcott, Mr. DeWitt C. Gardner, Mr. J. L. Dawe, Mr. Franklin H. Moore and Dr. J. A. Sanders.

Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, the well-known evangelist, who will have charge of the tent services, conceived the idea of a summer campaign during the heated term, believing that the cool shelter of a tent would attract audiences at a time when the usual indoor services in church are poorly attended. Regular services will be held every Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, and on week-day evenings at 8 o'clock, except Saturdays. A number of prominent pastors and evangelists will speak at the meetings. Mr. D. L. Moody has promised to speak at the meetings, and a number of Northfield speakers are expected.

The following pastors, whose churches are in the immediate vicinity of the tent, have expressed their active sympathy with the movement and promised co-operation: Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, D.D., Cavalry Baptist, Fifty-seventh street; Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, D.D., Central Presbyterian; Rev. D. Asa Blackburn, Church of the Strangers; Rev. Franklin H. Moore, Supply of the Church of the Disciples; Rev. Leighton Williams, Pastor of Amity Baptist Church, Fifty-fourth street; Rev. John H. Elliott, Pastor of Reformed Church, Thirty-fourth street; Rev. Edwin S. Holloway, Pastor of the Thirty-third Street Baptist Church. The tent has been named the "Glad Tidings."

At the opening service on Sunday afternoon, over 1,000 were in the audience. Rev. Mr. Pratt, Rev. A. C. Dixon, Rev. W. P. Hall, Rev. John H. Elliott and others delivered strong evangelical addresses. The song service was led by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Stebbins. Many city pastors were among the audience.

♣

A Good Vacation

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 9. Mark 6: 7-32

REST, taken periodically, is coming to be more and more recognized as true economy, relieving the strain on the human body, and giving it an opportunity to recuperate. Mind and muscle both profit by laying aside for a time the usual occupations and taking a vacation. It is marvelous, when we come to consider it, that the human constitution wears as well as it does. There is no machine that would bear the constant pressure year after year, that we put on ourselves. Muscles and nerve and brain are expected to keep up their activity day by day and to renew their strength as fast as it is exhausted. Experience has proved, however, that while they will do this in many cases, there is a clear advantage in giving them an interval of repose, during which they gather strength for new and better effort. With some, of course, no such relaxation is possible, but with the large and ever increasing majority, the need is recognized and provision is made for it. At this season of the year, the children in the schools, their teachers, the ministers of churches, the employees in offices and stores, merchants and lawyers leave the scenes of labor and take a longer or shorter period of change and rest. It is often done reluctantly, but with a wise perception of the good that will come of it. As one of our novelists says of his hero, he felt "that he must leave the work he was so fond of and so weary of," that he might return to do it better after the change.

To those who have the good fortune of being able to get this relaxation, the question comes of how best to use it so as to get the most good out of it. Many would find mere indolence and passivity an intolerable experience. Yet even in doing nothing, some good may be obtained. Our life is one of such hurry and rush, planning and executing at breakneck speed, that there is no time for the receptivity which enlarges the field of vision and deepens the reserve of feeling. It is sometimes well that we should pause and think. There must come an end to this labor and incessant occupation, and it is well that we should contemplate it. As the merchant "takes stock," and balances assets with liabilities, we may wisely turn the vacation interval to account, in surveying our lives, and seeing whether they are such as we shall wish them to have been, when we quit our occupations finally, and enter on a new existence. In the absorbing pursuits of ordinary life, when we must give our attention undividedly to concrete questions, there is no time for such reflections, but away in some quiet retreat, alone with God, a review of the way we usually travel may open our eyes to many things which ought to be considered. Resolutions may then be formed which will guide us during the coming year, and mistakes and omissions may be recognized, which may be rectified in the future. It will be a profitable time if the suspension of our customary duties leads to a new plan of life which shall be more self-denying and less sordid than the old.

There is always a danger in vacation times which must be avoided. It is naturally a time for pleasure, but the pleasure we choose should never be of the debilitating order. Some come back from their vacation more exhausted than when they went away. It is not likely that any real Christian will allow himself to give way to dissipation, but it sometimes happens that, away from home, he relaxes the care and vigilance which ordinarily keep him from temptation. The very absence of occupation and the need of amusement lead him to indulgences and into scenes that he would not enter, in his busy home life. There have been instances in which a taste for the theatre and the ball-room have dated from vacation and have survived to cast a shadow on the after life. That is the worst use to which a vacation can be put. There ought to be the same care over the morals, the same watchfulness lest any conduct of ours bring a reproach on the name of Christ that we exercise where we are known. Wheresoever the Christian may go, his conduct should be such as becomes a follower of Christ. He should be able to show that his religion does not deprive him of the best joys of life; but that it does provide him with so much real pleasure, that he has no need to seek for more, in scenes that debase and degrade all who are found in them. The vacation should make the man better, stronger, more earnest than before and it should be planned distinctly for that purpose.

♣

The Bible Inerrant

The recent Assembly of the Presbyterian Church made a definition of its attitude which is likely to still further diminish the roll of its ministers. It declared that it was contrary to the Confession of Faith to hold that the Scriptures are in any respect historically inaccurate.

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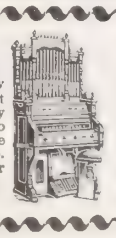

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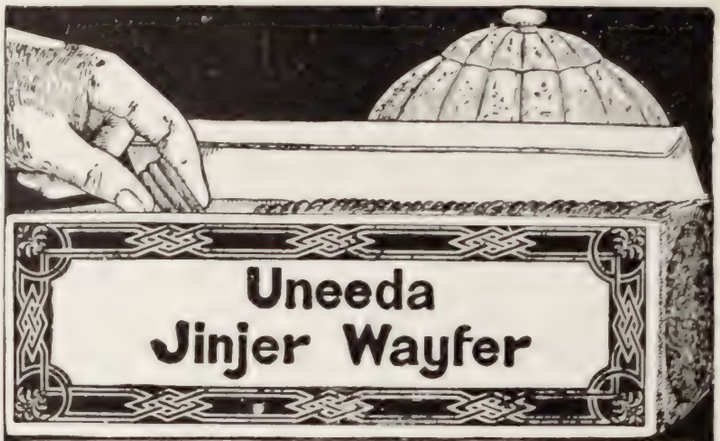

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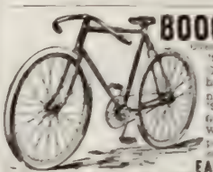

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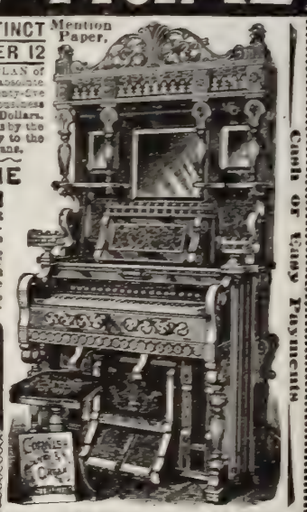

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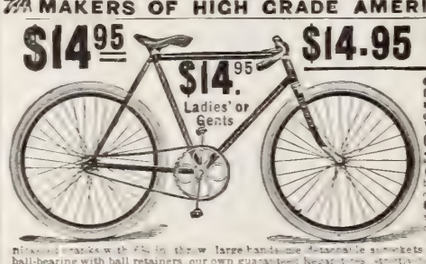

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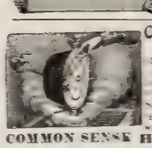

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CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 27

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JULY 5, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

: : : Shepherding the Lambs in Porto Rico : : :

The Pioneer Sunday School, Founded and Supported by Our Readers in the New Island Colony, Making Excellent Progress

WHEN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, several months ago, laid before its readers the touching story of the neglected little children of Porto Rico, and invited their cooperation in establishing a Sunday School work there, it had confidence that, despite the many difficulties to be encountered, such an effort could not fail. That this confidence was well-founded, the result has shown. The pioneer Christian Sunday School of San Juan, the capital of the island, is the outcome of our readers' cooperation and of the prompt endorsement and support they accorded to the movement. Mr. Frank L. Smith, in charge of the Y. M. C. A. work in Porto Rico, organized the school nearly two months ago, acting as our representative in the matter. He reports that it is now well attended, well officered, and in splendid condition to effect the best spiritual results. We will let Mr. Smith's letter tell its own story, and we accordingly print it below, believing that our readers, as sharers in this latest labor, lovingly undertaken in His name and for the sake of the little ignorant Porto Rican waifs, will be deeply interested in what he writes:

"PORTO RICO, June 13, 1899.

"The accompanying pictures represent groups of Porto Rican children belonging to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School in San Juan. The sessions are held each Sunday morning at nine o'clock. Tickets of invitation printed in Spanish and English are put into the hands of scholars and scattered through the town. The municipal theatre of the city is hired for the use of the school, and proves a very desirable meeting-place. One of the photographs represents a class of boys taught by Miss Ida Hayes, of the Baptist Home Missionary Society. The group is placed on the stage of the theatre. Each boy, as you may see, is using in the class-work a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S edition of the Gospel of St. John (San Juan), printed in Spanish and English. The lesson for the day is from the eleventh chapter of St. John—the resurrection of Lazarus and the little fellows not only gain the spiritual truths in their own tongue, but can compare it with the language of the 'Americano,' which they are so anxious to learn.

"Another group shows a portion of the girls' class taught by Miss Dodd, a valued employee of the Educational Department of the Insular Government. Her portrait is taken with her class. The little girls are from different degrees of society, but all interested in learning the Gospel verses, and hearing the sacred stories. Miss Dodd is of Scotch parentage, and was born in Porto Rico.

(Continued on page 823)

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LITTLE NATIVE CHILDREN OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S" SUNDAY SCHOOL, AT SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A. S., Bivins, Tex. What did Christ mean by the two kinds of birth, the flesh and the spirit

He had been explaining the new birth to Nicodemus, who had misunderstood him, confusing the natural with the spiritual birth. In the passage you quote, Christ shows him his error. There is no physical process by which a man can be born again. Not circumcision nor baptism, not confirmation can effect that change. It is spiritual and must be produced by the Holy Spirit. Outward rites affect the flesh, and all that is born of the flesh is flesh, that which is the result of the operation of the Spirit is spirit.

Eleanor S., Bridgeport, Conn. My husband has given me cause to secure a divorce on scriptural grounds, but I have no money to prosecute the suit. Am I justified in regarding our marriage as dissolved by his act, without a decision in the courts? My husband is willing that I should do so.

By no means. If you were to marry, as your letter seems to imply that you are thinking of doing, you would be liable to prosecution for bigamy. The law is made for the protection of home and family, and you must comply with it. The union must be legally dissolved before you are free to marry. You are justified in living apart from your husband, but you must not marry without having a legal divorce.

Constant Reader, Harlem, N. Y. Is a lunatic responsible for his actions? Will God hold him to account?

There are degrees in insanity, so that we cannot answer your question categorically. You may, however, be quite sure that where there is no power there is no responsibility. God will hold no man to account who has not the power to discriminate between right and wrong, unless he has lost the power by his own wrongdoing.

J. H. S., Eagle Rock, Va. 1. Who invented the alphabet for the blind and when? 2. Who invented the alphabet for the deaf and dumb.

1. The first embossed book for the use of the blind was printed in Paris in 1784, by M. Valentine Houg from flat, movable letters, which his pupils had been previously taught to put together and read. Fonts of types were cast, and books printed which were approved by the Academy of Sciences, and exhibited before the royal family at Versailles. The art created at the time a great sensation. Large editions of a few volumes were printed at great expense, but as they were not easily read, and were used only for exhibition in the Paris Institution, the interest soon died away, and the greater part of the edition was long after sold for waste paper. 2. Juan Paulo Bonet, a Benedictine monk, published a work in 1620, which was the first step toward making the education of the deaf and dumb permanent. The first English writer who gives a manual alphabet was George Dalgarno. This alphabet is most probably the one from which our two-hand alphabet is devised.

F. F., Oshkosh, Wis. 1. If Christ was pre-existent, was he in human form? 2. Where do we find total-abstinence enjoined in the Bible? 3. Why is the word for the weekly day of rest sometimes called Sabbath and sometimes Sunday? Which is right?

1. That he was pre-existent is asserted by [illegible] and by Paul (Col. 1: 17). It is difficult to understand his pre-existent nature, but it was certainly not human. He took the human form on himself when he came to redeem man. The natural inference is that previous to his coming he was spirit as God is. 2. Total abstinence is nowhere directly enjoined, but the principles upon which the practice rests are inculcated (see 1 Cor. 8: 13). 3. It is a matter of habit. The title of "the Lord's Day" is better than either. Strictly speaking, Sunday is not a Sabbath, inasmuch as we do not observe it as the Sabbath was observed. The Sabbath was a day of rest, while our holy day is one of activity. Sunday is a heathen name for the day, as is Monday and the other days.

W. S. T., Medford, Mass. 1. What will be the effect, if any, upon the earth when at the new moon next November, the moon, sun, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune are all exercising their attraction in the same direction? 2. When did the like occur before?

The foregoing letter is one of a class which we frequently receive. Unusual events in the celestial world always attract extraordinary attention, and to some are full of the most ominous and harrowing significance. We have submitted this letter to Prof. Young, the astronomer of Princeton University, one of the ablest scientific authorities, and his reply will be read with interest:

"1. The conjunction of the sun and moon on the third of November will, of course, produce the ordinary spring tides, which always follow new moon. The planets, with the exception of Neptune, will at that time be bunched near the place of the sun in a manner which is certainly rather unusual; their attraction upon the earth and sun is, however, too feeble to produce any effect whatever upon the earth, such as can be detected by any ordinary observation; certain slight 'perturbations' in the earth's motion rise at that time to a maximum, and then speedily die away. But practically the bunching of the planets will have no more influence on the weather, or any other human affairs, than the collection of fifty squirrels on one tree in Central Park. During November and December the sky will be substantially 'planetless' to the telescopic observer, Neptune and some of the asteroids will alone be visible, the others all being too near the sun. 2. Exactly the same configuration of the planets with respect to the sun and moon has never occurred before, and never will again. Probably something approximately like it may have happened several times since history began; but it would require a long and very troublesome computation to determine just when and how often. It is not worth the trouble, as the phenomenon is not of the slightest practical or scientific importance.

Princeton, N. J., June 3, '99. "C. A. YOUNG."

Subscriber, Omaha, Neb. What is the meaning of [illegible] and answers regarding the Japanese and Gaelic [illegible] this connection, let me call attention to the Chero[illegible] the Chinese. It is a beautiful language, spoken with the teeth and tongue mostly, very musical, but no gutturals—and only a very few words (probably not more than six or seven that the lips meet on). It is purely phonetic—and we have an alphabet invented by our "Cadmus" Sequoyah, composed of eighty-six characters, each representing a sound of the language. Now the Cherokee has no word in which to swear. When a Cherokee gets mad enough to swear, he has to employ English.

Various commentators and translators have differed concerning the real meaning of the words. Some translators give its equivalent as "light and perfection." "Urim" is synonymous with "Teraphim" ("lights" or "fires"). Josephus identifies the Urim and Thummim with the sardonyxes on the shoulders of the ephod, which were bright when all was auspicious and [illegible] one in forty-two [illegible] that they [illegible] that the Urim and Thummim were [illegible] stones, on one of which was written "Yes," another "No," while the third was [illegible] or neutral, and these were used [illegible] and in the deciding of evidence [illegible] tines them with the twelve [illegible] trance. Lightfoot [illegible] view. It is quite [illegible] at the Urim and Thummim were we [illegible] to the patriarchs as an appointed means of divination.

[illegible] further ever been learned regarding the sup[illegible]

Mr. Theodore Bent's discoveries, made during his explorations in Mashonaland several years ago, have been corroborated and his conclusions confirmed by a recent traveler, Dr. Schlichter. The latter found in Rhodesia a series of ancient mines, fortifications, tem[illegible] ples and astronomical buildings, with evidences of a civilized colonization 1,000 years before the Christian era. Dr. Schlichter identifies these mines as the ancient Ophir, and believes that the people who lived and labored there were Jews, Phœnicians and Western Asiatics.

THE FAMOUS "TRAVELERS' PALM TREE" OF MADAGASCAR

In the lower part of its fanshaped branches it gathers quantities of clear cool water, which is often the means of refreshing thirsty wayfarers.

Rev. John McGregor, Brinley, Mich., writes:

Will some of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers kindly send by mail, prepaid, any religious papers or good books that they can spare to help in mis[illegible] ? They will be gratefully received.

B. H., Vinita, I. T., writes:

I have noticed in THE MAIL-BAG the queries

Mrs. M. A., [illegible], N. J. [illegible] your readers how [illegible] would like [illegible]

A. W. [illegible] the aid of [illegible]

Certain correspondents inquire when visitors are admitted at the different CHRISTIAN HERALD Charities. We give the following for their guidance:

The Bowery Mission [illegible] ery, near Canal street. It occupies the entire building; its mission hall is probably the finest in this country. Services are conducted there every night in the year at 7:30 and every Sunday forenoon at 11 o'clock. Convert Meeting Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock. Visitors are always cordially welcome.

The Bethesda Home [illegible] any day after 10 A. M. and any evening at 7:30. Bible Readings every Thursday afternoon, at [illegible]

The Christian Herald Children's Home, which during the past five years entertained nearly 10,000 children of the poor, is located at Nyack-on-the-Hudson. It includes a number of buildings and cottages with twelve acres of beautiful [illegible] trip by ra[illegible] minutes) by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stages free of charge.

All contributions, however small, will be promptly acknowledged in our columns, and [illegible] all with whom we come into contact.

L. H., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. It is exempt.

J. W. B., Aurora, Mo. Mailed you sketch of [illegible] existence.

Eliza Robe, Alpena, N. J. Thanks for the [illegible]

H. S., Beverly, Neb. Both are true: probably the rope broke.

F. G. P., Dixboro, Mich. See Hebrews 12, 1 and [illegible]

Mrs. M. E. C., Glendale, Wis. We cannot tell why he does not do so.

Constant Reader, Schnectady, N. Y. Write to Superintendent the Zoo, Central Park, N. Y.

N. P., Manasherides, Turkey. It is simply a case of extraordinary precocity, to which no special significance should be attached.

M. I. F., Water Valley, N. Y. 1. It is the Spanish form in which the "F" is used in preference to the "P." 2. Very little indeed.

[illegible] the same in both the old and new versions. It might be freely translated as "populate the earth."

Subscriber, Knoxville, Ia. It is a desecration of the Lord's Day. The only work that may be done on that day is a work of necessity or of mercy.

C. R. C., Key West, Fla. No court or judge has [illegible] injustice.

Mrs. H. R. G., Chatfield, Minn. 1. The accent is on the middle syllable. 2. The "g" is soft. 3. [illegible] you state. 5. End of the cycle or period.

Wm. A. M., Williamsburg, Va. The so-called "letter of Pontius Pilate," containing a description of Christ, is an ancient forgery, which has been fully discredited by the ablest Bible scholars.

Mr. W. F. McKnight, Healdton, I. T., wishes [illegible] for their kind assistance in sending literature and picture cards to the Sunday School of that place.

[illegible] not been overlooked, however, and strong sermons and articles on the drink evil appear in these pages from time to time.

[illegible] a leading newspaper in that section which has dropped all liquor advertisements. It is evident that the war against the drink evil is making [illegible]

G. E. B., Iowa City, Ia. The "M." before the name of a Frenchman is the initial of Monsieur, [illegible] contraction of Mademoiselle, equivalent to our Miss.

[illegible] strictly on their merits, and are paid for according [illegible]

SHEPHERDING THE LAMBS IN PORTO RICO

(Continued from first page)

"The third photograph represents two classes, one of Porto Rican adults, taught by Mr. Andrew McKim, and the other of soldiers, taught by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD correspondent, Frank L. Smith. The Porto Ricans are seated while the soldiers and teachers stand behind them. A glimpse of the theatre is seen in this picture, showing the seats in the auditorium and a portion of the gallery.

"The contributors to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund for Porto Rico may feel sure that everything is being done to forward the interests of undenominational Sunday School work in San Juan. Much opposition has been met with from ecclesiastical quarters, and children have been warned against attending the Sunday School; but God's leading is plainly seen in all the work. The dearth of workers causes us to pray that the Lord may raise up laborers and send them forth into this harvest field. So far all our helpers are from societies in the United States, who have their own distinctive work to accomplish. Mr. Andrew McKim, the agent of the American Bible Society (who has disposed of nearly 2,500 copies of the Scripture already) is our Superintendent. Miss Hayes takes an hour from her valuable time at Rio Piedras, and Rev. A. B. Rudd, of the Baptist Home Missionary Society, who baptized the first fruits of their preaching in Rio Piedras, last Sunday morning, with the writer, who directs the many agencies of the Y. M. C. A. in Porto Rico, all find the theatre a delightful meeting-spot for fellowship and service, without interfering with the claims of their own societies. We would urge the necessity of increasing these agencies on the island in other cities and towns, which can be done if sufficient money is forthcoming. Men and women who understand the Spanish language can be of great service in this work if filled with the missionary spirit.

"F. L. SMITH."

. . .

Accompanying Mr. Smith's letter is a printed "admission card" to the Gospel services (Spanish and English on the opposite sides), which reads as follows:

AT THE THEATRE, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

under auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York City, every Sunday morning at nine o'clock.

BIBLE CLASSES

in Spanish and English for Porto Rican children and adults. Soldiers are specially invited.

GOSPEL HYMNS

sung in Spanish. Mr. Andrew McKim, Superintendent. An Undenominational service is held at 10 o'clock, immediately after Sunday School, conducted by Frank L. Smith, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., under direction of Colonial Christian Association.

This little card gives an idea of the character of the work which is now being carried forward in Porto Rico, among the children of the native population. The photographs forwarded by Mr. Smith show the little Porto Rican girls and boys in their Sunday garments. The dress is largely an approximation of the American and is a great improvement on that shown in former photographs, where the children were half clad and unkempt. This improvement is doubtless largely due to good-hearted and generous American donors, who are deeply interested in the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of these little ones. They are bright and intelligent, and are making capital progress in the study of the Scriptures.

The Gospel message is thus being carried forward vigorously and effectively by the consecrated workers in the Porto Rican capital. May the time soon come when it will be heard from end to end of the beautiful island, which is now a part of our own country, and for whose spiritual welfare we are fully responsible in God's sight and before the whole world.

ONE OF OUR GIRLS' CLASSES
Taught by Miss Dodd, San Juan

NATIVE ADULTS AND AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN OUR PORTO RICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Bible in Porto Rico

Suppressed by Spain, it is now, under American Rule, Finding its Way into the Hands of the People Throughout the Island

To the Editor:

IT afforded me great pleasure to hear Rev. F. L. Smith, in charge of the work of the Y. M. C. A. here, announce that the Sabbath School, connected with the services in the theatre, would hereafter be aided by Dr. Klopsch and be known as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sabbath School. It is superintended by Rev. A. McKim, agent of the Bible Society who speaks both English and Spanish, and is a graduate of Marietta College. The attendance lately has been increasing, specially of natives, many of whom are very small children, The aid of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will provide means for greater efficiency. There is no more promising religious enterprise on the Island or one more worthy of the patronage of your readers. It is succeeding even better than the efforts of the Roman Catholics to establish Sabbath Schools.

It is fortunate for Porto Rico that the several religious denominations proposing to do mission work — Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, Christian, etc.—have agreed in the location of their enterprises, not to conflict with each other; and that their workers in the field on appointed occasions will meet and confer. This harmony of plan cannot fail to have excellent effect upon the natives. The method of work should be both evangelistic and educational, and adapted to the most ignorant, as well as calculated to appeal to the most intelligent. No place will be found for "higher criticism." There will be no converting power in any of the attempts to suit truth to human fancies. The more closely all efforts are like the Master's in doctrine and method the more effective they will be. The truth as it is in Jesus, presented with all fidelity and simplicity, as it came from the lips of the Master, accompanied by the power of the Spirit, is the hope, and the only hope, for the people. The life of the evangelist or preacher should correspond with His doctrine in its honesty, purity, and beneficence. He should, like Paul, know only "Christ and Him crucified" so far as the differences of these people are concerned. His manner must speak and attract when his voice is silent. His life should be a living epistle known and read of all men, testifying of the Divine Spirit which directs it. Work in this way will receive attention, find responsive minds, touch the main-springs of personal action, and there will verily follow a new life in individual character which more and more will dissipate excuses and destroy the fabric of evil, which now includes all forms of human action whether individual or associated.

Inquire into the cause of present evils of whatever form and trace them to second, third and fourth causes, and every time we shall find ourselves coming back to that first cause of all this perversion in the church, state and family, and find that cause in the absence of the Bible, or the written Divine Word. None of these generations have lacked the completeness of man's natural powers, but the Word from the Divine lips has not been spoken to awaken the response from the human soul. The theory that the common people cannot be trusted with the sacred Scriptures has had its legitimate effect. The priesthood have not only kept the Word from the people, but have disregarded it, as a rule, for themselves. They have been the blind leaders of the blind, paid for this perversion from the Spanish treasury. The motives furnished by the Bible for universal intelligence have been wanting, and with other evils there has come ignorance, and eighty per cent., it is believed, cannot read a written word. The public school, therefore, in teaching to read is furnishing one way in which the truth may be found. The school which furnishes this ability becomes a great factor in the changes demanded by these people. Make the ability to read universal and put the sacred Scriptures in every hand, and the destructive belief and customs imposed for centuries and fostered by the union of church and state will begin to disappear.

Rev. Andrew McKim, the Bible agent, represents having disposed of 2,500 Bibles. Every Christian agency should bring the open Bible in its hand. It is surprising in this day and age that any one accepting the teachings of the sacred Scriptures should be willing to exclude the Bible from the attention of any living soul. The power to read the open Bible offers to every aspiring mind the attainment of every virture. The day school under the American theory cannot devote itself to the doctrine or teaching of any church. The return of the cooler season for Porto Rico will see a large number engaged in Sabbath School teaching. The quickening power of this instruction upon all forms of activity in Porto Rico will be speedily manifest. It will furnish motives to industry, and the increase of its skill not previously known among the laboring classes; and where Bible instruction has its fullest effect there will not only be added skill to the hand, but character to the man. Labor will be more steady; its results better assured, thus securing greater confidence for capital and more ready investment. Thus there will be pointed out to the submerged classes the way to a higher life.

JOHN EATON.

The Gospel in Colombia

A number of responses have been received by the American Bible Society in New York, to Mr. Norwood's appeal for funds for erecting a Gospel tent at Bucaramanga, Colombia. Dr. Norwood reports subscriptions in Bucaramanga to the amount of $500, Colombian money, (which is about $140, gold), and a contribution sent from Mexico direct to Colombia of two pounds sterling. Treasurer Foulke acknowledges the receipt of the following additional sums:

Hortense Norwood, 25 cents; five other little girls, 25 cents each, $1.25; Johann Asmuslen, $1.00; Pedro, Maria and Daniel Chambon, 50 cents each, $1.50; Americus, 25 cents; Johnnie J., 25 cents; A Friend, 50 cents; two little boys, 45 cents.

The World's Youngest Organist

PROBABLY the youngest organist in the world is an eleven-year-old child, Reginald Ball, of No. 216 South [illegible] St., Hagerstown, Maryland, who plays the great pipe organ in [illegible] Episcopal Church, one of the leading houses of worship in Central Maryland. Until he was about ten years old Reginald knew nothing whatever of the keyboard or written notes. He is now able to render brilliantly and with the touch of a master, compositions by Mendelssohn, Goupod, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Wagner, Liszt, Schubert and others. The rapidity of his progress is surprising. Lately he was appointed musician in St. Paul's, where much attention has always been given to the musical portions of the service.

REGINALD BALL

Besides playing upon the organ (which has three key-boards, and all the latest improvements, in pipe and stop arrangements, operated by water-power), Reginald meets several times a week with his grown-up singers and rehearses with them the various selections to be sung the following Sunday. The burden of the choice of the music usually falls upon the little eleven-year-old's shoulders. So far he has proved fully equal to the duties his position entails. His voice is clear, sweet, and resonant. Whenever his friends are hungry for music, they drop in to see him.

A National Orphanage

Our readers, who are familiar with the good work done at the Whosoever Home, Luray, Va., for destitute children, will be interested to know that the Rev. Dr. H. M. Wharton, its originator and director, is planning an extension of the work which will provide a home and educational advantages for children orphaned by our recent war, and without proper support and guardianship. At the beginning of the Spanish war, Dr. Wharton made an offer to the government of Whosoever Farm, for the reception of soldiers' and sailors' orphans; and letters of acceptance and appreciation were sent him by General Fitzhugh Lee, Surgeon-General Sternberg, J. A. Porter, for President McKinley, Rev. Dr. Talmage and others. By additional buildings, 500 boys and girls can be accommodated. A New Yorker has subscribed $5,000 to the work,

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

...The Sin of Gossip...

A Sermon by The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Romans 1: 29, ...

Full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers.

PAUL was here calling the long roll of the world's villainy, and he puts in the midst of this roll those persons known in all cities and communities and places as whisperers. They are so called because they generally speak under voice and in a confidential way, their hand to the side of their mouth acting as a funnel to keep the precious information from wandering into the wrong ear. They speak softly, not because they have lack of lung force, or because they are overpowered with the spirit of gentleness, but because they want to escape the consequences of defamation. If no one hears but the person whispered unto and the offender be arraigned, he can deny the whole thing, for whisperers are always first-class liars!

Some people whisper because they are hoarse from a cold, or because they wish to convey some useful information without disturbing others; but the creatures photographed by the apostle in my text give muffled utterance from sinister and depraved motive, and sometimes you can only hear the sibilant sound as the letter "S" drops from the tongue into the listening ear, the brief hiss of the serpent as it projects its venom.

Whisperers are masculine and feminine, with a tendency to majority on the side of those who are called "the lords of creation." Whisperers are heard at every window of bank cashier, and are heard in all counting rooms as well as in sewing societies and at meetings of asylum directors and managers. They are the worst foes of society; responsible for miseries innumerable; they are the scavengers of the world, driving their cart through every community, and to-day, I hold up for your holy anathema and execration these whisperers.

From the frequency with which Paul speaks of them under different titles, I conclude that he must have suffered somewhat from them. His personal presence was very defective, and that made him, perhaps, the target of their ridicule. And beside that, he was a bachelor, persisting in his celibacy down into the sixties, indeed, all the way through, and some having failed in their connubial designs upon him, the little missionary was put under the raking fire of these whisperers. He was no doubt a rare morsel for their scandalization; and he cannot keep his patience any longer and he lays hold of these miscreants of the tongue and gives them a very hard setting down in my text among the scoundrelly and the murderous. "Envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers."

The law of libel makes quick and stout grip of open slander. If I should in a plain way, calling you by name, charge you with fraud, or theft, or murder, or uncleanness, to-morrow morning I might have peremptory documents served on me, and I would have to pay in dollars and cents for the damage I had done your character. But these creatures spoken of in my text are so small that they escape the fine-tooth comb of the law. They go on, and they go on, escaping the judges and the juries and the penitentiaries. The district attorney cannot find them, the sheriff cannot find them, the grand jury cannot find them. Shut them off from one route of perfidy and they start on another. You cannot by the force of moral sentiment persuade them to desist. You might as well read the Ten Commandments to a flock of crows, expecting them to retreat under the force of moral sentiment. They are to be found everywhere, these whisperers. I think their paradise is a country village of about one or two thousand people where everybody knows everybody. But they also are to be found in large quantities in all our cities.

They have a prying disposition. They look into the basement windows at the tables of their neighbors, and can tell just what they have morning and night to eat. They can see as far through a keyhole as other people can see with a door wide open. They can hear conversation on the opposite side of the room. Indeed, the world to them is a whispering gallery. They always put the worst construction on everything.

The fact is that one man or woman set on fire of this hellish spirit will keep a whole neighborhood aboil. It does not require any very great brain. The chief requisition is that the woman have a small family or no family at all, because, if she have a large family, then she would have to stay at home and look after them. It is very important that she be single, or have no children at all, and then she can attend to all the secrets of the neighborhood all the time. A woman with a large family makes a very poor whisperer.

It is astonishing how these whisperers gather up everything. They know everything that happens. There are telephone and telegraph wires reaching from their ears to all the houses in the neighborhood. They have no taste for healthy news, but for the scraps and peelings thrown out of the scullery into the back yard they have great avidity. On the day when there is a new scandal in the newspapers, they have no time to go abroad. On the day when there are four or five columns of delightful private letters published in a divorce case, she stays at home and reads and reads and reads. No time for her Bible that day, but toward night, perhaps, she may find time to run out a little while and see whether there are any new developments.

Satan does not have to keep a very sharp lookout for his evil dominion in that neighborhood. He has let out to her the whole contract. She gets husbands and wives into a quarrel, and brothers and sisters into antagonism, and she disgusts the pastor with the flock and the flock with the pastor, and she makes neighbors, who before were kindly disposed toward each other, over suspicious and critical, so when one of the neighbors passes by in a carriage, they hiss through their teeth and say: "Ah, we could all keep carriages if we never paid our debts!"

When two or three whisperers get together they stir a caldron of trouble, which makes me think of the three witches of *Macbeth* dancing around a boiling caldron in a dark cave:

> Double, double, toil and trouble,
> Fire burn and caldron bubble.
> Fillet of a fenny snake
> In the caldron boil and bake;
> Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
> Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
> Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
> Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing
> For a charm of powerful trouble,
> Like a hell both boil and bubble.
> Double, double, toil and trouble
> Fire burn and caldron bubble,
> Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
> Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
> Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
> Make the gruel thick and stark;
> Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
> For the ingredients of our caldron.
> Double, double, toil and trouble,
> Fire, burn and caldron bubble.
> Cool it with a baboon's blood;
> Then the charm is firm and good.

I would only change Shakespeare in this, that, where he puts the word "witch" I would put the word "whisperer." Ah, what a caldron! Did you ever get a taste of it? I have more respect for the poor waif of the street that goes down under the gaslight, with no home and no God—for she deceives no one as to what she is—than I have for those hags of respectable society who cover up their tiger claws with a fine shawl, and bolt the heart with a diamond breast-pin!

The work of masculine whisperers is chiefly seen in the embarrassment of business. Now, I suppose, there are hundreds of men here who at some time have been in business trouble. I will undertake to say that in nine cases out of ten it was the result of some whisperer's work. The whisperer uttered some suspicion in regard to your credit. You sold your horse and carriage because you had no use for them, and the whisperer said: "Sold his horse and carriage because he had to sell them. The fact that he sold his horse and carriage shows he is going down in business."

One of your friends gets embarrassed and you are a little involved with him. The whisperer says: "I wonder if he can stand under all this pressure? I think he is going down. I think he will have to give up." You borrow money out of a bank and a director whispers outside about it, and after a while the suspicion gets fairly started, and it leaps from one whisperer's lips to another whisperer's lips until all the people you owe want their money and want it right away, and the business circles come around you like a pack of wolves, and though you had assets four times more than were necessary to meet your liabilities, crash! went everything. Whisperers! Oh, how much business men have suffered.

Sometimes in the circles of clergymen we discuss why it is that a great many merchants do not go to church. I will tell you why they do not go to church. By the time Saturday night comes they are worn out with the annoyances of business life. They have had enough meanness practised upon them to set their whole nervous system a-twitch.

I think among the worst of the whisperers are those who gather up all the harsh things that have been said about you and bring them to you—all the things said against you, or against your family, or against your style of business. They gather them all up and they bring them to you, they bring them to you in the very worst shape, they bring them to you without any of the extenuating circumstances, and after they have made your feelings all raw, very raw, they take this brine, this turpentine, this *aqua fortis*, and rub it in with a coarse towel, and rub it in until it sinks to the bone. They make you the pin cushion in which they thrust all the sharp things they have ever heard about you. "Now, don't bring me into a scrape. Now, don't tell anybody I told you. Let it be between you and me. Don't involve me in it at all." They aggravate you to the point of profanity, and then they wonder you cannot sing psalm tunes! They turn you on a spit before a hot fire and wonder why you are not absorbed in gratitude to them because they turn you on a spit. Pedlers of nightshade. Pedlers of Canada thistle. Pedlers of *nux vomica*. Sometimes they get you in a corner where you cannot very well escape without being rude, and then they tell you all about this one, and all about that one, and all about the other one, and they talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk. After awhile they go away leaving the place looking like a barnyard after the foxes and the weasels have been around: here a wing, and there a claw, and yonder an eye, and there a crop. How they do make the feathers fly!

Rather than the defamation of good names, it seems to me it would be almost as honorable and useful if you just took a box of matches in your pocket and a razor in your hand, and go through the streets and see how many houses you can burn down and how many throats you can cut. That is not a much worse business. The destruction of a man's name is worse than the destruction of his life. A woman came in confessional to a priest and told him that she had been slandering her neighbors. The priest promised her absolution on condition of her performing a penance. He gave her a thistle top and said: "You can take that thistle and scatter the seeds all over the field." She went and did so, and came back. "Now," said the priest, "gather up all those seeds." She said, "I can't." "Ah!" he said, "I know you can't; neither can you gather up the evil words you spoke about your neighbors." All good men and all good women have sometimes had detractors after them. John Wesley's wife whispered about him, whispered all over England, kept on whispering about that good man—as good a man as ever lived—and kept on whispering until the connubial relation was dissolved.

Jesus Christ had these whisperers after him, and they charged him with drinking too much and keeping bad company. "A wine-bibber and the friend of publicans and sinners." You take the best man that ever lived, and put a detective on his track for ten years, watching where he goes and when he comes, and with a determination to misconstrue everything, and to think he goes here for a bad purpose, and there for a bad purpose, with that determination of destroying him, at the end of the ten years he will be held despicable in the sight of a great many people.

If it is an outrageous thing to despoil a man's character, how much worse is it to damage a woman's reputation? Yet that evil grows from century to century, and it is all done by whisperers. A suspicion is started. The next whisperer who gets hold of it states the suspicion as a proven fact, and many a good woman, as honorable as your wife or your mother, has been whispered out of all kindly associations, and whispered into the grave. Some people say there is no hell; but if there be no hell for such a despoiler of womanly character, it is high time that some philanthropist built one! But there is such a place established, and what a time they will have when all the whisperers get down there together rehearsing things! Everlasting carnival of mud.

Now, how are we to war against this iniquity which curses every community on earth? First, by refusing to listen to or believe a whisper. Every court of the land has for a law, and all decent communities have for a law, that you must hold people innocent until they are proved guilty. There is only one person worse than the whisperer, and that is the man or woman who listens without protest. The trouble is, you hold the sack while they fill it. The receiver of stolen goods is just as bad as the thief. An ancient writer declares that a slanderer and a man who receives the slander ought both to be hanged—the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. And I agree with him.

When you hear something bad about your neighbors, do not go all over and ask about it, whether it is true, and scatter it and spread it. You might as well go to a small-pox hospital and take a patient and carry him all through the community asking people if they really thought it is a case of small-pox. That would be very bad for the patient and for all the neighbors. Do not retail slanders and whisperings. Do not make yourself the inspector of warts, and the supervisor of carbuncles, and the commissioner for street gutters, and the holder of stakes for a dog fight. Can it be that you, an immortal man, that you, an immortal woman, can find no better business than to become a gutter inspector?

Beside that, at your family table allow no detraction. Teach your children to speak well of others. Show them the difference between a bee and a wasp—the one gathering honey, the other thrusting a sting. I read of a family where they kept what they called "A Slander Book," and when any slanderous words were uttered in the house about anybody, or detraction uttered, it was all put down in this book. The book was kept carefully. For the first few weeks there were a great many entries, but after a while there were no entries at all. Detraction stopped in that household. It would be a good thing to have a slander book in all households.

Are any of you given to this habit of whispering about others? Let me persuade you to desist. Mount Taurus was a great place for eagles, and cranes would fly along that way, and they would cackle so loud that the eagles would know of their coming and they would pounce upon them and destroy them. It is said that the old cranes found this out, and before they started on their flight they would always have a stone in their mouth so

they could not cackle, and then they would fly in perfect safety. O! my friends, be as wise as the old cranes and let us avoid the folly of the young cranes. Do not cackle.

If there are people here who are whispered about, if there are people here who are slandered, if there are people here who are abused in any circle of life, let me say for your encouragement that these whisperers soon run out. They may do a little damage for a while, but after awhile their detraction becomes a eulogy and people understand them just as well as though some one chalked all over their overcoat or their shawl these words: "Here goes a whisperer. Room for the leper. Room!" You go ahead and do your duty and God will take care of your reputation. How dare you distrust him? You have committed to him your souls. Can you not trust him with your reputation? Get down on your knees before God and settle the whole matter there. That man whom God takes care of is well sheltered.

Let me charge you, my friends, to make right and holy use of the tongue. It is loose at one end and can swing either way, but it is fastened at the other end to the floor of your mouth, and that makes you responsible for the way it wags. Xanthus, the philosopher, told his servant that on the morrow he was going to have some friends to dine, and told him to get the best thing he could find in the market. The philosopher and his guests sat down the next day at the table. They had nothing but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue cooked in this way, and tongue cooked in that way, and the philosopher lost his patience and said to his servant, "Didn't I tell you to get the best thing in the market?" He said: "I did get the best thing in the market. Isn't the tongue the organ of sociality, the organ of eloquence, the organ of kindness, the organ of worship?"

Then Xanthus said: "To-morrow I want you to get the worst thing in the market." And on the morrow the philosopher sat at the table, and there was nothing there but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue in this shape and tongue in that shape—and the philosopher again lost his patience and said: "Didn't I tell you to get the worst thing in the market?" The servant replied: "I did; for isn't the tongue the organ of blasphemy, the organ of defamation, the organ of lying?"

O! my friends, employ the tongue which God so wonderfully created as the organ of taste, the organ of deglutition, the organ of articulation to make others happy, and in the service of God. If you whisper, whisper good—encouragement to the fallen and hope to the lost. Ah, my friends, the time will soon come when we will all whisper! The voice will be enfeebled in the last sickness, and though that voice could laugh and shout and sing and halloo until the forest echoes answered, it will be so feeble then we can only whisper consolation to those whom we leave behind, and only whisper our hope of heaven.

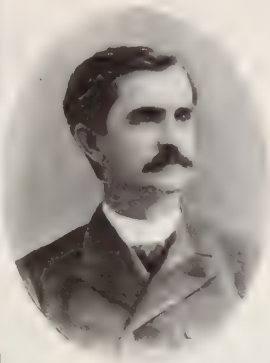
While I speak this very moment there are hundreds whispering their last utterances. Oh, when that solemn hour comes to you and to me, as come soon it will, may it be found that we did our best to serve Christ, and to cheer our comrades in the earthly struggle, and that we consecrated not only our hand but our tongue to God. So that the shadows that fall around our dying pillow shall not be the evening twilight of a gathering night, but the morning twilight of an everlasting day.

This morning, at half past four o'clock, I looked out of my window, and the stars were very dim. I looked out a few moments after, and the stars were almost invisible. I looked out an hour or two afterward. Not a star was to be seen. What was the matter with the stars? Had they melted into darkness? No. They had melted into the glorious light of a Sabbath morn.

: : The Old Gospel Under Canvas : :

Crowds Thronging the "Midsummer Camp-Meeting" on Broadway, New York

REV. R. S. MACARTHUR



REV. A. C. DIXON

GEO. C. STEBBINS

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

No mid-summer revival movement in recent years has attracted more widespread attention or been productive of grander spiritual results than that now progressing in New York City, in the big Gospel tent "Glad Tidings," at Broadway and Fifty-sixth street. Long before the close of the first week of these gatherings, the audiences had swelled to such proportions that it became necessary to plan for more extended accommodations. "All classes and conditions of men" and women attended, proving that the Gospel, preached under canvas in mid-summer in New York, has attractions for rich and poor alike. All the services have been marked by an unusually large number of earnest inquirers, and not an evening has passed in which many of those present have not come forward and professed faith in a living Saviour and their acceptance of his free salvation. Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt has been ably aided in the evangelistic movement by many leading city pastors, and a number of distinguished laymen have also taken an active part in the services.

DIVINE SERVICE IN THE BROADWAY GOSPEL TENT

REAR-ADMIRAL J. W. PHILIP

REV. D. A. BLACKBURN

At the meeting on Sunday afternoon, June 25, Mr. Wm. Phillips Hall, (who has become widely known as "the millionaire evangelist"), was one of the leading speakers, while on the platform were Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, Rev. Sam. Small, Rev. W. Merle Smith and others. Rear-Admiral John W. Philip, who commanded the battleship *Texas*, in the battle of Santiago, addressed the vast audience, all rising to salute the Christian hero as he came forward on the platform. He spoke with much feeling:

"I am afraid," said the Admiral, "that I am expected to make a speech, but I am no speaker. We read in the papers what is going on in the Philippines, and we know how well every soldier there is standing to his duty for the honor of Old Glory. We know that every soldier under Christ's banner must answer the roll. I have been summoned and I have answered 'Present.' I was sent for and I stand here and say, 'Here, sir.' The soldiers under the banner of Our Lord must try to enlist recruits, so that we may down the cohorts of the devil. I do not know under what denomination these services are held. I don't know whether they are Jew, Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, though I think that denominations are necessary. In the Church they are like regiments, and the pastors and bishops are like colonels and brigadiers, but all are under one commander-in-chief, our Master, the Lord Jesus Christ. I see many faces here before me who, I feel sure, are anxious to enlist in our Lord's forces. I cannot command words to fittingly explain to you why and how you should enlist and get other recruits to enlist in the army of God, but there are clergymen on the platform who are ready to explain it."

This simple yet eloquent testimony by one of the nation's heroes visibly affected many in the audience.

Rev. Dr. MacArthur, of Calvary Baptist Church, delivered a short address on Christian patriotism. He said:

"This is the greatest period in history. No man ought to go to heaven for a quarter of a century yet if he can help it, for it is quite certain that we are to have more of heaven on this earth in the next twenty-five years than ever before since Adam. He must be blind and deaf who cannot see the hand and hear the voice of God moving before this nation in its progress. We have passed in this century that is closing from boyhood to a strong and sterling manhood. We are passing now from limitation to universality. There are two great headlights of American freedom and cocivilization, one shown in Santiago Harbor and one in Manila Bay. I am glad to see this flag of America floating in the Orient. It is the evangelist of all that is noblest in our faith, all that is divinest and loftiest in our patriotism.

"A little while ago I received into membership in Calvary Church a grandson of the first great missionary who preached the Gospel in Jamaica, of the man who, working hand in hand with Wilberforce, obliterated slavery in that colony. The Church educated this young man, and he went to Cuba as a missionary. His wife, who accompanied him thither, went down to the beautiful, mysterious land of motherhood, and the babe came back alone.

"He was left there alone in Cienfuegos with his child, the dead body of his loved one and his breaking heart. He sought a burial place for her, but unfortunately for him, he did not belong to the dominant faith. There was no spot of ground where he could lay her remains. He sought the aid of the American and British consuls, but they were powerless. By and by he buried her at the gate of the city upon the heaps of refuse, where was thrown all the dirt and offal of the town. Then he wrote me a letter, stained with tears, and when I had read it I said 'O thou God of liberty! Make bare thy right arm, and let it not rest until the faith shall be free wherever the American flag waves over American waters washing upon American shores!' We have taken up the journey of Columbus which was interrupted four hundred years ago by the American continent. We have changed the front of America. California was once the rear yard of America; it is now the front garden of the Orient."

Throughout the meetings Christian patriotism, the integrity of the Bible, the plain unvarnished truths of Scripture and the sweet old story of the Gospel have been the themes of nearly all of the speakers. Beautiful music, with finely sung solos and stirring choruses, forms a feature of all the services.

Among the speakers who have prominently assisted in these revival services up to the present time are Rev. D. Asa Blackburn, Mr. W. Phillips Hall, Rev. R. S. McArthur, Rev. Franklin H. Moore, Rev. Leighton Williams, Rev. John H. Elliott, Rev. A. C. Dixon and others. It is expected that Mr. Moody will speak at the meetings in the near future.

There are no sensational features at the meetings and the exciting scenes incident to some revivals are not to be witnessed; but the fervor of the worshipers and the sincerity of the inquirers are unmistakable. Already the services have been blessed in the conversion of many, and there is promise of still larger spiritual result as the meetings progress. They are a remarkable illustration of the power of the simple, unaided Gospel to touch the hearts of men, and to change the whole current and nature of sinful lives.

The Street Cleaners of the Great Metropolis

New York's Army of "White Wings"

The Relation of Cleanliness to Public Morals

A DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT

JAMES McCARTNEY, *Commissioner*

A "WHITE WING" SWEEPER AT WORK

IN all great cities, the problem of disposing of the refuse and garbage, and of keeping the public thoroughfares sweet and clean, is one of the most important that can confront the municipality. In New York, with its vast and constantly increasing population, the question of sanitation is uppermost at all seasons. Every year brings augmented expenditures, necessitated by the application of the street cleaning system to the whole of the city and its corporate suburbs. That New York is to-day one of the cleanest and healthiest of metropolitan cities, is due to the excellent system introduced several years ago by the late Colonel Waring, who was one of the first public officials in this country to make the condition of the streets and the final disposition of their refuse a serious scientific study. His system has been followed in the main by his successors; but it is quite apparent, even now, that the time must soon come when the problems of municipal sanitation will engage the highest abilities of the inventors and mechanical geniuses of our day, and will offer rich rewards for successful effort in that direction.

WORKERS ON THE DUMPS

A CURIOUS LOAD PICKED UP IN THE STREETS

READY TO DROP A LOAD ON A SCOW

Our photographer, in the interesting series on these two pages, has shown us some of the workings of the New York Street Cleaning Department. At the present time the Mechanical Bureau of the Department, though large, is not wholly adequate to the requirements. Nearly all the trades are represented and considerable manufacturing is done, besides repairing and improvements. One feature of the Bureau is a model room, where new street cleaning devices are examined and tested. Suggestions for such devices are received from all parts of the Union, few however, being of value.

As to the work accomplished by the Department, some idea of its extent may be gathered from the statement that last year the Department carts removed 146,116 loads of garbage, while private carts took away 18,200 additional loads. The Department carts also removed 1,131,802 loads of street sweepings, ashes and other refuse, private carts taking 326,920 additional loads. These represent a total of over 1,620,000 loads. The garbage removed from the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx is taken in scows and disposed of at Barren Island, not by dumping into the sea, as formerly, but by being purified separately and manufactured into marketable products. The refuse is either dumped into the sea, or used to fill in bulkheads along the water-front. In the other boroughs of the metropolis, practically the same system is followed, the ashes, sweepings and refuse being largely used to fill in vacant city lots. Experiments in the cremation of garbage, have not thus far proved wholly satisfactory. The experimental plant for the disposal of rubbish has been in operation over a year, the material being "picked" or sorted and the absolutely unsalable refuse burned. It is estimated that, with somewhat increased facilities, the city can secure about $58,000 a year in return for the "picking" privilege. The average quantity of garbage collected in a year is between 140,000 and 150,000 tons. This is transported on wooden-deck barges to Barren Island.

In handling all the refuse of the city, the utmost care is taken to prevent it from becoming a disseminating centre of disease. It is probable that the custom of disposing of very large quantities of it by dumping it in the sea will soon be permanently discontinued, as there have been many complaints of beach-fouling from residents along the sea-shore.

One of the recent innovations in the Street Cleaning system is the introduction of "paper carts"—little, two-wheeled hand-wagons, which the white-suited workers of the Department push before them as they clean the city's thoroughfares. Last year was the first year of their operation

STREET CLEANERS AT MORNING ROLL-CALL

FOREMEN OF SQUADS

A GROUP OF SWEEPERS AND FOREMEN

LOADING A SCOW AT THE DUMPS

A STEAM STEEL BARGE

and the experiment was remarkably successful. These little vehicles, which may be seen at all hours of the day on Broadway and the principal streets, are the most picturesque appurtenances of an otherwise prosaic, but very useful and indispensable branch of the public service. The "white-wings" who push them along (the name applied to the army of workers whom Col. Waring uniformed in white), dodge in and out among the steady stream of trucks, trolleys and carriages of all sorts, and perform their duties often at the risk of life and limb. The annual parade of the Department is an event which ranks next in interest to that of the police, and the little army of street cleaners makes a brave show.

New York's first organized effort at street cleaning dates back to the year 1696, when an appropriation of twenty pounds sterling ($100) was made for that purpose. Two hundred years of growth have brought a wonderful transformation. In the latest budget, the appropriation for cleaning the streets of New York and its annexed suburbs was $4,525,690, part of which was for plant account, but the greater portion of the expenditures were for actual work rendered by the Department and by outside contractors, who are engaged in emergencies. The Department is under a Commissioner at $6,000 a year, appointed by the Mayor, a Deputy Commissioner at $4,000 and a corps of District Superintendents. Nearly 2,000 street cleaners are employed, and the number of carts and other vehicles varies according to the season and its needs. During some of the great snow-storms of last winter, thousands of carts were hired from contractors to aid in clearing the thoroughfares. The average number of cart-loads of snow and ice removed annually from the streets of the city and its annexed suburbs is little short of 800,000. Last year, $290,000 was appropriated for snow and ice removal in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx alone. A single snow-storm sometimes costs the city $100,000, and the great storm of February 12 last, when 2,500 carts were employed in clearing away the snow, cost considerably more. Such vast expenditures might appal the taxpaying element of a community, were it not for the universally admitted fact that the close relationship existing between public cleanliness and public health and morals justifies the investment. It is in line with the experience of every great city, whether in a temperate or a tropical climate, that in proportion to the completeness of its sanitary arrangements and the energy with which they are carried out, there may be confidently expected a decrease in disease and crime. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," though not found in the Scriptures, is nevertheless an excellent aphorism for a municipality to keep in view. The cleansing of city slums, the purification of the purlieus of a crowded metropolis, is always followed by moral improvement, and results in affording a better basis for that spiritual work which produces a better type of Christian citizenship. On these grounds, every improvement in modern street-cleaning methods should be welcomed with satisfaction by all who desire the moral and spiritual welfare of the communities. One of Colonel Waring's peculiar projects in connection with the city sanitation, had a distinctive educational character. He organized in the different Boroughs, a number of Juvenile Leagues composed of girls and boys, children of the working classes. His idea was to impart to these school children a habit of order and cleanliness, and a greater degree of learning and refinement, than had been enjoyed by their parents, and thus the latter, through the example of their children, would be brought to cherish a desire for pleasant and cheerful home surroundings, and a taste for neatness in their homes and environments, and would thus improve themselves and their morals and consequently the general condition of the city as well. These Leagues have been continued and encouraged in their work, and to their influence no doubt is due in some measure the cleanliness of the streets and the healthfulness of the city itself. In many of the poorer class of homes in New York, the influence of these Juvenile Leagues has been shown in neater surroundings and their young enthusiasm has had its effect upon thousands of older folks, who could not fail to be struck by their ardor for cleanliness. Their training in this respect, unostentatious as it has been, is a blessing to themselves and to others. Men like Colonel Waring are not only forces that make for civilization, but, unconsciously, for spiritualization as well, since the obliteration of dirt, by influencing the reduction of disease and vice, affords so much more opportunity for health and happiness and creates a condition in which the blessings heaven sends us can be better perceived and appreciated.

"WHITE WINGS" AND THEIR LITTLE HAND-CARTS

DUMPING A LOAD AT SEA

TOWING SCOWS OFF THE COAST

A LOADED BARGE GOING SEAWARD

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Fiery Furnace

S. S. Lesson for July 16. Dan. 3 : 14-28
Golden Text, Dan. 3 : 17

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

IT is in the school of trial that the Lord educates his choicest servants. For many generations the bulk of the children of Israel had ignored or disregarded their peculiar and glorious privilege given to them as a nation by Jehovah, to be "a peculiar treasure unto [him] above all people . . . a kingdom of priests and a holy nation" (Exod. 19 : 5, 6); to be unto him "for a people, and for a name, and for a praise, and for a glory." But there were some who understood their God and responded to him. They laid to heart the failure of their people, but instead of yielding to useless despondency under the plea that the individual could do nothing against the sweeping current of indifference and worldliness in the nation, they rose to the occasion, recognized their personal responsibility, and lived lives of testimony to their God. Their position was especially difficult: they stood against the influence of an unfaithful church as well as against a heathen world. Such is the position of him that overcometh in our own day: the unreality and unbelief of those who call themselves Christians is more difficult to contend with than the open opposition of the infidel or the heathen. Daniel and his three friends were of those who understood their God among the captives in Babylon. They had taken up their position in the schools of learning, and their intimacy with God made them impervious alike to the danger to which the king's favor exposed them, and the unpopularity with their heathen fellow-students which their loyalty to God must have occasioned. Living no more to themselves, but to their God, his interests, and not their own affected them; they were the living sacrifices of the Old Testament.

The enemy of souls, whose work it is always to withstand God, artfully perverted the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, which God had revealed to Daniel, and the recall and interpretation of which had made such a profound impression upon this great king. "Thou art this head of gold" had undoubtedly filled his thoughts not with the deep sense of responsibility which he ought to have experienced in such a mark of favor from the most high God, but with extravagant and sinful pride. He appropriated to himself the whole glory of what the dream represented him as a part, and caused a colossal image, probably of himself, to be made, and universally worshiped throughout his dominions.

He was determined to establish the worship of his new idol, and no one, whatever might have been their personal convictions, might be excused. This was opportunity for God's true witnesses. The dedication of the image was to be attended with the most gorgeous and splendid ceremonial. From every part of the great empire of Babylon the rulers of all ranks were commanded to come together; the musical programme was to be magnificent, and just when the immense orchestra struck up, the whole mighty concourse was to fall down and worship "the golden image which the king had set up." Such was Nebuchadnezzar's design. But an unseen hand was at work, permitting the king to go thus far that he himself might come upon the scene, and that the prayers of four young men for the king of Babylon, for the degenerate Jews, and for the mass of heathen in the empire might be answered. A fearful penalty was attached to the failure in obedience to the king's command, but the friends of Daniel, who were the friends of God, obeyed the second commandment of the law, and would not bow down to the king's idol.

This could not remain hidden. Some Chaldeans, jealous, no doubt of the government position which the foreigners had obtained, accused them to the king, saying: "These men O king, have not regarded thee: they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." And they were cited to appear before the king. Was it a moment of terror and of terrible apprehension to the men of God? We think not. They believed; and "we which have believed do enter into rest (Heb. 4 : 3). They had counted the cost, and reckoned that their God was worthy of the testimony they could give to him at any cost to themselves. And then they themselves were safer in his hands obedient to him than in the hands of any creature, though he might be an almost universal king of this world.

There they stood, perhaps in the very midst of the mighty concourse, arraigned for disloyalty to the king who had been their benefactor, and whom they had till now served faithfully. "Is it of purpose, O Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego," asked the king, "that ye serve not my gods, nor worship the gold image which I have set up?" (R.V.) And then giving them another chance, he reminded them of the awful penalty, the burning, fiery furnace, already prepared, which awaited them if they were obstinate: and added: "Who is that god that can deliver out of my hands?" It was directly challenging God, and his servants were confirmed in the position they had to take. "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful (*i. e.*, not anxious) to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king." Whatsoever happens to us is by his permission and we take it from his hand, not from thine. "But if not"—even if he should let us die, we are ready to die for his sake—"If not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Witnesses of God, they counted not their life dear unto them. His cause was in the balance, what was the suffering, however excruciating of being burned alive, in comparison with the glorious opportunity of declaring before the representatives of so many peoples and tongues that their God was indeed the living God. Nebuchadnezzar was full of fury, unused as he was to be opposed, and he commanded the furnace to be heated seven times more than it was wont. Why? He must have had a secret misgiving that God was stronger than he. But God was against him; he lost his powerful men of war, for they were slain by the fire, while the intended victims went free.

The witnesses of God were indeed "cast down bound" into the furnace; the king and the assembled company had seen it. But as the king continued looking, in the expectation of witnessing the utter destruction of those who opposed him, he saw not three men, but four, not bound, but loose, walking with ease in the midst of the fire, as though it had been their element! The most unheard of tests become our very element as soon as we see God in them (I. Peter 4 : 12, 13).

ASSYRIAN IMAGE AND SACRIFICIAL ALTAR RECENTLY EXHUMED

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

ONE of the most thrilling stories of heroism in all literature, is this of the three Hebrews. At the close of the second chapter we have the account of their elevation to office. They were appointed at the request of Daniel, when he was raised to supreme power. From the records recently discovered and deciphered, it appears that the King, returning in triumph to the City of Babylon from his campaign in the west, determined to rebuild the temple of Merodach, which had fallen into decay. This was in gratitude for his victory over Egypt and Assyria which he ascribed to the help of this God, Merodach. On one of the clay tablets Nebuchadnezzar writes: "When Merodach, the great Lord, created me a king, he commanded me to complete his holy buildings." In a later entry he writes: "For thy glory, exalted Merodach, a house have I made." This was acceptable for the city of Babylon, where Merodach was worshiped, but Nebuchadnezzar wanted more. He wished all the provinces over which he ruled to worship the same deity. But most of them were worshipers of the more ancient god, Baal, or Belus, or Bel, and were disinclined to accept a new religion. This accounts for the summons mentioned by Daniel to the rulers and chief men of the provinces, to come to Babylon to attend the dedication of the great image, and for the threat (Daniel 3: 6) by which the summons was accompanied. The image, a colossal statue, which, when raised on its pedestal, stood ninety feet high and could be seen over a circuit of twelve miles, was set up on the plain of Dura, within the limits of the city. The prophet describes it as golden, by which he probably means that, like other statues of that region, it was a wooden figure thickly plated with gold. The King appears to have spared no effort in making the ceremony of dedication an imposing one. The musical talent of the world was gathered there; and the culmination of all this pageantry was the moment when, at a given signal, the people were to prostrate themselves before the statue. That was the moment in which the king would learn whether his new subjects would obey him and forsake Bel, to worship the local divinity, Merodach. But the rebellion came from an unexpected and a most exasperating source. The three Hebrews whom he had raised to place and power at the risk of offending his own courtiers, were the men to oppose his will. No wonder that the prophet speaks of the king's "rage and fury." Where Daniel was, does not appear. It is possible that the king, being already indebted to him for the interpretation of his dream, which, as Daniel was careful to explain, was revealed to him by God, may have excused him from attending a ceremony which, as he knew, would be repugnant to him. Nebuchadnezzar could ill afford to lose a man who could interpret dreams, and he must have seen enough of Daniel to know that by no threat could he be brought to worship Merodach. It is conceivable, therefore, that Nebuchadnezzar consented to, or connived at, the prophet's absence. But his three friends could not so escape. They were thrown into the great kiln, built, it may be for the melting of the gold, or, as some think, as a crematory for the dead. The story of their miraculous deliverance is full of practical lessons.

Our God is able to deliver us. There was no doubt in the minds of the three men on that subject. Whether he would do so, was another question. About that they were not so sure. It might be that he would allow them to suffer as he has done with other brave men, who went into the fire rather than be false to him. But whether God delivered them or not they would not worship the image. A similar spirit was shown not many years ago by a martyr in China, of whom Dr. L. Leshler writes. He says: "The people of the village took away one of our best native teachers, a man of ability who had been preaching ever since his conversion, and ordered him to burn incense in their temple. When he refused they threatened him with death. Finally, they gave him his choice in blunt language; 'Either you burn incense in the temple or die.' Without a moment's hesitation he answered: 'I cannot deny Christ who died for me. I will never burn incense to an idol again so long as I live.' They took him to a steep precipice, where they cut off his head and flung his body over."

The form of the fourth is like the Son of God. Many martyrs have testified that in their last moments, they had such comfort and support, that it seemed as if Christ himself stood by them to help them. In 830 A.D., a writer records that a persecuting king was astonished at the number of Christians there still were in his dominions in spite of the fact that he had put to death every one whom he could find. One of his courtiers told him that on the very day of a certain execution, more than double the number of those put to death, were converted and that the people who witnessed the execution, declared that a strange man whom they had never seen before or since, was present with them comforting them in their suffering.

One Million Subscribers

Expecting Great Things

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has the faith to believe that there are a million families in this country who would be glad to subscribe for it were they acquainted with its surpassing worth. We further believe that all of our present subscribers are so thoroughly pleased with the paper that they would be glad to see our faith fully realized. They know the blessed influence THE CHRISTIAN HERALD exerts, for they themselves have felt it. Week after week they have scanned its beautiful pages, have read its inspiring messages, have reveled in its literary and artistic wealth, have been deeply interested, edified and instructed, and, after having read it from beginning to end, have sent it to some distant friends that they also might enjoy its perennial riches.

All Love It

Few papers published are read and reread as is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and none affords greater pleasure and delight, or makes warmer and more lasting friends. It is an indisputable fact that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has a larger percentage of renewals than any other paper, and that, from its very beginning, it has carried more permanent subscriptions than any other publication; and its subscription list is constantly increasing. Nine years ago its circulation was 31,000; to-day it is a welcome visitor in **198,000** families. But what has been done in the past is only an indication of what may be done in the future, provided we all work heartily together with a view to securing the million on which we have now set our heart.

A Financial Sacrifice

To bring this about we have determined to enlist the cordial co-operation of our friends, and ourselves to make such a financial sacrifice as will demonstrate our own sincerity in the matter. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cannot be produced at less than its regular subscription price, which is $1.50 per annum. But to interest those who cannot appreciate its beauties, simply because they do not see the paper, we have decided to accept, during the month of June, an unlimited number of Half Yearly trial subscriptions at 25 cents each, subject to the easy conditions set forth in the annexed coupons. We could not make this sacrifice but for the experience of the past that a very large percentage of our subscribers renew, and when they renew they are glad to pay the regular subscription price, because they are satisfied that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is well worth all we ask for it.

A Magnificent Record

This year THE CHRISTIAN HERALD attains its majority. It will be 21 years of age in September next. Its history is grand beyond compare. It has collected and expended **A MILLION DOLLARS IN CHARITY.** The peasants of Russia, the martyrs of Armenia, the orphans of India, the reconcentrados of Cuba, the rescued men of the Bowery, the unfortunate girls of the Bethesda Home, the ten thousand hapless waifs of the tenements, all rise up and call it blessed. God be thanked for the opportunities and the privileges which were ours in the past; and may He graciously continue to pour out His blessing upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, its editors and proprietor and its readers, and make us one and all increasingly useful in His service.

Time Extended to July 31st

To enable our friends to make one long, determined and successful effort to double our subscription list, we hereby extend the date for sending in coupon subscriptions to July 31, 1899, and

To every person who sends us six coupon subscriptions terminating Jan. 1, 1900, at twenty-five cents each, we will send, all charges prepaid, and **absolutely free** of all expense, a **Red Letter New Testament,** printed from new type, bound in **divinity circuit,** red under gold edges, with book mark, worth $1.50. For Genuine Leather and Gold Thumb Index send twenty-five cents extra.

This New Testament, specially designed by the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and copyrighted by him, contains the authorized version, printed in black, except that **every word recorded therein as having been spoken by our Lord is printed in red.** As the Sunday School lessons for eighteen consecutive months, from January 1st, next, concern themselves with the life of our Saviour and are all taken from the New Testament, this Testament, now in press, will prove invaluable to all Sunday School workers and scholars. The names of all who send in six coupon subscriptions will be printed in the **Roll of Honor** mentioned in the last paragraph on this page.

The Best Home Paper

But, in addition to these great monumental charities, there is the mission of blessedness and usefulness of the paper itself which results in light, cheer, hope and happiness in the home circle. And it is this which we now wish to extend. We are engaged in a great Home Missionary effort. You can help us. We know you will help us, and thus have part and parcel in all the good which, under divine blessing, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD shall accomplish in years to come.

We Look to Our Friends

Let us begin this work by doubling the present number of its subscribers. While this is a great undertaking, an unprecedented task, it is nevertheless an easy one, for it means just one new subscriber for each and every one now on our list. Surely every subscriber can do this, and we believe you will do **your** share, while we will gladly do everything within our power to help you.

How to Do It

Our plan is as follows: On the following page you will find six coupons. Please tear them apart at the perforated lines, then distribute them among such of your Church and Sunday School friends as will be likely to subscribe. They will thank you for doing so. Explain to them the beauties, the riches, the great attractiveness of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and urge them to give it a trial. Tell them that **each coupon saves half a dollar** on this semi-yearly trial subscription, and you will be surprised how quickly they will avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity thus offered. If six coupons are not enough for your purpose, write us and we will send you as many more as you may require, absolutely free of all charge. Do not forget, however, that the coupons are good only until July 31, and must not be mailed after that date.

Your One Opportunity

Or, if you prefer, you may make a regular canvass among your friends and solicit, by mail or in person, their subscription at our regular price—75 cents for six months. Then retain half a dollar from each subscription and send us a coupon and 25 cents in cash. Thus, while doing good by spreading the glorious influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, you are actually benefiting yourself. As a further inducement, we make the following extraordinarily liberal proposition:

Red Letter New Testament Free

Every person who sends us, during the month of July, six coupon subscriptions, at twenty-five cents each, will receive one of the beautifully bound Testaments, worth $1.50, described in the centre of this page, and the **names of all who are entitled to one of these Red Letter New Testaments will be published in**

Our Roll of Honor

which will appear from week to week in alphabetical order in the columns of "The Christian Herald." Here is an opportunity for **everybody.** Every man, every woman, and every child may win a Red Letter New Testament, worth $1.50, by sending in six coupon subscriptions at 25 cents each, and thus helping us get our million subscribers.

All new coupon subscriptions sent in during July will begin with this number and end January 1st, 1900. Please bear this in mind.

Ellis Mapleson

To Our Subscribers

At the present time new subscriptions, under our unprecedented Coupon offer, are coming in at a rate exceeding even that. Our subscribers are doing nobly, and many of them are asking for **additional coupons** and **additional time.** In response to these requests we venture to send out another consignment herewith, and we take advantage of this opportunity to say a few words of encouragement to those who know the value of **The Christian Herald,** and who, with us, are interested in the distribution of good, healthy literature.

The monoply of large circulations need not, in a Christian community, be necessarily accorded to secular papers, and there is no valid reason why a clean, beautifully illustrated, carefully edited, well-printed journal like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should not stand in the front rank or, even, take the lead. Several of the popular magazines of the day are nearing the million mark. Why should we not have our million? We represent the best Cause in the world! With a million subscribers we could do more for this cause in this country than any other known agency.

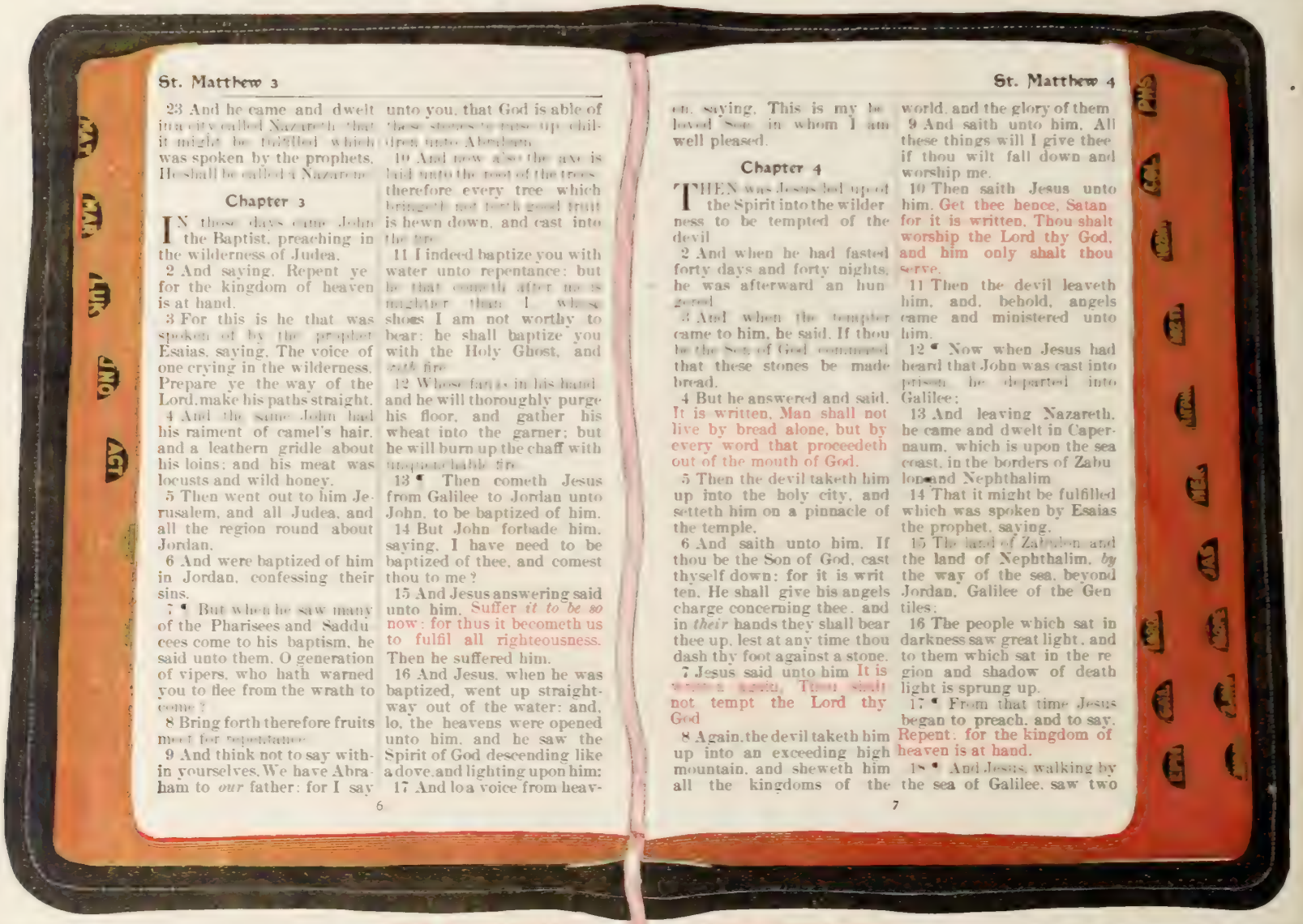
This nation can work wonders. It can be the means of converting the whole world. The eyes of other nations are upon it as at no previous time in its history. If it upholds the Banner of the Cross its beneficent influence will be felt to the very ends of the earth. A larger circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contribute to this result, and the present movement is, consequently, in the right direction. The friends we are now putting on our list will soon appreciate the fact that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is indeed what has long been claimed for it, the brightest and best family paper in the world, and that it is cheaper at any price than many other publications which they must hesitate to introduce into their homes. In due time they will feel in their hearts the effect of the soul-inspiring messages from all parts of the earth, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD voices each week, and before long their interest will be thoroughly aroused in behalf of the Master's cause, and their active cooperation secured for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

This is a glorious opportunity, and we appeal with great confidence to the many friends whose letters of hearty encouragement have cheered us in this aggressive campaign, and who have already sent us over 45,000 new subscribers within the last thirty days, to make one more united effort to increase this magnificent result so that a full round one hundred thousand may be added to our list.

* * *

Then let the Doxology be sung, for the greatest victory religious journalism has ever achieved will be an accomplished fact, and conditions will be favorable for giving the Twentieth Century at its very start an impetus of religious education that will be felt from A. D. 1901 to 1999, when stronger hands and abler minds may, under Divine blessing, succeed in building up a circulation of ten millions, and thus prepare, on a larger and more effective scale, and among generations yet unborn, the way for the coming of our Lord.

THIS PICTURE REPRESENTS THE EXACT SIZE OF BOOK, OF PAGE AND OF TYPE


St. Matthew 3
23 And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene.
Chapter 3
IN those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea,
2 And saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.
3 For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.
4 And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.
5 Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan,
6 And were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.
7 ¶ But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?
8 Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance:
9 And think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to *our* father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham.
10 And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.
11 I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire:
12 Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.
13 ¶ Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.
14 But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?
15 And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer *it to be so* now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.
16 And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him:
17 And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.
6
St. Matthew 4
Chapter 4
THEN was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.
2 And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered.
3 And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.
4 But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.
5 Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple,
6 And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in *their* hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.
7 Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.
8 Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;
9 And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.
10 Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.
11 Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.
12 ¶ Now when Jesus had heard that John was cast into prison, he departed into Galilee;
13 And leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim:
14 That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying,
15 The land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthalim, *by* the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles;
16 The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.
17 ¶ From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.
18 ¶ And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two
7

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About June Coupon Subscriptions

All who have already sent in six coupon subscribers, and who therefore are now entitled to one of the Red Letter New Testaments, will please send their own names and addresses, and the names and addresses of the six subscribers sent in by them, and such subscriptions will be credited to them and they will receive a Red Letter New Testament **just as though this offer had been made before they commenced work.**

All who sent one or more subscribers during June may now increase the number to six and get credit for those already sent.

When you write about subscriptions sent in during the month of June, **please do not enclose any new subscriptions with that communication,** nor any other business letter, as this mail will be handled in a separate department. Write on the outside left-hand lower corner of the envelope, "Concerning June Subscriptions," and enclose nothing but that particular communication.

Ten Thousand Thanks

We did not think that we could afford to make the adjoining generous offer, but our friends have been so kind and so helpful that we feel impelled to manifest our appreciation of their hearty cooperation in some practical manner. It seems almost incredible that there should be so many kind and unselfish people in the world who, without hope of fee or reward, would work so heartily and so cheerfully, and it does our heart good to embrace this opportunity of publicly acknowledging how deeply we feel indebted to them. May God richly bless and prosper one and all, and multiply in their own experience all the good they had in their hearts to accomplish when, without the slightest expectation of compensation, they undertook to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD into tens of thousands of new homes.

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Spain Sells Her Islands

ALMOST the last remnant of Spain's colonial empire has now been surrendered. Being without a navy, and being in sore need of money, the Spanish government has acted wisely in selling to Germany three distant groups of islands for five million dollars. The sale consists of the Caroline Islands, the Pelews and the Ladrones, with the exception of Guam, which is the largest and most southern of the group. This island was not included because it had already been ceded to the United States under the treaty of peace. The islands thus acquired by Germany, lie north of the equator and about a thousand miles east of the Philippine Islands. There are more than five hundred of them in all, scattered over an extent of hundreds of miles, and having an aggregate area of about six hundred square miles. Some of the islands are uninhabited, but on the others there is a total population of about forty thousand persons. Germany has long desired to acquire these islands, and about fourteen years ago, attempted to take possession of them, but Spain disputed the claim, and the question was finally submitted to the arbitration of the Pope, who decided in favor of Spain, but giving Germany preferred rights in commercial relations. The transfer has an interest for us, from the fact that all the civilization the inhabitants have, is the result of the labors of American missionaries. The American Board sent three missionaries there in 1852, who found the people practically savages. Few of them wore any clothing, and none of them had heard of Christianity. Their contact with the white men had served only further to degrade them, through drunkenness and other vices. The missionaries were much discouraged, but they toiled on in patience and faith. The Sunday School children of the United States subscribed and bought a vessel for them, which was named the *Morning Star*, in which they could visit other islands of the archipelago. Gradually success attended their labors, and there are now forty-nine churches with an aggregate membership of 5,313. The missionaries cherished the hope that the Carolines, like the Philippines, might have been ceded to the United States; but they are glad that, at least, they will no longer be under the Spanish flag, but will be ruled by a Protestant nation. Their gratification will doubtless be shared by the people, for it is now as it was in the days of Solomon:

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn (Prov. 29. 2).

A Son's Discovery

A curious case, all the facts in which are not disclosed, was tried in Jersey City, N. J., a few days ago. It was the suit of a young man to establish his identity and to prove his sanity. In giving evidence in his own behalf, the young man said that he had lived, ever since he could remember, with a family in the suburbs of Jersey City, and he had supposed that he was a member of the family until recently. There was one room in the house which he was forbidden to enter. But one day it was unlocked and he went in. He looked around to find out why he was excluded from the room, and made a search of it. He found some papers which he was convinced referred to him, showing that the couple whom he had always regarded as his parents, were not related to him at all, but had adopted him in his infancy when his real parents died. He also learned that his father had left him a small fortune. When he sought to establish his identity, questions were raised as to his sanity, but the New Jersey Court has declared him sane and has awarded to him the fortune he claimed. It is much to be wished that when people hear that they may be acknowledged sons of God, and heirs of an eternal inheritance, they would make as much effort as this young man did to establish their title and secure the inheritance.

Let us fear therefore lest haply a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to have come short of it (Heb. 4 1).

Compromise in Samoa

The Commissioners sent to Samoa by the United States, Great Britain and Germany to settle the disputed claims of kingship, appear to have reached a satisfactory settlement. A brief dispatch to Washington outlines its main provisions. After hearing all the facts, they decided to endorse the decision of Chief Justice Chambers, awarding the kingship to Malietoa Tanu. He was, however, induced to abdicate and both he and his rival, Mataafa, have disarmed their followers. Tanu surrendered two thousand rifles to the commissioners, and Mataafa turned in nearly the same number. The Kingship is to be abolished and the island is to be under a governor, assisted by a Legislative Council, composed of the consuls of the three powers, and a native House of Representatives. The dispatch does not state how the governor is to be selected, but from another source it is learned that the commissioners will recommend that Dr. Solf, the representative of Germany, be appointed to occupy the office temporarily. General satisfaction is expressed at Washington over the arrangement, and we may hope, from the fact that the arms have been surrendered on both sides, that the Samoans are content with it. The Commissioners appear to have been more successful than could have been hoped. It must have been no easy matter to induce both the rival claimants to the throne to resign and agree to the abolition of royalty. They would not have been so successful if they had been dealing with a European king-

SCENE IN THE CAROLINES, SHOWING PUNCTURED STONES USED AS MONEY

dom; but the time is coming when even there such renunciation will be witnessed and the vision of universal abdication will be fulfilled which John saw in Patmos:

They worship him that liveth for ever and ever and cast their crowns before the throne, saying, thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power (Rev. 4: 10 11).

A Thief Betrayed

An American tourist tells an amusing story of his experience with the French police. He is now visiting Paris and during his stay has been annoyed by thefts of money. Bank notes and coin if left in his rooms at the hotel systematically disappeared. His efforts to trace the money, or to catch the thief, failing, he applied to the police. A detective visited his rooms and hearing what had occurred adopted a stratagem to detect the thief. A few coins were put in a metal case, such as is commonly used in Paris for holding money. In order to withdraw the coins it is necessary to hold the case upside down. At the bottom of the case, which was laid on an incline, he put a few drops of a chemical mixture, containing pieric acid and fuschine, which leaves an indelible yellow stain on anything it touches. Within an hour the coins were missing and he summoned all the servants before him. The valet's fingers betrayed him and, being caught yellow-handed, he saw the futility of denying his guilt and was locked up. It was a clever scheme for making the guilt of the criminal self-evident. Who can tell if God has not arranged in some way that all sin shall similarly leave its stain which nothing but the blood of Christ can remove?

For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me saith the Lord God (Jer. 2: 22).

An Involuntary Journey

There was a chagrined passenger on the steamer which left New York, on June 23, for Boston, Mass. The boat had pulled out of her dock into mid-stream, when a man rushed wildly out of the cabin, and seeking the captain, begged him to let him get off. The captain said it was impossible. The man tried to throw himself over the side, but was held back. He said he was a hack-driver and had brought a lady to the steamer in his vehicle. As time was pressing, he carried her baggage on board for her, and went with her to her cabin, leaving his horse and vehicle on the dock. He wanted his fare, but the lady could not find her pocket-book for some minutes. He waited while she searched for it, and when at last it was found, and he was paid and came up on deck, the steamer was on its way. The captain asked him if he had not heard the warning whistle, and the shouts for all to go ashore who did not want to sail. The hack-driver admitted that he had, but thought he would have time. Now, his horse and vehicle were on the dock, and might get stolen, and he would lose two days and his fare back from Boston. He would soon get back, but there is a journey which people who disregard warnings are liable to make, from which there is no return:

He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy (Prov. 29: 1).

A Vacillating Suitor

The Chicago journals announce a marriage which is said to have been long under consideration. The bridegroom is a business man whose duties take him out of town at frequent intervals, but whenever he was in Chicago he was a regular visitor at a house where a young lady lived to whom he was obviously attached. She had other admirers and this young man was conscious that their position was superior to his own. During a recent journey the determination to end his suspense was gradually formed. He wrote from St. Louis a formal proposal of marriage and fearing that he would again lose heart, he went out and mailed it in the nearest letter-box. Then he felt that he had been precipitate. He wired to the young lady that he had mailed "the wrong letter" and asked her not to open it, but save it to give to him on his return. But that evening a telegram came from the lady, in which she said: "No, you mailed the right letter. It was about time." No reply could have given him greater pleasure and he lost no time in returning and making arrangements for the marriage. If he had only known that the young lady loved him and would accept him his proposal would have been made long before. He is not the first lover whose doubts have kept back the words he longed to speak and which would have been gladly welcomed. Sometimes men are held back from God in the same way, fearing that they were not worthy to approach him. To all such, Christ gives the assurance that should give courage:

I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you; for the Father himself loveth you (John 16: 26).

Entombed For Three Days

News comes from Wilkesbarre, Pa., of the rescue of a miner who has been over three days and nights in a living tomb. He was in the breast of a mine belonging to the Kingston Coal Company when there occurred what the miners call "a rush of coal." He was shut off from the gallery and at first it was supposed that he had been crushed by the hundreds of tons of coal which had fallen. There was, however, a possibility of his being in a chamber of the workings when the coal fell and so to have escaped injury. Men were set at once to cut a passage through the debris. They worked day and night and at the end of forty-eight hours they were cheered by hearing shouts from the other side. The man was alive and knew that an effort was being made to reach him. They all shouted together to encourage him, and went to work with redoubled energy. It took seventy-six hours to cut a hole through large enough for him to crawl through. When he came out he was weak for want of food, for he had tasted neither food nor water since the coal fell. Seldom has such a scene been witnessed as that when the rescuers stood around the man they had saved and shook hands with him, as he thanked them for their efforts. Food and water were given to him cautiously, and when he was sufficiently restored to walk he went home, where he found his mother on her knees praying for his deliverance. Such a scene helps us to understand the scene Christ described when the angels rejoice over the rescue of a sinner from eternal death.

Likewise I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth (Luke 15: 10).

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
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Associate Editors.

The Christian Herald

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Letters

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Nation Christian

WE desire to acknowledge the receipt of a very large number of letters, from every section of the Union, thanking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the publication, in a recent issue, of the voluntary testimonies of the leading men of our nation, in evidence of the fact that ours is a Christian land, and that the most distinguished Americans now living are believers and humble followers of Jesus of Nazareth. Many of the letters are effusive in their commendation of the symposium, and all unite in regarding it as the most remarkable exposition of a nation's Christianity that could possibly have been made.

It is at any time a great privilege to confess Christ, and especially so at a time when the air is filled with the loud claims of the infidel, the sceptic, the agnostic and the scoffer. It has been the mission of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to expose the hollowness of those claims, so far as they presume to represent—or misrepresent—the most sacred beliefs of the American people. Never again, in our own day and generation at least, and let us hope never again while the Republic endures, shall it be asserted without contradiction that America is Godless, that its leaders are tainted with infidelity and that the doctrines taught by Jesus Christ have neither recognition nor influence in its national policies.

The Power to Stop

THE sudden death of ex-Governor Flower illustrates an American tendency. The business man in this country treats himself like a machine run by electricity; as though there were no end to his intellectual and physical resources; as though he had only to make attachment after attachment to his electrical centre, and could enlarge himself indefinitely.

The great Scotchman, Carnegie, has a different conception. He has begun to administer on his resources; to distribute his responsibilities, and to get rid of the strain which must be upon every multimillionaire. He has converted himself into a philanthropist. It will make his life easier and longer. Many will rise up and call him blessed, long after he is sleeping with his fathers. The Scotchman is the wiser man. He has begun to unload. It is entirely probable, that had this been the policy of ex-Governor Flower, it would have added many years to his life. The constant running of carwheels disintegrates them, iron as they are. The water wears away the stone. The man's brain, if pressed too hard, bursts a blood-vessel, and the end comes.

A gentleman, whose son has come to an early competence, has sent word to his father, now nearly seventy years old, to give up work, and take the rest of his life easily; recreate, travel abroad, get ready for his great exchange. And he is going to do it. A dutiful son; a sensible father. It was on the topmost wave of a magnificent oration, that that splendid man, William Windom, was arrested by the messenger of death. It is more and more the American way. The American can not stop till there is an explosion or a break-down.

The Up-to-Date Farmer

THE up-to-date farmer takes the agricultural paper; reads the editorial columns, the contributors' columns, the advertisements; especially the advertisements. For the world of machinery is on the move; the agricultural world also. What are the improvements in plows, harrows, planters? What is the best stock of horses for farm work? Horses? I remember well the first time I ever saw a breed of Percheron horses, that were as strong and patient as oxen; whose work was as steady as the movements of the spheres; reminding one of what is said by the Psalmist, "that there be no breaking in, nor going out, that there be no complaining in our streets. Happy is that people that is such a case." These imported horses seemed to answer both for horse and ox. All was perfectly easy and beautiful. Watch them as they were attached to loaded wains. They required no driving or urging, but encountered their conditions with the composure of great strength.

Vermont horses, Kentucky horses, are evidently for speed. These horses were "strong to labor"; to attach to plows when the earth was to be broken up, when there was to be subsoiling. And you could trust them every time. Farm horses! Not roadsters, not racehorses; but to the farm, great four-legged helpers, that glorified their Maker, in doing with their might, what their owners found for them to do. They were civilizers, too. They taught their owners steadiness and patience, and evenness of temper. Great, noble creatures! Well, the up-to-date farmer knows about them, and all other farming improvements.

The Regeneration of China

IF China should really be broken up by the great nations, there is no exaggerating the importance to America and the world's civilization of our presence in the Philippine Islands. Only a few hundred miles from Hong Kong, we must be counted a factor in the situation. Or if England should return to her earlier historic attitude toward the weaker nations; if she should send her ships and her guns no longer to enforce the traffic in opium, but to see that the Orient has an opportunity to develop a new civilization; we may well cooperate with her. That China has new intellectual and moral possibilities before her, we cannot question. That her sleep of the ages is to be broken up; that her millions are to rise to some true apprehension of what belongs to a nation; of what individual manhood means; that she is to have schools of the Occidental type; a religion that brings her people into living connection with the influence of the eternal world, we surely believe. Just how it is to be accomplished, and what part the great Christian nations are to have in this work, no mortal can predict. That the presence of America on the Philippine Islands is of significance in the problem of China's destiny, it becomes us, also, to believe and to be prepared for the event. If an open door is kept, doubtless, He will come in, whom God has made a Leader and Commander of the people.

The Contents of the Pistol Pocket

THE man who goes armed has a special facility to get into trouble. We remember a gentleman who, as he exhibited his pocket-pistol, said: "I take insults from no man." We said in reply: "Do you not think a man armed is more likely to insult other men?" He thought a moment and then said: "That is a question which I never considered." There is no doubt that the man who has a weapon carries it on the contingency that he may want to use it, and that its presence may betray him into ungentlemanly or intemperate speech. The law is a wise one that punishes the man who carries concealed weapons. When the time comes that a man who sells, purchases, or carries a pistol on his person is required to procure a license, there will be fewer cases of accident, manslaughter and murder. Drunken men, children and fools, people looking for trouble and willing to make it should have no access to such weapons, should be arrested and disarmed, should be suitably punished whenever they are found on their person. The Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill!" For what do men carry concealed weapons, but to meet contingencies, when they may be tempted by drink or passion or madness to break this commandment of the Decalogue?

The Well of Christian Comfort

THERE are a good many new ways of comforting. Your father dies. Your neighbor comes in and he says, "It is only a natural law that your father should die. The machinery is nearly worn out;" and before he leaves you, he makes some other excellent remarks about the coagulation of blood, and the difference between respiratory and nitrogenized food. Your child dies, and your philosophic neighbor comes, and for your soothing tells you that it was impossible the child should live with such a state of mucous membrane! Out with your chemistry and physiology when I have trouble, and give me a plain New Testament! I would rather have an illiterate man from the backwoods who knows Christ talk with me when I am in trouble than the profoundest worldling who does not know him.

The Gospel, without telling you anything about mucous membrane or gastric juice or hydrochloric acid, comes and says, "All things work together for good to those who love God," and that if your child is gone, it is only because Jesus has folded it in his arms, and that the judgment day will explain things that are now inexplicable. Oh! let us dig out this gospel well of comfort. Take away the stoicism and fatality with which you have been trying to fill it. Drive up the great herd of your cares and anxieties, and stop their bleating in this cool fountain.

To-Night Build Your Altar

TAKE the family Bible lying on the parlor-table. Call together as many of your family as may be awake. Read a chapter, and then, if you can think of nothing else besides the Lord's prayer, say that. That will do. Heaven will have begun in your house. You can put your head on your pillow feeling that, whether you wake up in this world or the next, all is well. In that ponderous Book of the Judgment, where is recorded all the important events of the earth, you will read at last the statement that this was the day when salvation came into your house.

BRIEF NOTES

temperance. Thirty of them are total abstainers

increase of native newspapers. During the past four years the number has grown from nineteen to over seventy.

Boston, it was stated that the total all countries is now upward of

missionary in India, declared that in natives this year there are more Bibles of any other book.

run from sixteen churches in London to the city hospitals. Fifty patients in each were thus enabled to hear the services.

in the cause of Methodism were wo cessful, died recently at the age of ninety-two years. He was a native of Stuttgart.

that it has distributed over sixty-four million volumes of Scripture, in a hundred languages, and maintains about four hundred colporteurs in foreign lands alone.

It is with regret that we hear of Dr. W. E. Moore, Permanent Clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly. He was a sympathies whose influence was of kind and he will be sadly missed.

ty to celebrate the incoming of the twentieth century by the erection of a memorial cross in every church and the lighting of a huge bonfire. The latter idea seems better fitted for Parsees than Christians.

It is proposed to establish a home in Sevres for ex-priests. Six more priests in tion is urgently needed.

Dr. James H. Pettee, the famous American Board missionary in Japan, who is now home on furlough, says that there are now about forty thousand Protestant church members in the island empire. It is an ominous fact that three-fourths of the students in the public colleges are avowed atheists.

aging report of the progress of the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman and other eminent speakers took part in the proceedings.

The prediction that there would be a union between Unitarians and Reformed Jews appears likely to fail. At a recent Unitarian assembly in Boston, Rabbi Fleischer, who spoke, made it clear that not the most liberal of Jews would hold fellowship with any man who regarded Jesus Christ as a great teacher of ethics and religion.

progress of temperance in the Congregational churches of England. The statistics he has collected show that while in 1886 the total abstainers among the ministers were 34 per cent., they are in this year 84. Of the 280 students in colleges preparing for the ministry, 264 are total abstainers.

edges the gifts of our readers for Lincoln Memorial University. He has recently visited the Institution and found it doing excellent work. This year's enrollment is 235 students. During July and of the teaching force in the neighboring counties.

News comes from Honolulu that the Hawaiian Missionary Board proposes to take a hand in the evangelization of the Philippines and has already appropriated $10,000 for the purpose. Our new Territory could not have taken a better way of proving its fitness for annexation. Two Hawaiians accompanied the first American missionaries to the Caroline Islands in 1852.

At Central Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass., the pastor asked the ladies, as a personal favor to himself, to remove their hats at the services. Now there is scarcely a lady in the church who wears her hat there, and the change is very popular. The only persons, it is said, who do not like it are those who miss the opportunity of studying millinery while the pastor is preaching.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson has had occasion to complain of wicked white men whose evil lusts have done irreparable harm among the natives of Alaska. Some of the men whom he has antagonized have taken advantage of his being absent on Government service to stir up unsuspicious persons to attack him. No notice should be taken of these reports. Dr. Jackson's character and services are above suspicion.

A valuable document has been found in the famous library of the Lawra cloister in Mt. Athos, which is the chief storehouse of old library treasures in the possession of the Orthodox Greek Church. It is a critical work of the tenth century, giving a variety of notes, marks and annotations on the text of the New Testament. The author used an edition of the sixth century, which makes

Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its organization, in 1904. It is proposed, by a vote of the church, during the interval to raise two hundred thousand dollars, to pay off a mortgage, and erect a new church building, which shall be ready for occupancy in October 1904. Dr. A. C. Dixon, the pastor, is anxious that the new edifice shall include a large auditorium for inter-denominational services.

Evangelists McGregor and Gorman have been holding meetings at Eagle Harbor, Washington, which have been attended with remarkable blessing. Previously they had conducted services at Seattle and at Port Angeles, in the same State, at which large numbers of young and old were led to make profession of faith. The evangelists say that there are evidences of an unprecedented desire to hear the Gospel, and ask the prayers of our readers for a great revival in the new State.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

The Children's Fourth

How it is Observed — A Pious and Patriotic Holiday—A Blessed Promise

NOTHING promises better for our country's future than the education which public and private schools, churches and missions, social and religious settlements throughout the land are giving American children in matters of national history and civics. A trained, intelligent patriotism is the pledge not only of protection from foes without, but of good government within; and "God, home and country," should be ever the watchword of a pious patriotism.

July the Fourth, our glorious Independence Day, is one of the occasions upon which children of the republic are taught such lessons in ways too pretty and pleasing to be foregone or forgotten; small people have their fireworks, and:

> All streets and lanes are full
> Of happy girls and boys,
> And evening skies glow red
> With their reflected joys.

In addition to these demonstrations, quiet, deep lessons are taught. Less than seventy years ago, our national hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," was unwritten. The first time it was ever sung was at a children's Fourth of July celebration at Park Street Church, Boston. Now, hundreds of thousands of children's voices, North, South, East and West, peal forth every Independence Day, its noble words and hundreds of thousands of little hands are lifted in unison in the "Salute to the Flag." You will hardly find a child who does not know "the salute."

Let us go on teaching our children to sing on all national holidays, "Protect us by Thy Might, great God, our King;" and their pretty song associating our flag with God's stars and sky; and when they are men and women they will be an army of reform, strong in the belief that that flag should float above an absolutely pure government for temperance, righteousness and truth.

Our picture shows how the children's classes in a gymnasium in New York City gather to their hall on national holidays, that they may one and all unite in patriotic songs and exercises. When they enter, each comes with a little folded flag; when the big flag is run up, they rise, the salute is given, and the pretty flag song sung, while their own flags unfurled wave, a radiant cloud of red, white and blue above golden, black and brown heads.

Julia Ward Howe's programme for a Christian Fourth, as outlined by the author of "Battle Hymn of the Republic," for the benefit of all ages, will be interesting to our readers, old and young:

On the evening of the third: quiet gatherings in halls and churches, in which the true love of country should be explained and illustrated. The morning of the Fourth to be ushered in by martial music, and a military display sufficient to recall the services of the brave men who gave our fathers liberty. At ten o'clock orations in various public buildings, the ablest speakers of the commonwealth doing their best to impart the lesson of the day. At one, a Spartan feast, wholesome and simple, no liquor to be served thereat, and none to be sold during the day.

From twelve to half-past four exercises for the children of the public schools, examinations of classes in American history, prizes given for essays on historical and patriotic subjects. Later, a gathering in public gardens, and a tea with fruits and flowers served for the children of the city. In the evening, the singing of national anthems, tableaux, fireworks, and, in some form, a pastoral benediction. To these exercises, I would add the signing of a pledge of good citizenship.

♣

Physical Culture for Children

Children of the rural districts, who climb trees, slide down straw-stacks, tend cows, work gardens, hop, skip, run and jump with room in plenty, are not so dependent as city children upon such physical culture exercises as are given in gymnasiums. Yet, without doubt, they derive profit from them. Broad chests, strong backs, active limbs, are great aids in a successful battle with life. Well trained "gym" girls are not apt to develop into weak and ailing women; their chances of becoming strong and capable mothers and housewives are as greatly increased by physical culture as are their chances of intellectual proficiency by mental culture. Appreciating this fact, public schools, Young Men's Christian Association buildings, and various institutions created for purposes of educational improvement and social recreation, are provided with well-lighted gymnasiums where, under competent teachers, children, clad in strong, loose garments, are put through a drill that develops chest, heart, lungs, and every muscle of the body. It has been demonstrated here and in Europe that physical culture, wisely directed, improves the morals of a community of children. Good health is a remedy for fretfulness and other ills.

FLAG-DRILL IN THE GYMNASIUM OF AN UP-TOWN PUBLIC SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

♣

When duty calls I must obey,
Nor can I have another way—
He owns my life! To him I owe
My highest service to bestow.
For him and his I gladly go.

Harrisburg, Pa. B. B. G.

♣

A Marsh-Hawk's Babies

Speaking of the parental instinct in feathered and four footed creatures, Mr. Heaton tells this story of the marsh-hawk, which is one of the interesting features of the prairie, seldom coming near the farm stead, but flying up and down the swales, catching mice and mischievous ground-squirrels:

In my woods-pastures, where here and there are open spaces carpeted with native grasses, a pair of these hawks had built their rude nest, as is their habit, on the ground and the young were about two weeks old. A neighbor on the watch for hawks shot the mother. I told him that these birds were not those raiding his poultry, explaining by what marks he could distinguish the two species. He therefore spared the male, and a more faithful provider than this hawk I never saw. In the morning he was busy as soon as it was light, and when I went for the cows in the evening he was still on the wing. He became dreadfully thin and weak of wing, but he was successful in raising his brood.

♣

Guiding Childish Activity

Let us so fill our children's lives with wholesome, righteous habits and happy activities that there will be no room for sad and evil ones. "Don't do this, Tom," "Stop that, Mary," is a short way of putting an end to the naughty or disagreeable thing the children may be doing at the time, but unless we divert their thoughts and energies, the next thing may be equally or more disturbing. The better way is to exercise your patience in directing childish interest and energy into more happy channels. The power in a steam engine can work death and destruction, or carry hundreds of people and tons of merchandise safely to their destination, according to the intelligence of the engineer at the throttle. The child is like the engine—his activity the motive power and you the engineer. It is not enough to keep habit off the wrong track; you must keep it on the right one.

An Historic Lamp

THIS quaint little picture brings to mind all the stories we have read of the first inauguration of our first President. Not having inaugurated a President before, we did not know just how we wanted to do it. The Senate was still discussing the question as to whether it should sit or stand to greet the President-elect when the House of Representatives, led by the Speaker, marched in and Washington was announced. As he entered, simply attired in a dark brown suit and white silk hose, all American make, with a plain sword at his side, everybody rose as by common impulse and remained standing. Chancellor Livingstone administered the oath of office, the young President of a new nation saying fervently, "I swear, so help me God!" He, like his people, was not used to inaugurations, and he was awkward in reading his speech.

WASHINGTON'S LAMP

This lamp may have been taken from the family carriage in which Washington set out from Mount Vernon on his journey to New York city, the then Capitol, to assume his position as the nation's Executive. To defray the expenses of that journey, a recent history says his mother lent him $600, and that one of his last acts before his departure was to take her in his arms and kiss her. The account sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with the picture, says:

This is a photograph of one of the lamps taken from the carriage of George Washington when he was President, in 1789. The lamp belongs to Nathaniel Polan of Elenor, Clermont Co., O., who is over 100 years old. His father purchased it of Washington, and at his death it became the property of Nathaniel.

♣

Gentleness

It was Fred's birthday, and, when he woke in the morning, he found many gifts on the table at his bedside. He was as happy as a boy could be—so happy that he forgot how he had grieved his mamma by being cross the day before. She came in, sat down beside him, kissed him and gave him good wishes. Then she said softly, putting a sealed envelope in his hand: "Read it." He opened it and saw these words: "Ask God, my darling, for the best birthday gift of all—Gentleness."

♣

Children's Hymn

East and North and South and West,
Little children sing:
"O'er our country, it is best,
Christ should rule as King.'

"O, make us strong for victory,
O'er every form of sin.
And then, indeed, we shall be free,
The world for Christ to win!"

GEORGE HAGUE

THE : : : UNEXPECTED

Or, Aunt Jane's Fresh Air Experiment, and how it Resulted

... By HELEN HALL FARLEY ...

CHAPTER V

"Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child-heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry."

DUNCAN, the seven year old, was the brightest of the six children. He was not a handsome child nor quick to make friends. There was an aggressive look about him when he first came that repelled rather than attracted, but it made Miss Temple all the more desirous of winning his affection. Sometimes the look in the intelligent blue grey eyes seemed defiant.

"Poor little laddie, he has been shamefully abused—I'm sure of that, was Miss Temple's mental comment, and she was right. One day he cut his fingers severely and he scowled to keep back the tears that threatened to come. Miss Temple bathed and plastered and bound up the wound.

"Well, dear little man, it is all right now."

She was astonished to see his mouth quiver and tears rush to his eyes.

"What is it my boy? Does it hurt worse than it did?" she asked anxiously.

He shook his head.

"You make me think of my mother—you do," he said, struggling to keep back the tears, "That's the way she stroked my hair. I've been lonesome without my mother—I have."

In a moment Miss Temple's arms were around him and his head was pillowed on her breast, her tears mingling with his.

And thus Duncan was won.

Two beautiful weeks of love and joy, rest and peace amidst blooming flowers and sweetest fragrance and delightful sounds rolled on.

The children were all out of doors.

Miss Temple was sewing on the piazza, for she found plenty of use for thread and needles nowadays. Suddenly Bennie approached, followed closely by Sylvia. The little fellow's face was strangely excited and he trembled as if with a chill.

"Me don't 'ant to go away, me 'ants to stay wid 'ou," he cried out and then hid his face in Miss Temple's lap and sobbed aloud.

"What is he talking about, Sylvia? What is the matter with him?" questioned Miss Temple.

"He's 'fraid" said Sylvia, "an' so am I," her dark eyes showing fear.

"Afraid! What are you and Bennie afraid of?"

"The man has come," she said crying.

"What man?"

"Mr. Chester."

"Who is he?"

"He brought us here, on the cars, you know,"

"Isn't he a good man?"—wonderingly.

"Oh, yes ma'am, he's very good an' kind."

"Then why are you and Bennie afraid of him?"

"We aint 'fraid of him, but I guess he's come for us, an' we don't want to go back yet to the city—not yet—oh, dear Miss Temple—not yet."

Yes, Mr. Chester had come for them—he was coming up the walk now with Bartholomew. Miss Temple, catching a glimpse of him, urged Bennie and Sylvia to go and find Sally, who would give them some fresh seed cakes.

"Aunt Jane," cried Bartholomew, coming up the steps with the stranger, "this is Mr. Chester; he is gathering up the 'Fresh Air' children. I've told him ours aren't ready to go yet."

Miss Temple shook hands with Mr. Chester.

"No," said she, after giving the guest a comfortable chair. "We have taken our guests for three weeks. I suppose you have no objections to our keeping them that length of time."

"On the contrary, I am delighted, and I want to thank you."

"It is but a little thing to do," she replied; "to share one's home for a short time with these homeless little folks."

"I wish the Lord's people everywhere would look upon it in that light." They had a pleasant chat while Mr. Chester partook of some light refreshments brought out by Peggy, after which Miss Temple made some close inquiries in regard to the homes of the six children.

"No one could possibly call them homes," Mr. Chester said. "They are all orphans. Tom and Bennie lived in a dark, damp cellar with only one small window. The little crippled girl's shelter was with an aunt who abused her shamefully, beating her and almost starving her, so Miss Gilbert found out. The two little sisters have had a rude abiding-place with an old woman who is a rag-picker. Their mother was a hair-dresser, quite well-to-do at one time, but it is the old, old story of drink and poverty. When she died, there was nothing for the little ones. Duncan's mother was a good, pure woman and was devotedly attached to her boy, but she is dead. The boy has been living with an uncle, who is a drunkard."

Miss Temple had listened to the painful recital as calmly as she could, her face pale, her heart full of compassion.

"And these little ones, are they to go back to those wretched places? I cannot endure the thought."

"We would be glad to put Bennie in an orphan's home, but he will not be separated from his brother."

"I should think not," put in Bartholomew, who was sitting on the piazza steps. "I don't believe Bennie would live long if Tom wasn't with him. As for Tom, poor fellow! his heart would break."

"They are devotedly attached," observed Miss Temple.

"They're so happy here, poor little chicks"—this from Bartholomew—"I shall dread to see them go away."

"Bartoli!"

"Yes."

"Would you really like these children to stay here all the time?"

The blue of his honest eyes deepened "Yes, I surely would. I like them all, every one, but then I know very well they can't stay here."

"Why can't they stay here?"

"You wouldn't want them to," he said.

"I do want them to!" her eyes were swimming in tears. "Oh, how can I ever think of sending them into misery again?"

"But six children, Aunt Jane! You couldn't stand it to bring up six children!"

"Well, as for that, I do not know what I can do until I try. Other women have brought up six children and more."

"But they were their own."

"Yes, of course, and if I should take these little ones, they would be my own."

Mr. Chester did not speak while this conversation was going on, but he silently prayed, and his prayer was answered.

* * *

The summer had passed, but the early days of September were so fair and balmy, that it was difficult to realize that winter was not far off. Bartholomew had gone to the preparatory school, a well-filled trunk accompanying him. A happier boy than he was now that his dream of an education was about to be fulfilled it would be impossible to find.

Aunt Jane had written lovingly in answer to his letter, "I'm glad you miss me, dear, for it tells me that you love me, and that is a sweet thought to me. I'm already looking forward to Christmas, when God willing, we will meet again." Tom and Duncan, Charlotte and Katie were in the country school. Duncan was in his element with his books and they were all advancing. Sylvia and Bennie remained at home. They had improved wonderfully, but their limbs would never be strong. Miss Temple taught them at home.

One day, as she sat with them in the pretty summer-house, Deacon Stiles appeared under the vine-wreathed arch.

"I hope I'm not intruding," he said courteously. "I had a glimpse of you as I came in the gate, so I thought there was no use in going to the house."

"Come right in," was the cordial greeting. "I am glad to see you. I hope you will excuse me for not getting up."

He took the rustic chair she offered him, looking at her admiringly.

"I would not have you get up," he said, "I like to see you as you are," which meant, of course, with Bennie on her lap and Sylvia's arm about her.

It was still Charlotte's beloved and self-imposed task to arrange Miss Temple's hair every day. Deacon Stiles did not know that the new arrangement made the pleasant, kindly face much younger.

"It is her love for the 'unexpected' that has done it," was his thought, "it's like unto the 'Love Divine all love excelling,' her goodness is."

Deacon Stiles was a fine man, tall, with a kindly, honest face, handsome eyes and a sunny nature, a man so whole-hearted that he was beloved by every one who knew him. The woman before him attracted him. There was character in her firm mouth, touched with a rare tenderness, her brow and her clear eyes.

She wore a white dress with a ribbon tied around her waist

"She used to wear gray gowns—always gray," the deacon said to himself. "How sweet she looks, how motherly with those little ones clinging to her!"

The blue sky looked smilingly down, the birds were singing as joyously as if it were June. The beautiful chrysanthemums nodded their heads gracefully in the soft breezes. The grass was still green and velvety. The scent of new-mown hay was in the air. From the meadow where Job was at work came the song of "Harvest Home."

"Sylvia! Bennie!"

It was Sallie's voice, calling to the children, as she had promised them a special treat in the way of frying funny little doughnut men.

"Good-bye, Auntie," said Sylvia, kissing the face she loved so dearly.

"Dood-bye, Nantie," said Bennie, kissing her on one cheek and then on the other. Presently they were alone—Deacon Stiles and Miss Temple. The latter's face was flushed, her hair tumbled.

"They call you Auntie?" he said questioningly.

"Yes, I've adopted them, you know. It was too formal to continue calling me Miss Temple, and being an old maid, I couldn't teach them to say 'Mother,'"

"My dear Miss Temple."

"She looked at him wonderingly, for his face was radiant.

"I wish," he said, "that you would consent to arrange matters in such a delightful way for me that the children could call me 'Uncle.'"

But as this is not a love story, I will leave you all to decide for yourself what Miss Temple's answer was.

[THE END.]

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Our Children's Home Opens

Many Little Guests this Season—A Happy Fourth

WHEN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches our readers, our new Children's Home will be in happy occupation by 200 little children of the poor. The Fourth is a gala time with our little folks and they look forward to it with bright anticipations, former guests making eager application to go up with early detachments. The directors of the Home have always endeavored to make it a red-letter day for the children. Good, wholesome food and plenty of it, the parades, the salute to the Flag, the singing of our hymns, the orations and other patriotic exercises; and in the evening the display of fireworks, all combine to make the occasion one of pleasure and profit as well. Hundreds of visitors from neighboring towns, villages and farms, as well as from New York City, always come to witness the exercises, and delight of the tenement waifs over the good things provided for them. Care is taken throughout the day to impress upon the children a sense of gratitude to God for the blessings received.

Our readers whose prayerful interest follows every phase of this work, will be pleased to know that this summer kindergarten systems and nature studies will be employed to make our children's play helpful to them. Little ones, whose eager and ever-curious minds prompt questions innumerable about the wonders of nature unfolded to their eyes, are all the more observant because accustomed hitherto only to the sights of grimy courts and alleys, will be led by way of pretty story and woodland ramble to reverently study the leaves and flowers, birds and insects, and to see God's wisdom in his handiwork. Religious workers are coming to see that in such teaching lies a safeguard against infidel arguments that nature disproves God's existence.

The following contributions to the Fresh-Air Fund have been received:

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Total	$361 03

WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE STAGE

The group is shown in front of the Kindergarten at Our Children's Home

We are profoundly thankful to the kind friends who are taking so active and practical an interest in these charities, and we believe that God will bless them one and all. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has never published, and never will publish, the extent of financial assistance which its proprietor has given to these three benevolences, so successfully carried on in the Master's name and so beneficent in results and influence. He has endeavored, as in the sight of God, to do his share, and this hearty support on the part of our friends is to him deeply gratifying and encouraging.

It is indeed a blessed privilege to be permitted to contribute to the happiness of the children of the poor; to raise the fallen; to cheer the disconsolate; to feed the hungry; to clothe the naked and to help save some poor soul, who, but for our timely aid might have been forever lost, and to do it all for His sake. Other investments may prove disappointing, but what we do in the Master's name yields a bountiful return, for he himself has promised "a hundred fold now in this time . . . and in the world to come eternal life" (Mark 10: 30).

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

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Hot Weather Dyspepsia

Thousands Suffer From It at This Season of the Year

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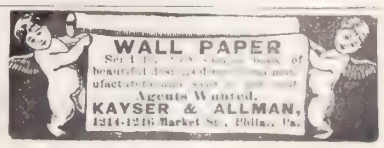

A Friend in Need

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 16. Luke 10: 30-37

MANY of the questions raised on topics of religion and morality might be answered by the parable of the Good Samaritan. It is evident that the lawyer whose question elicited the parable was a man of the type of character which is still common. He wanted a clear and explicit definition of duty. We still have the question asked, May I do this or that? Is it wrong to take part in this amusement and to go to such and such places? Christ raised the whole subject into a higher plane by showing that character is not so much a matter of specific acts and rules as of the spirit of man. The lawyer wanted to know how far the circle extended which included his neighbor. It would, of course, include his own family; it might include persons living near him, or it might include all men of his own nationality. Who were the people whom he was to love as himself? That, Christ told him, was not the question involved. The question that concerned him was whether he had the neighborly spirit. To make this clear to him, he told the story of a man whose nationality made him an object of dislike, who was under no obligation of kinship or of religious duty; yet who, seeing a man in need of help, gave him precisely the help he needed, taking no account of the nationality or merits of the man he helped. Christ set that man up as an example to be followed. He was one who had the neighborly spirit which was better than rules or laws.

This principle characterized all Christ's teaching. He made no church organization, gave few directions about life, but insisted upon his followers having the right spirit, and leaving them free as to their modes of manifesting it. If the heart and spirit were right the life would be right. To show this the more clearly, he makes the chief character of his story a Samaritan. As we know from other passages of Scripture, the Jews despised the Samaritans, and would have no dealings with them. The victim was evidently a Jew. He was going from Jerusalem to Jericho. By the most liberal interpretation of the word neighbor, the Samaritan could scarcely have been under obligation to regard him in that light. If he had met the Jew under ordinary circumstances, he would probably have received scant courtesy from him. The Jew certainly would have done nothing for him, and would doubtless have treated him with contempt. When the Samaritan saw him lying there, he might naturally have asked himself, "why should I put myself out of the way to serve a man, who, in his heart despises me?" But there is no limit to his kindness. He gives up his beast that the man may ride, he binds up his wounds and taking him to his inn, provides for his care out of his own pocket. There is no law, no sense of obligation which could produce such kindness. It could come only from the spirit of the man, the love and compassion in his heart which was ready to go forth toward any object which might be in need of service. That was Christ's principle. His religion consists not in rites, not in the performance of specific duties, but in character, in being like him, in having the Christ spirit.

This is the secret of the perpetuation of Christianity. Apart from this, we could never understand why the influence of a Teacher who lived in a secluded agricultural district of an insignificant country, nineteen hundred years ago, should be so potent in our day. This principle of having the neighborly spirit, can be applied just as well to the conditions of life in our land, and our own time as to the lives of the people who listened to the story. There are people around us who need help, but have no claim of kinship, or social relations to urge. Sometimes it seems to us that they do not deserve our help. They have brought their misfortunes on themselves, they have been imprudent, or they have done, or left undone, something which we make an excuse for not helping them. Or, if conscience pricks us, we give them a dole of money, and so leave them. But this does not meet the case. It often happens that money is not the best help we can render. If we have the Samaritan's spirit we shall do for them what they most need. By a little effort, a little inconvenience, a little personal service, we may be of more real help to a man in a difficulty, than by the gift of money. Christ himself was the highest example of this spirit that the world has seen. He laid down his life for our race, and prayed even for his murderers. As we think of him pitying the world, and coming here to live and die that men might be saved, we see how he has a right to say to us as he said to the lawyer: "Go thou and do likewise."

Many Independence Days

One-hundred-and-ten years is surely a goodly age! The photograph of Mrs. Waits, which we reproduce, was sent to

MRS. MARY SOUTH WAITS
A Centenarian

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by Mr. Wm. Rouster, Belfast, Ohio, with the accompanying statement:

Mary South Waits is the oldest resident of the State of Ohio. Her age is 110 years. This was taken on her birthday anniversary last fall. She lives at Baywood, in the county of Clermont, Ohio.

How many Fourths of July has not this good lady seen in her long life? There could have been but eleven Independence Days before she was born, and but one presidential inauguration. Indeed, she and Ohio are nearly the same age, for the section now bearing that name was organized into a territory in 1799.

Mrs. Waits was a young lady during the War of 1812, when the world discovered that our young navy could cope with Great Britain's. The Battle of Waterloo, the banishment of Napoleon came to her as news many weeks, perhaps many months after their occurrence,—for there were no ocean-flyers, no railroads, no telegraph wires, no Atlantic cables.

Mrs. Waits has seen a new-born nation grow great, and we expect she could tell our readers many a good Fourth of July story if she were so minded.

"The Children's Paradise"

Out in the [illegible]
Out in the fragrance rare,
Out in the waving grasses,
Out in the blossoms fair;
Out from the home of sorrow,
Out from its blight and care;
Out from the crowded city,
Out in the open air.

Out where the birds are singing
Up on the branches high,
Out 'neath the trees they're singing
Up to the clear blue sky.
Down in the winding valley,
Close to the brooklet's side;
Down where the fishes are swimming,
[illegible]

Health in the buoyant breezes,
Health in the blossoms fair,
Health in the pine and fir-trees,
Health in the open air;
These are all nature's tonics,
Helps that she keeps in store,
Joys that she gladly gives them,
All that they ask for and more.

E. Corinth, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

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Grandmother Morris : : : : : : and the Fourth

THE Fourth of July was ushered in as usual, in Manhattan, one summer a score of years ago, by the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the sputtering of crackers, and the popping of innumerable torpedoes, while everywhere there was the shimmer of our brave red, white and blue, bunting streaming from steeple and roof, arching the streets where the soldiers were to walk in procession, and meeting the eyes even on the breasts of men, women and children, who wore miniature flags as badges. A general air of bustle and stir, of holiday festivity and cheer pervaded the town, excursion parties laden with picnic baskets made an early start, and from the look of things, New York was ready to keep a good old-fashioned Independence Day. A few fine ladies and gentlemen shrugged their shoulders at the noise which jarred upon their nerves, but people for the most part still rejoiced in their pride over our free country, our great, glorious nation, and were in favor of jubilant demonstrations when the birthday of our liberty came round again.

Grandmother Morris was an invalid twenty years ago. Age had whitened her hair and weakened her limbs. She is young and well and clothed upon with beauty to-day, for since the Fourth of which I am speaking, that gentle angel men call Death, slipped over the threshold softly in the night, and carried her away to the Father's house.

But she had an undaunted spirit, and a fire that pain and illness could not quench looked out of and sparkled in her bright eyes, until they were closed upon earth forever.

I can see her now, in her low chair, with a fleecy white cap on her head, its broad satin strings tied in a bow under her chin, a white kerchief crossed over her neck and bosom, and her rich black silk falling in straight but ample folds to her feet. Her dress was her own, and did not vary with changing fashions. It was always either black or gray, made with a round waist, and the skirt gathered or plaited into this, the sleeves slightly full at the arm hole and finished with a cuff at the wrist, always a picture of dainty neatness and most exquisite simplicity.

A grandson who had spent some years in study at Oxford, was visiting in the house when our Fourth came with its rocking of guns and beating of drums, and wild flurry of children's delight.

"Aw!" said he, with an imported British drawl, "Aw! I sa-ay, isn't it time you had outgrown this silly sentiment over the Fourth of July? I should have taken sides with King George, and been a regular Tory, if I had lived in revolutionary days. This country is so new and self-conscious, one feels ashamed of it, don't you know, when one lives on the other side."

"Better go back and stay there, John Thomas," snapped Grandmother Morris in wrath, "I have no patience with a simpleton who is ashamed of his native land. I never expected to hear such foolish talk from a grandson of mine."

"La! Mother," said Aunt Jennie, "don't mind Jack. He's only a boy. He'll know better when he's older."

I thought of this little scene a few days ago, when I read of a brave action performed by Colonel John Morris in the Philippines. He is over in Manila now with his regiment and is patriotic enough to please even his grandmother; rest her dear soul in peace.

In grandmother's day, we always had cherry-pie for dessert, after spring lamb and green peas for dinner on the Fourth. In the evening, we used to sit on the roof and see the fireworks, and when we came down we finished up the long and happy day with ice cream, a delicacy more prized in those days than now, when it is on everybody's table the summer through.

Grandmother stanchly upheld the old order, and till the very last, refused to acknowledge that the celebration of the Fourth could give her a headache. "I like it," she averred stoutly; "the sky-rockets and pin-wheels and other fizzing, fiery things at night, and the exploding things all day long. When you consider what it means," she would say, "you are not much of a patriot, if you won't spend a little money and a little powder on keeping it up."

"BETTER GO BACK AND STAY THERE," SNAPPED GRANDMOTHER MORRIS IN WRATH

What does it mean, dear Veranda Circle, this summer anniversary and holiday of ours, gathering to itself the association of our country's history, and, to Americans in absence, speaking with a voice of tender appeal surpassing any other they hear? Does it not mean that we, having come into an inheritance of intellectual and religious liberty, are bound to preserve the old landmarks? Does it not mean that we are to guard, as the fathers guarded, the privileges for which they so gallantly fought? Are we not to hold very precious our American Sabbath, not allowing it to be profaned and degraded into a day of mere secular amusement and pleasuring? Are we not to educate the children who come to us, of whatever nation or kindred, not overlooking the fact that education without religion is a curse and not a blessing? Are we not to stand for the Bible in our schools, and the flag on them and over them, so that our next generation shall be God-loving and God-fearing and therefore invincible?

Firm may she ever stand,
God bless our native land,

for whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report.

Whether or not she will do so, depends largely on the stuff of which the mothers of men are composed. Heroic womanhood means stalwart manhood. When women are vain and trifling, or engrossed with domestic affairs, so that they cease to think of their children's highest welfare, the country will feel its loss. Napoleon's aphorism, "France needs mothers," was a pithy condensation for all time. Mothers make sons. In reading the recently published letters of Carlyle to his youngest sister, I have been impressed with the force of this great man's mother. She was the fit mother of such a son. Washington's mother was no ordinary woman; she was strong and sincere and could command respect. As a rule, great and good men have had mothers who were fine and noble.

Let us think much of these subjects: patriotism, honor, honesty and faith, in the crucial period which is trying our country. We women should love her as never before; pray for her, bring up our sons for her, that at her call, East or West, they may rise up in her defense and carry her ideals to the ends of the earth.

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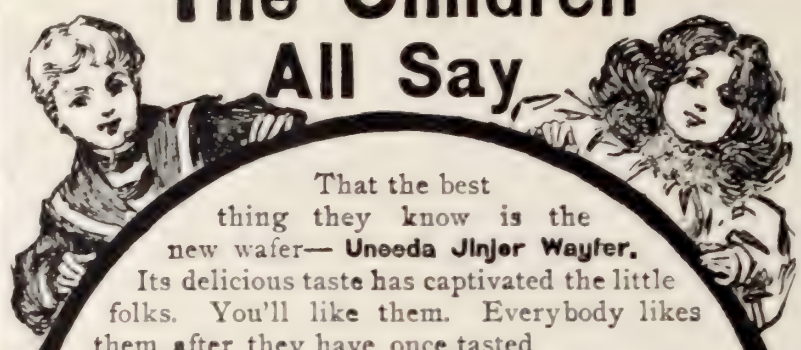

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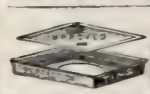

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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NEW YORK, JULY 12, 1899

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Four Scenes from his World-Famous Book, *In His Steps*, surround the Photograph (See article on Page 552)

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

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J. A., Oswego, S. C. Where did the bones of 250,000 human beings in the bone yard at Havana, Cuba, come from?

They are the bones of persons whose relatives failed to pay the "grave dues" exacted by the Romish Church. Under the system in vogue before American occupation, the graves in consecrated ground were rented, and the church drew a great part of its revenues from those dues which had to be paid yearly by the relatives of the dead. A failure to pay resulted in the bones being disinterred and cast into the public pit or bone-heap.

P. G. S., Shores, Va. What was the exact amount Judas re-

"Thirty pieces of silver." (Matt. 26: 15). If shekels were meant, the amount was equal to the fine payable, according to the Jewish law, for a man or maid-servant accidentally killed (*i. e.*, blood-money). But in the New Testament, two words are rendered by the phrase "piece of silver"—the first *drachm*, a Greek silver coin, the equivalent in Christ's time of the Roman *denarius*. The second, the common silver piece known as the *denarius*. It is more probable, however, that shekels, or *tetradrachms*, were understood. These were current at the time, a pure silver tetradrachm being known as a stater. The value of the "price of betrayal" as estimated in our own coin, was $16.96.

Inquirer, Freeland, Mich., Please explain the meaning of I. Cor. [illegible] MAIL-BAG.

Paul here indicates the weakness of the instrumentality which God often employs to effect conversion. The whole story of Christian effort is a series of triumphs by the lowly and humble over the lofty and learned. Human wisdom (or the wisdom of the world) being acquired without the Spirit, the lowly and even the ignorant are often chosen to confound the worldly-wise and bring men to salvation. "Things which are not" simply means "which are regarded as naught" or as nothing—that is, low-born and insignificant. These the Lord uses to "bring to naught," or to make as of no account, things that are.

MANY READERS.—Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's remarkable book, *In His Steps*, can be ordered of J. E. Jewett, publisher, 77 Bible House, New York, for 25 cents (paper binding), or 75 cents (cloth binding), including [illegible]

J. M——, Pa. Is it wrong for cousins to marry?

We know of no prohibition. There may be physiological reasons against it, but even that is doubtful. Some physicians think that the children of such marriages are predisposed to mental diseases; but it has not been proved. In cases where consumption or some other disease runs in a family, we can imagine that a man would be wise in seeking a wife who was not related to him. It is all a question of health, not of morals or religion.

Inquirer, Richmond, Va. How many churches are there in Dawson City, Alaska?

There are at least four, and a fifth is soon to be established by the Methodists.

G. F., Rochester, N. Y. Why is the place where the Peace Conference is held called The Hague, and not simply Hague?

The Dutch call this city "den Haag," meaning "the hedge." They also call it "Gravenhage," "the Count's hedge." The place has been for centuries the residence of the Counts of Holland, and just as a house would be called "the house" instead of "house" the Hague takes the article before it.

I. C., Wagoner, Ind. Ter., writes:

[illegible]

by which the Indian Territory was ceded to the whites?" Its answer would have been nearly right if the land had been ever ceded to the whites, but

[illegible]

years before it can be accomplished, and it is not likely that there will be any surplus to sell and cede

B., New York. It is to be observed that the con-

at all. The chief consideration is expediency, and whether a "power" which has no other claim

A FIELD OF CARNATIONS, AT PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

to distinction than the possession of a vast armament is likely to abide the decision of a civilian court. On the main question the conference may be a failure, yet it is evident that the days of great armaments are numbered, as at present, they do no more than preserve an armed peace, and besides, there are growing elements which will overcome the belligerency of nations and put them on their good behavior. International literature, commerce and finance are soon to be on top.

Our correspondent takes a reasonable view of the Peace Conference. While it is true that it is not conducted on "moral" lines (and such was not expected), it is undeniable that the holding of such a conference is of itself an important step in the moral progress of the world. If it shall result in an understanding among three great powers—Russia, Great Britain and the United States—to act together for the preservation of peace, those three alone could accomplish much. With Italy and Japan cooperating, the peace combination would be well nigh invincible. But it is too early yet to forecast results from The Hague gathering. Let us hope and pray that the result may be beneficial to the whole world.

T. D. S. I have looked in vain in the concordance in the back of my Bible to find the following verse: "For I, the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not: I will help thee."

You will find the passage in Isa. 41: 13.

E. M. McW., Lebanon, Ky. What are the best known paintings of the face of Christ?

The best known are those by Raphael (sixteenth century); Da Vinci (fifteenth century, two portraits); Guido Reni (seventeenth century); Quentin Matsys (sixteenth century); [illegible] the later artists, probably the best known are those by Ary Scheffer, Holman Hunt, Munckacksy and Tissot.

[illegible]

that there is a very extensive movement on [illegible] thizers in this country), looking to the return [illegible] ment in colonies there. Dr. Herzl is the [illegible] the "Zionist Movement." With respect to the proposition to purchase Palestine from the Sultan, we cannot regard it as a practical one. The Sultan, like Pharaoh, has hardened his heart and will not let Palestine go, even if all

looked for, in view of the great diversity of interests bringing these governments into continual antagonism. The future of Palestine is a problem which cannot be determined in such

[illegible] ss bring about its re-

S. B. Lehman, [illegible] having seen [illegible] ead the Bible

Testament many times. The shortest record of my reading them is less than one hundred days [illegible]

be three and one-third chapters more a day than in the case of the reverend gentleman lately spoken of with respect to the reading of his Greek Testament.

We will be glad to hear from other friends who have read the Scriptures through many times, and who can give some account of their system which may be of practical value to others in Bible reading.

One of the oldest Bibles yet heard from is that mentioned in the following note:

John Herr, Herring, Allen Co., O. I have a Bible printed by Andra Gessner & Rudolphen, Wurzbach, Switzerland, in the old German-Swiss [illegible] and leather, and contains Apocrypha and concordance and some valuable tables. My ancestors have owned it 340 years. It cost at first purchase 500 francs in Berne.

Mrs. A. M., Milford, Mich. The cost of an outing at our Childrens' Home is the same now as it always has been ever since the Home opened, some five summers ago. At the beginning of our Fresh-Air Work, we took pains to ascertain accurately, and on the most economical basis, what it would cost to take a tenement child from New York to the Home for ten days, including medical examination in the Bible House, New York (which all undergo), street car-fare both ways, steamboat fare, New York to Nyack and return, cost of food, laundry, medical attendance and all items incident to a ten days' stay. The total for a child is within a fraction of $3.00. We do not believe that any Fresh-Air [illegible] expenditure. The pressure of [illegible] cannot be denied; hence, a lar[illegible] do the actual work on the prem[illegible] of this paper have given larger[illegible] teeming it a privilege to do so.

Reader, Lansingburgh, N. Y. Is it [illegible]

Yes, it is true of several. Alberta, Queen of Sicily, from whom a number of the now [illegible] ter of a Hebrew banker, Perleoni, who was [illegible] his sons, a Catholic, was chosen as anti-Pope under the title of Anacletus II. An English journal, of recent date, gives these additional facts: "The grandfather of King Ferdinand of Portugal (pregenitor of the present king), was a Hungarian Hebrew named Kohary; in fact, a grandson of Kohary's [illegible] second grandson (Duke Philip [illegible]

Inquirer, Alameda, Calif. Is it injurious to have either [illegible] living room or sleeping [illegible]

It is generally so con[illegible] wholesome for human beings, especially at night.

L. E. A., North Benton, O. 1. What [illegible]

1. The Mammoth Cave, Ken[illegible] Brooklyn Bridge; Niagara Falls; Natural Bridge, Virginia; Yosemite Valley, the telephone and the electric telegraph. 2. Seven is the representative symbolical and cyclical number, and is more frequently used in both sacred and secular literature than any other number. It is believed by the ablest students to have reference to the work of Creation, which was accomplished in seven days. Cicero called seven "the knot and cement of all things," as being that by which the natural and spiritual world are comprehended in one idea.

Inquirer, Plainfield, N. J. 1. Are [illegible] gold? 2. What are they?

1. Seventeen. 2. Iridium, gallium, rhodium, osmium, ruthenium, palladium, barium, didymium, cerium, yttrium, strontium, calcium, glucinium, lithium, zirconium, rubidium, and vanadium.

S. Witter, N. Y. We see nothing to condemn in your action.

Asa C. G. W., Rescue, Neb. They were printed some time ago.

J. H. C., Flemingsburg, Ky. No information on the subject is available.

A. L. F., Meherrin, Va. Write to Cook & Son, Tourist Agents, New York.

Anna S., Schoharie, N. Y. To create is to originate: to make is to manufacture.

Subscriber, Morrisonville, N. Y. Write to the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C., for full information.

S. A. S., Waterloo, Ia. The evil is one to whose real character our people are awakening. The real remedy lies with the State Legislatures.

S. [illegible] books in a poor Sunday School lately established in that place.

George P., Wapello, Ia. 1. We have no information. 2. The *Petrel's* engines are 1,095 horse power. 3. A ship "out of commission" is simply laid up for the time being.

G. H. G., Springfield, Mo. We know nothing more on the subject than what is revealed, and, as you know, the Scripture gives no word. On this, as [illegible] matters, we must trust [illegible] and wait for us.

R. A. McK., Olathe, Kan. 1. By both, because they are inseparable. One cannot have Christ in the heart without beginning to live Christ (John 15: 5, 6). 2. No, it is a strained interpretation. It simply means the separation of the good and the bad.

A. S., L., Rahway, N. J. 1. "Luther's Cradle Hymn" is almost identical with the verses quoted, with the exception of the last two lines. 2. The quotation merely means that the one is arrayed against the other, *i. e.*, the natural body against the spiritual body.

Wild Tribes who Know Not Christ

Missionary Witte Writes of Carrying the Gospel to the Indians of Brazil and the Amazon Valley

THE Indians of South America are divided into three great branches, so strikingly diverse in their characteristics as to suggest the belief that they must have sprung from a separate and distinct stock of invaders or first settlers. These branches are respectively known as the Andean, the Pampean and the Amazonian Indians. The first race, so termed from the Andes mountains, inhabit the west coast and the Cordillera region. The principal representatives of this race are the remnants of the Chibcha in Columbia and Ecuador and the Quichua and Aimara nations in Peru and northern Bolivia. As is well known, some of these people had reached a high state of civilization before the Spanish conquest. Evidences of this are remaining to our day, in the form of colossal monuments and magnificent public works, which prove the existence of a powerful and wise government, artistic ability of no mean order and an enterprising, industrious people. The present helpless, pitiful and degraded condition of the remnants of the race brings the contrast between then and now all the more painfully into prominence and also furnishes the strongest proof imaginable of the pernicious influence which Roman Catholic rule has exercised over a well-disposed but sadly abused people.

The second race, far less numerous than the Andean, are the inhabitants of the Pampas, or great plains of Argentina and the Gran Chaco. These include some very fine and warlike nations, like the Arancanians, who, in their inaccessible mountain fastnesses, have successfully resisted every attempted encroachment of the Chilian and Spanish governments and have preserved their independence to this day. In this race are also included the degraded Patagonians and the still lower Fuegans, a people of whom Charles Darwin declared that they occupied the lowest possible position in the scale of humanity and that it would be useless to attempt any civilizing movement among them.

The heroic mission, first instituted by Captain Allen Gardiner among these people, and since carried on by the S.A.M.S. of England, has successfully demonstrated that what other civilizing agencies fail to accomplish, the Gospel of Christ does bring about and that it

Can transform even a brutish race

into intelligent and useful members of the human family. The Fuegan converts have on many occasions extended Christian hospitality to shipwrecked crews on the very shores where less than one hundred years ago such would invariably have been slaughtered and eaten.

The third and most numerous race are often termed the Tupi or Guarany, though "Amazonian Indians" would be more correct, since the vast basin of the Amazon and its system of tributaries contains scores of tribes, who are neither Tupi nor Guarany in their racial descent. The best authorities claim not less than 230 different tribes for Brazil alone, their number being variously estimated from 1,750,000 to 2,250,000. No Protestant missionary work has ever been done among these Brazilian Indians, with the single exception of a faint beginning made thirty years ago on the Punis river by the S. A. M. S. This society, however, was forced to abandon the work because of its inability to obtain suitable workers for that remote and extremely unhealthy field. Since then not a single one of the hundreds of existing missionary societies have felt called upon to interest themselves in these Indians. Where India and China, Africa and the islands of the sea have called forth the sympathies and self-sacrificing labors of our missionary sons and daughters, no one seems to have thought of these children of the forest and they might indeed reproach us with the Psalmist's complaint:

No one hath cared for my soul.

In the entire Amazon valley, comprising over 22,000 miles of navigable waterways, open to steam navigation, there are just three small independent missions, located in cities, where Indians are rarely seen. There is not a single pure-blood Indian family connected with either mission and no attempt is making or has been made to carry the Gospel to these Brazilian Indians, excepting our beginning on the Tocantius. But where the messengers of the Gospel have failed to go the rum-seller and rubber-trader have freely gone and with results so disastrous to the poor natives that if I should attempt to describe the true conditions, most people would consider it an exaggeration. On my return from Brazil, a few months ago, I had as fellow-passenger a rubber-explorer and trader from Manaos, who is now in Germany, having a number of very light-draught barges constructed. With these he proposes to ascend the river Japura in the winter in order to bring from Colombia from 200 to 300 Indians to work on his rubber plantation on the Purus. As I supposed that the Purus region was swarming with Indians, I naturally expressed my surprise that this gentleman should make so long and expensive a journey to obtain laborers. In reply he told me that rum, small-pox and other diseases had so effectually destroyed the Indians in the rubber country that but few were left and they were unfit for work. In view of such facts can we wonder that some thoughtful Indian chiefs look with hate upon the white man and regard his religion with distrust?

I experienced a striking illustration of this in my journey up the Tocantius river last year. I spent four days at two villages of a tribe called the Caraoh Indians. I asked the captain of one village whether he would like to have a party of missionaries come to settle among them. He said emphatically, "No!" and added that he considered his people superior to the Christaos (meaning the Brazilians, whom they called Christians).

I found the Indians at this village more moral, more orderly and more industrious than the half-breeds (there are very few pure whites in those regions) whom we encountered at any interior Brazilian station during my whole experience.

I have frequently been asked: "Is the Catholic Church doing nothing toward Christianizing the Indians?" To this I want to make a straightforward reply, without ambiguity and weighing well the full import of the words which I use. With one honorable exception, all the priests with whom I came in contact during my journey, were immoral, drunken and ignorant; every mission which they had started had utterly failed to accomplish the Christianizing of the Indians, and the tribes who have come under priestly care are decidedly inferior in morals and more lacking in industry and order than are the tribes who refuse to have any intercourse whatever with the whites. The Cherentes and Apinages, two of the tribes which I visited, have been for years under the care of Catholic friars. This is the way I found them: Both men and women walk about unclothed. They have lost all spirit of self-dependence, of tribal-government, of order and morals. They are improvident, beggarly and unclean, and have suffered the same numerical decimation by vice and resulting sickness as is the case with the Indians in the great rubber belt. The Cherentes, who twenty-five years ago numbered not less that 4,000 warriors, could not to-day muster 400, and if all were gathered together, they would furnish a pitiful spectacle in testimony of the inefficiency of Catholic missionary enterprise. The work is altogether left to Italian monks, who never devote themselves to spiritual effort among the natives. They invariably start settlements to which they seek to attract Brazilian traders. The Indians become to them simply a source of revenue and are commonly reduced to a state of semi-slavery. Indian products are traded for the vilest sort of rum and thus they are not only cheated in trade but are taught the drink curse, which destroys them as effectually as did the rifle and the arquebus in the days of the Peruvian conquest.

If we want to do successful missionary work among the Brazilian Indians, we shall have to go so far inland as to be effectually out of the reach of the trader and rum-seller, and we shall do well if we obtain small reservations for the work from the government, from which all undesirable settlers may be excluded. The government is quite willing to grant such; indeed, I have in my possession a government contract in which the state of Para not only pledges itself to grant land but also offers buildings and pecuniary aid for a Manual Training School under Protestant missionary control. This generous offer my Committee felt constrained to decline, believing that State aid and a mission depending on God for supplies were contradictory in their nature. However, whether State aided, or supported by the free-will offerings of God's people, this seems to be the only solution of the problem—to go far inland and keep away from trading posts. With this aim in view I am planning a trip to the Araguaga river, the western affluent of the great Tocantius, on which latter river my last year's colaborer, Dr. Graham, is still holding the fort. The Araguaga has nearly a thousand miles of navigable waters and along its banks are found the great tribes of the Cayapos, the Carajas, and the Chavantes. They ought to be reached with the Gospel before the Catholic priests get at them, for it is a well-known fact that just as soon as it becomes known that a Protestant mission is planned, the priests at once bestir themselves to get on the ground first and to sow the seeds of error and superstition, which is very difficult to afterward eradicate. The work of evangelizing these Indians is not an easy one. Unhealthy climate, extreme heat everywhere, and the difficulty of sending necessary supplies to stations far removed from centres of trade all combine to make the work both difficult and costly. But the heroic spirit is not extinct among our missionary volunteers and if only united prayer were made by the Church (Acts 12: 5) I cannot but think that God would enable us to find both the men and means for carrying on this glorious work in the "waste places" of this neglected continent.

GEO. R. WITTE.

A NATIVE HUT IN PARA

THE PRESBYTERIAN MISSION HOUSE IN CAXIAS

MISSIONARIES STARTING ON A JOURNEY

Readers of this journal who may be interested in the excellent evangelical work described by Mr. Witte, and who desire to aid the same, may communicate with Rev. D. M. Stearns, 167 Chelten Ave., Germantown, Pa., who will answer all inquiries.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

. . . HAVE A HOME . . .

A Sermon by The Rev. T De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Luke 10: 34, 35:

"And brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more when I come again, I will repay thee."

THIS is the good Samaritan paying the hotel bill of a man who had been robbed and almost killed by bandits. The good Samaritan had found the unfortunate on a lonely, rocky road, where, to this very day, depredations are sometimes committed upon travelers, and had put the injured man into the saddle, while this merciful and well-to-do man had walked till they got to the hotel, and the wounded man was put to bed and cared for. It must have been a very superior hotel in its accommodations, for, though in the country, the landlord was paid at the rate of what in our country would be four or five dollars a day, a penny being then a day's wages, and the two pennies paid in this case about two days' wages. Moreover, it was one of those kind-hearted landlords who are wrapped up in the happiness of their guests, because the good Samaritan leaves the poor wounded fellow to his entire care, promising that when he came that way again he would pay all the bills until the invalid got well.

Hotels and boarding-houses are necessities. In very ancient times they were unknown, because the world had comparatively few inhabitants, and those were not much given to travel, and private hospitality met all the wants of sojourners, as when Abraham rushed out at Mamre to invite the three men to sit down to a dinner of veal; as when the people were positively commanded to be given to hospitality; as in many of the places in the East these ancient customs are practised to-day. But we have now hotels presided over by good landlords, and boarding-houses presided over by excellent host or hostess, in all neighborhoods, villages, and cities, and it is our congratulation that those of our land surpass all other lands. They rightly become the permanent residences of many people, such as those who are without families, such as those whose business keeps them migratory, such as those who ought not, for various reasons of health or peculiarity of circumstances, to take upon themselves the cares of housekeeping.

Many a man falling sick in one of these boarding-houses or hotels has been kindly watched and nursed: and by the memory of her own sufferings and losses the lady at the head of such a house has done all that a mother could do for a sick child, and the slumberless eye of God sees and appreciates her sacrifices in behalf of the stranger. Among the most marvelous cases of patience and Christian fidelity are many of those who keep boarding-houses, enduring without resentment the unreasonable demands of their guests for expensive food and attentions for which they are not willing to pay an equivalent—a lot of cranky men and women who are not worthy to tie the shoe of their queenly caterer. The outrageous way in which boarders sometimes act to their landlords and landladies shows that these critical guests had bad early rearing, and that in the making-up of their natures all that constitutes the gentleman and lady was left out. Some of the most princely men and some of the most elegant women that I know of to-day keep hotels and boarding-houses.

But one of the great evils of this day is found in the fact that a large population of our towns and cities are giving up and have given up their homes and taken apartments, that they may have more freedom from domestic duties and more time for social life, and because they like the whirl of publicity better than the quiet and privacy of a residence they can call their own. The lawful use of these hotels and boarding-houses is for most people while they are in transitu: but as a terminus they are in many cases demoralization, utter and complete. That is the point at which families innumerable have begun to disintegrate. There never has been a time when so many families, healthy and abundantly able to support and direct homes of their own, have struck tent and taken permanent abode in these public establishments. It is an evil wide as Christendom, and by voice and through the newspaper press I utter warning and burning protest, and ask Almighty God to bless the word, whether in the hearing or reading.

In these public caravansaries the demon of gossip is apt to get full sway. All the boarders run daily the gauntlet of general inspection—how they look when they come down in the morning and when they get in at night, and what they do for a living, and who they receive as guests in their rooms, and what they wear, and what they do not wear, and how they eat, and what they eat, and how much they eat, and how little they eat. If a man proposes in such a place to be isolated and reticent and alone, they will begin to guess about him: Who is he? Where did he come from? How long is he going to stay? Has he paid his board? How much does he pay? Perhaps he has committed some crime and does not want to be known: there must be something wrong about him, or he would speak. The whole house goes into the detective business. They must find out about him. They must find out about him right away. If he leave his door unlocked by accident, he will find that his rooms have been inspected, his trunk explored, his letters folded differently from the way they were folded when he put them away. Who is he? is the question asked with intenser interest, until the subject has become a monomania. The simple fact is, that he is nobody in particular, but minds his own business. The best landlords and landladies cannot sometimes hinder their places from becoming a pandemonium of whisperers, and reputations are torn to tatters, and evil suspicions are aroused, and scandals started, and the parliament of the family is blown to atoms by some Guy Fawkes who was not caught in time, as was his English predecessor of gunpowdery reputation. The reason is, that while in private homes families have so much to keep them busy, in these promiscuous and multitudinous residences there are so many who have nothing to do, and that always makes mischief.

Those of us who were brought up in the country know that the old-fashioned hatching of eggs in the hay mow required four or five weeks of brooding, but there are new modes of hatching by machinery, which take less time and do the work by wholesale. So, while the private home may brood into life an occasional falsity, and take a long time to do it, many of the boarding-houses and family hotels afford a swifter and more multitudinous style of moral incubation, and one old gossip will get off the nest after one hour's brooding, clucking a flock of thirty lies after her, each one picking up its little worm of juicy regalement. It is no advantage to hear too much about your neighbors, for your time will be so much occupied in taking care of their faults that you will have no time to look after your own. And while you are pulling the chickweed out of their garden you will get an overgrown with horse-sorrel and mullen stalks.

One of the worst damages that comes from the herding of so many people into boarding-houses and family hotels is inflicted upon children. It is only another way of bringing them up on the commons. While you have your own private house you can, for the most part, control their companionship and their whereabouts: but by twelve years of age in these public resorts, they will have picked up all the bad things that can be furnished by the prurient minds of dozens of people. They will overhear blasphemies, and see quarrels, and get precocious in sin, and what the bartender does not tell them the porter or hostler or bell-boy will.

Besides that, the children will go out into this world without the restraining, anchoring, steadying, and all-controlling memory of a home. From that none of us who have been blessed of such memory have escaped. It grips a man for eighty years, if he lives so long. It pulls him back from doors into which he otherwise would enter. It smites him with contrition in the very midst of his dissipations. As the fish already surrounded by the long wide net swim out to sea, thinking they can go as far as they please, and with gay toss of silvery scale they defy the sportsman on the beach, and after awhile the fishermen begin to draw in the net, hand over hand, and hand over hand, and it is a long while before the captured fins begin to feel the net, and then they dart this way and that, hoping to get out, but find themselves approaching the shore, and are brought up to the very feet of the captors, so the memory of an early home sometimes seems to relax and let men out further and further from God, and further and further from shore—five years, ten years, twenty years, thirty years: but some day they find an irresistible mesh drawing them back, and they are compelled to retreat from their prodigality and wandering; and though they make desperate effort to escape the impression, and try to dive deeper down in sin, after a while are brought clear back and held upon the Rock of Ages.

If it be possible O father and mother! let your sons and daughters go out into the world under the semi-omnipotent memory of a good, pure home. About your two or three rooms in a boarding-house, or a family hotel, you can cast no such glorious sanctity. They will think of these public caravansaries as an early stopping-place, malodorous with old victuals, coffees perpetually steaming, and meats in everlasting stew or broil, the air surcharged with carbonic acid, and corridors along which drunken boarders come staggering at one o'clock in the morning, rapping at the door till the affrighted wife lets them in. Do not be guilty of the sacrilege or blasphemy of calling such a place a home.

A home is four walls enclosing, one family with identity of interest, and a privacy from outside inspection so complete that it is a world in itself, no one entering except by permission—bolted, and barred, and chained against all outside inquisitiveness. The phrase so often used in law books and legal circles is mightily suggestive—every man's house is his castle. As much so as though it had drawbridge, portcullis, redoubt, bastion, and armed turret. Even the officer of the law may not enter to serve a writ, except the door be voluntarily opened unto him: burglary, or the invasion of it, a crime so offensive that the law clashes its iron jaws on any one who attempts it. Unless it be necessary to stay for longer or shorter time in family hotel or boarding-house—and there are thousands of instances in which it is necessary, as I showed you at the beginning—unless in this exceptional case, let neither wife nor husband consent to such permament residence.

The probability is that the wife will have to divide her husband's time with public smoking or reading-room, or with some coquettish spider in search of unwary flies; and, if you do not entirely lose your husband it will be because he is divinely protected from the disasters that have whelmed thousands of husbands, with as good intentions as yours. Neither should the husband, without imperative reason, consent to such a life unless he is sure his wife can withstand the temptation of social dissipation which sweeps a loss of [illegible] with the force of the Atlantic Ocean, when driven by a September equinox. Many wives give up [illegible] so that they may give their entire time to operas, theatres, balls, receptions, and levees, and they are in a perpetual whirl, like a whip-top spinning round and round and round very prettily, until it loses its equipoise, and shoots off into a tangent. But the difference is, in one case it is a top, and in the other a soul.

Besides this there is an assiduous accumulation of little things around the private home, which in the aggregate make a great attraction, while the denizen of one of these public residences is apt to say: "What is the use? I have no place to keep them if I should take them." Mementos, bric-a-brac, curiosities, quaint chair or cosy lounge, upholsteries, pictures, and a thousand things that accrete in a home, are discarded or neglected because there is no homestead in which to arrange them. And yet they are the case in which the pearl of domestic happiness is set. You can never become as attached to the appointments of a boarding-house, or family hotel, as to those things that you can call your own, and are associated with the different members of your household, or with scenes of thrilling import in your domestic history. Blessed is that home in which for a whole life-time they have been gathering, until every figure in the carpet, and every panel of the door, and every casement of the window has a chirography of its own, speaking out something about father or mother, or son or daughter, or friend that was with us awhile. What a sacred place it becomes when one can say: "In that room such a one was born: in that bed such a one died; in that chair I sat on the night I heard such a one had received a great public honor; by that stool my child knelt for her last evening prayer; here I sat to greet my son as he came back from sea voyage; that was father's cane; that was mother's rocking-chair!" What a joyful and pathetic congress of reminiscences!

The public residence of hotel and boarding-house abolishes the grace of hospitality. Your guest does not want to come to such a table. No one wants to run such a gauntlet of acute and merciless hyper-criticism. Unless you have a home of your own you will not be able to exercise the best rewarded of all the graces. For exercise of this grace what blessing came to the Shunammite in the restoration of her son to life because she entertained Elisha, and to the widow of Zarephath in the perpetual oil well of the miraculous cruse because she fed a hungry prophet, and to Rahab in the preservation of her life at the demolition of Jericho because she entertained the spies, and to Laban in the formation of an interesting family relation because of his entertainment of Jacob, and to Lot in his rescue from the destroyed city because of his entertainment of the angels, and to Mary and Martha and Zaccheus in spiritual blessing because they entertained Christ, and to Publius in the island of Melita in the healing of his father because of the entertainment of Paul, drenched from the shipwreck, and of innumerable houses throughout Christendom upon which have come blessings from generation to generation because their doors swung easily open in the enlarging, ennobling, irradiating and divine grace of hospitality. I do not know what your experience has been, but I have had men and women visiting at my house who left a benediction on every room—in the blessing they asked at the table, in the prayer they offered at the family altar, in the good advice they gave the children, in the gospelization that looked out from every lineament of their countenances: and their departure was the sword of bereavement. The Queen of Norway, Sweden and Denmark had a royal cup of ten curves, or lips, each one having on it the name of the distinguished person who had drunk from it. And that cup which we offer to others in Christian hospitality, though it be of the plainest earthenware, is a royal cup, and God can read on all its sides the names of those who have taken from it refreshment. But all this is impossible unless you have a home of your own.

It is the delusion as to what is necessary for a home that hinders so many from establishing one. Thirty rooms are not

necessary, nor twenty, nor fifteen, nor ten, nor five, nor three. In the right way plant a table, and couch, and knife, and fork, and a cup, and a chair, and you can raise a young paradise. Just start a home, on however small a scale, and it will grow. When King Cyrus was invited to dine with an humble friend, the king made the one condition of his coming that the only dish be one loaf of bread, and the most imperial satisfactions have sometimes banquetted on the plainest fare. Do not be caught in the delusion of many thousands in postponing a home until they can have an expensive one. That idea is the devil's trap that catches men and women innumerable who will never have any home at all. Capitalists of America! build plain homes for the people. Let this tenement-house system, in which hundreds of thousands of the people of our cities are wallowing in the mire, be broken up by small homes, where people can have their own firesides and their own altar. In this great continent there is room enough for every man and woman to have a home. Morals and civilization and religion demand it. We want done all over this land what George Peabody and Lady Burdett-Coutts did in England, and some of the large manufacturers of this country have done for the villages and cities, in building small houses at low rents, so that the middle classes can have separate homes.

Young married man, as soon as you can, buy such a place even if you have to put on it a mortgage reaching from base to capstone. The much-abused mortgage, which is ruin to a reckless man, to one prudent and provident is the beginning of a competency and a fortune for the reason he will not be satisfied until he has paid it off, and all the household are put on stringent economies until then. Deny yourself all superfluities and all luxuries until you can say, "everything in this house is mine, thank God!—every timber, every brick, every foot of plumbing, every door-sill." Do not have your children born in a boarding-house, and do not yourself be buried from one. Have a place where your children can shout and sing and romp without being overhauled for the racket.

Have a sitting-room with at least one easy-chair, even though you have to take turns at sitting in it, and books out of the public library or of your own purchase for the making of your family intelligent, and checker-boards and guessing matches, with an occasional blind man's buff—which is of all games my favorite. Rouse up your home with all styles of innocent mirth, and gather up in your children's nature a reservoir of exuberance that will pour down refreshing streams when life gets parched, and the dark days come, and the lights go out, and the laughter is smothered into a sob.

First, last, and all the time, have Christ in your home. Julius Cæsar calmed the fears of an affrighted boatman who was rowing him in a stream by saying: "So long as Cæsar is with you in the same boat, no harm can happen." And whatever storm of adversity or bereavement or poverty may strike your home, all is well as long as you have Christ the King on board. Make your home so far reaching in its influence, that down to the last moment of your children's life you may hold them with a heavenly charm. At seventy-six years of age the Demosthenes of the American Senate lay dying at Washington—I mean Henry Clay, of Kentucky. His pastor sat at his bedside, and "the old man eloquent," after a long and exciting public life, trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic, was back again in the scenes of his boyhood, and he kept saying in his dream over and over again: "My mother! mother! mother!" May the parental influence we exert be not only potential, but holy, and so the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather, grandmother, and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream
The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

· · · Baptist Young People in Session · · ·

The Great National Convention to be Held This Week at Richmond, Va., of Members of the Union

THE holding in Richmond on July 13-16 of the Ninth International Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America will bring together in the former capital of the Confederacy the largest body of Christians ever assembled in Virginia. It may also bring together the largest number of young Baptists who have attended one of these great meetings, though there is not at hand just yet sufficient information to show whether or not this will be the case. It is well assured, however, that there will be quite a full attendance, and arrangements are being made accordingly. The houses of the Christian people of Richmond will be thrown open to receive the visitors, and, with numerous hotels and a great number of boarding-houses, there will be ample room for all. And every precaution will be taken to see that all houses, to which delegates will be sent, are in good order for entertaining the number assigned wtih comfort and without crowding.

PRES. JOHN H. CHAPMAN

SEC'Y DR. E. E. CHIVERS

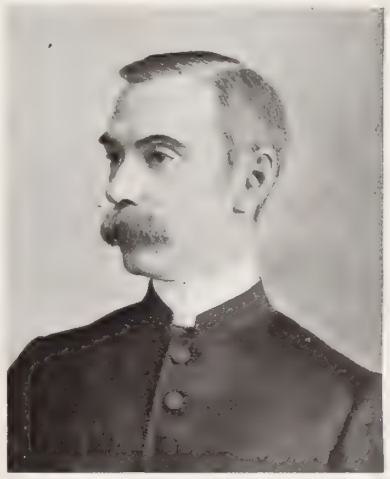
THE AUDITORIUM IN WHICH THE CONVENTION MEETS

The convention will open on Thursday, July 13, and continue through four days, closing with a great and imposing service, on Sunday night, the 16th. There will be three sessions a day. These will be held in the Auditorium building, on the old State Fair Grounds, an immense frame structure, which was erected especially for the re union of the United Confederate Veterans, held there in 1896. The building is a short way west of the city on Broad St., and directly on the line of one of the most modern and complete electric railway lines in the United States. The building has a seating capacity of 2,000, though this will be somewhat reduced by the plan of arrangement, just adopted with a view to improving the acoustics, and placing the choir and speakers in plain view and easy hearing of those in all parts of the hall. Special attention has been paid to the matter of ventilation, and electric exhaust fans are to be put in. Indeed the auditorium promises to be a very comfortable place for July, and every effort will be made to promote the comfort and convenience of those who attend. Northern people who might be deterred from visiting Richmond need have no fear. The records of the United States Weather Bureaus show that in July, Richmond is cooler than Philadelphia or Baltimore.

The arrangements for the convention are well under way, and the final details are now being given shape. They are under the direction of an executive committee of which Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, one of the most prominent Baptists in Virginia, is chairman.

The music will be furnished by a choir of 700 voices, which are being trained by Prof. H. W. Porter, of Baltimore, who directed the singing at both the Baltimore and Chattanooga conventions. A grand concert will be given the night before the convention, a feature of which will be the singing of a bright cantata written by Prof. Porter. Side trips will be run to Washington, Mount Vernon, Old Point, down James River to Jamestown (the site of the first English settlement in the United States), Norfolk, Virginia Beach, Natural Bridge and Luray Caverns. One of the most beautiful features of the convention will be a choral service on Saturday afternoon, by several hundred children. There will be the usual arrangements, made as complete as possible, for meeting the delegates and having them registered and escorted to their houses. Headquarters are centrally located, and convenient to all the car lines of the city, and in direct line with the Auditorium.

This year's convention will be remarkable for the number of distinguished men who will be heard. The programme is a rich one and will introduce many new men of rare gifts. The key-word will



HON. J. TAYLOR ELLYSON
Chairman Executive Committee

be, Discipleship. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Dr. T. J. Villers, of Indianapolis, Ind., an eloquent and engaging speaker. The following provisional programme shows how interesting and instructive the sessions will be: "Annual Address," John H. Chapman, pesrident. "The Disciple and His Lord," H. C. Mabie, Boston, Mass. "The Disciple and His Fellow-Man," W. W. Landrum, D.D., Atlanta, Ga. "Disciples Indeed," P. S. Henson, D.D., Chicago, Ill. "The Law of Discipleship," A. J. Dickinson, D.D., Selma, Ala. "The Rewards of Discipleship," D. T. Denman, D.D., Milwaukee, Wis. "The Horizon of Discipleship," W. G. Fennell, Meriden, Conn. "The Disciple and His Book," J. H. Randall, Grand Rapids, Mich. "The Disciple and His Devotions," D. M. Ramsey, D.D., Charleston, S. C. "The Disciple at His Task," C. A. Eaton, M.A., Toronto, Ont. "The Disciple and His Books," E. M. Keirstead," Acadia University, N. S. "The Disciple and the Church," W. W. Everts, D.D., St. Paul, Minn. "The Symmetrical Development of the Disciple," Prof. Shepardson, Colgate University, New York. "The Vocation of the Nation," T. J. Morgan, D.D. A. G. Lawson, D.D., Camden, N. J., and J. Q. A. Henry, D.D., New York, will deliver addresses on phases of the great Temperance Reform. G. W. Truett, Dallas, Texas, is expected to speak at the Saturday night session, which will be a gathering of the whole body instead of a series of Divisional Meetings as in former years. Lectures on the "Epistle to the Romans," J. M. Stifler, D. D., Crozer Seminary, Pa. Lectures on "The Bible and the Monuments," Ira M. Price, Ph. D., University of Chicago. Consecration Service Address, C. Woelfkin, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. The morning hours of devotion will be under the direction of C. Woelfkin, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Daniel Shepardson, Ph.D.; James A. Francis, New York; P. K. Dayfoot, M. A., Port Hope, Ont.

The Workers' Councils will be under the direction of Claude Kelly, Sandusky, O.; D. H. Cooper, Peru, Ind.; C. H. Rhoades, New York; Boston W. Smith, Minneapolis, Minn. The Annual Sermon will be preached. The Presentation Addresses will be made by C. B. Allen, Omaha, Neb.; Rev. Ransom Harvey, Germantown, Pa., and others Among the other speakers who will take special parts are Maurice P. Fikes, Trenton, N. J.; F. L. Anderson, D.D., Rochester, N. Y.; G. W. Whitman, D. D., Buffalo, N. Y. With such an array of speakers as this, there can be no lack of good things.

An interesting feature of the Convention will be the presentation of banners to both Senior and Junior Unions for proficiency in the Christian Culture Courses, which are a prominent part of the ordinary work in the Baptist Young People's Union. On Thursday the banner for the missionary course will be presented: on Friday that of the Bible-Readers and Sacred Literature courses and the Banner to the Juniors.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Handwriting on the Wall

S. S. Lesson for July 23. Dan. 5: 17-31
Golden Text, Ps. 75: 7

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

MANY must have been the hearts and consciences awakened when Nebuchadnezzar showed "unto all the peoples, nations and languages that dwell in all the earth," "the signs and wonders that the Most High God had wrought towards" him (Dan. 4: 1, 2). Many an idolater must have thrown away his idols when Nebuchadnezzar's personal experience was proclaimed to them in their own language, and when he himself bore witness: "At the end of the days (of God's judgment upon him), I, Nebuchadnezzar, lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High, and I praised and honored him that liveth for ever, for his dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom from generation to generation: and all the inhabitants of earth are reputed as nothing; and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay his hand, or say, What doest thou? . . . All his works are truth and his ways judgment: and those that walk in pride he is able to abase" (Daniel 4: 34-37, R. V.).

Commentators and historians disagree as to whether Belshazzar was the son of Nebuchadnezzar, called Evil Merodach (II. Kings 25: 27), or whether he was his grandson. In any case, the history of Nebuchadnezzar, his dreams and their interpretation by Daniel, and, above all, the unprecedented event of the fiery furnace could not have been unknown to him. When Daniel was introduced to him (verse 14), he says: "I have heard of thee." Therefore, we cannot ignore that when Belshazzar made a feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before, *i. e.*, in the presence of the thousand; and in his pride and conceit sought to exalt himself by utilizing the sacred vessels, brought from the temple at Jerusalem, to serve the purpose of idolatrous orgies—he was undoubtedly sinning against light.

A reaction had taken place: the profound impression which must have been made by the repeated and manifest intervention of "the Most High God" had begun to wane. The generation was passing which had heard first of the king's dream and Daniel's recalling and interpretation of it, then the miracle of preservation from the fiery furnace, and later the still greater miracle of the change in Nebuchadnezzar himself, after the humbling judgment upon him which had been foretold and then executed by God himself. Another generation was rising up: the court religion, now that Nebuchadnezzar was dead, returned to the traditional idolatry, and even defiance of the true God, which first had its origin in Babel. The tide was turned, and the current of popular opinion was running in a direction exactly contrary to those days when the faithful Daniel and his little praying band saw God work such wonders in answer to their prayers. But Daniel's God lived still, and his now aged servant, who trusted him, the man greatly beloved (Dan. 8: 11), lived also; and just when the enemy came in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord, by that very Daniel, lifted up a standard against him.

What must it have been to Daniel, God's true witness, to hear of what was going on at court. We are not told it was so, but probably a little company were praying together, or maybe apart, that God would again, in some mighty, supernatural way, assert himself, and vindicate his own cause, that immortal souls might at any rate, have the opportunity to know the only true God, and not be lost, and become a prey to the great enemy of souls. "The Lord's remembrancers" (Isa. 62: 6), must have been at their post, and Daniel was one of them. At the very moment when the conscious, willful blasphemy of the king and his lords was at its height, and while they were drinking wine out of the holy vessels, they insulted him to whom they were dedicated, by praising "the gods of gold and silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone"—the uninvited and inexplicable "fingers of a man's" hand wrote their doom upon the wall of the festive court.

It was one thing to blaspheme an unknown and unseen God, whose wonders he knew only second-hand as recounted by others. But that mysterious hand carried a felt Presence with it, and the guilty conscience of the king told him that God was there. "The king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed in him and his thoughts troubled him; and the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another." Belshazzar knew that he had met with God whom he had defied. It is the most blessed moment in our lives when we first meet with God as he reveals himself to us in Christ: the "God that pardoneth iniquity" (Micah 7: 18): a Shepherd who seeks his lost sheep "until he find it." But to have the holy, mighty God come near, when in the very act of defying and blaspheming him: who can picture anything more unutterably terrible? God, the Holy One; God, the Righteous One; no wonder Belshazzar shook like a withered leaf. In vain he sent for his wise men. The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned (I. Cor. 2: 14): only the Spirit of God has the key of what is spiritual, and these men had not the Spirit. Who then could read the writing?

One member of the court was significantly absent from the feast, the queen's heart was not in the heathen orgie: probably she was one of the praying band for her friend Daniel. It is when the worldly ones are in trouble that the children of God are welcomed by them, and when the queen came in she could tell of a man who had the Spirit, and whom Nebuchadnezzar had made the master of those wise men who had just now failed to interpret the writing. "Now let Daniel be called" (the queen knew him by his Hebrew name), "and he will show the interpretation." Thus Daniel was called, and the king,—who had no ideas of real dealings with God, used as he was to the self-assertive heathen priests, who assumed to have supernatural powers, but who always expected large monetary compensation for what they did—offered great reward to Daniel if he should read the writing. Daniel was at the disposal of a higher power than Belshazzar's. "Let thy gifts be to thyself and give thy reward to another," as though to say, these things are not what I seek for.

"IN THE SAME HOUR CAME FINGERS OF A HAND AND WROTE UPON THE WALL"

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

TWO difficulties have arisen in connection with this passage. The one is the identification of Belshazzar and the other the identification of "Darius the Median." Secular history knows no kings of those names. It has, however, been found that Nabonidus, one of the successors of Nebuchadnezzar, had a son named Bel-sar-utsur, who may have been the man referred to as Belshazzar, but he does not appear in the list of kings, as he died before his father. Still, it was not uncommon for an Oriental king to associate his son with him in the government of the empire, and Nabonidus may have done so, especially as he appears to have been a man who preferred to spend his time in building temples, to going to war. There is a prayer on one of the cylinders, recently unearthed, in which Nabonidus prays that: "My son, the offspring of my heart, might not give himself to sin." The difficulty as to Darius is still greater. He could not have been Darius Hystaspis, and besides, history shows that Cyrus became king of Babylon when it was conquered. Both these difficulties, however, may disappear when the explorations of ancient Babylon, now in progress, proceed farther. The story as related in Daniel is full of thrilling interest. We see vividly portrayed the great assemblage of princes and high-born ladies at the tables in the palace. Belshazzar drinking with them, and sending for the sacred vessels of which the temple at Jerusalem had been despoiled, and using them in the drunken revelry. Then the terror of the king, when he saw a hand, writing on the cornice of the banqueting-room. The hurried call for the wise men, whose business it was to interpret portents and omens, appears to have brought no light. Dean Farrar thinks it is probable that they could read the writing, but could not understand the significance of it. The words were Aramaic, which was the common language of trade. They were four words, signifying weight. A mina, a mina, a shekel, and upharsin, which meant a half mina. The consternation [illegible] of Nebuchadnezzar, and had been married by Nabonidus to strengthen his hold on the throne. It is she who suggests the calling of Daniel. Belshazzar summons him, and hears his doom. The mina becomes *m'nah*, which means [illegible] thou hast been weighed: and upharsin becomes *p'risath*, divided. Putting all together, Daniel interprets the message as a warning that God had numbered the years of the kingdom, and ended them: had tested the king and found him a light-weight or counterfeit; and had broken his kingdom in pieces. This was the warning, and the fulfilment came close upon its heels, for in that night was Belshazzar slain.

Though thou knewest all this. The king had not learned wisdom by the punishment of his predecessor, whom Daniel speaks of as his father, according to the custom of his people, as they had no word for grandfather. He was not the only king who has similarly failed. James II. of England had seen his father Charles I. brought to the scaffold for trying to defraud the people of their rights. Yet, when he came to the throne, he followed his example, and probably would have ended in the same way, if he had not run away, and remained in exile till he died.

God hath numbered thy kingdom. Sometimes men go on in wickedness, and because they are unreproved, think that God takes no notice and is indifferent to their proceedings. But Daniel intimates that the day of reckoning will come, though it may be delayed. It surprised good people that Napoleon III. should be able to keep possession of the throne of France for twenty years, when he obtained it by treachery and hideous cruelty, and his rule was one of corruption and licentiousness. It seemed as if God did not interfere. But the words were uttered, "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it," and at Sedan, the empire, rotten to the core, collapsed.

Weighed and found wanting. The expression refers to coins, which are tested by weight. In some of the European mints there are scales so delicate that they show a deficiency of the two hundredth part of a grain. The base metal in a coin does not weigh so much as the genuine and so a counterfeit is detected. A minister tells of a dream he had, in which he saw himself placed on the scales. Against him were placed his advantages of pious bringing up, his education and his opportunities of doing good, and on his side the record of his performances. It was so decidedly against him that he burst into tears, and as he awoke he was moaning, "weighed and found wanting."

Hast thou not glorified. This was a fatal omission. The king ought to have glorified God: that is, have so lived that people would have thought well of God and worshiped him. The same obligation lies on every one and especially on Christians. A young man employed in a kitchen-range manufactory in New York was converted at a revival meeting. His employer, who was not a Christian man, heard of it. He shrugged his shoulders and said he "did not like canting Methodists around" him. But after a time he found that his foreman had promoted this young man for careful and efficient work. By and by the foreman was obliged to leave and he recommended his employer to appoint the young man in his place. He praised him so highly that his advice was taken. The employer asked the new foreman how it was that he had made such progress. "I was converted," he said, "some time ago, and since then I have put my conscience into my work." "Well," said the employer, "I did not think much of religion, but if it has that effect, it must be a better thing than I supposed." If every Christian was a better servant, a better employer and a better citizen after his conversion than he was before the world would be quick to learn the lesson and God would be glorified.

French Nobles on Trial

A SCENE that will be memorable in French history was photographed specially for this journal and is reproduced on this page. It represents the trial of the aristocratic rioters who attacked the President of the French Republic, at Auteuil, on June 4. It will be remembered that President Loubet went to that town as a guest of honor to witness the Grand Steeplechase which, according to the Godless custom of that country, takes place on a Sunday. No sooner did the President appear in the seat of honor prepared for him, than shouts were raised from the crowd of nobles and aristocrats in the select enclosure, derogatory to the President. The uproar increased rapidly and eventually one of the leaders, Baron Christiani forced his way to the seat of the President and struck at him with his cane. Fortunately there was a stout balustrade in his way; for so violent was the blow he aimed at the President's head, that his stout cane was shivered to pieces. The police rushed to M. Loubet's protection and his assailant was severely handled. He was rolled in the dust, struck in the face and his clothes torn to tatters before he was subdued. His friends tried to protect him and continued to shout offensive remarks about the President. The reporters say that the scene was as violent as a Donnybrook Fair, but the police succeeded in arresting the ringleaders and two squadrons of mounted Republican Guards soon reduced the others to decent behavior. On his way back to his official residence, however, M. Loubet was assailed along the route by vituperative epithets; eggs and stones were thrown at him and it required the service of a strong force to get him home in safety. More than one hundred of the rioters were in the custody of the police, some of them the wearers of illustrious titles and all of them belonging to the aristocracy. They were tried in groups according to the gravity of their offences and their prominence in the disgraceful outrage. Seldom have the judges of a French court seen in the prisoners' dock men of such high station, but they had the courage to deal firmly with them. Baron Christiani was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for aiming a blow at the President. Comte de Dion, Comte D'Aubigny and Comte D'Assy, who made themselves conspicuous by their derisive cries and were active in the struggle with the police, were condemned to fourteen days' imprisonment and twenty dollars fine. The other participants received sentences of imprisonment varying from one to three months. It is well that their rank did not save them from punishment. Their conduct is to be deplored chiefly because they ought to set an example to other people. If they had been Christian men they would have known that it is a violation of God's law to act as they did.

It is written, Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people (Acts 23: 5).

Photographed Specially for The Christian Herald

SCENE AT THE TRIAL OF COUNT DE DION AND OTHERS, IN PARIS

Strange Cause for Divorce

A divorce case was recently tried in St. Louis, Mo., in which a novel plea was made by the husband who brought the suit. He claimed that he was entitled to a divorce because his wife had become a believer in witchcraft, and the court granted his application on that ground. The allegation in his petition avers "that the defendant is very superstitious and a believer in witches and witchcraft; that against the wishes of plaintiff she has been in the habit of consulting mediums and witch doctors, and performed ridiculous incantations and ceremonies tending to turn plaintiff into ridicule and contempt among his neighbors and friends, and that she accused the neighbors of bewitching her and threatened to assault them for looking at her with the evil eye." The husband stated in his testimony that his wife on one occasion put what was termed a witch love potion in his coffee. While the potion did not have the desired effect of increasing his love for her, it produced a very nauseating and uncomfortable effect on him physically. Evidently the age of superstition has not altogether passed away. It is singular that a woman, who so ardently desired that her husband should love her, should have resorted in these days to charms and potions, instead of cultivating her own charms of manner and loving service which seldom fail to win love. But the same disposition is found in religion. Men think to win God's favor by the performance of rites and ceremonies, when all that he desires is their love and obedience.

What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? (Micah 6: 8).

Setting Up a Gold Image

The State of Colorado has decided to be represented at the Paris Exposition of 1900, by an exhibit which shall give ocular demonstration of the mineral wealth of the State. It has arranged with a large casting firm to make a casting of solid gold. The design represents a girl in modern costume. The figure, of life size, is to be cast in gold, eighteen karats fine, and the cast, with its base, will be six feet four inches in height. It is estimated that a million dollars' worth of gold will be required. The pedestal is to be of copper and pure silver, standing five feet eight inches in height, three feet square at the top, and six feet four inches at the base. Upon four panels, in bas relief, it is intended to show representative Colorado scenes, all wrought in pure silver. On the base will also be four panels, on which will be representations of scenic attractions of the four railroads of the State. All the metals of which the statue and its base are to be constructed, will be the production of Colorado mines. It is an excellent way of showing the mineral wealth of the State and will doubtless impress every one who sees it. Happily, the time is past when such an image would assuredly have been worshiped. We wish the time was also past when it could be truthfully said that no one covets the metal of which it is composed, for that is really idolatry:

Covetousness which is idolatry (Col. 3: 5)

A Merchant's Mausoleum

A New York merchant who some time ago erected a magnificent monument in the cemetery at Winchester, Va., on the ground in which he requires his executors to bury him when he dies, has now purchased the adjoining lot, on which he will build a beautiful mausoleum. The idea of his body being put in the ground has grown repugnant to him, so he has determined on raising a building for its reception. The new structure is to be twenty-five feet wide, thirty-six feet long and twenty feet high. It will take more than five hundred tons of granite to construct it. Thirty-six columns, each weighing over five tons, will support the roof, which will weigh about sixty tons. The interior will be of colored marbles and onyx, with stained glass windows. There will be a crypt with a secret passage known only to the owner and the builders. The former intends that his body shall lie in this crypt. The cost of this mausoleum will exceed fifty thousand dollars, exclusive of the heavy bronze doors. The monument already erected cost him fifteen thousand dollars. We may hope that in spending so much money and thought on the preparation of a resting place for his body after he has no further use for it, he has not forgotten that his soul will need an abiding place. Money will not help him to secure that, but he can have it on God's own terms.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (II. Cor. 5: 1).

A Fraud Detected

Another claim to the discovery of perpetual motion which has exercised the ingenuity of so many inventors, has been proved fraudulent. A machine was recently sent to the office of the *Scientific American*, which at the first examination appeared to have come nearer the solution of the ancient problem than any machine previously invented. It consisted of a large fly-wheel attached at its centre to a horizontal bar which was supported by two pillars standing on a block of rough wood. Attached to the circumference of the wheel are levers supporting weights. By an ingenious device the levers open and close by hinges, so that while one-half of them are extended, and the weights are at the farther extremity, the other half are closed, bringing the weight close to the wheel. Thus, though the weights are of equal gravity, their position on the levers gives them unequal power, and might be expected to make the wheel turn. As each transverse arm with its jointed lever and weight rises a little past the horizontal, it slides forward and downward, thus throwing the weight on the opposite end still further from the centre and increasing the turning moment on that side, at the same time decreasing the moment on the upward half of the revolution. But the machine in spite of this ingenious device did not work, though the inventor claimed that it did work, and some of the people who advanced money to him had seen it work. The editor of the journal was convinced that there must be some concealed mechanism, and he determined to test it with the Roentgen rays. No sooner were they applied than the wooden base was seen to be hollow, and in the cavity was a clockwork device with a powerful spring, communicating with the wheel through the upright pillars. It needed to be wound up and then it would operate and any one not in the secret would suppose that the motion was the product solely of the weights and levers. But the discovery of the Roentgen rays has made it more difficult for such men as the inventor to deceive the public. It is surprising that he did not foresee that they might be applied. Still more surprising is it that men should try to deceive God, in spite of his warning:

All things are naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do (Heb. 4: 13).

Penalty of Passion

A widow, named Heindorff, is being diligently sought through the cities of this country. She is wanted by a family in Germany, who fear that her absense will involve them in heavy loss. It appears that a young man, belonging to a wealthy family in Berlin, came to New York in 1877. He had been in some trouble with his relatives, and came here to avoid further quarrels. He was not accustomed to work, and did not know any trade by which he could earn a livelihood. He obtained some employment, eventually, at a small salary, and married an American woman, whose acquaintance he had made. They had two children, of whom the father was very proud. He worked hard for their support, but there was often times of stress in the household. Two years ago, the young man fell ill, and died. He had never communicated with his relatives in Berlin, but when he was dying he gave his wife their address, and advised her to write them. He was leaving her and the children destitute, and hoped that his relatives would help to support them. But, when his mother received the letter which his wife wrote, after his death, she was angry at her son for marrying beneath his rank, and in her passion she tore the letter to fragments, and threw them away. Since that time a large sum of money has been left to the family, by a man who made an eccentric will. Under its provisions it is necessary for every member of the family to appear to receive his share, and if any one of them is dead, his representatives must appear, otherwise the estate is not to be divided, but held in trust for ninety-nine years, and then devoted to a public use. It is therefore of importance to all that the widow Heindorff and her children may be found: but as her letter has been destroyed, there is no way of notifying her, for no memorandum was made of her address. The mother doubtless, deplores giving way to anger. She is finding out now, as everyone will find out in the end, that God's warning is true:

His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate. (Ps. 7: 16).

THE REVIVAL AT BILLVILLE

ABIJAH SAUNDERS

A LOVELY narrow street there flapped in the midwinter [illegible] flaunting banner, and attached to it dangled a strange object. On the banner was poorly painted the legend which had caused the heart of the visiting evangelist to rejoice: "One Hundred Souls Saved." Below it hung a scarecrow dummy, a thing of rags and sawdust, and tied to it a soiled and battered placard said: "This is the one hundred and onth."

All day long that derisive legend had dangled and flapped under the sullen skies to the grief of the righteous and the delight of the ungodly, yet by some chance no one had disturbed it. No one knew who had put it there, yet any one in Billville would have told you privately — if you had been able to gain his confidence—that Bill Quigley probably knew something about it.

Abijah Saunders came down the street with his usually heavy tread and looked with a disapproving eye at the vanishing figures of Bill Quigley and Jake Burrows, known to be two of the toughest characters in the village. As he looked with a wary eye after the two men, a figure approached him unseen from the other side.

"You folks have got a tough job there," he said, "almost as tough as I am, eh, Abijah!"

Abijah Saunders turned and faced his brother Michael, the town marshal, and as he looked into his eyes the slumbering hate of a feud of thirty years flashed into the faces of both.

"There is more hope for them than for you," he said sternly, "for you have sinned against more light and knowledge than they have."

"Well, I don't know about that," replied the other, in the same slow insulting tone as at first. "I never got any particular light from you on anything, and as for knowledge, I've known all I want to about you for many a year."

As he spoke a pale yellow light flared out of the west into the sullen twilight of the dying winter day, and as its cold, revealing ray, fell upon the countenances of the two men that deadliest human passion—hate—sat like a demon upon each face. Abijah Saunders professed a likeness of the life of Christ, but he never remembered anything but the terrors of the law when he stood face to face with his brother, and Michael had never known to do aught but sneer at religion.

"You," thundered Abijah, "you, and your knowledge of me belong to the devil. Years ago you robbed me almost over our mother's coffin, and ever since then you have dogged me, insulted me and my family, disgraced the family name by your conduct, and not content with that you even refuse to fulfill the duties of your office properly. The conduct of the young hoodlums of this town at the meetings, night after night, is a disgrace to the community, yet you, the town marshal, stand by and see it without a word, and they boast all over the town that you dare not arrest them because you are afraid of Bill Quigley."

"Bill Quigley knows well that I am not afraid of him," replied Michael, coolly, and you know it yourself also. None, but you and a few other old fogies have raised any objections to their conduct, and I certainly don't propose to lock up a lot of young fellows for nothing worse than eating peanuts in church. You pious ones ought to convert them."

On Abijah Saunders' brow a wrinkled vein stood out on his forehead between his temples, gorged with blood, and his eyes looked fiercely from under his bristling eyebrows.

"Jehovah has hardened your heart that he may make an example of you," continued Abijah. "Your feet are on the edge of the bottomless pit, and the smell of fire is on your garments: yet, as your brother, I will not see you perish without warning."

Michael Saunders looked full at his brother with a fixed, concentrated gaze. "It's strange you didn't remember you were my brother thirty years ago, when you stole the North pasture from me," he said, in a slow, even tone.

The last word had scarcely left his lips, when Abijah's right arm went out with terrific force, but swift and powerful as it was, Michael dodged it with a sidewise motion, hardly perceptible, and then, as it was raised again, he lifted his voice with a ring in it which cut the air like [illegible]

"Listen to me, Abijah Saunders, you are a liar and a hypocrite. It is more than a quarter of a century since we quarreled over a petty question of land, before our mother was decently buried, and though what you did then was bad enough, it is your life since which has utterly estranged me. I'll go my way and you go yours. I'll take my chances with you in the end."

"Then, by heaven, I will help you to go your way," cried Abijah, far beyond the limits of self control. "Every decent person in this town is tired of the disturbance in the meeting house, night after night, and I have made up my mind that you, as a sworn officer of the law, shall do your duty. If there is anything unseemly done tonight, and you do not stop it, you shall hear from me then and there in a way you will [illegible]

"I shall be at [illegible] plied Michael, "and you may do what you like, but one thing you know, for you know me, and that is that you cannot compel me to do or not to do anything [illegible]"

Abijah took one step forward and looked at his brother. Almost touching one another they stood in the gray, ghostly winter light, each strong, resolute, defiant, with the hate of thirty years written in each face and such a look in the eyes as the first murderer might have worn.

"I can and will," said Abijah, between set teeth.

"You can not," replied Michael, in a heavy, uninflected tone.

For the space of a few seconds longer the two men remained in the same attitudes, their eyes locked together in a glare that betokened war to the death, then, without another word, Abijah turned and walked with his heavy tread down the street, while Michael wheeled and went in the opposite direction.

Whiter than snow, yes,
whiter than snow.
Now wash me and I shall be
whiter than snow.

The words of the hymn floated out on the still night air from the little red church and were wafted far down the street. Inside it was crowded to suffocation. It was now the fourth week of the revival and the religious excitement had reached a tension-breaking point. Husbands were pleading with wives and wives with husbands; adults and even children nightly crowded the altar; backsliders had been reclaimed and the lukewarm were smitten with fervor; it seemed as though an irresistible wave was sweeping over the town which must ultimately bear all on its tide. It was even said that Billville's one infidel, a man of wide popularity, was wavering. The cycle of meetings was almost uninterrupted during the twenty-four hours: an early morning prayer-meeting, a noon prayer-meeting, afternoon experience-meetings from house to house, and the evening services filled up the schedule and every man, woman and child in all Billville attended from one to four of these.

Thus far but few had escaped the general influence, and among these was what was known as "Bill Quigley's gang," a choice assorted collection of congenial spirits common to small, isolated country villages, in reality more boorish and lazy than deliberately vicious, but detrimental

THE QUARREL:—"YOUR FEET ARE ON THE EDGE OF THE BOTTOMLESS PIT!" THUNDERED ABIJAH.

"I intend to compel you to do your duty. The conduct of the young outlaws of this village is disgraceful beyond expression, and I intend that it shall be stopped. To-day, here is this last insult put upon us—" and he pointed upwards at the [illegible] that almost touched his head. "and yet you take no pains to discover the guilty party, and lock him up over night on bread and water for this outrage."

His brother laughed coldly.

"Yes, it is an outrage—or a joke."

BILL QUIGLEY'S GANG

to the ethical standards of life, though Billville had never heard of anything so far-fetched as "ethical standards." None of these had weakened under the preaching of the terrors of the law. Night after night they not only sat unmoved by the most vivid word pictures of the hereafter, but in subtle ways managed to create an undercurrent of levity and irreverence which acted as a foil at times to what might otherwise have been impressive periods in the minister's oratory. Popular sentiment had now settled that Michael Saunders was in some way the stumbling-block, though no one could say just why, for the administration of his office was above reproach, until, instigated by Abijah, public opinion had turned against him.

THE PEACEMAKER

The ancient feud between the brothers was common property of all. Everyone knew of the quarrel, the unseemly funeral, with the brothers sitting in different rooms, the long, bitter, smouldering enmity, while, strangely enough, both brothers were prominent and influential in their way — Abijah as an elder in the PresbyterianChurch for over twenty years, and Michael always filling some political office with credit. The latter was never known to enter a church until the present revival. Then, unmindful of the curious eyes and whispered comments, he had attended with unfailing regularity, sitting well up in the front where he could have a full view of Abijah praying and exhorting, watching him with cold, grey eyes, deep, silent, almost sinister, and although more than one discourse was palpably directed at him, it made no more impression than a summer breeze would on a rock.

To-night there was a heightening of tension that was felt by everyone. The thermometer was close to zero and the two cannon stoves in the rear of the church were heated red hot. The gasolene lamps burned brightly in front of the polished tin reflectors, and up in the corner sat the choir, pretty Mattie Thompson at the organ and her sweetheart leading the singing. Mary Ann Hutchinson, whom it were no injustice to call a professional backslider, sat in the second seat. Mary Ann had successively belonged to the Baptist, the Presbyterian and the Christian, and after having been twice dropped from the probation rolls of the Methodist, had finally been accepted and announced her belief that she had found salvation at last.

In addition to the three ministers who had conducted the services all these weeks there was a visiting clergyman from a near-by town, and the unusual crowd had come expecting to hear a stranger who was preceded by a reputation for eloquence. But the visitor had pleaded fatigue, and the pastor of the Presbyterian Church had preached. He had worked himself up to an uncommon height and was now in an impressive flight.

"I feel," said he, "that there is some soul here to-night which may be lost forever if it does not accept this last offer of salvation. Who among you knows where he may be when to-morrow dawns! Who knows whether, when he lies down to-night he shall wake in this world or the next, in heaven or in hell! You have heard the truth in this house many nights, but you will not always be privileged to hear it. There are those among you who are hardening their hearts and stiffening their necks and treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. Beware, I say unto you, beware! The judgment of the Lord is at hand; the day of reckoning is near; the harvest is past, the summer is ended and your soul is not saved. Let no one think he may escape. You, oh, young man, proud in your strong manhood; you, oh, young woman, fresh in your beauty, enjoying the lascivious measures of the dance, steeped in worldly folly, sipping the wine cup, there is an awful judgment in store for you. You have time now and then comes eternity. Eternity, eternity! most awful word for one in hell as it is the most glorious for one in heaven. Can you conceive it? Without end! Millions of years will roll away, and yet you will be no nearer the end of it than you were at first. More millions, the earth, sea and sky have ceased to exist, the heavens have rolled together as a scroll, creation is swallowed up in an abyss, the graves have given up their dead, the whole human race has been summoned before the bar of God, the final judgment has come and is past, and you have been hurled down-ward into hell with the devil and his angels. Time has ended and eternity begun, and yet all this is but as a second of time in human life. Infinite millions roll onward, endless cycles of millions of years each, and still you are lost, lost, lost! Eternity, eternity, eternity!"

His voice ended in a shriek.

There was the sound of women sobbing all over the church.

"Amen!" "Glory to God!" "The Lord be praised!" cried the men.

Over to the right of the pulpit not far from the front, Bill Quigley and half a score of his associates had sat, silent and decorous, all the evening. Many suspicious glances had been directed at them, but they had been quiet and not even a peanut had been eaten.

There was a slight shuffling of feet there now, and before anyone realized what had happened Bill Quigley was on his feet and speaking: "You may believe what you say, Mr. Weaver," he said, "but there's some of us as don't, and I'm one of them. I don't lie, or steal, or cheat, and I never abused my mother or harmed a woman, and what's more, I don't think it's a sin to put my arm around a pretty girl in a waltz. Now, there's a lot of us fellows thinks the same way, and we're all tired of bein' told every night in the week that we're goin' to hell just because we don't believe what you do, as near as I can make out. So we've been talking about the matter, and if you don't modify your statements somehow and let us down easy on that there hell fire business, us boys is goin' to take all you parsons down to the river and give you a duckin' — ain't we, boys?" "You bet," was the hoarse, determined assent.

"WIVES PLEADED WITH HUSBANDS"

THE RECONCILIATION:—"THE BROTHERS CLASPED HANDS AND THEIR HEARTS RAN TOGETHER LIKE FLAME"

The four ministers on the platform stood in silent amazement. No one moved before Abijah Saunders bounded out of his seat directly in front of the pulpit, drew his immense, bony frame up to its full height and in stentorian tones called to his brother, "Michael Saunders, do your duty. I command you to arrest that man."

Michael got up from his seat and walked over to his brother, and thus the two stood facing each other before the whole congregation.

"You said this afternoon that you would make me do whatever you wanted me to," he said, as coldly and evenly as ever. "Do it now."

"Do you dare speak so in the house of God?" shouted Abijah.

"Make me do it—" repeated Michael, impassively.

"Your soul is lost forever," said Abijah, his voice scarcely articulate now from rage. "You will be among the damned in ——"

"Nay, my brother, do not speak so. You forget that Christ came to call sinners to repentance." It was the visiting clergyman who spoke, in a singularly and winning voice. "You are both sinners in the sight of God, and both in need

"ALL BILLVILLE WENT TO THE EVENING SERVICE"

of his saving grace," he added, solemnly.

"You robbed me," said Abijah to his brother, without noticing the little clergyman, "you deliberately stole the part of the property my mother intended me to [illegible]

"You lie, Abijah Saunders," said Michael, at white heat, "you have lied about me all these years in this community, and I have been silent, but to-night I will unmask you forever. I am tired of having you eternally pointed out as a saint, and me as a villain."

The vain gorged with blood stood out again on Abijah's forehead. Michael's face was livid.

"I took only my rights, only what our mother wished me to have," said Abijah. "You were always jealous of me, even in your boyhood, and only your jealousy could have construed an act of fairness into one of dishonesty and cheating. I never robbed a human being in my life."

"For God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It was the little clergyman, his face filled with the glow of a divine compassion. He stood on the platform directly over them and held out his hands with a yearning gesture. "Dearly beloved," he continued. "you and I, and all of us are sinners in the sight of God, and each of us needs forgiveness. Christ has brought salvation to us all, and where he has forgiven much, we may forgive little. Shake hands and forgive and forget as brothers should."

Neither man paid the slightest attention.

"You have used words to me which no man can forgive," said Michael. "and you shall retract them, or pay dearly for them."

"Retract! To you! You are a liar!"

"Brother, brother!" cried the clergyman, "beware what you say. Remember that he that hateth his brother is in danger of hell fire. As a Christian it is your duty to forgive him and hold out the hand of Christian fellowship. Offer him your hand, brother."

Abijah Saunders shook off the restraining hand of the clergyman and looked straight at Michael with fierce eyes.

"That's right, pard," cried Bill Quigley. "If a fellow's a Christian, let him be on decent terms with his own brother. See here, Abijah Saunders, if you'll act square with Mike us boys will let up on that duckin'. What do you say, boys?"

"That's right, Bill" said Jake Burrows, "we'll give up the duckin' if Abijah Saunders 'll come around; but I'll bet he won't."

Abijah Saunders stood as though turned to marble, nor was Michael less immovable. Each eyed the other carefully. In the congregation there was a tense, deathlike silence among the groups huddled together.

"Brother," said the clergyman, again laying his hand on Abijah's shoulder, "there is a fearful responsibility upon you to-night. God has brought this whole matter home to you and made you the one to decide it all. If you dare to refuse this opportunity I tremble to think of your soul's fate, for he who refuses forgiveness cannot expect to be forgiven. Give him your hand, brother."

His voice vibrated with a peculiar sweetness. On Abijah Saunders' face great drops of perspiration stood out and his chest heaved, but he gave no other sign. Michael might have been carved in bronze for all signs of emotion he showed, save that his face was gray.

"I guess the deal's off, boys," said Bill Quigley.

There was an ominous movement on the other side of the church, and somewhere in the house a woman cried out hysterically.

Her choked outcry had scarcely died away ere the young clergyman dropped on his knees and with his hands raised appealingly toward heaven cried in thrilling tones: "Almighty God and Jesus Christ our Lord, look down upon us in mercy and save these thy children. Oh, Christ, who has loved us all and died on Calvary that we might live, turn the hearts of these thy children unto thee and unto each other. Show them thy infinite love, thy divine compassion, thy mercy and forgiveness. Let thy holy spirit enter their hearts and drive out this demon of hate. Oh, God, save them; save them now; save them ere they depart from this altar; and do thou, oh merciful Saviour, move especially upon the heart of thy servant who doth not yet know all the heights and depths of love and forgiveness. Soften his heart and grant that he may not be a stumbling-block in the way of others, and turn the heart of his brother likewise. Oh, Lord, come in thy power and unite again on earth these brothers, that when they stand at last before the great white throne and meet that sainted mother gone before they may be of one mind and worship thee forever and ever. Oh, Jesus, thou son of David, let in thy light upon these darkened souls."

A great sob, the sob of a strong man in agony, sounded in the room. It came from Abijah Saunders, down whose face the tears were rolling; he stood as though transfixed. Michael had bitten his under lip until the blood came. The clergyman rose, pallid and inspired. His face was divine.

He took Abijah's unresisting hand in his and said: "Come, my brother, now is the hour. Your mother is watching you in heaven, and the angels lean over the battlements. Your mother's eyes are on you. She is in heaven. If you wish to meet her there you must be reconciled to your brother on earth."

Abijah swayed unsteadily; for a moment it seemed as though he would fall. Then he groaned, as though the words were wrenched from him by some unseen power: "Mother, oh mother! You are in heaven and I——"

"And you are on the road there, brother," said the clergyman, in clear accents. "We must all become as little children before we can enter there. And you, brother, turning to Michael, "you, too, used to say your prayers at your mother's knee. Do you not remember when you knelt with your brother by her side and with your arms entwined about each other and your mother's hand resting in benison upon your heads you offered up your childish petitions? Your mother is not dead, but gone before; she is in this very room; her spirit hovers near. Oh, brethren, God and your mother call."

The two men looked at each other, no longer with hate; in their faces were pictured an agonizing conflict. Abijah's knees swayed, and from Michael's deep chest came hoarse pantings. The violent emotions that convulsed their strong frames seemed to leap from one to the other. An irresistable impulse swept them both. In the crucible of that moment every human hate was dissolved like wax. The hearts of the two men ran together like flame.

"Mother, oh, mother! Michael! Michael! Forgive me."

"Abijah, my dear brother, there is nothing to forgive now."

They fell into each other's arms and sobbed like children. The foundations of every heart were broken up and many threw themselves on their knees sobbing out thanks to God. Men and women wept and the three pastors had broken down with the rest. Only the young minister dominated the scene. "Thank God," he said.

"Praise the Lord," came from every quarter of the church.

The brothers still stood embracing each other, unashamed before the world. In the flood of tenderness and humility that had swept away the barriers of years, two souls, long spiritually alienated, came face to face through the medium of a sacred memory. It was as though angels' wings fanned the air.

Bill Quigley shifted from one foot to the other and cleared his throat hoarsely.

"I reckon there won't be no duckin' to-night, Mr. Weaver," he said, "and I beg your pardon for disturbin' the meetin'. Mr. Saunders, you've done the square thing, and we all give you credit for bein' a gentleman. We put that there dummy up, me and Jake Burrows, and we'll go and take it down now, and we won't ever do anything in the meetins again."

"No, wait, my son," said the little clergyman, with a winning smile. "Help us sing the long metre doxology first and then brother Saunders will lead us in prayer before the benediction."

As the first notes of the doxology rolled out in a soaring volume the stuffed dummy far down the street flapped weirdly in the frosty air.

MARY C. FRANCIS.

THREE LEADERS IN THE TENT [illegible] ON HEADLEY AV., NEW YORK.

REV. J. L. CAMPBELL, D.D. REV. J. F. CARSON, D.D. MR. WM. PHILLIPS HALL

[illegible] Fifty-sixth Street, marking the most unique midsummer revival movement New York has experienced in many years. Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, the originator of the work has been cordially supported by leading local and visiting pastors. Among those who have been specially active in the recent work are Rev. J. F. Carson, D.D., of the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn; Rev. Ford C. Ottman, Memorial Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, Fourth Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. L. Campbell, D.D., of Lexington Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, and Mr. William Phillips Hall the well-known "business man evangelist". At all of the revival meetings and especially on Sunday afternoons, the number of earnest inquirers is unusually large and there are abundant evidences that the movement is taking deep and permanent root in the hearts of the people. Many notable instances of conversion are reported, among them being that of a rich, middle-aged New England merchant, who had long been an unbeliever and indifferent to religion. It is expected that a band of trained Christian workers from Chicago or Northfield will soon be added to the evangelistic forces who will make it a special duty to follow up new converts, and have them unite with convenient churches. An addition to the tent has been made by which its seating capacity is largely increased.

Richer than Golconda

In an address on the Bible, by an eloquent Southern legislator, Champ Clark, of Bowling Green, Mo., the following remarkable exordium occurs:

Do you yearn to place your name high on the scroll of fame as a poet? Take the Psalms of David and the Book of Ecclesiastes as your model's

Do you aspire to write prose the tersest and most sublime? Begin with the most stupendous sentence ever penned—God said. "Let there be light, and

[illegible] of Christendom before King Agrippa, or reveals to an astounded world "the unknown God" on Mars Hill, in the glorious theatre of Grecian eloquence [illegible] the Aleutian Islands, which contains all that is most precious in modern civilization, there is scarcely a human understanding so benighted but it holds, consciously or unconsciously, some scrap of the Book of Books. In poetry, song and oratory; in magazines, newspapers, and books, in [illegible] in history, biography and fiction; in conversations in the most splendid parlors; in the wretched chatterings of cold, hunger and squalor—anywhere, even in the most unexpected places, one hears the language of inspiration. It is safe to say that were every Bible now printed in all the languages spoken by the children of men, suddenly burned, it might be completely reproduced from the literature and memory of the world. Wherever its doctrines are the principle of the people, we find civilization in its highest perfection, and humanity in its most pleasing aspect. I would rather send my children into the world ignorant of the alphabet of the multiplication table, than of the Bible.

BRIEF NOTES

The various Methodist bodies in the United [illegible] ment of delegates, to attend the great Ecumenical Council, to be held in England, in 1901. Three hundred delegates in all will go, of which the Methodist Episcopal Church elects 129.

[illegible] ence will meet again this year at [illegible] York. [illegible] day, July [illegible] July 25. The usual corps of Bible teachers is expected to be present.

Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, President of the National W. C. T. U., and Miss Gordon, Vice-President, have held conferences in thirteen States during their tour just completed. It has been arranged that the next National Convention shall be held at Seattle, Wash., Oct. 20-25.

The twenty-fifth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada convened in the city of Hamilton, Ontario on the 14th of June, with about 350 Commissioners present. The opening sermon was preached by the retiring moderator, Dr. Torrance. The newly elected moderator is Dr. Campbell, of [illegible]

At the recent Zionist conference in Baltimore, to elect members of the Executive Committee, of the Basle Congress, which is to meet, on August 15, at Basle, Switzerland, Prof. Richard Gottheil and Dr. Stephen S. Wise were chosen. The object of the Zionist movement is to acquire sites by the Jews, in Palestine, and eventually to lease the land from the Sultan.

The religious classification of the immigrants arriving in this country during May, is as follows: [illegible] Protestants [illegible] Israelites, 925 Greek Catholics, 5 Mohammedans, and 9 who were classified as miscellaneous.

The Presbyterian churches, of Philadelphia, have organized an extensive scheme of aggressive work in connection with the churches and in tents. Dr. John S. Mackintosh has general supervision of the movement. Work was commenced on June 25, in a lot on the corner of Thirty-third and Wharton Streets where a tent holding one thousand persons has been erected. Among the evangelists engaged are Dr. L. W. Munhall and Rev. Geo. C. Needham.

In response to numerous inquiries, we would say that we are now ready to fill all orders for the issue of June 14th, containing the article entitled, *What Think Ye of Christ?* consisting of the responses of the eminent men of the nation to our interrogatories as to their belief in Christianity. Single copies of this supplementary edition will be mailed to any address for five cents, or twenty copies for $1.00, and 200 copies for $5.00, postage prepaid.

The report presented at the recent meeting of Tuskegee College, of which Booker T. Washington is President, shows that the enrollment last year was 1,164 pupils; over 1,000 worthy applicants were refused for want of room. The students paid towards their expenses $8,736, and 500 students in the night school paid in labor $56,000, including among other things, the making of 1,000,000 bricks, the sawing of 250,000 feet of lumber, the washing of 500,000 pieces in the laundries, and the cultivating of about 700 acres of land.

We are requested to remind our readers of the Bible study work carried on by Dr. James M. Gray, at the Bible Institute in Chicago. Those who took last summer's course know how helpful it was. This year's course will be new and equally helpful. Prof. Towner gives instruction in music. No charge for tuition is made to ministers or Christian workers. The only expense is that of board and lodging. The entire course covers four months, but those who can spare only a few weeks are welcome. Applications should be addressed to Mr. Moody, 80 Institute Place, Chicago.

Bishop John P. Newman, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has for some time past been seriously ill at Saratoga, and before this issue reaches our readers, he may have passed away. He was elected to the episcopate by a two-thirds vote of the General Conference in 1888, and has been an able and progressive leader in M.E. church affairs. Prior to his ordination as bishop, he was known in connection with his work in the South, as organizer of the Metropolitan Church, Washington, D. C., as Chaplain of the Senate, Inspector of Consulates, and pastor of several churches. His books, *From [illegible] and [illegible] Babylon and Nineveh*, are well known. He was born in New York, September 1, 1826.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

The Empty Cradle

Giving and Finding Comfort—Sorrow-Wise—Well-Meant Blunders

ALMOST every mother knows the full meaning of these three sad little words: "the empty cradle," from which God has taken the gift he seems to have lent only long enough to take away with it a mother's heart.

He sleeps. Who sleeps?
You do not know?
And I must tell you, soft and low,
My little baby sleepeth so.

He sleeps so late,—My baby sleeps,
Nor smiles nor weeps.
The noon upon the morn doth wait,
The sun shines full upon the gate—
The bees and birds are in full tune,
And summer life is at its noon.
My heart doth break,
My baby never will awake!

He sleeps.
The tender eve draws near,
The lights of home are shining clear,
But in the churchyard dark and drear,
My little baby sleeps.

Such a wail as this was that of one poor woman who could never have spoken afterwards so straight to the hearts of bereaved mothers but for the fact that by bitter experience she knew just what the empty nest means in a desolate home, and just what words were best to say or leave unsaid. The writer once heard this said to a bereaved mother of a little one whose loveliness of spirit and angelic patience through suffering had led a worldly man to Christ: "Be thankful; he might have grown up a wicked man." The mother winced. "I don't think he would," she said, defending her silent dead. "You can't know! He might have broken your heart." "O," cried the bruised one, "if he could but have lived to disprove this thing!" The well-meaning, would-be comforter (who had never lost a baby) went away, and another (who had lost one) came and whispered: "It is well with the child." "I don't know why he had to suffer so," moaned the mother; "he had never done any harm, and he was so good and so patient!" "So was Jesus," murmured the other, "Jesus who is keeping him in his arms. Your baby had a mission here; he fulfilled it better than some of us who are grown fulfill our missions. Little as he was, dear, he won a martyr's crown."

"Think," said a well-intentioned friend across an empty cradle, "how much better it is than if one of your older children had gone." The dull anguish in the bereaved woman's eyes took on some bitterness as she said: "'Only a baby!' I have heard that before. He was only a baby to others, but to me he was my son and his manhood died with him." A white-haired minister in the room (he had given some of his little ones back to God and was sorrow-wise) laid his hand on the mother's head and said with a tender smile: "Maybe, my dear, God needed a new angel in heaven."

Never a little one is laid away but we torture ourselves in thinking over the many things that we might have done to save it. If this is true of homes where all that money, skill, good nursing, plenty of room and nourishing food can do is done, how must it be for the toil-worn mother of scant means in the crowded tenement homes, where there are many to keep and many to eat, and not enough air to go around and not enough time to give good care? Such mothers many of our readers have found comfort in helping as memorials to their own "empty cradles."

♣

A Loving Word

"I had rather have a loving word said about me behind my back than any other gift or favor on earth," said a woman whose pathway in life had been made difficult by a cruel slander which had its origin in the thoughtless criticism of a friend. The careless speech, having unusual power as coming from such a source had been repeated and garbled until it assumed a form which the speaker never intended. "If you can say nothing good of another, keep silence," is a golden adage. Another as excellent is, "If you can say a good word for another, say it," generously, freely. A genial influence follows the man or woman of kind and prudent speech; and a very uncertain one follows the malicious or careless talker.

♣

A Mother Stork's Devotion

Among many stories of the affection of dumb creatures for their young, this from a German paper is peculiarly pathetic: "At Neuendorf the lightning struck the gable end of a barn where for years a pair of storks had built their nest. The flames soon caught the nest in which the helpless brood was piteously screaming. The mother stork now protectingly spread out her wing over the young ones, with whom she was burnt alive, although she might have saved herself easily enough by flight."

♣

"Mamma's Sunshine"

She was a wee bit of a girl, but she did more to keep the household sweet-spirited and happy than any one else in the family. From morning till night she pattered about, playing, singing softly to herself, and "just loving" everybody, as her brother put it. Did mamma look tired and care-worn! Lucy was quick to see it, and her little arms were around mamma's neck, and a little voice was whispering softly, "I love you." For papa, and brothers, and sisters, it was the same. One sad week the child was ill, and how they missed her laughter and playing. The doctor had a talk with mamma; and mamma with the others. She said: "Lucy has had too much comforting to do. It has been a strain on her poor little nerves that we didn't understand. It has cost her something to be 'our sunshine.' In her baby way she has been carrying our troubles. We must be 'sunshine' for her, too."

Are any of us shadowing little lives by sorrowful faces? Children rarely show how much they feel the atmosphere of trouble around them. A child needs sunshine as much as a flower.

♣

Children and Signboards

The Civic Committee of the Women's Clubs of Chicago have taken a step which everybody will thank them for. With might and main, they have taken up the signboard question, and are determined to work reform in this direction. They urge that the pictures thus kept continually before the eyes of children are by no means elevating; that English and punctuation are often execrable in those comparatively free from other objections; that so far as art is concerned, they are out of drawing and monstrosities in color; and that for the rest, they are of such size and in such numbers and places that they obstruct lake views and cut off breezes from the children's playgrounds. In short, Chicago's women declare that painted signboards which are an offence against morals, good grammar, good art and free circulation of air, must go. They will not have Chicago's municipal housekeeping done that way. They are at too great expense in having children educated properly and trained morally, and also in providing public playgrounds for them, to suffer longer such nullifying influences to be exerted without any hindrance. If people want to put advertisements on signboards, they must use good art, good grammar, and pictures free from blood-curdling or otherwise demoralizing effects.

PRAYERFUL MEMORIES OF THE LITTLE ONE

The Round-House

YOU start at the door by the office, and
circle around to the right—
Past the engines run in from their labors,
at home and in bed for the night.
The first is a monster old "Mogul" which
backs itself out for a climb
Up the mountains, with ninety full-loaded, to
Renovo and Erie on time.
Here "17-20" stands puffing, its steam-grimy
smoke hissing through,
It's in from a run up the valley—eighty miles
in an hour it flew!
And "5 [illegible]," further round he is, stale, wheezing and shaky and gray,
With flanges and bumpers all battered, fast
falling apart from decay.
Old "2-61"? Why, bless you! It's not in the
round-house at all!
It belonged here since back in the sixties, but
went to the scrap-pile last Fall.

And so through the round-house you circle
and pass out the door you came in—
Back again into life's greater round-house—the
world—with its trouble and sin,
Where yourself are an engine awaiting the
call of some duty to do;
To run on the road of the Master and pull his
great business on through;
To "do unto others" in meekness, so long as
the signals shall burn,
Then on to nature's old scrap—I mean to a
grave on the hill in your turn,
While your spirit sails out on the billows of
freedom from life and its care—
Sails up to the mansion of glory that Jesus has
gone to prepare,
And enters the portals of heaven—the round-
house of God for the blest,
Where his wipers and strikers and helpers
fold their arms in his eternal rest.

Sunbury, Pa. G. W. FUREY.

♣

A Model Stepmother

THERE is no position more difficult to fill with satisfaction to oneself and the children in one's care, than that of stepmother. Like that of a real mother, only unfaltering prayer and faith in God's grace can carry one through it to a successful issue. With the best intentions and sweetest effort on both sides, the stepchild and stepmother have hard and delicate problems to solve; all the more delicate and difficult in that they cannot be as in the actual relation of parent and child, always left to themselves in working out solutions. But, after the struggle of understanding each other during the first years are passed, and mutual love, confidence and interest are established, precious rewards come to both. The writer knows of many instances where, while the memory of the first mother is a treasured possession, her portrait occupying the place of honor on the family wall, the second mother receives perfect love and exquisite reverence. Be sure this position has not been attained without patience, love and piety on both sides; nor without the conscientious reserve and prayerful cooperation of the family connections of the stepmother, the children, the father. The writer lately called at the residence of the widow of a Jewish rabbi, who had left his eight children to her guardianship; a young and beautiful woman, she had devoted her life unreservedly to them. A young girl of perhaps eighteen met the visitor, saying: "My mother was very weary and has retired. Will I do?" In the course of the conversation, the writer referred to "your step-mother." The fair face clouded. "My mother!" with emphasis on the beautiful word. "We do not like the prefix 'step'." The writer impulsively commented on the ideal affection implied. "Oh," said the girl, "how could I help loving her? My mother is so beautiful! My mother is so angelic!" Meeting the mother on a later occasion, that lady said: "How could I help loving them? They have always loved me so!"

♣

Farmhouse Flower Gardens

Farmers' wives often lead such busy lives that they have no time for flower culture, the vegetable garden claiming attention that can be spared from household duties. The way out of the difficulty is to get the children interested in raising flowers. This may require patience and toil, but it secures at once occupation and amusement for the children and the keeping of the flower garden.

Took Jesus as their Model

Rev. C. M Sheldon's Wonderful Story of the Experience of a Band of Earnest Men and Women who Pledged Themselves to a Practical Imitation of the Saviour—The Result

FOUR years ago, a thoughtful-looking man of about forty, sat busily at work in his little study in the city of Topeka, Kan. As he glanced up occasionally from his writing, it could be seen that he had a pleasant-looking oval face, a high forehead with a suspicion of growing baldness and a pair of kindly eyes. A heavy, drooping mustache, a sensitive mouth and full, firm chin completed a physiognomy that would have been regarded as notable in any circle. In repose, the expression was thoughtful and tender. The white forehead rested occasionally in the palm of the left hand, as the writer looked over the sheets before him. Several hours of close labor were thus spent every day, and during these hours no one was admitted to the study.

Charles M. Sheldon had been thus employed for several months on what he believed was destined to be the principal work of his life. Five years earlier he had produced his first book and since that time five others had come from his busy pen. He had already won a certain degree of fame in authorship, and his pastorate in the Congregational Church had been in a marked degree successful on spiritual lines. But he felt that an outlet was needed for certain ideas and convictions which, though shadowed forth in his work as a preacher, could nowhere be so clearly and permanently explained as on the living page. In 1896, the task was finished, and the last pages were in the hands of the printer.

Three years have passed since the first edition of *In His Steps* was issued to the American public. The book, in which the author had put the best work of his life, won its way into the hearts of a great multitude of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Edition followed edition rapidly, and it is estimated that millions of copies of *In His Steps* have been sold in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and wherever the English language is spoken. It is no exaggeration to say that probably no book in a generation has wielded a more extended influence among a very large class of intelligent men and women, for it has been a spiritual tonic and inspiration to countless thousands.

Mr. Sheldon has taken for the principal character, in his story, Henry Maxwell, pastor of the rich and fashionable First Church of Raymond. Earnest and unselfish in his labors among his flock, he yet feels there is something lacking, and that much of the Christianity he is preaching is such in name only. A dramatic incident, in which an unemployed workman figures as the chief actor, precipitates a spiritual revolution in the First Church. Weak and hungry, this stranger stands in the centre aisle of the church, on a Sunday forenoon, and asks pertinently of pastor and people, what is really meant by the hymns, and prayers, and sermons, in which all declare eager readiness to "follow Jesus all the way," and to take up his Cross and walk in his steps. The intruder falls fainting in the aisle, and is carried to Mr. Maxwell's home, where he dies. On the following Sunday, the pastor, now fully awakened to the need of a real, practical Christianity—the message of the stranger having sunk into his heart—startles his people by a remarkable proposition. He says:

> I want volunteers from the First Church who will pledge themselves, earnestly, and honestly for an entire year not to do anything without first asking the question: "What would Jesus do?" And, after asking that question, each one will follow Jesus exactly as he knows how, no matter what the results may be. I will, of course, include myself in this company of volunteers and shall take for granted that my church here will not be surprised at my future conduct, as based upon this standard of action, and will not oppose whatever is done, if they think Christ would do it.

To the pastor's surprise and delight, over fifty persons join this novel organization, and take the solemn pledge, among them being the editor of the leading daily journal in Raymond, the college president, the railway superintendent, a leading physician, a lady of great wealth and her equally rich brother, a gifted singer, a popular society author and many others. On their varied experiences in the effort to faithfully keep the pledge, the development of this most interesting story turns. The editor at the outset has probably the hardest task of all in his endeavors to conduct a daily newspaper on a model such as the Saviour might have approved, and he loses readers and advertising patrons with alarming rapidity by his fearless Christianity; but he ultimately gains universal respect, and is surrounded by better and stronger friends than before. Rather than consent to fraud, the railroad man sacrifices his lucrative position. A number of the band organize for Gospel work in the Rectangle, the slums of Raymond—a notorious section where vice and drunkeness flourish—and there have their first experience in winning souls. The preacher there comes in direct contact with the "unchurched classes," and begins to realize, as never before, the duties and privileges of a true shepherd and a cross-bearer.

CENTRAL CONGL. CHURCH, TOPEKA, KAN., REV. C. M. SHELDON, PASTOR.

Some of the characters in the book are drawn with such striking realism as to instantly impress the reader with their truthfulness. Virginia Page, the rich, young girl who consecrates her wealth to Christ; Rachel Winslow, the singer, who for Jesus' sake refuses tempting offers of fame and riches on the lyric stage, and wins many precious souls with her divine gift of music instead; Mrs. Winslow and Mrs. Pope, women of the world, Christless and thoughtless; gracious Felicia Sterling and her worldly, pleasure-loving sister, Rose, and Edward Norman, the editor, whose life struggle really began on the day he took that fateful pledge.

While it is impossible, in the space at command, to give more than the briefest outline of this powerful story, a few characteristic extracts will be read with interest. Virginia Pope thus describes her discontent with the selfish, frivolous life of the upper circles to which she belongs:

> It maddens me to think that the society in which I have been brought up, the same to which we are both said to belong, is satisfied year after year to go on dressing and eating [illegible] entertainments, spending its money on houses and luxuries and, occasionally, to ease its conscience, donating, without any personal sacrifice, a little money to charity. I have been educated, as you have, in one of the most expensive schools in America. Launched into society as an heiress. Supposed to be in an enviable position. I'm perfectly well; I can travel or stay at home. I can do as I please. I can gratify almost any want or desire and yet, when I honestly try to imagine Jesus living the life I have lived and am expected to [illegible] thousands of other rich people do, I am under [illegible]

Milton Wright, the leading merchant of Raymond, tells how he kept his pledge among his employees:

> [illegible] myself." What would Jesus do in his relation to these clerks, book-keepers, office-boys, draymen, salesmen? Would he try to establish [illegible] from that which I have sustained all these [illegible] saying, Yes. I tried to talk with the men as I imagined Jesus might. It was hard work, for I have not been in the habit of it, and I must have made mistakes. But I can hardly make you believe the effect of that meeting on some of the men. Before it closed, I saw more than a [illegible] kept asking, "What would Jesus do?" and the more I asked it, the farther along it pushed me into the most intimate and loving relations with the men who have worked for me all these years. Every day something new is coming up, and I am right now in the midst of a reconstructing of the entire business, so far as its motive for being conducted is concerned.

Consecration of wealth is thus clearly stated by one of the women of the story:

> I have come to know lately that the money which I have called my own is not my own, but God's. If I, as a steward of His, see some wise way to invest His money, it is not an occasion of vain-glory or thanks from any one simply because I have proved honest in my administration of the funds He has asked me [illegible]

> My money (I mean God's, which He wants me to use) can build wholesome lodging houses, refuges for poor women, asylums for shop girls, safety for many and many a lost girl like Loreen. And I do not want to be simply a dispenser of this money. God help me! I do want to put myself into the problem. But do you know, I have a feeling all the time that all that limitless money and limitless personal sacrifice can possibly do, will not really lessen very much the awful conditions at the Rectangle as long as the saloon is legally established there. I think that is true of any Christian work now being carried on in any great city. The saloon furnishes material to be saved faster than the settlement or Rescue Mission work can save it.

The close of a Christless, misspent life of ill-gotten gain is thus pictured:

> With the cunning and desperation of a man who battles for his very life, when he saw his money, which was all the life he ever valued, slipping away from him, he had put off the evil day to the last moment. Sunday afternoon he had received news that proved to him beyond a doubt the fact of his utter ruin. The very house that he called his, the chairs in which he sat, his carriages, the dishes from which he ate, had all been bought by money for which he himself had never really done an honest stroke of pure labor. It had all rested on a tissue of deceit and speculation that had no foundation in real values. He knew the fact better than any one else, but he had hoped, with the hope that such men always have, that the same methods that brought him the money would also prevent its loss. He had been deceived in this as many others have been. As soon as the truth that he was practically a beggar had dawned upon him, he saw no escape from suicide. It was the irresistible result of such a life as he had lived. He had made money his god.

Gradually, and not without much self-denial and suffering, the new movement makes itself felt in Raymond as a purifying power in politics, a cleanser of the slums and the uncompromising enemy of [illegible] is conquered and its orgies give place to better things. The story of the conquest of the Rectangle for Jesus is extremely dramatic and effective, and there are [illegible] those that describe the conversion and death of Loreen, the outcast girl, who gave her life as a sacrifice to save the woman who had led her to Christ. The book closes with a series of tableaux in which the mutual self-sacrifice of Rev. Dr. Bruce of Nazareth Church, Chicago, and his friend the Bishop, who give up their fashionable churches to become cross-bearers under the pledge and to carry the Gospel of Christ to the tenement poor, is admirably drawn.

Rev. C. M. Sheldon, the author of this book which we have briefly described, and whose work has stirred up a large section of the Christian world to the appreciation of a more practical, Christ-like religion in everyday life, is a native of New York State, and was born in Wellsville in 1857. He has, however, passed almost his whole life in the West. He was brought up on a Dakota farm, and his father, Rev. Stewart Sheldon, was both farmer and preacher. The son studied at Andover, traveled a good deal both at home and abroad and after a short experience at Waterbury, Vt., finally settled down to spiritual work in Topeka, Kan., as pastor of the Central Congregational Church. He has written a number of books, all descriptive of religious experiences and some of them more or less in the same line of thought and treatment as that which has made him famous—*In His Steps*. The full list is as follows:

"Richard Bruce," 1891.
[illegible] Days," 1892.
"The Twentieth Door," 1893.
"The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," 1893.
[illegible]
"His Brother's Keeper," 1895.
[illegible]
[illegible] Kin," 1897.
"The Redemption of Freetown," 1898.
"One of the Two," 1898.
"The Miracle at Markham," 1898.
"For Christ and the Church," 1899.

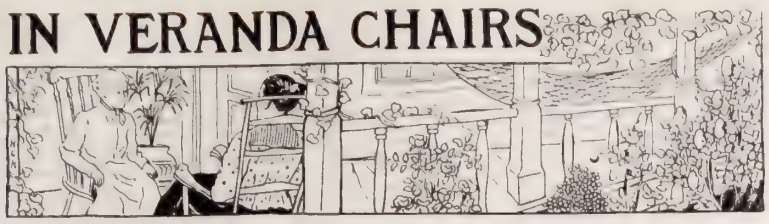
Concerning the greater part of these books it may be stated that they are largely founded upon fact, the incidents being drawn from the writers personal observation and reliable sources of information. "Philip Strong" is wholly ideal, and *In His Steps* is a strongly idealized picture of his own church. He himself writes of the latter:

> The story, when written, was purely imaginary. I knew of no such places or characters in existence. It was not founded upon fact, but it was written with a great desire that the imaginary might become real. Since the story was written I have heard of several characters who are very nearly like those in the book.

As a result, no doubt, of the influence of his book, a large number of his parishoners have taken a pledge to "try to do as Jesus would do in all things." The pledged band meet at stated periods and exchange experiences. The pledge is purely voluntary. At every meeting additions are made to the number of the pledges and other churches are beginning to take up the idea and live out the principle in their daily lives. It is impossible to estimate the extent of the spiritual influence his writings have exerted upon the Christian thought and life of the country.

Personally, Mr. Sheldon is an exceedingly modest man. He regards himself as a man with a mission, and it is one of the noblest. He deprecates notoriety and does not yield to the blandishments of the interviewer. It was only after considerable trouble that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD secured the photograph of Mr. Sheldon which appears on the front page of this issue and which we publish, together with this brief account of his life and work, as a splendid object-lesson of practical Christianity in and out of the pulpit, and as an inspiration to other pastors and church workers in the field of earnest personal effort. His labors have been blessed to thousands of seekers after the truth, who, influenced by his noble portrayal of the Christian life, with all its sorrows and tribulations, its triumphs and rewards, have resolved, with divine help, like the little band at Raymond, to walk hereafter "In His Steps."

IN VERANDA CHAIRS



A Maid-of-Honor to Queen Anne—A Courtly Wooer—Adoring Husbands—Sensible Wives Look to the Underpinning

LADY LOUISA STUART, whose father was Prime Minister in the beginning of the reign of George III., lived to be ninety-four years of age, and retained her memory and her faculties of mind and body in general up to the end of her long life. Her father was the Earl of Bute, and she, his youngest daughter, born in 1757, died in 1851, a period sufficiently near ours to make her a link binding the present era with the past, which lives in history. Lady Louisa never married, but kept her own house and gathered about her a circle of notable friends, among them many of the nobility and gentry who formed the upper stratum of society in her day and who found great pleasure in her piquant speech and ready wit. All her friends were aware that Lady Louisa wrote for her own amusement, but she shared the opinion which used to prevail, that it rather lowered a woman to appear in print, so that she could seldom be induced to publish anything. Since her death, nearly fifty years ago, everybody who could be hurt in any way by the publication of her manuscripts has passed away, and her memoirs have therefore been lately collated by a kinsman, and I have found them very entertaining reading. I am sure you will enjoy, as I tell it over to you, my dear Veranda Circle, the old love story of Mistress Jenny Warburton, maid of honor, first to Queen Anne and later to Queen Caroline, and of John, Duke of Argyle, a soldier in the army of the great Marlborough, bred to arms from his youth and one of the foremost figures of his time. As I read of these two, they seemed to me again alive, and I could see them play out their drama on the mimic stage of life.

When little Jenny Warburton traveled from her country home in Cheshire up to London town, such a journey was beset with perils. Footpads and highwaymen lurked in the dark, unlighted roads, and a cavalcade was always accompanied by a guard fully weaponed, while a journey now made in a few hours was then an affair of days. There were no stage coaches, no post horses, no turnpike roads, and the wildest dreamer had not imagined the miracles of steam and electricity, the swift railway progress, the cablegram under the sea, the talk over the telephone. What would they have thought of such wonders as are now commonplaces to us?

Jenny Warburton was of good family and of long descent, but she was not pretty, was in fact considered very plain, with a rustic homeliness of air, and the rude health of a dairymaid. Languishing, willowy beauties were then in fashion, and her mates looked superciliously on plain Jenny, who was not graceful in speech or manner. In the group of gay maids who surrounded Queen Anne she was thought the least attractive in person, and her education, as that of girls in her day was apt to be, was extremely limited. Her one distinction was a blunt, straightforward honesty, which stooped to no concealments, a brusque candor, refreshing in its simplicity, and in complete contrast to the evasions and equivocations which were too common among women in courts. And it was precisely this characteristic which seems to have won for her the love of the Duke of Argyle. The feather in Jenny's cap was her bluntness. It impressed the gallant duke as no other grace could have done.

. . .

I DO not know of a greater puzzle than that which meets us when we look around among our friends and wonder why this one married the other, what Mr. C. saw in Miss G. to bring him to her feet, what Mrs. W. could possibly have found in Mr. W. to induce her to say yes to his proposal. We affirm, and with some truth, that people are attracted by their opposites, the tall man by the short woman, the grenadier among her sex by the man whom she overtops, the lively by the sober, the slow-witted and phlegmatic by the merry and mercurial. Yet, when we acknowledge this, there still remain many matches for which we can account only by assuming that they were made in heaven. Nothing on earth explains them, nothing shows satisfactorily to our comprehension how they ever came about. The comments of the outside world fortunately make no difference to a congenial pair, happily united, and even when they are not altogether congenial, the great majority of married persons jog along quite comfortably, the frictions of daily life smoothing down their angularities until this strange thing comes to pass, that an old and ordinary husband and wife who began living together without the least resemblance actually grow like one another in countenance and expression before they die.

. . .

TO RETURN to the Argyles. John Campbell was very handsome, carrying himself with a princely dignity, and in conversation and manner he was affable and pleasing. He might never have noticed little brown Jennie at all, but for a circumstance which flattered his vanity. When he came home from foreign parts, with his laurels thick upon him, he made his first social appearance in Queen Anne's Court, at a drawing-room reception, given in honor of her majesty's birthday. He was the hero of the hour, as Hobson was with us a year ago. The same evening, the Duke of Shrewsbury gave a dinner, also in honor of the Queen's fete day, and all her maids were invited. In due time the ladies were called upon for toasts, and everybody gave some venerable bishop, or fatherly general, until Jenny Warburton's turn came, when she astonished the table by pledging the man uppermost in her thoughts, and naming unaffectedly "The Duke of Argyle." At this, there was a shout of laughter, and she was so unmercifully teased that she began to cry. The story of the little incident was carried to the duke, who at once sought her out, paid her a great deal of attention, and presently fell deeply in love with her. There was no apparent reason for the sway she exercised, but the duke was for a long time her loyal suitor, and after their marriage, continued through a long life, her "faithful, doting, adoring lover." Lady Louisa tells as that in his eyes she was actually beautiful, and gives an instance in proof. A lady once affronted him very much, by exclaiming that a picot of the duchess, just brought home, was just like her. "Like!" he repeated hastily, "No, not like at all: How can anybody think so? It does not do her justice in any respect." "Just step this way," he added, "and I will show you another sort of likeness," taking out of his pocket a very beautiful miniature. The lady did not perceive the resemblance, and began to praise the painting.. "Yes," said the duke, "this is my Jane."

This love stood a test which has sometimes proved rather trying to men similarly placed, the owner of great estates, and a great name, in a country where title and property go to the oldest male heir. The duke passionately longed for a son, but no son was given to him, and five daughters were born in succession. It is recorded to his credit, that his regard for the duchess was not in the least degree lessened by these disappointing arrivals of the undesired sex, who, of course, once here, won their way into the citadel of his heart.

. . .

LADY LOUISE observes that in this union, the man was always the adorer, and the woman the adored. Her nature was calm, placid, and receptive; her manner to him equable and almost indifferent. She accepted homage as her right. He accorded it joyfully, and continued to bestow it, till both their heads were gray. She survived him many years. When the duke lay cold in his coffin, the wife standing beside the silent form, said to one of her friends, "I have been the beloved of a great man."

. . .

WHEN I see young wives chary of allowing their husbands to wait on them, a trifle too eager themselves in needless services, I am tempted to wish that they would borrow a leaf from Jenny Warburton's book. Possibly the Veranda does not agree with me; if it doesn't, will it please say so? but I do not believe that wives gain anything by being too subservient, while I am sure that they cannot be too loving. In the home the wife must be neither plaything nor drudge; her true state and position are those of the household queen, serene and gracious, whether her house be a log cabin or a mansion.

"Which of you gets up first and lights the fire in the morning, my dear?" said an old wise woman to a fair young wife.

"Why, I do," said the latter. "Poor Richard works so hard, and is so tired and sleepy in the morning that I hate to disturb him, so I never call him till breakfast is nearly ready."

All right this, if Richard's work keeps him up all night, and he must sleep by day. Otherwise I think just as the wise old lady did.

"You work as hard as Richard does my dear," said the old lady, "and your day is quite as long. When the babies come, it will be much longer. Let him stir himself in the morning, and wait upon you, bring in wood and water, and kindle the breakfast fire before you come down."

I'm afraid Richard's wife had not begun right. It is very important in married life to look well to the beginning. The safety of the structure depends upon the underpinning.

Common-sense is invaluable as an ingredient in the cup of the happily married. A wife may not treat her husband with contempt and expect to retain his affection. Men need petting, and above all things they need to be taken care of. Many a sharp quarrel has its origin in a loose shirt button, or a hole in the husband's stocking. Perhaps a man prizes more than multiplied demonstrations, a wardrobe always in order, and comfortable, hot, well-cooked meals. I fancy that Jenny Warburton was a good housekeeper, and her biographer tells us, that she was as economical as she was honest. A gifted woman if she wastes a man's substance, and neglects her mending-basket, is likely to provoke irritation in a refined nature and abuse from a coarse one. Nothing exceeds a quiet, faithful performance of daily duty as a sweetener of daily life. Sir Walter Scott in his famous apostrophe:

> O woman in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!

Sums up what a man looks for in the woman he loves. She is to be a ministering angel. Let her keep her angel-robes white, her angel-looks gentle, her angel-tones tender. But, all the same, when pain wrings her brow, let her husband take on himself the part of the angel minstrant. When he does this his compassion is divine, his very blunders are bewitching. And there is something in the tender strength of a man in his loving-kindness and gentleness that surpasses the love of woman. Babies know this. Have you not seen one of them hush its wailing when held close in fatherly arms, the little head nestling peacefully on the broad breast? Strength allied to gentleness is invincible.

. . .

THERE is another thought which came to me, as I read Jenny's love-story. And that is that honesty, absolute, white-souled candor and truthfulness are good wearing qualities for the journey of life. Truth is not made of poor flimsy stuff which yields at the first strain. Any one of us, who discerns in herself a temptation to be insincere, to flatter, to deceive, to hold back the truth, to prevaricate, should on bended kness pray to be forgiven, and should earnestly cultivate the grace of simple sincerity. No circumstances, no combination of them, can ever justify a lie. Do not mistake me as urging you to go about the world, ruthlessly thrusting impalatable opinions in everybody's face; this is not what I mean. But walk by a straight line, shun indirectness, and let the consequences take care of themselves, when you are challenged and must answer. Trust in the Lord, and speak the truth.

Margaret E. Sangster

Sunday School Teachers Defended

BEVERLY, PA.

To the Editor of "The Christian Herald":

Allow me to say that I consider the article by Mr. Carter, in a late issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, unfair toward Sunday School teachers. In our school, many of the teachers are graduates of the high school; some are teachers in the public schools, two are commercial travelers, two are successful business men, and one young man has studied for the ministry. His eyesight having failed, he consented to work in another part of the Lord's vineyard, and is now a popular teacher of a large class of young women.

I have no doubt that, under our present method of securing teachers, some are inefficient, but I am sure this is the exception and not the rule, as your correspondent would have us believe. I trust I may be pardoned if I add a word of personal testimony. During eleven of the most impressible years of my life I had a most faithful Sunday School teacher—a young lady, beautiful and intelligent; a teacher in one of the public schools of this city. Her death occurred some years since. The funeral was held in the church, and among the mourners were not only the members of her Sunday School class, but also a large number of pupils from the public schools. To me, not the least among the antic'pated joys of heaven is that of re-union with the beloved teacher who so faithfully pointed me to the Saviour.

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... A Message from India ...

Rev. R. Winsor Describes the Purposes to which the Gifts of Our Readers for Famine Relief were Applied

WITH pleasure we accede to the request of Rev. R. Winsor, of Sirur, India, a missionary of the American Board, now at home on furlough, for permission to personally thank the readers of this journal for the help they so generously gave to the people of India in the famine. Mr. Winsor, who has just arrived from his scene of labor, remained at his post all through that period of suffering, helped to distribute the relief, and has witnessed the results of the noble Christian charity in the changed attitude of the people. Following is his letter:

"*Dear Dr. Klopsch:*—Permit me to use your columns on my arrival at home, to thank your readers for the help that you sent to us in the period of our dire distress during the India famine. For twenty years we had lived among this people preaching in their villages and visiting them in their homes, as far as the way was open for us to do so. They had learned our principles, knew what we were there for and understood our purpose. Consequently, when the grip of famine was laid upon them, producing such misery and suffering, as I pray it may never be my lot to witness again, they flocked to us entreating our help. We had encouraged them to regard us as their friends and when they needed friends as never before, they came begging us to be a father and mother to them in their calamity. They came by hundreds and by thousands until the sight was growing beyond the possibility of endurance. Our hearts ached, for where could we get food to feed such a multitude?

"In this harrowing juncture a small gift of one hundred rupees [about $35] came from Lord Radstock, in England. We rejoiced to receive it though it would do so little toward relieving distress so colossal as that with which we were confronted. But soon came a gift of fifteen hundred rupees from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, and then five hundred rupees, and then two thousand rupees, making in all four thousand rupees [about $1,400] received from the same source, besides other amounts received later through the Interdenominational Missionary Committee, organized in India, by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The help which this generous beneficence on the part of your readers enabled us to render, will never be forgotten by the famished people whom it kept alive. To the end of their lives it will be cherished in grateful remembrance.

"Heartily approving your suggestion, accompanying your remittance, that it should, as far as in my discretion was advisable, be spent in wages for service on some work which would be of benefit to the people, themselves, I set all, who were able, to work at digging out a large reservoir at Karegar, from which both men and cattle could obtain water. Every able-bodied person in the village, men and women, and even the boys and girls came joyously to the task, which, as they all knew, would be a permanent benefit to the village. They worked with a will, receiving payment from the fund your readers had contributed. The work was well done under my superintendence, and since the rains have come, it has filled, and connections made by which the surrounding grain fields have been irrigated from the water stored there. You have no idea what such a work means to a Hindoo village. The people, however, understand it. In all my experience in India, I never witnessed such gratitude as they showed for their reservoir, which their own hands had constructed.

"Another good work, which furnished occupation for the people of five villages, was the making of a good firm road between Kondapuri and Telegar. Then, we set them to sinking wells, from which they can obtain water, and in many other ways, all of utility to themselves, kept them employed. The people fully realized the advantage of what they were doing, and knew that the wages they were receiving were only a part of the benefit that accrued. But the wages were the great thing in that time of stress. They constantly say that without that money they must have died before harvest.

"Then came the corn-ship. Five hundred sacks were allotted to us at Sirur, and were brought all across the country to us. We had two distributing places, One at the school building and one at Kondapuri, fourteen miles distant. We had three thousand persons in all at the two places. Oh, the joy there was! The joy of the people at getting the food, and of ourselves in distributing it. I was careful to explain to the people why

REV. R. WINSOR, OF SIRUR, INDIA

it was that men and women thousands of miles away had sent them this food—that it was because they loved Christ and delighted to do his will which was to feed the hungry and succor all who were in distress. It seemed to us all as if the corn came from heaven, a gift from God himself.

"The result of all these beneficences which through the gifts of your readers we were enabled to render are truly wonderful. Never was there seen in India, since missionary work began there, such a turning of the hearts of the people toward Christian truth. Our reception in a village now is very different from what it was before the famine. Cordiality and friendliness and respectful attention have taken the place of sullen hostility, and we are everywhere recognized as the benefactors of the people.

"I must also say a word of gratitude for the help you are still giving us in the heavy burden we undertook in caring for the orphans. Those little creatures were the most touching sight of that sad time. We could not turn them from our doors. They are in all the mission schools of India to-day, and I rejoice that you are so thoughtfully helping the missionaries to bear the burden. Your quarterly remittances are a great help to us. In our own school, at Sirur, we are trying to give them an industrial training, so that they may do better with the land than their fathers have done and be helped to a more independent position. I want to take back with me some modern appliances: a small engine, one or two machines for farm work etc., to let our boys see what may be done by intelligent application of modern methods. If some of your readers would help me to do this they would do a real act of kindness. A few dollars towards the purchase of these implements sent to me at Oberlin, Ohio, would do much toward completing the education of these boys, and would be most gratefully received.

"I have long wanted to tell the readers [illegible] ly came to our relief in our time of dire need, how much good was accomplished by their beneficence, how thankful the people are for their gifts and to personally thank them for enabling us to show practically to the non-Christian population how blessed and compassionate a faith Christianity is. Yours faithfully,

"R. WINSOR."

An Ainu Mother's Charm

The Leaf of a New Testament as a Heavenly Passport for Her Dead Baby

REV. JOHN BATCHELOR, missionary among the Ainu, writes from Sapporo, Japan, giving an interesting account of the progress of the spiritual work among that strange people. Miss Andrews, another missionary, has been devoting herself exclusively to this work for over a year, being supported partly by the Ainu and partly by voluntary contributions from friends abroad. Mr. Batchelor writes:

"I have already been called upon to baptise more than forty Ainu and Japanese this year. I have, during my last two journeys to the Ainu, taken with me, as factotum, Arimakna, a young Christian man. Two weeks ago I sent him on a journey with an Ainu chief, who has lately become a Christian, to assist him in destroying his heathen symbols and fetiches, called *Inao*. Through the winter we have had whole gardens and fields of crops and soil washed clean away, whilst several villages floated out to sea. We have been helping the poor, starving people. While in Piratori, last Monday, no less than fifty-four families sent representatives for food, but many had to be sent away hungry, because all the rice had been given out. They say they have now eaten up all the acorns.

"We commenced a winter school in our house at Sapporo for Ainu girls last November, and have had from eight to eleven children with us as pupils ever since. The girls have been taught to read their New Testaments, and Mrs. Batchelor has been teaching them to knit. Miss Hughes to sing, and a Japanese has been engaged to teach them to read and write the Japanese language, which is now fast becoming a necessity among them. The Ainu women are very fond of charms, and generally have some of them hidden away in their homes or storehouses. Of course they do not keep these things after they become Christians. I hear of some poor women who keep pieces of snake skin as charms, some who hide away birds' nests, and others the skins and bones of birds.

Miss Bryant casually came across a poor woman the other day close to Piratori, whose little baby had just died, and, curious and sad as it may appear, she had got hold of a leaf of an Ainu New Testament and had tied it to the neck of the dead baby as a sort of charm, passport or ticket to heaven."

Korean Students

There are six native Koreans at Howard University, Washington, D. C., where they are receiving a general education free. The Korean Legation at Washington grants these students no help at all. There were some fine young Korean students in this country last year, supported by the help of friends. All of them became Christians and two were baptized. Two have returned to Korea, and one is in Washington. Philip S. Yih is now an evangelist, and is with Dr. Underwood, Presbyterian Mission in Korea, where he has already seen fruit in his work. H. B. Pak is tutor to Prince Eui Wha, a Korean Prince, and is traveling in Japan with him. M. T. Kang is still at the Howard University, continuing his education, and his beautiful Christian example is having a good influence there among the other Koreans.

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Helping the Children's Home

THE happy children playing on the lawn and hillsides at our Children's Home; gathering daisies, singing songs of praise and gladness; resting in healthful slumber in the big, cool dormitories, are blessed indeed. Blessed not alone in that they have been taken from crowded homes of want and sickness to a lovely place in the country where they have good air to breathe and food to eat and clothes to wear, but that the friends who help THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in this work for children are praying for them. The gifts that come, come consecrated with loving thoughts and faithful petition, as the following letters show. They are selected from many which preach the beautiful lesson of Christian love and sacrifice so well that we wish we could print them all:

W. R. R., $7. May God's richest blessings rest upon this work. ——Mrs. C. L. W., $3. God blesses this work, I'm sure.——T. H., $3. May it be the means of saving some innocent child is the giver's prayer.——E.C., "A teacher," $6. It is a privilege to help ——Subscriber, $1. Wish I could make it more. My prayers for all who are helping this good work along.——I. S., $3. To give some little one a good time at the Children's Home. ——Subscriber, $1. Wish I had more to give.——L. H. N., $6. May the blessings of God be on this noble work.——G. S., $3. To give some poor little one a ten day's outing.——"In His Name, $1. It is not much but all I can give. God bless the children is my prayer.——C. D. S., $3. God bless this to the good of some poor little waif.

A friend in Louisiana, sends $35, "to make twelve children happy for ten days."——S. D. D and H. A. S., in Texas, send $18, saying God's blessing go with it."——Another "Friend to children," sends $30, "makes ten little ones happy."——Inasmuch, $12. "The first gift out of a small sum of money left me. Pray for the sender."

Abrams, J H	5 00	Knowles, Mrs J R	2 00
Adams, Mary H	3 00	Knowles, Louie	2 00
Albright, B	1 00	Koch, Violet E	3 00
Allen, J M	34	Koerber, H	10 00
Allen, Mrs L C	2 00	Kramer, Miss Clara	1 00
Anderson, Miss E	5 00	Krebs, F P	75
Andrews, Mrs E E	1 00	Lee, Miss E J	9 00
Atherton, Mrs W E	3 00	Lentz, Mrs F M	50
Baldwin Mr & Mrs EH	6 00	Lewis, Hannah	1 00
Banks, M Isabell	15 00	Linnell, Mrs B F G	3 00
Barr, Mrs R	3 00	Loesch, Mrs F and daughter	6 00
Barrow, P M	1 00	Lorentz, Mrs J C	1 00
Bell, Mrs E A	50	Lutz, Miss S A	5 00
Bell, Mrs L	1 00	McAllister, Mrs J E	3 00
Bennett, Thos E	3 50	McCartney, F	1 00
Benton, Tilman M	2 00	McClennon, T H	1 00
Best, Jno E	2 00	McCown, Mrs M R	1 00
Bickley, F W & wife	2 50	Mackie, Mrs. Geo	2 00
Bollman, Geo	1 00	Manley, Mrs Wm	5 00
Boutwell, Mrs C F	2 00	Martz, Esther	1 50
Bowles, Annie V	1 00	Mather, J L	1 00
Brown, J & M	3 33	Mather, Mrs J L	1 00
Bryan, B G	25 00	Miller, Fred & Bert	3 00
Buck, W R	1 00	Miller, Mrs. H P	2 50
Burnham, S C	1 00	Miller, Maggie	3 00
Byram, Geo M	10 00	Milligan, Anna B	5 00
Campbell, Mrs A E	3 00	Moir, Mrs R T	10 00
Cary Miss A	1 00	Molloy, Mrs A E	6 00
Charles, C W	3 00	Morley, Mrs H R	8 00
Clapp's Mrs K child'n	1 00	Morrison, Mrs H K & sons	6 00
Clarkson, Edward	15 00	Morton, Mary	3 00
Colvin Willie & Ray	50	Mulford, Frances H & Mrs J E	6 00
Colyer Mrs L	1 00	Munson, J S	2 50
Conant, C M	9 00	Myers, C F	1 00
Conard, S E	7 00	Nettleton, F F	10 00
Cooper, J M	1 00	Newman, Julia S	2 00
Culbert, John C	10 00	Nodine, Willie	3 00
Cuming T H	20 00	Ort, Eliza	1 00
Cummings, W M	1 00	Osborne, Martha C	3 00
Curtis, Lela M	3 00	Ostrander, Mrs G W	1 00
Dailey, Thos	3 00	Palmer, Mrs M D	3 00
Dasch, Mrs A	25	Pierce, C	3 50
Dest, W K	5 00	Potts, Mrs M	6 00
Devereaux, E M	3 00	Preston, Miss A	3 00
Dickinson, Frank	2 00	Quigley, Maria L	1 00
Dillan, A Lincoln	3 00	Randall, Mrs R W	6 00
Driscoll Mrs T M	50	Rice, Mrs J M	1 00
Dudleston, Maggie	3 00	Richardson, Mrs P C	3 50
Dunlap Mrs M H	6 00	Rogers, Mrs A N	1 00
East, Susie	4 00	Rushmore, Mrs R	3 00
Eastman, Mrs W F	6 00	Sargent, Blanche	1 00
Edwards, L	1 00	Shaffer, Mrs L L	3 00
Evans, Mrs A E	3 00	Shank, Mrs M A	2 00
Fitzpatrick, Mrs M E	10 00	Smith, Albert	5 00
Freeman, Audry Clara and Stella	1 00	Smith, Mrs C A	10 00
Garner, Mrs H R	5 00	Smith, Mrs C E	12 00
Gay Mrs W	3 00	Smith, Mrs E M	3 00
George, Daisy L	6 00	Smith, H P	6 00
Getchell, Mrs E W	3 00	Smith, Lillie T	1 00
Grabs, Joanna	2 00	Southwick, Mabel	2 00
Guy, W	3 00	Steele, Little Jesse	3 00
Hall, G L	2 00	Stennenberg, Eva B	2 00
Hallock, Mrs D Y	3 00	Stockwell, Geo W	3 00
Harvell, Mrs J P	1 00	Swan, Mrs H	50
Hawes, C J	1 00	Swift, Mrs L M	75
Hazlett, Mrs S H	25 00	Tanner, Ernest	2 00
Heap's, Mrs H S S class	3 00	Taylor, Anna	2 00
Heiskell, Mrs F	4 00	Taylor, Mr & Mrs G E	9 00
Hines, Dr W A	3 00	Taylor, Mrs M	2 00
Hines, Mrs W A	50	Tenney, Mary I	3 00
Hodgkins, J E & wife	6 00	Thompson, H S	15 00
Horton, Mrs N A	1 00	Titus, M A	5 00
Hulskamper Mrs J A	5 00	Ep League, Waterport	3 00
Hunn, Alice	3 00	Do what you can circle of K D, Decorra	3 00
Hunn Emma	2 00	Dorcas Circle of K D, Suffern	9 00
Hunn Fred	5 00	K D, Washingtonville	10 00
Irwin, Margaret	50	Ladies Aid Soc Pres ch, Palestine	3 00
Isabel, Helen	6 00	Childrens Day Coll, Hinsdale Un S S	4 00
Jones, R W	5 00	Child'ns Day Coll Ref ch, So Fallsburg	2 00
Jones Mrs W A	1 00	Total	$672 42
Kellogg, Mrs R M	5 00		
Kentgen, Grace Hope	35 00		
Keys, Mrs F	3 00		
Kile, J P	5 00		
Kinney, S P	1 00		
Kinsey, H C	2 00		

Little Garments for Our Children

A visitor, who watched the opening of a box of clothing at our Children's Home, exclaimed: "People who doubt the existence of practical Christianity ought to come here! They ought to see these things and read the letters that come with them!" Strong, good little garments that a mother's children have outgrown, and new ones made by willing hands; all fresh and clean and neatly folded, reveal the loving and careful thought of generous givers. Notes tucked away in the pockets of aprons, dresses, jackets and trousers assure little wearers that kind friends are praying for them to be good, happy and useful. Hats and shoes are sent, showing that no need is forgotten. Letters of inquiry have been received at this office, asking what sizes are required and how boxes should be directed. Our children are from five to twelve; some of the five-year-olds are small and undeveloped. Boxes should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y. They will be promptly acknowledged. The following have been received:

D., Mosiertown; G. H. Bullock, Cora E. Huckins, Ethleen and Theron Bartholomew, Mrs. Lucina Schultz, Emma A. Ross, Mrs. J. A. Hulskamper, Mrs. J. C. P., R. N. Y.; Mrs. E. W. Eldridge, Mrs. F. C. Morgan, Annie E. Ferald, F. J. Winch.

Honoring The Lord's Day

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 23.

Ex. 20: 8-11; Rev. 1: 10.

HOW the Lord's Day should be observed, is a question on which there is the widest difference of opinion even among Christians. There are some who call it the Sabbath and approach in their observance of it to the Jewish idea, which made it a burden. There are others, again, who have no scruple in making the day one of amusement and idleness. As there is in the New Testament no legislation on the subject, we are obliged to look for general principles which we may apply to it. That it was not intended to be observed as the Jews observed their Sabbath, seems clear from our Lord's example. Again and again he was rebuked for violations of laws of the Sabbath, and his replies show that he had no sympathy with the prevailing custom. The rabbins had carried the law into such detail as to make it absurd. No man might walk beyond a certain distance on that day. No man might kindle a fire in his house. No man might carry a handkerchief or a staff, because that would be to bear a burden on the Sabbath, and there were a host of petty by-laws such as these which combined to make the day a burden and a misery, because there were a hundred ways in which the Sabbath might be inadvertently broken.

Christ with his accustomed method of going to the root of questions, showed that Sabbath observance must be one of spirit and intelligence. The disciples rubbing corn in their hands on the Sabbath shocked the strict Jews because they made their hands a species of mill by this rubbing, but Christ defended them and charged their assailants with hypocrisy. Mere outward forms and observances weighed little in his eyes; the heart and spirit were the all important matters. It was inevitable, therefore, that when the Gentiles were admitted into the church, the subject of Sabbath observance would become a bone of contention between them and the Jewish Christians. As we learn from Romans 14: 5 there was trouble not only as to how to observe the day, but as to the day to be observed. Paul speaks of some who treated every day alike and he utters no word of condemnation against them. Again, when the first council of the Christian church was held and the apostles were asked what laws Gentile Christians ought to obey, certain matters of which the Sabbath was *not* one were cited (Acts 15: 5-29) and the explicit statement was made: "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things." The observance of the Sabbath was not enjoined, not even mentioned. Men were left free, as Christ wished they should be, that the Spirit of Christ which was in them should bring them under grace and not under law.

They were, however, much mistaken, if they thought that the "law of liberty" gave them license to do evil. As Christ repeatedly showed, the law of the Spirit was more stringent than any legislation. Just as a dutiful son, grown to maturity, does not need his father's directions and prohibitions, but of his own love and principle does the things his father wishes him to do, so the Christian renders, without law, a more perfect obedience than was ever given under the law. So the divine law of appropriating a seventh part of time to God survived, but as a voluntary offering, and not as of compulsion. The Gentiles who had never observed the Jewish Sabbath, adopted a day which would do honor to Christ, and consecrated as a joyous festival, the day of the new creation when he rose from the dead. It became a custom, not a law, and it was so blessed in its observance that it has endured until now. But in no respect, save in abstention from secular pursuits, did it resemble the Jewish Sabbath. So the more intelligent Christians regard it to this day. It is a blessed interlude, a day snatched from sordid cares and worldly pursuits that we may give our thoughts to God, and worship him. We honor it most when we are doing something for his sake, when we are doing his work, the work that he would do if he were here. We refresh our souls by going to his house and meeting with our brethren, and joining in celebrating his love. In the Sunday School we honor it by teaching the children to love him, and we may honor it still further, if we can do some service in His name to some child of his who being in sickness or in poverty is in need of Christian help.

"Keep to your place and your place will keep you." Without good health we cannot keep situations nor enjoy life. Hood's Sarsaparilla promotes good health, and will help you "keep your place."

Books Received

Jerusalem the Holy. A Brief History of Ancient Jerusalem; with an account of the modern city, and its conditions, religious, political, and social. By Edwin Sherman Wallace, late U. S. Consul for Palestine; with photographic illustrations and maps. Unquestionably one of the ablest and most entertaining books on this subject which has appeared in recent years. Pp. 359. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

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25 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS.
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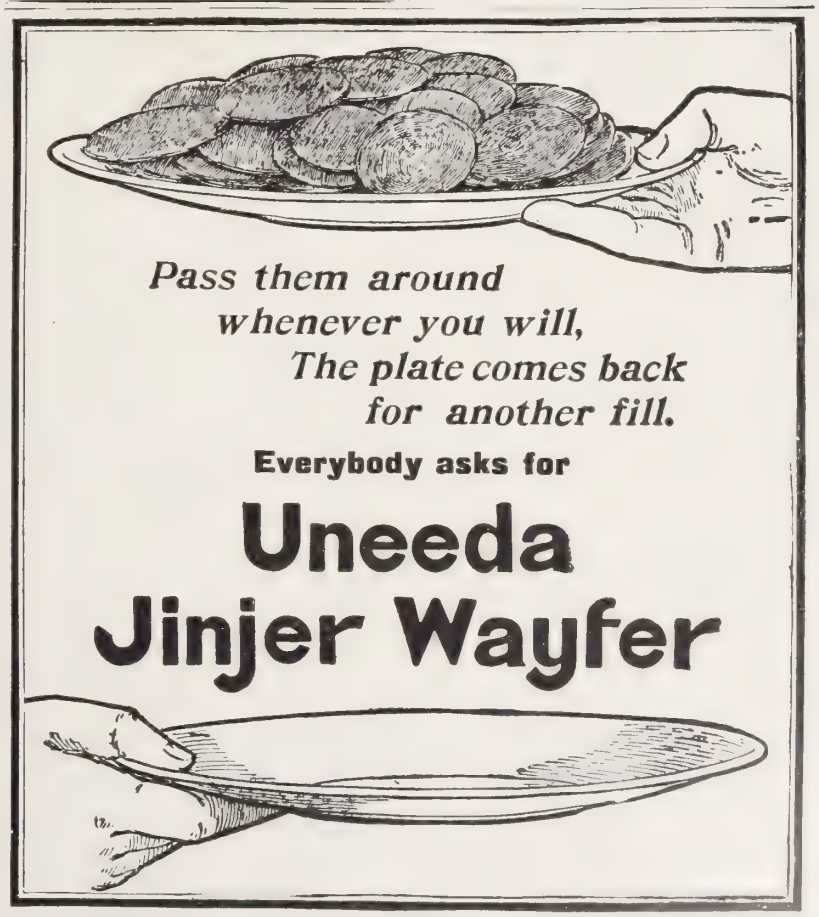

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and the allied diseases gout, rheumatism and kidney troubles, are all largely due to retention of uric acid in the system. Hence the value of a uric acid solvent and diuretic remedy which regulates and stimulates the action of the kidneys.

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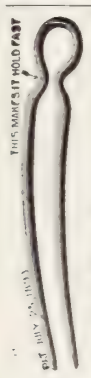

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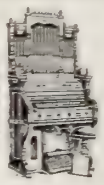

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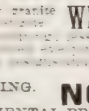

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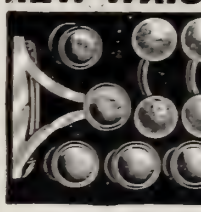

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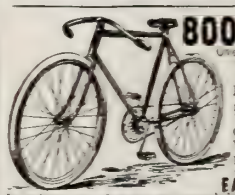

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22 NUMBER 29

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JULY 19, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

OUR FRESH AIR FUND WAIFS READY FOR A HAPPY TIME *(See Page 559)*

The photograph shows a section of our merry company of two hundred children eager for their afternoon ramble in the woods around our Children's Home, at Nyack-on-the-Hudson

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Reader, N. Y. What is the meaning and origin of Ember Days?

They are days set apart in the Roman and Anglican churches for imploring God's blessing upon the ordinations appointed to be held in the church on the Sunday following. The Ember Days are the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent; after Whitsunday; after the 14th of September, and after the 13th of December. These days were settled by the Council of Placentia, A. D., 1095.

Flora M. Holly, Farm, Pa. I have been trying to lead a Christian life, but [illegible] wrong. I have prayed earnestly for forgiveness and I think God has heard me. But my friends know of my wrong-doing and they shun me. No one seems to love me now. I feel that I am of no use in the world. Will it always be so? Is there no hope of forgiveness from Christ or my friends?

[illegible] but you may be quite sure that if you sincerely repent, whatsoever your offence may have been, and if you ask God for Christ's sake to forgive you, he will do so. As to your friends, there is no such certainty. Men are less forgiving than God; but even with them, humility and right conduct nearly always win their way in time. Perhaps good may come out of evil, if the severity of your friends drives you closer to God, whose love and tenderness in forgiving you, must increase your love for him. You remember Christ's remark (Luke 7 : 40) that to whom much is forgiven the same loveth much. Have no doubt in your heart as to God's forgiveness on full repentance. That is sure, but be very circumspect in future. God expects that of you.

D. S., Dayton, O. What proportion of the world is Christian at the present time?

The latest computation is that of the Quarterly of the American Statistical Association, in which M. Fournier de Flaix, an acknowledged authority, gives the total number of Christians in all lands as 477,080,158, which is less than one-third of the world's inhabitants. [illegible] 250,000,000; the Hindoos, about 190,000,000; the Mohammedans, 176,834,372; and the [illegible] Christians the Roman Catholics number 230,860,533, and the Protestants 143,237,025. The remainder belong to the Greek Church, the Coptic Church, etc.

F. J. S., Boonton, N. J. Where did Christ get the garments which he wore when he appeared to Mary on the morning of the resurrection, since he left the grave-clothes in the sepulcure?

The question has often been asked, but never satisfactorily answered. We must conclude, in the absence of any Scriptural statement about the garments, that they belonged [illegible] entered when he rose from the dead. That they were not of the ordinary materials seems [illegible] sent Christ as "vanishing out of their sight" (Luke 24 : 31), appearing among his disciples in a room the doors of which were shut (John 20 : 19), and being seen now at Jerusalem, now at Emmaus, and in Galilee, at least forty miles distant. Whatever the garments were, and wheresoever they came from, they were clearly not of the substantial kind which would have prevented these disappearances.

Mrs. A. W., Fulton, N. Y. 1. Where is the Island of Patmos, and is it inhabited? 2. Where is the place where the Garden of Eden was? 3. What was the doctrine of Balaam?

1. It is a barren, rocky island in the Ægean Sea, twenty miles south of Samos. It is about twenty-five miles in circumference. There are about 600 inhabitants, chiefly fishermen, and their families. 2. No one knows, though the subject has been one for study and investigation by the ablest scholars and savants. Some claim that the site is in Armenia, others in the uplands of Ceylon, still others in Arabia, and one recent explorer, at least, claims to have found a certain section of interior Africa, conforming to all the Edenic geographical requirements. 3. The mention of the doctrine of Balaam in Rev. 2 : 14 has, by some, been supposed to refer symbolically to the founder of the sect of Nicolaitans, mentioned in V. 15, of the same chapter. Some Bible commentators hold that the doctrine referred to was the unrighteous employment of religious principles to justify sinful lives, and the attempt to give to wickedness the sanction of a respectable name. The more reasonable interpretation of the passage, however, would seem to be that it was intended as a rebuke to those who, though professing religion, stooped to idolatry, and were the means of introducing many impurities and serious scandals into the early Christian Church, and thus bringing discredit upon it. These were characteristics of the followers of Balaam, and also, it would seem, of the Nicolaitans, [illegible] the other, in expressing ignominy.

I. A. W., Chicago, Ill. What is the outlook for [illegible]

THE MILITARY PRISON AT RENNES, WHERE DREYFUS IS CONFINED

The cell he now occupies is marked with an X. The smaller picture on the left, shows the residence of Mme. Godard, the noble Protestant Frenchwoman, who recently offered the place to Mme. Dreyfus as a home. Mme. Godard is seen seated in the garden. The case of Dreyfus is again attracting universal attention throughout France, and there is a [illegible] will be made to convict him anew for the sake of saving certain army officials.

admit that the prospect is not so bright as they thought it ten or fifteen years ago. A tendency to infidelity has developed which it is hard to counteract. Some of the most influential people in Japan were so easily convinced that their old faith was false, that the missionaries hoped that there would soon be a general turning to the true God; but it has proved more difficult to build up than to tear down. Even some who made a profession of faith in Christ, have been influenced by the rationalistic arguments uttered among us and in Europe, and have abandoned the straight evangelical faith.

[illegible] My little ones want to [illegible] clothes to your fresh-air children. How shall I send them? 2. My boys have a lot of jean overalls which they have outgrown, and my [illegible] Would these be acceptable?

1. Send to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y. 2. They would be very useful. Our children are from five to twelve years old. Those of five are often small for their years.

We are still receiving many letters from the possessors of very old Bibles. One of the latest is from H. F. Koenig, of Cincinnati, O., who writes:

I have a German Bible, printed and published by Wolfgang Endter, Nurnberg, in 1649, in two vol[illegible] Dr. Martin Luther and others. Both volumes are in good condition. I received them from my [illegible]

M. W. Davis, Winterset, Ia., writes:

I have an old Bible of Martin Luther's first translation in German, with the original wooden back. The print is perfect. It is dated 1545.

Subscriber, Atchison, Kans. 1. Had Jesus real brothers and sisters? 2. Are their names given in the Gospel? 3. What was the rock to which Christ referred, Matt. 16 : 18?

1. It is a disputed point. Persons who wish to prove the immaculate conception, contend that the brothers and sisters mentioned were Joseph's children by a former wife. Apart from the wish to hold that doctrine there appears to be no valid reason for denying that [illegible] of the brothers, but not of the sisters, are given in Mark 6 : 3. 3. Apparently the rock [illegible] judge so because of the result. We see that the church was not built on Peter, but does rest on the cardinal belief to which Peter gave [illegible] the living God."

Inquirer, Knappa, Ore. Does God repent, as stat[illegible]

In the common sense of the word, God never repents, as he can do no wrong, and therefore has nothing to be sorry for. The passage in Jonah simply means that he refrained from executing the threat he had uttered by the mouth of the prophet. The [illegible] showed contrition and God, with his accustomed patience and long suffering, withheld the punishment for that time.

Mrs. J. A. M., Dolph, Ore. Will you kindly give [illegible]

The passage referred to is one that has been variously interpreted. An ancient interpretation mentioned by Josephus, and adopted by Justin, Tertullian and other early writers, was that the "Sons of God," referred to the angels who had been appointed to guard Eden. It is, however, opposed by all orthodox divines. Another [illegible] the sons of *Elohim* [illegible] or the other races), saw the daughters of the Adamites, etc. The most widely accepted, and probably the [illegible] of God" means the

Jude refers (verse 6). It should be noted that the word *elohim* in Hebrew sometimes signifies "the great," "the mighty," and the word *adam*, "poor and humble," hence the further interpretation might be that the upper classes, including the nobility, began to intermarry freely, and to practice polygamy with the women of humble birth.

Inquirer, Reading, Pa. Where does the phrase, "The fall of man," come from? I can find it nowhere in the Bible.

The phrase does not occur in the Scriptures but is simply a convenient form used to express the fact that our first parents revolted from God and the consequent sin and misery that followed. It is probably taken from the Book of Wisdom 10 : 1.

In a recent issue of THE MAIL-BAG, R. S. Bosworth, Brownsville, N. Y., a reader of this journal, requested that some other reader should send her a copy of the verses entitled: "The Philosopher's Scales." Many letters have come to us enclosing copies of the poem, among the senders being the following: E. M. B., Pittsfield, Vt.; Paik Brewster, Manchester, [illegible] J. G. Webb, Seattle, Wash.; Mary [illegible] Red Oak, Ill.; A. W. Baird, Wilbra[illegible] Anthony, Kan.; Laura Jones, Chatham, Ind.; Mrs. M. E. Seamans, Norwalk, O.; Mi[illegible] others, all of whom we desire to [illegible] their generous attention.

Mrs. D. K. S., Los Angeles, Cal[illegible]

[illegible] ance Light-Bearers."

Reader, Rome, N. Y. [illegible] n Children's Day was first

1. The history of C[illegible]s Day, so far as it can be determined, w[illegible] our issue of [illegible] origin to the Methodis[illegible] day. [illegible] dren. [illegible] New York [illegible] Deaf [illegible], West [illegible] yard, New York.

[illegible] be kept [illegible] to do [illegible] would [illegible] our sur[illegible] watch [illegible] and will give you all things necessary to your spiritual life. What is it you expect? How will you know when you have received the Holy Spirit? Do you think you will be able to speak in strange tongues or work miracles? Not at all. You will be kind and helpful to your friends and to any one who needs your help and will have rest and peace [illegible]

Mrs. T. N. B., Huntington, W. Va. Moses and E[illegible]

Mrs. L. H. W., E. Jaffray, N. H. We know of no such institution.

Albert B., Rosedale, O. You will find it in all [illegible] States [illegible]

Mrs. M. B. W., E. Corinth, Me. Yes: its claim [illegible]

Kate C. H., Reesville, O. You will find it in any good encyclopedia of biography.

Subscriber, Winnebago, Minn. We believe t[illegible] matter has been [illegible]

Henry Z., Bridgeport, Conn. You are certainly [illegible]

Mrs. S. E. D., Garvanza, Calif. 1. Capt. Philips' name is John W. 2. We have no information on [illegible]

Mrs. Mina N[illegible] the pictures [illegible] tirely proper.

T. A. S., Florence, Ala. It is quite true. The [illegible]

Andrew M., New Castle, Washington. Put the facts on record in the form of an affidavit and send them to the Postmaster-General, Washington, D.C.

Mrs. L. M. W., Dunlap, Ia. We find no fault [illegible] are not. We [illegible] think otherwise

· Epworth · Leaguers · in · Conference ·

The Great International Convention at Indianapolis, Ind., of the Young People of the Methodist Church

THIS week will witness the assembling of the fourth great International Convention of the Epworth League, at Indianapolis, Ind. Preparations have been made for the reception of many thousands of loyal Epworthians, who will come from all sections to enjoy the feast of good things which has been provided for them. The association of the young people of the Methodist Episcopal Church has now become so mighty an organization that it has been difficult to arrange for all who are likely to attend to participate in the proceedings. No tent, nor the largest building in the city would accommodate them, and it has finally been decided to hold three, and in some cases five, simultaneous meetings in as many places, with attractive speakers distributed among them.

The Convention opens on Thursday, July 20, with afternoon meetings in the tent, and in Tomlinson Hall, at each of which addresses of welcome will be delivered by speakers representing the State of Indiana, the city of Indianapolis, and the Methodist Churches of the State. Responses will be made by representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South and the Methodist Churches throughout Canada. The three branches of the great Methodist family all have a strong interest in the Epworth League, and will unite in speaking in its name.

In the evening three meetings are to be held, one in the tent, another in Tomlinson Hall and a third in the Opera House. The subjects to be discussed are the same in all. They are: The High School and the College; Self-Culture: Its Values and Possibilities; Books and Reading; and The Bible and the Intellectual Life. Four eminent clergymen are assigned to each meeting who will deal respectively with these topics.

The second day's proceedings will open with a sunrise love-feast at 6:30 A. M. The morning meetings will be devoted to the Department work of the League. The Department of Spiritual Work will be considered in Tomlinson Hall and the Opera House. These meetings are to occupy an hour and a half, and, at the close, there will be held in the same buildings Conferences on the Department of Mercy, Charity and Help. At the same hours, two Conferences each will be held in the Roberts Park M. E. Church and the Second Presbyterian Church, the earlier ones on Literary Work and the later ones on Social Work. At the same time, a Conference on the Department of Correspondence will be held in Plymouth Congregational Church, and a Conference on the Department of Finance in the Meriden Street M. E. Church. The evening will be given over to patriotic celebrations. There will be a lecture in the tent by Bishop Fowler, on "Abraham Lincoln;" another, in Tomlinson Hall, by Gen. Gordon, on "The Last Days of the Confederacy;" and a third in the Opera House, by Rev. John Potts, on "Anglo-American Relations."

The subject for the morning of Saturday, the third day, will be "Methodism: its Spirit and Life." This will be divided into: Its Evangelistic Genuis and Fervor; Its Breadth and Catholicity; Its Philanthropy; Its Educational Leaders; Its Work by Women; Its Sunday School Achievements; The Twentieth Century Movement. Simultaneous meetings, dealing with these subjects, will be held in the tent, Tomlinson Hall and the Opera House. At the same time Conferences on the Junior League, will be held at Roberts Park M. E. Church, and Meriden Street M. E. Church, at both of which there will be a question-box and a discussion of methods. In the afternoon the subject will be Social Righteousness and Good Citzenship. Three meetings will be held to deal with this topic, at which clergymen from different sections will deliver addresses. The evening meetings will be devoted to various phases of the Temperance Question, including The Pledge; the Saloon in Politics; and Prohibition.

On Sunday morning Communion services will be held in all the Methodist Churches of the city, and eminent preachers attending the Convention will occupy the pulpits and preach appropriate sermons. In the afternoon, the tent, Tomlinson Hall, and the Opera House will again be occupied. The subject in all will be Foreign Missions. Three meetings in the same buildings in the evening, each closing with a Farewell Consecration Service will bring the proceedings of the Convention to a close.

Among the speakers who will take prominent part in the Convention are Bishops W. X. Ninde, John F. Hurst, Chas. B. Galloway and J. N. Fitzgerald, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Bishops W. A. Candler, O. P. Fitzgerald, and H. C. Morrison, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; Rev. Geo. J. Bond, B. A., of Halifax, Nova Scotia; Rev. A. C. Crews, D.D., of Toronto, Gen. Secretary of the Canadian Epworth League; J. M. Buckley, of New York; Dr. J. W. Bashford, of Delaware; Dr. Thomas Carter, of New Orleans; Dr. W. A. Spencer, of Philadelphia; Rev. J. H. Reed, of Galveston, Tex.; Rev. R. A. Carter, of Atlanta, Ga; Dr. J. P. Ashley, of Albion, Mich.; Prof. Guy D. Benton, of Fayette, Ia.; Rev. W. T. McClure, of Marshall, Mo.; Rev. J. W. Bennett, of Bozeman, Mont.; Col. W. P. Wallace, of Americus, Ga.; A. Royel Cathcart, Esq., of Baltimore, Md., and John Farson, Esq., of Chicago.

Dr. Edwin A. Schell, the General Secretary of the League, makes the sensible suggestion to delegates that they come to the convention resolved not to be irritated out of the spiritual joy and uplift of the assembly by having their feelings ruffled in a crowd, and by anxiety to attend three meetings at the same time. He advises them to go through the programme carefully and select the meetings and speakers who they think will help them most. The tent and Tomlinson Hall are so close together that they can hear successive addresses at each meeting without much loss of time.

The Convention flag bears the Union Jack and Old Glory intertwined, has in the upper left-hand corner a yellow Maltese cross, to represent the sunshine color of the South, and in the lower right-hand corner another cross for the Northern States and Canada.

REV. W. F. CARPENTER REV. A. C. CREWS BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD BISHOP BURST REV. GEO. J. BOND, B. A. A. R. CATHCART, ESQ.

LEADERS OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION AT INDIANAPOLIS

TOMLINSON HALL, MEETING-PLACE OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION

Our Children Like . . . Their New Home

Big Playrooms and Grassy Lawns—Scups and Bird Songs—Letter from a 4th of July Visitor

WE thought no place could be so lovely as Mont-Lawn, but our children like their new home better. The expanse of velvet lawn is greater; the big rainy-day play-room is spacious enough for all sorts of romps; all the reasons for their preference cannot be imagined or stated, but the fortunate truth is, that, while we were fearing that they might be homesick for Mont-Lawn, they surprised us by overwhelming statements (supported by the proofs of extraordinary gambols), "that our new home is a heap the best." Never were there such enormous ring-a-rosies as spread themselves out over the grass; never more wild enthusiasm over scups. "We've got more and better scups this year!" they declared—although, to our observation, manila rope is what it was of yore. "We can mos' put our hands out in the trees!" they said, as they were being tucked away in the dormitories. "Teacher," some little fellows confided in soft whispers after "Our Father" was said, and they were told to "Hush-a-bye" in the friendly dusk, "We'll be up in time for breakfus'. De birds 'll wake us singin'. Oh, they sings an' sings, mos' right in de room!"

A prominent philanthropist, one of the large company visiting our Home on the Fourth of July, writes:

I must congratulate THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers on their good work. I never saw two hundred perfectly happy children "in a bunch" before. I shall never forget how they fell upon the bread and butter and meat and potatoes in the dining-room, nor with what rapture they consumed their treat of ice cream that afternoon! By the way, that great ring-a-rosy that settled itself on the lawn like a wreath of flowers when your teachers brought out the saucers of cream was about the loveliest picture I ever saw, although it was fairly rivalled by the pretty parades when your two hundred marched and countermarched over the green, and up the hill sides and in front of the cottages, Faith, Hope and Charity, waving little flags and singing "America," and "We are the Children of the Prince of Peace." In my ears still echoes the shout with which the welkin rang when representatives of the editorial and business staff of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD appeared to take their usual part in entertaining the children and assisting in the fireworks display. Your little folks seem to have an idea that the paper and its whole working force, and its big corps of readers were instituted for the express purpose of making happiness for little children of the poor, who need food, clothes, fresh air and a little play sometimes, such as more fortunate children have. I am more hopeful for the future of our country since that visit to your Home, where I saw what wonders could be wrought in children of the slums (who are to be law makers some day) by even a few days' kindly training. In spite of their perfect abandon to joy, I never saw better-behaved children than your Fourth of July two hundred. Your Housemother and teachers are surely Christian women, and I firmly believe that every poor little waif of the tenements spending ten days at your Home, will be a better man or woman for it. The memory and influence of such kindness and such teaching will not be easily effaced from lives to which pleasant surroundings are a startling novelty. Prevention is better than cure, and saving children is preventive work. Bringing the children to Jesus is truly obedience to the divine command.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

. . . DIVINE SATIRE . . .

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Matthew 23: 24, . . . Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel

A PROVERB is compact wisdom, knowledge in chunks, a library in a sentence, the electricity of many clouds discharged in one bolt, a river put through a mill race. When Christ quotes the proverb of the text, he means to set forth the ludicrous behavior of those who make a great bluster about small sins and have no appreciation of great ones. In my text, a small insect and a large quadruped are brought into comparison—a gnat and a camel. You have in museum or on the desert seen the latter, a great awkward, sprawling creature, with back two stories high, and stomach having a collection of reservoirs for desert travel, an animal forbidden to the Jews as food, and in many literatures entitled "the ship of the desert." The gnat spoken of in the text, is in the grub form. It is born in pool or pond, after a few weeks becomes a chrysalis, and then after a few days becomes the gnat as we recognize it. But the insect spoken of in the text is in its very smallest shape, and it yet inhabits the water—for my text is a misprint and ought to read "strain out a gnat."

My text shows you the prince of inconsistencies. A man after long observation has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink, there is a grub or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or strainer. The water rushes through the sieve, and leaves against the side of the sieve the grub or gnat. Then the man carefully removes the insect and drinks the water in placidity. But going out one day, and hungry, he devours a "ship of the desert," the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gastronomer has no compunctions of conscience. He suffers from no indigestion. He strained out a gnat, he swallowed a camel.

While Christ's audience was yet smiling at the appositeness and wit of his illustration—for smile they did, unless they were too stupid to understand the hyperbole—Christ practically said to them, "That is you." Punctilious about small things; reckless about affairs of great magnitude. There are in our day a great many gnats strained out and a great many camels swallowed, and it is the object of this sermon to sketch a few persons who are extensively engaged in that business.

First, I remark, that all those ministers of the Gospel who are very scrupulous about the conventionalities of religion, but put no particular stress upon matters of vast importance, are photographed in the text. Church services ought to be grave and solemn. There is no room for frivolity in religious convocation. But there are illustrations, and there are hyperboles like that of Christ in the text, that will irradiate with smiles any intelligent audience. There are men like those blind guides of the text, who advocate only those things in religious service which draw the corners of the mouth down, and denounce all those things which have a tendency to draw the corners of the mouth up, and these men will go to installations and to presbyteries and to conferences and to associations, their pockets full of fine sieves to strain out the gnats, while in their own churches at home every Sunday there are fifty people sound asleep. They make their churches a great dormitory, and their somniferous sermons are a cradle, and the drawled-out hymns a lullaby, while some wakeful soul in a pew with her fan keeps the flies off unconscious persons approximate. Now, I say it is worse to sleep in church than to smile in church, for the latter implies at least attention, while the former implies the indifference of the hearers and the stupidity of the speaker.

In old age, or from physical infirmity, or from long watching with the sick, drowsiness will sometimes overpower one; but when a minister of the Gospel looks off upon an audience, and finds healthy and intelligent people struggling with drowsiness, it is time for him to give out the doxology, or pronounce the benediction. The great fault of church services to-day, is not too much vivacity, but too much somnolence. The one is an irritating gnat that may be easily strained out; the other is a great, sprawling and sleepy-eyed camel of the dry desert. In all our Sabbath schools, our Bible classes, and our pulpits we need to brighten up our religious message with such Christ-like vivacity as we find in the text.

I take down from my library the biographies of ministers, and writers of the past ages, inspired and uninspired, who have done the most to bring souls to Jesus Christ, and I find, that without a single exception, they consecrated their wit and their humor to Christ. Chrysostom, George Herbert, Robert South, George Whitefield, Jeremy Taylor, Rowland Hill, Ashael Nettleton, Charles G. Finney, and all the men of the past who greatly advanced the kingdom of God consecrated their wit and their humor to the cause of Christ. So it has been in all the ages, and I say to all our young theological students, sharpen your wits until they are as keen as scimetars, and then take them into this holy war. It is a very short bridge between a smile and a tear, a suspension bridge from eye to lip, and it is soon crossed over, and a smile is sometimes just as sacred as a tear. There is as much religion, and I think a little more, in a spring morning than in a starless midnight. Religious work without any humor or wit in it, is a banquet with a side of beef, and that raw, and no condiments, and no dessert succeeding. People will not sit down to such a banquet. By all means remove all frivolity, and all bathos, and all lightness and vulgarity—strain them out through the sieve of holy discrimination; but on the other hand, beware of that monster which over-shadows the Christian church to-day, conventionality, coming up from the Great Sahara Desert of Ecciesiasticism, having on its back a hump of sanctimonious gloom, and vehemently refuse to swallow that camel.

Oh, how particular a great many people are about the infinitesimals, while they are quite reckless about the magnitudes. What did Christ say? Did he not excoriate the people in his time who were so careful to wash their hands before a meal, but did not wash their hearts? It is a bad thing to have unclean hands; it is a worse thing to have an unclean heart. How many people there are in our time who are very anxious that after their death they shall be buried with their face toward the east, and not at all anxious that during their whole life they should face in the right direction, so that they shall come up in the resurrection of the just, whichever way they are buried. How many there are chiefly anxious that a minister of the Gospel shall come in the line of apostolic succession, not caring so much whether he comes from Apostle Paul or Apostle Judas. They have a way of measuring a gnat until it is larger than a camel.

Again: My subject photographs all those who are abhorrent of small sins, while they are reckless in regard to magnificent thefts. You will find many a merchant who, while he is so careful that he would not take a yard of cloth, or a spool of cotton from the counter without paying for it, and who, if a bank cashier should make a mistake, and send in a roll of bills, five dollars too much, would dispatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surplus, yet who will go into a stock company, in which, after a while he gets control of the stock, and then waters the stock, and makes $100,000 appear like $[illegible]. He only stole $[illegible],000 by the operation. Many of the men of fortune made their wealth in that way.

One of those men, engaged in such unrighteous acts, that evening, the evening of the very day when he watered the stock, will find a wharf-rat stealing a daily paper from the basement doorway, and will go out and catch the urchin by the collar, and twist the collar. And then the old stock gambler, with a voice they can hear three blocks, will cry out: "Police, Police!" That same man, the evening of the day in which he watered the stock, will kneel with his family in prayers and thank God for the prosperity of the day, then kiss his children goodnight with an air which seems to say, "I hope you all will grow up to be as good as your father!" Prisons for sins insectile in size, but palaces for crimes dromedarian. No mercy for sins animacule in proportion, but great leniency for mastodon iniquity.

There is a good deal of uneasiness and nervousness now among some people in our time who have gotten unrighteous fortunes. A great deal of uneasiness about dynamite. I tell them that God will put under their unrighteous fortunes something more explosive than dynamite, the earthquake of his omnipotent indignation. It is time that we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividends and has outriders in equipage.

Go down into the public library, in the reading rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the country, and their phraseology is very much the same, and the same men wrote them, methodically and infamously carrying out the huge lying about the grain crop from year to year and for a score of years. After a while there will be a "corner" in the wheat market, and men who had a contempt for petty theft will burglarize the wheat bin of a nation and commit larceny upon the American corncrib. And some of the men will sit in churches and in reformatory institutions trying to strain out the small gnats of scoundrelism while in their grain elevators and in their storehouses they are fattening huge camels which they expect after a while to swallow. Society has to be entirely reconstructed on this subject. We are to find that a sin is inexcusable in proportion as it is great. I know in our time the tendency is to charge religious frauds upon good men. They say, "Oh, what a host of frauds you have in the Church of God in this day," and when an elder of a church, or a deacon, or a minister of the Gospel, or a superintendent of a Sabbath School turns out a defaulter, what display heads there are in many of the newspapers. Great primer type. Five line pica. "Another Saint Absconded." "Clerical Scoundrelism," "Religion at a Discount," "Shame on the Churches," while there are a thousand scoundrels outside the church to one inside the church, and the misbehavior of those who never see the inside of a church is so great that it is enough to tempt a man to become a Christian to get out of their company. But in all circles, religious and irreligious, the tendency is to excuse sin in proportion as it is mammoth.

This subject does not give the picture of one or two persons, but is a gallery in which thousands of people may see their likenesses. For instance, all those people who, while they would not rob their neighbors of a farthing, appropriate the money and the treasure of the public. A man has a house to sell, and he tells his customer it is worth $20,000. Next day the assessor comes around and the owner says it is worth $15,000. The government of the United States took off the tax from personal income, among other reasons because so few people would tell the truth, and many a man with an income of hundreds of dollars a day made statements which seemed to imply he was about to be handed over to the overseer of the poor. Careful to pay their passage from Liverpool to New York, yet smuggling in their Saratoga trunk ten silk dresses from Paris and a half-dozen watches from Geneva, Switzerland, telling the Custom House officer on the wharf, "There is nothing to declare but wearing apparel," and putting a five dollar gold piece in his hand to punctuate the statement.

Described in the text are all those who are particular never to break the law of grammar, and who want all their language and their general spelling to be strained out all the inaccuracies of speech with a fine sieve of literary criticism, while through their conversation go slander and unrestrained profanity and lasciviousness larger than a whole caravan of camels, when they might better fracture every law of the language and shock their intellectual taste, and better let every verb seek in vain for its nominative, and every noun for its government, and let every preposition lose its way in the sentence, and adjectives and participles and pronouns get into a grand riot worthy of the Fourth Ward of New York on election day, than to commit a moral inaccuracy. Better swallow a thousand gnats than one camel.

Such persons are also described in the text who are very much alarmed about the small faults of others, and have no alarm about their own great transgressions. There are in every community and in every church watch-dogs who feel called upon to keep their eyes on others and growl. They are full of suspicions. They wonder if this man is not dishonest, if that man is not unclean, if there is not something wrong about the other man. They are always the first to hear of anything wrong. Vultures are always the first to smell carrion. They are self-appointed detectives. I lay this down as a rule without any exception, that those people who have the most faults themselves are most merciless in their watching of others. From scalp of head to sole of foot they are full of jealousies and hypercriticisms. They spend their life in hunting for musk rats and mud turtles, instead of hunting for Rocky Mountain eagles, always for something mean instead of something grand. They look at their neighbors' imperfections through a microscope, and look at their own imperfections through a telescope upside down. Twenty faults of their own do not hurt them so much as one fault of somebody else. Their neighbors' imperfections are like gnats and they strain them out: their own imperfections are like camels and they swallow them.

But lest too many might think they escape the scrutiny of the text, I have to tell you that we all come under the divine satire when we make the questions of time more prominent than the questions of eternity. Come now, let us all go into the confessional. Are not all tempted to make the question, Were shall I live now, greater than the question, Where shall I live forever? How shall I get more dollars here? greater than the question, How shall I lay up treasures in heaven? the question, How shall I pay my debts to man? greater than the question, How shall I meet my obligations to God? the question, How shall I gain the world? greater than the question, What if I lose my soul? the question, Why did God let sin come into the world? greater than the question, How shall I get it extirpated from my nature? the question, What shall I do with the twenty or forty or seventy years of my sublunar existence? greater than the question, What shall I do with the millions of cycles of my post terrestrial existence? Time, how small it is! Eternity, how vast it is! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when compared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said, "That does not mean me, and that does not mean me," and with a ruinous benevolence we are giving the whole sermon away.

But let us all surrender to the charge. What an ado about things here. What poor preparation for a great eternity. As though a minnow were larger than a behemoth, as though a swallow took wider circuit than an albatross, as though a nettle were taller than a Lebanon cedar, as though a gnat were greater than a camel, as though a minute were longer than a century, as though time were higher, deeper, broader than eternity. So the text which flashed with lightning of wit as Christ uttered it, is followed by the crashing thunders of awful catastrophe to those who make the questions of time greater than the questions of the future, the oncoming, overshadowing future. Oh, Eternity! Eternity! Eternity!

....Kidnapping in China....

Miss Talmage Tells of a Little Lad Stolen and Held for Ransom, but Brought Back Through Prayer.....

THE DINNER HOUR IN A CHINESE ORPHANAGE

MISS M. E. Talmage, an American missionary at Amoy, China, in the following letter, tells the story of a Chinese kidnapping. Like little Marion Clark, whose kidnapping in New York recently stirred up the entire community, the Chinese child was ultimately restored to its parents:

AMOY, CHINA, May 20.

Not long ago, I wrote an account of a stolen boy and how he was found in answer to prayer. I have another similar story to tell of a boy six years of age (Chinese reckoning, which, according to ours, is only four or five), who was stolen on May 5th last.

After the child disappeared, the Chinese pastor of the church of which his parents are members, advertised as follows:

"This letter is addressed to all the pastors, brethren and sisters of Chiang-chiu and Choan-chiu prefects.

"Mr. Nai Iu has a son, six years old, named Chong-tek. On the morning of the 26th day of the third moon, at eleven o'clock, he went out to play in 'the-end-of-new-road' and was kidnapped. He was dressed in an old, dark-flowered jacket and trousers. He wore a purplish-blue worsted cap, in front of which was worked in light red the character for 'longevity.' If asked his name, age and sur-name, he can answer very nicely. If asked his father's and mother's names he will say 'Nai-a' and 'Nui-a.' If asked where he comes from he will answer, 'From Peh-chioh. I live in Chiu-pho and have been to Chioh-be.' Perhaps he can also tell how he was stolen.

"I earnestly plead with the whole body of preachers, brethren and sisters, if any of you see or hear of anyone selling or adopting children, that you will make an effort to examine into the matter, and if you find the proofs, that you will send information to the Chiu-pho hospital. All expenses will be paid and if the child is found we shall, of course, be most grateful."

The deep sympathy shown by all the native Christians, not only in the one church, but wherever the news spread, was very touching. Many were the prayers offered in very many places in behalf of the child. Several Christians left their business and searched day and night.

To the joy and thanksgiving of everybody, the stolen child was brought back, on Wednesday, May 10, midnight, as far as the hospital door, and left there. The child made his way to his own home, and knocked. His mother heard, and was not she glad? A lady writes:

"The whole household, which consisted of five families, got up to greet him. Our cook came about five a.m., to tell me. I went at once, to rejoice with them, and found ever so many people there already.

"The thief, evidently, could get no 'middleman,' and so found it difficult to sell the child. He had been traced to a temple near Au-po, where he had spent two nights. No one ever before heard of a stolen child having been restored without a reward. There was a thanksgiving meeting the next night, and Nai Sian-si, the father, spoke."

The child's mother wrote:

"All the brethren and sisters exerted themselves to the uttermost, and searched everywhere for the child, and I thank God that He heard our prayers, and returned Chong-tek to us. At one o'clock at night, on the first day of the moon, he was led back as far as the hospital door, and from thence made his way to our door, where he called. I heard him, and was so surprised. It was far beyond my expectations. I truly thank all the preachers, lady-missionaries, brethren and sisters, that they, with one heart, prayed to God, and that He heard."

Surely, this is another proof of God's care of His little ones. How true it is that He hears His people, when they call upon Him.

M. E. TALMAGE.

Amoy, China

KOREAN CROWDS WATCHING TRIAL OF THE TROLLEY

Riotous Korean Fanatics

To Appease their Heathen Gods they Smash the New American-Built Trolley Cars

(From Our Special Correspondent)

ALTHOUGH the Independence Club made a brave stand for the progress of Korea, and no doubt sowed much seed that will be reproduced in the future, it was practically "laid upon the table" very early in the year in rather an underhanded way. Good promises were made to it that were unfulfilled. Many of its prominent members were arrested on fictitious pretenses. Later, its president, Mr. T. H. Yun, after several times barely escaping arrest, was made Mayor of Wonsan, the port on the east coast; and another prominent leader was given a magistracy in the north. These positions really mean only a polite way of banishing these brave men. But little of the reform element has been heard of this year. The present government is strongly conservative.

The long drought this spring caused concern among all classes, and there has been a deal of talk to the effect that the wires of the electric railway just completed in Seoul, have shut off connection with the clouds; also that the power-house, being built upon the back of the dragon, "no rain can be expected until these evil obstructions are removed." May 4th, cars were run on this street railway for the first time, but they were not run regularly until the 20th. The illustration of the Tong Tai Moon or Great East Gate, shows the crowds of people drawn out to witness the trial trip. There are five ordinary cars, each seating eight first-class and twenty-five second-class passengers. Then there is a special car for "trolley parties." Just think of such innovations in the "hermit nation!" The seventh car is richly upholstered and emblazoned with the Korean ensign, and is reserved exclusively for His Majesty. The road is owned by a Korean company who awarded the contract to Messrs. Bostwick & Colbran, Americans the original contractors of the Seoul-Chemulpo railroad. These gentlemen put the work right through and it was ready before May 1st; but the Japanese motormen did not arrive till later. The greatest care was taken to prevent accidents. For several days, great crowds of Koreans availed themselves of the opportunity of riding on the first railway ever in operation in Korea. It is said one Korean rode and rode until he used up $2.00, in spite of the drought.

May 25, a number of us, W. F. M. S. ladies, rode from our work, at the west gate, to our work near the east gate. It only cost one-fourth as much as chair-coolies, and it really seemed to revive one's Western energy that is so apt to ooze from one's finger-tips, in the East.

One morning a child ran across the track safely, a short distance ahead of the car, when his father called him back, and he became frightened, and in trying to recross the track, he was caught under the car-wheels, and killed. This accident proved the exciting cause for a riot, whose object was to destroy the railway, together with the power-house; its real cause, no doubt, being the continued drought. The rioters, stoned the motormen and conductors of the two cars on the road till they were obliged to flee for safety; then they wrecked one car, battered another to pieces, and set it on fire. They then started to demolish the power-house, but were finally prevented from doing any more damage by the authorities. However, as these were so slow to act, the Japanese motor-men refused to return to their work, unless protected by Japanese police, which the Korean company could not well allow, so things have come to a stand-still. The motor-men have returned to Japan, and American motor-men will be employed.

ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL.

Seoul, Korea, May 6, 1899.

THE NEW TROLLEY IN THE STREETS OF SEOUL

AN OVERTURNED TROLLEY CAR

ONE OF THE CARS AFTER THE RIOT

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Daniel in the Den of Lions

S. S. Lesson for July 30. Dan. 6: 10-23

Golden Text, Psalms 121: 5

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

In accordance with Nebuchadnezzar's dream (Dan. 2), the deterioration of the great image had commenced. The "head of gold" had given place to the "breast and arms of silver;" the great Babylonian Empire had ceased to be; and "Darius, the Mede received the kingdom" (R. V). The Authorized Version says "took." Both renderings are needed to express the true signification. Nebuchadnezzar, in his testimony to the whole known world had said: "The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will." Darius received the kingdom by the will of God, although instrumentally by the power of his army. How far he did so consciously, we cannot tell, but the fact of his recognizing the promotion of Daniel, who had interpreted to Belshazzar the handwriting on the wall, manifested a mind open to the fear of God.

Darius was reverent, but not superstitious. In the regulation of the new and important territory which had come under his command, he acted in the fear of God, when he chose his servant Daniel to be the chief of the three presidents who had command over all the inferior chiefs throughout his vast dominions. Daniel was preferred, or distinguished "above the presidents and the satraps, because an excellent spirit was in him: and the king thought to set him over the whole realm."

But Daniel was not to have an easy time of it. He was growing an old man: according to the course of nature, his time for active work would be drawing to an end. But just when the mental and physical powers begin to decline, there is often in advanced and ripened saints such an absence of self, such an entire dependence on the direct guidance of God, that his power is more manifest through their very weakness, than can be the case when he was an instrument whose own powers are in full exercise. "My strength is made perfect in weakness" (II. Cor. 12: 9), is a truth which was proved in many Old Testament men before it became a law of the New Testament.

Daniel had his enemies just because an excellent spirit was found in him. These men sought to find "occasion against Daniel as touching the kingdom: but they could find no occasion nor fault: forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him." Were they not ashamed? No! Daniel's very faultlessness made him in their eyes all the more guilty. He stood in their way: this was his one great offence; and irrespective of his fitness or unfitness for office, they were determined to work his downfall. The only possible fault which they would find in him was concerning his God. But Darius was favorably impressed with the God of Daniel: how then take sides against him? They devised a plan which would minister to the pride of Darius in his high position, and represented to him that it would be for the establishment of his empire that no man make a petition, whatsoever of any god or man for thirty days save of the king himself. To a heathen king this was most plausible: and not seeing the trap which was laid for him, he fell into the snare. And the president and princes thinking they had all their own way, obtained the king's signature which by the law would not be reversed: and now made sure of the fall of Daniel. They reckoned, and not wrongly, on Daniel's loyalty to his God. What an honor for Daniel! And they waited eagerly for the moment when they should be able to prove that his service of God was high treason to his king. Daniel had one thing to do: it was to serve his God: fearing him he had nothing else to fear, and therefore, with open windows, where his enemies could see him, he knelt upon his knees three times a day and regulated his day with God in praise and prayer as always. Death or life, his communion with God must not cease: for this was more to him than life itself.

With wicked, hellish joy they perceived that Daniel's faithfulness to his God had stood this test; why were they not ashamed and broken-hearted? Because they had sold themselves to the demon of jealousy which possessed them, and they were not free men: "To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey" (Rom. 6: 16). The miserable men, more by far to be pitied than Daniel, were bondslaves to their dishonorable, unworthy self-worship. They went eagerly, and told the king how his favorite disregarded his edict, and continued to pray three times a day to his God as he did before. Then Darius saw that he was in the power of these men, and he sought in vain to deliver his valued friend and adviser. But the great king was powerless, bound by his own signature of the edict to give command for Daniel to be cast into the den of lions, the penalty for disobedience mentioned in the edict.

But all was not yet over: where the greatest of earth's kings was powerless, the King of kings was mighty still, and, as far as his light went Darius put himself on the side of God: he was present when Daniel was cast into the den of lions, and said publicly: "Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee." Thus Darius began in this time of sore trouble to believe for himself in Daniel's God. No sleep that night for the king: probably Daniel slept well. Early in the morning Darius went in haste to the den, and cried with a lamentable voice, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?" "O king, live forever," came in clear tones from the bottom of the den. "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, and they have not hurt me; forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt." And Darius knew that it was safe to trust Daniel's God.

"MY GOD HATH SENT HIS ANGEL AND HATH SHUT THE LIONS' MOUTHS"

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

FIERCE trial was needed to complete the picture given in the book of Daniel, of the prophet's faithfulness, and intrepidity. Daniel is represented as in continual prosperity, whether under Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar or Darius. In the fiery furnace, it is his three friends who witness for God. Daniel escapes all persecution and suffering. But the people, for whom the book was written, were in circumstances of great peril, and were put to the dreadful alternative of denying God, or being put to a cruel death. They needed encouragement to be faithful in the direst peril, and so the incident which forms the subject of the lesson was related. It has all the thrilling, dramatic quality of the other narratives in the book. Like the story of Ahasuerus and Haman in the book of Esther, and of Herod and Salome, in the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, it is the story of an absolute king entrapped, and held by his own edict. That the princes of the empire would be exasperated at seeing a member of a subject race, raised to the highest post in the government, might be expected, especially if, as the narrative implies, Daniel's duties would include a supervision of their own conduct. They would naturally desire his downfall, but how to compass it, was a difficult problem. In no part of his administration was he vulnerable. It was characterized throughout by strict integrity. The only hope of undermining his position was in religion. We can imagine that in such a juncture, religion would be a crucial subject. If Darius was a follower of Zoroaster he would hold the gold and silver idols of the Babylonians in contempt, for Zoroaster permitted no worship of images, and taught the infinite supremacy of one Spirit over all created beings. If Darius contemplated an attempt to break down idolatry in Babylon, the suggestion of the nobles of an edict which would suspend all prayers for a period of thirty days might be viewed with favor by the king as a means of accomplishing his purpose. His ready acquiescence in the proposal seems to imply some such project in his mind. That he should have accepted the suggestion and registered the edict, without consulting his chief advisor, is surprising, unless it presented itself to him as a means of carrying out a purpose already formed and discussed. In any case, he did accept it, and only after it was too late, did he realize that it would operate against Daniel, as well as against the Babylonian idolaters. He appears to have submitted his quandary to his supreme court, but without obtaining any relief. Then he yielded, though it seems strange that a king who could issue an edict, such as that which he issued after the miracle should not before the miracle have cut the red tape by which he was bound.

Able to deliver thee from the lions. David Livingstone was once in the grip of a lion, and to the end of his life suffered from the injury to his shoulder that the lion's teeth inflicted. "In going around the base of a hill," he says, "we saw a lion sitting on a rock right ahead. A bush intervened, and crouching behind the bush, I took steady aim and fired both barrels. 'He is shot! He is shot!' the men cried out. I bade them wait beside me till I had loaded again. In the act of ramming the piece, I heard a warning cry, and, looking half round, I saw the lion in the act of springing upon me. He caught me by the shoulder and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier does a rat." The lion was trying to drag him away, when a well-directed shot from one of the men finished him, and the great explorer's life was saved.

They have not hurt me. The story is told of a boy in a large boarding school who, during one of his vacations at home, was converted. It was easy to kneel down in his quiet chamber and pray, but as he was returning to school, he realized what it would be to kneel down in that big dormitory in which there were twenty boys, all romping and wrestling and laughing. He felt that to pray there demanded more courage than he had. He offered a silent prayer to God for help. As he did so, feeling sure that God heard him, the thought occurred to him that he might get into bed and say his prayer there where he would not be noticed. But that was not witnessing for Christ and he rejected the idea. All day the thought of his ordeal was on his mind, but the more he thought of it, the more determined he was to go through it. Bedtime came at last, and he went up-stairs. The room was more noisy on that first night of the term than usual. He felt his face pale, and his knees shook for a moment. Then, to a few companions near him, he told of the change that had occurred, and quietly knelt down by his bedside. Instantly a hush fell on the room. Not one boy spoke. The kneeling boy could not understand the silence, but it was better than the ridicule he expected. The next night two other boys confessed to him that they had promised to pray every night but had not the courage. Now that they had seen him do it, they would keep their promise, and they did.

Cast him into the den of lions. A traveler in Morocco describes the lions' den as he saw it in that country, and he says that the emperor more than once fed the lions with living men, who were thrown in. It consisted of two large subterranean chambers, divided by a strong partition of iron bars in which there was a gate, which did not open and close on hinges, but was drawn up by ropes from above, sliding in a groove. The lions were coaxed by food into one of the chambers, and then the door was let down, and the empty chamber was cleaned. More food was put there and the gate again opened. The whole den was opened to the sky, and surrounded with low walls from which the people could look down at the animals.

Belgium's Crisis

DISORDER, threatening to become revolution, reigned throughout the little kingdom of Belgium for several days last week. In Brussels, the capital, crowds paraded the streets hurling stones at the residences of prominent statesmen and denouncing the government. In many streets the paving-stones were torn up to make barricades and the police were furiously assailed. It was necessary to call out the military to suppress the rioters. In the open space in front of the city hall the soldiers were compelled to fire with ball-cartridges and several persons were killed. In other towns, notably at Liege, Alost, Verviers, Antwerp and Ghent, mass-meetings were held and scenes of violence were reported. Inside the House of Parliament, free fights took place, the socialist deputies struggling wildly to reach the Premier, M. Van Den Peereboom, who would undoubtedly have been severely handled if his opponents could have reached him. His announcement that an obnoxious bill was withdrawn, has produced a lull in the rioting inside and outside the Chamber of Deputies, but the people are in a sullen, angry mood, and being well organized under socialist leaders, are liable to resume hostilities if they are provoked. It is probable that if a general outbreak does occur, the monarchy will be swept away and Belgium will become a republic. The disturbance is the result of dissatisfaction over the franchise. The populace contends that it has been tricked by the Government. A bill was passed six years ago which ostensibly gave manhood suffrage, but it contained a clause giving extra votes for education and property qualifications, so that while an ordinary working-man deposited one vote on polling-day, the clerical or aristocratic voter might deposit two or three. There was besides, a shrewd system of apportionment which worked to the advantage of the upper classes. As a result of the combined systems, the Socialists and Liberals, who numbered at the last election 936,237, have only forty members in the Chamber of Deputies, while the Clericals and Conservatives, who numbered 993,857, have 112. Discontent has been increasing on account of this unfairness, and at last the Premier introduced a bill professing to remedy the grievance. On examination it was found that the bill really made the matter worse, and then the people lost patience. Alarmed by the rioting, the Premier has withdrawn the bill, but the original grievance is still unrectified, and will remain a source of trouble until it is removed. The rioting of the past week shows that the people are in no mood to be trifled with. A fair concession would satisfy them if made now, but if a revolution should break out they might show a different spirit. The king and his ministers should heed the Preacher's warning:

Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad (Eccles. 7: 7).

A Snake in Church

A press dispatch from Shelbyville, Ind., reports an exciting incident which occurred on a recent Sunday evening, in a village about fifteen miles from that city. The congregation of the church had assembled for evening service and the exercises had begun, when a man occupying one of the front pews felt a peculiar motion in the neighborhood of his right leg. The church not being well lighted he could not see anything in the lower part of the pew, but presently he felt a pressure on the limb, which, as he well knew, was produced by the coil of a snake. He was afraid to move or call out lest there should be a panic in the congregation. He sat still until in the dim light he detected the glitter of two sparkling eyes, which showed where the head of the snake was. Instantly he planted his foot firmly on it and trod with all his weight. The snake writhed, but did not uncoil, though it was clearly in its death struggle. The man took a knife from his pocket and cut away at the coil around his leg until he had severed the body of the snake, when he took up the two pieces and carried them out of church. Several of the people saw what was in his hand, and soon every one present knew that a snake had been caught, and killed. An attempt was made to continue the service, but the people were too much agitated by the incident to pay attention, and all were glad when the minister closed the service prematurely and allowed them to leave the building. They were naturally uneasy, fearing that where one snake had penetrated there might be others. It may be hoped, for the sake of their comfort in the future that precautions may be taken against the entrance of the reptiles. There is still greater reason to watch against the intrusion of the great enemy of the race, who is compared in Scripture to a serpent, against whose subtlety there are special warnings.

Neither give place to the devil (Eph. 4: 27).

Seeking Fabulous Wealth

A number of residents of Long Island and Westchester County, N. Y., held a meeting recently in New York City and formed an association to press their claims to the ownership of land in the lower part of the city on which the great office buildings have been erected. The land they claim is worth many millions of dollars. The majority of the claimants are very poor people and are chiefly from the country districts. They belong to old families whose names were once among the most honored of the Dutch and English settlers of Manhattan. Their ancestors had no idea of the value their estates would ultimately attain and estimated their worth chiefly as grazing lands. If they could have foreseen the enormous price that would be paid for a few square yards, they would have been more careful about registering their titles and more reluctant to sell them. As it is, the courts decided, more than half a century ago, to entertain no more claims from the descendants of the original owners. Notwithstanding this decision, associations like the one recently organized in New York have been formed in the West and South, one of which has now six hundred members. They pay their assessments for legal expenses and meet at intervals to receive reports of the investigations which are being made among the city's archives. There is, however, no possibility of their ever establishing their claims to the property. It is a great pity that these people, who are poor, should be led to deny themselves and make sacrifices in a cause so hopeless. If, instead of listening to men who delude them with false hopes, they would give ear to the Gospel invitation, they might inherit possessions which will endure long after all worldly estates are worthless.

To an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you (1 Peter 1: 4).

A Professional Hostess

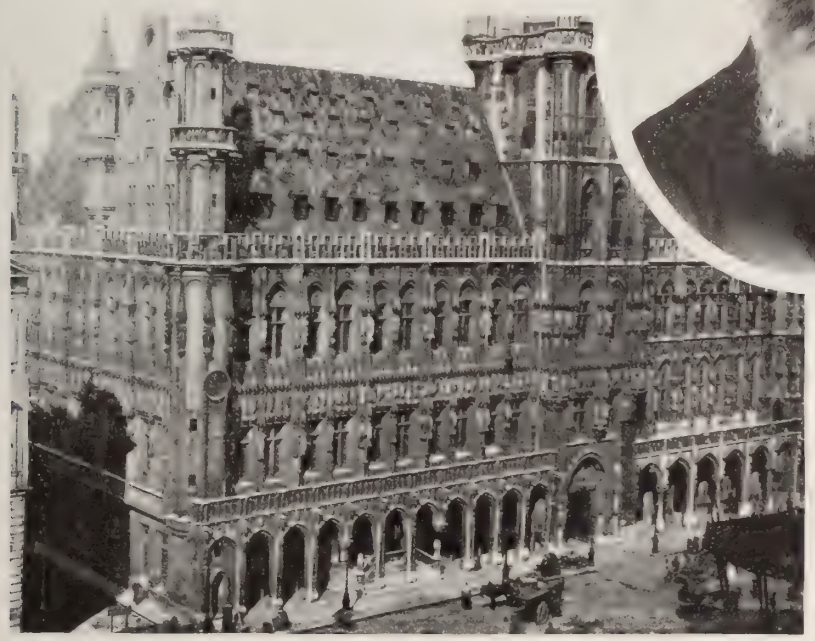
A novel method of getting a living is described by the correspondent of a New York daily journal. It is that of a lady, who, for three or five dollars will manage an entertainment, a wedding-breakfast, a large luncheon, or a dinner-party. She knows exactly how such matters ought to be conducted, and will see to all the arrangements, leaving the hostess free to give all her attention to her guests. On being notified that her services will be required, she consults the hostess as to the scale of the entertainment, and then takes all trouble off her hands. She instructs the servants, arranges with caterers, and engages additional help if it is needed. An hour before the meal is served, she appears in the dining-room and sees that the table is properly laid. Then, as the guests file in, she stations herself outside the door to inspect the dishes before they are carried in, and ascertains that each is on time, and in exactly the condition that it ought to be in. Under her expert management everything works smoothly, and there are none of the blunders or catastrophes, the dread of which otherwise might be a misery to the hostess. The lady describes herself as an anxiety-bearer. The people who profit by her services are a very small class compared with those who have anxieties of other kinds which are a heavy burden to them. But for them there is a provision in the person of One who careth for them.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee (Ps. 55: 22).

The Burned Steamer

The captain and crew of the Clyde Line freight steamer *Pawnee* have had a narrow escape from a terrible death. It was on its way from Brunswick, Ga., to New York, with a cargo of cotton and lumber, when on June 25, fire was discovered in the hold. An examination showed that the flames had gained such headway that it was impossible to save the ship. The captain therefore ordered the boats lowered and the crew to take their places in them. While this was being done, the captain went to his cabin for some valuables which he hoped to save. When he reached the ship's side the boat containing the crew had drifted out of reach. The crew made several vain efforts to get back to the ship, first to one side of the vessel and then to the other in attempts to remove the captain. Finally Captain Ingram leaped into the water and swam 200 feet or more toward the boat. One of the crew held out an oar to him and pulled him in. He was completely exhausted and almost unconscious. In the meantime, the *George W. Clyde* had sighted the *Pawnee* and bore down upon her in time to pick up the captain and crew of the burning ship. It is a matter for thankfulness that all were saved. It has often happened in such emergencies, that men making an effort to save their property, as the captain did, have lost their lives. Still more frequently, the concern for their possessions has caused men to lose their souls, though earnest endeavors to save them, such as the crew made to save their captain are made by their ministers and Christian friends.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men [illegible]



THE CITY HALL, BRUSSELS

LEOPOLD, KING OF BELGIUM

THE KING'S PALACE IN BRUSSELS

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION AT DE

1. Rev. J. F. Cowan, D.D.
2. Rev. Asher Anderson
3. Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins, D.D.
4. Rev. Clarence E. Ebermann
5. Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon
6. Mr. Wm. Shaw
7. Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D.
8. Rev. S. McNaugher
9. Mr. H. D. Boughner
10. Rev. Geo. E. Soper
11. Rev. Geo. E. Maniman
12. Rev. Joseph Walker, D.D.
13. Bishop B. W. Arnett, D.D.
14. President F. E. Clark, D.D.
15. Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D.D.
16. Rev. J. Z. Tyler, D.D.
17. Prof. H. L. Willett
18. Rev. Howard B. Grose
19. Rev. James L. Hill
20. Rev. W. H. McMillan, D

Christian Endeavor's Mighty Host

The Huge International Convention, at Detroit, Specially Photographed for this Journal — The Immense Progress of a Year — Dr. Clark's Annual Message

OUR readers who belong to the Christian Endeavor Society will be glad to see the pictures of the great Convention just held at Detroit, Mich., which are reproduced on these pages from photographs taken specially for The Christian Herald. Three weeks ago we published a sketch of the programme, with portraits of the leaders of the Committees appointed to extend Detroit's hospitality to the thousands of guests and a picture of the Convention headquarters. The programme as then outlined was faithfully carried out and the eighteenth Convention takes its place in history as one of the most successful of the long line.

The interest of the Convention naturally concentrated in the message of President Clark and the report of General-Secretary Baer, which, as usual, presented in concise form the record of progress during the past year and the suggestions for future development. In both there were indications that the Christian Endeavor Society, in spite of sinister predictions of decadence, is very much alive and has lost none of its old-time energy in planning for new work. Both the President and Secretary were full of enthusiasm and the jubilant note predominant in their addresses met a full response from the thousands of members who listened to them. It was a welcome surprise to hear from Mr. Baer that, although at the beginning of the year it appeared that the movement had spread to every section of the country and into many foreign lands, the year had witnessed the birth of an immense number of new societies. After dropping from the rolls all the societies which, from a variety of causes have ceased to exist, there is a net gain in the number of societies of two thousand, and in number of members, a net gain of over one hundred thousand. The total number of societies in the United States is now 42,075 and in the world 55,813, and the aggregate membership is 3,350,000. Mr. Baer gave the list classified according to nationality, as follows: "Great Britain has over six thousand societies. Australia has over two thousand societies, and is represented in this convention by two delegates who have traveled over six thousand miles to bring greetings from our brothers and sisters under the Southern Cross. India has 454, China 148, Africa 136, Mexico 108, West Indies 103, Germany 101, Madagascar 93, Japan 73, and so on through a long list, which I must omit at this time, but cannot pass Spain, the country with whom we were at war last year. Spain, rent with war and turmoil, has more than held its own, for she has thirty-six societies."

The denominational classification of societies in the United States is thus given: "The Presbyterians are in the van with over eight thousand societies. The

DELEGATES ASSEMBLING AT THE TENT

Photographed Specially for "The Christian Herald" by the Official Photographer of the Convention

MICH.—EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

21. Bishop Samuel Fallows, D.D.
22. Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D.
23. Rev. J. B. Richardson
24. Prof. James L. Howe
25. Rev. M. Rhodes, D.D.
26. Rev. A. C. Crews
28. Rev. Arthur J. Smith
29. Rev. Dr. Johnson
30. Sec. John Willis Baer
31. Mr. H. H. Spooner
32. Rev. J. W. Beckett
33. Rev. U. F. Swengel
34. Rev. Cornelius Brett, D.D.
35. Rev. Wm. Paterson
36. Rev. J. M. Lowden
37. Mr. Robert Cushman
38. Rev. H. F. Shupe
39. Mr. Ellis
40. Mr. Miles M. Shand
41. Mr. W. E. Sweet

Congregationalists have over six thousand; the Disciples of Christ over four thousand; the Baptists over three thousand; then the Methodist Protestant, Cumberland Presbyterians, Lutherans, Reformed Dutch, and Methodist Episcopal, in order named, each with over one thousand societies. Then follow many evangelical denominations, in all, including those already named, nearly forty." No less interesting is it to learn that these denominations have all had reason to be thankful for the work of the society. During the past ten years they have received into Church membership from the ranks of the Christian Endeavor Societies the immense number of one million and a half. A better test of usefulness cannot well be conceived.

THE GREAT OPENING MEETING IN TENT WILLISTON

The President, affectionately styled, "Father Endeavor" Clark, with ministerial instinct, took the key-note of his address from a passage of Scripture. It was that in which the historian describes the development of the poet-warrior-king —II. Samuel 5: 10. He preferred the marginal rendering which records that David went on Going and Growing—"To merit the presence and guidance of the Lord God of Hosts," said Dr. Clark, "the Christian Endeavor movement must go and grow. 'Going,' stands for aggressive, out-reaching enterprise; 'growing,' for increase in grace, in power, and numerical strength." Dr. Clark was careful to distinguish between mere motion and true progress, and incidentally referred to the difficulty he had experienced in keeping the Society clear of fanatics, who wanted his endorsement of the wildest of wild-cat schemes to evangelize the world or revolutionize society."

Among the prominent suggestions of Dr. Clark for future development were. 1st. Almost every State, Province and Territory affords the opportunity of larger numerical growth. 2d. See that the younger Endeavorers go and grow. 3d. That local unions go and grow. 4th. That religion in the family become more and more a matter of serious concern. 5th. The earnest cultivation of the Evangelistic Missionary zeal. After telling the story of a man who by accident had had the skin stripped from his arm and could be cured only by skin-grafting—the skin for the purpose being voluntarily offered by twenty-seven members of a fraternal society, each of whom gave one square inch of cuticle—Dr. Clark spoke of the glory of self-sacrifice for the good of others and concluded his eloquent speech with the following thrilling words:

"Ah! brothers and sisters, by sacrificing ourselves alone can the world be saved. Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, life of our life, must be given. Our religion, our endeavor, is useless unless it teaches us this. We can neither go nor grow until we learn this lesson that he that saveth his life must lose it. This, please God, shall be the spirit of this Convention. This shall be the watchword of the nineteenth year of Christian Endeavor. Sacrifice and service, living and loving, praying and practising, going and growing, shall bring the victory."

At the last meeting Secretary Baer stated that the attendance at this Convention had very much exceeded that of any other Christian Endeavor Convention ever held in the matter of those present at the various meetings. The estimate of attendance at meetings gives a total of 298,500. There were 28,000 Endeavorers in attendance, including Detroit delegates, and 30,500 persons simultaneously attended Christian Endeavor meetings.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR

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Letters
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Prestige of the Fathers

JUST [illegible] name and influence are providentially extending, it is well arranged that new emphasis should be given to the study of the story of the American Revolution. There is no end to the new historical series, personal or national which are in progress of publication. There is almost no end to the national societies that have been organized to make public and perpetuate the memory of the Continental Fathers.

The revival of the study of such themes, as shown in story and poem is seen, too, in history. Lord Trevelyan's work on *The American Revolution* is a work by itself. Perhaps it is the first successful effort of an Englishman to treat that American struggle with fairness and candor, as well as to rise to the height of its consequences, whether to Great Britain or to the other nations of the earth. When the American Revolution was over, a new era in civilization was established. We are willing to call it American. It must go with our flag into all parts of the world.

Now that this is so, it is well that we begin to study and emphasize ourselves anew. The Revolutionary struggle was of no private interpretation. One hundred and twenty-three years after the Declaration of Independence, we begin to see what interest the Philippines had in that struggle: what interest, perhaps, China, and the whole Orient. It is a tide that has no ebbing. It has, yet, to visit the whole earth.

Fruits of the Philippine Islands

COMPARED with the best European species, the fruits of the Philippine Islands are inferior. They cannot equal our grapes, peaches, cherries, strawberries. Indeed, it would seem to be the law in the tropics that they are distinguished for a few distinctive and peculiar fruits to be found nowhere else, while the fruits of the temperate zones are more various and satisfactory.

The mango ranks first in the Philippine Islands. It is oblong, oval-shaped, flattened on the sides, five inches long, and yellow when ripe. The Philippine mangoes are said to be superior to any elsewhere in the Orient. The trees are large, with majestic leaves, bark green, [illegible] and the fruit [illegible] and noble. To rear the fruit requires great care. The forced fruit is brought [illegible] it brings twelve and one-half cents each. The natural time of ripening is after the end of March. In the height of the season they can be bought for one dollar a hundred. Many persons eat as many as a dozen a day, as the fruit is considered perfectly harmless. Luzon and Cebu Islands appear to produce more mangoes than the rest of the Archipelago. From eight Mango trees, Foreman reports he got annually two pickings, and one year three pickings from two trees. We read of the tree of life that it "yields its fruit every month." The mango of the Philippine Islands is not equally prolific, but it illustrates the meaning of that verse. The heavenly paradise is more prolific than our new tropical possessions.

A Dog and His Master

A MAN, thirty-six years of age, who had been drinking, lately shot himself on Avon Avenue, Newark, N. J. His faithful dog was found watching by his lifeless body. The antithesis between a man created in God's image, who gets desperate because of the dominion of an evil habit, and throws up his commission, snuffs his life out as a candle, and his dog, who will not surrender his trust, even though his master is no longer living, is awfully suggestive.

We might almost reverse the Saviour's words: "How much is a brute better than a man!" Is man the great failure in creation? Is man the only being not true to creation's trust? What brute admits a thief into his mouth that steals away his brains? The dog knows his owner, even though stretched in death's silence by his own murderous hand. The dog still acknowledges the tie that binds him to man. Man forgets the tie that binds him to God; tramples it under foot; first destroys God's image in himself by strong drink, makes himself infuriate, and then blows out his brains; desecrates and destroys the temple where God takes up his residence. What a picture for a drinking man to look at, this group at the road side! We speak of a man's sinking himself below the brute. In such a comparison, which most bears the image of God, the master or the dog?

Conditional Benefactions

ANDREW CARNEGIE, whose name is becoming the synonym of beneficence, especially with relation to libraries, has made a conditional offer of $30,000 to the New York University. The method of beneficence seems to be peculiarly American. Dr. Pearson, of Chicago, has thus largely endowed many institutions in the West. He proposes to give so much if the friends of the institution will supplement it with a certain other amount. It is a stimulus to the effort all along the line. The conditional amount will be lost within a certain allotted time.

It might be said, that such giving is doubly blest: It blesses the giver, as such, and is the inspirer of other giving. The writer does not know the amount of Dr. Pearson's benefactions; still less does he know how much Dr. Pearson has inspired others to give. But, probably in no case less than one-half is given by the original donor. So that if in this case Mr. Carnegie should give $30,000, an additional sum of $30,000, to be contributed by the friends of the University, will be expected to be raised to supplement the original amount.

There is nothing more full of promise to the United States and her great future, than these benefactions of her wealthy citizens. The determination of Andrew Carnegie to be his own administrator will inspire others to go and do likewise. So that, presently, instead of eager relatives trying to break the wills of the dead, every dying man, who has anything to give, will transfer the gift directly to the new possessor without the law's delays and uncertainties.

The Drought Ended

[illegible] weeks, left farmers and gardens in an awful plight. At last the rains have come. We sometimes speak of famine; but with so large a territory as ours, with such rapid transportation, there is very little danger of it. The poor will suffer; the rich will go into the markets and buy at higher rates. People will fall back upon canned vegetables, and we shall get through the summer solstice. The caterpillars and the potato bugs will have fought a victorious battle. But, in the autumn, supplies will be equalized again, and anything like actual famine will have been averted. Man's dependence upon God, in nature, should lead him to deeper gratitude to Him for the rains that fall, and the streams that dash through the valleys. The rivers of God are full of water. The too exclusive study of the modes of His material working should not tempt us to forget that the varied seasons are by his arrangement; that the clouds gather their treasures of moisture at His bidding, and that His mercy averts from this favored nation those scenes of suffering and despair, with which less favored nations are afflicted.

Two Boy Criminals

TWO boys, aged respectively fourteen and ten, were lately arrested by Detective Pearson, of Jersey City, N. J., charged with placing an obstruction on a railroad in New Jersey. The obstruction consisted of a heavy piece of iron, and was discovered by the fireman just in time to prevent a disaster. The same boys, also, are accused of altering the signal lights along the line. The boys accused each other of the crime. They were admitted to bail.

Two things, doubtless, inspired these lads. First, idleness. Much is said against putting boys too early at work. There are some boys whose salvation consists in their being early employed. Their minds are active. They want something for their hands to do. If boys are not doing anything at school, be sure and give them something to do elsewhere. The old couplet still lives:

[illegible]
For idle hands to do.

The other source of temptation is printed, or oral accounts of boy-criminals. Precocity in crime inspires a like precocity. There are boy-books, magazines and newspapers, illustrated with pictures, in which, perhaps, these very boys will figure as hero examples to others. Perhaps this very item will be circumstantially written up and sold to boys, to stimulate their imagination and awaken their ambition to do similar deeds. There is no such active seed-sower as the being who sows tares. There is no surer harvest than a harvest of tares. That man is a benefactor who saves one boy from becoming a criminal: who puts him into an environment where he may become a man.

Caring for Cuba's Orphans

The Lee Orphan Asylum, in Havana, which was established in the exciting times immediately preceding the Spanish-American war, and supported by the generosity of the readers of this journal ever since, has now been formally transferred by General Lee to the civil authorities of Havana. In announcing the change, General Lee writes as follows:

"The Orphan Asylum will maintain its name and preserve its separate organization. Everything now there is in fine condition. The children all look clean. It is admirably managed by Miss Amada Miranda."

Our readers, whose timely aid to the orphanage made its existence possible during the war, and thus was the means of saving the lives of hundreds of little reconcentrado orphans, will be gratified to learn that the work is so highly thought of by the Havana authorities that it is to be continued at the public expense. Few orphanages in any land have had such an eventful history, and few have been the means of so much blessing.

BRIEF NOTES

[illegible] principal.

[illegible] aged twenty-eight, died at the imperial residence. He was a consumptive, and had been sick for several years.

[illegible] Bermuda was that of the W. C. T. U., recently [illegible] unions, all of which have been organized by Mrs. Addie Northam Field.

[illegible] ary in Uganda, Africa, where there is a population of 10,000,000. Now there are 500 churches and 900 teachers, including 100 native helpers, who are supported by native contributions. In five months 10,000 copies of the Gospel were sold.

[illegible] for the increase of education in his dominions. It has been found that of every hundred soldiers in the Russian army, forty can neither read nor write.

It is said to be the intention of the Chinese Government to take down the famous Great Wall, known in China as Wan li Ch'ang Ching, or the [illegible] hordes of northern barbarians which swarmed into the Chinese territory.

Mr. Torrence, superintendent of the Illinois State Reformatory, gives statistics to show that of a total of 278 boys in the reformatory, ranging from twelve to fifteen years of age, over 60 per cent. were addicted to the cigarette habit before committing the crimes, which had made them unwilling [illegible]

The conferences of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at Chautauqua, N. Y., will be held from August 2 to 7 inclusive. August 4 is Temperance Day. Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Providence, R. I., one of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union round-the-world missionaries, will speak on "Round the World with the White [illegible]

[illegible] doo becomes a Christian "for the rice there is in it." Dr. Parker, an eminent missionary of the M. E. Church, in India, writes that so far from the converts gaining by becoming Christians there are extremely few who do not have to make sacrifices in income, and they all lose old friends, who are very dear to a Hindoo.

A Presbyterian teacher who has been laboring in Utah, having formerly been a missionary in India, is reported by the *Evangelist* as saying that before she went to Utah she believed that there were no women in all the world so miserable as the women of India, but she has changed her opinion since making the acquaintance of the victims of Mormon oppression and cruelty.

The revival meetings, in the Gospel tent, "Glad Tidings," on Broadway and Fifty-sixth street, New York, which have now been in progress a month, are still largely attended, and Evangelist S. Hartwell Pratt, in charge of arrangements, reports many professions of conversion. It is proposed to continue the meetings until the latter part of September or early in October.

Rev. P. W. Pitcher, writing from Amoy, China, says that in that mission there are 1,315 native members. Their contributions for 1898 were $6,174, an average of nearly five dollars per member. As Mr. Pitcher points out, five dollars is a larger gift from these poor people than double or treble the amount from us. That they should give so much is good evidence of their sincerity.

At the recent meeting of the Zionist Federation, Sir Francis Montefiore said that the soil of Palestine was admirably adapted for raising barley, wheat, and other cereals, while the almond, the citron, and the vine could also be profitably grown. If the harbors of the country were improved, its commercial resources would soon be developed, and there was ample room for a population ten times greater than the present.

[illegible] performed by Miss S. J. Tibbals, of New York. She has presented her fine hotel, the Irvington, at Ocean Grove, N. J., to the University Place Presbyterian Church, to be used as a summer home by members of the church who are unable to spare the money for spending their vacation by the sea. The pastor, Rev. George Alexander, D. D., went to Ocean Grove last week to formally take possession of the property.

Rev. D. M. Heydrick, of the Brooklyn City Mission, is giving the children of the City Orphan Asylum a day's outing to Rockaway Beach as often as funds are supplied him for the purpose. The railway companies have kindly facilitated him by giving cars at reduced rates. The children and converts of Bethlehem Mission, which is under Mr. Heydrick's superintendence, have also enjoyed a day's outing. Mr. Heydrick would be glad to extend this work if money were contributed for the purpose. His address is 500 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Bringing Children to Jesus

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.

"BRINGING the children to Jesus!" Poets, prose-writers, sculptors, painters, of every clime, of every form of Christian faith, and of no professed religious belief, have chosen this subject as a favorite theme for pen, chisel, and brush. The truth is, there is no story in history, sacred or profane, so beautiful as that of Jesus. The history of Jesus fits into family and home-life as does no other. Jesus, as Mary's little baby, in the manger among the patient cattle; Jesus carried by his parents into Egypt; Jesus talking about his Father to doctors in the temple, amazing them with a little child's knowledge of holy things; Jesus, the carpenter's Son, obedient to his parents, helping Joseph at his trade; Jesus, the beloved guest at the home in Bethany, entering into its joys and sorrows, settling little differences between the sisters; Jesus at meat in this house or that, eating with publicans and sinners, or breaking bread with his little group of disciples; Jesus entering homes of sickness and death with comfort and help in his voice and touch; Jesus raising the widow's son, weeping with Martha and Mary for Lazarus, never too busy, never too tired to listen pitifully and helpfully to any story of sin or woe; Jesus, in his death agony, leaving his mother to the consolation and care of John, "the beloved disciple." Jesus after resurrection, blessing the bread at the supper in Emmaus, partaking of the little feast of fish on the shore with his fishermen; all these are dear, simple, precious pictures in the hearts and minds of all who have read the New Testament. Place any of them beside those of Mohammed riding into Constantinople through blood to his horse's saddle-girth; or beside Buddha, leaving his sleeping wife and child for a life of asceticism, and we will not wonder why the home-life of the Christian is purer, sweeter and nobler than that of the followers of the best and purest of pagan beliefs.

The picture on this page is an exquisite sermon. A little one nestles in the dear Lord's arms; another, her hand in his, looks up confidingly; on every childish face in that humble peasant's home is reverence, wondering awe, and love that claims and understands the Master and his love for children—no fear in any face, only trust absolute and perfect. We look and think, "Except ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." All the working-folk have heard that the dear Master is there; they come, bringing their little ones; the rough laborer, the good teacher of the village school, and the faithful pastor who have been telling the children about Jesus, are there. Mark, how the elders stand back reverently, letting the innocent little ones, the "pure in heart" go up first to the Master, the tired, gentle, pure Master, who has neither silver nor gold to give—only his love, more precious than all the gold and silver of the world! Jesus in the flesh is not on earth to-day, but in the spirit he is always with us, and by our lives, by our walk, by telling about him, we may bring the childen to Jesus now, just as truly as did the mothers of Judea, and he will bless them as truly as he did of old. Mothers, trying to raise your children aright; good pastors and Sunday School workers, and faithful teachers in public schools, kind, prayerful helpers in our fresh-air work for the waifs of the slums; you are bringing children to Jesus and Jesus is as faithful now, to-day, in America, as he was twenty centuries ago in Judea.

THE MASTER AND THE LITTLE CHILDREN

A famous German artist's conception of the scene as it would appear if Christ were to return to earth and call the little ones around Him and bless them to-day as He once did in Judea.

♣

The Duty of Gladness

"Thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee and unto thy house." Take a concordance and see how many times the word "rejoice" is found in the Bible. How often do we think over it that the command to rejoice is laid upon us? If you have youth and strength rejoice and be glad; if you have age and wisdom, again rejoice; if you have little children, rejoice because of them and with them, and teach them by precept and example the duty of gladness. If you are weary and heavy-laden, cast your sorrows upon the great Burden-bearer, and rejoice that "he careth for you." Let us, in the meridian of our years and strength, make our righteousness and faith so sure and beautiful and joyous that youth will hunger and thirst after it.

♣

Palestine's New Order of Women

The Jerusalem *News* says that an Israelitish order of women has been started in Palestine whose members will devote their lives exclusively to the service of mercy. Only young women and girls will be accepted. They vow to give all their time to the nursing of the sick and education of children. This order will not confine itself to Palestine, but will extend to all Jewish communities in the world. The sisters will live strictly according to the commandments of the Jewish religion, and will make no distinction between people in the matter of religion, in the exercises of their philanthropic work. For an emblem they have chosen the Star of David, and for a device the word Zion.

♣

Life's Evening Fair

One of our readers, Mrs. Rhoda, of Concord, Wisconsin, in a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, gives this cheery sketch of a happy anniversary in the life of an aged lady.

July 1, 1899, Mrs. Frances Williams, of Concord, Wis., celebrated her eighty-ninth birthday. An informal reception was held during the day, many friends calling, and congratulating her. Mrs. Dew, her daughter-in-law, with whom she makes her home, gave a five-o'clock tea. The table decorations were carnations. Many gifts were tendered Mrs. Williams, who is truly a remarkable lady. In possession of all her faculties, interested in all the great affairs of the day, a fervent Christian woman, a member of the Missionary Society, and an earnest worker for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

♣

Baby's Loves

"Who do you love, baby? Who do you love?"
"Papa and mamma and dood Nurse Sue.
An' my kitty-puss—an' oh everyfing!"
"And who loves you, baby? Who loves you
"Oh, oo an' kitty and dood Nurse Sue.
An' papa—and mamma"—with wise little nod.
"An' ewybody—an' auntie I fink.
An' God loves me an' I loves God."

A Mother's Comfort

"MAMMA, I was not good to-day," the boy
My child-boy laughed at my fears and
wept.
And with my k[illegible]
Found peace with God, and slept.

It grieved him [illegible]
To say a cross word was a cause for ruth,
And all the world was void of light and song,
If word or act of his had been untruth.

And he is far from mother's arms to-night.
My soldier of the tropics do you seek,
Your mother's God for comfort and for light
When you are faint or erring, sad, or weak?

Yes dear, I seem to feel upon my breast
Your head's soft pressure, as in long ago,
And catch the whisper: "Mamma, I can't rest
Until I say my prayers—and let God know."

MARY [illegible]

♣

"God's Temple"

ETTA LANSING WENTZ, a specialist in physical culture, says in a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I would suggest to mothers individually and to all Mothers' Clubs and Mothers' Meetings the following as subjects for consideration: 1. Physical Education: what it is, what it does; 2. Personal Deformities; 3. Physical Danger Signals; 4. The Mental Effect of Physical Training; 5. The Moral Effect of Physical Training; 6. The Outer, a Manifestation of the Inner.

No mother can afford to neglect these matters either for herself or her children. The great and wise from ancient times till now have emphasized the importance of training and developing the body—God's image unto honor and grace. "The life is not to live, but to be well."—Sterne. "To train the mind and neglect the body is to produce a cripple." Plato. "No perfect brain ever crowns an imperfectly developed body." Clark. It is now generally recognized that Moses, the great lawgiver of Israel, gave more abundant, wise and pious attention to the laws of health than the average man now living bestows upon them.

If we consider the body as God's temple, it is manifestly our duty to do all that in us lies to make it strong, straight and healthy. We shall look, too, upon our children as little temples for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and train them to so regard themselves. Say to your child: "You are God's temple, dear. You must have only holy and beautiful thoughts; any other would be unfit for such an abode. And you must keep your little face and hands clean and sweet, and your little feet must go in no evil places. Your body is too sacred." We all know how the "inner manifests itself in the outer;" we have all seen plain faces grow beautiful because of the reflected grace of the lovely spirit within that continually held communion with the God of love and light. Every child wants to be pretty; tell the little ones how to find and show forth the true unfailing beauty. Nannie bends over her book until the "postural deformity" of a round back and stooped shoulders threaten her. Tell her she is desecrating God's temple; and that it would be sacred service to make herself tall, straight and shapely as a young column—a monument to her Creator. These plans have been tried on children, and have worked reform. Physical education that impresses upon the child a due sense of the sacredness of his body as God's handiwork, will be a safeguard and inspiration all his life.

Our Daily Work

Plans in Life—The Beauty of Moderation—People who Risk Everything—The Wise Worker

TO have some daily work that we must do, and do to our uttermost, is a means of grace as well as happiness; for only by real work can we come in contact with facts, and retain our moral health. Work is the backbone of character and no one can keep erect without it. But it is also essential that it should be work which suits our nature—work which we can do—work, whose legitimate success will be a constant happiness to us. And it depends greatly on ourselves, whether our daily work is a curse or a blessing. Avarice, folly, mistaken vocations, etc., may turn work into a drudgery, and the workman into a slave. Lamb and Coleridge found red tape to be fetters of iron; and uncongenial work galls a man, quite as much as a plough would gall a red stag of the mountains.

Then we must work in moderation. Rushing and pushing to excess, even when the object is good, crushes and stifles that fine spirit which should animate the whole. It is easy to say that pushing carries every thing before it. It does not. It has its limits. In the end independence of thought will master it. But since the "struggle for life" became a commonplace of science it has become a commonplace of social and business life. Mr. Charles Darwin has told us that all creation "pushes," and we push, and shout, and advertise ourselves just as all creation does. Every one asks for what he wants, and does his best to see that he gets it. "If you want to be asked anywhere, ask to be asked," said Thackeray; and his paradox has become a precept. Do the results justify us in this course. Struggle is one thing, but to enjoy the struggle, and to be happy in its results, is another. Let all be justified in their own minds. A man or woman who can "push," and yet find leisure for higher things, is only expressing an active business aptitudes. But what shall we say of those who rush through life, pushing and being pushed, splashing and being splashed, and who are so little sensible of their higher nature that they would give all the books between Homer and Kipling for a rise of twenty per cent.

. . .

Our work also should be like our diet, somewhat varied. We should certainly do one thing well, but a slavish serving of one purpose, or one effort, produces that narrowness of view, and that want of sympathy, which is the sin of specialists; all the more dangerous where the work is mechanical, instead of mental. It may be an economical thing for the manufacturer to have a score of men making one saddle; but when one man made the whole saddle, that mechanic was a whole man, and not the one-twentieth part of a man.

To be really happy in our daily work, we ought to have conceived some plan of life, and be working to carry it out to a successful end. This is a more complex thing than it seems, and requires the exercise of the most valuable attributes of humanity; especially of that rare quality—"looking before and after" which makes a man mark out a path, and hold to it steadily, until his object is crowned with success. In this struggle he must have exercised self-command and self-denial, have guarded his temper, kept the door of his lips, and pushed his plan to its end, with a patient, steady, perseverance, which is worthy of admiration.

. . .

Some people have no plans. They go on from day to day, and never say "to-morrow I will do this or that." This is a deficiency, and not a virtue. It is true they may be content, but contentment is too passive a virtue for this country. We have no right to be content in circumstances that can be improved; for we have no right to live only for ourselves. Better men and women would be planning new ways of doing good; they would be forming practical designs for increasing their influence; and for serving the people, and the causes they delight to serve and to love.

To think about the future and to plan for its welfare is always a prominent characteristic of those complete natures which win success. What they have done, they leave; it is what they are going to do that fills them with hope and enthusiasm, "pressing forward to that which is before," and which they have conceived on a more excellent and splendid plan. Thus, a good writer, one who feels all the responsibility and honor of his vocation, seldom regards the books he has written. It is the book he is going to write that fills his mind and his heart. People may wonder how it is possible for the mind to conceive and carry out some fine literary work, and then, when it is completed, turn immediately with unabated enthusiasm to a new effort. It is not at all wonderful. For a highly-organized mind is like a great ship which pursues its way, though the officers sleep by turns. Smaller minds have to lay-to altogether sometimes; but a great mind is always awake, always planning for something better in the future, always finding its rest in the very carrying out of its conceptions.

. . .

The way in which some people make a plan of life, and then work it out to the letter, is also a puzzle to those of vaguer views and more slip-shod tempers. Well, one of the secrets of their success is their reticence. They don't talk of their plans; they give them the benefit of that silence in which nature brings all her designs to perfection. They know that to talk of their projects, in the hour of their conception, is apt to make them shadows. The best of plans can be talked to death. Yet, there comes an hour when they may be advantageously confided—the hour which commits the plan to action.

This taking thought and planning are the antipodes of another business principle which is not without its followers—that of "risking things." Men who have this vanity have also the persuasion that exceptional skill or advantages belong to them, either of nature or right. They imagine they can defy general rules. They declare that all life is a risk—that we have our daily breath on trust—that the most guarded lives are haunted by fatal dangers and escapes. It is a rash and injurious temper, very likely to become a passion, and in the end unhinge the character quite as surely as a course of gambling.

. . .

Risks have to be taken; they are conditions inseparable from business and from mortal life; and it is quite easy to go to the other extreme and nourish a servile solicitude about what is safe and unsafe; a temper not only debasing to the mind, but unhealthy to the body. But there is always a choice in risks, in their nature and in the company in which they are to be taken. Certainly, when all possible combinations and probabilities have been computed, there will still be circumstances no one can foresee; yet risks may be accepted with hopeful cheerfulness, when brains and prudence and vigilance have done all possible to meet them advantageously. People who dispose of business or working probabilities by such rules as "ten to one," or "as likely as not," are not the kind of merchants or mechanics the apostle exhorted to be "diligent in business, serving the Lord." Letting things take their course, is not, even as a business precept, as wise and safe a rule as "committing our way unto the Lord," and trusting in him to pass our plans and desires. For, if they are wise and good plans, we may safely leave them to Omnipotent wisdom and care. Many of our greatest workers and merchants have done this, and found that the "blessing of the Lord it maketh rich and addeth no care or sorrow therewith."

We are not yet in that condition when men shall work and faint not: but whatever our place in the workshop of life, we did not come to that place by accident; it is the very place God meant for us, and, in performing its duties, we are performing the duties to which God called us. This circumstance alone gives dignity to the humblest work and the humblest life. At the longest, the working days of life are soon over; then it is God's work to make "the heavenly period perfect the earthen."

Amelia E. Barr

The Philosopher's Scales

(Republished by request of many subscribers)

WHAT were they? you ask you shall presently see,
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.

Oh, no; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feeling and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.
Naught was there so bulky, but there it could lay,
And naught so ethereal, but there it would stay;
And naught so reluctant, but in it must go:
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of his cell.

Next time he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garments went down.
A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded our scale, while the other was pressed
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

By further experiment (no matter how),
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plow;
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail;
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.

Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counselors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than some atoms of candor and sense;
And not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh 'twas the "pearl of great price!"

At last the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight:
When the former sprung up with so strong a rebuff
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof,
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

JANE TAYLOR.

The Conference at Northfield

Mr. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, writing from East Northfield, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, gives this interesting outline of the programme of the Summer Conference:

"I have not seen lately a more refreshing and encouraging sight than the Conference of Young Men, now in session at Northfield. There are about 600 student delegates in attendance (eighty-four from Yale alone), and the Holy Spirit is moving among them mightily. The Young Women's Conference, which opened July 14, bids fair to rival it in attendance and power. Over 400 delegates have already registered—the largest number in the history of the movement. Mr. Robert E. Speer, who has been received by the men with the utmost enthusiasm, is to speak every day at the Young Women's Conference, besides conducting a daily Bible Class, in the study of the Gospel of John. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, of New York, and Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D., of Washington, are also among the speakers.

"Now this Conference is open to the whole Christian public, and arrangements have been made, so that whether visitors come alone or with friends, good accommodations will be found, and at very small expense. It will be a wonderful opportunity for a spiritual uplift and blessing. I hope pastors will make a special effort to bring it to the attention of the young women of their churches."

Found Wealth in the Bible

A poor shepherd purchased from a dealer in old clothes, an old Bible. As he was turning over the leaves, he noticed several pasted together. He separated them and was greatly surprised when he found, carefully enclosed, a bank-bill of five hundred francs ($100). On the margin of a page was written: "I gathered this money with great difficulty, but having no heirs but those who need nothing, I make whosoever shall read this Bible, my heir."

"Better Be Wise Than Rich."

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Bishop Newman Dead

The Famous Methodist Episcopal Preacher Closes His Long and Eventful Career

THE Methodist Episcopal Church has lost one of its most prominent leaders by the death of Bishop John P. Newman, which occurred on July 5 at Saratoga, N. Y. The bishop, who was in his seventy-third year, had been in failing health for some months, but it was not until July 2 that serious apprehension was entertained of fatal termination to his illness. On that day he became unconscious and did not recover his senses until a few minutes before his death. He was then unable to speak, but he recognized his beloved wife, who sat beside him

BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN.

holding his hand, and with one look of pathetic farewell, his spirit took its flight.

His life had been an eventful one. His intimate personal friendship with Gen. Grant, beginning in Washington during Grant's Presidency and continuing down to the last sad scene at Mount McGregor, brought Dr. Newman into association with the political leaders of the time and gave him a circle of acquaintance very different from that of the ordinary minister. That Dr. Newman was appreciated in that society and that he made his influence felt there and that he was in some measure affected by his associations, accounts for the attitude many of his brethren in the ministry adopted toward him. Of his abilities as an orator and his power as an administrator, there could never be any doubt. He was a most impressive speaker and when his subject touched his heart, as when standing by the casket of some illustrious friend, he pronounced a eulogy on the character and services of the departed, his eloquence thrilled every hearer. It came so obviously from a heart warm, and tender and faithful and showed the depth of affection there was in his nature.

The bishop was a native of New York. His conversion occurred when he was sixteen years of age. It was the result of the personal solicitude of a stranger. This man noticing the fine intelligent face and manly bearing of the lad, laid his hand on his shoulder as he passed him on the street and said, "God wants your heart." He said no more and passed on. But he met the boy again on the following Sunday, and without a word of greeting, put a slip of paper in his hand, and immediately turned away. Young Newman looked at the paper and read the same words, "God wants your heart." The words rang in his ears for days, and finally impelled him to pray and go to church. He yielded his heart to God and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His thoughts, as was natural in a youth constituted as he was, turned to the ministry. He entered Cazenovia Seminary, intending to proceed thence to Wesleyan, but on his graduation from the former institution, the way to immediate service opened so plainly that he decided, on the advice of his friends, to dispense with a college education.

At the early age of twenty-two he was received into the Oneida Conference. After seven years' labor in various churches he was transferred to the Troy Conference, and thence to New York, where he occupied the pulpit of the Bedford Street Church. At the close of his term there, an opportunity occurred for a trip to the Orient. Dr. Newman spent some time in the Holy Land and, on his return published his famous book, *From Dan to Beersheba*. He was assigned to the Washington Square Church, in New York, labored there for one year, at the end of which, at the request of Bishop Ames, he accepted a commission to go to the South to reorganize the Methodist Church in that region. It was an arduous and a difficult task which must have taxed his energies. In 1869 he organized the Metropolitan Memorial Church, in Washington, D. C., where he had President Grant, the Chief Justice, and many of the most prominent statesmen among his hearers. He was made chaplain of the senate, and at the close of his term, received from President Grant a commission as inspector of United States Consulates, which gave him an opportunity of foreign travel. His tour occupied two years, and on his return he again occupied the Metropolitan pulpit. In 1878, he returned to New York with an appointment to the Central Church. Subsequently, he accepted the temporary pastorate of a Congregational Church, which, however, proved an uncongenial experience. He had not severed his relations with the Methodist Episcopal Communion, and in 1886, he again became pastor of the Metropolitan Church in Washington, where he remained until May, 1888, when the General Conference elected him to the episcopate.

That Good Part

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 30

Luke 10: 38-42

WHEN we reflect on what Christ was and how his infinite vision of life surpasses all that the wisest of men can know of it, his remark to Martha will be seen to have in it a personal message of the utmost importance to every young man and woman. Knowing all that he knew of the ultimate destiny of man, he declares that "one thing is needful." All else, in his opinion, sinks into comparative insignificance. This is very different from the common view. If the question were asked, What is the chief good in life? the answer most men would give, would be, to have sufficient money for our daily need, to have a fortune which places the possessor beyond the possibility of want. And truly, when we contrast the lot of the poor, with that of the rich, such an answer is not without reason. Setting aside the personal and selfish considerations, it is good that a man should be able to provide comforts for those he loves, to have a doctor for them when they are sick, to send them to a healthy climate, to give them a good education, and to leave them when he dies a sufficient sum to save them from poverty and hardship. Money is no slight or contemptible good. Then some desire power or fame, or a hundred other things which are held in high esteem. But Christ puts all these aside as being surpassed so completely by this "one thing," that they are not worth consideration: "but one thing is needful." What that one thing was there can be no doubt. His utterance in his first sermon sufficiently indicates it: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

This then is Christ's counsel to every young person beginning life. In effect, there are many things desirable, many things which men may legitimately seek, but this is the only thing absolutely essential. To attain this ought to be the supreme aim, and other things may, or may not be attained. Any, or all of them will be wisely sacrificed, if they stand in the way of the essential thing. That must be had at any cost, because that is needful. As he showed in his Parable of Dives and Lazarus, there is no wealth or luxury which can compensate for missing this one thing. Lazarus, who had it, though he was a diseased, repulsive pauper, was more enviable than Dives, with his health, and his purple and fine linen, and his sumptuous fare. Christ did not divide the world as we divide it, into the upper and lower classes, the rich and the poor. His division was between those who had the essential thing, and those who did not have it. The rich might be among those who had it; the poor might be among those who missed it; the mere question of rank, or station, or wealth was a small, unimportant thing compared with the one crucical distinction which separated men into two great companies.

Accepting this great doctrine of life, as we being Christians are bound to do, on the solemn dictum of the Master, how ought it to affect our lives? The contrast between the women which drew out the expression of Christ, shows his meaning. We may be sure that he appreciated the love Martha showed in her concern for his comfort. Being human, he could not be insensible to the pleasure of eating a well-cooked meal. But this was a small matter in comparison with his pleasure in having an eager, earnest, receptive listener. Martha was worried, anxious, harassed about a matter that was of small concern to him. A year or two before, tired, and weary, and hungry, he had seated himself on a well side, while his disciples went to buy food. When they returned, they found him so much refreshed that they were astonished, and he had to explain to them that he had had meat to eat that they knew not of. That meat was contact with an inquiring soul, ready to receive what he had to give. So it was with Mary. Her attentive soul hanging on his lips was a better restorative to him than the best supper Martha could produce. So he would have his followers be. The good things of life, are good in their way, but the spiritual are infinitely better. They are the first concern, and all else should be subordinate. With this conception of values, Martha's worry would be eliminated from our lives. The lower aims are not worth worrying about. There are duties to be done, work to be performed, and our consciences ought to make us careful that the work shall be well and faithfully done, but so clearly should we see that the higher things are alone essential, that the lower should never cause us fret or vexation. Disappointments, and losses, and failures may come, but if there is in the heart a true conception of what is really the chief good in life, they will not have power to perturb the spirit, or to disturb our equanimity. We shall not be unduly elated by worldly success, nor depressed by worldly failure, if we have learned to say with Christ, "But one thing is needful," for we know that having that, it shall not be taken away from us.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A Notable Book on Africa

THE *Flaming Torch* is the latest and most notable of the many books written by William Taylor, D.D., LL.D., the venerable ex-Bishop of Africa. It deals with his life-work among the heathen people of that continent, and is in fact a history of its moral, spiritual and material development. Beginning with the earliest glimpses afforded of that dark land, the reverend writer reviews its history before the Christian era and since. The various invasions to which it has been subjected, the great wars that have ravaged and desolated its territory, the subjugation of its races, the periods of later exploration and discovery, and, greatest of all, the dawn of Gospel illumination, are all sketched with a fidelity to history and graphic detail which make the story remarkable.

The record of Christian work in Africa is probably more comprehensively given here than in any former work on the subject. Over 700 explorers have traveled through that mysterious land, of whom 550 have there found their last resting-place—their lives sacrificed to the love of science and the desire for the welfare of the human race.

The book discloses a great amount of valuable information, which only a lover of Africa could have collected and treasured up for such a purpose. The romance of exploration is told with that hearty love of adventure which gives a unique interest to the subject of African travel. Bishop Taylor's book abounds in hair-breadth escapes, perilous experiences in the great African forests, and adventures with wild beasts and equally wild tribes of men. Heathen Africa he pictures to the utmost detail: with its tribal superstitions, idol-worship, witchcraft, cruel rites, cannibalism, and all their dark and hideous train. The progress of the Gospel is traced with the skilful hand of an able writer, and the many triumphs it has achieved in Africa are pointed out for the encouragement and comfort of Christians everywhere.

In the closing chapter of the book, the partition of Africa by the European powers is interestingly sketched and a forecast of the future given. Much of the volume deals with the personal experiences of the writer. The whole book is by far the most notable of recent contributions on exploration and Gospelization. *The Flaming Torch* is a book of 675 pages, copiously illustrated. There is an introduction by Henry M. Stanley, the well-known explorer. The work is published by Eaton & Mains, New York City.

♦

Hints for Teachers

The Story of the Thirteen Colonies, by H. A. Guerber. A volume of electic school readings, by an author whose educational works, especially those relating to American history, have enjoyed a very wide popularity. The present volume is an elementary text-book of national history, so simply worded as to be easily intelligible to average children of 10 to 12 years of age. In her preface, the author gives some hints for teachers. She says:

"Pupils consider historical matches more exciting than spelling matches. To vary recitations, matches can be conducted in various ways. For instance, all the question cards bearing upon the parts of the book already perused can be divided between the two 'sides.' The pupils furnish oral or written answers, the side answering most questions correctly reaping the honors. The match can also be carried on by the teacher's supplying names or dates, and requiring pupils on alternate sides to state clearly what they know in connection with them. At other times, ordinary quiz methods can be used, or the teacher can relate some fact or anecdote, calling upon different pupils to supply the purposely omitted names or dates.

"Children are also often deeply interested in verbal pictures. For example, the teacher, without mentioning name, time, or place, can describe Franklin flying his kite, Ethan Allen surprising the garrison at Ticonderoga, Columbus at La Rabida, etc. The description ended, each pupil can write down the names of the characters described, and mention time, place, and other fact the teacher calls for. Such historical riddles seem more like play than work to the average child, and before long all take great pride in making verbal pictures of their own, to be guessed by their schoolmates, or handed to the teacher instead of an ordinary composition. Such work not only appeals to childish imagination, but cultivates memory and attention while firmly fixing important facts in the mind."

The book is handsomely illustrated; pp. 342; cloth covers. American Book Co., New York and Chicago, publishers.

♦

Mr. Kipling's Religion*

Mr. Kipling's religion is neither new nor complex. It shares with his heroes and his words a simple and primal nature. There was never, in fact, a religion with less scaffolding of formal theology. Such theology as there is to this faith is of the most uncompromising orthodoxy, but for the most part it is conspicuously absent and the faith itself springs up straight from the broad base of human feeling, unexplained and undefended. Mr. Kipling ob- [illegible] is not long enough to waste in proving that there is no one in particular at the head of affairs.

"For this reason, the Deputy is above the Assistant, the Commissioner above the Deputy, the Lieutenant-Governor above the Commissioner, and the Viceroy above all four, under the orders of the Secretary of State, who is responsible to the Empress. If the Empress be not responsible to her Maker—if there is no Maker for her to be responsible to—the entire system of Our Administration must be wrong, which is manifestly impossible." Far more serious is Mr. Kipling's tone in "McAndrews' Hymn," in which out of the mouth of the old Scotch engineer he suggests a belief in fore-ordination:

[illegible]
I see thy Hand, O God,
Pre-destination in the stride
[illegible]

And even more explicitly in his own words from the introduction to the new "Outward Bound" edition of his works, closing it as follows: Remembering this one thing sure in all uncertainties: as it is written.

[illegible]

These are but shreds, unwoven and far enough from any ordered texture whatever, and though many such might be picked out and gathered together, they would serve only to make the simpleness of the religion of their maker more plain. And its antiquity: for as little in religion as in state-craft or verse-forms is Mr. Kipling an innovator. His is a healthy, austere, old fashioned faith—the faith of England and the Old Testament. The two great utterances that we have had of it, "The Recessional," and "The Hymn Before Action," are compound of the words of the Psalmist and Milton and Cromwell.

*From *The Answer of Mr. Kipling*, an Essay by W. B. Parker, in which the author's religious views are discussed as evinced in his prose and verse productions. A neat little booklet, of 22 pages. Price, 50 cents. Mansfield & Wessels, New York, publishers.

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Books Received

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MAP SHOWING THE DISTRICT DEVASTATED BY THE GREAT TEXAS FLOOD

The Brazos Valley, Texas, has been visited by the greatest flood ever known in that section. Swollen by heavy rains, the Brazos, Little Brazos, Lower Colorado, and Guadaloupe rivers overflowed their banks and inundated a section of Southern Texas almost as large as New England, and embracing some of the finest cotton land in the State. Nearly 40 inches of rain fell in a single week. The Brazos was a raging sea, fully five miles wide and carried down with it dwellings, furniture, fences and live stock from hundreds of farms. It is estimated that 500,000 bales of cotton were lost, and that the total damage to crops will reach $5,000,000, and to live stock and other property, probably $7,000,000. The most serious feature of the flood, however, is the loss of human life. At the first approach of the rising waters, the dwellers on the low lands along the river sought places of refuge. So quickly did the flood advance that the flight became a panic. Hundreds ran to the nearest hillocks or rising ground; many sought safety in the tree-tops and others took to boats or rude rafts. Many were drowned in their houses. Near Brookshire, some 300, mostly negroes, sought refuge on a little island, where many perished before the rescuing boats arrived. From Brenham to Quintana throughout a long list of river towns and villages, these exciting scenes were repeated. At Wallis, Richmond, San Felipe, Rosenberg, Fulshear, Sartartia, Sunnyside, Elm Creek, Velasco, Columbia, Thompson and many other places, loss of life and property occurred. Railroad bridges were swept away, roadbeds washed out, and telegraph lines greatly damaged. At Hearne thirty-five lives are said to have been lost and forty at Calvert. Seven counties suffered, and their condition at latest reports was such as to call for the promptest relief, which the large cities of the State—Galveston, Houston, Dallas, etc.—were generously furnishing. Rescue parties, with boats and steamers laden with food, are now on the scene. There are apprehensions that fever may follow the recession of the floods. Governor Sayers of Texas has ordered 20,000 rations to be issued by the State for the relief of the destitute, and medical aid will also be afforded.

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All of a Tremble

By Pastor Thomas Spurgeon

AN amusing story is told of a certain man-o'-war's man who though able-bodied was none too willing hearted. "Well, my man, and what's the matter with you?" said the fleet-surgeon, to whom he had applied for advice. "Dunno, Sir, I'm sure," said Jack, "I eats well, and I sleeps well, but soon as ever I sees a job o' work, I'm all of a tremble." History does not record the surgeon's prescription. Perhaps he had not in all his pharmacopœia an unfailing specific for laziness. Some other naval authority would need to deal with this case, using possibly a remedy "for outward application only."

But what is to be done with those who prove listless in the service of Christ and the church? They eat well, and they sleep well. They are never weary of "feeding on the truth," or of "resting in the promises," but when some arduous service is to be rendered, or when some generous giving is needed they decline with thanks. The sight of "a job o' work" makes them "all of a tremble." As it was in the days of Noah, so it is even now. "The oxen were ploughing and the asses were feeding beside them." Thank God for the toilers in the field; how patient and plodding they are. They stand like the ox between the plough and the altar—ready for either! As for the rest they are as the —— no, I must not make comparisons. Suffice it to say that they are "feeding beside them." They never miss a meal. They are hearers if not doers of the word. Their capacity for sermons is prodigious, but they never take any exercise. What wonder is it that they suffer from spiritual dyspepsia. Ask them to take a class in the Sunday School, to direct a seeker, or to join the Tract Society, and they declare their inability for any such service. Oh dear no, they are so nervous, and they "never have done anything of the kind," and they don't feel *called* to it." The "job o' work" has made them "all of a tremble." Poor creatures! Unless they are stirred out of that lethargic state they will go from bad to worse. It is well that the Lord himself often takes such in hand. Something very like "the rope's end" wakes them from their selfish reverie, sends them about their Father's business and cures them of this unholy trembling.

Yet it must be confessed that there is a kind of trembling in view of solemn tasks and sacred things that is altogether commendable. Moses trembled at God's word while the bush was burning and when the mount was smoking. To that man God will look who trembleth at his word. Eli's heart trembled for the ark of God when he saw the man of Benjamin running out of the army with earth upon his head, and we may well be fearful when the children of Israel turn their backs in the day of battle, and truth is sacrificed to the latest discovery.

At thought of the responsibilities that devolve on the workers, they may be excused for a measure of trepidation. A little of the spirit of trembling is a good thing. It is infinitely to be preferred to the self-confidence of some. Better many flutterings of heart than any effrontery. Anything is better than the cocksureness (pardon the word, it is so expressive) which is born of pride. Some have supposed that they are not fit for duties they have accepted because they suffer as they enter upon them. This is quite a mistake. Provided the trembling is not due to distrust of God, it may be the best possible preparation for preaching, or teaching, or writing. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. The ordeal of facing a mass of people, to say nothing of the anxiety for their eternal welfare, may well affect us. We are scarcely fit to minister to them if such considerations do not try us. Even fear-tried soldiers confess to some apprehension before the fight begins, and the greatest of preachers have been overcome by solicitude and diffidence on entering their pulpits. My late father, C. H. Spurgeon, was more or less agitated before preaching to the end of his most useful life. It is recorded in his autobiography that, preaching in Belfast in 1858, he said: "God is my witness that I never yet feared the face of man, be he who or what he may; but I often tremble—yea, I always do—in ascending the pulpit, lest I do not faithfully proclaim the Gospel to poor, perishing sinners. The anxiety of rightly preparing and delivering a discourse, so that the preacher may fully preach Christ to his hearers and pray them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God, is such as only he knows who loves the souls of men. It is no child's play to be the occupant of a pulpit: he who finds it to be so may find it to be something more fearful than devil's play when the day of judgment shall come." These are solemn words—the more so as they fell from the lips of one who was specially gifted. Oh, for an increase of this spirit! We approach our sacred tasks too light-heartedly. We become accustomed to the work. We outgrow our nervousness and forget our helplessness. And what are the consequences? Our hearers do not quail before the heart-searching truth, nor hearken to the solemn warnings, nor respond to the loving invitations. If these things do not impress the speakers, they are not likely to influence their listeners. Perfunctory and professional preaching is sure to induce careless hearing. How can it be otherwise? If *we* tremble the people will. They are quick to tell whether or no we really seek their highest interest If the burden of the Lord is on the speaker, he is pretty sure to have an eager and attentive audience.

Mere timidity is not what I am advocating. That is no more to be desired than temerity. Some are so weak and fearful that it may well be questioned if they are fit for such public service as they venture upon. Their hearers are so pained that they cannot well be profited Yet even these, did they wait upon the Lord more trustfully, might triumph gloriously, for he can transform our disabilities into coigns of vantage. What I desire for my fellow-laborers and myself is that we may be so conscious of our tremendous task and of our own incompetence that we shall be driven to prayer and have our hearts filled, not with carking care, but with Christlike concern. This may affect our nerves; this may seem to unman us, but there is no better preparation. There will still be room for hope, and faith, and joy.

Yet must we mingle with this holy anxiety an unwavering confidence in God. The work is his and so are we, the workers. Then wherefore should we fear? We must distinguish between solicitude and cowardice. The best way to be fearless is to be filled with the fear of the Lord. The trembling we desire is the companion of trust and the harbinger of triumph. The harp-strings tremble when they resound with their gladder chords!

Prevailing Prayer

M. P. Davis, Wooster, O., a reader of this journal, has furnished the following exceedingly interesting incident of the Civil War. She writes:

"From a letter, written by a mother to her son in the army, the incident is taken. I should be glad to know which battle and regiment it was.

"Just before one of the severest battles of the war, and when the men of a certain regiment had been told they would be required to make a desperate charge in the evening, some of the pious men of the regiment—fifty-seven in all—requested that they have a few minutes to themselves, to have prayer together. The leader of the meeting read to the men the 91st Psalm, and exhorted them to believe with all their hearts, and take to themselves the promises, believing that God would keep every one safe who put his trust in Him. That destruction might waste at noon day and ten thousand might fall at their right hand, but it should not come nigh them. Then the fifty-seven knelt down together, and told the Lord they would take him at his word!

"Not an hour had passed, before they were ordered as a regiment into line, and the charge upon the enemy's works was sounded. It was a terrific struggle. The regiment went into the fight 800 strong. They came out less than 200. But of the fifty-seven, not one was hurt, and all returned to give praise to God, for their preservation."

"'Now,' said one of the fifty-seven, when relating the facts 'you must not say that this was accidental; we believe that it was providential. Nothing will make us believe that the hand of God was not in it.'"

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Ministry

THE memory of a kindly word
Long, long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means, "I cannot speak
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word;
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought—
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well?

—KATE B. WYNING.

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[illegible] vegetables with no [illegible] Evaporation saved [illegible] Handles never get hot. Specific weights. Exclusive [illegible] Prices $2.50 to $10.00. 5 Can you send for our [illegible] The [illegible] Interested in [illegible] sample free. Write at once.

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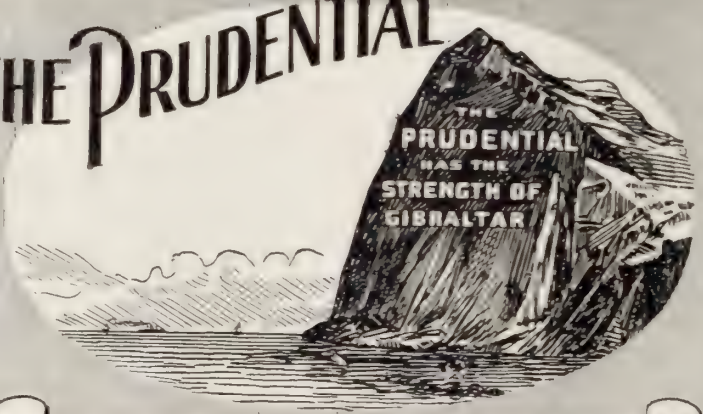

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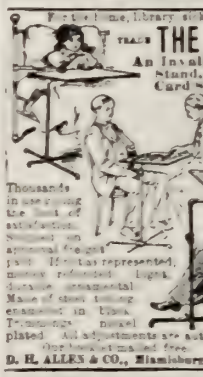

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 22 NUMBER 30

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

AN EVENING REVIVAL SERVICE AT THE GOSPEL TENT, "GLAD TIDINGS," 56th STREET, NEW YORK (See Page 783)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Jere. B., Lansing, Mich. What is the nationality of the Duke of Abruzzi, the Polar explorer?

Spanish. He [illegible] and is a son of the late Prince Amadeo by his first marriage. His mother, Maria del Pozzo della Cisterna, died while he was a mere child.

Jacob H., Johnstown, Pa. Is David's mother's name given in the Bible?

Some scholars have contended that Nahash (see II. Sam., 17:25, and I. Chron., 2:16) was the mother of David, but as Abigail and Zeruiah are mentioned, not as Jesse's daughters, but as David's sisters, it is held by others as probable that they were the daughters of Jesse's wife by a former husband named Nahash.

Captain and Post Chaplain J. H. Macomber writes from Camp Presidio, San Francisco, Calif., thanking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in behalf of the soldiers at that post for the copies of this journal and especially for the copies of St. John's Gospel in English and Spanish.

A. B. C., Eastbrook, Me. Is not a minister inconsistent who preaches from Matt., 6:34: Take therefore no thought for the morrow, etc., and then takes up a collection in this hot weather to equip the church with heating apparatus for the winter?

No, there is no inconsistency. He would be inconsistent if he went around wringing his hands and worrying himself about what would be done in the winter without proper heating apparatus. Christ did not prohibit foresight and provision for future emergencies. His prohibition was against foreboding and harass and distress of mind. Our translation does not make this so clear as it is in the original lan-

I. S., Phila., Pa. Will you be kind enough to publish in your columns the anniversaries of the different weddings called wooden, tin, etc.?

We believe the following is the cor- [illegible] the first anniversary; "wooden," the fifth; "tin," tenth; "crystal," fifteenth; "china," twentieth; "silver," twenty-fifth; "golden," fiftieth; "diamond," sixtieth.

Despairing One.—Ind. I have sought the Lord for years, but have never been able to exercise faith in Christ as my Saviour. I have confessed my sins and asked forgiveness, but I have never had the assurance that others feel. Do you think God has cast me off?

By no means; but he will, if you refuse the way of salvation he has provided. He makes the definite promise that whosoever believes on [that is, trusts implicitly] Jesus Christ for salvation, shall never perish (see John, 3:16). What more do you need? You must take him at his word. You may be quite sure he will fulfill it. Never mind about assurance or the experience of others. Lay fast hold of the promise, break completely with all sin and go about your duty with a quiet mind.

Reader. Where is the so-called "Apostles' Clock" [illegible]

You no doubt mean the famous Strasburg clock, designed by Isaac Habrecht, a Jewish astrologer, in 1439. It is one of the few really wonderful clocks in existence. It is of dark wood, gilded and carved, and is sixty feet high and church-shaped. According to an old description, it "gives the time of all the principal cities in the world, the day of the week and month, course of sun and planets, and all the eclipses of both sun and moon. Above the dial, in an alcove, is an image of Christ, and every day at noon, figures representing the twelve apostles, march around the image and bow." Hence, doubtless, the name of the "Apostles' Clock."

Inquirer, Memphis, Tenn. How much vacant government land, available for agricultural purposes, has the United States at the present [illegible]

According to an official report just issued, there are 553,995,000 acres of vacant government land, exclusive of Alaska and our new colonies, and also exclusive of Indian reservations, forest reserves, national parks, military reservations and the like. All these, added, would bring up the grand total to 1,000,000,000 acres.

... For every six new Coupon Subscriptions, at 25 cents each, we will send **one copy** of the **Red Letter New Testament**, [illegible] vinity Circuit. If a Thumb Index is desired, send 25 cents extra.

W. P. M., Troy, N. Y. Bunyan wrote his *Pilgrims Progress* in Bedford jail, and Mme. Guyon, [illegible] poems. Can you inform me, through THE MAIL-BAG, of any other instances of notable literary labor under duress?

There are many. Bœthius composed his [illegible] by the churches. There are references, less [illegible] longer prayer had been uttered which John did not report. Another instance is Luke 11:1. The prayer is not given, but the disciples [illegible] sages in the Acts showing that there was public prayer in the assemblies. In one case [illegible] Paul's prayer being audible. Perhaps the minister you refer to was misunderstood. He would not be likely to contend that Christ was opposed to all public prayer. 2. There is no solid ground for such an assertion. Eusebius, who was born in 270 A. D., mentions the [illegible] by the churches. There are references, less [illegible] Besides that, there are certain wants common [illegible] the leader may appropriately voice for all. Besides the great prayer of John 17, there are some instances in which Christ prayed [illegible] poems. Can you inform me, through THE MAIL-BAG, of any other instances of notable literary labor under duress?

There are many. Bœthius composed his [illegible] wrote his *Commentary* in prison; Cervantes, it is said, was a galley-slave in Barbary, during part of the time in which he was engaged in writing *Don Quixote*; Sir Walter Raleigh, while in London Tower, wrote much of his *History of the World*.

P. H. B., Grand Haven, Mich. 1. A minister recently said in conversation with a reporter that public prayer in the pulpit or elsewhere was vulgar and plebeian: that Christ never prayed in public, but directed men to pray in their closets. Do you agree with him? 2. Is the contention of the same minister true that the Gospel of John was not written until four hundred years after Christ's death?

1. It is quite true that Christ told men to direct, by earlier writers which lead to the belief that they had the Gospel of John before them when they wrote. The best Biblical scholars, even the most radical, are now of opinion that it was written by the Apostle John before the end of the first century.

Miss Anna P., Bird City, Kan., writes of the Canada thistle, stating that instead of being a useful plant for fodder, as the Agricultural Department lately intimated, it is a great annoyance to farmers and a heavy detriment to crops. She says: "Horses will not eat it when cut or cured, and cattle, only when it is young and before it goes to seed. It sometimes measures three feet across (a single plant)."

THE TOWN OF MONTE, GRAND CANARY ISLAND, W. A.

Grand Canary Island is off the coast of West Africa. All West African ships call at the Port of Las Palmas. It is a lovely, pure and healthy climate. The interior of this island is mountainous, and has one large volcanic crater which has been inactive for many centuries. The population is chiefly agricultural, and the people live in little Spanish houses on the hill-sides. There is much cultivation of the vine, fig, olive and palm, and many acres of vines cover the hills. The fine, tonic climate is a boon to missionaries, who, when enfeebled by long-continued labors in the African field, go there for a season of rest and recuperation. If there were at any convenient point in Grand Canary Island a place devoted wholly to the use of missionaries, to which the faithful workers of any Christian denomination might come to gain strength after attacks of fever and other tropical sickness, it is confidently believed that many valuable lives would be saved. Already steps have been taken with a view to establishing a missionary retreat at Monte, which has an elevation of 1,000 feet above the sea. Mr. T. M. MacKnight, of Las Palmas, Grand Canary Island, has charge of the project.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should bear in mind that there is just **one week more** [illegible] Subscriptions.

[illegible] M. Dexter, O. We [illegible] *His Steps*?

[illegible] a similar pledge and imploring Divine grace [illegible] involve sacrifice and you may meet with great [illegible] Christian life, nevertheless. Bunyan practi- [illegible] a person once having taken a pledge never to [illegible]

These works are not novels, in the usual sense. They are among the grandest works of the greatest minds and most gifted imagin- [illegible] hand, the novel is usually a work of fiction written with a view to amuse or excite. Yet there are some excellent novels which can be read with advantage by any one. "Ben Hur" is an instance, and "In His Steps" is another.

You have taken a pledge without discrimination, but having done so, you should keep it.

Subscriber, Newport, Mo. Will THE [illegible] from the embalming of dead bodies [illegible] are observed largely with a view to economy, keeping efficacy in sight also. Spices would be beyond the reach of all but the rich.

A. B., Streetsville, Ont. With the exception of the mission work in Porto Rico, already described in this journal, no other has been undertaken thus far, the missionary societies having deferred action until fall.

W. Page Le Sueur, Alberta N. W. P., writes, with reference to the recent inquiry (answered in THE MAIL BAG two weeks ago) concerning the "Porte Doree" or Golden Gate:

The Golden Gate is another name for the East Gate of Jerusalem mentioned sev- [illegible] the glory of the Temple was seen departing that way, and in the forty-third and forty-fourth chapters (first and second verses) we learn that the glory of the God of Israel will return by the same way. There is a strange, superstitious belief among the Turks that some powerful ememy will suddenly break through that entrance, and this fear was no doubt the cause of its being blocked up with solid masonry, besides which a couple of Turkish guards constantly patrol that particular spot to make it doubly secure.

I. B. G., Mansfield, Ark. 1. Can it be found in the Old or New Testament how long Noah was in building the ark; if so, where? 2. Where was Daniel when the three Hebrew children were cast into the fiery furnace. 3. Who was Cain's wife?

1. See Gen. 6:3, which is interpreted as meaning that the warning of the coming flood being given one hundred [illegible] prepare by building the ark. 2. There is nothing in the record of Scripture to show where he was, but the probability [illegible] terceded for his kinsmen and prayed to the Lord for their deliverance. 3. Her [illegible] beyond the simple record that he had a wife when he dwelt in the land of Nod (flight or exile) is mere speculation.

M. L. Peck, Spring Green, Wis.; Fanny E. J. Barnett, Union Falls, N.Y.; G. E. Adsit, Conneaut Lake, Pa.; School Girl, Phœnix, Ariz.; Eldora Doty, Shelby, Ia.; Eddie P. Davies, Fall River, Kan.; Emma Sorenson, Monticello, Minn., have sent us copies of "The Philosopher's Scales."

Subscriber, Wis. Yes, each legatee, or the heir of each legatee, bears equal share.

Mrs. A. W., Cleveland, O. Your letter deals with private matters, unsuited to the columns of a public journal.

Edmund H., Kingston, Pa. Many thanks for letter with kind wishes, which are always welcome, especially from old friends.

T. B. B., Berwyn, Neb. As you are aware the Bible does not inform us on the subject, and there is no other source from which we can get the information.

H. S. P. If you will write to Mr. Beller, St. Mark's Church, East Tenth street and Second avenue, New York City, enclosing stamp for reply, you will doubtless receive information desired.

J. O., Ekalaka, Mont. The nearest approach to [illegible] pha. Ecclesiasticus 10:31: "He that is honored in poverty how much more in riches? And he that is dishonorable in riches, how much more in poverty?"

The Gospel in the Northern Woods

A WINTER CAMP OF THE MANITOBA LOGGERS

THERE is not, in all Canada, a more picturesque or healthful region than the Riding Mountains of Manitoba. These so-called mountains are really only elevated tracts of land densely covered by trees, the woods being interspersed with lakes and rivers. These forests are about one hundred miles long and thirty miles in width. Many woodmen and lumbermen are employed upon these hills during the winter months. They live in log camps, sometimes as many as seventy-five together. The trees which they cut down are used for saw-logs or to make railroad ties. They are drawn to a "dump" on the banks of the nearest river, whence they are floated down in a "drive" as soon as the snow melts. Until last winter, the spiritual needs of these lumbermen were overlooked by the Christian churches, and neither minister nor missionary was provided for them. The men themselves come from all parts of the world; many of them from excellent Christian homes, where fathers and mothers pray for their absent boys. Some come straight from the "thrashing gangs" of the harvest fields to the lumber camps. The greater number are thus for six or seven months of the year entirely destitute of religious privileges; but, though they have neither teacher nor Bible, they are usually plentifully supplied with "Satan's picture-books," (cards) as well as with sensational literature. As might be expected, the results are disastrous to religion and morality.

Early last winter a request was sent to the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, New York, asking that special petition be offered up for the lumbermen on the Riding Mountains of Manitoba. This led to something being done which promises to have far-reaching results. Soon the work was taken up by Methodist and Presbyterian churches. The Presbytery of Minnesota sent a missionary who labored about two months in the camp of the Assiniboine Lumber Company, where he found much encouragement, and preached to the men in camp Sundays, provided them with good reading matter, and cared for their sick. Pneumonia was quite prevalent in one of the camps, on account of the buildings being constructed of green logs, and the sick men had to be driven in sleighs about thirty five miles to the nearest town—Strathclair—where they were kindly nursed and had good medical attendance, all save one ultimately recovering. The missionary found that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was the paper most in demand; indeed, they never had enough copies to satisfy those who wanted to read. While he was with the men, constant prayer was made by the interested churches and those at home for the salvation of all the laborers on the mountains. Gospel tracts and good religious reading matter were sent to the various camps along the mountain range which the missionary could not personally visit. Such was the influence of those prayers offered up by God's people at home, as well as of the work of the faithful laborer in the field, that under Divine blessing, 202 persons gave in their names at one of the camps as having been led to know Christ; at the same time, in answer to prayer, the Holy Spirit was working upon the hearts of many of the men in the other camps. One young man who came from another part of the mountain, on being asked about his soul's welfare, said "the matter was settled: Jesus had saved him at Pedam Creek, on the Riding Mountains, where a godly preacher had spoken the Gospel message each alternate Sunday during the winter."

At all the lumber camps, the missionary found the overseers and officers courteous and friendly. One of the officers led the singing very heartily at the Sunday services. On one occasion, a party of mission workers drove out in a sleigh from the nearest town, thirty-five miles distant from the camps. They took an organ with them and stayed over Sunday. When the men heard the unwonted music at the service, they were delighted beyond measure, and the visitors played and sang hymn after hymn to them for hours. Such a scene had never before been witnessed in the Riding Mountains.

It has been roughly estimated that there are about one hundred thousand men in the "thrashing gangs" and lumber camps of the United States and Canada, whose souls need to be cared for, as well as those of the men in Manitoba. The experience related above shows what can be accomplished through the power of consecrated, believing prayer, and the efforts of Christian people. Meanwhile, any reader who is interested in the welfare of the men who will be busy next fall and winter in the lumber camps of the Riding Mountains, can get in touch with the work by addressing Mr. David M. Ross, missionary, Strathclair Station, Marquette County, Can. Our illustrations are from photographs taken specially by Mr. Walter Barrie, on the timber limits of the Assiniboine Lumber Company, and they present various phases of the work as it goes on each winter.

MISSIONARY D. M. ROSS

A "CUTTING GANG"

A LARGE SKIDWAY

MISSIONARY PARTY VISITING A LUMBER CAMP IN WINTER

China in Prophecy

A correspondent of an English journal points out that China is a Bible Land (see Isa. 49: 12). The Lord Jesus is represented in this chapter as the One Divine Servant of Jehovah, whose service is as the living root whence is to grow a great tree, whose boughs, fruit-laden with "grace and truth," are to extend even to the land of Sinim; or as a fountain whence are to flow rivers of living water to the kingdom of the Tchins. The Arabians and other Asiatics call China "Sin," or "Tchin," from a dynasty of that name. Dr. Parker, a missionary to China, says that the Chinese have been known from time immemorial by the name of Tschin. The whole chapter in which this marvelous land is mentioned constitutes a proclamation by the Messiah himself, and is a prediction of his kingdom. He announces his destiny and determination with reference to the Gentiles. In that glorious ministry of Gentile ingathering, "other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring" (John 10). China has its place as a nation to eventually become Christian.

Safeguards for Youth

The Work of the Society for the Suppression of Vice in Behalf of Moral Purity

IN a letter addressed to this journal, Mr. Anthony Comstock, Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, gives a most interesting review of the work of that organization. He writes:

I have devoted more than twenty-seven years of my life to the defence of the moral purity of the children of this nation. During that time the Society has made more than 2,300 arrests and has seized more than 75 tons of contraband matters. About two weeks ago we seized in the City of New York 1,550 photographs, and 1,535 negatives for making photographs, which for absolute vileness of character, beggars description. Many institutions of learning have been invaded by moral contagion more to be dreaded than Asiatic cholera or yellow fever. Evidences of the demoralizing of the youth of this nation are constantly and painfully intruded upon us. One man whom I arrested in Pennsylvania, had, previous to his arrest, sent fourteen varieties of books into an institution of learning in this State, where there were 145 boys. From this man and his printer, I one afternoon took in the city of Lancaster, Pa., nearly 16,000 books and several thousand pictures and circulars besides. His printer received a sentence of three years' imprisonment, while this young rascal got off with seven months. After serving his time in the Moyemensing county jail, he went to Chicago. Shortly after his arrival there I received complaints where the worst literature was being sent to students in *eight colleges*. We hunted the party down, and he is now in the Reformatory at Pontiac.

We require about $10,000 a year to carry on the work. We have a good equipment, a splendid Board of Managers, composed of men who are moral heroes and who have ever stood unflinchingly in defence of the children of this nation. Will you not, through your paper, present this cause of moral purity and the defence of the integrity of the 33,000,000 of boys and girls in this country, and ask Christian men and women to give us such pecuniary support and assistance as will relieve us from the burden of debt; give us a permanent fund to work with, and thus enable us to carry forward this warfare, with the same fervent zeal and consecrated effort that has characterized our work during the past twenty-seven years? Since the 1st of January this year, we have made thirty-nine arrests, and there are more to follow soon. We have seized more than two tons of contraband matter this year. About fifty cases have been disposed of in the courts, one acquitted, the others convicted

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

... Buyers and Sellers ...

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Prov. 20: 14, . . . **It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth.**

PALACES are not such prisons as the world imagines. If you think that the only time kings and queens come forth from royal gates is in procession and gorgeously attended, you are mistaken. Incognito, by day or by night, and clothed in citizen's apparel, or the dress of a working woman, they come out and see the world as it is. In no other way could King Solomon, the author of my text, have known everything that was going on. From my text, I am sure he must, in disguise, some day have walked into a store of ready-made clothing, in Jerusalem, and stood near the counter, and heard a conversation between a buyer and a seller. The merchant put a price on a coat, and the customer began to dicker and said: "Absurd! that coat is not worth what you ask for it. Why, just look at the coarseness of the fabric! See that spot on the collar! Besides that, it does not fit. Twenty dollars for that? Why, it is not worth more than ten. They have a better article than that, and for lower price, down at Clothem, Fitem & Brothers. Besides that, I don't want it at any price. Good morning." "Hold," says the merchant: "do not go off in that way. I want to sell you that coat. I have some payments to make and I want the money. Come, now, how much will you give for that coat?" "Well," says the customer, "I will split the difference. You asked twenty dollars, and I said ten. Now, I will give you fifteen." "Well," says the merchant, "it is a great sacrifice, but take it at that price." Then the customer with a roll under his arm started to go out and enter his own place of business, and Solomon in disguise followed him. He heard the customer as he unrolled the coat say: "Boys, I have made a great bargain. How much do you guess I gave for that coat?" "Well," says one, wishing to compliment his enterprise, "you gave thirty dollars for it." Another says, "I should think you got it cheap if you gave twenty-five dollars." "No," says the buyer in triumph, "I got it for fifteen dollars. I beat him down and pointed out the imperfections, until I really made him believe it was not worth hardly anything. It takes me to make a bargain. Ha! Ha!" O, man, you got the goods for less than they were worth by positive falsehood; and no wonder, when Solomon went back to his palace and had put off his disguise, that he sat down at his writing-desk and made for all ages a crayon sketch of you: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

There are no higher styles of men in all the world than those now at the head of mercantile enterprises in the cities of this continent." Never since the world stood have there been so many merchants whose transactions can stand the test of the ten commandments. Such bargain-makers are all the more to be honored, because they have withstood, year after year, temptations which have flung so many flat, and flung them so hard, they can never, never recover themselves. While all positions in life have powerful besetments to evil, there are specific forms of allurement which are peculiar to each occupation and profession, and it will be useful to speak of the peculiar temptations of business men.

First, as in the scene of the text, business men are often tempted to sacrifice plain truth, the seller by exaggerating the value of goods, and the buyer by depreciating them. We cannot but admire an expert salesman. See how he first induces the customer into a mood favorable to the proper consideration of the value of the goods. He shows himself to be an honest and frank salesman. How carefully the lights are arranged till they fall just right upon the fabric! Beginning with goods of medium quality, he gradually advances toward those of more thorough make, and of more attractive pattern. How he watches the moods and whims of his customer! With what perfect calmness he takes the order, and bows the purchaser from his presence, who goes away having made up his mind that he has bought the goods at a price which will allow him a living margin when he again sells them. The goods were worth what the salesman said they were, and were sold at a price which will not make it necessary for the house to fail every ten years in order to fix up things.

But with what burning indignation we think of the inquitous stratagems by which goods are sometimes disposed of. A glance at the morning papers shows the arrival at one of our hotels of a young merchant from one of the inland cities. He is a comparative stranger in the great city, and, of course, he must be shown around, and it will be the duty of some of our enterprising houses to escort him. He is a large purchaser and has plenty of time and money, and it will pay to be very attentive. The evening is spent at a place of doubtful amusement. Then they go back to the hotel. Having just come to town, they must, of course, drink. A friend from the same mercantile establishment drops in, and usage and generosity suggest that they must drink. Business prospects are talked over, and the stranger is warned against certain dilapidated mercantile establishments that are about to fail, and for such kindness and magnanimity of caution against the dishonesty of other business houses, of course it is expected they will—and so they do—take a drink. Other merchants lodging in adjoining rooms find it hard to sleep for the clatter of decanters, and the coarse carousal of these "hail fellows well met" waxes louder. But they sit not all night at the wine cup. They must see the sights. They stagger forth with cheeks flushed and eyes bloodshot. The outer gates of hell open to let in the victims. The wings of lost souls flit among the lights, and the steps of the carousers sound with the rumbling thunders of the lost. Farewell to all the sanctities of home! Could mother, sister, father, slumbering in the inland home, in some vision of that night catch a glimpse of the ruin wrought they would rend out their hair by the roots and bite the tongue till the blood spurted, shrieking out: "God save him!"

What, suppose you, will come upon such business establishments? and there are hundreds of them in the cities. They may boast of fabulous sales, and they may have an unprecedented run of buyers, and the name of the house may be a terror to all rivals, and from this thrifty root there may spring up branch houses in other cities, and all the partners of the firm may move into their mansions and drive their full-blooded span, and the families may sweep the street with the most elegant apparel that human art ever wove, or earthly magnificence ever achieved. But a curse is gathering surely for those men, and the judgment will come and they will stand aghast before it, and all the business iniquities of a lifetime will gather around them, saying, "Do you remember this?" and, "Do you remember that?" And clerks that they compelled to dishonesty, and runners and [illegible] who saw behind the scenes, will bear testimony to their nefarious deeds, and some virtuous soul that once stood aghast at the splendor and power of these business men will say, "Alas! this is all that is left of that great firm that occupied a block with their merchandise and overshadowed the city with their influence, and made righteousness and truth and purity fall under the galling fire of avarice and crime."

While we admire and approve of all acuteness and tact in the sale of goods, we must condemn any process by which a fabric or product is represented as possessing a value which it really does not have. Nothing but sheer falsehood can represent as perfection boots that rip, silks that speedily lose their lustre, calicoes that immediately wash out, stoves that crack under the first hot fire, books insecurely bound, carpets that unravel, old furniture rejuvenated with putty and glue, and sold as having been recently manufactured, gold watches made out of brass, barrels of fruit, the biggest apples on the top, wine adulterated with strychnine, hosiery poorly woven, cloths of domestic manufacture with foreign labels.

Again, business men are often tempted to make the habits and customs of other traders their law of rectitude. There are commercial usages which will not stand the test of the last day. Yet men in business are apt to do as their neighbors do. If the majority of the traders in any locality are lax in principle, the commercial code in that community will be spurious and dishonest. It is a hard thing to stand close by the law of right when your next-door neighbor by his looseness of dealing is enabled to sell goods at a cheaper rate and decoy your customers. There are a hundred practices prevalent in the world of traffic which ought never to become the rule for honest men. Their wrong does not make your right. Sin never becomes virtue by being multiplied and admitted at brokers' board or merchants' exchange. Because others smuggle a few things in passenger trunks, because others take usury when men are in tight places, because others deal in fancy stocks, because others palm off worthless endorsements, because others do nothing but blow bubbles, do not, therefore, be overcome of temptation. Hollow pretension and fictitious credit, and commercial gambling may awhile prosper, but the day of reckoning cometh, and in addition to the horror and condemnation of outraged communities, the curse of God will come, blow after blow. God's law forever and forever is the only standard of right and wrong, and not commercial ethics.

Young business man, avoid the first business dishonor and you will avoid all the rest. The captain of a vessel was walking near the mouth of a river when the tide was low, and there was a long stout anchor chain, into one of the great links of which his foot slipped, and it began to swell and he could not withdraw it. The tide began to rise. The chain could not be loosened nor filed off in time, and a surgeon was called to amputate the limb, but before the work could be done the tide rolled over the victim, and his life was gone. I have to tell you, young man, that just one wrong into which you slip may be a link of a long chain of circumstances from which you cannot be extricated by any ingenuity of your own, or any help from others, and the tides will roll over you as they have over many.

Again, business men are sometimes tempted to throw off personal responsibility, shifting it to the institution to which they belong. Directors in banks and railroad and insurance companies sometimes shirk personal responsibility underneath the action of the corporation. And how often, when some banking house or financial institution explodes through fraud, respectable men in the Board of Directors say, "Why, I thought all was going on in an honest way, and I am utterly confounded with this demeanor!" The banks, and the fire and life and marine insurance companies, and the railroad companies, will not stand up for judgment in the last day, but those who in them acted righteously will receive, each for himself, a reward, and those who acted the part of neglect or trickery will, each for himself, receive a condemnation. Unlawful dividends are not clean before God because there are those associated with you who grab just as big a pile as you do. He who countenances the dishonesty of the firm, or of the corporation, or association, takes upon himself all the moral [illegible] as many souls as it has members.

Again, many business men have been tempted to postpone their enjoyments and duties to a future season of entire leisure. What a sedative the Christian religion would be to all our business men if, instead of postponing its uses to old age or death, they would take it into the store or factory or worldly engagements now! It is folly to go amid the uncertainties of business life with no God to help. Many, although now comparatively straitened in worldly circumstances, have a goodly establishment in the future planned out. They have in imagination built, about twenty years ahead, a house in the country not difficult of access from the great town, for they will often have business or old accounts to settle, or investments to look after. The house is large enough to accommodate all their friends. The halls are wide, and hung with pictures of hunting-scenes and a branch of antlers, and are comfortable with chairs that can be rolled out on the veranda when the weather is inviting, or set out under some of the oaks that stand sentinel about the house, rustling in the cool breeze, and songful with the robins. There is just land enough to keep them interested, and its crops of almost fabulous richness springing up under application of the best theories to be found in the agricultural journals. The farm is well stocked with cattle and horses, and sheep that know the voice and have a kindly bleat when one goes forth to look at them. In this blissful abode their children will be instructed in art and science and religion. This shall be the old homestead to which the boys at college will direct their letters, and the hill on which the house stands will be called Oakwood or Ivy Hill or Pleasant Retreat or Eagle Eyrie. May the future have for every business man here all that and more beside! But are you postponing your happiness to that time? Are you adjourning your joys? Suppose that you achieve all you expect—and that the vision I mention is not up to the reality, because the fountains will be brighter, the house grander, and the scenery more picturesque—the mistake is none the less fatal. What charm will there be in rural quiet for a man who has for thirty or forty years been conforming his entire nature to the excitements of business? Will flocks and herds with their bleat and moan be able to silence the insatiable spirit of acquisitiveness which has for years had full swing in the soul! Will the hum of the breeze soothe the man who now can find his only enjoyment in the stock market? Will leaf and cloud and fountain charm the eye that has for three-fourths of a lifetime found its chief beauty in hogsheads and bills of sale? Will parents be competent to rear their children for high and holy purpose, if their infancy and boyhood and girlhood were neglected, when they are almost ready to enter upon the world and have all their habits fixed and their principles stereotyped? No, no; now is the time to be happy. Now is the time to serve your Creator. Now is the time to be a Christian. Are you too busy? I have known men as busy as you are who had a place in the store-loft where they went to pray. Some one asked a Christian sailor where he found any place to pray in. He said, "I can always find a quiet place at mast-head." And in the the busiest day of the season if your heart is right you can find a place to pray. Busy thoroughfares are good places to pray in as you go to meet your various engagements. Go home a little earlier and get introduced to your children. Be not a galley-slave by day and night, lashed fast to the oar of business. Let every day have its hour for worship and intellectual culture and recreation. Show yourself greater than your business. Act not as though after death you would enter upon an eternity of railroad stocks and coffees and ribbons. Roast not your manhood before the perpetual fires of anxiety. With every yard of cloth you sell, throw not in your soul to boot. Use firkin and counting-room desk and hardware crate as the step to glorious usefulness and highest Christian character. Decide once and forever who shall be master in your store, you or your business.

Again, business men are often tempted

to let their calling interfere with the interests of the soul. God sends men into the business world to get educated, just as boys are sent to school and college. Purchase and sale, loss and gain, disappointment, prosperity, the dishonesty of others, panic, and bank suspension, are but different lessons in the school. The more business, the more means of grace. Many have gone through wildest panic unhurt. "Are you not afraid you will break?" said some one to a merchant in time of great commercial excitement. He replied, "Aye, I shall break when the fiftieth Psalm breaks, in the fifteenth verse, 'call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee.'" The store and the counting-house have developed some of the most stalwart characters. Perhaps originally they had but little sprightliness and force, but two or three hard business thumps woke them up from their lethargy, and there came a thorough development in their hearts of all that was good and holy and energetic and tremendous, and they have become the front men in Christ's army, as well as lighthouses in the great world of traffic. But business has been perpetual depletion to many a man. It first pulled out of him all benevolence, next all amiability, next all religious aspirations, next all conscience, and though he entered his vocation with large heart and noble character, he goes out of it a skeleton, enough to scare a ghost.

Men appreciate the importance of having a good business stand, a store on the right side of the street, or in the right block. Yet every place of business is a good stand for spiritual culture. God's angels hover over the world of traffic to sustain and build up those who are trying to do their duty. To-morrow it in your place of worldly engagement you will listen for it, you may hear a sound louder than the rattle of drays and the shuffle of feet and the chink of dollars stealing into your soul, saying, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." Yet some of those sharpest at a bargain are cheated out of their immortal blessedness by stratagems more palpable than any "drop-game" of the street. They make investments in things everlastingly below par. They put their valuables in a safe not fire-proof. They give full credit to influences that will not be able to pay one cent on the dollar. They plunge into a labyrinth from which no bankrupt law or "two thirds enactment" will ever extricate them. They take into their partnership the world, the flesh, and the devil, and the enemy of all righteousness will boast through eternal ages that the man who in all his business life could not be outwittted, at last tumbled into spiritual defalcation, and was swindled out of heaven.

Perhaps some of you saw the fire in New York in 1835. Aged men tell us that it beggared all description. Some stood on the housetops of Brooklyn and looked at the red ruin that swept down the streets, and threatened to obliterate the metropolis. But the commercial world will yet be startled by a greater conflagration, even the last one. Bills of exchange, policies of insurance, mortgages and bonds and Government securities, will be consumed in one lick of the flame. The Bourse and the United States Mint will turn to ashes. Gold will run molten into the dust of the street. Exchanges and granite blocks of merchandise will fall with a crash that will make the earth tremble. The flashing up of the great light will show the righteous the way to their thrones. Their best treasures in heaven, they will go up and take possession of them. The toils of business life, which racked their brains and rasped their nerves for so many years will have forever ceased. "There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

· When · the · Ships · Come · In ·

Meeting the Immigrants—Good Work of the N. W. C. T. U.—Kindness to the Stranger

ALMOST important feature of American misssionary activity is that of "Work among Foreigners," conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Miss Willard said of it: "It is vital to the future of the Republic;" and a United States Commissioner once declared this meeting and greeting of immigrants at our chief ports as one of the most valuable agencies of relief, reform and good government.

Mrs. S. F. Grubb, Chanute, Kans., has been for fifteen years the head of this department of the National W. C. T. U., and under her direction Miss M. L. Orr has been for the past eight years in charge of the New York branch, with headquarters at 9 State street, or at the Barge office, where the immigrant ships unload. To know what this mission means one should be present when the great vessels come in, bearing thousands of passengers, strangers to our land. There are people seeking loved ones here and knowing not how to find them; there are mothers with children hanging to their skirts, babies in their arms, little ones crying for milk and bread, and they, through ignorance even when possessed of funds, are often unable to get what they need. Speaking strange tongues, a poor bewildered flock they are, herded in the "pens," which are sometimes so crowded that it is almost impossible to walk through. In some of these enclosures, they are waiting for friends, or for funds to take them to different points. In another are cases demanding special inquiry; in a third are people who must be returned. Some are very cheery; some are patient; others are fretful; and others still are wicked and profane; the Barge officers have their hands full. The crowded stations of excursion passenger trains do not present such trying tasks and problems to authorities and baggage-men.

MISS ORR DISTRIBUTING TRACTS AMONG IMMIGRANTS AT THE BARGE OFFICE

TALKING TO THE STRANGERS IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUES

Miss Orr meets every shipload, and stands as the representative of a great organization of women to give these immigrants a friendly greeting to our shores, and to render aid and comfort wherever needed. Good second-hand garments are given those who come to us insufficiently clad in winter from a warmer climate. She provides bread for the hungry, procures milk for crying babies, sends letters and telegrams for new comers to their friends in this country, takes charge of young girls, waifs and little stow-a-ways, comforts the unfortunate, and seeks to be a real friend to the stranger. Sometimes parents die on shipboard and little orphans come to land; the sick and the broken-hearted come; the desperate and the wicked come. Those who have to be returned often go back with little gifts and remembrances of kindness that may help them to be and to do better.

In addition to the friendly greetings with which all are met, Miss Orr puts into their hands little leaflets in their own tongues, with such titles as "Welcome to the Stranger," "Warnings against the Saloon," "Kind Advice of a Friend," "How to Be Good Citizens," "Advice to Mothers on Social Purity," etc., thus meeting these people who are so soon to be citizens of our republic with some kind of intimation as to what a Christian nation expects them to become. About 10,000 leaflets in eighteen languages are distributed monthly. The importance of impressing immigrants in some way with the responsibilities of American citizenship is grave, for in fourteen states of our great commonwealth, men over twenty-one years of age can, in one year, by filing their intention to become citizens at some future time, exercise the full privileges of the ballot and vote on all national, State, county and municipal issues. Is it not of great consequence that Christian missionaries should inform them as to the duties and privileges of citizenship and not leave this education to the saloon?

Miss Orr has been in this work so long that she recognizes any nationality at a glance, and the Italian, Spaniard, Russian, Syrian, Pole or Greek, finds instantly in his hands a little intelligible message in his mother-tongue, and hears a womanly voice giving kind salutation in it. A simple thing to do, but it often brings glad tears to the eyes of the strangers. While not comprehending or being able to sustain a conversation in all these languages, Miss Orr has "caught up" enough to understand and make herself understood in regard to simple wants.

Many touching incidents occur in connection with this work; as once when a steamer bearing over a thousand steerage passengers had come in, and Miss Orr, pausing from work for those who seemed most needy, said to a woman whose baby was crying, "I am sorry for you," and the woman, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "Thank God for one kind word." Another proffered a dime in gratitude "for one kind word."

This work is sustained by an appropriation by the N.W.C.T.U., which covers the missionary's salary, and by voluntary contributions of charitable people who recognize the need and importance of it and subscribe funds for the printing and expressage of leaflets. Some thoughtful friends send boxes of good, clean garments prepaid. For one or two years, when the N. W. C. T. U. was under financial strain, the missionary salary was kept up by contributions sent in answer to prayer. All inquiries regarding the work will be promptly answered if addressed to Mrs. Grubb or to Miss Orr.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The New Heart

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 6. Ezek. 36 : 25-36
Golden Text, Ezek. 36 : 26

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

EZEKIEL was [illegible] especially prepared of God for his prophetical office. He was called to see and to discover to his people the exceeding sinfulness of their sin against Jehovah. And that he might bear the awful revelation, God had given him a vision of the glory of Christ, and of the "cherubim of glory," wonderful types of those created human beings who have become conformed and united to him. It is as though God could not lay upon any human being the awful burden of seeing sin as he sees it without first giving him a view of what God can do for sinful man through his redemption. We find the cherubim in Rev. 4 : 6 even in the midst of the throne, sharing his reign with Christ. Ezekiel must also be made, in a special way, part and parcel of his message. He must in vision, eat the roll of the book which contained his message (Ezek. 2: 8 10 ; 3: 1-4), and he must also bear the iniquity of the house of Israel and of the house of Judah upon him (Ezek. 4: 1-8) : and in his eating and drinking, in his home life, for he must not mourn even when his wife died (Ezek. 24 : 15-24) : he must be a living sacrifice, existing only for God and for his people.

In the whole of God's dealings with his ancient people, not one reason is found on their side why God should have mercy upon them. The only reason alleged is for his holy name's sake. Do we understand why the first petition which the Lord Jesus taught his disciples should be, "Hallowed be thy name?" In telling of coming mercy he says, "Say unto the house of Israel, Thus saith the Lord God, I do not this for your sake, O house of Israel, but for mine holy name which ye have profaned . . . And I will sanctify my great name which ye have profaned . . . and the nations shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes." "We be Abraham's seed" (John 8: 33), was no sufficient argument. Have we professing Christians not profaned the name of the Lord by our unchristlike spirit, words and deeds? Let us learn our lesson from Israel, and let us ask for mercy and for grace, not for our sakes, but that the holy name of our Lord may be glorified, that he may have his rights.

Israel was scattered in judgment, and none can gather Israel together again but he who scattered them. The Zionist movement shows that the heart of the poor among the Jews is towards their own land, but the gathering themselves together according to their own ideas, while it is a fulfilment of Zeph. 2 : 1, is not what the Lord speaks of here in Ezek. 36 : 24, although it may be a preliminary gathering. God says, "I will take you from among the nations, and gather you out of the countries, and will bring you into your own land." Whether he deals with Israel as a nation or with any individual, Jew or Gentile, God must separate his own—they must be a marked, peculiar people—"a people for his own possession" (I. Peter 2 : 9, R. V.), at the disposal of none other. Those who would be consecrated, and yet be appreciated and esteemed by those who are not consecrated, ask an impossible thing. Because we are the children of God, therefore, the world—whether among God's children or the unconverted—"knoweth us not, because it knew him not." We cannot be the followers of him who was despised and rejected of men, and especially by the most religious men of his time, the Pharisees and scribes, without being despised and rejected with him.

"And I will sprinkle clean water upon you." Is not this the Word of God, Old Testament and New? "Now ye are clean," said our Lord, "through the Word that I have spoken unto you" (John 15 : 3). "And ye shall be clean from all your filthiness, and from all your idols I will cleanse you." When God shall turn his [illegible] heart which cannot see it in the wrong, and has need of cleansing, which is sensitive to itself and hard as a rock towards God, succumbs to the new heart, and God takes it away and gives "a heart of flesh," which has the tenderest conscience, and is always willing to take the last place and the least. "And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them : the tendency of the new heart is to please God . . . And ye shall be my people, and I will be your God."

"IT MAY DESCEND IN THE SIGHT OF ALL THAT PASSED BY"

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

AMONG the first company of prisoners carried off to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar, was Ezekiel, then probably about thirty years of age or less. Like the other prisoners, he belonged to the aristocracy of the Jewish nation, and appears to have been a priest. The exiles were well cared for, though, doubtless they had not the luxuries to which they had been accustomed in Jerusalem. Left in comparative idleness, Ezekiel in his house on the banks of the River Chebar, brooded over the condition of his people. He saw clearly that their misfortunes had come through their unfaithfulness to God, who would have protected them and prevented Nebuchadnezzar despoiling the nation, if they had not given themselves to sin. Thus Ezekiel, in Babylon, was declaring the same message that Jeremiah was then preaching in Jerusalem. Even then, after all their misfortunes, the people were pursuing the same fatal course. Far away in Babylon, Ezekiel heard of their doings and besought them to repent and reform, lest a worse evil come upon them. Already they had felt the weight of Nebuchadnezzar's hand : the flower of the nation was in exile ; but they had still their city and land left to them, and they had their beautiful temple in which to worship God. If they continued to sin against him, he would surely punish them still more severely. Their land would be taken from them, their city would become a ruin and their temple would be destroyed. Ezekiel is appalled at the blindness and perversity of his people. He sees the same disposition among the exiles around him. They had no sympathy with his beliefs, and, we gather, from incidental allusions, that they persecuted him, so that it became dangerous to speak openly to them, and he was obliged to limit his preaching to those who came voluntarily to his house. Finally, his prediction was fulfilled. Nebuchadnezzar laid the land waste, scattered the people, destroyed the city and burned the temple. Was that to be the end of the nation? Ezekiel thought not. He saw in prophetic vision a change taking place in the distressed people. He saw a few of them turning to the Lord and becoming the nucleus of a new nation. He [illegible] God blessing them, accepting their repentance, writing his law in their hearts, giving them right spirits, and, when they were fit for it, restoring them to their land. It is believed that Ezekiel prophesied these [illegible] about the year B. C. 592 to the year B. C. 570 or twenty-five years, and that his book has come down to us practically as he wrote it. It is full of weird imagery, of strange winged creatures, of wheels and curious symbols, doubtless the result of impressions received in his waking hours from the winged, sculptured images, half man, half beast, in the great palaces of Babylon. These appeared to him in his dreams and became symbols of heavenly things. But apart from these, the one message, applicable to us in these days, as to the people for whom he wrote, sounds clear and distinct : that if the backslider will return to God, he will be welcomed, and God will restore him to his favor and renew his heart.

Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you. Under the Mosaic law, a person who became ceremonially unclean by touching a dead body, or in some other way, recovered his cleanness or fitness to join in public worship, by having the priest or some other person sprinkle him with water. A vessel of clean water was brought in, and the priest took a bunch of the light feathery hyssop and dipped it in the water and shook it over the unclean person. This was not to remove physical impurity—washing would have been necessary for that—but to signify the ceremonial cleansing. Just as Christ told Peter, when the impulsive disciple desired that his hands and his head be washed as well as his feet—that he whose feet were washed was clean every whit—so the sprinkling was an acknowledgment of the man's need of heart-cleansing which God confers. The wedding-ring now in use, probably had a similar origin. It is symbolical of a fetter, and, when it is put on, the wife is no longer free to associate with men on the old terms, but is bound to one man as long as she and he shall live. Her limbs are not fettered, but the band around the one finger indicates the marriage bond. So the sprinkling of a few drops of water indicates the cleansing which affects the whole being.

A new heart also will I give you. There is no other way to get a new life. Outward reformation is good, but it is not enough. As long as a man loves sin in his heart, he is not safe. Dr. Banks describes an artesian well in South Dakota, which when it was sunk, gave beautiful, clear water. It was thought a success, but the bed it reached was not good. After a time clay came up with the water, and in a little while nothing came up but thick, blue clay, which choked the well. So it is with the heart. If the heart is bad, it will sooner or later show itself in the life. Mr. Moody's illustration of a man settling on a farm is well known. The man is getting water from a pump out of a well which was dug by a former owner. A neighbor sees him and tells him not to drink that water. It contains fever germs and they will kill him as they killed his predecessor. But the man looks at the water and says it looks all right ; it is clear and sparkling. All that is needed is to paint the pump. Many men think that all that is needed to be a Christian is to have the life right, to leave off evil habits and to avoid sin. That is necessary, too, but the need goes much deeper. A new heart is needed, and that God promises to give to every one who seeks the blessing prayerfully and earnestly.

Venezuelan Arbitration

IT is an interesting and may be a useful coincidence that, while the international Peace Congress at the Hague is discussing the possibility of arbitration as a means of averting war, an actual example of arbitration should be in progress in Paris. It is the case of dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela, touching the possession of certain lands lying between the frontiers of Venezuela and British Guiana. After a delay of almost three years since Mr. Cleveland's bellicose message startled the world with a menace of war between this country and England, the tribunal to arbitrate on the dispute has assembled and the arguments of the counsel have commenced. The meetings are held in the foreign office of the French Government in the room in which the Spanish-American Peace Conference was held, and in the same room the tribunal which adjusticated the Bering Sea dispute held its sittings. It is a long, narrow room, gorgeously furnished, with handsome crimson leather chairs in gilt frames. On a dais raised at one end of the room are five massive gilt chairs for the arbitrators, with a table in front of them. Below them are six long tables for the counsel and the clerical staff. From a brilliant blue ceiling depend magnificent gilt chandeliers. A more appropriate room for an assembly so distinguished could not have been assigned. The arbitrators are Professor de Martens, of Russia, who is practically the umpire in whose hands the final decision will doubtless rest. The other four are two Americans, Chief Justice Fuller and Mr. Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, and two Englishmen, Baron Russell and Sir Richard H. Collins. The English side of the case is in the hands of Sir Richard Webster, and the Venezuelan side will be presented by ex-President Benjamin Harrison. Both these eminent counsel are assisted by other distinguished lawyers, among whom, on the Venezuelan side, is Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy. The secretaries, clerks, etc., make up an aggregate of persons engaged in the arbitration of about forty. A photograph of the group, as they appeared in the quadrangle of the French Foreign Office, appears on this page. As the President of the Venezuelan Commission is a member of the Congress at the Hague, we may hope that the latter body may learn from him how simple and reasonable the system of arbitration is and may take measures to provide for it among all nations, and so prepare the way for that time, which is surely coming, when all disputes will be peaceably decided by an all-wise Judge.

He shall judge among many people and rebuke strong nations afar off (Micah 4 3).

A Burglar's Humanity

A remarkable incident, showing a burglar's tenderness of heart, occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the night of July 4. Provided with skeleton keys and the usual tools of his nefarious business, a burglar entered a flat-house, in Quincy Street. He removed his shoes, so as to make no noise, and proceeded to examine the flat. In one room he found a child, sleeping in a crib, and close at hand a woman asleep on a couch. They were both sleeping so soundly that his entrance did not disturb them. Quietly, and deftly he cleared the tables of valuables, ransacked the bureau drawers and searched the trunks. Such articles as were suitable for his purpose he deposited in a bag on the floor, and had a valuable collection of spoons, watches and other portable property ready for removal. It was necessary, in order to reach his exit, for the burglar to pass again through the room in which the two sleepers lay. As he passed the child's crib he saw the little one, a golden-haired girl, about two years old, in a paroxysm of whooping-cough. The little creature was choking and needed immediate assistance, but the mother was sleeping the heavy sleep of exhaustion, and was unconscious of her child's peril. To arouse her involved the abandonment of his plunder, possibly detection, and a long term of imprisonment, but to allow the child to die before his eyes was more than he could bear. His better nature prevailed. He went to the sleeping woman, shook her gently, and pointed to the child. She was on her feet in an instant, and at the child's side. It was not until the remedy she administered had given relief, and her darling was resting quietly, that she realized what had occurred. The man who had aroused her was gone, but on the floor was his bag of plunder, and his shoes which he had dropped in his flight. These articles, and the disorder in the rooms sufficiently explained the object of the man's opportune presence in the flat. The woman's husband, who is a policeman, is anxious to catch the man who broke into his home, but the mother is willing to forgive that injury for the sake of the service he rendered in saving her child's life. The promise of similar oblivion for past sins, which have been forgiven, but can never be forgotten by the saved sinner is held out to those who will work to save others:

Let him know, that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins (James 5:20).

Two French Statesmen

Very significant is the fact that the two men whose portraits appear on this page should at this time occupy the most important offices in France. M. Waldeck Rousseau is the Premier, and the Marquis De Gallifet is Minister of War. The Cabinet, of which they are the chief members, does not please either of the two extreme parties in the French legislature, but it is composed of a vastly superior body of statesmen to those of the Cabinet of M. Dupuy which it succeeds. M. Dupuy was so thoroughly an opportunist minister that he had no political principle that he would not abandon to retain power. The new Premier, a distinguished lawyer, is a man of clearly defined political standing, belonging to the progressive Republican party, who has not sought office and must make considerable pecuniary sacrifices to accept it. He can be trusted to maintain the supremacy of the civil power over the army, which is a difficult thing to do in a country in which military glory is a passion. The crucial appointment in his cabinet at this juncture is that of Minister of War, because the approaching trial of Dreyfus must involve an arraignment of the chiefs of the army, and it will be an extremely difficult matter to secure for him a fair trial. If he should be acquitted, as now seems probable, his vindication will be practically a condemnation of the officers in the army, whom it may be necessary to punish. These matters will be under the control of the Minister of War, and it was therefore necessary to have for that post a man in whom the army had confidence, and who had the courage to punish its chiefs if required. Such a man he has found in Gallifet, a pronounced conservative, with monarchist sympathies, whose severity in dealing with the communists after the capture of Paris in 1871, proved his vigor and determination. It is now in modern nations as it was in ancient times, the people like rulers who do what they believe to be right, better than rulers who cringe and fawn and are ready to do anything that is popular.

M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU
New Premier of France

MARQUIS GALLIFET
French Minister of War

MEMBERS OF THE VENEZUELAN ARBITRATION COMMISSION

To have respect of persons in judgment is not good. He that saith unto the wicked, Thou art righteous; peoples shall curse him, nations shall abhor him (Prov. 24: 23, 24).

An Odd Claim Rejected

A Colorado farmer who fought in the Civil War has failed in a suit for damages. It appears that during the war his crops ripened. As he was not on his farm to harvest them, they spoiled, and he estimated his loss at $23,033. It was not disputed that if he could have secured the crops and sold them he would have realized that amount, but he is told that there is no appropriation out of which he can be paid for the crops. In entering his country's service he was obliged to make sacrifices and it would be impossible for the Government in every case to give compensation. They, however, who make sacrifices in the cause of Christ are assured of present as well as future reward.

There is no man that hath left house or parents or wife or children for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in the present time, and in the world to come life everlasting (Luke 18 30).

The "Paris" in Harbor

To the surprise of her owners and the public, the salvage company employed on the steamer *Paris*, which was stranded on the Manacles on May 21, has hauled the steamer off the rocks and taken her to Falmouth in safety. Even the men at work were astonished at their success. They were trying to slew the vessel to the eastward, so as to facilitate the operations of the divers, when she moved more freely than was expected and finally floated off the rocks into deep water. The three salvage boats which were attached to the steamer towed her to Falmouth, where they ran her on a sand-bank, where temporary repairs may be made to her hull, so as to take her to Southampton dry-dock for a thorough overhauling. The company of salvors who did this great work is German. They loaded the stern of the vessel with five hundred tons of granite, which caused her bow to rise in the water. At the same time a channel was made for her by blowing up with dynamite the rocks on which she rested. Captain Watkins, the commander of the vessel, has publicly acknowledged that the wreck was due entirely to his own mistake. He reckoned that only five hours had elapsed since leaving port, when it was really six hours, and he was consequently near the rocks at a time when he believed himself eighteen miles away. A mist which hung over the land prevented the discovery of his mistake in time to avert the catastrophe. The local inspectors have suspended his certificate for two years. Captain Watkins feels the disgrace acutely, but he acknowledges the justice of his sentence. Though he was not guilty of any wrongdoing and was a most conscientious commander, his mistake had consequences so serious that it could not be overlooked. The fact may serve as a lesson to those who think that the unbeliever, if he is only sincere will escape punishment at the bar of God.

If ye believe not that I am he ye shall die in your sins (John 8: 24).

: : : American Progress in the Philippines : : :

THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOLS OPENED—FILIPINO CHILDREN SINGING "AMERICA" ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

A FILIPINA OF MANILA

THE MAIN CANAL OF MANILA—HEART OF THE FILIPINO CAPITAL

A MESTIZA-JAPANESE TYPE

VERY interesting news is coming to us from the Philippines. On July 2, public schools opened in Manila with fully 5,000 children in attendance under American instruction. Gen. Otis has undertaken to make attendance compulsory, but the natives are, as a rule, anxious to have their children educated; they have contended ineffectually in the past for free public education, and, it is believed, will eagerly avail themselves of the opportunities provided. English is to be taught, and Spanish and American festivals observed. The Fourth of July was celebrated in Manila with great pomp, all nationalities participating in what the Filipinos call the "la fiesta of North America." Hundreds of boys and girls, Filipinos, Spaniards and Chinese from the public schools, dressed in their best clothes, and each carrying an American flag, sang "America" in a curious mixture of dialects. Chaplain Knudsden, of the Washington regiment, read the Declaration of Independence. There were fireworks, speeches, bands, decorations everywhere, and the foreign ships and consulates, including the Spanish, raised their colors in conjunction with the Stars and Stripes; newsboys shouted Fourth of July editions. At the Luneta, a band of 100 natives played American airs.

A NATIVE BAND PLAYING BEFORE A RESTAURANT IN MANILA

Free public education must of necessity accomplish great good in the Philippines. There has existed for years under Spanish rule, an appropriation of some $30,000 for provincial schools, and a training seminary for teachers at Manila. But teachers were not well prepared, their salaries were very meagre, and their collection involved an extraordinary amount of costly "red tape;" the friars [illegible] officio school inspectors; and [illegible] not of a character to confer [illegible] trations of a school in Ma[illegible] as compared with reports received concerning our new schools.

Prof. Schurman, of the United States Advisory Commission, recently returned to Manila from a [illegible] Southern Islands, reports the intelligent and substantial citizens there as eager for an American protectorate, and the masses anxious simply to be let alone. The Professor says many of the towns are in possession of small bands of Tagalogs, and the people fear to indorse American rule until we bring the Tagalogs to recognition of our supremacy. The President of San Nicolai, Cebu, said: "We want peace, food and prosperity. We do not want to fight." In Mindanao and the islands of the Zulu and Visayan groups, our Commissioner was received with honors by citizens and municipal authorities in the principal towns. He conferred at length with the Sultan of Zulu, who received him in the royal audience chamber, his bodyguard of stalwart, fierce-looking Moros around him. The Sultan expressed a desire for peace and

TOMB OF COL. LAZELLE, FIRST AMERICAN KILLED AT MANILA

A MANILA STREET—ONE OF THE EIGHT GATES OF MANILA

a good understanding with the United States. The two Sultans of Mindanao are subject to the Zulu ruler. The Moros are Mohammedans; they are great fighters, ner at once amusing and pathetic. It will be Christianity's task to make new missionary gateways to the great East by awakening these people to a sense of their

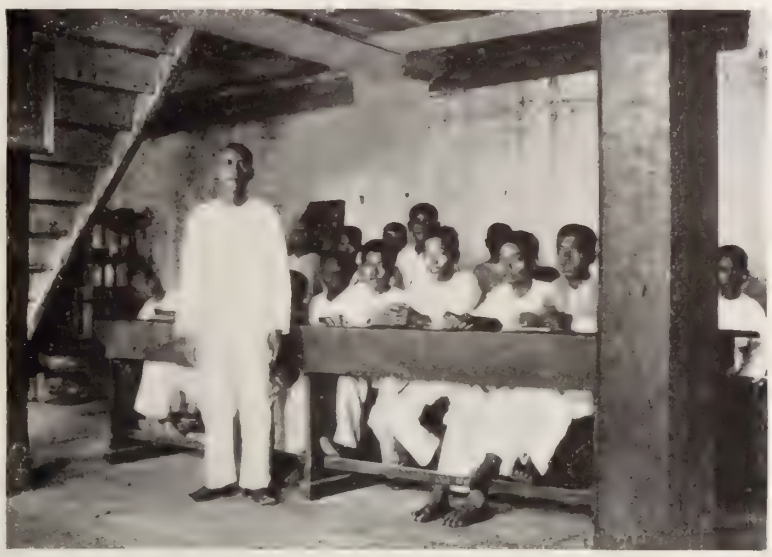
NEGRITOS—LOWEST TYPE OF FILIPINOS

AMERICAN OUTPOST ON THE ISLAND OF LUZON

FILIPINAS BUYING OF CHINESE MERCHANT

and the peace-loving villagers in the islands dominated by them have suffered much from their depredations. It will be fortunate for them if through education we can direct their energies into better channels. Gen. Lawton and Prof. Worcester were heartily welcomed in the province of Cavite, whither they recently went to assist in the organization of civil government. In all of these towns public schools will be established as rapidly as possible. It is to be hoped, and naturally believed, that industrial training, which is becoming so marked a feature of our own public school system, will be included in our efforts to educate the Filipinos.

Before our day of occupation, Dr. Worcester, thoroughly knowing and liking the islanders, declared: "With all their amiable qualities, it is not to be denied that the civilized natives are utterly unfit for self-government. Their universal lack of education is in itself a difficulty that cannot be speedily overcome." In their behalf, as well as ours, we can but pray God to end the war there as speedily as possible, and so open the way for us to conquer them for Christ by love and Christian teaching. Missionaries, we are told, arrive at Manila on every ship. The appearance of a missionary, however, at Cebu was followed by serious trouble, the report spreading among the ignorant natives that Americans would compel them to give up their existing religions. Upon advice of authorities and in the interest of harmony, the missionary withdrew. But as natives learn our language and understand us better, their ignorant fears will be removed, and the soldiers of the Cross can enter upon a great work. This work will truly be among all sorts and conditions of men—among a medley of Chinese, Japanese, Malay, Spanish, Tagal, Negritos, races with social estates varying as widely as racial features. There is the Filipina of wealth in flowing robes and waist of costly pina cloth; and there are the flower-girls and mango-sellers with garments of cotton or hemp, and the Mangyan women with no garments at all, unless a few twists of bamboo cords may be so considered. And there are the tricky Chinese-Malay merchants of Manila with whom unsophisticated Filipinos bargain in a manner at once amusing and pathetic. It will be Christianity's task to make new missionary gateways to the great East by awakening these people to a sense of their obligations to each other, and to the supreme value of Christian faith and service. One of our pictures—the grave of Col. Lazelle—is only one of many sad reminders that the efforts to discharge our duties to these strange peoples have already cost us dear. Official reports indicate that the worst is past. Grave fears in regard to the rainy season have not been realized. Gen. Otis' statements as to the health of our "Boys in Blue" are reassuring. Our men are well-fed; have good surgeons and doctors, and good sanitary regulations are enforced. In all cities occupied by us, we have had a good cleaning up, and instituted many sanitary reforms, from which natives as well as ourselves reap benefits. The statement that the wet season in the Philippines, beginning in June, lasts three months, must be taken in an elastic sense, since the islands cover some sixteen degrees of latitude, and heat intensity and the seasons vary in different parts of the group. In Manila the mean annual temperature is eighty degrees, rarely rising above one hundred in the shade, or falling below sixty. Prior to the insurrection against Spain, Dr. Worcester, now of the U. S. Advisory Commission, who spent four years traveling from one end of the islands to the other, wrote that danger from epidemic diseases was comparatively slight. Of malarial fever (the doctor had it several times and lived to tell the story), he said that any of the several types might be easily shaken off if promptly taken in hand, except one, *la perniciosa*, "very local in its occurrence, and the places where it is known are shunned by natives and whites alike." "It has been shown," he continues, "in a number of instances that malaria was due to causes that could be remedied. Before the time of Gen. Arolas, Sulu was a fever-centre. By improving the drainage of the town and by filling in low places with coral sand, he succeeded in almost completely stamping out the disease. Still more striking results were obtained at Tataan, in Tawi Tawi, by an officer who had worked under Gen. Arolas in Sulu. The garrison at this point had suffered terribly, but after the forest was cleared away for half a mile around the blockhouse, and the ground thoroughly cleaned up, fever almost completely disappeared from the place."



A TYPICAL SCHOOL IN MANILA, BEFORE AMERICAN OCCUPATION

A HALF-CASTE FLOWER-GIRL

SULTAN OF MINDANAO, LORDS AND SERVANTS

A SELLER OF MANGOES

... Our Roll of Honor ...

IN our issue of July 5th we promised to publish a Roll of Honor, embracing the names of all the friends who were good enough to send in six half-yearly subscriptions under the remarkably liberal proposition recently presented, with a view to introducing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD into at least 100,000 new homes. We have just undertaken to approximate the number of those who now merit this distinction, and we are happy to state that at least 10,000 of our subscribers have succeeded in becoming entitled to such enrolment and also to a copy of a divinity circuit, red under gold, large type Red Letter New Testament, "with all the words recorded therein as having been spoken by our Lord, printed in red."

This is exceedingly gratifying to us, as it demonstrates beyond peradventure what we have always maintained, that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are its best friends and its warmest admirers, and that in addition to this they are a generous, large-hearted, appreciative people, zealous of good works and who delight in helping along the Cause in which their hearts are so warmly enlisted.

We publish below the first instalment of our Roll of Honor, and this is to be followed in subsequent issues by much larger lists, until each and every one shall have received the recognition which was promised. Up to the time of this writing about 75,000 new subscribers have been secured within the last seven weeks, and we feel confident that before the last day set for the mailing of coupon subscribers —July 31—at least 100,000 new subscribers will have been secured, and, indeed, we should not be surprised if even 150,000 were sent in by our friends.

At the time this paper is put in the hands of our subscribers there will yet remain one week for energetic, well directed, enthusiastic, successful work, which, if turned to the best advantage, might result in the addition of ten times 10,000 for that one week.

Please bear in mind that every person sending in six half-yearly subscribers, dating from July 1st and expiring January 1st, 1900, at 25 cents each (provided those subscribers are not now on our books, and are not intended to take the place of any now on our books), will be entitled to mention in our Roll of Honor, and will receive, absolutely free of expense, a copy of the Red Letter New Testament, beautifully bound, in Divinity Circuit, as a practical expression of appreciation on the part of the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

If you have not retained the coupons which were sent out with the first issue of July, or if you have used them up and now wish to obtain still more subscribers, just write the names and addresses of such subscribers on a slip of paper and state that they are coupon subscribers, and we will accept them of you and credit you with them, just as though the coupons had accompanied the order, provided, of course, that they are **mailed before August the 1st, 1899.**

Remember we give one Red Letter New Testament for **Every Six Coupon** subscribers sent in. One energetic worker has earned **fifteen Testaments.**

Ackly, Mrs E G, Virgil
Adams, Master K W, Twin Oaks
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Ayton, Millicent J, Harvard

Bailey, Marshall, Flemington
Bailey, W T, Farmville
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Barnett, Jerome, Coloma
Barrett, Mrs A J, Lancaster
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Bilton, J J, Collinsville
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Bond, Mrs Mary M, Graham
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Bridge, John W, Young America
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Buck, John L, Jr, Bloomfield
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Chester, Mrs A D, Fayetteville
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Cochran, D W, Pittsburg
Cochran, Mrs J G, Elvaston
Colburn, W R, Dexter
Collier, Miss Lulu, Osceola
Collins, Elizabeth, Petoskey
Conkey, L J, Sterling
Cook, Thomas, Harrisburg
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Crosby, G P, Minneapolis
Cummings, I K, Hebron
Cunningham, W Lytt, Iuka
Curl, M Frances, Caledonia
Curtis, F M, Cincinnatus
Curtiss, Mrs L J, Chatham Valley

Dalton, Edward F, N Y City
Davidson, J M, Pittsburg
Davis, E N, Donaldson
Davis, J G, Riner
Davis, S Baxter, Prospect
De Lawter, Miss H, Bunker Hill
Dodson, Thos, Giltner
Dorman, J F, Live Oak
Downs, G F, Farmington
Dunford, J W, St Louis
Dyer, Mrs M A, Kelso

Eastham, R L, Somerset
Edgecomb, Augusta H, Gardiner
Eldridge, W G, Alda
Ellis, Eli A, Richland
Emmons, Mable, Whittier
Engler, Geo L, Orangeville
Ervin, Eld N N, Exline
Evans, Thomas W, Millville

Farmer, H M, Bristol
Feeter, Grace E, Highland
Flint, Mrs A C, Penn
Forrey, T J, Wawaka
Fowler, Charles A, Lebanon
Fraser, Mrs James, Vernon
Fraser, Nettie, Waverly
Fuller, Dr I H, Wild Rose
Fwulk, Amos, Harrisburg

Gatewood, Mrs J W, Shelbyville
Gerhard, Alice, Ocean Grove
Gray, J R, Pennsdale
Gray, Mrs M, Appleton
Greenwood, Harry, Worcester
Gregory, F H, Harrisburg
Griggs, Miss Ada, Newburgh

Hagans, J E, Thornton
Hanlin, J P, Elwood
Harrod, Dewitt, Lockport
Haubert, Miss M E, Doylestown
Hawkesbeck, Mrs C V, Manhattan
Hays, R A, Morning Sun
Hedinger, Chas, Canton
Hemenway, Mrs C, Montville
Hershey, Henry, Intercourse
Hickok, W L, Cambria
Hill, T W, Stony Creek
Hinkins, Henry E, Riverton
Hiorns, Rev Richard, Scranton
Hirst, Mrs M A, Port Chester
Hiskey, M C, Robinson
Hodge, W S, Live Oak
Holbrook, Bertha, La Otto
Holler, L L, Rock Hill
Hopkins, H W, Hallowell
Hoyt, S H, Waverly
Hunt, Mrs Hannah L, Allentown
Hutchings, Harvey L, Washington
Hutchison, Miss S A, Youngstown

Johnson, Cyrus E, Lynn
June, W H, Mallard

Kabele, Frances W, Goldfield
Kendrick, A V, Brooklyn
Kepler, Susan, Hamilton
Kline, Katie L, Myerstown
Knapp, Mrs L V, Danbury
Knotts, F F, Waggoner
Kohlman, Naomi, Orrville
Koons, I B, Catasauqua

Lacey, H C, Binghamton
Ladd, Alice J, Orongo
Lance, Miss Lizzie, Washington
Langston, C O, Atlanta
Lansley, L M, Springfield
Lee, Rev Josephus, Oakland City
Leisenring, Rev E, Waldron
Lindsay, Ward B, Martinsburg
Lloyd, Chas E, Social Circle
Lohmann, John, Edwardsdale
Longaker, Henry S, Philadelphia
Lyons, W S, Pocahontas

McAboy, R C, Butler
McDowell, J Vance, Atlantic
McEndree, H C, Minden
McEwen, Wm, Duluth
McKenzie, G A, Harrison
McNeely, D K, Mooresville
Madison, J B, Green Spring Depot
Maine, Mrs M, Antwerp
Manning, W N, Alpharetta
Metzler, C E, Lansdale
Middleton, Mrs S J, Naylor
Miller, J L, Ilion
Miner, M E, Brooklyn
Montgomery, E, Raccoon Mills
Morden, Mrs E, Willow City

Nash, Le Roy H, Silver Springs
Nearhood, O M, Thomas
Newkirk, Miss Edna, Lowell
Newson, Miss Elsa M, Burgess
Noftsinger, John J, Crossroads
Noyes, Mrs Hugh, Osceola

Ogborn, Rev W N, Hammonton
Orton, Thos, Roseburg
Otis, W D, Ann Arbor

Pardun, M A, Clifty
Parker, J Robt, High Point
Parks, John W, Easton
Patrick, H T, Rustburg.
Payne, C W, Philadelphia
Pea, Thomas W, Vincennes
Platt, Mattie E, Germantown
Plummer, Mrs Nina, Etna
Putnam, D R, Brandon

Ragland, Mrs Sarah E, Baltimore
Ratley, H G, Morristown
Raymond, Joel L, Ulysses
Redfield, W J, Fonda
Remer, A T, Aulne
Reynolds, Fred K, Bedford Station
Ricker, Clifford, Cordaville
Robinson, Ed, Kiowa
Robinson, Mrs L M, Paw Paw
Rochford, Lewis, Hancock
Rowland, W H, Shasta
Rumsey, Clyde, Pittsford
Runkle, Adam, Lisbon

Sanderson, Miss Dessie, Lima
Saunders, P L, Waterville
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Shaffner, F A, Carlisle
Sherrill, James H, Catawba
Shiell, Amanda, Ox Bow
Shimer, V Kenneth, Chicago
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Sinclair, Mrs G W, Easton
Smith, C A, Hunter's Creek
Smith, Mrs D D, No. Chili
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Smith, J C, Burlington
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Stern, H H, Elizabethtown
Storer, Mrs R M, New Haven
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Suppe, Miss L B, Galena
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Wood, Ezra Z, Elmira

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Young, W W, Manorville

Zimmerman, J N, Frederick

BRIEF NOTES

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should bear in mind that there is just **one week more** left for the mailing of Coupon Subscriptions.

Please bear in mind that the supply of our premium book "**Around the World with Eyes Wide Open**" is completely exhausted. We cannot, therefore, fill any further orders for this particular volume.

When sending in Coupon Subscriptions with a view to securing a Red Letter New Testament, please be careful to state the number of subscriptions sent in order that full credit may be given you.

The Directors of the Mission Populaire in France, have issued an appeal for a fund which will enable them to work the new and very promising fields opened by the boat, itinerating and other work of Evangelization.

For every six Coupon Subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send **one copy** of the **Red Letter New Testament,** bound in Divinity Circuit. If a Thumb Index is required, send 25 cents extra.

By a large vote all the saloons of Berkeley, Cal., are closed, and the temperance people pledged $5,800 to the authorities to make good the loss on revenue. The University of California is now city is free from this source of temptation to the students.

Under the heading of the Inquisition, Spain was an indictable offense, punishable with imprisonment, while fanatical and atheistical publications were freely disseminated. That fact explains much of the religious condition of that unhappy country.

New York City will have an opportunity to hear the Apostle of Holiness, Rev. F. B. Meyer, of England, preachers, who will occupy the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Rev. F. B. Meyer preaches August 6, Rev. G. Campbell Morgan on August 13, and Rev. R. A. Torrey on August 20.

Missionaries are encouraged by the progress they are making in Samoa, Manua and Tutuila. They have already made eighty converts, not from heathenism as the Christian missionaries do, but from ignorant men and women who had made a profession of Christianity.

The Gospel mass-meetings conducted by Evangelist Radcliffe at the Metropolitan Temple, New York, on Thursday evenings, have been a decided success. It is unusual to find in the summer months any church so crowded as this has been. On one Thursday recently Police Sergeant Ezra D. Strope attended the meeting and made a vigorous address.

The compilers of *Appletons' Cyclopedia* have made a list of American citizens who have given during the past six years sums of $5,000 and upwards to educational, philanthropic, missionary and other religious organizations. The aggregate of these gifts reaches the enormous sum of $203,800,000. This is a record of which we as a nation have a right to be proud.

A glowing tribute to American Christians was paid by the Bishop of Newcastle, England, recently. In the course of a sermon before the University of Cambridge he referred to what American Christians had done for India, and said: "Our descendants are likely to find some day that India when she has become a Christian country, will have owed her Christianity more to America than to England."

A distinguished Roman Catholic, writing in an Italian journal on the subject of the progress of Roman Catholicism in England, says: "The truth is that for [illegible] Catholicism in England has for several years been stationary, if not losing ground."

[illegible] of the British and Foreign Bible Society is having a sale of its issues in the Chinese empire entirely without any precedent. During ten months (January to October 15th) the [illegible] sale in China never exceeded 290,000, and the average was not over 250,000.

Rev. Henry [illegible], missionary on the Lower Congo, reports that in that region "more than 1,500 have been baptized. There are now 1,200 standing and serving the Lord. The line is sharply drawn between Christian and heathen, and there are about thirty schools, all taught by Christians. There are in all fifty [illegible] of great power in the work—conducting self-supporting pioneer operations."

Mr. D. L. Moody has issued the call for the General Christian Workers' Conference, to be held at Northfield, Mass., August 1-20. Among the speakers who have promised to attend are Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Rev. S. A. Selwyn, Rev. F. B. Meyer, all of England, Rev. A. T. Pierson, of Brooklyn, Rev. H. C. Mabie, of Boston, and Rev. R. A. Torrey, and Mr. W. R. Newell, of Chicago. The accommodations for boarding are ample and pleasant, and the expense moderate. Applications should be addressed to Mr. A. G. Moody, East Northfield, Mass.

A religious census of a single district in New York City by the Federation of Churches gave some startling results. Fifteen thousand families were visited, whom two-thirds were natives and the remainder belonging to the thirty-two different nationalities. The church communicants are 57.9 per cent, among the mothers and 54.5 per cent, among the fathers. Those who have no church home number 48.3 per cent, among the Protestants, but only 12.2 per cent, among the Roman Catholics. This, in spite of the fact that there are fourteen Protestant churches in the district and only three Roman Catholic.

The Russian Government, concerned about the increase of drunkenness in the cities, has adopted a modified and tentative Gothenburg system in St. Petersburg. It has taken away from 25,000 shops the right to sell alcoholic liquors, and has replaced these by 5,000 establishments placed under the control of the state, and situated at equal distances apart. These establishments are directed by young women. The liquor is delivered in bottles to which is affixed a government mark. The consumer can obtain only one bottle in each shop, and if, when he visits another establishment, he shows the least sign of intoxication, no liquor will be served him.

The French Government, which is at last proposing to do justice to Dreyfus, has given another proof of its emancipation from clerical influence by issuing an edict of perfect religious liberty in Madagascar. This is a severe blow to the cause of Jesuitism in France, as it is a great step in the progress of Christianity in the island. The bitter persecution of Protestants, which was initiated at the time of the French conquest, and the shameless confiscation of the London Missionary Society's schools and property, form one of the darkest blots in the history of modern Roman Catholicism; and that this policy has failed is one of the signs that the era of Catholic oppression is doomed all over the world.

Aid for Texas Flood Sufferers!

NOW that the terrible floods in the Brazos Valley in Texas are subsiding, the widespread havoc done by the waters is beginning to be seen. The work of rescue is still going on. Calls for aid have been issued by the local and State authorities, and also by United States Secretary Wilson, of the Agricultural Department at Washington. **One hundred thousand persons,** chiefly cotton planters and laborers, are in great distress, and it is absolutely necessary, if further loss of life is to be averted, to send abundant supplies at once. Representative R. H. Hawley has issued an authorized statement in which it is estimated that the losses by the flood will be between $25,000,000 and $40,000,000. Twenty populous towns and thousands of farms have been desolated. All work animals, stock cattle and vegetation have been swept away. Multitudes are practically helpless. The press, commercial bodies, and authorities of every city in the Union are appealed to for aid.

Responding to the public appeal for relief, and in view of the great urgency of the need, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent the following telegram to the Governor of the afflicted State:

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, July 13, 1899.

HON. J. D. SAYERS, *Chairman*, Austin, Texas:

You may draw on us at sight for **$1,000** as our contribution toward relief operations, and we offer the State of Texas the use of **$10,000** for six months, without interest, the money to be expended immediately and exclusively for the relief of flood sufferers and to be refunded to us within six months.

LOUIS KLOPSCH, "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

To this message Governor Sayers wired the following answer:

AUSTIN, TEXAS, July 13, 1899.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," NEW YORK:—

Very many thanks for your liberal contribution for the relief of the flood sufferers of Texas. It is fully appreciated, and will be gratefully remembered by our people. I draw upon you to-day for One thousand dollars as directed. I feel indeed greatly obliged to you for the offer of the Ten thousand dollar loan, but the plan that has been adopted, and will be pursued, renders it unnecessary to borrow money. I again renew my thanks for the donation.

JOSEPH D. SAYERS, Governor of Texas.

As many of its readers would doubtless wish to have a share in this relief work, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will receive, acknowledge and forward all contributions that may be sent to it for that purpose. Money so sent will be distributed to the sufferers through the Committee of which Governor Sayers is Chairman.

Ostrich Farms in the West

The Ostrich in America—In the East—Strange Mothers—Model Fathers

AMONG all the Bible birds—the doves, the eagles, the hawks, the ravens, the peacocks of "goodly wings," and the twitting sparrows—none hath such strange ways as the ostrich, which "is hardened against her young as though they were not hers," "which leaveth her eggs in the earth and warmeth them in the dust and forgetteth that the foot may crush them or that the wild beast may break them." So fleet of foot that "what time she lifteth up herself on high she scorneth the horse and his rider." Of prodigious strength, she is extremely timid, and flies from the sight of a man whom she could crush with one blow of her mighty two-taloned foot.

Until recently, the ostrich was known to us only in literature and as a wonder in zoological gardens, but within the last twenty-five years, ostrich-farming has become a profitable industry in California, and feather-plucking and clipping comes around as regularly as sheep-shearing. For this performance, the birds are driven into separate pens, long bags are slipped over their heads, they are securely held by men standing behind them (an ostrich kicks to the front), and the snipping and plucking begins.

In its native wilds this bird herds with zebras and antelopes. An ostrich is eight feet tall; a flock seen at a distance in the desert looks like a drove of camels. Their domestic eccentricities are pronounced. The male sits on the eggs and takes care of the babies. In the desert he covers them at night, when there is no sun to warm them. During the day the hens, (a number lay in one nest, and around it), are expected to take turns in guarding the home and although strangely indifferent to maternal duties, they are occasionally killed by hunters while keeping faithful watch.

TYPICAL SCENE ON AN OSTRICH FARM, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

The extinction of the ostrich is imminent in Asia and not improbable in Africa. The British Government, in Africa, is making strenuous efforts to prevent their wholesale slaughter. Heavy fines are imposed for killing and nest-robbing, and a tax of $500 is levied upon each full-grown ostrich exported. Yet Egypt alone ships annually about $1,250,000 worth of feathers. Independently of plumage, the bird is a mark for prey. To a limited extend, it is a beast of burden; and its flesh and eggs constitute an important part of the food-supply of natives in some sections. The egg-shells are employed as water-bottles; a Bush girl among the Bechuanas will carry on her head a kaross, or net, containing ten or more filled from fountain or river, the small openings at the end of each shell being plugged with grass. An ostrich egg weighs three pounds. The domesticated ostrich on Western ranches thrives in his new environment and at times displays affection for his keeper. Mothers are somewhat more considerate of their young than the ostrich of the desert, but even among tame birds little ones would fare ill were it not for the father's assiduous care.

♣

Training Husbands and Wives

"I have trained my boys," writes an aged mother, "to help care for their sisters. When they made pennies, they took it as a matter of course that they must divide with Bessie and Mary. I think the proudest day in Jack's life was when he bought a whole dress for his sister. When my sons came to marrying age, each knew something about what it cost to support a womon. They also knew that certain measures of their time, interest and attention in a social way was a woman's due. I took care that the girls should have as good training along feminine lines. They were made to feel the responsibility of keeping their brother's clothes in order, buttons sewed on, rooms dainty, and, above all things, of entertaining the boys, making home sweet, merry and attractive for them. My girls knew by the time lovers came a-wooing what the cares and responsibilities of looking after a man's comfort involved. Knowing how to amuse, interest and inspire their brothers, they were better able to hold a husband true to his home when the glamor of honeymoons waned.

♣

The New Baby and the Old

"The new baby has knocked your nose out of joint," said a thoughtless visitor to a little maid who was bending with delighted wonder over a baby sister. "You won't be mamma and papa's baby any more." The child sent up a cry, and for weeks feared the new baby as a usurper. The father and mother, with infinite patience, undid the mischievous work of the careless remark. They were painfully particular to give an otherwise unnecessary amount of attention to the older child for a time, and they called the newcomer "your baby" and "our baby," to her, until she felt a sense of proprietorship in it; after that, there was no trouble. It is difficult to say how much mischief is done by planting and fostering jealousy between members of a family. Rather train them to the Divine law of "in honor preferring one another."

♣

Tim's Story

A tiny little man, with thin, emaciated face, and dark, wistful eyes, was clinging timidly to his teacher's skirts as she walked across the lawn at our Children's Home to the cottages Faith, Hope and Charity. "How many children are at home with mamma, Tim?" he was asked. "Five," he answered. "Two's kept." She was puzzled. Was it a case like the child in the well-known poem, who insisted "we are seven." Counting the little brothers and sisters in heaven? "Are there seven or five of you at home?" she asked Tim. "Five. Two's littler 'an me. Two's kept." "Kept where?" "At de station-house." "Are they grown?" "Naw'm. Dey's big boys. Dey's goin' to de 'formatory," with some degree of pride. Further questioning revealed the fact that his papa drank, that his mamma had to work so hard that she had no time to give to training her children; also, it was evident that poor, loving, clinging little Tim had a most unhappy time, and knew what it was to see his mother quail and weep. Let us, whose homes are not invaded by the demon of intemperance, pray for homes so afflicted, and by our influence and labor hasten the purification of our streets, the doom of the bar-rooms and the salvation of the children.

♣

A Lonely Indian

Jacob Riis, the author, recently told a quaint, pathetic story of an aged Indian squaw, widow of an Indian chief. She traveled through the States, selling beadwork and baskets, became stranded in New York, found friends, and is nearing her last hours in a comfortable room. Mr. Riis recently asked what she would like him to bring her. She said: "A parrot, red, green or white." Of course she has received it. Mr. Riis observes: "Her memories have long been the biggest part of her life. She cannot weave her mats any more, and the hours are dragging slowly. All the loveliness of her dreary life is pent up in the desire for a companion to share them, something living, with a voice, that will not come in and go away again and leave her." Loneliness and longing for companionship are qualities which should appeal to us as strongly as a cry for bread. Are any aged ones in our own households longing for companionship that we are not thoughtful to give?

LADY LOUISA MADELINA TIGHE

♣

Remembers Waterloo

NOT many people now living can remember the Battle of Waterloo. Here is a lady who can. Lady Louisa Madelina Tighe, now residing with her grandson at Woodstock, Kilkenny, Ireland, was born 1803, daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond, and was present, an excited schoolgirl, at the famous ball given by the Duchess of Richmond on that memorable night when one of the greatest battles of all history was fought within a few miles of the Belgian capital. Revelry was at its height when there came a sullen "Boom! boom!" crashing through the soft tumult of music and laughter. People paused in the dance, looked in each other's eyes and turned pale. Merriment was over. Gay gallants in dancing slippers hurried away to the field of carnage, and the morning light fell on many an upturned face that would never smile again. Women whose glittering garments had rivaled the butterfly's wing donned, ere another night, the widow's weeds of woe. In our schoolbooks many of us learned "by heart" to recite at "exhibition," the poet's graphic description of the mad gayety when

All went, merry, as a marriage-bell,
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

The revelry interrupted for a moment, went on again until

Hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo did repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before;
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

Belshazzar's Feast, when Darius was at the gates of Babylon, and when God's servant, Daniel, read the handwriting on the wall, is the one other equally famous revel that was broken up by battle.

♣

Child Play at the Hague

The way the Peace Congress has affected child-life at the Hague has ofttimes been amusing. It has furnished excitement for newsboys, who cried its proceedings to the best of their ability. The children hold play "Peace Conferences." The small boy also parades the streets as Czar of all the Russias, or with an imitation pig-tail as China's representative.

The Taming of a Street Arab

A Characteristic Incident of Child-Life in the Italian Quarter of New York City

IT was such an evening as is known only in the tenement district of a great city. All day the thermometer had been steadily climbing higher, and no relief was in sight. The dwellers of the Italian quarter were seeking refuge by the thousands on the roofs, the fire-escapes, and in the streets, while the wail of countless babies predicted a harvest of deaths on the morrow. Inside the homes, life was scarcely worth living. Few of the rooms had outside windows and in many of them washing and cooking had been going on all day over hot stoves.

I found old Pietro and his wife eating supper in a room which was suffocating with heat and so filthy that it almost took my breath away. The floor had certainly not seen a scrubbing brush for a year. Sheets and pillow cases were black, and the walls and furniture were decidedly greasy.

A dingy picture of the Virgin, with incense burning before it, was the only decoration. Two rabbits and a pigeon were making themselves at home around the room. The old man and his wife smiled at my evident apprehension while a big black object ran across the room from under the bed, and assured me that it was "only Johnnie's turtle."

Where was Johnnie? The faces clouded over as I asked the question. They had just returned from their daily toil in a tobacco factory, where their combined earnings were scarcely sufficient to keep soul and body together. They had no time to look after their boys, and Johnnie, the youngest, had not appeared for three days; but that was an old story.

"He verra bada boy; he no go to school; he no work. He stay out all night. Madonna mia, I kill him!"

The father had risen in his excitement and was pacing the floor, when the door opened and a shock-headed boy appeared.

He was grabbed on the instant and jerked into the middle of the floor. It was Johnnie, ragged and dishevelled, who was thus introduced with such scant ceremony. His hat had lost part of its crown, his bare toes were protruding from his shoes, and his ragged trousers were fastened with nails, for not a vestige of a button was left on his entire wardrobe. With a storm of reproaches and threats, the irate father threw him reeling into a corner of the room, where he struck his head on a sharp edge of the table; but he picked himself up with an air of stolid indifference, and sat down.

My heart went out in a great pity for the boy, as he sat there; for notwithstanding his forced bravado, there was an expression of childish innocence in the face, and a pathetic look about the mouth, that one only sees in unmothered children.

With as much tact as I could command, I proceeded to smooth the father's ruffled temper, and to put Johnnie at his ease by admiring his pets. He soon launched forth into a description of the knowingness of the turtle, and I found that this boy had a passionate fondness for all living things.

As I rose to go, I held out my hand and said, "Johnnie, I have a little garden at home, and I do wish I could find a boy who would come every evening and water it for me; do you know any such boy?"

A promise was readily made, and next afternoon Johnnie appeared at the home garden, with a face as clean as soap and water could make it. He had not bothered much with neck and hands—but no matter; there must always be a beginning.

After the garden had been attended to, we sat down on the back steps for a chat. I questioned him regarding his whereabouts during the three days he was absent from home.

"Well, it wuz like this, you see," he replied frankly. "We wuz shootin' birds in the park with a bean-shooter, when a feller said: 'Cheese it, the cop!' and me and another feller got pinched. The other feller's father got us out again, though."

"But, Johnnie, don't you go to school?"

"School!"—with a snort of contempt—"Ketch me! they chased me and I ain't goin' no more."

"Chased you? What do you mean?"

"Well, I've been to five schools and they all said I was too bad, and fired me. I don't like goin' to school, anyhow. I used to play hookey most every day. Now I don't have to."

"Where do you sleep, when you don't go home at night?" I asked.

"Oh! I sleeps in wagons or cellars or any old place."

"Now, I want you to come in," I said. "I am going to sew some buttons on your clothes."

"No you don't"—this with emphasis—"I'll only pull 'em off again to play craps with."

"Do you know, Johnnie," I said, looking down into his up-turned face, "I believe you are a boy to be trusted."

"No, I ain't," came the quick response, "nobody trusts me."

"Well, I am going to," I said. "Tomorrow we are going to have a party for the children here, and all the other boys will be at school in the morning. Some ladies have promised me cake. Now, you come in the morning and I will give you a basket, and I am sure I can trust you to bring that cake to me safe and sound."

"Hooray! I don't need no basket. I'll bring it inside of me," and with a whoop he made a dive at a passing butterfly.

Thus our friendship began. He brought the cake the next day without so much as looking into the basket. He became a member of our Home Garden and our Sunday School. He was also admitted into an industrial school from which he brought a "conduct card" every day to be signed. It showed that he was striving to do his best, and he was the happiest boy in New York the day he brought [illegible] his own hands.

At various times he has brought to me tokens of his regard in the form of rabbits, pigeons, sparrows, and, last of all, the pet turtle. This I declined, much to his disappointment.

Johnnie is not a model yet. The old Arab instinct is not quite overcome. But we are throwing around him the influences of our Home Garden, and just "loving him" into true and noble boyhood. The Home Garden is a new and successful work among the children, started by Miss A. C. Ruddy, in connection with her Italian work. It is a beautiful, home-like place in the midst of the tenements, where the children may come and read, sew or play games. Every day sees fifty or sixty children there in happy employment. The Home Garden occupies for the summer a house at No. 322 Pleasant Avenue, New York City, or the confines of the Italian quarter. There is a pretty lawn in front and a play-ground in the rear. There are piazzas, bay windows, etc., and inside are rooms for library, reading-room, sewing-room and play-room. The work is dependent on voluntary contributions for support. Miss Ruddy is making an effort to secure sufficient means to make it permanent, and she has already $700 pledged for that purpose. The balance she hopes to receive from friends who are interested in the effort to training the little Italian slum children and win them from the Arab-like life of the streets. She will gladly furnish all information that may be desired concerning the work and its character, and will answer any communications that may be addressed to her on the subject. Her entire time and means are devoted to the work, and she has associated with her several educated Christian young women as helpers. Her long experience as a city missionary among the Italians in New York has peculiarly fitted her for this labor of child-redemption, and her efforts are deserving of the heartiest support.

IN THE HOME-GARDEN PLAYGROUND

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God of Nations, Thou the Power behind the Powers!
Breathe Thy life into our sails.
Save us from the threatening gales.
Whom Thy hand doth safely steer.
Breast the future without fear.

Thou hast built our Ship of State.
Manhood is its armor plate;
White-winged herald let it be
Ever of Humanity:
Tongues of fire to evil powers—
God of Nations, pilot ours.

Guide us in the untried sea
Of the opening century.
Weeping isles our coming wait
As the harbinger of fate.
And the dying despot cowers—
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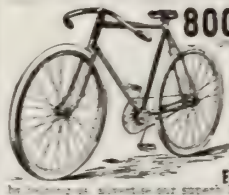

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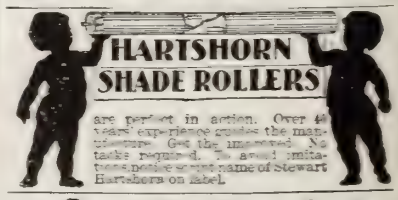

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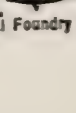

[illegible] Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

Many Souls Won to Christ

Progress of the Revival at the Gospel Tent on Broadway, New York

(See illustration on first page)

IF the Gospel tent "Glad Tidings," which Evangelist Pratt and his associates erected five weeks ago on a large vacant lot at Broadway and Fifty-sixth street, were to be extended to double its capacity, it could not accommodate the crowds that assemble there week-day evenings and Sunday afternoons to listen to the "old, old story" of Christ's mission and sacrifice. Before the work was a week old it became necessary to add a wing to the tent to accommodate the audience, but even that has been found insufficient. It is a novel midsummer spectacle to find these large audiences of business men, and people in every walk of life, crowding in to hear the Gospel preached at a time when a very large proportion of the population flee the city's heat for the refreshing breezes of mountain and sea shore.

In a spiritual sense, the tent revival is making remarkable progress. At every meeting, from eight to fifteen inquirers come forward at the invitation, and the fervent spirit which pervades all the gatherings gives assurance of deep and lasting results. Among the numerous conversions are some cases that may be called remarkable. A drunkard came forward one evening and requested prayer for his soul, and that he might be given strength to resist the temptation to his besetting sin. Some time afterward, he joyfully informed Evangelist Pratt that the prayer had been answered; he had stopped drinking that night and had experienced no desire whatsoever since. All previous efforts at reformation had failed. He had taken Jesus as his Saviour and was walking in his strength, being kept from day to day, and now felt a peace of mind and happiness he had never known before.

A woman who for five years had been a degraded victim of the opium habit, knelt with the other inquirers. She was greatly moved and shed tears of repentance. With her mind in a turmoil she left the meeting. But the Gospel seed had not been sown in vain, for, while she was seated in church the next day, and before the service had begun, the truth penetrated her soul and the cloud lifted. She afterward came back to the tent and told the workers of the great change that had come into her life, and how the burden of sin and weakness had been entirely removed.

Still another case was that of a young man belonging to a wealthy family of high social standing. He came to the meetings and after considerable hesitation felt impelled to go forward. One of the workers greeted him cordially. The young man said he had long felt his way of life to be unsatisfactory; he had little taste for the hollow pleasures of worldly society. At the same time all his early training rebelled against an open profession of religion. His mother and all his people would bitterly oppose such a step on his part.

The evangelist heard him patiently and then asked him to kneel beside him in a short prayer.

"I cannot kneel," said the young man, in evident agitation. But even while he spoke his better nature triumphed, and he sank to his knees. After the prayer and a short talk he was greatly comforted, and, with no trace of his previous hesitation, declared his determination to take Christ as his Saviour. He left the tent full of the joy and peace of believing, and on several occasions since has testified at the meeting in a manner which leaves no doubt as to the reality of his conversion.

These are only a few of many similar instances that might be cited to show the character of the work and its results. The plain, simple Gospel, unvexed by the differences and disputes of sects and schools, is set forth by earnest seekers after souls, and the people, as of old, "hear it gladly." Mrs. Russell Sage, at the conclusion of one of the services a few evenings ago, said to one of the workers: "If Christ were in this city today I believe he would be doing some such work as this."

During the past week Rev. R. A. Torrey, of the Moody Training Institute, Chicago, preached in the tent, having come from Northfield for that purpose. Ballington Booth, Rev. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, Md.; Evangelist Schiverea, Rev. Jas. Francis, Second Avenue Baptist Church, New York; Rev. Mr. Denman, from a leading Presbyterian church in Michigan, were among the other speakers.

Jokers Discomfited

A Drinker and Swearer who Became a Model Christian Sunday School Superintendent

IN the little community of Red Lick, in Bowie County, Texas, some changes had been going on in church work and these involved the election of a new Superintendent in the little Sunday School established by the

SUPERINTENDENT LEWIS AND HIS SUNDAY SCHOOL

American Sunday School Union. Several worthy names were suggested. In the community, there was a careless element which set little value on religion, and certain members of this faction decided to play a practical joke on "the religious crowd," as they denominated those who took an active spiritual interest in church and Sunday School work.

Pete Lewis was a noted character in Red Lick—a hard drinker and swearer, big-muscled and strong, and a man of great determination. He was regarded as an "ugly customer," and was certainly the last man in the place to be suspected of religious principles. Among the element in question he was decidedly popular, and was known as a "good fellow fond of his glass" and a "man of his word." To put the church-going people to confusion and disturb things generally, the thoughtless crowd resolved to nominate Pete Lewis for the vacant post of Sunday School Superintendent. They had of course no expectation of electing him; but the thing was "too good a joke to miss," they declared, and so his name was put up in due form.

But they had reckoned without their host. To Pete it was very far from being a joke; he grasped at it as the golden opportunity of his life. Unknown to his fellows, the grace of God had been at work in Pete's rude breast and he was sick, in heart and soul, of the useless, aimless existence he had been leading. He had received in his boyhood a good training from excellent parents, and to a fair education added a large fund of natural ability which now stood him in good stead. He did not repudiate the nomination, nor did he strive to get the place; he simply waited.

The "good joke" miscarried and to the consternation of his former associates Pete was chosen as Superintendent. On assuming office a complete transformation of the man seemed to take place. Modestly yet without hesitancy he set to work, and in a very little while had won the hearts not only of the entire Sunday School but of the congregation as well. He was, and is to-day, a model Superintendent, firm, capable, courteous, with every bearing and mark of the Christian. For Pete is a Christian and a striking example of the transforming power of grace in the human heart. Even those who, years ago, suggested him for his present position as a "good joke" have long since been compelled to acknowledge their mistaken estimate of him, and to express sincere thankfulness that their folly, instead of ruining a Sunday School, was overruled by a superior Wisdom and made a means of good instead of evil.

Bowery Mission

Letters from many friends, who are praying for the world's unfortunate, wayward and wandering men, accompany contributions sent by generous and pious givers in aid of God's work in the Bowery Mission. These words of encouragement and pledges of prayers strengthen the hands of the workers laboring in this part of the Master's vineyard. The following contributions have been received:

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A M R, Stewartsville	10 00	J A W, Tidioute	15 00
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Our Children's Letters

They Write of Good Times They Are Having
Little Mothers Make Report

OUR readers, who are cooperating THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Fresh-Air work for the poor little children of the tenements, will be amused and pleased to read the childish expressions of appreciation and pleasure contained in the following letters, selected from hundreds of a similar character sent by little guests to folks at home:

Dear Mamma: I am in a very nice place and sing and play and pick flowers. O mamma! I wish Mary was here. From Martha.——Dear Auntie: Im in countrie an like it, an I has good times in woods. Katie.——Dear teacher: Im in the country an jes rollin on grass and swingin in scups, an pickin flours an eaten an I does the drummin for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children Home. Johnnie.——Dear mother Im glad to be here, becos it is very nice place an grass an trees an you can play on it. I pick flowers. We had ice cream onct, an milk all the time an lots of scups. Your loving daughter Carrie.——Dear Mamma—I like it we get nice thing to eat and a big place to play.——Dear mommer We was just to the woods and we's goin to make a green dress out of leves.

These are from "little mothers," tiny maids who exercise habitual care of small brothers and sisters who come with them. It will be seen that there were four members of one family at the Home. This

ON THE WAY TO THE DORMITORIES AT THE HOME

family was in sore straits, a baby was sick, and the mother's relief was greater than can be explained.

Dear Mother: Im here; an howard an ethel is sometime bad an sometime good. We has nuff ter ete, an howard an james an ethel like it very much. Teachers is very nice. Your Maggie.—— Dear Mamma and Father: We was pickin flowers this mornin. We has good times in swings an to ete, an Im takin good care of Willie. Minnie.—— Dear Pappa: We goes pickin flowers evvy day, an Charley an I is sun-burned. An fat we get plenty to eat. Sunday for breakfast we get two egs, cupful of milk an all the bred we could swaller. Charley is good, an his techer is good lady. Mamie.

The following sums have been received for our Fresh-Air Fund during the week:

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[illegible]	1 00	[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00	Hagenman, C A	3 00
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Bayspoole, B	5 00	Harris, M E	3 00
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Wetherell, Mrs J	1 00		
Wilson, H E	1 00		
[illegible]	$2,786 80		

Drifting

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug. 6

Eph. 4:14; James 1:1-8

THE single word chosen for the topic never probably in any period since Christ came, characterized the religious life of so many of his people as in the present day. It is useless deny ing the fact that Christian men, and some of the best and most respected Christian men, are drifting. This not in matters of conduct and character, but in matters of dogma. The eternal verities of right and justice and truth and righteousness are unmoved. The men who have drifted most are no more disposed than they were when they were orthodox to lie or steal or lead immoral lives. Possibly a lengthened period of drift might in one or two generations lead to a laxity of the mor[illegible] but it has not come to that yet. The drifting most conspicuous is that of abandoning belief in doctrines more or less explicitly taught in Scripture. In the first decades of this century, when doctrines of Election, Free-will, Predestination, Sublapsarianism and other doctrines of that kind were the chief subjects of religious discussion, the combatants hurled passages of Scripture at one another's heads, and those who were hit had to show that there was mistranslation, or that the passage was modified by the context, or by the circumstances of the people to whom it was originally written. It must be explained away in some fashion or the contestant must acknowledge himself defeated.

Alas, that kind of argument no longer holds. It is not now sufficient to cite some isolated text in order to prove a doctrine. Men listened to a theologian who proved his point by Scripture, and afterwards to a theologian who proved the exact contrary by Scripture, and they began to doubt the usefulness of an authority which could be made to read in two exactly different ways. Then came the higher critics with their theories of the building-up of the Bible, contending that a large part of the Book we so venerate was composed of the myths of the Jewish people and that the words which we had accepted implicity as the very words of God, were the words of fallible men like ourselves which had been edited and revised time and again. So, men felt the ground which had seemed like a rock under their feet, slipping away and they knew not where to stand. And their position was made worse by the conduct of teachers who came wildly to the defense of orthodoxy. When a man does not believe, when he has begun to doubt, the way to save him is to convince him that the thing he doubts is true and reasonable, but teachers of authority, General Assemblies, General Conferences and such like took the other, and always fatal, course of fulmination. They threatened excommunication; threatened, as far as they were able, perdition to the doubter; demanded that he believe, or say that he believed, on penalty of ecclesiastical trial and condign punishment. Even the secular press has taken up the cudgels. A series of particularly silly articles in a New York daily journal, have appeared on the same side. No man was ever in sincerity brought back from doubt to faith by such measures.

Thus the drift has gone on, and the current is increasing in force. Many a man earnestly and conscientiously desiring to be right, looks ruefully at his dwindling creed and asks himself, with apprehension, where the end will be. To all such there ought to be on the part of other Christians a true and sincere sympathy. Few have sought doubt voluntarily, and they are far from happy in it. If any one can help his brother to stop drifting and to return to his faith, he may render him inestimable service. And such return is possible. With the belief in the existence of God as a starting-point, which no man of reasonable mind can doubt, the structure of faith may be built up. He who believes in God must recognize the duty of worshiping and serving him. The next step in the process comes with prayer, for God does reveal himself to every seeking soul. It is still true that he who will do the will of God shall know of the doctrine. As it was with the lepers who as they went, were cleansed, so the teachable spirit ready to obey Christ and do his will gets blessings by the way, that become his own and has the personal conviction which no specious argument can ever shake. Like the blind man whose eyes Christ opened, he may not be able to answer the objections of sceptics nor solve the difficulties which trained logicians may raise, but he answers: "Whether this be so or not, I know not, but one thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see." So the drifting man may find his way back by the road of obedience and his experience will give him that peace which the world cannot give, neither can it take away.

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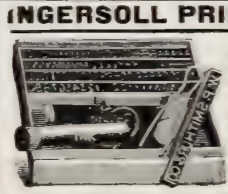

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The Neighbor at Our Gate

A GREAT deal of our social happiness and a great deal of our moral happiness is connected with the neighbor at our gate. We are told it is our duty to love him, and to do to him as we would he should do to us. To be true and just in all our dealings with him. To bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts to him. To keep our tongues from evil-speaking, lying and slandering, and not to covet anything he has. Now, if we take our neighbor to be he whose garden touches our garden, and whose house is nearest to our house, and whose social interests are the same as our social interests, it is often a very hard thing to love our neighbor.

There is a Jewish proverb which says that if we have learned to love our neighbor, we have learned to love our enemy, and so have fulfilled the whole law. Without either contradicting or endorsing this proverb, we may as well candidly admit that it is frequently very hard to love our neighbor, just because he is our neighbor. If he only lived ten miles away from us, it might be easy to love him. For human nature hates compulsion of any kind, and we are not often permitted any choice in this duty. We choose our husbands and wives, our friends and acquaintances and servants, but our neighbors, as a general thing, we cannot choose. They are put in this relation to us without our consent, and we naturally have the feeling that we could have selected much more agreeable people to live next door to us.

. . .

THEN again, neighborhood excludes those particular forms of intercourse which nourish and cherish friendship—living under the same roof, and writing letters. If people live, and eat, and talk, and walk, and ride together for a few days, they will know more of each other than if they lived seven years within bowshot. Under the same roof night and day, they will soon find out whether they like each other or not. If so, they will take care to meet again; if not, they will take care not to meet again. But as a general thing, we do not ask our neighbors to stay a week or two with us; neither do we sit down and write them letters. And yet letter-writing is the very school of love and friendship. Our pens are ready to say our noblest and kindest thoughts, and then we are morally and honorably bound to live up to them.

. . .

THERE are also many small, every-day things which make it hard to love our neighbor—things so small, that we don't like to mention them; but each, exerting a specific influence against hearty goodwill—petty jealousies about flowers, and fruits, and vines, and cuttings, and garden decoration; horses, carriages, dogs, and little personal peculiarities, that are not like our peculiarities; and therefore irritating; the tattle of servant men and women; the ill-advised comparisons of acquaintances; local honors and preferments; church differences and difficulties; or perhaps even a piano, which a neighbor persists in playing until midnight, or in the early hours of the morning — all these things would not be in the way of mutual kindness, if our neighbor was only a friend, and lived out of our sight and hearing.

Such questions as these, however small intrinsically, are serious enough in the country, and become more so when only the thin walls of city houses divide us from our neighbors. Then we speedily find out, that a mutual interest in a common chimney, or a common drainage, does not give us patience to bear our neighbor's music, or our neighbor's children. We feel that leases are not Christian ties, and though for some time, morality and good manners help us to endure things cheerfully, in the long run, we are apt to break down and remonstrate.

No wonder Christ made the loving of our neighbor so prominent a duty; and the Jews in considering the fulfilment of it the whole law, were not far wrong; for if we love not our neighbor whom we see, how shall we love God whom we see not? To show mercy to our neighbor, to help him in trouble, to nurse him in sickness, to lend him money if he needs it, to join him in defending local or church interests, these things are not very difficult; but to love him! that is a hard commandment.

None of us live unto ourselves. Whether we will, or not, we unceasingly and unconsciously act and react upon one another. It is said that the shadow of the Apostles sheds silent virtue upon the sick, laid in their path; and the shadow of a godly, kindly life, will be sure to fall with virtue upon the neighbor at our gate. Our faces must radiate the sunshine of our hearts; our feelings be warmly human: we must breathe around us an atmosphere healthy and exhilarating, and then, if we do not make a single expression of our good will, yet will our neighbor be conscious of it. For Love is justified of Love, and the natural converse is, that it is of no use to say kind words if we do not feel them. We may smile and flatter and entertain, but our neighbor will not be won unless there is truth at the bottom of our professions. He will not, perhaps, be able to say why he does not trust; but he has the instinctive feeling that we are not sincere.

. . .

WHATEVER our words and actions are, we may depend on this fact, that our unconscious influence will be absolutely true. Our neighbor will only believe that we love him, when he feels it; and it is in this way that, as a rule, we all get just what we deserve. The language of the lips deceives, the gifts of the hands deceive, but the language of character—the silent influence we radiate—never deceives. And for good or evil we never cease radiating this influence. We cannot live in the world and not exert it. We cannot grow in spiritual life unless we do exert it in its noblest aspects; for the career of every soul demands that its moral elements should be immersed and mingled in the social atmosphere surrounding it.

Who is our neighbor? Christ has answered that question in the parable of the Good Samaritan. Let us, however, take care that we do not play the Good Samaritan without the oil and the two pence; for it may not fall in the way of many of us to love the heathen who dwell at the ends of the earth, but we can all love the neighbor at our gates. And if we find it a hard discipline, we may turn to the book written by Christ's nearest relations, and get strength for the effort, in the assurance it gives us, that if "we learn to love our neighbor, we learn to love our enemy, and so fulfill the whole law."

Amelia E. Barr

God's Loving-Kindness

What could we do on earth to-day
Without God's loving-kindness?
It smooths the roughness of our way,
And leads us in our blindness.

'Tis better than our life so dear,
And all on earth we cherish.
Without His love would be but fear,
And all our hopes would perish.

My lips shall praise thee, thou most high,
Through all this life so fleeting.
Until my time shall come to die,
In thee my love completing

MRS. HATTIE H. TYRRELL BERGER.
Gilroy, Cal.

"Necessity knows no law." A law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the system shall be strong and healthy. Hence to take Hood's Sarsaparilla is a law of health.

An Indian's Opinion of Whiskey

Young Chief, of the Umatilla tribe of Indians in Oregon, has begun a campaign against the "white man's firewater." He has published a letter, in which he declares that whiskey "makes all the trouble on the reservation." He writes:

Dear Believing Friends. White people to day I am a going to tell you and to let you know about all my trouble of the Indians of Umatilla Reservation, and that you white people give me troubles because you white people give that whiskies to the Indians, and you give me that trouble about whiskey, and all my friends they had the same trouble. If you would come out and see my trouble, and you would think sorry for persons. This trouble, and dear friend it be long to full of white people, and I wish himself Washington would come out and see us of the Indians of Umatilla Reservation, Oregon, Washington, he think Indians are good from Umatilla; no need, only a few are good Indians, and I am sorry of my friends, I am afraid it be no more a few year more, and I think it will be no more Umatilla Reservation. Dear friends, I wish you be kind and would help me, if please, dear friends, that is all for this time about trouble, from trouly dear kind friend, YOUNG CHIEF.

This intimation that the vile traffic in drink is killing off his tribe is exceedingly pathetic. Young Chief explains, in conversation, that even the boys of his tribe are learning to drink. Many of his Indians are opposed to liquor being brought to the reservation.

The Umatillas are a tribe of "good Indians," and during the Modoc war they helped the government to capture the notorious Captain Jack and his braves.

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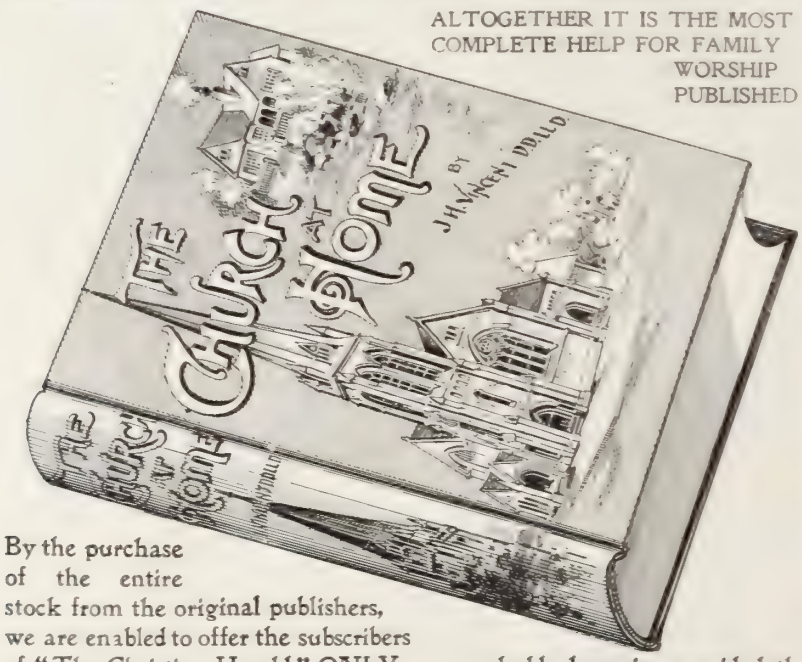

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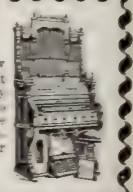

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE HERO WHOSE HOME-COMING THE NATION IS PREPARING TO CELEBRATE

Admiral Dewey's birthplace at Montpelier, Vt.—An authentic portrait of his late wife. *(See page 591).*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mother of Many, Galveston, Tex. Every one of my eight children and grandchildren wants to send a child of the tenements to your Fresh-Air Home. How much will it cost for them to do so?

Three dollars will give one child a ten-day's transportation back and forth, food, shelter, clothing, caretakers' attention, etc. Twenty-four dollars will, therefore, give eight children of the poor ten days each at our Fresh-Air Home.

Inquirer, Norwich, Conn. I read in a story some time ago of "the never-dying sacred fires of India," and again have seen mention of a fire that had burned uninterruptedly for hundreds of years. Is there actually such a fire or is the above allusion merely fanciful?

It is seriously claimed that fires consecrated by the Parsee priesthood hundreds of years ago, have never been allowed to go out. One of these sacred fires, it is said, kindled in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India, has been kept alive for twelve centuries. According to the statement, original ignition was by the sun's rays; the flame is fed five times every twenty-four hours with sandal-wood and other precious and fragrant materials.

S. P., Academy Corners, Pa. Ought there not to be a law to prevent people publishing Sunday newspapers which give details of crime and divorce cases with pictures? They do great harm to young people.

We think legislation would not do much good, even if it could be secured. Our hope lies in a better condition of public opinion. If once the people of any section became real Christians they would have neither time nor inclination to read such papers on the Lord's Day. They would no longer buy them and the publishers, losing their market, would cease to publish them. The experiment of issuing a Sunday edition of daily papers has recently been tried in England, but it failed because public opinion was against it.

C. M., Ervington, O. In what biography of Franklin can I find the story of his early infidelity and of his remembering the lessons of his childhood in ripe manhood, and becoming a brave defender of Christianity?

In the early part of his *Autobiography* (see chap. I) Franklin admits that from reading Shaftesbury he had become a doubter. In chapter IV. there are given his emendations on the Lord's Prayer accompanied by notes on Christian duty, which may be accepted as evidence of his changed views. He, however, admits only that he became a Deist.

W. W. H., Bluefield, W. Va. 1. Where was Daniel when his three friends were in the furnace (Daniel 3: 12-24)? 2. How did the King know that the appearance of the fourth was like the Son of God?

1. Several suggestions have been made. One of the most probable is that the King knew that Daniel would not worship his image and therefore not being able to spare a man who had proved his usefulness by interpreting his dreams, excused his absence from the festival. Another is that Daniel used his privilege of office to visit a distant part of the kingdom at that time. 2. He did not know. It was simply his way of describing great dignity and spirituality.

A Reader, writing on the subject of reading the Bible through in a given time, suggests that it may be made more interesting and enjoyable by a division. Thus, supposing that a person decides to read three chapters at a sitting, it would be better not to read them in order, but to begin with the first chapter of Genesis, the first Psalm and the first chapter of Matthew. At the next sitting, the second chapter of those books, and so on. This would make the reading more varied, and the same end would be achieved.

F. E. M., Lowville, N. Y. Does the passage about being unequally yoked with unbelievers (II. Cor. 6: 14) apply to a member of a church [illegible] indulge in cards, dancing, etc.? Ought he to to leave the church

We do not think the passage applies to such a case. We would rather advise his remaining, and by his example, by earnest prayer and by pleading with his fellow-members, try to win them to a more consistent life.

Constant Reader, Lexington, Va. Who originated the saying: "There is a black sheep in every flock"? Are there not exceptions to this, both

In ancient times there was a lawless tribe of marauding Turkomans, who adopted the black sheep as their standard and were known by that name. They were exterminated by another tribe, which, by way of contradistinction, adopted the appellation of "White Sheep." This may have given rise to the familiar phrase in its modern application. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule, both in flocks and families.

C. E. Wittlig, Marietta, O. Please tell me where I can obtain Luther's cradle hymn, or kindly print it if you have it?

In response to this and many similar requests, we print the following English rendering of the most popular stanzas of the Reformer's cradle hymn. Where fullest and most correct translation of the German words can be found we are unable to say:

Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head:
The stars in the heaven looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep in the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the poor baby wakes,
But the little Lord Jesus no crying he makes:
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib watching my lullaby.

Mrs. J. L. Wimbirk, Brown's Summit, N. C.; Mrs. Z. Caldwell, Leroy, Mich.; Mrs. V. H. Kinney, Hurricane, Wis.; S. G. Cooke, Branford, Conn.; E. F. Niles, E. Hampton, Conn.; Mary N. Anderson, Sharpsburg, Pa.; Mrs. W. H. Smith, Avon, Conn., have each sent us copies of "The Philosopher's Scales."

W. R., San Antonio, Tex. Where is the so-called "Valley of Death" located, about which we occasionally read in the newspapers?

There are two, one a comparatively small oval depression at the foot of a mountain in Java, the atmosphere being loaded with deadly animals that have perished there, and human beings avoid it. The other Death Valley is in Inyo County, Calif., between the Paramint Mountains and the Amargosa range. It is much larger and deeper. Deadly gases issue from the rocks, and even in the coolest parts the thermometer often reaches 125 degrees F.

Frank W., West Buxton, Me. What you say may be true of some, but can hardly be so in a general sense. In any event, we must not judge others. A man yesterday a sinner, may to-day declare for Christ. Again, the world, and sometimes even near friends, may misunderstand and misinterpret motives and acts, and thus give to very worthy persons an undesirable reputation.

Jacob H., Johnstown, Pa. Is David's mother's name given in the Bible?

Some scholars have contended that Nahash (See II. Sam. 17: 25 and I. Chron. 2: 16), was the mother of David, but as Abigail and Zeruiah are mentioned, not as Jesse's daughters, but as David's sisters, it is held by other commentators as probable that they were the [illegible] husband, whose name was Nahash, and, therefore, David's sisters only on the mother's side. The Bible nowhere states the name of David's mother in direct terms.

[illegible] person once having taken a pledge never to read any more novels or even short stories, to read such books as the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, Shakes-

These works are not novels in the usual sense. They are among the grandest works of the greatest minds and most gifted imaginations the world has known. On the other hand, the novel is usually a work of fiction, written with a view to amuse or excite. Yet there are some excellent novels which can be read with advantage by any one. *Ben Hur*, is an instance, and *In His Steps*, is another. You have taken a pledge without discrimination, but having done so, you should keep it.

J. J. C., Ashland, O. There is unquestionably a great deal of truth in what you have written, but we cannot pose as judges of men's private lives. These are matters that belong to God and their own consciences. If they misrepresent themselves and take on "the livery of heaven" unworthily, they are to blame.

Frank J. Angel, Victoria, B. C., sends us these beautiful lines which, he writes, were "suggested on seeing the frontispiece of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 31."

Beside the flower-strewn grave she stops and slowly kneels,
With quiv'ring lips, but eyes bright with the tears unshed:
Her tight-clasped hands betray the agony she feels,
For heart and hopes lie buried with her hero dead.

Reader, Hastings, Mich. There are two—one at East Northfield, Mass., the other at Chicago

Edith V., Dayton, O. What is the origin of the [illegible] "sweetness and light"?

Swift, in his *Battle of the Books*, makes use of the expression in the line: "The two noblest things are sweetness and light."

J. M., Pa. Is it wrong for cousins to marry?

As we have repeatedly explained, there is no moral or legal prohibition to marriage between cousins. The objection to such a union [illegible] are apt to be inferior, either mentally or physi-

[illegible] the names of several books on electricity, suitstudy, also where can these books be obtained?

[illegible] New York. There are four other books on electricity by the same author.

W. P., Berkeley, Ia. Was ever Christ seen of any [illegible] the dead?

See Matt. 28: 16-20; I. Cor. 15. 6, 7 and 8; Acts 1: 2-12 and other passages.

E. W. W., Meriden, Conn. Please inform me who [illegible] down to sleep"?

The little prayer appeared, it is said, in the earliest editions of the New England primer, and was reproduced in the edition of 1777. We are unable to trace the authorship.

D. C. B., Keyport, N. J. I have heard wars, wrecks, railroad accidents, etc., attributed to the provi-[illegible] has been argued in past times without very much benefit. It is true that God leaves man free to choose the evil or the good, but he exercises an influence over him, drawing him to the good. He [illegible] to a right decision [illegible] the right he helps [illegible] by his Spirit. He does not force men into his kingdom against their own will, but he exerts influences of many kinds to attract them to it. In the same way, the wars, accidents, wrecks, etc., may be the direct result of human negligence or wrong-doing, but we [illegible] as an indifferent spectator of the events in his world. There is an over-ruling Providence that turns evil to good results in spite of evil intentions on man's part. We cannot always explain it, and some providences seem mysterious, but we cannot be surprised at our not being able to fathom God's purposes. From what we do know, we must conclude that those we do not know are also good and wiser than we can conceive.

[illegible] salvation will be re-[illegible] Is this possible?

If, as seems probable, one of the most painful results of "missing salvation" is the reproach of an accusing conscience, it must be inferred that there will be some relief in the thought of good that was done in this life. In a sense, that relief might be called reward, but the overwhelming fact that salvation was offered through Christ and was rejected will, we should imagine, dwarf every other consideration into insignificance.

[illegible] referred to in John 18: 15? We have had a discussion regarding that verse in our Epworth League. 2. Is the name spelled Mayme pronounced the same as the one spelled [illegible]?

1. John is the disciple referred to, but the writer of the book, in order not to seem egotistical, speaks of himself in the third person. 2. Presumably so, as it is only a fanciful way of spelling the same name. There is no fixed rule for the pronunciation of proper names.

C. E., Richmond, Mo. Never, so far as known.

D. W. G., Ruysville, Ind. None that we know of.

J. J. W., Berwick, La. From nine in the morning until three in the afternoon.

F. F. F., Oshkosh, Wis. The suggestion does not commend itself to us very strongly.

Subscriber, Wis. Yes, each legatee, or the heir [illegible]

Reader, Butler, Md. See Psalm 90: 12; Job 14: [illegible] Matt. 11: [illegible]

[illegible] will have to write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

D. W. K., Milledgeville, Pa. Certainly not right. Any one who does so without credit, is an impostor and incompetent.

Western Reader, Okee, Wis. Your request for [illegible] for what purpose or use they are intended.

BEGINNING WORK ON THE UNITED STATES BUILDING AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

This photograph, taken specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, shows the workmen busy on the foundation of the building, which will be a handsome and imposing one.

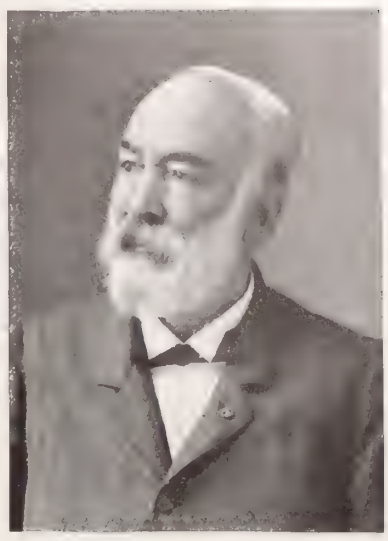
★ ★ ★ The Nation to Welcome Admiral Dewey ★ ★ ★

PREPARATIONS ON A MAGNIFICENT SCALE TO GREET THE VICTOR OF MANILA BAY ON HIS ARRIVAL HOME

HON. CHARLES DEWEY
A Brother of the Admiral

ADMIRAL DEWEY AT THIRTY
From a very rare photograph

DR. J. Y. DEWEY
Father of the Admiral (taken 35 years ago)



HON. EDWARD DEWEY
The younger brother of the Admiral

IF worldly honors and fame made up the sum of human happiness, Admiral George Dewey, the hero of the great sea-fight at Manila, and who is now returning home on his flagship the *Olympia*, would be the happiest of Americans. His history-making deeds in the Philippine archipelago have made him the people's idol, and in their generous admiration they are preparing for him on his arrival such a splendid series of receptions, afloat and ashore—including public dinners, presentations and addresses—as would have gladdened the heart of the greatest of heroes, even in the old days of Roman triumphs, when victors entered the royal city as conquerors with countless captives in their train. There is hardly an important city in the Union where some programme designed to do honor to the great admiral is not now under consideration. His welcome in New York—which will probably be the port of his arrival—will be a demonstration such as the present generation has never beheld. By naval review and military parade, thundering cannon, waving flags and streaming bunting everywhere; by multitudinous public assemblage to witness the hero's ride up Broadway to the Council Chamber, where certain patriotic formalities will take place, including the presentation of the city's freedom; by banquet, oratory and illumination and in various other effective ways, the population of the metropolis will express to the great admiral its appreciation of his genius, and its admiration at his brilliant career in the Eastern world. In other cities which he is expected to visit, similar honors await him. In Washington he will be feted by the highest officials, by Congress and by citizens generally. It is proposed to formally present him with a beautifully decorated sword on the steps of the Capitol building.

STATE HOUSE, MONTPELIER
The Dewey Statue will face the Ethan Allen Statue

These are only a few of the many features in the plans that have been arranged for honoring the distinguished commander when he arrives. His progress, ever since leaving Manila has been a series of ovations, and at every port where the *Olympia* has touched, Dewey has been the hero of the hour. He left Manila in poor health, his naturally robust constitution having suffered from the enervating climate of the Philippines and the tremendous nervous strain he had undergone in the critical stages of the war against Spain. It has been shown by his modest declination of public honors, dinners, receptions and the like, at various places, that the admiral does not estimate these at too high a value, and that he is wisely careful of his health. At Hong kong, Singapore, Colombo and Trieste, he was received with almost royal honors. He will probably make no stop at Gibraltar and will cross the Atlantic direct for home, without first visiting London, as our English friends had hoped he might be persuaded to do. It is his desire to avoid public functions as far as possible. His health is now said to be excellent, but he may stay in the Mediterranean ports several weeks longer. According to present expectations he will reach the United States early in October.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE IN MONTPELIER, WHERE DEWEY STUDIED IN BOYHOOD

In this issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presents a number of photographic illustrations, which cannot fail to specially interest our readers at this time, in view of the early return of the hero of Manila to these shores. George Dewey, whose name is now ranked with those of the great ones in our nation's history, was born in 1837, at Montpelier, Vt. The house in which this famous Green Mountain boy first saw the light is still standing, and is shown in one of the photographs. His father was Julius Yeamans Dewey, a physician. The family originally came from Kent, England. It is interesting to note that the motto on the Dewey coat-of-arms is: *Corona veniet delectis*—"the crown comes to the deserving"—a motto which has had its most distinctive exemplification in the Admiral's career. As a boy, Dewey was daring and vivacious, a leader in all sports, yet steady and painstaking at his studies. On leaving school, he attended a military academy at Norwich, Vt., for three years, after which he went to Annapolis, where he was a classmate of Rear-Admiral Bunce. In 1863, he was a lieutenant on the frigate *Mississippi*, which was burned off Port Hudson, La., in March of that year, having been set on fire by the Confederate batteries. Dewey was the last man to leave the ship, and, as he did so, he saved the life of a wounded comrade, to whose rescue he bravely swam while bullets were thickly flying, and placed him upon a floating spar, from which he was taken up in safety. Dewey was commended by Admiral Farragut for his heroism. He was afterwards executive officer of the *Kearsarge*, and later received the appointment of commander at Annapolis. His whole career is an unbroken record of promotion for distinguished merit. In November, 1897, he was appointed as commander of the Asiatic squadron, and "the rest is history." His great victory at Manila Bay, was the result of forty years' arduous preparation.

At no time has he ever been heard to refer to it in the sense of mere physical triumph, though he appreciates to the fullest extent the importance to the nation of the victory he won. At the same time, Admiral Dewey is claimed, by those who know him best, to be a commander who would invariably prefer to adopt the peaceful methods of diplomacy, rather than resort to measures of force, unless the latter were unavoidable. His course in the Philippines, in the trying times after the battle of Manila, showed him to possess, in no inconsiderable degree, the qualities that go to make statesmen and great administrators. He has, however, no ambitions outside of his naval career, and it is improbable that he will ever be tempted out of the familiar environment.

Among the portraits in the group, on this page are those of the Admiral's two brothers, and his father. Admiral Dewey is a widower with one surviving son, who resides in New York City.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

... The Ivory Palaces ...

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Ps. 45: 8, . . All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces

AMONG the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborate rose-windows, and sculpturing of the last Judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of *quatre-foil;* its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which lay in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold, and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses, and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost, and lifted them up, the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved, filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth, and embroidery, and perfume. But to-day I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the King steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as he advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is he than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette, on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of eight hundred diamonds; than Anne Boleyn, the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace—all beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory. King of Zion. King of earth. King of heaven. King forever! His garments not worn out, not dust-bedraggled; but radiant, and jewelled, and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphire, and frankincense, and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Ay, ay, "They smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright-leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh thrown on his infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of his crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus.

I know that to many he is only like any historical person: another John Howard; another philanthropic Oberlin; another, Confucius: a grand subject for a painting; a heroic theme for a poem; a beautiful form for a statue: but to those who have heard his voice, and felt his pardon, and received his benediction, he is music, and light, and warmth, and thrill, and eternal fragrance—sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betray; lifting you up while others try to push you down; not so much like morning-glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four-o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic—the same morning, noon and night; yesterday, to-day, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear him out. We put on him all our burdens, and afflict him with all our griefs, and set him foremost in all our battles; and yet he is ready to lift, and to sympathize, and to help. We have so imposed upon him that one would think in eternal affront he would quit our soul; and yet to-day he addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no name like his for us. It is more imperial than Cæsar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all ploughed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the lost woman, to catch the tears of human sorrow in a lachrymatory that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? I struggle for some metaphor with which to express him: he is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra: that is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest: that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightnings: that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see him with our eyes, and to hear him with our ears, and to touch him with our hands. Oh, that to-day he might appear to some other one of our five senses! Ay, the nostril shall discover his presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from Heaven. Yea, his garments smell of lasting and all-pervasive myrrh.

Would that you all knew his sweetness! how soon you would turn from all other attractions. If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy, and clapped his hands, and rushed through the streets, because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean, and made white as snow, when the question has been solved: "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost-bitten, storm-lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor, they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in oyer and terminer another, a foul-mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on his back as wide as your two fingers where he was not whipped? Was there a space on his brow an inch square where he was not cut of the briers? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage! Aloes! aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour: who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ? He had a fit place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Was it not all aloes? Our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses, and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup, and that pressed to his lips, until the acrid, nauseating, bitter draught was swallowed with a distorted countenance, and a shudder from head to foot, and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes! aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubborness, because he did not like Cæsar? No! no! All this because he wanted to pluck me and you from hell. Because he wanted to raise me and you to heaven. Because we were lost, and he wanted us found. Because we were blind, and he wanted us to see. Because we were serfs, and he wanted us manumitted. Oh, ye in whose cup of life the saccharine has predominated; oh, ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward him who in your stead, and to purchase your disenthrallment, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant which grew in India and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So, when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous idea. We are not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and on bright cool days we feel we could bound like a roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case, and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have to tell you that you are "full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, which have not been bound up, or mollified with ointment." The marasmus of sin is on us—the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. The man that is expiring to-night in the next street—the allopathic and homeopathic doctors have given him up, and his friends now standing around to take his last words—is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's Apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the Divine Physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain English, so that a "man, though a fool, need not err therein." Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia!

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantle-piece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered him, and refuses to take it? If he dies, he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and led him out to darkness and death, as though He pushed him off. Oh, no! When a man is lost it is not because God pushes him off: it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the cross-roads, and the people were accustomed to [illegible] to me there may be at this time a man who is destroying his soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges, so that those going by may look at the fearful mound, and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died, puts itself out of the way.

When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after him—people who were sick, and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up her little child, saying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus! Cure this scarlet fever!" And others: "Cure this ophthalmia! Give ease and rest to this spinal distress! Straighten this club-foot!" Christ made every house where he stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the nineteen centuries which have gone by since, his heart has got hard. I feel that we can come now with all our wounds of soul and get his benediction. O Jesus, here we are. We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes through this assemblage now, his "garments smelling of myrrh"—that means fragrance; "and aloes"—they mean bitter sacrificial memories; "and cassia"—that means medicine and cure.

According to my text, he comes "out of the ivory palaces." You know, or if you do not know, I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manner of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and tables of ivory, and floors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and windows of ivory, and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering beauty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rippling on the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Oh, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place he came, and to that place he proposes to transport you, for His "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces." What a place heaven must be! The Tuileries of the French, the Windsor Castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, are mere dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God—the ivory palaces! One for the angels, insufferably bright, winged, fire-eyed, tempest-charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood-red robes from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of his palace the crown of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand; one for you, ransomed from sin: one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces!

To-day it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see, climbing the stairs of ivory, and walking on floors of ivory, and looking from the windows of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not eighty-two years and seventy-nine years, as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heart-break over. Oh, how fair they

are in the ivory palaces! And your dear little children that went out from you — Christ did not let one of them drop as he lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to One whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while; but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust, and the gravel, and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

It is not a dead-weight that you lift when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and he says, "Put her down here very gently. Put that head which will never ache again on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates ye ivory palaces!" And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But, oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor. You might as well take the Southern Pacific Railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going, and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to, or to be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones! Call louder from the ivory palaces!

When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been bemired, and my coat is soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am, and sit among the guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed, we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of thy pardoning mercy roll over us! I want not only to wash my hands and my feet, but, like some skilled diver, standing on the pier-head, who leaps into the wave and comes up at a far distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down, and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of thy salvation!

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for thirty years. I have been asking it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and today I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem; meanwhile, and now, taking it as the tenderest, mightiest of all facts that Christ did come, that he came with spikes in his feet, came with thorns in his brow, came with spears in his heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O, Christ, whelm all our souls with thy compassion! Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of thy grace! Ride through to-day the conqueror, thy garments smelling "of myrrh, and aloes, out of the ivory palaces!"

♦

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Our Children's Kitchen

The Chef and the Help—Hearty Appetites and Wholesome Food—Happy Workers

VISITORS to our Children's Home are always pleased to have a peep into the kitchen; and William, our chef for six summers, takes pride in showing the clean pantries, the stores of oatmeal and flour, the wholesome ginger-cakes and cookies; also in explaining how much children can eat, and how economically a thrifty cook can provide bountiful and toothsome repasts for hungry tots. He points to cauldrons of bubbling savory stew, and says:

"The hundred quarts I've just sent in will disappear in no time. Some children eat like they are half starved when they first come up here."

"We have received children," said Miss Drane, Miss Collins' chief assistant, "who said they had not eaten a good meal for a long time, and whose emaciation, weakness and hunger seemed proof of their words."

When they have roast, many pounds

THE KITCHEN AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME—A CORNER OF THE PANTRY

are required to satisfy the hunger of some 250 little guests around our tables. Many bushels of potatoes, rice and other vegetables are disposed of in the course of a week, during which effort is made to vary as far as possible a simple but abundant bill of fare. For desserts, rice and cornstarch pudding, tapioca dishes, and other simple, nourishing foods are highly relished by hungry tots. From 150 to 160 quarts of milk, and from 110 to 120 loaves of bread, are consumed daily. Their generous allowance of rich, sweet milk is a great blessing to the youngest and feeblest children. Going up on the boat, a wan, little man said: "Johnnie says they gives you milk up there. Does they gives you milk up there, teacher?" Answered in the affirmative, he continued to return for reassurances, asking with wonder-wide eyes: "*Does* they gives you milk up there? Sure, teacher?"

The kitchen help is largely selected from children who have been to our home summer after summer, who look upon it as home, and who, when they have passed the age limit of twelve years, ask to be admitted as help. The assistance we are thus enabled to render worthy, industrious girls and boys is a great blessing to them and their over-burdened parents. Frequently children used to work have shown themselves unhappy and ill at ease until set to little tasks, the doing of which made them feel at home. For these tots, William, with true kindness, invented various small duties, for which the Housemother, in a spirit of true motherly encouragement, gave them pennies. There was some profit, therefore, as well as fun, in peeling potatoes out under the trees, and doing other small chores while singing a merry song on the hillside. Many displayed domestic aptitude; interest was taken in training them, and they returned to their homes with lessons learned that would make them more helpful to parents.

The small sum of $3 gives one tenement child a ten days' outing; $6, sends two; $9, three; $12, four; $15, five; $35, twelve. Could $35 invested in any other way make twelve people happy for ten days; feed, clothe and shelter them; probably save life; and surely make some twelve children better forever thereafter because of the kindness shown and the good Christian influence exerted? The following contributions have been received:

Prev ack	$2,981 49
Allman, Nora F	2 00
Altman, N F	1 00
Baer, A	3 00
Baker, Miss M E	10 00
Barnes, Martha A	5 00
Bemis, J A	3 00
Berdell, J C	5 00
Biddle, Miss Lissa	3 00
Blanch, Miss Etta	1 00
Blauvelt, Mrs	3 00
Bliss, C A	25
Bliss, Mrs J W	10 00
Boyd, Harry E	10 00
Bradford, B	9 00
Calhoun, Sarah A	3 00
Callender, Miss Maria	2 00
Canun, Mrs Geo E	2 00
Carpenter, E	2 00
Cecil, Mrs J F	1 00
Chester, Mrs S C	6 00
Churchill, Mrs E	1 00
Churchill, J A	25
Clapp, Mrs Mary J	6 00
Clark, Miss Bessie K	12 00
Clark, Mrs Jno F	6 00
Cogswell, A E	9 00
Dare, Alonzo	3 00
Davis, Miss Mary	1 25
Dean, Mrs Mary S	2 00
De Lancett, Louis	5 00
Dickerman, L	3 00
Dinsmore, C F	1 00
Doyle, Mrs E J	1 00
Draper, H O	5 00
Eckbert, A M	4 00
Elberson, M	50
Felter, L W	3 00
Fergus, Ellen H	2 00
Foulke, J B, Jr	5 00
Frank, Mrs E	2 00
Freidel, Miss Annie	1 00
Gailey, Mrs Velura	3 00
Gamber, Mrs B F	3 00
Garre, Miss Jennie	6 00
Gasline, M F	2 00
Gaylord, A S	10 00
Gibbs, Mrs Hattie E	3 00
Gillette, Clara L	3 00
Gilluly, Mrs Jno	2 00
Haley, Bessie	4 00
Hansiom, Mrs	1 00
Hapgood, Mary W	3 00
Herr, M Lizzie	3 00
Herrick, Mrs Mary A	75
Hill, Mrs E V	2 00
Holden, Mrs A J	3 00
Hopkins, M M	1 00
Hosteller, Mrs Abram	5 00
Huguenin, Mrs Chas	6 00
Hutcheon, Mrs Jas	1 00
Hutchinson, Mrs W R	6 00
Igou, John	5 00
Isabell, Mrs Rose A	1 00
Jacobs, Julia J	1 00
Jones, H A	25
Jones, Mrs W G	1 00
Joslyn, Elnora	6 00
Journell, C	1 00
Keys, Mrs J C	1 00
Kimball, A M	1 00
Kimball, G H	1 75
Kimball, Mrs Mary E	2 00
Kittel, J	1 50
Knepper, Mrs Nettie	50
Leckie, Mrs Mary	3 00
Lloyd, Mrs M W	6 00
Loomer, Mrs W F	4 25
Loud, Rufus	5 00
Lyman, Miss Alice M	10 00
McCarty, Mrs M E	1 00
McConnaha, Jno	3 00
McCurley, H E	5 00
McGown, Jos E	3 00
McKibben, Mary	6 00
McKinstry, William	3 00
McLaughlin, Frank	1 00
McMeachan, Mrs Ron	9 00
McPherson, L J J	2 50
Magness, S C	1 25
Mahaffay, Mrs R J	2 00
Manning, Carrie	3 00
Martins, W E	1 00
Mast, Miss M	6 00
Mateer, Mrs F C	2 00
Mathews, Mrs L C	1 00
Merrell, W E	2 40
Meyers, C F	1 00
Miller, Mrs J A	50
Miller, Mrs J J	9 00
Mitchell, Jos D	3 00
Morgan, Ellen	3 00
Morgan, Mabel M	5 00
Mudge, Chas	1 00
Murdock, W B	5 00
Nash, Le Roy H	7 00
Newton, Jas S	1 00
Northrop, Cora L	2 00
O'Keefe, F	1 00
Ogle, Henry	25
Ogle, Mrs Hester	50
Otterv, Mrs	50
Page, Mrs W E	2 00
Pearce, Sylvia	1 00
Pease, Mary J	3 00
Penhallegon, Mrs	50
Perry, Hattie	2 00
Pike, S Jennie	1 00
Pomeroy, C	1 00
Porter, Little Eva	25
Price, L R	3 00
Ralston, Mrs M J	1 00
Ralston, W L	50
Reader, Morrison	2 00
Ream Co Kiddie's Store	3 00
Remsen, Mrs	3 00
Roberts, Ella L	6 00
Robinson, Ralph	5
Ross, Mrs H E	2 00
Rouillard, Cora	1 00
Schantelhege, M W	3 00
Schauwecker, Miss O	1 00
Scheib, J A	1 00
Schoenherr, J	2 00
Scott, Edith	1 00
Seaman, F A	5 00
Shank, Mrs Jennie	20
Sherman, Miss Mary A	2 00
Simson, Date	4 80
Slater, H A	50
Smith, E F	2 00
Smith, L A	3 00
Smith, T S	3 00
Snyder, A O	1 00
Soper, Bertha M	1 00
Soule, Jessie G	3 00
Steele, Frances	5 00
Steiner, D C	25 00
Stowell, J A	25
Stutzcate, Alice	3 00
Swanson, Hannah A	2 00
Swift, Mrs Martha	3 00
Ten Hope, Bertha I	3 00
Thomas, Mrs Chas M	3 00
Thompson, Mrs N L	1 00
Toay, Mrs J R	50
Thornton, Mrs J M	3 00
Tifft, Mrs O	6 50
Tissot, M	1 00
Trulshaw, J W	6 00
Turner, Bessie	3 00
Underdown, Wm	5 00
Vandermeulen, Mrs	6 00
Van Schaack, W D	3 00
Voorhis, A M, sale in aid of C H Children's Home	40 92
Warrant, Mrs H M	3 00
Wiestling, Miss Annie	3 00
Wiestling, Miss Ellen	3 00
Wilkinson, Mrs A T	20 00
Williams, C S	1 00
Williams, Eliz	1 00
Williams, Mrs Maria	2 00
Wilson, Mrs E	1 00
Wilson, Mrs Mary L	18 00
Wittlig, C E Frieda	4 00
Wolfe, Mrs F H	1 50
Wolfe, W C	6 00
Woodbury, Nellie G	3 00
Worth, Mr & Mrs J B	3 00
Wright, Mrs C J	3 00
Young, S J	5 00
Zetty, Annie	2 00
A M B, Kenosha	3 00
Mrs A P H, Passaic	15 00
A Y, Woodville	2 00
Mrs B F C, Oldham	3 00
C A R Elizabeth	3 00
Connie Y	50
D B W, Brockwayville	5 00
D S C	1 00
E A	5 00
Mrs E B L, Montpelier	10 00
Mrs E B M, San Saba	10 00
E B S, of Canastota, Thousand Island Pk	10 00
E C, Elroy	1 00
E F, Brooklyn	6 00
E P, Coal City	1 00
F B, Greeley	15 00
Mrs F W H, Lyme	1 00
G R G, Seattle	1 00
H E E, Whitlock	5 00
H I S, Elizabethtown	4 00
H L C, Warren	5 00
H & B, Bridgewater	1 00
H & I, W Hebron	3 00
Mrs J A, E Saugatuck	3 00
J A C, Norwich Town	3 00
J A W, Tidioute	2 00
J E T, Dunellen	1 00
J S, Manchester	3 00
L C A, Mt Vernon	3 00
L L A—n '96	1 00
Mrs L M P, Hartford	1 00
M A M, Syracuse	6 00
Mrs M B, Hamilton	3 00
M E M, N Y City	3 00
M G L, Wytheville	3 00
M M B, Brooklyn	1 00
M R P, Riverside	1 00
Mrs M T, Rantoul	3 00
M W E, Providence	1 00
O F R, Lesh	6 00
Cash, Washington	2 00
Sts, Southern Mich	3 00
Mrs Hargrave's class No Adams	1 00
Friend	1 00
"	3 00
Bay City	1 00
Council B'luffs	3 00
Dougherty	6 00
Ellsworth	50
Fostoria	2 00
Frenchtown	3 00
Hackensack	2 00
Lake Linden	3 00
Lasco	3 00
Livingston	3 00
Monson	3 00
Monument	1 00
Roscoe	1 00
San Francisco	2 00
Smyrna	3 00
Washington	50
Washington	3 00
Wellington	3 00
Winsor	3 00
York	6 00
A friend to the cause, Merrilan	2 00
A friend to the little ones, Syracuse	25 00
Friends, Sycamore	9 00
" Centralia	5 00
2 " Hartford	8 00
True friends, Big River	25
Two friends of the Sisters, Bowling Green	2 00
I H N, Haverhille	2 00
I H N, Manchester	1 00
I H N, Middleboro	3 00
In Jesus Name, Little Shasta	5 00
In Jesus Name, San Jose	1 00
Infant Dept of Park Place SS, Pawtucket	5 00
In memory of Hattie & Eben from their Grandmother	6 00
For Jesus Sake, Maple Mill	5 00
One who loves children, Londonderry	3 00
With best wishes, W	1 00
With God's blessing, Portsmouth	6 00
Anonymous	1 00
Subs, Chattenango	5 00
A Subscriber, Pohoin	3 00
Subr, Sidney	2 00
Master, Rutland	6 00
King's Daughters, Ivoryton	9 00
King's Daughter, Morristown	3 00
King's Daughters, Staten Island	3 00
Pigeon	1 00
Valdosta, Rena	3 00
—, Chickasaw	2 00
—, Fernando	3 00
—, Lakewood	2 00
—, Middletown	6 00
—, Pine Lawn, Dayton	2 25
—, Charleston	5 00
—, Chatham	5 00
—, Coram	1 00
—, Hickory	3 00
—, Ontario	2 00
—, Pearsall	3 00
—, Redlion	2 00
Scranton	5 00
Uniontown	2 00
A N M, Candor	3 00
D W R, Mt Ville	25
I L M Crooked Creek	3 00
J A R, Millville	25
J M R, Millville	25
Jo R, Millville	25
L A S, Delta	6 00
Mc, Mt Pleasant	3 00
M A H, In His Name	3 00
M C I, New York City	3 00
Mrs J A W, Wells	3 00
Mrs Jas F H, No York	3 00
Mrs M K H, Sea Cliff	5 00
Mrs S E M, Santa Rosa	3 00
R, Denver	3 00
S U L, Paola	2 00
W R, Millville	1 00
Alabama friend	1 50
Friend, Canada	1 00
" Chauncey	2 00
" Cleveland	3 00
" Eaton	1 00
" Jackson	3 00
" Me	5 00
" Nantucket	1 00
" Norristown	3 00
Friends, Friendship	3 00
" Gaithersburg	6 00
Waif's Friend, The Dalles	1 00
I H N, Newburyport	3 00
" Roanoke	10 00
Jr C E Soc, Refd Ch, Salina	6 00
C E Soc of Fairview	1 60
C E Soc, State Schools, Trenton	4 00
Children's Dao coll, Lima Union S S	3 09
Busy Bee Circle of K D, Southington	6 00
One who loves children, Adrian	6 00
Mother & daughter, Portland	3 00
An old New Yorker	5 00
Cup of cold water, Linglestown	1 00
Children of Clear Ck	50
A Shut-in Newbritain	1 00
"Our Little One"	30 00
Suffering One, Phila	3 00
Cash, Washington	2 00
Wortman, Emma R	5 00
First Bapt Jr C E Soc	3 00
C E Soc, Pres Ch Clinton	6 00
Jr C E Soc, 1st Pres Ch, Galena	3 00
Jr League of Pleasant St M E Ch, Waterville	5 00
Jr League, E Meadow	9 00
Jr Ep League, Providence	3 00
Jr C E S, Wilder	12 00
BYPU of Rayenna	5
Choate S S, Choate	3 00
Wesleyan C E	6 00
"One cent a day" Band, Wilder	3 00
Canaan Valley S S, E Canaan	3 00
Spring Lake Union SS	1 26
Union S S, Calhoun	9 19
Total	$4,061 66

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Ezekiel's Vision

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 13. Ezek. 37 : 1-14
Golden Text, Ezek. 36 : 27

BY MRS. M. DANIELL

EZEKIEL had been overcome and conquered by the wondrous vision of the Lord in glory which he had seen, and he had yielded himself unreservedly up to his God, to speak or to be dumb as he willed, and to speak none other but his words to the people. He might not speak except when God spoke to him. Speaking of himself in the third person, he says, "the hand of the Lord was there upon him." Again this man of God insists that it is "the hand of the Lord," and nothing of himself, which opens to his view such revelations as it is given to him to name, of the sinfulness of man and the glory of his God.

Ezekiel, to be a prophet of the resurrection, must not be staggered when God showed him, not corpses, but the dried and scattered bones of bodies which had once been men, and asked him to decide, "Can these bones live?" Looking at them, with no germ or possibility of life in them, what should he say? He had prophesied about the new heart, and had believed that the nation of Israel should, without any appearance whatever of improvement in them, nevertheless be made by the direct and unaided power and grace of God, another people. And God's prophet believed that it should be even so. Now, Ezekiel, can dry bones live? He stood before the great truth that with God all things are possible. He had learned that he could do nothing, say nothing of himself: he could not of himself decide this question. "O Lord God, thou knowest!"

Now, Ezekiel, thou hast ever been obedient, thou hast spoken my words to a people who would not hearken unto thee (chap. 3: 4-7): now prophesy over these bones, and say unto them, "O ye dry bones, hear ye the Word of the Lord." And in his vision, as he announced, so it came to pass: There was a noise [or thundering], and behold an earthquake, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

Such is the vision, and again and again it has been accommodated, with much of the witness of the Spirit, to lost souls, "dead in trespasses and sins." Now let us go on to God's own interpretation: Then he said unto me, Son of Man, these bones are the whole house of Israel: not specially Judah, nor specially Israel, the two tribes or the ten: "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim" (Isa. 11: 13). "Behold, they say, our bones are dried up and our hope is lost; we are clean cut off: Therefore, prophesy and say unto them, thus saith the Lord God, behold I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, O my people; and I will bring you into the land of Israel." This is no longer the vision, but a distinct literal message to the children of Israel.

Let us look to other Scriptures, which bear upon this one. In Rev. 20: 4-6, we read of those who in the tribulation have been beheaded because they "worshiped not the beast nor his image, and received not the mark upon their forehead and upon their hand, and they lived (were resurrected), and reigned with Christ a thousand years." Probably the most of these will be Jews; the church will have been caught up. There will therefore be children of Israel living and ruling upon earth in the millennium, who have died and been raised again. The members of Christ who have died will be raised again, and caught up to heaven; the pious Jews raised again to live upon earth, and to be a blessing to the nations. Isaiah says, "My dead shall live; my dead bodies shall arise . . . the earth shall cast forth the dead" (Isa. 26: 19, R. V.). This is a direct promise of resurrection to the pious Jews. Hosea says (6: 2, R. V.): "After two days will he revive us; on the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live before him." And the Lord says again (Hosea 13: 14, R. V.): "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death; O death, where are thy plagues? O grave, where is [or will be] thy destruction?"

The full acquaintance with God shall come upon united Israel, *i. e.*, "they which shall be accounted worthy to attain to that age" after their resurrection. "Ye shall know that I am the Lord when I have opened your graves, and caused you to come up out of your graves, O my people. And I will put my spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I will place you in your own land; and ye shall know that I, the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord." Oh, how much we lose of God's truth when we spiritualize everything, and make it mean only the very little which we have experienced, instead of taking in its most literal sense all which our God tells us and waiting for him to open up, by his Spirit, from other Scriptures, that which is not clear to us. "Can these bones live?" What can the God of the resurrection not do? Whatever dry bone there may be in our households, our Christian or missionary work, in our own bodily weakness, let us, looking steadily to him who is invisible, hear him say to us, "Can this dry bone live?" And let us never say no. "Oh, Lord God, thou knowest."

The prophet was led on by the Lord in his vision, to learn by the two sticks which he was to make one in his hand, the power of his God to unite the children of Israel. And he was told, when the children of Israel should ask the meaning of all these things, he was to declare unto them the purpose of their God; to bring them out from the nations, gather them, bring them into their own land and make them one nation in the land. And then he recapitulates what he said in chap. 36, how God will cleanse them, and save them. "So shall they be my people and I will be their God."

THEY LIVED AND STOOD UP UPON THEIR FEET, AN EXCEEDING GREAT ARMY

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

STRONG faith must Ezekiel have had in God's power and in his unchanging affection to have preached to the exiles in Babylon such a message as that in the lesson. Truly admirable is this extraordinary prophet thus striving to inspire his countrymen with the faith and hope that filled his own heart. We can imagine him meeting some distinguished exile on the streets of Babylon, and noticing his dejected, miserable countenance, trying to cheer him with the hope that Israel and Judah would again occupy their own land. The exile would reply that Nebuchadnezzar's armies held the land, and who was there that could drive them out? Ezekiel replies that God was able to do this. But even if they were driven out, the land was laid waste. Ezekiel says that God can enable his people to rebuild and restore the cities. But even if the land was cleared and restored, Jehovah's people could not occupy it. They were as a people practically dead; the national spirit was extinct. Ezekiel, mixing with the captives, finds that it is so. None among them had patriotism or hope of restoration; they were settling down in Babylon and did not expect that they or their children would ever again dwell in Palestine. Even if all other objections were removed and every obstacle to return was surmounted, there were none who had spirit enough to return. It is to this objection that the prophet addresses himself in this chapter. He describes a dream he has had of bleached bones lying on the earth. These bones represented a host of men, not only dead, but dismembered. There were not even the skeletons left: they had been broken up and scattered. Can these bones live? God shows him that they can, and the prophet in the strength of the vision goes to the exiles to tell them that dead as the national spirit is, scattered as the people are, God is able to restore their life and plant them again in their land. He was probably derided, but in the end his words proved true. When Cyrus gave the word, the men were ready to go and re-establish the nation.

They were very dry. When a beloved child is ill, what anxiety there is! How intently it is watched, how eagerly every sign of improvement is noted! A person coming in and looking at the child, predicting its recovery, would find attentive and grateful listeners. But when the child dies, what a change there is! The stranger standing beside the coffin can say little that will cheer and encourage them. But yet, the remains look so lifelike that it does not seem at all impossible that the body may live again. It requires, however, a far greater exercise of the imagination to think of a skeleton or a heap of dry bones becoming again a living, thinking, speaking being. That was the image set before Ezekiel to convey the lesson as to his people. It seemed impossible that those men could ever be reanimated with hope and spiritual life. They were like the heap of dry bones. So, it often seems to us, it is with some degraded, brutalized man. The spiritual nature of him seems dead. It does not respond to any appeal. His seems a hopeless case. Ezekiel's vision may encourage effort even there. He saw the earthquake shaking the bones into their places, and then the Spirit breathing life into them. Many a Christian worker has seen a spectacle quite as wonderful in the conversion of a degraded man.

Can these bones live? About twenty years ago, a tall, broad chested young man staggered up the garden path of a minister's house in Ireland and asked the minister to intercede with his family for him. He was ragged and hungry and he wanted food and clothes. Time and again his father had forgiven him, paid his debts, clothed him, obtained a situation for him and given him a new start. But the end had always been the same. Within a month he would leave his situation and go off on a drunk. The last time he had been warned that if he fell again nothing more would be done for him. And he had fallen. He knew it was of no use going home, but he thought if the minister would plead for him there might be a chance. The minister, however, had no faith in him. "You are beyond the reach of my faith," he said. The young man's heart sank, for the minister before this had always stood by him and advised his being forgiven. He went away with the idea of committing suicide, but an old friend of the family, a shipowner, saw him and offered him a free passage to America. He landed in New York, and, being absolutely without money, took the first offer of work that was made to him, which was to groom the horses of the Fourth Avenue surface cars. After his first day's work was done he went down the Bowery, intending to get some beer. But as he passed the Bowery Mission he heard a hymn being sung that his mother used to sing, and he turned in to listen. That night he heard that he was not beyond the reach of God's mercy. He had not much faith, but he asked for prayer. Somehow, he said afterwards, there came into his heart a belief that his drinking days were ended. He was doubtful, but as the weeks passed without relapse, the belief strengthened. Two years from the time that he first entered the Mission he was preaching the Gospel to other men, that had saved him, and two years after that he was the pastor of a church in Colorado, and he proved a most successful minister. On his first vacation he returned to Ireland for a visit, and the minister who had told him that he was beyond the reach of his faith invited him to occupy his pulpit for a Sunday. He consented and took for his text, "Can these bones live?"

Col. Ingersoll Dead

DEATH came suddenly to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous leader of infidelity in this country. He had been suffering during some weeks from a slight indisposition which he thought would be easily cured by a few days' rest at his summer home at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. There, surrounded by his family and friends, he was cheerful as usual, but still complained that he was not in full health. Neither he nor his relatives, however, thought seriously of his sickness. But on July 21, about midday, he walked into his wife's room, seated himself in a chair, and without a word, passed peacefully away. He was nearly sixty-six years of age and was a man of robust, vigorous frame and active habits. Almost from boyhood he had been noted for the anti-religious spirit which made him one of the famous trio of modern infidels. He had the wit of Voltaire without his acerbity, and the force and aggressiveness of Tom Paine without his coarseness. He had the misfortune to receive his early impressions of religion under a system of doctrine, which to a man of his temperament, was the most likely to prejudice him against it. His father lacked the tact and patience which might have given his son a better appreciation of the sweetness and light of Christianity. The lad grew up blind to the qualities of the faith, which, could he have seen them, ought to have won the respect of a heart so tender and affectionate as he undoubtedly had. He had that fatal lack of reverence, which, as Goethe said, neutralized every other fine quality. Added to this, he was a brilliant, rather than a deep thinker, and having a quick wit and a command of strong vigorous language, it was easy for him to win applause by a shallow misrepresentation of Bible truths. His pungent utterances thrilled men who enjoyed the piquancy of hearing things, which other men hold most sacred, denounced and ridiculed. But it was not Christianity that Ingersoll denounced; it was his own conception of it, which was an egregious mistake. Once in his life, he was induced, while at Kalamazoo, Mich., to look into the life of a church there, and when he saw how it was seeking to help men to a better life, he exclaimed: "It is the grandest thing in the country. I would join such a church as that, if its members would permit me." If he had only studied the Bible with an unprejudiced mind, he would have found that the work he admired in that church, was the true development of the spirit of the Book. He never had more than a superficial acquaintance with the Bible, and even that was acquired through jaundiced vision. This was proved by the fact that the qualities of love and generosity and kindness and charity, which he most lauded, are the very qualities inculcated by the Book, whose influence he did his utmost to undermine. Unhappily he succeeded in prejudicing many shallow minded young men against religion, by leading them to believe that his conception of it was the true one. There was so much that was admirable in the man that if he had ever discovered his mistake, none would have been more ready than he to deplore it, and all the irreparable mischief he did under its influence. Would that he had done so, and then even he might have said as did Paul:

I obtained mercy because I did it ignorantly in unbelief (I. Timothy, 1:13).

Light from the Body

A correspondent of the *Electcical Age* sends to that journal a description of an interesting discovery he has made. He says: "I have discovered the very interesting fact that the human body emits rays which act on a sensitive photographic plate. There is a distinct difference in the property of these rays and that of light. They pass through certain opaque substances while to others they impart vibration, and in this condition they act on the photographic plate. Before giving a description of my experiments I will briefly mention that it seems that not all persons emit rays of the same chemical energy. Some persons whom I tried, produced a strong while others only a faint impression on the film and others even none at all. But it may be that, had I tried these same persons the next day, the result would have been an entirely different one, because I made the observation on myself that at different times there was much difference in the chemical energy of the rays emitted by my fingers." This is an unexpected discovery as to the body, though it was known long ago, that spiritual light might come from a human being in whose soul God had kindled the heavenly light.

The sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world (Phil. 2: 15).

The Car Strikes

Labor troubles in Brooklyn, New York and Cleveland, O. have brought their usual accompaniment of hardships for the men, loss to the companies and inconvenience to the public. The trouble in Brooklyn affected nearly every street-car route in the city. Of about eight thousand employees, eleven hundred went on strike. The companies, by offering temporary extra pay and making promises of special privileges, induced the other men to continue at their posts. The men complain that while the letter of the law is observed and they work only ten hours a day, the spirit of it is violated by so arranging their trips that they have odd unoccupied hours in the course of the day, which are too short a period of rest to be put to any use. Thus from the time a man goes on duty in the morning, till the time he leaves at night, may be twelve or fourteen hours, although there may be an hour or two in the morning and another interval in the afternoon when his services are not required. Another grievance is the question of wages. Since the consolidation of the car lines took place, a uniform rate of pay has been adopted, each man receiving two dollars for a full day's work. This caused dissatisfaction among the men on some of the routes, as it was a reduction of sixty cents a day from the amount they had previously received. There were scenes of violence in many parts of the city, and in the early part of the week the service was suspended at night on several lines. A policeman, armed with his night-stick and revolver, was at each end of the car in the daytime, and at any sign of disturbance was prompt to act with his accustomed brutality. In order that the companies might have full protection, twelve hundred policemen were sent over from New York to assist the Brooklyn force, and it was remarked that they set a bad example to the Brooklyn officers of unnecessary cruelty. In New York the strike was less extensive. It was confined to the routes which are run by electricity, and only a small proportion of the men struck. The companies were able, by diminishing the usual number of cars sent out, to continue the service, though the long intervals between the cars caused much inconvenience to passengers. In Cleveland the conflict assumed more dangerous shape. Dynamite was used by the strikers and the militia was called out to protect the barns. It is a significant fact that in all cases the representatives of the companies decline to submit the dispute to the State Boards of Arbitration. They insist that "there is nothing to arbitrate." Their strength, of course, consists in the fact that there are so many men whose hard necessity makes them willing to take the places of the strikers, so that the companies can afford to let their old employees go. Conflicts of this kind, which cause loss and trouble to both sides, are deplorable and they would never occur if the spirit of Christianity animated both the employers and employees. The warning of the Apostle is as true now as when it was uttered:

The members should have the same care one for another; for whether one member suffers, all the members suffer with it (I. Cor. 12: 25).

Precious Wall Paper

An ex-officer of the Federal government, who has just returned from the Transvaal, describes a remarkable sight he witnessed in Johannesburg. It was a rude miner's cabin, like hundreds of others in and around that famous town. But its peculiarity consisted of the paper with which the walls were covered, which represented property worth many thousands of dollars. It appears that the miner on reaching the Transvaal, was employed on one of the first mines opened in the Barberton district. The company working the mine being short of ready money, persuaded the man to take part of his wages in shares. For many years the mine yielded little and the company could pay no dividends. After a time the miner became disgusted at wielding the pick all day for these nicely engraved but unproductive pieces of paper, and he left Johannesburg for another part of the country. His wife used the scrip with some odd prints and chromos to paper the walls of their living room. But one day a visitor from town took so lively an interest in the wall paper and was so anxious to buy it, the man made inquiries as to the company whose paper had appeared so worthless to him. To his astonishment, he found he was a large stockholder in one of the most profitable gold mines in the world. He did not continue working for a pittance after he made that discovery, but claimed the dividends belonging to him, which made him rich. There are many Christians who need to make a similar discovery. God has treasures of grace and joy that they might have if they would claim them:

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things (Rom. 8: 32).

Feared Divine Vengeance

The surgeons in a New York hospital had a peculiar case to treat recently. A woman with her hands bandaged came to the hospital, in a state of agonized distress. She said her hands were paralyzed. The bandages were removed, revealing two distorted hands. The fingers were bent like claws and tightly interlaced. Every bone seemed out of joint and the veins twisted. The doctor knew at once that it was no case of paralysis, and he asked the woman what made her think she was paralyzed. Then she told her story. She said she had been getting her living for twenty years past as a beggar, and, to arouse sympathy, she had shammed paralysis. One day lately, a sweet-faced girl gave her some money, and in receiving it she had straightened her fingers involuntarily. Thereupon the girl had warned her that God might punish her for shamming affliction by making that affliction real. "And he has," the woman exclaimed in an agony. "When I awoke the next morning my hands were paralyzed as you see them. I cannot straighten them! They are dead! Oh, try what you can do for me!" The doctor perceived that the woman's fear was the cause of her affliction. He told her he could cure her and sent for some liniment, which he poured over her hands, rubbed them awhile, and then gave her a slight electric shock. He then told her she was cured and she opened her hands. It may be hoped that her scare will lead her to amend her ways. Like many other people who are not distressed by the thought that their sins will be punished in the next world, she was alarmed when she thought they were punished in this.

Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after (I. Tim. 5: 24).

PICKING UP OBSTRUCTIONS ON TRACKS

MOUNTED POLICE PATROLLING THE STREETS
The Railroad Strike in Brooklyn, N. Y.

OBSTRUCTIONS PLACED ON TRACK BY STRIKERS

The Picturesque Side of Sunday School Missionary Work

Illustrated with Photographs Taken by American Sunday School Union Missionaries Specially for "The Christian Herald"

A MARKETMAN OF SOUTH CAROLINA — BRULÉ SIOUX OF SOUTH DAKOTA — ON THE WAY TO SUNDAY SCHOOL, TEXAS

WHEN the Diamond Anniversary of the American Sunday School Union was celebrated in Philadelphia, in May last, many of the speakers who addressed that notable gathering were missionaries from the remotest quarters of the Union. Their work included much that was striking and picturesque—the very romance of home missions; at the same time, it showed not a few of the difficulties and discouragements that face the worker and frequently impede the spiritual progress of a neighborhood.

On these two pages we have presented a variety of scenes and experiences in the lives of American Sunday School missionaries in many States: on the plains, among the Indians, with the cowboys, among pioneers, in the sod-house of the prairies and in the neat, cosy dwelling of the prosperous ranchman. These might easily be multiplied, but enough has been given to indicate the classes of people with whom the missionaries have to deal.

In the seventy-five years of its labor, the American Sunday School Union has brought over *four millions* of children and youths into Sunday Schools. In the Northwestern district in five years, over 2,600 new schools were planted, over 100,000 visits were made to families, there were 1,687 professed conversions and 340 churches developed from the work in the same period. This record is very much like that of the results in other districts. If we take individual States, the result is equally encouraging. Thus, a single worker at Minden, Neb., reports 35 new schools organized in three years. Another, at Neligh, in the same State, in eight years organized 358 Sunday Schools in counties occupied by Americans, Germans, Irish, Russians, Bohemians and Indians. A worker in Minnesota has a record of 156 schools; one in South Dakota has organized 44 schools and another, 99; in one Illinois section, a worker in seven years has established 14 schools; one in Wisconsin has planted 140 schools in six years; one in Michigan, in a few months, organized 17 schools, and others in like proportion. Last year, 1898, 65,000 neglected children were brought under Bible instruction in the undenominational Sunday Schools solely through the efforts of the American Sunday School Union

This beneficent work is one with which very many readers of this journal are already familiar. There is not, in the whole range of Christian effort, a nobler or worthier mission than the shepherding of the neglected little ones — those stray lambs who through misfortune, poverty or pitiable environment, are deprived of the opportunities for religious training which the other children of the Republic enjoy.

Letters from some of the missionaries in the field afford a glimpse of a few of the hardships and the compensations of the child-saving and soul-winning labor in which they are engaged. The story of Crooked Creek (Neb.) Sunday School is thus told by E. B. Stevenson:

Some twelve years ago, while I was a missionary in Nebraska, I was in a community called the Crooked Creek neighborhood. I think it was very properly named, because the people were as crooked as the creek. They had neither church nor Sabbath School. Each time a school was organized the people of the other denomination seemed to feel it was their Christian duty to kill it.

I called upon the superintendent of a Sunday School which I had organized a few miles from there, and asked his opinion about organizing a school. He at once advised me not to go. I went to another superintendent on the other side of the neighborhood, but the encouragement was about the same as the

AN INDIAN TERRITORY COWBOY

PICNIC AND PARADE OF A MICHIGAN SUNDAY SCHOOL

The log church in the distance cost $25, and was paid for by the congregation and scholars with maple sugar.

YOUNG HUNTERS ON THE PLAINS

COLORED WOMAN PLOUGHING, S. CAROLINA

A PROSPEROUS MICHIGAN SUNDAY SCHOOL

A MINNESOTA VALLEY HOME

A SOD "DUG-OUT" IN SOUTH DAKOTA

PRAIRIE STORE AND POST OFFICE IN NEBRASKA

A SOUTH CAROLINA SUNDAY SCHOOL

first. I started home about decided not to try. when, passing one of the neighbors, I drove in and asked him if we organized a school, would he do what he could towards maintaining it. He at once wanted to know if I had seen his neighbor on the hill. I told him no. "Well," said he, "you go and see him, let me know what he says, and I'll see."

I then went to the neighbor on the hill and he wanted to know what the neighbor had said in the hollow. I then proceeded to be willing to do almost anything I wanted. Finally I thought the time had come to take a vote. I asked all those who were in favor of having a Sabbath School and would do what they could to maintain it to raise their hands. I raised both of mine to help them out, but not a hand went up. I urged them, plead with them, and still no hands. Finally I looked direct to a man who had partly promised me that he would work for it. and said: "Is there no one?" He thought I was going to name him out, so he raised his hand. As soon as he had done so thirteen other hands went up. I then said "all those opposed raise your hands," and immediately eleven hands went up. As we had the majority in favor of the school, we organized. I afterward learned that it soon broke up.

About a year later I went into a neighborhood in an adjoining county to organize a Sabbath School one weekday evening. As I stepped up to the little frame school-house door a lady came up and said, "How do you do, Brother S.?" I looked at her and said, "I don't believe I remember you." "Have you forgotten me already? I used to go to the Sunday School at Crooked Creek. I do thank God for that Sunday School and I want to tell you about it." She, her husband, son and daughter had all been converted.

Mr. Geo. E. Mize, another missionary writes this interesting letter from Alabama:

In April I organized a school for Mr. S——, of New York. The community was without preaching. Less than a mile from the Sunday School is a whiskey still. In two families I found fourteen fatherless children. I saw their mothers plowing to provide for their families. Poverty prevails throughout. The people were hard to convince that my visit among them meant good. I was the first missionary who had been among them. I do not believe that there could have been found five dollars in the whole community. I was enabled to supply them with a barrel of clothing, as well as some literature for twelve months. I have since received a letter from them informing me that the school had increased from twenty to sixty scholars. Many of my schools have grown into nice churches. One was organized under a brush arbor, among some families who had not attended church in ten years. Gambling was the order of the day on Sunday. A great change for the better has already come to them. They now have a fine church house and a church membership of seventy-five. Across the mountain stands another beautiful little church which has grown from one of my arbor Sunday Schools.

Any reader who is interested in the work of the American Sunday School Union and wishes to know more of it, can do so by addressing E. P. Bancroft, Secretary, 158 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A NEBRASKA SUNDAY SCHOOL ON THE WINDY PLAINS

visit the entire community, and in nearly every instance they wanted to see what the other fellow was going to do. I finally called a meeting and we met in the little sod schoolhouse. The house was crowded—every one wanted to SEE. They sat on the benches looking at each other; every one seemed ready for opposition.

I talked to them, however, the best I could, told them stories until they got to laughing. They laughed and they cried and seemed to

A 'PRAIRIE SCHOONER" ON ITS TRAVELS IN ARKANSAS

A SOUTH DAKOTA FAMILY GROUP

These formed the nucleus of a Sunday School in which were 9 conversions

A SOUTH CAROLINA SCHOOL

In winter the scholars are glad to keep near the big stove.

A NATURAL ROCK BRIDGE

This is one of the wonders of Michigan scenery and is generally admired.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.
B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Letters should be addressed
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Matter.

Robert G. Ingersoll

GOD has taken him. We are filled with tenderest sympathy for his household. As husband and father he had endeared himself unspeakably. The anguish is deep and relentless. We wonder not at the overpowering grief that was not able even to discuss the necessary arrangements for the obsequies. How cruel death is! Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. We pray for those broken hearts the comforting grace of God.

It is not the right time to enlarge upon the influence of the great agnostic's life. There are proprieties to be observed. There are feelings to be regarded. All the world knows that Colonel Ingersoll fought in brilliant and prolonged way against Christianity. But he has gone to judgment, and is in the hands of the God to whom we are all accountable. What ever others may write or do at such a solemn time as this, we certainly will plant no nettles on his new-made grave, and only wish that we could put upon it a fragrant and radiant garland of Christian hope and Divine solace.

Sympathy and Sadness

BE careful how you decide upon the destiny of Robert G. Ingersoll. Who can tell what passed in his mind during that last moment? Perhaps, in that moment, the truth of the Gospel, which he could not before see, may have flashed upon him, and it does not take an earnest prayer half a second to reach heaven, or the answer a half second to descend. His mother was a grandly good woman, and God remembers a supplication fifty years as easily as five minutes. Do not take too much responsibility upon yourself.

We never met the great sceptic, although he printed a book of four or five hundred pages, entitled *Talmagean Theology*, and made that the title of a lecture which he delivered in many of the cities. In those lectures and in that book he held us responsible for many of the crude and rough things said by other friends of Christianity for the last hundred and fifty years. But no irritation of feeling was caused, and we earnestly hoped that he would return to the religious faith in which his father and mother lived and died. But in this we have been disappointed, and the emotions dominant in us are sympathy and sadness.

His sudden going ought to make us all think. We had better get ourselves all right while life and health continue. When the sudden blast from the river Jordan strikes us, it will be a poor time to light our lanterns.

Petty Charity Account, 1898

Showing the Moneys Received and Expended by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for Miscellaneous Charities, Missions, and other Religious and Benevolent Work During the Year 1898

RECEIPTS:

Contributions received during 1898, as per acknowledgments in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, excepting those contributed for the Bowery Mission, the Children's Home, Indian Famine, Armenian Relief, Cuban Relief, Bethesda Home and Porto Rico Sunday School, separate reports of which have already been published in our columns.

Feb. 16	Issue of this day	$371 20
Mar. 23	" "	228 60
Apr. 27	" "	80 25
June 1	" "	158 35
June 8	" "	505 71
June 15	" "	237 55
June 22	" "	214 60
June 29	" "	156 35
July 6	" "	157 29
July 13	" "	311 81
July 20	" "	180 25
July 27	" "	367 15
Aug. 3	" "	304 05
Aug. 10	" "	261 81
Aug. 17	" "	177 47
Aug. 24	" "	259 14
Aug. 31	" "	162 15
Sept. 7	" "	69 25
Sept. 14	" "	60 05
Sept. 21	" "	39 04
Sept. 28	" "	126 16
Oct. 19	" "	178 66
Oct. 26	" "	63 25
Nov. 9	" "	22 31
Dec. 7	" "	122 80
Dec. 21	" "	71 50
1899.		
Jan. 18	" "	104 90
Jan. 25	" "	325 20
Feb. 1	" "	25 80
Feb. 8	" "	80 55
Various other items		17 25
Account overdrawn		1062 04
Total		$6533 12

DISBURSEMENTS:

Account overdrawn as per statement for 1896		$536 84
Account overdrawn as per statement for 1897		844 53
FOREIGN MISSIONS.		
Dr. R. H. Nassau, Gaboon, W. Africa	$10 00	
Rev. W. M. Stover, Barimdu "	10 00	
Miss Mary Sharp, Liberia, Africa	34 75	
Rev. W. T. Currie	12 75	
Rev. J. Paul	10 00	
Mrs. Mary Logan	10 00	
Rev. D. Wilshere	10 00	
Rev. J. Wadman	10 00	
Rev. H. Adamson	10 00	
Rev. C. B. Hyde	10 00	
Rev. Dr. L. Salmans	11 50	
Rev. Mark Williams	10 00	
Rev. Irving N. Cheanon	10 00	
Mrs. Rosetta S. Hall	10 00	
Rev. A. E. Seagrave	10 00	
Presbyt. Bd. of Foreign Missions	10 25	
Dr. L. B. Seamen, Guanajuta, Mexico	12 65	
Dr. P. B. Kerkow, Tholapan, India	75 00	
Barbadoes Mission	5 00	
Dr. H. G. Yoseph, Ooroomiah, Persia	7 00	
Bishop Hartzell, India	104 90	
		393 80
Philafrican League		206 35
VARIOUS HOME MISSIONS.		
Door of Hope	39 00	
Dr. Faust Hebrew Christian Mission	60	
Mrs. Ladke Home of the Good Samaritan	43 75	
Mrs. Stambaugh Dauphin Island Mission	9 00	
Emma Nason Mission Work among Lumbermen, Mich.	15 50	
Bethesda Home	62 04	
Mayesville Institute, Mayesville, S. C.	113 00	
Jerry McAuley's Mission, N. Y. City	83 00	
Mrs. Rose H. Lathrop Cancer Mission	101 25	
Clemetine Mission, N. Y. City	4 00	
Rev. R. Ashley Cake, Mission Work among Coast Life Savers	40 00	
Florence Mission among Women	7 75	
Union Gospel Mission, New Orleans	2 00	
Presbyterian Board Home Missions	2 50	
Mrs. Bird's Clinton St. Settlement, N. Y. City	52 20	
Catherine Mission, N. Y. City	11 50	
Miss Curry's Day Nursery	3 50	
Gloucester Fisherman's Institute	3 00	
Hope Mission	1 00	
Terradelphia Settlement	3 00	
Seamen's Retreat	10 00	
Children's Aid Society	3 00	
White Rose Mission	1 00	
New York Rescue Band	12 00	
Elim Home	5 00	
Mrs. White's Sunday School Work	3 00	
Rev. Hune Kin	5 00	
Abigail Free School, N. Y. City	2 50	
		639 09
ANY GOOD CAUSE.		
Thanksgiving and Christmas Relief	14 70	
Dr. Wines	9 00	
H. A. Abrahams	10 00	
L. P. Rockhold	10 00	
Gospels for the poor	40	
Relief for Visiting Missionaries	8 40	
Miscellaneous Relief	19 25	
		71 75
SUNDRY BENEVOLENCES.		
St. Andrew's Coffee Stand	5 00	
Bella Cooke	14 50	
American Bible Society	1 25	
Dr. J. L. Scudder's Tabernacle	1 00	
New York Herald Ice Fund	10 00	
Mrs. C. W. Selden's Training School	2 00	
Women's Nat. War Relief	21 50	
Convalescent Soldier's Home, Nyack	232 91	
American Nat. Red Cross Society	17 90	
		306 06
ARMY AND NAVY GOSPEL WORK.		
D. L. Moody for literature to circulate among army and navy	2000 00	
14,872 War Testaments sent out	1487 20	
		3487 20
Auditor's Fees		47 50
Total		$6533 12

Public Accountant's Certification.

This is to certify that I have carefully examined every item of expense in connection with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Charities, and have diligently compared every stub, receipt, voucher and check, and find the same correct and in accord with the above statement in every particular.

Sworn to before me this 11th day of July, A. D., 1899.

W. S. GUERINEAU NOTARY PUBLIC NEW YORK

Wm. S. Guerineau
Notary Public

Lorin Housby
Public Accountant,
150 Nassau Street, New York.

BRIEF NOTES

It is impossible to fill any more orders for coupon subscriptions. As we stated in our announcement the coupons by other classified bundle and order sent in June 15. Letters containing orders mailed after that date we are obliged to return to the senders.

The Red Letter New Testament will not be off the press before the end of August. As soon as the first edition is completed, copies will be promptly mailed to all persons entitled to them.

It is stated that 3,000 converts have been baptized by the Rev. R. H. Conwell, D.D., during his pastorate of the Temple Church, Philadelphia.

Since Dr. Barnardo's Homes were started in 1867 they have rescued, trained and passed out into life 30,000 boys and girls. Nearly 6,000 children are now in the Homes.

Owing to an unusual pressure on our columns, the publication of the "ROLL OF HONOR" is unavoidably postponed until next week.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, B. A., has prepared for the Y. M. C. A. an extended series of Bible lessons designed for educated young men against Ritualism and Romanism.

A French commercial house in London has adopted a novel way of dealing with quarrels. He binds two men together by two and, giving one a broom, set the other a shovel, bids them clean the streets of his quarter.

Certain persons professing to be working for the conversion of the Jews have issued appeals for money to assist them in their work. Our readers would do well to write to this office for advice before responding to such appeals.

M. Paul de Cassagnac, one of the most prominent statesmen and writers in France, writing upon the decline of the French nation, says, "The cause of our decline is our renouncement of religion and want of respect for the past."

A church in Los Angeles occupied its new house of worship in 1887 but defeated the dedication of it because of the heavy debt upon it. The debt has now been cleared off and the dedication has taken place with great joy and a clear conscience.

Thirty-eight new members were received into membership at the recent communion in the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn by the Rev. Dr. J. F. Carson, pastor, an aggregate of 185 new members received since the beginning of the year.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions is about to open a school and a medical dispensary in Manila. It has four missionaries, the Rev. J. B. Rogers and Mrs. Rogers and the Rev. David S. Hibbard and Mrs. Hibbard, at work there, and is holding preaching services.

The number of immigrants into this country during May and June is nearly double that of last year, and most of them come from the south of Europe. Last month 13,000 Italians and 5,000 Poles landed in New York, while the Germans numbered only 3,000 and Scandinavians 2,500.

A national convention of the Christian Endeavor societies of France, of which there are more than one hundred, has been called to meet in Paris at an early date to plan for work, and to discuss the form of welcome for the multitude of visitors coming from all the world to the International Exposition of next year.

A victim of the drink habit who has reformed, desires to have it made known that persons desiring emancipation from the curse of rum, will be helped by eating four oranges a day, beginning with one before breakfast and the others at intervals of three or four hours. He says that the practice was a great help to him.

Rev. J. Hal Smith, one of the Christian Alliance missionaries in the Soudan, reports a double bereavement. His sister Mrs. Shoebridge also a missionary in the Soudan, and his wife, formerly well known in the Alliance as Miss Bradshaw, have both succumbed to the climate, and though Mrs. Smith was promptly taken away, she died at Liverpool on her way home.

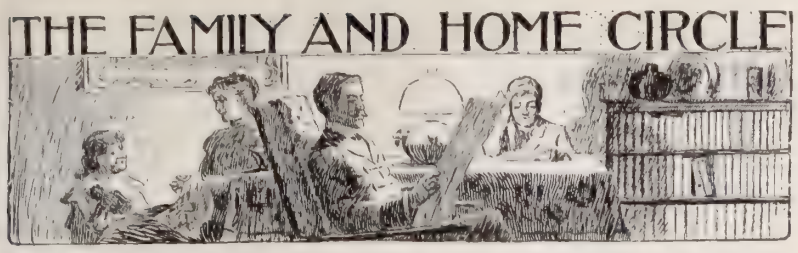
The extent to which the leading languages are respectively spoken is often discussed. A careful estimate, made by an eminent statistician, assigns to the Chinese language 400,000,000; to the English, 120,000,000; Russian, 100,000,000; Hindu, 90,000,000; German, 60,000,000; Spanish, 48,000,000; French, 46,000,000. At the beginning of this century the number of people speaking English was only 15,000,000.

An excellent work was done recently in Chicago by a gentleman and his wife, who took up their quarters for a few weeks in one of the poorest quarters of the city. When they found families living in houses clearly unhealthy, they helped them to move to better houses and then had the houses thus vacated condemned, much to the indignation of the owners, who had been deriving a large income from the rents.

Mr. D. L. Moody has written Lord Overtown declining the invitation signed by a large number of Christians urging him to visit Glasgow and other large cities in Scotland. Mr. Moody's reason is that the work here is more promising than ever. Mr. Moody says: "The coming year in America, I believe, is going to see a widespread evangelistic movement in which I trust that thousands may be reached by the churches.

A dictum of a work having high authority in the Roman Catholic Church, is quoted by the *Congregationalist*. It declares that the church "possesses a sovereign right to retard certain developments of science, if they should seem likely to become dangerous, in the higher interests of faith." The theory of Protestant churches is that the whole truth should be known if it is possible to discover it, but in Protestant churches the practice is not always in accord with that theory.

The Brotherhood of the Kingdom will hold its annual Conference at Marlborough-on-the-Hudson, July 31 to August 4. The managers say in their invitation: "All who love the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ are cordially invited to attend the Conference. We welcome especially those who long for a holier life, for greater unity among believers, for a more living knowledge of the Scriptures, and for more righteousness in social and political life. Marlborough is a station on the West Shore Railroad, eight miles from Newburgh, N. Y., and sixty-six miles from New York."



Fijian Homes

Christianity's Influence Over Savage Peoples —An Agnostic's Testimony

THE homes, industries and social customs of primitive folk usually appeal to the sympathies of civilized nations. Their thatched huts, crude implements, poor attempts at garments, ornaments of feathers, rags, beads and bits of metal, invest them in our eyes with something of the irresponsibility of childhood, and we long to give them better things and to teach them a better way. It has been Christianity's mission to improve the home and to elevate social life wherever its messengers have carried the Word of God. That worshipers of Mammon have preceded or followed them with strong drink and attendant evils, is often too true. But it will not always be so; prayer and labor have been too freely spent to establish Christ's kingdom for Mammon and rum to win the battle.

Now that we possess islands in the Pacific, it is a matter of particular interest to refresh our memories as to what Christian missionaries have accomplished for the homes of some brown-skinned folk of the eastern archipelagoes. It was Darwin who said: "The march of improvement consequent upon the introduction of Christianity throughout the South Seas, probably stands by itself in the records of history. Within twelve years human sacrifices, the power of an idolatrous priesthood, profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world, infanticide and bloody wars, not sparing women and children, all these have been abolished, and dishonesty, intemperance and licentiousness have been greatly reduced." Fiji is a striking illustration of the truth of this statement. In 1835, the missionaries, Cross and Cargill, landed among cannibals, to whom every word of Darwin's description applies. The servants of God made peace between warring tribes, taught the children, reduced the language of the islanders to written and printed words, gave them the Scriptures, instructed the people in agricultural, pastoral and other arts, and showed them something about home-making and home-keeping. In ten years, cannibalism and other frightful customs were abjured; every village on the eighty inhabited islands had a tidy little church, and a good house for its teacher or native minister. A visitor wrote: "The schools are well attended. The first sound which greets your ear at dawn and the last at night, is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship, rising from each dwelling at the hour of family worship."

The Fijian hut in our picture is typical of the dwelling that is passing away. In the volcanic regions, among the sharp pointed "needles" (hills), are others of a peculiar, sugar-loaf appearance; a village, seen from a distance, suggests a group of ant-hills. Most of the land is fertile: beautiful flowers and delicious fruits abound; streams are full of fish. The natives are fond of turtle-hunting: the flesh of the turtle supplies them with meat, and tortoise-shell is an article of export.

The homes of many Fijians are very tasteful. Some of them, of which the framework is timber and the rest lattice and thatch, are very picturesque. The natives show skill in carving, their pottery is good, and the mats, mosquito nets, baskets, fans and other furnishings are often distributed with pretty effect.

A GROUP OF TURTLE-HUNTERS IN THE FIJIAN ISLANDS

♣

A Little Boy's Politeness

It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella: her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap, but good umbrella, stepped up. "May I see you across, ma'am?" "Thank you, dear." Across the street, she handed him five cents. He declined it blushing, yet looking as if he wanted it. The lady was interested. She drew him under an awning and questioned him, to find that his having this umbrella at the ferry was a bit of childish enterprise to help his mamma. He had paid the seventy-five cents in his savings bank for it; and had already taken in thirty cents by renting his umbrella to gentlemen, who, like herself, had left their umbrellas at home. "You're the first old lady," he said with childhood's candor, that I've taken across—and—and I didn't think it was polite—I didn't think mamma would like me to charge you." "A child of the poor," thought his questioner, "but I know from his ways that his mother is a lady and a good woman."

♣

"Lovely Lady"

A little girl, who was very plain, was grieving because less notice was bestowed on her than on her prettier playmates. "Oh, mamma!" she sobbed, with tears, "if I only were fair and had curls like Katie, people would love me like they do her." "Dear," said mamma, "some of the most attractive women I have ever known were homely. They had to depend upon pleasing ways and kind deeds for favor; and the hold of these over the heart that is won is more abiding than that of milk-white skin and golden curls. These women tried to be very neat and tasteful in their dress; they studied to do and to say interesting things. Now, if my little girl will profit by their example, and if she will, above all things, cultivate a sweet spirit, people will love her. Remember that prayer is a beautifier. Communion with God shows itself in the face and beautifies the plainest features. From this day forth be mamma's lovely lady, and see if you do not win and hold all the love you want."

♣

A Marriage in Hebron

"Mashabe" or "Welcome" was her name. She was a Jewess, a sweet, simple girl, and very poor, so that the wedding was in a friend's house, says a correspondent of *The Jerusalem News*, who attended it:

We went into the heart of the busy "market," whence a small side door led to the Jewish quarter. Down a narrow passage we saw several paths, each between white washed walls, with irregular, steep, narrow stone steps, leading up or down. Our way lay up one flight of these. In a large, low room were a number of people assembled, chiefly women. The bride was dressed inexpensively in white, with "golden" yellow stripes, and veil with "gold" about it; a wreath of flowers, white shoes and gloves. Friends streamed in; we were packed as closely as possible. Then the bridegroom came and the rabbis. The customary services were gone through. Psalms and prayers were chanted in Hebrew. A silk scarf was held over the bride and bridegroom, forming a canopy; necessary signatures were written, and all the men, headed by the rabbis, adjourned to the neighboring synagogue. The festivities would probably continue for some days, and then the young bride would be kept in the seclusion of her husband's house, scarcely allowed to leave it for the first year after her marriage.

♣

Truthfulness

Teach your child that truthfulness is the first essential of a moral life, and that it is the first essential of a truly successful life. A successful life based upon falsehood would be no success. In exchange for its mirage, one would have given a priceless possession. Say to your child: "To lose the truth would make you very poor. A lie is the very costliest thing on earth—it costs the whiteness and the cleanness of your soul. It costs you your Saviour himself, for Jesus said: 'I am the Truth.'"

♣

A Most Motherly Hen

During a severe storm in December, says a Western journal, a kitten strayed into a yard at Lima, O., and would have perished with the cold had it not been promptly adopted by a big Cochin hen, who took the kitten under her wings and afterward denied herself of all food that the cat could eat. It was a queer sight on bright days to see the kitten sunning itself on the broad back of the old hen.

Heaven is Not Far Away

THE twilight sea,
That on the edge of [illegible]
Is farther distant than we are
From heaven [illegible]

The sainted saith,
That height nor depth, nor aught below, above,
Nor even all-engulfing death,
Can bring us from God's love.

For while we live [illegible] shade,
Is God our guide through all, both light and
And he the mastery doth give
O'er all that he hath made.

And when we die—
It death it be to pass the only gate
That leads to immortality—
He guards our helpless state.

From midnight earth
Is but a step to morning paradise,
For from the instant of our birth
It shineth in our eyes

Our lives are his:
It matters not what means the Far or Near,
For where God is, there heaven is,
And God himself is here.

Berwick, Me. W. D. SPENCER.

♣

Little "Miss Misery"

SMALL Polly had somehow acquired the habit of always being in trouble. It came to be a sort of business with her to have the worst time of anybody. Uncle John, who had come on a visit to the family, made up his mind to pull Polly out of the "Slough of despond" into which she had fallen,—even if it had to be with something of a jerk. He had devised pleasures for her and Maggie, giving her the lion's share, so anxious was he to bring her to a happier disposition; but the happier disposition had not come. So he began adroitly to drop her out of plans for fun. "It will give our poor little Miss Misery a headache—or some sort of trouble—if we take her out on a tramp," he would say, with such tender considerateness that Polly's sense of being unfortunate was flattered for the moment. But she got tired very soon of being left at home when Maggie and uncle went out a-fishing or on an excursion to the woods, and, almost glad to have a new grievance, began to complain bitterly of neglect. But uncle would not appear to understand her or to take insinuations to himself, accepting all she said and did in his cheerful, sympathetic, caressing way. At last the little girl, climbing on his knee and into his arms, plead to be taken as before. "Why, my darling," said uncle, "I didn't see that you enjoyed anything I did to make you happy. You have so many troubles to take care of that you have no time for fun."

He gave her a kind little talk, and said: "You know, the Bible says: 'Whosoever hath not from him shall be taken even that he hath.' If you do not cultivate a happy nature, opportunities for pleasure cease to come your way. Remember, 'Whosever hath to him shall be given and he shall have more abundance.' Make yourself all the happiness you can."

"You won't call me 'Miss Misery' any more, will you, uncle?"

"Will you deserve the name if I call you Miss Happy Girl?"

"Oh, yes."

♣

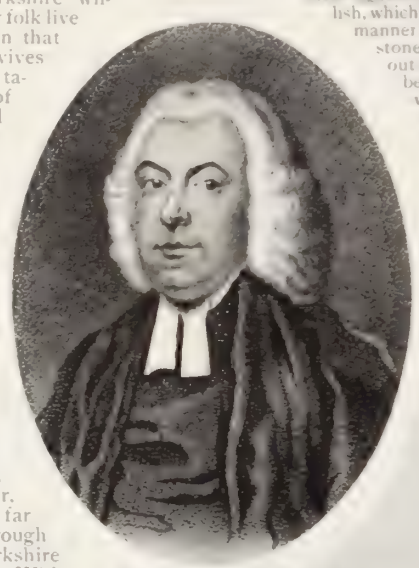
Fatherhood

"You speak to me," said a weather beaten man to a minister, "of God as my father. My father drank, he beat and cursed me. The word 'father' seems to mean something sweet and holy and protecting to you, but it means nothing of that kind to me." The minister was troubled. "How shall I help this man to know God?" he thought. He prayed for light and guidance and patience, and after long loving and striving he showed this man what spiritual fatherhood is, and led him to know what the trust and reverence are that should ever attach to the beautiful word "father," and so opened his eyes to the precious relationship man claims with God in the Lord's Prayer.

Around Grimshaw's Oak Table

The Venerable Relic at which Whitefield, the Wesleys, and other Famous Men Once Sat

THERE is an old parsonage at Haworth, Yorkshire, England, of peculiar interest to Methodists. It is built of stone, dug out of the hills, and stands to-day very much as it did one hundred and fifty years ago, on the edge of the great Yorkshire wilderness. Farmer folk live there now, and in that house there survives a long black oak table, carved, of great weight and strength, bearing the date 1688. William Grimshaw sat at that table, and many of the great leaders of the evangelist revival have sat there. John Wesley and his brother, Charles; Benjamin Ingham, one of the Oxford Methodists, whose societies, fifty in number, were scattered far and wide through that wild Yorkshire country; George Whitefield and many another zealous revivalist.



William Grimshaw was born at Brindle, Lancashire, Sept. 3, 1708, and in 1731 was ordained Deacon and became curate of Rochdale, but in the same year removed to Sodmorden, where he at first led a somewhat careless life. In 1734, he commenced to pass through a long spiritual struggle.

He became acquainted with the Wesleys, Whitefield, Romaine, Henry Venn and other revivalists, and many a meeting and conference of these took place at his parsonage around the noble old table, while some of them preached from the pulpit of Haworth Church. George Whitefield says that in 1756 he preached in honest Mr. Grimshaw's "Round" upon the mountains, to many thousands, and spoke at a watchnight at Leeds, with Grimshaw and Charles Wesley.

Wesley's first visit was on May 1, 1747. He then preached in the church to a "numerous congregation." When he went, ten years later, there were nearly a thousand communicants. On this and subsequent occasions he had to preach outside. A scaffold was erected on the south side of the church, near a window, through which Wesley could pass for the sermon, after prayer within.

Grimshaw's own influence in his parish was remarkable. He raised the number of communicants from twelve to 1,200, put a stop to the Haworth races, enforced the strictest observance of the Sabbath and persuaded the most reluctant to come to church. People came from long distances to hear him preach, and many requested him to come and preach where they resided, his itinerant labors taking him through Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire and North Derbyshire, and in various places he established societies presided over by leaders, much in the same way as John Wesley did. He died April 7, 1763, in his fifty-fifth year, of a fever contracted when visiting a sick parishioner. He was buried by his own desire by the side of his first wife in the chancel of Luddenden Church, near Haworth.

B. C. D.

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW AND HIS OLD HOME AT HAWORTH, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND

Missionaries Opposed by Spain

In a letter from Missionary T. M. MacKnight, dated at Las Palmas, Canary Islands, he tells of the difficulties encountered in connection with the project for a rest-house for sick and worn-out missionaries, whose health has given way under the strain of the deadly African climate. He writes:

"This is a very tonic atmosphere and not in [illegible] inches per annum, and, considering the latitude, 28° N., the temperature is very cool. During winter the mean temperature is 63°, the summer months it is 718. All this is in marked contrast to the heavy rainfall and great heat of the west coast. In this island (Canary) there is a strong feeling among the Spanish, which is shown in every possible manner, even to the throwing of stones at us by children when out walking. This feeling has been intensified since the war. Ships from Africa are often quarantined, and this summer entirely so, on the pretext of yellow fever on the coast, and no passengers may land. We believe it is known on the island that we are here for a Protestant cause, and this causes many small difficulties, which make it a very difficult place for us to settle in. The population of the island is 95,000.

A Song of Peace*

NOW the war-drum throbs no longer,
And the battle-flags are furled;
We exclaim in tones of rapture,
"We're at peace with all the world!"
Peace at least, in all our borders,
Peace in all our wide domain;
On the land and on the waters—
Peace at last with haughty Spain.

Homeward soon the son and brother,
Home the lover and the man.
Friends will gladly hail their coming—
Some, alas! will wait in vain.
Pitying angels hover o'er them,
Kiss away their falling tears,
Cheer the homes, so sad and lonely,
Cheer their hearts through coming years.

God of nations, we would praise thee!
Freedom's battle fought and won!
Broken every chain and fetter!
Free the father and the son!
May the isles so fair and fruitful,
Where the Stars and Stripes shall wave,
Be transformed, redeemed, uplifted—
Never calling man a slave.

Blessed peace! We hail its coming,
Bringing blessings in its train,
Blessings for the isles of ocean,
Blessings yet, we trust, for Spain.
May the Gospel's light and glory
Bid its sin and strife to cease,
'Till that land of ancient story
Welcomes in the Prince of Prince.

MRS. MARY B. WARNER.

*From *War-Time Echoes*; a collection of patriotic poems, heroic and pathetic, humorous and dialectic, of the Spanish-American War, compiled [illegible] cloth binding. The Werner Co., Akron, O., publishers.

A Humane Prince

DUKE CARL THEODOR of Bavaria and his Duchess lately celebrated their silver wedding. There was no grand display in a cathedral, no solemn music and throng of gorgeously dressed men and women, but it was a true and [illegible] people's *fete*, and was greatly enjoyed. The Duke was born at Passenhofen, on Lake Starenberg, in 1839. He is the second son of Duke Max and his wife, the latter a sister of the king of Bavaria.

DUKE CARL THEODOR

He never felt any inclination to follow in the footsteps of his royal predecessors by entering the army or navy. Rather than choose a profession in which it might be his duty to inflict injury or death, the Duke devoted his life and energies to healing the sick and relieving the afflicted. He became an oculist, and is widely known as a skillful and successful practitioner. He devotes his efforts to the poorest class of patients, who are not able to pay the high fees demanded by oculists. His practice is very extensive, and he has lately performed his one-thousandth operation for cataract. Thousands of poor to-day thank him for the preservation of their sight. Among his special patients was the Emperor of Germany, who [illegible] year ago to treat his injured eye.

Duke Carl Theodor has converted his beautiful Castle of Tegernsee into an eye-hospital. He is assisted in many cases by the Duchess, whose soothing power in delicate operations is invaluable.

The Broadway Tent Revival

At the revival meetings in the Gospel tent "Glad Tidings," on Broadway and Fifty-sixth street, New York, large crowds still continue to attend the regular services week days and Sunday afternoons. Ira D. Sankey, the well-known singer, led the musical part of the service on Sunday afternoon, July 23. Among the pastors who spoke at recent meetings were: Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Rev. Dr. H. M. Wharton, Rev. Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, Rev. John H. Elliott, Rev. Dr. C. E. Jefferson, Rev. Dr. W. M. Smith, Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon, Rev. Dr. David Gregg, Rev. Dr. A. J. Behrends, Rev. Dr. George T. Lorimer, Rev Dr. P. S. Henson, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Rev. Campbell Morgan and Rev. Sidney Selden. Rev. Francis E. Clarke, of the Christian Endeavor Society, spoke at the Sunday afternoon rally. A number of additional conversions are reported.

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A Timely Word About Christian Science—Women and Smuggling—A Fashionable Evil

WE had all attended the funeral. "I like a funeral on Sunday afternoon," said good Deacon Plumtree, "people have time to go to it then without neglecting their duties."

"Yes," said Emily Fletcher, "and one meets so many of one's friends there, it is really, well, not cheerful exactly, but sociable and pleasant. I saw the Posts, and the Martins from the Hollow, and cousin Letty's folks from across the mountain, at Mrs. Noble's funeral today."

"The minister does not like funerals on Sunday," said the minister's niece. He says they interrupt the regular order of services, distract the peoples' minds, and add a great deal to his work on the busiest day in the week."

This remark was not taken up by anybody, and fell rather flatly to the ground, but Miss Prissy did not care. She was from town, and had the ease and air expected from a woman brought up in a large and stirring community, where there is always a lot going on socially, and besides, Miss Prissy being a college graduate, and engaged to an officer in the Philippines, has the courage of her convictions. It was no secret to those of us who had ever thought on the matter, that the minister objected to funerals on the Sabbath, but we also knew that on such occasions the minister's convenience is very seldom consulted. Is he not the servant of the people, and bound to do their bidding? That is the unspoken opinion of mourners, at least, and usually of their friends, too.

Mrs. Deacon Ladd, looking half afraid of her audience, yet summing up her resolution, observed:

"Anne Noble might have been alive and sittin' here with the rest of us, if she'd called the doctor in sooner."

"I don't see how you can say such a thing, Betty Ladd," exclaimed Mrs. William James Russell, fiercely. Mrs. Russell is a large woman of fine presence; she is President of the Woman's Club, and of the Ladies' Aid. Her cards are engraved as above, and her full name is always printed on programmes. Latterly, Mrs. William James Russell has been visiting Boston, and has given her assent to the theories of the Christian Scientists. Mrs. Noble, the friend who was just deceased, was a Christian Scientist also, and during an illness extending over six months, she had not received the attention of any physician, and had made her husband, an uncertain sort of man who never dared oppose her will, most wretchedly unhappy because she was failing before his eyes, yet always declaring herself "perfectly well, yes, very well and happy."

"If Tom Noble had had a mite of backbone his wife would have had Dr. Embree in the first place, and been around in no time." This was said firmly by one of the selectmen, a Mr. Smith. People didn't like him very much because of his dogmatic manner of speech, and because he was a truculent personage, bent on setting the world right. Not that he cared about Christian Science, but because he wished to annoy Mr. Smith, young Harry Raymond blurted out:

"Doctors kill as many as they cure. Their fussing and coddling do no good, and they are always experimenting. Why, down Cossett Way, a man died the other day after an operation for appendicitis. It turned out he didn't have appendicitis, and didn't need an operation, but by the time they found that out the poor fellow was dead as a door-nail."

Mr. Smith glared at Harry. "Your story has no manner of relation to the subject we are discussing," he said sternly. "My point was that a husband, seeing his wife's health in danger, ought to overrule her, and get her medical aid willy nilly."

"As to that," said little Amy Burcell, "some women would rather die comfortably and have their own way, than be forced to do what is good for them and give up their own way. Women are made so. Besides, as Mr. Smith is a bachelor, he cannot judge for Tom Noble, who probably did the best he could. Anne Noble was a happy woman while she lived; anybody could see that."

"Christian Science," our good Dr. Eliot now spoke, and we listened attentively, "as now promulgated unblushingly by its founders and followers, is a great money-making scheme, full of humbug, and imposing on the credulous. Certainly a sweet and child like dependence upon God, an absolute acceptance of Christ's words and Christ's will, must do good to any one. Many maladies get well of themselves, if left to nature, and if the mind is calm and composed. Fresh air is itself a wonderful healer; witness the fact that there have been 1,000 fewer deaths from consumption in New York City, with its swarming population, this last year, than were thirteen years ago, when the tenement house conditions were infinitely worse than now. They are still bad enough, heaven knows, but they are better than they were, and people do not die quite so fast of consumption. I have observed that people who adopt Christian Science as their belief cut loose from their moorings, soon lose vital religion, and drift into neglect of its obligations. Medical healing is of God, and is scientific, too; is as really scientific and as really Christian as any healing can be, and when there is diphtheria, or scarlet fever, or typhoid to fight with; when Mamie breaks her collar-bone and Jim his leg, and Benny drives a rusty nail into his foot, use faith and common sense and send for the doctor."

This was the talk we had the other night after our neighbor's funeral. I listened, and said nothing, but my eyes were wet, for I thought of Tom Noble, so clumsy and helpless without a wife; and of Leila and Teddy with no mother, and sure to have a stepmother by and by, who maybe wouldn't be kind to them; and of Anne in her grave under the roses, dying, heaps of them, on it, beneath the moon, and my heart ached.

. . .

WHY DO women love to smuggle? In other words, why do women, not thieves, nor shoplifters, nor story-tellers, as a rule, love to cheat their Government, and boast of the lace and the jewels, and the gloves, which they have brought in, scot-free, past the jealous eyes of the custom-house inspectors? We all know how proudly they display table linen they did not "declare," the silver and trinkets and gauds they managed to get safely home without paying a tax upon. We are all paying taxes now, and very willingly, for the support of our government and the strength of its armies at home and abroad, and it is humiliating to find rich women trying to despoil the country of its dues in this bare-faced and foolish way.

Most of the beautiful articles wealthy women buy abroad at what seems to them a reduced rate, they could buy over here in New York, or Chicago, or San Francisco, at the minimum of trouble and fuss. The merchant would have paid the duty, and they would never think of it. It may be the innate love of a bargain; it may be the difficulty a woman has in understanding the ins and outs of the tariff; it may be the finesse which is a part of a woman's nature, but women would never delight in smuggling if they called it by the ugly name of theft. Convince them the two are synonymous and women will smuggle no more.

. . .

TOO OLD to begin learning a new language? How old are you, my friend? I would not think fifty, or sixty, or seventy too old, granting the person had patience, perseverance and eyesight to undertake any new labor or pursuit. Nobody can lay us on the shelf if we keep alert and alive, and use the faculties we have. More people rust out than wear out in this world.

Margaret E. Sangster

Trust in the Lord

Trust him for a way when there is no way; for light when there is no light; for all things when you have nothing: for joy when there is only sorrow: for life when you are in the midst of death.
J. MUNGER.

When wearied oft with efforts vain
Through many a dreary, lengthened day;
When every Door of Hope seems closed,
Still trust the Lord to make a way.
When in thick darkness deep you walk
Through lonely path in starless night,
Still trust the Lord to bring the dawn—
The shining clear of morning light.

Trust him for all things when bereft,
Forsaken, friendless, poor and lone,
Shipwrecked amid the storms of earth,
With nothing you can call your own.
Trust him for joy when only grief
And sorrow fill the present hour;
Trust him to soothe and strengthen still,
Upheld by his Almighty power.

Trust him for life when in the midst
Of the Death Valley, dark and lone;
He leadeth still; his love is sure;
Through all he safely keeps his own.
Then you will find at last that faith
Is not alone all righteousness;
But it is life and joy and peace,
Always the trusting soul to bless.

Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER.

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A Letter from the Dead!

THERE was an air of strange stillness about the old farmhouse. The door swung wide open, but the wayfarer in the road could catch a glimpse of white ribbons and a bunch of flowers hanging on the knob—an unusual demonstration at Mills X Roads, as the little hamlet was called. While the wayfarer watered his horse at the public trough just outside the gate, he beckoned to him one of a group of men who were sitting in the yard under the shade of a tree.

"What's the matter?" he asked with that right of interest which country people have in each other's affairs.

"Old lady Mills died Wednesday—very sudden—at sunset."

"I'm powerful sorry to hear it. I had it in my mind somebody was dead when I see so many folks aroun' an' everything so quiet-like, but them flowers looked so gaily—an' them ribbins——"

"Her cousin's darter—the little gal from town—put 'em thar. She wanted black, but she didn't have none. I ain't thinkin' its a good way myself, but it pleasured the little gal."

"Ain't you keepin' her out mighty long?"

"We're waitin' for Billy."

"A-ah!"

Josiah Edmunds, a friend of the Mills family, who was acting as master of ceremonies, approached the party, and invited the wayfarer to "pay his respecks."

"I haint sent any notices over to your county," he said apologetically, "an' thet's how you ain't been notified. You see, we didn't know what time to set for the funeral, bein' how ez we're waitin' for Billy."

"When's he comin'?"

"We don't know," gloomily. "An' we don't know ez he's comin' at all. We sent a dispatch soon ez she was took, but we ain't had no word. He might not ha' been home, an' then he mightn't answer no way. After what's happened, thar ain't no knowin' what Billy might or mightn't do. Though, for all I know of him, I'd think as a business man thet knows what's got to be done with a corpse an' how serus our position is, he'd send a answer. The las' word she says was: 'Don't bury me till Billy comes.' I dispatched him thet, too. Them telegrams cost me nigh five dollars."

"Billy's a powerful strange man."

"The self-willedest man thet ever was! I never see nothin' like him!"

The horse had finished drinking and was tethered to the rack in company with a number of his kind. Many friends had come to "pay respecks" to Mrs. Mills. Vehicles, whose teams had been unhitched, and vehicles with teams "minded" by small boys or tied to trees stood about on the side of the road and in the edge of the grove across it. Clusters of men, conversing in low tones, sat under each big tree in the old-fashioned yard. In shady corners of the rose-covered porch, groups of women, some with needlework, some with knitting in their hands, chatted softly. They looked up quickly when Josiah and the newcomer stepped on to the porch, and the men understood the disappointment in their faces.

"I thought 'twas Billy," sighed Mrs. Anderson, dropping back in the chair from which she had half-risen.

"I hoped 'twas," said Mrs. Jones.

"I have about stopped looking for Billy," Polly Hooker, a friend of Billy's wife, observed. "A man that could treat his wife and children as Billy Mills has treated his, can't be expected to do the decent thing by a dead mother."

"Now, now, Polly, Ailsa Mills wouldn't like you to talk that way—you know she wouldn't. She's never said a word agin' him herself," put in poor old Sarah Robinson, whose eyes were red with weeping for the woman who had been her chum at school sixty years ago.

"And that's why I feel the more like saying it."

"Well, my dear, don't. Billy might hear of it sometime, an' he's thet sensitive an' contentious, he might think Ailsa put you up to it, an' the breach thet we've all prayed might be healed would be widened. I've got faith to believe thet it will be healed. I've got faith to believe thet he will come before we put his mother in the ground. An' she'll speak to him!—dead though she be—an' he'll hear!"

"I wish I had your faith, Granny. I wish I had your faith. But a man that could go away from his wife, mother and children, and stay away for five solid years—and for no cause at all—I can't expect anything good of him.

"He thought he had cause, Polly, he thought he had cause. It was in his blood and his bones to think he ought to be master, an' nobody to ask any questions. Everybody ain't made alike, child. Billy's to be pitied an' prayed for."

"I don't see at all where the pity comes in. He's in town, making money hand over fist, having a good time driving around in the park; and gloating in his heart, I'll be bound over the way he knows his wife and mother miss and grieve after him."

"She ain't grievin' now, child, she ain't grievin' now. She's 'forever with the Lord.' An' I don't believe Billy's havin' any good time or enjoyin' himself any. 'Tain't natchel thet he should. No man can't treat his own flesh an' blood thet way an' have a good time. Don't you believe it! Mo'n that, the little girl says her Cousin Bill don't go nowhere, nor have anything to do with anybody 'less it concerns his work—that he jes' works an' works an' works, ez if thar warn't nothin' to live for but work. An' ain't he always sent money—an a plenty of it—back here?"

"Man cannot live by bread alone!" quoted Polly. "A man promises something more when he takes a wife than just to give her food and clothes. He has no more right to take his love from her than he has to rob a bank."

"I don't believe but Billy loves Ailsa. His will is stronger than his heart is warm, thet's all. But the Lord changeth the heart. I tell you, child, she thet's gone and I thet's left have prayed half the night over this thing, right in that room where she's lyin' so still—with thet letter for Billy in her hand. An' I tell you the Lord is faithful."

"May I ask," said Mrs. Turner, the new minister's bride, who had just come to the X Roads the day before, "what was the occasion of Mr. Mills' going away? I don't want to be obtrusive, but you are all my husband's people, and I don't want to be ignorant where I ought to be informed."

"Bless you, child, no!" said Granny, as everybody called old Sarah, "an' you should ha' been told—only it's been common talk so long that we take it everybody knows—what is to be known. You tell 'er, Polly, you're the learnedst of us."

"No," said Polly, "I have absolutely no patience with him. I should speak with severe justice, and that might, as you say, bring poor Ailsa more trouble, and God knows, she's had enough."

"Well, my dear," said Granny to the minister's bride, "this is the way of it to the best of our understanding—though it's a hard thing to understand, and you can't be expected to understand it, not knowin' Billy. Billy, from a little boy, had his own way about everything. It warn't his ma's fault; she done her best. But his pa was thet way befo' him; he had had his way about everything. Joyce Mills had give way befo' her husband till she was in the habit of givin' away an' it was hard for her to keep up against anybody. John Mills was a good man to her: she wanted to live in peace; he didn't ask hard things of her; she thought it was her duty—and may be it was. But, anyhow, she got in the way of givin' way to him about everything, an' she kept it up more or less with Billy. An' it warn't good for Billy. Befo' thet boy was twenty, he ruled this house with a rod of iron. If anybody said him nay, he sulked and made things so uncomfortable thet his mother didn't say him nay often. An', of course, nobody else did. Then he got married. An' Ailsa, not knowin' any different, went ahead doin' her own way just as she had been used to. An' Billy, bein' new married, thought it was the cutest thing in the world, an' didn't mind. When he'd laid down the law to his mother, Ailsa would laugh an' say, 'I'll spank Billy, mother!' But, after a while, it worried her when she see the way he set his own will against his mother's in everything an' had his own way over her; an' it worried her because she see thet she was beginnin' to give way jes' like his ma an' he was beginnin' to treat her the same way. An' then the babies come, an' she see she couldn't have no voice as a mother ought to have in raisin' 'em, an' her little John was walkin' right in his footsteps An' it all wore on her, an' may be she got a little cross herself——"

"Who wouldn't?" broke in Polly.

"Nobody," answered Granny, quietly; and proceeded, "an' it was all the harder for her to stand up against Billy, when she knew he was wrong, because she loved him so much and because he loved her and was good to her mostly an' didn' see his own fault. Joyce, seeing where she had failed, stood by her, and would strengthen her an' say, 'Obey your husband in the Lord, child,' only 'in the Lord,' that's the apostle's command.' Well, Ailsa and Billy had a quarrel. Nobody's ever known just what it was about, but whatever it was, Ailsa stood her ground. Billy was a worldly man; after the bridegroom days he wouldn't go with his wife to church. One Sunday, when Ailsa had little John ready for Sunday School, he came in and carried the boy off fishing—laughin' an' sayin' he didn' want the boy to be no preacher or milksop. He done it so good humored an' so quick that Ailsa didn't remember till after he was gone thet she hadn't thought to stand up strong against it. Then he carried the boy off to the store down at the Corners, an' he come back laughin' at how one of his friends had give the boy a glass of beer an' how the boy had behaved after it. Then Ailsa was all worked up an' said some terrible things—that was all the harder for her, havin' kept 'em back so long. She told him, for one, that she shouldn't let her boy go with him any more; that if ever he carried little John off again, it would be over her dead body. In the face of that, he carried little John off again the very next Sunday, and kept him off all day and all night, an' when he came back, he told her that John had stood his second glass of beer better. She didn't say any short words to him thet time, but she had a little straight talk with him thet ended by his walking out of thet front door and never walking in it from thet day to this. She and his mother thought he'd come back, but he never did. They wrote letters and begged him to come home, but he didn't give any answer. Then Joyce says, 'We won't ask him no more, Ailsa. When he gets ready he'll come, and not before.' Ailsa's said, many a time, 'Ma, let me go away, an' he'll come back to you?' But Joyce 'd say, 'No. It wouldn' be right.' Three years ago he begun to sen' money home, but he's never writ. When she was took last Wednesday, she sent him word, an' we telegraphed it just like she said it, 'Billy, yore mammy is dyin.' Josiah Edmunds had got off a long dispatch an' started Susannah's Ike off with it to the

(Continued on following page).

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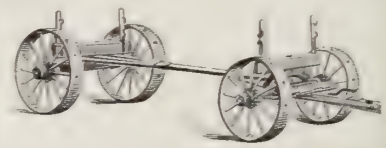

This wagon is made of best material throughout, and really costs but a trifle more than a set of new wheels, and fully guaranteed for one year. Catalogue giving a full description will be mailed upon application by the Empire Manufacturing Co., Quincy, Ill., who also will furnish metal wheels at low prices, made any size and width of tire to fit any axle.

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A Letter from the Dead

(Continued from preceding page.)

station, but we sent Joyce's message jes' the same. My Bob took it. An' I'm thinkin' Billy'll sho be 'long after awhile."

The minister's wife noticed her husband and a little group of men file quietly into the house. Others followed them; and looking through the rosebush, she noticed that there were only a few neighbors left in the yard, and that these were walking slowly towards the porch. Josiah Edmunds came out of the house and spoke to the women:

"It's three days an' we aint heard from Billy. We've got to put 'er away."

"Can't ye wait a leetle—jes a leetle longer, Joe?" pleaded Sarah.

"No use, Granny. He's had time to get here—much more sen' word. The doctor says the strain 'll kill Ailsa—an' thet we mus' do it enyhow. Come in the house, ladies, an' he'p Ailsa bear up, an' let's all submit to the will of the Lord."

As Sarah went in, walking feebly and leaning on the arm of the minister's wife, her lips were moving in silent prayer. As they entered, they heard a choaking voice plead:

"Don't put her in the coffin yet, Joe; wait a little. Wait a little, please Joe."

The neighbors ranged themselves around the room, the minister's wife and Ailsa and her children at the head of the bier upon which Mother Mills was lying as in a sweet sleep. In Mother Mill's hand was a letter addressed to her son in her own writing. On the little table which held the Bible for the minister were pen, ink and paper that Ailsa had put there. The minister's wife whispered to him, and then began to sing:

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

They were all singing and they did not hear hurrying feet come up the porch. A man stood in the doorway—a tall, broad shouldered man with a firm-set jaw that they all knew. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. He walked straight to the bier. There he stood, looking down at the dead woman, his strong jaw working.

Five years ago when he went away, she had been a portly, robust woman. The figure on the bier looked very long and slender. The gentle, peaceful face was very thin. It told him of vigils and yearnings and prayer.

"Mother! mother!" he cried.

"Read the letter, Bill," said Josiah. "She said you was to read it!"

With his eyes fixed on her face, he had not noticed it. He took it out of the dead hand and read it. Her vision had been darkening, her hand had been unsteady, but he could make it out. It said:

"Billy, your mammy is dead. Meet me in heaven. Comfort Ailsa. Don't leave her no more. Help her to raise the children right. Billy, my boy, answer mammy. Put an answer in my hand an' let me be buried with it. I'll know it somehow. Goodbye, Billy, my boy. God bless you. Your Mammy."

He walked to the table and wrote an answer and put it in his mother's hand.

"Where's Ailsa?" he asked.

A little, pale woman in black, who had shrunk behind the minister's wife, came forward, and looked up in his face. He put his arm about her.

"I've promised, Ailsa. And I've asked her to forgive me. Can you?"

They knelt sobbing beside the dead woman, and the voice of the minister arose:

"'I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.'"

MAY FRANCES SMITH.

Madura's Mission Hospital

Frank VanAllen, a medical missionary in India, writes:

The new mission hospital in Madura, India, is now complete. The whole sum for its construction was raised in India, and almost all of it was given by non-Christian Hindus, showing not only their confidence in the missionaries, but their willingness to assist a Christian work when their hearts have been won by Christian philanthrophy and love. That so large a sum ($14,000) should be given by those of Hindu faith for the erection of a distinctively Christian hospital is significant.

The total number of patients treated last year was 14,700. The sick came from the town of Madura and the outlying districts some from a distance of from ten to thirty miles, and sometimes even sixty miles. Since we have been occupying the new hospital the daily attendance of out-patients as well as the number of in patients has increased. The Bible is faithfully taught daily to those who come to the hospital

A Service of Promise

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug. 13 John 14: 1-14

TROUBLED hearts in every generation since Christ came, have turned to these words, spoken in the last sad hours of his life, and have found relief. They contain the essence of Christianity. They show us what the religion of Christ really is. We are to learn from them that Christianity is not so much a system of doctrines, nor a creed, nor a form of worship, as a living union with a living Lord. Christ presents this truth in many ways, under many figures, all chosen to show how close and vital this union is. Their sublime pathos appears when we consider the circumstances in which they were uttered. The men surrounding Jesus were full of sorrow, because he had warned them of his approaching separation from them. He knew that the events then close at hand would try them more than they then could conceive. They had deceived themselves. They had been looking for a kingdom, for glories and honors and high station. They had seen his power, they knew that all things were possible to him and had built their hopes on his coming exaltation. They were to see him arrested, scourged, spit upon and executed as a common felon. Foreseeing their perplexity, their disappointment, their consternation, what could he say that would comfort them when they would have such bitter need of comfort? This is the note that he sounds, now in one way, now in another, that he will always be with them in the future and to all who live his life in after generations, strengthening them and sustaining them in all trial and in all joy.

When we come to realize what this promise was, we see that it includes everything that the Christian most desires. With this promise of Christ's continuous abiding presence, he has no need to fear, no cause for apprehension, no excuse for foreboding. It comprises everything that is needed for every condition. The missionary in a far-off land, separated from home and friends and surrounded by savages, knows, as he appropriates this promise, that he is not alone. The solitary Christian, separated by his faith from his own family or in the factory from his fellow-workmen, disliked, despised, ridiculed, clasps this promise to his heart and gains new courage. Christ is with him, why should he fear? Even when he enters the dark valley of the shadow of death he fears no evil, for Christ will not leave him even there. It is the closest of all friendships, the nearest of all ties. "Believe in me" is the word that is to bring strength and comfort and joy. Not believe in what I have taught, nor in anything about me, but believe in me personally, not as one dead, nor as one glorified and raised far above earth's toils and troubles, but believe in me as one ever near, abiding with you. They are the words of a friend, who has omnipotent power and whose love is infinite. Believing in his presence, there is no path too rugged, no obstacle too great, no experience too bitter for us to meet. Being present, he will see our daily need and will supply it. The grace appropriate to circumstances as they arise will be understood better than we can understand it and will be imparted. In his presence, united with him, all is assured.

What a purifying influence, too, comes from this promise. If he is with us, how can we enter into places of doubtful character, or join in amusements that degrade us? Must we leave his company to go into society where he would not go? Can we do anything that would grieve him? "Believe in me," then we must adopt the principles of his life. The works that he did we must do. Greater works, indeed, he promises shall we do under the stimulus of his presence; for then he was only founding his kingdom and men were not able to understand him. But now when his power and the beauty of his character are recognized, how much more can be done on the lines of his work! Identifying ourselves with him, calling ourselves by his name, we may go forward in his strength to do his work. There are people who know him not, whom we may enlighten, people in trouble whom we may comfort, people in bondage to evil habit whom we may liberate, people living the lives of animals whom we may induce to rise to the privileges of the sons of God. That is what he came here to do. His work was cut short in its infancy, but we may carry it forward. He is here with us to rejoice in its being done. The inspiration that comes from the realization of his abiding presence transforms all the life; it purifies, it ennobles, it stimulates, it strengthens, so that in the end, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, we are transformed into the same image.

Books Received

Dorothy Quincy, a story of the American Revolution, by Mary Elizabeth Springer; pp. 267; paper covers; twenty-five cents. F. Tennyson Neely, New York, publisher.

Diamonds and Nuggets, gathered from American minds, by Rev. Charles H. Covell. This is a most excellent and valuable compilation of the rarest gems of oratory, poetry and prose from the greatest thinkers, writers and speakers of our nation, to which is added for each month of the year a page of notable events in the nation's history. Specially valuable as a book of reference; pp. 426; cloth covers. Gilbert G. Davis, Worcester, Mass.

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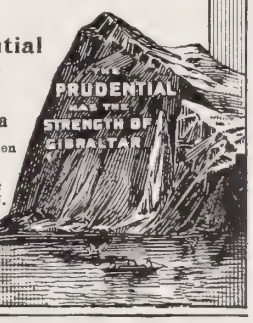

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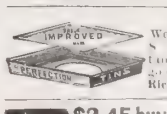

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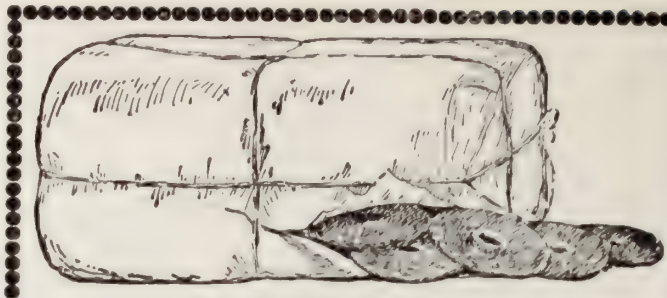

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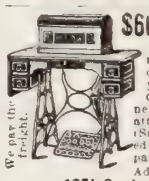

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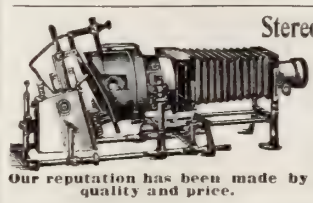

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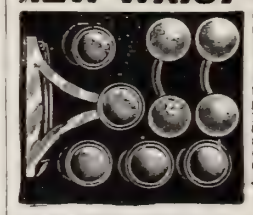

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22 NUMBER 32

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, AUGUST 9, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE ROYAL HOSTESS OF THE WORLD'S FIRST PEACE CONGRESS, QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND

The scenes surrounding the portrait are front, rear, and interior views of the "House-in-the-Wood," at The Hague

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

J. R. N., Zanesville, O. A few friends here have decided to refer to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for decision the question whether a Christian church is justified in accepting a gift of money from a saloon-keeper, to be used in connection with its missionary and other spiritual work? We are divided on the subject, and would be greatly pleased if you could enlighten us as to our best course: whether we ought to accept the money unhesitatingly, and never questioning the source from which it comes, or reject it as money that is tainted and an offence to God, who requires that our offerings should be without spot or blemish. We have no desire to do injustice to anyone, hence our appeal to you.

As this question is one of universal interest to all connected with the church or with God's work in any form, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would be pleased to hear from its readers on the subject, and therefore, it invites all to send us briefly, by mail, an expression of opinion on the question in J. R. N.'s letter, stating what they think to be the proper course for a church to pursue under the circumstances.

Reader, Pondeddy, N. Y. 1. Is it proper for the scholars in a Sabbath School to have a voice in electing the officers? 2. Is it right to elect officers and do the business of the school on Sunday?

1. Only in case the by-laws say so. The usual way is for the teachers only to have a voice in the election. 2. The business meetings of a Sunday School should be held during the week, but not on prayer-meeting nights, unless the members live so far from the church as to make attendance burdensome. It is better, however, to hold the business meetings on prayer-meeting nights than not at all.

Gold Pen, Mich. 1. Do you believe preaching from manuscript proves or disproves that one is called to the work? 2. Associated Press articles recently proclaimed the discovery of the real Garden of Eden. What do you know about it?

1. It proves nothing either way. A man may be eloquent and effective with preparation, and yet a wretched extemporaneous speaker. 2. Alleged discoveries of the kind have been going on for centuries. It is variously claimed to have been found in Mesopotamia, Armenia and Ceylon, and now the latest discovery to which you refer (and which was mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD several weeks ago) is in East Africa, near Somaliland. A traveler has found there a region which meets all the geographical and other requirements mentioned in the Biblical description. It is about as reliable as any of the other "discoveries"—no more and no less. As to the other question in your letter, write to the Congressman from your district for all information.

S. S. Teacher, New York. My class will send prepaid a box of shoes and hats which their owners have outgrown, but which are in good condition for your Fresh-Air children. You have made no mention of such a need and we do not know if they would be acceptable.

They will be very timely indeed. Sizes should be for children from five to twelve years old, and the box should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, New York.

R. S., Oyster Bay, N. Y. The accounts of the Peace Conference in the daily press we find somewhat confusing. What is the net outcome of the Conference, thus far?

The net result is a triumph for the principles of international arbitration, the Committee to which the proposals were referred having adopted the arbitration plan as a whole. The official despatches announce that, even with the modifications made, the adoption of the scheme must be regarded as a distinct triumph for the peace interest.

J. B. M., Waterloo, Ont. 1. What is the meaning of the description of the New Jerusalem in Rev. 20: 1-5? 2. What is the original significance of the word. Hades? 3. What is the condition Paul describes in Rom. 7: 19-22?

1. John describes what he saw in a vision. He does not make it very clear but it was doubtless difficult to do so. He seems to have had the idea of a heavenly city lowered to the earth from the skies. 2. Originally it was the invisible, but in the time in which the Bible was translated into Greek it was used to signify the abode of the departed. 3. Paul was describing the miserable condition of a man trying in his own strength to lead a good life. His triumphant "eureka" at the end of the chapter is explained in the next chapter, in which he shows how that which was before impossible became possible when Christ's power was given to him.

We are still receiving copies of "The Philosopher's Scales" in reply to the request of R. S. Bosworth in a recent issue. Copies have been received from Mrs. E. G. Tunnierman, Hampton, Ia., Mrs. H. J. Robertson, Grass Valley, Calif., Mary Hines, Turkey, N. C., and a number of other readers in different States.

G. N. S., Bainbridge, Ga. What positions or offices [illegible] prefix "Hon."? I presume there is some limit to which this prefix reaches, and there should be a standard or code that should govern. The use is becoming so common that it loses dignity.

It is proper to use the prefix in addressing the leading officials in the national government, including Cabinet, Supreme Court, and Congress; the chiefs of important bureaus. Ambassadors and Ministers, also Governors of States. The custom has gradually been extended by common consent to include State Legislators and sitting judges in the various branches of the judiciary. To dub every petty local official "honorable" is absurd.

Mary C. C., Mystic, Conn. Please give the location of the Kingdom of Geshur, the place where Absalom took refuge after the murder of Amnon. After reading the learned Dr. Adam Clark on the subject, and not feeling satisfied. I would like your opinion.

It was the name of a district of Syria, near Gilead, and lay between Hermon, Maachah and Bashan (see Deut. 3: 13, 14, and Josh., 12: 5). It is supposed to be the region now known as the *Lejah*, and is full of wild and rugged scenery.

Mrs. Lucy P. C., Dallas, Tex. When were postage stamps first introduced in the United States?

In 1847.

J. S. N., New York City. Please explain the meaning of the last part of the 4th verse of the 146th Psalm. "In that very day his thoughts perish."

The Psalmist is speaking purely in a human sense of human thoughts and projects and the things that relate to this world. A paraphrase [illegible] jects, schemes and plans—the thoughts of his brain relating to schemes of worldly power and policy, perish." See the concordant passage, I. Cor. 2: 6, which refers to the "wisdom of this world nor of the princes of this world that come to nought," as distinguished from the Divine wisdom (spoken of in the next verse) which endures forever.

Here is an excellent suggestion, in a letter from a CHRISTIAN HERALD reader, which others may be able to profit by. The writer is Mrs. E. H. G., Old Mystic, Conn.:

[illegible] more pleasure than a subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one year. In every case it has been greatly appreciated. It seems very little for us to do for the paper which has done so much for us. Let us be up and doing and not be too easily discouraged; solicit all we can and give all we can, [illegible] fore this century may close to secure the million [illegible] grandest anniversary present it could possibly have. Remember that, while we are working for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we are working for God and humanity.

[illegible] interesting places to visit in New York City for a party expecting to spend two days there? 2. If the Czar of Russia is a Christian and a believer in peace, why did he allow the Doukhobors or Russian Quakers to be persecuted because they refused to perform military service?

1. City Hall, Central Park, the Zoo, Navy Yard, Governor's Island, Liberty Statue, the East River Bridge, Grant's Tomb, Prospect Park and Coney Island. If time is too brief, [illegible] will tell of it." The burden seemed to be [illegible] Germany and China? Was a flower decided on [illegible] able to supply. We will be glad if our readers can make additions to it. England, rose; Ireland, shamrock; Scotland, thistle; France, [illegible] Prussia the linden; Saxony, mignonette; Spain, pomegranate; India, lotus-leaf; Canada, we believe, takes the sugar maple; and the United States will probably settle upon the columbine, although other flowers have [illegible] days than Sunday? Is there not really more [illegible]

You are quite right about the work of preparing a Sunday newspaper being done on week-days, and the work of preparing the Monday newspaper being done on Sunday. It is clear, however, that the world would not be content to do without the Monday newspaper. Still, if there were only six issues of the daily in a week, as there are in England, the staff of a daily journal would get one day in the week free. Probably from 4 A. M. on Saturday to 9 A. M. on Sunday. Turning from the question of responsibility for Sabbath-breaking in production, we come to the effect on the reader. The reading of the Sunday newspaper is an intrusion of secular affairs on a day reserved for the spiritual, and in this it is injurious. Probably many stay away from church in order to read the voluminous sheets of the Sunday issue. The course you suggest, of reading it on the Monday, avoids that difficulty, but we cannot well imagine an American citizen, who likes to know as speedily as possible everything that has occurred, keeping his paper unopened for twenty-four hours. Few people have that amount of self-control. The only effectual means of getting rid of the evil is probably so extensive a change in public opinion as would have an influence with the publishers. No men are so sensitive as they to public opinion. If the majority of their readers refused to buy the Sunday issue, it would soon cease to be printed. The change next in order of desirability would be a reform in the paper itself. If it is to be issued, it ought, in deference to the day, to drop its objectionable features and give prominence to religious features and print the news of the progress of Christ's Kingdom.

Subscriber, Philadelphia, Pa. Address is Tarrytown, N. Y.

Reader, Oswego, N. Y. 1. She has not. 2. Irvington, N. Y.

C. M. Gregg, Burlington, Ia. We presume they will be given an opportunity to do so.

Miss Juliette E. M., Newton, Ala. Write to him care of *The Eagle*, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Anxious Inquirer, Hudson, Mass. Write to the Secretary of the Institute at East Northfield.

Geo. G. Fink. It is impossible to furnish the information you want without very extensive in[illegible]

Reader, Wolcott, Conn. It has probably some value as a curiosity. Write to the Mayor's secretary, City Hall, New York.

L. J. Ehrlich, evangelist, Patton, N. C., can use Sunday School papers, tracts and religious books to good advantage in his missionary work.

Elizabeth A. Hanson. The great age of the Bibles is evidence that they have been highly prized and preserved with reverential care. That is all.

F. S. P., Bennington, Vt. It is hardly conceivable that any one claiming to be a Christian should willingly become a party to such a desecration of the Lord's day.

Reader, Va. 1. Write to the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., for full information, or to the Superintendent Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va. 2. We do not.

Topsy Hampton, Luton, Ia. 1. The reply, of course, had reference to the influence of plants at night in sleeping rooms. 2. Send the books to care of Y. M. C. A., Havana, with note to the superintend[illegible]

Emma M. M., New York. 1. You will find a dealer's address in New York Business Directory. 2. We know of none. 3. It may be published in book form soon. 4. She was living and well at latest accounts. 5. He was not present.

Miss Laura Ashburn, New Richmond, O., writes that back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, tracts or other good literature, will be very acceptable to a struggling mission Sunday School in that town and will be promptly distributed by her.

Troubled One. It is, of course, easy to decide a case when only one side is stated. If, however, there is nothing valid to be alleged on the other side and the facts are as you state them, we should say that you are perfectly justified in doing as you propose.

M. M. Rockwell, Troy, Pa. Doubtless the old Bibles so frequently mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have a market value, but that feature of the case does not interest us, while the antiquity of the book and its completeness and state of preservation are worth recording.

Subscriber, Minot, N. Dak. 1. Prof. Falb's views, which are of a sensational character, are not generally shared by astronomical authorities. 2. Probably imperceptible. 3. We know nothing about the concern, and think you should be careful before dealing with people who "make merchandise" of sacred things.

THE FIRST JOURNEY ACROSS THE CONTINENT BY AUTOMOBILE

In a recent issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave an account of the revolution which has begun in transportation since the introduction of the automobile as a road conveyance. The horseless carriage is now to be seen in many American cities, and even in some of the smaller towns. In Europe, it has made great progress, and is fast superseding the horse as a popular means of travel. It is a common incident now in any city abroad to see the auto-cars wheeling along, and journeys "across the Continent" are frequent. The first riders to attempt an automobile trans-continental tour in the United States are Mr. John D. Davis and wife, who are now on the way from New York to San Francisco. They use a gasoline engine to propel the machine. The coach is built like a phaeton and hooded, and the wheels are of the ordinary bicycle pattern. Our photograph shows them at the outset of their journey.

omit the last two. 2. Under the present Czar, the severity of the Russian administrative system has been greatly relaxed. We believe the Emperor's influence to be in favor of peace and justice, but sweeping and radical reforms, affecting great bodies of people, cannot be accomplished in a day.

Mr. F. L. Smith, who has been conducting the Y. M. C. A. work at San Juan, Porto Rico, writing with regard to the proposition to send American missionaries there says: "It would be useless to send them from here until the middle of September at the earliest, owing to climatic conditions."

E. H. (a reader of this journal) writes from Waterbury, Conn., giving this incident of answered prayer:

We had bidden mother, as we thought, a last goodbye. She had lapsed into unconsciousness. As I sat beside her, the thought suddenly came into my mind—"Why should your mother die? Is God's arm shortened? Is there not a great Physician? Remember him who cured all manner of diseases!" Without leaving my seat, I lifted up my heart to God and I prayed, oh, so fervently! I said: "O, thou Divine Healer, I know that thou art able to do this thing. If it be thy will, for thy name's sake heal her and let the change come right now, that

Soul-Winning . . . in Chicago

The Work of the Pacific Garden Mission Among the Destitute and the Fallen

THERE has lately been a revival of interest in city missions in Chicago that is most encouraging. The field is a large and needy one, and missions have not failed through lack of converts. The great drawback has been a lack of funds for carrying on the work and of interest on the part of the city's wealthy men. It is generally admitted that there are fewer missions there in proportion to the population than in any other large city in the United States. Missions have been established from time to time, and they have done a good work while they lasted, but just as they were getting well started the funds have invariably failed and the work has been discontinued through necessity. The recent revival of interest, however, foreshadows a substantial increase of city missions.

A GOSPEL SERVICE AT THE PACIFIC GARDEN MISSION, CHICAGO

At present there is but one mission which can be called a landmark—the old Pacific Garden Mission, which has been established for more than twenty-one years. It stands at 100 East Van Buren street, which is one of the greatest centres of vice in the western metropolis. Surrounded by saloons and gambling-dens, the mission sheds a cheerful light on every side, and none can estimate the good that has been accomplished through its influence. Thousands of homeless, discouraged men and women pass the mission every day and evening, and the door is always open for them to enter. Many despondent creatures have there been won back from sinful lives. Its gospel wagon is well known in the Chicago streets, and its workers are active, consecrated men and women. The mission is now in charge of Mrs. Sarah D. Clarke, who is carrying on the work which was begun by her able husband.

Van Buren street, where the mission is located, is an artery of trade. Many saloons stand ready to give a high rent for the hall occupied by the mission.

"But we cannot think of moving," said Mrs. Clarke. "We have been here so long that it would be like doing away with a landmark for us to move; and there is no better location for a mission in Chicago. Here, amid the city's worst dens of evil, we are like a light-house in a stormy sea. On cold winter nights it is hard for young men and women to pass this cheerful place, with its warm fire, its light, and its music. Many are attracted by these things; and once inside, we try to sow the good seed. It may not bear fruit before our eyes, but we feel that one day it will. There are hundreds of men in here every night, and a good many women, too. The number of conversions is encouraging, considering our location. Many strangers who pass the place come in out of curiosity. They may not be influenced at the time, but later on the lesson goes to their heart. Then we hear from them, thanking us for the good which has resulted in a change in their lives. These letters come from every part of the country.

"On several occasions," she added, "I have received letters from women whose husbands visited the mission while in Chicago. The wives write to thank us for the reform that has been brought about in their husband's lives. Sometimes the work is very discouraging. We have a constant struggle to obtain funds, and, if it were not for a few good friends, we would probably be obliged to give it up."

And those who have the good of Chicago at heart hope that the conductors of the Pacific Garden Mission will long be able to continue the work. Mrs. Clarke herself contributed $729 toward the support of the mission during the last year, besides giving her services. The total expenses of the year were $5,111, all being met by voluntary contributions.

Tent and Wagon Gospel Work

For some time past excellent Gospel work has been going on at Norwalk, Conn., under canvass, a tent and wagon being employed. This work is the outcome of a desire on the part of Rev. W. H. Hubbard to reach the non-church-going masses. With the aid of a tent, planted in the heart of the city, surrounded by saloons steam and trolley cars, business places and pleasure-seekers; and with a Gospel wagon for preaching in the large factories at noon hours, Jesus and the story of his love have been presented to many, who rarely, if ever, attend the regular church services. Many have been reached and influenced for good, and the work is still going on. Some who had not attended church in twenty-two years are now regular attendants, "Clothed and in their right mind." Some, who for over five years never came home Saturday night with wages and sober, have quit drinking and are now known as model husbands and fathers.

Helping the Texas Flood Sufferers

Relief Work Going on in the Brazos Valley—Scenes of Desolation

RELIEF work is bravely going forward in the Brazos Valley, Texas. The country devastated is four times the size of Massachusetts, and within this area people will raise neither wheat to eat nor cotton to sell this year. Cotton was whitening and corn ripening when the cloudbursts came and the Brazos and its tributaries overflowed, sweeping away homes, furniture, clothing, food, and all means of subsistence for thousands of people. From many cities the hand of help has been extended, but many sufferers are still unrelieved. The unafflicted counties of Texas are doing their duty, and the Governor and central and local relief committees have been energetic in relief operations. Governor Sayers has bought and distributed quantities of seeds, paying for them out of the relief fund. Kaffir corn, field peas, turnips, and German millet are being planted wherever practicable. A planter in Richmond says that it will take his county and the surrounding country twenty-five years to recover. As the waters receded, sickness was to be expected from the thousands of dead animals. One report says: "Meal arrived. We need more; have 900 to feed. Please send medicines or you will have to send some coffins."

The Galveston News describes many scenes sufficient to move the hearts of all who have sympathy for the sufferers. That journal says:

> Water, nothing but red, muddy water as far as the eye could reach. . . . Helpless women and children in trees and on house-tops for days, under a roasting sun with little or nothing to eat. . . . Now and then appeared a farm house nearly submerged, and close along the shore cattle walking back and forth, up to their necks in water and not knowing how to get out. . . . Rushing currents, cattle and deer upon the porches of buildings, a lone citizen in a dug-out, men, women and children gathered on tops of buildings . . . from Waco to the gulf, magnificent crop prospects converted into one long black waste of ruin and desolation.

A rescue party of nine men who went out in three boats from Wallis, Austin Co., told a similar story:

> Water, water, everywhere; nothing but water. Here and there we could see a house-top or cattle or household goods, floating melons and pumpkins and kershaws by the thousand. Not a foot of bottom land visible. We saved much bedding, cut through roofs of houses and dived in from seven to ten feet of water. One man refused to leave his house and was carried out through the roof with his wife and nine children. The suffering of families who have lost their all is very great. Many are entirely destitute.

THE STAR GARDEN, PHILADELPHIA

The destitute people must be kept alive until work is found. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already forwarded $1,000 to Governor Sayers to be used for the relief of the flood sufferers; and if any of our readers wish to cooperate in this good work, any contribution they may send for this purpose will be acknowledged in these columns. The following sums have been received: W. E. Sealwell, $5.05; C. A. Hagaman, $5.

Philadelphia's "Penny Luncheons"

Luncheon for one cent! The institution which provides this is unique. It has been in practical operation in Philadelphia for three years, and last year 56,316 penny lunches were served to school children alone. Star Centre, where the work of serving penny lunches goes on with increased popularity, is in the most crowded district of the Quaker City. On every side the slums lean up against its walls or wander away through endless courts and alleys. For squares there is not a decent restaurant or eating-stand. Promptly at noon the doors of the public schools in the neighborhood are thrown open and crowds of hungry school children pour into the streets and head for Star Centre, at the corner of Seventh and Lombard Sts. Each child has its penny, and each penny means a meal. Our photograph shows where the work began.

The Star Kitchen comprises coffee-house, bakery and kitchen proper. One can drop in at any hour of the day and find guests there. If it be breakfast the meal is corn meal, mush with milk, coffee with milk and sugar; if dinner, Irish stew of beef and potatoes, flavored with onion, bread and boiled rice; and supper, baked pork, beans and bread.

There are other features of interest connected with the place, notably the Thrift Clubs, the Stamp Savings Centre and the Work Bureau. The latter was opened only last June as an attempt to meet the constant demands for employment. At the Savings Centre a director receives sums on deposit and gives in exchange a stamp certifying the amount, which is used as a receipt. This is directly connected with one of the city savings banks. The Thrift Clubs are two in number, the Co-operative Coal Club, which aims to provide its members with coal at wholesale rates, and the Cooperative Shoe Club, which assists its members in procuring shoes.

After the expenses of the clubs are paid there is a small surplus for illustrated lectures, according to Rochdale cooperative plan. Four lectures were given last year by the Coal Club, followed by a social tea.

WHERE THE STAR KITCHEN WAS STARTED

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

∴ Christianity as a Delusion ∴

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Ezek. 21: 21, . . . He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver

WE [illegible] by which the King of Babylon proposed to find out the will of God. He took a bundle of arrows, put them together, mixed them up, then pulled forth one, and by the inscription on it decided what city he should first assault. Then an animal was slain, and by the lighter or darker color of the liver, the brighter or darker prospect of success was inferred. That is the meaning of the text: "He made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver." Stupid delusion! And yet all the ages have been filled with delusions. It seems as if the world loves to be hoodwinked, the delusion of the text only a specimen of a vast number of deceits practiced upon the human race. The Delphic Oracle deceived multitudes of people; the Pythoness seated in the Temple of Apollo uttering a crazy jargon from which the people guessed their individual or national fortunes or misfortunes. The utterances were of such a nature that you could read them anyway you wanted to read them. A general coming forth to battle consulted the Delphic Oracle, and he wanted to find out whether he was going to be safe in the battle, or killed in battle, and the answer came forth from the Delphic Oracle in such words that if you put the comma before the word "never," it means one thing, and if you put the comma after the word "never," it means another thing just opposite. The message from the Delphic Oracle to the general was, "Go forth, return never in battle shalt thou perish." If he was killed, that was according to the Delphic Oracle; if he came home safely, that was according to the Delphic Oracle.

So the ancient auguries deceived the people. The priests of those auguries, by the flight of birds, or by the intonation of thunder, or by the inside appearance of slain animals, told the fortunes or misfortunes of individuals or nations. The sibyls deceived the people. The sibyls were supposed to be inspired women who lived in caves and who wrote the sibylline books afterward purchased by Tarquin the Proud. And so in all ages, there have been necromancies, incantations, witchcrafts, sorceries, magical arts, enchantments, divinations and delusions. The one of the text was only a specimen of that which has been occurring in all ages of the world. None of these delusions accomplished any good. They deceived, they pauperized the people, they were as cruel as they were absurd.

But there are those who say that all these delusions combined are as nothing compared with the delusion now abroad in the world, the delusion of the Christian religion. That delusion has to-day four hundred million dupes. It proposes to encircle the earth with its girdle. That which has been called a delusion has already overshadowed the Appalachian range on this side the sea, and it has overshadowed the Balkan and Caucasian ranges on the other side the sea. It has conquered England and the United States. This champion delusion, this hoax, this swindle of the ages, as it has been called, has gone forth to conquer the islands of the Pacific, and Melanesia and Micronesia and Malayan Polynesia, have already surrendered to the delusion. Yea, it has conquered the Indian archipelago and Borneo, and Sumatra and Celebes and Java have fallen under its wiles. In the Fiji Islands, where there are 120,000 people, 102,000 have already become the dupes of this Christian religion, and if things go on as they are now going on, and if the influence of this great hallucination of the ages cannot be stopped, it will swallow the globe. Supposing then that Christianity is the delusion of the centuries, as some have pronounced it, I propose to show you what has been accomplished by this chimera, this fallacy, this hoax, this swindle of the ages.

And in the first place I remark, that this delusion of the Christian religion has made wonderful transformations of human character. I will go down the aisle of any church in Christendom, and I will find on either side that aisle those who were once profligate, profane, unclean of speech, and unclean of action, drunken and lost. But by the power of this delusion of the Christian religion they have been completely transformed, and now they are kind and amiable and genial and loving and useful. Everybody sees the change. Under the power of this great hallucination they have quit their former associates, and whereas they once found their chief delight among those who gambled and swore and raced horses, now they find their chief joy among those who go to prayer-meetings and churches; so complete is the delusion. Yea, their own families have noticed it—the wife has noticed it, the children have noticed it. The money that went for rum now goes for books and for clothes and for education. He is a new man. All who know him say there has been a wonderful change. What is the cause of this change? This great hallucination of the Christian religion.

Ah! that is the remarkable thing about this delusion of Christianity, it overpowers the strongest inteilects. Gather the critics, secular and religious, of this century together, and put a vote to them as to which is the greatest book ever written, and by large majority they will say *Paradise Lost*. Who wrote *Paradise Lost?* One of the fools who believed in this Bible, John Milton. Benjamin Franklin surrendered to this delusion, if you may judge from the letter that he wrote to Thomas Paine, begging him to destroy the *Age of Reason*, in manuscript, and never let it go into type: and writing afterward, in his old days: "Of this Jesus of Nazareth I have to say that the system of morals he left, and the religion he has given us are the best things the world has ever seen or is likely to see." Patrick Henry, the electric champion of liberty enslaved by this delusion, so that he says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading physiologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist—what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianity." Isaac Newton, the leading philosopher of his time—what did he say? That man surrendering to this delusion of the Christian religion, crying out: "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philosophy of the Gospel." David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over uncovers his head, David Brewster, saying: "Oh! this religion has been a great light to me, a very great light all my days." President Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God in whom I am glad to believe." David Livingstone, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this delusion, this hallucination, this great swindle of the ages, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees. William E. Gladstone, the strongest intellect in England, unable to resist this chimera, this fallacy, this delusion of the Christian religion, went to the house of God every Sabbath, and often at the invitation of the rector, read the prayers to [illegible] overborne by this delusion, what chance is there for you and for me?

Besides that, I have noticed that first-rate infidels cannot be depended on for steadfastness in the proclamation of their sentiments. Goethe, a leading sceptic, was so wrought upon by this Christianity that in a weak moment he cried out: "My belief in the Bible has saved me in my literary and moral life." Rousseau, one of the most eloquent champions of infidelity, spending his whole life warring against Christianity, cries out: "The majesty of the Scriptures amazes me." Altemont, the notorious infidel, one would think he would have been safe against this delusion of the Christian religion. O! no. After talking against Christianity all his days, in his last hours he cried out: "O! Thou blasphemed but most indulgent Lord God, hell itself is a refuge if it hide me from thy frown." You can not depend upon these first-rate infidels: you cannot depend upon their power to resist this great delusion of Christianity. Thomas Paine, the god of modern sceptics, his birthday celebrated in New York and Boston with great enthusiasm — Thomas Paine, the paragon of Bible haters—Thomas Paine, about whom his brother infidel, William Carver, wrote in a letter which I have at my house, saying that he drank a quart of rum a day and was too mean and too dishonest to pay for it—Thomas Paine, the adored of modern infidelity—Thomas Paine, who stole another man's wife in England and brought her to this country—Thomas Paine, who was so squalid and so loathsome and so drunken, and so profligate, and so beastly in his habits, sometimes picked out of the ditch, sometimes too filthy to be picked out—Thomas Paine, one would have thought that he could have been depended on for steadfastness against this great delusion. But no. In his dying hour he begs the Lord Jesus Christ for mercy. Powerful delusion, all-conquering delusion, earthquaking delusion of the Christian religion. Yea, it goes on, it is so impertinent and it is so overbearing, this chimera of the Gospel, that, having conquered the great picture galleries of the world, the old masters and the young masters, it is not satisfied until it has conquered the music of the world. Haydn deluded with this religion until he wrote the "Creation." Handel deluded until he wrote the oratorios of "Jephthah" and "Esther" and "Saul" and "Israel in Egypt" and the "Messiah." Three thousand deluded people singing of a delusion to eight thousand deluded hearers.

Yes, this chimera of the Gospel is not satisfied until it goes on and builds itself into the most permanent architecture, so it seems as if the world is never to get rid of it. What are some of the finest buildings in the world? St. Paul's, St. Peter's, and the churches and cathedrals of all Christendom. Yes, this impertinence of the Gospel, this vast delusion, is not satisfied until it projects itself and in one year gives, contributes, $6,250,000 to foreign missions, the work of which is to make dunces and fools on the other side of the world—people we have never seen. Deluded doctors—two hundred and twenty physicians meeting week by week in London, in the Union Medical Prayer Circle to worship God.

Deluded lawyers — Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England, the ex-adviser of the throne spending his vacation in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the poor people of Scotland. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, once Secretary of State, an old-fashioned Evangelical Christian, an elder in the Reformed Church. John Bright, a deluded Quaker. Henry Wilson, the Vice-President of the United States, dying a deluded Methodist or Congregationalist. Earl of Kintore dying a deluded Presbyterian.

The cannibals in South Sea, the bushmen of Terra del Fuego, the wild men of Australia, putting down the knives of their cruelty, and clothing themselves in decent apparel—all under the power of this delusion. Judson and Doty and Abeel and Campbell and Williams and the three thousand missionaries of the Cross turning their backs on home and civilization and comfort, and going out amid the squalor of heathenism to relieve it, to save it, to help it, toiling until they dropped into their graves, dying with no earthly comfort about them, and going [illegible] when they might have lived in this country, and lived for themselves, and lived luxuriously, and been at last put into brilliant sepulchres. What a delusion!

And to show the immensity of this de[illegible] of Jesus Christ. I open a hospital and I bring into that hospital the death-beds of a great many Christian people, and I take you by the hand and I walk up and down the wards of that hospital, and I ask a few questions. I ask, "Dying Stephen, what have you to say?" "Lord, Jesus, receive my spirit." "Dying John Wesley, what have you to say?" "The best of all is God is with us." "Dying Edward Payson, what have you to say?" "I float in a sea of glory." "Dying John Bradford, what have you to say?" "If there be any way of going to heaven on horseback, or in a fiery chariot, it is this." "Dying Paul, what have you to say?" "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand: I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. O! death, where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

O! my Lord, my God, what a delusion, what a glorious delusion. Submerge me with it, fill my eyes and ears with it, put it under my head for a pillow—this delusion—spread it over me for a canopy, put it underneath me for an outspread wing—roll it over me in ocean surges ten thousand fathoms deep. If infidelity, and if atheism, and if annihilation are a reality, and the Christian religion is a delusion, give me the delusion.

The strong conclusion of every reasonable man and woman is that Christianity producing such grand results cannot be a delusion. A lie, a cheat, a swindle, a hallucination cannot launch such a glory of the centuries. Your logic and your common sense convince you that a bad cause cannot produce an illustrious result: out of the womb of such a monster no such angel can be born. There are many who began with thinking that the Christian religion was a stupid farce, who have come to the conclusion that it is a reality. And if some of you would give your experience you would give it in scholarly style, and others giving their experience would give it in broken style, but the one experience would be just as good as the other. Some of you have read everything. You are scientific and you are scholarly, and yet if I should ask you, "What is the most sensible thing you ever did?" you would say, "The most sensible thing I ever did was to give my heart to God."

But there may be others who have not had early advantages, and if they were asked to give their experience, they might rise and give such testimony as the man gave in a prayer meeting when he said: "On my way here to-night, I met a man who asked me where I was going. I said, 'I am going to prayer-meeting.' He said, 'There are a good many religions and I think the most of them are delusions: as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion, that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.' I said to him: "Stranger, you see that tavern over there?" 'Yes,' he said. 'I see it.' 'Don't you see me?' 'Yes, of course, I see you.' Now, the time was when everybody in this town knows if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink: all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink, and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go in there: and, stranger, if this is a notion, I want to tell you it is a mighty powerful notion: it is a notion that has put clothes on my childrens' back, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanksgiving to God. And, stranger, you had better go along with me, you might get religion, too.'"

Well, we will soon understand it all. Your life and mine will soon be over. We will soon come to the last bar of the music, to the last act of the tragedy, to the last page of the book—yea, to the last line and to the last word, and to you and to me it will either be midnoon or midnight!

In Assam's : : : : Pretty Tea-Gardens

Missionary Joseph Paul Writes of Gospel Work Among the Coolie Laborers of the Far East

DIBRUGARH contains a larger number of tea-gardens than any district in Assam; and, for its size more than any other district in the world. The natives of Assam will not take employment on these gardens, so coolies have all to be imported from India.

TEA-SIFTERS AT WORK

Although our missionaries have, for some years, been carrying on successful missionary work amongst this class of people in other disticts of the country, nothing had been done in the Dibrugarh district until October '98. For some weeks previous to this, I had been forming the acquaintance of several of the European planters, and after some difficulty, had obtained their permission to preach the Gospel to the coolies. Not every planter grants this privilege. On the 13th of October, in company with two native preachers, I entered upon this work, by going into a very large garden where 3,500 of these people are employed. We unrolled our mission pictures and sang a hymn. Quite a large crowd gathered about us. We explained our purpose in going amongst them, and then began to preach the Gospel of a free and full salvation through faith in the merits of the sinless Son of God. The people gave good attention, and some few made quiet inquiries when the preaching was over. They were instructed and encouraged to decide for Christ, which five of them did.

During another visit, a few weeks afterwards, I found five more believers, and when they were all baptized I organized a small church, appointing one of their number who could read, as leader. Being anxious to reach a place where, on Sundays, a very large market is held, and where thousands of these people gather to buy and sell, we left the place of our beginning. On Sunday morning, as soon as the crowd had gathered, we spread out our salable books on the ground, and then sang. In ten minutes, five or six hundred faces were turned toward us. We told these eager people the old, old story of Jesus and his power to save the worst of sinners. We then began to sell Testaments and Scriptures in several languages. So eager were the crowds to buy the Gospels that in about an hour 450 copies in Assamese, Bengali and Hindi were sold.

A pleasant incident on this particular morning, occurred when two old Christian brothers, from one of our churches in another district, came with beaming faces and outstretched hands, saying "Yesu Sohoi" (Jesus helps). These people were so glad that we had come among them that they asked us to come out to the garden where they lived—about three miles away—to hold a prayer-meeting. That day before the sun went down, old Christians were revived, new ones believed, and the Lord was greatly glorified.

IN A TEA-GARDEN

The next day, having asked and obtained permission to preach in the lines of the tea-garden, where the two Christians who met us at the market lived, we went there. The people gathered in crowds to hear the Word, and asked "what must we do?" Some believed, others were hardened. In the evening we held a prayer-meeting in one of the Christians' homes. Sixteen fully prepared to follow the Lord. They have been faithful and are now baptised. With these sixteen and the two old Christians, a church was organized. It now has a membership of thirty.

At the next place we visited a few believed and were baptised in due time. Here also a church has been organized, which now numbers sixteen. And so our visit to the market and sale of the Scriptures advertised us. We were expected at every place. At one very large tea-garden, where about four thousand laborers are employed, I found an old Christian who had kept faithful amid awful temptations. For years he had had no one to encourage him and no opportunity to attend Gospel services. He met me, saying: "I have been praying for this day. Let us have a meeting to-night in the tea-house." We did so, and, strange to note, sixteen was the number again who confessed that they were hungering and thirsting for the Bread of Life.

Many interesting and encouraging things could be told of the work our Lord is doing by and through his missionary servants in adjoining districts among this same class of people. First to be mentioned is the labor of Rev. C. E. Petrick, who has seen, during his ten years of labor, a gradual development from a few believers to a total church membership of 652 in the Sibsagar district. Branching out from this is the work undertaken in the North Lakhimpur district by Rev. John Firth five years ago. His labors have been wonderfully blessed; there are quite as many organized churches as there are tea estates; yet the most permanent work is done in the villages, which have been formed by coolies having served their full time on the estates and settled on land of their own, thus becoming free from the authority of any planters, and foreshadowing the time when people of this class will become useful and important factors in the wellbeing of the Province of Assam. Mr. Firth reports over 350 baptisms within his period of service. Rev. O. L. Swanson was for a while in the North Lakhimpur district, but later he began work in 1897 in the Golaghat district, where within the period of a year and a half he has seen added to the number of the redeemed about one hundred and four souls. Then, in connection with other work in the Nowgong district, Rev. P. H. Moore has preached in the gardens and in coolie villages in that district, and has two organized churches, with a total membership of 143.

Thus it is plainly seen that wherever work has been done amongst this class of people success has followed. The great drawbacks are the oppositions by the European planters and the great ignorance and superstition of the people; yet we trust that the consistent lives of the Christians will remove the former at least to some extent, and that time and schools will change the latter to a general onward movement. To this end we both labor and pray, knowing that He who is for us is greater than any or all things which can be against us.

JOSEPH PAUL.

Dibrugarh, Assam.

A GROUP OF COOLIES ON AN ASSAM PLANTATION

Child Redemption in Africa

ABANYARRA is a bright little native African girl with an excellent disposition. Rev. E. H. Richards, the well-known missionary, writes from Inhambane concerning her: "We wish to redeem Abanyarra, but it will cost $100. She is worth it. She will soon be sold by her parents to any one who has the cash, old or young, unless we pay for her and give her freedom to marry as she chooses. She can read and write, knows the multiplication tables, can make a bed, and cooks excellent pancakes. We need her services for the mission, but can never have her unless she is redeemed." Poor little Abanyarra is a type of multitudes of other African children who are bought and sold like cattle, without the slightest compunction on the part of the parents. When they are so fortunate as to be "redeemed" by purchase and freed by the missionaries, they almost invariably repay such kindness by leading exemplary lives of Christian usefulness and not infrequently become missionaries themselves in their turn, carrying the Gospel light into the benighted homes of their less fortunate fellow-Africans. In this way, hundreds of little African children have been "redeemed" from hopeless and heathen lives.

LITTLE ABANYARRA

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The River of Salvation

S. S. Lesson for August 20. Ezek. 47: 1-12
Golden Text, Rev. 22: 17

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THESE verses are part of a vision beginning with Ezek. 40: 1, when again he uses the striking expression: "The hand of the Lord was upon me." He had seen the vision of a rebuilt temple, in which Israel shall, in the millennium, worship the Lord, as he has willed to be worshiped, by those whom he has designated to be to him "a peculiar treasure . . . from all peoples . . . a kingdom of priests and a holy nation" (Exod. 19: 5, 6). God can never have a purpose which shall not, sooner or later, be fulfilled. All the sin and idolatry of his ancient people has never altered God's purposes for them. Generations may pass away failing to respond to him, but the Husbandman still waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth (James 5: 7). But when this vision of the prophet shall be realized, then "out of Zion shall go forth the law and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem" (Isa. 2: 3).

And he [whose hand was upon him] brought me back unto the door of the house; and behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward. In the new heaven and the new earth (Isa. 65: 16, 17; Rev. 21: 1), there shall be "a river of water of life proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb" (Rev. 22: 1). May it not be that the temple on earth with its outflowing waters may answer to the throne of God in heaven, with its outflowing river of life: both heaven and earth made new; both fully answering the purpose for which God has made them? But what does the outflowing water signify except it be the Word of the Lord in the power of the Spirit, which shall go forth from Jerusalem? The Holy Spirit, who should be given when Jesus should be glorified, is called "rivers of living water" (John 7: 38, 39), and washing of water is by the Word (Eph. 5: 26), which has power to cleanse (John 15: 3).

The glory of the Lord, which had been taken away (Ezek. 11: 22, 23), had returned from the way of the east; his voice, which had been still so long, sounded again "like the sound of many waters, and the earth shined with his glory" (Ezek. 43: 2). And as God had entered into his temple, living waters could flow out "eastward," just where God had come in. No power of the Spirit of God can come forth from man or from temple where God has not come in to make his abode. No amount of learning, of intellectual study of the Word of God; no amount of past experience of his love and faithfulness can compensate for a lack of the present, moment-by-moment, in-dwelling of God: only life which dwells within can flow out. We cannot bring God near to men except in measure as we are, and continue to be ourselves filled with God, by continual faith in Christ and continual obedience to the Spirit.

The prophet must learn another lesson. Having seen the source of the waters within the house, he must know something about the stream which floweth forth. The man with the measuring line in his hand (Ezek. 40: 3, 4). Led him "round by the outer gate, by the way of the gate that looketh toward the east, and behold there ran out waters on the right side." The man then proceeded to measure or sound the waters. But instead of using a line for sounding, the prophet himself was to be the measure. He must pass through the waters, and the measure in which he disappeared told of the depth of the waters.

The first sounding showed the waters to be to the ankles; the prophet could stand in the water, but only his feet were hidden. How many Christians are like this! There is something of the Spirit in their lives, but much more is to be seen of them than of the Spirit; much more to be heard of them than of the Lord. In their preaching many more of their own words than of the Word of God. The water is only to the ankles. Again, "the man measured a thousand cubits, and he caused me to pass through the waters, waters that were to the knees." O, it is blessed when the waters reach the knees; when prayer is according to the Word, and prayed in the Holy Ghost (Judges 20)—not self-made prayers, like the clamor of a foolish child! The next sounding proved the water to be to the loins. More and more, as the water rose higher the man became more helpless. A stream, when the water is to the loins, nearly overpowers him.

Afterward he measured a thousand, and it was a river I could not pass through: for the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed through. "Waters to swim in!" None can swim but they who learn to trust the water and make it their element for the time. But this is the true life of God. We do not need to feel our feet, we do not need to regulate or manufacture our own prayers, nor to imitate our own actions. Our part is only to trust the Holy Ghost to lead us, and to carry us in line with the Word of God, and when we know it to obey it unhesitatingly. This is as simple as breathing when we are fully yielded up to trust and to obey.

But this was not all. "Son of man," he said, "hast thou seen this?" and without waiting for an answer he brought the prophet to the brink of the river, where he saw very many trees, and he said, "By the river, upon the bank thereof, on this side and that, shall grow every tree for meat, whose leaf shall not wither, neither shall the fruit thereof fail: it shall bring forth new fruit every month, because the waters thereof issue out of the sanctuary; and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for healing;" or, more correctly, for health. Answering again to Rev. 22: 2, where, however, there is but one tree, "the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits." The diversity in the earthly lies in the trees, and in the time of their bearing. In the heavenly, the diversity is in the fruit, but all proceeds from the one tree, the tree of life, which is for food and for health for the redeemed.

The course of the river is the next thing to which the attention of the prophet is drawn. These waters issue forth toward the eastern region, and shall go down into the Arabah (or plain), and they shall go toward the sea . . . and the waters shall be healed." The sea can be only the Dead Sea, a wonderful type of the mass of souls "dead in trespasses and sins" which lie around us, at our very doors. Nothing can heal the deadly waters but the living Word in the power of the Holy Spirit, lived out and spoken by witnesses who have yielded themselves to go "as them that are alive from the dead and their members as instruments of righteousness unto God" (Rom. 6, 13). The inflow of living water quickens everything, but it must be living water in which man disappears more and more, that God himself may be brought into immediate, unhindered contact with those who know him not.

A man full of the Word of God and of his Spirit, whose life bears witness to the reality of God, brings life-power with him wherever he goes: "Everything shall live whithersoever the river cometh." But this is when it has become a river, not when it is only ankle deep, and there is still so much of man to be seen. How may we thus be life-givers to others? By yielding to God and trusting him.

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

DOUBT as to the eventual return of the Hebrew exiles in Babylon has no place in Ezekiel's mind. He is sure that they will return, and his effort is directed to stimulating their hope of restoration and to preparing them for it. As last week's lesson showed, there was at that time no reasonable prospect of such a restoration. Palestine had become part of the Babylonian kingdom; men were satisfied with it, but the old men, who could remember Solomon's temple, wept as they thought of the difference (Ezra 3: 12). In one particular, however, Ezekiel's plan was executed. Solomon's temple had been profaned, in his priestly eyes, by the king's palace being so close to it that it seemed almost a part of the temple. He provides in his ideal plan for the whole summit of the hill being occupied by the temple and its courts. When the Hebrews returned, they had no king to provide for, so, as Ezekiel foresaw, there was no palace to divide with the temple the summit of the hill. But the most remarkable feature of the vision was the river described in the lesson. There could be nothing more desolate than the region which stretches between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. Yet nothing was needed but water to turn that region into a fertile plain. This is proved by the fact that at Engedi, where there is water, there is vegetation. Ezekiel's conception of the restoration includes, as we saw in last week's lesson, an increase in the fertility of the land, and in this lesson he explains how it will come about. A river is to take its rise in the temple hill, a miraculous river which is to increase in depth as it proceeds, though it has no tributaries, and the irrigation thus provided is to make the desert fertile.

ENGEDI PAST WHICH EZEKIEL SAW THE RIVER FLOW

Waters issued out. We do not realize, as the people of an Oriental land do, the blessing of water. We see, all through the Bible, how much store they set by their wells, and how they dwell on the value of rivers. A well-watered country is their ideal of a good land to live in. It is therefore not surprising that Ezekiel, drawing a picture of Palestine as it would be when the people of Israel were restored to it, puts prominently in his picture his conception of a river. It stands for satisfaction for thirst, for cleansing and for irrigation. The prophet sees it taking its rise from under the rebuilt temple, where he had previously seen God manifesting his presence; so that the river proceeded from him. Thus, by this figure, he was telling his people that God could and would supply them with all that they needed. One of the most beautiful pictures of the great artist, Millais, is that of "the last trek." It is the death of a white hunter in the African desert. Those who have been in that land can appreciate the details of that picture of the dying man. Travelers have described them again and again. The thirsty man would give all his gold and everything he possessed for water. And he is mocked by that exasperating mirage, in which his mind conjures up before him a beautiful, cool lake, surrounded by palm trees. It does not appear far away, but the traveler knows it exists only in his imagination. It is a true type of the worldling, hoping to get satisfaction from money, or fame, or power, and finding them all unsatisfying to that thirst which God alone can satisfy with the water of life.

Very many trees. The water of the river was not only for drink and cleansing, but it brought fertility. A resident of Central Australia says that the change wrought by the wet season in that land can never be imagined by one who has not seen it. On one day the land will be hard and stony and without any sign of plant life. The fierce sun seems to have baked the soil into stone. Then come the rains in a deluge. In forty-eight hours the whole scene is changed. Grass is springing up everywhere, and countless seedlings, which grow rapidly, are bursting forth on all hands. Now there is life where all had been death. It is a sample of the hard heart on which the showers of blessing have fallen. Kindness, charity, love, show themselves where before there was only hate and malignity.

: : Our Roll of Honor : :

Continuation of the List of Persons who, During July, Sent in Six or More Coupon Subscribers, and who are Therefore Entitled to a Red Letter New Testament and to the Thanks of the Proprietor of "The Christian Herald"

Abrahamson, O E, Stewart
Adams, Eva, Jessup
Adams, Miss J J, Franklinville
Adams, John W, Uniochsville
Adams, Levi, Fostoria
Adams, Mrs Minnie, Montrose
Ahstrom, J M, Minneapolis
Ainsworth, Mrs C, Tottenville
Albert, Howard, Dalisburg
Albury, John L, Key West
Aldrich, Mrs D A, Mullen
Alison, Mrs R B, Vallejo
Allen, Miss Bia, Newfoundland
Allen, Cornelia, Houstonia
Allen, Mrs Fred F, Hartford
Allen, Mrs G W, Magnolia
Allen, Geo R, Elyria
Allen, H F, West Derry
Allen, W H, Utica
Allison, W S, Brownsville
Altemus, Mrs F L, Philadelp'a
Alvord, Ella L, Torrington
Anderson, C M, Plainville
Anderson, H, Thorsand Isl'd P
Anderson, R M, Prattsville
Anderson, Mrs Ray M, Jasper
Andrews, H B, Syracuse
Andrews, Miss J E, S Orange
Ankerman, M L, Burbank
Appleby, M E, Cobourg
Archibald, Mrs A, Yonkers
Astin, W H (MD), Palmetto
Avery, Mrs G W, Stratford
Ayers, Dolson, Beemerville

Babcock, Allis M, Bridgeport
Babcock, Mrs Edwin, Westerly
Bachman, C G, Cedar Rapids
Bacon, Mrs P, Newberry
Bailey, Mrs C A, Cookshire
Bailey, Mrs Chas Z, Danville
Bailey, Rev J R, W Philadel a
Bain, J C, Lawsonham
Baird, J T, Allegheny City
Baker, F E, Evart
Baker, Irving, Poughkeepsie
Baker, Luella, Prosper
Baker, Soloman, Dawson
Baldon, J, Edenton
Balmer, Ida, Fazabethtown
Barber, Geo W, Cowsackie
Barbour, A L, Glen Campbell
Barden, Mrs A T, Eldred
Barkley, P E, Coleridge
Barlow, Miss Lottie Fredonia
Barnes, A A, Blarden
Barnes, Henry, New Haven
Barnes, Imogen E, Claremont
Barnett, J H, Boaz
Barrett, F P, Murfreesboro
Barnett, S H, Wind Ridge
Barrett, Willard R, Winchester
Barrows, Mrs John, Nicetown
Barton, Job, Columbus
Bashor, Mrs B C, Whitesville
Bater, Emma, Sidney
Beamer, H Geo, Manor Station
Beard, Howard I, Scranton
Beattie, Mrs L C, Beaver Mills
Beckwith, George, Sterling
Beckwith, T G, Thousand Park
Bedell, Mrs C S, Lynne
Beghtel, Eli, Huntington
Beith, James H, Camden
Bell, Frank, Nipoma
Bell, Mrs Tillie, Rising Sun
Benjamin, P H, Grand Haven
Bennett, A J, Murray
Bennett, Mrs S L, Pt Pleasant
Bernier, Curtiss, Kankakee
Berry, W S, Irving
Best, Joseph, Gore Bay
Bethel, Mrs Anna R, Paducah
Betts, H T, Stryker
Bidwell, W T, Atchison
Billings, Walter L, Geneseo
Bird, Rev Asa N, Liberty
Bishop, C H, Pancocas,
Bishop, Mary S, Portageville
Bjorkman, Otto, Chicago
Black, A H, Forsha
Blair, Miss Ida, Bloomfield
Blake, T W, Raleigh
Blanch, U Grant, Sayner
Boudoury, L E, Entrican
Blodgett, Miss E M, Conneaut
Blundell, Mary, Hurley
Blunt, T W, Perrytown
Boatright, Rev D A, Corinna
Bock, John A, Farmington
Boehm, Geo F, Allentown
Bollinger, Miss L, Siddonsburg
Boltz, Clinton E, Lebanon
Bond, Mrs N R, Smithton
Book, D H, Orbironia
Bookstruck, H, Hurricane
Boone, J Ranken, Lookout
Boone, Samuel, Philadelphia
Border, Miss Amanda, Reading
Border, J H, Mt Vernon
Boshart, E E, Lowville
Bosworth, Mrs J E, Lebanon
Bothwell, Miss Clara, Clay City
Bourne, J T, Winthrop
Bover, Arthur, Oneida
Bowman, Mrs A, Lane
Bowman, W H, Lebanon
Boyer, J S, Zieglerville
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Bradford, Mrs F, S Egremont
Brains, K J, Olioville
Brand, Mrs W C, Port Henry
Brandt, A, Atlantic
Bray, Calvin, West Newton
Bray, R O, Elon College
Breeding, Mrs E, Hot Springs
Breisch, Frank, Bethlehem
Brett, S L, Middleboro
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Brinser, H S (M E), Bainbridge
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Bronson, Alice, Wellsville
Brown, Mrs A D, Bradley
Brown, Bessie, East Palestine
Brown, Blanche, Paint Lick
Brown, E C, East Weare
Brown, Mrs Emma L, Mindon
Brown, George, Candia Depot
Brown, J W, Martelle
Brown, Miss M, Middle Grove
Brown, Mrs O H, Pacolet
Brown, Russell, Rushville
Brownbridge, J, Wilkesbarre
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Bruce, Ernest C, Oswego
Brundage, Mrs A H, Brooklyn
Bruner, N H, Pelican Rapids
Bryan, T S, Prescott
Bryant, O S, Caribon
Buck, Mrs A C, Montague
Buck, David, Mattoon
Buckingham, S C, St Louis
Bunce, Jay D, Byron
Bunhan, Mrs W S, Richl'd Cen
Burchard, Clara M, Owego
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Burditt, Edgar, Lafayette
Burge, E E, Wickford

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Burner, Georgia T, Sago
Burns, Mrs D L, Corsica
Burr, Miss Lulu, San Pranne
Burrell, Cadle, Equality
Burrows, A W, Picture Rocks
Burwell, E G, Ottawa
Bush, Miss J C, Binghamton
Bushnell, J H, Ranway
Bustrom, Joseph, Stratford
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Butler, W S, Equality
Butler, Y D, Martin
Butz, V A, Graymont

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Calhoun, Mrs W A, Isleta
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Campbell, Jas F, Farmington
Campbell, R B, Oakland City
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Capps, Geo W, Pongo
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Carpenter, Mrs, West Millcreek
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Carlson, Oscar, San Francisco
Carrethers, M F, Lilly
Carroll, Mrs H D, Stark
Carson, Ethel, Hendersonville
Carter, P B, Huntington
Carter, Miss N S, Cyntoana
Cartwright, D H, Youngstown
Case, Mrs J B, Port Orange
Casto, Mrs L, Pleasantville
Catlin, T C, Boise City
Cawman, Master W, Newport
Caye, Edmund, W limerding
Cecil, W N, Harrison
Chadsey, Edwin H, Ways Mills
Chadsey, Mildred, Ways Mills
Chapin, I L, Junction City
Chapin, I F, Junction City
Chapman, Mrs J H, Astor
Chappelle, J, West New Brigh n
Chase, Mrs Anna, Davis
Chase, Mrs E G, N Londonderry
Cheever, Wm A, Harper
Chilson, G C, Maple Rapids
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Clark, Mrs C H, Milldale
Clark, C W, Tionesta
Clark, James H, Mountain
Clark, Mrs Jennie, Rib Lake
Clark N, Fort Fairfield
Clark, P S, Rockford
Clark, Rev W H, Saratoga
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Cleaves, Mrs Laura M, S Boston
Clifford, Mrs Lou, Holland
Clough, Ella M, Williamsport
Clow, J D, Verona
Cockrane, Mrs A B, Crisfield
Coe, Capt S P, Middleport
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Cole, Mrs Emery, Pawling
Cole, Nellie A, Oberlin
Coleman, Fannie C, Opsy
Coltman, Wm H, Randolph
Collins, Mrs Sadie, Wilmington
Colt, Mrs O L, Roann
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Compton, Mabel, Logan
Cone, Mrs B A, New Market
Cone, Mrs C O, River Falls
Conkle, P P, Park
Connolly, B F, Cambridge
Connelly, Linda S, U Montclair
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Cook, Miss Ethel S, Lacoma
Cooley, S G, Strawberry
Cooper, Mrs W H, Malvern
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Copeland, J W, Bristol
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Corey, Mrs Mary, Brookline
Corfman, Irena S, Leipsic
Cornelison, Jesse, Reagan
Cornell, C S, Cambridge
Cotton, Lee H, Coloma
Courling, M, Graybill
Coventon, Mrs J F, Oakland
Cover, E, New Wilmington
Cowling, Miss R, White House
Cox, N H, Hartley
Crandall, Miss Belle, Perry
Crandall, F, Mosley's Junction
Crandall, Mrs Lucy, Rockville
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Crawford, J E, London
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Cristy, Martha, Yonkers
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Crosby, Mrs C S, Sheffield
Crowdis, E M, Margaree Harb'r
Crowell, Mrs C P, Greenwich
Crumpler, Mrs W, Washington
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Cudbreath, Thos S, Antrim
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Curtis, Mrs Cyrus, Cortland
Curtis, Geo R, Hollidaysburg
Curtis, Mrs Gertie, Swantan
Custer, Mrs D, Fairview Village

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Davis, David, Oakwood
Davis, Mrs M L, Binghamton
Davis, Mrs George, Greensboro
Davis, Herbet, Stoneboro
Davis, Miss Lillian, Navesink
Davis, Mrs M J, Bartlett
Davis, Minnie, Hickman
Davis, S A, Spring Garden
Davis, Sue H, Millville
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Decker, Mrs S M, Honesdale
DeGray, Mrs A M, Jersey City
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Detwiler, Rose, Kings Creek
De Vries, M, Grand Repids
Dewis, Israel, Akron

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Dorsey, Geo E, Sweetsers
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Douglas, Mrs S, Hebron
Douthit, Harry, Lowry City
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Dowdin, J L, Bloomington
Drake, Master C F, Freedom
Dubbs, R L, Heath
Dubue, H, Davis
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Dutton, Oliver W, North Acton
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Durey, Ada B, Manchester
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Elder, Mrs L R, Morrill
Eldridge, E W, North Paterson
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Ely, Mrs Clara, Danville
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Emmger, C A, Hampden
Emmons, Ida B, Whittier
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Ensign, H C, Erieville
Enslow, J E, Kewanee
Erickson, Mrs F C, Reinbeck
Esherman, W I, Elizabethtown
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Etzler, Nancy J, Salem
Every, Mrs I H, Leroy
Eves, Kathryn S, Millville

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Falls, O G, Canton
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Farrington, Mrs, D E, Mansfield
Farrior, E J, Kenansville
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Field, Peter, South Durham
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Figgens, A, Pittsfield
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Fisher, Mrs Julia, Hastings
Fisher, Robert M, North Peoria
Fixmer, V, Westphalia
Fleming, W J, Lower Onslow
Flessman, S I, Backbone
Fletcher, Mrs Annie, Memphis
Fletcher, Mrs Etta, Whitefox
Fletcher, I P, Rock
Flowers, Geo S, Sunflower
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Forbess, J C, Austin
Ford, Howard G, Highwood
Foreman, Miss Emma, Caldwell
Fornwald, L N, Washington
Foss, Mrs H C, Mead, Darien
Foster, Floyd, Oil City
Foster, G D, Towanda
Foster, Miss Mattie, Riner
Foster, Thos, McKeesport
Fox, John A, Lovell
Fox, Oscar H, Pennsburg
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Frank, Sarah B, Columbia
Freatenborough, Miss Dollie, New Philadelphia
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Freeman, James, Waverley
Frei, Mary A, Archer
French, Miss G, Alum Rock
Fretz, H M, Lansdale
Frick, W H, Greentown
Friedel, Miss Annie, Larryville
Fry, Sue V, Reading
Fugate, J H, Reed Island
Fulghum, C M, Macon
Fuller, M E, Worcester
Fuller, T W, Minden
Fulton, Ittie May, Easton
Fyle, Mrs Ann, Blackinton

Gage, Ernest D, Libertyville
Gallup, M E H, Mystic
Gammon, Jeff, Cockrell
Gardner, Mable, Tyrone
Garland, Bettie, Lynchburg
Garrett, F E, Cawker City
Garrison, A, Vernon
Garrison, T A, Waverly
Gissette, Mrs E A, Moberly
Geddes, J F, Claytonville
Gehrkens, C W, Keilleys Island
Geller, Mrs C J, Tipton
Genung, Miss Irene, Chatham
German, Emma M, Reading
Gibboney, C B, Bellefille
Gibbs, R B, Perry
Gilbert, Mrs D S, Pleasant Lake
Gilbert, Henry H, Fulton
Giles, M C A, Claflin
Gill, Mrs T K, North Eastham
Gillett, Mrs Levi, Franklin
Gillman, Miss Lula, Antioch
Gilman, M E B, East Wolfeboro'
Glass, Mrs W M, Birmingham
Gleason, D R, Benton

Gleason, Mrs L, Burlington
Goebel, John, Kankakee
Gohn, John H, Conemaugh
Goldsby, F W, Norman
Goode, H E, Griffithsville
Gordon, James, Sparta
Gormel, Miss Bessie B, Nunda
Gould, C D, Buckhannon
Grandy, J L, Belton
Graves, Willie C, Beloit
Gray, Frances A, Jeddo
Gray, Miss Regina, Coombra
Green, D O, Franklin
Green, James S, Kenzna
Green, John D, Wertel
Green, Lilian I, North Underhill
Greenlee, Jas, Sandusky
Greenman, Benj B, Cortland
Gregory, Edmund, Jackson
Griffen, Rev P, Otego
Griffith, G H, Washington
Griffith, I Everett, Washington
Griggs, Miss Elva, Fulton
Grim, Sarae, Adair
Grimes, Mills S, Belle Plaine
Grimes, R S, Prohibition
Groendyke, John, Rocky Ford
Groendike, John, Rocky Ford
Gulick, Mrs M L, Decatur
Gundrum, Mrs F B, Casey
Gustafson, Rennus, Oakland

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Hackett, Mrs E C, New York
Hadley, Mrs E, St Johns
Haertter, H T G, Lykens
Hagerman, C J, Ceresco,
Hahn, Hattie, Easton
Haight, Mary C, Poughkeepsie
Hague, I M, Jeffersonville
Hale, C E, Newburyport
Hall, E A, Osceola Mills
Hall, Dr F T, Burleson
Hall, G W, Avilla
Hall, Willie R, Greenwood Lake
Hamer, Thomas G, Clinton
Halsel, H H, Decatur
Hamblin, A N, Elms
Hammond, J H, La Fayette
Hampton, D W, Springville
Hampton, Thos J, Sharbot Lake
Handfield, E, Reeds
Harbaugh, W E, Liberty
Harlow, Mary B, Whitman
Harper, T S, Hartwell
Harris, Mrs A F, Wallowa
Harris, G E, Grand Cane
Harris, J L, Jonesville (2)
Harris, Mary L, Middletown
Harris, Mrs T J L, Pleasant Hill
Harris, Mrs T M, Newark
Harris, Mrs W A, Gaffney
Harrison, Mrs M E, Sylvan Grove
Harrison, Mrs Thos, Edri
Harsha, Mrs Chas, Hillsboro'
Hartford, Mrs I J, Boone
Hartin, Geo C, Mayfield
Hartwell, J W, Roanoke
Hatch, Mrs R R, Mount Hermon
Hawkes, Ensign E L, Portland
Hawkins, R, Cascade,
Hayden, J G, Midway
Hayes, Mrs J A, Marshall
Haxman, J M, Bartow (2)
Haynes, Mrs W H, Fulton
Hays, Helen S, Topeka
Heal, Mary, Gas City
Heaton, Mrs R W, West Unity
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Heisel, Lmer, Portsmouth
Hemingway, Mrs Wm, Auburn
Henneberger, Mrs, Harrisonburgh
Henning, Dr J A, Garnett
Herr, Mrs F T, Maytown
Hershey, B H, Manheim
Hesey, H O, Edenburg
Hess, Mrs J C, Duncansville
Hesser, Frank S, Harrisburg
Hesser, Willie J, Harrisburg
Hester, Harold H, North Branch
Hettrick, Jacob, Pontoosuc
Hevey, James, Fort Atkinson
Hickerson, D R, Charlotte
Hightower, C E, York Station
Hildebran, Mrs J W, Greenville
Hill, Mrs J T, Bristol
Hills, C W, Willoughby
Himes, M B, Ormsville
Hinchman, Myrtle, Hillsboro'
Hinnant, Mrs F L, Rion
Hinshaw, Essie, Kennard
Hixson, Mrs A R, Alden
Hoag, Henry M, Burdett
Hoagland, Minta, Lambertville
Hoberg, Rev J, McMinnville
Hoch, Mary A, Shippensburg
Hoe, Agnes M, Madison
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Hogans, Amy F, Galena
Holcomb, Mrs A, Palatka
Holden, Mrs A J, Oakham
Holden, Mrs N E, Corsica
Hollenback, James, Stockwell
Hollinger, A B, Mt Carroll
Holman, J D, Ozark
Holsapple, Miss, Ancram L'd M's
Holtkamp, W H, New Knoxville
Hooker, F F, Maplecreek
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Horner, Samuel, Flat Rock
Horney, Mrs Jas S, Woodburn
Hostetter, Mrs A, Shippensb'g
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Hough, Mrs P, North, Baltimore
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Howard, Mrs D B, North Bend
Howe, L D, Sumner
Howe, W F, Elizaville
Howell, John A, Rednersville
Howland, Emma, Burlington
Hoyt, Mrs Aaron G, Ridgefield
Hoyt, Mrs J H, Glover
Hubbard, F C, Avondale
Hubbard, W J, Argenta
Hughes, Brant, Nashville
Hughes, Lillian M, Beacon
Hughs, Miss M, Newburyport
Hinsman B, Grand Rapids
Hulbert, B L, South Onondaga
Humphries, Richard, Bethwei
Hungerford, Fred R, Milford
Hunt, Mrs Hannah, Allentown

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Hurd, Miss Amanda, Barraboo
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Hutchins, M A, Guthrie
Hutto, D W M, Harleyville
Hutton, Mrs M J, Steubenville
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Hysell, Florence, Pomeroy

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Inghs, J A, Marquette
Ingram, I Estelle, Dikview
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Iske, George C, Indianapolis
Ives, Ralph K, Indian Creek

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Jaco, W L, Jaco
Jacobs, N, Hawkeye
Jacobs, S R, Heno
Jager, G A, Trinidad
James, Mrs B F, Bellbrook
Jamison, S S, Burnet
Janney, Otho L, Alexandria
Janny, A, Martinsburg
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Jefferson, H L, Berwick
Jeffery, H M, Elsie
Jenner, Mrs H G, Marengo
Jewett, Ida V, West Windham
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Johnson, Elwood, Leroy
Johnson, I G, East Hardwick
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Johnson, Mrs J P, Bramwell
Johnson, John H, Cuba
Johnson, Miss K, Chicago
Johnson, Miss Mabel, Stockton
Johnson, W H, Troutdale
Johnson, Wm M, Camden
Johnson, Voss, West Liberty
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Jones, Ben F, Eagle River
Jones, Mrs Emma, Anna
Jones, G L, Fowblesburg
Jones, Mrs Margaret, Hastings
Jones, Miller, Village Green
Jones Nancie A, Ballston Spa
Jones, R C, New Concord
Jones, Mrs Rees, Arvonia
Jones, W S, Russellville
Jordan, Miss B, Fort Defiance
Joslin, Mrs Eva, Newport
Joslin, N, Garrattsville
Joy, Rubin, Falls City

Kedey, Robert, Baird
Keeton, H J, San Angelo
Keesby, Mrs John S, O Fallon
Kelley, Mrs H, Pleasant Mt
Kelley, I T, Miami
Kelly, W N, Tolesboro
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Kent, Mrs F M, Bristol
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Kerr, John C, Neva
Kerr, John T, Billings
Kerr, S A, Greensboro
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Khouri, M F, Mt Hermon
Killer, Edmund N, Waterloo
Kilpatrick, A L, Cotesfield
King, J M, Avilla
King, Milton D, Menoken
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Kirker, C E, Manchester
Kirkpatrick, Miss L, Altamont
Kleespie, Mrs C, Conrad
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Klinck, Fred, Shortsville
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Knapp, E C, Buffalo
Knights, Mrs H A, Gloversville
Knoche, Mrs Wm, Orchard Pk
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Koos, Charlotte K, Brooklyn
Kriekaw, Rev A, Grand Rapids
Krom, Roney, Mohonk Lake
Kutscher, C A, Cherry Camp
Kyes, Mrs Anna R, Cohoes

Lafferty, W A, Canmer
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Lamb, Helen, Hartford
Lambert, Mrs I H, Westfield
Lang, George, Jr, Lewisburg
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Larne, Lydia, Wabash
Larson, Mrs P O, Moline
Latham, E P, Muscatine
Latimer, J B, Omaha
Latornell, W U, London
Lauffer, Charles A, Manor Sta
Lawman, R C, Sybene
Lawrence, H C, Randolph
Lawrence, S, Gifford
Lawrence Mrs W A, Spearville
Lazenby, Lowry, Maybury
Lear, Miss Cadie L, Sunapee
Lebo, Christrina N, Valley View
Lebo, Willis H, Lebanon
Lee, Mrs Mary, Oley
Lee, Rosa B, Los Angeles
Leeman, Royal W, Denmark
Lemon, Miss C E, Beatrice
Lendrim, Mrs S, Paterson
Lenhart, Edith, Carlos
Lenhart, Geo W, Somerfield
Lent, Lulu, Minnewaukon
Leonard, C F, Shallotte
Leonard, Elizabeth, Pembina
Leonard, Ruth de Shon, Penfield
Leslie, Mrs E W, Sarnia
Lester, Miss Jennie, Montvale
Leverich, E A, Lisbon
Lewis, A A, Merrimac
Lewis, Mrs A H, Grafton
Lewis, Mrs I B, West Deals
Libby, Mrs S, Mechanic Falls
Lieb, Mrs T H, Roaring Branch
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Linebaugh, Lula, Clearmont

Little, Mrs James, Morris
Livezey, Mrs S I, Graysville
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Logan, J P, Spartanburg
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Longman, I, Walther
Lorah, A A, Hillsgrove
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Lord, Miss Hannah F, Cornish
Lorence, F W, Leon
Losey, Daniel, Norwich
Love, Addie, Seymour
Love, Mrs J E, Oberlin
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Lowell, D B, Pittsville
Lowrance, H A, Athens
Lusk, Witham, Wallam
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Lynch, Alice I, Zumbro Falls
Lyon, Cornelia A, Wooster

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McAfee, G S, Ohlman
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McCallen, Mrs J T, Lafayette le
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McCool, Alex, Pembroke
McCool, Clarissa, Pottsville
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McCue, Mrs J H, Fairfield
McCue, W C, Verona
McCullough, J M, Tidal
McDole, Mattie, Butte
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McDonald, Irene, Draco
McEachron, G E, West Hebron
McFarland, Mrs O, Nebraska Cy
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McGee, Mrs L B, Albion
McGhee, Rev E B, Bellona
McGinley, W L, Maryville
McIntosh, Mrs J, Tiverton
McKay, J L, Ferris
McKay, T L, Brooksburg
McKim, J T, Thorntown
McKinley, Henry, Penville
McLaughlin, J C, Sedalia
McNeilly, W F A, Center Junc.
McNulty, J F, Hull
McNuse, Mrs M A, Bellain
McWilliams, S, Gregory
MacDonell, Mrs G G, Wayeross
MacKay, Miss L, Sangerville
Madden, Mrs M, Blissfield
Magee, R L, New Bloomfield
Maloy, Rosalia, Rancocas
Manning, Mrs S A, McMinnv'le
Marble, Wm P, Fall River
Margeson, I J, Burlington
Marlow, Willie F, Blitcheron
Marsh, Rev J R, Piedmont
Marsh, Miss Mabel, Groton
Marshall, Chas P, Red House
Marshall, D F, Crawford
Martin, T W, Carrollton
Martiny, Mrs J A, No Freedom
Mason, A W, Toronto
Mason, Orlev S, Winchester
Mast, Rev J S, Morgantown
Mather, J P, Conway
Matthews, S H, E Bangor
Mauch, Jessie E, Chicago
Maxwell, James, Worcester
May, J H, St Louis
Mayhew, Mrs A M, Foxboro
Mayo, B C, Lewiston
Mead, G H, Central Nassau
Mead, J B, Chestnut Hill
Medbury, Ceo W, Rockdale
Meikle, J L, Port Arthur
Meister, Estella, Caledonia
Meixell, Miss Lizzie, Manheim
Mellen, C R, Geneva
Mellish, Mrs, Chatham
Merrell, F W, Cabot
Merz, Walter H, Oak Park
Meyers, Mrs Nettie E, Whitten
Middleton, Alice, Terre Haute
Miles, Mrs G B, Alton
Miller, H F, Wilkesbarre
Miller, J D, Cowan
Miller, J H, Jr, Gauley Bridge
Miller, J R, Paragould
Miller, J S, Bailey
Miller, Joseph, Salem
Miller, Miss Maude, Shelby
Mills, Henry D, Higginsville
Mills, Samuel, Kammerer
Mitchell, Mrs H V, Winton
Mitchell, Leah, Jacksonville
Mittong, H H, Lumberport
Moffet, F C, Pine Bush
Moffett, Miss M C, Pine Bush
Moger, Mrs F A, Wyalusing
Mohler, Geo H, Edenton
Molthrop, W C, Rome
Monroe, Mrs Clark, Pawlet
Montgomery, H S, Plymouth
Moodie, Mrs F B, Lake City
Moodie, Julia, Wayne
Moore, Chas D, Bridgeton
Moore, John D, Cutchogue
Moore, Mamie F, Franklin
Moore, Mary J, Griswold
Moore, Mrs Thos, Stottville
Moore, Wm D, Fort Lee
Morehead, Miss L E, New York
Morehead, Thos W, Glasgow
Morgan, Mrs Eva, Terre Hol
Morgan, Mattie May, Central
Morgan, Richard F, Covington ke
Morrison, A E, St Clairsville
Morrison, Robert, Antrick
Mortow, H D, Sycamore H l
Mortow, R J, Downieville
Morse, L A, Williamantic
Mott, Mrs B J, Waubay
Moyer, Elmer F, Reward
Moyer, Lyana D, Hersheys
Mulder, Miss J C, Eastmanville
Mullica, T C, Pendleton
Murdock, Miss Alcy, Aledo
Murfitt, Mrs J C, Oneida
Murph, D S, Advance

Murphy, E C, Campbell
Musselman, N E, Berne
Myers, Wm E, Cuba
Muxen, C D, Hawarden
Myers, D O, Springfield
Myers, E A, Cambria
Myers, J L, Mount Joy

Nash, Sidney, Philadelphia
Naylor, Chas, Coatesville
Neal, Miss Sarah, Lebanon
Nease, Hiram H, Niangua
Needham, C E, Plano
Nelson, Walter, Bass River
Nevenger, Mrs P, Orangeville
Nevill, H B, Downs
Newell, Nettie A, Scranton
Newton, W A, West Northfield
Nickerson, W T, Orgleton
Nichols, G, Wolf Trap
Nichols, P S, New Salem
Noetzle, Mrs A, Denver
Norman, W J, Birdford
North, C W, Lawson
Northup, Sophronia, Hancock
Nycum, Mrs F V, Paw Paw
Nygnist, Mrs C, Kerkhaven
Nysewander, Miss C, Largy

Oakes, W L, Hyco
Oglesby, Elmon, Swansboro'
Ogden, Miss Ida, Vincent
Oliver, Miss Alice, Nashville
Oliver, Mrs E H, Whitneys P't
Olmstead, B L, Spring Arbor
Oren, J K, Brandon
Orff, Charles A, Stetson
Orr, A M, Gridley
Osterhout, Mrs Rachel, Rheims
Overton, Mrs H A, Knoxville
Owen, T B, Silver
Oxley, Mrs J T, Marion

Page, Miss E W, Ellingwood's
Page, John, Braddock
Page, Jno A, Pittsfield
Page, Wm A, Duncannon
Painter, Mrs R, Jordan Station
Palmer, Mrs John, Palmers
Palmer, Julia A, Peace Dale
Paramone, T B, Kenton
Pardon, N H, Whiteford Centre
Parker, Mrs M L, Ocean Pathway
Parkman, Louise I, Corinna
Parks, Fannie, Hannibal
Parks, May, Henning
Parlin, Mrs F A, South Paris
Parmelee, Mrs C L, Cobalt
Parsons, Lemuel, Rosemond
Parsons, Seraph M, Parkman
Patterson, Mrs J L, Utica
Patterson, J S, Chapel Hill
Pattisson, Mrs A F, Plattsb'h
Patzsch, A O, Canonsburg
Paul, J N, Harrison
Paulsen, F P, Newark
Peake, J F, Alexandria
Pease, Geo W, Demore-t
Pease, Rev H H, Seattle
Pearson, Jonathan, Edna
Pearsons, L L, Rutland
Peck, G H, South English
Peery, Bessie V, Cedar Bluff
Peirce, J B, Foster s Falls
Pember, Freeda C, Putney
Pennel, A Lee, Leesburg
Peoples, Miss G, Kimbolton
Perkins, C I, Arlington
Perkins, J L, Kellerton
Perley, Mary E, Boxford
Peterson, Mrs A S, Harcourt
Petrie, Wm, Little Falls
Pettigrove, S J, West Caton
Pettingell, Rev, Tribes Hill
Pettus, Thos F, Albany
Pfeffer, Meta, Wilson
Phelps, Mrs H F, Henry
Phelps, Miss L E, E Smithfield
Philips, Hattie A, Packerville
Phipps, Mrs J H, Cherokee
Pickett, Mrs Agnes A, Spencer
Pickett, N J (M D), Milford
Pickle, Mrs M L, Flagg
Pierce, Goldie E, Greensfork
Pierce, Mrs Jas, Caruthersville
Pierce, W W, Gordon
Pittman, Rev A R, Rennert
Pope, Thos H, Wilkesbarre (3)
Porter, I D, Porterville
Potter, C F, Minneapolis
Poundstone, Ralph, Ottawa
Powell, D, Mason City
Prather, I B, Kerkhoven
Pratt, Alonzo, Martin
Prescott, I M, New York
Pressly, Belle M, Sidney
Price, J F, Waynesboro
Prickett, M A, Hanson
Pry, Rev J H, Kingman
Pugh, H E, Blacksburg
Puterbaugh, Levi, Argos

Raebo, W H, Lone Grove
Ragle, Robt, Raglesville
Rahe, Mrs John, Bullion
Rakow, Henry, Wittenberg
Randall, Harriet, Bellwood
Randle, Rev W A, Weatherf'd
Randolph, R A, Troy
Rankin, C H, Springfield
Ratney, Nellie, Morristown
Rawley, N B, Churchville
Rawlings, Lizzie, Smithville
Ray, J D, Scotland Neck
Rea, Mrs Ellen, Corsica
Ream, P W, Kidd's Store
Record, Miss Ida, Oakland
Redway, Mrs L, Walton
Reed, C W, Eustis
Reid, Mary D, Fontana
Reiff, Mrs J B, Spring City
Reinhart, Mrs H, Ricketts
Renwee, L S, So Newbury
Reppard, Emma, Middleb'rne
Reppard, R B, Savannah
Resh, Peter K, Bethlehem
Reynolds, Mrs M E, Friendship
Rich, Mrs C M, N Brookfield
Rich, L C, Emporium
Ridenow, J F, Sidney
Rideout, E F, Kenova
Riggs, J E, Napavine
Riggs, O D, Weatherly
Riggs, W E, Bowling Green
Risser, Elias E, Lawn
Ritter, Mr Hess, Ashland
Rittman, L A, Milwaukee
Rorick, M C, Oil City
Roberts, J B, Atlanta
Roberts, J P, Rumford Falls
Robertson, Mrs, Mt Hermon
Robinson, G W, Bishop's Head
Rocco, Mrs Lucy, Hopkinton
Roby, R, Alexandria
Rockwell, Mrs G M, Dryden
Rockwell, Mrs H T, St Charles
Rockwell, Mrs Z, S Framingh'm
Rogers, Mrs Lucy, Meadows
Rogers, M H, Mamaroneck
Rogers, T L, Sycamore Ridge

KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM THE SULTAN PRESIDENT McKINLEY EMPEROR WILLIAM QUEEN WILHELMINA THE CZAR QUEEN VICTORIA

UNITED FOR THE WORLD'S PEACE THE LEADING RULERS WHOSE GOVERNMENTS ARE BOUND E

PROBABLY no event of the present century is of more far-reaching significance than the International Peace Conference, which has just closed its labors at The Hague. First of its kind in the world's history, it is a hopeful presage of the approaching time when war and its horrors will be looked upon as a hideous memory of a semi-barbarian age, and when all disputes involving the rights of communities, nations and races will be adjusted by righteous arbitration.

Convened at a time when Europe's naval and military armaments were the largest ever known, and when clouds of war hung heavily on the Old World horizon, threatening momentarily to scatter their lightnings and embroil the leading powers in bitter strife, the Conference, notwithstanding many obstacles and antagonisms, has achieved a substantial triumph for peace and the principle of arbitration. At the last sitting it was announced that Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, China, Denmark, S the United States, Mexico, France, Britain, Russia, Servia, Siam, Sweden, way, Switzerland, Turkey, Bulgaria, Japan, Luxembourg, Montenegro an Netherlands had all signed the final approving the work of the Conference recommending future conferences.

NG F SWEDEN KING AND QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA PRESIDENT LOUBET OF FRANCE THE MIKADO OF JAPAN KING HUMBERT OF ITALY

E PEACE CONFERENCE TREATIES TO SETTLE FUTURE INTERNATIONAL QUARRELS BY ARBITRATION

.itration Convention or Treaty was ed by sixteen governments; seventeen ed the declaration prohibiting the use o projectiles or explosives in balloons; s een signed the declaration prohibiting the u of asphyxiating gases, and fifteen re- d themselves as against explosive bul- l . Germany, Austria, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Turkey and four minor governments did not sign the Arbitration Convention, and the same States demurred at approving the treaties on the rules of land and naval warfare; but it is understood that after further consideration, nearly all the governments who have abstained from signing will join the other signatories.

By far the most important work of the Conference has been the scheme for mediation and arbitration. Briefly outlined, it provides that all the powers signing the Arbitration Treaty shall use their efforts to secure a peaceful solution of international differences; disagreeing governments will, before resorting to arms, invite the mediation of one or more friendly powers; powers not involved in the quarrel or dispute will spontaneously offer their services as mediators; such mediation may be offered at any time, even during war preparations, without offence; quarrelling States are to choose each two powers to avert rupture through mediation, the adjustment to rest exclusively

with the mediators; international differences which cannot be determined by these means are to be referred to an International Committee of Inquiry, whose arbitration award, however, will still leave the disputing powers free to act as they may decide, although they will be morally bound to recognize the decision of such Committee (the general intent of the Treaty implying an agreement to submit in good faith to such decisions); the signatory powers reserve the right in special cases to make arbitration compulsory. In addition to the foregoing, the Treaty provides for the organization of a permanent Court of Arbitration, accessible at all times, with an international bureau at The Hague, and with a permanent General Secretary, by whom all the records and archives of the Arbitration Court will be kept. This court will consist of four qualified legal representatives from each power, their term to be for six years. To this court not only the powers who sign the Arbitration Treaty, but all other powers and governments, will have free access for the adjustment of international differences. Besides the court, there will be a permanent international administrative diplomatic council at The Hague, which will each year supply all the powers with reports of the labors of the Arbitration Court. Arbitration proceedings will be conducted secretly, but the final decisions of the court will be delivered publicly. The sessions will be conducted as in an ordinary court of law, both sides being heard by counsel.

It will thus be seen that the results of the world's first Peace Conference are of a character to afford sincere gratification to the friends of "peace and good-will among men." While Russia has the honor of initiating this most important movement, the American delegates have occupied a most prominent part and have done much to make it successful. In the work of this memorable Conference, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers have a special interest. As early as January 4, 1899, this journal urged its readers to write to the State Department in behalf of the appointment of a representative American Commission to the proposed Conference. The result was that thousands of letters poured in upon the Department, demonstrating beyond doubt the attitude of the Christian people of the United States as strongly favorable to the Conference. Our Government, recognizing the influence of public opinion, chose as its representatives in the Conference a most distinguished and able group of Americans, who gave to the Czar's proposals a hearty support, and who signalized our first participation in European councils by appearing as eloquent advocates of international peace and the brotherhood of the human race.

More could hardly have been reasonably expected of the first Peace Conference than what has been actually accomplished. For future Conferences there still remains the grave question of partial disarmament. But God's people everywhere must feel that their prayers have not been in vain, since the "mighty ones" have been assembled at the unanimous call of the nations, to consider whether the time has not come, in God's good providence, for his children to follow the paths of peace.

A Tribute to the Czar

Christian America will Congratulate Him on the Work of the Peace Congress

FRIENDS of peace the world over are to be congratulated on the results accomplished by the International Conference, which has just concluded its labors at The Hague. It has bound the great nations of the earth by moral obligations of the strongest and most solemn character, never again to resort to arms for the settlement of international quarrels, without first exhausting the resources of friendly mediation and arbitration. It is the deepest and most powerful thrust that has ever been dealt at the monster, War, and God grant that it may be followed up, in subsequent Conferences, by such indomitable assault that the barbaric trade of human slaughter, which has sown the earth with myriads of dead, and filled it with unspeakable sorrow, may forever disappear, and the blessings of peace may begin to be realized in every land beneath the sun.

For the Peace Congress and its immediate results, as well as for the splendid promise of the future which it has presented to the human race, the whole world is debtor to the Czar of Russia. It was his mind that conceived and his heart that had the courage to carry out the plan which has brought the nations together, as brothers, to prepare the way for the world's peace. Occupying the most powerful of earthly thrones, a despot by inheritance, and surrounded on all sides by the sternest militarism, he has been the open advocate of peace ever since he became Emperor. Setting all the warlike traditions of his own nation and of Europe aside, he has been imbued with a divine courage and confidence which impelled him to send his winged messengers of Peace flying across frontiers and seas, summoning the people to what has been in many respects, the most remarkable and auspicious assemblage in modern history.

All Christendom must hold up the hands of the Czar in his campaign for Universal Peace. It is due to him—amid the storm of criticism and opposition which the Conference has excited—that Christian America should be the first to signify its approval of his course, as it was the first to support the proposition for a Peace Congress. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, therefore, requests its readers everywhere to send in their signatures to be appended to a Mammoth Memorial which is now in preparation for presentation to the Czar, through our diplomatic representative at the court of St. Petersburg. That Memorial will express the sentiments of Christian America, and will be forwarded as soon as the list of names is complete.

Write your own name and address, and then secure the signatures of as many of your friends as possible. Act quickly. In order that all may be uniform, signatures should be written on sheets of white paper 8 inches in width and forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N.Y., as speedily as possible.

Real Redemption

A year ago, writes Mr. Moody, the well-known evangelist, I was going away to preach one Sunday morning, when a young man drove up in front of us. He had an aged woman with him. "Who is that young man?" I asked. "Do you see [illegible] "and that land there with the house upon it?" "Yes." "His father drank that all up," said he; and he went on to tell all about him. His father was a great drunkard, squandered his property, died and left his wife in the poor-house. "And that young man is one of the finest young men I ever knew. He has toiled hard and earned money, and bought back the land; he has taken his mother out of the poor-house, and now he is taking her to church."

I thought, that is an illustration for me. The first Adam in Eden sold us for naught, but the Messiah, the second Adam came and bought us back again. The first Adam brought us to the poor-house; the second Adam makes us kings and priests unto God. That is redemption.

The Vision of St. Paul

(II. Cor. 12: 2-4)

(For "The Christian Herald")

WHAT were those soul-inspiring things,
To Paul's enraptured vision given,
When, upward borne on angel wings
He visited his home in heaven,
And feasted his adoring eyes
Upon the bliss of Paradise?

Perchance, he saw the Saviour's face
With everlasting glory beaming;
While gathered round his throne of grace,
Their golden harps in beauty gleaming,
The angel choirs, united, raise
The anthem of eternal praise.

And viewed the saints in white arrayed,
Reclining by the Crystal River,
Beneath the trees' celestial shade,
Whose healing verdure blooms forever;
While songs of triumph, sweet and clear,
Were wafted to his ravished ear.

Thenceforth all earthly gain was loss:
[illegible]
His brightest joy, the hallowed Cross,
In which, alone, his soul would glory:
He had one glimpse of heaven's shore,
And earth could charm him nevermore.

The martyred saints have testified,
That, as the raging flames ascended,
A view of Jesus, glorified,
Their ev'ry pain and sorrow ended;
Made them rejoice 'mid tortures dire,
And glory in consuming fire.

O, may our souls so dwell in love,
That faith shall view the Home before us,
Shall learn the song of joy above:
That, rising, we may join the chorus:
While all the glory of the skies
Shall seem familiar to our eyes.

Cromwell, Conn. —MARVIN R. WARNER.

BRIEF NOTES

[illegible] averaged a rate of 259 has resulted in the reduction [illegible] a few [illegible] I [illegible] c[illegible] t[illegible] t[illegible] P[illegible] t[illegible] t[illegible] M[illegible] a[illegible] k[illegible] n[illegible] f[illegible] d[illegible] t[illegible] s[illegible] f[illegible] s[illegible] O[illegible] t[illegible] F[illegible] C[illegible] J[illegible] I[illegible]

well, Dr. George P. Mains, Dr. L. W. Hillis [illegible]

will do the work for which [illegible]

In view of the false charge brought by Ger- [illegible] as taken place at Cres- [illegible]n, Iowa, under the [illegible]eaching of Dr. D. P. [illegible]reed. Its effects have been felt not only in ad[illegible]ions to the churches, but in the toning up of spi[illegible] bers. Family prayer h[illegible] become the habit of five hundred homes formerly [illegible]rayerless, and the people are giving up objectiona[illegible]

all its predecessors in [illegible] Indianapolis gave the [illegible] come. They represent[illegible] territories and there w[illegible]rge contingent from Canada. The programm[illegible]ch was published in this journal on July 19, [illegible] portraits of the leaders, was faithfully carried through and proved to be [illegible] acter.

At the evangelistic meetings in the "Glad Tidings" Gospel Tent, on Broadway and Fifty-[illegible] attendances have compelled a still further enlargement of accommodations. On Friday evening, July 28, Mr. Moody, the well-known evangelist, addressed a great audience, and over one hundred stood up for prayers. On Sunday afternoon Rev. John Pollock, of Glasgow, Scotland, was the principal speaker. During the week Rev. Dr. Munsell, of London; Evangelist Schieverea, Rev. Mr. Myers, of New York City; Rev. Mr. Denham, and others addressed the meetings. The tent work will continue until cold weather.

Two missionaries are at work in Tibet. They are located in monasteries where they are familiarizing themselves with the literature and religious beliefs of the people, preparatory to more extended work. It is a fact not generally known that foreseeing the day when missionaries would be freely admitted to Tibet, consecrated men translated the Bible into Tibetan, so that it might be ready for immediate use. The New Testament was done by Heinrich August Jaeschke, a Moravian missionary of Herrnhut in Saxony, who also did most of the work on the Old Testament, but died before it was completed.

Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts will conduct a Summer School of Christian Patriotism on August 7-13, at Clifton Springs, N. Y., which will be free to all comers. It will be repeated during the week beginning August 21, at Saratoga, N. Y. These Summer schools are wonderfully interesting and stimulating. They take the form of a picture song story, showing the kingship of Christ in nature, scripture, history and social reform. Dr. Crafts [illegible] has the assistance in the musical part of the pro-

CUT THIS OUT AND PASTE ON SHEET OF WHITE PAPER
SAME WIDTH, AND THEN LET SIGNATURES FOLLOW....

WE, the undersigned, hereby append our signatures, the same to be attached to the **Mammoth Memorial** to **His Imperial Majesty Nicholas II., Czar of Russia,** conveying the congratulations of **Christian America** on the result of his action in summoning the **World's Peace Congress:**

NAME POST-OFFICE ADDRESS

LET EACH SUBSCRIBER MAKE AN EFFORT TO GET AT LEAST TEN SIGNATURES

Repairing the Currency

WORK demanding unlimited patience and ingenuity is done in one of the quiet rooms in the Treasury at Washington, a corner of which has been photographed for this journal. To this room are taken the fragments of currency which are sent to the Treasury for redemption. When they are very badly mutilated, they are sent to the desk shown in the photograph, at which sits Mrs. Brown, a lady who has earned a high reputation as an expert in the art of piecing together the fragments and deciding their value. A large variety of accidents are represented by these relics. A heap of singed scraps have been found in the pocket of a person who has been accidentally burned, and it is the duty of the expert to find out how many bills and what denomination the scraps represent. On another day a number of tatters, not one larger than a dime, are brought to her with the story that the owner of the bills hid them away, and the mice or rats found them and chewed them up to make a nest. Bills are continually being mutilated in a host of strange ways, and the owners are anxious to have Uncle Sam give good bills in exchange for the fragments. To do the old gentleman justice, he is always willing to pay an honest debt, but he sometimes suspects, when a soiled bit of paper is presented to him, with the statement that it is part of a fifty-dollar bill, that it may have been part of a two or a five-dollar bill. Or he may have his doubts whether a quantity of fragments are parts of two or three bills of small denomination, or were, as the owner claims, parts of ten or twenty bills, worth twenty dollars each. Mrs. Brown's services are then in requisition, and after she has spent some hours in an occupation which probably recalls the old days when she put together a child's puzzle, she is able to tell how many bills are represented by the fragments, and has found out by the texture of the paper, or by the character of the silk threads running through it, what was the denomination of each bill. The number of such problems submitted to her daily shows that there are many people who have not taken Christ's advice:

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal (Matt. 6: 19).

A Grateful Protege

The financial columns of the New York daily journals had frequent references during the recent excitement in Wall street, to a country young man who made thousands of dollars in a week by shrewd speculation. It appears that the same speculator has since added eighty thousand dollars to his fortune by a transaction in Philadelphia. He has now returned to his native town in Wayne County, New York, to perform some very pleasant duties. His first visit was to an aged aunt who cared for him in his infancy and early boyhood. He examined her house and sent for upholsterers who laid down new carpets. Orders were sent for new furniture, and the residence has been well furnished from garret to basement. His next visit was to two widow ladies for whom he used to work as a farm hand. They had treated him well, and when his financial ability developed, they raised two thousand dollars by mortgaging their farm, to give him the capital for his first venture. He repaid the mortgage, and then proceeded to put the old farm house in good repair inside and out. New furniture was introduced there, too, and one morning the ladies found a beautiful horse and phaeton in their barn as a present from their protege. Besides this, he left a substantial gift in money for their use. Probably not one of the three ladies ever expected so munificent a reward. It is unusual in this world, but in the next there will be many astonished at the reward given to them for services performed with no expectation of recompense.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord when saw we thee a-hungered and fed thee? (Matt. 25: 37).

The Kissing Bug

For several weeks past the daily journals have been reporting instances of persons suffering painful injury from the bite of an insect, which as it usually attacks the lips, has become known as "the kissing bug." Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the Division of Entomology, of the Agricultural Department, in Washington, has received from all parts of the country specimens of bugs, which the senders accused of being the kissing bug. Most of them were entirely innocent of the charge, but Dr. Howard has received some which are well identified. He says that the true name of the insect is *Opsecoetes personatui*, which seems an imposing name for so small a creature. But those who have been bitten think that it deserves a formidable name. The lips on which it alights swell to an enormous size, and the pain experienced is acute. Dr. Howard says that the insect is not a new variety, though certain peculiarities of the weather have caused it to multiply to an extraordinary degree. In many cases the people who have been bitten have increased their sufferings by their own nervous fears. Having heard or read of the insect, they have become alarmed when they were bitten, and their nervousness has caused additional irritation. The bite of the bug is not dangerous, and the cases of severe swelling are due to its having had its beak in putrid or decaying matter. Unhappily, moral poison is disseminated in the same way. People whose minds are filled with the filth of some novels and newspapers, carry an infection with them into society and corrupt others:

Be not deceived: Evil communications corrupt good manners (I. Cor. 15: 33).

WASHINGTON EXPERT PIECING MUTILATED CURRENCY

The Home of the Diamond

News comes from the diamond-fields of South Africa of the solution of an interesting problem. Geologists have long been divided in opinion as to the origin of the gem. Some held that it was formed in the clay in which it was found and probably through the action of water intensely hot. Others believed that it was formed in rock through mighty pressure and had been broken and afterwards imbedded in the clay. Observation has shown that the clay in which the diamond is found is on the surface of a brownish-buff color, which the miners call "yellow ground." Deeper down it becomes blue and is called "blue ground." This is generally of a circular shape and goes down to unknown depths. At Kimberley, in South Africa, it has been excavated to a depth of fourteen hundred feet. It contains boulders not unlike granite, which have evidently been at some remote age subjected to extreme heat. The shape of the "blue ground" and its peculiar formation suggested a theory which has now been proved to be true. The "blue ground" was once the shaft or funnel from the crater of a volcano. In the interior among its molten lava, the diamond was formed, and in some eruption it was torn from its abode in the rocks and hurled with mighty force upward into the clay where it is now found. Thus it is with God's jewels. Though they are found in human clay, the power which made them what they are was perfected in the furnace of fierce suffering.

But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us (II. Cor. 4: 7).

A President Assassinated

News comes from San Domingo in the West Indies, that the President of that island, Gen. Ulysses Heureaux, has been assassinated. According to the meagre reports received, President Heureaux was aware that an insurrection was impending, and went to Moca in the province of Cibas to arrange measures for meeting it. He was about to return, and was sitting on a veranda waiting for his horse to be brought to him, when an aged beggar approached and asked for alms. While the President was in the act of relieving him, a man named Caceres rushed up behind him and fired two shots from a revolver, one of which passed through the President's heart, killing him instantly. The other shot killed the beggar whom the President was relieving. Heureaux was a man of fifty-three years of age, who had led an adventurous life. On several occasions, while a young man, he had taken part in insurrections. As a result of a successful revolt, he became President in 1882, and has remained in power ever since. His assassin, Caceres, was known to have had relations with the malcontents, but his personal animosity to the President was due, it is said, to the fact that Heureaux had put his father to death. His act may precipitate a revolution, but, at latest accounts, the Vice-President had assumed office and believed that he could maintain order. San Domingo is of special historical interest, on account of its claim to have been the first land in this hemisphere on which Columbus set foot. Its people contend that the remains of the great discoverer are contained in an ancient casket sacredly preserved on the island, and hold that the casket which the Spaniards recently with so much ceremony removed from Cuba to Seville could not have held the body of Columbus. It may be difficult to decide which is right in this historical dispute, but there can be no question that the turbulence and disorder in Hayti, like the tyranny and misgovernment of Spain in Cuba, have been such as Columbus would have been ashamed of. It would be better for both that they vied in showing the world which possessed his principles rather than disputing as to which possesses his bones. Christ had occasion to rebuke that spirit in his day:

CASKET IN SAN DOMINGO SAID TO CONTAIN COLUMBUS' BONES

Truly ye bear witness that ye allow the deeds of your fathers: for they indeed killed them and ye build their sepulchres (Luke 11: 48).

A Divorce Refused

A remarkable reason was given recently by a judge at Louisville, Ky., for refusing to grant a divorce. The application was made by the husband on the ground that the wife was an habitual drunkard. The husband had been a widower for less than four months when he married the defendant. All his relatives and ten disinterested neighbors gave evidence against her. Nevertheless, the judge declined to dissolve the marriage, saying: "Such precipitancy in marriage implies a want of ordinary care in making a proper selection of a wife. It is an evidence of contributory negligence on his part. If he has been injured or disappointed the reason is that he has lacked prudence. Marriage is not an experiment. It is a solemn, sacred compact, to be entered into soberly, discreetly, in the fear of God. It is a contract for better or for worse." This is probably the first time that the element of contributory negligence has ever entered into divorce proceedings. Perhaps, if other judges take the same view, there may not be so many hasty marriages as there now are. But it is very difficult to teach men that they must bear the consequences of their own blunders.

Thine eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men, to give every one according to his ways and according to the fruits of his doings (Jer. 32:19).

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

The Old-Times Shoemaker

How the Children Watched Him Work. He is Seen in Some Cities Still

THE shoemaker was once a person of large importance in country villages and rustic neighborhoods. The city was a long distance away, railroads were not running everywhere; store-shoes were rare possessions. Skins were brought to the cobbler; with ruler and tape-line he took careful measurement, and then with knife and awl and waxed threads—with a single hog-bristle at the end of each thread doing duty as a needle—he fashioned your shoes, well or ill, according to his skill. The shoemaker's shop divided honors with the smithy as the centre of attraction for the children of the village. They liked to gather around the cobbler's door and watch him at his trade; they had an idea that they could make quite as good shoes if they only had a chance; they picked up bits of cast-off leather, and if he was good-natured they borrowed an awl and needle and waxed thread and made experiments, which shook the faith they had in themselves. Sometimes, however, an apt little lad showed that he had a knack at shoemaking, and, perhaps, was elevated to the dignity of apprenticeship, and in course of time, when the good old cobbler passed, reigned supreme on his bench.

While the old-fashioned cobbler is not in request as formerly, and few country districts depend on him for new foot-gear, he is still very necessary to comfort when it comes to "half-soling" old shoes and putting patches over holes; he is even a feature of city life. In busy, hustling New York, his modest sign hangs out here and there; a tiny room, almost "a hole in the wall," accommodates him; possibly you find him down in a cellar at the foot of a flight of stairs. You have worn your heels down on one side; he builds them up for fifteen cents or more, and he half-soles neatly for various prices. He, like his brother the blacksmith, looks just as he did in the village where you lived when you were a little girl or boy; the bench, the leather apron, the awl, the waxed threads, the last (or shoe-mould) and pincers, are all parts of a picture that links you to your past. The horse has given place to the steam-cars, steam to electricity, but the shoemaker seems unchanged. Until the beginning of this century he had things all his own way; only in 1808 was there any successful application of machinery to shoemaking, when David Meade Randolph obtained a patent "for fastening the soles and heels to the inner soles by means of little nails, etc.," through a mechanical clinching process.

In that part of New Orleans known as "Vieux Carre," and which is the old or French city, quaint-looking shoemakers and odd little shoe shops are still much in evidence on some of the poorer streets. After describing the fruit stalls, junk shops, stands where blouses, tea-kettles, flagiolets, and other incongruous things are sold, a visitor says: "Here, too, a cobbler has taken possession of the sidewalk and is hammering away."

AN OUT-DOOR SHOEMAKER IN THE FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS

Chinese Politeness

Chinese etiquette takes more literal acceptance of the fact that "gray hairs are honorable" than does our own. The story goes that a Mandarin who was entertaining Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, asked the former politely, "How old are you?" (as it will be remembered Li Hung Chang asked of everybody he met when he was over here). "About twenty-six," said the prince. "Your Highness appears fifty," said the Mandarin warmly; and then urbanely assured the Princess that she looked every bit of sixty.

Bird-Nests in Church

Places of worship have always been building-places for birds. An English paper recently gave an account of robins which had recently built their nests in an organ-pipe of a church at Bournemouth; and related the following story of a red-breast which made its home in a pew:

[illegible] Sunday [illegible] Mr. Sugden [illegible] [illegible] part of [illegible]

Park chapel, Oxfordshire, they found a half-made robin's nest on the bookledge between a hymn-book and a prayer-book. They decided to retire to another seat in favor of the little red-breast intruder, and, by the following Sunday, the nest was not only finished, but five eggs had been laid in it. During the whole of the next Sunday service the robin sat in the nest, and it was subsequently found that four young robins had been hatched. For two or three Sundays afterward the attentive mother could be seen flying in and out of the chapel conveying food for her offspring.

Protestant Weddings in Manila

Two Protestant weddings have occurred among natives in Manila. *Freedom*, an American paper in Luzon, which has received mention in our columns, gives a detailed account of the second marriage, and says that they are "the first where natives have sought a Protestant minister to perform the ceremony; and are, doubtless, the first in three hundred years where natives have been married without the consent and knowledge of the local priesthood." The bride, Ponciana Seljo, just like any good American bride, "was dressed in white, including veil." Pasqual Cacaan, the groom, entered "the employ of Company G, First Californians, last October; has been a loyal member of the company and has taken a place on the firing line." Chaplain Pierce performed the ceremony at the residence of Chaplain Fleming of the Colorados. The costly marriage fees imposed during Spanish rule have not been productive of a high moral tone in the social life of the Philippines; and these first Protestant marriages are prophecies, we believe, of better things for the Filipinos.

Children in the Streets

"People should not allow babies to run about the street. If they are run over parents have only themselves to blame." Thus spoke Magistrate Deuel in discharging a driver whose horse, going at a walk, maimed a two-year-old baby, which the driver could not possibly have seen. A New York daily commenting, said: "These words seem harsh, yet they are merely the frank expression of a harsh truth. The streets of a city are no safe places for children. Then what shall be done with the city children? There are practically no playgrounds for them. It is cruelty to keep them shut up in stuffy tenement rooms. And all the grown persons, and even the half grown of a tenement family, must work. Let us have more and more playgrounds on the tops of the school-houses, the piers and the tenements." This incident and comment will emphasize the practical value of the beautiful work in which our readers cooperate with us every summer by sending little tenement waifs to the country, where they have loving oversight and Christian influence, and where their playgrounds are daisied fields and wooded hills. There is another danger of the streets which Christianity must never forget until it is swept away—the danger of the saloon on every corner. In the very doorways of barrooms little children play. This danger exists in every large city in the world.

First Trousers

"O, what a funny little froggie!" Freddie, four years old, was in experimental trousers and blouse, feeling "just like papa," and most important. He burst into tears at Susie's remark and said angrily: "I'd ravver be a frog dan a dirl!" upon which Susie felt aggrieved. Mamma, smoothing matters over, took occasion, while giving Susie some kindly hints, as to tactful treatment of her brother, to impress upon Fred that one way of proving himself worthy of manly garments, was to be very respectful and considerate of people who wore dresses "like mamma and sister."

All the World is Mine

I may be [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

That Prophet-Teacher spake the truth,
[illegible]
And so, I have unbounded wealth,
For all the world is mine.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
"More than the world is mine!"

The sweeping prairie's boundless track—
[illegible]
The mountain echo, flying back—
The sea, the frost, the shower,

All show to me unceasing love—
[illegible]
Oh, what a God to make the world,
[illegible]

[illegible]

School for Parents

SCHOOLS for children, artists, doctors, lawyers, teachers, mechanics, engineers — schools for teaching every art and science under the sun—but never until this summer a "School for Parents." Such a school, under the guidance of Dr. Luther Gulick, with Miss Mary Louisa Butler as secretary, was a July feature of the Chautauqua course of lectures. In its announcement of the school, the *Chautauqua Assembly Herald* explained its object as that of [illegible]

That scientific study to the home and its problems which has shed so much light in other directions. The home is worthy of the best study that can be given to it.

Dr. Gulick, in his opening address, adds:

Its object is to get fathers and mothers together to take up definite topics year after year, and to go to the bottom of these, exhausting all literature upon them and appealing [illegible] and in so far as is possible adding to the knowledge that shall make the world better.

Some of the problems which he suggested, not only for the school, but for the study and observation of all parents, were:

[illegible] important one, since our food makes our bodies; financial relations and [illegible] husband and wife; household hygiene in all its branches and in its relation to moral and spiritual life; "How to [illegible] willed and at the same time nervous and emotional; "How to teach the child to love to stay at home instead of seeking outside amusements, interests and friends;" "How to keep a child's mind pure and free from all desire to read or hear anything coarse or impure;" "How to deal with the subject of children's secrets, and yet, of course, not invade that which is most sacred to all, personality. Children can be forced to tell and so lose their self-respect;" "How to control my child's temper;" "How to give an only child the benefit of social life;" "How early shall the child go to church and Sunday School?" "How shall the child form the habit of church going?" "Use of the Bible in the home."

To tell these and kindred subjects, parents are urged to give the same painstaking, patient study, observation and utilization of facts that scientists and business men apply to their fields of labor. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD welcomes the "School for Parents," as it has welcomed the Mother's Congress and every movement which promises aid to parents in the discharge of heavy responsibilities.

A Boy's Accomplishment

The story is told in a Michigan paper of a little office-boy, whose employers chaffing him for a little fun, said: "You are so small; you never can do any business." "Small as I am," said the little man, "I can do something that none of you big men can do." "Ah! what is that?" they asked curiously. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were blushes on four manly faces.

A Mission for Sailor-Men

The Seamen's Christian Association in Its New Quarters and Doing Noble Work

IT is now eleven years since the Seamen's Christian Association of New York City was first organized by a godly band of Christian people, who were interested in the welfare of "the toilers of the deep." They had few resources, but their faith was abundant, and it has not been disappointed. Year by year the work has grown, and every year it has won more friends and supporters who had a kindly corner in their hearts for the sailor lads. Lately it became evident that it had outgrown its quarters on Washington street, and a new and more commodious home for the Association was found at No. 399 West street, where its offices, reading and recreation rooms and chapel are now comfortably and permanently established. The new home is a three-story building,

A SERVICE AT THE SEAMEN'S MISSION, NEW YORK

the lower floor being devoted to reading, writing and simple recreation for seamen only. The rooms are open daily from 2 P. M. until 10 P. M., and on Sundays from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. The second floor is intended exclusively for regular Gospel services, which are held every evening, except Saturday, at 8 P. M. And the third floor is utilized as committee-room and business offices.

Wholly unsectarian in its management, all evangelical denominations are represented in the work of the Association. No salaries are paid to any of the officers. During the past year spiritual results have been very satisfactory. The aggregate attendance has been large, the number of seamen exceeding all former records. Many requests have been made by the sailor lads for prayers that they may become better men, and a large number of temperance pledges have been signed. Meals and lodgings have been provided for 119, and 104 situations procured for seamen on board ships. A seaman has only to mention his needs, to ensure aid and encouragement from the Association, through its superintendent, if it is at all possible to render it.

The Gospel in Colombia

Rev. Joseph Norwood, the American Bible Society's missionary in Colombia, writes us explaining that the Gospel tent for which he is now endeavoring to raise funds is not intended for the city of Bucaramanga only, but will be used in towns and cities throughout the Colombian republic, where the missionaries can find no public hall or other suitable place for holding services. He adds that in very many towns there is no other place of public assemblage than the theatre, and that is frequently to expensive for the workers to hire; besides which, many of the smaller theatres belong to Catholics, who refuse to rent them to any one intending to preach the Gospel. Mr. Norwood proposes to have a tent made in three sections, to be carried on mule-back from one town to another, and to be used in all the important centres of the country. He will personally answer all letters of inquiry sent to him at Room 130, Bible House, New York. The following contributions for the Colombian Gospel Tent work are acknowledged by the treasurer of the American Bible Society:

Previously reported, $134.00. Mrs. Jane Schenck, $2.00; John C. Culbert, $10.00; A Friend, Brooklyn, $2.00; D. Thomas, $3.00; Catherine M. and Eliza Freer, $3.00; J. W. Williams, $10.00; total, $184.00

Our Children's Neighbors

"WHO is my neighbor?" the lawyer asked Jesus; Jesus described the Good Samaritan's ministry; and then the lawyer answered his own question by defining the neighbor as one that showeth mercy. Neighbors of our Fresh-Air children are in this State, and they are in California, Canada, Maine, Mississippi, and all intervening territory. They give money, they give clothes, and—best of all—they give their prayers.

In Nyack itself, in the surrounding country and in other towns on the Hudson, our children have many friends who are neighbors in a two-fold sense. Among these friends none have been more faithful than seven big-hearted little girls, whose names are Natalie, Lucille and Dona Couch, Maud De Pew, Margery Blauvelt, Lillian Van Houten and Janet Voorhis. Last year they made $26 for our fresh-air work; the year before, $27; the present year, $38.82. Janet's mamma lent her lawn to the little girls a few weeks ago; they set forth small tables thereon, with useful and pretty articles for sale. Friends patronized them generously, and they raised the offering mentioned. Living near the Home, they have the pleasure each year of seeing the good accomplished by their labors. Friends of the work living in other States and visiting New York will always be welcome callers at the Home. We wish that every friend of the Home could see the beautiful work done there. The following extracts from many letters show how widely distributed; and how prayerful and generous our children's neighbors are:

Rena, Valdosta, Ga., $3. Wish I could keep a child at the Home all summer. Little Jesse Steele, Chillicothe, O., $3. My allowance to the Fair. I know Jesus would wish I do this (this is in big printed letters). — E. W. McP., Pasadena, Cal., $20, with the giver's prayer. —H. R. G., Columbus, Miss., $5. To the dear little children who know nothing of green fields.—L. A. B., White Oak, Can., $3. God bless the children.—Wilhelmina A., Colorado, $6. Wish I could give one hundred children an outing.

The following contributions have been received:

Prev ack	$4,064 06	Bell, G M	1 00
Andrews, Mrs F B	6 00	Butterworth, Henry	10 00
Allen, Mary E	4 25	Bradley, Miss A M	6 00
Anderson, Chas	3 00	Bramley, H	1 00
Anderson, Mrs G	20	Brosues, Mrs Laura	50
Abrams, Jas D	3 05	Brown, Mrs F A	3 00
Belle, Flora	1 00	Burt, Maria N	3 00
Baumann, F A	2 00	Bury Mrs William	3 00
Buck, W R	2 00	Collins, Florence M	1 00
Bell, Mrs Catharine	50	Cork, H A	5 00
Bramley, Annie	1 00	Cochran, Mrs S A	3 00
Browne, Mrs Fannie	2 00	Curry, Ed R	35
Connolly, G A	1 00	Jimason, Mrs Jane	3 00
Cunningham, Mrs C M	50	Jones, Miss O	3 00
Childs, H A	2 00	Kruger, Mrs J R	3 00
Comstock, Ellen	1 00	Killmer, Mrs M J	3 00
Crossmon, A F	3 00	Lemmon, N E	3 00
Carter, Mrs J S	3 00	Leslie, M E	75 00
Carlson, Mrs E	3 00	Letterman, Mr & Mrs	3 00
Collins, Mrs G P	3 00	Lorimer, Mrs John	3 00
Connelly, Jos W	3 25	Moses, May	2 00
Cook, Mrs C B	1 00	Maynerd, Mrs Eliz	1 00
Cooper S A	3 00	Motycka, M A	3 00
Copeland, E	12 00	Mauzy, G G	3 00
Corwin, Mrs Ira M	3 00	Mason	4 00
Cramm, A A	1 00	Maxwell, Mrs F	50
Cross, Lydia	3 50	Murphy, Mrs Frances	75
Cullum, Mrs Lena	1 00	Mills, M A	6 50
DeForest, Polly	3 00	McKee, M	1 00
Densler, Mrs J L	2 00	Moore, Mrs A E	1 00
Dutton, Mrs F P	25	Miller, Retta	1 00
Dutton, Mr F R	25	McLennon, R	1 50
Datson, Mrs W H	1 00	Nurse, L	6 00
Datson, Mrs R	1 00	Ogden, A	2 00
Dixon, Nettie, Lulu A Papa	6 00	Overocker, Mrs J K	30 00
Dixon, Lyman M	3 00	Parker, Addie M	1 00
Dallyn, John	5 00	Payne, E L	6 00
Elry, Mrs Amos F	3 00	Perry, Mrs Stephen	1 00
Ericson, Chas	3 00	Pierce, J C	3 00
Fahnarty, Miss Minnie	5 00	Peterson, J G	5 00
Farnham, Miss Ida L	3 00	Prentiss, J Maylin	1 00
Fairbanks, Mr & Mrs	3 00	Peny, Alice	3 00
Gilbert, Gertrude E	6 00	Pine, Mrs Geo	6 00
Gladstone, D	5 00	Randall, Mrs C B	3 00
Goldsmith, Harry	25	Ratcliff, Mrs H	7 00
Goldsmith, Mrs W H	1 50	Stafford, Mrs H P P	10 00
Goldsmith, Wallace	25	Shepherd, J Henry	6 00
Gough, Mrs C B	2 00	Strong, Geo H	5 00
Granden, Julia F	9 00	Stilson, D E	2 00
Grannis, Mrs J S	1 75	Shepard, Miss M A	50
Grant, A M	1 00	Shepard, Mrs L	1 00
Graves, Mrs Warren	50	Stephen, Mrs E E	3 00
Gray, Miss	1 00	Smock, Fred D	1 00
Gray, Mrs	1 00	Stephens, A M	10 00
Gray, Alfred	3 15	San Remo	3 00
Green, Mrs T B	3 00	Sherman, Mr & Mrs J E	3 00
Griffin, Mrs	1 00	Short, Mrs J C	7 50
Gilpin, Mr & Mrs	6 00	Towers, Mrs H N	3 00
Girst, Mrs Adam	3 00	Thatcher, A	3 00
Glasgow, W C	3 00	Towne, Mrs C E	20
Hay, Mrs Mary	50	Thompson, Mrs J	25
Hargrave, R W	5 00	Throop, A J	3 00
Hassmann, Geo F	6 00	Tabele, Mary F	6 00
Higgins, Sadie	50	Van Winkle, Charlotte	40
Hubbard, Mrs H M	3 00	Welch, S E & E M	3 00
Hassmann, Fred	23 55	West, Mr & Mrs F N	10 00
Harlow, Mary B	50	Wheelright, E H	6 00
Hart, Mrs Jas P	3 00	Williams, Mrs A J	5 00
Hawes, Mrs Eliza	3 00	Webster, Mr & Mrs J	3 00
Henschowd, N S	5 00	Warner, Mrs Geo E	2 00
Johnson, Sara	2 00	Total	$4,603.91

Opening Khartoum

The Church Missionary Society has appealed to Lord Kitchener to remove the restrictions to missionary work in Khartoum. He replied that in a short time Europeans would be permitted to enter the city and stay as long as they chose, and there would of course be no discrimination against missionaries.

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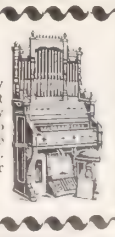

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Husbands and Wives

AMELIA E. BARR

THE first step in married life is renunciation, and this step is mainly to be taken by the wife. She must give up with a good grace the exaggeration and romance of love-making, and accept in its place that higher tenderness which is the repose of passion, and which springs from the tranquil depths of a man's best nature. This is the first necessity towards making a happy home. Husbands are necessarily under some amount of bondage in their business relations; their interests compel them to look pleasant under all circumstances, to offend no one, and to say no hasty words. Therefore, when they reach their own firesides they have a right to be absolved from this strain, to be at ease and to have no fear of offending tender sensibilities by forgetting some outward and visible token of devotion.

An ancient philosopher said "that a man finds himself seven years older on the day of his marriage;" and the revolution in a woman's feelings and ideas is doubtless still more remarkable. For women have fewer distractions than men have, and many hold very impracticable views or even no views at all about the life they are entering. Those who are naturally weak, expect married life to be a lasting picnic: and when they find it a prosaic reality, are stunned and helpless. Stronger women soon grasp the fact that marriage is not the goal but the starting-point of a journey, that will require from them many virtues which they have not hitherto practiced.

Now this transition period is the crucial point in two lives, and the young wife and husband cannot be too careful in passing it. It must, however, as before said, mainly depend upon the wife. She it is, who at this hour, must decide whether their happiness is to be placed on a surer foundation than ever: or whether, in her folly and selfishness, she will make shipwreck of it. For nothing is more certain than the impossibility of keeping life very long—even in affairs of love—at high pressure. When men and women are lovers, it is permissable for them to think as lovers and to speak as lovers; but when they become husbands and wives they enter a new condition, accept new responsibilities, and the old, fond, foolish romance and exaggeration must give place to that steady, sensible affection, which springs from a mutual confidence in each other's loyalty.

A man, after the enthusiasm of courtship is over, wants to feel in his home at perfect ease; he expects, there at least, to be understood, and to throw aside all the restraints and formalities of business and social life: and a wise wife will accept cheerfully this quiet and secure affection as the best part of marriage. She will realize that her husband must now put work before pleasure, and ambition before romance: that by the very act of making her his wife, he has told her in the most emphatic manner that he loves her: and she will be satisfied with his life of tender truth, and not feel shorn of half her glory and all her rights if he prefers, after a hard day's work, his pipe in the warm library to a stroll with her in the moonlight.

A FOOLISH wife will fret and refuse to believe in the continuance of a love which is not constantly paraded before her eyes. What kind of a home has a husband who must step upon egg shells there, for fear he wound the feelings of a woman who will take nothing on trust; who insists, as children insist, on repeated assurances of affection; who wants him always at her feet, and who is jealous of everything, even of his work? Most husbands suffer, and especially at this period, from the exclusiveness of their wives. They want his whole admiration and sympathy. They are not content with their rights as a wife; they would usurp all the affections of his past life and all the interest of his future. They call this tyranny "love;" it is really a jealous exclusiveness which cannot endure that any other person should share in the pleasure and the affection of their life.

Then begin those miserable poutings and frettings and quarrels and reconciliations which wear and tear love into shreds and patches. The husband's soul is harrassed with stupid jealousies and senseless caprices; for a woman with a small mind has usually a very sharp temper and a very piercing tongue. Not only the patriarch of Idumea and the philosopher of Greece had such wives; the race of Xantippes did not die with the decay of Athenium greatness; and all men have not the grace of John Wesley to bear with a noble "not caring" this experience; weaker men, when they find their homesteads turned into purgatories, keep away from them. Fortunately the number of large-hearted wives and manly, sensible husbands, is immensely in excess—men and women who find their best happiness in increasing the happiness of others: no petty jealousies, no narrow exclusiveness shackle their affections. They do not feel it necessary to fling their house door open to the street: but their hearth is an altar to love and friendship, not an *adytum*, from which all outside affections and friendships are excluded.

THERE is another fault of this transitional period, which cannot be passed by—it is the one at the opposite pole, a foolish public display of affection that is very ridiculous and annoying to the outside world—little familiarities of touch, half-concealed caresses, absurd pet-names, lover-like attentions, which are flung in the face of the public, to come and admire a happiness they cannot emulate. All of us have seen married couples, who make this parade of their love, and who think themselves objects of envy, when they are really food for ridicule and laughter. Besides, a husband of this kind—though prodigal of expressions of love in company—is generally at his own fireside a very dumb dog; for this is the sort of affection that finds earth's daily food tasteless, and which therefore lives upon demonstrative drams. The truest and fondest married love never indulges in any sloppy effusiveness: it relies on its own sincerity and depth, and the best men and women so understand and accept it.

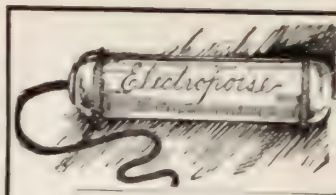
There never has been a time in the world's history when the influence of a wife over her husband was so important, so general, so particular, so legitimate. Even John Knox, who thought any power in the hands of women, "monstrous," would, if he lived now, undoubtedly prove an estimable and appreciative husband. How women have gained such access of influence it is unnecessary to investigate: that they have gained it is one of those established facts which men have accepted with grace and wisdom. Certainly, they have not become dominant by mere physical superiority. The Scotch collier's wife, who whipped her husband "for his good," has few followers, even among the working classes, where "the missis" is generally an important and authoritative person. The number of women who rule by their intellectual power is exceedingly small. Fools are afraid of clever women, and do not, except in brilliant exceptions, marry them: though clever husbands with clever wives can always make a satisfactory resistance. For if she lectures, he can preach: or if she writes poetry and novels, he can save himself by some philosophical pamphlet or scientific review.

THE secret of domestic government is not such an open one as this. But if a man finds himself "managed" by an admirable wife, he may assure himself that the management has only been acquired by infinite tact and patience and by arts as various as the sex. Unscrupulous women discover their husband's weak or raw points, and keep him tractable by making him wince. Or they assume that calm, deprecating air which says: "It is too bad that such a delicate porcelain vessel as I should have to go down stream with a rough, iron pot like you. But you cannot help your deficiencies, your dull commonplaces, your small aspirations, you are after all a good kind of fellow." He is made to feel that she puts in a constant plea of extenuating circumstances, and that a verdict of inferiority is fully recorded against him. No man can resist such a course of treatment: it will tell upon the firmest will. "Time and I," said Philip of Spain, "against any two." No wonder that a husband standing alone is beaten by "Time and his Wife."

THE power of ninety-nine women out of a hundred is the power of listening, of brightening at the proper moment, of laughing at the right joke, of knowing the exact temper at which a man may be "wrought to purpose," and when he must be let alone. If there is any greater power, it is silence. This force is supreme in the hour of revolt. Can any husband persuade a wife who will not argue with him, who simply opposes to his talk a discouraging silence, and whose whole manner says, "I do not oppose you, it is not my place to do so; but I know I am right"? In spite of his sense and his reason he feels like a bully and a coward; and then, if he makes apologies—which he is almost sure to do—her excuses still further abase him. "Of course he can't uuderstand her. She does not expect it. He does his best," &c., &c. It is easy to see who must have the mastery in such a contest.

Now, a truly noble wife rules by a far finer instinct. She reads her husband's character, not as a means of strengthening her own position, but to guard his self-respect and happiness. By her wonderful tact she saves him from a thousand blunders. She prevents his making many an enemy. This one thing is sure, a good man may safely trust in a good wife. Women have generally a fair allowance of intelligence. It is to be presumed that the parable of the *Ten Talents* does not refer exclusively to men: and though feminine rule is full of little wisdoms and precautions, it is, upon the whole, far better for a man than the advice of the half-dozen reasonable fellows, which before his marriage gave him the bias of his words and deeds, the drift of his opinions, and the trend of his likes and his dislikes.

Amelia E. Barr



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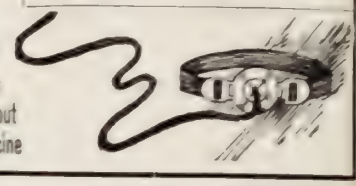

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The Leaven and the Meal

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug. 20

Matt. 13: 33; Dan. 2: 31 35, 45

OPINIONS differ radically as to the meaning of the Parable of the Leaven and the Meal. Eminent comentators have pointed out that the leaven is in the Bible, uniformly employed as a type of evil and corruption. They remind us that at the Passover, the most sacred of all the Jewish festivals, there had to be a minute search to insure the exclusion of leaven from every abode. Dealing then, with the parable on this basis, it is taken as implying that the whole world will become corrupt, and that evil will continue to spread, until the time when Christ shall come in judgment to take vengeance on his enemies. To the ordinary reader, however, this interpretation appears forced, and contrary to the Lord's usual simple method of teaching. Neither is it in harmony with the context. Christ was showing how great may be the results that come from a very small beginning. The tiny mustard-seed becomes a plant so large that the birds of the air lodge in the branches, and a little leaven transforms three measures of meal. In that, it is, as Christ says, like the kingdom of heaven, that kingdom which Daniel saw as a stone filling all the earth.

Taking, then, the plain and obvious meaning of the parable instead of the more profound, as it is generally safe to do with all Christ's teaching, we have a striking type of the progress of the kingdom in the individual and in the world. No special meaning attaches to the three measures, nor to the fact that the work was done by a woman. It is simply an ordinary household act performed by the person who would naturally do it. She takes the usual quantity of meal for a baking and puts in the leaven. There is no need for further interference. Noiselessly and unseen the leaven does its work, and by and by the whole mass has been transformed by this powerful agent. But it is worthy of notice that the leaven is put in from the outside. Human nature does not transform itself. The meal is dead and will remain dead until the agent of the process is introduced. It may be only a word, a thought, the recognition of a principle, but it spreads, it changes this and that; it touches this habit, neutralizes that appetite, affects the man's thoughts and desires and ambitions, changes his disposition, gives him new hopes and aims, and so controls his inner and outward life that he becomes a new man, becomes of the same nature as the leaven that was put in him. Then he becomes leaven, and his influence is felt in every circle in which he mingles. He leavens others. The mysterious influence reaches to his family and friends, and so the transforming process extends its operations.

The history of the Church shows how true was this idea of its divine Founder. Neither the king nor the legislator has ever helped in the propagation of the faith. Both have tried, but neither has done anything but hinder. Nations are never converted in the mass, and never by force. The power goes from one to another, the one leavened particle affecting the unleavened particles nearest to it, and they in their turn become leaven, affecting other particles, the Holy Spirit using diverse means of propagation. Sometimes we have wondered that an unlettered preacher, with no gifts of oratory, has been able to win thousands. Again, it is a learned, gifted orator who moves men. Or instruments that seem singularly adapted for the work fail in it. We wonder in what the difference consists. The parable explains it. Only the leavened particle can affect the unleavened, with which it is in contact. But if there is leaven in any family or community, there will be results. When Christ left the world all the Christians in it could be accommodated in one room. The little company of one hundred and twenty seemed insignificant in comparison with the population of the world. And, like the leaven, they were hidden. Secular historians contemporary with them do not mention them and probably did not know of their existence; yet, without wealth, without prestige, without social influence, the company grew. They died, but those whom they had leavened spread the influence, and so the circle widened, until at this day more than four hundred millions call themselves by the name of Christ. If all these were really leavened, if they had become leaven, how long would we have to wait before all the world was leavened? A still more pertinent question is: What must we infer as to our own personal condition, if among our own friends and associates there are none who are being leavened?

An Aged Rabbi's Need

CASES of concealed poverty are among the saddest. Usually, they are the worthiest. Men and women who have served the world faithfully in their youth, and who, through undeserved misfortune, have fallen upon hard times, who are too old to work and too honestly proud to beg, represent next to infancy itself the most helpless need. It has been the privilege of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers who cooperate with it through contributions for "any good cause" to minister to the wants of many aged, sick and helpless ones, whose poverty was hid from the world.

The history of the aged Rabbi, from whom the subjoined letter, signed in Hebrew, has just been received, is illustrative of many cases of silent suffering and undeserved poverty. It is addressed to the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and says:

There is not enough pen and ink to thank you for what you have done for me and my poor wife. May the Lord reward you for it. You have fulfilled to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Your representative examined into our need, filled our empty larder with necessaries, paid our rent for three months' in advance, gave us some ready money, and promised further assistance. The rent was due next week; we had no money to meet it. We had been nearly starving. God has sent his angels to us, who are old and poor and cannot help ourselves, even as he sent the ravens to Elijah, his prophet.

HENRY BERNSTEIN,
128 Graham Ave., Brooklyn.

The attention of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was called to the Rabbi's need by a short article in the New York *Sun*. The Rabbi is over seventy, and has held positions of public trust in his youth and middle age; he is a scholar, speaking and writing nine languages. The aged wife was sick. When well, she contrived to make a few cents a day peddling chickens. The only delicacies for the sick that the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD saw was a tiny piece of ice and a bottle of water lying on it. Our readers will be glad to know that before night these aged ones had a supply of ice, tea, coffee, sugar, bread and butter, and a small sum of money to buy soup and milk with for days to come. Next day, when the rent receipt was handed to him, the old man, looking at the visitor, said wistfully: "God has remembered me. Last night I lay awake with gladness and wonder. One thing I cannot make out. I thought over it last night. Did the Father send you or the Son?" The visitor laid a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on his table. He looked at it, lifted tear-wet eyes, and said: "The Son sent you."

Good Causes Helped

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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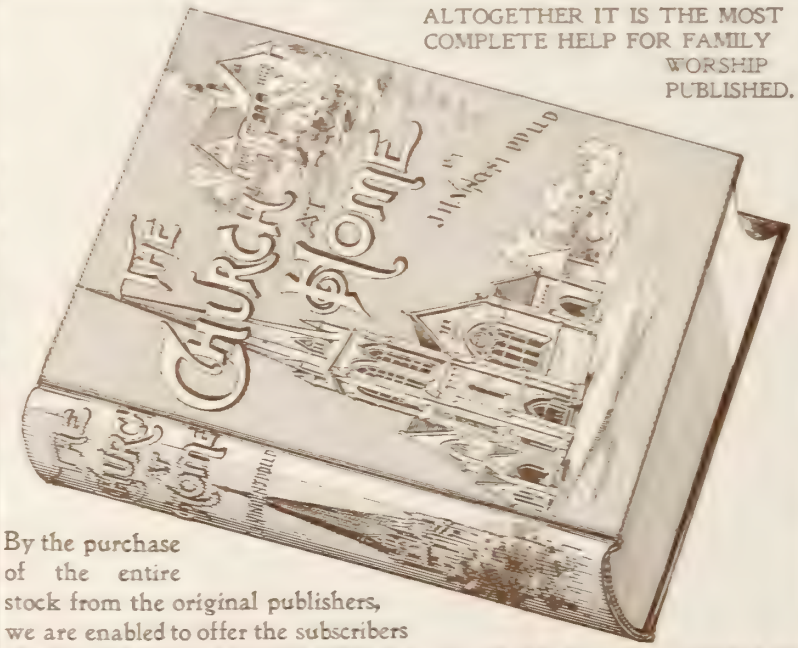

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Volume 22 Number 33

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, AUGUST 16, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME AT HAMPTON, VA., SCENE OF THE YELLOW FEVER OUTBREAK

1. General View, Main Building.—2. The Governor's Residence.—3. The Hospital.—4. Administrative Staff at the Soldiers' Home *(See page 623)*

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mrs. A. M. D., Germantown, Pa. What is the productive capacity of the silk worm and when

It usually hatches in May, but may be hatched at almost any season, provided the requisite temperature is maintained. An expert, writing on the subject, estimates that when the worm begins to weave the cocoon the filament issues from it at the rate of five or six inches per minute, an average cocoon requiring from three to five days to complete. Ten or twelve pounds of leaves consumed by the worms produce one pound of cocoons and three and three-quarter pounds of cocoons

H. P. M., Toledo, Ill. Did Joseph and Mary take [illegible] states, or did they go to Jerusalem, as per Luke? I would like an explanation of those two chapters.

There is no discrepancy. After the birth of Jesus, the parents remained at Bethlehem until the time arrived for presenting the Babe in the Temple, being the end of the days of purification. After the presentation, Joseph and Mary with the child went to Nazareth, adjusted their affairs and returned to Bethle-

longer in a stable but in "a house"—when the incident of the Magis' visit occurred. These wise men had first gone to Jerusalem, whence they were directed to Bethlehem. After their visit Joseph was warned by an angelic messenger and the flight into Egypt followed. To get a clear idea of the order of events, the records of the four evangelists must be taken as a whole, as one records incidents which another omits. Thus Mark and John contain nothing relative to the childhood of Jesus, while Matthew and Luke taken together, give a clear outline of these events, though Luke omits all reference to the return to Bethlehem and the journey into Egypt, the latter of which Matthew relates with considerable detail. In no sense did any one of the four evangelists intend to present a complete chronological record of the Saviour's earthly life, but each designed rather to supplement what the others had written.

A. C. McC., Livonia, Minn., writes: In THE MAIL-BAG, a lady in Nebras- [illegible] so called, is unfit for animal food and [illegible] I am certain she never saw a true "Canadian Thistle." I have for year after year, bound after the cradle in Canada, both wheat and oats and never saw them thicker than your little finger. I have fed them to my horses, and it properly cured and cut at the proper time, I would pay more for a ton of them than I would for wild hay.

Frank A. Brown, Laurel, Md., writes in reply to the strictures of Mrs. Wallace and others on the country schools. He has taught school all his life and writes from experience. [illegible]

If some of the writers who are inveighing against our modern schools would visit some of the public schools in the country districts or the country towns they would doubtless be sadly disappointed at the very small number of thin pale faces among the pupils. . . . The causes of debility in the students of our public schools are usually not because of their school work, but in spite of it.

He enumerates too much reading of books and magazines during hours that should be devoted to recreation or sleep, pampered appetites and a general neglect of home hygiene as among the most prevalent causes of debility among children of the school age.

Subscriber, Harrisonville, Pa. 1. Where was Daniel at the time of the dedication of the great image (Daniel 3)? Could he have been among the worshippers? 2. Who are the brethren referred to in I. John 3: 14? 3. Ought Christian people organize and encourage fairs and [illegible]

1. We do not know. It is possible that Nebuchadnezzar, knowing that Daniel would not worship the image, and not wishing to lose so useful a servant, who could interpret dreams, arranged to have him absent by sending him on a mission to some distant part of the kingdom, or permitted him to remain at home. You may be quite sure he was not among the worshippers. 2. Believers in Christ. It is a command of Christ (see John 15: 17). It is perfectly logical. If religion was to be the important thing it is represented as being, the persons who are one with us in it should be very dear to us. They are in the closest of all relationships. 3. It is an objectionable mode of raising money. If the obligations of church-membership were properly realized there would be no need to resort to it. It is better than being in debt, and that is all that can be said in its favor.

John H., Leith, Ont., Can. [illegible] I am correct in holding that [illegible] endeavor to find out by as[illegible] his church, individually, [illegible] considered a little too strict for this fast-going age.

It is the duty of a pastor to acquaint himself with the spiritual condition of his congregation, individually and collectively. His method of doing this, however, may be of his own selection. He should endeavor to impress them with the importance of confessing Christ. As to the genuineness of a conversion, it is not always easy to judge quickly, since many

NATIVE CHILDREN OF MISS MARY SHARP'S MISSION, MONROVIA, LIBERIA

Many readers of this journal already know of Miss Sharp's missionary work in the West African Republic. This brave, young American woman many years ago consecrated her life to the service of the Master in the "Dark Continent," and her labors have been greatly blessed. She is one of the most successful teachers in the field and hundreds of little Kroo boys and girls have been educated and brought to Christ through her efforts. Miss Sharp is the figure seated toward the right in the centre of the photograph. Near her is a white helper, and her class of young Kroo pupils stand on either side.

undergo the change by a slower process than others and through different instrumentalities. As the spiritual shepherd of his flock, however, he should know their condition, and employ all his resources in leading them into the light. There are, unfortunately, many churches [illegible] individuals is sadly neglected.

Wm. J. B., Holmfield, Man., Can., writes: "May the prayers of your subscribers hasten the glad day when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be able to claim a million subscribers."

Constant Reader, Neb. Will some one having had experience in teaching children tell how to encourage a child eight years old to take an [illegible] secutive minutes to keep her attention fixed on her reading. I have tried everything and [illegible] ago. In figures she surpasses any child of her age.

Miss Drane, an experienced teacher in the public schools of New York, answers this question as follows:

I should think, if a child were "willing and obedient," and showed such aptitude in mastering [illegible] manner interesting to her. Try this method: Begin by teaching names of objects familiar to the child—for proceeding from known to unknown is the true order of teaching. Remember, that neither a spoken word nor a printed word means anything which that child already knows. Whole words are first learned in conversation. The whole form of the word should be learned first in reading and the first object of the instructor should be to teach the [illegible] which are already known to the ear, without any reference to the analysis into sounds and letters, which belong to a subsequent step.

We are afraid that the apprehension expressed in the following note is one which prevails at many watering places and similar resorts at this season of the year:

Mrs. M. H., Sheridan, Ill. This is a summer resort and of course there is much Sabbath-breaking. My heart has been deeply pained to see our Father's house so poorly attended and his holy day disregarded. How often I have wished that Dr. Talmage or Mr. Moody might come here and arouse the careless and indifferent Christians, as well as wake up the unconcerned to a sense of their

R. M. Barnes [illegible] How is it emblematic of our Lord's suf[illegible]

The flower, when discovered by the Roman Catholics in Brazil, was said to symbolize in its various parts the cross, crown of thorns, nails, sponge and scourge of our Lord's crucifixion?

M. I., Stonersville. We cannot give the information desired.

D. P. Wynnwood, Ill. We know of no life of him published in book form.

H. L. P., Raymond, N. H. Pompeii was destroyed in the year 79 A. D.

D. E. D., Monona, Ia. Address him to N. Y. City, which will be sufficient.

H. M., Mosers, N. Y. We know nothing about the firm and cannot advise you.

C. B. L., West Somerville, Mass. See answer to "Subscriber, Mass.," this issue.

Alice A. R., Eudora, Kan. It will be impossible to give up the space to it at present

M. A. B., Portland, Kan. You will find the information in any good encyclopedia.

E. W., Pine Hills, N. Y. Repeat question, giving full address, and we may be able to answer.

T. S., Brooklyn. You can obtain all necessary information from the Children's Aid Society, New York.

Dr. O. W. J., Richmond, Va. We have no means of knowing the actual facts, but would regret if it were true.

M. M. Pomeroy Reichester, of Media, Del. Co., Pa., wishes to hear from Stephen W. Reichester (by adoption Stephen Ryan).

Query, Washington, D. C. We do not know of any such passage. It seems to be implied in Mark 10: 5-8, but it is not definite.

Copies of "The Philosopher's Scales" have been received from Miss Bertha Sapp, Glen Elder, Kan., and Emma Sorenson, Monticello, Minn.

A. C. G. W., Rescue, Neb., writes: Some time ago some one asked if Thanksgiving ever came on Dec. 7. Dec. 7, 18 8, was Thanksgiving, and it was also [illegible]

Subscriber, Denver, Colo. Thos. Moran, Bolton Jones, L. Ochtman, New York City. For others, address, American Painters' Society, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City.

One in Trouble, Hannibal, Mo. Confession ought to have been made at the outset. As it was not made then, we think no good purpose can be served by making it now. It might do more harm than good. Seek God's forgiveness and sin no more.

Mrs. J. C. R., Gilead, Ct. He himself preferred to be called an agnostic in spiritual matters—that is: One who disbelieves those things of which he [illegible] able of demonstration. It is simply another name [illegible]

READING THE BIBLE BY COURSE

[illegible] columns, on July 12, as to the best way of [illegible] them are the following:

Methodical, Brooklyn, N. Y. I have found [illegible] in a year is that described by "A Reader" in [illegible] however, that my plan is an improvement on his as it covers the whole Bible in a year with [illegible] ters a day and six on Sundays. There are 1,189 chapters in all in the whole Bible, and I divide these into four portions in order that my daily reading may be diversified. First, I take the 150 Psalms, and reserve them for my Sunday reading, three every Sunday, which allows an extra Sunday or two for the 119th Psalm. That leaves 1,039 chapters which are easily covered by three chapters a day, including Sundays, the three Psalms before mentioned being additional to the regular reading. The next division is the New Testament 260 chapters. As that does not furnish a chapter for each day I add Deuteronomy and Job to that division, which brings the number up to 336. The next division begins with Genesis and ends with II. Chronicles, omitting Deuteronomy and Ruth, and contains exactly 365 chapters, one for every day in the year. The last division contains 338 chapters, being the remainder of the Old Testament, including Ruth but omitting Deuteronomy and Job, which are in the New [illegible] a division by themselves. My daily reading consists of a chapter from each of the three divisions and on Sunday three Psalms in addition, and, as you will see, I thus cover the whole Bible in less than a year. The daily reading thus laid out is more interesting than six or seven chapters straight ahead.

M. H. F., [illegible], Va., writes: I have been a reader of the Bible since my earliest recollection, and since my marriage in 1858 have read it through several times in our family devotions. It has been my habit to read at them one chapter in course. This was interrupted only during the year I was away from home in the Union army. This would make about thirteen times that I have read the Bible through [illegible] a general view of the whole book and found it very profitable, especially in my Sunday School work. I have been a Sunday School superintendent at different times for about twenty years, and I can affirm that nothing helped me so much as my Bible-reading, and I recommend it to every one.

Rev. E. A. Goddard, Northboro, sends a monthly calendar which [illegible] follows: *January:* Genesis, Exodus, Ruth, Lamentation and Haggai. [illegible] and Joel. *March:* Judges, Samuel, Nehemiah and Ecclesiastes. *April:* Deuteronomy, Kings, Nahum and Zechariah. *May:* Chronicles, Canticles and Matthew. *June:* Ezra, Esther, Job, Proverbs, Obadiah and Jonah. *July:* Psalms from 1 to 101. *August:* Psalms 102 to 150, Ezekiel, Habakkuk and Jude. *September:* Isaiah, Luke, Philemon and Micah. *October:* Jeremiah, Daniel, Mark, Romans and James. *November:* John, Hosea, Amos, Malachi, Acts and Revelation. *December:* Zephaniah and all the Epistles not previously read. This system, reading on eight days of the month four chapters, and on the other days of the month three chapters, covers the Bible in a year.

Mr. Roberts Stevenson, Philadelphia, sends a different arrangement, also by months, which he has followed with much benefit since 1881. It averages about seventy-five verses a day, one-half in the morning and the other half in the evening. His arrangement [illegible] cles, II. Kings, Jonah, Amos, Hosea and Chronicles to chapter 17. *February*—II. Chronicles 18 to 36, Joel, Isaiah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah and Jere- [illegible] 52. Lamentations, John, Peter and Daniel. [illegible] Malachi, Jude. *May*—Corinthians, Thessalonians, Philemon, Colossians, Ephesians, Philippians, Timothy, Titus and Revelation. [illegible] and Mark. *August*—Exodus, Leviticus, Romans and the Epistles of John. *September*—Numbers, Deuteronomy, Galatians, Hebrews and James. *October*—Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Matthew and Samuel to chapter 14. *November*—I. Samuel 15 to end of second book of Samuel and Psalms 1 to 118. *December*—Psalms 119 to 150, I. Kings, Proverbs and Luke.

J. B. Turroughs, Middletown, N. Y., writes that he has read the Bible through by course more than twenty times. He has kept a close record of the time he has spent in Bible reading, and finds that the entire book can be read from cover to cover in one hundred hours.

Gospel Work ... ... in Finland

How Two Sailors, Converted in New York, Have Set on Foot a Religious Movement which is Becoming National in Extent

LUTHERAN CHURCH AT HELSINGFORS

RELIGIOUS work which has special claims on American sympathy is being vigorously prosecuted in Finland, that north-western section of the Czar's unwieldy empire which is just now passing through a political ordeal. It appears that the religious movement, which is spreading rapidly through the country, had its origin in the visit of two young Finnish sailors to this country some thirty-three years ago. Their names were Wilhelm and Gustav Barnlund. During their stay on this side they attended services on board the Bethel ship, *John Wesley*, at which both were converted. Returning to Kristinestad they began to tell their friends of the joys of salvation. Immediately opposition was aroused. The prejudices of all sects were excited, mobs gathered, the lives of the two young men were threatened and they were finally arrested and taken before a magistrate. But persecution could not silence the enthusiastic young converts. They continued to speak and testify of what God had done in their own souls. They were no preachers, but they gave personal testimony, and as has been the invariable rule, God owned and blessed it. Converts multiplied and at length, feeling the need of help, Gustav Barnlund sent an urgent request for a preacher to the Swedish Methodist Conference. No regular response was made to his appeal, but one of the members of the Conference, a preacher named Lindborg, was so touched by the Macedonian cry, that at his own cost he traveled to Finland to do what he could for the work. He landed in Nikolaestad without money and without friends. Kristinestad was sixty miles away, but Lindborg was a man not easily daunted by obstacles; he set out to walk thither and arrived safely. He received a cordial welcome from the young sailor preachers. Unhappily Lindborg could not speak the language of the people, but there were a few who understood Swedish and from these an interpreter was found. He went from house to house, addressed meetings, and, as in Apostolic times, "taught the way of the Lord more perfectly." He saw enough of the condition of the people to be convinced that the door was open for effectual work and he sent back to the Swedish Conference an earnest appeal for help. His report so impressed the Conference that a regular minister, Gustav Wagnsson by name, was duly commissioned to go as a missionary to Finland. Two years later—in 1885—Elder Bengt A. Carlson followed and began work in Helsingfors, the capital of Finland. A little preaching hall was hired there which was crowded at every service. Still, the Swedish preachers were hampered by their ignorance of the language which is spoken by seven-eighths of the people, and it is simply marvelous that the movement they inaugurated under so much difficulty should have been so successful. It speaks volumes for the spirit of the people and for the energy and devotedness of its two young sailor leaders that results so large should have followed the preaching of the Gospel.

In 1887, to the joy of all the converts, a Finnish preacher, who could give them the Gospel in their own tongue, was secured, and since that time the work has gone forward with redoubled vigor. During the following four years the number of preachers grew to seven, and the Gospel had been preached in eleven of the thirty-seven large towns of the country. The news of the movement spread to the other towns, and invitations speedily flowed in. They were accepted so far as was possible. More preachers were secured, and now Methodism seems to be well established in the country. There are one thousand regular communicants, sixteen ordained preachers and twenty flourishing Sunday Schools, containing fifteen hundred children, and eighty teachers. An effort is now being made to build a Methodist church in Helsingfors, to replace the little hired building which has become too small for the crowds who come to listen to the Gospel. The Finnish people are poor, but out of their own resources they have given sufficient to purchase a site for their church. Recently Mrs. Frances L. Parker has made a missionary journey on their behalf to London and across the Atlantic to New York, to tell of the wonderful work already accomplished and to obtain funds to erect the church.

It must not be supposed from this recital that Finland is a heathen country. It has a regularly established Christian ministry, and the Lutheran faith is recognized throughout the land as the national religion. But as England was, when Wesley and Whitefield began to preach, so Finland had sunk into religious lethargy. The pastors did their duty perfunctorily, and the people knew nothing of personal, vital religion. As a consequence, the vice of drunkeness, to which the Finns are proverbially addicted, increased. Especially in the districts adjoining the Russian states, the people were rapidly deteriorating, when the two young sailors carried back from New York the seed of Gospel truth, which has received so rich a blessing.

The population of Finland is about two and a half millions. They have hitherto enjoyed a degree of self-government exceptional in Russia. The Finnish language has been used in the courts and they had excellent educational facilities. Helsingfors, the capital, has a fine university and there are high-grade schools there and in the smaller towns. There apears to have been little effort made to Russianize the country until recently, but now some ill-advised counsellor of the Czar has persuaded him to inaugurate a policy which has stirred the patriots of Finland almost to the verge of revolution. The particular "turn of the screw" which has given the most pain, is that of conscription. The Finns were liable to army service but it was only in the Finnish army for the defence of their own land and the army was commanded by Finnish officers. Under the proposed change, the Finnish conscript is to serve in the Russian army and may be sent to any part of the Empire and, worse than all, Russian officers will command the Finnish army. The number of young men who must do military service has hitherto been 1,920, who have been annually selected by ballot to serve for three years and afterward to be in the reserve corps for two years. The new military scheme proposes to take 7,200 young men every year, to keep them in active service five years and afterwards put them in the reserve for thirteen years. It is this scheme which has agitated all Finland and is likely to lead to wholesale emigration of young men. Efforts are being made to induce the Czar to reconsider the objectionable scheme, but at present without much prospect of success.

OLOFSBORG CASTLE AND PART OF THE TOWN OF NYSLOTT

REV. GUSTAV A. HILDEN
Preacher at Kotka

REV. NICHOLAUS J. ROSEN
Supt. of the Finland Mission

The Yellow Fever Outbreak

(See illustration on first page)

THE Old Soldiers' Home at Hampton, Va., has been visited by an epidemic of yellow fever, the origin of which had not been discovered, at latest accounts. It is believed, however, that the infection may have come from the village of Phoebus, which is just outside of the Home, and where several cases have appeared, two of them being old soldiers who have been removed to the Home hospital inside the grounds. Within the Home itself, some forty cases in all have developed, and ten have died. A full corps of physicians is in attendance. Major Vickery is in charge of the Home hospital staff. The Soldiers' Home is for the time being quarantined, and so also is the village of Phoebus. A wagon service takes the mail to the "dead line" at the quarantine boundary, and there another wagon takes the pouches to Hampton. All farmers are shut out, and the utmost precautions are taken in supplying provisions, fuel, etc., so that the infection may not spread. Several hundred citizens have volunteered their services as quarantine guards, and are doing duty, armed with rifles and shotguns. The fever scare has also spread to Newport News, and a large number of people have left the city, including over 700 workmen from the shipbuilding yards. Many devices are resorted to by visiting Norfolk people to escape from the peninsula.

Skilled physicians from other cities including New York, have gone on to Hampton to aid the local staff in fighting the fever. Gen. Conklin, who is at the head of the various Soldiers' Homes, issued a request for medical aid at Hampton which met with a hearty and spontaneous response, proving once more the heroism of the medical fraternity in such emergencies. The War Department has ordered the issuance of tents for camping on the Home grounds. There is no evidence that the infection has spread beyond the Home and the adjacent village. In order, however, to lessen the danger, all soldiers who have gone from Hampton recently, are being isolated wherever they happen to be located.

The War Department, desiring to avoid the spread of the disease at Hampton, is arranging to remove the Fourth Artillery from Fort Monroe. There is no fever at old Point Comfort. It is now hoped that the infection will not cross the water between the peninsula and Norfolk. Quarantine measures have been adopted by the various seaports and railroad centers against all the infected points and the utmost care is taken to prevent the disease getting a foothold outside of the afflicted locality where it now prevails.

Our photographs on the first page of this issue include an excellent view of the Soldiers' Home, the Home Hospital now filled with the fever-stricken veterans; also the Governor's residence, and the staff who have charge of the Home at this time of great trial. The latter have the cordial sympathy of God's people throughout the Union, and their earnest prayers for the subsidence of the epidemic.

Rest

To step out of self-life into Christ-life; to lie still and let him lift you out of it; to fold your hands close and hide your face upon the hem of his robe; to let him lay his cooling, soothing hands upon your soul, and draw all the hurry and fever from its veins; to realize that you are not a mighty messenger, and important worker of his, full of care and responsibility, but only a little child with a Father's gentle bidding to heed and fulfill; to lay your busy plans and ambitions confidently in his hands, as the child brings its broken toys at its mother's call; to serve him by waiting; to praise him by saying, "Holy, holy, holy," a single note of praise, as do the seraphim of the heavens if that be his will; to cease to hurry so that you lose sight of his face; to learn to follow him and not run ahead of orders; to cease to live in self, but to live in him and for him; to love his honor more than your own; to be a clear and facial medium for his life-tide to shine and [illegible]

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

. . . Epidemic of Strikes . . .

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, I. Cor. 12: 21. . . . The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee

EVERYTHING standing still in Chicago ceasing work in one day; Brooklyn stunned by the attempt to halt its railroad cars; Cleveland in the throes of a labor agitation, and restlessness among toilers all over the land have caused an epidemic of strikes, and somewhat to better things. I apply the Pauline thought of my text.

You have seen an elaborate piece of machinery with a thousand wheels and a thousand bands and a thousand pulleys all controlled by one great water wheel, the machinery so adjusted that when you jar one part of it you jar all parts of it. Well, human society is a great piece of mechanism controlled by one great and ever-revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. You harm one part of the machinery of society and you harm all parts. All professions interdependent. All trades interdependent. All classes of people interdependent. Capital and Labor interdependent. No such thing as independence. Dives cannot kick Lazarus without hurting his own foot. They who threw Shadrach into the furnace got their own bodies scorched. Or to come back to the figure of the text, what a strange thing it would be if the eye should say, I oversee the entire physical mechanism. I despise the other members of the body, if there is anything I am disgusted with, it is with those miserable, low-lived hands. Or, what if the hand should say, I am the boss workman of the whole physical economy; I have no respect for the other members of the body. If there is anything I despise, it is the eye seated under the dome of the forehead doing nothing but look.

I come in and I wave the flag of truce between these two contestants, and I say: "The eye cannot say to the hand, 'I have no need of thee.'"

That brings me to the first suggestion, and that is, that Labor and Capital are to be brought to a better understanding by a complete canvass of the whole subject. They will be brought to peace when they find that they are identical in their interests. When one goes down, they both go down. When one rises, they both rise. There will be an equilibrium after awhile. There never has been an exception to the rule. That which is good for one class of society eventually will be good for all classes of society, and that which is bad for one class of society will eventually and in time be bad for all. Every speech that Labor makes against Capital postpones the day of permanent adjustment. Every speech that Capital makes against Labor postpones the day of permanent adjustment. When Capital maligns Labor, it is the eye cursing the hand. When Labor maligns Capital, it is the hand cursing the eye. As far as I have observed, the vast majority of capitalists are successful laborers. If the capitalists would draw their glove, you would see the broken finger nail, the scar of an old blister, the stiffened finger joint. The great publishers of the country for the most part were book-binders, or typesetters, on small pay. The great carriage manufacturers for the most part sandpapered wagon bodies in wheelwright shops. While, on the other hand, in all our large manufacturing establishments you will find men on wages who once employed a hundred or five hundred hands. The distance between Capital and Labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge; it is only a step, and the capitalists are crossing over to become laborers, and the laborers are crossing over to become capitalists. Would God they might shake hands while they cross. On the other hand, laborers are the highest style of capitalists. Where are their investments? In banks. No! In the railroads. No! Their nerve, their muscle, their bone, their mechanical skill, their physical health are magnificent capital. He who has two eyes, two ears, two feet, two hands, ten fingers, has machinery that puts into nothingness carpet and screw and cotton factory, and all the other implements on the planet. The capitalists were laborers, the laborers were capitalists. The sooner we understand that the better.

Again: There is to come relief to the laboring classes of this country through cooperative associations. I am not at this moment speaking of trades unions, but of that plan by which laborers put their surplus together and become their own capitalists. Instead of being dependent upon the beck of this capitalist or that capitalist, they manage their own affairs. In England and Wales there are 813 cooperative associations. They have 340,000 members; they have a capital of $18,000,000, or what corresponds to our dollars, and they do a business annually of $63,000,000. Thomas Brassey, one of the foremost men in the British Parliament on the subject says, "Cooperation is the one and the only relief for the laboring populations. This is the path," he says, "by which they are to come up from the hand-to-the-mouth style of living, to reap the rewards and the honors of our advanced civilization." Lord Derby and John Stuart Mill who gave half their lives to the study of the labor question believed in cooperative institutions. The cooperative institution formed in Troy, N. Y., stood long enough to illustrate the fact that great good might come of such an institution, if it were rightly carried on and mightily developed.

"But," says some one, "haven't these institutions sometimes been a failure?" Yes. Every great movement has been a failure at some time. Application of the steam power a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but now the chief successes of the world

"But," says some one, "why talk of surplus being put by laborers into cooperative associations, when the vast multitude of toilers of this country are struggling for their daily bread, and have no surplus?" I reply: Put into my hand the money spent by the laboring classes of America for rum and tobacco, and I will establish cooperative associations in all parts of this land, some of them mightier than any financial institutions of the country. We spend in this country over $100,000,000 every year for tobacco. We spend over $1,500,000,000 directly or indirectly for rum. The laboring classes spend their share of this money. Now, suppose the laboring man who has been expending his money in those directions, should just add up how much he has expended during these past few years, and then suppose that that money was put into a cooperative association, and then suppose he should have all his friends in toil, who had made the same kind of expenditure, do the same thing, and that should be added up and put into a cooperative association. And then take all that money expended for over-dress and over-style and over-living on the part of toiling people in order that they may appear as well as persons who have more income: gather that all up and you could have cooperative associations all over this land.

I am not saying anything now about trades unions. You want to know what I think of trades unions. I think they are most beneficial in some directions, and they have a specific object, and in this day, when there are vast monopolies

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a few men, unless the laboring men of this country and all countries band together they will go under. There is a lawful use of a trade union, but then there is an unlawful use of a trade union. If it means sympathy in time of sickness, if it means finding work for people when they are out of work, if it means the improvement of the financial, the moral or the religious condition of the laboring classes, that is all right. Do not artists band together in an art union? Do not singers band together in Handel and Haydn Societies? Do not newspaper men band together in Press Clubs? Do not ministers of religion band together in conferences and associations? There is not in all the land a city where clergymen do not come together, many of them once a week, to talk over affairs. For these reasons you should not blame labor guilds. When they are doing their legitimate work they are most admirable, but when they come around with drum and fife and flag, and drive people off from their toil, from their scaffoldings, from their factories, then they are nihilistic, then they are communistic, then they are barbaric, then they are a curse. If a man wants to stop work let him stop work, but he cannot stop me from work.

But now suppose that all the laboring classes banded together for beneficient purposes in cooperative association, under whatever name they put their means together. Suppose they take the money that they waste in rum and tobacco, and use it for the elevation of their families, for the education of their children, for their moral, intellectual and religious improvement? what a different state of things we would have in this country, and they would have in Great Britain!

Do you not realize the fact that men work better without stimulant? You say, "Will you deny the laboring men this help which they get from strong drink, borne down as they are with many anxieties and exhausting work?" I would deny them nothing that is good for them. I would deny them strong drink, if I had the power, because it is damaging to them. My father said, "I became a temperance man in early life because I found that in the harvest field, while I was naturally weaker than the other men, I could hold out longer than any of them: they took stimulant and I took none."

Everybody knows they cannot endure great fatigue—men who indulge in stimulants. All our young men understand that. When they are preparing for the regatta, or the ball club, or the athletic wrestling, they abstain from strong drink. Now, suppose all this money that is wasted were gathered together and put into cooperative institutions—Oh! we would have a very different state of things from what we have now.

I remark again: The laboring classes of this country are to find great relief when they learn, all of them learn, forecast and providence. Vast numbers of them put down their income and they put down their expenses, and if the income meets the expenses, that is all that is necessary. I know laboring men who are in a perfect fidget until they have spent their last dollar. They fly around everywhere until they get it spent. A case came under my observation where a young man was receiving $700 a year, and earned it by very hard work. The marriage day came. The bride had received $500 as an inheritance from her grandfather. She put the $500 in wedding equipment. Then the twain hired two rooms on the third story. Then this man, who had most arduous employment, just as much as he could possibly endure, got evening employment so he could earn a few dollars more, and by this extra evening employment, almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he take this extra evening employment? Was it to lay by something for a rainy day? No. Was it to get a life insurance so that if he should die his wife would not be a pauper? No. It was for the one purpose of getting his wife a $150 sealskin sacque. I am just giving you a fact I know. The sister of this woman, although she was a very poor girl, was not to be eclipsed, and so she went to work day and night, and toiled and toiled and toiled almost into the grave until she

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news went abroad all through the street. Most of the people on that street were laboring, hard-working people, and they were not to be outshone in this way, and they all went to work in the same direction, and practically said, though not literally: "Though the heavens fall we must have a sealskin sacque!"

A clergyman in Iowa told me that his church and the entire neighborhood [illegible] been ruined by the fact that the people mortgaged their farms in order to go down to the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. First, one family would go, then another family, and finally it was not respectable not to go to the Centennial at Philadelphia, and they mortgaged their farms. The church and the neighborhood ruined in that way. Now, between such fools and pauperism there is only a very short step. In time of peace prepare for war. In time of prosperity prepare for adversity. Yet how many there are who drive on the verge of the precipice, and at the least touch of accident or sickness over they go. Ah! my friends, it is not right, it is not honest. He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel. A man has no right to live in luxury and have all comforts and all brightness around him, taking his family with him at that rate—everything bright and beautiful and luxurious, until he stumbles against a tombstone and falls in, and they all go to the poorhouse. That is not common honesty. I am no advocate of skinflint saving. I abhor it. But I plead for Christian providence. There are some people who are disgusted if they see anything like economy, such as a man might show in turning down the gas in the parlor when he goes out. There are families actually embarrassed if you ring their doorbell before they have the hall lighted. There are people who apologize if you surprise them at the table. Now, it is mean, or it is magnificent to save just according to what you save for. If it is for the miserly hoarding of it, then it is despicable, but if it means better education for your children, if it means more house help for your wife when she is not strong enough to do much work, if it means that the day of your death shall not be a horror beyond all endurance because it is to throw your family into disruption and annihilation and the poorhouse—then it is magnificent, if it is to avoid all that.

Some of the older persons remember very well Abraham Van Nest, of New York, one of its Christian merchants. He was often called mean because he calculated so closely. Why did he calculate closely? That he might have the more to give. There was not a Bible society, or a tract society, or a reformatory institution in the city of New York, but he had his hand in supporting it. He denied himself many luxuries that he might give to others the necessities. He has been many years reaping his reward in heaven: but I shall never forget the day when I, a green country lad, came to his house and spent the evening, and at the close of the evening as I was departing, he accompanied me to the door, accompanied me to the steps, came down off the steps, and said: "Here, De Witt, is $40 for books: don't say anything about it." It is mean or it is magnificent to save, according as you save for a good or for a bad object.

I know there are many people who have much to say against savings banks and life insurances. I have to tell you that the vast majority of the homesteads in this country have been the result of such institutions, and I have to tell you also that the vast majority of the homesteads of the future for the laboring classes will be the result of such institutions. It will be a great day for the working classes of England and the United States when the workingman can buy a barrel of flour, instead of flour by the small sack: when he can buy a barrel of sugar, instead of sugar by the pound: when he can pay cash for coats and hats and shoes, rather than pay an additional amount for the reason that he has to get it all charged.

Again, I remark: Great relief is to come for the laboring classes of this country by appreciation on the part of employers, that they had better take their employees into their confidence. I can see very easily, looking from my standpoint, what is the matter. Employees, seeing the employer in seeming prosperity do not

know all the straits, all the hardships, all the losses, all the annoyances. They look at him and they think, "Why, he has it easy, and we have it hard." They do not know that at that very moment the employer is at the last point of desperation to meet his engagements.

I know a gentleman very well who has over a thousand hands in his employ. I said to him some years ago when there was great trouble in the labor market, "How are you getting on with your men?" "O!" he said, "I have no trouble." "Why," I said, "have not you had any strikes?" "O! no," he said, "I never had any trouble." "What plan do you pursue?" He said, "I will tell you. All my men know every year just how matters stand. Every little while I call them together and say, 'Now, boys, last year I made so much—this year I made less; so you see I cannot pay you as much as I did last year. Now, I want to know what you think I ought to have as a percentage out of this establishment, and what wages I ought to give you. You know I put all my energy in this business, put all my fortune in it and risked everything. What do you really think I ought to have and you ought to have?' By the time we come out of that consultation we are unanimous; there has never been an exception. When we prosper, we all prosper together; when we suffer, we all suffer together, and my men would die for me." Now, let all employers be frank with their employees. Take them into your confidence. Let them know just how matters stand. There is an immense amount of common sense in the world. It is always safe to appeal to it.

I remark again: Great relief will come to the laboring classes of this country through the religious rectification of it. Labor is honored and rewarded in proportion as a community is Christianized. Why is it that our smallest coin in this country is a penny, while in China it takes a half-dozen pieces of coin, or a dozen, to make one of our pennies in value, so the Chinese carry the cash, as they call it, like a string of beads around the neck? We never want to pay less than a penny for anything in this country. They must pay that which is worth only the sixth part or the twelfth part of a penny. Heathenism and iniquity and infidelity depress everything. The Gospel of Jesus Christ elevates everything. How do I account for this? I account for it with the plainest philosophy. The religion of Jesus Christ is a democratic religion. It tells the employer that he is a brother to all the operatives in the establishment—made by the same God, to lie in the same dust, and to be saved by the same supreme mercy. It does not make the slightest difference how much money you have, you cannot buy your way into the kingdom of Heaven. If you have the grace of God in your heart, you will enter Heaven. So you see it is a democratic religion. Saturate our populations with this Gospel, and labor will be respectful, labor will be rewarded, labor will be honored, capital will be Christian in all its behavior, and there will be higher tides of thrift set in.

Let me say a word to all capitalists. Be your own executors. Make investments for eternity. Do not be like some of those capitalists I know who walk around among their employees with a supercilious air, or drive up to the factory in a manner which seems to indicate they are the autocrat of the universe, with the sun and moon in their vest pockets, chiefly anxious when they go among laboring men not to be touched by the greasy or smirched hand and have their broadcloth injured. Be a Christian employer. Remember those who are under your charge are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh; that Jesus Christ died for them and that they are immortal. Divide up your estates, or portions of them, for the relief of the world, before you leave it. Do not go out of the world like that man who died in New York, leaving in his will $40,000,000, yet giving how much for the church of God? how much for the alleviation of human suffering? He gave some money a little while before he died. That was well; but in all this will of $40,000,000 how much? Two cents? No One cent? No. These great cities groaning in anguish, nations crying out for the bread of everlasting life. A man in a will giving forty millions of dollars and not one cent to God. It is a disgrace to our civilization. O! capitalists of the United States, be your own executors. Be a George Peabody, if need be, on a small scale. God has made you a steward—discharge your responsibility.

My word is to all laboring men in this country: I congratulate you at your brightening prospects. I congratulate you on the fact that you are getting your representatives at Albany, at Harrisburg, and at Washington. I have only to mention such a man of the past as Henry Wilson, the shoemaker; as Andrew Johnson, the tailor; as Abraham Lincoln, the boatman. The living illustrations easily occur to you. This will go on until you will have representatives at all the headquarters, and you will have full justice. Mark that. I congratulate you also at the opportunities for your children. I congratulate you that you have to work and that when you are dead your children will have to work.

I congratulate you also on your opportunities of information. Plato paid one thousand three hundred dollars for two books. Jerome ruined himself financially by buying one volume of Origen. What vast opportunities for intelligence for you and your children. A working man goes along by the show window of some great publishing house and he sees a book that costs five dollars. He says, "I wish I could have that information; I wish I could raise five dollars for that costly and beautiful book." A few months pass on and he gets the value of that book for twenty-five cents in a pamphlet. There never was such a day for the workingmen of America as this day and the day that is coming.

I also congratulate you because your work is only prefatory and introductory. You want the grace of Jesus Christ, the Carpenter of Nazareth. He toiled himself, and he knows how to sympathize with all who toil. Get his grace in your heart and you can sing on the scaffolding amid the storm, in the shop shoving the plane, in the mine plunging the crowbar, on shipboard climbing the ratlines. He will make the drops of sweat on your brow glittering pearls for the eternal coronet. Are you tired, he will rest you. Are you cold, he will wrap you in the mantle of his love. Who are they before the throne? "Ah!" you say, "their hands were never calloused with toil." Yes, they were. You say, "Their feet were never blistered with the long journey." Yes, they were; but Christ raised them to that high eminence. Who are these? "These are they that came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." That for every Christian working man and for every Christian workingwoman will be the beginning of eternal holiday.

Colombia's Helpless Waifs

The Worse Than Orphan Native Children of the Impoverished South American State

IN Bucaramanga, Colombia, South America, a home for friendless native children is beginning to take form through the motherly labors of Mrs. A. P. Norwood, wife of the Protestant missionary in that place, whose work is already familiar to our readers. The manner in which this work started is a pretty and pathetic story.

Mrs. Norwood has been supporting and teaching a little native lad, Vincente for nearly a year. He now helps her by serving soup to other orphans and indigent sick, generally children. Vincente, may be said in a way to be founder of the home. One day, when Mrs. Norwood went into her kitchen, she found this little fellow there with Julia, the gardener's little daughter, both sitting down on the floor and eating with their fingers, native fashion. He did not get enough to eat at home, but here he was kindly treated and came nearly every day.

Vincente's mother was working with the gardener's wife. One day, she and the child disappeared. On inquiring, Mrs. Norwood found that the mother had been drinking and quarrelsome, and had gone off, taking the child with her and had left him with a poor old couple who lived by begging. The gardener's wife, knowing that he would suffer for food and care, brought him back. Gradually he established himself in the minister's home and at his table, and came to be liked as a real child of the house, claiming its mistress as his "mamma." When his mother came to see him after her release from jail, she did not wish to take him away and Vincente did not wish to go. Soon after Vincente's adoption into this home, an infant girl, whose mother was dying, was taken; then another unfortunate child. By degrees, a number of children began to come every day for a little food and kindly counsel. Scriptural teaching accompanied the relief for their bodies. "Thus," Mrs. Norwood writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "we were led into this work for the poor children of Colombia, and the wish came to us to open a home for children. More little ones apply than we have room or means to take."

In a letter from Bucaramanga, just received, Mrs. Norwood describes the Christian work which the missionaries are doing among the sick poor. There is widespread poverty and great need of a proper medical system. Among the natives, the hospital (which is under Catholic control) is regarded as a place to which people simply go to die. The misery and destitution of the lower classes are indescribable. There are many orphans and also many mothers who are unable to care for their little ones. The whole country is impoverished, and commerce and industry are in a hopeless condition. An American dollar is worth $4.05 Colombian, and in Cartagena $5. In Barranquila, too, there is much suffering and crime is increasing.

"The photograph," Mrs Norwood explains, "is a representation of 'begging day' in Bucaramanga. On Fridays we have a stream of poor all day long; on other days a smaller number come. Each one receives a *cuartillo*, two and a half cents, and a piece of bread or *panela* (brown sugar). At noon the door is often crowded with poor people taking soup. As a general thing they prefer soup to money. A soup-house would be a great blessing to the poor and sick. Such a place we wish to establish in connection with a Mission House on the settlement plan. Our hearts are saddened by the sight of so much misery that we cannot relieve because of lack of means. The twin girls beside me in the picture, ought to be in school, but they must be on the street all day seeking help for their sick mother and little brothers. As a general thing they beg in a quiet way, waiting in the doorways until they are noticed. All of this may sound familiar to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers accustomed to the poverty of our large American cities, and they may say, 'we have enough poverty at home,' but let them remember that these people are not Evangelical, Bible-reading Christians. They have not yet received the Gospel in its purity. They are taught to pray to San Antonio, asking the saint for some blessing, and offering in return to give a certain amount for bread for the poor. This money passes through the hands of the priests."

Dr. Norwood has acquired local fame in the successful treatment of chills and fever and has given away a great deal of medicine to poor sufferers, muleteers and others, who are especially exposed to such attacks. It is the intention of Dr. and Mrs. Norwood to found a Mission Home for children, with a soup kitchen and other additions, and this will be a valuable adjunct to their spiritual work. Any reader who is interested in their efforts in this direction may communicate with Dr. Norwood direct, to the care of the American Bible Society, Bible House, New York.

"BEGGING DAY" IN BUCARAMANGA, COLOMBIA

Christ in the Home

There was a young man in the middle West, says Mr. Moody, who had been more or less interested about his soul's salvation. One afternoon, in his office, he said: "I will accept Jesus Christ as my Lord and Saviour." He went home and told his wife, who was a nominal professor of religion, that he had made up his mind to serve Christ, and he added: "After supper to-night I will take the company into the drawing-room and erect the family altar."

"Well," said his wife, "you know some of the gentlemen who are coming to tea are sceptics, and they are older than you are, and don't you think you had better wait until after they have gone, or else go out in the kitchen."

The young man thought for a few moments, and then he said: "I have asked Jesus Christ into my house for the first time, and I shall take him into the best room, and not the kitchen."

So he called his friends into the drawing-room. There was a little sneering, but he read and prayed. That man afterward became Chief Justice of the United States Court.

His Wealth a Sacred Trust

Mr. William Boshart, of Lowville, N. Y., died July 22, 1899, at the residence of his brother with whom he had made his home for some years past. He was born in Lowville seventy-nine years ago. He was one of the oldest members of the Presbyterian Church and was a liberal contributor to its support. He was deeply interested in the spread of the Gospel and made frequent contributions [illegible] TIAN HERALD for that purpose and for other benevolences also. Many in the vicinity of his home have received copies of the Scriptures purchased by him of this journal. He responded liberally to the calls for relief for [illegible] terested in home and foreign missions.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Returning from Captivity

S. S. Lesson for August 27. Ezra 1: 1-11
Golden Text, Ps. 126: 3

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

DANIEL, the prophet, had discovered in the first year of Darius that the time was come for the accomplishment of God's promises to Israel of restoration to their own land, and Daniel took the matter to heart and found time, without being in any way untrue to the duties of his office (Dan. 6: 4), to set his face unto the Lord God "to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting in sack-cloth and ashes" (Dan. 9: 2, 3). Why did he pray, if he knew that the time was come? Must not the Scripture be fulfilled if God had foretold by Jeremiah that the time of the captivity should be seventy years (Jer. 25: 11, 12; 29: 10)? Daniel knew by "books." He did not confine his attention to one book: the writings of Jeremiah. He studied all the Scripture and knew from the writings of Moses that it was incumbent upon God's people also to "confess their iniquity . . . [that] their uncircumcised hearts be humbled and they then accept the punishment of their iniquity, then [God said] will I remember my covenant and I will remember the land" (Lev. 26: 40–42).

Thus, "in the first year of Cyrus," two years after Daniel's prayers, "that the Word of the Lord, by the mouth of Jeremiah might be accomplished, the Lord stirred up the Spirit of Cyrus, king of Persia." Cyrus had been seen by the prophet Isaiah 174 years before as the executor of God's purposes towards Israel. "For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name: I have surnamed thee though thou hast not known me," is part of the Word spoken in prophecy to Cyrus [illegible] served God's purpose of judgment upon Israel and the surrounding nations (Jer. 27: 1–11), and now Cyrus was raised up for a purpose of mercy; but both kings were only instruments in the hands of God, just as kings and all other earthly powers in our own day, whatever their intention may be, must, voluntarily or involuntarily, serve the purpose of God.

It was not the natural benevolence of the heart of Cyrus, but God's overruling which led Cyrus to make a proclamation which must have caused astonishment among his politicians. Daniel was still living: it is more than possible that Cyrus, as well as his predecessor, Darius, had come under the influence of this prophet of Jehovah, and that this may account for his action. That he had some knowledge of God is clear from the proclamation itself. "Thus saith Cyrus, King of Persia, the Lord God of Heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth: and he hath charged me to build him a house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah." Surely this man who at first did not know God (Isa. 45: 5) had been brought to the knowledge of the truth. May it not be that he was the third mighty king given to the prayers of Daniel?

The proclamation read further: "Who is there among you of all his people? his God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel (he is the God), which is in Jerusalem. 'He is the God.'" Nebuchadnezzar had said of the Most High, he "liveth for ever and ever: for his dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom from generation to generation." Darius bore witness of him. "He is the living God and steadfast for ever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed. . . . He worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth, and now Cyrus also bears witness of him! He proclaimed regarding the people of God, whosoever remaineth in any place when he sojourneth, let the men of his place help him with silver and gold, and with goods and with beasts, beside the freewill offering for the house of God which is in Jerusalem."

If Daniel was blest to the king, how much more was he blest among his own people! Doubtless his influence was deeply felt among the captives in Babylon, as was also Ezekiel among those who were by the river Chebar. Thus spiritual life was probably deepening among the people who had been brought into captivity because of their sins, and so they were being prepared for the return to their own land. But it was not all of them who accepted the call of Cyrus. "Then rose up the chief of the fathers of Judah and Benjamin, and the priests and the Levites, with all them whose spirit God had raised, to go up to build the house of the Lord which is in Jerusalem." There were undoubtedly many who had got into prosperous business in Babylon, and being unconverted, were quite at home in the wicked and corrupt city, and they had no desire to return to Palestine: the honor of their God and the honor of his Word made no appeal to their hearts.

There is a striking difference between this return from the captivity and the Zionist movement of the present day. In the time of Ezra, the movement was of God. He stirred up Daniel to pray. He stirred up Cyrus to make proclamation to the Jews; he raised up the spirit of his people. It was a movement which had its commencement and outcome in God. Again it was "the chief of the fathers, the priests and the Levites" who were foremost in the work. The Zionist movement, as it is generally understood, is political, not religious; it is man-made not divine: it has not begun by the confession of sin, and the chief of the fathers are not the leaders in the movement. It certainly shows us what may be at hand, and it may be overruled to lead us on to a more complete return of Israel according to the prophecies. In Ezra's time not quite 50,000 Jews returned to their own land. It is a remarkable fact that more than double that number, about 120,000 Jews are now in Palestine, but their first thought is not to build the house of their God. When God's time is come for his children to go forward, everything is easy: nothing can hinder or stand against the accomplishment of his purpose, when his children are on his side. Why is there such a cry for money to do the work of the Lord? Have we not an object lesson in the life and work of the late George Muller? In all those more than sixty years of service, was God ever known to fail him in withholding supplies for that which he had shown his servant to be his will? The same spirit which God had put into the hearts of his own to go forth from Babylon stirred up those who remained to help them. "They that were about them strengthened their hands with vessels of silver, with gold, with goods and with beasts, and with precious things (according to the commandment of the king), besides all that was willingly offered." And this latter could not have been little, or it would not have been thus mentioned. Oh, how precious is the privilege of expecting means for the work of the Lord, not from man, but in direct answers to prayer from God himself though it may come by the hand of man.

The king, too, was not backward. Already he had impoverished himself by commanding that the departing Jews should be assisted; his revenue would be decreased by nearly 50,000 tax payers, but, over and above all this, he gave up, in obedience to a deep sense that God required it of him, and by no request from man, the holy vessels of the house of the Lord which Nebuchadnezzar had brought out of Jerusalem, and "had put them in the house of his gods," and in which the wicked Belshazzar had drunk wine while praising his abominable idols.

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

MANY romantic stories are told of the birth and early life of Cyrus by ancient historians. Herodotus mentions four, which contradicted one another. All doubts have now, however, been set at rest by the recent discovery of a cylinder and a tablet, both covered with cuneiform inscriptions which have been deciphered. From these it appears that he was king of the small province of Anzan, as his father, Cambyses, was before him. Astyages, King of Persia made war upon him, but the army of Astyages being disaffected, deposed him and handed him a prisoner to Cyrus, who thereupon became king of Persia. A similar revolt enabled him to conquer Babylonia. He thus learned the danger of having under duress large disaffected populations. He did not wish any of his rivals to gain the advantge over him that he had gained over Persia and Babylonia. There were probably two million Hebrews in the Babylonian kingdom, and if in a crisis, when he was attacked by an enemy, they rose up against him, he might be overthrown. It would therefore be a wise policy to allow them to return to their own land, where they would form a barrier against Egypt. Of course, Cyrus did not assign this as his reason. He announced that he had received a command from God: but he was not the first, nor the only man who has concealed his motives under a cloak of obedience to God. Any Hebrews who desired to return to Palestine, were at liberty to do so. And they were not to go empty handed. To other captives, Cyrus returned their images, but as the [illegible] Ezra, with his customary methodical exactness, gives their number as 5,400, all of them gold or silver. Sheshbazzar, whom we are afterwards to know as Zerubbabel, of the royal house of David, was to go with the returning exiles as their governor and Jeshua as their high priest. Cyrus doubtless expected that the Hebrews would avail themselves of his permission and go back to Palestine in a body. But he did not know them. They had settled down in Babylon and were prosperous, and were reluctant to go back to a desolate country which they would have to reclaim, the cities of which could not be rendered habitable without a great expenditure of money and labor. Not more than 45,360, about one in six of the whole number of captives, were willing to return. These, with some 7,000 slaves, journeyed back to Palestine. In the company were 4,289 priests, and 752 Levites. A guard of a thousand cavalrymen accompanied them to protect them from the Arabs and bands of musicians and singers beguiled the weariness of the journey. This first restoration occured in 536, seventy years after the first deportation by Nebuchadnezzar when Daniel and his friends were carried captives to Babylon. Ezra was not born at the time Cyrus issued his decree, and it was not until eighty years later, when Artaxerxes issued a second decree that Ezra and his company returned.

ANCIENT IMAGE OF CYRUS WITH HIS NAME AT FOOT

The Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus. God has more to do with the ways of kings and the policy of governments than they know of. He can so order the arrangement of circumstances and events that they will do what he wishes them to do, of their own accord, fancying all the time that they are following their own way, when they are really doing the will of God. Mr. Beecher used to say that when he was a boy, his father was bent on his becoming a minister, while he was determined on being a sailor. One day, after he had attempted to run away to sea, the old gentleman called him into his study, and told him that if he was really resolved on being a sailor, he could help him. He had sufficient influence to get him an appointment, which was true. "But," he said, "you don't want to be a common sailor. You should be an officer and command a ship." Henry admitted that was his ambition. "Then," said the father, "you must have a good education: you must learn geography and navigation and something of foreign languages. You will have to go to college and study, otherwise you will not be able to pass the examination for captain." Henry recognized the good sense of his father's advice and began to study. "I shall see that boy in the pulpit yet," said the father.

He is the God. It would be well if we could accept the king's statement as evidence of his being a worshiper of the one true God. But, unhappily, there is proof of his tendering the same reverence to Nebo, Bel, Merodach, and other deities. He might well have been bewildered by the multiplicity of deities, but even in this the Oriental mind is able to find unity in diversity. They say that a Greek, a Persian and a Jew stood before the king, who demanded of them that they tell him who was the Supreme Being. The Greek said that it was Zeus: the Persian that it was Ahura Mazda, and the Jew said, "Adhonai whose name is unutterable, he is God." The strife among them grew so fierce that the king was about to order them all to be put to death, when one of his wise men interposed. He asked each of them to tell him the name of the sun. The Greek answered Helios: the Persian, Mithras; and the Jew, Shemesh. "O, foolish men," said the counsellor, "it is the same sun, and God is the same God by whatsoever name you call him."

Practical Education on a Negro Farm School

The Hart Experiment at Howard University, Washington, D. C., and How it Has Benefited the Colored Race

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT THE HART FARM

PROF. W. H. H. HART

YOUNG FARMERS FISHING FOR SHAD ON THE POTOMAC

PERHAPS the most significant and hopeful sign in the condition of the Afro-American race, is the disposition, now and then, of one of their own number to do something for the race itself. Kipling has written of the white man's burden. The cultivated black man has also a burden. The attitude of the colored man has usually been that of a recipient. He has seldom been on the giving hand. This is going to be different. It is often made a boast, that the colored race pays taxes to the amount of so many millions. This is a legitimate boast, but it is a material one. What does the colored race give to found institutions for itself and its children? No race can become great from what it receives of another race. It must learn to give. "If any man would be great among you, let him be your servant." First, must come to the individual the disposition of self-help; next, the disposition to help others. There are many millions of property in the hands of the colored people. This is a great honor, but the time will come when the colored millionaire will do as do the white millionaires. This must be so before the race can achieve any marked moral greatness. There must be black Rockefellers and black Carnegies.

A very original and unique effort to help his race, is a recent one of W. H. H. Hart, professor in the Law Dept., and teacher of Agriculture in Howard University. Mr. Hart came up from Alabama, a barefooted, ragged boy, without friend or helper, and entered the Normal Department of Howard University. He worked his way through all the departments, graduating with honor, finally, in the Law School, where he has now been professor some ten years or more. He is an enthusiast in his devotion to his Alma Mater, to whose claims he is always ready to respond. It was in his study of the subject of University Extension, that his present project began to take shape. He saw hundreds of colored boys, from eight to eighteen years, in the streets of Washington. They were idle, unemployed, likely to become criminals. What could Howard University do for them? The matter was laid before the Trustees of the University. The Trustees saw no way in which they could reach the difficulty. Meantime, Mr. Hart, whose anxiety was urgent, laid the subject before the Board of Childrens' Guardians; especially before the Superintendent of Charities for the District of Columbia, offering his farm and his services to them, as they had been offered to the University. Here he was successful.

Mr. Hart's farm is down on the Maryland shore of the Potomac, some twelve miles below Washington city. Side by side with this farm near Fort Washington is one owned by Hon. William M. Evarts, to whom Mr. Hart was three years private secretary. Of this second farm, making in all a tract of land extending a mile up and down the river and about a mile and a half back into the State of Maryland, Mr. Hart secured from Mr. Evarts a gratuitous grant, so long as used for the purpose then contemplated. There were but two dwellings on the place: one, which had been used by the farmer, and the other, an elegant cabin used for summer outings by Mr. Evarts and household. In this latter, the farm school was opened in 1897. Mr. Hart has solicited money enough since to erect a wooden structure, two stories high, which is used for school room and sleeping room. It is named Barrows Hall, after the Hon. Samuel J. Barrows.

Mr. Hart has great fondness for horses and cattle, of which he has several notable representatives on his farm. The pupils are superintended by Robert J. Evans, a graduate of Hampton Institute, who has four or more assistants. Among the pupils is a Korean; also a Porto Rican, who followed the United States troops home from that island to Cleveland, O., and there met President Rankin. There are now forty-two boys on this farm. All of them are healthy, happy, and easily governed. Indeed, the personality of Mr. Hart seems to act as a restraining influence, even in his absence. To show this, last Christmas, Mr. Hart gave them all a holiday, to be spent in Washington, the understanding being that they should report at the steamboat dock. The next morning all were there.

For $185 a year Mr. Hart boards and clothes them, and gives them instruction in agriculture, blacksmithing and wheel-wrighting. This is less than it costs to care for the inmates of the Reform School; to say nothing of the different surroundings and prospects that are before them. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are given by the benevolent for other branches of educational and sociological work. Here is a branch that combines both characteristics. It prevents criminality; it cures it. It is well worth solid encouragement. Mr. Hart needs gifts of money, clothing, books, new buildings, and a cheering word from all God's people who are anxious to hear the word: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

H. H. RANKIN

GOING TO THE FIELDS AND GARDENS AT THE FARM SCHOOL

THE FARM DINING-ROOM IN BARROWS HALL

FARM COTTAGES WITH BARROWS HALL ADDED

... Lowly Life in New York's Syrian Colony ...

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BY OUR OWN PHOTOGRAPHER

A SYRIAN STORE KEEPER AND HIS WIVES — A TYPICAL SYRIAN CAFÉ — IN NATIONAL COSTUME

AMONG the many different nationalities represented in our immigration—which embraces almost every race and people under the sun—there is none more picturesque or interesting than the Syrian. Moved by the love of freedom and attracted by the promise of brighter surroundings and happier lives than were possible in their own oppressed and impoverished land, they have come hither from the cities and villages of ancient Syria, from the Lebanon and the lowlands, filled with hope and ambition.

It is said that the first Syrian immigrant reached the United States as early as 1853, and in 1878 they were coming in considerable numbers. After 1880, owing to restrictive action by our own government and prohibitive edicts by the Porte, emigration was beset with additional difficulties. But the Greek emigration agents were busy, nevertheless, among the peasantry of the hillsides and valleys of Syria, and thousands were induced to brave the difficulties of Turkish extortion and to run the gauntlet of official inquiry for the sake of being permitted to go. Since 1888, they have continued to come; and peasants, students, clerks, small merchants, peddlers of crosses, amulets and curios, sellers of laces and quaint embroideries, and artisans of almost every trade and calling known to the Orient have found their homes in the free Western world. Our photographer has given us, on these two pages, some familiar and characteristic scenes in the Syrian quarter of New York City. They herd together, speak their own language, and, as far as practical, preserve their ancient customs amid their new and strange surroundings. Their shops retail the food to which they were accustomed at home, and their restaurants are duplicates of the coffee-houses in many Syrian cities. Their form of worship, too, is unchanged, and the same rites and ceremonials that have been observed for centuries in their native land may be witnessed in their [illegible] Few of the better class of Syrians come here, however, although many of those who do come are well educated and excellent linguists. Nearly all are of an easy, indolent nature, and indisposed to any labor that involves much physical exertion. They are keen and shrewd as traders, whether buying or selling, and as they live with extreme economy, they can save money where others would probably fail. The Syrian usually leaves his home with one object in view—to make money, return to his native village, buy a little land and live there in comparative comfort the rest of his days. Just what proportion of the whole realize this ambition, it is impossible even to conjecture. Like a few other nationalities who come here, the Syrian does not readily assimilate, nor does he as a general thing regard the United States as his permanent home. His eye and heart are fixed on Lebanon, and while some may, and doubtless do, adopt American ways and customs with American citizenship, the great majority are "birds of passage." Visiting the Syrian quarter, one hears little

ONE OF THE FEW SYRIAN CHAPELS IN NEW YORK

IN A SYRIAN DRY GOODS STORE

THE SELLER OF MEATS

A GENERAL STORE IN "LITTLE SYRIA

IN HOMELY GARB

SUNNING ON THE DOORSTEP

EARNING A LIVELIHOOD

English spoken; everywhere the jargon of the Asiatic peasant, pleasant enough and not unmusical perhaps to a native ear, but harsh and tedious to Americans. If one accosts a Syrian in English, it is quite likely that the stranger—though he may have been on freedom's soil for a year or more—will have to refer to some clever fellow-Syrian as interpreter before making himself understood. But there are other foreign colonies in New York—notably the Chinese, Hebrew, Spanish and Arab—in which men and women can be found who never acquire the language of the land of their exile, though they may have been in the United States half a lifetime. It has been said repeatedly that no Chinaman ever wishes to

A LITTLE MERCHANT MAID

SIDEWALK GROUP IN THE SYRIAN QUARTER

A LITTLE PEDDLER

die away from the land of his birth. It is probably equally true of the Syrian. His sojourn here, however, is an enlightenment and an education in the ways of civilization and progress. Last year's official reports showed a total immigration of 229,259. While the number of arrivals from many countries has decreased during the last decade, those from Asia have increased. From 1881 to 1890, inclusive, the total immigration from Asia was 63,932, but since that time China has sent us her thousands. Many Japanese have come here, and ancient Syria has emptied her villages and mountain hamlets into the great tide of adventure hitherward. In these picturesque newcomers, from a land rich in Biblical associations, and ages ago the seat of one of the greatest military powers on earth, it is difficult to note any remaining trace of the glory and greatness of their past history. They apparently have been transformed, by centuries of Turkish mastery, from a strong and aggressive to a servile race, and though here and there one catches an occasional fleeting spark of enthusiasm and a note of independence, the prevailing tone is that of a docile and willing obedience. While not handsome, according to Western standards, they are a graceful and attractive people, the men well-knit and muscular, the women olive-complexioned but lustrous-eyed and willowy in form. Most attractive of all are the children, whose chubby, smiling faces, bright eyes and trim, sturdy little figures will compare well with the little folks of any nationality in Uncle Sam's dominions.

Mazloum Bey, an educated Syrian, now residing in this country, writing on the subject of his nation's progress, says: "The amelioration of the peasants' condition in both mental and material respects can best be represented by the three villages of Bsherre, Artaba and Hasroom in Kesrawan, the greatest part of whose inhabitants have at one time or another emigrated to America and returned thence to their homes with greatly improved purses and improved brains. Side by side with the hovel-like houses and stone huts, with their rough outline and generally dirty appearance, rise fine, neat structures, with tiled roofs and balustraded balconies, a happy imitation of the common type of American country-houses of respectability . . . On the common highway leading to the village fountain in Hasroom, about sunset, there is seen the peasant woman who has recently returned from the States, and become to all appearances thoroughly Americanized, be it in her manner of speech or mode of attire. She is dressed *à l'Américaine*, with hat and silk umbrella, and leans on the arm of her young man, who is Americanized, too. . . . Close by trudges along her sister peasant, in all the shabby primitiveness of her mountain garments . . . a rude jar poised on her bemantled head. Such are the traveled and untraveled Syrian.

A YOUTHFUL SYRIAN CARETAKER

SYRIAN MATRONS AT HOME

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR

The Christian Herald

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To Our Readers

1st. We are returning to the senders **all coupon subscriptions mailed after July 31st.**

2nd. It was a mechanical impossibility to prepare the **Roll of Honor** in time for publication in this issue. **Next week** it will be published in full.

3rd. The **Red Letter New Testament** is progressing nicely. It will be **ready for delivery early in September,** and all whose names appear in the **Roll of Honor** will have the copies due them promptly mailed. Those requiring the **Thumb Indexed** will be delayed a few days.

4th. The number of subscribers added to our list during the months of June and July approximates **120,000,** 48,000 of which were received in June and 72,000 in July. This represents loyal and efficient cooperation at the hands of our friends and a financial sacrifice of over $60,000 on the part of the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. May the blessing of God be upon the work and the workers.

The Crime Against Children

RECENT events have shown people anew the perils to which they expose their children, when in the care of irresponsible nurses. Nor can we fail to see the wisdom of affixing the severest penalty to the crime of stealing little children, whether by forcible seizure or with the collusion of their nurses. Looked at aright, there are few crimes more cruel than such a crime. To know that a child is dead, is a mercy compared with the apprehension that it is living in an environment of degradation and sin. All that is said in the Bible about angel-ministry to God's little folks, the scene where the mothers of Judea bring their babes and little children to the Saviour, that he may put his hands on them in blessing, impresses us with the sacredness of childhood in the eyes of God and among the inhabitants of the celestial world. It was beautiful to see the sympathy, so general, for the little waif, Marion Clark, and the almost universal joy of the community, when she was found and restored to her parents. It was only the people, who made merchandise of the Lord's little ones and of the tender affections of home and home-life that were excepted. The severe sentence of the principal in this crime against what is holiest in our nature, ought in the words of the District Attorney, "to vindicate law, insure peace to the community and prevent the repetition of such a hideous crime."

Coney Island Park

CONEY Island has long been known as a place of unprofitable, if not vicious recreation. Advantage has been taken of the attractive surf, of the nearness to the great cities, of the need of wholesome sport, to maintain there resorts where man's worst passions are fostered and confirmed. Indeed, the place has become the synonym of immorality and crime.

This is all to be changed. The people need a great park. There are millions of such people close by. They have no summer vacations. All day long, all night long, they throng the hot city pavements, work in ill-ventilated rooms, indulge in various corrupting pursuits, turn night into hideousness, while they are within reach of a beach, bathed with dashing surf, and breathing the pure air that comes wafted across leagues of ocean.

Coney Island beach has been too long taken possession of by a few thousand people, who have made their money out of human idleness and vice. It does not belong to them. It is God's gift to the children, to the families of the poor. Let them have it, properly safe-guarded and protected. They do not ask for the saloon, nor the gambling resort. They do not need any such associations. Let them have a chance at the blue sky, and the white surf, and the invigorating plunge, and they will be more contented, healthier and happier. Already the great churches have put in their plea. Let the city government seize the opportunity and convert the district, which fire has purified, into the future playing grounds of children. It is a matter that concerns public morals, the churches, the school houses, and the families of Greater New York.

France Redeeming Herself

THE modern world has seen no such spectacle as Republican France submitting to the outrageous treatment of Dreyfus. The possibility of a combination of army officials in a plot to forge testimony against an innocent officer of the same army, to bring upon him and his family a judgment of infamy and imprisonment, such as was almost sure to terminate in death: this seems awful. And when Zola interposed at the risk of exile, asking only for a rehearing of the case, only for a fair trial, to see the rage awakened against him: rage not short of the madness of a bloodthirsty wild beast let loose in the coliseum, has compelled the wonder of the world.

But this has all gone by. France has recovered herself. Dreyfus returns and has another trial. His enemies have confessed, have taken their own lives, have disappeared from the arena, have gone beforehand to the judgment. This is true. But, when we recall the confession of Esterhazy, that what he did, he did under the direction of his superiors. Here is a gulf of military infamy, which it will be hard for the world to forget. Military honor, if this goes, what is there left? The military officials requiring testimony to be manufactured, so that an innocent man might be crushed to the earth. And this is the land of Lafayette!

As religion comes in at the front door, mirth and laughter will not go out of the back door. It will not hopple the children's feet. John will laugh just as loud: and George will jump higher than he ever did before. It will steal from the little ones neither ball nor bat, nor hoop, nor kite. It will establish a family altar. Angels will hover over it. Ladders of light will reach down to it. The glory of heaven will stream upon it. The books of remembrance will record it: and tides of everlasting blessedness will pour from it.

Forty Millions in Gifts!

1899 Eclipsing All Its Predecessors in Its Splendid Donations to the Causes of Religion, Education, and Philanthropy

ABOUT the close of 1897 THE CHRISTIAN HERALD called attention to the large amount of individual gifts and bequests, of $5,000 and upward each in value, that had been made or become operative during the year for the promotion of religious, educational and charitable work in the United States. The known value of these benefactions exceeded the grand sum of $45,000,000, the largest of any year since the writer has had occasion to take note of this popular "lending to the Lord."

During 1898 the amount fell to $38,000,000, the second largest amount on record, although the number of individual contributors was larger than ever before. Now, at the close of the first half of 1899, while Federal reports are teeming with evidences of prosperity, and the great industrial interests are showing an activity that is astonishing the rest of the world, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD takes pleasure in presenting a unique semi-annual report, fully substantiated, indicating the extent to which the rising prosperity of the country has acted on the hearts of the people individually.

This mid-summer review shows a most extraordinary and wholly unprecedented amount of individual benefactions. A little less than two hundred of the most noteworthy gifts and bequests of the half year make a total of $37,468,596. Other items, all beyond the minimum of $5,000, would raise this total to more than $37,500,000, or, within less than half a million of the total for the whole of the previous year. Besides these gifts and bequests actually made during the half year, records before the writer show that more than $3,500,000 has been promised by responsible persons, payable in the future either with or without conditions.

The most noteworthy gift ever made to the cause of education was that of Mrs. Leland Stanford, who, on May 31 last, deeded to Stanford University the bulk of all her wealth, consisting principally of stocks and real estate. This property had a face and possible future value of $38,000,000, and a present cash market value of at least $15,000,000. With this gift the endowment of the University is swelled to the great sum of $45,000,000, which may be largely increased by an advance in the market value of the properties composing it.

About twenty-five years ago John Simmons, of Boston, bequeathed a sum of money to trustees for investment for a quarter of a century, at the end of which period they were to apply the accumulated amount to the establishment of a non-sectarian college for women. The twenty-five years expired last spring, and the fund, then available, had reached $2,000,000.

The will of Robert C. Billings, of Boston, filed for probate in June, directed the payment of $900,000 to specified public institutions and charities, and $600,000 to such other charitable institutions as his executors should select.

Baroness Clara de Hirsch, who died in Hungary on April 1, allotted in her will $1,200,000 to the trustees of the Baron de Hirsch Fund of New York, to carry on the work among the Jews that her late husband had inaugurated.

By a compromise of the heirs and the probate of his will in March, the bequests of Edward Austin, of Boston, apportioning $1,100,000 among educational institutions, including $500,000 to Harvard University, became immediately available.

Charles E. Tilford, of New York, bequeathed to the Presbyterian, Mount Sinai, Flower and St. Vincent's Hospitals, the Home for Incurables, St. John's Guild and the Children's Aid Society, the reversion of an estate of $1,000,000, besides $25,000 each to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, on the death or remarriage of his widow.

In May, Mrs. Lydia Bradley, who a few years ago founded the Bradley Polytechnic Institute at Peoria, Ill., with twenty acres of ground and $500,000, deeded all her property in Peoria County to the institute, making a gift of over $1,000,000.

Charles Frederick Smith, of Boston, bequeathed his residuary estate of about $1,000,000 to ten charitable institutions, principally in that city.

Henry C. Warren, of Cambridge, Mass., an enthusiastic friend of Harvard University, left that institution all his real estate and securities, valued at nearly $1,[illegible].

In April, J. Pierpont Morgan, of New York, who in 1897 had offered the Society of the Lying-In Hospital $1,000,000 for the erection of a new building, notified the society that, as it had complied with all his conditions, the money was there at its disposal.

An eccentric millionaire of Hanover, Mass., Edward G. Perry, left his joint real and personal estate, estimated at $1,000,000, to trustees, to aid without any discrimination and in any manner deemed proper, the worthy poor of Hanover, Hanson and Pembroke.

Among the notable gifts of the half year are these: Philip D. Armour, to Armour Institute, $750,000; Alonzo L. Kane, to Michigan charities, $400,000; Miss Terena Rhinelander, for St. James Parish buildings, etc., $300,000; Samuel Cupples, to Washington University, $400,000; Anna S. C. Blake, public hospital, Santa Barbara, Cal., $260,000; Andrew Carnegie, for public libraries, $415,000 and pledges of $960,000 more; besides several other large gifts or bequests from various donors.

Among other gifts and bequests of upwards of $50,000 are the following:

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
James L. Touer, Pennsylvania,	bequests	185,000
H. W. Loring, Newton, Mass.,	bequests	160,000
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mary Beach, Tousey, N. Y.,	bequests	120,000
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
D. K. Pearsons, M. D. Chicago,	gifts	100,000
H. C. Fahnestock New York,	gift	100,000
E. T. Clemmons, North Carolina,	bequest	100,000
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Elizabeth B. Fisher, Boston,	bequests	62,346
D. Willis James, Madison, N. J.,	gift	60,000
Martha S. Pomeroy, ——,	bequest	60,000
Mary Duryer, Philadelphia,	bequest	55,000
J. H. Converse, Philadelphia,	gifts	55,000
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rev. P. J. Daly, Roxbury, Mass.,	gift	50,000
Benj. F. Howell, Brooklyn,	gifts	50,000
Edward B. Hosmer Boston,	bequest	50,000
William Hilton, Boston,	bequest	50,000
Benj. N. Duke, Durham N. C.,	gift	50,000
Russell Sage, New York,	gift	50,000
Mrs. F. F. Thompson, New York,	gift	50,000
James Stillman, New York,	gift	50,000
Herbert Stewart, New York,	bequest	50,000
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

GEORGE J. HAGAR.

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. D. Z. Sheffield, a missionary in China, has invented a Chinese typewriter for 4,000 characters in that language.

The Fifth Biennial Convention of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, will meet in Edinburgh, Scotland, Monday, June 25, 1900.

The largest three schedules of property in Chicago have been filed by three women. The assessors are sceptical about their being the wealthiest property owners in the city. The veracity of the three women, the assessors think, should be taken into consideration.

The Presbyterian Church, North, has published statistics for the year, from which it appears that the net increase of membership after deductions for deaths and exclusions is 8,030. There are 7,312 ministers and 7,657 churches. Contributions for Foreign missions $764,976, and for Home missions 1,095,311. Total contributions for all purposes for the year $13,777,717.

To the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, to be held in New York next Spring, the following British Societies have promised to send representatives: The London Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Presbyterian, Baptist, Wesleyan, and other organizations of England and Ireland, and the established Free and United Churches of Scotland.

The alumni and friends of Mount Hope College, Rogers, Ohio, have raised a fund which will provide free scholarships for one hundred soldier boys who served in the war with Spain. The sole conditions are: Proof of honorable discharge from the army and avowed intention to enter college within one year from Sept. 1st. Applications should be addressed to Pres. Galbreath Mt. Hope College, Rogers, Ohio.

[illegible] is being vigorously conducted. Six large tents are in use in different sections, located with a view to reaching the unchurched masses. The large audiences speak for the splendid success of the movement. The speakers at present in charge are evangelists Munhall, Wharton, Thomas and George C. Needham: also Drs. Burrell, of New York: Carson, of Brooklyn: and Davies and Ottman, of Newark.

A Destructive Tornado

DURING about ten minutes on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 2, the people of Elizabeth, N. J., had an experience such as seldom falls to the lot of an Eastern town. A tornado swept through its streets overturning houses, injuring churches, unroofing buildings and tearing great trees up by the roots. The morning of the day had been excessively hot and sultry. The sky, however, had been clear until two o'clock, when a black cloud formed in the southwest, which rapidly increased in size until it reached to the northeast. A few minutes before three, a violent wind storm struck the town, cutting a clear swath nearly a thousand feet wide through its streets. The First Presbyterian Church was the first to feel its fury. The spire, about a hundred feet high, swayed for a moment before the wind, and then fell a heap of ruins into the street. Farther on the Central Baptist Church was struck and its spire overturned and its great bell carried across the street. Two theatres were unroofed and several public buildings were damaged. One private house was lifted bodily from its foundations and overturned. Another was twisted half way around. The gravestones in the yard of the Presbyterian church were blown down and a number of trees were uprooted, exposing the coffins in the graves they had shaded. Another tree, a great sycamore, said to be a hundred years old, was torn from the ground and driven with such force against a house that it broke in the side and crashed its way into the walls. The house is now used as a home for aged women, and its inmates were panic-stricken as they saw the branches of the tree penetrate ten feet into the upper rooms. Happily no one was hurt there, or in any part of the city. A large number of the towns-people were away at Asbury Park on an excursion, and to that fact must be attributed the remarkable absence of the casualties which usually accompany so severe a storm. Those who witnessed the havoc made by the wind in a few minutes declare that the scene was appalling. In such a situation man realizes his utter helplessness. Although science enables us to understand the cause of such storms, and though we no longer regard them as the ancients did — as signs of God's anger—we cannot but recognize his mighty hand in these forces of nature.

When he uttereth his voice there is a multitude of waters in the heavens, and he causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth: he maketh lightnings, with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasures (Jer. 10: 13).

THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH — CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH — FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

THE CHURCHES OF ELIZABETH, N. J., INJURED BY THE RECENT TORNADO

♣

Drifting in the Antarctic

A story of tedious journeying is told by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, N.Y., who has returned from the Antarctic regions. He was chief surgeon and anthropologist on the *Belgica*, a steam whaling vessel which sailed from Antwerp in Belgium for Cape Horn in August, 1897. The vessel had been strengthened and specially prepared for resisting the pressure of ice, and was well equipped with scientific apparatus for taking observations of the winds and ocean currents. From Cape Horn it sailed for Palmer Land, which is a section of the Antarctic continent. There it made the unexpected discovery of a navigable strait two hundred miles long and as wide as the Straits of Majellan. The *Belgica* sailed through it to the Pacific Ocean, making observations by the way. Thence it proceeded southward until it struck the ice pack. It penetrated for some distance, and, finding further progress impossible, was about to return, when the discovery was made that the ice had formed behind it and it was a prisoner. The ship remained fast in the ice floe for thirteen months. The men on board made the best of their involuntary imprisonment. They were well supplied with warm clothing, and they could take exercise on the floe, which was six miles in diameter. Fresh meat they obtained in abundance by killing the seals, penguins and petrels, that they surprised on the edges of the floe. Their scientific observations soon showed them that though the ship was imbedded it was not stationary. It was traveling with the floe, and its course was almost due west. During the months of their imprisonment they drifted more than two thousand miles, but they did not approach the Pole nearer than the seventy-second degree of latitude, which is more than twelve hundred miles away. As all the ice mountains around them drifted with them and their surroundings were always the same it was difficult for them to realize that they were traveling so far. Their astronomical observations alone told them how rapid their journey was. Perhaps, if people turned their soul's gaze more frequently to heaven, they, too, might learn that permanence was there, not here:

The world passeth away and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever (I. John 2. 17).

♣

Russia's Future Czar

A manifesto issued by Czar Nicholas announces that, so long as it may not please God to bless him with a son, the right of succession to the throne of Russia devolves on his brother Michael Alexandrovitch. This prince who is now in his twenty-first year, is the third son of the late Emperor. His elder brother, the Grand Duke George, was regarded as next heir, but he died on July 10. For eight years past, however, the condition of his health made it evident that he would never become Emperor. He had been delicate as a child, and when he reached the age of twenty, pulmonary disease developed which increased rapidly. He spent all his time at Abbas Tuman, in the Caucasus, one of the most healthy climates in the world. It was evident to all that his early death was inevitable, but it came as a surprise at the last. He was out riding on a motor-tricycle and passed a peasant woman who saw him swaying as if he would fall from his machine. She caught him in her arms as he fell and laid him on the ground. Finding that he was ill, she ran to the palace screaming for help. When assistance arrived, the young prince was dead. The heir to the greatest throne in Europe had died on the roadside like a tramp. His death brings his younger brother, Michael, a step nearer to the throne. His succession, however, is not certain, as the Czar may yet have a son, who would take precedence of Prince Michael. Mighty and illustrious as is the autocrat of all the Russias, his manifesto proves that he is aware that there is one mightier than he, on whose will the future of his country and the perpetuation of his imperial dynasty depend.

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL ALEXANDROVITCH
The New Heir to the Throne of Russia

Promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west nor from the south. But God is the judge: he putteth down one and setteth up another (Ps. 75. 6)

♣

A Missing Will Found

A romantic story of the discovery of a long-lost document is related by the New York *Herald*. It appears that about twenty years ago a lady died in Philadelphia, who left a large family of children. She told her children that she had made her will, and she privately assured her youngest daughter that certain real estate, in Connecticut, had been bequeathed to her. But her death had been sudden and she had had no opportunity of telling her children where she had secreted her will. A search was made for it, but it could not be found. The property was therefore divided, but the youngest daughter received for her share a much smaller amount than she had been led by her mother's words to expect. Among the household effects which fell to her lot was an old hair-cloth settee. It was of little value, but she prized it as a relic of her old home. She is married now and is living in New York. One day, recently, she found between the seat and the back of the old settee a large brooch containing a faded miniature of her father who died a month before she was born. She decided to have this replaced by a portrait of her devoted mother whom she had deeply loved. When the miniature was removed for this purpose a sheet of thin foreign paper was found behind it, which proved to be her mother's long-lost will. It bequeaths to her the Connecticut property as her mother had said, and she has now commenced suit to gain possession of it. The daughter's desire to put her mother's portrait in the locket showed that she still loved her, in spite of the mother's apparent failure to fulfill her promise. If the daughter had resented that failure she would not have found the will in its singular hiding-place. God's children may learn a lesson from her example. When he does not answer their prayers they are apt to let their love for him grow cold. The blessing might come to them if, like the patriarch, they held fast to their faith.

Teachers and Home-Keepers

Home-talks at Chautauqua School and Home —Problems of the Kitchen

THE home, the school, and the child have been receiving the lion's share of attention at Chautauqua this summer. At one meeting of the Chautauqua National Council of Superintendents and Principals, the topic discussed was: "How to Secure the Cooperation of Parents in School Work." Among other interesting things said was the following by Hon. Charles R. Skinner, New York State Superintendent of Public Institutions:

No class of people make more sacrifices for the good of the world than its teachers. The school and the home should be associated, and parents are best reached through pupils. Parents trust too much to the school, and expect not only mental but moral training to be obtained there, but the foundation of morals lies with fathers and mothers. Pupils should be sent to school with a true idea of obedience. The true teacher should understand the child he teaches; and the best teacher is the one who gets nearest the child and its home life. He should go as far as possible into the homes of the children and discover the influences at work in the family circle. We cannot advance unless parents and teachers are in close sympathy.

In the same week with this meeting, a large audience gathered in Assembly Hall to consider a problem not one whit less dignified and important: "Social and Economic Value of Skilled Housework." Mrs. Ewing's lecture on this subject was so good we make some extracts:

Eliminate all unnecessary work and you reduce the work now done in the average home by one-half. One-half the food preparations are needless. Simple food, perfectly prepared, is more satisfactory than many fancy dishes. The economic value of skill in the household can scarcely be overestimated. It saves time by insisting upon labor-saving methods and improvements. Methodical system saves at least one-half the time and reduces the amount of labor one-half. Skill in housework saves money by saving material, cutting off waste, breakage and destruction generally, which is the outcome of ignorance, carelessness and awkwardness. When skill is introduced into the household it ceases to be drudgery, and at once becomes the most charming and interesting occupation in which a woman can engage. Housework skilfully done has greater, sweeter and more enduring compensation than any other field of labor open to women.

Discussing the servant question, laughter was provoked by the assertion that the word servant was often a misnomer, as the servant so called was frequently the tyrant of the home. It was urged that housework must be regarded as an honorable profession and not merely a make-shift for a living; and that the badge of servitude must be in some way removed from it.

♦

Our Farmer Boys

Shall I send my boy to college? Shall I keep him on the farm? Shall I let him go to sea or into the army as he wants to go? Many an honest father's heart is asking itself these questions. Many a farmhouse mother is laying these matters before God and trying to see the light. Hundreds of our boys leave the old farm and come to the city every year. A few make their mark; the large majority never rise any higher than the position of salesman in a department store; not because they have not gifts and faithfulness but because cities are overcrowded. The truth is, the country needs men and the cities do not. It is natural, it is right that a young man should want to go forth and make a living and a position for himself. Far be it from us to lay the smallest stone of discouragement in his path. If his mind is set city-ward or sea-ward or to the army, perhaps there is nothing for the parents to do but to let the boy go; and if he goes, there is surely nothing to do but send prayers and blessings with him. Yet, we hope that the time is not far distant when, through agricultural colleges, through Government experimental farms, and through every stimulus that can be devised, the interest of youth may be drawn to farm-work; while through circulating libraries, lecture courses, reading clubs, golf-links and other possible recreation, the social attractions of rural districts may hold the farmer's son at home, and tempt the tired city boy to seek fortune and happiness in the country.

♦

Cheer For Mother

A great deal is said about the need of making home cheerful for the husband and father to return to, says Dinah Sturgis in the *American Kitchen Magazine*, but these admonitions ought not to be so one-sided. The wife and mother has not only a right but a very great need to have her evenings and some of her days made more cheerful and relaxing. More attention should be given in America's poor homes to wholesome pleasure that can be enjoyed by the entire family circle.

♦

A Prayerful Mother

The memory of a prayerful mother is a life-long blessing and protection, as many letters received at this office bear witness. A reader in Layfayette, Ind., who came to this country years ago, writes us the following incidents, and says: "While memory lasts I shall not forget these inspiring pictures of a Christian mother, kneeling in prayerful faith before God."

In my fatherland, in the forties, a cloudburst visited Melsungen, my native town; and the sudden appearance of several feet of water on the south side of our home filled all with dismay. Mother, fully believing in that old German proverb, "when danger is greatest God is nearest," knelt in prayer in that back, lower room of our home, facing the flood, imploring God's intervening aid, with myself, a little lad, on one side of her, and my younger brother on the other. The city was saved, as [illegible] sailing in mid-ocean; and again, in memory's picture, I see my mother on her knees, asking [illegible] passengers safely to land. I believed in my [illegible] and prayers learned at her knee have been a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night.

♦

The Breakfast Hour

The family reunion after the night is passed and ere the day's life and labors are begun, exerts lasting influence on hours and tasks that follow. The breakfast hour should be cheerful, loving and courteous—a time of spiritual as of bodily refreshment—an inspiration to carry us through the work and trials of the day. If through some great sorrow smiles are not for the moment possible, the jewels of sweetness, patience and fortitude, may brighten even that table where the vacant chair reminds us of a lately lost loved one.

Let each one of us resolve afresh to contribute more and more to the beauty, the serenity, and the tonic power of the day's first reunion. Burying oneself in morning papers is to miss opportunities; reading about tragedies contained in these sheets is to imperil the digestion of the company and to fill minds with depressing thoughts where refreshing ones are needed. Do not let the hour degenerate into an occasion for naming errands to those who are going to town—unless giving and taking of commissions can be made a merry matter—an opportunity for play of wit and proof of considerateness. Simple fare may be wholesome, a coarse cloth clean, and the spirit of love and good fellowship makes the humblest meal "a feast where kings might dine."

♦

"Thank You"

The little man or woman who does our errands is entitled to acknowledgment. When Harry brings the thimble or the spool of thread for his older sister, or mails a letter for big brother, or takes a message or package for mamma or papa, they will do it more cheerfully and prettily when grown folks preface requests with "If you please," and reward service with a gracious "Thank you." Besides, children accustomed to such courtesy from their elders, will instinctively observe the same rules among themselves.

LITTLE GOATHERDS TENDING THEIR FLOCKS

This picture will bring familiar scenes to the minds of many of our readers, who coming from the old world, have made our country their home. In Switzerland, around Naples, and in other parts of Europe, children are frequently seen apparently at play, but keeping watchful eyes on charges that, made gentle by kindness, linger near them. Nor is the picture altogether strange in America: for in many sections our native and foreign-born farmers prize the milk of the goat and the flesh of the kid. In Harlem, a beautiful part of New York City, settled and named by the thrifty Dutch, goats and kids wandering at ease over suburban fields and rocks are still seen, to the surprise and amusement of visitors, who did not look for such a pastoral spectacle in the great Metropolis. To Bible readers, pictures of feeding flocks always call up Scriptural scenes. Goats have formed an important part of the pastoral wealth of the East: and it was among the wild goats of Engedi that Saul sought David and his men. These animals still frequent Engedi's cliff and fountain.

God Save the Boys

G[illegible]

The death-traps of Satan are many,
And fain would he lure them within;
[illegible]

Remember the mothers who pray;
Their hopes in their darlings are centered—
God, save the dear children today.

And pity the boys worse than orphaned,
For sad has their heritage been;
[illegible]

Unheeding the dangers therein;
And wild are the oats some are sowing—
God, save the dear boys from all sin!

Help them to remember the reaping,
Save all from the "wages of sin";
Let good seeds be found in their keeping,
And harvests of good gathered in.

[illegible]

God, save the dear boys!—God, save the dear [illegible]

Thou knowest the strongest may fall;
From peril, from snare and temptation,
We pray thee, oh Lord, save them all.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

♦

A "Cry Baby"

ELLEN'S mamma was worried. The child came crying, the third time in one day, to murmur between sobs that a playmate (a different one each time) had "hit her." Ellen never struck any one, but it seemed one of her ways to get hit. Mamma began to feel that somehow the trouble must lie with the little girl—who gentle as she was had a knack of provoking others to anger. She began to watch, unobserved by Ellen, and this is what she saw next day: Ellen, quite dignified, went to little Bob's shelf of toys and took down the engine she had just heard him arrange to lend Fred if Fred would lend him his tin soldiers. When Bob saw her with the engine, he looked as if it were a thing he expected, and he asked her for it in short order: she gently and persistently declined to give it up; whereupon Bob slapped her and took it away. Another time when the children were playing "a train of cars," each child representing a coach and the whole band running around whistling, screaming, puffing, and blowing at a great rate, Ellen, who declined to be a coach, continued to get in their way at every turn, and to be run over. Rosie put a bunch of flowers in a cup that Ellen used: Ellen quickly took them out and laid them on the window-sill in the sun where Rosie found them dead, and declared Ellen "a mean girl." Mamma sorrowfully understood: the child wanted an occasion to cry, wanted sympathy and notice: and was growing selfish and false. Every time she came crying to mamma that day, mamma took her in her arms lovingly and kindly, but saying firmly: "We must not provoke others to anger. I am so sorry you have made the children naughty."

She pursued this until light dawned on Ellen and she lost her title of "Cry Baby." That it is quite as bad to make others cross as to be cross oneself, others besides Ellen need to learn.

♦

Bossie's Kindness

Bossie, a young cow, a soft-eyed, gentle-mannered creature, had lost her little calf and was grieving for it, says her owner, who tells this story. "Some Texas ponies were put in the stock-field with her in the day-time. One of them—a meek, spiritless little thing—took sick: and because Bossie was so gentle and kind, we put him in the stable with her. After a few days, we noticed that she was caressing him and paying him every attention possible. When the cold was especially severe he would snuggle up to her, and seemed to take great comfort from her care. In comforting the baby pony that may be was homesick for the Texas prairies, she forgot her bereavement which had oppressed her so that we were not troubled about her."

Green Pastures

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug. 27. Ps. 23: 1-6

HOW many a troubled heart has found rest and peace and sweet confidence in this Psalm. In all the world's literature there is no passage which has comforted so many weary and perplexed and apprehensive souls. Man is so constituted by nature that he must make an attempt to look forward into the fog that covers all before him and he sees enough in his own experience and in that of others to make his heart sink as he thinks of the ordeal that he must pass through. What will be his lot in the bustle and turmoil of life? How will he fare in old age? Do hunger and privations await him? When he falls sick and the shadow of death falls upon him, how will it be with him then? When his enemies surround him and cut off his resources, will he be humiliated and succumb? Such questions come into the minds of men in solitary hours, in the darkness of the night, or in days of anxiety, and we know not how to answer them. Riches have wings, as we know, and they may fly away; it is not safe to trust in them. Health and strength can not be assured, even to the most fortunate. The prince and the millionaire fall sick and die. There is no permanence, no security of the continuance of any material joy. What is our future to be? Like water in the desert comes the thought, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

This advantage the Christian who has faith in his God, certainly has over the worldling—he knows that his future is secure. Trouble may come and there may be suffering, and death cannot be escaped, but in all he will have sympathy, companionship, guidance and protection. After all, such a conviction is no small element of happiness. It removes the anxiety, which is the most formidable foe of peace. For the pleasures he renounces, the indulgences he foregoes, he has this compensation of rest and security. He is not promised immunity from trial, but that in his trial, whatsoever its nature may be, he will be supported and helped. The Psalmist's mind reverts to his early occupation as he considers his future. He feels himself to be like a sheep in his ignorance and helplessness, and he rejoices that he has a shepherd in God. As he used to lead his sheep to the best pastures and the still waters, so God will provide for him. As he guided them away from the precipices and dangerous places, and led them in straight paths, so God would guide him in the way of righteousness. As his shepherd's crook defended them and kept them from straying, so God has a rod and a staff that will comfort him.

The green pastures to which the Psalmist refers are no mere figure of speech. The Christian does get nourishment from God's provision. We cannot explain how it is, but there are multitudes who can testify from experience that the strength of their being comes from Christ. They know what Christ meant when he described himself as the bread, whereof if a man eat he shall never hunger, and have drunk of that living water which Christ gives, whereof if a man drink he shall never thirst. The spirit within us needs nourishment as much as does the outer man, and this Christ only can supply. After communion with him the man feels strengthened and goes out invigorated to meet the temptations of life. His appetite grows like that it feeds upon, so that new grace and new impartations of Christ's life seem the most desirable things it is possible to attain. The pleasures of sense lose their charm and seem frivolous and insipid to one who has been feeding in these green pastures. Just as a young man, who is absorbed in some fascinating scientific pursuit, looks upon the toys which delighted him in his boyhood, the man whose spiritual nature has been quickened regards the pleasures which once satisfied him and still satisfy others. The new man, the real self which makes of the body a mere habitation, has capacities for enjoyment infinitely greater than those possessed by the body, and it is these that are satisfied in the green pastures and beside the living waters. When once a man has enjoyed these he testifies, "At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

The New War Secretary

IN the appointment of Hon. Elihu Root, as Secretary of War, to succeed Secretary Alger, President McKinley has added to his Cabinet a lawyer of national reputation and wide experience. For upwards of thirty years

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HON. ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF WAR

Mr. Root has been one of the foremost practitioners and has successfully conducted very many important cases in the courts of New York. He was born in Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y., in 1845. His father was a professor of mathematics in Hamilton College, and the son was a graduate of that institution. He taught for a year after leaving college, and then entered upon the study of law at the New York University and began active practice at the bar in the year 1867.

Mr. Root's career at the bar has been a remarkably successful one. His triumphs have been the result of the most earnest application to his profession, and it is said that he has few equals in the thoroughness with which he prepares his cases, making himself master of the minutest detail. He has, also, been identified to some extent in politics, and has taken an active part in reform movements in New York for a number of years past. He is President of the Union League Club and was for many years Vice-President of the Bar Association. To his new position he brings the highest legal capacities, a matured and well-stored mind and a dignity of character and uprightness of conduct which have won him the respect of bench, bar and citizens in his own and other States.

The Brazos Valley Sufferers

RELIEF work has not completed its mission to farmers and laborers in the Brazos Valley. The distress caused by a disaster so overwhelming as that which visited the unfortunate section is not removed so quickly. Public sympathy in various parts of the Union has been sincere and active. Governor Sayers, the Central Relief Committee and its various auxiliaries have dispensed with energy and discretion funds and supplies contributed. Where possible, supplies have been forwarded to needy districts by train; where train connections have not been restored, boats and steamers going up and down swollen streams, delivered supplies at different points to local committees, who were instructed to relieve distress of all kind without regard to religion, race or politics, so long as the applicant is worthy.

Earnest efforts are being made to find work for the multitudes cast out of employment. The flood has for the present, resulted in almost the financial paralysis of farmers whose crops—the farmer's capital—were literally swept off the face of the earth; whose vegetable gardens shared the same fate; and whose milk cows, chickens, and work animals were destroyed. They even had not seed for planting new crops of such things as might be grown at this season.

In the investigations by the Waco relief committee, it was found that many were homeless and starving. Chills and fevers succeeded the flood, and the committee is paying for physicians and medicine. The mayor is still sending quinine to indigent flood sufferers.

The Governor is directing special attention to the purchase and distribution of seed supplies; and relief committees, planters and laborers are diligently seeking to restore bridges, fences and houses. Churches and school buildings shared, of course, the fate of the farmers' and laborers' dwellings. The soil of the Brazos Valley is fertile; the afflicted citizens are displaying most commendable patience, courage and enterprise; and, in due time, the wilderness "shall blossom as the rose for them."

In the meanwhile, the people are enduring much want and suffering, undergoing many hardships and facing tremendous difficulties. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has taken pleasure in extending the hand of help to the flood sufferers. Some of its readers have claimed the privilege of sharing this pleasure; contributions from others who wish to cooperate will be cheerfully acknowledged. Any trouble which develops fraternal feeling and Christian helpfulness, is not wholly a misfortune. Relief committees are expressing thankfulness for aid already rendered to those made homeless and penniless by the flood. These sums have been received:

FLOOD SUFFERERS, BRYAN, TEX., WAITING FOR RELIEF

Previously acknowledged	$10 5
Joseph H. Pedro	1 00
D. M. Buckwalter	1 00
J. A. W., Tidoute	2 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Morral	5 00
A friend, Lewiston	10 00
M. J. S., Mill Hall	5 00
Friend E., Brooklyn	10 00
C. J. Stevens	2 00
F. C. Liersch	2 00
I. E. Tilson	50
Emma M. Russell	5 00
C. F. Pashley	1 00
Cheerful Giver	1 00
B. F. Lautzenhiser	1 00
Martinsburg Bakery	1 00
Mrs. Marvin Bennett	2 00
A friend, Milan	2 00
C. A. Heegaard	10 00
E. Moger	1 00
Mrs. S. M. Hopkins	2 00
Florence Offutt	25
Ed. C. Offutt	50
V. H. Offutt	50
Wm. C. Offutt	1 00
Emma B. Offutt	3 90
James Offutt	3 85
Ed. Van Ruschen	2 00
W. E. Wallace	1 00
Julia Kuhn	50
M. R. Rowse	1 00
Edwin Johnson	10 00
Total	$99 05

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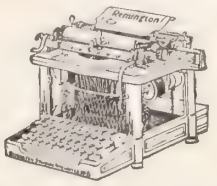

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A Girl's Letter From Northfield—Clear Vision—A Word About Bible Classes

WOULD the group on the veranda like to read a girl's letter from Northfield? So many eyes and hearts are turned every summer to that Pisgah height of peace and promise that I am quite sure of those who have been there: they will understand the charm and joy and blessedness of Northfield, and its rare and wonderful opportunities for personal contact with souls and for communion with Christian friends and with Christ. There are multitudes who have never yet tasted the sweetness which brims a Northfield cup, and they may learn something from Katharine's letter to Dorothy, about one significant feature of every summer, the Young Women's Conference. This gathering of girls from all parts of the country, college students, college alumnæ and business women, is under the auspices of the American Committee of the Y. W. C. A., which has its headquarters in Chicago. Four members of this committee were present at the recent Conference, as were four of the busy secretaries who carry on the large work, and a very numerous contingent of the resident secretaries who carry on the city work, and of the presidents and secretaries of the various Christian Associations which are formed in our women's colleges, and which exercise so strong an influence on the college life of girls in our country. And now for Katharine's letter:

"E. NORTHFIELD, Mass., July 24, 1899.

"DEAR DOROTHY:—The afternoon shadows are lengthening, and we in Marquand Hall, two hundred of us at the table, are presently going to our last tea together this summer, before our farewell sunset meeting on Round Top. Miss Effie Kelley Price, who has led this Conference so splendidly, will conduct this meeting, and a later farewell assemblage in the Auditorium will be in charge of Mr. Moody. We grow very much attached to Mr. Moody, as in our summers here we learn something of his great heart of love to humanity and his loyalty to his Master. You would be pleased if you could hear the students of the Northfield Seminary and of Mount Hermon speak of the many acts of individual kindness which he shows them during their school course, always planning for their comfort, always looking out for their good. The group of buildings here at Northfield, Revell, Marquand, East, Weston and Stone Hall, the completely equipped gymnasium, the new dormitory now building, and the several cottages, together with the spacious Auditorium, show what can be done by one man working with God. Betsy Moody Cottage is just across the way from the Auditorium and is named for Mr. Moody's mother. It is used during our Conference as the headquarters of the leaders, and their home, and in the winter, and, indeed, all the school year, it is the hospital for the seminary girls, if any of them are ill.

* * *

"You remember Dorothy, what Mrs.—— told us about this place when she came to our college last February. Well, all she said was true, only she did not say half enough. Five hundred young women, two-thirds of them students, perhaps even more than two-thirds, counting the alumnæ. The remainder, women in business life, are of themselves an inspiring sight. We came from Smith College, fifty of us: from Mount Holyoke, sixty: from Vassar, twenty-seven: from the Woman's College of Baltimore: from Syracuse, Boston, Vermont, and Ann Arbor Universities, from Bates and Colby Colleges, from Radcliffe and Barnard, from some of the smaller schools of the South: having representatives from North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee: and we have seen in our number this year, a sweet-faced daughter of Japan, a quiet Hindoo, and a gentle mannered graduate of Hampton, Va. They all meet on equal terms, and an atmosphere of the most genial friendliness pervades the whole throng. The young ladies of the Northfield Seminary dignify homely service by the grace with which they perform it. The cooking, waiting, and chamberwork being in their hands. Sometimes the rest of us turn in for a day and relieve them, for we do not want them to lose the privileges of the Conference, in their care for our comfort.

* * *

"WE have meetings from half-past eight to twelve: everybody taking what attraction she prefers. As a rule, all students enter our Bible class. The choice this year has been between Miss Babcock, of New York, and Professor Knight, of Springfield. Both teachers have had full classes, which have done thorough work. Mr. Robert E. Speer, whose delightful personality and matchless grace of manner on the platform are familiar, taught every morning from the Gospel of John. It is customary for us to carry notebooks and pencils, and take notes while the speaker addresses us. With Mr. Speer some of us found this rather difficult; his eloquence is like the tidal flow of the waves, and it did not always lend itself with ease to the girlish scribe and her pencil.

"In the afternoon there were conferences of the student volunteers, and of other workers: in the evening always a meeting on Round Top, indescribably beautiful, with people setting in rows on the green grass, the hills in the distance, the speaker standing in the centre of the listening circle. Last of all, was the evening in the Auditorium, and then, as a finale, the tender little good-night prayer gatherings in the different halls, before going to rest.

"I think I hear you say, But is there no break in the attendance on religious exercises? Let me whisper that we have a reception day, and a college field day, and basket ball, tennis, sports of all kinds, with walking and driving and picnicing in the long sweet afternoons. And we learn something of the great college world as a whole: the Western girl makes acquaintance with her Eastern sister—the girl who is going luxuriously through her college course claps hands with another who is working her way through. The good times are evident, the young faces shine, a spirit of gladness and good fellowship obtains, and, back to the daily life these young people carry the uplifting impression of ten days in a hallowed place, like a sanctuary, to help others all the year.

"KATHARINE."

* * *

BIBLE classes are of many kinds. Some desire scholarly investigation, some want quickening of their love. Many are most useful because they show people how to study God's Word. If we cannot join a class, we may with confidence study the Bible at home, and every one who asks will have the Holy Spirit for a teacher. No other guide can so illuminate the Scriptures, so lead us into the knowledge of the truth.

* * *

SPEAKING of personal interviews with unbelievers, a friend said the other day that what they needed most was clearer vision. Alas, for many of our dear friends, they are color-blind to whatever concerns the kingdom. You tell them of the duty and the joy of service, of the need of surrendered will, of Christ's ineffable love, and they stare at you as if you were raving. They have not the key which interprets to them your meaning, if I may change the figure. Come and see, is what we should say to those who do not know the Lord. They will not know him until they see him.

Thank God, there shall dawn a day when,

> We shall see Him face to face,
> And tell the story, saved by grace.

Some of us can best express our feelings in the lines of Owen Meredith:

> If Jesus came to earth again,
> And walked and talked in field and street,
> Who would not leave his human pain
> Low at those heavenly feet?
>
> And leave the loom, and leave the lute,
> And leave the volume on the shelf,
> To follow him unquestioning, mute,
> If 'twere the Lord himself.

But to the eyes that are opened, Christ is now and forever here.

Margaret E. Sangster

The Bowery Mission's Work

The following sums have been received since last acknowledgment, in aid of the spiritual work of the Bowery Mission:

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] H	[illegible]	—, Quakertown	1 00
Bliss, Mrs J W	[illegible]	—, Richmond	1 00
Bradford, B	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Mrs A M	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Brown, E C	1 00	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] W R	[illegible]	Jackson	[illegible]
[illegible], Mrs [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] S V	[illegible]	" Closter	[illegible]
Connolly, G A	[illegible]	[illegible]	1 00
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Lowery, W S	1 00	Knapp	10 00
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Nash, LeRoy H	4 00	Savannah	1 00
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Perry, Hattie	1 25	" So Lyon	1 00
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[illegible] H	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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Ralston, W L	50	Cash, Washington	1 00
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[illegible]	[illegible]	Rockford	3 00
[illegible]	1 90	Kimball, C E	2 75
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	I H N Fairhaven	1 00
C M G, Roanoke	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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Bed-Time Hour At Our Children's Home

THERE is no sweeter, holier time at our Children's Home than that of folding the lambs for the night. At seven, tired players come trooping in, twenty-five to a dormitory. Big ones aid teachers in helping little ones to undress, and the sweetest spirit of fellowship prevails. When "Our Father" has been murmured and the little ones are all abed, "teacher" takes her big chair near the centre of the room, a lot of small garments around her, each needing a stitch here, a button there. "A story, teacher," they plead; and while she tells a sweet old Bible story which impresses on their young minds the sweet old Bible truths that are ever new and dear, they listen, and eyelids begin to droop. Many seem to study pictures which "teacher" has fastened on the wall, with a pathetic admiration and yearning for the beautiful, which their cramped, malodorous city homes fail to fill in any measure. Others whisper impressively about how glad mamma will be to see them looking so fat and brown when they go home next day, of the flowers they have gathered to take to the loved ones at home, of the good, new clothes they will take back, and of how wonderful it is that people should be so kind to them; other little ones, whose homes are very dark and who do not want to return to them, are weeping. But presently all are asleep and "teacher" moving from bed to bed, breathes a mother's prayer over each little slumberer.

A CORNER IN THE DORMITORY

It would do our readers' hearts good to see the letters received from the poor mothers helped by this work. The following is a specimen of many:

I must drop you a line of thanks fore the outing my 2 children had at your Home this Summer it don them good and you Sunday dinner must Be Better than money can By in New York fore the are never don Praising it, and the teachers was verry Kind and nice to them Both it also gives me a rest to Know 2 are all right and out of Harm I hope when the grow older the will help your Home for other litle ones I now remain and menny thanks for you Kindness to my litle ones

The following sums have been received:

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Adams, H M	3 03
Adriance, Platt & Co	1 42
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Benedict, Miss M P	3 00
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Blair, R R	3 00
Booth, Mrs A E	6 00
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Harlow, Mary B	50
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Lockwood, Mrs W H	5 00
Lohmann, John	5 00
Loolviar, Mehran	3 50
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Page, Miss Ella W	3 00
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E C	3 00
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Mrs J R, So Trenton	3 00
L G	1 00
L H M, N Y City	3 00
M C	3 00
M C, Wolcottville	1 00
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Mrs M M W, Carlisle	3 00
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Mrs T A G, Wakefield	3 00
T H N, South Centre	10 00
Anon, Muscotah	5 00
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Grace Allen Fund for Children, Oakdale	2 00
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" Bath	5 00
R H G, Brooklyn	3 00
M M, Pawtucket	2 00
H J M, Benzler	3 00
"Marguerite, Prince c	3 00
Mrs H A H, Bridgehampton	5 00
Mrs L J B, Laurel	25
J W McC Mc Jackson	5 00
E L, Sherwood	1 00
E L B, Boston	5 00
H A M, Brooklyn	3 00
W C T, Bathgate	1 00
D C	5 00
Mrs A P H, Boothbay	2 50
Mrs C S M, Hume	2 50
W H P, E Jefferson	50
F G J, E Jefferson	50
Z A F, Tuigo	1 00
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L R D, Akron	3 00
" New Brighton	1 00
—, Concord	1 75
Mite, Plane No Four	1 00
Reach, Brookdale	6 00
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A Mother, Eulogy	1 50
Friends, Himeston	6 00
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Prim Class of Ch: Ref S S, Hackensack	2 60
A Reader, David City	3 00
A Remembrance, Norton Hill	3 00
A Scotch Woman	10 00
Sister, Port Jervis	6 00
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" Fort Morgan	5 00
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4 little cousins, Freedom	3 00
Friend, Auburn	1 00
" Cromwell	5 00
" New Berlin	3 00
2 friends, Brooklyn	3 00
Friends, Lanark	2 00
Friends of the child'n, Woodbury	3 00
In Christ's Name, Rockford	5 00
IHS, Iowa City	1 00
Jr C E S, Exeter	1 50
" E Liverpool	3 00
K Dau's, Richford	3 00
Jr E S, S Hancock	50
Jr C E S, Cong ch, Cherokee	5 00
Troup, Northampton	3 00
One of the least, E Nassau	00
SS cl of girls, Presby ch, Kingston	1 00
Members of the gallery cl, Plainfield	10 00
Bend SS, Galt	3 00
10 per cent, Heisler'e	1 25
Sub'r, Madison	3 00
Total	$5,310 63

Housemother Collins returns grateful acknowledgments from all the little ragged ones for whom kind friends have sent such generous gifts of dresses and trousers, blouses, coats, hats and shoes. These things are needed very much and are very acceptable. Mothers having garments that their children have outgrown will do a good deed by sending them, prepaid, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y. Our children are from five to twelve years old, many being small for their ages. Many who come to us have not one good garment of their own.

The following gifts of clothing, etc., have been received: Package clothing and papers, Mrs. M. R. W., Carlisle, Pa.; package of clothing, Mrs. George H. Jenks, Miss Constance Craham, in name of King's Daughters of Logan Baptist Mission; Mrs. Ida Wood, Mrs. Ella Crook, Mrs. A., Keokuk, Iowa; S. E. S., War, Mass.; Mrs. Edwin J. Parmelu, Mrs. E. L. S., Ann Harbor, box of toys; Eva M. Gray, barrel of clothing, Mrs. J. W. Lewis; Samuel Garre, one package of illuminated cards; F. J. Winch, Mrs. Lloat, Quelick, Horten, Md.; Ladies' Guild, M. E. Church, Suffern, N. P.; Miss Annie M. Wiestling.

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How Churches are Killed

"WHAT is the cause of the death of so many churches," is a question frequently asked by earnest Christian people. A variety of reasons may be assigned, but in many cases the event is only to be explained in one way. What that is is set forth in a letter from a reader (L. O. S.), who writes from Osprey, Maxwell, Ont., as follows:

Editor "Christian Herald"

Over many localities a tide of irreligion is sweeping, and the question is asked, what is the cause of such a lamentable state of affairs? In many places it may be traced to the inconsistent living of professors of religion—those whose actions show they love not God nor care what injury their bad example brings upon the church.

A young man, living some miles from here, was spoken to lately about the importance of giving up the intoxicating cup and becoming a Christian. His response was that every man who belonged to the church in the place where he lived had met with him in the public barroom and drank intoxicating liquor as freely as he did himself.

Another young man, who has lately become an infidel, was also turned against the church through the same cause. This proves how important it is that we make straight paths for our feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way (Heb. 12:13).

Another inconsistency which kills out religion is the amusement of the dance. This banishes all serious feeling, frequently leads into bad company, and in truly spiritual churches is looked upon as Satan's right hand help in leading souls into the downward path. A young lady, professing religion, went to a dance, and, while there, inquired of her partner, "Are you a Christian?" "I am not," he replied; "and neither are you or you would not be here." Worldlings are keen judges as to what is consistency.

Another cause of the deadness in some churches is, many of the members were never truly converted. During revival services they became serious and asked for prayers, but did not seek and find heart-union with Christ. There is a great want of thoroughness in this matter. People who are left property always search the registry office records to make sure they have an indisputable claim to it, but these same individuals rest contented with a sham title when connected with mansions in the skies.

L. D. S.

Books Received

Grandma Tales and Others, by Adelia Pope Branham. A volume of pretty poems for juveniles; handsomely illustrated, pp. 42, cloth and gilt binding; price, 60 cents. Published by the author at Greenfield, Ind.

Roger's Travels, or Scenes and Incidents connected with the Journey of two boys in Foreign Lands, by E. Payson Hammond. A new edition in cheap form of this popular book by the well-known children's Evangelist. Paper covers, pp. 155, illustrated, price, 15 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

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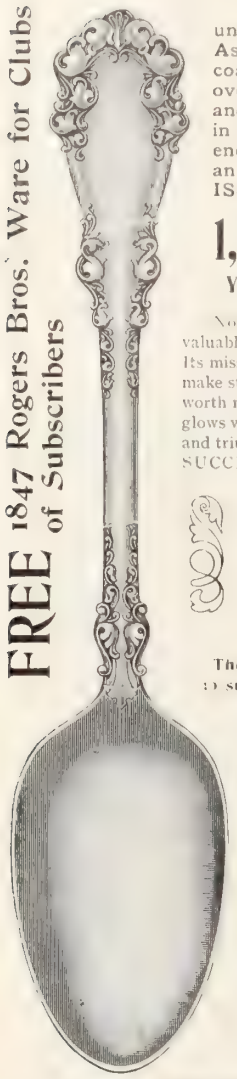

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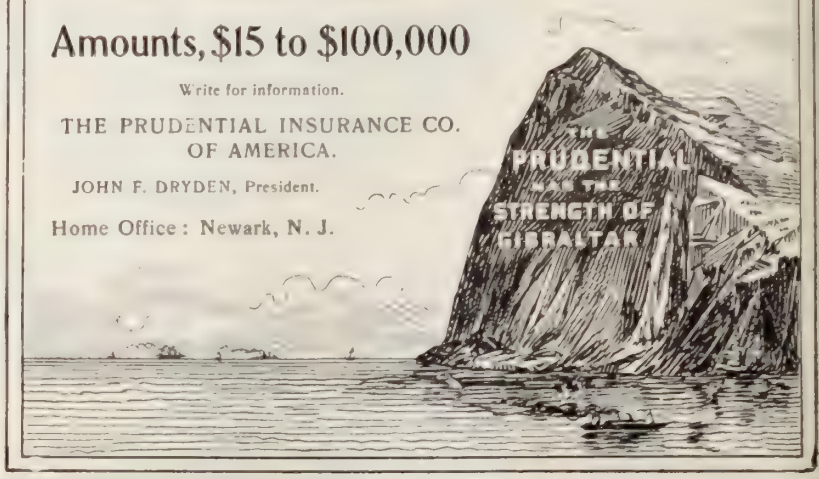

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, AUGUST 23, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

DESPATCHING THE FIRST RELIEF CARGO ON THE TRANSPORT McPHERSON FOR STARVING PORTO RICO (SEE PAGE 644)

1. The Transport begins her voyage. 2. Capt. H. J. Byrne. 3. Scene at the Brooklyn pier during the loading of the Relief Steamer.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

stands and not one tittle of it passes away, will not Sunday-keepers be punished for disregarding the command to keep the seventh day holy?

There is not the slightest danger of such punishment. There are many Old Testament laws that were not intended to be permanent and are not kept, such as the law of circumcision, the dietary laws, the laws relating to sacrifice etc. Christians honor their Lord by keeping holy the day on which he rose from the dead, and they who honor the Son will be honored by the Father.

Reader. Is it right for a minister of the Gospel to join a golf club composed of sceptics and infidels?

The tone of the question conveys to us the impression that it is put in the wrong spirit. A minister is certainly entitled to recreative exercise as well as other men, and there is nothing in golf that would tend to disqualify him. But how can you know that the persons with whom he associates are sceptics and infidels? Is such a conclusion justifiable? On the other hand, no minister who values his opportunities and appreciates the importance of retaining the respect of the community in which he lives, will assume any role, either in business or pleasure, which may cause him to forfeit that respect or may weaken his spiritual influence among them. He will remember the dignified and sacred office to which he is called, and will endeavor to so arrange his life and actions that the whole will be in harmony.

D. E. L., Richmond, Ind. Can a man be converted without receiving the Holy Spirit? Why do Christian people speak of it as a subsequent experience?

Conversion is the work of the Holy Spirit. In that sense every man who is converted receives the Spirit. There is, however, another sense in which there is a new reception. The Christian needs new grace from day to day that he may become more like Christ. He needs power to live the Christ-life in the world, to work for Christ and to live a holy life. This the Holy Spirit gives, and there are times of prayer and under the preaching of the Gospel when this power and unction come in unusual measure. God promises to give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him, and he keeps his promise, but the asking must be sincere and earnest.

Mrs. M. H. L., Bristol, Tex. Please give your views on entertainments in Sabbath Schools such as Bible scenes, the nativity, etc. One of our Sabbath Schools has acted the scene mentioned and some were opposed to it.

There need be nothing objectionable in the presentation of Bible scenes, illuminated Old and New Testament views, tableaux, etc., for Sunday Schools, provided the subjects are wisely chosen and properly presented. Indeed, they may be very helpful in assisting the young to an artistic conception of the Bible stories. There are, however, some scenes which it would be distinctly irreverent to present, and these we need hardly indicate. Acting, or dramatic presentation, in such cases, is not advisable; the silent figures tell their own story. A week day afternoon or evening should invariably be chosen for such gatherings.

M. J. B., Waterbury, Ct. I see in *The Sun* a letter asserting that the existence of Jesus Christ was unknown to the early writers and historians, and that the story of the Gospels is therefore unsupported by external evidence.

The statement is not well founded. Tacitus (about A.D. 60) and Suetonius (about A.D. 71), two eminent historians, both refer to Christ in their writings. Tacitus expressly adds: "He was put to death under Pontius Pilate, who was Procurator of Judea, in the reign of Tiberius." Pliny (A.D. 61), the intimate friend of both, and who was employed in Trajan's time in persecuting the Christians, wrote a full account of them to that potentate. Marcus Antonius (A.D. 121), who wrote a few years after Pliny, mentions the Christians and commends "their resolute and obstinate contempt of death." Epictetus (A.D. 50) makes an indirect reference to them as Galileans who "despised the rage of their armed enemies." These were all Pagan writers. Besides, we have copious reference to Christianity and its founder in the writings of Justin Martyr (beginning of second century), Tertullian (A. D. 160), and Minutius Felix, all proving that there were great numbers of men, very shortly after the time when Christ lived on earth, who professed his religion and endured hardships, persecution and even death for his sake. In addition to the foregoing, we might mention Lucian (early part second century), who wrote a sharp attack on the Christianized Jews, upbraiding them in sarcastic terms for deserting the ancient deities and worshiping "a crucified person"—the latter being the phrase by which Jesus was designated in some of the early Jewish writings. Spartian tells us that Alexander Severus thought so highly of Christ that he would have built a temple to him had not his pagan subjects opposed it. Porphyry (A.D. 233), another enemy of Christianity, acknowledged Christ's existence, but deemed him only "a wise and pious man, approved by the gods and taken up into heaven for his distinguished virtues." We might add to these a number of eminent Christian writers of the early Church, whose authenticity is unquestionable, but what we have already given sufficiently disposes of the charge that the existence of Christ was not recognized by the men who are the acknowledged historians of his day and epoch.

BAR AND LOBSTER FISHING IN TROPICAL ISLANDS

In the lowlands on the southern side of Porto Rico, where travelers have often encountered scenes like this, lobster fishing is a great industry. Receding tides leave lobsters and crabs in pockets formed by shells and rocks, and it is an easy task to capture them. Women come to market, carrying great baskets on their heads, filled with lobsters. American occupation gave a fresh impulse to the industry, this variety of sea-food being in demand for the table, in the army and in private homes.

C. G. C., Vincennes, Ind. Is there any Scripture which prohibits a person from preaching if he has the necessary grace and qualifications? Must he be ordained first?

We know of no such passage. Many men have preached the Gospel without being ordained. The late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, was a conspicuous instance. At the same time, the Epistles of Paul to Timothy and Titus and several passages in the Acts show that ordination was practised in apostolic times. There is, therefore, Scriptural authority for it. It has, besides, a practical advantage. If any man could become a minister without the consent or approval of the other ministers of his communion, he might preach heterodox doctrine and lead the people astray. His ordination indicates that in the opinion of other ministers he is fit to teach and preach.

C. W. L., Glengarry, W. Va. What is meant by laying up "treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through nor steal?"

Treasures in the East (to which Jesus referred in Matt. 6: 19) usually consisted partly of garments, which were liable to be consumed by moths, metals, were liable to depreciate through the action of rust. The "treasures in heaven" referred to in the twentieth verse, are faith, justice, mercy, and all the beautiful and gracious qualities that spring up in the heart as the result of Christ's abiding presence there. These are the imperishable riches. (See Luke

Christian, Chicago, Ill. Is a person responsible

or physical disease, but am a strong, healthy girl, in good circumstances. I am ashamed to dare not acknowledge them to my parents or minister. I write you anonymously in the hope that you may say something to help me and

No person is responsible for thoughts that less so in your case. You would, however, be responsible for welcoming and cherishing them. We infer from your letter, that you get them out of your mind as speedily as possible and that is right. To dwell on them, would be to pollute the mind and to sap your up some study or occupation, which would be delightful to you and take your attention. When these bad thoughts come, you would then have pure ones that you could turn to instantly and the bad ones would depart. Be kind; avoid idleness and reverie. Avoid books and pictures and society which would suggest evil thoughts. Above all things, pray God to cleanse your heart and keep you from evil. If you follow this advice, you will soon cease to be troubled with evil thoughts. They do not persist in coming where they are not welcome and where a sincere effort is made to avoid them.

Reader, Titusville, Pa. I work in a drug store, where we have arranged with the other three local drug stores to keep open every fourth Sunday, one each week. My employer is a Christian and tries hard to do what is right. Every Sunday, when we keep open, we sell cigars and soda water, and this I feel to be wrong, although my employer never thought of it in that way. What do you think about it?

While it is doubtless a humane and necessary work to keep at least one drug store open in a community on Sunday, for the relief of suffering, the selling of such articles as you mention does not come under the same category. If you direct your employer's attention to it, he, being a Christian as you state, will no doubt order it discontinued.

Subscriber, Canada. Should a person who has pledged himself to give one-tenth of his income to the Lord, reckon the money he pays to dependent friends as part of the tithe, or should he deduct that amount from his income and tithe the balance?

Let him do precisely as he thinks best; there is no law in the case. The Chrisitan is not under law, and he is unwise if he tries to subject himself to it. If he can afford it, let him give a fifth or a third of his income to the Lord. There is no need to limit his gifts to a tenth.

fulfilment of his vow. The gifts to dependent

other feeling. At that time and for long af-

heathen lands, a man is held back by love of his family and friends from declaring himself a Christian and following Christ. It is to peo-

No man can be his disciple who permits the love of his parents or wife to come between Christ and him. It was only a strong form of

to those near him is a duty on the part of the Christian.

D. D. T., Ransomville, N. Y. Where in Paul's life is there any account of the experience he mentions in I. Cor. 15: 32? Did he really

record in the Acts. Only such matters are recorded as in the writer's opinion would be of service to the church. There can be no doubt of his having fought with the beasts in the arena, as he says. The language is too precise to be figurative.

sible for God to pardon him? 3. Is

1. We have no authority to settle any such question. You know the eth on him shall never perish." You may be quite sure that all who comply with those terms will be saved. 2. Excepting in the mysterious matter of the sin against the Holy Spirit, there is no limit placed to God's for- him. 3. We do not as yet know enough about hypnotism, to be sure what it is. The uses to which it is sometimes put make it very doubtful; but even so, the best of God's gifts are misused.

M. E. S., Baltimore, Md. Please give a brief history of the hymn, "Rock of

It was written in 1776 by Augustus Montague Toplady, a Calvinist vicar "a living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world," and was composed in the intervals of a great theological disputation. He intended the verses, it is said, as an argument against the doctrine of the need of entire sanctification. It was first published in *The Gospel Magazine* and attracted more attention than all the other writings of Toplady. It is said that no other hymn in the English language has taken so broad and firm a grasp on the Christian heart.

Subscriber, Baltimore, Md. Yes: all recent photographs.

Mrs. C. S. B., Lynn, Mass. It is no longer in ex-

Masie. Write to the manager, Conservatory of

H. W. E., New Bedford, Mass. Half an hour, we believe, is the time usually fixed.

Belle K., Arapahoe, Neb. All the letters are pronounced except the "c," which is silent.

J. H. M., Philadelphia. We have not the data available. Better write to the *Scientific American*, New York.

Subscriber, Rutland, Vt. 1. No difference: both are cameras. 2. In suburban cemeteries, the city cemeteries having been long ago overcrowded.

Mrs. J. H. J., Herman, Neb. The question of his admission or rejection will be decided by the incoming Congress. Meanwhile, the matter remains unchanged.

Mrs. J. W. B., Mansfield, Ohio. 1. Four syllables, accented on first and last. 2. Write to American Bible Society, New York. 3. See answer to similar question in recent issue.

Miss M. A. J., Greencastle, Pa. It altogether cast. As the shadow is circular, intersecting the moon's circle gives the appearance of a crescent.

Christian H., Conde, S. Dak. The lines:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

"King Lear."

William S., Toledo, O. In four months the war with Spain cost the United States $140,000,000. Up to Aug. 31, 1898, the U. S. army had lost 2,624 men by death from all causes, a little less than one per cent. In Cuba, 23 U. S. officers and 257 men were killed; in Porto Rico, none. Total for the Philippine war unknown. These figures are necessarily incomplete.

... Japan Coming to Christ ...

A Great Religious Change Impending in the Mikado's Empire—The Truth About the Official Investigation into Christianity

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE Japanese have two religions: Shinto and Buddhist. Shintoists worship nature and their ancestors, and they have numerous gods and godesses. Shinto is a Chinese word and means: "The way of the gods."

A BUDDHIST PRIEST

Buddhism was introduced from Korea at the middle of the sixth century. It originates in India and is known to have existed there over 2,400 years ago. The Buddhists worship Buddha and many deities besides. These two religions through long association, have become greatly intermingled, and Buddhist priests have performed the service in Shinto temples for centuries.

After the discovery of Japan by the Portuguese in 1542, there was an effort to make proselytes in Japan for the Roman Catholic Church. Forty years afterwards, there began a persecution of the Christians (then small in number) by the followers of the two original religions, and in 1624 the land was closed to foreign trade, all missionaries were expelled from the country, and Christianity was prohibited.

Commodore Perry, in 1853, with his fleet, in the name of the United States demanded of the Japanese government a discontinuation of its isolation, and in consequence of this demand certain ports of that country were reopened to foreign trade, and the work of converting the Japanese to Christianity was resumed. Although the missionaries encountered numerous difficulties through the aggressive policy of the Buddhists and Shintoists, the good work went steadily on. A rough estimate of the number of the followers of the Christian religion in Japan to-day would place the same at about 100,000. Japan has to-day about 43,000,000 inhabitants.

In 1868, the Mikado's authority, which was for centuries only nominal, was restored, and it was his intention to establish Shintoism as the national religion. This, however, was found very difficult on account of the influence of the Buddhist priests. In 1874 the heads of the five largest Buddhist temples met, to consider the proposal of the government to abolish the Buddhist religion. They stated that there were several hundred thousand priests employed by the Buddhist churches who would have to look for some other occupation to make a living, and this would naturally result in a state of poverty among the working-class, as there was no room for so many additional farmers, laborers or fishermen. They decided against the proposal of the government to abolish the Buddhist religion.

A short time ago articles appeared in some American newspapers, according to which the Japanese government had sent a commission to Europe and America to study the effects of the Christian religion, and report on the advisability of adopting the same officially for Japan. Mr. T. Kato, the late Minister of the Japanese empire to the Court of St. James, with whom I had the pleasure of traveling from America to Japan, stated to me, upon my inquiry, that he had been advised in London by his home government, some time ago, that a representative of the latter would shortly call on him in London, in order to ask his assistance for his work, which would be to investigate the general effects of the Christian religion in England, and to report on the same. Mr. Kato told me, however, that this official had not yet made his appearance in London, and he felt disposed to believe that he had not been sent at all.

PRIESTS AND POSTURERS IN A BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT NARA

THE ROW OF 100 IDOLS AT NIKKO, JAPAN

Mr. G. Coates, Consul-General of the German empire for Tokio and Yokohama, with whom I became acquainted, expressed the opinion that various agents of the Japanese empire had really visited Europe and America, but that they had not found the condition of the people much better than in Japan. They had discovered just as much fraud and wickedness in those countries as existed in Japan, and therefore they did not recommend that the Christian religion should be declared official in Japan.

Mr. William J. Callahan, an American missionary, who has lived in the interior of Japan for the last six years, and is now on his way to Michigan on vacation, told me that the Buddhist priests were nowadays not preaching so much the doctrines of Buddhism, as they were opposing doctrines of Christianity. By doing so, they were calling the attention of many people to the Christian religion, who, under other circumstances, would not have known anything about it. He stated further that the statement that the Japanese government had sent representatives to various foreign countries, to study the Christian religion and its effect and influence on the people, was, in his opinion, simply newspaper rumor. He thought, however, that it would be in accord with recent Japanese tendencies if the government should eventually accept the Christian religion officially; but, even if this should not be the case, the present way of converting people to Christianity would show great results in the near future.

So far as I can see, the Japanese government do not seem to interfere with the practice of any religion whatsoever at the present time. I may state, however, that I found only the poorer classes of Japanese represented at the native temple services. The average Japanese worships practically every object, which, in his opinion, will be the means of benefiting him or protecting him from harm.

Yokohoma, Japan. H. BRUHN.

DECORATED CAR IN A RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION

A leading Yokohama paper, discussing the religious situation in Japan, has this utterance in a recent issue: "The four influential Japanese papers, the *Jiji*, *Yorodzu*, *Sekaino Nippon*, and *Ohmoo Noron* are all making desperate efforts to persuade the people that Christianity is on the decrease. Another journal of wide influence, the *Hochi*, however, takes a quite different view of the case. It intimates that the great national victory in the recent war has done much to demolish the claims of the old religions and that now "it cannot be doubted that Christianity is spreading gradually throughout the land. The recently held revival services in Tokio, which attracted immense crowds, were very significant." All the signs point to a great national religious movement in Japan, which must result in the decay of the ancient idol-worship and the general spread of Christianity.

♣

Brotherly Love

Show me a church where there is love, writes Mr. D. L. Moody, and I will show you a church that is a power in the community. In Chicago a few years ago, a little boy attended a Sunday School I know of. When his parents moved to another part of the city the little fellow still attended the same Sunday School, although it meant a long, tiresome walk each way. A friend asked him why he went so far, and told him that there were plenty of others just as good nearer his home.

"They may be as good for others, but not for me," was his reply.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because they love a fellow over there," he replied.

If only we could make the world believe that we loved them there would be fewer empty churches, and a smaller proportion of our population who never darken a church door. Let love replace duty in our church relations, and the world will soon be evangelized.

♣

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

. . . HEALTH RESORTS . . .

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, John 5: 2, 3:

A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

OUTSIDE the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering-place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day, there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there three hundred and sixty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and seventy-five feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing-houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigoration was concerned, it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch on a small scale; a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication; but I prefer the plain statement of Scripture, that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water; and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judean watering-place had his counterpart in the angel of healing, who, in our day, steps into the mineral waters of Congress, or Sharon, or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic, and splenetic diseases, go, and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethesdas are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who toss their spotted brilliance into the game-basket. The baton of the orchestral leader taps the music-stand on the hotel green, and American life has put on festal array, and the rumbling of the ten-pin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green-baized billiard-tables, and the jolting of the bar-room goblets, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ball-room dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race-courses, and other signs of social dissipation attest that the season for the great American watering-places is in full play. Music! Flute, and drum, and cornet-a-piston, and clapping cymbals wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that fagged-out American life, for the most part, has an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering-places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor, a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth to-day, that some of our fashionable watering-places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number;" and, amid the congratulations of this season, and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country, I must utter a warning, plain, earnest, and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary-bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion, who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains, take a day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers, with two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor-box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering-place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe, that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended.

The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling hells and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering-places is the horse-racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse-race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse-races in olden times were under the ban of Christian power, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "Summer Meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "Agricultural Fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating and the same betting and the same drunkenness and the same vagabondage and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse-racing system.

I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time and not be battered in morals. They hook up their spanking team and put on their sporting cap and light their cigar and take the reins and dash down on the road to perdition! The great day at Saratoga and Brighton Beach and Cape May and nearly all the other watering-places is the day of the races. The hotels are thronged, every kind of equipage is taken up at an almost fabulous price; and there are many respectable people mingling with jockeys and gamblers and libertines and foul-mouthed men and flashy women. The bartender stirs up the brandy smash. The bets run high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fair, put in their money soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place the struggle is decided, and the men in the secret know on which steed to bet their money. The men on the horses riding around, long ago arranged who shall win. Leaning from the stand, or from the carriage, are men and women so absorbed in the struggle of bone and muscle and mettle that they make a grand harvest for the pickpockets, who carry off the pocket-books and the portemonnaies. Men looking on see only a string of horses with their riders flying around the ring; but there is many a man on that stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune—white mane, white foot, white flank—are in the ring, racing with inebriety and with fraud and with profanity and with ruin—black neck, black foot, black flank. Neck and neck go the leaders in that moral Epsom. White horse of honor; black horse of ruin. Death says: "I will bet on the black horse." Spectator says: "I will bet on the white horse." The white horse of honor a little way ahead. The black horse of ruin, Satan mounted, all the time gaining on him. Spectator breathless. They put on the lash, dig in the spurs. There! They are past the stand. Sure. Just as I expected it. The black horse of ruin has won the race, and all the galleries of darkness "Huzza! huzza!" and the devils come in to pick up their wagers. Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with horse-racing dissipations this summer.

Long ago the English government got through looking to the turf for the dragoon and the light-cavalry horse. They found out that the turf depreciates the stock; and it is worse yet for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of Parliament, and the author known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said, "Heaven help you, then; for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf." Another famous sportsman writes: "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last two hundred years; and unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf!" With the bull-fights of Spain and the bear-baitings of the pit, may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse-racing of England and America!

I go further and speak of another temptation that hovers over the watering-place; and that is the temptation to sacrifice physical strength. The modern Bethesda, just like this Bethesda of the text, was intended to recuperate the physical health; and yet how many come from the watering-places their health absolutely destroyed! City simpletons boasting of having imbibed twenty glasses of Congress water before breakfast. Families, accustomed to go to bed at ten o'clock at night, gossiping until one or two o'clock in the morning. Dyspeptics, weak and carping about their health, mingling nervousness and boisterousness, and consuming, with the gayest, time set up all their notes of lamentation and protest. Delicate women and heedless young men throwing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thousands of men and women coming back from our watering-places in the autumn with the foundations laid for ailments that will last them all their life long. You know as well as I do that this is the simple truth. In the summer, you say to your good health: "Good-by; I am going to have a gay time now for a little while; I will be very glad to see you again in the autumn." Then in the autumn when you are hard at work in your office, or store, or shop, or counting-room, Good Health will come in and say: "Good-by; I am going." You say: "Where are you going?" "Oh," says Good Health, "I am going to take a vacation." It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and your good health will leave you choleric and splenetic and exhausted. You coquetted with your good health in the summer-time, and your good health is coquetting with you in the winter-time. A fragment of Paul's charge to the jailer would be an appropriate inscription for the hotel register in every watering-place: "Do thyself no harm."

Another temptation hovering around the watering-place is the formation of hasty and life-long alliances. The watering-places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than nearly all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionships amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ball-room, where the music decides the step, and bow and prance and graceful swing of long train can make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gaily-painted yachts of a summer regatta to find war vessels, as to go among the light spray of the summer watering-place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. In the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet. The load of life is so heavy, that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than that made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. If there is any man in the community who excites my contempt, and who ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft-handed, soft-headed dude, who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in striking killing attitudes, and waving sentimental adieux, and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots as tight as an inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flashing cravat. His conversation made up of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and "He hes!"

There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering-place: her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has in her head only equalled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead, unless she becomes an intelligent Christian. We may admire music and fair faces and graceful step; but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fantastic influences of our modern watering-places, beware how you make life-long covenants.

Another temptation that hovers over the watering-place is that of baneful literature. Almost every one starting off for the summer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library, or off the bookstand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more pestiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I find sitting on hotel piazza, or under the trees, reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. "Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation." Yes. There is no need that you take along to a watering-place "Hamilton's

Metaphysics," or some ponderous discourse on the eternal decrees, or "Faraday's Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say, "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables, I will, for a little while, take lighter food—a little strychnine and a few grains of rats bane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the frogs of a corrupt printing-press jump into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel; books of congenial history; books of pure fun; books of fine engraving; books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? There will not be an hour between this and your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering-places is intoxicating beverages. At the close of the ten-pin or billiard game, they tipple. At the close of the cotillion, they tipple. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off, they tipple. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws, and they tipple. First, they take "light wines," as they call them; but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whiskey at ten cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Satan will take a man to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal-shoot or the Mount Washington rail track and shove him off. But that is very rare. When a man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is punch, and the fourth mile it is ale, and the fifth mile it is whiskey, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper and steeper, until it is impossible to stop. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe, and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country.

In California, in five minutes, I walked around and saw ten fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different; and in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you fifty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—healing and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of these summer watering-places and take the water, and analyze it, and tell you that it contains so much of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water; and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye" to this watering-place. Crowd around this Bethesda. O you sick, you lame, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda.

A Summer Gospel Campaign

Philadelphia's Non-Church-Going Multitudes Hear the Word of Life Preached Under Canvas—Remarkable Evangelistic Movement

An evangelistic movement, having several novel features, is meeting with large success in Philadelphia at the present time. The extent of the enterprise, the fruits gathered, the standing of the men behind the movement and the story of its inception make a narrative of considerable interest.

Mr. Moody is in large part responsible for the movement. Last spring he addressed a meeting of the Philadelphia Presbyterian Social Union, a laymen's organization, and he made a strong plea for the evangelistic work in behalf of the non-church-goers during the summer. Although most of the pastors leave the town at this time, and many of the churches close their doors, there are, nevertheless, tens of thousands of persons who do not get away from the city, and who, Mr. Moody declared, can best be reached by the Gospel during the summer. He urged that a committee of laymen be formed, similar to that which has been in existence in Glasgow for twenty-five years past, for the purpose of prosecuting evangelistic work. He urged it as altogether reasonable that $100,000 be spent this summer by the business men present for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the masses of Philadelphia. The address, a most moving one, took strong hold of the two or three hundred business men present, and as an outcome of the meeting a joint committee was appointed, representing the Social Union and the Philadelphia Presbyteries.

The Chairman of this committee is Mr. John H. Converse, the head of the famous Baldwin Locomotive Works, and Philadelphia's leading citizen; the Treasurer is another prominent business man, Mr. William H. Scott; the General Secretary is Rev. James B. Ely, a missionary to India, who is sojourning in the city for a few months. On the committee are many men prominent in public affairs in Philadelphia—all of them workers in Presbyterian churches.

The movement was broadly planned and is being carefully conducted. Early in July six large tents were put in operation at stragetic points throughout the city. The tents hold from four to eight hundred persons each, and every night the outside of every tent is lined with a company of interested listeners.

As speakers in the meetings, a number of the leading evangelists and preachers of the country were secured. Some of them have been working in the tents for several weeks, and some, especially preachers, can give only a few days or a few weeks. The very best men that the magnitude of the work or the money of the committee can command, were called into service. Few evangelistic movements have been able to secure the services of so many noted men. For example, among the speakers thus far have been Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., of Brooklyn; Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., of New York; Rev. William Patterson, of Cooke's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, the largest church in Canada; Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., of Baltimore; Rev. John F. Carson, D.D., of Brooklyn; Rev. L. W. Munhall, Rev. George C. Needham, Rev. Thomas Needham and Rev. Ford C. Ottmann, evangelists. These men have been spread over the city as effectively as possible. At times the tents themselves are moved from place to place. The endeavor is by this means to spread the influence of the meetings as widely as possible.

But not only by the extent of the work and the character of the speakers is this movement made noteworthy. It is somewhat singular, in that it is a denominational enterprise, and that it has been projected and is in large part conducted by laymen. One half of the executive committee consists of clergymen; yet most of the active work is done by business men, and the influence of their executive ability is felt in every part of the movement. There is a system and thoroughness about all the operations that is delightful and noteworthy.

The Presbyterian churches in the neighborhood of each tent are drawn upon for workers on the sub-committees. Since the meetings are under the care of the Presbyterian churches, the latter naturally feel a responsibility for them that might be lacking in a general movement. Consequently little difficulty has been experienced in securing men and women for the chorus, which is a feature of each service, for the work of invitation, ushering and dealing with inquirers. Thousands of printed invitations are distributed weekly, and, in addition, personal invitations are given by neighborhood visitors. The services are well advertised also by means of posters and newspaper notices, so that their direct influence upon the city has been considerable.

The tents are equipped as completely as consecrated brains and money can equip them. The thoroughness of this preparation may be inferred from the fact that in some of the tents provision is even made for the care of bicycles.

The effect of the meetings upon the churches has been most marked. Christians have been quickened to a new sense of responsibility for the unsaved, and there is evidence that very many of the church members, who attend the services regularly, take with them unconverted friends and neighbors. Possibly, the most encouraging feature of the work, has been the number of non-church-goers reached. From all the tents come reports of conversions of persons who have not attended church services for many years. There are many requests for prayer, and many conversions in the meetings held nightly. The evangelists say that they have never seen a more fruitful or prosperous Gospel crusade. There is a decided note of jubilation in the Monday meeting of workers in the Witherspoon Building.

The committee expects to continue the tent-meetings well into September, if not until October.

WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

REV. J. B. ELY REV. WM. PATTERSON JOHN H. CONVERSE

PHILADELPHIA'S MIDSUMMER REVIVAL—A TENT SERVICE AT BROAD AND YORK STREETS

The Memorial to the Czar

We are receiving many signatures to the proposed Memorial to the Czar, conveying the congratulations of Christian America on the result of his action in summoning the World's Peace Congress. We desire the names of *all our readers and their friends* to be attached to this historic memorial. Everyone can send *ten names or more*, written clearly in ink, with postoffice address complete. We urge every friend of the world's peace to act on this matter and send in the names as soon as possible.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Rebuilding the Temple

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 3. Ezra 3 : 10 ; 4 : 5

Golden Text, I. Cor. 3 : 17

THE climax of God's judgment upon his people was the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem. "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers worshipped thee." The first object in the proclamation of Cyrus was to build a house in Jerusalem for "the Lord the God of heaven." But God had something more in hand than the mere erection of a building. Cyrus indeed made his proclamation; God had raised him up for that purpose. But the Lord had other instruments and other aims. There was the prophet Zechariah, who was given to see "a candlestick all of gold" (Zech. 4 : 2), a light which should lighten the nation and be a testimony to the God of Israel. And he saw seven lamps in the candlestick and two olive trees which would supply the lamps with oil, and the Lord showed him "These be the sons of oil that stand by the Lord of the whole earth" (Zech. 4 : 14). God had two men who stood by him, men whose personal interests were made subservient to the interests of their God: these were men on whom he could count in these critical days, when it meant much that a true standard of the fear of God should be set up and maintained from those who had come back from the captivity.

These two men were Jeshua, the son of Jozadak, the priest, and Zerubbabel, the son of Shealtiel, the governor. These men commenced the work after the heart of God. They began with the altar. Unless communion with God were restored, on the ground of the offered and accepted sacrifice, what good could it be to set up the temple walls? What a lesson for the builders of churches and chapels, mission rooms, etc., in the present day! God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," but in living temples: the bodies of those who worship him. "Know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you which ye have of God, and ye are not your own (I. Cor. 6 : 19, 20). God can dispense with buildings, if he has living temples to dwell in; gorgeous Christian churches where the worshipers are not filled with the living God, are but an offence to and a mockery to him who dwells not in such temples. Let a living church of those who "worship him in spirit and in truth" exist; then will God's anointed ones, his sons of oil, understand him, and seek to go about the work in his fashion, not in man's: therefore "they set up the altar upon its base and offered burnt-offerings."

Under the blessing and inspiration of renewed national communion with God, they set about the work of rebuilding. Naturally the first thing was to act upon the grant of timber made by Cyrus, and thus the material was prepared to set masons and carpenters to work. The work was only actually commenced in the second month of the second year of their emancipation, and then the Levites from twenty years old and upward were appointed to the oversight of the work of the house of the Lord. And in this work Jeshua and his family took the lead, superintending the workmen. When true men of God who value the altar of the Lord, superintend the workmen who are engaged on a building, the work is accompanied by prayer, and the hand of the Lord is with them. How many a church has been built where no priestly heart has borne up continually to God the workmen employed in it, and they have come and gone, done their work and earned their wages, without entering upon any acquaintance with the God who is there to be worshiped, or the Saviour who died for them.

The laying of the foundation was of course a great occasion. When the builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord, they set the priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites, the sons of Asaph with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the order of David, the king of Israel (see I. Chron. 15 : 16-22). Doubtless David well understood music, but music was not the first thing with him, but "singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord" (Eph. 5: 19), for David's appointment of his singers was that with all their instruments they should lift up "the voice with joy." How often in churches one sees and feels that the choir is doing only mechanical work, rightly rendering the music, but not lifting up the heart to God. Would not the most discordant music please him better if it were the only way by which hearts in accord with his could utter praises which were dictated by the Holy Spirit's revelation of Christ to their hearts?

"THEY SET THE PRIESTS IN THEIR APPAREL WITH TRUMPETS"

They sang one to another in praising and giving thanks to the Lord, saying, "For he is good and his mercy endureth forever toward Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid. "Whoso offereth praise honoreth me, and prepareth a way that I may show him salvation of God" (Ps. 50: 23, R. V. marg.). Praise turns our eyes away from ourselves to God, and thus prepares the way for him to show us the interpretation of things which we cannot understand. The joy of the people was not in their own personal release from captivity, but that the house of the Lord was arising again from the dust. The shout of the people was as welcome to God as were the songs of the singers.

But all were not rejoicing. The larger number of the returned captives had been born in Babylon, and to them it was unmixed joy to be restored to the land of their fathers, but "many of the priests and Levites and heads of the fathers' houses, the old men that had seen the first house standing on its foundation, when this house was before their eyes (R. V. marg.), wept with a loud voice." The memory of the sin of their people and the hardness of their fathers' hearts which would not hear the voice of his prophets, was a painful remembrance to them. Thus with mingled feelings, for "the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people," they laid the foundation. "For the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off." The one candlestick all of gold, the witness before the nations that Jehovah is God, was being set up once more. What must this have been to the heart of God, and to the hearts of these children of Israel!

♦

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

MANY months must have been occupied in the journey of the returning Hebrews from Babylon to Jerusalem. If they took the desert way, the distance was eight hundred miles; and if they took the easier way, to the north of Syria, in which they would have less difficulty in procuring food, the distance was still longer. It differed from the Exodus from Egypt in there being no enemy behind them and no foe to be encountered in Palestine. But it was a dreary end to their journey. The overthrown walls, the empty houses and the charred and blackened ruins of the Temple, were sad evidences of the desolation of the land. They appear to have settled in Jerusalem and the adjacent cities, which, alone, the decree of Cyrus gave them the right to occupy. Their commission was to "build the house of the Lord God of Israel: he is the God which is in Jerusalem." But they had learned much during their sojourn in Babylon. They had abandoned idolatry, for one thing, and they never again reverted to it. They had learned, too, that it was possible to worship God without a Temple, as they had done in Babylon. Accordingly they erected an altar on the bare rock and, without waiting for the building of the new Temple, offered sacrifices. It was fifty years since the smoke of sacrifice had ascended from the summit of Mount Moriah, and we can understand how the sight must have gladdened the hearts of priests and people.

The foundation of the Temple. The ceremony of laying this stone was as imposing as it could be made. The priests in their robes, blowing on the trumpets, and the Levites clapping their cymbals, and the people shouting and singing, combined to make the occasion memorable. But it had naturally its element of sadness. The old men who could remember Solomon's Temple realized how poor in comparison was the richest house they could hope to build. But there was no need for them to weep, unless it was for the national sin which had led to the destruction of the former house. The new

[illegible] would be good enough for the purpose, and a sum of at least four hundred thousand dollars was in hand for material [illegible]. A gentleman coming to [illegible] a few years ago sought out an old friend at whose grand mansion on Fifth Avenue he stayed on a former visit. He found him now occupying a flat in a side street and expected that he would be depressed by the change in his domicile. To his surprise his friend greeted him with greater cheerfulness than before. "I am a great deal happier now," he said, in explanation. "My friends think I am ruined, but I am saved. The business I was in was ruining souls, and I am glad I am rid of it. There was the taint of blood on every dollar I made. I should never have had the moral courage to give it up; but I lost it, and I am glad. I would not be in it again and bear the reproach of my conscience for millions of dollars. I am earning enough by honest labor to pay my way, and that is enough for me. Thank God my hands are clean now."

Let us build with you. It was a friendly offer, and the returned exiles certainly needed help. Why, then, would they not accept this friendly overture? The reason lay in the character, origin and faith of the people who made it. They were people who had been brought to the country more than a hundred years before to take the place of the ten tribes. They were idolaters, but having the idea common at that time that every country had its peculiar God, they had, as a matter of prudence, worshiped the God of the country in which they had come to settle. He was not their God, but he might do them harm if they lived in his country without worshiping him. (See II. Kings 17: 24-26). What had they in common with these returned Hebrews? If they were allowed to help in building the temple, they might afterwards claim a share in the management of it, might even want to bring their idols into it. Not long ago a Young Men's Christian Association in a country town was anxious to build a gymnasium. It was very difficult to raise the money. Some wealthy young men offered to as[illegible] with large [illegible], if they were admitted to membership. The rules, however, excluded them because they were men of notoriously irregular life. So the rules were changed to permit the large givers to become members. By and bye their conduct so disgusted the regular members that many of the latter withdrew. Then more irreligious young men were admitted, until finally the wicked element was the stronger, and they could carry their proposal to hold athletic contests on Sunday and in other ways make the name of "Christian" a by-word in the town.

Ye have nothing to do with us. The answer looks churlish and the Jews have been blamed for their refusal. It brought them serious trouble. The men so rebuffed protested to the king and the building of the temple was delayed for over fifteen years by the opposition that ensued. But the Jews were right. All their misery had come from their association with the heathen. They had learned that lesson, at least, in their long exile, and they have never forgotten it to this day. Their very existence is the result of their exclusiveness. They would soon have been absorbed into other nations if they had not steadfastly resisted the process at the beginning. They could be friendly, but in matters of religion there could be no partnership. Christians are not always so careful. Some years ago a Christian girl listened to the suit of a godless young man. She was reluctant to marry him, but he promised so much, assured her that she should not be restrained from going to church, and should keep all her religious habits. She hoped, too, that she might be the means of his conversion, and finally, over-persuaded, she married him. For a time she was regular at church, but gradually she became indifferent. Her husband ridiculed her faith. Her children grew up to despise it. Gradually her own belief was undermined. There was nothing in her life to nurture it, and she at length abandoned it altogether.

Should a Church Accept a Saloon-keeper's Gift?

J. R. N's Letter of Inquiry Excites a Storm of Discussion—Many Condemn Such Gifts as "Blood-Money"—Others Would Accept

SELDOM has any letter to THE MAIL-BAG attracted such attention as the communication from J. R. N., a reader in Zanesville, O., which appeared in a recent issue. It will be remembered that the writer of that letter asked the question whether "a Christian church is justified in accepting a gift of money from a saloon-keeper, to be used in connection with its missionary and other spiritual work." We submitted the question to the judgment of our readers and invited a free and general expression of opinion. In response we have received a very large number of letters and as space limitations make it impossible to print all in this issue, we give below a portion of the answers in the order in which they were received:

Deaf Mute, Frederick, Md., writes:

The Bible says that the disciples were told that when they were invited to dine with a heathen, or one who worshiped idols. they could do so and partake of what was set before them, asking no questions for conscience's sake; but if the master of the house should say it was sacrificed or dedicated to his god or idol, they should not partake of the meal for their conscience's sake. If the saloon-keeper contributes towards supporting missionary and other spiritual works, I think the church would be justified in accepting the money without asking him where or how he got the money, etc., for conscience's sake; but should he say he got or could make money enough by selling liquor and would be able to help the church, it is better not to accept his offer.

Mrs. M. J. Manning, Chicago, writes:

God wants no money, to carry on his work, obtained through the sale of that which ruins both soul and body. There is no curse on our otherwise fair earth to-day that equals the liquor traffic, and any church ought not to take long to decide the matter.

Zenus Kingsberry, Brownsville, Vt., writes:

Saloon money is the price of broken hearts—of the life and happiness of God's little ones—men, women and children. Now, for the Christian church to take the price of blood and offer it to God in sacrifice to carry forward his work in saving men would simply be an insult. It falls below the integrity of the Pharisees in Christ's day. It was unlawful to put the price of blood into the treasury. Hence they bought the Potter's Field to bury strangers in.

W. J. Portwood, Germantown, Pa., writes:

I am not a believer in saloons, but in regard to receiving money from a saloon, I think is just as good as another store or a private house. The saloon had to sell in exchange for the money as another store would have to do. I think the church would be doing right in receiving the money—and not that alone, but it might be the means in time of saving the souls of the saloon-keeper's family.

T. H. C., Plainfield, writes:

Accept no saloon benefactions. It is blood money. It might, even remotely, be a bribe. It does put one under a kind of obligation to an illegal traffic. Far better to assist a saloon-keeper (if in distress or sickness), than to accept of him (while in active rum business), religious assistance. After years of acceptance, the Long Island Baptist Association decided to refuse to accept thereafter money paid for licensing a base traffic. I think other religious associations have followed the same course.

Jessie McD., Brooklyn, N. Y. Such gifts, being unconsecrated, and not given for the purpose of furthering God's glory, but man's vanity, must remain unblessed and should not be accepted.

A. D. A., Toledo. "Who art thou that judgest thy brother?" If men, once worldly, feel drawn to the Cross, shall we oppose a barrier? Are we to be the judge of the sincerity of their action, or is God? May it not be the turning-point, the spiritual crisis of their lives, which would be thrust back by our opposition into the old channels of sin, instead of entering upon the boundless sea of God's mercy?

Reader, Lexington, Ky. If we are to rule out all contributors to church purposes, who are engaged in business that are not to some folks' liking, we will very soon find that we are making a mistake. "The whole need no physician." We should take such people into the congregation and try to make good Christians of them, instead of beginning by shutting the door in their faces and flinging their gifts after them

J. B. M., Kalamazoo, Mich. Does it not tend to lower the spirituality of a church? Is it not conforming to the wishes of the world, getting support from the world? I believe that bad means deprave good ends, and that money obtained from the world neither blesses those who give, nor those who receive. It tends to make the church trust more in wordly gifts and less in God. On the other hand, it is contended that a considerable number of churches could not meet their financial obligations without such methods. I am a member of a Presbyterian church here, and heard the subject ably and warmly discussed by two members of the session, without being able to come to any agreement.

Mrs. H. Andrew, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

I say No, it is not right, because it is the price of blood, and I think God's people are not careful enough in this matter. I think, today, that is why our missionary fields lack money for their work, because they are not careful enough. If they would only ask, the dear Lord would open a way for Christian hearts to supply money for this work.

Henry D. Gordon, Washington, D. C., writes:

Take it! If this money had a soul, it would cry out from its uttermost depths: "Give me the opportunity! I have been forced into channels of darkness and evil! And now a ray of light and blessing beams on me. Oh, keep me not back." If we refuse the money because of evil channels through which it comes, shall we not refuse other money for the same cause? And is not all money in this sense more or less contaminated? Yes. Take it; delay not, lest it be forced back to promote the greatest source of crime and brutality. Take it, that it may expand the church, its soul-saving, its charities, its blessed missions, and glorify God who gave it. Do we not take the drunkards and the Magdalenes?

W. W. Hubbard, Philadelphia, writes:

How can a church innocently accept and use for the furtherance of the world's evangelization, money passed over the bar in the grog-shop? Impossible, for besides the fact that it would be the receiver of stolen goods, there is the added guilt of the knowledge that it was stolen. The voice of victimized maidenhood of abandoned wifehood, robbed womanhood and impoverished childhood cry out in anguish against such an apalling injustice. The anguish of lost character and dehumanized manhood, sound above the strife of nations against this dreadful sin. The ring of the thirty pieces of silver as Judas flung them down on the marble floor was music to his ear, as compared with the unutterable and unbearable torture of the voice of his remorseful conscience for having received the price of blood. If we have but a spark of conscience within us, can we fail to see at once in this not only blood money, but the price of a soul? In the name of the world's blessed Redeemer—quick—"Get thee behind me, Satan!"

M. I. Banks, Boston, Mass., writes:

See Matt. 27: 6. Money made by the sale of wine, liquors and beer, or by rent of buildings devoted to their sale, is assuredly "blood money," for it has destroyed the bodies and souls of men. Why think to use money by pulling down God's kingdom, to build it up again? No! God has enough followers, whose money is consecrated, for all his work, and they should think it their highest privilege to give to him "who giveth all." Nearly all the poverty in the world comes from the use of intoxicants, and thousands now "in comfortable circumstances," would be the rich men of their respective cities in a few years, if they would not spend a cent for liquors, wines or beer. Consecrated Christians should never use unconsecrated money. For God's use it should be "first fruits" and "wi thout blemish.'

Archie W. Ginzkey, Alma, Wis., writes:

I think it right to accept it for this reason: It is sure to be used as other people's gifts are, probably for tracts or Bibles or else for the support of a minister. By his gifts the saloon-keeper is getting more enemies, and the more enemies he has the better for Christianity.

W. S. Cain, Atchison, Kansas, writes:

Children here grow up accustomed to the practical sale of indulgences to sell liquor and keep vile resorts in violation of law. The excuse is that these evils cannot be suppressed and that the fines (practical license) raise revenue and keep such places under police surveillance. After having vainly tried to enforce the law, I have protested against existing usage, and as an effort to make the best of an evil we cannot suppress, have advocated the setting apart of monies raised by such fines to build homes for the fallen women and wrecks of men who follow in the train of these evils. I would accept, under present conditions, the saloonkeepers' money and expend it upon the victims of his patrons—the unfortunate wives and children.

T. F. Martin, Blair, Neb., writes:

Take the money and commend the giver for giving it. No good act should be frowned upon. We don't know the impulse that prompts good deeds, nor to what glorious results they may lead if encouraged.

W. B. Olmstead, Jackson, Mich, writes:

The evils of the saloon are so great and so entirely opposed to the Christian church, that it would seem inconsistent with the spirit of true separation from the world to accept money from such a source to carry on the Gospel.

Olyette Ellis, Windsor, Wis., writes:

If the pastor, deacons and members of your church voted to legalize the saloon business, your church need have no compunctions about accepting contributions from the saloon-keeper; for in granting license to make drunkards, paupers and criminals, you accepted his bribe and are therefore entitled to a portion of the "blood money."

J. B. Heisey, Lancaster, Pa., writes:

Take the money if you are not placed under obligations to favor his business. The Lord uses many different agencies to carry on his works.

C. T. Langeson, Hutchinson, Minn., writes:

The saloon is an open enemy to the home, and to the kingdom of God. The money coming from the saloon is the fruit of the ruin of men; to receive it as a gift for Christian work will be displeasing to God.

Another instalment of replies to J. R. N.'s problem will appear next week. We shall be pleased to hear from all who hold definite views on the subject, which is one that affects the welfare of every Christian church in the land.

A BIG RING-A-ROSY AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME ON THE HUDSON

Our Children's Visitors

Philanthrophists, Missionaries and Educators call on Our Little Folks—A Letter

MANY visitors have found it interesting to call at our Children's Home this summer and to pass some pleasant hours with our little guests. Some visitors, seeing how happy the little ones are, feel drawn to ask that a child of the tenements may, through their instrumentality, share in the benefits of the Home. Almost without exception our visitors express themselves as debtors to the children for a happy and profitable experience. Mothers of the children spending a day at the Home are specially delighted. Missionaries and people engaged in philanthropic work generally find peculiar interest in going through the dormitories, and watching the children at play and at their meals. Some of our most appreciative visitors are teachers and kindergarteners. The following sketch, called "A Wood Ramble," written by Miss Coles, training teacher in the Kindergarten Department of the New York Normal College, will give our readers an idea of the affectionate responsiveness with which our little folks greet all who show friendly interest in them:

Strolling through the woods of Nyack Heights one morning recently, I met a large party of boys and girls from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home in charge of one of the teachers. We were soon friends, for we so often realize, changing the words of Solomon's proverb a little, "As in water face answereth to face," so the heart of a child answers to one who will be childlike.

There were opportunities for character study. We noticed how some children plucked with roots and all, the yellow daisy, a flower so easily observed, while others hunted carefully for the very delicate wild flowers, the little red stars not easily seen. We gratefully received their offerings of love.

The benefit of nature study in our public schools in developing habits of observation was noted with interest. We heard one child saying, "The centre of the yellow daisy is all little flowers." Great delight was manifested in the finding of some of last year's chestnut burrs; and a talk followed upon the downy home of the nut and its need of an outside spiny covering. A chestnut leaf was plucked, whereupon one little girl remarked, "We drew that in school." Genuine interest was manifested in comparing an elm with a chestnut leaf. "This is rough and this is smooth," exclaimed happy voices. "The chestnut is long and not so wide." How ready a little group were to promise to tell "teacher," when she might ask the question in the fall, "What are woods?" that it was a place "all shady and full of trees." One little girl said, "My teacher tells us of the woods," but in the child's face there seemed to be expressed the satisfaction that now she too could talk about woods.

We said good bye to our little friends with a heart made glad, because of the knowledge of the joy and happiness that is, in these summer days, entering the lives of these little ones. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Prev ack	$5,310 63	Smith, Helen Y	6 00
Acton, Mrs E J	1 00	Smith, Ida Patton	2 00
Bailie, H M	3 00	Stearns, D M	5 00
Ballou, C F	3 00	Sullivan, Mrs H A	50
Bennett, G W	6 00	Waterbury, A M	3 00
Bennett, Miss M	3 00	Watson, Mrs T J & Ada Rundell	2 25
Bennett, Miss O C	25	Woodhams Mr&Mrs W	5 00
Benson, I L	9 00	Wright, Mrs A R	6 00
Breece, H O	2 75	—, Winnebago	2 00
BrewsterMr&MrsHM	25 00	Mrs AMP Chula Vista	2 00
Burnham Springfield	1 00	BDL Eatontown	1 00
Carey, Jane	1 00	C P, Lansdowne	3 00
Clark, Mrs A K	50	EAEW, Snowflake	3 00
Collison, H R	10 00	JHK, Reynoldsville	10 00
Cowan, Agnes	5 00	LBM, Detroit	3 00
Cowles, L R	3 00	Mrs MC St Joseph	1 00
Cunningham, Clara J	1 00	M&H W, Kelly's Is'd	1 50
Depew, Leidy S	2 00	Mrs MTH, Hackensack	6 00
Dewitt, Mrs A	3 33	S A B, Council Bluffs	50
Dorenty, Mrs J C	2 00	S D D, N Y City	10 00
Dugan Bros	3 00	V M P, Kennett	5 00
Fitzpatrick, Mrs J M	3 00	A friend of the child'n, Waterbury	3 00
Frick, E H	3 00	Friend E, Brooklyn	6 00
Frink, Miss Lucretia	3 00	Friend, Eugene	60
Guerin, Maria P	2 00	" Redlands	1 00
Heates, C	1 00	Reader Leechburg	1 00
Hedden, Harriet C	3 00	Prim dept Bap S S, Paterson	3 58
Heltrich I H	5 00	In mem of Harry Williams	3 00
Holden, Mrs M C	6 00	New subr	3 00
Hulskamper, Mrs J A	3 00	Subr, Philipsburg	3 00
Jones, Samuel	3 00	A lover of children, Goffstown	1 00
Kefauver, C A	6 00	A lover of children, Key West	3 00
Larsen, Louis	3 50	[illegible]	1 00
Lawrence, Clara G	2 00	I H N, Baltimore	1 00
Leaning, F H	3 00	" Dayton	2 00
Magness, S C	2 00	" Springport	1 00
Martinean, J B	3 00	In Jesus Name, New Conlon	5 00
Mills, Mr&Mrs O S	15 00	" Union City	2 00
Myrick, C C	1 00	Total	$5,601 89
Nichols, Mrs Jas H	1 00		
Normandy, Mrs C R	3 00		
Pease, Miss H K	3 00		
Poinier, Mrs J	5 00		
Putnam, Mrs L W	5 00		
Rohlf, Mrs F H	3 00		
Sargent, W B	1 00		

Famine Follows Flood in Cyclone-Swept Porto Rico

2,000 DEAD AND OVER 100,000 HOMELESS AND STARVING

A Great Calamity Which Christian America can do Much to Soften — Our Government Directs Relief Measures — "The Christian Herald" Opens a Fund—Appeal of the Women's Aid Society of Porto Rico—An Opportunity for all to Help a Good Cause

OVER two thousand dead, and at least one hundred thousand men, women and children homeless, helpless and destitute—such is the appalling record of the cyclone which swept over Porto Rico on the night of August 8. It was one of the most destructive cyclones ever experienced in this hemisphere, and while it swept over the entire West Indian group, it expended its greatest violence on the devoted island of Porto Rico, which lay in the very centre of its path. Hundreds of dwellings were wrecked by the force of the wind, and nearly every vessel in the harbors and along the coast was swept to destruction. The rivers, swollen by torrential rains, and augmented by the great tides that rolled in from the sea, became like great lakes, and inundated towns, villages and hamlets, carrying dwellings from their foundations and drowning multitudes of the unfortunate inhabitants. Those who could escape in time fled to the hills, but large numbers were overtaken by the flood, and made a desperate but hopeless battle for their lives.

THE MARKET PLACE OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

In Ponce, the most destructive effects of the cyclone were experienced. The Portugues and Canas Rivers, swelled by the sea and the rain, flowed through the center of the town with the force of a tidal wave. Dwellings, sheds, warehouses and docks were soon a complete wreck, and the whole port became a ruin, with almost every vessel dismantled, crushed or stranded. The loss of life was appalling. People who sought safety on the roofs of stone dwellings were paralyzed with terror as they saw the bodies of men, women and little children floating past them amid debris and wreckage. Our American soldiers, who were in more secure quarters, acted with great courage and saved many lives. The Alhambra Plaza, in the centre of the city, was a lake, and the Casino, where the American police were quartered, was so battered and twisted by wind and waves as to be uninhabitable. The bodies of human beings and cattle floated everywhere, many mangled and disfigured by the contact with heavy beams and drift. It was practically impossible to save any of those poor victims who were caught in the current, and amid pitiful cries they swept onward to destruction.

Estimates place the number of dead at not less than two thousand, but it may ultimately prove to be much larger when exact facts are known, which can only be after the debris is fully examined for the bodies of the victims. Hundreds of bodies have been recovered and buried, but it is believed that a still larger number will be found in the ruins. Over 1,000 perished in Ponce, ninety at Cayey, sixty-four in Humacao, twenty-six in Arroyo, 400 in Arecibo, three hundred in Utando, fifteen at Guayamas, two hundred in Tabucao, forty-six in Juan Diaz, 200 in Yabucoa, and as a number of other towns have not yet been heard from, it is feared that they also have suffered very heavily in dead and injured. All telegraphic communications were destroyed. Among the towns which are known to have been devastated, but which have not yet reported, are: Las Piedras, Trujillo Alto, San Isabel, Bayamo, Lallabao, Juncos, Patillas, Coamo, El Cayey, Guayanilla, Naguabo, Salinas, and Carolina.

Playa, the port of Ponce, with 5,000 inhabitants, was completely destroyed. Humacao is a ruin, and its 6,000 people are homeless and starving.

* * *

The storm began at seven o'clock on the morning of the 8th, and increased in violence until ten, when a lull ensued, lasting until six o'clock in the evening. It then began to blow with redoubled fury and continued until two o'clock the next morning. A tremendous downpour of rain accompanied the high winds, and every little mountain stream was a raging river. In nearly all the towns, the food supplies and stores were lost, being either ruined by the inundation, or swept away in the general destruction of buildings.

The detailed story of the disaster cannot yet be told, but enough is known to justify the statement that the calamity is the worst that has befallen Porto Rico since the great storm of 1867, when over 6,000 human beings perished. At that time Spain made no effort to aid the stricken people. They were permitted to drown or to starve without a hand being raised to save or a word of compassion being spoken. Now, in their new calamity, these unfortunates will not be neglected. The great heart of the American people, ever open to the call of suffering, is already responding and the first relief cargo is on the way from New York. Other cargoes must follow quickly if lives are to be saved and a worse disaster averted.

When the flood had somewhat subsided the work of rescue immediately began. The stone churches were utilized as hospitals and relief stations, and were quickly filled to overflowing with the destitute and injured. Hundreds of dead bodies were recovered from the waters. The intense heat which followed the storm threatened to bring about a pestilence. The cisterns were filled with sea-water and the ground was soaked with salt. No drinking water was obtainable anywhere.

* * *

Gen. Davis, the military commander of Porto Rico, telegraphed to the War Department in Washington, briefly describing the disaster, and appealing for

PORT OF PORTO RICO, WHERE HUNDREDS OF VESSELS WERE DESTROYED

PONCE, WHERE OVER 1,000 PERSONS PERISHED

A TYPICAL SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE ISLAND

help for the survivors. He estimates the number of destitute natives at **100,000 souls,** and expresses the belief that a famine is imminent and asks that 2,000,000 pounds of rice and beans be immediately shipped to Porto Rico on transports to feed the starving. The cyclone entirely destroyed the growing crops, ruined farms and plantations and caused frightful havoc in the interior of the island. The natives cannot produce any crops for months to come.

Immediately on receipt of Gen. Davis' telegram, Secretary Root, of the War Department, issued a proclamation calling upon the Mayors of the leading cities of the Union to open Relief Committees. He has also made a similar call on the Governors of the States. He ordered that supplies be furnished from the commissary department stores in Porto Rico to the destitute. When the news of the calamity was received in New York, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in behalf of its readers, immediately telegraphed Secretary Root, contributing **$1,000** for the relief work. In this, as in other similar emergencies where the welfare of multitudes of afflicted fellow creatures is concerned, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD did not hesitate to take a decisive step, trusting confidently to its readers for approval and support.

* * *

The next step was the organization of a representative committee for relief work in the field, as an adjunct to the operations under Gen. Davis. Three American ladies of high social standing and already well known for their Christian work in Porto Rico, were invited to act as such committee and graciously consented. They are Mrs. Guy V. Henry, wife of Gen. Henry, Military Governor of Porto Rico; Mrs. Fred D. Grant, wife of Gen. Grant, late District Commander of San Juan, and Mrs. Hanna, wife of Hon. Philip C. Hanna, our Consul-General to the Spanish West Indies. Mrs. Henry was the first President, and Mrs. Hanna the first Secretary of the Women's Aid Society of Porto Rico, which they founded during the invasion. These ladies have authorized the following appeal to be issued to the readers of this journal and to Christian people throughout the United States:

We earnestly appeal to you on behalf of the suffering and destitute women and the helpless and dying children of storm-swept Porto Rico, who through this widespread calamity have lost their homes, their crops, their clothes, in fact their entire worldly possessions.

Your readers have done so much for the starving and dying of India, of Russia, of Armenia, of Cuba, and of our own country, that we know our appeal will not be in vain. This calamity is more awful than any which has stirred your generous impulses, and is at your very door. While remembering that "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," we must not forget the other admonition, "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

They are now our own; we have adopted them, and to whom shall they turn in this, the hour of their direst need, if not to us? A similar hurricane swept Porto Rico in 1867, but Spain abandoned her colony to its harowing fate. Shall America do no better? Let us show to the world that America regards her new children as sons and daughters, whose relief in this extremity is at once her duty and her privilege.

The Women's Aid Society of Porto Rico is composed of American and Porto Rican ladies of the best standing, who have been working ever since the invasion to help the distressed of the island; and they will act gladly and promptly in the work of getting relief supplies into the proper hands, and getting them there at once.

Let us all contribute, remembering that he gives twice who gives quickly. A dollar given immediately will do as much good as two dollars remitted three months hence.

MRS. GUY V. HENRY,
IDA H. GRANT,
MRS. PHILIP C. HANNA.

* * *

This great calamity, filling the whole island with sorrow and lamentation, and leaving 100,000 destitute, makes Porto Rico more than ever a special charge upon the hearts of the generous American people. They now turn to us for aid and comfort. It must not be recorded that the Christian people of our land ever let such a cry pass unheeded or closed their ears to the supplication of the helpless.

In past years, the readers of this journal have done valiant service for Christ in many lands. By their prayers, their consecrated gifts and their delegated workers, they have lifted the burden of sorrow from tens of thousands of hearts, and have saved multitudes of lives. They have carried forward the standard of the Master and blessed multitudes, receiving in return the priceless reward of Divine approval. Let all help to save Porto Rico. He that giveth quickly giveth twice. Every gift will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Special Photographed for "The Christian Herald"

LOADING RICE AND BEANS ON THE TRANSPORT "MCPHERSON" FOR STARVING PORTO RICO

Our photographs present some interesting scenes in Porto Rico. On the first page of this issue is shown the government transport *McPherson*, sailing from Brooklyn with 1,200,000 pounds of rice and beans for the sufferers. One photographic group tells an interesting historical story. It shows the last American and the first Spanish consuls to Porto Rico.

Count Tudela, the first accredited representative of Spain to her former colony, is a diplomat of thirty years' experience, and has represented his government in various West Indian and South American countries. During the Spanish war, he was actively engaged in the service of his government at Hayti and Santo Domingo. Upon the resumption of diplomatic relations, Count Tudela was assigned as consul to San Juan.

Philip C. Hanna, the other member of the group, is the last American consul to the Spanish West Indies, his headquarters being at San Juan. He is the noted young diplomat who has served his government so acceptably at Venezuela, during the troublous times of 1892–3, and who, during the late war with Spain, was very active in protecting American interests in Porto Rico, and afterward at the Danish Island of St. Thomas. Consul Hanna explains that the banana is the principal food all over the island, without which the people would starve. If the report is true that all the blossoms have been blown off the trees by the cyclone, the people will be helpless and dependent on relief for at least five months.

Spanish Consul, Count Tudela — U. S. Consul, Philip C. Hanna

THE FIRST SPANISH AND THE LAST AMERICAN CONSULS IN PORTO RICO

* * *

We may never again be under the necessity of helping Porto Rico. Within five years, Consul Hanna says, it will be the richest spot on the earth: the estates will be so productive that labor is bound to share in the profit.

"The field," he adds, "is a noble one for all Christians to work in, for the uplifting of this simple-hearted folk, who like that which appeals to their heart, and who, I am firmly convinced, are capable of becoming representative Christians, as well as representative Americans. I sincerely hope that in the existing emergency, the response to the present appeal of Porto Rico, will be of such a character as to further increase the good impression already made there."

* * *

Secretary Root was interviewed in Washington by a representative of this journal. He was exceedingly enthusiastic over the generous responses which his appeal had evoked, and he declared that the American people in this matter were living up to their traditions, as they always promptly respond to appeals of this kind. Their hearts were right, and they were swift to answer the call of suffering, and to pour, with lavish hand, out of their abundance. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with characteristic generosity, the Secretary added, was among the first, if not the very first, to send a response. He was extremely thankful for what it had done.

All contributions should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR
[illegible] G. B. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Letters [illegible]

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
[illegible] New York City.

Let All Help Porto Rico!

PORTO RICO, cyclone-swept and prostrate, appeals to the sympathies of the American people for aid in her time of sore trial and suffering. Thousands are already dead, and over **one hundred thousand** men, women and children are destitute and starving. The despatches tell the sad story of appalling disaster, and awaken universal sympathy.

On receiving the news of the calamity, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in behalf of its readers, telegraphed to Secretary Root of the War Department, contributing the sum of **$1,000** for the relief of the sufferers. If every reader of this journal will send his or her offering promptly, the distress will be greatly alleviated and a rich blessing will follow. All contributions for this most urgent cause will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and immediately applied to the relief work.

These Porto Ricans are our own brothers and sisters. They sought the protection of our flag and became American citizens without a struggle. We have already been instrumental in bringing them many blessings, and in presenting the Gospel and opening Sunday Schools among them. Their utter helplessness now gives them an additional claim upon us. Let us take up the Christian's burden and come quickly to their rescue.

Send a mite for Porto Rico, and with it a prayer for the relief of that sorely-stricken people.

After the Battle

WE all know that though a war may last for years, a battle may be ended in one hour. The war between Christianity and unbelief has been going on for ages, but ever and anon there is a special clash of weapons. In this last quarter of our century there has been a sharp collision between the Gospel and agnosticism. The old war will reach into the twentieth century, and perhaps into the twenty-first, but this particular contest fought by pen in magazine, and by tongue on platform, is about ended. So now let us walk over the battlefield, and count the dead, and carry off the wounded into hospitals, and examine the dismounted guns and the dismantled fortresses. After the battle—look, and contemplate. Surely such a resounding and relentless attack upon the great classic of the Christian must have left the Bible in a bad shape and strewn its torn leaves all across the field. No. Every copy of the old book that I pick up opens with the words, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," and closes with "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." Then I count the books of the Bible and find that there remain the original sixty-six as in the time of the King James translation. I go into the courtrooms and I find witnesses and jurors sworn, their hand on the Book which has been so severely satirized. I get on board the rail train, and I find a copy by the American Bible Society put in a wooden pocket at the end of the car. I stop at the hotel and I find on the table the Book which says the sun and moon once stood still. I go on shipboard and I find in the cabin among hymn books and liturgies the Book that tells of a sea-monster that arrested a prophet trying to escape his duty. I go into the colleges and universities and I find the president of the learned institution reading to the students assembled in chapel for morning prayers the Book which for the last thirty years has been under concentrate fire. Being fond of great architecture, I go through our towns and cities and I find huge timber and great piles of granite and marble, and the masons and the carpenters are busy, and I say, "What are you building?" and the answer is, "A church." What will they put in the corner-stone? A Bible. From what will they preach from in the pulpit? A Bible. I go through all the respectable houses of Christendom, and it is a startling exception to find a house without a Bible. What are those thousand printing presses doing on both sides the ocean? Printing Bibles—family Bibles, illustrated Bibles, Bibles with commentary, pocket Bibles, Bibles for the young, Bibles for the old. What are the International Sunday School lessons all over the world doing? Explaining to millions and millions of children the Bible.

After the battle can it be that you will find a man of brain or a man of influence who dare appear as a disciple of Christianity? Its antagonists have for the last quarter of a century raised such a roaring laugh against the Christian religion, can it be that a man of any sensitiveness, or who desires to be thought level-headed, will allow suspicion of friendliness to the Gospel to rest upon him for an hour? Could anyone of self-respect stand up against the fusilade of wit and caricature and mimicry? Surely under the clapping hands and stamping feet heard at the infidel lecture the last hope of the grand, motherly religion must have disappeared forever. No! No. At the head of the American nation we find an old-fashioned Methodist bowing his head every Sunday in church, and singing with full voice, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." Nearly all the judges of the United States Supreme Court members of churches, and some of them so far gone in religion as to be elders in Presbyterian churches. The greatest lawyers of America are Christians. The greatest physicians of America are Christians. After the battle there are more churches, more Bibles, more Christian universities, more evangelization, more consecrated fortunes. The mightiest assault of all the centuries upon the Gospel and the church having left this result, I come to the conclusion that if infidelity will keep on delivering its lectures and printing its tracts and sharpening its wit and spitting its venom and hurling its anathemas, by the middle of next century there will be nothing for the church of God to do but celebrate its victories and garner its harvests and pick flowers out of the desert which "shall blossom as the rose." This is the way we feel after the battle.

The Joy of Living

THE great open secret of happiness is not to be found in any philosophy or by any searching. It resides in the cheerful acceptance of life, in the fulfilment of its duties, and in that serious, true and undefiled religion which "rests in the Lord." To have life, and have it abundantly, this is in itself a great joy. It helps us to meet all emergencies, raises us after every blow; it rises to every occasion; it diffuses its own element, cheers, elates, strengthens by its mere presence. A person full of life has only to show himself, and if his vivacious nature is allied to good temper, it is irresistible. The body ever active, the mind always alert, the spirits always fresh, such an energetic vitality adapts and qualifies a man to the state of things he must live in, and so is the way to success. Life often carries it over brains, because it includes a constant sense of now, with a faculty of making the best of it.

There is a great deal said about the "overwork" of the present age, but the fact is, that very few people overwork themselves. If a man works hard, it generally agrees with him directly or indirectly. Idleness does twice as much mischief as overwork. It is eating too much, drinking too much, smoking too much, doing everything in a hurry, and doing things at the wrong time and under the wrong circumstances that makes mischief.

Reasonably good work is the great happiness of life. There is a very remarkable passage at the conclusion of the Ninetieth Psalm: "Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us; O, prosper thou our handiwork!" Our feelings, our hopes, our dreams, our expectations and our aspirations will pass away; but our work, thank God! remains. Through eternity what we have done, that we shall be. We are told that not a sound ever made has ceased to vibrate through space; and it is much more true that a good thought, or a loving act, has gone forth in vain. The sensualist says, "eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The sentimentalist says, "all is vanity;" but the Christian prays

> The beauty of the Lord our God be upon us
> O, prosper thou our handiwork!

If we look at our work in relation to what it is to be hereafter, there is no human occupation which is not awful and sacred, because such occupations are the work given us to do—"our portion in the days of our vanity." Indeed, aside from this consideration, they have no intrinsic value; they are just like the lessons of a child at school, worth nothing but as discipline and task. It is right to rejoice in our work, but it is wrong if we forget that eternity from which our work derives its importance. Steam and electricity are great things, but life and death are greater and older. Men lived and died, and loved and hated, and joyed and sorrowed before steam and electricity were known, and they would continue to do so if these things were abolished. Wherever there is life and death we have the great essentials, and the eternal problems which they involve.

Does our age discourage happiness? By no means. It is an age prolific in happiness. Something is always going on; expectation is always on tip-toe. Life is worth living, if it were only to see the marvels which science is daily working; to know the future of electricity; to be spectators of the continuous grand performance of the nations of the world. A man should in these days be ashamed of himself if he cannot derive great happiness from his work, and from the aspects and hopes of the world around him.

In reality there are no more unhappy people now than there has always been; but more people talk of their unhappiness. A great many can at this day put into sonnets their sentimental melancholy, and sell it. If in ancient times a person asked himself such a question as "Is Life Worth Living?" he could not sell his gloomy musings for "copy." A really happy person, however, never asks such a question; he does not even talk about his happiness, any more than a perfectly healthy person talks of his "symptoms." The truth of the matter is that what we call "enjoyment" forms but a very small part of life. It would indeed be a great evil if it was a dominant factor; for "enjoyment" has little to do with our deepest feelings, or our noblest work. If mirth was forced into all our relations of life, it would be as nauseous as sweetmeats mixed with all our bread, and meat, and cheese. No comment on this subject is so pertinent as that of Holy Writ: "I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?"

We are not to flinch from the duties of life: and equally, we are not to neglect its rests [illegible] wisdom to "sit still" and receive the riches [illegible] for the happiness of the future life, if we do well with this life; a promise that surely gives us good hopes that the best and noblest delights [illegible] that the love begun on earth will be as enduring as the soul itself; that spiritual communion [illegible] that the delights of the understanding will not cease their activity.

Those who spend youth well, need not fear age. [illegible] freshness of youth is reserved for those who have come uphill all the way; to find at last the clearer air and serener solitudes of those [illegible] have been gathered this one great fact from all their years of travail and toil—"The Lord God eternal is our dwelling place; from everlasting to everlasting." So then,

[illegible]
Being right glad that they were born,
And thankful that they live!

Amelia E. Barr

BRIEF NOTES

The conference of Young Women's Christian Associations at Northfield was very largely attended. Mt. Holyoke had six tents. Miss Ethe K. Price, of the National Council, took a prominent part. Her [illegible] were specially helpful.

The American Board of Foreign Missions has suffered a bereavement. Its President, Dr. Charles M. Lamson, died suddenly on August 8. Dr. Lamson was fifty-six years of age. During the past [illegible] gregational Church of Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. [illegible] ing a rescue circle for the reclamation of fallen women. The circle has raised a fund for the purchase of a house suitable for a Florence Mission. Mr. Crittenton has given a thousand dollars toward the amount required.

The whole New Testament has now been printed in Korean. Hitherto the Chinese New Testament has been used. That, however, could be read only by scholars. The publication in Korean has been heartily welcomed. The various books were printed as fast as they could be translated. [illegible]

[illegible] large circle by the death of Rev. John Morrison, Pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Portland, Ore. Mr. Morrison died suddenly while on his way East. He was in excellent health when he started, but died after making a tour of Yellowstone Park. He was in his fortieth year.

There are now six Mormon students in Harvard, and sixteen in Johns Hopkins University. Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the Christian Endeavor Society, says that during his recent journey across the continent he found remarkable signs of Mormon activity in many States, and he believes the church is making rapid progress.

The evangelistic services in the Gospel Tent, "Glad Tidings," in New York, have reached the high-water mark. They have now continued eight weeks. Among the prominent speakers last week were Rev. A. T. Pierson, Rev. Dr. Williams, Church of the Apostles, New York, Rev. Ashley Jones, Richmond, Va., Miss Eva Shontz, of the Y. W. T. U., and Rev. Donald D. McLaurin, of Detroit, Mich.

Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., President of Luray College, is offering the usual free scholarships to worthy young women. Orphans or half orphans, of course, will be given preference, but any young girl or woman who is struggling to educate herself, will be considered an applicant for the scholarship. Luray College is situated in the beautiful Valley of Virginia half a mile from the wondertul caverns of Luray. Address Rev. H. M. Wharton, D. D., 304 N. Howard Street, Baltimore, Md.

Rev. John Lewis Clark, for three years assistant pastor to Rev. Dr. Burrell, of the Collegiate Marble Church, New York City, and who for the last five years has been pastor of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Chicago, very acceptably filled the pulpit of Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, in New York City, during the month of July, preaching a series of eloquent and effective Gospel sermons to large and interested audiences. Mr. Clark preaches for two Sundays in the Presbyterian Church at Hempstead N. Y., after which he will probably occupy the pulpit of the Shepherd Memorial Church at Scarborough, N. Y., for one or two Sundays.

The late Judge C. E. Vanderburgh, of Minnesota, who sat on the Supreme and District bench of that State, by successive re-elections, for a period of thirty-five years and was esteemed one of the very first jurists of that section, has left a notable will which has been admitted to probate. It contains the following among other public bequests: $5,000 to Albert Lea College; $5,000 to the Prebyterian Theological Seminary, Omaha, Neb.; $5,000 to the German Theological Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa. A large quantity of real estate in Minneapolis is directed to be sold and the proceeds divided between The American Bible Society and the Presbyterian Boards of Home and Foreign Missions, Freedmen and Ministerial Relief. It is expected that the property will realize sufficient to pay each of these five Boards from $40,000 to $50,000.

Dreyfus Revision

FRENCH society has been deeply stirred by the proceedings of the court martial at Rennes, France, before which Captain Dreyfus has been arraigned The accused man had been kept so completely in ignorance of the events occurring in France during his imprisonment on the Isle du Diable, that when he was put on board a war vessel to bring him back to France, he supposed that he had been vindicated and would be released immediately on his arrival. It must have been a bitter disappointment to him to learn that he was to be again put on trial. On appearing before the officers appointed to be his judges he was, according to French custom, severely cross-examined by the president of the court. The object of the questions was clearly to show that he had knowledge of the facts and statistics which he is charged with having communicated to the German government, or that, if he did not know them, he was an inefficient and unintelligent officer. His replies showed that his knowledge was confined to his own department and that he had made no effort to obtain the information which he is accused of imparting. The proceedings of the court-martial were public except on the days when the secret bundle of papers was examined. These papers, which, it is generally believed, contributed more than the direct evidence toward the conviction of Dreyfus by the court-martial of 1894, had never before been communicated to the accused or his counsel, or the public. It was alleged that the publication of them might involve war. They were probably obtained by some discreditable means from the German Embassy in Paris. They were under examination by the court martial at several secret sittings, but it is evident from the demeanor of Dreyfus and his counsel, that they contained no proof whatever of the guilt of the prisoner. Even Gen. Mercier, one of the most bitter and vindictive of the enemies of Dreyfus, was unable, when put on the stand, to do more than reiterate his conviction of the guilt of the prisoner, and did not produce the conclusive evidence that he has for months past boasted of possessing. Gen. Mercier was severely denounced by M. Casimir-Perier, ex-President of the Republic, whom he had evidently duped during his short term of office. It is now a prevalent opinion that the treachery—if treachery there was—was committed by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, who committed suicide some time ago, after confessing himself guilty of forgery, and that the miscreant, Esterhazy, was the tool which Henry used to write the incriminating documents and collect the price of them from the German government. There appears to be no doubt that Dreyfus is innocent and that his conviction was brought about by a conspiracy of the General Staff, which includes the most distinguished generals in France. The opposition to a revision of his case was thus apparently due to the fact that it could not be revised without bringing disgrace on officers high in command, who had manufactured evidence against an innocent man. A large part of the French aristocracy preferred that a guiltless man should suffer rather than that ignominy shoul fall on the military leaders. This feeling was so intense as to become a passion and the fiercest hatred toward all who contributed to a revision of the case has been engendered. The malignity increased as the trial proceeded and reached its climax in a murderous attack on M. Labordi, the devoted counsel of the prisoner, who was shot down on Aug. 14 in the public street. The wickedness of such an act, following all the villainy that has gone before, shows that the enemies of Dreyfus are becoming desperate. Their conduct is a proof that civilization does not reform morals. More than three thousand years ago the Psalmist complained that just such men had conspired against him:

The mouth of the wicked and the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me: they have spoken against me with a lying tongue. They compassed me also with words of hatred and fought against me without cause (Ps. 109: 2, 3).

♣

Stalest Bread in the World

A recent visitor to Pompeii writes to a daily journal a description of some loaves of bread which have been found in a bakery of the exhumed city. The baker had evidently just drawn the loaves from his oven, when he had to flee for his life. The city, it will be remembered, was not destroyed by lava from the volcano, but was smothered by alternate showers of fine dust and the peculiar cinders, called lapilli, which buried the city under a coat from fifteen to twenty feet thick. Under this covering the bakery, with its store of newly baked bread, has lain hermetically sealed, for 1,820 years. The loaves are of the cottage variety, weighing when new, about two pounds. One of them was stamped with the baker's name, which is still legible. They are now as black as charcoal; all nutriment is gone out of them and they will be kept as curiosities. Well for us is it that a few years before those loaves were baked, that Bread came into the world which, during the lapse of centuries, has never lost its virtue:

Jesus said unto them: I am the bread of life: he that cometh unto me shall never hunger (John 6: 35).

♣

Fatal Plunder

The tragic ending of a drinking orgie is reported from Montgomery, Ala. A negro baseball club of that city went to Eufaula recently to play a negro team there. After the game there was to be a grand supper at which both teams were to be entertained. One of the managers is employed by a firm of druggists, and he decided to contribute to the hospitality by the gift of some wine. Among his employers' stock he had seen bottles which contained some sort of wine, as he had made out from their labels. He stole one or two of these and carried them off in triumph to the feast. After the viands were consumed, the guests and their hosts proceeded to drink, and among other beverages the stolen wine was produced. Before the close of the evening seven of the men who had drank of it were writhing in agony. Medical assistance was summoned, but in three of the cases it was in vain. The men died in acute suffering and the other four are in a critical state. The supposed wine was "wine of colchicum," and was so labelled, but the man who stole it did not know that it was dangerous. The time will come when we shall find that every sin was like this theft, an injury to the man who committed it.

He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul (Prov. 8: 36).

♣

A Deserter's Romance

A strange story of the voluntary surrender of a deserter comes from Philadelphia. Major Craigie is in that city recruiting for the United States Cavalry. Early this year a man from Hartford, Conn., offered himself for enlistment and was accepted. On July 11 he deserted, and though a thorough search was made for him, he could not be found. A few days ago a girl about nineteen years old, of singularly beautiful appearance, called on the Major and tried to make terms by which the deserter could escape punishment on giving himself up. She was told that unconditional surrender was the watchword of the department, but that the fact of the deserter voluntarily surrendering himself would be taken into account in his punishment. Two days afterward she appeared again, accompanied by the missing man. He was promptly put in irons and sent to prison. The girl's eyes filled with tears when she saw him fettered and sent away, and she went off weeping without giving any explanation. The man, however, said he was in love with the girl, but she would not agree to marry him while he was a deserter. She made it a condition of acceptance that he give himself up and undergo his punishment, and for love of her he had done so. This is only another proof that the Apostle was right when he declared that love was the strongest of all forces. When it goes out to Christ it transforms all a man's life and being:

CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS

MRS. DREYFUS

Love vaunteth not itself; seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil... beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things... But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love (I. Cor. 13: 4-13, R. V.).

♣

Buried in Her Arm-chair

A novel funeral took place at Pawling, N. Y., a few days ago. It was that of an elderly lady, the wife of a wealthy contractor, who had exacted a promise from her husband that when she died she should be buried according to her own plans. She had been an invalid for two years and had spent her time in a comfortable roomy rocking-chair. She had a horror of her body being handled by undertakers' men, and begged that she might be buried in her favorite chair. Her wishes were complied with. A box of chestnut planks, nicely polished, was made, large enough to hold the chair and the body. The old lady was seated in the chair just as she died and it was lifted into the box. It was put on one of her husband's open wagons and taken to the cemetery. There a grave, like a room, had been constructed with the walls of brick and cement. A derrick had been brought and when a sling had been placed around the box, it was lowered into the receptacle prepared for it. The old lady's preference for this mode of burial was doubtless based on a purely physical shrinking from the profanation of the body by the hands of strangers. She must have known that after her death her happiness and comfort would not be affected by the posture of the body. We may hope that as she thought of this she would be able to say with the prophet:

When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me (Micah 7: 8).

♣

Arizona's Masked Pitfalls

A traveler in Arizona describes in a Chicago journal a peculiar danger existing in the unoccupied regions of that Territory. He found patches of quicksand in some instances of fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, which, to the ordinary eye, presented no signs of their dangerous character. They are called sumideros by the Mexicans and Indians. Fine particles of dust blown by the winds cover their surface, which the moisture below turns into clay. The peculiar properties of the soil retain all the moisture drained into them after the infrequent rains, and allow it to be filtered to unknown depths, so that a man or a horse or a cow or a sheep that once steps upon that deceptive crust instantly sinks out of sight beyond hope of rescue. The sumideros occur most frequently in the alkali-covered flats. Sometimes they are little pockets or wells that a man can leap across, but the longest pole has never found their bottom. They account for the mysterious disappearance of many men and cattle. It would be well if such pitfalls were only to be found in Arizona. Unhappily, there are in all our great cities, places like them, in which men are lost, not only for this world, but for the next:

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man but the end thereof are the ways of death (Prov. 14: 12).

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Asleep in a Snake's Coil

A press despatch from Canal Dover, Ohio, reports a thrilling experience which has prostrated the mother of a child. Her husband is employed in the Houk mines, and lives in a solitary shanty near Stillwater. He was on night duty recently, and his wife and her child, about two years old, slept in the bed in the shanty. She woke early, and, looking for her child, was horrified to see it sound asleep in the coil of a big snake. Her start of terror was quickly suppressed lest it should disturb the child or the snake. She lay still in an agony of fear, considering what she should do. At last, she grasped the snake with both hands just below the head. To her intense delight, her pressure of the snake's neck caused it to uncoil itself, and she flung it off the bed. Her piercing screams for help were heard by her husband as he was returning from his work, and he speedily killed the snake, which proved to be a large copperhead. Many a child might be saved from a still more terrible danger if the mother were as prompt to act; but unhappily when a child is in the coil of evil habit, the parents often do not recognize its danger until too late:

The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame. Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest (Prov 29 15, 17.)

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Home-Life in the Orient

Dwellers in Tents—In ruined Tombs and Temples—The Harem—Venders and Fakirs

TRAVELERS find that people of the Orient have no home-life, in the Western sense of the word. Home, as we know it, is a distinct product of Christianity. To the Moslem and Hindu, with their strange ideas concerning the inferiority of woman, their practice of secluding wives and daughters and their failure to educate them, the home which an enlightened, exalted and cultivated womanhood, wifehood and motherhood can produce is, of course, impossible.

The freest women of the East are dwellers in tents; the Bedouin sheik's wives at least breathe the free air of heaven. The Bedouin's home is his tent which he moves from place to place. Ask the size of his tribe and he tells you there are so many tents. "Black as the tents of Kedar" is the apt comparison of Holy Writ; for the Bedouin's tents are made of black goat's hair. Rev. Selah Merrill, in his book *East of the Jordan*, graphically describes a typical night in the desert, when going out of his own tent, he counted a dozen or more camp-fires, some near, others far away, the scene calling up in fancy Indian fires and tepees on our Western prairies. The women of the tents are ignorant and curious; they cluster freely about a foreign guest, asking, "Are you married?" "Have you any children?" meaning boys, for girls do not count. They do not eat with the men, but may be observed peeping at the company through rents in the tent.

Ruined tombs and temples are favorite haunts with oriental peasantry. At Luxor and Karnak this is peculiarly noticeable. On the upper Nile miserable mud hovels, inhabited alike by the "family goats, chickens, pigeons and camels" constitute the average home. In Cairo, Jerusalem, Constantinople and other cities, dwellings of the poor are of a superior order to this. The fakirs, pedlars and beggars thronging the ways to stately mosques and palaces often clear sufficient profit from credulous tourists to make comfortable homes, if money were the only essential. The young Greek in our picture, evidently a prosperous vender of bread and curios, and the Abyssinian nurse-woman and her small charge, doubtless have the semblances of homes somewhere; but the beautiful word, as we understand it, must be a sealed mystery to them, if they are like that large majority of their class yet unreached by Christian influences. As for the harem—home of the wealthy woman—that is a prison, a place in some senses less tolerable and of less opportunity for enlightenment than the stones by the roadside, where the vender, the fakir and beggar are free to watch people come and go and to listen to what they tell of the great outside world.

Dreyfus' Letter to his Child

The lonely life of Dreyfus on Devil's Island, the devotion of his wife, the unselfish care of both parents to preserve their children from even a knowledge of the terrible sorrow which hung over them, is well known to our readers. Mme. Dreyfus always spoke to the children as if their father's absence was one of ordinary character from which he might soon return. In a volume of Dreyfus' letters about to be published, the following, written to his little boy by the heart-sick prisoner, is one of many epistles, pathetic by reason of the suffering concealed.

DEAR LITTLE PIERRE:—Papa sends good big kisses to you and to little Jeanne. He thinks very often of you both. I trust you will show Jeanne how to make big high towers of blocks, which it is such fun to tumble down. It grieves me to hear that grandmother is sad. Also, be kind to your grandfather and grandmother, and do not play tricks on your aunts. When papa returns from his journey you will come to meet him at the station with Jeanne, grandmamma and all the rest. More big kisses for you and for Jeanne. Your Papa.

Friendly Plants

Even a doorweed ministers to man's welfare, so perfectly does our Heavenly Father's wisdom and goodness pervade nature. Old-fashioned herbs clustering about the kitchen steps draw life, not only from sun, clouds and rain, but from impurities cast at their roots from the dish-pan and the wash-tub, thereby preventing development of germs hurtful to man, and converting that which else were evil, into the wholesome aromatic fragrance about our doors. The bean-vine over the kitchen window is useful in a double sense. The spicy pinks and geraniums on the garden path, the briar-rose over the cottage door, help our bodies by beneficence as well as our souls by beauty. "Sunflowers keep off fevers," our grandmothers said with truth. There is a lesson for us in all this. We, like the plants and grasses, may be instruments of a Divine alcemy, converting common things into things of grace. We may perform humble, often repellent tasks, in such a way that we make the spiritual as well as the physical atmosphere clear, sweet and wholesome.

A TYPICAL GROUP IN AN ORIENTAL CITY

The Selfish Child

Nobody loves the selfish child—except perhaps, those whose unthinking devotion have made him such. "Unselfish parents often have the most selfish children; and selfish parents the most unselfish," is a remark we frequently hear. The unselfish mother puts away her share of a choice dish for Bob and Kate. The best clothes are given them and mamma goes shabby. Mamma wears herself out in unstinted service; and all these sacrifices they come to accept as a matter of course. On the other hand, the course of the selfish parent naturally involves sacrifice, self-denial and service on the part of the child; and, in this sense, the selfish parent's child has the advantage; yet the advantage is dearly bought, for childhood's most precious possession, manhood's and womanhood's most inspiring memory, is a loving, unselfish mother. Only let the unselfish mother be on her guard against developing in her child the fault she herself does not cherish, and all will be well. One of the loveliest traits in childhood, is readiness to serve parents, and to find in this privilege and not sacrifice. Unselfishness toward brothers and sisters and playmates is a far more precious and abiding possession than the best hat or biggest piece of cake. Teach your child the valuation of moral qualities.

Testing a Book

The place of a book in literature has nothing to do with the amount of information it contains, says a writer in *The Housekeeper*. Our school arithmetics and grammars are all information and not at all literature. A book is valuable too for its moral and spiritual outlook, for the beautiful thoughts in it, for the broader view it gives of life, duty and beauty, for its help in bringing one into closer relationship with all that is good and beautiful and true. If a book is full of good, beautiful thoughts, such as we want to copy into our note books, then we want to read it again and again, to get at the meaning of all that is in it. The secret of the unfailing life of the Bible is the fact that its contents are never exhausted. We always find in it something beautiful to think about. Therein lies the greatest test of a good book—its ability to make us think useful and beautiful thoughts.

The Tenement Waifs

From the city's burning pavements,
From the city's scorching air,
Sick, the poor, weak, prayerful children,
Lame, grey-haired, blind, feeble and bare,
From their fever-breeding prisons
Hear each feeble, weary cry—
Will you leave them there to suffer?
Will you leave them there to die?

Let them have one look at nature,
Let them breathe the palmy air,
Let them ramble in the woodlands,
Let them cull the flowers fair;
Let the cool, refreshing breezes
Fan each [illegible] brow;
Oh, [illegible]
There so helpless, poor and weak

They are pleading for deliverance;
Hear them cry, "take me, take me."
Will you leave them there to suffer?
Will you spurn their helpless plea?
Oh, the poor, weak, suffering children,
Will you pass them rudely by?
They are pleading for deliverance,
Will you leave them there to die?

[illegible] DAVID W. HAND

Nellie's Prayer

NELLIE had learned to say "Our Father," and could not go to sleep at night until her prayers were said. Mamma began to fear that her little girl was saying her prayers altogether by rote and through habit, without a due sense of what prayer is as a high privilege and a communion with a Heavenly Father. She studied how she might make the evening and morning talk with God more real to her little daughter; and so she began to say, "If there is anything you want, dear, ask God for it." At first, the child naturally asked for many trivial things—to find a plaything lost, to have her kitten get well, to learn her A B C's without so much bother; for mamma not to be cross with her, and so on. Mamma did not reprove or restrict, only after each request, she would train Nellie to say: "If it is best for me and everybody, dear Lord." "Because," mamma explained. "God knows everything and we do not. We might ask something hurtful to ourselves or some one else." Mamma was also God's agent in answering some of the prayers—that about not being cross, for instance. Many things came to pass without her intervention; other requests seemingly went unanswered. "But," said mamma, "God hears all the same. This is an opportunity to trust him. Trust is better than what we asked for." Presently, mamma saw that in multiplication of requests, Nellie was losing sight of the sweetest and best of all things.

"Dearie," she said, "If you couldn't put your arms around my neck and love me, what would you do? If I gave you a lot of playthings, you wouldn't mind, would you?" The blue eyes filed, the dimpled arms clung closer. "I wouldn't want any playthings, then!" sobbed Nellie. "Dearie," whispered mamma, "let's give God one prayer, just loving him and asking for nothing. How very dreadful it will be if we ask for so many things and get so many things that we haven't any time to love him at all!" "We'll give him heaps of prayers like that," murmured the child, her lips still quivering. By degrees, Nellie came to feel that the loving prayer was the sweetest of all prayers; whatever petitions were voiced, she would follow with a tribute of worshipful trust and love; and presently, mamma was able to make the little one understand how the first three requests in the Lord's Prayer are 'just loving God;" and then how naturally after this, came the petitions for daily bread, for forgiveness of sins, and preservation from evil; concluding with the trustful, worshipful words: "For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory."

Fearless Birds

When I took a homestead claim on the Dakota prairies, says Alda M. Miller, speaking of the trustfulness of birds before man teaches them fear, the birds were very inquisitive about my affairs. Plover and prairie chicken foraged around the yard and nested in the near vicinity. Larks, wild pigeons, sparrows, buntings and blackbirds boldly flew down to help themselves to the grain I threw to my chickens.

A LITTLE PEACE-MAKER

A Story in Two Parts, Written Expressly for "The Christian Herald" by

. . . MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"APPARENTLY then, we must agree to disagree. If you only would be reasonable, Ethel!"

"It is not a question of my being reasonable, Hugh. The fact is that you dislike my mother so thoroughly that you are never fair to her. You are a different person when she is in the house. As for me, I can't shut my door on my mother, and when she visits me I must treat her with politeness."

"You will not acknowledge that she is interfering and meddlesome and underbred! I shall not do you the injustice to suppose that you do not see these peculiarities of hers as clearly as I do, and if you would for once be candid and own that you see them, and confess that you regard Mrs. Dana's visits as an affliction, I would make an effort to treat her with greater cordiality."

"On the question of breeding, Hugh, I think the less said the better, by a husband who can bring himself to speaking to his wife about her widowed mother as you have just spoken to me. Mamma is not insufferably vain and domineering, purse-proud and arrogant like some persons I could name if I choose; I certainly do not regard her as either meddlesome or intrusive. Naturally, she takes an interest in the affairs of her only daughter, and naturally, if you brand her as ill-bred, you must apply the same epithet in your mind to me. Be careful, Hugh, you may go too far. I was a happy girl once, when I lived at home with my darling mother, and you saw no fault in her then. I haven't found it so delightful being away from her, that I don't look back with envy on those days of peace."

Hugh Mainwaring pushed back his chair, and set his coffee cup down on the table with emphasis. He was about to make an angry retort, when the door of the dining-room opened slowly and a lady of middle age and impressive appearance swept towards the table, with a smooth, low-toned 'Good-morning,' which had a very subduing effect on the disturbed and heated atmosphere.

"Pardon my lateness," said Madam Mainwaring. "It was due to Maggie, who was tardy in bringing my hot water, and then, too, Ethel dear, your breakfast hour is a very uncertain quantity; one day you are early, another late, and I never know on what to count. It is very different at Martha's. Her housekeeping is most orderly, and Hugh, you must remember how fixed was our routine when you were a boy at home."

Hugh did remember it. He had never enjoyed the ironclad rules of his early days. His mother's remark struck him as being decidedly inopportune, following on the conversation she had interrupted. Ethel's mother had just gone after a long visit. His own had just arrived. Neither of the young people got on well with the other's mother, and though Ethel's superior tact prevented her from openly showing her feelings, and kept her from displaying her deepening aversion, Hugh was aware that his wife had no higher opinion of his mother than he had of hers. Both mothers were widows; each had brought up an only child; each was envious of the affection which had won the child away; each distrusted the other, and when, as sometimes happened, the two met in the little married home, which ought to have been an Eden, it became the scene of hostilities hardly less deadly that they were conducted with sarcastic reference and ironical thrust, rather than with tangible weapons. Between them the two mothers had almost succeeded in blighting, as frost blights bloom, the happiness of Hugh and Ethel Mainwaring. The young people were high-spirited and quick-tempered, possessed of an ample vocabulary, and ill-disposed to bear and forbear, as most wedded couples must, in the early years when they are becoming adjusted to one another's ways, and gradually growing with a harmonious wholeness of life.

Most unfortunate are the newly married when obliged to carry on this process under the eyes of any outsider, however sympathetic and judicious. Mesdames Dana and Mainwaring were neither, and the little home with its tottering edifice of domestic peace testified to their misdirected influence in every jarring timber.

"Well!" said Hugh, slipping into his overcoat, "I must be off. Any commands in town, Ethel?"

"Nothing, thank you, except the prepared barley for baby, if you please," was the answer. Ethel was pouring coffee for the elder lady, and did not raise her lips for the kiss Hugh came over to offer her. He stooped and brushed her forehead with the end of his moustache, said good-bye, and was gone.

"Upon my word, Ethel," remarked Madam Mainwaring, "you treat that poor boy with scorn and contempt. At least you might go to the door with him; I always did. A man, in the world with its battles to fight, needs the backing of his home to keep him strong and steadfast. I fear, my love, that since baby came, you are permitting yourself a little to forget what is due to baby's father."

"Good gracious, mother!" exclaimed Ethel, a flush rising upon her cheek and spreading to the roots of her hair, "I would give everything I possess on earth if baby and I could be let alone for one day!"

"Such lack of self-control, Ethel, is very unbecoming in you, and will probably be harmful to your little one. Pray calm yourself and receive a suggestion from one so much your senior as Hugh's mother, without this unseemly display of temper. I am shocked at you, Ethel; shocked and disappointed as well!"

Mrs. Mainwaring had for many years carried on a fashionable school for young ladies; her former pupils were accustomed to the quiet voice of discipline and the restraining cadences of what they called scolding, and she, merited reproof, were familiar in their memories. She had been skilled in the art of subduing the refractory and reducing the rebellious to terms, and it is to be feared that she had enjoyed her power of ladylike invective, and had not scrupled to use it at discretion. From nagging to bullying, the whole gamut was in her practiced hands, and the suffering she inflicted never moved her to pity. In Ethel, however, she had to deal with no shrinking schoolgirl, afraid of tasks and penalties, and sensitive to an expression of disapproval from her mistress. Ethel resented her mother in-law's officious criticism with a fierceness of anger disproportionate to the offence, and due in part to the friction which had preceded it in her intercourse with her husband.

She rose now, a stately little figure, drawing herself up and holding her head high. Her trailing rose-pink gown, trimmed with soft lace; her golden hair, her firm, unsmiling mouth, combined to make her a picture of graceful dignity as she paused a moment to say:

"Only Hugh has a right to find fault with me, mother, but you are my guest, and privileged, I fancy, beyond other people, by a life-long habit of setting the world right. Please excuse me, and I hope you will pass the morning agreeably. I am going to baby now, and later I have an engagement, but we will meet at luncheon."

"Upon my soul!" ejaculated Madam Mainwaring, when she found herself in solitude: "I wish to goodness Hugh had let me pick out a wife for him. Elsie Winston or Mary McDermott would have made him a lovely wife, but Ethel is too much for me, and for him, I fancy."

The elements for conjugal wretchedness being all in order, and the recurrence of scenes like those of the morning being somewhat frequent, it will surprise no one that the young people grew constantly farther apart. Baby, with his wise, wee wrinkled face, seemed to puzzle over the problems in the midst of which he found himself; the poor child did not thrive, and the doctor told Ethel what was the matter.

"You are not yourself in condition to give him the nourishment he needs," he had said weeks before now, when the six-months-old child looking wizened and pallid, ceased gaining weight, and became limp and languid, the physician's advice was imperative.

"Wean the little fellow at once: it is his only hope, and, if you can't make up your mind to a wet nurse, follow my directions absolutely as to the sterilized milk, and the hours for feeding him. I wish I had you with him at St. Beatrice's Hospital; I don't understand it, Mrs. Mainwaring, but life is somehow too exciting for you—you are too nervous, too strained, and this little laddie feels it. American women are far too high strung; if you could take things as the German peasants do, it would be better for your children."

"That's what I am always telling my daughter," observed Madam Mainwaring portentiously. "She lacks repose," said the lady, herself looking like an antique statue, impassive, unemotional and correct.

"Old cat!" said the doctor under his breath, as he slammed the front door. "If Hugh and Ethel could be left to themselves, they'd be all right; and the kid would pick up immediately."

The most quarrelsome pair have intervals of truce, and the most exasperatingly fretful woman has her hours of sweetnes and tranquility. A man, however despotic, must sometimes unbend, and no home is uniformly clouded, even if it have a great many cloudy days. Strangely enough, it was after an unusually prolonged period of calm weather and over the merest trifle, that the next unfortunate quarrel came.

The two mothers had made several visits during the twelve months, and, tractious as they were in some respects, they had a common ground of amity, in baby, now eighteen months old, sturdy on his little legs, and very sweet and dear. His winning ways, his broken efforts at speech, his walking, his teething, his baby loveliness were matters of great pride and interest to each grandmother. They did not agree as to what was best for him, but they both loved him devotedly, and he tyranized over them both. Mrs. Dana was a flighty little lady as to manner, but very gentle and kind hearted. Mrs Mainwaring was always impressive, but she thawed before baby's charms. It was on a visit of her's, that Hugh was so misguided as to quote one of her sayings.

"Ethel, mother tells me that you leave the boy too much to Rosy. She wishes you would look after him yourself."

"I fancy Hugh, dear, that I may be trusted to look to my own baby's welfare. Your mother has too much time on her hands. I suppose she is forced to employ some of it in surveillance of me. I am not sure that she does not peruse my private letters when I am out shopping, or at the club, but I don't mind, I have nothing to hide."

Hugh crimsoned. The insinuation in regard to his mother's curiosity offended him deeply. He thought it coarse and unworthy of Ethel. In point of fact, it had a basis of justice. Madame Mainwaring did not hesitate to open Ethel's desk when she pleased, and she had been quite calmly reading a letter of Ethel's only the day before, when Ethel's entrance unexpectedly, disconcerted her but for a second. A course of spying upon school girls had blunted her sensibilities.

"Pardon me, Ethel," she had explained "I was looking for Lucille's last note, to refresh my memory about her memoranda."

"That is not Lucille's writing, Mater," Ethel had replied calmly. She was really not sorry to have her suspicions and dislike confirmed.

Hugh did not know about this episode. With a man's want of tact he proceeded to re-enforce what he had said at first.

"Your absolute unfairness to my mother, Ethel, is very nearly unpardonable. I desire that you shall speak of her hereafter with respect, at least while she remains under our roof."

"For how long must that last"? said Ethel icily.

(To be Continued).

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

His First Sermon*

I REMEMBER well the first place in which I addressed a congregation of adults. There is a Preachers' Association in Cambridge, connected with St. Andrew's Street Chapel, once the scene of the ministry of Robert Robinson and Robert Hall. A number of worthy brethren preach the Gospel in the various villages surrounding Cambridge, taking each one his turn according to the plan. In my day the presiding genius was the venerable Mr. James Vinter, whom we were wont to address as Bishop Vinter. His genial soul, warm heart and kindly manner were enough to keep a whole fraternity stocked with love; and, accordingly, a goodly company of zealous workers belonged to the Association and labored as true yokefellows. He not only preached himself and helped his brethren, but he was a sort of recruiting sergeant and drew in young men to keep up the number of the host.

I had one Saturday finished morning school and the boys were all going home for the half-holiday, when in came the "Bishop" to ask me to go over to Teversham the next evening, for a young man was to preach there who was not much used to services and very likely would be glad of company. That was a cunningly devised sentence, if I remember it rightly, and I think I do; for, at the time, in the light of that Sunday evening's revelation, I turned it over and vastly admired its ingenuity. A request to go and preach would have met with a decided negative, but merely to act as company to a good brother, who might ask me to give out a hymn or to pray, was not at all a difficult matter.

My Sunday School work was over, tea had been taken, and I set off through Barnwell and away along the Newmarket Road with a gentleman some few years my senior. We talked of good things, and at last I expressed my hope that he would feel the presence of God while preaching. He seemed to start, and assured me that he had never preached in his life and could not attempt such a thing; he was looking to his young friend, Mr. Spurgeon, for that. This was a new view of the situation, and I could only reply that I was no minister, and that, even if I had been, I was quite unprepared. My companion only repeated that *he*, in a still more emphatic sense, was not a preacher, that he would help *me* in any other part of the service, but that there would be no sermon unless I delivered one. He told me that if I would repeat one of my Sunday School addresses it would just suit the poor people, and would probably give them more satisfaction than the studied sermon of a learned divine. I felt that I was fairly committed to do my best. I walked quietly along, lifting up my soul to God, and it seemed to me that I could surely tell a few cottagers of the sweetness and love of Jesus, for I felt them in my own soul.

We entered the low-pitched room of the thatched cottage, where a few simple minded farm laborers and their wives were gathered together; we sang and prayed and read the Scriptures, and then came my first sermon. How long or how short it was I cannot now remember. It was not half such a task as I feared it would be, but I was glad to see my way to a fair conclusion and to the giving out of the last hymn. To my delight, I had not broken down, nor stopped short in the middle, nor been destitute of ideas, and the desired haven was in view. I made a finish and took up the hymn book; but, to my astonishment, an aged voice cried out, "Bless your dear heart, how old are you?" My very solemn reply was, "You must wait until the service is over before making any such inquiries. Let us sing." We did sing; the young preacher pronounced the benediction, and then there began a dialogue which enlarged into a warm, friendly talk, in which everybody appeared to take part. "How old are you?" was the leading question. "I am under sixty," was the reply. "Yes, and under sixteen," was the old lady's rejoinder. "Never mind my age; think of the Lord Jesus and his preciousness," was all that I could say, after promising to come again, if the gentlemen at Cambridge thought me fit to do so. Very great and profound was my awe of "the gentlemen at Cambridge" in those days.

* *The Autobiography of Charles H. Spurgeon.* Compiled from His Diary, Letters and Records by His Wife and His Private Secretary. 4 vols., cloth, profusely illustrated. Special subscription price for the set, $10.00. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

In Brazos Bottoms

THE reports of observers who have followed in the wake of the Texas flood, are not reassuring. Owners and tillers of the soil in many parts of the Brazos Valley must suffer for a long time to come. Mischief wrought by the flood is simply tremendous; the desolation must be seen to be understood. Immense trees, one hundred feet high and five feet in diameter, fell before it, and lie cross-piled; in some places houses stand on gable-ends; indiscriminate masses of rusted farm and domestic implements, dead beasts, and driftwood of every kind mark the flood's terrific track. The greatest damage is the immense deposits of white sand from two to ten feet deep, covering thousands and thousands of acres of the richest land on the continent and rendering it for the present year, certainly, completely barren. The rebuilding of houses and fences, filling of holes, clearing away of driftwood, etc., are small problems compared with that of the removal of this sand. A writer, just returned from an exploration in the Brazos Valley, says:

"The truth compells another gloomy view of the situation. Much importance has been attached to the distribution of seed, and the the tenants urged to plant, which many have done to a limited extent. Corn, cotton and peas are up, but these crops are as unpromising as it is possible to imagine. The stalk is delicate and frail, sickly in appearance and color, leaves thin and yellow, and after the sun is well up they wilt, lie flat on the ground and look more like tender vines than vigorous field crops. In a few weeks, after the moisture dries out of the soil, a great majority of the plants will die and none ever reach vigorous maturity."

Our illustration shows a group of negro laborers who have just received food supplies.

FLOOD SUFFERERS WITH SUPPLIES

The following contributions for flood sufferers have been received:

Previously acknowledged	$90.05
Wilson Brodie	.25
M. H., Jersey	5.00
Overt Brownsey	3.00
In His Name, Mt. Vernon	50.00
In His Name, Moore's Hill	4.00
Alfred C. Getchins	5.00
	$166.30

The Way of Peace

The benefits of an International Court of Arbitration may be gathered from the fact that already nearly a hundred disputes between nations have been settled by arbitration, and that there is no instance of two nations who have referred their disputes to arbitration failing to obtain satisfaction or finally appealing to arms. If so much could be done with the aid of public opinion while the war sentiment was so strong, we may reasonably conclude that more might be done when a court existed which was created by the Powers of the world, and which enjoyed therefore a unique status and influence.

A Remarkable Incident

An incident that has lately occurred in Chester, Pa., is a striking illustration of the text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Miss Tobin, of Chester, was recently notified that a fortune of $35,000 will be sent to her from Germany. She received a letter from John Schmidt, a wealthy resident of Berlin, informing her that he will forward that amount upon receipt of her address. Miss Tobin was formerly employed in the office of a Philadelphia business firm, and it was her custom to travel daily between this city and Philadelphia on the cars. She occupied a seat beside a strange man one morning on her way to Philadelphia and was looking over some stenographic notes when the gentleman addressed a respectful inquiry to her and she answered kindly. She noticed that one hand was tied up in bandages. He explained that he was traveling in America for pleasure and had sustained an accident. Would she accommodate him by writing some letters for him? She would, provided he called at the office of the firm where she was employed. The arrangements were made, the letters were written and the stranger offered her pay for her services. Miss Tobin declined the money, and the stranger, impressed by her kindness, promised that he would never forget her. "I will reward you some day handsomely for this," he said, "and you will never have any cause to regret your kindness to a stranger in a foreign land." He then left for the Pacific coast to finish his travels. Miss Tobin forgot all about John Schmidt and the circumstances until the letter reached her yesterday. "Send me your address," he wrote. "I have decided to reward you for the kindness you showed me in America. I am going to send you a present of $35,000." Those to whom we render kindnesses do not and cannot usually remember it in this way. The doing of a kindness is reward in itself. Besides, God remembers and is abundantly able to reward.

Bible Alphabet of Precepts

A fool is full of words.
Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.
Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.
Death and life are in the power of the tongue.
Every purpose is established by council.
Faithful are the wounds of a friend.
God is greater than man.
He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it.
In the multitude of counselors there is safety.
Judge not that ye be not judged.
Keep yourselves in love of God.
Let an other man praise thee and not thine own mouth.
Meddle not with them that are given to change.
No man can serve two masters.
Only by pride cometh contention.
Provide things honest in the sight of all men.
Quench not the Spirit.
Righteousness exalteth a nation.
Stand not in an evil thing.
Through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.
Unto the pure all things are pure.
Verily I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.
Wisdom is better than weapons of war.
Xcept the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.
Ye cannot serve God and mammon.
Zealous of good works are my people.

—ADDIE E. WRIGHT.

A Thunder Shower's Weight

A writer in the Wilkesbarre *Record* makes some astonishing calculations regarding the volume and weight of the rain precipitated during an ordinary thunder shower. He says:

Some thunder showers probably let down a hundred million tons of water, or water enough to load 200,000 freight trains. It was stated that, recently, rain fell in Scranton to a depth of 1.63 inches, and it was calculated that as Scranton covered about twenty square miles, that nearly 15,000 tons of water fell, which calculation was very far too small. Twenty square miles, or 12,800 acres. One inch of water to the acre gives somewhat over 100 tons. Thus, if an inch of water fell on those 12,800 acres of Scranton, we find that it makes more than 1,280,000 tons, or, in reality, nearly one and a half million tons.

I write this that I and others may at least partially realize what constitutes a down pour of rain, and grasp something of the majesty of that Being who can so easily hold in his hand a thousand thunder showers, while billions of tons of water gently fall to bless the children of men.

Why wade in rivulets? Figures are an ocean to swim in. Let us calculate that at the time of the Johnstown flood three inches of water fell on every acre in Pennsylvania—46,000 square miles—29,440,000 acres. Three tons to the acre make nearly nine billion tons, or over five tons for every man, woman or child on earth! Is not nature a worker!

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Holding Up the Pastor's Hands

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 3. Ex. 17 : 1-13

HISTORIANS are of many kinds. It seems impossible for a man to write history without writing himself into it. The mere bald chronicle of events is not history. It disappoints the reader. He wants to know the significance of movements, the underlying causes of events. This description of the battle might have concerned itself with the disposition of the troops, the onslaught, the wavering advance or retreat and the final victory; but the writer of Exodus sees something more in the battle than this. He does not depreciate the valor of Joshua and his soldiers. It is a hard fight and we can see that they are acquitting themselves nobly; but the issue of the conflict is not being decided down there. It turns on the actions of three men, who, from the brow of the hill are overlooking the battle. Many of the world's greatest battles have been decided by the action of a man far away from the scene of the conflict. The general overlooking the conflict can see where help is needed, can send a regiment here or there to turn the tide, or to relieve some hardly-pressed brigade. But it is not so that these three men are occupied. Their hopes and their confidence are centred far above the men in the battle. They depend on God to give the victory to Israel, so while Joshua is striving and struggling on the plain these men are praying on the hill.

Joshua will have some mysteries solved for him at the close of the day. He will learn why some well directed charge was repulsed, and why some less vigorous movement succeeded. It was Joshua who "discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword;" but much depended on Moses on the hill. His weariness had its effect down on the plain. The praying and the fighting must go on together. The sword loses its power when the praying ceases; but the prayer alone does not discomfit Amalek. Joshua's prowess prevails when there is the prayer behind it. He mistakes who thinks that he has only to pray and God will give him the victory. God could do that, but he seldom helps men in that way. He does not dispense with our efforts; he blesses them and crowns them with success.

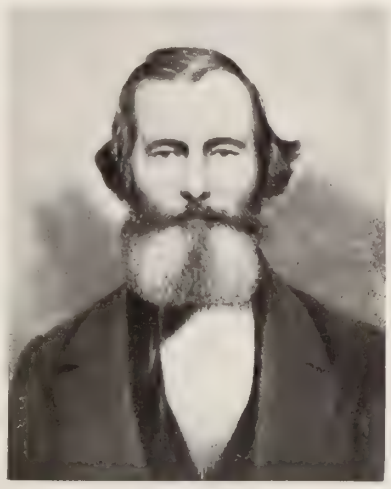
Thus the fighter gets help outside of himself, and that help may come from another. How many a weary struggler has found that out! After six days of conflict with temptation, when he is almost disposed to let go of principle and drift with the tide, he comes into the house of God and the word spoken invigorates him. He takes a fresh grip of the sword, his drooping energies are newly braced and his hope of energy is renewed. The struggle seems better worth waging; there is nobility in it he had not seen before; he has unseen allies whom he had forgotten. Help comes to him from the hills. It is a new man who enters the store or the office the next morning, a man who has been invigorated and cheered for a renewal of the conflict.

While the conflict on the plain taxes the energies, there is apt to be weariness on the hill, too. That is serious, because the struggle below is affected by it. Perhaps some defeat, some yielding to temptation, some ebullition of temper, some inconsistency of conduct in which the enemy gets the advantage, might often be traced to the pulpit, which, on the previous Lord's Day, did not utter the word which might have strengthened the weak arm. Moses, being human, suffers from fatigue. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Moses, too, needs help. Happily, his companions perceive it and render it. They provide him with a seat and they lend him the support he needs for his arms. He can go on praying then, and Joshua feels the benefit on the plain below. Perhaps the conflict in the office and the store would have a better ending if the minister had more of such help. He needs sympathy; he needs to be told of the victory that is being won through his efforts. His material comfort should be looked after. He will pray and preach all the better if his home is comfortable and his income sufficient for his necessities. He will be encouraged, too, if his friends try to enlarge the sphere of his influence by bringing strangers to listen to him. His arms will be held up if his people second his efforts, helping in the Sunday School and the Young People's Society, in visiting the sick and relieving the suffering of the poor. The pastor should not have the whole burden on his shoulders. His prayer-meeting, the minister's Sunday, should be well attended and he should hear the earnest petitions for the blessing of God on his labors. Above all, his exhortations should be heeded, and he should be cheered by seeing his people walking in the way he points out. So his strength may be renewed and the weariness of the flesh, as well as the exhaustion of the spirit disappear, as his arms are thus held up, while down on the plain the struggle turns to victory.

He Wrestled with Infidels

Incidents in the Life of Elder B. Hill—A Story of Adventure, Struggle and Conquest

THE following history of the life, work and hardships of an humble and faithful laborer in the Master's vineyard will be one of inspiration and help to many who are tried in the school of trouble



ELDER BEZALEEL HILL

and affliction; therefore THE CHRISTIAN HERALD takes pleasure in presenting to its readers this simple narrative of a true and earnest life. The writer is Elder Hill's daughter, Mrs. Libbie Palmer, of Alden, Iowa.

Bezaleel Hill was born in Gardner, Worcester County, Mass., April 2, 1797, the seventh of a family of eleven children. His father was a poor shoemaker and a drinking man; his mother a true pioneer woman of sound judgment and sterling worth. His youth was uneventful, save for encounters with wild animals, with which the forests abounded at that time, and the usual experiences of pioneer life. His education was limited, but being extremely fond of books he eagerly read everything his poverty permitted him to buy.

When twenty years old he passed through a season of wonderful religious awakening, when he not only became converted, but deeply impressed with the conviction that he was called to preach the Gospel. Being a poor, obscure mechanic, with no one of influence to aid him, his way seemed hedged about with difficulties. About this time, he visited his sister, living in Vermont, and arrived just as she was preparing to attend an evening meeting. He accompanied her and took such an active part that the pastor invited him to fill his pulpit next day. He did this so acceptably that he was invited to speak at other places during the remainder of his visit.

On returning home, he called upon an old minister—a warm personal friend—whose salutation was the quaint inquiry:

"Well, where have you been? Have you been off preaching?" The abruptness of the question caused Bezaleel Hill such blushing confusion of manner that he was betrayed.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "if you can preach and want to preach, you must have help. I shall make an appointment for you and let our church hear and judge you."

Coming before the members of his own church, whom he felt would be watchful critics, the young man naturally made a failure. But the old minister stood by him, encouraging him to better preparation. He studied under his friend until he had mastered English grammar, arithmetic, etc. After two winters' studying he removed to New York, where he entered upon his ministerial career with his newly wedded wife, who had been Miss Eunice Bryant, to help him. A few years later, under the Baptist Home Missionary Society, he went into the wilderness of Ohio, where he erected a small log-house, into which he took his family. Many were the nocturnal visits of wild animals, and 'once a large bear came and took a calf from a pen beside the door. But with zeal and courage he pressed steadily on, overcoming every difficulty until he had founded more than seventy churches in that State. Making long trips on horseback through miles of unbroken forests with only marked trees to guide him; fording deep streams, and often having narrow escapes from panthers and big, grey wolves, he passed through hardships and perils that would have caused the stoutest heart to quail. His recompense was great, success seeming to crown his every effort. Sometimes he would enter a settlement where drunkenness prevailed, and poverty, wretchedness and rioting abounded. At one such place, Pudding Hollow, he encountered rudeness, insult, and nealy met with personal violence. But being patient and enterprising as well, he took pains to understand the people, and gradually won their confidence, and wrought a great change in the community.

He left a prosperous church and the peace of God where revelry had run riot. During this time he founded the first church in the city of Charleston, a place so hardened in sin that a resolution had been passed to exclude all religious service. The threat had been made to publicly insult and harm any preacher who should attempt to hold meetings there. At a meeting of the Missionary Association, a missionary had been once appointed to go there, but had declined, saying he was afraid. Bezaleel Hill spoke out, saying no minister should be afraid to go where the Lord called; whereupon an old deacon moved that Elder Hill be sent.

Accordingly, Elder Hill went, and upon arrival at the place began inquiring for a Christian. He continued the search all day (during which time he necessarily fasted), and just before night was directed to the house of a lady who had been a member of a Presbyterian church. He introduced himself, stated his mission, and secured a promise of what help she could give. They appointed a meeting in a small schoolhouse by the boat-landing on the lake shore for the first meeting. The news was circulated. Night came on dark and rainy; they went to the place, put candles in the windows and waited, but no one came until a late hour, when the door opened and a lake captain and his crew of twelve men entered. After meeting, Elder Hill explained to the captain his purpose; and found him to be a Christian, but not of the place. Said the captain: "You make your appointments and I will see that you have an audience."

Accordingly, the next night the house was filled with sailors and their families; and the work began. Elder Hill found that he had a community of hardened infidels to contend with; chief of whom was another lake captain. After a few meetings, this man came to the elder at the close of the service and said:

"You will go home with me to-night, sir."

On arriving at the house, he walked in without a word, went to a cupboard, took down a big Bible, and laid it on the table; then placing a chair by it, said:

"You sit down there, sir."

Seating himself on the other side, he said: "You will sit right there, sir, until you prove to me that that book is true, or I prove it false.

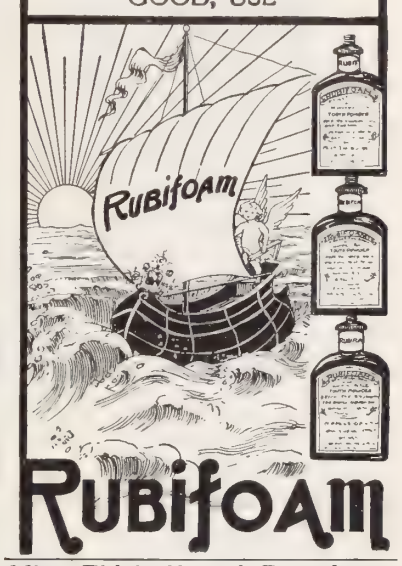
And so they talked, Elder Hill reasoning from prophetic evidence until near morning, when after a short intermission for rest and breakfast, they resumed the discussion, and continued it during most of the day, until at last the old captain confessed himself convinced. He and his family were converted, and there followed a great revival.

His experiences during all this time were many and varied. There was a hard struggle with poverty for his wife and family of little ones, and the larder was often empty. Yet they were never left to suffer for the actual necessities of life; and frequently they seemed to be almost direct recipients of God's bounty. Once when the winter had been unusually severe and Elder Hill had been out on an extended trip, the family supplies became exhausted, and the night of his return the last mouthful of food had been eaten for supper. Without any money, in the country in winter, it looked dark indeed with so many mouths to fill. His wife lost courage, a thing she rarely did, and sat down and cried. But his faith was unshaken; he assured her that as he had been in faithful discharge of his duty, the Lord would not forsake them; kneeling in prayer he left it with his heavenly Father, ready to do what God would direct in the morning. But the Lord waited not for the morrow; in the night there came a rap at the door. The elder opened it to find standing outside a man who lived four miles distant, a rich man, but an infidel. Elder Hill invited him in, gave him a chair, raked open the fire on the hearth; and waited to hear his errand. With much embarrassment the visitor said:

"Well, Elder, you think strangely of my coming at this time of night, but I will tell you why. We went to bed last night and to sleep; but my wife aroused me and said she had been awakened by a strange impression that Elder Hill's folks were suffering for food. I laughed at her whim, as I called it, and went to sleep. But she soon waked me again, saying she could not sleep, for the feeling that you people were needing food, as you had been away so long. I got up, loaded my sleigh with provisions and brought them."

In 1847 the Elder's wife died. He distributed his motherless children among the families of friends. After some time he married again and reclaimed his little ones. In 1875 he passed away.

FOR GOOD TEETH, AND TO MAKE BAD TEETH GOOD, USE



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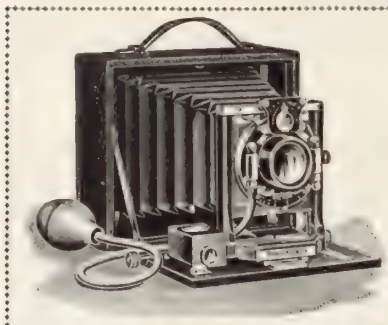

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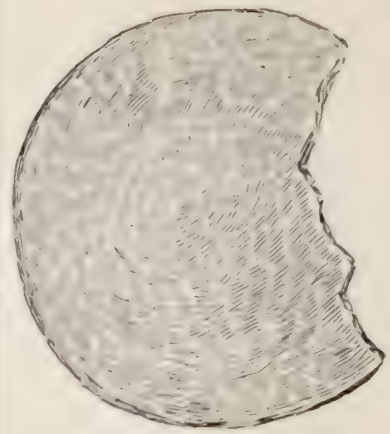

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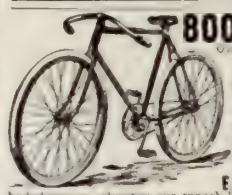

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, AUGUST 30, 1899

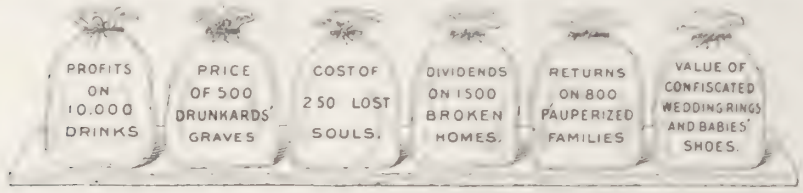
PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE GREATEST LIVING EVANGELIST, DWIGHT L. MOODY, AND HIS NORTHFIELD WORK

1. Portrait of Mr. Moody (specially taken for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD). 2. Camping under Canvas. 3. The Chapel showing tents in background. 4. The front of the Auditorium.

Shall the Church Take Saloon Money?

Another Avalanche of Letters on a Burning Question, Now Widely Discussed


PROFITS ON 10,000 DRINKS
PRICE OF 500 DRUNKARDS' GRAVES
COST OF 250 LOST SOULS.
DIVIDENDS ON 1500 BROKEN HOMES.
RETURNS ON 800 PAUPERIZED FAMILIES
VALUE OF CONFISCATED WEDDING RINGS AND BABIES' SHOES.

OUR MAIL-BAG

THIS week, THE MAIL-BAG surrenders its columns to letters from many readers on the topic that is now uppermost in a very large number of church communities: Is the church of Christ justified in accepting contributions for its missionary and other spiritual work from the keeper of a saloon? This was the searching question contained in a letter from J. R. N., a reader of this journal, and it is one which has gone straight to the hearts and consciences of a multitude of members of Christian churches throughout the country. In this wholesome discussion, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD desires to give a fair and equal hearing to the arguments advanced on both sides of the question, and it has therefore invited the freest expression of opinion from its readers generally. It should, of course, be noted that J. R. N.'s inquiry related solely to the spiritual or soul-saving work of a church. The letters given below are only a portion of those received during the week, and others will appear in subsequent issues:

D. M. Vineyard, Lexa, Ark., writes:

I would answer No, it is wrong. 1st. Because it would give saloon men a chance to expect at least no opposition from the church, and it would mislead them into thinking they were deserving of God's blessing on their business in return for the support rendered to His cause.

G., (a reader who requests that his name be withheld), writes:

An Episcopal minister personally well known to me, was receiving a salary of $600, and he a man with wife and ten children, his parish being in a small town. For some years the principal saloon-keeper of the town had been paying to the treasurer of the parish fifty dollars a year towards the minister's $600 salary. The minister, having his financial dealings with the treasurer of his church, never concerned himself to inquire who contributed and what the respective amounts. One night returning late from a visit to friends he found, beastly drunk, the brother of two maiden sisters of exceptional loveliness of Christian character. They were weeping in great sorrow. The clergyman asked them who furnished liquor so readily to their brother. The saloon-keeper referred to was named. The next morning the clergyman went to his parish treasurer and asked "if this saloon-keeper contributed anything towards his salary?" "Yes," was the reply; "fifty dollars a year, and always promptly paid it quarterly." "Well," rejoined the clergyman, "I will not receive another cent from him." "But," said the treasurer, "we can't possibly raise the salary without his help, and besides it would wound his feelings to refuse him now, and I hesitate to tell him." "Never mind about 'raising' my salary," said the clergyman; "you just reduce my salary at once by fifty dollars, and that will relieve your anxiety."

It happened that this occurred within a week when the quarterly payments of the contributors were due. When the saloon-keeper went to the treasurer to hand him his money, he was fully and frankly told what the clergyman had required should be said and done. The saloon-keeper was indignant, and expressed himself in most violent language. The next day, seeing the clergyman passing his saloon, he came out to him and said:

"Mr. ——, the treasurer, has told me that you have positively refused to receive any money from me towards your salary. Now, if anyone else in this town had done this thing to me, but yourself, and thus pilloried me to remark before this community, it would have gone hard with him, I assure you, but I have such profound respect for you, sir, that really and truly I honor you for it."

In a very short time this man broke up his saloon, quit the business, though most lucrative, opened a general merchandise store, and though only doing a very small business, yet he never faltered. Then in a few months he was, at his request, prepared for confirmation, and has been since (20 years) a good man, with a happy wife and children, an exemplary Christian, and so continues steadfast in his religious life. This clergyman, a year after, was called to another parish. The first of a large number to request him not to leave the town was the former saloon-keeper, who offered to pay annually the difference between his salary there and that offered him in the new "call." What then have we in this whole illustration but the clearest proof that if we do right, trusting in God, and having the eye single to his glory, whatever we thus do he will protect and bless us and bring mighty things to pass. Better that churches and ministers should refuse all moneys coming by ways of known notorious sinning and trust Almighty God for the consequences.

Mrs. A. E. Freeman, Quincy, Mich., writes:

We say no, it is not right, no more than it is right to sell liquors to our neighbors, where we know they use them for intoxication. We do not wonder that our churches are at such a low ebb. It now takes five different denominations to fill one church. Twenty-five years ago we had to bring seats in the aisle. Let us stand for God and the Bible, and turn our back on the devil, and treat the cause of intemperance as any other sin. The Old Testament is full of woes to the person that sins: Isaiah 1:15 and 9:9, Jeremiah 6, Ezekiel 3, Daniel 12:10, Hosea 4:9 and 4:17, Joel 3:3, Amos 2:6, Habakkuk 2:12–16, Yephamak 1:17, Malachi 3:2–3, Proverbs 21:17 and 23:26–35.

S. G. Shreyer, Oklahoma City, Okla., writes:

One dollar is just as good as another, but when we know that one is obtaining money in an illegitimate way at the time, we should refuse it as a gift, though it be a million. Refuse it as a rebuke, and to prove to the world that the Christian, or church, does not live by money alone.

O. J. Randall, Yardley, Pa., writes:

If the saloon-keeper and all others interested understand that no compromise of Christian principles is involved, the money should be accepted and dedicated to God.

Subscriber, writes:

If, in accepting the money, they do not in any way place themselves under obligation to relax their condemnation of the liquor business or active labors in behalf of the temperance cause and their labors to reclaim the drunkard and to save the young from temptation and the evil influence of the saloon-keeper, they might accept it with the understanding that they do not intend to cease their efforts, and that the giver shall not object if they keep on doing it. Better not take the money unless they are united in their determination to do their whole duty toward breaking down the influence of the saloon and intemperance of every kind.

William Moorhouse, Hastings, Minn., writes:

We [illegible] other liquor dealers for missionary or other Christian work.

Dr. A. G. Hammer, Westboro, Ohio, writes:

When Christian institutions accept ill-gotten wealth for any purpose, knowing how such means have been obtained, they give quiet sanction to the crime. The early Christians were forbidden to eat the flesh of offerings [illegible] Christians abstain from money obtained as the price of crime. Christianity would better die [illegible] of distress. No doubt every dollar the saloon-keeper offers is blood money taken from the mouths of starving women and children.

John Smith, Burke, Idaho, writes:

The gift of the saloon-keeper should be accepted for Christ's work. The following should support its acceptance: Matt. 7:1-5 inclusive. Query: Who of us are competent to sit in judgment on the gift? Read Luke [illegible] could accept from a sinner the gift mentioned, who of us should question whence a gift to him came or the motive?

Lucy Carpenter, Millican, Ga., writes:

I believe it should be accepted, as it might be used to the advancement of some good work for the Lord instead of being used in opposition [illegible] securing their acquiescence in regard to allowcumstances by all means. The motive taints the offer, and compromises Christianity.

E. H. Edick, Cleveland, O., writes:

I believe that to make any acceptable gifts [illegible] give ourselves to God. I can't believe the [illegible] er had intended the gift as an offering to God, he would at the same time have made a bonfire of his liquors and a surrender of himself to the service of God's truth and kingdom.

John G. Osborne, Port Byron, Ill., writes:

1. Christian people, those who profess to love and serve Christ, have voluntarily taken upon themselves the burden, financial and otherwise, of carrying on his work in the world. This is implied in the Commander's parting command, "Go and disciple all nations."

2. The Question rests in the hands of [illegible] and security of all business enterprises. Even [illegible] nefarious calling by virtue of the protection of a Christian civilization. Therefore the world's people owe Christianity a heavy debt, which they ought to be permitted, and even encouraged, in part at least, to discharge. Indeed, some one has said that the world's people, because they do nothing else for religion, should put up all the cash that may be needed.

3. The saloon-keeper's money is just as good as any other money, and, when put into the Lord's treasury, is [illegible] as the widow's mite. The "taint" will attach to it only when in consequence of its acceptance the church waives its right or neglects its duty of rebuking the saloon-keeper's sin. The church should never depend on the world's people to [illegible] part of its [illegible] may accept help from them. The condition is that the church, in accepting such help, should be very careful not to entangle itself in any worldly alliances.

Alfred C. Getchins, Mt. Tabor, N. J., writes:

It is not the money that sins, but the saloon-keeper and his business that is sinful. Therefore I would accept the money, but let him know very plainly the conditions on which the church accepts it, which must be scriptural. The Word says "no" to him that puts the bottle to his mouth, which is the cause of so much suffering, poverty and crime, unfitting men for good citizenship, disqualifying them for voting intelligently and disorganizing and destroying the nation. And if an opportunity was given, the church, as a whole, would vote against granting him or anyone a license. If under such conditions he would still offer his money, which I much doubt, I would accept, thinking there was hope for his repentance.

G. W. Eldon, Kintore, writes:

If the saloon is in direct opposition to the church and to God, I think it is an insult to God to have the servants of Satan stretching a hand each way, as much as to say, "I will work for the best man." When Judas repented and brought back the thirty pieces of silver, they were not used for church purposes. How much money of saloon-keepers has the crimson stain? Let our churches get down on their knees and ask God for his righteousness, and ours will be the increase of the field. Then it will not be necessary to accept from the saloon-keeper the extract of the God-given grain and the extract of human souls.

F. A. Rogers, Selkirk, Mich., writes:

It is not right to accept money from a saloon-keeper for religious purposes if the money has been robbed from his customers; but money obtained by him honestly in some other capacity would be acceptable.

H. A. Granger, Manchester, Ia., writes:

The churches that have the spirit of the Master, are helping families of the victims of saloons continually; hence they should take all saloon-keepers are willing to donate, and use such money donated, but in any good work.

Mrs. Albert Watson, Norwich, N. Y., writes:

It would be all right for a Christian church to accept a saloon-keeper's money; yes, all they can get of it. Although coming from a bad source, the church would use it for the betterment of the world. If rejected, it would no doubt go for more whiskey. As money is something that is in circulation, the church should accept it and use it for a good purpose.

A large number of other letters on this subject will appear next week.

AN OBSERVATORY IN PEKIN

In astronomy, as in almost everything, China is behind the age. The observatory shown in the photograph, with its clumsy, antiquated appliances, is regarded with awe and veneration by the Celestials. To a western astronomer, the equipment would be almost useless.

... The Northfield Conference ...

Ministers and Christian Workers of Many Denominations Seeking New Power and Unction at Mr. Moody's Home

(See Illustrations on First Page)

ONE of the incidents related at Northfield, Mass., a few days ago, by Rev. F. B. Meyer, illustrates the influence of those wonderful gatherings which year by year take place in that beautiful village. Mr. Meyer says that after crossing the Atlantic, on his way to his home at the close of the Northfield Conference last year, he spent a few days with a friend at an English watering-place. His friend is a London merchant, who takes his vacation at this watering-place. He praised the pure air and the salubrity of the town, but Mr. Meyer complained that when the wind was in a certain direction, he smelled an unpleasant odor. Investigation showed that about a mile away in that direction there was a sewage pond which accounted for the smell. "How is it," the host asked, "that you could smell it and I could not?" Mr. Meyer said, "Because I have just come off the Atlantic and you have come from London." Visitors to Northfield live in a spiritual atmosphere, so pure and bracing that, when they return to their homes, and churches, their consciences are sensitive to the inconsistency of indulgences which do not disturb other Christians and did not affect them before going to Northfield. One after another, ministers rose in the meetings this year to testify of the influence which the Conference had exerted on them in former years. "Be ye clean who bear the vessels of the Lord," had been an injunction so impressed upon them that a new consecration had taken place.

MR. MOODY ON THE WAY TO MT. HERMON

Mr. Moody, as usual, found his functions as host taxed to the utmost. Accommodations had to be found for more than twelve hundred ministers and Christian workers who accepted his invitation to attend the conference. All the buildings at Northfield and the new building at Mount Hermon, and all the tents on the ground were occupied, and after every place seemed to be filled, room was found for the new arrivals. An interesting contingent was that of nearly the whole of the New York Presbytery. Fifty-six of the sixty-five ministers in the Presbytery attended in a body and many of them preached. As usual, the most prominent speakers were Rev. G. Campbell Morgan and Rev. F. B. Meyer of London. Another acquisition from across the Atlantic this year was the Rev. J. G. Cuningham, of Edinburgh. Other preachers were Rev. Sidney Selwyn, of Bournemouth, England; Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, Dr. C. J. Young, Dr. S. B. Rossiter and Dr. James Hoadley, of New York; Drs. Packard and Clymer of Syracuse, N. Y.; Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Brooklyn and Rev. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago. A new feature of this Conference was a series of Christian Endeavor meetings at which Mr. John Willis Baer presided and answered questions on the details of Christian Endeavor work. The musical exercises were under the charge of Mr. Ira D. Sankey and Mr. Geo. C. Stebbins, who were well supported by the trained choir of Mt. Hermon.

An interesting feature of the Conference was the opening of the Moody Chapel, the cost of which was contributed jointly by Mr. Moody's friends on both sides the Atlantic as a tribute to him on his sixtieth birthday. It is built on a beautiful site, which Mr. Moody humorously called "Temptation Rock," because he had pointed its eligibility out to various wealthy visitors to Northfield, in the hope that some one would be tempted to build a chapel on it. That hope has now been fulfilled in a way as unexpected as it must be gratifying to the great Evangelist. The most of the meetings were held in the auditorium, and though there was little interval during the day between meetings, it was generally crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Moody declared it seemed impossible to satisfy the people's hunger for meetings. On the occasion when he was to preach he briefly announced the fact, but added that he would advise his hearers not to come to the service, but to go riding into the country to freshen up for the evening meeting, when Mr. Morgan preached — advice which was not taken.

SPEAKERS AND CHOIR IN THE AUDITORIUM (MR. SANKEY AT THE ORGAN)

THE AUDIENCE IN THE AUDITORIUM AT NORTHFIELD

MR. MOODY'S LIBRARY AT NORTHFIELD

REV. F. B. MEYER IN HIS FAVORITE SEAT

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

. . BUSINESS LIFE . .

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Rom. 12: 11, . . . Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord

INDUSTRY, devoutness and Christian service—all commended in that short text. What! is it possible that they shall be conjoined? Oh, yes. There is no war between religion and business, between ledgers and Bibles, between churches and country houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens mens' wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fillips the blood of phlegmatics, and throws more velocity into the wheels of hard work. It gives better balancing to the judgment, more strength to the will, more muscle to industry, and throws into enthusiasm a more consecrated fire. You cannot in all the circle of the world show me a man whose honest business has been despoiled by religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups: producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as those who turn corn into food, and wool and flax into apparel. Traders, such as make profit out of the transfer and exchange of all that which is produced and manufactured. A business man may belong to any one or all of these classes, and not one is independent of any other.

When the Prince Imperial of France fell on the Zulu battle-field because the strap fastening the stirrup to the saddle broke as he clung to it, his comrades all escaping, but he falling under the lances of the savages, a great many people blamed the Empress for allowing her son to go forth into that battle-field, and others blamed the English Government for accepting the sacrifice, and others blamed the Zulus for their barbarism. The one most to blame was the harness maker who fashioned that strap of the stirrup out of shoddy and imperfect material as it was found to have been afterward. If the strap had held, the Prince Imperial would probably have been alive to-day. But the strap broke. No prince independent of a harness-maker! High, low, wise, ignorant, you in one occupation, I in another, all bound together. So that there must be one continuous line of sympathy with each other's work. But whatever your vocation, if you have a multiplicity of engagements, if into your life there come losses and annoyances and perturbations as well as percentages and dividends, if you are pursued from Monday morning until Saturday night, and from January to January by inexorable obligation and duty, then you are a business man, or you are a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case.

We are under the impression that the moil and tug of business life are a prison into which a man is thrust, or that it is an unequal strife where unarmed a man goes forth to contend. I shall show you this morning that business life was intended of God for grand and glorious education and discipline, and if I shall be helped to say what I want to say, I shall rub some of the wrinkles of care out of your brow, and unstrap some of the burdens from your back. I am not talking of an abstraction. Though never having been in business life, I know all about business men. In my first parish at Belleville, New Jersey, ten miles from New York, a large portion of my audience was made up of New York merchants. Then I went to Syracuse, a place of immense commercial activity, and then I went to Philadelphia, and lived long among the merchants of that city, than whom there are no better men on earth, and for twenty-five years I stood in my Brooklyn pulpit, Sabbath by Sabbath, preaching to audiences, the majority of whom were business men and business women. It is not an abstraction of which I speak, but a reality with which I am well acquainted.

In the first place, I remark that business life was intended as a school of energy. God gives us a certain amount of raw material out of which we are to hew our character. Our faculties are to be reset, rounded and sharpened up. Our young folks having graduated from school or college need a higher education, that which the rasping and collision of every day life alone can effect. Energy is wrought out only in the fire. After a man has been in business activity ten, twenty, thirty years, his energy is not to be measured by weights or plummets or ladders. There is no height it cannot scale, and there is no depth it cannot fathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot thrash.

Now, my brother, why did God put you in that school of energy? Was it merely that you might be a yardstick to measure cloth, or a steelyard to weigh flour? Was it merely that you you might be better qualified to chaffer and higgle? No. God placed you in that school of energy that you might be developed for Christian work. If the undeveloped talents in the Christian churches of to-day were brought out and thoroughly harnessed, I believe the whole earth would be converted to God in a twelve-month. There are so many deep streams that are turning no mill-wheels and that are harnessed to no factory bands.

Now, God demands the best lamb out of every flock. He demands the richest sheaf of every harvest. He demands the best men of every generation. A cause in which Newton and Locke and Mansfield toiled you and I can afford to toil in. Oh, for fewer idlers in the cause of Christ, and for more Christian workers, men who shall take the same energy that from Monday morning to Saturday night they put forth for the achievement of a livelihood or the gathering of a fortune, and on Sabbath days put it forth to the advantage of Christ's kingdom and the bringing of men to the Lord.

Dr. Duff visited a man who had inherited a great fortune. The man said to him: "I had to be very busy for many years of my life getting my livelihood. After a while this fortune came to me, and there has been no necessity that I toil since. There came a time when I said to myself, 'Shall I now retire from business, or shall I go on and serve the Lord in my worldly occupation?'" He said: "I resolved on the latter, and I have been more industrious in commercial circles than I ever was before, and since that hour I have never kept a farthing for myself. I have thought it to be a great shame if I couldn't toil as hard for the Lord as I had toiled for myself, and all the products of my factories and my commercial establishments, to the last farthing, have gone for the building of Christian institutions and supporting the Church of God." Would that the same energy put forth for the world could be put forth for God. Would that a thousand men in these great cities who have achieved a fortune, could see it their duty now to do all business for Christ and the alleviation of the world's suffering!

Again, I remark, that business life is a school of patience. In your every-day life how many things to annoy and to disquiet? Bargains will rub. Commercial men will sometimes fail to meet their engagements. Cash book and money drawer will sometimes quarrel. Goods ordered for a special emergency will come too late, or be damaged in the transportation. People intending no harm will go shopping without any intention of purchase, overturning great stocks of goods, and insisting that you break the dozen. More bad debts on the ledger. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More debts to pay for other people. More meannesses on the part of partners in business. Annoyance after annoyance, vexation after vexation, and loss after loss.

All that process will either break you down or brighten you up. It is a school of patience. You have known men under the process to become petulant, and choleric, and angry, and pugnacious, and cross, and sour, and queer, and they lost their customers, and their name became a detestation. Other men have been brightened up under the process. They were toughened by the exposure. They were like rocks, all the more valuable for being blasted. At first they had to choke down their wrath, at first they had to bite their lip, at first they thought of some stinging retort they would like to make; but they conquered their impatience. They have kind words now for sarcastic flings. They have gentle behavior now for unmannerly customers. They are patient now with unfortunate debtors. They have Christian reflections now for sudden reverses. Where did they get that patience? By hearing a minister preach concerning it on Sabbath? Oh, no. They got it just where you will get it—if you ever get it at all—selling hats, discounting notes, turning banisters, ploughing corn, tinning roofs, pleading causes. Oh, that amid the turmoil and anxiety and exasperation of every-day life you might hear the voice of God saying: "In patience possess your soul. Let patience have her perfect work."

I remark again, that business life is a school of useful knowledge. Merchants do not read many books and do not study lexicons. They do not dive into profounds of learning, and yet nearly all through their occupations come to understand questions of finance, and politics, and geography, and jurisprudence, and ethics. Business is a severe schoolmistress. If pupils will not learn she strikes them over the head and the heart with severe losses. You put $5,000 into an enterprise. It is all gone. You say "That is a dead loss." Oh, no. You are paying the schooling. That was only tuition, very large tuition—I told you it was a severe schoomistress—but it was worth it. You learned things under that process you would not have learned in any other way.

Traders in grain come to know something about foreign harvests; traders in fruit come to know something about the prospects of tropical production; manufacturers of American goods come to understand the tariff on imported articles; publishers of books must come to understand the new law of copyright; owners of ships must come to know winds and shoals and navigation, and every bale of cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box and every cluster of bananas is so much literature for a business man. Now, my brother, what are you going to do with the intelligence? Do you suppose God put you in this school of information merely that you might be sharper in a trade, that you might be more successful as a worldling? Oh, no: it was that you might take that useful information and use it for Jesus Christ.

Can it be that you have been dealing with foreign lands and never had the missionary spirit, wishing the salvation of foreign people? Can it be that you have become acquainted with all the outrages inflicted in business life and that you have never tried to bring to bear that Gospel which is to extirpate all evil and correct all wrongs and illumine all darkness and lift up all wretchedness and save men for this world and the world to come? Can it be that understanding all the intricacies of business you know nothing about those things which will last after all bills of exchange and consignments and invoices and rent rolls shall have crumpled up and been consumed in the fires of the last great day? Can it be that a man will be wise for time and a fool for eternity?

I remark, also, that business life is a school for integrity. No man knows what he will do until he is tempted. There are thousands of men who have kept their integrity merely because they never have been tested. A man was elected treasurer of the State of Maine some years ago. He was distinguished for his honesty, usefulness and uprightness, but before one year had passed he had taken of the public funds for his own private use, and was [illegible] office in disgrace. Distinguished for virtue before. Distin[illegible] after. You can call over the names of men just like that, in whose honesty you had complete confidence, but placed in certain [illegible] of temptation they went overboard. Never so many temptations to scoundrelism as now. Not a law on the statute book but has some back door through which a miscreant can escape. Ah! how many deceptions in the fabric of goods; so much plundering in commercial life that if a man talk about living a life of complete commercial integrity there are those who ascribe it to greenness and lack of tact. More need of honesty now than ever before, tried honesty, complete honesty, more than in those times when business was a plain affair and woollens were woollens, and silks were silks and men were men.

How many such do you suppose there are in commercial life who could say truthfully, "In all the sales I have ever made I have never overstated the value of goods; in all the sales I have ever made I have never covered up an imperfection in the fabric; of all the thousands of dollars I have ever made I have not taken one dishonest farthing?" There are men, however, who can say it, hundreds who can say it, thousands who can say it. They are more honest than when they sold their first tierce of rice, or their first firkin of butter, because their honesty and integrity have been tested, tried and come out triumphant. But they remember a time when they could have robbed a partner, or have absconded with the funds of a bank, or sprung a snap judgment, or made a false assignment, or borrowed illimitably without any efforts at payment, or got a man into a sharp corner and fleeced him. But they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. They can say their prayers without hearing the chink of dishonest dollars. They can read their Bible without thinking of the time when with a lie on their soul in the Custom House they kissed the Book. They can think of death and the judgment that comes after it without any flinching—that day when all charlatans and cheats, and jockeys and frauds shall be doubly damned. It does not make their knees knock together, and it does not make their teeth chatter to read "as the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

What a school of integrity business life is! If you have ever been tempted to let your integrity cringe before present advantage, if you have ever wakened up in some embarrassment, and said: "Now, I will step a little aside from the right path and no one will know it, and I will come all right again, it is only once." That only once has ruined tens of thousands of men for this life and blasted their souls for eternity.

A merchant in Liverpool got a five-pound Bank of-England note, and, holding it up toward the light, he saw some interlineations in what seemed red ink. He finally deciphered the letters, and found out that the writing had been made by a slave in Algiers, saying in substance: "Whoever gets this bank-note will please to inform my brother, John Dean, living near Carlisle, that I am a slave of the Bey of Algiers." The merchant sent word, employed government officers, and found who this man was spoken of in this bank bill. After a while the man was rescued, who for eleven years had been a slave of the Bey of Algiers. He was immediately emancipated, but was so worn out by hardship and exposure he soon after died. Oh, if some of the bank bills that come through your hands could tell all the scenes through which they have passed, it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth!

As I go on in this subject, I am impressed with the importance of our having more sympathy with business men. Is it not a shame that we in our pulpits do not oftener preach about their struggles, their trials, and their temptations? Men who toil with the hand are not apt to be very sympathetic with those who toil with the brain. The farmers who raise the corn and the oats and the wheat sometimes are

tempted to think that grain merchants have an easy time, and get their profits without giving any equivalent. Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to merchandise that they declared commerce to be the curse of the nations, and they advised that cities be built at least ten miles from the sea-coast. But you and I know that there are no more industrious or high-minded men than those who move in the world of traffic. Some of them carry burdens heavier than hods of brick, and are exposed to sharper things than the east wind, and climb mountains higher than the Alps or Himalaya, and if they are faithful Christ will at last say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We talk about the martyrs of the Piedmont valley, and the martyrs among the Scotch highlands, and the martyrs at Oxford. There are just as certainly martyrs of Wall street and State street, martyrs of Fulton street and Broadway, martyrs of Atlantic street and Chestnut street, going through hotter fires, or having their necks under sharper axes. Then it behooves us to banish all fretfulness from our lives, if this subject be true. We look back to the time when we were at school, and we remember the rod, and we remember the hard tasks, and we complained grievously; but now we see it was for the best. Business life is a school, and the tasks are hard, and the chastisements sometimes are very grievous; but do not complain. The hotter the fire the better the refining. There are men before the throne of God this day in triumph who on earth were cheated out of everything but their coffin. They were sued, they were imprisoned for debt, they were throttled by constables with a whole pack of writs, they were sold out by the sheriffs, they had to compromise with their creditors, they had to make assignments. Their dying hours were annoyed by the sharp ringing of the door-bell by some impetuous creditor who thought it was outrageous and impudent that a man should dare to die before he paid the last half dollar.

I had a friend who had many misfortunes. Everything went against him. He had good business capacity and was of the best of morals, but he was one of those men such as you have sometimes seen, for whom everything seems to go wrong. His life became to him a plague. When I heard he was dead, I said: "Good—got rid of the sheriffs!" Who are those lustrous souls before the throne? When the question is asked, "Who are they?" the angels standing on the sea of glass respond: "These are they who came out of great business trouble and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

A man arose in Fulton street prayer-meeting and said: "I wish publicly to acknowledge the goodness of God. I was in business trouble. I had money to pay, and I had no means to pay it, and I was in utter despair of all human help, and I laid this matter before the Lord, and this morning I went down among some old business friends I had not seen in many years just to make a call, and one said to me, 'Why, I am so glad to see you! Walk in. We have some money on our books due you a good while, but we didn't know where you were, and therefore not having your address we could not send it. We are very glad you have come?" And the man standing in Fulton street prayer-meeting said: "The amount they paid me was six times what I owed." You say it only happened so? You are unbelieving. God answered that man's prayer.

Oh, you want business grace. Commercial ethics, business honor, laws of trade are all very good in their place, but there are times when you want something more than this world will give you. You want God. For the lack of Him some that you have known have consented to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and their names have been bulletined among scoundrels, and they have been ground to powder; while other men you have known have gone through the very same stress of circumstances triumphant. There are men here to-day who fought the battle and gained the victory. People come out of that man's store, and they say: "Well, if there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the eternal world flashed through the show windows. Love to God and love to man presided in that storehouse. Some day people going through the street notice that the shutters of the window are not down. The bar of that store door has not been removed. People say, "What is the matter?" You go up a little closer, and you see written on the card of that window: "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That day all through the circles of business there is talk about how a good man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ pray, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain, he has suffered his last loss, he has ached with the last fatigue. His children will get the result of his industry, or, if through misfortune there be no dollars left, they will have an estate of prayer and Christian example which will be everlasting. Heavenly rewards for earthly discipline. There "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

How a Tornado Looks

The Great Storm at New Richmond, Minn., Described by an Eye-Witness

A READER of this journal sends us this remarkably vivid description of the terrible tornado at New Richmond, which, in view of the prevalence of great storms in several sections of the country, will be read with special interest. The account is that of another person—an eye-witness—who shared the dangers whereof he writes:

"At about 5:52 o'clock the funnel formed and the bright clouds on either side were swallowed up in the funnel. I saw the funnel-shaped black clouds when they were ten miles south of New Richmond. It seemed to me that the funnel-shaped big cloud was struggling with the terrible northwest wind that made direct way for the funnel. The struggle lasted but a minute or so. The vortex of the funnel sucked in all the clouds that came near it. At 5:55 there was a great noise, similar to a heavy freight train on an up grade. At 6 P. M. the noise increased, and three minutes after six it sounded like 100 or 1,000 freight trains making direct for the town. The storm moved at a velocity of about forty-eight miles an hour. At five minutes after 6 o'clock the noise was like a million lions or demons devouring their prey. The storm destroyed the town in about one minute

"While the tornado was passing over the town there was a strong and perceptible odor, most disagreeable. All the outer part of the funnel was black, but the interior was constantly lighted up by lightning. The motion of the air was spirally inward and upward.

"All objects—trees, houses, etc.—were drawn inward toward the centre of the funnel; and heavy bodies were drawn upward in the centre of the funnel. Some objects were carried a couple of miles before they were thrown out of the vortex. The funnel sucked up all the water in a couple of small lakes, and fishes were scattered in all directions. In some of the houses which were not entirely destroyed, the closed doors and windows were thrown outward with great force, as if from an explosion.

"For about ten minutes before the storm reached the town the horses became uneasy and unmanageable. They caught the scent of the storm and manifested a desire to leave the town. A few dogs took up the scent of the imminent danger and followed a course directly westward for over two miles. The dogs did not return to town for more than two days afterward. Men and women who escaped uninjured were dazed and assumed a death-like appearance. Many women acted as if insane—screamed, pulled their hair and moved heedlessly about like lunatics. The men were stunned for a short time and, to all appearances, they could not realize what had happened."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Mrs. Sia and Little Bo-gi

How a Chinese Widow and an Orphan Denied Themselves Many Things for Christ's Sake.

IN recent issues we have published occasional letters from Miss Mary E. Talmage, an American missionary at Amoy, China (and neice of Rev. Dr. Talmage), giving interesting details in connection with her mission work there. To-day we print another letter just received, which may well act as a generous inspiration to American Christians. She writes as follows:

AMOY, China.

Mrs. Sia, the Chinese teacher of our Girls' Boarding School, is a widow who has had to support two orphan grandchildren. The boy has been of great expense to his grandmother, as he has always been delicate, and is hardly able yet to earn his own living. The girl, named Bo-gi (which means Longing-after-Righteousnes) has been through boarding school, and is an assistant teacher with a salary of three dollars a month and her board.

Mrs. Sia some years ago was asked to do the work of a Bible woman, but declined, as her health and family affairs were such that she felt unable. She could not, however, dismiss the matter from her mind, and so, without speaking to others, she began to save up money, and when it amounted to twenty dollars,

BO GI AND MRS. SIA

brought it in a very quiet way, asking that a substitute might be sent in her place, and that no mention be made of her gift. Some time after this, she brought another donation of twenty dollars to continue the support of the Bible woman.

Mrs. Sia since then has been for years a most earnest, faithful Christian teacher in the boarding school, receiving the small salary of five dollars a month and her food. In addition to this she receives each month a very little rent from a small house left to her by her husband. For some weeks past she has not been well, and was advised by her physician to *chiak-po* (eat nourishing food). I asked her one day if she did *chiak-po*. She answered yes, that she was taking milk.

I asked, "Why not eat eggs, too?" Her reply was that it was too extravagant.

We are now in the midst of our hottest weather, and she told me that she was going to try to go to the beach (a walk of five minutes) late each afternoon to see if it would not make her stronger. She said she attempted it one day, but when only half way there she felt she had no strength to go further, and so returned home. Another day she attempted it and fell down. I asked why she did not hire a sedan chair (a cost of eight cents) to carry her one way, until she felt strong enough to walk both. Her reply again was that it was too extravagant.

Yesterday she asked me, when I was passing, to call in, as she had something to say to me. After speaking about some school matters she continued much as follows: "Bo-gi and I have received much benefit from this school," (she might as truthfully have said that they both have been of almost invaluable service in the school) "and I have been thinking, for a long time that I would like to give something toward the expenses of the school, or toward the new school building fund. Bo-gi would like to give something also, but it is only a little that we can give." She then opened the table drawer by which she was sitting and took out a roll of twenty silver dollars, and said: "This is Bo-gi's donation;" then she handed me two other rolls, each containing fifty shining dollars, as her own gift, and said: "I wish you to use this for school expenses as you think best." In addition she handed me four dollars for our children's home. She donates to that institution every year, beside giving to the regular church collections. As I saw the rolls of dollars before me I was too overcome to say much. It amounted to more than six month's salary for Bo-gi, and twenty months salary for Mrs. Sia. I said: "Think again before you give such an amount. You have been to a great deal of expense for medicines and *chiak-po* and neither of your grandchildren is strong and they require extra care." But she answered: "We cannot do much, but are glad to do this," and her face fairly beamed when she gave me the money.

I was deeply impressed by her desire to show her love for her Master. It reminded me of Mary with her alabaster box of ointment. And can we not again hear the pleased voice of the Master, "She hath wrought a good work on me. She hath done what she could."

Is it true what some foreign mission sceptics say, that Chinese Christians are "rice Christians?" May we not rather learn from some of them grand lessons of self-sacrifice and giving? Let us, of Christian lands, examine our own selves and see if we are really giving anything worthy the name of sacrifice to him whom we profess to love above all else.

A Montana Camp Asks Prayers

Many touching letters are received from different parts of the country by the conductors of the revival services at the Gospel tent, "Glad Tidings," in New York. These communications prove the widespread and far-reaching interest which a movement of this character possesses. Among the letters received by Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, (the leader of the evangelistic services) during the week was the following:

THOMPSON FALLS, MON., AUG. 1st, 1899.

To the good people of the Gospel Tent "Glad Tidings," New York

What shall I say? My heart almost fails me. But I feel something must be done, and that done through prayer, as no missionaries come to us. I am a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and I am going to ask an extraordinary thing of your people. *Pray for a people that are destitute of religion and who need Jesus preached to them.* We are a saw-mill camp of about sixty or seventy people. The money earned is spent in gambling and drinking. Yet this is not a bad people. They have not the opportunity of embracing anything good and the bad is ever present. Why is it that the devil never minds going out of the way or off the road to do his work? There are a good many places about here where men do not hear the Gospel from one year's end to another. Oh, if these people do not need religion no one ever did. My husband and I live among them and we try to live right and to serve our Lord, but my heart almost fails me to hear so much profane language.

Oh, pray as you never prayed before. You owe it to your fellow man, if it is way off in the wilds of Montana. There are souls to be saved here. While you are blessed under the sound of the Gospel pray for us, who never hear it. I read of so many souls being saved in your Gospel tent and rejoice and feel that your united prayers for us would do untold good. Your sister in the good work.

MRS. FRANK WINN.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Encouraging the Builders

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 10. Hag. 2: 1-9
Golden Text, Hag. 2: 4

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE people of the land had "weakened the hands of the people of Judah," who had returned from Babylon and had undertaken the rebuilding of the temple, "and troubled them in building" (Ezra 4: 4). And the people yielded to discouragement when the building was made to cease "by force and power" (Ezra 4: 23), and they who were once so full of zeal for the house of God became absorbed by personal interests. How often have children of God in the present day yielded to discouragement when difficulties have arisen, because they did not, like Moses, endure "as seeing him who is invisible" (Heb. 11: 27). Why is it that some are always successful in the work of the Lord, however discouraging their circumstances may be? How is it that some who have no special talent, no money to fall back upon, no influence with people in power, nevertheless always succeed in what he trusts them to do for him? There is but one answer. Knowing their own utter insufficiency, they count on God for everything and at all times, and he does not fail them. They look, "not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal" (II. Cor. 4: 18).

The very "sons of oil," Joshua and Zerubbabel, were powerless to go forward while the burden of a discouraged and unbelieving people weighed upon them, but God stirred up two of his prophets, Haggai and Zechariah, the son of Iddo, and the two men whose hearts were right, these "sons of oil," at once responded to the call of God by his prophets, and notwithstanding the royal decree, by which the building had been arrested, they commenced, in obedience to the divine decree, to rise up, and build the house of God at Jerusalem, the prophets helping them. These four men dared to obey God rather than men, and he undertook to manage things at court. When the governors, Tatnai and others, came to interfere, God gave his people to write a letter, which was sent to Darius, the king, and meanwhile their enemies "could not cause them to cease" building, for "the eye of their God was upon them" (Ezra 5: 5).

But the people, as well as the priest and the governor, must be aroused: they had seen their leaders put their hands to the work of the Lord but they also must accept and feel their responsibility, and back up by the ready response of their leaders in building with their own hands. The words of Haggai came with great power to these people. God sent him to convict them of their sin in saying among themselves, "The time is not come, the time that the Lord's house should be built." God had stirred up Cyrus to set them free, that they might build his house and now instead of surmounting all difficulties by faith in God, and building, trusting him to overcome the opposition, they had taken for granted that God's time had not come, judging only from circumstances which were against them, instead of hearkening to his express Word. Thus the heathen around would have the impression that the God of Israel was no stronger than their gods, and that he could not overcome the foes which were against them, and they sank down to the level of the heathen in putting self first, building their own houses, while God's house "lay waste" (Hag. 1: 2-6).

Haggai sets before them their selfishness, its consequences, and calls upon them in the name of the Lord to consider their ways. A blight had been upon their farming and all their other industries (Hag. 1: 6, 9, 10, 11), "because of mine house that lieth waste, and ye run every man unto his own house," was God's message to them. They were convicted; the spirit of the remnant of the people was stirred as the spirit of Jeshua and Zerubbabel had been stirred, "and they came and did work in the name of the Lord of hosts their God" (ver. 14). And now that they had taken to heart the word of reproof, God sends them a word of encouragement. This is always God's order: That which is wrong must be set right, sin confessed and put away, before the Lord can encourage, as he loves to do. God must be true that he may be merciful. He cannot heal unrenounced sin; but no sooner do his children repent than he hastens to help.

This was his message to the leaders and to the people: "Who is left among you that saw this house in her first glory, and how do ye see it now? Is it not in your eyes, in comparison of it as nothing? Yet now be strong, O Zerubbabel, saith the Lord; and be strong, O Jeshua, son of Josedech, the high priest; and be strong all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work: for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts." In Chapter 1, the whole tone is: I am against you, against your cieled houses, your planting, your clothing; there is no blessing upon it. When ye brought home your harvest, "I did blow upon it." "The heavens over you is stayed from dew, and the earth is stayed from her fruit." It was no accident. "It was my doing. I called for a drought upon the land, and upon the mountains, and upon the corn, and upon the new wine, and upon the oil, and upon that which the ground bringeth forth, and upon men and upon cattle, and upon all the labor of the hands." And now, what a change! "I am with you, saith the Lord."

God is not changed, and he is the same God now as he was to Israel of old. Another building is going on—the building of the body of Christ, by "that which every joint supplieth," or (R. V.) "every joint of the supply"; "dealing truly," "speaking truth in love" (Eph. 4: 12-16). In this building, personal interest—everyone the Lord's, is the great requirement to progress. And truly, when children of God make personal interest—even if it be the interest of their own spiritual state or that of their individual worth for the Lord—to take precedence of his great purpose, the building up of his body, a blight comes over them.

"THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS SHALL COME"

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

WHEN the Jews had laid the foundation of their temple, as described in last week's lesson, the work of building was suddenly interrupted, owing to the hostility of the alien people around them. It will be remembered that these people offered to help in the rebuilding of the temple, and that their help was firmly declined. They were people of foreign races, the descendants of settlers whom the king of Assyria had sent there, more than a hundred years before, to occupy the northern kingdom, after Israel had been carried away prisoners. The Jews, on their return from Babylon, having learned by bitter experience the sad results of associating with the heathen, could not accept their help in building a temple to Jehovah. The people, piqued at this rejection of their offer, resolved that the temple should not be built. They hindered it by every means in their power, and even went to the expense of hiring counsellors in the Persian court to prejudice the king against the Jews and their enterprise. Through their efforts the work was suspended for about fifteen years. The story of this period of inaction as told by Ezra, combined with incidental remarks in Haggai and Zechariah, give an impression that Zerubbabel, who who was the civil governor, and Jeshua, who was high priest, were both weak men, who were easily discouraged. They speedily arrived at the conclusion that the time for building the temple had not come, that, in fact, this time was not propitious. Accordingly the Jews turned their attention to their own houses and proceeded to make themselves comfortable. There was abundant building material among the ruins and they soon had magnificent houses erected and [illegible] and vineyards and [illegible]. All [illegible] the temple [illegible] was [illegible] in the foundation stone [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] people. [illegible] to a sense of their [illegible] by the [illegible] of the prophet Haggai. He [illegible] old man, probably over eighty years of age, who, as a boy, had seen the first temple. With thrilling words he upbraided the people for their supineness, and urged them to resume work on the temple. His appeals took instant effect. Within three weeks, carpenters and masons were set to work. But even then there were many—Zerubbabel probably among the number—who had little hope or zest. It was necessary for Haggai to keep them up to their duty and encourage them. Haggai was helped in this effort by Zechariah, a young priest educated in Babylon, who came to the aid of the venerable prophet. These two men pleaded and protested by turns, putting life and spirit into the work. Among other means of stimulus, they assured the people that their poor temple, which would have no ark nor any of the splendor of the old temple, would have a greater and better glory, for into it should come the long-looked-for Messiah, who would be "the desire of all nations."

Be strong and work for I am with you. Such a message must be puzzling to some people in our day, who are fond of singing: "Doing is a deadly thing; doing ends in death." The fact of God being with the people might have been taken as a reason for doing nothing, because he would do it all. But that is not God's way. If a man wants to get to the top of a mountain and prays that God will place him there, he will find that his prayer is not answered. But if he prays that God will give him strength to climb the mountain, he will find that God will answer that prayer. To every man who is trying to be a better man, to live a life above that which consists in mere pleasure and indulgence; to every man who is trying to get free from evil habits, this message comes with a voice of power; "Be strong and work, for I am with you." That assurance gives a man courage and energy. In the cities it is very common to see a notice on the vacant floor of some building, that it may be rented with or without power. That means that there is an engine in the building, and that if the incoming tenant has printing presses or any kind of machinery, he can have power to turn them. He need not set up his own engine; there is plenty of power in the building, which can be supplied to him for any purpose. He has merely to put a leather band on his machine, attaching it to the engine wheel, and his machinery will turn. That is the way it is in the kingdom of God. Men must do the work, but the power to do it is supplied by the Almighty.

The desire of all nations shall come. It is little likely that Haggai understood the full meaning of this message that God sent by him to his people. In these days we realize how appropriate was the title thus given to Christ. In every nation to which the Gospel of Christ has been carried, this title has been proved true. He satisfies the longings of the people. When he is preached, the best of the people declare that he is what they want, and when they come to know him by spiritual communion with him, they find that he is all and more than all that they need. A missionary among the Esquimaux found that they had in their language no word for Saviour. He was in a difficulty, for, of course, he needed such a word more than any other. So he said to them: "Does it not happen sometimes when you are out fishing that a storm arises and some of you are lost and some are safe?" They said that such an experience was common. Then the missionary asked: "Does it not happen that sometimes when you are in the water one of you is saved by some friend who stretches out his hand to help you?" They replied: "Very often." The missionary said: "Then what do you call that friend?" They gave him the word which they used to describe such a friend, and in preaching and translating the Bible he used that word as an equivalent for Saviour, and the idea was clear to them. In all lands there are many people in need of such a friend, and as Jesus fulfils that function he is rightly called "The desire of all nations."

A Converted Infidel's Sacrifice

After Experiencing a Change of Heart, Marshall O. Waggoner Decided to Burn his Infidel Library—A Remarkable Illustration of Saving Grace

FEW individual instances of conversion in recent years have attracted more widespread attention than the case of Marshall O. Waggoner, of Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Waggoner has been an infidel all his life, and now in his old age he has been brought almost miraculously into the light of Gospel truth, and has accepted Christ as a loving Saviour. Like Saul of Tarsus, Mr. Waggoner was an active persecutor of Christianity, inasmuch as he wrote against it, spoke against it on the public platform, and gathered together an infidel library—with which he disseminated as widely as possible the doctrines of Paine, Voltaire and the later school of atheists and agnostics.

Something less than a year ago the great change came. In a single night, without any human aid or intervention, the light broke in upon the infidel's soul, and the Bible which he had so long derided and condemned became to him the revelation of Divine truth, and the Gospel of Jesus the most precious of gifts. His heart opened in fervent prayer. He was transformed. The slanderer of sacred things became the ardent apostle, and the mocker of Jesus was glad to rank as his humble and unworthy follower.

The story of Mr. Waggoner's conversion and of his resolve to commit his infidel books to the flames is told below in his own words. Mr. Waggoner, in conversation, told the story of his lifelong infidelity without any hesitation. He said:

"For sixty years I have been an unbeliever. I have become a firm believer in Christ. As a first step I decided to burn the infidel library which I spent many years in collecting. These were the works in which I formerly found pleasure, and from which I drew the arguments to support me in my unbelief.

"I was born in Norwalk, O., in 1826, and almost from my earliest youth I have denied the truth of the Scriptures. This was all the more strange in view of the fact that my early surroundings were religious. But I doubted the Bible even at ten years of age, and as I grew older I sought everywhere for proofs or arguments which would satisfy me that the miracles told of in the Old and New Testaments were false.

"Of course such arguments I soon found. That they were weak and false I now see clearly, but they satisfied me then. I kept my unbelief a secret, as I did not want to hurt the feelings of my parents. The works of Paine, Voltaire and Pythagorus, Huxley, A. Bennett, Adams and many others I read very eagerly, and I scorned all who did not believe as I did. I was not an agnostic, but a materialistic and uncompromising infidel, glorying in my unbelief and despising all who believed in God as being under the sway of a superstitious faith. Besides, I was an active propagator of infidelity, and frequently wrote for the infidel press.

"Nearly a year ago, on Nov. 19, 1898, the light broke in on my soul, and the clouds of unbelief broke and scattered. My eyes were opened and I saw that what I had formerly regarded as light was the blackest darkness. My conversion was partly due to the teachings of my grandmother when I was a child. She had labored to impress me with a belief in immortality. Some of her teachings have always been indelibly engraved upon my heart, and it was these that finally led me to the change. That night I spent hours with the Bible on my knee. I prayed earnestly and felt that my prayer was not in vain. Peace stole into my heart—the peace of heaven. Since then I have labored to bring others to the belief I now hold. I have held services in more than ninety churches and my work has only begun. Each day finds me more fully persuaded of the truth at which I used to scoff."

Regarding the statement that he had decided to burn his infidel books, Mr. Waggoner said:

"I decided to burn the library in which I formerly found my pleasure and the arguments for my unbelief. There are probably 100 books in all. At first I intended to destroy them in a public bonfire at which I would tell my experience and the reason why I wish to bring others to the faith which I know to be true. But I have now decided that the burning shall be in private and witnessed only by the members of the Memorial United Brethren Church, with which I have allied myself.

"In all these months since I was converted I have enjoyed a peace which I never had in the days of unbelief. My wonderful experience shows that there is nothing impossible for Divine grace to accomplish in the sinful human heart."

Mr. Waggoner has written to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this brief letter, which, as supplementing his experience given above, will be read with interest:

To the Editor "Christian Herald."

DEAR BROTHERS IN CHRIST: I have seen our dear pastor, Rev. Frederick P. Roselot, of the Memorial U. B. Church, and, after a little careful reflection, we came to the conclusion not to have the "cremation" of my books in a public manner, but *quasi*-privately—only the few members and officers of the church present, and the time not known generally, so as to avoid a crowd.

M. O. WAGGONER.

MARSHALL O. WAGGONER
The Converted Infidel who Committed his Books to the Fire

Mr. Waggoner's decision to burn his books has influenced another family to destroy an infidel library, which has been in its possession for several years. When Henry M. Tabor, a noted agnostic, died in New York some time ago, he left some 500 copies of an infidel book which he had spent the greater part of his later life in writing. His heirs (who did not share his views), on learning of Mr. Waggoner's experience, decided to profit by his example and have accordingly burned the Tabor volumes, his daughter, who was also the executor, giving the order. Although her father lived and died an agnostic she is resolved to do all that lies in her power to stop the spread of unbelief.

The Peace of the World

Some of the Good Results Flowing from the Hague Peace Conference

HON. ANDREW D. WHITE, United States Ambassador to Germany, and the leader of the American deputation to the recent Peace Conference, has prepared a brief summary of the results of the conference. He says:

"In my opinion great good was accomplished—far more, in fact, than any of us dared expect or even hope when we came together.

"As to disarmament, everybody really thinking upon the subject must see that a good system of arbitration must come first, and that then, when arbitration has diminished the liklihood of war, the argument for cutting down forces and armaments is greatly strengthened. The logical order, then, is first arbitration and next disarmament.

"As to the plan of arbitration, any compulsory system is at present utterly out of the question. There are so many international differences involving questions of race, religion, security, and even national existence, and the difficulty of drawing a line between these and questions which may properly be arbitrated is so insurmountable that there is not a nation on the face of the earth willing to risk an obligatory system. Far better, then, than any compulsory arbitration, which probably, even if it had been adopted by the conference, not one of the Powers would have finally ratified, is a thoroughly good system of voluntary arbitration, recourse to which public opinion will enforce more and more, and this I earnestly believe that the conference has presented to the world.

"Some of the features in the plan adopted were due to the United States, some to Great Britain, some to Russia, some to various other Powers; and, in my judgment, the plan thus adopted is far more valuable than any scheme presented by any one of the Powers at the beginning. The present plan is the result of most careful thought by the foremost international lawyers, statesmen and diplomatists of Europe, to say nothing of other parts of the world. They gave their whole souls to it, their pride was involved in it, and it will, I believe, be found to work satisfactorily.

"The great point gained is that whereas formerly an arbitration court could only be provided after long correspondence between Cabinets, and negotiations between ministers, and debates in Parliamentary bodies, and hunting for proper judges, and discussions as to procedure and a thousand other delays, just when time was most precious, the conference has given to the world an arbitration tribunal as an actual and permanent institution with judges, procedure, officers of the court, place of meeting and accessories all provided. It has added as subsidiary to its main feature carefully systemized plans of mediation, both general and special, which are likely in many cases to prove exceedingly valuable in preventing nations from drifting into war. As to gradual disarmament, that will come later. Of course the people who insist on having fruit on the day the tree is planted, will sneer at our work, but history will, I believe, judge it differently."

Christian Workers at the Seashore

A convention of Christian Workers was held recently on Bell Island, Conn. Rev. William James invited several clergymen and friends to meet the inmates of the Elim House on the Island, and a large number responded. The meetings were held in a tent and continued ten days. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith and Rev. R. H. Baker, of New York; Rev. W. H. Hubbard, of South Norwalk; Rev. J. H. Hoyt, of New Canaan, and Mrs. Sarah J. Bird were among the speakers.

A Notable Christian Woman

Miss Eva M. Shontz, organizer and president of the Chicago Young People's

MISS EVA M. SHONTZ

Christian Temperance Union, has been making a tour of the United States in the interests of the Women's Temple, Chicago, to advance the cause of temperance. The Y. P. C. T. U. has been in existence less than two years; so rapidly has the movement spread that its membership lists now enroll hundreds of the most able and active young people of Chicago, including prominent officials in church societies, ministers, lawyers, physicians, teachers, newspaper editors and reporters; in fact almost every honorable vocation is represented in this army of Christian young people enlisted in the war against the saloon.

During her tour Miss Shontz has organized branches of the Y. P. C. T. U. in Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, and other States. She is a native of Iowa, and the child of parents who were temperance workers. She bears a remarkable personal resemblance to Miss Willard, is like her in being a graceful and earnest orator and a devoted advocate of an excellent cause. Her address on "Woman's Influence in Church Work," is on the programme of the services at the "Glad Tidings" Gospel Tent, New York City—the first woman on the list of speakers.

The Memorial to the Czar

We are daily receiving, by every mail, thousands of signatures to the Mammoth Memorial, now in course of preparation, for presentation to the Czar of Russia, congratulating that ruler, in the name of the Christians of the United States, upon the results of the late International Peace Congress, which was projected and carried out by the Czar in the face of the mightiest opposition and discouragement. When all the signatures have been received, the Memorial, finely engraved and enclosed in a unique and artistic casket with the names of the great army of signers appended—a roll of enormous proportions—will be forwarded to St. Petersburg and officially presented there.

Every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should, without fail, send in his or her signature, together with the signatures of as many friends and acquaintances as possible. The names should, by preference, be written clearly in ink, with full address, on white paper, eight inches wide, the sheets pasted or pinned together if one sheet should be insufficient to accommodate all the names secured by the sender. Send the names with as little delay as possible. Many friends of the peace movement have sent us over one hundred signatures. The present prospect is that the Memorial will have the largest number of signers of any great movement of the kind agitated in recent years. It should have at least *a million* names appended and this can be accomplished if all our readers and their friends, who are in sympathy with the movement to secure the world's peace, will secure as many signatures as possible. Every envelope containing such signatures should be distinctly marked, in the lower left-hand corner, "Czar's Memorial."

∴ Beginning Relief Work in Stricken Porto Rico ∴

Starving Multitudes Clamoring for Food—Touching Scenes Among the Sufferers—All Looking to the United States for Aid

THE LANDING PLACE FOR ALL SUPPLIES AT PONCE

A STREET SCENE IN PONCE, NEAR THE CITY HALL

ADVICES by cable from Porto Rico during the past week indicate that the damage inflicted by the recent cyclone, far from being exaggerated in the earlier reports, are even more serious and widespread than at first believed. Telegraphic communication has been only partially restored, and dispatches now coming from the interior show that the whole island has been devastated. No town or village has wholly escaped the fury of the storm. In many places the greater part of the native population is without food and shelter. The receding waters have revealed several sad tragedies. Native dwellings are piled up in mounds of debris, and even public buildings have been wrecked in many places. In some towns, the only way in which the ruins can be cleared will be to consume the mass by fire. This is advised by the officials in charge, to avoid an epidemic. Frightful odors from decaying corpses fill the air, and carry the threat of coming pestilence. There are hundreds of putrefying bodies in the mud and under the timbers, and no laborers can be engaged to recover them or to clear the ruins.

In many cases, the destruction of towns and villages has been total. Nagabuo, Corozal, Aguada, Comerio and Guayanilla are among those that have been practically wiped out and the populations left destitute. The poor of Ponce are so numerous that the municipal authorities are powerless to relieve them, and the Mayor has resigned.

Steamers arriving in the port of San Juan, report seeing masses of refuse and bodies of human beings and cattle drifting about many miles out at sea. At Manabo, the town is absolutely leveled and over one hundred persons perished, many of them being little children. At Comerio, the surviving population is huddled in a large building—the only one left standing—and all the supplies have been destroyed. Thousands of villagers are camping in the mountains, and the valleys are still like lakes, with no signs of life.

At Corozal, the indigent crowds are piteously crying for bread, and no relief is yet in sight.

At Nagabuo, the remnant of the population is unsheltered and without food; and unless relief is extended to all of these places, the mortality from starvation and epidemic may exceed that caused by the flood itself.

Leading merchants of the island estimate the total loss on growing crops, stores in warehouses, and property generally at $75,000,000. The relief work, under government auspices, has already begun, but is inadequate, and needs to be promptly supplemented on a very large scale. In the Bayamon and Arecibo districts relief work is going on, but communication is still so much interrupted by the floods that Gen. Davis is placed out of reach of many of the most needy sections. Many perished in this quarter, and 200 bodies have already been recovered; but it is thought that hundreds of others have been washed out to sea. The towns were six feet under water, and when the flood subsided, corpses were found everywhere. The majority were buried where they were found. Our soldiers, under Capt. McComb, acted with great heroism, and rescued forty persons from drowning. Many natives are said to be starving at Naranciło. Cialis lost twenty by drowning. Borciloneta suffered still more heavily, and ninety perished. At

FEEDING A NATIVE CROWD IN PORTO RICO

GROUPS ON THE PLAZA AT PONCE

THE MARKET-PLACE AT PONCE

From N. Y. Journal

THE CALLE MARINA, A STREET IN PONCE

PRIMITIVE METHOD OF TRAVEL IN THE INTERIOR

BODIES IN CALLE SALUD, PONCE

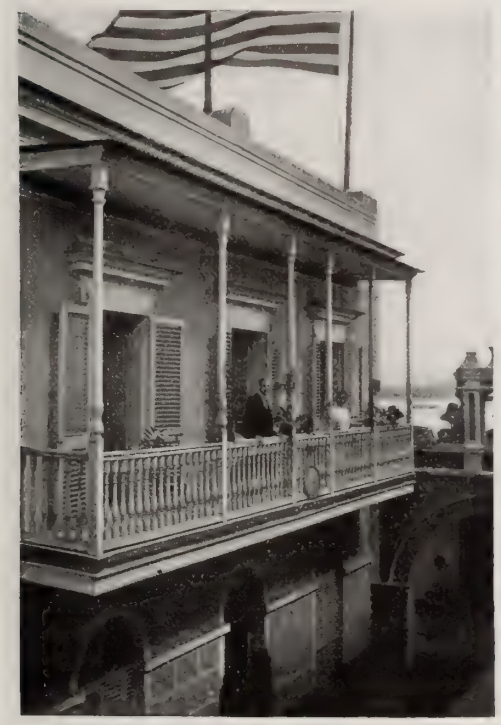
Cayey, one of the most deplorable features of the disaster was the large number of women and little children who were lost in the flood. Their bodies have been recovered by hundreds, and the scenes are described as heartrending. Mothers died clasping their little ones in their arms. The children who escaped the deluge of waters may be swept off by hunger before relief comes. At Tabucoa, 200 perished and about eighty bodies have been found. There are many injured, and doctors, as well as food, are sorely needed.

Our soldiers at Ponce, as elsewhere, acted like real heroes, saving many at the risk of their own lives. Whilst the waters were still rushing like a flood, parties of American troops procured ropes and, binding themselves together, made a living line across the current, and saved many who were being carried down to certain destruction.

It should be stated, to the credit of the municipal authorities in different places, that the officials are using every endeavor to help the destitute, but with the means at their disposal they cannot do much. The military authorities also are generously sharing their supplies with the starving population. All that can be done through this means, however, is but a drop in the bucket. The situation demands relief on a vast and comprehensive scale, if life is to be saved. In many districts, scores of shelterless old men, women and little children are wandering about in pitiful helplessness, lamenting the loss of their earthly belongings and begging scraps of food "for the love of God!" In Utuado, the people have issued an appeal for food and work. It is said that thousands have perished in this district, yet only a pittance of relief has been received thus far.

It will be impossible for many days to determine the actual loss of life by the great cyclone, which swept the ill-fated island from its shore to its centre. Ponce is still stunned by the disaster. In the store-houses, thousands of sacks of sugar, coffee and other supplies were ruined by water, and shops and restaurants were swept bare of their contents. The water mains burst, spoiling the supply of drinking water, and for a time fresh water, the dispatches stated, could hardly be had for love or money. Even the largest buildings—some of wood and others of corugated iron—were twisted and battered. The stoutest structures were undermined and clothing and furniture were water-soaked and rotted. Timber, trees and all vegetation were levelled with the ground, and so were cane-fields for miles around. Latest advices estimate the number of identified dead in Ponce at 544. There are over one hundred natives in the hospital suffering from serious injuries. The whole beautiful valley of Juana, down to the sea, is a ruin; trees, houses, sand-piles, dead bodies of cattle scattered everywhere, and the roads obliterated. Enough carts cannot be hired to remove the decaying matter. A few streets have been cleared up and opened. Food is still scarce and at famine prices, and the people are looking eagerly forward to the arrival of aid from the United States. Officials believe that the island as a whole, cannot recover from the blow in less than two years, and that poverty and distress will prevail for months to come. During the week a number of sympathetic letters have been received, containing contributions for the relief work in Porto Rico. It is a cause which deserves the most cordial aid from all our readers and we trust that our appeal, in behalf of the suffering mothers and children especially, may not pass unheeded. The following sums have been received for its relief work during the past week:

Mrs T DeWitt Talmage	$150 00
Henry Root	1 00
A friend of the poor, Sprague	1 00
Mrs E B Stork	5 00
Levi B Roth	1 00
In memory of Miss Jane Hope	10 00
A subscriber, Haverhill	1 00
P C Vawter	2 00
Mrs A Godfrey	1 00
J T Turner	4 00
Mrs M A C Cassity	1 00
Mrs L Thurston	2 00
P B Bromfield	25 00
Total	$204 00



THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE IN SAN JUAN

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN SAN JUAN

CLIMBING THE COCOANUT TREE FOR FOOD

TYPE OF NATIVE HOUSE DESTROYED BY THE CYCLONE

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.
L. J. TERHUNE, G. H. SANDISON
Associate Editors.

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The Heroism of Madame Dreyfus

AS the Captain Dreyfus trial re-opens all the world listens. His behavior has been transcendently beautiful. The publication of his letters to his noble wife reveals the secret of his freedom and coming triumph. They stood together and cheered each other. They determined never to succumb nor surrender to the infamous wrong, which in the name of military justice had been inflicted upon him and his household.

The wife of Sir John Franklin sought to rescue the secret of her husband's fate from the ice prisons of the pole. More successful than she, Madame Dreyfus, without whom probably her persecuted husband would have died in despair, comes from the well-named Isle of the Devil, bringing her delivered husband in triumph. If she had for one moment faltered, if she had for one moment doubted the justice of God, if she had for one moment discredited the noble heroism of the man, who had been given to her, as a husband, Captain Dreyfus' cause would have been lost.

We read incredible stories from the pen of such men as Hall Caine, we have recounted to us the imaginary machinations of a Hugh Ritson, who causes the false imprisonment of his own brother. But, here, the highest officers of an army enter into the most cruel combination to wreck the character and happiness of an innocent family. Their deed is consummated. But the heart of this true woman is an altar, where daily sacrifices are offered and daily pleadings are heard. Her feet are as wings, her tongue is as that of the advocate, and so against a nation, she prevails. The whole world rejoices, and writes her name among the great heroines of the ages.

A Dog and His Master

A MAN thirty-six years of age, who had been drinking, lately shot himself on Avon Avenue, Newark, N. J. His faithful dog was found watching by his lifeless body. The antithesis between a man created in God's image, who gets desperate because of the dominion of an evil habit, and throws up his commission, snuffs his life out as a candle, and his dog, who will not surrender his trust, even though his master is no longer living, is awfully suggestive.

We might almost reverse the Saviour's words: "How much is a brute better than a man!" Is man the great failure in creation? Is man the only being not true to creation's trust? What brute admits a thief into his mouth that steals away his brains? The dog knows his owner, even though stretched in death's silence by his own murderous hand. The dog still acknowledges the tie that binds him to man. Man forgets the tie that binds him to God; tramples it underfoot; first destroys God's image in himself by strong drink, makes himself infuriate, and then blows out his brains; desecrates and destroys the temple where God takes up his residence. What a picture for a drinking man to look at!

A Conspicuous Mark

EARL SIMPLERS, a well-known young athlete and swimmer, was a few days ago struck by lightning as he stood upon a pier ready poised for a dive. As the workmen on the dock hurried to the spot to lift up the unfortunate young man, a second stroke fell near them, and for the moment arrested them in their benevolent intent. Our Saviour cautions us against misinterpreting such an event as this. Here, certainly, was no violation of natural law. It was a remarkable coincidence that brought this young man to the spot where death was to be lightning-winged.

The tower in Siloam falls upon its unsuspecting victims. It is not to prove that they are either more or less sinners than all others; only to remind us that we are all sinners: and both deserve the penalty of sin and are liable to it. This young man was a college graduate, bore a good reputation, and, had he lived, promised to make a good record in life. He was a shining mark, selected not in anger, but in love; not to show that God is a God like the Jupiter of the ancients, sitting among his thunderbolts and hurling them from the sky, but a God not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. One shall be taken and another shall be left. Why taken? Perhaps, to show ten thousand young men the uncertainty of life; perhaps, to inspire ten thousand young men with new purposes in life. If so, Earl Simplers has not died in vain.

Men With Level Heads

IT ought not to be regarded a strange thing that we find vigorous and successful minds in America public and private life arraying themselves on the side of Christianity. It is a thing perfectly natural. President McKinley is there. It is the secret of his serenity and vitality. How could he have taken on him such burdens, been at once at the head of the army and navy, at the head of the Cabinet, the counselor of all lawmakers, ambassadors and peace-makers, fulfilled in himself the various trying functions of our chief executive, without believing in Christianity, without trusting in the living God? The cleansing fire of the Civil War made a Christian of President Lincoln. But McKinley came to his high place of trust a praying man.

All great business enterprises are best managed by praying men, believing men, men who can take their burdens to the Lord at the close of the day's work; can unbend with their children, and leave all their anxieties at the foot of the Cross. Worldly minds ridicule the Christianity of such men as John Wanamaker; set it down to their effort to make merchandise of their religious profession, but godliness has the promise of this life, as well as of that to come. And when we see Christian men who act from religious principle, securing private confidence and public confidence, given great earthly opportunities and earthly honors, it should not cause us to wonder. It is God fulfilling his promise. It is God electing men who are fit; honoring those that honor him.

The Omnipotent Truth

ONE of the great foundations of social happiness and prosperity is truth. We know intuitively that we ought to speak it and to act it, being well aware that the very existence of society depends on that mutual confidence which can only spring from truth. Now the love of truth is the love of realities; the preference for facts, rather than opinions; for truth is like the sky, and opinions are but the clouds that drift across it. Therefore truth in our daily intercourse is an absolute correspondence of our words with facts, for an habitual looseness of thought hinders the speaking of truth; so then we should think of things and speak of things so that we may be able to say: "This is true on earth, and I believe it to be true in heaven."

Social violations of truth are exceedingly common, and, in the minds of many, are venial transgressions. Plenty of occasions occur in which we are apt to think a delicate laxity about truth—a rather moral thing. We fear to pain or to offend, to be uncourteous, to induce a quarrel, and prefer insincerity to social ill-feeling. How often we tell people that we are glad to see them, when we are not glad to see them! How often we treat pleasantly those whom we really dislike, and thus act as well as speak what is not true! In the course of a single day we are constantly put between the horns of this dilemma—the tenderness of our own conscience and the social courtesy which teaches us to defer our own claims to consideration for the feelings of others. Yet the divine principle within us never consents to this shuffling, shuffling expediency. It never, under any circumstances, allows a lie to be justifiable, and we ourselves are uneasily conscious that something of our best manhood and womanhood is soiled by it. To do evil that good may come is a principle that can always be turned into wrong, as well as right. There is no immutable goodness in it. It may be said that to care for the feelings of others above our own content of moral conscience is in itself a kind of virtue. No; we do not carry this principle through all our life. If it touches our purse, our business, our integrity, our good name, our love, our social standing, we are quite ready to speak truthful words, however unpleasant they may be. Therefore it can not be right to sacrifice a great principle for a trifle of social consideration, when we would not do so for a selfish one.

There is a higher point of view, to which all such questions should be referred—what is the best rule, not for our petty circle, but for the whole world; not what is good for our friends or ourselves, but what is good for humanity as a whole. For the cause of truth is the cause of humanity. Even as regards ourselves, we have the plain Apostolic injunction, "Lie not one to another." For Truth is not only a virtue, it is the virtue, a thing required in all we do, an indispensible element in that success which is the object of every real life to achieve. If we could only realize that every honest calling is a part of a great general dispensation, then truth would be viewed as the highest centre and obligation; and every deviation from it, like a mistake in a sum, which if not set right, will repeat itself in a thousand ways, and far and wide affect, not only the guilty parties, but those innocent and ignorant of the error. Truth is as necessary to the social welfare of the race as oxygen is to the circulation of the blood.

There is an unfailing instinct in this matter, a sensitiveness which is only finally killed by constant and long-repeated violations. There are few little children who do not resent the imputation of a lie, and young men and women know so well the value and virtue of truth, that they feel any doubt of their truthfulness to be an indelible stamp upon their honor. Yea, humanity, as a whole, is not slow to admire even that superhonesty, which prefers death to a deliberate lie.

No modern teacher has so emphasized the power of truth as Carlyle. His life of Frederick the Great is built upon this virtue. He is never weary of telling us about Frederick's "veracity," his power of seeing things as they were, and his consciousness that error—no matter what plausable face it wore—could never be good. This faculty he declares to be the rarest and highest, not only of personal, but of intellectual virtues, since he assumes that no one can habitually speak and act the truth, unless they habitually think the truth, and to habitually think the truth shows the mind to be controlled by a strong, pure soul, having the fear of God before it continually. But even Carlyle, in this fine definition of a great character, has not made clear a very important difference between veracity and truth. Veracity—the quality which Frederick possessed so largely—is a correspondence between thoughts and words. Truth is a correspondence between thoughts and realities. A man is veracious when he says what he thinks. A man is truthful when his thoughts are facts. The Bible tells us of men who put sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet; who called good evil, and evil good; yet these men were veracious men, for to them sweet was bitter, and good was evil, and they said truly what they thought. There was a perfect correspondence between their thoughts and their words, but there was eternal divergence between their thoughts and immutable and everlasting facts. Therefore they were untruthful men. The Pharisees were veracious when they thought Christ was an impostor, and they said so. They thought they were better than publicans and sinners and they said so, and yet Christ called them "ye hypocrites," for they were leading a life at variance with the truth—which is reality—a life the Disciple John plainly called "a lie."

Truth is something positive; it is not only the absence of impurity, but it is a clear, shining whiteness. Intellectual truth is clearness of thought, with clearness of statement, and moral truth is absolute fact, expressed with absolute fairness and unreserve—honest, straightforward speaking of the whole mind. It is not what we call frankness, for frankness is a disposition, not a principle. It is not what we call bluntness, for bluntness takes a direct pleasure in saying disagreeable things. Truth says disagreeable things when necessary, but it takes no pleasure in the saying of them. Truth is not blind to faults, but also it is not blind to virtues. Truth insists on facts, but under that name it does not put only the faults of acquaintances. Christ did not soften down the truth, for the rich young man he loved. He told him plainly what one thing he lacked, but he did not deny him the merit of keeping the law and the commandments. He spoke the truth to him, but he spoke it in love. And when the woman of Samaria would have entangled him in an old theological quarrel about places of worship, he cut the conversation short by the utterance of an undisputed truth, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in Spirit, and in truth."

That truth is strong and will prevail is one of the most comforting assurances of mankind. But truth has to penetrate society variously colored, and influenced by views of its own, about both this world and the next, and quite resolved to abide by them. All new thought then—no matter how true it is—resembles a force whose object is to shake the society it enters. Hence the opposition and martyrdom that prophets of truth always meet; for wherever truth touches human life, its "prevailing" depends greatly upon the temper and condition of those who are to receive it. However, one thing is certain in the end—time and truth are sure to be friends.

Amelia E. Barr

BRIEF NOTES

A society organized at Geneva, Switzerland, to oppose the use of explosive bullets, as a result has grown to what is known as the Green Cross Society.

On a recent Saturday, the Jews of London assembled in their synagogues to pray for the deliverance of Dreyfus from the machinations of his diabolical enemies.

A grandson of the late poet Tennyson, a boy only seven years old, has contributed a poem to a children's magazine which offered a prize for the best poem on a certain subject. Tennyson's grandson won the prize.

A thoughtful and kindly act is the gift to the Five Points Mission of New York of a fine organ. The instrument is a memorial of the late Mrs. Josephine M. Ayer and is given by her sons and daughter.

The American Board of Foreign Missions has eight candidates fully approved for missionary work. Several fields are urgently asking for such help. The only obstacle is one of funds. If the money were in hand the eight missionaries could be sent immediately.

Reformed Churches holding "the Presbyterian system" will hold an Ecumenical Council in Washington, D. C., Sept. 27 to Oct. 6. The opening sermon will be preached by Prof. John De Witt, of Princeton. The meetings will be held in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Charles N. Crittenton has been holding services in Seattle, Wash. He succeeded in forming a Rescue Circle for the reclamation of fallen women. The Circle has raised a fund for the purchase of a house suitable for a Florence Mission. Mr. Crittenton has given a thousand dollars toward the amount required.

A Scottish minister stipulates before performing a marriage ceremony that no alcoholic stimulant shall be drunk at the wedding feast. This has been his practice for twenty-five years, and during that time only six couples declined to give the promise. They were obliged to go to some other clergyman to be married.

The New York Rescue Band has opened quarters at No. 309 West Fifty-third Street, near a police station, with a reading room and a library. The usefulness of the organization has been still further extended by the acquisition of an orphanage, a working girls' vacation home and a winter sanitarium at Upper Nyack, N. Y.

The report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, shows that the number of Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scripture issued by it during the past year, reached the enormous total of over 4,479,000 copies. The total issues of the society since its foundation in 1804, have been over 160,000,000 copies. Translations and revisions are now going on in over one hundred languages.

A movement to promote a better observance of the Lord's Day has been inaugurated at Seattle, Wash. It was begun by the Christian Endeavor Societies and the Young People's Temperance Union. Church members of all denominations are uniting in the movement. It is hoped that at least it will result in closing the theatres and saloons, which now regard Sunday as their busiest day.

Harnessing the Nile

PEACE, we are told, hath victories as great as those of war. One illustration of the fact is presented in the picture on this page. No matter what may be thought of England's right to occupy Egypt, everyone must rejoice in the progress of the gigantic engineering work she has in hand in that country. To arrest and hold up the historic Nile and to turn the life-giving waters into the desert, which now run uselessly to the sea, is an achievement worthy of a great nation. A glance at the map shows that the productive land of Egypt is limited to a double ribbon running down the banks of the Nile. Every year the river overflows its banks, depositing on the land on each side a stratum of rich mud, from which the most bountiful crops are grown. But where the Nile does not reach, the land is arid and barren, for Egypt is practically rainless. As already mentioned in these columns (April 20, 1898), plans have been prepared for the construction of a gigantic reservoir at Assuan and a smaller dam at Assiout, by which the waters of the Nile will be stored and conveyed by canals to the desert. The picture here given shows the progress which had been made with the work at Assiout when the labor was suspended a few weeks ago. The Nile flood is now rising, and in a few days the works will be submerged, and will be under water for three or more months. After the river subsides, work will be resumed, and it is expected that by 1903 it will be completed. The dam will be about forty feet wide, affording bridge facilities to the people. It will be in places, seventy-five feet high and a mile and a quarter long. Its gates will have to resist the pressure of two hundred and fifty billion gallons of water. The contractors are to receive a total sum of twenty-four million dollars for their work. It is computed that the value of the land which will thus be added to the produce-bearing soil of Egypt will be at least one hundred million dollars, and that at a moderate estimate not less than two million dollars additional revenue will come every year to the national treasury from the proceeds of taxation on the new wealth. It is a singular fact, vouched for by Frederic C. Penfield, formerly United States Consul in Egypt, on the testimony of antiquaries, that such an engineering work was planned by Joseph thirty-six hundred years ago, when he was Prime Minister of Egypt, and that he actually constructed a dam as an experiment, which fertilized the province of Fayum. Mr. Penfield's article on the subject in the *Century* magazine explains the effect of this experiment. As the cost of the work will be repaid many times over by the products of the soil it will fertilize, it is extraordinary that so long a period should have been suffered to elapse before Joseph's scheme was put in execution. It shows how much better this time is than was that when in the same land stupendous engineering works were undertaken in building the Pyramids. This work is done that the people may have bread. It is a prophecy of that still better time of which the ancient seers wrote:

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose (Isa. 35: 1).

CONSTRUCTION OF THE GREAT DAM AT ASSIOUT, EGYPT, FOR HOLDING BACK THE NILE

A Wife's Claim for Wages

A novel suit is set down for hearing at the next term of the Supreme Court in Jersey City, N. J. It is brought by a woman who was divorced about ten years ago, against her former husband. They had been married twenty years when they quarreled and both filed suits for divorce. The husband's suit was successful and a decree was granted. The children of the marriage were confided to the husband and the care of them proved an embarrassing charge. After one or two unhappy experiments with housekeepers, he proposed to his divorced wife that she come and take charge of his home and family as his housekeeper. For the sake of the children, she consented, and this extraordinary arrangement continued until this year. The children have now grown up and all of them have married and left home. Their father has decided to give up housekeeping and go to boarding. Having no further occasion for his divorced wife's services as housekeeper, he discharged her. During her years of service, she alleges, he gave her no compensation and she therefore sues for a thousand dollars which she considers she is entitled to, for her labor. It may be hoped she will be successful; but she would doubtless have been better pleased if her former husband had condoned the past and made her again his wife. It is this that gladdens the heart of the Christian whom God forgives for his wandering. He is restored to his former place in his Lord's love.

They shall be as though I had not cast them off: for I am the Lord their God and will hear them (Zech 10: 6).

A House Afloat

The residents of upper New York along the banks of the Harlem were astonished a few days ago to see a two-and-a-half-story frame cottage float up the river with the flood tide. The cottage was nicely balanced upon a large sand scow. That it was occupied was evidenced by the smoke that was coming out of the roof where the chimney should have been, and by a good-sized washing hanging from a clothesline stretched from the second-story window to the flagpole of the scow. A small tug was towing the scow. On reaching the foot of Lincoln avenue the scow, with its novel load of freight, was docked. Then the captain of the scow told his story. The cottage had stood for several years at the foot of Delancey street. Recently the owner decided to move to Jamaica Bay, and after consulting several house movers, learned that no great difficulty stood in the way of moving the old house to the new site. Accordingly the house was moved from the dock, and from there transferred to the scow, being rolled on heavy timbers placed from the dock to the deck of the boat. The house was then lashed fast with heavy ropes and the trip to Harlem begun. Shortly before dark the tug once more started down the river with the scow, to continue the trip around Coney Island to Jamaica Bay. When a house can be taken bodily so long a distance, it is no longer appropriate to use it as a type of permanence and stability. Few persons have occasion thus to remove their houses, but all would be happier if, remembering the changes in human life, they could say as did the Psalmist:

Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage (Psa. 119: 54).

A Bellamy Colony

The little town of Morehead, in northwest Kansas, is making an experiment of the principles outlined in Edward Bellamy's famous work, *Looking Backward*. There are about five or six hundred persons in the colony. These are all living on a co-operative plan. The proceeds of the farms are turned into a common treasury, and in the town there are a cannery factory, a bakery, a restaurant, a hotel, a laundry and other enterprises, all belonging to the community. Each has a superintendent who keeps an account of expenditure and results and presents an annual statement. The community is prospering and is making arrangements to extend the co-operative principle so that there shall be no occasion for the use of money at all. The tailor, the dry-goods merchant, the printer, the physician, the blacksmith will all perform their functions without pay, simply charging against the common account the value of the services rendered and each having the privilege of being so served by the others. The experiment will be watched with interest for it implies an ideal confidence, one in another, on the part of the citizens and a conviction that each will act honorably in working for the general good of the community. It is a reminder of that happy time in which the Christian church started, when every Christian regarded every other as his brother:

The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things in common (Acts 4: 32).

Across Africa

The French Geographical Society has just conferred its gold medal on M. Edouard Foa, in recognition of his brilliant march across Africa, from Mozambique, on the east, to the Gulf of Guinea, on the west. This is a more northerly route than was taken in 1891 by Dr Johnston, the West Indian missionary, whose portrait and life were published in these columns on his return. M. Foa set out on his long journey with two friends and about four hundred armed natives and carriers; but one of his friends succumbed to fatigue before reaching Lake Nyassa and the other broke down at Tanganyika. M. Foa proceeded alone with his native convoy and, according to his story, met with many strange adventures. Lovers of the marvelous will have a rare treat when his book, which is being translated into English, is published. Baron Munchausen would have envied him could he have read it. This doughty Frenchman claims to have killed no less than forty elephants on his way, and one of them, being more than four yards in height, would have struck terror to the heart of anyone but a Frenchman. The tusks of this beast weighed 113 pounds and were worth $1,400. We hope M. Foa was able to get them to the coast, so as to confirm his story. He also killed rhinoceros, hippopotami and other big game in large numbers. He incidentally discovered the true sources of the Congo, met with races of cannibals that no other explorer had ever seen, and made the acquaintance of a tribe who had the reprehensible habit of cutting off their own noses, etc., which, in a metaphorical sense, some of M. Foa's own countrymen appear to be doing nearer home. M. Foa was thirty-eight months on his journey and considering the number of adventures he relates and the achievements he claims to have made, the time must have been a busy, as well as a lively one. We have undoubtedly reached the time foreseen by the ancient prophet:

M. EDOUARD FOA

Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased (Daniel 12: 4).

To Give Durability

A scientific journal calls attention to the fact that the curious and well-known by-product of zinc, chloride or salts of zinc, which formerly went to waste, is now being largely used as a wood preservative by railroads, bridge-builders, dock-builders, and for the protection of shingles, clapboards, and any other wood that is exposed to moisture or influences productive of decay; the salts of zinc, in solution, by means of hydraulic pressure are forced into the pores of the wood, which is then soaked in a solution of tannin and glue. The singular fact is stated that, with this simple treatment, a railroad-tie made from a pine tree—which is the only kind that can be found out in the mountain country—will last three times as long as one of oak. The infusion produces a durability that the wood naturally does not possess, and enables it to resist the processes of decay. It is so with the natural man. When God imparts his Spirit to his child the weak becomes strong.

Out of weakness were made strong (Heb. 11: 34).

A Mechanical Shouter

Among the curious inventions which have been submitted to the government since the trouble with Spain is one which was tested in Washington a few days ago. A reporter of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, who was present at the test, says: "It is a tube about four inches in length and about three in diameter. Stretched across the aperture is a piece of perforated rawhide, and when blown into emits a strange and blood-chilling howl—something absolutely indescribable in words—a sort of cross between the shriek of a buzz-saw when it strikes a nail and the lower register of an adult steam calliope. It is the sort of noise I imagine a hippopotamus might make during an attack of membranous croup." The inventor points out that the yell of troops when they charge frequently demoralizes the foe, and his invention is designed to make this yell more terrifying. The War Department has declined to avail itself of this novel instrument. In these days soldiers must fight for the victory, though the time is coming in which the Lord himself will overthrow his enemies and then shouting over the triumph will be the part of his people.

Let the inhabitants of the rock sing; let them shout from the top of the mountains (Isa., 42:11)

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Happy Childhood Times

Youthful Anglers Merry Journeys—Delightful Story-Telling

FEW of our readers but will feel a sympathetic throb of pleasurable interest in the occupation of the two lads in the picture. Was there ever a boy or a girl who did not like to go a-fishing? Happily, the fun of fishing consists not solely in catching fish. Various angling excursions, guiltless of finny captives, are very pearls of memory to many of us, bringing back, by association, the dear old homestead and its loving company. A kind father, or elder brother, was companion and guide. Excitement began the day before the start, when we were busy getting hooks and lines and bait ready—if the trout had only known what refreshments would be theirs on the morrow at comparatively little risk, they would have laughed with delight!—if a trout can laugh. On the eventful day, we were up and off betimes, feeling very important as we trudged along through flowery fields and found ourselves in woodland ways under dew-laden branches. Birds were flitting about and singing overhead; callow nestlings turned gaping mouths upon us when we peeped curiously into Mrs. Wren's or Mrs. Mockingbird's home, with the kind intent of giving hungry babies a treat out of the bait-can—which generous purpose came to nought, because of the angry screams of unappreciative mammas and our guardian's warning call: "Come away! You may show a prowling cat that nest!" Presently, short legs got tired of long tramping; we sat around our guide at rest on a green bank and he told us stories, and whittled whistles for us with his jack-knife; and when we had the whistles, we set up opposition to the birds. Perhaps, too, we all sang a merry chorus, when it was great fun to hear the echoes the woods sent back to us. The tramp, at last, ended at the stream.

We baited our hooks, and watched for the bite—which didn't come, although we repeatedly drew up our hook to find the bait gone. Again, the cork went down, the line pulled hard, we squared ourselves for a mighty jerk—when behold! we perceived that the hook was caught fast in driftwood, the root of a tree or a tangle of vines. Lunchtime and appetite were sure, however, and equally sure were the cookies mother had put in the basket with the sandwiches. Equally sure, too, were the stories after—stories of the fisher-folk of Galilee, with whom our Saviour loved to walk and talk; Christ asleep in the boat, Peter walking on the water; the miraculous draught of fishes; the little supper by the sea, when loving disciples met their risen Lord—were made very real to us. In the cool dusk as we walked homeward, we picked berries to take to mother in place of the fish we hadn't caught.

FISHING IN SUMMER TIME IN THE OLD MILL-POND ON THE FARM

A Sick Child's Prayer

Some of us have known sick-rooms which were like gateways to heaven, because of the patient, loving and cheerful spirit of the sufferer. The following story shows a patience that it is almost worth being sick to win: A little boy was suffering one night from a severe cold. He had coughed violently for some time, sitting up in bed, and was unable to sleep. He didn't know anyone was listening to him, but finally, when he was quite worn out, he prayed aloud in these beautiful words: "O God, make me well right away. But you needn't hurry too much, for I can be very patient." His faith, as well as patience, are worthy of desire.

Time to be Loving

What does it profit us, mother, if we have gotten our house clean from top to bottom, the meals on time and the husband's and children's clothes in order, if to accomplish it we have wounded people right and left and missed opportunities of showing the spirit of love and gentleness?

What does it profit you, father, if through concentration upon your business, you make lands and houses and provide fine raiment and rich food for your wife and children, yet let them starve for a husband and father's affection? Industry and thrift are most commendable and service is one of the best ways of showing love, but if in service we forget love, service loses its highest virtue.

Yaqui Customs

The Yaqui Indians, whose uprising in Mexico has attracted recent attention, are a very primitive people, holding to their ancient pagan faith and their ancestral ceremonial rites of birth, marriage and burial, fasts and feasts. Their homes are thatched huts without doors. Corn is ground between two stones, while the visitor waits (Yaquis are very hospitable) for the toothsome tortilla, or pancake, which Mexicans make out of meal. On to the pancake, beans or stewed game will be ladled out of a pot of savory smell. When the beans or stew is eaten, one rolls the tortilla up and eats that, too. This cooking and feasting takes place out doors in front of the hut. Domestic implements are crude. Yaquis are intelligent, however. They have a sort of government of their own, and for a half-civilized people good military organization, using Winchester rifles in place of their lately discarded bows and arrows.

Little Soldier Boys

We publish this letter from Mrs. Florence C. Aldrich, a New Haven mother, telling how her little boy helped her, because the instance may carry comfort to some other mother: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a much loved member of one small household in the City of Elms; and two small soldier boys, Carl and Clifford, find very great delight in your pictures—especially in those illustrating the Sunday School lesson—and in the stories for children. I want to tell how one little soldier taught me a lesson one dreary, stormy night last winter. It had been one of those days when everything would go wrong, and in the twilight I sat down and cried over the failures of the day. Carl and Clifford sat playing with blocks at my feet. Suddenly Carl looked up and said in his sweet voice: 'What is the matter, mamma? Is it a needless pain' mamma?' Surprised, I answered, 'What can you mean, my dear little boy?' And he said: 'Why, mamma, don't you know we sing

O! what peace we often forfeit,
O! what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Is that the kind of a pain you have got, mamma?' I thought my little five-year-old boy had preached me a good sermon."

A Japanese Wedding

The marriage customs of different nations are always interesting. Those of Japan are quite odd. When a youth fixes his attentions upon a maid he fastens a branch of a certain shrub to the house of her parents. If the branch be neglected the suit is rejected; if it be accepted, so is the suitor. The bridegroom sends presents to his bride as costly as his means will allow, which she offers to her parents. The wedding takes place in the evening. The bride is dressed in a long white silk kimona and white veil, and she and her future husband sit facing each other on the floor. Two tables are placed close by: on the one is a kettle with two spouts; on the other table a miniature fir tree—signifying the strength of the bridegroom: a plum tree, signifying the beauty of the bride, and, lastly, a stork standing on a tortoise, representing long life and happiness desired by them both. At the marriage feast the two-spouted kettle is put to the mouths of the bride and bridegroom alternately by two attendants, signifying that they are to share together joys and sorrows. The bride keeps her veil all her life and after death it is buried with her as her shroud. The chief duty of a Japanese woman all her life is obedience—while unmarried, to her parents; when married, to her husband and his parents; when widowed, to her son.

THE "OLDEST SUBSCRIBER"

The Oldest Subscriber

A subscriber to this paper, Mr. Gerhart, sends us the accompanying picture of his little son, Nathaniel, posed as an "old subscriber." The two and a-half-year-old veteran, sitting on his chair, spectacles astride his nose, gazes intently at the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in whose pictures he is doubtless profoundly interested. Nobody will dispute the proposition that he has logic to back his claim of being considered "one of our oldest subscribers," since he "has taken the paper all his life," even if his countenance is not so venerable as might be expected from such a title.

A "Bible Birthday"

SHE was a Canadian teacher, away from home and kindred. When her birthday came, she had no idea that any one would remember it—she almost forgot it herself, except when thinking with a thrill at her heart of the morrow, when the mail would come and bring letters and little gifts from Canada. Her birthday had not been remembered at places where she had worked before. But Louise was among real Christians this time. When evening came, and they all walked into the dining-room, behold! over the snowy table-cloth fern leaves were scattered. In the centre of the table was a tall vase of roses. The best China was out; the napkins were folded in fanciful ways. At everybody's plate was a "favor"—and the favor was a little roll of grey satin paper tied with a bit of pink ribbon, into which a rose was caught. When they took their places, the Housemother leading, they sang:

Dear Lord, we thank thee for the goiden day,
That sent our sister unto us in love;
Bless her, dear Lord, make hers a shining way,
Love lighted from above.

Each untied the scroll at his or her plate, and read from thereon such lovely texts as: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee;" "The Lord make his face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee." The meal was one of cheerfulness and kindness and merry talk. Dainties, that loving thought and service had contrived out of limited means, graced the board. Cookies and cottage cheeses, in pretty, garlanded bowls and platters, concluded a feast that the young stranger, whose birthday was being celebrated, would never forget.

A Queer Family

Mr. Bartlett, member of the British Zoological Society, told this story of a pair of ostriches under his observation. The male, which made the nest and covered the eggs for the sixty days necessary to hatching, would hardly leave his charge long enough to eat, and waxed thin with cares. Mrs. Ostrich walked around quarreling. Finding two eggs broken, Mr. Bartlett watched to discover "the hen deliberately walk up, and, with a scolding way, endeavor to force her faithful partner down upon the nest," which he was leaving for a nib of grass and his usual dessert of rusty nails or a similar dainty; a broken egg was the result of her meddling, and she was promptly exiled to the other side of the fence. When the striped babies came out of their shell and began to say, "Peep, peep," of course it was thought their mamma would like to see them. She caught the first baby that got to her by its neck and tossed it high in the air where it described a terrific somersault and came down half dead. She was exiled permanently, and the father, gentle, assiduous and attentive, scratched for his family and sheltered them until they were big birds.

Some of Our Little Guests

The Cripple—The Reform of "Rocky" Little Lass and Laddie

FRIENDS of our children who are cooperating with us in the good work of helping the tenement waifs, will be interested in the following account of some of our little guests. The history of hundreds of the children entertained are fully as sad as these, and the relief afforded and the change wrought, morally and physically, quite as great.

Henry, the little man sitting on the rocks, is a cripple. He is ten years old, and six of those years he has spent almost entirely in charity hospitals, where splints and various contrivances were employed to enable him to walk better. Henry limped cheerily into the Bible House the other day. "De doctors up to de hospital didn't know me when teacher tooked me in dere to-day ter see if me leg was gettin' along all right; an' me mudder —well, you jes' ought to see how 'sprised me mudder looked at me when teacher tooked me in to see her! Me mudder wuz glad! I ain't stayin' in town! Naw! I'se goin' back to de home wid de teacher. See!" Henry has been at the Fresh-Air Home much longer than ten days. The little fellow was very pallid, weak and emaciated when he was brought up, and because of his weakness, his limp was ten-fold worse. On the boat up he first drew "teacher's" attention to himself by laying a clinging hand on her skirts. She turned to see the cripple, smiling up bravely enough, but saying, pleadingly: "Please, teacher, may I hold on to you? Me leg is bad an' it drags an' de boys steps on it." Of course, teacher let him "hold on to her." His first night in the dormitory he nestled up to teacher, and said, referring to chapel service, to the words used in the little prayer he had just said, and to the name called in the stories teacher had been telling: "Teacher, who is Jesus?" The story of the Saviour was told to an eager little listener, who said, his eyes shining: "I will tell it to me mudder." A few days later Housemother Collins heard somebody limping along behind her, and as she turned, Henry laid loving hold on her, and said: "Miss Collins, let's set down on de grass and let's have a good, quiet talk about God and Jesus." Always brave, sweet and smiling, the little cripple has made himself a name at the Home. That name is "Our Sunshine."

Another interesting character is Rocco. "Rocky" is the apt soubriquet his playmates have given the young Irish Italian. Rocky startled the dining-room during his first meal by slamming a plate on the floor in a fit of passionate anger against another child—the only scene of the kind that has ever occurred in our dining-room, for our children are uniformly humble and grateful. Nobody threw back at him; the crowd was still with horror. A teacher, laying a firm but gentle hand on his arm, said kindly, "Come, Rocco." Up in the quiet dormitory, she sat him down in a corner with his face to the wall "to think." In about ten minutes duty called her off temporarily. She was detained a half hour and returned without the faintest idea of finding Rocky in place. But there he was, face to the wall, tears stealing down his cheeks. She drew the child's head on her breast, talked with him (and in the talk found that the child's father is a convict), and prayed with him. His next display of temper was not so violent; but she took him to the dormitory, talked and prayed with him, and gave him some tasks to do. The latter were faithfully performed; and not only that day, but voluntarily every day during his stay, the boy saying: "I like to help you, teacher." He was devoted to "teacher," following her everywhere and behaving so beautifully that he was in request in all the dormitories. The evening before his return to the city, teacher took him to the dormitory, and pointed silently to the corner where he had sat with his face to the wall. He understood; his face flushed; teacher knelt and prayed with him, and gave him a pretty book that would be helpful to him.

The little lass and lad by the tree were ailing, ragged, emaciated when they came to us; and as the picture shows, both are fat, happy and well clad now.

The following contributions have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Prev. ack	$5,601 89	Bernheirch, C C	1 00
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		Stirling, Mrs G A	2 00
		Strout, Mae G	75
		Taylor, Mrs J	2 00
		Unknown Friend	1 00
		Ellen Bushnell Miss Band, 2 Presby ch. Sprinfield	3 00
		Prin'l Presch, Lisbon	
		C C, Rochester	1 00
		Mrs I G B, Whitehall	1 00
		M I M, Mt Vernon	5 00
		A B H, Shamesford	3 00
		B E J, Wolcott	3 00
		H M L D, Phila	5 00
		V M B, Kenosha	1 00
		For Christ's Sake, Chambly	1 00
		Poor Old Woman, Morden	3 00
		Pres Jr SCE, Decatur	1 00
		C I T M E S S, Luverne	
		S S cl little girls,	1
		Cong ch, Methuen	2 00
		Shokan Refd S S	3 55
		Jr C E S, Crary Mills	2 00
		Jr E S, Talbot	3 09
		Hall, M E, SS, W Hampton	8 54
		Total	$6,167 47
		Prairie S S Cal.,	20 00
		Through error the above was credited to Mrs. A. T. Wilkinson, in August 2d issue.	

"ROCKY" ON A WOODLAND CHARGER

HAVING A GOOD TIME

"SUNSHINE," THE CRIPPLE

Contributions of Clothing

Our children's friends have been most kind in the matter of sending clothing. Many of the tenement waifs are very needy. Little boys who have never had a pair of good trousers or a good jacket in their lives are among our guests.

Packages of clothing have been received from the following: Edith and Ester, Fair Haven, Conn.; Rosebud Club, Batavia, N. Y.; Center Haverhill Opportunity Circle of the King's Daughters and Sons, New Hampshire; Miss M. C. H. and Miss J. M. S., Carbondale, Pa.; I. H. N., from Dudley, and two suits from Mrs. Greely Brown and Mrs. Ida Chase.

They Love "The Christian Herald"

Mr. E. Edwards, of Newark, N. J., a long time reader of this journal, writes us as follows:

I think that I have good reason to feel the spirit of victory over the success of the last two months by sending one hundred new names for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It has been no small thing, and yet a great privilege to call at a thousand doors and look as many wives and mothers in the face.

While I had my hard and trying days, I also had my good times. From Arlington to West Orange I went—over ten miles in the hot sun. I am now going to give thanks and praise. I should have said that I expect to get a number of names this coming Fall.

One hundred new subscribers secured by one person in two months is a record of which the worker may well be proud. It is one, moreover, that should stir others to similar effort to place their favorite religious weekly in as many homes as possible.

"A Gentle Wind of Western Birth"

Tells no sweeter story to humanity than the announcement that the health-giver and health-bringer, Hood's Sarsaparilla, tells of the birth of an era of good health. It is the one reliable specific for the cure of all blood, stomach and liver troubles.

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CHICAGO ST. LOUIS NEW YORK BOSTON

A LITTLE PEACE-MAKER

A Story in Two Parts, Written Expressly for "The Christian Herald" by

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from last week.)

A STUBBORN look, which Ethel had seen before, showed itself upon Hugh's countenance. His brow visibly blackened.

"I hope my mother will stay here as long as may suit her convenience," he said. "I can have no more welcome presense in our home than hers."

"Perhaps you were more comfortable when hers was the only presense—before you were married, I mean?" said Ethel.

"Rather more comfortable, my dear," said Hugh; "but I beg your pardon. My mother was in the ranks of the workers until I left college, and I was with her alone, all told, only a year. These bickerings of ours are absurd. Bear in mind what I said about baby, won't you?"

"I shall forget nothing," answered Ethel.

Downtown, sitting in his office and engaged with the multiform demands which press their claims upon the attention of a business man, Hugh seldom had much leisure or inclination to think about home. Is not this always so? The husband and father toils with hand and brain unremittingly to provide for his dear ones, but he does not dwell consciously all day long on the love he bears them. It is there, though, all the same, and a very strong and compelling force it is in his life—the background of everything he does.

Ethel's sweet face, dimmed by resentment, mentally opposed itself to Hugh's usual complacency, after he had left her. There is no worse beginning for any man's day than a misunderstanding with his people at home, most of all with his wife. By degrees the conviction settled upon him that he was not a gentleman in his conduct to Ethel, scolding her and losing his temper and interfering in her province; and Hugh had the grace to feel very much ashamed of himself.

"When I was her lover and not her husband," the poor fellow said in his thought, gloomily surveying his ledger, where the black figures, in their long straight columns, stared at him like so many witches, "i never spoke to Ethel except affectionately. I was always trusting her judgment, always complimenting her; and now I am learning to act like a cad. And, bless my heart and soul, tomorrow is the dear girl's birthday!"

Once having recalled her birthday, Hugh decided to lay a peace-offering on its altar, and to buy for his wife the most welcome birthday gift he could think of. He knew that she wanted a set of blue china, of a forget me-not pattern. She had admired and wished for this for a long time, and when he left the office for the day he stopped and bought this and ordered it sent home. Then he called at the florist's and purchased a bunch of white and pink carnations—Ethel's favorite flower; and so, faring homeward with a lighter heart than he had carried away in the morning, he ran up his own steps at last, and let himself in with his latch-key.

"Hugh!" called Ethel over the banisters. "Come up very softly, dear. Baby is ill. He has had a convulsion."

Hugh's anxiety was equal to hers when anything serious ailed their little son. "Have you had the doctor?" he asked. "What caused it? Is he better now?"

"We don't know what caused it; he was in it a long while; as black as your hat, and Doctor Frank was here for two hours. But he is quiet now, and dear Mamma, most fortunately, came to help me enjoy my birthday, and she has him now."

Hugh had to acknowledge, when he saw Mrs. Dana handle the baby, that she knew more about little children than his mother did, and it was an unspeakable comfort to see how deft and capable was her management, to hear her voice, to watch her as she moved about, the born nurse, efficient and clever, and knowing what to do.

Madam Mainwaring came into the nursery, looking pale and shaken. Her face was drawn as if with pain, she shivered and seemed forlorn. Her daughter-in-law went up to her and gently took her cold, unresisting hand in a firm clasp.

"You are used up, mater. You must not be worried any longer. Baby is out of danger now, and mamma is here; that alone makes me feel safer than I could without her."

"Yes, thank God!" ejaculated the stately Madam Mainwaring, and she stopped and kissed Mrs. Dana's plump cheek.

* * *

So it came to pass that for that time at least, the baby was a little peace-maker. The two older women, in many ways antagonistic, laid their differences aside and became as one over the flaxen haired, blue-eyed, dimpled grandchild, who was to both an idol, and the pledge of God's goodness to them in showing them the second generation.

"Hugh," said Ethel, blushing, as on her birthday she unpacked the for-get me-not china, "I have a confession to make to you, and perhaps when you hear it you will say that I do not deserve this exquisite present. When you left me yesterday I was so angry that I made up my mind to go home to mamma and stay with her a long while. I packed my trunk, and telegraphed my train, and I was going without saying good bye to you."

"Oh, Ethel!"

"Yes; but mamma answered my despatch with another, 'Don't come, house closed, on my way to you.' The curious thing was that she had had a dream about baby and me which worried her. Dear mamma is a person who has dreams and warnings and she could not rest, and just as the poor wee Mannie was taken ill, in she walked, like an angel of mercy."

"I need never have known your intention, wifie, if you had not told me so candidly," said Hugh. "Now, let me, in my turn, tell you that I was ashamed all day of my moroseness yesterday, and, God helping me, I vowed not to pain you so again. And Ethel darling, I see just what it is: you and I never have any friction when we are by ourselves, but we each have made the mistake of letting our feelings toward our mothers allow a disturbance of our peace. From this time on I shall be man enough never to say an impatient word about Mrs. Dana, who is far too good for me to criticize."

"Don't make rash promises, Hugh," said Ethel, with a light of mischief in her eyes. "You will do your best, I will do mine, and we will learn anew the fifth Commandment. We'll forgive one another now and ask God's blessing, and try to be good."

The two ladies, in the nursery, watching with delightful eyes the little one, who, though wan and languid, bore no other trace of his sudden attack of spasms, were also exchanging pledges.

"Mrs. Dana," said Madam Mainwaring, "I am going to South Dakota to visit my sister Emily, whom I have not seen in twenty years. The journey is long and expensive and I shall not return for two years. I have had my eyes opened. Dearly as I love my son Hugh, I cannot stay here any longer just now, to make trouble between him and his wife. I have been a troublesome old woman, and I am sorry. This dear baby though, pulls at my heart strings. How shall I give him up for such an age?"

"Madam Mainwaring," answered Mrs. Dana, "I have a cousin in San Francisco, a cousin Belle, who has had a heap of trouble, lost her mother and her husband, and is drifting into nervous prostration. She needs somebody to stand by her, without an hour's delay, and I'm the only one who can go to her relief. I can't make up my mind to stay away from this blessed baby two years, but I'll stay one year, and suppose you do the same. Let us meet here again on Ethel's birthday a year from now.

THE END.

Cast Down, But Not Destroyed

WHY art thou cast down, my soul,
Why so disquieted?
Hope thou in God, thou yet shalt praise
The hand that sanctifies these seasons' ways.
Thy stumbling feet have led.

What though fresh troubles, like a cloud,
Thy sky hath overcast!
Though disappointments mar thy lot,
Thy Father's love, which changes not,
Will make it bright at last.

This life is but a trial hour,
A pilgrimage at best.
It may be that the heaviest load,
The darkest sky, the roughest road
Lead to the sunniest rest.

And when from Beulah's hills reviewed,
Thou thankfully shalt see
How brighter paths, but lured astray,
While this same crooked, thorny way
Led straight to victory.

Oh, to be patient in the fire!
God's hottest furnace blast!
Calmly to smile and sweetest sing,
And meekly bend to His sweet will
Assurd of peace at last.

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An Early Endeavorer

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 10.

II. Timothy, 3: 10–17

CHANGES in private and public life and in the world around us have been numerous since Paul wrote these last injunctions to his young disciple; but an old man, concerned for the welfare of a beloved son, might use the same words at this day with the same purpose. The course the apostle indicated is still the safe course. It is still true that an evil man does grow worse. Many instances could be quoted in modern life in which the deceiver ends by becoming a dupe. The way to escape such deterioration is still that of abiding in the things of God, and we are still able to point to the people from whom we learned them, as people whose lives encouraged us to tread the path in which they walked. In spite of all our discoveries and all our learning and all the advantages in education that we possess, no better way has ever been found for bringing a young man safely through the temptations and trials of life than this, that he make the things of God, which he learned of his pious kindred, so thoroughly his own that he may be said to abide in them, to live in them, to transform them into conduct, and to make them the governing principles of his life. There is a beautiful pathos in this address. The old man so enthusiastic, so devoted, so full of energy, yet conscious that the period of his service is drawing to a close, and now anxious, above all things, that the hand which shall carry the torch when he drops it shall be strong and steady. "Abide thou in the things which thou hast learned."

A very notable feature of these injunctions is the emphasis Paul lays on the duty of Bible study. He urges this in the strongest and most impressive terms. In these days when the Old Testament is the object of assault, the injunction is very significant. It is the Old Testament to which Paul refers, for, excepting his own epistles, which the Apostle would not be likely to call "sacred writings," little, if any, of the New Testament could have been in Timothy's hand as a child. Paul is writing to a Christian minister and he urges him to study the Old Testament, which is able, when read with faith in Christ, to make him wise unto salvation. It is evident that Paul did not regard the Old Testament as obsolete. The new light which Christ brought had not cast the Book into shadow, but had illumined it. It was more full of meaning then than ever, and the student would find its teaching profitable for faith and conduct. The Revised Version, by changing the position of the verb in the sentence, implies discrimination in the reading. It does not say, as the Authorized Version does, "All scripture is inspired of God," but that, "Every scripture inspired of God is profitable," which is a different thing and is obviously true. The study of these writings will make "the man of God complete, furnished completely unto every good work." So it has been found in every generation. The men who do the most good in the world, the successful teachers and preachers have not always been men of erudition, but men saturated with Bible truth, men of one book which they find is, as Paul said, able to make them wise unto salvation, not their own only, but of those to whom they speak.

Thus we have the purpose and use of the Bible, Old Testament as well as new, stated in compact form. Other books are useful for teaching science or history, or for some other practical purpose; the Bible's use is to make men wise unto salvation. What higher object can the Young People's Societies aim at? There is so much in life to be saved from. To realize this fact we have only to look around us at the lives some middle-aged and old men are leading, to notice the evils that make men their victims; to listen to the sad stories that may be heard in all our cities, of men so bound by the chains of evil habit, so fettered by the bonds they have themselves forged by the sins of their youth, that nothing short of a miracle can deliver them from their misery; all this, which any thoughtful man can see and hear, must lead to the conviction that the greatest service that can be rendered him is to save him from such a fate. If the Young People's Societies do nothing more for their members than lead them to Bible study, they will have served a beneficent purpose. Not a mere study of words, not a puerile reverence for ancient myths and folk lore are what we should bring to the Bible, but a sincere desire to get from it such light on God's character—the God with whom we have to do—as shall enable us to live according to his will, so as to please him. That is, to fulfil the purpose of our being, to make the best of our lives. Never before in the history of the world has the Bible been so clearly understood as in our own day, and with the clearer light and the better understanding, it has proved more conclusively than ever that, as Paul said, it is able to make wise unto salvation all who incorporate its principles in their lives.

Out and Out for Christ

A young man enlisted and was sent to his regiment, writes Mr. Moody. The first night he was in the barracks with about fifteen other young men, who passed the time playing cards and gambling. Before retiring, he fell on his knees and prayed, and they began to curse him and jeer at him and throw boots at him. So it went on the next night and the next, and finally the young man went and told the chaplain what had taken place, and asked what he should do.

"Well," said the chaplain, "you are not at home now, and the other men have just as much right in the barracks as you have. It makes them mad to hear you pray, and the Lord will hear you just as well if you say your prayers in bed and don't provoke them."

For weeks after the chaplain did not see the young man again, but one day he met him, and asked, "By the way, did you take my advice?" "I did for two or three nights." "How did it work?" "Well," said the young man, "I felt like a whipped hound, and the third night I got out of bed, knelt down and prayed." "Well," asked the chaplain, "how did that work?" The young soldier answered: "We have a prayer-meeting there now every night, and three have been converted, and we are praying for the rest."

Let us be out and out for Christ; let us give no uncertain sound. If the world wants to call us fools, let them do it. It is only a little while; the crowning day is coming. Thank God for the privilege we have of confessing Christ.

A Blurred Vision

A friend of mine told me some years ago, writes a Christian minister, that his wife was very fond of painting, but that for a long time he never could see any beauty in her paintings; they all looked like a daub to him. One day his eyes troubled him, and he went to see an oculist. The man looked in amazement at him, and said: "You have what we call a short eye and a long eye, and that makes everything a blur." He gave him some glasses that just fitted him, and then he could see clearly. Then he understood why it was that his wife was so carried away with art, and he went and built an art gallery and filled it full of beautiful things, because everything looked so beautiful after he had had his eyes straightened out.

There are lots of people that have a long eye and a short eye, and they make miserable work of their Christian life. They keep one eye on the eternal city and the other eye on the well-watered plains of Sodom, and they have no happiness and enjoyment in either.

A Polar Explorer's Return

From Tromsoe, Norway, comes intelligence of the arrival there of the Wellman exploring party after a tragic experience in the Arctic ice fields. The expedition sailed from the United States a year ago, well equipped with all the appliances for a prolonged polar voyage. In the autumn of 1898 an outpost was established in Franz Joseph Land, and there, in a house of rocks roofed with walrus hide, two Norwegians—Bjoervig and Bentzen—were provisioned and left to pass the winter, while the main party wintered in a canvas hut at Cape Teghetoff on Halls Island. Bentzen died of exposure, but Bjoervig was unharmed by his experience. The explorers made several important discoveries. They found new lands north of Freedom Island where Nansen landed in 1895. In March 1899 disaster overtook the explorers. Mr. Wellman severely injured his leg and will be lame for life. An "icequake" engulfed nearly all the dogs and a quantity of provisions, besides destroying several sledges. The discouraging conditions compelled a retreat, which was accomplished only after great difficulty. The wounded explorer was dragged on a hand sledge nearly 200 miles to his vessel.

Books Received

The Best Methods of Bible Marking, for ministers, Christian Workers and Bible Students, by J. G. Lawson, Evangelist; a little book designed to enable the student to tell at a glance the subject of any verse or passage, and also to give Bible readings at a moment's notice. Paper covers, 30 cents, postpaid. American Tract Society, San Francisco, publishers.

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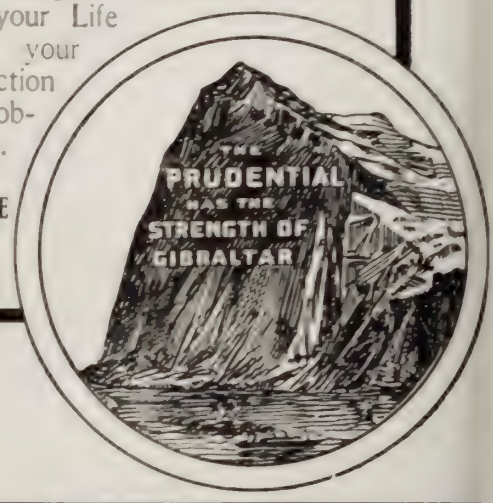

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE NEW YORK

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6, 1899

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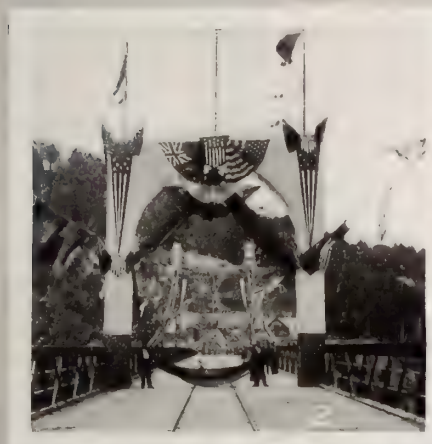
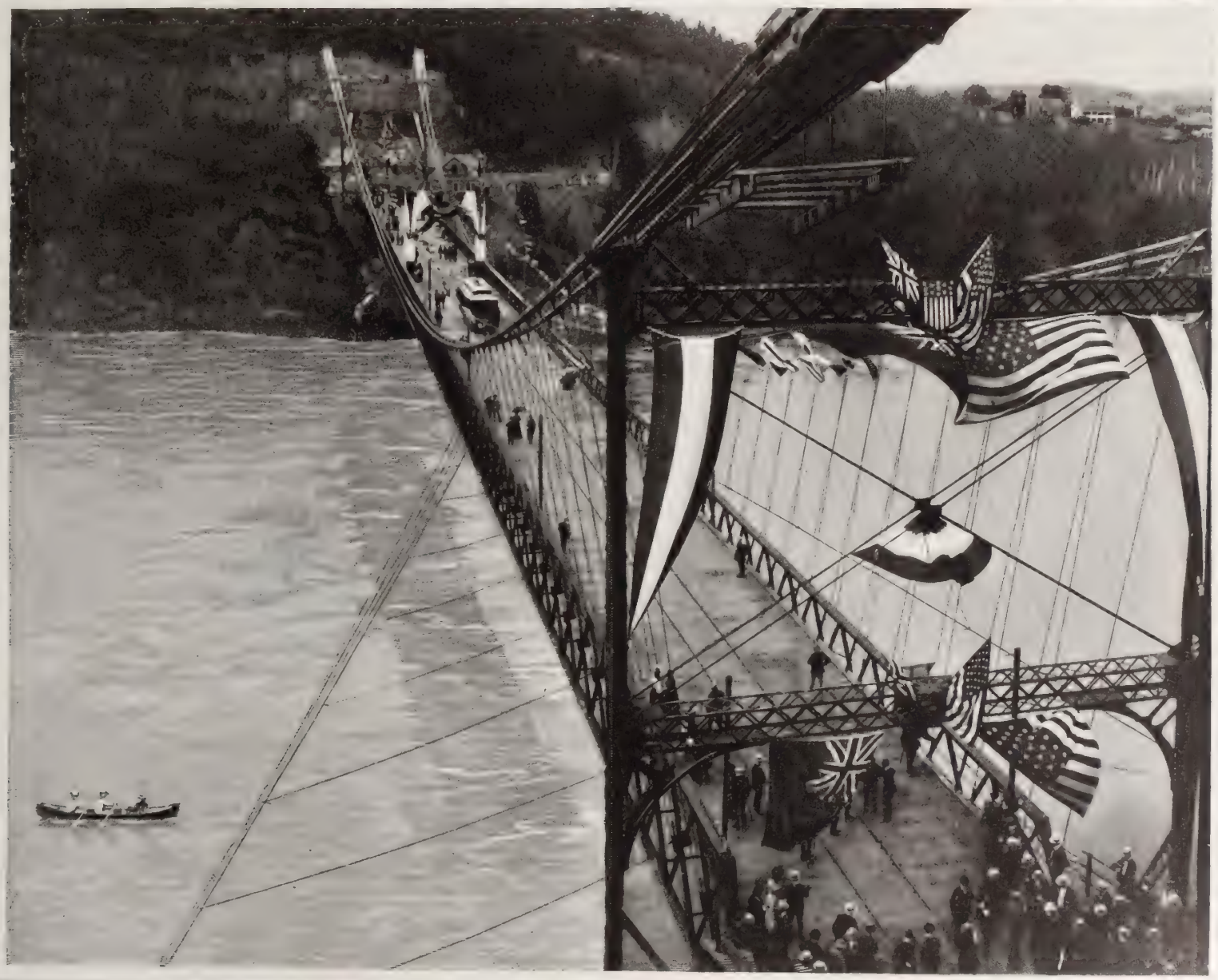




THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS THE GORGE OF NIAGARA BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA (See Page 671)

1. General view of the great span. 2. The Triumphal Arch, looking toward Queenston Heights. 3. The "deck" of the bridge, from end to end.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

MANY READERS have sent us letters explaining that they did not cut out the blank form for the signatures to the Mammoth Memorial to the Czar, as to do so would have mutilated the fine double-page engraving. Let them now redeem the time lost by procuring the signatures of all their friends—not omitting their own signatures as well—upon sheets of white paper eight inches in width, and forward these to us as soon as possible. The Memorial is making excellent progress, but we are very desirous that every friend of the World's Peace should be represented on this massive roll, which will stand as a historic protest against war and its brutalities.

J. G. H., Buckhannon, W. Va. How many brothers and sisters had [illegible]?

Three; Joseph and Hannah, her step brother and sister, and her own sister, Susie.

From Post Chaplain Orville J. Nave, U.S.A., comes this letter:

FORT MCPHERSON, GA.

I desire to renew my request to your readers for copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (late numbers) and magazines for the use of troops in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. When individuals or societies can send quantities, it is cheapest to send by freight (fast freight is best), charges prepaid. I have no funds to recover boxes on which there are charges for freight. Literature gotten to me at this point I will forward to troops where most needed. I am applied to from the islands by officers and men for papers, magazines and books.

ORVILLE J. NAVE.

There are, doubtless, many of our readers who will take pleasure in aiding Chaplain Nave's self-sacrificing effort to supply good religious literature for the "boys in blue."

Reader. 1. Will you please state the difference between a Union and a denominational Sunday School? 2. Do Union Sunday Schools ever use denominational literature?

1. A Union Sunday School is one in which all denominations unite, on a common basis, and work in harmony with each other on Gospel lines; a denominational Sunday School is one which adheres strictly to the creed and forms of a particular denomination. 2. They may do so occasionally, but the better way is to procure a supply of suitable literature from the American Sunday School Union.

C[illegible] — K[illegible], [illegible]; his wife, having in her misconduct Scriptural reasons for doing so, proposes marriage to a Christian girl, would she be doing right to accept him? Does not Mark 10: 11 brand her as an adulteress if she does?

Mark's report of what Christ said is obviously incomplete. Matthew gives a fuller report (5: 32 and 19: 9). You will see there that Christ recognized such misconduct as you describe as sufficient ground for dissolving the marriage. The man so sinned against is justified in putting away his wife and after he has obtained a legal divorce, is entitled to contract another marriage. In our opinion, a girl marrying him would not break any command of God in doing so.

Mrs. Ann Sykes (aged 74), of Williamstown, Vt., writes that she is the owner of a Bible printed in London by Benham Norton and [illegible]: 28.

C. M. McD., Monroe, Wis. Why is the eleventh verse of the eighteenth chapter of Matthew omitted in the Revised Version?

The revisers found that the most ancient copies of the New Testament accessible to them, did not contain the verse, though they did contain it in Luke 19: 10. Some very old editions have it in Matthew, but not the oldest. The theory about that and other passages which the Revised Version omits, is that some diligent student of the Gospel made a note in the margin of his copy, in this case merely a memorandum of the passage in Luke, which was appropriate in that part of Matthew's Gospel. The next man to copy it incorporated the note in the text, and so it became a part of the Gospel. This might easily occur when all copies were made by hand.

E. C., Erie, Pa. To whom did our Lord refer in John 10: 8? Surely he did not intend to stigmatize Moses, David and the prophets who came before him, as thieves and robbers

The passage is one of the most difficult in the New Testament. The best explanation we have seen is that which makes the word "before" a matter not of time but of precedence. The words were spoken in Jerusalem, where Christ's right to teach was challenged. It would therefore be appropriate that he should there declare his supremacy and say that all who came, or come, before him in the sense of claiming superiority over him, were robbers because they would rob him of his rightful position.

C. S. C., Wichita, Kan. What is being done to promote [illegible] of the Sultan?

The movement to which you refer has for its object the purchase or lease of the country from the Sultan. As he is notoriously short of money, it is thought that he might favorably consider a proposal which would bring him so large a sum as the Jews would be willing to pay. The project as yet is in its infancy, and we think a comparatively small proportion of the Jews support it.

T. L. J., Pitcairn, Pa. Does not the tense used by Paul in describing the struggle between the two natures (Rom. 7: 14-20) indicate a present rather than a past experience?

No. It is Paul's dramatic form of expression. Unhappily, it is a present experience with many Christians who have not followed Paul's example in applying the remedy he proceeds to describe in the following chapter. The power of the indwelling Christ delivers a man from the painful conflict.

This, from Mrs. E. A. V., a reader in Bennington, Vt., will find many echoes of approval:

[illegible] soldiers' and sailors' orphans and widows would be than some great monument that is only for show.

Minnie F. J., Elm Grove, Ky. What became of [illegible]?

After [illegible] to live, and Napoleon also gave her an additional home near Paris. She had an income, Miss Tarbell states, of $600,000 a year. She lived for five years after the separation, dying [illegible].

Chas. G. H., North Edgecomb, Me. 1. What real difference is there between the words or terms [illegible] all right on other matters?

1. One may be both orthodox and evangelical, for although there is a difference in the meaning of the terms, they are not incompatible. "Evangelical" is that which relates to or is characteristic of the Gospel alone, and is applied to teachers and disseminators of the [illegible] who deal with the wider range of religious inquiry, which may include a multitude of other subjects. A compact definition of "evangelical" might be all denominations or individuals who give special prominence to the divinity of Christ, and the doctrine of salvation by the atonement. "Orthodoxy" may be defined as adherence to a recognized standard [illegible] ever, and the orthodoxy of one age and gen- [illegible] you mention.

THE "PEACE VASE" PRESENTED TO M. CAMBON BY PRESIDENT M'KINLEY

The presentation of a beautiful "Peace Vase" or loving cup to the French Ambassador at Washington, by President McKinley, is a fitting tribute to the important services rendered by M. Cambon in the negotiation of the Treaty of Peace with Spain. Although that diplomat stood as the official representative of Spain's interests in this country during the war, he was at all times a staunch and open friend to both sides, and greatly facilitated the negotiations which ended in the signing of the Treaty of Peace in Paris. The vase is the work of the best artists in precious metals, and symbolizes the Spanish-American War and the restoration of Peace. It is of solid silver, Roman in form, stands about fifteen inches high and weighs over one hundred ounces. The body of the cup is covered with a richly chased decoration of the breast armor scales of Minerva, the patroness of Wisdom and Peace. The three handles are composed of gracefully entwined olive leaves and berries, symbolizing friendship. A cartouch contains in relief the coat-of-arms of the United States, France and Spain. The inscription on the neck of the cup reads: "Presented by the President of the United States to His Excellency, H. Jules Cambon, Ambassador of France, in token of his friendly services in the negotiation of the Protocol of Peace between the United States and Spain. August 12, 1899."

The Red Letter New Testament is ready for delivery. The international copyright requirements render it necessary, however, to defer sending them out until September 18th, the date set for simultaneous publication in London and New York. **All orders received up to date will be filled on that day.**

O. Orton, Norwich, Conn. 1. Was the affliction [illegible] put it another way: if a person lives in grievous sin, must we conclude that he was never [illegible]?

1. Both insanity and epilepsy present many points of resemblance to the Demoniacs; but in the transference to the swine (Matt. 8: 28-32) and in other cases, there were phenomena to [illegible] terpart. It has been suggested, with some plausibility, that in Christ's days and in apostolic days, the enemy of souls attempted to oppose the truth by himself becoming incar- [illegible]. We [illegible] affliction to form a positive opinion. 2. Unhappily, it is true that the good man is liable to fall into sin. He should not draw as an inference from his fall that he has not been born again, but, like Peter, should repent and seek restoration. The way of return is provided [illegible].

C. H. F., Rienzi, Miss. 1. What is the offence re- [illegible]

1. The word offe[illegible] is literally traps, meaning temptations. [illegible] must needs come. The Christian meets them continually. But woe to the man who sets the trap, who brings the temptation. There is punishment in store for him. 2. The mammon is undoubtedly money. The meaning of the passage is rather, to make friends with it or by means of it. That is, to use it to relieve suffering, especially that of God's people. They will receive their benefactor into everlasting habitations; that is, will welcome him to heaven, gratefully remembering the good done for them in this life. The same lesson is taught in Matt. 25: 34-41, except that in the latter case Christ appears as the rewarder.

W. E. B., Winnipeg, Man. 1. Why did Christ invite Thomas to touch him after his resurrection and yet forbid Mary to do so? 2. Did Thomas accept the invitation and really thrust his hand into his side? 3. When and by whose authority did Christians begin to reckon the years from the date of Christ's birth?

1. The invitation was given for the definite purpose of convincing Thomas, who had himself declared that no other test would satisfy him. He was a good man who, doubtless, longed to believe but thought the resurrection incredible. Christ would convince him, and it is well for us that Thomas was so incredulous or people in these days might still be doubting even while they believed the Bible. When so incredulous a man was convinced, we may believe. Mary's action was probably in the nature of an embrace, and Christ wished her to understand that the old familiar relations were no longer possible. 2. We do not know. Probably not. 3. In the middle of the sixth century, on the proposal of Dionysius Exiguus. But he was wrong in his calculation and fixed the time too late by about five years.

Reader, Clinton, N. C. Write to *The Electrical World*, New York, for all information.

J. C., Ferguson, B. C., Can. 1. She is now in the United States. 2. Yes; still engaged in preaching.

W. L. J., Jaco, W. Va. The question has been answered already several times. Briefly, it was Christ through his servant Noah.

N. J. F., Strasburg, O. Send all contributions for the Children's Home to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

G. A. S., Brimfield. We do not quite understand your question. If we knew any more on the subject than the Bible reveals we would gladly tell you.

J. J. Culberson, Ashland, O. It could hardly be expected that a nation should invite other nations to sit in judgment upon its own acts. Your views, however, are undoubtedly right.

W. H. Goodwin can use back numbers of this paper to advantage in his spiritual work among the occupants of the Central Prison, Toronto, [illegible] Toronto.

L. W. K., Pacific Grove, Cal. The author of the [illegible] is May Riley Smith.

E. C. C., Seal Harbor, Maine, writes: Inclosed please find a list of names to be attached to the Mammoth Memorial to the Czar of Russia. Most of these people are professors, all of them guests [illegible]. I [illegible] CHRISTIAN HERALD to the Seal Harbor Library which has been opened this summer. The people here, especially the natives, during the long winters, will appreciate the paper and benefit by reading it. I have been a subscriber for the last seven or eight years.

Fifty Years a Pastor

Rev. J. G. Williamson's Long and Faithful Service in Bethlehem Church, New Jersey

THE FIRST BETHLEHEM CHURCH

A SHORT time ago a notable celebration took place in the quaint old Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, of Hunterdon County, N. J. It was the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. J. G. Williamson, and a great gathering of his parishioners and their friends, of pastors of various denominations and even of strangers residing at a distance, assembled in the old church to honor the occasion.

Pastor Williamson, who bears the burden of his years remarkably well, received the warmest congratulations. Several anniversary addresses were delivered by the visiting preachers, and in every way the occasion was a notable one.

In reviewing the history of his long pastorate, Rev. Mr. Williamson relates a most interesting experience. He began his ministry in Bethlehem Church in 1849, at a time when railroad and other communications were still undeveloped. His congregation extended five miles in every direction from his church. His salary was $500, with a prospective increase if the pew-rents warranted it. There were only two elders—Benjamin Fritts and Jacob S. Johnson—both very aged men. The first year he visited every member of his congregation on foot, both on mountain and in valley. That year saw sixty conversions and a substantial increase of membership.

And so it went year after year, the pastor, like a faithful shepherd, living on terms of closest spiritual intimacy with his flock, and being regarded by them all as a safe counselor in nearly all the affairs of life. Every year witnessed the inbringing of more souls to the kingdom. Eighty-one per cent. of all the additions to the church were by profession of faith, of whom three-fourths were brought in during seasons of special awakening. Many came to these revivals from long distances—some from Raritan village, fifteen miles off, and others from High Bridge, Annandale, Glen Gardner, and other villages. New churches arose as the result in many instances of the efforts of little bands of converts who had found Christ during the awakenings at Bethlehem Church.

As might be expected, the tie between pastor and people became a very strong one. Mr. Williamson regarded his flock as his spiritual children, and not a day passed in which he did not remember them at the mercy-seat. For forty years his labors were not interrupted, even for a single Sabbath. Now, at the close of half a century of pastoral duty, he has grown dearer to them than ever, and the great gathering in his honor on August 23, was a fitting tribute to one who has been so faithful to his trust.

Bethlehem Church has an enviable record of long pastorates. Rev. John Hannah was installed as pastor in 1761, and died in harness in 1804, having served forty years. Rev. H. W. Hunt entered upon his duties in 1802, and served until 1842—another term of just forty years. None of Bethlehem's pastors, however, have served so long or been so greatly beloved as the aged servant of Christ whose labors have lately been so signally honored by his people.

The New Niagara Bridge

(See illustration on first page)

THERE is but one suspension bridge spanning the Niagara gorge now, and this was opened to travel on July 21st last. Years ago, the gorge was nearly as famous for its suspension bridges as it is for its cataract.

About 1850, the New York village of Lewiston and the Canadian village of Queenston had bright prospects. Travel was plunging westward in a constant stream, and Lewiston was a business competitor of Buffalo. It was then that capital was invested in the construction of a suspension bridge to span the river. It was completed and opened March 20th, 1851. For years it afforded all necessary service in crossing the stream, but it was not a profitable investment. Early in 1864 an immense ice-field formed in Lake Erie, and when wind and warm weather broke it up, it was swept into the entrance of the Niagara River and on toward the Falls in great masses. The men in charge of the suspension bridge at Lewiston, fearing the ice would damage the guys, took them from their anchorages and pulled them up the cliff out of harm's way. The ice-floe passed down the river and out into Lake Ontario. A few days passed, and then a fierce wind storm swept down the canyon. It caught the bridge full on the side. Soon it was swinging at the mercy of the gale. The men in charge had forgotten to refasten the guys. When they had unfastened them and the ice had passed, they, like many others, gave no thought of the future, and now that future was upon them. Back and forth the structure swung; up and down it heaved, but they were helpless. A great piece of the superstructure broke away and fell into the river. When the wind went down the bridge was a wreck. It was never rebuilt, but for years the cables hung across the mighty river, and piece by piece the woodwork of the bridge gave way.

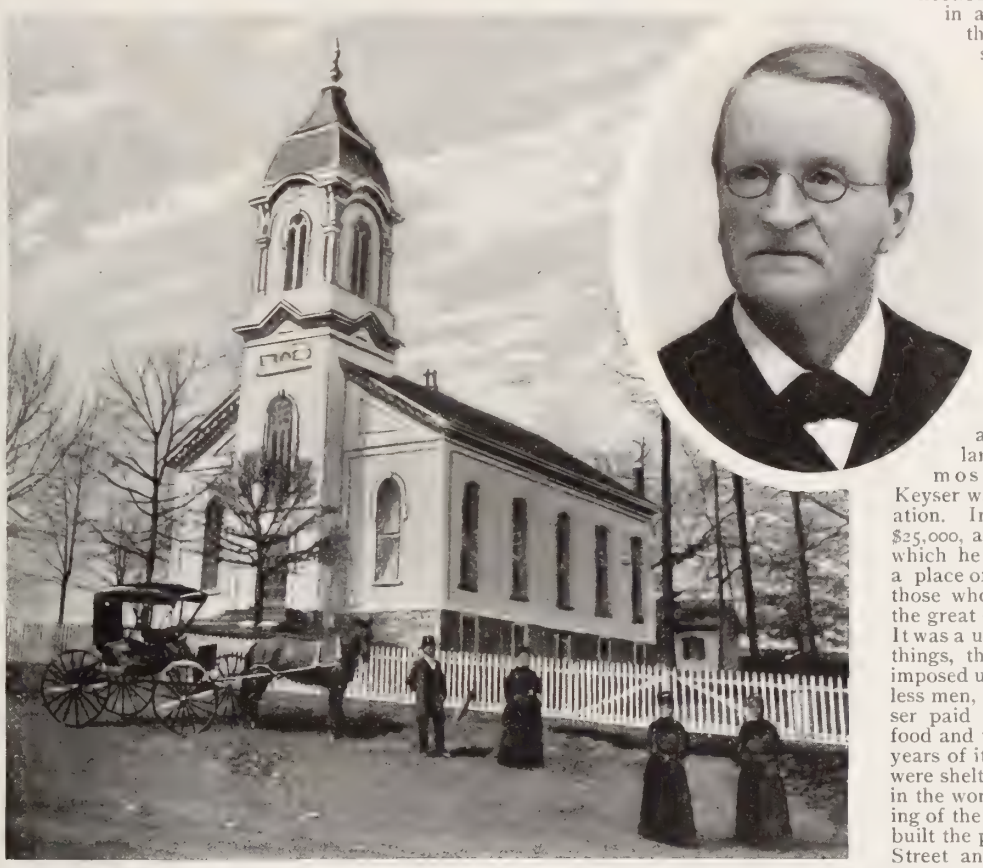
When new life was given to the locality by the electrical development, other men recognized the advisability of building a new bridge to form a link in a belt-line trolley service about the beautiful gorge. The old cables were cut away, and allowed to drop into the river; the old towers were razed, and only the old inscription stones saved to become part of the new work. The new bridge has a cable span of 1,040 feet. It is built of steel, and the width of the floor is twenty-five feet. Through its centre runs a single track for the electric car service. The height of the structure above the river is sixty-five feet, and here is found a notable departure from the old Niagara suspension bridges so well known to travelers. Those bridges were erected even with the cliff tops, while this new bridge hangs suspended midway between the water's edge and the top of the high bank, the identical site of the bridge of fifty years ago. The towers of the new bridge are not so high as those of the bridges that formerly stood closer to the falls. The bridge is supported on four cables, each composed of fourteen two one-quarter inch wire ropes, which once formed a part of the old upper suspension bridge near the American Fall. When this suspension bridge was taken down to make way for the new arch, the wire ropes of the cables were saved to form a part of the Lewiston bridge. The weight of the steel used in the bridge is 800 tons, and the cables weigh 200 tons more. It is a graceful structure, and will attract and delight many visitors to Niagara.

The bridge is the property of the International Traction Company, of which Hon. W. Caryl Ely is president. On the occasion of the opening in July, there was a notable assemblage of prominent guests, Mr. Ely presiding. In opening his remarks he said: "We are met here to-day under two flags, and in the providence of God, they are the emblems of all that makes for the good of mankind."

Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education of Ontario, in the course of his remarks said: "Thank God, the time has passed when Americans and Canadians met at this very spot in hostile array and these same hillsides reverberated with musketry and cannon. The chasm is now crossed—the chasm of bitter feeling as well as the cleft nature furrowed out. Let us hope that it is for all time."

Never on the Niagara border has there been another such gathering of prominent men of both countries, and never was there made so manifest that true Christian spirit now prevailing between the two great English-speaking nations.

ORVIN E. DUNLAP.



THE PRESENT BETHLEHEM CHURCH, AND ITS PASTOR, REV. J. G. WILLIAMSON

Charity Was His Sunshine

John H. Keyser Helped Thousands of the Destitute Poor—End of a Noble Life

THE LATE JOHN H. KEYSER

ECCENTRICITY and philanthropy were strangely blended in the life of John H. Keyser, the venerable New York business man, who died August 20th last, at his home in Connecticut. His career was a stormy one in a business sense, but through the clouds there burst the sunshine of good deeds, brightening his own life and cheering many thousands of his fellowmen. Born in Westport eighty-one years ago, he came to New York while still a youth and engaged in the business of manufacturing stoves. He rapidly accumulated a fortune, his factory being one of the largest in Greenpoint, and his warehouse in New York one of the busiest. A fellow octogenarian, who knew him well, informs the writer that Mr. Keyser was noted for his extraordinary generosity, even half a century ago. He gave away in charity a large part of his income. The most interesting charity of Mr. Keyser was an institution of his own creation. In 1868 he built, at a cost of $25,000, a place at No. 510 Pearl Street, which he called "The Strangers' Rest," a place of lodging and refreshment for those who found themselves stranded in the great city without money or friends. It was a unique work, but here, as in other things, the donor's generosity was often imposed upon. All were welcome, friendless men, women and boys, and Mr. Keyser paid the bills for their baths, their food and their lodgings. During the five years of its operation over 40,000 persons were sheltered, and over $60,000 expended in the work. Two years after the opening of the Rest, Mr. Keyser bought and rebuilt the property at the corner of Tenth Street and Avenue D, New York, at an expense of $80,000, and opened "The Strangers' Hospital." For three years he maintained this work, employing a staff of physicians and trained nurses and attendants, but was obliged to suspend both institutions in the year 1873, when business reverses came. Disaster did not cure him of his habit of giving. Right in the midst of the prevailing distress, finding that he had more than he needed for his own living, he fed the hungry by serving them two meals a day in the backyard of his New York home. Over 1,000 persons a day were thus assisted for many weeks in succession. In 1888, when industrial conditions were again bad, he opened a free eating-house in Washington square, and with the assistance of friends served an average of 1,800 persons a day with two meals each. The winter of 1894 being particularly severe, he aided in sheltering 1,200 men nightly, and in feeding hundreds of poor families at their own quarters. He was known, through his practical charity, to all the organized workers in the cause of humanity.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

. . . Music in Worship . . .

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Neh. 7: 67. . . . . And they had two hundred forty and five singing men and singing women

THE best music has been rendered under trouble. The first duet that I know anything of was given by Paul and Silas when they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard them. The Scotch Covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, sang the Psalms of David with more spirit than they have ever since been rendered. The captives in the text had music left in them, and I declare that if they could find, amid all their trials, two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women, then in this day of Gospel sunlight and free from all persecution, there ought to be a great multitude of men and women willing to sing the praises of God. All our churches need arousal on this subject. Those who can sing must throw their souls into the exercise, and those who cannot sing must learn how, and it shall be heart to heart, voice to voice, hymn to hymn, anthem to anthem, and the music shall swell jubilant with thanksgiving and tremulous with pardon.

Have you ever noticed the construction of the human throat as indicative of what God means us to do with it? In only an ordinary throat and lungs there are fourteen direct muscles and thirty indirect muscles that can produce a very great variety of sounds. What does that mean? It means that you should sing! Do you suppose that God, who gives us such a musical instrument as that, intends us to keep it shut? Suppose some great tyrant should get possession of the musical instruments of the world, and should lock up the organ of Westminster Abbey, and the organ of Lucerne, and the organ at Haarlem, and the organ at Freiburg, and all the other great musical instruments of the world—you would call such a man as that a monster; and yet you are more wicked if, with the human voice, a musical instrument of more wonderful adaptation than all the musical instruments that man ever created, you shut it against the praise of God.

> "Let those refuse to sing
> Who never knew our God,
> But children of the Heavenly King
> Should speak their joys abroad."

Music seems to have been born in the soul of the natural world. The omnipotent voice with which God commanded the world into being seems to linger yet with its majesty and sweetness, and you hear it in the grainfield, in the swoop of the wind amid the mountain fastnesses, in the canary's warble and the thunder shock, in the brook's tinkle and the ocean's pæan. There are soft cadences in nature, and loud notes, some of which we cannot hear at all, and others that are so terrific that we cannot appreciate them. The animalculæ have their music, and the spicula of hay and the globule of water are as certainly resonant with the voice of God as the highest heavens in which the armies of the redeemed celebrate their victories. When the breath of the flower strikes the air, and the wing of the firefly cleaves it, there is sound and there is melody; and as to those utterances of nature which seem harsh and overwhelming, it is as when you stand in the midst of a great orchestra, and the sound almost rends your ear because you are too near to catch the blending of the music. So, my friends, we stand too near the desolating storm and the frightful whirlwind to catch the blending of the music; but when that music rises to where God is, and the invisible beings who float above us, then I suppose the harmony is as sweet as it is tremendous. In the judgment-day, that day of tumult and terror, there will be no dissonance to those who can appreciate the music. It will be as when sometimes a great organist, in executing some great piece, breaks down the instrument upon which he is playing the music. So, when the great march of the judgment-day is played under the hand of earthquake, and storm, and conflagration, the world itself will break down with the music that is played on it. The fact is, we are all deaf, or we should understand that the whole universe is but one harmony—the stars of the night only the ivory keys of a great instrument on which God's fingers play the music of the spheres.

Music seems dependent on the laws of acoustics and mathematics, and yet where these laws are not understood at all the art is practised. There are to-day five hundred musical journals in China. Two thousand years before Christ the Egyptians practised this art. Pythagoras learned it. Lasus, of Hermione, wrote essays on it. Plato and Aristotle introduced it into their schools; but I have not much interest in that. My chief interest is in the music of the Bible.

The Bible, like a great harp with innumerable strings, swept by the fingers of inspiration, trembles with it. So far back as the fourth chapter of Genesis you find the first organist and harper—Jubal. So far back as the thirty-first chapter of Genesis you find the first choir. All up and down the Bible you find sacred music—at weddings, at inaugurations, at the treading of the wine-press. The Hebrews understood how to make musical signs above the musical text. When the Jews came from their distant homes to the great festivals at Jerusalem, they brought harp, and timbrel, and trumpet, and poured along the great Judæan highways a river of harmony, until in and around the temple the wealth of a nation's song and gladness had accumulated. In our day we have a division of labor in music, and we have one man to make the hymn, another man to make the tune, another man to play it on the piano, and another man to sing it. Not so in Bible times. Miriam, the sister of Moses, after the passage of the Red Sea, composed a doxology, set it to music, clapped it on a cymbal, and at the same time sang it. David, the psalmist, was at the same time poet, musical composer, harpist and singer, and the majority of his rhythm goes vibrating through all the ages.

There were in Bible-times stringed instruments—a harp of three strings played by fret and bow; a harp of ten strings, responding only to the fingers of the performer. Then there was the crooked trumpet, fashioned out of the horn of the ox or the ram. Then there were the sistrum and the cymbals, clapped in the dance or beaten in the march. There were four thousand Levites, the best men of the country, whose only business it was to look after the music of the temple. These four thousand Levites were divided into two classes, and officiated on different days. Can you imagine the harmony when these white-robed Levites, before the symbols of God's presence, and by the smoking altars, and the candlesticks that sprang upward and branched out like trees of gold, and under the wings of the cherubim, chanted the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm of David? Do you know how it was done? One part of that great choir stood up and chanted, "Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good!" Then the other part of the choir, standing in some other part of the temple, would come in with the response: "For his mercy endureth forever." Then the first part would take up the song again and say: "Unto him who only doeth great wonders." The other part of the choir would come in with overwhelming response, "For his mercy endureth forever," until in the latter part of the song, the music floating backward and forward, harmony grappling with harmony, every trumpet sounding, every bosom heaving, one part of this great white-robed choir would lift the anthem, "Oh! give thanks unto the God of heaven," and the other part of the Levite choir would come in with the response "For his mercy endureth forever."

But I am glad to know that all through the ages there has been great attention paid to sacred music. Ambrosius, Augustine, Gregory the Great, Charlemagne, gave it their mighty influence, and in our day, the best musical genius is throwing itself on the altars of God. Handel, and Mozart, and Bach, and Durante, and Wolf, and scores of other men and women have given the best part of their genius to church music. A truth in words is not half so mighty as a truth in song. Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but the "Judgment Hymn" he composed is resounding yet all through Christendom.

I congratulate the world and the church on the advancement made in this art—the Edinburgh societies for the improvement of music, the Swiss singing societies, the Exeter Hall concerts, the triennial musical convocation at Dusseldorf, Germany, and Birmingham, England, the conservatories of music at Munich and Leipsic, the Handel and Haydn and Harmonic and Mozart societies of this country, the academies of music in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago, and every city which has any enterprise.

Now, my friends, how are we to decide what is appropriate, especially for church music? There may be a great many differences of opinion. In some of the churches they prefer a trained choir; in others, the old-style precentor. In some places they prefer the melodeon, the harp, the cornet, the organ; in other places they think these things are the invention of the devil. Some would have a musical instrument played so loud you cannot stand it, and others would have it played so soft you cannot hear it. Some think a musical instrument ought to be played only in the interstices of worship, and then with indescribable softness; while others are not satisfied unless there be startling contrasts and staccato passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as from a vision of the Witch of Endor. But, while there may be great varieties of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the Word of God indicates what ought to be the great characteristics of church music.

And I remark, in the first place, a prominent characteristic ought to be adaptiveness to devotion. Music that may be appropriate for a concert-hall, or the opera-house, or the drawing-room, may be inappropriate in church. Glees, madrigals, ballads, may be as innocent as psalms in their places. But church music has only one design, and that is devotion, and that which comes with the toss, the swing, and the display of an opera-house, is a hindrance to the worship. From such performances we go away saying, "What splendid execution! Did you ever hear such a soprano? Which of those solos did you like the better?" When, if we had been rightly wrought upon, we would have gone away saying, "Oh! how my soul was lifted up in the presence of God while they were singing that first hymn! I never had such rapturous views of Jesus Christ as my Saviour, as when they were singing that last doxology."

My friends, there is an everlasting distinction between music as an art and music as a help to devotion. Though a Schumann composed it, though a Mozart played it, though a Sontag sang it, away with it if it does not make the heart better and honor Christ. Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gaiety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of Church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls, how they used to sing! When they were cheerful our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Old Hundred." When they were very meditative, then the hoarded meeting-house rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmund's." Were they struck through with great tenderness, they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the church, they sang "Zion." Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ, they sang "Ariel." And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Born as we have been amid this great wealth of Church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our own day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

I remark also that correctness ought to be a characteristic of Church music. While we all ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, we ought at the same time to cultivate ourselves in this sacred art. God loves harmony, and we ought to love it. There is no devotion in a howl or a yelp. In this day, when there are so many opportunities of high culture in this sacred art, I declare that those parents are guilty of neglect who let their sons and daughters grow up knowing nothing about music. In some of the European cathedrals the choir assemble every morning and every afternoon of every day the whole year to perfect themselves in this art, and shall we begrudge the half-hour we spend Friday nights in the rehearsal of sacred song for the Sabbath?

Another characteristic must be spirit and life. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawling and stupidity. There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed, and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God. During one of my journeys I preached to an audience of two or three thousand people, and all the music they made together did not equal one skylark! People do not sleep at a coronation: do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's crowning.

In order to a proper discharge of this duty, let us stand up, save as age or weakness or fatigue excuse us. Seated in an easy pew we cannot do this duty half so well as when upright we throw our whole body into it. Let our song be like an acclamation of victory. You have a right to sing: do not surrender your prerogative. If in the performance of your duty, or the attempt at it, you should lose your place in the musical scale and be one C below when you ought to be one C above, or you should come in half a bar behind, we will excuse you! Still, it is better to do as Paul says, and sing "with the spirit and the understanding also."

Again: I remark Church music must be congregational. This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song that the worshipers cannot sing is of no more use to them than a sermon in Choctaw. What an easy kind of church it must be where the minister does all the preaching, and the elders all the praying, and the choir all the singing! There are but very few churches where there are "two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women." In some churches it is almost considered a disturbance if a man let out his voice to full compass, and the people get up on tiptoe and look over between the spring hats, and wonder what that man is making all that noise about. In Syracuse, N. Y., in a Presbyterian church, there was one member who came to me when I was the pastor of another church in that city, and told me his trouble—how that as he persisted in singing on the Sabbath day, a committee, made up of the session and the choir, had come to ask him if he would not just please to keep still! You have a right to sing. Jonathan Edwards used to set apart whole days for singing. Let us wake up to this duty. Let us sing alone,

sing in our families, sing in our schools, sing in our churches.

I want to rouse you to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited. Come, now! clear your throats and get ready for this duty, or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman sing the "Marseillaise" on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan in 1870. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since. As he sang that national air, oh! how the Frenchmen shouted! Have you ever in an English assemblage heard a band play "God Save the Queen?" If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of the kingdom of heaven, and if you do not learn to sing them here, how do you ever expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should not be surprised at all if some of the best anthems of heaven were made up of some of the best songs of earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody, and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity.

When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of it one day, and gave out the long-metre doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundredth," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, division by division, joined in the doxology:

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
> Praise him, all creatures here below;
> Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. O men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then, instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory. "Gloria in Excelsis" is written over many organs. Would that by our appreciation of the goodness of God, and the mercy of Christ, and the grandeur of heaven, we could have "Gloria in Excelsis" written over all our souls. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!"

Sympathy in Affliction

Immediately after the disastrous fire which destroyed the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, connected with the Dominican Convent of St. Agnes, near Sparkill, N. Y., on the morning of Aug. 28, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on learning of the sad plight of hundreds of little children who had so nearly escaped death, telegraphed to the Mother Superior of the Convent, offering to take one hundred of the homeless little orphans into the shelter of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, at Nyack-on-the-Hudson. The Convent, by the destruction of which some four lives were lost, was situated about five miles distant from Nyack, and the transfer could easily have been made. A shelter had already been found, however, for the homeless children of the Orphan Asylum, who had been sent to a large Catholic institution at Blauvelt, immediately after the fire. The following telegram was received from the Mother Superior.

SPARKILL, N. Y., Aug. 28, 1899.
To Dr. Klopsch, CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y.:
Thanking you for your kindness, we have found a home for the children
[*Signed*] SISTER PETER.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

ALL HELPING PORTO RICO

The Relief Fund Growing—Distributing the Food Cargoes Among the Destitute

SYMPATHY in behalf of the sufferers who have been rendered destitute by the great storm in Porto Rico, is finding expression in a steady stream of contributions to the Relief Fund. Every mail brings to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD many letters full of the tenderest pity for the unfortunates, and especially for the multitudes of helpless women and little children who are homeless and starving.

"I send this $6 with a prayer for the sufferers," writes Miss Amanda C., of Chillicothe, O. "May God add his blessing," fervently adds Miss Ella S., in forwarding her gift of $1. S. A. H. D., Fall River, Mass., sends $5, and writes: "I wish very much I could make the sum larger, but trust every little will assist, with the dear Lord's blessing, in helping and relieving the most destitute." Mrs. D. C., Blissfield, sends $25 to relieve the distress in the island "which never cost us a battle." "May the Lord encircle it by his arm of protecting care," writes E. J. D., East Palestine, O. ($5). "and bless it with a special blessing to those suffering people." "May our Father fill all the people's hearts in America with a desire to help and to do God's will," is the expressed desire of Mrs. W. H. L., Grand Rapids, Mich. ($1). Many others write in a similar kindly tone.

Additional shipments of food supplies have been made during the week, the latest to sail on such a mission of mercy being the United States auxiliary steamer *Panther*, and the transport *McClellan*. Both vessels were loaded to their utmost capacity with food, clothing and building material. The *McClellan*, in addition, carried a large supply of drugs and medicines, besides many miscellaneous contributions from commercial houses. As the sanitary conditions of Ponce and many other towns are such as to cause apprehensions of an epidemic, the medicines will be particularly welcome.

Gen. Davis reports that the relief work, though thus far very limited in extent, is producing excellent results and will unquestionably be the means of saving many lives. He confirms his previous estimate, placing the number of famishing natives at 100,000, fully half of whom, he adds, are homeless, besides. "Hunger," he writes, "will increase rather than diminish for many weeks." The published statement that strikes interfered with the unloading of the relief ships is unfounded. On the contrary, many laborers at San Juan insisted on helping to unload without pay, on learning that the cargo was for the sufferers. The food carried to the island by the first relief ship, the transport *McPherson*, has all been forwarded to distributing centres, and has been the means of reheving thousands of destitute families. The scenes at those stations, on the arrival of the relief supplies, are described as extremely touching. Mothers, gaunt and tottering with hunger and weakness, came with their children to the relief depots and wept in sheer thankfulness as they received the food, invoking blessings upon the givers.

The appeal of Mrs. Guy V. Henry, Mrs. Fred. D. Grant and Mrs. Philip C. Hanna, the founders and conductors of the Women's Aid Association of Porto Rico, which appeared in this journal, has already elicited many sympathetic responses. The noble ladies plead in behalf of the Porto Rican mothers and children, whose wretched condition at the present time can be better imagined than described. For months before the cyclone they had been actively helping the poor island mothers. Mrs. Henry summoned around her the women of San Juan and the ladies of the American colony to aid her in relieving the distress. The society then formed was the means of assisting hundreds of necessitous families, and a great deal of good was accomplished. Now that the whole island is filled with "God's poor," who have come under the harrow of a national affliction, there is more need than ever of the Women's Aid Society and its active supporters for the gigantic relief work which remains to be done. Fortunately, the three ladies named have their organization intact and ready for service. Mrs. Col. Van R. Hoff, Mrs. Major Birchman and a number of other Americans will co-operate with them as formerly.

Mrs. Gen. Henry, who heads the relief movement, is at present in this country. She is the wife of the former military Governor of Porto Rico, a matronly lady, very able and bright. She was the best aid her husband had in governing Porto Rico. Mrs. Grant is a sister of Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, and the wife of Gen. Frederick D. Grant, now in the Philippines. Her earnest co-operation in the work is assured. Mrs. Philip C. Hanna is an Iowa girl who became the bride of the consul seven years ago, and who has accompanied her husband all through his exciting war experiences. The following sums have been received during the week:

MRS. FRED. D. GRANT MRS. GUY V. HENRY MRS. PHILIP C. HANNA

FOUNDERS OF THE WOMEN'S AID SOCIETY OF PORTO RICO

Abernathy, C F	1 00
Alton, Anne	1 00
Anderson, Jno F	1 00
Appletou, Geo A	1 60
Baker, Henrietta	1 00
Bechtel, Mrs Mary	1 00
Borngraeber, W H	3 00
Braden, John H	1 00
Brewer, Mrs E C	1 00
Brindle, Mrs Mary A	5 00
Bryce, Mrs John	2 00
Buck, H A	2 00
Burton, Albert	1 00
Butler, Lannie	50
Butler, J P	50
Babcock, H I	10 00
Backus, Ella Fitch	5 00
Baird, Mrs Jane W	3 00
Barbour, Mrs A S	2 00
Bartlett, Mrs H L	1 00
Barton, J G	2 00
Benton, Lydia A	1 00
Bolich, Mrs Jno	1 00
Brandt, Mr & Mrs J	1 00
Brinton, Joseph	1 00
Campbell, Mrs J A	1 00
Carpenter, Mrs D	25 00
Cary, Mrs Wolcott	3 00
Carlson, Mrs	1 00
Chisholm, Miss L	5 00
Clark, Dr & Mrs R	5 00
Clark, Mollie J	1 00
Clark Smith & Carrie	2 00
Clough, Winifred	1 00
Coe, A E	10 00
Cole, Mrs E	1 00
Colvin, Miss A	5 00
Connoly, Geo W	15 00
Confer, Mrs & Mrs H	2 00
Chester, Mrs S C	5 00
Colebeck, H B	1 00
Daisley, Thos	3 00
Davis, L A H	5 00
Deline, Mrs C F	3 40
Dewey, F H, & wife	1 00
Doughty, Mrs A E	1 00
Duff, E J	5 00
Dunlap, Mrs Mary H	3 00
Edwards, L A	1 00
Egge, W J Jr	1 00
Eierdam, Mary	1 00
Elliott, Josiah	5 00
French, [illegible]	10 60
Fentim[illegible]	25
Gilmore, Mr Wm	1 00
Gleason, Mrs [illegible]	
Goodwin, Mrs Sue L	1 00
Graham, Mr	10
Graham, J B	5 00
Grant, Geo H	1 00
Griffiths, Oscar	2 00
Gardner, Walter S	1 00
Gibson, Mr Jno W	2 50
Gordon, Edwin R	2 00
Graw, Mrs	2 00
Green, E	1 00
Gunning, Mr & daughters	2 00
Hackett, Miss Elizab	1 00
Hagaman, C A	5 00
Hall, E H	1 00
Hallenbeck, W E	1 00
Hare, J K	15 00
Haughton, Mrs Edna	2 00
Heerer, J L	1 00
Henderson, Flo	5 00
Hickman, Lizzie C	2 00
Hines, W A	10 00
Hoffman, Geo W	1 00
Hoover, C	2 00
Hudelson, Esther	50
Holmes, Chas	10 00
Hull, Mary J	1 00
Isaacs, Mrs C	3 00
Jackson, Rev B F	7 00
Johnson, A L	1 00
Jones, Mrs A M	2 00
Kern, Andrew	2 00
Kiesewetter, I G	2 00
Kittleson, Ole, Ella & Albert	1 50
Kuhn, Mrs J	25
Kelsey, Robert	5 00
Keyser, John	10 00
Kingsley, Mrs C A	1 00
Kiskaddon, Mrs C H	1 00
Leeds, H R	5 00
Lewis, E S	50
Larson, Mr & Mrs	1 00
Lampman, Mrs H M	1 00
Lauck, Mrs S J	1 00
Lanson, Louise M	1 00
LeFever, L	1 00
Loonan, Mehran	1 00
Long, Mrs E B	1 00
Lymonds, L	1 00
McCarty, Henry	2 00
McConkey, J H	1 00
McDill, Mrs Eliz	1 00
Mae, A G	1 00
Magnuson, David	2 00
Much, S F	2 00
Murdaugh, M C	5 00
Maghan, Mrs Martha	1 00
Moore, M Y, Mr & Mrs	2 00
Morrison, Mrs H K	2 00
Neff, Fred E	4 00
Nehls, E F	1 00
Norton, Mrs Ada E	50
Orton, R N	2 00
Pedro, Joseph H	1 00
Pinkham, Mrs Julia	1 00
Plank, T N	4 00
Pritchard, H H	1 00
Rand, Wm	2 00
Richards, Mrs M E	1 00
Ross, W H	2 00
Ross, Cordelia S	3 00
Ross, G J	2 00
Rundell, Samuel	5 50
Rockfellow, Mrs V S	1 00
Rowland, Miss E	1 00
Schuls, Mrs A	25
Schultz, A R	1 00
Scott, F, Mr & Mrs	50
Selis, O V	1 00
Sharp, Ed G	1 00
Shrader, Mrs M M	1 00
Smith, H P	5 00
Smith, John E	1 00
Seunk, H	2 00
Stanton, Mrs Wm J	1 00
Steven, Mrs Ella	1 00
Swift, Jennie M	1 00
Sherwood, E G	1 00
Stewart, R A	1 00
Strong, Harriet E	25 00
Talbert, A V A C J	1 00
Thompson, Mrs E C W	1 00
Tobias, L C	2 00
Towlerton, James	2 00
Thurston, Mrs H S	2 00
Tripp, Mary	1 00
Waltman, A	5 00
Watkins, W S	2 00
Weckwerth, H J	1 00
Wilhalm, Mrs L	25
Wirth, John L	10 00
Wolter, F R	1 00
Worst, M	2 00
Williams, Mr N P	1 00
Willmonton, Geo E	2 00
——, Glens Falls	1 00
Bath Springs, S S	2 60
——, Bunker Hill	1 00
——, Fairbury	1 00
——, Meriden	20
——, W Troy	2 00
——, Portland	1 00
——, Newark	25
E A M S, Salem	1 00
R G, Brooklyn	2 00
W R J, Rye	1 00
X Y Z, Brooklyn	2 00
A I W, Easton	1 00
C S W, Coventry	2 00
E A C, Brooklyn	1 00
I G S, Whitings	5 00
I H, Mar's Harbor	2 00
I H N, Miedleboro	1 00
I H N, Albany	1 00
J B P, Sprinfield	2 00
J P, Mass	1 00
Mrs L S, New Haven	1 00
M S G, New Haven	1 00
P V D	50
R, Brooklyn	1 00
S H B, Phila	1 00
S J, Tunnel City	10 00
V R D, Evart	5 00
H A M, Brooklyn	5 00
Mr A L M, Rockford	1 00
A M S, Sioux City	1 00
C L G, Westbrook	1 00
E H B, Frederick	1 00
E S, Carlisle	2 00
F G D, So Fram'ham	1 00
G Y F, Boston	1 00
H F S, Whitesboro	1 00
J DeK, Stroudsburg	2 00
Mr J M S, Marcellus	2 00
L A W, So Fram'ham	1 00
Subr, Allentown	1 00
" Munsonville	1 00
"Credo," New Castle	5 00
Follower of His, Bloomville	1 00
Humble Believer, Vt	1 00
Lovello, Peabody	1 00
Sympathizer, Lodi	1 00
I H N, Ottawa	50
" Sangerville	1 00
" Utica	5 00
" Wynantskill	2 00
Friend	1 00
Friend, Brandon	1 00
" Empire	2 00
" Lott Atkinson	1 00
" New Haven	5 00
" Waltham	1 00
" Windsor	2 00
Friend E, Brooklyn	25 00
Friend, Huntingdon	5 00
" Peabody	5 00
Friends, Warsaw	2 00
Subs r, Phila	5 00
Subr, Detroit	50
" Harrisburg	1 00
Cash, Lexington	5 00
In Jesus Name, Boone	1 00
Glens Falls Children's Prayer Town	15
In Jesus Name	2 00
Lover of Jesus, Gloucester	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	1 00
Croston	1 00
[illegible]	62 50
Total	$886 50

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Power Through the Spirit

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 17. Zech. 4: 1-14
Golden Text, Zech. 4: 6

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

OUR chapter begins with one of a series of visions which extend from Zech 1: 7 to 6: 8, and which all took place on "the four and twentieth day of the eleventh month, in the second year of Darius;" *i.e.*, Darius who succeeded Cyrus, King of Persia, not Darius, the Mede, who took Babylon and destroyed King Belshazzar. The prophet had seen "a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle trees." He is later on described as "the angel that talked with me," and "the angel of the Lord that stood among the myrtle trees." He pleads as our intercessor with Jehovah "How long wilt thou not have mercy on Jerusalem and on the cities of Judah, against which thou hast had indignation these three score and ten years? And the Lord Jehovah answered the angel that talked with me with good words, even comfortable words" (Zech. 1: 8-13).

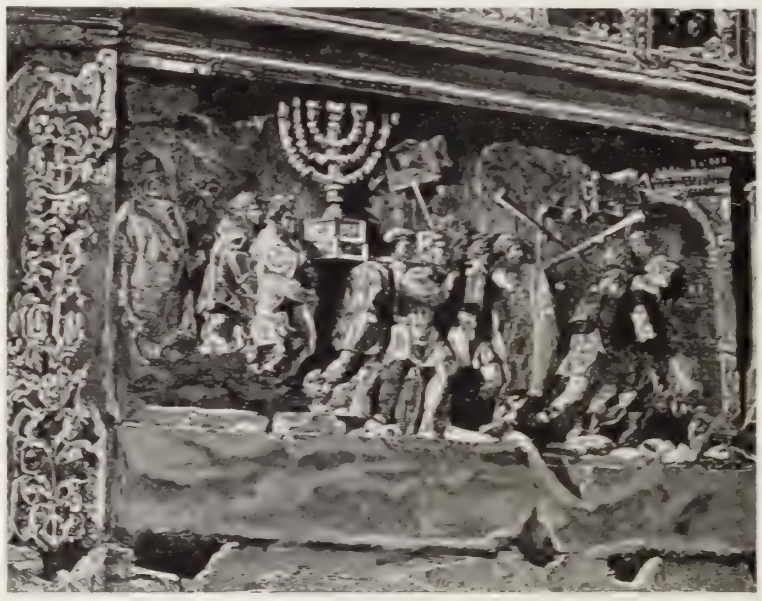
The prophet is admitted into this holy converse between God the Father and God the Son, and learns the heart of his God toward his people, that Jehovah is "jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great jealousy." "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets" (Amos 3: 7). What must it have been for this prophet to hear by direct revelation from on high, just at this critical time, when there was such delusion among his people, that Jehovah said, "I am returned to Jerusalem with mercies; my house shall be built in it, saith the Lord: . . . and the Lord shall yet comfort Zion, and shall yet choose Jerusalem" (ver. 16, 17). Perhaps it was dimly that Zechariah saw this interceding One, whom he recognizes as the angel of the Lord, but that which Isaiah saw (Isa. 6: 1), and Ezekiel (Ezek. 50: 26-28) and Daniel (Dan. 10: 4-8) came to Zechariah through the ear more than the eye: he knew him as "the angel that talked with me," but in his measure he also saw the Lord.

"And the angel that talked with me came again, and waked me as a man that is wakened out of his sleep." How often some light from God breaks upon us in his Word as the Spirit of God opens it to us, and we feel like one wakened out of sleep! "And he said unto me, What seest thou? And I said, I have seen, and behold a candlestick all of gold, with its bowl upon the top of it, and its seven lamps thereon." This was after the pattern of the candlestick in the tabernacle, which God showed Moses "in the mount" (Exod. 25: 31–40); not like the ten candlesticks of Solomon's temple (II. Chron. 4: 7). The candlestick of the tabernacle was to give light within, but it was a type not only of the light which God would be to his people, but also a pledge of his will that Israel should be his candlestick to give light to the world: that in Abraham and in his seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed: and it shall be so yet, that God's word may be fulfilled.

But the prophet saw that which Israel as a nation had never yet seen. It was ordained that the candlestick should "burn always" (Exod. 27: 20), but, alas! Israel as a nation had not shone in the light of God, and had become like the lamps of the foolish virgins, which burned only as long as the wick lasted, having no oil to feed the light. Zechariah saw that the bowl of each branch in the candlestick before him had connected with it a pipe which should carry the supply of oil to feed the light. But where was the oil to come from? The prophet saw two olive trees by it, one on either side of the bowl, and he asked the angel: "What are these, my Lord? Then the angel that talked with me answered and said unto me, Knowest thou not what these be? And I said, No, my Lord." There is something wonderfully natural in this simple dialogue. And, oh, how it shows us the heart of our Lord, yearning over his people as he came from time to time in vision to his prophets, before he, as the Word, "became flesh and dwelt among us"!

"Then he answered and spake unto me, saying, This is the Word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." A lamp made to give light, but utterly powerless to give light. Not by might, not by power, not by any intrinsic, self-contained light in the lamp —not by anything which human nature can provide or produce, can we become the light of the world, "but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." How wonderful that he who in the days of his flesh declared, "The Son can do nothing of himself" . . . "I can of mine own self do nothing" (John 5: 19, 30); and owned his utter dependence upon his Father when he said: "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself, but the Father which dwelleth in me, he doeth the works:" how wonderful that it should be himself who thus spoke in vision to his prophet! Oh, how this truth comes out in Holy Scripture! "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness" (II. Cor. 12: 9, 10). How Paul understood it when he wrote, "When I am weak, then am I strong!" What a strength it is for us to know that we have to expect nothing from ourselves, that while we trust and obey our Lord he gives the supply which we need! The candlestick of the Jewish Church had indeed burned dimly, but now the Lord spoke of his Spirit abiding (Hag. 2: 5), and in the vision he shows his prophet the olive trees whence the supply comes. Zerubbabel had perhaps been somewhat discouraged in seeing things as they were in Jerusalem, when his people, made to cease from building "by force and power," had lost their zeal for the house of their God. O Zerubbabel, be not discouraged: hadst thou might and power, thou wouldest be helpless still: my Spirit abides with thee: look up. Gleams of New Testament light were breaking in upon this man of God.

A great mountain of difficulty lay before the prophet. "Who art thou, O great mountain," said "the angel which talked with him," "before Zerubbabel thou shall become a plain: and he shall bring forth the headstone with shoutings of grace, grace unto it." The governor of Judah should know that credit was due alone to him who is "full of grace and truth." And to confirm the word of the Angel, "the Word of Jehovah came unto me, saying, the hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house: his hands also shall finish it: and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you." It would seem as though the Angel of the Lord gave his own message first, and the message of his Father after.



FRESCO ON THE ARCH OF TITUS SHOWING SEVEN-BRANCHED LAMP STAND

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

SOME confusion has been caused in the history of this period of Jewish life, by carelessness in copying the books of Ezra, Nehemiah, Haggai and Zechariah. Evidently, documents relating to different events have been combined as if they related to the same event, and the records have been transposed so that a later event seems to precede an earlier one. If we had the books as they were originally written, much that is now mysterious might be made plain. An illustration of this mixing of documents is seen in the lesson. Anyone can see how much more intelligible this chapter would be if the passage from the beginning of the sixth verse to the middle of the tenth were taken out and put at the end of the fourteenth verse. In the fifth verse the angel asks: "Knowest thou not what these be?" And the prophet answers: "No, my lord." Then in the tenth verse the angel tells him they are "the eyes of the Lord which run to and fro through the whole earth." The special message to Zerubbabel comes in appropriately at the end of the vision, where doubtless Zechariah placed it. His message was probably delivered fragmentarily to the people when they rested from their arduous labor on the Sabbath or on feast days. They must have rejoiced to hear from this young priest the voice of prophecy. His genius was wholly Jewish, and showed little of Babylonian influence. Like Ezekiel and Daniel, who preceded him, and John, who followed him six hundred years later, Zechariah dealt largely in symbols—horses, horns, weird figures, etc., which was the form in which the Jews loved to receive their teaching. Zechariah had eight of these Apocalyptic visions, of which our lesson is fifth in order. The first, horses and horsemen, typifying God's mercies returning to Jerusalem. The second, four horns and four smiths, meaning the great world-powers which had overcome God's people, but were to be themselves undermined and overthrown. The third, the man with the measuring line, to encourage the people with the idea of heavenly messengers helping the builders in their work. But lest the people should be depressed by the thought that national sin could never be forgiven and blotted out, there is a fourth vision, in which Joshua, the spiritual head of the people, was stripped and cleansed. The fifth vision is the seven-branched candlestick or [illegible] fed with living oil from Judah, would come light for the world. This is followed by the sixth vision, which is a flying roll, a type of the law governing the nation. The seventh vision shows evil, personified by a woman, shut up and carried away to Babylon, where she belonged. Finally the prophet sees four chariots going from Jerusalem, bearing toward the four points of the compass the judgments of God. The meaning of the eight visions would thus be that the nation would be divinely blessed, protected, helped and purified, and would be the light-bearer for the world.

Behold a candlestick. It was a lamp-stand really, as candles were probably unknown at that time. The further description of the pipes and the bowl at the top, shows that the principle was much like that applied in the lamps now in use which we call "student lamps." This seven-branched lampstand which Zechariah saw in his vision, was the symbol of perfection, as indicated by the number seven. It was in the temple, and is one of the few things in that building that we know the actual appearance of to a certainty. The accompanying picture of the fresco on the arch of Titus at Rome, shows this lampstand among the trophies which that conqueror brought away as spoil after the conquest of Jerusalem. Light is a precious thing, yet it is one of the things we can give without loss. One wild, stormy night, a family surrounded a table in a farmhouse on the mountains. They were happy and comfortable, for there was a cheerful fire and plenty of lights, contrasting with the storm and darkness outside. There was a knock at the door, and the father of the family went out of the room to open it. His wife, who was a selfish, niggardly woman, questioned him on his return: "Who was it?" The man answered, "Only a poor boy who had lost his way." His wife went on, "And I suppose you gave him something as usual?" "Yes." The woman continued, "Yes, that is like you, always giving to any tramp who comes. You will give and give until nothing is left for your wife and children. What did you give him?" The man smiled. "Only a light, my dear. His lantern had been blown out and all he wanted was to have it lighted for him. Our children will be no poorer for that, and I hope during their lives they will always be ready to do as much for any poor creature who has lost his way."

Two olive trees by it. Olive oil was used for the lamp. If the pipes which carried the oil to the lamp had been connected with a cistern of oil, there must have come a time when the lamps would go out, because however large the cistern might be, the lamps would eventually empty it. But being connected with olive trees the supply of oil could never be exhausted while the trees lived, and so the light would continue to burn. It is marvellous that the Gospel light should shine through the centuries. Our best preachers die, the religious leaders of every generation are laid in the grave, but the light of truth goes on shining from age to age. John Bunyan explains this by a vivid illustration. His pilgrim was led to a place where there was a fire burning against a wall. One and another tried to put the fire out by throwing water upon it, but the fire burned brighter and hotter. Christian was puzzled by this, until the Interpreter took him around to the other side of the wall against which the fire was burning. There he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, "which he did also pour continually (but secretly) into the fire. Then said Christian, 'What means this?' The interpreter answered, 'This is Christ, who continually with the oil of his grace maintains the work begun in the heart.'"

Who hath despised the day of small things? He is unwise, whosoever he may be. Small things have the way of becoming great ones. The one hundred and twenty Christians all gathered in one room after the death of Christ were a very small company. Who would have thought then that in fifty-four generations they would have grown to four hundred millions? Few of our great movements were great at the start.

Won by the Life-Boat Mission

Many Souls Led from Sin and Darkness into Light by Zealous Chicago Workers

ALTHOUGH Chicago has not as many missions at work in proportion to its population as many other cities, it can be truthfully said that its workers make up in zeal and consecrated energy what they lack in numbers, and that the spiritual harvest is an encouraging one. Among the best known of the Gospel enterprises in the western metropolis, is the Chicago Medical Mission. Established six years ago, it has already accomplished a wonderful work, and its influence is felt over a very wide section of the State of Illinois. It is, moreover, an expanding work, being now represented in Chicago by no less than ten different institutions, viz.: The Workingmen's Home, Star of Hope Mission, the Maternity, the Children's Christian Home, Visiting Nurses' Settlement, the Dispensary, American Medical Missionary College, Medical Missionary Training School and the Sanitarium. There are affiliated institutions in twenty States and Territories.

Well-nigh every phase of religious effort among the lowly and the neglected is

AN EVENING GOSPEL SERVICE AT THE LIFE-BOAT MISSION, CHICAGO, ILL.

covered by this Mission, which seems destined to still greater growth since it has the field almost to itself. At all the branch Missions, cleanliness and Christianity go hand in hand. In the medical and rescue work the greatest good is accomplished among homeless women, although all classes are treated with equal kindness and consideration. Special attention is given in the case of converts, who are helped in many practical ways, to stand fast in their new allegiance and to lead respectable lives. An effort is made to find employment for the idle.

"We try to take care of them and guide them," explained Mrs. Sadler, the secretary of the Medical Mission, to the writer. "We believe it is of little use to expect a man or woman to stand firm in the new life, if they are to be turned loose to all evil influences immediately after conversion. They are almost certain to go back to the old ways; indeed, there would seem to be no other hope for them. They must do that or starve."

The Medical Mission is under the supervision of the International Medical Missionary and Benevolent Association, and is managed in a thoroughly business-like way. There is no lack of volunteers to carry on the work; the only need is funds, and the managers of the mission are confident that if the Lord's people were informed of the field and its need, the necessary support would be gladly furnished.

No. 436 State street, where the Life Boat Mission is situated, is in the heart of a district where Gospel work is sorely needed. Seven missions have been started in the "West Side" section of Chicago, but nearly all have been short-lived, chiefly owing to the lack of support. It is to be hoped that the present effort, which has already been productive of so much good, may meet with a better fate.

Signing the Mammoth Memorial to the Czar

Thousands of Names Pouring in—Many Letters Applauding the Czar's Peace Programme

CHRISTIANS everywhere are taking a most active interest in the Mammoth Memorial now in course of preparation, for presentation to the Czar of Russia, congratulating that ruler in the name of the Christians of the United States upon the results of the International Peace Congress lately held at the Hague. Some of our readers have succeeded in securing large lists of signatures—many sending in over 100 names. All the letters received, without exception, are enthusiastically favorable to the Memorial. A few extracts are given below:

Mr. A. P. Frick, Aransas Pass, Texas, writes:

I inclose a list of signers to the Memorial congratulating the Czar. Our little town of 109 population is practically unanimous on the Peace sentiment.

James Hazelton, Concord, N. H., writes:

I took one day to accomplish this result. I called on merchants, lawyers, ministers, clerks. You will find over one hundred names inclosed.

Mr. Jno. I McCain sends this with his list of names:

I inclose list, to be appended to the Mammoth Memorial (all of the names are those of uncles and first cousins), expressing our hearty approval of the earnest and untiring effort of His Imperial Majesty Nicholas II., Czar of Russia, in his advocacy of the International Peace Conference and its auspicious results, and appreciating your motive in doing him honor and encouraging the hope of the Christian world. May our heavenly Father direct the move.

M. L. VanOsterloo, German Valley, Ill., says:

I take great pleasure in forwarding you herewith signatures to the Mammoth Memorial, and I congratulate THE CHRISTIAN HERALD upon this great work. Every Christian ought to take great interest in the Peace Congress, and may the results be blessed.

These are examples of thousands of other letters, each of which breathes the same fervent hope for the World's Peace, and a desire for the advent of that time when "war shall be no more."

Again we urge our readers to make haste in forwarding their own signatures and those of all their friends and acquaintances who are interested in the Peace Congress, and who would work and pray that its influence may be far-reaching and permanent. **Not less than a million signatures** should be appended to the great Memorial which is designed to demonstrate to the Czar how Christian America regards his action in summoning the Congress and carrying it through to a successful conclusion. **All the names** will be attached to the Memorial, which will be beautifully engraved and inclosed in a great casket, forwarded to the Russian capital for official presentation to the Emperor.

Send in the lists of names on sheets of white paper, **8 inches wide**, on top of which attach these words:

> We, the undersigned, hereby append our signatures, the same to be attached to the Mammoth Memorial to His Imperial Majesty Nicholas II., Czar of [illegible], conveying the congratulations of Christian America on the result of his action in summoning the World's Peace Congress.
>
> NAME POST OFFICE ADDRESS

All envelopes containing these lists of names should be addressed "Czar's Memorial." THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

... Our Roll of Honor ...

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Widmer, Mrs E F

S. CAROLINA
Avinger, A P
Brown, W R
Norwood, J, 2
Pickett, J F
Trotti, Mrs T E
Woods, T B

S. DAKOTA
Heller, Hannah
McDonald, Mrs H

TEXAS
Brown, A P, M.D.
Davis, A S
Freeman, E E
Garoutte, T B
Honea, S S
Householder, S B
Lochridge, Anna L
Merrill, Mrs E J
Parr, B T, 2
Turner, Miss T

TENNESSEE
Askew, C D
Baker, Joe L
Farnsworth, Mattie
Hedgecock, Thos
Keith, Wm F
Miller, J D, 8
Marstor, J H, 3
Russell, Mrs A D, 3
Smith, M E
Smith, Mrs Nathan
Stanford, I N, 2
Woods, S L
Wilson, W T

VIRGINIA
Adams, Mrs L C, 2
Brockenbrough, T W
Brurr, Hugh N
Carmical, L M
Dice, Mrs B K, 2
Jones, Chas W, 6
Krebbs, E T
Taylor, Nannie R, 2
Terry, Miss M K
Thomas G D
Titlow, D J, 2
Van, Lear A G L
Whitehurst, J W, 2
Wimer, Mrs S C

VERMONT
Chapin, M H
Damon, Mrs R A
Bicks, Miss E
Hodges, Smith
Holt, R, 2
Hooker, A C, 3
Jackson, Miss R
McAulay, Mrs D D, 6
McNall, Mrs M
Parker, Celice
Roy, Mrs A
Streeter, M, 2

Washington, D. C.
Dickel, J W

W. VIRGINIA
Carney, E A
Dietz, Mrs L A
Lynch, Chas
Sayre, M G
Spurgeonne, C
Wallace, W H, 2
Wilson, C E

... Sights and Scenes in a New Western Territory ...

Oklahoma, Ten Years After Being Opened up to White Settlement—Photographs Specially Taken for "The Christian Herald"

"MILES UPON MILES OF GOLDEN GRAIN IN SHOCKS"

"MILKING TIME"

A BIRDS' EYE VIEW OF A GREAT WHEAT FIELD

IN these days of high-pressure civilization, when a majority of the people of our great centres and our manufacturing towns are absorbed in the struggle for wealth, there are few who give a thought to the brave men and women who are pioneering in those sections of Uncle Sam's domain which can still be called new. Yet these are the men and women who, perhaps, more than many others, are adding to the real wealth and material prosperity of the country. Many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will recall the story of the opening up of the reservation, now known as Oklahoma Territory, to white settlement. Ten years have passed since that event, and the land, which was then the range of cattlemen and the hunting-ground of the Indian, with no more substantial dwellings than thatched dug-outs or tepees, is now dotted with fertile farms and brightened by thousands of comfortable modern dwellings. It was in the spring of 1889 that the territory was opened up to occupation. The changes that have taken place in these ten years seem almost incredible. Our photographs on these two pages, which were taken expressly for this journal by Mr. George Stark, of St. Louis, while traveling through the Territory recently, show some of the scenes of progress now to be witnessed in almost every section of that country. Referring to the great changes that have taken place, Mr Stark writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

"In 1889, travelers could see nothing but an occasional railroad station building. Indian wigwams, immense herds of cattle and an endless stretch of prairie. On April 22, of that year, this body of land was opened for settlement, and an army of 'boomers' swept in and located on claims. At present the population is estimated at 350,000 inhabitants. Wheat is the leading crop in Oklahoma. Nearly every farmer has at least eighty acres in wheat. Some wheat farms are quite extensive, among them, that of Joseph Miller, near Ponca City, which, by the way, is a very busy, bustling place. He has 5,000 acres in wheat. Just imagine if he had to cut all this by hand in the old-fashioned way! Beef cattle are raised in large numbers; the nutritious grasses are abundant natural forage combine to make this industry highly remunerative to the stockman. Cotton, corn, oats, hay, vegetables, fruit, dairy products and poultry are raised in abundance also, and some of the farms are already as well improved as many in the older States further east. Some very fine young orchards may be seen, and the owners take especial pride in showing them to

CHOPPING OUT WEEDS IN THE YOUNG COTTON

THRESHING WELL UNDER WAY

A CORNER OF AN OKLAHOMA CHICKEN FARM

A HIGHLY CULTIVATED OKLAHOMA FARM

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

A THREE-YEAR-OLD ORCHARD OF PEACHES, GRAPES AND BERRIES

the Easterners." In 1894, just a little over four years after the Territory was opened, the total farm acreage had increased from 1,606,425 acres to 2,372,482; horses had increased 10,000, mules 5,000, sheep 2,000 and milch cows and other cattle 120,000. Two years after settlement, the Territory had 72 manufacturing industries. 1895 saw it with 4 lines of railroad, 57 banks, several promising coal mines, and a gold mine on the Wichita Mountains. In the same year, 77,770 children attended the public schools. Many fine school buildings have been erected and many more are now under way; within a year after the opening, the resident white population had reached nearly 100.000, and three years later it was 275,000. It is now estimated at over 333,000.

Oklahoma is already ambitious to reach the dignity of Statehood. Its present territorial administration consists of a Governor, appointed by the President, a territorial Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney-General, Superintendent of Public Instruction and minor officials. It has also a territorial legislature, consisting of a Council of thirteen members and a House of Representatives of twenty-six members. Guthrie, the capital, is a hustling and rapidly growing town, destined some day to reach the proportions of a metropolis.

Oklahoma was originally a part of the western section of the Indian Territory and the Public Land Strip known as "No Man's Land." It has an area of 39,030 square miles. "No Man's Land" was ceded by Texas to the United States in 1850. In 1879, a plan was organized by "boomers" to take forcible possession of the portion of Oklahoma not occupied by the Indians, and parties from Missouri and Texas entered the Territory, but were removed by proclamation issued by President Hayes. Next year, another expedition set out from Kansas with the same object in view, but were again forestalled by the United States government, and again in 1884 a colony of 600 men, women and children entered the Territory and founded the town of Rock Falls, but were removed the same year. Two years later, the inhabitants of "No Man's Land" organized the Territory of Cimarron, but Congress refused recognition. In 1889, the Creek Nation ceded the western half of their domain to the United States, and the Seminoles in the year following executed a release and conveyance of their treaty lands. This was followed by the official proclamation in 1889, declaring the Territory open, as already stated. In 1893, the Cherokee strip or outlet (about 9,000 square miles in extent), was ceded to the United States, and was shortly thereafter declared open for settlement.

To one accustomed to the routine of village and agricultural life in the older States, an experience in Oklahoma is a decided novelty. Enterprise and growth are everywhere apparent; new ground is being broken, woodlands cleared, dwellings erected, fields and orchards cultivated, at a rate of progress that would make conservative folks, who believe in working according to the old-time methods, stand aghast. Where to-day the woods and thick underbrush obscure the view, the next week may see a clearing with smoothly plowed fields. Our photographs afford an idea of the appearance of some of the farms—rich soil, well watered and with every advantage the cultivator could desire. All sorts of grain and small fruits grow abundantly, and the orchards are among the finest in any State. On nearly all the farms the latest improved machinery is used, and the sight presented by a vast grain field, with its great line of powerful threshing machines at work, is one to give inspiration to the beholder, who hears, amid the throb and rattle of the engines, the shouts of busy laborers and the stamping of the horses—

The sound of pioneers
Of nations yet to be.

NEW ARRIVALS ON AN OKLAHOMA CLAIM

A BUSINESS STREET IN PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA

A THRESHING CREW AT WORK

CATTLE AT A "SALT LICK"

Religion in Oklahoma has not made the same proportionately rapid progress that has been shown in other matters, yet it has made very substantial headway. There are now several hundred church organizations, all creeds and denominations being represented. The lawless element, which is usually very pronounced in new settlements, has practically quieted down and, indeed, was never a source of very serious trouble in the new Territory. There is every promise that the coming years will witness the development of this new and agriculturally rich section of the Union into a great and populous State, and that the names of its first settlers, who have labored so zealously and so wisely for its welfare, will be honored by the coming generations who will dwell within its borders.

. . . IS THERE A TAINT ON SALOON MONEY? . . .

The Great Question of Accepting or Rejecting Saloon-Keeper's Gifts Discussed by Church Members—Some Remarkable Letters

INTEREST increases daily in the popular discussion of the burning question stated in a recent letter to THE MAIL-BAG: "Is a Christian Church justified in accepting a gift of money from a saloon-keeper, for missionary and other spiritual work?" Letters in answer to the question pour in upon us from every State in the Union, and from members of every Protestant denomination, the question having been submitted to the judgment of our readers.

Another instalment of letters is published on this page. They are presented without comment. All are outspoken, and not a few are remarkable in their terse and logical presentation of the question at issue:

Rev. Anson Cox, Scott's Mills, Ore., writes.

In the Friend's Church, at the close of last Sunday morning's service (Aug. 13) the question was put to the congregation whether money should be received from saloon-keepers for any line of church work. The response was quickly made by every individual in the house raising their right hands, that under no circumstance should money be received from saloon-keepers, brewers, distillers, or dealers in liquors, for church work.

A. Dilthey, Cortland, N. Y., writes:

If he still continues in his soul and-body-destroying-business, it could in no wise be justified in accepting it. On the other hand, should he see the need of giving up his business, and become a converted man, and should he see the need of using his money for God's glory, I would thankfully receive it.

D. H. Clark, Catlin, Ind., writes:

If the money is received without compromise, the church is justified in accepting it. Is not the saloon-keeper's money as good as the Christian pensioner's money, which is part of the revenue that comes from the same source? The offering that is pleasing to God is not acceptable because of the purity of the offering, but by the purpose and intent of the offerer. If the Church is to revolutionize and convert the world, it must use evil for good, without limit. If the money contributed by the saloon-keeper, the harlots and infidels will help keep the door of redemption open for them. I cannot see why we should not say amen and amen.

Margaret Moscrip, St. Mary's, writes:

I find in Deu. 23: 18 words declaring that certain moneys shall not be brought into the treasury of the Lord's house. This answer, I think holds good for us, as the door of the saloon is an open door to immorality.

He gave him ten commandments,
To keep him in the way.
Would God accept the gifts from him
Who doth his neighbors slay?
The curse of God lies on the man,
And he must bear the blame,
That leads his neighbor into drink,
That he his gold may gain.

O. W. Fox, Walton, N. Y., writes:

I should call it the price of blood (Matt. 27: 6). I asked the question of Rev. M. A. Parker (F. M. Church), and he said the only way he could receive such money would be as a voluntary offering, putting the same into the collection plate by the giver, and it would not do to acknowledge the gift or in any way advertise it.

J. C. Burton, Covert, Mich., writes:

If the Church accept money offered to the cause of Christ only from those who really are his by covenant life and walk, I take it nearly one-half would be refused. Saloon money is good U. S. sound money, honestly got, as the keeper is authorized to sell wine, beer, spirits, etc., by the United States; therefore he is an honest tradesman if he complies with his contract with the United States.

W. M. Moore, New Bethlehem, Pa., writes:

The inquiry could be quickly solved by asking "What would Jesus do?" In my opinion he would say, "Reject it as blood-money on which the curse of God rests."

Amos J. Spitles, Tiffin, O., writes:

I think it is right and proper for the missionary society in question to accept the money, because, first, money is an innocent agent or party, and the purpose for which it is to be applied will be none the wiser or weaker for having received it from a dealer in liquors. Second, if the society in question accepts money from said saloon-keeper, it may prove the turning-point in his life and cause him to quit his business, join the church, love it, and live a reformed Christian life hereafter.

Subscriber, Manila, O., writes:

The proper way would be to refuse the money offered for spiritual work. An offering, unless offered in the right spirit, is not accepted of the Lord. If he had the God-giving spirit he would not be a saloon-keeper. Money not accepted of the Lord would be of no benefit to spiritual work.

A. L. Lewis, Phoenix, Fla., writes:

I don't believe it would please Christ for his followers to receive gifts from a worldly man or an immoral man, for Christian work. Christ's church should be clean, if small. He loves the mite given from the good heart better than bounties given by a hypocrite.

J. J. Culbertson, Ashland, O., writes:

I answer no. Neither should money be obtained from any wicked person, not even a hypocrite. A saloon-keeper, or a Mary Magdalene are not so wicked in the sight of God as a hypocrite.

W. C. Adams, Nothingham, Ind., writes:

The money is just as pure as it was before it passed through the saloon. It has not lost any of its value.

N. Brisbin, Shatford, Ont., writes:

I answer, "No," for two reasons—1st, I do not believe that he is in any sense entitled to the dignity of contributing to church purposes. 2d. The church which accepts a gift from the saloon disarms itself of its rightful opposition to it.

S. M. Carpenter, Wells, Vt., writes:

A true Yankee always answers one question by asking another. Would it be wrong to take money that one knew was stolen and use it for a good purpose, or would it be right to take money from one that kept an evil resort, or that gotten by fraud? The saloon business is the father of the thief, the robber, the bagnio, the defrauder, the murderer, the beggar, the suicide, the insane asylum, and the alms house. Would I take blood-money, a mother's tears at seeing her baby dying for want of food, the money going to the till of the saloon-keeper and use it to save souls? No, never? Would Jesus do it? Never!

G. M. Kitson, Brimfield, Mass., writes:

To my mind the money should be accepted by any Christian organization, because it shows his willingness to lend a hand to mission work. His motives, no doubt, are pure; if not, we cannot help that.

Mrs. C. G. F., Lock Haven, Pa., writes:

I would give some texts of Scripture giving reasons why the money spoken of might be used: Job. 27: 16, 17; Prov. 28: 8; Prov. 13: 22; Ecc. 2: 26.

A. G. Bartholomew, Hitchcock, S. D., writes:

It seems to me that Christ answers the question in Matthew 10: 42 and Mark 9: 41: "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water . . . shall in no wise lose his reward." "Whosoever," includes the whole human race. If they do good, their reward is promised, whether they be saint or sinner.

This from Beaver River, N. S., bears seven signatures.

We, the undersigned, with one voice say no, a thousand times no. Under no circumstances take the money.—J. B. Gullison, A. F. Nesbitt, F. Dexter, F. Hibbert, A. Doty, Fred. Roberts, Mrs. Roberts.

Geo. F. Fader writes:

The blood of Christ has cleansed all materials and made them fit offerings to God. Read Acts 10, Peter's vision.

G. F. Myer, Camden, Ark., writes:

I say unqualifiedly No, and I hope that at least 10,000 readers will answer no. It is a shame for us to place ourselves under obligations to our enemy. Let the Lord's people pay their debts to the Lord, and there will always be money enough without going to the devil to beg money to build a church or pay a man to preach either at home or abroad.

A Stockbridge, Bivins, Texas, writes:

I see no reason why it should not be taken from the devil's use and service and used for the service of God. God has said the silver and gold is his.

Walter McOwat, Lachute, P. Q., Can., writes:

You will find the answer to J. N. R.'s question in Matthew 27, and according to that, you had better buy a Potter's Field with that saloon-keeper's money, as it is the price of blood. It is not lawful to put it in the treasury.

Albert Burton, Roseville, O., writes:

My opinion is that it would be wrong to receive the money.

H. K., Somerset, Pa., writes:

The saloon-keeper's contribution to church work ought to be accepted, when offered as a separate gift, just as his alms are accepted in the general offering at divine services. An exception may, however, arise, as when the gift would be "meat," the "eating" of which would wound the weak consciences of brethren (1. Cor. 8: 7–13.)

S. E. Squires, High Ridge, Conn., writes:

I would accept the money of a saloon-keeper. "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts." There is no taint on the coin. Besides, this saloon-keeper must have a generous and kind heart to lead him to do something right, and it may be the beginning of a change in his life.

John H. Pierce, Richmond, Ind., writes:

Take all the money that may be offered, and use it to best advantage. If the money has been corrupt and illy gotten by the giver, it needs to be converted to a better way, and the church certainly has the "way."

S. N. McNuett, Palatka, Fla., writes:

If every Christian or professing Christian had as much hatred towards liquor or saloons as I, they would not have to ask [illegible] of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible] saloon-keeper [illegible] Why? Because they would be [illegible] existence.

Joel E. Raymond, Ulysses, Pa., writes:

The alcohol traffic in any form is a great evil, but if the money that comes into the treasury of the Lord could be tainted by going through the wicked hands that had used it for unrighteous gain, there would be but little money raised for missions. If we get it honestly, that [illegible]

Wm. S. Settle, Lewiston, Pa., writes:

By all means let the Christian Church solicit and receive money from every source. The saloon-keeper's money loses its identity as such, at once, and becomes the Lord's money, just the same as that received from the farmer, merchant, mechanic or the Christian minister even.

Chaffee C. Treet, Savannah, Ga., writes:

The [illegible] is [illegible] opposed to the liquor traffic, which is an acknowledged evil. It could not consistently or rightfully accept money from a saloon-keeper.

W. N. Stull, Iowa City, Ia., writes:

It is upon the poor that the curse of the rum traffic falls heaviest. If the saloon-keeper then desires to make restitution for the harm he has done he must direct his most [illegible] he has most harmed. Will you deny him the aid of the church in making restitution? There can be no better use made of the money which comes from the sale of rum, than to stamp out the evils engendered by that sale, and no more worthy agent of this most worthy labor than the church.

Mrs. F. A. Osborne, West Fitchburg, writes:

I would sooner put coals of fire into the contribution box, than money from the till of a saloon-keeper.

W. W. Sloan, San Antonio, Tex., writes:

It would depend on the way in which it is offered. If the saloon-keeper should say, "I have here ten dollars, which I wish to give to the church," I say: "Take it and pray God's blessing on the donor, that by the Holy Spirit he may be led to follow his money into the service of God." But if he should say, "I have here ten dollars which I have sold whiskey for, to put into the church treasury." I would not take it. I gather this from Paul in I. Cor. 10: 27, 28.

Isaac Hart and J. J. Wilson, Lake City, Fla., writes:

No Christian church can accept the saloon man's money and be that salt that saves him in that ungodly business.

A. C. Reid, Stayner, Ont., Can., writes:

It is not right to take the money. Jesus said, "My kingdom is not of this world," and why then take the produce of Satan's kingdom to sustain Christ's kingdom. What would Jesus do?

Maude Wimer and Oganta Smith, Lost Creek, W. Va., writes:

It should decidedly be refused, on the score that it is tainted; that it has been accepted as the price of some man's soul; and that some man or men have bartered it for whiskey while their families were in want. An offering to any religious cause should be obtained from an honorable and upright source, with only honesty, industry and temperance as the underlying principle.

F. P. Campbell, Beech Grove, Tenn., writes:

You cannot accept saloon contributions for Gospel purposes with any more propriety than Christ could accept worship and praise from the devil which he positively refused to do. To steal the bread from more than orphans, which the saloon is doing daily, and to offer it to God, is an insult to every feeling.

T. Henshall, Kansas City, Kas., writes.

I do not think it proper for any church to solicit or receive money from saloon-keepers or gamblers, because 1st, Acts 15: 29. It is meats offered to idols, and blood-money. 2d, Acts 8: 20, Let their money perish with them. 3d, We can get along without their money and should use only that which God has blessed.

I. C. Wigert, Bushnell, Ill., writes:

Accept the money. You may save a soul from hell. If we took only money that was not defiled we would have but little for church purposes or missionaries.

Other letters will appear next week.

ENTRANCE TO THE PUBLIC GARDENS, RIO JANEIRO.

These gardens, rich in the varied display of splendid tropical plants, are among the finest in the Western Hemisphere. They are a great source of pleasure to sightseers.

Menacing the Transvaal

DIRECT menace is contained in the speech just delivered by Mr. Chamberlain on the subject of the Transvaal. He intimated that the negotiations between the British Government and the South African Republic were in a knot, which England was trying to loosen, and said that if that process did not succeed, other methods would be adopted for untying it. The significance of such a speech is all too obvious in view of the fact that men and munitions of war are being sent with all speed from England to the Cape, and that the Boers are buying cartridges by the million and are mobilizing their men. The character of the two contestants adds to the gravity of the situation. The British Government, rightly or wrongly, holds that the terms of the foundation of the Boer Republic conceded the suzerainty of Great Britain and insists that the demands it has made on the Transvaal are just and moderate. It is conscious of its power to enforce those demands and is irritated by the reluctance to concede them which the Boers have manifested. On the other side, the Boers remember that in former conflicts they were victors, and they have so isolated themselves and have so restricted their educational facilities, that they do not know the extent of the power that can be used against them. They are, besides, intensely conservative and are noted for their obstinacy. There are, therefore, all the elements in the quarrel which tend to an outbreak of a war, which would, from every point of view, be deplorable. The actual subject of dispute is the franchise. A large number of British and American people have settled in the Transvaal. Before their coming, the country was poor; the inhabitants were chiefly farmers and they found it difficult to maintain themselves by the produce of their fields and cattle. But the new settlers found gold and diamonds in the soil and they began mining and made great fortunes. The Boer Government imposed taxes on them and its treasury was speedily filled to overflowing. The settlers demanded that as they contributed so much to the wealth of the country, they should have a voice in the government. It is the same demand that our forefathers made upon England before the Revolution and was based on the principle that no people should be taxed without their own consent. But the Boers are afraid that if the settlers were once allowed to have a share in the government, they would soon change its character, and so they have steadily refused to give them the right to vote at elections. The Boers have also adopted irritating measures as to the law courts, the schools, and the tariff, which have exasperated the settlers and have caused them to appeal to England as the suzerain of the Transvaal, to obtain better treatment for them. The Boers refuse to recognize England's right to interfere, and so the question of suzerainty has again come to the front. To outsiders it appears that the Boers are pursuing a suicidal course in refusing to grant the moderate concessions which at this stage of the quarrel would satisfy England. Almost any proposal assuring fair and equitable treatment of the settlers would be acceptable, while by refusing to make any concession the Boers give England a pretext for war, which would be welcomed by the dominant party in British politics. They are certainly in the situation in which it would be wisdom to follow Christ's own suggestion which, as a Bible-reading people, must be familiar to them.

What king going to make war sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand (Luke 14: 21)?

Infectious Coins

At a recent trade convention at Buffalo, N. Y., resolutions were adopted recommending the presentation of a memorial to the Washington Government in favor of the substitution of nickel for copper in the manufacture of the cent. Another reason for the change has now appeared in the report of a Chicago chemist who has made an examination of the pennies in use in that city. Dr. Gehrmann, the chemist in question, is employed by the municipal health department. In trying to trace the origin of the diseases which had been reported among children, his attention was drawn to the money they had handled. He collected from the candy-stores near the public schools a number of pennies which the children had brought to exchange for their favorite luxury. They were gathered from various parts of the city, and were taken to the health department for examination. To his surprise, Dr Gehrmann found that every coin had upon its surface one or other form of disease germs. He is now experimenting with metals, to find out whether copper carries these germs more generally than other metals. If it does attract and retain them, its use for coins cannot be too soon discontinued in favor of nickel or some other metal to which they do not adhere. We ought not to be subjected to the literal, in addition to the metaphorical, danger referred to by the Apostle in connection with our money.

Not given to filthy lucre (Titus 1: 7).

To Protect the Flag

An effort is to be made in the next session of Congress to get a law passed prohibiting the use of the flag in advertisements and in business notices. Already the State of Illinois has passed a law forbidding its citizens so to use the Stars and Stripes, and it is Mr. Foss, one of the representatives of Illinois in Congress, who will have charge of the bill there. A Chicago journal, in explaining the motive for the law, says: "It is believed that as respect for the flag increases there will be a tendency to avoid buying commodities which debase it by placing it in too close companionship with sordid and purely commercial objects. Such goods will not be boycotted in the general sense of that term, but they will be let alone by those who cannot for gain or any other reason approve demeaning an emblem which they hold above all pecuniary considerations." If such a disposition is manifested by the public, it will do more than any law to prevent the use of the flag for trade purposes. If merchants discover that the public will be prejudiced against them when they use the flag in their advertisements, it will soon disappear from such announcements. It is much to be wished that the same disposition existed about things more sacred even than the flag. Many of the worst frauds of our time have been successful through their profession of religion, which inspired the public with a confidence which they betrayed:

Through covetousness, shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you (II. Peter 2: 3).

A Dog's Logic

The story of a dog's reasoning, as told by a Boston journal, suggests a lesson which heads supposed to be wiser than are given to the canine race might well consider. It appears that a big Newfoundland went every day from his master's home to the village. As the road was generally dusty, the dog preferred to trot over the lawns by the roadside. But one of the lawns belonged to a man who kept two dogs, and they resented the Newfoundland's trespass. One morning they both attacked him together, and he returned home in a sadly bitten and bruised condition. After that fight, he steadily kept to the roadway, no matter how dusty it might be. But on one of his journeys he met one of the dogs that had punished him, and, finding him alone, proceeded to get satisfaction. He punished him severely, and returned home evidently elated by his victory. A day or two afterward he saw the other dog who had attacked him, and he gave him as sound a thrashing as he had given his ally. The next morning he unhesitatingly resumed his former route over the lawns. He had evidently reached the conclusion that, having beaten his two enemies in single combat, they would not dare to attack him together, and his reasoning was sound, for he was never molested again by his two antagonists. Perhaps if the churches of different denominations held together, instead of working separately, the enemy of souls would not be found so often trespassing on the Lord's ground. "Divide and conquer," has proved a very effective policy in the opposition to Christian work in many a community.

If one prevail against him, two shall withstand him: and a threefold cord is not quickly broken (Eccles. 4: 12).

Saved by a Song

How a boatload of wrecked passengers came to be saved in a recent wreck is told by one of the number in a Boston journal. The persons in the boat were survivors of the wrecked *Stella*, which was driven to destruction on the Casquet Rocks in the English Channel. They had made so hasty a departure from the wreck that they had not noticed, until too late, that there were no oars in the boat. They realized that nothing could be done and that they were utterly at the mercy of the waves. Every heart sank and there was weeping among the women. But one of them tried to cheer the others. She was a fine contralto singer, who had been accustomed to singing in oratorios. In the darkness of the night she raised her voice and sang several of the songs from the "Messiah" and "Elijah." Her companions were soothed and quieted by the melody as well as by the words. But that was not the only good result. News of the wreck had reached the land and a fast little steam tug had been sent out to pick up any swimmers who might be struggling in the water. In a pause of the engine the crew heard the voice singing, "Oh, rest in the Lord." Immediately the course was set in the direction from which the sound proceeded and before long the boat was descried on the dark waters and its passengers were taken on board. But for that woman's singing the boat might have drifted beyond rescue. The saved people might well repeat the Psalmist's declaration:

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High (Ps. 92: 1).

THE TRANSVAAL HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AT PRETORIA

BRIEF NOTES

The Red Letter New Testament is ready for delivery. The international copyright requirements render it necessary, however, to defer sending them out until September the 18th, the date set for simultaneous publication in London and New York. All orders received up to date will be filled on that day.

The attendance at the Keswick Convention this year exceeded four thousand persons. This is the largest of these famous conventions ever held there.

Seven Congregational churches have pledged themselves to contribute $25,000 each to the Twentieth Century Fund.

Bishop Potter has kindly permitted the Congregation of the Church of the Archangel, at present without a church home, to hold services in the crypt of the new cathedral of St. John the Divine.

A statistician reports that the demand for aigrettes for ladies' hats has been partially met from Venezuela, where the number of the birds killed for the purpose last year reached the total of a million and a half.

At the recent Zionist Conference at Basle, Switzerland, Dr. Herzl announced that the ten million dollars the society needed before taking steps to negotiate with the Sultan, had already been pledged by one hundred thousand persons. He also stated that the Emperor of Germany had promised the project his moral support.

The statistics of the Presbyterian Church in Canada show remarkable prosperity. Out of a population of little more than five millions, it has a total membership of 212,026; six synods, fifty-three Presbyteries, 1,013 ministers in active work in various departments, 108 on the retired roll, or without charge, 287 ordained missionaries, and 233 students in the theological classes.

Dr. H. M. Wharton writes us that the Industrial Home and Farm at Luray, Va., where for years needy boys and girls have been sheltered and educated, has sustained a heavy loss. The large barn connected with the institution has been burned to the ground. The fire also destroyed a number of farming implements and a large crop of hay and other produce. Dr. Wharton would be glad of contributions toward rebuilding the barn, which is a necessity to the institution. His address is Baltimore, Md.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

A Morning Call in Turkey

The Pacha's Three Wives Make a Formal Visit to a European Lady—The Result

THE life of the Moslem woman is so exclusive that one naturally entertains some curiosity as to their social manners and customs. In a recent issue of *Travel*, Clara Sorel Strong gives this an entertaining account of the inner life of these veiled women of the Eastern countries:

While visiting Constantinople, she had the honor of receiving a morning call from the wives of a certain Pacha, and had thereby the opportunity of observing the oriental manner of making a social visit. At the appointed hour, a lumbering coach set on springs and with silk curtains closely drawn, rolled into the court-yard. The footman lifted out a strange-looking bundle surmounted by a red fez, which, when set on its feet, proved to be a little dried-up boy of about twelve years. A much larger bundle enveloped in black silk, very broad at the foot and standing upon two feet of white stockings, next alighted from the coach. Two more similarly muffled bundles, varying only in size, were assisted from the lumbering vehicle, and made their way into the house, followed by a graceful Circassian girl, who acted as interpreter to the Turkish ladies. She wore the picturesque costume of her country, and a forehead-band of various coins surmounted her forehead and bright flowing tresses.

In about twenty minutes the guests had divested themselves of their black silk outer garments, and were ushered into the drawing-room, and introduced by the Circassian girl.

"The Pacha's principal wife: her son," she announced in French, as a short elderly woman in inharmonious Parisian garments entered the room, holding the boy by the hand.

"The Pacha's second wife" marked the entrance of a very corpulent person. She was attired in shabby French clothes and elastic side-boots, the latter worn completely out of shape. Next entered the Pacha's bride of six months, a pretty young girl wearing a pink silk robe decoiletee, a Paris bonnet with waving plumes, and a diamond tiara, which showed below her bonnet on the thick, dark hair.

The guests declined the proffered arm-chairs and rockers, and the Circassian at once found a comfortable rug by the door. She had large dark eyes and a pleasant face, a delightful contrast to the grim features of the chief wife and the oppressively ugly expression of the second. The young bride tried to attract attention to her finery by pulling on and off her pink gloves to display her rings, and by fingering a dainty, jeweled watch.

The hostess endeavored to make her guests welcome by opening a pleasant little conversation: but either through the feebleness of the interpreter's French or through misunderstanding, the talk lagged dreadfully and the Turkish ladies evinced no interest.

'What is your age?" asked one, through the interpreter; and they discussed the answer among themselves for some time before venturing another remark. The silence was broken only by the munching of the sweets and the crackling of shells filled with orange and rose water, till in rapid succession came the various questions: "Are you married?" "Are you not sorry not to be married?" "Are there parrots in England?" "Are chocolates your favorite bon-bon?" "Is London as large as Constantinople?" "Why don't you wish to be married?" To all of which the answers given were duly discussed in Turkish. They plied her with numerous questions concerning ailments and diseases, and she was greatly bored.

The party had remained for two hours, and there was little hope that they would not inflict at least another hour of torture on their hostess. She sprang to her tect and brought forth a piece of delicate embroidery on which she had spent many hours of work and pleasure, but they asked languidly, "Why don't you get some one to do it for you? You can get it done cheap."

By and by the chime of the clock announced the expiration of another hour of torture, and the guests had yet made no movement to go. While a maid brought in conserves and sherbet, the hostess left the room and soon entered with a mechanical toy bear, who danced and beat a drum, and would, she thought, possibly furnish some amusement for her guests. She set it on the floor, where it began to dance, when with one accord, the Pacha's wives screamed and rushed in terror to the doors, while the bride and the Circassian crouched together in the farthest corner of the drawing-room. The hostess endeavored to calm her guests, and quickly put the bear out of sight: but they could not be prevailed upon to remain longer. The visit was at an end.

♣

Rosa Bonheur's Home

It is thought that Paris will buy and possibly pull down the little house in the Rue d'Assas, which Rosa Bonheur occupied many years ago. One who visited her there says: "The cottage of the Rue d'Assas, a sort of oasis in a long dull street, was arranged prettily, with flowers all around it. The first being one met on arrival was an odious little monkey, completely ignorant of the laws of politeness, and not a bit shy, who would jump on your back and at once begin to comb your hair with his perfidious little hands. At the sound of his squeaky voice and the exclamations of visitors, Rosa appeared at the door, her eyes bathed in tears of mirthful laughter. Dogs, cats, a sheep, a goat, a pet lamb, etc., rendered access to the artist's studio rather difficult." This house was once used by the artist and her friend, Mlle. Micas, "who reserved all their smiles for unlucky ones," as a home for homeless artists. A fitting tribute on the part of Paris to the great artist would be to continue its use in this way.

♣

College Boys and Parents

Parents are accountable for more undergraduate shortcomings than they suspect, said the Dean of Harvard recently. Five minutes or two minutes with a father or mother may reveal the chief secret of a young man's failure or misconduct. "You say he gambles," says a loud, swaggering father. "Well, what of it? Gentlemen always play cards." Hereditary and home influence less palpable, but quite as pervasive and nearly as demoralizing is that of the trivially biographic mother, who, while a dozen men are waiting at the dean's office door, assures the dean that her son, now on trial for his academic life, "was a lovely baby," and who then and there recounts his whole life; or of the father who is tickled by the reminiscences of his own youth that are evoked when his son is caught stealing a poor shopkeeper's sign; or of the father who suggests that the college should employ at his expense a detective against his son; or of the father who at a crucial moment in the life of a wayward son goes to Europe for pleasure; or of the father who argues that his son's love of drink cannot be hereditary, since he himself straightened out before his son was born.

♣

Spanish Children

Speaking of the habits of ceremonious politeness to which Spanish children are raised, literally from the cradle, Katherine Bates says:

I have seen a thirsty child of seven, heated to exhaustion with the sun and fun of an Andalusian picnic, refuse to touch the water which some good Samaritan had handed up to the dusty carriage until the glass had been offered to every one else, driver included, leaving in the sequel little enough for her. On our midnight return from the Feria, this same nina (child) of gentle memory, staggering and half crying with sleepiness, would nevertheless not precede any of her elders in entering the home door. "After you," she sobbed, with hardly voice enough to add: "And may you all rest well!" "The same to you," chorused the adults, trooping by, and her faint murmur followed: "Many thanks." "Shall I give you this fan when I go away?" I asked her once, or would you rather have it now to take to the party?" She wanted it then and there, but what she answered was: "I shall be best pleased to take it when you like best to give it."

In the Dawning

THE [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
The trials here shall help me for the glory to [illegible]
[illegible]
I care not if the shadows fall and earthly treas- [illegible]
the veil.
I know that death shall flee away, with Christ I shall prevail.
[illegible]
morning.
[illegible]
the night,
[illegible]
A peace that passeth knowledge makes my [illegible]
I await with joy the dawning of the morning.

W. C. Stanton

SHEEP-SHEARING TIME ON A NEW ZEALAND FARM

♣

Rural Gala Times

THERE are, of course, Christmas, Thanksgiving, Fourth of July, etc.; [illegible] But in addition, the farmstead has [illegible] gala times which make work and [illegible] and always fun for children.

Sheep-shearing time, the excitement of which begins with the sheep-washing several days before, is delightful all around. The sheep look so hot in their woolly coats that that the farmer folk are glad to have them relieved of such surplus apparel. After they are shorn they look so odd and naked and comical. There are always special feasts for washers and shearers, and, of course, children get their share of tid-bits.

Our illustration of sheep-shearing in New Zealand will interest readers, by showing how this branch of pastoral work is conducted in one of the greatest sheep-raising countries in the world. New Zealand's flocks number nealy a half-billion sheep, many of them fine merinos. In some sections of our own country where flocks are large and numerous, shearers are so expert that one pair of hands are sufficient to divest an animal of its woolly costume, but usually several men are required to each animal. The sheep is laid on a high bench so that the shearers may stand up at their work.

Harvesting the wheat, the potatoes, the pumpkins and the apples, "corn-shuckins" in the South and "huskin' bees" in New England, usually bring along with toil, an interchange of neighborly favors and various merry-making. Sometimes the fun is uproarious, but in the main it is innocent and wholesome.

♣

New York's First Sidewalk

It was laid by a woman: that is, she had it laid. The woman was Widow Provoost. When her husband died, in 1820, she, then just twenty-six years old, took charge of his business—that of an importer. Mrs. Provoost's counting-house was a little out of the way, and, desiring to call attention to it, she ordered a quantity of large flat stones to be laid as a sidewalk, not only in front of her place of business, but beyond her property and up to the streets on either side of it. Country people and visitors from other towns would turn out of their way to gaze at the wonderful new invention, and the clever woman's trade was largely increased. This stone "walking side," as it was called, was the first pavement in the City of New York.

"GOD'S CHILD"

. . . A Story of Real Life Written for "The Christian Herald," . . .

By MARY C. FRANCIS

"WANT anything else today, Stanley?" The grocer carefully sifted the rice into the scales and cast a discriminating eye upon the weights. "Yes, some sugar, a couple of pounds, please."

"A LITTLE ANGEL OF TEN"

"And so you're studying law under McDonald, are you? Well, I hope you'll make as good a lawyer as he is. How'd you like some of these berries?"

Before Stanley could reply there was an uproar in the street. The grocer nimbly leaped the counter and both men ran to the door. It was the runaway of a spirited team, and women and children fled before the plunging animals. It was already evident that the horses would be headed off at the next corner, and though the lamp-post came to grief no other harm was done. Three or four minutes the two stood there and then they turned back.

"Carelessness," remarked the grocer.

"Indeed it was," replied Stanley. "I don't want any berries, but I'll take half a peck of potatoes."

"I've got some better ones in the back room." The grocer disappeared into the gloom of the rear regions, but when after a moment's interval he came into view again, Stanley Hills was already at the door and called back over his shoulder: "I forgot an engagement, Mr. Bradley. Be back after a while. Just charge everything, will you?"

"All right," was the cheerful response.

. . .

Before the sun set the next day, all Havenville was excited by the news that Stanley Hills had stolen $25 from the till of Mr. John Bradley. The discovery had been made not fifteen minutes after he had left, and in the meantime no one else had entered the store and Mr. Bradley had sat in front of the drawer reading the paper.

Every man, woman and child discussed the tale—how Mr. Bradley, forced against his will to believe it, had gone to the house of the widow Hills and offered to hush the matter up if prompt restitution were made—how Stanley had repudiated the charge with indignation and his mother with tearful protestations—how they had been offered the alternative of repayment or arrest and prosecution—of the time limit over night, and of the unaltered attitude of mother and son in the morning.

On the following evening, Stanley Hills lay in the village jail on a charge of petty larceny, and his proud and high-spirited mother sat in her little home agonized by the knowledge that unless the real criminal was discovered her boy's name would be clouded forever.

. . .

"And that is all I care for," concluded Stanley, at the end of a long interview with Harvey McDonald, who stood by him with unfaltering loyalty. "I can endure this for myself. I am innocent, and when I am out of this, I will devote the rest of my life to finding out the thief. But my mother will suffer a thousand deaths for this. Clear it up for her sake, Mr. McDonald."

"You may rest assured that I will do everything in my power, my boy. I've known Bradley for fifteen years and I think I have some influence with him. I will go to your mother now, but I want to tell you one thing more, and that is that all your true friends are standing by you. Not one of them believes it. As for the rest, you and I know this town too well not to know that there are many who toil this as a sweet morsel under their tongues. You must simply put your trust in God and ask for faith and courage."

On the following day the magistrate, who was but the tool of a faction flushed with recent victory at the polls, imposed a sentence of thirty days in jail.

. . .

When Stanley came out he was a changed youth—pale, silent, moody, missing from the innocent social life of the village where he had once been a favorite; missing from the Sunday School and the church; drawn within himself in a tense, silent life. Only two were able to penetrate the darkness that shrouded him—his mother and Mr. McDonald. The cloud that had passed over his life had cost him the position he had held in the city twenty miles away, and now, to support his mother, he worked as a farm hand, in the canning factory, in the brickyard, as a common laborer on the highways; no work was too hard or too menial for him to perform for her sake. He withdrew from his fellow-men, although the light that marked the hours of his study burned brightly far beyond midnight.

Summer glided into autumn and autumn into winter. Ere the Christmas holidays, a quickening revival wave was spreading through the church, that originated in the Sunday Schools, and there were those who knew that Hazel McDonald had in reality started it—Hazel, who loved her Sunday School with a devotion rarely found. As the season deepened it became evident that some unusual influence was at work. Children brought their parents to the Sabbath School; little tots came in, rosy and smiling from the cold wintry air, leading big brothers who had long been strangers to the sacred walls; the infant class overflowed; the pastor's Bible class became a Sunday morning forum of young, old and middle-aged men. Through it all, Hazel, although but a child of ten, remained the central figure no less by the crystalline purity and unutterable sweetness of her own personality than by the success of her labors. Scarcely a Sunday passed that some new recruit was not enrolled through her efforts, and by some strange spiritual power she seemed to acquire an ascendancy that stamped her and set her apart, and, without knowing what leadership meant, she became a leader whom many followed.

Winter lay heavy on the land when, at the midnight heart of a bitter cold night, flames burst from the home of Mr. McDonald and shot skyward, and in the confusion that ensued no one knew for a moment that Hazel was missing. Then the mother shrieked out the name of her girl, and out from the group hastily gathered there dashed a figure that ran into the house, apparently at the risk of his life; and when he reappeared he bore Hazel in his arms.

When Mr. McDonald was able to recognize the smoke-blackened face by the flickering of the flames, he saw with surprise that it was that of Jim Somers, one of the most disreputable young toughs in the village. Yet the life of his precious child was saved, and when he wrung Somers' hand it was with heartfelt gratitude. But Hazel was not content with thanks. She knew, as did every one else, of Jim Somers' life—a life of "the other half." His mother had run off with a pedlar, and his father had died in the gutter—a sot; and so Jim had been literally kicked from pillar to post, and now, after one of his periodical disappearances, had again sought his usual haunts, welcomed by no one save his own unsavory companions.

. . .

When a few days later he stood by Hazel's request in their home and was called "Mr. Somers," he started and stared in awkward astonishment. Was he indeed "Mr. Somers?" The child must mean him, for she stood looking gravely at him and repeated her question: "And you haven't really any home, Mr. Somers?"

Jim Somers shifted his position. "Well, you see, I don't live in one place all the time, and sleeping in a haymow one night and a freight car another, it's different from what I 'spose you'd call home, sleeping in one bed all the time and setting down at a table to eat every day. Of course the—the——"

Jim hesitated. "The gang" was on his tongue, but something warned him not to mention those characters to this child. He caught himself with difficulty. "That is, of course, I stop sometimes with my—friends."

Hazel went straight to another point.

"That is too bad, but don't you think it's because you don't work?"

(To be Continued)

No Faith Cure

ABOUT STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

They Cure Stomach Trouble and Indigestion Anyway, Whether You Have Faith in Them or Not.

All physicians agree that the element of faith has a great deal to do in the cure of disease.

Firm belief and confidence in a family physician of the same confidence and faith in a patent medicine have produced remarkable cures in all ages.

This is especially true in nervous troubles, and no field offers so prolific a harvest for the quack and charlatan as the diseases arising from a weak or run down nervous system.

Nevertheless, the most common of all diseases, indigestion and stomach troubles, which in turn cause nervous diseases, heart troubles, consumption and loss of flesh, requires something besides faith to cure.

Mere faith will not digest your food for you, will not give you an appetite, will not increase your flesh and strengthen your nerves and heart, but Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do these things, because they are composed of the elements of digestion, they contain the juices, acids and peptones necessary to the digestion and assimilation of all wholesome food.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest food if placed in a jar or bottle in water heated to 98 degrees, and they will do it much more effectively when taken into the stomach after meals, whether you have faith that they will or not.

They invigorate the stomach, make pure blood and strong nerves in the only way that nature can do it, and that is from plenty of wholesome food well digested. It is not what we eat, but what we digest that does us good.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists at 50 cents for full sized package.

Little book on cause and cure of stomach troubles mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

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Confidence in Christ

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 17. II. Tim I: 1-12

HOW much of the depression shown in Paul's second epistle to Timothy was due to his wretched circumstances and the consciousness of the near approach of death, we cannot know; but there are indications that there were other causes for the gloom evidently weighing on the apostle when he wrote the letter. Reading between the lines, we can see that he is hurt by the conduct of his friends, who have left him alone in his imprisonment. Even when brought to trial none of them stood by him. Luke was with him when he wrote, having probably arrived after the trial, but otherwise he had no friend faithful to him. But he is less concerned about this desertion than he is about the future of the churches he has founded; for if the leaders in whom he trusted desert their master in his need, how will they act toward the churches? Will they in the time of peril, which is surely coming, desert their posts? Will they in the time of heresy and general falling away from sound doctrine, which, the apostle believes, is approaching, be carried away? Paul is fearful. In Timothy himself he seems to see reasons for apprehension. Timothy is evidently timid and disposed to silence. Paul bids him stir up his gifts and be brave. All these thoughts and anxieties and fears weigh heavily on the aged prisoner, whose heart sinks as he thinks of the coming conflict in which he cannot hope to lead the forces of Christ.

Gloomy indeed was the sky, and on the horizon there were the gathering storm clouds, portending disaster. In it all there is no ray of light or hope, until Paul's eyes turn to Christ. Then the scene changes. A new note, reminding us of the apostle in his vigorous days, rings out. The body is worn out with ceaseless labor and suffering, and is aching with the heavy fetters placed upon it, and is poisoned with the noisome air of his subterranean dungeon, but the spirit is unsubdued. That is free and bold and intrepid as ever. There is no quailing there, no hesitancy, no faltering. He knows in whom he has believed, and is sure that he is able to keep. So he is not ashamed. People may say that he has made a failure of his life, that he has ruined himself, that he has trusted to a false hope. But Paul knows better. He has no doubts, no regrets. It is this confidence in a Person, rather than in abstract truth and justice, that is the strength of Christianity. Without the belief in a risen Christ, a divine Christ, Christianity could never have survived. Confidence in him and profound conviction of his power and love and constancy are the sinews of religion. The confidence that dispelled Paul's gloom and turned his wail into a pæan of victory was confidence in Christ himself. He knew whom he had believed.

A worldling must think it strange that Paul should have had this confidence. What was there to inspire it? What proof could Paul have that Christ was all he believed him to be? When men in our day are afflicted, when they lose their property, when their business ventures fail, when they are sick, when they do not get what they pray for, when some beloved child dies—in any time of trial, they are apt to cry out that God has deserted them, that he does not keep his promises, and to doubt whether he is really the loving Being that he is represented. Yet here was Paul in his dungeon, loaded with fetters, deserted by his friends, and with a violent death in store for him, and God raising no finger to save his servant, whose troubles had come upon him solely through his fidelity to his Lord; surely if any man had cause for doubt, he had. Yet he knows whom he has believed. This is the kind of faith and confidence that Christ loves to see. It is the kind that saves

Gospel Work in Colombia

Rev. Joseph Norwood, missionary in Colombia, S. A., and who has been visiting the United States on a short vacation, has returned to the field of his labors at Bucaramanga, Columbia. Readers of this journal are already familiar with Mr. Norwood's work, and many have contributed towards the erection of a gospel tent for the use of the Mission. Dr. Samuel B. Harris, of Philadelphia, accompanies him, and will co-operate with the Mission, giving special attention to the physical needs of the people, which have hitherto been sadly neglected.

Our Children's Helpers

Memorial Gifts Little Friends of Tenement Waifs Prayerful Givers

MANY of our readers have found the memorial gift—the helping of a living child in the name of a dear dead one—a blessed way of easing a stricken heart; as the following extracts, selected from many brief but touching letters, show:

M. L., Somerville, N. J. $6. In memory of Mildred ——. A Friend, Woodlake, Ky., $5. In the name of my little boy, who is now with the gentle Jesus, for whose sake I send it ——. A Friend, Purcell, Ind. Ter. $10. In memory of my little ones gone before.——Mrs. H. W. F., Silver Cliff, Colo. $5. In the name of Clara, who died last summer.——C. T. D., Lakeside, Cal. In memory of our dear departed little Cora.——I. M. G., La Moille, Ill. $2. All that I can do this summer. Next year, I will try the "put-by plan." Every week, until the time comes to send my contribution, I shall put by a certain sum for this blessed work. I wish that every mother would do the same. How much we could accomplish. I shall do this in loving remembrance of my little Hugh, who went to the home above five years ago.——Mrs. W. E. F., Blunt, So. Dak. $1. In memory of our darling little daughter in heaven.

Letters whose printed characters or scrawly script bespeak the writer's age, accompany some contributions. Other little people have gotten papa or mamma to write for them

Grace Mead, McPherson, Kan. $3. I am a little girl, nearly eleven years old, and have earned this money myself.——Charlie, John, Emma and Robert, children, Orange County, Va., send $1, which they made themselves.——Mrs. W. R. T., Washington, D. C. $1. My little son, Paul, sends it, hoping it may help some little boy or girl.——Mrs. H. K. M., Concord, N. H. $6. My little sons, six and eight years old, ask that two boys be sent.——Fred, Emma, Alice, Kalamazoo, Mich. $10 For the fresh-air children

The following contributions have been received:

Previously	$6,167 47	Smith, Mrs J. B.	3 00
Agnew, S.	3 00	Smith, Jr, Mrs S.	3 00
Albright, Mrs E. N.	2 00	Smith, Wm. E.	4 00
Austin, Mrs Chas.	3 00	Steiner, M. E.	3 00
Baker, Mrs Frank A.	3 00	Stoninger, Cora	4 00
Ball, Katie	4 00	Thomas, Mrs Helen.	3 00
Blades, Mrs Harriett	1 00	Underhill, Bessie	3 00
Blount, H. & W.	3 50	VanDenson, Mrs M. J.	1 00
Bouiwell, Mrs.	1 00	Walker, Mrs H. T.	5 00
Bowen, Mrs A. C.	3 00	Wegg, Mary A.	3 00
Brown, Amanda	3 00	Wheeler, Pearl F.	5 00
Charles, C. W.	3 00	White, Mrs N. S.	3 00
Chute, A. M.	1 00	Wood, Bessie	2 00
Clark, Hiram F.	3 00	Woodside, Wm.	3 00
Cobb, Jr, Lyman	3 00	Zahner, Helen & F.	3 00
Curtis, Frances A.	50	Willing Workers Soc. Johnstown	3 00
Curtis, Mrs Gertie.	1 00	M. W, Prairie City	1 00
Dewey, W. L.	2 00	A children's friend, Carson City	5 00
Dockstader, Miss	6 00	A lover of children, Weggis	5 00
Douglas, Muril & H. & Anna Brown	22	The Goode Children, Boydton	3 00
Fales, Mr & Mrs J. D.	3 00	A child of nature, Clinton	5 00
Faulknor, M. E.	1 00	A family of B's, Belchertown	3 00
Gifford, Dr & Mrs G. L.	5 00	Mother, Indianola	3 00
Glasgow, Mrs	1 00	From China, Wuhu	1 00
Glencairn, Fairbury	3 00	"I Will Try Band," Derby Neck	6 00
Graham, Robert	1 00	Corry, Pa.	5 00
Grantfield, Nellie & L.	3 00	Edith & Ester, Fairhaven	3 00
Haines, Mrs De Witt	6 00	"Lawrenceville," Palmville	6 00
Hall, Mr & Mrs Dunn	3 00	McFarland S.S. Intermediate cl, Monroe	3 00
Hill, Hannah L.	1 00	A lover of children, Stockbridge	3 00
Holden, Anna L.	1 00	A King's Daughter, Fort Worth	1 50
Hoover, S. A.	3 00	Primary S. S. Class, Donald	1 25
Kefauver, C. A.	6 00	Bonny Brook S. S, Carlisle	2 78
Kieffer, Mrs Lura J.	5 00	A friend, Aurora	3 00
Kline, Mrs N. U.	2 00	A friend, Braceville	2 00
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Leshe, M. E.	75 00	A friend, Elizabeth	2 00
Leslie, Mrs S. J.	6 00	A friend, Hanover	3 00
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Nisbet, Mrs Catherine	1 00	—, Weyauweca	1 00
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Palmer, Mrs.	3 00		
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Let them know that Christians seek them,
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But to save from utter ruin,
And to help in direst need.

Sad and lonely, worn and weary,
Carried downward by the tide,
On the waters dark and dreary,
With no compass and no guide,
Oft more sinned against than sinning,
"Magdalenes" with tearful eyes—
They have souls well worth the winning—
"He that winneth souls is wise."

Christian hearts with natures human,
Guarded safe from want and care,
Judge not harshly erring woman
Caught within the tempter's snare.
Jesus came to save the fallen;
"Inasmuch," he saith to thee,
"As ye do to these my sisters,
Ye have done it unto me."

Doors of sin are yawning widely,
Let the "Door of Hope" stand wide,
Tell them of the Christ so lowly,
Lead them to the Crucified.
God be thanked for Homes of Refuge
And an ever-open "Door;"
Loving hearts to bid them "Welcome:"
"Go in peace and sin no more!"

E. Corinth, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

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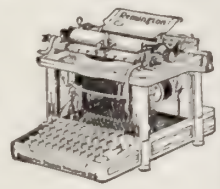

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The Maiden Aunt and Her Beautiful Life of Sacrifice—Telling Secrets

I SOMETIMES wonder what would become of us, if there were no maiden aunts left, or if all the useful unmarried women who come to the relief of a burdened home in hours of need, who conduct asylums and sit on hospital boards, and engage in charities, were to go into business on their own account, or to take pity on bachelors and widowers and cease from their own independent estate. The lady who has a husband and children must abide in her lot, and it is a goodly one, full of honor and happiness. She who has the free foot of the spinster may go where she will, and she usually goes on errands of love and compassion, arriving on the spot in the very hour when an angel could not be more opportune.

For instance, there is Saint Barbara. Twenty years ago, when she was a beautiful blooming girl, possibly twenty-three, a young maiden whom many eyes followed with yearning admiration, her brother James lost his wife. She died suddenly, leaving a baby three days old and two little tots, respectively two and four years of age; and the callow brood, motherless, and needing every care, moved the sympathy of the whole community. James was a silent undemonstrative man, helpless in his grief, and two courses only were open to him: either to close his house and go home to his father with his little family, or to engage a housekeeper and manage as best he could with his bairns. On their mother's side there were no relatives, and James was not a man of large means who could afford to pay liberally for aid in his household. In this emergency, Barbara came forward, and offered to do for James and the children, and naturally her offer was accepted, though it occasioned some surprise, for she had been hitherto exceptionally free from care, and fond of a good time, as a merry-hearted girl should be. Barbara remained with James three years, at the end of which time he married again, and she went home, leaving the little ones grieving at the loss of aunty. The stepmother proved kind and amiable but delicate in physique, and a very poor manager, so that Aunty Barbara kept on cutting out little frocks and aprons, mending little stockings, and looking after the children's welfare, from the other house, only a half mile's distance off, until one day, seven years later, when, from the West, there came a black-edged letter, announcing the death of another sister-in-law, and brother Alfred begged her to come and look to the bringing-up of his flock of six boys and girls. Saint Barbara did not hesitate, though she did cast a tenderly regretful eye on her pretty white-robed chamber, a perfect maiden's bower, with its cool, gray matting on the floor, its home-made rugs, and spotless curtains, white frilled dressing-table, and window to the west, where the sunset glory flooded the room, and the hills she loved dearly fell asleep nightly before her lingering gaze.

"Can I be spared at home?" was her only question. The answer was immediate. Her father and mother were sturdy people, not yet feeble, though growing old; there were two younger sisters at home. Barbara could be spared. Away to South Dakota she went as fast as steam could carry her, and there she spent the next ten years, managing a great farm, presiding not only over her nephews and nieces, but over the Sunday School, the Home Missionary Society, and the Christian Endeavor; quietly, cheerily, efficiently filling a wide sphere, until one morning she awoke to the fact that she was past forty, that she needed a change, and that she was homesick for New England and the old scenes and faces.

"I'm going back to the Berkshires," she stated calmly one day when her resolution was made, and it was as if a bomb had exploded in the circle.

"Why, Auntie!"

"Why, sister!"

"What are we to do without you?"

"You will all do very well. Cicely is a perfect housekeeper and Dolly a good cook, and I have given you all ten years of my life. Now this bit of the road is done with, and I must try another path."

"But you will come back, dear aunt?" So Philip pleaded, her darling of the flock. "Go on a visit and return bye-and bye."

"We'll see, Phil, dear," said Aunt Barbara, guardedly. Something seemed pulling at her heart; she had to go, and once her mind was made up, she hurried her preparations. Soon she was once more established in her childhood's home, everybody glad to see her, many gone, more graves on the hillside, new faces in the homes, and children whom she had left at school, grown up into the flower of their youth, young men and women.

Barbara entered into everything with zest. She had received a little legacy, a thing which never comes amiss, and her circumstances, thanks to the old cousin whose quaint name she bore, were now quite easy. The young Eastern kinsfolk told her she needed new gowns and bonnets; she bought them. She revelled in visits to town, and browsed eagerly among new books in the beautiful shops. She was a radiant and beautiful woman, as fair and charming in her maturity as in her youth, and far more fascinating than she had been in her girlhood. And now, one and another began to say:

"I wouldn't wonder if Miss Barbara were to marry after all. She might pick for herself if there were a half dozen bachelors in the place."

But matrimony was not to be Saint Barbara's avocation. As I heard her dearest friend say last week, she seems born to cradle motherless babies, and bring up mettlesome lads and winsome lassies, but never to be herself a mother. Hardly was she fairly established and settled in her old lines, than an outbreak of typhoid fever carried off her sister Carrie and Carrie's husband, both in one week, and there was another houseful. This time orphans needed Aunty, and to them Aunty went, and with them Aunty is now, and with them she is likely to be for some time to come.

Blessings on Saint Barbara! If I were painting her portrait, there should be a halo around her head, and she should hold a sheaf of lilies in her gentle, generous hand.

. . .

A SECRET is a secret only while it continues in one's personal possession. Few people, unfortunately, can be altogether trusted not to reveal what is told them in confidence. They do not mean to break the seal of silence, and would be most indignant were they accused of indiscretion; but the temptation seizes them to tell to some friend, with great precautions and with pledges to forgetfulness, the incident, or the speech, the family feud, the betrothal, or whatever else it may be of which they have been made recipients. "You are not to breathe this—not to mention it to any one on earth," they repeat, but a secret once whispered in a veranda's corner in the twilight, is probably proclaimed on the housetops of the city next week. Nobody can explain it, but a secret if so much as murmured in the ear of one not closely concerned, flies on the wind like thistledown. Moral: Have no secret. Refuse to be a secret's custodian.

Margaret E. Sangster

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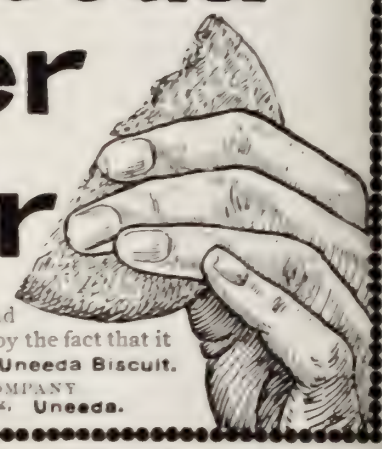

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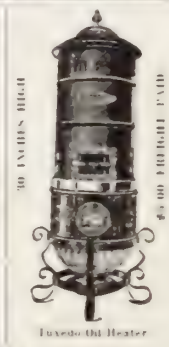

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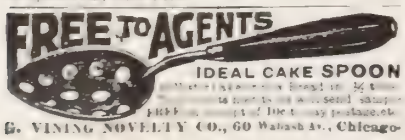

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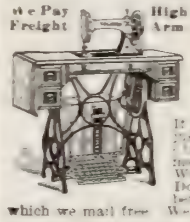

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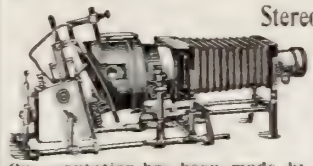

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE PRESIDENTIAL VISIT TO OCEAN GROVE, N. J.—MR. McKINLEY SPEAKING IN THE GREAT AUDITORIUM

From a photograph taken by Rev. F. Y. Pierce, Scranton, Pa., specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. No other photograph was taken on this occasion.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

H. B., Mt. Cory, O. Did Christ rise with His human nature? Was his body the same after his resurrection as before?

As the disciples found the sepulchre empty, we must conclude that it was the identical body that rose. The wounds shown to Thomas (John 20: 25-27) confirm that view. A change had, however, passed upon it, as he entered "the doors being shut;" he "vanished out of their sight," etc. It probably became such a body as the apostle describes (I. Cor 15: 44-53) as being given to believers at the last day.

E. N., Worthington, Ia. I want to go as a missionary to the heathen and I know Jesus wants me to go; but I fear my family would object. Do you think I ought to go?

If Jesus wants you to go, you ought, but we do not think you can have certain knowledge on that point. The missionary societie have already more persons ready to go out than they have the money to send. You may be sure that if Jesus wants your services, he will open up the way for you to go. In the mean time try what you can do with the heathen at home. There are plenty of them, and perhaps your duty lies with them. An indication as to that fact may be in the objection of your family. If they have claims upon you which you ought to recognize, you may accept the fact as evidence that your sphere of usefulness is in your own land.

E. W., Worcester, Mass. I notice in several ser- [illegible] that persons who are dead are now in heaven. I have never found any passage in the Bible to [illegible] into the dust when they die

Yes, the question is one that every bereaved soul is anxious about. Everyone wants to know whether the loved ones go straight to heaven or must await the resurrection when they die. The statements in the Bible are not explicit, but there is more than one that affords ground for the belief that the soul does not lie unconscious in the grave between death and the resurrection. First of all there is the promise of Christ to the penitent thief (Luke 23: 43): "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Christ's words (Matt. 22: 31, 32): "God is not the God of the dead but of the living," appear to convey the same meaning. Again, if you turn to the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus (Luke 16: 22–28) you find Christ representing both of them as living and conscious while the rich man's brothers were still upon earth. Then in the account of the Transfiguration (Luke 9: 30), Moses, who certainly was dead and buried, appears and talks with Christ. There are other passages which might be quoted, but one more must suffice. Paul, speaking of his own death (Phil. 1: 22–24), says he is "in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better." Now if a man so earnest and intense as Paul, knew that after his death he would lie inactive in the grave, until the resurrection, he would not have written this. He evidently expected to go to Christ when he died, and we have the same hope.

Reader, Neuchatel, Kan. The ladies of our church started a sewing society. Lately they made a very nice quilt and to dispose of it to better advantage resolved upon issuing a hundred tickets at ten cents each and drawing it by lots. I would like to know if you consider it gambling.

All lotteries are a species of gambling. We consider that such expedients are decidedly detrimental to the spiritual growth of a church and wholly out of place as a part of church work. If gambling is reprehensible, *per se*, it is difficult to understand how transferring it to a church sociable can transform its character. There is no such thing as sanctified or consecrated gambling.

Inquirer, Carpentersville, Ill. Why do we observe Sunday instead of Saturday as the Sabbath when the fourth commandment specifies the seventh day as the one to be observed?

We do not observe Sunday as the Sabbath, though it pleases some people to call it by that name. The Sabbath was simply a day of rest, and in the later days of the Jewish nation, a day of intolerable burdensome restriction. You will remember how frequently Christ was assailed on the subject, and how impatient he was with the silly regulations which defined the things that might not be done on that day. When the Gentile Christians appealed to the Apostles to know whether they must keep the Jewish laws, there was a council called which decided that only three laws were binding on the Gentiles (Acts 15: 28, 29), and the Sabbath was not [illegible] of the three. But the consecration of one [illegible] in seven was so beneficial and, indeed, necessary, that the practice was voluntarily observed. Only, in order to mark it as a Christian observance, the Sunday was kept to celebrate Christ's resurrection, and it was called the Lord's Day. It was not kept as a Sabbath or rest, but as a day of religious activity. To go back to the Saturday Sabbath is a step backward into the bondage of the law from which Christ came to deliver us. The Didache or Teaching of the twelve Apostles, the most ancient document of the kind we have outside of the Bible, directs Christians to hold their assemblies on the Lord's Day.

A. B., Mt. Vernon, Mo. Can a person be really a Christian if he would not do what he thought Christ would do if he were in his place? The question is suggested by reading "In His Steps."

The Christian ought to do his duty in all times and in all circumstances. We do not know that the matter is improved by being put in the form you choose. The Christian cannot always do what Christ would do. If he were surrounded by hungry men he cannot feed them as Christ would do. If he stands beside a blind man he cannot speak the word that will open the blind eyes, as Christ would. Let the Christian obey his conscience and do what he believes to be right to the full extent of his power. When he is disposed to express an opinion on another man's religious standing and to decide whether such a person can or cannot be really a Christian, he should obey Christ's injunction to "judge not" (Matt. 7: 1), even though he knows that Christ might do it if he (Christ) were in his place.

Constant Reader, Camden, N. J., and several others. What is the sin against the Holy Ghost? Can it be committed in these days?

It is a singular coincidence that no less than ten letters asking this question came in in one day last week, and others on other days. We have replied to it already several times, but as there appears to be a new epidemic of anxiety on the subject, we repeat. As Jesus did not define the sin to which he referred, our [illegible] tain the circumstances under which the words were spoken. Jesus had just cured a man [illegible] course, attributed his double affliction to his being possessed with a devil. When Jesus cured him they accounted for the cure by saying that Jesus derived his power from Beelzebeb, the prince of devils. It was in reference to that charge that Jesus uttered the warning against the sin against the Holy [illegible] that the sin consists in ascribing to Satan the power derived from the Holy Spirit. It showed such perversity and malignity that the man who could utter the charge must be hopelessly bad. We do not believe it can be committed in our day. The nearest approach to it would be that of saying of a converted man that the change in his character was the work of the devil.

J. M., Auroraville, Wis. Where in the Bible or out [illegible] character, had no name. The word "Dives" means rich, and is as suitable a name as any for him.

F. W. H., Gambier, O. I find that by relying on the fact that "worry does no good," and by exercising will power, it is easy to keep worry [illegible]

The best recipe we know of [illegible] and "borrowing trouble" is to get [illegible] the heart. A Christ-filled life [illegible] to most of the cares that vex and [illegible] Humanly speaking, it is impossible for man to escape his burden; and no amount [illegible] or will power will enable us to remain indifferent to the heaviest cares and sorrows. Grace

THE MONUMENT TO PHILIP PHILLIPS, "THE SINGING PILGRIM."

In the cemetery at Fredonia, N. Y., a simple yet graceful monument has been erected to the memory of Philip Phillips, who was widely known as "The Singing Pilgrim." It is exclusively the gift of Mr. Ira D. Sankey and a few of his friends who, like himself, love to set forth the Gospel story in song to the multitudes. "Philip Phillips," Mr. Sankey says, "was the father of a school of Gospel singers—the pioneer in this country in a special class of evangelistic work, the leader of the mission of sacred song, being followed afterward by Bliss, Stebbins, McGranahan and myself. When I first heard his singing, it impressed me as a new revelation, and it touched a new chord in my soul. From his songs I received my first inspiration as a Gospel singer." Philip Phillips was the author of many beautiful hymns, the best known of which are: "The Home of the Soul." "Sweeping Through the Gates," and "Thy Mission." The last-named was sung by special request of President Lincoln, before the President and Cabinet. He sang to vast audiences in the United States, Great Britain, Australia and other lands, and many of his sacred songs are still used in the churches here and abroad.

Both men and women are invited to sign the Memorial—all who have the cause of the world's peace at heart. We would be pleased to have the signatures of every one of our [illegible] natures of as many friends of the peace m[illegible] gether in one continuous roll.

J. E. M., [illegible]

It would be a mean, ungentle[illegible] dishonorable act, of which no Chr[illegible] tleman, and conforms to the gol[illegible] doing unto others as he would [illegible] should do to him. The act you d[illegible] very near it.

[illegible] trains on Sunday? 2. [illegible] other railroad employ[illegible]

1. It is argued that [illegible] the Sunday [illegible] would seize the first opportunity to change his [illegible]

H. S. B., New Dundee, Ont. There are two dis[illegible] Abaziah would have been born before his father. The contradiction probably arose [illegible]

W. H. M., Cal. A minister recently stated that no [illegible] Assuredly not. Such a statement does [illegible] living in right relations with God. The book of Job was written expressly to prove that poverty was no sign of a man's impiety.

H. A., Chicago. MDCCCC.

Mrs. A. D. B., Malden, Mass. It is not true.

C. C. S., Ortonville. Write to *The Scientific* [illegible]

A. B. C., Olneyville, R. I. Your case is a peculiar one. Consult a lawyer.

M. E. S., Malden, Mass. Early on Sunday morning. The difference is about eleven hours and a half.

A. H. W., Jericho, N. Y. As no reason is assigned [illegible] was examined.

Regular Subscriber, Newport, R. I. If you have used a correct name you have probably seen that the questions you ask have been asked by other [illegible] columns.

Inquirer. Every donation to any cause it advo[illegible] letter will receive attention.

R. S. Bosworth, Brownsville, N. Y., who asked some time ago through THE MAIL-BAG for the words of the poem entitled "The Philosopher's Scales," writes that he has received a number of [illegible]

Subscriber, Oxford, Ga. We do not know of [illegible] Bellamy's "Looking Backward," you might get [illegible] not deal directly with your question.

Reader, Lebanon, Pa. Prince Albert's family name was Wettin. If, therefore, Queen Victoria were a private person she would properly be addressed as Mrs. Wettin. The Kaiser's name is [illegible] answer.

J. H., Easton, Pa. We have had no special revelation on the subject. We believe that nothing can be known about it with certainty, except from the Bible, and we think from the manner in which [illegible] familiar with all that the Bible says on the subject.

Subscriber, Penn. 1. Do not lower your standard. The fact of your putting such a question is sufficient proof that you would not be happy. 2. [illegible] suitable for review in this journal. Any bookseller can get it for you for a dollar. It is published by the Appletons, of New York.

Inquirer, Richmond, Va. We have not the facilities for answering your question. We never ac[illegible] MAIL-BAG. If the question is a proper one, and we are able to answer it, we do so freely and cheerfully as far as space permits. As a matter of advice we say disregard a prohibition so unreasonable and absurd. God would never issue such a prohibition.

The President at Campmeeting

He Visits Ocean Grove and Addresses a Great Methodist Assemblage

THE annual campmeeting, just concluded at Ocean Grove, has been one of unusual interest. An event which attracted national attention and wide comment was the visit and address of President McKinley on Aug. 25. He was at Long Branch reviewing New Jersey troops, when the "soldiers of the Cross" at Ocean Grove sent him, through Dr. J. E. Price, Dean of the Summer School of Theology, an invitation to visit them, and Friday about noon the little city by the sea knew that the Chief Magistrate would be within her borders at three o'clock. There was not much time for preparation; flags went up over houses and tents; red, white and blue bunting quickly made its appearance everywhere.

ON THE FAMOUS "BOARD WALK" AT OCEAN GROVE

The great auditorium was filled to overflowing, and thousands stood outside and in the aisles. Dr. A. E. Ballard, the venerable Vice-President of the Association, opened the service. An anthem was sung; a sweet-voiced young singer (Miss Blanch Bennett, of New York City) rendered "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord;" the quartette and chorus and congregation followed with good old Gospel hymns; and then the great congregation was on its feet and a snowstorm of handkerchiefs were fluttering in the Chautauqua salute, for the President had come and was on the platform. Bishop Fitzgerald, in a few fitting words, introduced the President, saying:

"It is a joy to us, Mr. President, to know that while, as the Chief Ruler of our country, you are its chief standard-bearer, that you also delight in marching with the followers of the Lord under the banner of the Cross, and so, not only as Chief Magistrate, but as a beloved brother, we welcome you here."

In responding, the President, after paying his respects to the gathering, said:

Piety and Patriotism go well together. Love of the flag, love of the country, is not inconsistent with our religious faith, and I think we have more love for our country and more love for our flag than ever before. And wherever that flag is raised it stands not for despotism and depression, but for liberty, opportunity and humanity. And what that flag has done for us we want it should do for all peoples and all lands, which by the efforts of war have come within its jurisdiction. That flag does not mean one thing in the United States and another thing in Porto Rico. There has been doubt expressed in some quarters as to the purpose of the government respecting the Philippines. I can see no harm in stating in this presence: Peace first, then, with charity for all, establish a government of law and order, protecting life, property and occupation for the well-being of the people, in which they will participate under the Stars and Stripes.

Attendance at the camp meeting has been very large. The Auditorium, Young People's Temple, Tabernacle, Thornley Chapel and Beach services have been thronged by devout souls and earnest seekers after truth, from the opening prayer-meeting on Aug. 18th to the closing exercises on Aug. 31st. On the 20th, Bishop Dubbs preached the first Sabbath sermon to an immense concourse, and on Sunday, Aug. 27th, interest had so increased that it was impossible to accommodate many who came to hear Bishop Fowler. Among many prominent speakers who have addressed the congregations are Rev. Dr. A. E. Schell, corresponding secretary of the Epworth League; Rev. Ferdinand C. Inglehart, of Newburg; Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Philadelphia; Bishop Grant, of the African M. E. Church, and others, besides the regular leaders.

In the presence of so much that was bright, it is sad to record that there was the shadow of death; the sudden decease of Dr. Lowrie, late leader of the meetings in the Young People's Temple, was a cause of sorrow to many.

At the last Sabbath sunrise meeting, a great flag, bearing the inscription, "In the Beginning, God," was raised in the presence of 1,000 revivalists, who awoke the grove with the morning hymn. The lovefeast was attended by 10,000 people. At the Beach meeting conducted by Bishop Fitzgerald there were some 20,000 in the congregation; and a special choir of 300 voices led the singing.

A Blasphemer Silenced

A gentleman once related an incident that happened on the St. Lawrence River. Among the passengers on the boat was a loud and fluent talker who set up for an atheist. He said that religion was an exploded superstition that men had outgrown; that in another fifty years, Bibles, churches, and piety, would be things of the wornout past. "They say," he said fiercely, "that their Christianity shall become a mountain, and fill the whole earth. A stone growing. Yes, it will grow as much as any other stone," with a sneer. He looked about for the effect of his words, and met the eyes of a lady whose whole face expressed horror. He said flippantly: "Miss, I seem to have alarmed you; you look frightened."

"I am," she responded promptly, "for you. 'Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.'"

A profound quiet fell on the company, and during this the blasphemer slipped into his stateroom silenced and abashed at the merited rebuke.

Miner Bunt's Gospel Wagon

A Converted Cornishman Who Now Labors for Christ in a Unique Vehicle in England

AMONG the many agencies representing the force, source and growth of Methodism at the great Wesleyan Conference just held in London, none gained more attention than a modest Wesleyan preacher and his car, belonging to the Wesleyan Home Mission. It was drawn up close before the entrance to the chapel built by John Wesley, where the delegates passed it at each session. It was two years old, but had a fresh coat of paint and was in the trimmest order, and no doubt many a restless pastor wished he had its wheels under him to take him to "pastures green."

It was an object of constant interest and curious investigation. The platform where the speaker stands can be folded up or extended at will, and is reached by a short ladder which is hauled up and carried in the car. The interior is provided with a small sleeping room, library, clothes press, mirror and small coal stove. Mottoes hang around the rooms. While compact, the rooms are very attractive and comfortable, winter and summer. The car is provided with a portable organ, which is one of the essential features of this church on wheels.

The preacher in charge of the car is Nimrod Bunt. He was born in Cornwall among the mines. Eight sad years of his early life were spent in a workhouse. He was then apprenticed to a bootmaker. He was "saved by the voice of God and a mother's prayers," as he often testifies with a tremor in his deep Cornwall voice. He is a fervent and eloquent speaker. He adds: "I was saved at sixteen, and have been preaching inside and out for ten years. I have seen much of sin and many saved." He is a rugged robust man of twenty-eight, believes in the car and rejoices that God called him to the work, and has started two churches and thirty-six Sunday schools. His mornings are spent in study, afternoons in pastoral visiting and children's meeting, and in the evening he preaches, always concluding with an after-meeting, to which troubled and penitent souls are invited to remain. In the past few months a hundred hopeful conversions are recorded. He is an excellent singer, having a rich baritone voice, and his discourses are interspersed with solos and gospel songs, mostly from Moody and Sankey's collection. He usually has a man to drive the two horses and care for them, though he can do it himself. His associate is Rev. Arthur E. Clifford, an evangelist of the same earnest persuasive type. They have invitations to many villages, and when they leave one town it is to enter another. They like to draw up the gospel wagon near some Wesleyan chapel and have the hearty co-operation of the local pastor. The police will not generally allow the wagon in the street long enough for a service, and the evangelists find refuge in a park or grove. Personally, Mr. Bunt is of a retiring disposition, but believes he is in the noblest mission on earth, and would not exchange his movable pulpit for that of Westminster Abbey.

REV. A. E. CLIFFORD

NIMROD BUNT

THE GOSPEL WAGON READY FOR A SERVICE

The Right Kind of Faith

BY D. L. MOODY

THE idea that you require a special kind of faith is all wrong. Use the faith you have already. Just believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Any faith that brings you to him and links you with him is the right kind of faith. Suppose I meet a man whom I have seen night after night begging, and I say to him:

"Hullo, beggar, is that you?"

"Don't call me a beggar; I am no longer a beggar."

"Are you not the man who has been begging here every night?"

"Yes."

"Where did you get your good clothes? How is it you are not a beggar?"

"No, I am no beggar; I am worth a thousand dollars."

"How is that?"

"Well, sir, last night I was here begging, and a man came along and put a check for one thousand dollars in my hand."

"How did you know it was good?"

"I took it to the bank, and they gave me gold for it."

"How was it done?"

"Well, I held out my hand, and he put the check right into it, and I took it to the bank and got gold for it."

"Did you really get it in that way?"

"Yes."

"How do you know it was the right kind of hand?"

"Why," says the beggar, "what do I care about the hand? I have got the money."

Faith is the hand that reaches out and takes the blessing. Any faith that brings you to Christ is the right kind of faith, and instead of looking at your faith look to Christ. See if you have the right kind of a Christ—a Christ that is giving you victory over sin. Some one has said that faith is to the soul what the eye is to the body. I do not pick my eyes out of my head every now and then to see if they are the right kind of eyes. Yet people are doing that with faith all the time.

We are living in very strange days. Some people tell us it does not make any difference what a man believes if he is only "sincere;" one church is just as good as another if you are only sincere. I do not believe any greater delusion ever came out of the pit of hell than that.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

The Queens of Home

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Sol. Song 6: 8, . . . There are three-score queens . . .

SOLOMON, by one stroke, set forth the imperial character of a true Christian woman. She is not a slave, not a hireling, not a subordinate, but a queen. In a former sermon I showed you that crown and courtly attendants, and imperial wardrobe were not necessary to make a queen; but that graces of the heart and life will give coronation to any woman. I showed you at some length that woman's position was higher in the world than man's, and that although she had often been denied the right of suffrage, she always did vote and always would vote by her influence; and that her chief desire ought to be that she should have grace rightly to rule in the dominion which she has already won. I began an enumeration of some of her rights, and now I resume the subject.

In the first place, woman has the special and the superlative right of blessing and comforting the sick. What land, what street, what house, has not felt the smitings of disease? Tens of thousands of sick-beds! What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and clumsy foot, go stumbling around the sick-room, trying to soothe the distracted nerves and alleviate the pains of the distressed patient? The young man at college may scoff at the idea of being under maternal influences; but at the first blast of typhoid fever on his cheek, he says, "Where is mother?" Walter Scott wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment:

> [illegible]
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou.

I think the most pathetic passage in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest field of Shunem and got sunstruck—pressing his hands on his temples and crying out: "Oh, my head! my head!" And they said: "Carry him to his mother." And then the record is: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died."

It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in a while men coming in to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed. How loudly they talk. How you long for the ministries of home. I know one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes, for several weeks' business absence at the West. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his death-bed far away from home. By express train the wife and daughters went westward; but they went too late. He feared not to die, but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. He said: "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses fluttered, the eyes closed, and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight: wife and daughters going westward—lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, overwhelming spectacle! When we are sick, we want to be sick at home. When the time comes for us to die, we want to die at home. The room may be very humble, and the faces that look into ours may be very plain; but who cares for that? Loving hands to bathe the temples. Loving voices to speak good cheer. Loving lips to read the comforting promises of [illegible].

In our Civil War, men cast the cannon, men fashioned the musketry, men cried to the hosts, "Forward, march!" men hurled their battalions on the sharp edges of the enemy, crying, "Charge! charge!" but the angels of God will come out to watch, and the Lord Almighty will give his messenger lasts a charge saying, "Look after that woman; canopy her with your wings, and shelter her from all harm;" and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering, the little ones around the room will whisper, "Who is she? 'Ain't she beautiful!'" and if you will listen right sharply, you will hear dripping down through the leaky roof, and rolling over the rotten stairs, the angel chant that shook Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Can you tell me why a Christian woman, going down among the haunts of iniquity, on a Christian errand, never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the city of Edinburgh, and I said to her as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of that place, "Do you come here nights to hold a service?" "O, yes," she said. "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand?" "Never," she said, "never." That young woman who has her father by her side, walking down the street, armed police at each corner, is not so well defended as that Christian woman who goes forth on Gospel work into the haunts of iniquity, carrying the Bibles and bread. God, with the red right arm of his wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces any one who should offer indignity to her. He would smite him with lightnings, and drown him with floods, and swallow him with earthquakes, and damn him with eternal indignations. Some one said: "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the mission school. I am afraid to have her instruct them." "So," said another man, "I am afraid, too." Said the first: "I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place." "Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is, that if any of those boys should use a bad word in her presence, the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot." That woman is the best sheltered who is sheltered by the Lord God Almighty, and you need never fear going anywhere where God tells you to go.

It seems as if the Lord had ordained woman for an especial work in the solicitation of charities. Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and by wardrobes in which there are no clothes, a woman is irresistible. Passing on her errand, God says to her: "You go into that bank or store or shop and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard-fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear; you do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your check-book, mark the number of the check, fill up the blank, sign your name, and hand it to her. There is no need of wasting time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farina. That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delegate of a relief society coming out of the store of such a hard-fisted man, and I say: "Did you get the money?" "Of course," she says, "I got the money: that's what I went in for. The Lord told me to go in and get it, and he never sends me on a fool's errand."

Again: I have to tell you that it is a woman's specific right to comfort under the stress of dire disaster. She is called the weaker vessel; but all profane as well as sacred history attests that when the crisis comes, she is better prepared than man to meet the emergency. How often you have seen a woman who seemed to be a disciple of frivolity and indolence, who, under one stroke of calamity, changed to a heroine. Oh, what a great mistake those business men make who never tell their business troubles to their wives! There comes some great loss to their store, or some of their companions in business play them a sad trick, and they carry the burden all alone. He is asked [illegible] the household again and again, "What is the matter?" He is [illegible] within his own soul. O, if your one duty was to tell your wife all about it! She perhaps might not have increased your credit, but she would have helped you to [illegible] carry on one shoulder that which is intended for two. Business men know what I mean. There came a crisis in your affairs. You struggled bravely and long; but after a while there came a day when you said: "Here I shall have to stop;" and you called in your partners, and you called in the most prominent men in your employ, and you said: "We have got to stop." You met the case suddenly. You could hardly make up your mind to pass through the street and over on the ferry-boat. You felt everybody would be looking at you, and blaming you, and denouncing you. You hastened home. You told your wife all about the affair. What did she say? Did she play the butterfly? Did she talk about the silks and the ribbons and the fashions? No. She came up to the emergency. She quailed not under the stroke. She offered to go out of the comfortable house into a smaller one, and wear the old cloak another winter. She was the one who understood your affairs without blaming you. You looked upon what you thought was a thin, weak woman's arm holding you up: but while you looked at that arm, there came into it the muscle of [illegible] the strength of the eternal God. No chiding. No fretting. No telling you about the beautiful house of her father from which you brought her ten, twenty or thirty years ago. You said: "Well, this is the happiest day of my life. I am glad I have got from under my burden. My wife don't care—I don't care." At the moment you were exhausted. God sent a Deborah to meet the host of Amalekites and scatter them like chaff over the plain. There are sometimes women who sit reading sentimental novels, and who wish that they had some grand field in which to display their Christian powers. What grand and glorious things they could do if they only had an opportunity! My sister, you need not wait for any such time. A crisis will come in your affairs. There will be a Thermopylæ in your own household where God will tell you to stand. There are scores and hundreds of households to-day where as much bravery and courage are demanded of women as was exhibited by Grace Darling, or Marie Antoinette, or Joan of Arc.

Again: I remark it is woman's right to bring to us the kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No. Her heart is more responsive to the pleadings of divine love. She is in vast majority. The fact that she can more easily become a Christian, I prove by the statement that three-fourths of the members of churches in all Christendom are women. So God appoints them to be the chief agencies for bringing this world back to God. I may stand here and say the soul is immortal. There is a man who will deny it. I may stand here and say we are lost and undone without Christ. There is a man who will contradict it. I may stand here and say there will be a Judgment day after a while. Yonder is some one who will dispute it. But a Christian woman in a Christian household, living in the faith and the consistency of Christ's Gospel—nobody can refute that. The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms: they are preached with an audience of two or three, and in private home life. A consistent, consecrated Christian service is an unanswerable demonstration of God's truth.

A sailor came slipping down the ratlines one night, as though something had happened, and the sailors cried: "What's the matter?" He said: "My mother's prayer haunts me like a ghost." Home influences, consecrated home influences, are the mightiest of all influences upon the soul. There are men who have maintained their integrity, not because they were any better naturally than some other people, but because there were home influences praying for them all the time. They got a good start. They were launched on the world with the benedictions of a Christian mother. They may

track Siberian snows, they may plunge in African jungles, they may flee to the earth's end—they cannot go so far and so fast but the prayers will keep up with them.

I speak to women who have the eternal salvation of their husbands in their right hand. On the marriage day you took an oath before men and angels that you would be faithful and kind until death did you part, and I believe you are going to keep that oath; but after that parting at the grave, will it be an eternal separation? Is there any such thing as an immortal marriage, making the flowers that grow on the top of the sepulchre brighter than the garlands which at the marriage banquet flooded the air with aroma? Yes; I stand here as an ambassador of the most high God, to proclaim the banns of an immortal union for all those who join hands in the grace of Christ. O woman, is your husband, your father, your son, away from God? The Lord demands their redemption at your hands. There are prayers for you to offer, there are exhortations for you to give, there are examples for you to set, and I say now, as Paul said to the Corinthian woman: "What knowest thou, but thou shalt save thy husband?" A man was dying; and he said to his wife: "Rebecca, you wouldn't let me have family prayers; you laughed about all that, and you got me away into worldliness; and now I'm going to die, and my fate is sealed, and you are the cause of my ruin!" O woman, what knowest thou but thou canst destroy thy husband?

Are there not some of you who have kindly influences at home? Are there not some who have wandered far away from God, who can remember the Christian influences in their early home? Do not despise those influences, my brother. If you die without Christ, what will you do with your mother's prayers, with your wife's importunities, with your sister's entreaties? What will you do with the letters they used to write to you, with the memory of those days when they attended you so kindly in times of sickness? Oh, if there be just one strand holding you from floating off from that dark sea, I would just like to take hold of that strand now, and pull you to the beach! For the sake of your wife's God, for the sake of your mother's God, for the sake of your daughter's God, for the sake of your sister's God, come this day and be saved.

Lastly: I wish to say that one of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. O, what a multitude of women in heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven, Elizabeth Fry in heaven, Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven, the mother of Augustine in heaven, the Countess of Huntington—who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels—in heaven, while a great many others, who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small room, with no fire and one window (the glass broken out), and the aching side, and worn out eyes, to the "house of many mansions!" No more stitching until twelve o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work, to show it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last! Heaven for aching heads! heaven for broken hearts! heaven for anguish-bitten frames! No more sitting until midnight for the coming of staggering steps! No more rough blows across the temples! No more sharp, keen, bitter curses!

Some of you will have no rest in this world. It will be toil and struggle and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door, fighting back the wolf with your own hand, red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want you to realize this morning that he is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear he sets another gem in that crown; whenever you have a pang of body or soul, he puts another gem in that crown, until, after a while, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to his angel, "The crown is done; let her up, that she may wear it." And as the Lord of Righteousness puts the crown upon your brow, angel will cry to angel, "Who is she?" and Christ will say, "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation, and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." And then God will spread a banquet and he will invite all the principalities of heaven to sit at the feast, and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God and crimson with the twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of Life, and waters from the fountains of the rock will flash from the golden tankards, and the old harpers of heaven will sit there, making music with their harps, and Christ will point you out, amid the celebrities of heaven, saying, "She suffered with me on earth, now we are going to be glorified together." And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulation: "Hail, hail!" And there will be handwritings on the wall—not such as struck the Babylonian noblemen with horror—but fire-tipped fingers, writing in blazing capitals of light and love, "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!"

The Boer President as He Is

IT may be doubted if Africa has produced a more remarkable character than the man who governs in the South African Republic. The son of a peasant, the President is older than the State he rules. He was born on a farm at Rustenburg, on October 10, 1825. At seven, he killed his first game; at eleven, he shot his first lion. Before he was ten, he acted as shepherd, and led the oxen yoked in the great wagon. Before he could hold a gun, he handled a bow and arrow with such skill that practised archers were amazed. At the same age, he helped to build the first church in Rustenburg. He was as fleet of foot as he was unerring in his aim. One day he had to face a lion alone, and he stood before the beast at arm's length, with nothing but a useless rifle in his hand.

On another occasion he turned round while his horse was in full gallop and shot a buffalo, which was chasing him, dead through the forehead. Like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Kruger mutilated his hand in his younger days. Mr. Gladstone, having injured his finger while on his Hawarden estate, held it calmly under the surgeon's knife. Mr. Kruger's left thumb was shattered by the bursting of his gun while hunting. The doctor would have cut off the arm, but Kruger, unwilling to lay his gun down for ever, refused. Neither would he allow his hand to be amputated. "Then I can do nothing for you," said the doctor, leaving him in anger. Taking out his jack-knife, Kruger sharpened it, and cut off the top of his thumb. The flesh beginning to mortify, the brave youth cut off the thumb at the second joint, and the wound healed.

The only books President Kruger has ever read are the Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the history of the Revolt of the Netherlands. He was brought up with a Bible in one hand and a gun in the other, and the training has had its natural result. He is saturated with Old Testament religion, though he knows the New Testament too, and was converted through perusing it in the woods, alone with God and his Word. He is said to have finished a speech at the opening of a synagogue with the words, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I declare this building open."

"All who love Jesus Christ should love one another," Mr. Kruger said to an American not long ago, and he has declared that "the nation which fears God and obeys him is the only prosperous nation." He was christened after three Bible characters—his full name is Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger—and Bible texts crop up in all his speeches and in his ordinary conversation. He often preaches in the local chapels. In his home life he is a simple Boer, with no sign of his lofty position save the sentinels who guard his home, and the stone lions which stand in front of his house.

The Little Prairie Church

Now Finished and Opened Through the Generous Aid of Our Readers and Other Friends

A FEW years ago, a man, miserable and under deep conviction of sin, wandered past the Bowery Mission, attracted by the sweet singing, which called up to his recollection days long past. He remembered that his mother used to sing these sweet melodies of Jesus and his love. He wandered into the mission and there found the "one thing lacking" in his life—the Pearl of great Price, a loving, living Saviour. From that time forward, this same man—once an unsaved wanderer, now a preacher of the Gospel—has been lifting up Jesus to dying men and women. Called out West to take charge of an M. E. Church at Imperial, Neb., Rev. F. Baylis has for the past Conference year been doing, to quote the presiding elder's words, "monumental work."

REV. F. BAYLIS

On looking over his charge, in the spring, he saw that the chief need of the people in that lovely prairie town was a suitable church building. To supply this need, he set himself diligently to work. Our readers well remember the visit of the "cowboy preacher" of Nebraska to New York, in April and May of this year, and the interesting account of his work which he gave in many churches in the East. These churches gave of their means to help build a church out on the Nebraska prairie to the glory of God. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers were also interested seeing an opportunity for good, and an account of the work appeared in our issue of April 26, 1899. Many readers sent in their gifts in aid of the projected building, and in due course the money so contributed was forwarded to the Building Committee. That work of love has now borne fruit, even more quickly than was expected. On this page we present a photograph of the completed church, taken only a few days ago. Pastor Baylis writes us that the funds for furnishing and for a church bell are still to be supplied, but he adds confidently, "God is rich, and at the right time and the right hour it will be forthcoming."

THE NEW CHURCH AT IMPERIAL, NEB.

Built largely by contributions from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers

The citizens of Imperial are delighted to see their great need supplied, and through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD they send their heartfelt thanks to the many good friends in the East who have so kindly contributed to this good work.

Pastor Baylis is greatly beloved on those Western prairies. The *Republican*, published at Imperial, under date of August 4, 1899, says, in referring to his work: "He has done more for the town and church than any other minister we have ever had here. Besides being an earnest worker in the interests of Christianity, by his efforts he has succeeded in raising enough funds to pay for a suitable and comfortable building in which the people may worship." As for Pastor Baylis, he never ceases to thank God for the Bowery Mission, where his eyes were opened to see the folly of the sinner's course. It was there that

> He came to Jesus as he was:
> Weary and worn and sad;
> He found in him a resting place,
> And he has made him glad.

Thus, the little church on the Nebraska prairie, the happiness of its good pastor and the delight of its people, may all be clearly traced to the Redeeming Love which greeted the poor wanderer on that night when he entered the welcoming doors of the Bowery Mission, where so many other weary, sin-sick souls have found salvation and a new life.

Mr. Yatman in Australia

Rev. C. H. Yatman, whose Gospel career is well known to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, has been conducting a very successful evangelistic work in Australia. He reached Sydney on June 10. A remarkable series of meetings followed in the Exhibition Building, to which crowds of people were conveyed in free cars, and a deep impression was made upon the city by the preaching of the Word.

Mr. Yatman also held meetings for young women, the first of which took place on Sunday afternoon, July 9th. The Young Women's Christian Association co-operated, and are now taking up the work that the evangelist left. A final address to women was given in the Town Hall on July 16th. There were also children's meetings, to which the little ones thronged in overwhelming numbers.

On another occasion the evangelist talked to business men on the right use of money. On the final Sunday there was a vast gathering. At the close of his address many testified their desire to begin the heavenly life. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

The Stranger in Church

In the following letter from a reader in Nebraska we find a pleasing description of the sort of welcome a stranger likes to receive when visiting a church where every face is unfamiliar. It also furnishes a hint which some may study to advantage.

A few years ago, while staying over Sunday in a certain town, I strolled into one of the nearest churches. The usher, already on duty, with a bow and pleasant smile, showed me to a seat. The service commenced. The minister gave out the hymn, and the choir (a good one) started the singing, in which the whole congregation joined in with good will. After a splendid sermon, which made a good impression on me at least, and another song and prayer, the congregation went out. The usher stationed himself at the door, and, seeing me and several other newcomers, he gave each one of us a small card, on which was printed an invitation to come again and to visit the pastor at his residence. I thought to myself, after having read the card: "There are some pleasant and practical Christians in this church. I shall surely attend it if I ever come to this town again." Although it is nearly ten years since this incident happened, it lives fresh in my memory as if it had been yesterday.

I wish I could relate equally pleasant memories of all the churches where I have called as a stranger, but, alas! I cannot. At some churches the people have appeared cold and indifferent—even the sermon has seemed merely a form, which failed to make any other impression on the hearers than to make them sleepy. At such churches, the usher, the congregation and the minister need to be awakened to an understanding of "pure and undefiled Christianity," and to learn how to treat strangers who happen among them.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Review of the Quarter's Lessons

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 24. Golden Text, Ps. 34 : 7

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

"THE angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them" (Ps. 34 : 7). Daniel knew this Scripture of truth; it had laid hold on him in such a way that in one extremity after another he counted on the Lord's deliverance. Daniel feared God, and therefore he feared neither the wrath of the king nor the sarcasm of his fellow-students in Babylon. Determined to be no Babylonian, but to put a difference between the holy and the unholy, the clean and the unclean (Lev. 10 : 8-10), he and his three friends took their stand in refusing the king's meat and the wine which he drank, certain that the Scripture would be fulfilled, and that the angel of the Lord, who "encampeth round about them that fear him," would deliver them. And so it was. His God in whom he trusted did not disappoint him.

Again, at the time of the students' examination, Daniel continued fearing God and trusting in him, and thus "God gave" him and his companions "knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom." It was not obtained by mere study; it was not the direct result either of natural talent or of persevering application, although doubtless both were present; it is distinctly said, "God gave them their knowledge and skill." It was of him, and not by accident, that "Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams."

Daniel sought God's interests before his own; whether in public or in private, he acknowledged his God. Thus, when all the wise men of Babylon were sentenced to execution because they failed to recall and to interpret the king's dream, Daniel and his friends "desired mercies of the God of heaven concerning this secret that Daniel and his companions should not perish with the rest of the wise men of Babylon" (Dan. 2 : 17, 18).

Perhaps it was a sorer test when his three friends, not sitting "in the gate of the king" (Dan. 2 : 49) as he did, were expected, in their official character as governors over the affairs of the province of Babylon, to appear and to offer worship to the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar had set up. The same angel of the Lord who encampeth round about us encampeth round about every one who fears him, and will be as faithful to them as to us.

Ignored in the days of Belshazzar, the Lord put dignity upon Daniel and showed him things in the far future which are not yet fulfilled (Dan. 7 : 12), and he proved how a man who truly fears God, takes God into account in all things, can be trusted alike with honor and dishonor, neither uplifted by the one nor discouraged by the other. Thus, when raised again to prominence by the conquering Darius, after he had interpreted the ominous handwriting upon the wall to the guilty Belshazzar, Daniel was found again proof against fears for his own safety; even in the lions' den he would not be troubled about that which only affected him. He had the scripture about the angel of the Lord to run into and be safe.

Ezekiel was another type of a man who feared God, and the angel of the Lord delivered him in another way. Like Daniel, he had a manifestation of the Lord Jesus (comp. Ezek. 1 with Dan. 10). Like him also he had visions of the future, and like him he lived only for God and for his people. But while Daniel was called to a court life—life at a heathen court—Ezekiel was a companion of the captive Jews, sharing their exile, their sorrows and their shame.

To Ezekiel, God was indeed the God of the resurrection, but, therefore, he had to enter into death. In God's dealings with him by word and by vision he had to let death pass over all he was and had; he must speak, knowing that those to whom he spoke would not hearken unto him (3 : 7). He must, in vision, bear the iniquity of Israel and the iniquity of Judah upon him for 430 days, and he must eat his meat with carefulness, measuring both meat and drink (4). He must shave his head and his beard, and scatter the hair (5); he must move house (12); he must weep when his wife died (24). Disappointment, humiliation, death upon all he was and all he did; and yet, ever the vision of glory from time to time to sustain him; the angel of the Lord did not leave him. Thus he must show the people their death and corruption, that he might be able to show them the glory which yet awaiteth them, according to the Word of the Lord.

In Ezek. 36 and 37, the prophet sees and declares first the spiritual and then the literal resurrection of the people. Many there are indeed who take the latter as wholly spiritual. The event will show. The literal view of this and other passages, taking everything literally which is not manifestly spoken of as a figure, never precludes the accommodating of the passage to illustrate spiritual things. There is, it seems to us, a wonderful fitness in the spiritual resurrection of Israel as a nation in Ezek. 36, just preceding the calling of God's ancient people who had been true to him out of their graves in Ezek. 37, and giving to these whose very bones have been scattered, the land of Israel, as well as reigning power with Christ upon earth.

In our course of lessons we have had two on the Holy Spirit, one from Ezek. 47, and the other from Zech. 4. We have in Ezek. 47 a beautiful type of how man sinks out of sight as the Holy Spirit gains upon him. If the baptism of the Holy Ghost is once for all, when we are born again, yet he finds room in measure as we decrease, and the man with the measuring line alone knows how far we have sunk out of our own sight and the sight of others, as the Holy Spirit has taken up more and more of our thoughts and of our life to glorify Christ Jesus our Lord.

In Zech. 4 we see another side of the same truth; it is always the nothingness of men which is brought out in contrast to the power of God, in the working of the Holy Spirit. God tells us that our bodies are his temple. Why do we not believe God's Word instead of, as so many do, seeking for some wonderful experience which perhaps may have been granted to some special saint, but is not therefore the typical way in which God will lead us?

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE SITE OF ANCIENT BABYLON

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

ABOUT ninety years are covered by the lessons of the past quarter. It is generally believed, though disputed by some able scholars, that Daniel, with other youths of noble families, was carried away captive in the year 606 B. C. The second temple was completed in 516, eighteen years after its foundation was laid. It is the interval between these two events, that the lessons have been concerned with. At the beginning of the period, there were many Jews in Babylon, and their number was augmented in 598, 588 and 582 by successive deportations. In 582, no Jews of any importance were left in Judea; all had been carried prisoners to Babylon. With the adroitness characteristic of the race in all times, they settled down and made the best use of such privileges as their masters allowed them. Although technically prisoners and slaves, they appear to have had considerable liberty and to have inspired respect among the ruling class. The king had need of such services as they could render, and especially of the fidelity and integrity which they displayed. They rose in the royal favor, Daniel becoming prime minister and his friends satraps of provinces. So matters prospered until the fall of the Empire before the growing power of Persia. Darius, the conqueror, continued the royal favor to Daniel and there are signs of other Jews being in places of honor. Then came the decree of Cyrus, permitting the Jews to return. About 45,000 of them availed themselves of the permission, and in 536 set out for their own land. From that time to the close of the period, our lessons have been occupied with their settlement there, the rebuilding of the temple and the addresses of the prophets, who encouraged the exiles in their arduous labor. They made no attempt to set up a kingdom, though they had at their head a representative of the royal house, but acquiesced in their position as a colony of Persia. It was a poor little [illegible] settlement surrounded by hostile people who had occupied the land during their absence in Babylon. [illegible] reached them from their brethren who had remained behind, but they must have had a hard and precarious life hemmed in by their hostile neighbors and embarrassed by the place of their exiles at the Persian court. That was the situation at the close of the sixth century, when our period ends.

Lion sentences appeared later (Daniel 6). [illegible] so much. There is an old story that a man of business who had an abstaining [illegible] his temperance principles. One day he returned from lunch with a flushed face and sparkling eyes. He said to his manager, "Ah, Mr. S., the world looks different to a man when he has a bottle of good wine in him." "I don't know about that," said the manager, "but I know he looks different to the world."

Waters to swim in (Ezekiel 47 : 5). A traveler in India conversed with one of their holy men who had undergone fearful tortures self-inflicted in the hope of [illegible] the miseries he had endured, and after all, to find that the man was still without the assurance of pardon. The traveler went on his way and spent about a year on his tour through the wonderful land. On his return, he stayed at the same city, and he thought he would look at the fakir again. The thought of him had recurred to him many times during his travels, but he was not in the place where he had seen him. He inquired for him and was directed to the place where he was then living. He found him, but to his amazement, the man was so changed that he would not have recognized him. A missionary had directed him to Christ and he had learned of that blood which cleanseth from all sin. The sense of purity, of having been cleansed from sin, which all his tortures had not given him, had come into [illegible] and had filled him with joy.

Their coats, their hosen and their hats (Daniel 3 : 21). The common dress of the time, as we learn from the articles exhumed by the Exploration Society from the ruins of Babylon, were a long linen garment reaching to the ankles, called here coats; a shorter woolen woven tunic, probably the one called here hosen, not stockings, as our translation implies; and the turban, described here as a hat. These, according to the story, were uninjured by the fire, which burned only the ropes with which they were bound. In the reign of Queen Mary of England, a clergyman, who had a large family dependent upon him, was a believer in the doctrines of the Reformation. His wife and his friends came around him and begged him for the sake of his children to preach nothing that could give offence to the priests. He was terribly depressed, but he yielded so far as to refrain from preaching on controverted questions. But that did not save him. He was denounced and condemned to be burned for heresy. Before his execution, he begged permission to speak. "I have kept silence for several months," he said, "on matters of faith on which I ought to have spoken: but the fire has done this much for me: it has burned the bonds which kept me silent. Even before it has touched my body, it has set me free. I am to be burned any way, so now I will speak the truth that is in me," and he proceeded to declare his faith.

Therefore I make a decree (Daniel 3 : 29). The deliverance induced the king to change his policy. It has sometimes happened that the deaths of martyrs have produced this effect. The prevision of it has cheered the hearts of the sufferers. When Latimer and Ridley were burned for their faith, Latimer was heard to say to his fellow martyr: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out." It never has been put out, and still burns brightly.

. . . A Progressive Chicago Church . . .

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage's Two Years' Pastorate in the Western Metropolis and its Results—An Inspiring Record of Co-Operative Christian Effort

JACOB BEIDLER G. E. NEWCOMB HUGH TEMPLETON

JEFFERSON PARK Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, son of the Editor of this journal, is pastor, is in the geographical centre of the city of Chicago and very near its centre of population. West of it is the beautiful little park which gives the name to the church, but, beyond the park in every direction are houses and flats, filled to overflowing with young and middle-aged people. Many of these people are strangers in Chicago—students at some of the many medical and dental colleges, or at the Art Institute, or young people from country homes, who have come to the great city to make a start in life all alone, and who must either breast its floods of temptation or sink forever.

It is a unique field, and needs an abounding Gospel and great adaptability and intense energy on the part of Christian workers. Such are the qualities which the young pastor has developed in his helpers in the church. Jefferson Park Church has enjoyed the ministrations of five pastors in the thirty-three years of its history. Rev. Robert Patterson was its first incumbent, and was followed by Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton, now President of Princeton University, the memory of whose profound discourses still lingers in the sanctuary. In its thirty-three years it has changed from a church of families with children into a church of young people, individuals and young couples, with a sprinkling of gray heads for ballast. Before Mr. Talmage took the helm, the church had dwindled to a mere handful. The prayer-meetings were attended by scarcely two dozen people; the Sunday School was a small affair of possibly a hundred and fifty (better in proportion than the other branches of the church work), while the Christian Endeavor Society had apparently no wish to grow. The young pastor at once grasped the situation. He changed the atmosphere of the church. He laid his plans for the multitude. He entirely revolutionized the various church organizations, and set them at work to adapt themselves to each other and to bring into membership the hosts of young people just outside the church walls, who were only waiting to be asked, and then to care for and engage these in turn in Christian work after they came in. They came in by the scores and hundreds. The faithful ones, who had indeed "toiled all the night and had taken nothing," now let down their nets for a draught. They inclosed a great multitude, and among these many noble Christian workers.

Soon the prayer-meetings filled the lecture-room, and earnest, solemn after-meetings every Sabbath evening brought to open confession of faith those who had been stirred by the pastor's sermons. Attendance and membership of the Christian Endeavor Society ran up to about one hundred, and the prayer-meetings became helpful and evangelistic. Soon the church became the "Church of the Cordial Welcome," because no one was allowed to go from the prayer-meetings without a hand-shake and a kindly greeting from the pastor or helpers.

Next Mr. Talmage turned his attention to the Sunday School. He reorganized it on the basis of the primary, intermediate, junior and senior departments, selected competent chiefs for each department, and placed the whole school in charge of one of its old-time superintendents, who had come back to help him. By Easter of this year 311 new members had been added to the Sunday School roll, and the growth has continued until now its enrolled membership is 763, with an average attendance of about 400, and the contributions correspondingly increased.

JEFFERSON PARK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CHICAGO

And its Pastor, Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage

The Sunday School has several features that might be of value in other Sunday Schools. Among these are:

1st.—Recognitions of merit in the form of books or other suitable rewards.

2d.—As the greater part of the attendance is adult, there are several large Bible classes, each having a teacher who prepares the lesson, while another instructor takes charge of the social life of the class and sees to it that strangers are made acquainted and to feel at home.

3d.—Each class is numbered and each member of the school is numbered, and the superintendent keeps a register of the names and addresses of all its members; and sees to it that absentees are looked up and accounted for.

4th.—Accurate class-books are kept, showing whether or not each member contributed and whether or not he recited the Golden Text or Bible verses, or correctly answered questions on the lesson. Special recognition is given each member of the class having the best average in attendance, contributions, and memorizing the lesson, etc.

5th. There is a competent paid precentor, and a first-class paid orchestra leader and volunteer orchestra. The church organist is a fine musician, who has grown up in the church. The hymns and the prayers are chosen with a view to teach the lesson of the day.

The result is that no Sunday School in Chicago surpasses that of Jefferson Park in interest during the general exercises.

At the head of the centre aisle of the church auditorium are two beautiful, polished marble tablets. That on the west bears the name of Hugh Templeton, the "father of the church," whose saintly life was a benediction to his fellowmen; the easterly tablet is a memorial to Jacob Beidler, whose consecrated wealth carried the church through many financial straits and finally paid its debt and built its gallery, and thus provided seats for many young people, who formerly on Sunday evenings, stood up throughout the services. Mr. Beidler was a millionaire lumberman of Chicago, and to commemorate his benevolences to the church, this marble tablet was placed in the south wall by the trustees. For many years prior to his death in 1898, Mr. Beidler had regularly paid the interest on the $9,000 church debt, besides giving liberally to the various branches of the church work. In memory of their father, Mr. Beidler's children, only one of whom belongs to the Jefferson Park Church, united in paying the entire $9,000 of indebtedness, besides erecting a gallery to accommodate the increasing congregations, and redecorating the church auditorium, costing in all about $6,000. The gallery adds greatly to the beauty of the interior. Mr. Beidler's life was one of frugal thrift and Christian benevolence. His benefactions to Christian work in the latter part of his lifetime ran into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Among the notable benefactions (besides his gifts to Jefferson Park Church) were $80,000 to Lake Forest University; $16,666 to the West Side department of the Chicago Y. M. C. A.; and $5,000 to the Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago, to found a free bed. His widow, who survives him, and David Beidler, one of his sons, are members of Jefferson Park Church, and in them the old church has found supporters stanch and true.

Such is Jefferson Park Church. Those who come to Chicago do would well to visit it. Its motto is:

"We work not for ourselves but for the Lord Jesus Christ."

G. E. N

A Rare Gospel Work

Progress of the Summer Campaign Conducted by Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt in the "Glad Tidings" Tent in New York

BY REV. T. DOUGLASS

THE crowded congregations, drawn from almost every sphere of life, seem matched only by the great preachers who occupy the desk in the big Gospel Tent, Glad Tidings, in New York City. Evangelist Pratt's natural selection faculty has been brought into play each successive week from the very start. If he hears of a popular preacher coming this way from abroad, he gets him. At home, no preacher seems able to say nay to his entreaties. The result is great preachers and great sermons!

Naturally, all sorts of folks are drawn to these tent services. One can see the most cultured people of the city there, sitting side by side with the ignorant and the outcast. It would be impossible to estimate the good accomplished; for ministers, church officers, members, teachers and others whose lives and teaching propagate Gospel truth are sure to pass on what they have heard and seen. It would not be surprising if many a church should be revived and take on new life. What a blessed outcome of the tent work this would be! Some of the conversions are remarkable. On the second week of the campaign (this is the eleventh) a man just merging into middle life, who had spent all his days in sin, shambled into the tent with an unsteady gait. His was one of those hopeless cases men speak of. He was the only child of a godly widow. But, when old enough, he left home and gave full swing to sinful inclinations. His poor mother, broken-hearted, struggled alone to eke out a bare living. After many years she sickened. A telegram came to him, saying:

"Mother is dying. Come if you would see her alive."

When he got there, she had been dead ten minutes. She died calling for her boy and praying for him. He fainted and fell to the floor. But even this did not reform him. He went back to his old life of drink and recklessness. The Spanish-American war attracted him. He enlisted in one of the New York volunteer regiments, and found himself in Chickamauga, assigned as a nurse to 150 men, many of whom were dying of fever. Death had no terrors for him. Army life did not improve his morals. On being mustered out, he came to this city, and, in a most deplorable condition, listened to the sweet singing and the pathetic preaching in the Gospel Tent. It was the "power of God unto salvation" to him. It was a genuine conversion, as his life has since proved. He was soon taken sick, and while in the hospital many weeks his humble, sweet Christian spirit won for him the respect of the doctors, the nurses and the patients. He began at once to tell what God had done for a man who had sunk almost as low as any human being can sink, and he was the means of bringing one person to Christ. Now, what a transformation! He is clean in person and in speech. He says that he is willing to do anything, and to suffer anything for Christ, if need be. It would be hard to find a happier man than Arthur I—— in New York.

I have watched this tent work week by week, and as one of the pastors of this city I cannot commend it too highly. It deserves the best support, both morally and otherwise, of all who would see our city, of which we are justly proud, lifted higher in the sphere of morals.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.
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The Greatest Detective

IT is a chronic habit with many to denounce newspapers. Indeed, all of us at times have suffered injustices inflicted by reporter's pen and printer's type. But it is a good time just now to speak of the newspaper as the greatest of all detectives. All the pulpits, and platforms, and lyceums, and social circles might have declaimed against the recent Ramapo water steal and the mal treatment of Dreyfus, not more on Devil's Island than amid the hullabaloo of the French court-room, yet neither abomination would have been halted. But the editors and reporters with their sharp pens stabbed to death the gigantic swindle that threatened New York, and make possible the deliverance of that Frenchman whose one offence is that he belongs to the same race that furnished the world a Moses, a Paul and a Christ.

There are thousands of men in positions of trust who have less fear of the law and the prison than they have of the press. Jurors and judges may sometimes be bought, and with skillful attorneys wielding the technicalities of the case, the criminal may escape; but let the newspapers get on the track of a great municipal or racial injustice and it is overtaken and exposed and flagellated.

The only hope for Dreyfus is in the cloud of journalists that hover over Rennes, France, by day and night. The Court Martial would days ago have closed their work and have given Dreyfus the second installment of darkness and hunger and chains; but the morning and evening and extra newspapers scare them into a semi-idiocy which babbles and bawls and becomes the laughing-stock of eastern and western hemispheres. No one but the Lord Almighty can foresee what the judges will do. They are in utter bewilderment. They dare not do right. They want to grind Dreyfus into the dust and yet have the good will of Christendom. The degradation which Dreyfus suffered four years ago, when they took away his sword and tore off his insignia, was nothing compared with the degradation that the French nation is this hour enduring.

Men of the printing-press, and reporters of all nations! keep your pens and presses going until justice is done. Let us every day witness the disgraceful scenes of the French court-room, and hear the stump-speeches of the brainless and heartless pursuers of this imposed-upon Israelite. Show up the infamy of those sworn to well and truly try this prisoner. Make the telegraph-wires of all nations click with the perfidy, and cowardice, and hate hurled at an innocent man. Under God, I believe the printing-press will yet free Dreyfus. Men of pen and type! you can do it. God help you! Before these words appear, the great national farce may have the curtain dropped upon it. It is the indecency of this last decade of the nineteenth century.

Notice that the rule recognized in all other court-rooms, the world over, is reversed by this court-room. The universal rule adopted is, "Believe a man innocent till he is proved guilty," but the conspicuous rule at Rennes is, "Believe Dreyfus guilty until he can be proved innocent." That will not work well either in time or eternity. The bang of the pistol that shot down Labori, the illustrious counsel for the defendant, was only an echo of the defamation and perjury and demoniac wrath aimed at the prisoner. But all such diabolism must fail. Let righteousness triumph, though every officer of that army be affronted, and France be revolutionized! Meanwhile, thanks to the New York printing-press, which stopped the Ramapo outrage, saving the city hundreds of millions of dollars; and may the same influence array Dreyfus in brighter uniform than that which was torn from his shoulders by an ignominious verdict, and give back to him the home which his heroic wife keeps ready for his coming!

Reformatory Work

IT is said that only about one in ten men in mercantile life achieve a complete success. The rest make little headway; many utterly fail. The proportion of ministers who might have been better doctors or lawyers, or farmers or shoemakers or blacksmiths, is probably larger than this. The Massachusetts Reformatory for young criminals lately reports that in Deer Island prison, seventy-five per cent. have been previous inmates. This might be regarded as discouraging. But if twenty-five in every one hundred in such institutions have been reclaimed or turned to honest pursuits, officials regard their work successful. This would seem about the general ratio for the best reformatory work. Of course, the older the inmates, the smaller the ratio of success.

But it is unsafe to make statistics by figures the test. In the parable of the lost sheep, there was but one in one hundred that was found; in the parable of the pieces of money, one in five; of the sons, one in two. The value of one soul saved can not be overestimated. One Ingersoll reclaimed would have been worth hundreds of inferior men—one Saul of Tarsus. The true principle is this: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand. For thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." God's sovereignty is in nature; it is just so in grace.

Two Railroad Presidents

THE death of Frank Thomson and the immediate election of A. J. Cassett, as Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, show the high estimate set upon civil service elevation. Both of these men have been railroading since their boyhood; possessed a thorough knowledge of the Pennsylvania system and its resources, and seemed to have secured their honorable recognition because they deserved it. The Company acted on business principles—sought the best man for the best place.

This choice is a reflection upon the practice of making appointments for political reasons. Think of choosing the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad for such reasons. With all the vast moneyed interests at stake, think of the directors of the greatest of all railroads on this continent regarding anything but genius for railroading, experience in railroading, capacity in railroading, as a reason for putting a man in the position of president. Mr. Cassett is perhaps the best known, the most influential railroad man in the country. Such a man the country demands, all railroad, all public interests demand. In 1859 a graduate of the Troy Polytechnic Institute, Mr. Cassett began as a roadman in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He has served all the way up: has been assistant engineer, resident engineer, superintendent of motive power and machinery, general superintendent, general manager, director, and vice-president; everywhere acknowledged as a man of exceptional ability; and now he succeeds Frank Thomson because he is the stuff that railroad presidents ought to be made of.

Brought Up to Do Chores

EVERY country boy, who has a home in New England, knows the meaning of the phrase "doing chores." It is a lot to which all country boys have to be apprenticed. If there is a cow, she has to be fed, watered, milked, driven to pasture. If there is a horse, he has to be groomed, harnessed and unharnessed, and driven. If there is wood, it has to be sawed, split, piled, brought in. Fires have to be kindled. If there is a garden, it has to be hoed; fruit, it has to be gathered. If there is an errand to the store, or to the neighboring farmer, this is the function of the boy who does chores.

All this is education and disciplinary. Every boy who begins by waiting upon himself, upon his brothers and sisters, and especially upon his mother, is taking lessons in life which will always be of value. These details of work about the house, with which choring makes him acquainted, he will find of great use hereafter. He can not be surprised in whatever new situation he may find himself. I know a lad who likes to ride around with the groceryman. This lad is being taught the groceryman's trade. He came into the house the other day, exulting: "Mother, I harnessed and unharnessed the groceryman's horse to-day." Who can tell what service the education of that single day may do to himself, or to some one else dependent upon him? Boys, take the duty of doing chores as another schooling. Do not hesitate. Learn everything you can, not only from books, but from chores, also.

The Perils of Christian Science

THE recent meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York City, occurred none too early. All over the country we hear of the victims of this great delusion. If it were true, sickness and death would be abolished. It is not true, and those that believe it so are victims and makers of victims. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD believes in prayer, in the prayer of faith. Prayer helps the sick, comforts the dying. Doubtless it often breaks the illusion of an imaginary sickness, and at the word of the human healer the bedridden arise and walk. And the disclosures of the Judgment Day alone will reveal how great has been its real value. But here is a new philosophy, the "allness of God," and those that accept it, when sick, decline to apply to physicians, reject the approved methods of medical science, and allow their own relatives to pass out of the world, when proper professional care would have alleviated their suffering, and might have saved their lives.

Mighty as was the great Physician, he did not speak disparagingly of the use of means. He himself anointed with clay the eyes of the blind. If he commanded the bedridden to rise, he furnished the supernatural power. There is no record of an awful collapse, when the patient undertakes to obey. Imagination, strength of will will go a great way. But the writer once had in his parish a woman of excellent character and great religious activity, who died of an internal tumor, and yet who said to him the very day of her death that she trusted in what she and her relatives called "the prayer of faith." I know that faith healers and Christian scientists have no dealings with each other. But in this they are alike; they speak against the use of means. God honors the use of means. What we call nature's laws are God's laws. God honors the study of anatomy and physiology and pathology. There is help to the sick which comes from the mind. Without faith it is impossible to please God. So also without means, without will and courage, it is impossible to please him.

The neglect of proper means to secure health is just as criminal as the effort to destroy health: and the guardians of health, the intelligent, the virtuous ought to be on the alert to check a delusion which almost daily results fatally. "The allness of God" is nowhere more manifest than in exacting the penalty of infringing on natural laws.

BRIEF NOTES

Eleven million books and tracts have been circulated in China by the Religious Tract Society during the past ten years.

Dr George Adam Smith sailed for home last week. His services at Yale, Chicago and Chautauqua will be long gratefully remembered.

A leading Baptist journal states as a well ascertained fact, that there are thirty million persons in South America who have never seen a Bible.

The Moravians have voted $80,000 for the expense of establishing new mission stations in South Africa, on the Mosquito coast, in Nicaragua and in Labrador.

Royalty has its duties in these democratic days. The number of documents to which Queen Victoria set her signature during the past twelve months exceeded fifty thousand.

Mr D. L. Moody preached in the Gospel Tent in New York on August 26. The following day he occupied the pulpit of the Fifth Ave. Church, of which the late Dr. John Hall was pastor.

David Livingstone's daughter will soon take up missionary work on the west coast of Africa. The *Congregationalist* says: "She is her father's child in spirit as well as in flesh and blood."

The Chicago *Tribune*, having kept a record of crime for ten years, declares that the saloon business of the United States is directly chargeable with a total of 53,436 murders during that time.

Japan is adopting the philanthropic side of Christianity. It has now not only a Red Cross Society, but a prison reform league, hospitals, dispensaries, orphan asylums, and other benevolent institutions.

The German Empress, at her own expense, has established fourteen Deaconess' stations in Berlin, from which 105 sisters proceed to serve gratuitously as nurses to the sick, especially among the poor and destitute.

Secessions from the Roman Catholic church in Austria, Bohemia, and Southern Germany, continue. It is said that the number of persons who have joined Protestant churches during the present year is not less than twelve thousand.

A daily prayer meeting is now held in Boston, Mass. About forty to fifty persons assemble at noon, in Tremont Temple, Room A, and hold a meeting for about an hour, when requests by mail and personal presentation are made the subject of prayer.

The American Baptist Year Book for 1899 shows in its statistical tables a total for the United States of 42,893 churches, 28,409 ministers and 4,141,995 members. For the entire world there are given 50,143 churches, 33,553 ministers and 4,910,456 members.

An important discovery is announced in the *Christian Intelligencer*. It is of a tablet dated in the reign of Ammi-Zaduga, who reigned in Babylon 2140 B. C., which is earlier than the call of Abraham. It refers to the Deluge, and contains poetry of a high order of literary merit.

Missionary work in Japan will be seriously hindered if the Parliament passes the law now under consideration, which aims to exclude religious instruction altogether from those public schools and from such private ones as accept the modified military service that is now one of their chief attractions.

English journals report enormous congregations at Regent Park Chapel, London, where Dr. George C. Lorimer, of Boston, Mass., has been preaching during the summer. Such crowds as have gathered to hear the famous American preacher have not often been seen in city churches during the hot weather.

A Baptist journal calls attention to the remarkable coincidence that a church at Salem, Caroline Co., Va., has had only three pastors in seventy-nine years, and all three bore the same name. The present pastor, Rev. Andrew Broadus, had for his predecessors in his pulpit his father and grandfather, who also were named Andrew Broadus.

Dreyfus on Trial

JURISTS, the world over, have watched with amazement the proceedings of the court martial at Rennes, France, which, during the past four weeks, has been trying Captain Dreyfus. While admitting that the French people have the right to manage their own affairs in their own way, there is general surprise at the methods adopted. The question to be decided is whether Dreyfus did, or did not, communicate important military secrets to the German government, and in particular whether he was the writer of a certain document called the *Bordereau*. Instead of hearing evidence on this question, the judges have allowed witnesses to rehabilitate their own reputation; to express their opinions on the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, and to withhold their reasons for forming such opinions. All this is a violation of the ordinary rules of evidence adopted by other civilized nations, and it does not appear to be fair to the accused, nor to tend to elicit the truth. The facts in the case are simple. In September, 1894, a person employed by the French government as a spy, found in the offices of the German ambassador, in Paris, a letter in which the writer referred to five documents which accompanied the letter, all of which described matters relating to French army life. One described a new cannon introduced into the artillery; three described various methods of drill which had been adopted by the French army, and the fifth related to Madagascar. These documents were not found, but only the letter enumerating them. This is the letter called the *Bordereau*. It was evident that some one holding high position in the French army was imparting military secrets to the Germans. The chiefs of the army came to the conclusion that the guilty man was Captain Dreyfus, the only Jew on the General Staff. He was arrested, tried by court-martial and condemned. This occurred in 1894. Since that time Dreyfus has been imprisoned on a lonely island off the coast of South America and has been treated with gross brutality. Meanwhile, his friends had been working to secure a revision of his case. Certain facts were ascertained which showed that the court-martial which condemned him was influenced by secret documents that neither he nor his lawyer was allowed to see. One of those documents was certainly forged, and there is a strong suspicion that the others were fraudulent. Many influential men were convinced that Dreyfus had been made a scapegoat to shield the real culprit. Eventually application was made to the courts, and a new trial was ordered. Dreyfus was brought back to France, and has now been on trial for four weeks. If the trial had taken place in America he would certainly be acquitted, for no evidence proving his guilt has been submitted to the court. But there is a strong anti-Jewish sentiment in France, which is particularly active in the army, and there is also a realization that a verdict of acquittal for Dreyfus would be practically a condemnation of his accusers. As these are generals, while among the seven officers who are his judges there is none holding a higher rank than that of colonel, it will require some courage on the part of the members of the court to pronounce a judgment adverse to their superior officers. These influences may operate against Dreyfus, and may lead to his condemnation, in spite of the warning that God gives in his Word:

He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just; even they both are abomination to the Lord (Prov. 17: 15).

A Fortune Sacrificed

A young lady in Chicago has unwittingly sacrificed her prospect of inheriting an enormous fortune. It appears that in her infancy she was adopted by a gentleman living in New Hampshire and was carefully educated. She was brought up as one of his own family, though she was well aware that she was not really his daughter. When she attained the age of nineteen, her guardian died, but she was not deprived of a home. His brother, a multi-millionaire of Chicago, invited her to become a member of his family intending to leave her his entire fortune. But the girl had an ambition to become an actress and one of her first statements on reaching her new home was of her determination to go on the stage. Her new guardian argued and pleaded with her, but without stating his intentions. The girl listened, but would not be persuaded. Finding that she would receive no help from him in attaining her ambition, she left his house secretly and in a few days notified him that she had obtained employment and would not return. Probably if she had known that by remaining with him, she would inherit his millions, she would not have been so determined to go. Few girls are so infatuated that they would knowingly sacrifice a fortune for such a career. Unhappily, however, there are many of both sexes who sacrifice a still better prospect to enjoy the pleasures of sin though they are warned of the loss their conduct will entail.

Your iniquities have turned away these things and your sins have withholden good things from you (Jer. 5: 25).

A Physician Bitten

A remarkable accident to a hospital doctor is reported by the New York *Herald*. It appears that among the patients in the Post-Graduate Hospital, was a child who was suffering from diphtheria. The disease made such progress that it became necessary to perform an operation. The child was laid on the operating table and the surgeon proceeded to make the incision. While he was busy with his work, the gag which held the child's jaws apart, slipped, and instantly the teeth closed on the surgeon's finger. As it was lacerated, he understood that the poisonous saliva would reach his own system. He therefore, took immediate precautions to counteract its effects. In spite of his care, however, blood-poisoning declared itself in a few days. The hand and arm swelled badly, and the doctor was obliged to take to his bed. Four physicians have been in attendance upon him, and one operation has already been performed. It is expected that another may be necessary to save his life. No blame attaches to the child for the injury, as she was unconscious when her teeth involuntarily closed on the doctor's finger. But there have been instances in which a benefactor has been intentionally hurt by the person whom he was trying to benefit. Such ingratitude is peculiarly disgraceful and it is shown by every person who, having been saved, falls again into sin.

They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame (Heb. 6: 6).

Fatal Collapse of a Building

A disaster involving the loss of ten, and probably a larger number of lives, occurred at Chicago on Aug. 28. For some time past, a Pittsburg firm has been busy putting in place twelve gigantic iron arches on a site on the east side of Wabash Avenue. They were intended to support a huge building to be called the Coliseum, in which large conventions, horse-shows etc. could be held. The last of the arches was put in place on Aug. 26 and two days later, the contractor proceeded to remove the derrick-traveler and paint the iron work. While the men were at work, the first arch was seen to sway violently and then slowly fall toward the South. The other arches had been rivetted to it and one by one each arch fell. They lay in parallel lines flat on the ground. Each arch weighed thirty-four tons and not more than two minutes passed from the first warning motion until all the twelve lay on the ground. It is believed that thirty-five men were at work on the arches when the collapse came. There was no time to save themselves, nor could persons on the ground escape. Ten dead bodies were quickly taken out and seven injured men were found and taken to the hospital. It is feared that other bodies will be found when the debris is removed. The cause of the collapse is at present a mystery. The most probable explanation is that the sand on which the concrete foundations of the arches rested, must have shifted under the weight and so have thrown one of the arches out of plumb. If so, it is another example of the blunder of which our Lord spoke in concluding his Sermon on the Mount, when he compared the man who heard his commands but did not obey them to a man building his house on the sand—a course which is equally disastrous both in material building and in moral character:

A foolish man who built his house on the sand . . . and it fell and great was the fall of it (Matt. 7: 26, 27).

CAPTAIN DREYFUS ON TRIAL BEFORE THE COURT MARTIAL AT RENNES

A New Counterfeit Note

Information comes from the Secret Service Bureau, in Washington, D. C., that a dangerous counterfeit two-dollar note has been received from New York. It is a Treasury note, bearing the portrait of McPherson. It was produced by the photo-etching process, and is printed on soft fibrous paper. The lines on the back are produced by means of ink instead of silk, and the blue lines of the original are green in the counterfeit. These lines appear chiefly on the back of the note. The seal is dark red instead of pink, and the whole note has a flat appearance, lacking the light and shade effects of the genuine paper. The Treasury number is printed too heavily, and part of the figures of the original number can be discerned under the rib number of the counterfeit. Taken by itself, the note would easily deceive the ordinary observer, but when compared with a genuine note the discrepancies are seen easily. Only one note has been discovered, and there is no clue as yet to the counterfeiters. The danger of these counterfeit notes is in proportion to the closeness of their resemblance to the genuine. The more like they are, the more easily do they deceive the public. It is so with counterfeit Christians. The better and more active they are in religious work, and the more consecrated they appear to be, the more people will they deceive. No harm would be done by them if people did not think they were genuine Christians.

They come unto thee as my people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them: for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness (Ezek. 33: 31).

Betrayed by His Plunder

The fact of a burglar having a chiming clock among the proceeds of a raid on a Brooklyn house is the cause of his being in prison awaiting trial. A police captain, walking from his home after dinner, to his station-house, noticed a man coming out of an area gate. He was carrying a bundle, but looked like an ordinary citizen going to his work. As the captain passed, the man halted for a moment, resting his hand on the stone pillar at the foot of the stoop. The captain looked him over and noticed that he was well dressed, but he noticed also the suspicious circumstance that the house was shut up, as if the family were away. "What have you in the bundle?" the captain asked in a tone of polite interest. "Only some women's clothes," was the reply. "They belong to my sister. She lives here, but she is out of town and I am sending these things to her." This explanation seemed reasonable but the captain asked, to make sure, "Nothing but women's clothes?" The man replied coolly: "No, nothing else." But at that moment, as the captain was resuming his walk, a soft, mellow chime sounded from the bundle, betraying the presence of a clock. "Ah," said the captain, "women's clothes do not make that noise. You will have to come with me." Very unwillingly the man complied, and at the station-house the bundle was opened, revealing a clock and a quantity of silver spoons, forks, etc. Some skeleton keys and other burglars' tools completed the proof that the man was a burglar and that the goods in his possession were stolen. Though it is very common for the criminal himself to unwittingly furnish the clue that leads to his detection, it is not often that his booty finds a voice to proclaim his guilt; but we are warned that God can make even inanimate things the accusers of wrongdoers.

The stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it (Hab. 2: 11).

... PORTO RICO'S APPEAL NOT IN VAIN ...

Generous-Hearted Readers Sending Gifts and Prayers for the Stricken People The Sufferers Hail the Relief Work

A GREAT cry of gratitude comes from Porto Rico. At no time in the island's history, have its people experienced such kindness as they are now receiving, in their time of deep distress, at the hands of the Americans. Cargoes of food and clothing are arriving at San Juan from United States ports, the gifts of our people, and the relief work instituted by Gen. Davis continues while the supplies last. It is a systematic and well-organized work. Rations are given out regularly to feed the destitute women, children and aged men, while the able-bodied adults are supplied with work, as far as possible. But there is neither provision nor money enough to do more than relieve those that stand on the fringe of the distressed multitudes. It is estimated that $5,000 per day can be spent for the next two or three months in relieving the appalling number of cases of actual destitution and suffering alone. President Eames, of the Health Board of San Juan, in describing the local situation there, writes that there are a great many cases of sickness, but he has no place to put the sufferers and no means to assist them. "What I can do now without money, I do not know," he adds. He hopes to establish a hospital.

EFFECTS OF THE STORM ON THE CRISTOBAL COLON PLAZA SAN JUAN

The cathedral appears in the background in which The Christian Herald Special Relief Fund

Nearly every town and village in the island is short of funds and has asked for relief. The once beautiful and fertile valleys now present sad pictures of desolation and ruin. One can ride miles without seeing a single house standing upright. Plantations, haciendas, sugar factories, cane fields—all are levelled. Near Bayamon, there is a great blockade in the highway, through which the river rushes; over 400 wrecked and shattered dwellings are in that barrier of rubbish.

Captain McComb, U. S. A., has made a report of the effect of the storm at Arecibo and surrounding territory, the substance of which is given in the San Juan *News* in a late issue. He says:

Near the conclusion of the storm the wind shifted suddenly and permitted the immense quantity of water which had collected in the valley of the Rio Grande to descend upon the town, accelerated its movement and precipitated it with force in a northerly direction. The old river mouth was entirely unable to disgorge such an amount of water, and the lower part of the town and the great sweep of cane lands near here were heavily flooded. Many houses up in the valley were swept away, the inhabitants being in many cases carried off in them and drowned.

The flood was the most disastrous ever experienced in the district, and has not only swept away the houses of many, but has entirely destroyed their crops and fruit trees. In the uplands, the coffee, which was in berry, has been shaken and lost; in the lowlands, the cane crop has been either in part washed away or so crushed as to be worthless.

A large number of lives have been lost from the flood and falling trees. The town is rapidly filling up with homeless and starving people. In the town itself much damage was done by the floods and many houses being beaten down or unroofed, and stores of food or crop lost.

I consider it absolutely necessary to issue a certain amount of food to those who have lost everything from the storm and flood. I recommend that 10,000 rations of the class indicated be shipped here by water as the railroad and wagon roads are impassable.

Assistance in the way of clothing and food is necessary for the people of the district to avoid suffering and further loss of life.

Reports from other localities published in the same journal, although fragmentary, afford an idea of its tremendous extent and terribly destructive power. The great rivers were swollen to the proportion of mighty torrents and swept everything before them. Native towns, villages, large buildings and plantations disappeared. At some points, as many as 500 valuable cattle, comprising an entire herd, might have been seen floating down the swift current. Whole houses were afloat, their occupants vainly hoping to find some secure lodgment, only to be tossed and assailed until the structure parted and the helpless ones were engulfed in the torrent of waters. At one of the devastated towns near San Juan, Manuel Ruiz, a leading citizen, was entertaining guests when the storm broke. Soon the waters swept the house from its foundation. As it fell, Miss Panchita Gomez, a beautiful young guest, grasped a little child and tried to save it. Her body was found afterward with the dead child clasped in her arms. The Ruiz family and all their guests perished, including three women and nine children. Reports from smaller towns show much suffering. At Ysabela, half the town was destroyed, all the merchandise and growing crops ruined. Quabredillas had many houses overturned and unroofed, and crops suffered greatly. Nearly all the dwellings in Habello were either unroofed or levelled. At Lares, the crops are a total loss. Barceloneta is filled with homeless and starving poor. Jayuya, where eighty perished, is also a scene of general distress. Butillos has nothing standing but the church, and the condition of the people is wretched in the extreme. At Nameas and Ciales, the crops are gone. Yabucoa has already buried over eighty victims, but there are 200 bodies still unrecovered from the debris. The people throughout the entire district are absolutely starving and in need of immediate aid.

VICTIMS OF THE CYCLONE—A FAMILY MOURNING THE LOSS OF ALL THEIR EARTHLY POSSESSIONS

The old woman is over 100 years of age.—This wrecked building is near Bayamon

THE WRECKED BARRACKS OF TROOP F, 5TH U. S. CAVALRY

Efforts are now being made to relieve as many of these places as possible, but the means at the disposal of Governor-General Davis do not permit a very widely-extended relief movement. Several hundred men are at work clearing the streets of Ponce. On all sides are heard expressions of gratitude for the timely aid sent from the United States, mingled, however, with solicitude for

the fate of the thousands of hapless sufferers in the interim, whom it has thus far been impossible to reach.

The Porto Rican Women's Aid Society, of which Mrs. Guy V. Henry is President, is working zealously in behalf of the sufferers. Their appeal to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has touched many hearts.

Our photographs on these two pages were forwarded from Porto Rico by Mr. Zerah C. Collins, Secretary at San Juan of the Army and Navy Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Collins writes:

Your cablegram at hand . . . You were very thoughtful and we will see that none of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S children are allowed to suffer. The latest news from the interior shows that it is there where the greatest suffering will come . . . It is a great problem for our government.

I am sending you photos of the effects of the storm in this vicinity. The unroofed theatre is where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School is held.

RUINED BUILDINGS ALONG THE WATER FRONT AT SAN JUAN

Mrs. Guy V. Henry, President of the Women's Aid Society of Porto Rico, has prepared the following letter to be issued through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the Christian mothers and daughters of America, in behalf of the suffering women and children of Porto Rico:

"A country devastated by flood and famine cries out to us for aid at once. Not like India, or Armenia, or Russia, calling from a foreign soil, and under a foreign flag, but with our own flag waving over its municipal buildings, and carried through the streets by its little children singing 'America'; the land they already love and look to for aid now that flood and destruction have laid waste that delightful island.

"Many of the little children who have held that flag with loving reverence, lie to-day dead from the awful tornado. Shall the cry of the homeless, starving people, who welcomed us but a few months ago with gentle voice and open arms, fall on deaf ears and plead in vain to unsympathizing hearts?

"Thousands of homes are washed away. Thousands and thousands of men, women and children are starving, and a frightened, timid little people stand helpless with faces turned toward their new country, looking for protection and aid.

"Hear the call, O great American people, and rise with grand response as one hand stretched out, and send help! Let the Stars and Stripes unfurl gloriously over a land lifted from awful desolation. With the strength of a mighty nation let us carry them over this state of suffering, until fruits and fields in that delightful island shall yield again, under God's smile, a thousandfold of increase and the brotherhood of the great American people shall shine out gloriously before the whole world.

MRS. GUY V. HENRY."

It is probable that a great deal of the relief work yet to be done in Porto Rico may devolve upon the Woman's Aid Society, especially that part of the work which has to do with the women and children. Mrs. John V. R. Hoff is the representative of the Society on the field, and she is actually at work with her aids, giving materials, comfort and consolation to the sufferers.

It is especially urged that Sunday schools and all young people's societies and organizations for Christian work should seize this golden opportunity of rendering service "In His Name," to these helpless and destitute islanders.

All contributions for the relief work sent to this journal will be promptly acknowledged. The contributions received during the week were as follow:

A WRECKED HOUSE IN BAYAMON

UPROOTED TREES ON THE ROAD BETWEEN CATANO AND BAYAMON

HOMELESS AND HELPLESS ON THE BAYAMON ROAD

Prev ack $886.20
Anderson, Mrs M B 5 00
Anderson, Theo C 1 00
Asplund, K A 50
Atkinson, Mary Ann 2 00
Atwater, Mrs J N 2 00
Aubel, W H 1 00
Averill, J A C 1 00
Bagley, Mr A 3 00
Bagley, Mrs A 2 00
Baker, Jacob 50
Baldwin, Mary 5 00
Barber, Mrs D A 1 00
Bell, Mrs E A 1 00
Bemis, Mrs J A 2 00
Bengle, G D 2 00
Bennett, John 2 00
Bennion, Mr. Mrs G F 1 00
Benson, Mrs Geo. 1 00
Bigalow, Levi 5 00
Biggs, Mrs J D 2 00
Bingham, Maud C 50
Bisel, Jonathan 3 00
Blakely, C E 2 00
Boltz, John 3 00
Bown, E N 1 00
Bown, Enoch 1 00
Boylan, Mrs J D 1 00
Boynton, R L 2 00
Bradford, Mrs M E 1 00
Bradshaw, C F 1 50
Brattsh, Agatha 5 00
Brand, Mrs Caroline 10 00
Brenneman, Peter J 1 00
Brewer, Mr & Mr O S 1 50
Brown, A M 2 00
Brown, Mrs L 1 00
Brown, Miss Margaret 1 00
Brown, R L 1 00
Brownell, Mary 1 00
Buchanan, Mrs S G 2 00
Buchanan, S S 4 00
Buck, V M 4 50
Bull, Miss Tillie 2 00
Burditt, C S, Mrs 50
Burgan, Jno, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Butler, E H 5 00
Butterfield, L, Mrs. 1 00
Cahoon, L F 50
Callender, Lizzie C 1 00
Callender, Maria O 1 00
Canan, Mrs 2 00
Card, I P 1 00
Cargenter, M C 5 00
Case, O J 3 00
Case, O P, Mrs 2 00
Cassibrg, George 25
Cassibrg, Georgia 1 00
Cawley, Mary 1 00
Chandle, W E 7 00
Chapman, Mrs S A 1 00
Clark, Mrs L E 1 00
Clark, Mrs Ozro 1 00
Clark, S M, Miss 1 00
Clement, J L 1 00
Cleveland, C L 2 00
Clever, Jennie S 3 50
Clifford, Mrs S
Cowan, Wm D
Currier, A F 1 00
Curry, Grant 50
Custer, Mrs T A 1 50
Dale, Anna M 1 00
Danner, M J
Davis, Lanny M
Delano, C M, Mrs 2 00
Dennis, Lulu B 1 00
Detweiler, D Z 75
Dewey, T 1 00
Douglas, F J 3 00
Duckham, S, Mrs 2 00
Dutton, A 10 00
Eastman, H C & J S 5 00
Eaton, Otis 5 00
Edwards, Mrs Eliza 1 00
Eglen, Mrs G W 1 00
Engels, C Nellie 1 00
Erskine, Nellie & Anna 2 00
Fairbanks, Mr & Mrs W W 2 00
Fairchild, Clara 1 00
Farnam, Mrs A E 50
Ferris, Mary A 2 00
Fisher, W J 1 00
Fleming, John, Mrs 1 00
Forbes, Jessie E 1 00
Ford, Howard G, Mrs 2 00
Fordhaws, H F, Mrs 5 00
Fox, Geo F 1 00
Fritz, Lillian A 5 00
Fuller, S R 1 00
Gable, T M 1 00
Gates, Mary J 40 00
Germann, C 1 00
Gibson, Mrs M J 10 00
Gill, W 5 00
Gilpatric, Mr & Mrs 1 50
Gladstone, D 5 00
Grabs, Joanna 2 00
Gries, W W 10 00
Grimes, M J & Mrs 5 00
Hall, G L 2 00
Hall, Mrs M E 1 00
Hamblin, Mrs H N 1 00
Hammond, Mrs M 10 00
Harrington, Mrs J 1 00
Harrington, N G 1 00
Harter, G 1 00
Hartley, A 50
Heartman, Mr & Mrs 3 00
Heath, Mildred 50
Heath, O A 1 00
Heeren, J A 2 00
Harold, F C 1 50
Higgins, Emma 2 00
Hill, R S 2 00
Hine, D W 2 00
Hinman, Mrs W A 1 00
Hogarth, Mr & Mrs 3 00
Hoke, Georgeanna 1 00
Holeman, Geo H 1 00
Holt, Henry 2 00
Hopkins, W W 2 00
Howard, M S 1 00
Howe, Edwin J 1 00
Howe, Mrs L L 11 00
Howland, Mrs Geo H 1 00
Hoyt, Thos 1 00
Hubbard, Helen
Hunsberger, A 5 00
Huntington, Nellie
Jacobus, Ralph 1 00
Jamar, Dr John H 2 00
James, Mrs Jno 1 00
Jepsen, Mrs Anna 1 00
Johnson, W
Jones, Mrs R A 5 00
Kempthorn, T H 1 00
Kerr, M A
Kintner, C V 1 00
Knabl, I H
Kleppinger, J & W
Knight, Mrs Mary 1 00
Lamb, J H
Landt, D M
Lane, H M 1 00
Lathrop, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Latta, J C 5 00
Lefevre, E S 2 00
Leming, Mrs T A 1 00
Levering, Wm H 2 00
Lincoln, Minnie M 1 00
Lloyd, M W 4 00
Lofton, Mrs R M 50
Loud, Prudence G 2 00
Lounsburg, M A 1 00
Lowry, W S 1 00
McCarty, Mrs S A 2 00
McClellan, Mrs P J 1 00
McGinnis, A A 3 50
McHenry, Geo 1 00
McKay, Mrs L H 1 00
McLean, John 1 00
Mack, Horatio 1 00
Mackey, James 5 00
Macy, Obed 5 00
Magee, R L 1 00
Marvin, Marietta 50
Matheny, Mrs Jas A 1 00
Mathews, L P 1 00
Matthews, Mrs M 1 00
Mebus, Mrs Minnie 1 00
Merwin, Florence, Mrs 1 00
Metz, Mrs Ida B 5 00
Meyers, Peter 1 00
Millard, Julia A, Mrs 5 00
Moore, Martin L 1 00
Moores, Mr & Mrs J E 5 00
Morris, Jesse T 1 00
Morris, Lucy A 25
Morris, W R 2 50
Morse, L A
Mowry, Geo W 1 00
Murray, Reuben J 1 00
Musil, John 1 00
Myer, Geo I 5 00
Myers, Miss Barbara 1 00
Needham, E G, Mrs & daughters 3 50
Nevons, C H 2 00
Nichols, Mrs Ira 1 00
Nientker, Frederick 3 00
Noble, Anna E 1 00
Northrup, Mr & Mrs J 1 00
Nuttall, Thos 1 00
Otis, W F 1 00
Peacock, Mrs J 1 00
Pedigo, Mrs Delia 27
Peters, Nettie 1 00
Poitevin, Mrs A 2 00
Parkhurst, Mrs Jos 30
Peck, W H 5 00
Perkins, Frances O 1 00
Peterson, Mrs Wm 50
Porter, S C 5 00
Powell, Mrs A 1 00
Quale, R J 2 00
Quinby, May Miss 1 00
Ream Co, Kudds Store 5 00
Ream, L 1 00
Reed, Mrs P S 1 00
Reed, Mrs S C & Jessie 1 00
Richardson, Mrs C S 2 00
Robbins, C A 50
Rolfes, T J 2 00
Rollinson, Rev Jas 50
Ross, Henry L 5 00
Rudd, John 50 00
Russel, F A 1 00
Sack, Andrew 1 00
Sanborn, B M 1 00
Sawyer, Frank 1
Schinoe, Minta 50
Seavey, Mrs A 1 00
Shuler, M M 3 00
Simkins, sisters and brother 1 51
Smith, Anna E
Smith, E M, Mrs 1
Smith, Mrs H A 2
Smith, Mrs J C 2 00
Smith, James 1 00
Smith, Jennie 2 00
Snell, Mrs L
Snelling, W A
Snow, E B, Mrs 1
Spees, Miss Frances
Sterling, Mary
Stevens, Julia O 1 00
Swift, Mrs Martha 1 00
Thomas, Mrs Jane 1
Total $1495 58

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

The Family Altar

The Precious Privilege of Family Prayer
Suggestions for Its Conduct

IT is a sad fact that the beautiful old custom of family prayer is not observed in every home. The heads of every household should establish such a custom; and they should study to make this hour of family reunion so sweet, benign, and helpful that nobody would miss it for any consideration. Select your chapters or verses carefully, beforehand. Encourage every one to have some pretty text ready. Think of a circle of texts like these: "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace;" "Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you;" "Be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another;" "My people shall dwell in a peaceful habitation, and in sure dwellings and in quiet resting places:" "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee." Such words would carry strength, refreshment and good counsel to help us through the day, and also to bind us to one another. Each member of the circle should be encouraged to offer up a few words of individual petition after the opening prayer, and of course the Lord's Prayer should be said in concert. One or two stanzas of a cheerful, tender hymn might be sung. Exercises need not be long; they can always be delightful; the leader should study to make them so. Each member of the circle might be made leader in turn.

Dr. Gulick, Director of the Chautauqua Parents' School, said recently:

I have taken tests at different places to find how large a part of those who were raised in families where they had family prayer, take part in that exercise now. I find that the per cent. is under forty. There must be a reason for this. The reasons given are of two kinds, one relating to the pressure of business for the head of the family, and the other to the difficulty of getting the children to school in time when they are detained for any reason. These seem superficial. The busiest man finds time for the daily paper and will tell you that it is necessary to his business success. The conclusion then must be drawn that if he thoroughly believed that family prayer was a necessary thing he would find time for it. We must come back to the Bible, to its use in the family circle. Childhood is the very best time for a person to learn parts of the Bible which shall stand him in good stead later on. Before a child reaches his teens is the only period in which these truths can become woven into his life and become as second nature.

Another reason for coming back to the custom of family prayer and the reading of the Bible therein, is that it will form an effectual link between the head of the family and the other members who are all too surely drifting apart and having fewer interests in common.

♦

Harry's "Hurt Feelings"

"Nobody loves me," said small Harry, "whose feelings had been hurt by something or nothing," as his auntie put it. "Do you love anybody?" she asked. "Why, yes," he said. "Then you have the best of it." Harry didn't see it that way. "Harry, who are the nice people?" "Nobody," he said promptly, "for nobody loves me." "If anybody is loving, then—can love heaps and heaps—they are nice, aren't they?" "Yes." "Then, Harry, if you love us all, and we don't love you, you are the nicest, and you ought to be sorry for us all." Whereupon Harry had to laugh. Perhaps none of us would suffer so much from "hurt feelings" if we realized that to be loving and considerate is the better part, whether appreciated or not.

♦

A "Shut-In's" Message

On a recent visit to a "shut-in," the writer was given by her these beautiful words of Phillips Brooks, with the expressed hope that they might come under the eye of other "shut-ins," and be a comfort to them.

"It may be that God used to give you plentiful chance to work for him. Your days went singing by, each winged with some enthusiastic duty for the Master whom you loved. . . . You can be idle for him, if so he will, with the same joy with which you once labored for him. The sick-bed or the prison is as welcome as the harvest-field or the battle-field, when once your soul has come to value as the end of life, the privilege of seeking and of finding him."

♦

The Princess' Garden

The Empress Frederick, of Germany, when England's little Princess Royal, was troubled with a quick temper. Even to her gentle and indulgent father, Prince Albert, she was known at times to speak angry words.

Queen Victoria, her wise and kind mother, did not punish her little daughter for these outbursts of temper, but one day gave her a little garden for her very own, and advised, when anger got the best of her judgment, that she go out to the garden and work for a few moments. The plan acted like a charm, and a very few moments among the smiling faces of her flower friends brought the little Princess to a happier mood. After she became Empress of a great country, when affairs of importance harassed her, she would slip out among her blossoms, and the silent companionship of the little pansy faces, the fragrant rosebuds and the modest violets seemed to give her strength to cope with difficulties and troubles.

♦

The Friendly Duck

The owner of a fine barnyard of fowls, relates the following as one of a number of instances to show that animals almost show human pity and kindness to each other: Among some fifty or sixty head of fowls he once had a solitary bantam hen. She became nearly blind and kept in a [illegible] corner of the [illegible]. Here she might, perhaps, have starved, but for the constant and sympathetic attention of a duck. Twice daily, so long as the poor bantam [illegible] duck was seen to fill her capacious beak with from twenty to thirty grains of barley, with which she proceeded to the fowl house and there deposited it in front of the bantam.

♦

A Flower of the Ancients

Recently at a Windsor flower show, says a London newspaper, there was exhibited a bunch of blossoming sweet peas in a pot. They were said to be from seed taken from the tomb of an Egyptian mummy supposed to have been buried over 2,000 years ago. The plant is described as below the ordinary sweet pea in size, but the flower, pink and white, was of a delicate nature. Most seeds lose their vitality under ordinary conditions in a few years, but stories have been told before this of good wheat found in mummy cases. If the statement in regard to the sweet peas is true, how strange it seems that these seeds—from Cleopatra's garden, it may be—were more immortal than the proud and powerful queen!

♦

A German Marriage Custom

The dowry is a prerequisite to marriage in Germany. What is called a dowry varies from $40 to as many thousands. The lower sum is respectable for a serving maid. In the army the sum is regulated by law. Officers are usually poor: their salaries, with allowances, range from $9 a week for a lieutenant to $50 a week for a major-general. Imperial law does not permit an officer under the rank of major to marry at all, unless he has a private income, or unless the dowry his wife brings him reaches a designated figure. This figure is $20,000 for a lieutenant and grades down to $5,000 for a major. The dowry is paid over, not to the husband, but to the Government, which doles out to the couple after marriage three per cent. on the amount received. Out of the army the system is not so good: the dowry is not handed over to a watchful trustee, but is placed in the hands of the husband himself, irrevocably, just as if it were his purchase price.

The Merry Heart Goes All the Way

WHEN you come to a weariful bit of the road,
Where the stones are sharp and the path is steep,
And the back is bowed with the heft of the [illegible]
Don't stop just then for a wasteful sigh.
But challenge the worst with steadfast cheer;
If [illegible]
God's angel will hasten, your pioneer.

When you reach a lonesome bit of the road,
Curtained about with mist and murk,
And you hear faint sounds from the dread above,
[illegible]
Just laugh to scorn their doleful cries—
This is the place to whistle and sing;
Brush the fog from your fearless eyes,
And close to the faith of your fathers cling.

[illegible]
When streams are dry that in sweetness flowed,
[illegible]
Even now take heart, for, farther on,
There are hope and joy and the dawn of day;
You shall find again what you thought was gone;
'Tis the merry heart goes all the way.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

♦

A Novel Outing

THE accompanying illustration, which is the reproduction of a photograph taken by W. Halladay, Jr., Appleton, Wis., shows how a party of Christian Endeavorers from the First Congregational Society of Appleton, solved the problem of an outing at a minimum cost. As expense and time limit the [illegible] enjoy a regular vacation [illegible] planned to economize both; and a general invitation was given to join the camping party, the only qualification being membership in the Christian Endeavor. About twenty responses came. Four tents were borrowed and two large boats rented. A beautiful camping ground was found on the Fox River, within two miles of the city, so that all who were obliged to be at their place of business during the day could easily reach it without needless loss of time.

A CAMP OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS ON FOX LAKE, WISCONSIN

The camp dinner was served at seven o'clock to hearty folk whose appetites had grown apace as the day went by. Evenings were merrily spent in playing games, in a row on the river, or in building a huge bonfire, before which we roasted corn or marsh mallows. As we sat on our blankets before the embers, we told stories, sang songs; and, at last, closed the day with a service of prayer, which proved a source of much inspiration. The days of our vacation passed all too quickly; and, before breaking camp, arrangements were made for a permanent Camp Endeavor Association. The total cost for each member had not exceeded two dollars.

♦

Massacre of the Birds

There will come a day, says a sorrowful prophet, when the world will be birdless and then the pest insects, big and little, will begin. Whether the women who use some of the 1,500,000 birds that were killed in Venezuela last year to secure feathers for hats and bonnets, ever think of this, we do not know, but they should think of it. If the craze for "tips" and "wings" that are now used for headgear keeps up, the pretty feathered creatures will be totally destroyed in this country, and in South American countries, too. Of course, this is a long look ahead, but it is nevertheless a sure outlook.

"GOD'S CHILD"

. . . A Story of Real Life, Written for "The Christian Herald," . . .

By MARY C. FRANCIS

(Concluded.)

JIM SOMERS was but insecurely balanced on the edge of his chair, and now he seemed in danger of toppling over. Instinctively he looked toward the door . . . Mr. McDonald wiped his eye glasses and sought for papers on his desk.

"JIM"

Work! Jim Somers, work!

"You know that's the only way people can have a home. Now, wouldn't you like to have a home?" pursued Hazel.

"Well, I dunno—that is, I hain't never thought about it. I never thought I was that kind."

"But you are that kind as well as anybody else. Now you see papa has a home, but he has worked for it. You are a big, strong man; wouldn't you like to do something and quit living out of doors?"

Jim Somers gazed speechlessly at her.

"Because if you would, papa needs some one in his office. Stanley Hills used to help him, but since——"

Jim started so violently that he knocked his hat to the floor. Mr. McDonald looked up quickly from his papers and a lightning-like expression passed over his face.

"Don't go," said Hazel, "I forgot that you were away then."

The old instincts of the man rallied at the suggestion, and he uttered a ready evasion.

"I've been away—yes—I—I heard, but——"

"Then you didn't believe it either," cried Hazel. "Poor Stanley! We are all his friends. Papa has never had a good boy since he left."

"I think—I'm sure I couldn't," began Jim; but Mr McDonald interrupted him.

"But I think you can. Come around to-morrow morning, and I will——"

"No, I'm much obliged, but——"

He edged nervously toward the door, but Hazel intercepted him.

"Mr. Somers, you are a brave man, and I don't like you to go on living this way. Won't you do some work for papa in his office, just to please me? Then you can sleep on the lounge in the back room, and I won't lie awake on stormy nights wondering if you're out in a snowdrift. Won't you?"

Jim Somers felt a strange, shaky sensation, and then, as though in a dream, he heard himself say, "I'll try."

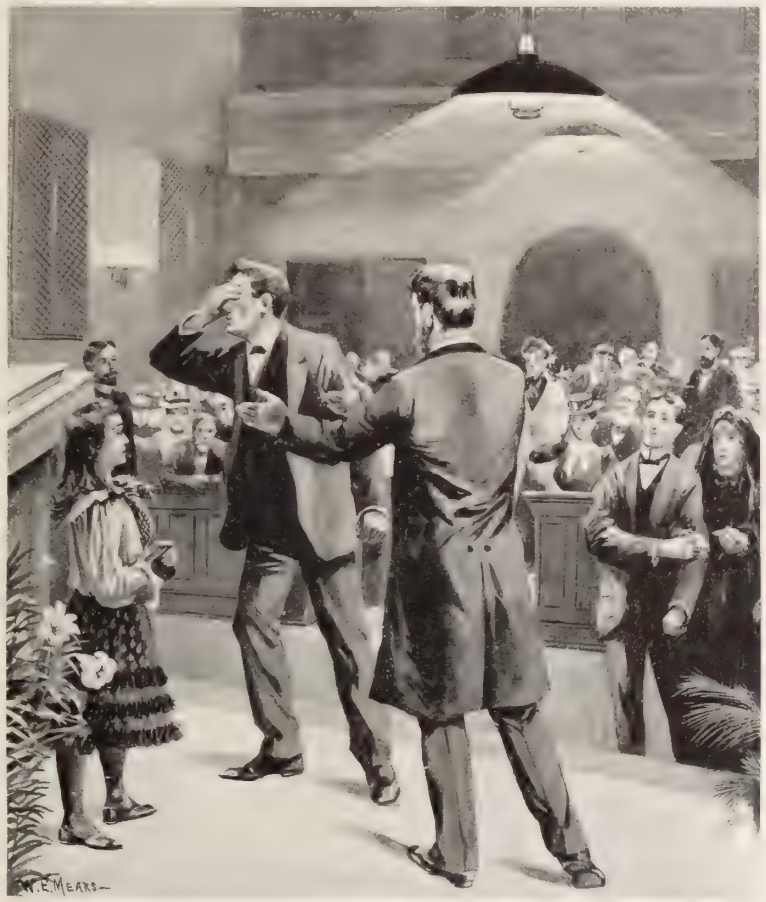
From that hour dated the revised destiny of Jim Somers. He became very useful about the office, and soon odd jobs about the house were added, and he who had never done a stroke of work in his life learned to sweep, to dust, to make fires, to chop wood, to do small chores well. He saw Hazel almost daily, either at her father's office or in their home, and the uncompromising sincerity of her code of life dawned upon his darkened mind as the morning sun might shine into a cave.

One morning an early errand took him to the lawyer's house. Hazel opened the door.

"Good-morning, Mr. Somers. Come right in. We are just going to have family worship."

Now, the words "family worship" meant about as much to Jim Somers as they would to a savage in the heart of Africa. He had never heard them before, and they signified simply something which he was willing to observe for Hazel's sake. With a mild curiosity, he followed her into the sitting-room. Here the family was grouped around Mr. McDonald, and after a cordial greeting the lawyer read aloud without comment the fourteenth chapter of St. John. When, after the reading of the Word, Hazel's sweet voice led in a hymn, Jim's eyes stared fixedly at her; and when the family knelt in prayer he sat motionless on his chair, riveted by confused astonishment. Not until Hazel took his hand and gently drew him down did he kneel, and though the words of the prayer came to him but dimly through the surging of the blood in his temples, Jim Somers was nearer the throne then than he had ever been before. After that morning a change came over him. He was more eager, more willing, more industrious than ever; yet he kept ever a peculiar aloofness, and seemed to harbor some inward thought.

One evening he sat at the table of the lawyer's family, a guest at their board. At a look from her father, Hazel bowed her head and uttered a simple grace. When she unclosed her eyes, Jim Somers looked like a man suddenly fallen ill. The veins in his neck throbbed violently. A strange hue covered his face. He barely tasted the food, and ere the meal was finished he made incoherent excuses and went hastily out.



"STOP!" CRIED JIM SOMERS, "I'M NOT FIT TO TAKE IT . . . I'M A THIEF!"

. . .

It was the first Sunday in April. Without any of the features of a tidal wave of revival, a deep and widespread religious awakening had permeated the churches. Children and young people especially had fallen under the influence, and had taken up the work with vigor. Two notable exceptions to the general example remained—Stanley Hills and Jim Somers. The former had steadfastly refused to attend the church services since the accusation made against him, declaring that he would never renew old associations until the cloud that hung over his life was removed. Jim had only said: "I ain't ready yet."

Hazel McDonald had pleaded with both of them, and to-day she was the happiest girl in Havenville, for both had promised her to attend the praise-meeting to be held that afternoon at four o'clock. Stanley, who had always dearly loved Hazel, felt, away down in his secret heart, some compunction for so long resisting the entreaties of his mother, and he had acceded with a certain inward relief. As for Jim Somers, he had listened to Hazel gravely and then had merely said: "Yes, I'll go. I reckon I'm as ready as I'll ever be."

And so a little before four o'clock on that perfect April afternoon the largest church of Havenville was rapidly filling to the limit of its capacity. Far back in a remote corner sat Jim Somers, the first time he had ever entered a church in his life; farther front sat Stanley Hills with his mother. Pulpit, platform and reading desk were banked with flowers. White lilies gleamed in snowy fragrance amid the fronds of palms and ferns, and early spring blossoms were massed in glowing array back of the organ. When, a few minutes after four, the organ pealed forth and hundreds of voices joined in the opening anthem, there was not a vacant seat in the church and many stood in the rear. Song after song followed the anthem, and then the Sunday School superintendent led in a responsive Scripture reading. A fervent prayer by the pastor followed, and after the leader of each class had risen and recited the different Scripture motto selected as the day's keynotes, the teacher of the infant class announced that several songs to be named by the children would be sung. This created a small commotion in the camp of the infants, out of which one was presently able to distinguish some half dozen popular hymns called for at once. They were sung with lusty vigor by fresh young voices, and then the pastor called Hazel McDonald to the front to receive a handsome Bible, the prize for bringing the largest number of new pupils into the Sunday School within the year. As the child, an exquisite vision in her white gown, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright, modestly accepted the volume, a low murmur of approval rolled up.

"And now," concluded Mr. West, "before the fifty honor cards are distributed, what we have determined shall be a surprise gift of which no one has known in advance will be given. Since Hazel has done so much for us within the past year, I am sure that anyone will be proud to receive from her a token, and she may therefore give to anyone whom she may choose this Testament. Select the one whom you wish to have it, Hazel."

A murmur of excitement arose. For a moment Hazel stood looking carefully over the audience, and then she said clearly: "Will Mr. Somers please come forward?" Those sitting by Jim Somers saw him lean forward and gasp for breath, but he did not rise. Hazel repeated her request: "Mr. Somers, please come forward."

But above and beyond the child's sweet tones he could hear another voice calling as loudly as the judgment trump: "Now! Now! Now!" and with that dread summons thundering in his ears he got up and walked down the aisle with hastening steps to the flower-crowned altar where Hazel stood among the lilies. As he approached she came toward him and held out the Book to address him, but scarcely had she pronounced his name when he threw out one arm with such a gesture as a drowning man might use: "Stop," he said, "I'm not fit to take it. I stole that money from Mr. Bradley." He turned toward the audience and lifted up his voice: "Do you hear me? I'm a thief, not Stanley Hills, and I don't ask to be forgiven; but I want to tell you about it, and then I want to be arrested and go to jail, and after that I'll start over again and be a decent man yet. I didn't steal that money for any particular reason, except that Mr. Bradley put me out of his store once when I was drunk, and I had a sort of a grudge against him. So I hid behind some barrels after climbing in the alley window and took the money while they watched the runaway. That night I sneaked out of town on a freight train, and it was six weeks before I got back and found out that Stanley had been arrested for it. I felt mighty bad, but I didn't see what I could do; for I didn't feel then like I do now. A good many of you have been kind to me this winter, but she"—he pointed to Hazel with a shaking hand—"she is the first one that ever made me ashamed of myself. I run into the house the night of the fire because I remembered she was the pretty little girl I had seen walking along the streets, and then she sent for me and asked me to go to work and sleep in a bed. Say, I expect none of you know how a man feels to be in a warm bed on a cold night for the first time in his life. It's queer, but of course you can't understand that. Anyhow, I began to feel different, and then she made me kneel down one morning at family worship, and one evening she said a little prayer at the table, and—and——"

He stopped abruptly, his broad chest heaving. "I can't tell you all of it," he went on, "but I'm glad it's over now. I knew it was coming, but I didn't think it would happen this way. I thought at first I would save up my money until I could pay it all up; but it's no use. Here's $12, Mr. Bradley, and I'll go with the marshal now and pay you the rest when I get out. I wish I'd known better sooner."

He leaned against the pulpit and buried his head among the lilies. They were crowding about him; the pastor, Stanley, Mr. Bradley, Mr. McDonald, each striving to take his hand first. Mrs. Hills drew Hazel into her arms and wept tearsof joy.

Stanley Hills drew the sobbing man's hand within his own, saying: "There, Jim, it's all right now." Bradley looked the picture of a man dumbfounded, and he said to Stanley, brokenly: "I beg of you to forgive me. I made an awful mistake."

The pastor realized that no programme could be continued and intervened to end a scene that had aroused the deepest emotions in the congregation. "We will all forgive and forget," he said. "Mr. Somers will now accept the Testament presented on behalf of the Sunday School by Hazel McDonald, after which we will sing 'God Be With Us Till We Meet Again,' and be dismissed with the benediction. May God bless our brother and make us all as ready to confess our sins as he is. This praise meeting will be continued at seven-thirty this evening."

As Hazel pressed the book into Jim Somers' hand he said: "You are God's child, and by his grace I will be one, too."

. . .

That was years ago. Mr. James Somers is to-day one of the pillars of the Havenville Church. Stanley Hills is a successful lawyer, and is cautious about circumstantial evidence.

THE END

. . . The Saloon-Keeper's Gift . . .

An Array of Correspondents Who Give Reasons Why the Church Should Accept It

IN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we present the letters to those who reply affirmatively to J. R. N.'s now [illegible] whether a church is justified in accepting a gift of money from a saloon-keeper in aid of its missionary and other spiritual work. These letters constitute the strongest argument that has yet been written in the saloon-keeper's behalf. Next week, the page will be devoted exclusively to the other side—the negatives, and our friends who hold the opinion that the gift should be rejected, will then have the field. The discussion is far-reaching and deep-searching, and we commend it to the thoughtful reading of all who are interested in church work.

Wm. B. Engel, Minneapolis, writes:

A saloon-keeper's money is [illegible] much as any other merchant's money, be he a shoemaker, tailor, dry goods merchant, or [illegible] is earned legitimately and honestly, and by that we understand that value is given for it, there is not a doubt in my mind as to the advisability of receiving it. In this great and greedy age there is too much cheating done in all businesses, and to my way of thinking, in God's eyes the dollar which is stolen from the customer by misrepresenting an article is just as unwelcome in God's treasury as the dollar which this conscientious inquirer seems to think is unwelcome from the saloon-keeper.

F. J. Eland, Lafayette, N. J., writes:

Should a neighbor offer my child food, would I not thank them for their kindness; but if my child, being hungry, should ask a neighbor for food, would I not be justly indignant at the aspersion cast upon me by my child in applying to one upon whom it had no claim rather than to the one whose duty it was to care for it? Does not my parable explain the difference between our asking support for our Father's work from those who are not his, and the acceptance of what may be voluntarily offered, and devoting it to a higher service than it would otherwise have?

O. C. Newsom, Danville, Ind., writes:

Take the money. Suppose we should refuse it. To be consistent we would have to refuse all money gotten in a wicked way. We would refuse money made on the Sabbath. In one swoop that would leave out all who own railroad stock, or any business that runs unnecessarily seven days in the week. We would have to refuse all money obtained by usury. This would include the bankers, corporations and merchants, great and small, and many of the preachers.

S. D. Goungerich, Amish, Ia., writes:

Mission and benevolent work must have financial support from some source, and may not always be from persons and enterprises wholly unquestionable. Therefore, in our modest opinion, we would not hesitate to accept a free offering from a saloon-keeper or any other enterprise of a similar character, to be used for the promotion of God's work.

Mary Bowen, Gideon, Kans., writes:

We should be Christ-like. It was a sinner who anointed Christ's feet, and he accepted it. It seems to me it would be wrong not to take it.

W. C. Miller, Puyallup, Wash., writes:

In the Bible we read, "The silver is mine, the gold is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." Now, if the gold and silver belong to God, it seems to me it should be used to his glory. The manner in which it is obtained by man cannot defile the metal, but may defile the one who gets it. In the case of the saloon-keeper, he surely is defiled by his occupation; but the church that receives his money, has an opportunity to put the same to a better use than he is likely to do if the money be refused.

Mrs. S. S. Sponsler, Supt. of Sabbath Observance and Treasurer of W. C. T. U., Unionville, Cal., writes:

Yes, use it, just as long as men belonging to the church (I won't say Christians) vote for the saloon. Which is entitled to the most respect, the saloon-keeper who sells whiskey according to the law, or the church member who by his vote makes it lawful for him to sell it?

Alfred Morton, Birtle, Man., writes:

If the saloon-keeper or any other sinner offers his contribution willingly, without having been asked for it, let it be received with thanksgiving. At the same time remind the person that his offering will not avail to purchase his salvation. On the other hand, let neither saloon-keeper nor any other sinner who refuses to surrender his heart to Jesus be asked for a cent. There is abundance in the hands of God's children, if consecrated. As long as ungodly people in the congregation are looked to for support of God's work, there will always be more or less of a tendency for the preacher to shun what Paul in Acts 20: 27, says he did not shun.

James Doran, Custer, S. D., writes:

Yes, take all the money you can get from that source. It will be turning it into a good channel; and, better still, if by using the right means you can take in all the saloon-keepers and others connected with the business, it would be a good thing for many and a hurt to none.

L. H. DeWolf, Kinsman, O., writes:

Yes, accept all his offers, believing it would be better invested than in a branch saloon. As well might you refuse all money furnished by the government, for it is receiving an enormous revenue from the sale of intoxicants.

D. W. Hess, Pleasant Lake, Ind., writes:

Nothing can be more absurd than thinking that money can be tainted. The acceptance of money from a saloon-keeper is equivalent to that much labor expended by him for Christ, whether he be a Christian or not, and it is immaterial as to his mode of getting it. Some may say: "It fosters dishonesty to accept money from a dishonest source." It does in certain cases, but this money which you accept from a saloon-keeper is used to help break up his own business.

Zoe Mackay, Pictou, Nova Scotia, writes:

South of me a rum distillery is operated by a wind-mill—and the wind is from the south. North of me is a printing establishment publishing Bibles—and the wind that is the motor power of the distillery goes untarnished to drive the Bible printing-press. Money is a primary motor in the world to move things along, and, like the wind, goes untarnished *per se* from one operation to another. Let it therefore come from the saloon to the Christian Church, and the more the better, and when it all comes from all evil sources, the church will lengthen and broaden and heighten until there is no room for the saloon or any kindred foe of God amid the human family.

Mrs. Hattie L. Ford, Lambertville, Mich., writes:

The wisest course would be to take the money when offered, and pray that the man might be just as willing to give his heart to the Lord as he was his money.

F. Maes, Raton, N. Mex., writes:

If money is and always has been an absolute necessity for humanity, then it must have been instituted by God. If God instituted it, it must have been for the purpose of doing good. What if some take it for the [illegible] take it from its abuse and put it into good use.

Z. Thomas, Richmond, Ind., writes:

Accept it cordially and praise him so affectionately that he will feel that one word of praise is worth more than a thousand words of condemnation.

J. W. Burgin, Suttor, Vt., writes:

The use to which money has been put in the past has not in the least affected the character of the money; the use which shall be made of it in the future will not affect its character; therefore money is not affected by the use which is made of it. My knowledge that [illegible] its commercial value (and that is all the value it has), for it merely pays for material and [illegible] would accept the money offered the cause of missions by the saloonist, and pray God to make the wrath of man to praise him by directing the disburser of it how to use it wisely.

Rev. B. B. Royer, Chicago, Ill., writes:

Yes, accept his gift, especially if it is made in the spirit in which such gifts are usually made. Is not all the wealth—the silver and [illegible] time? If then a few men put it to an evil use, shall there never be an attempt to redeem a portion or all of it? Shall it be allowed to remain in hands where it can do only harm, or shall it, when offered, be put to holy use where it can do only good? By all means the latter. What if this gift does represent bread taken out of the mouths of hungry children, shall the church refuse it and thus permit it to accomplish [illegible] hungry and clothing from the almost naked, or shall the church accept it and thus lessen the power of the saloon, to work its evil among men? By all means the latter. But if the church must not accept the saloon-keeper's gift of $100, what shall the church do when the saloon-keeper offers his saloon—which is only a larger gift—and one that has been acquired in the same way that the $100 was acquired? Far better take it, fill it with chairs, erect a platform at one end, on which the story of the Cross may be daily told, than to allow it to go on in its work of soul destruction.

P. S., Wisconsin, writes:

The first gift from a saloon-keeper should be accepted by the Christian Church, provided he is told that Divine blessing will be asked on it, and that no more money will be accepted as long as he is a keeper of a saloon. This done in a Christ-like manner, the good cause will be strengthened.

G. T. Belvin, Severn, Va., writes:

If the saloon-keeper will give freely, the Lord will accept of free gifts from even the vilest sinner. His gifts will cause him to stop and consider how he is living.

O. F. Ebert, Milwaukee, Minn., writes:

Any saloon-keeper following and observing the moral, social or police restrictions of his profession, and not accommodating minors, drunkards or spendthrifts, ought to be admitted as a normal giver, just as well as any honest druggist, dry goods man, groceryman or banker. To the pure, the Scripture says, everything is pure; that is the golden rule for a Christian heart and conscience. Christ says: "Do not judge, do not condemn." Better too liberal than too bigoted.

A. M. Wilder, Yellow Springs, Ohio, writes:

An honest, well-to-do farmer sold his grain to the merchant without knowing where it [illegible] the distiller, and the distiller sold the whiskey to the saloon-keeper, and the saloon-keeper [illegible] distiller did the same, the commission merchant, and, last of all, came the well-to-do farmer, who turned in the tenth of his income. [illegible] tributed of their substance to the church? I say take each one's contribution and be sure and make good use of it by consecrating it to the use of the church, and good will follow.

Thos. K. Knollin, Syracuse, N. Y., writes:

You have heard the story of the old lady who prayed for bread and some boys heard her and dropped a loaf down the chimney, and while the old lady was thanking the Lord for [illegible] door and told her that they had dropped it themselves. The old lady replied: "The Lord sent it if the devil brought it." So I would say in regard to the said question.

E. Mitchell, Roseville, Ill., writes:

Judging from the quantity of intoxicants used, it would be hard to find a dollar five years in circulation from the mints, that had not been used in the liquor traffic; so if one chanced to get into the treasury of the Lord I would bid it welcome, with the hope that its future would bless rather than curse mankind.

A. L. Harvey, Caseville, Mich., writes:

In regard to receiving a gift, the recipient is responsible only for the use he makes of what has been intrusted to him. If money is donated to the church by the saloon, the church will be held responsible for the use made of the money; it cannot be held responsible for the manner in which the money has been acquired. If the church uses saloon donations for Christian purposes it is doing right, because it is making for the welfare of the community at large.

D. W. McDonald, Molesworth, Ont., writes:

If a saloon-keeper is disposed to give to God's cause in any way, it should be accepted. "The gold and silver are the Lord's" (Hag. 2: 8; Ps. 50: 10, and also Jas. 5: 3). We read in Exod. 3: 22, and 12: 35-36, that the children of Israel (God's people) were commanded to borrow gold and silver and raiment from the Egyptians (sinners), and spoiled them.

M. V. B. P. writes:

If a church honestly obtains a dollar from a saloon-keeper, a profane man, a libertine, an over-exacting millionaire, or anybody, no matter what the motives of the man who gives it, its true religious service begins when the church sets it apart with prayer. The origin of Christian money is of no more account than the origin of a Christian man; both may have been in the service of sin.

Dr. O. B. Bird, Ocean Grove, N. J., writes:

I [illegible] unless it is an out-and-out prohibition church. Saloons are licensed by a party for which a majority of church members vote. For them therefore to hold up Pharisaical hands in mock horror over the source of the money, is to be inconsistent in the highest degree. Let them take the money, and be glad if by its use they can wipe out one per cent. of the shame which attaches to the fact that some of their members voted for that very saloon!

J. H. Massey, Port Walthall, Va., writes:

I have been a member of a Christian church more than fifty years, most of the time an official member, and I have always gotten every dollar I could from saloons and turned it to building up the cause of God, thereby financially weakening Satan's kingdom and strengthening the kingdom of God.

C. P. Dowding, Buda, Ill.; I. H. N., Des Moines, Ia.; Interested Reader, Morseland, Minn.; H. G. Fort, Bessemer, Mich.; Elmer Harrold, Leetonia, O.; Francis F. Fox: Reader, Phillips Creek, N. Y.; John M. Shaffer, Bells, Tenn.; H. W. Nelson, North Redwood: E. W., Middletown, Pa.; O. W. Broadhead, Rondout, N. Y.; Chas. H. Ford, Homer, N. Y.; H. A. Bachelder, Oakland, Me.; W. Stowe, Meade, Kan.; Wm. M. Speed, Mt. Terzah, N. C.; Mrs. W. Nichols, Butler, Pa.; Joseph Gowling, Jerseyville, Ill.; Samuel Nulls, Mapleton, N. S.; Reader, Ellis, S. Dak.; A. E. B., Fostoria, Ore.; C. W. Reed, Custis, Neb.; A. T. Davis, Butler, Neb.; T. J. French, Amedee, Calif.; N. Cameron, Lawrence, Kan.; E. M. Fries, Cedargrove, Va.; Louis Osler, Blanch, Neb.; D. J. Crater, Jennings, N. C., and others write expressing the opinion that the money can be accepted.

Next week's CHRISTIAN HERALD will present letters from readers giving the other side of the discussion and stating why the gift should be declined.

WHERE THE PRINCE IMPERIAL FELL IN THE ZULU WAR OF 1879

It was at a point near Inshallami Mountain, on the road to Inyoyami, that the cavalry party were ambushed. The Prince's body showed nineteen assegai wounds.

More Armenian Outrages

The Sultan's Government Upholds the Lawless Koords—Terrorism at Erzroom

IN a letter just received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Anatolia, an ominous state of affairs is pictured by the writer, a faithful missionary. He says:

"We have under our care more than 1,100 orphans. Of these about 200 are in the Province of Diarbekir. The Germans are caring for an equal number. Last February the Governor-General of the province closed our orphan homes in Choonkoosh and Palu, and he did the same for the Germans in Palu and in the city of Diarbekir itself, while for some unexplained reason he left our orphans in Diarbekir city undisturbed. The affair was at once reported to Constantinople, and our Minister (Mr. Straus) and the British Ambassador took the matter up in earnest, and they secured a definite promise from the Porte that these refuges should be re-opened without delay. Up to the present time they remain closed, and the Governor says that he has received no order to open them! The matter has been referred to the capital again, and we await the result. It is very clear that the government does not wish orphans to be under the care of foreigners; they prefer that they should roam the streets. If there were no foreign political protection, all these homes would be speedily closed, and missionary schools along with them.

"One of the much-suffering districts which belong to this missionary field is Geghi, in the Province of Erzroom. We have some forty or fifty orphans under our care here from that district. Just before sitting down to write this I received a letter from a reliable person there, who speaks of a murder that has been committed there. The chief Armenian in the village of Temran, a man of remarkably kind heart, was asleep with his family, when his house was entered by five armed men. His wife and mother were severely beaten, and he was killed, although he pleaded for his life. My correspondent says that the government has done next to nothing toward the arrest and punishment of the criminals; consequently the whole district is under a reign of terror. The letter says that death is preferable to the present condition, for there is a famine as well as fear.

"An honest and intelligent Turkish official said to me the other day that there is no assurance of security in any part of the Empire, and that there cannot be under the present policy of lenient dealing with criminals. The only pretence of punishment after the massacres was the arrest and imprisonment of Armenians, who were charged with inciting the Turks and Koords! The lawless element has now become very daring, and nothing short of condign punishment for grave offences can restore confidence to any part of the country. In the place of this the government continues to increase the regiments of Hamidieh Koords; and thus, as my Turkish friend said the other day, 'putting into the hands of these lawless men Mauser rifles instead of the matchlocks with which they have been accustomed to resist us.' Thus it is easy to see that the political outlook is gloomy. This condition, very naturally exerts a very depressing influence upon the evangelistic work. Pray for us."

Rev. Mr. Dewey, of the American Mission at Mardin, writes:

Editor "The Christian Herald":

I am in receipt of your favor of June 17, with check for $100, toward the support of the orphans. Our sincerest thanks to you and the friends of humanity you represent.

Last week examination of the school for boys took place. The bright, animated faces of the forty boys, each eager to show his proficiency, was a pleasant sight, and in striking contrast with the appearance many of them presented when they first came—dirty, ragged, with tangled hair, and a dull, listless look, or perhaps the scared, fearful expression of a hunted animal. These forty lads, I must explain, are the lower grades, from those just beginning the *Alif, Ba, Ta* (the Arabic A, B, C) to those who can read with some fluency and have begun arithmetic and geography. The more advanced (some fifteen in number) are in the high school or the preparatory department.

OUR SERVICE OF SONG

Conducted by IRA D. SANKEY.

I'll Go where You want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CONSECRATION. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak—
3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.
REFRAIN.
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

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Faith and Unbelief.

In early days (says Mr. Moody) men wore a signet ring, with their initials, and instead of signing their names, they used to take the ring and seal the document. That was setting to their seal; that was an indorsement. And now God comes down into this unbelieving world, and says, "Who will set to his seal that I am true?" Will you set to your seal that God is true? Better for us to make ourselves liars and God true than to try and make ourselves out true and God a liar. That is what many men do. Will you set to your seal that God is true? Unbelief says, "I won't." Faith says, "I will." O, may God help you now to say, "I will do so;" and the moment you do that, and put your faith in God, then comes peace and happiness to you.

The Relief of Leyden

After Enduring Siege and Famine They Were Wondrously Delivered

"IT was in 1574," writes Rev. E. P. Hammond in his latest book, entitled 'Roger's Travels,' "that the Spanish forces, led by Vasdez, held the town in siege for four months. During all that time the inhabitants of Leyden resisted these cruel invaders. At last, when summoned to surrender, Vanderdoes sent back word that when provisions failed they would devour their left hands, reserving their right hands to defend their rights and liberties. They were forced to eat all the cats and dogs to keep from starving. And, according to Motley, green leaves were stripped from the trees and shrubs, and every herb was used for food, but even then many died of starvation. Mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their infants in their arms; while in many houses the watchmen on their rounds found whole families—father, mother and children—dead, for a dreadful plague went hand in hand with the famine.

"The inhabitants fell like grass beneath the scythe. Motley says that 'from six to eight thousand sunk beneath this scourge alone, and yet the people held out,' men and women mutually encouraging each other to prevent the entrance of their enemies, as being far more horrible than pestilence or famine. Some of the more faint-hearted were anxious to surrender. While Adrian Vanderwerf (the Burgomaster) passed through the streets crowds gathered around him, and there he stood on yonder spot, tall, with haggard visage, yet beautiful and commanding, and, as he waved his broad felt hat for silence, in a loud voice he said, 'My friends, why do you murmur that we do not forget our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? I have vowed to keep the city. I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemies, or the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not that of the city intrusted to me. I know we shall starve if not soon relieved, but I would rather starve than die a dishonorable death. Your threats do not affect me. Take my life, if you will: here is my sword, plunge it into my heart, and divide my flesh among you to satisfy your hunger; but surrender I will not so long as I live.' With these bold words he touched the hearts of the people, and they shouted to the enemy when they returned to the battlements of the city, 'You call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters; and it is true. So long as you hear the dog bark and the cat mew within the walls you may know that the city holds out, and when all our resources are exhausted we will set fire to the city, and perish with the women and children in the flames rather than suffer our liberties to be crushed.'

"The Spaniards shouted in reply, 'As well could the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to Leyden to their relief.' But they little knew that God was fighting against them, and that he could and would do this, as we shall soon see.

"Finally, a carrier pigeon flew over the heads of their enemies, and brought the glad news that the Prince of Orange was coming, with two hundred boats, loaded with provisions, that he had cut his way through the dykes, and, as Leyden was lower than the ocean, they would soon be floated to the gates of the city. But the water did not rise high enough. Away in the distance, beyond the walls, they saw bread and food in abundance, but this only maddened the starving multitude. Many cried to the Lord for help, and their prayers were answered. A wind rose; a storm from the ocean drove the water faster and faster through the broken dykes; on and on it rushed till it reached the haughty Spaniards and drowned many of them in an unexpected moment. The flotilla of boats glided over them and carried food to the hungry people."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Methods of Modern Missions*

OUR first impression is that these are far more numerous than those made use of by the apostles. Five great agencies are usually enumerated: the evangelistic, the educational, the literary, the medical and the industrial. Besides, there are, as Dr. Lawrence suggests (*Modern Missions in the East*, chapter 7), several other activities demanding much time and labor on the part of the missionary; such as teaching converts to sing, superintending the erection of mission buildings—schoolhouses, chapels, dispensaries, keeping accounts, purchasing and forwarding supplies, advising the native Christians in a great variety of matters, and advocating and furthering various social and political reforms. In defence of these apparently more varied activities, it might be pleaded, first, that the apostles themselves were inclined to be tolerant in the matter of methods. Ready to condemn unsparingly any who adulterated the Gospel, they were ready, also, to admit a large variety in the methods of applying the Gospel to the needs of men.

It is a joy to be able to say, and that without fear of successful contradiction, that in modern, as in apostolic missionary practice, the method most emphasized is the preaching of the Gospel. To this method more time and strength are given than to any other, if, indeed, we may not say, than to all others combined. It is true that this fact is not always apparent to the casual observer. The apparatus employed in preaching may be, often is, less noticeable than that required for education, or literary work, or medical missions. Education means school buildings, sometimes of an imposing sort; medical work requires hospitals and dispensaries; literary work involves pressrooms, it may be, or Bible Houses. Preaching may or may not presuppose chapels. If it does, these will often not be distinguishable from the structures that surround them, whether shops in the city or cottages in the country. The only real essentials for preaching are a preacher and an audience.

But let no one suppose that the preaching of missionaries is confined to the Sabbath and to stated places. Of them, as truly as of the first Christians, may it be said that they "go everywhere preaching the word," and that they claim all times and places for delivering their message. "You will not near the mark," writes a Chinese missionary, "if you imagine the Gospel missionary in a straw hat and a pea-jacket, sitting on a broken wall—there is always a broken wall handy in a village—or on a door-step, or on a form at the front of an eating-house, conversing freely with a score of Chinamen, all of whom, perhaps, bear some mark of their occupation, while a number of boys in very scant clothing thrust themselves to the front, and a few women linger at a distance, just beyond the range of hearing." The picture would be equally true of missionary preaching in any of the great missionary lands. The present writer has heard the Gospel proclaimed in native chapels, in heathen temples, in the homes of the common people, on the veranda of the missionary's house, in the ward of the mission hospital, in the market-place, at the boat-landing, by the camp-fire in the jungle, in the hovel of the outcast, in the halls of princes, and the palace of a king.

And how many are the means of locomotion which missionaries adopt as they thus go forth to sow beside all waters! By train or steamboat, where they can, as sometimes in India and China and Japan; by jinriksha, by ox-cart, by mule litter, by wheelbarrow, by sedan-chair, by bicycle; slung in a hammock on a pole, as Hannington was in Africa; mounted on horses, or mules, or elephants, or camels, or astride an ox, as Livingstone made his first journeys; by boats, propelled sometimes by steam, more often by sails, or oars, or poles, or tracked by ropes by power of man or beast; by canoe and dog-sled and snowshoe, as Young in the icy North; oftenest of all on foot, trudging with Gilmour across the dreary plains of Mongolia, floundering with Livingstone through the hopeless swamps, threading with Paton the jungle paths of New Hebrides, clambering with Mackay over the mountain tracks of Formosa, toiling with McGilvary up the beds of the brooks that come down from the haunts of the shy Moo Surs—so the heralds of the cross go forth to tell their story.

* *Apostolic and Modern Missions:* By Rev. Chalmers Martin, A. M. Pp. 235; cloth, $1; publishers, Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

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Gideon's Band

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 24. Judges 7: 1-23

GLOOMY indeed was the situation of the people, when Gideon's band went out on its desperate mission. Living in a time of peace and security, it is difficult for us to realize how miserable these people were. Their enemies were warlike and pitiless. They came down on the land like a swarm of locusts, destroying all before them, that they were unable to carry away. After a man had tilled his land and sowed his seed and gathered the harvest, the enemy appeared and took from him the fruits of his labor. He was fortunate if he had notice of their coming, in time to make his escape to some cave in the mountains, where he might hide until the enemy had gone away. Those who could not do so paid the penalty of their lives. For seven long years these marauders ravaged the country, and there was no defence or redress. The people were panic stricken and made no resistance. Yet they might have defended their homes. When Gideon raised the standard, there were thirty thousand men ready to march, and no people fighting in their own land need despair with such a force. But there was apparently no organization and there was no leader. Evil forces in a city or a State often triumph to this day for the same reason. The Lord's people do not unite to resist the enemy.

This was to be the Lord's own deliverance. The people had done nohitng to help themselves; now God would show his power. And first of all he provided a leader. All that God does for men he does through men. He does not interfere directly but he commissions a man to do the work. So Gideon was chosen, and, as it had been with Moses, there was some difficulty in getting him to accept the charge. He was modest and diffident. The Lord's instruments are not the loud-spoken, self-appointed leaders. They are men who distrust themselves and are without ambition. Gideon was slow to believe that so obscure a man as he, could be the appointed agent of national deliverance. But the call had its effect upon him. It stirred him up to a work of purification. During the period of religious declension in Israel, an altar had been erected on his father's land to Baal the Canaanitish deity. Gideon went in the night and overturned it. That was a good beginning for a career of deliverance. Those who are to fight the Lord's battles ought to have no altar to a false god near them. No man can preach as he ought, or effectively lead a movement for moral reform if he is not true to God in his heart and home. As the event proved, this service involved as great personal danger to Gideon, as did the subsequent conflict with the Midianites. It required as much courage, if not more, for it was the anger of his father's household and of the men of his own city that he must defy. There are many men who have courage for public movements who are cowards at home. But Gideon began where he ought to begin, and when he had rid his own home of idols he was ready for the larger duty.

Here was a man with the courage of his convictions—a man who inspired respect among friends and enemies. The leader so much needed in the country's exigency had appeared. So, when the Midianites came on their customary raid to take away the harvest, there was a man to meet them. It is worthy of notice that the first men to rally to Gideon's support, were the men of his own city, who not long before, had been eager to lynch him for overthrowing the altar of Baal. Others came from a distance, until there were thirty thousand men under his orders. Then comes the strange story of weeding out the army, to bring it down to three hundred men. The lesson the nation needed to learn was not one of army tactics, but of fidelity to God and reliance upon him. If they had conquered in a pitched battle, they might have returned to boast of their prowess and to depend on themselves in future. Three hundred men, strangely equipped, in one hand with a horn, and in the other a pitcher containing a torch, march out in the night to the place where the huge army lay encamped. We can imagine how this horde of men, coming as on a pleasure excursion to seize booty, and having the experience of seven years to guide them, must have felt, when in the silence and darkness, they were awakened by the crash of the breaking of the pitchers, and saw the lights around the camp, and heard the blowing of the horns. The panic and the stampede were inevitable. Their very numbers added to the confusion. The rout was complete, and the Israelites had easy work in driving the survivors out of the country. So it has been again and again in the world's history. It is not with numbers that great things have been done. One consecrated man, a Luther, a Knox, a Cromwell, at the head of a small band, has won the victory, for Christ and righteousness.

Our Fresh-Air Fund

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me," said the Master, who also bade us "Suffer the little ones to come unto" him. Our readers who cooperate with us in helping the children of the poor, physically and spiritually, may find many Bible words promising special blessings to them who thus do the Master's will. The following has been received:

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But Coffee Certainly Ruins Some of the Most Highly Organized People

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"This increased, until I never thought of going to sleep before three or four o'clock in the morning, and then only after getting out of bed and walking the floor for an hour.

"I was talking of my nervous state with a friend, who suggested that perhaps it was the coffee I had been using. She felt quite sure it was, and stated that coffee would not stay on her stomach at all, but as she felt she must have a hot drink for breakfast, she had been using Postum Food Coffee. She said she didn't like Postum particularly well, and at breakfast the next morning I didn't wonder, when I tasted the flat drink that the servant brought on.

"The same day I was invited to take dinner with another friend, Mrs. Foster. I had visited her often before and knew she made delicious coffee, so when she asked how I liked her coffee, said, 'It is just as fine as usual.' She invited me to have another cup, but I said, 'I would not dare to take the second.' 'Oh, you can drink as many cups of this as you like; it won't hurt you. This is Postum Food Coffee. We have been using it a year now, and the little children have all they want, and our family have never been as healthy as in the past year.' 'Postum,' said I, doubtfully, 'why, the Postum I had this morning didn't taste any more like this than dishwater.' 'Perhaps it was not made right,' said my friend. 'I have known more than one person to be turned away from Postum because it was poorly made. There is no secret in it; only allow it to boil long enough to bring out the taste, and there you are.' I have been using Postum since, and am entirely cured of my trouble. I cannot say too much for it."—Grace A. Foster, Omaha, Neb.

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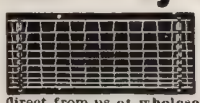

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In Veranda Chairs

A Rural Conflagration—Mosquitoes and Malaria

WE were just rising from our late dinner, and lingered a moment or two to watch the golden sunset from our great bay window, a sunset among the mountains, flooding the sky with such light as makes the pavements of the New Jerusalem. Suddenly Ahasuerus started, and exclaimed, and Jonathan at the same instant almost shouted, "Fire! Fire!" and both men rushed out of the house as if they had been shot from a cannon's mouth, and went tearing down the road on their bicycles like meteors from the sky. We women watching saw, a quarter of a mile off, a red glow, rising from a grove, which marked the stately home of a neighbor, and Alice cried pitifully:

"It's at the Simmons'; either the new barn, or the house, I'm not sure which. Oh, I hope they'll get the horses out safely."

"That barn is full of new hay," said Martha Jane, "and I have my doubts as to whether it was properly cured. People often have blazing barns, because they are in too great a hurry to pack in their hay before it has been dried and seasoned by the sun and wind."

"While there are so many careless men around with pipes, and cigars, and cigarettes, and while persons will throw matches down anywhere, under the impression that they are burnt out, when half the time they are still smouldering, you do not need to seek a reason for fires in spontaneous combustion." I said this firmly, but modestly, and nobody answered me, for by this time the fire had made great progress: from a blush of rose color between the trees it had rapidly increased until it was a great sheaf of orange, and yellow, and red, leaping upward, and throwing its splendid illumination far and wide on the dusk of the summer night.

"Let us go to the fire!" said Alice.

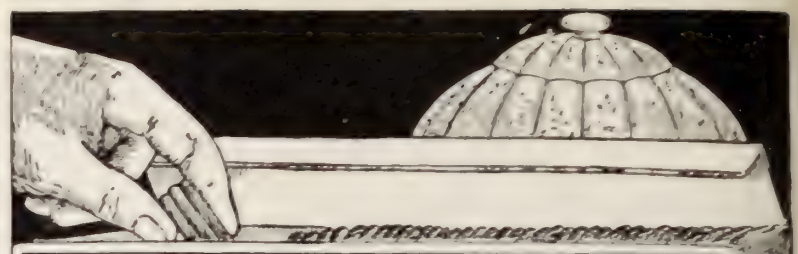
WE went, and found our neighbors there before us. There was nothing to do except to let the beautiful spacious barn burn to the ground. But willing hands had taken out the wagons and harnesses, the phaeton, the surrey, and the big carryall, the saddles, and the bridles; and the horses, wild with fright, had been calmed and led off to a secure place in the stalls of a church near by. The men of the country-side were bravely and efficiently working to save the other buildings, and as they kept the roof of adjacent barns covered and wet, and passed buckets from hand to hand, they were in righting trim, and looked able to cope with even this relentless element. Women stood, or sat in groups on the broad verandas, and everybody sympathized with the neighbors in their calamity: everybody found a word of cheer to say; everybody was relieved to know that the insurance was all right, and happy that the stock was rescued, and thankful that there had been a heavy rain the day before, and that there was absolutely no wind, not a puff, not a zephyr, and, most of all, that twilight, not midnight was the hour of the fire. It was a beautiful exhibition of good comradeship and neighborly kindness, and it revealed what a heart of love beats in a country neighborhood, binding by its tender cords the whole community together, as in one bundle.

MOSQUITOES now have another sin laid to their account. They have always been very objectionable, and have never had any friends. Who can tolerate a mosquito? The sly, still kind which makes its presence known by its offensive settling on your cheek, and drawing the blood, is a shade more irritating than the noisy, hummy kind which hovers round you singing, "Here I come!" Both are utterly and abominably indecorous and thoroughly disagreeable, and as we are informed by the doctors, that the little pests fly about transmitting typhoid infection and malaria, we have less than ever any use to attribute to them. Bad cess to every mosquito! In Florida about this time they float about in clouds, so that one runs the gauntlet, covered with veils, and muffled over ears and chin, and neck, or one breathes them, and chokes: and they kill the chickens, settling on the poor frantic things, and biting them till their feathers drop off, and they die.

The flies too, are among the torments of this mortal life, and we could well do without them. Screens in doors, screens in windows, screens over dishes, screens over kitchen tables, and thus only may you bid flies defiance. They are scavengers which deposit the dirt they collect on food for your tables, and on your dainty dress. No good housekeeper can abide flies, nor should they be permitted to enter a house, in bedroom or parlor or kitchen. A fly is a nuisance, and while mosquito bars or wire netting can be had nobody should suffer martyrdom on their account or through their depredations. I have visions as I write of farmhouse ceilings black with these creatures roosting overhead at night, of dreadful meals eaten as it on the field of battle with flies dropping into coffee cups and glasses of milk, and boldly disputing for every morsel of bread.

Still, I am not in favor of sticky paper laid about, to entrap these little marauders, imprisoning them by their hapless feet, and holding them in helpless misery until death relieves them. I would not torture any living thing. Far better keep them out of doors, or kill them at once if they cannot be driven out, by one merciful and energetic blow, than to exterminate them by fly-papers, especially of the sticky variety.

Margaret E. Sangster



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The cracker jar has been supplanted by the **Uneeda Jinjer Wayfer** box. The box that keeps its contents as fresh as the day they came from the oven. When your appetite craves a fresh, sweet, delicate morsel try a **Uneeda Jinjer Wayfer.** Keep the box where you can try them often. Where the children can get them as often as they like.

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Is the sweet sister of **Uneeda Biscuit.** Ask your grocer for them.
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Does not grind or shred the food, but chops finely, evenly, rapidly. Our trademark **ENTERPRISE** is on every genuine. Prices: No. 5, $1.00; No. 10, $3.00; No. 20, $5.00. Twenty-three other sizes and styles, for hand and power. Sold by all hardware dealers. Descriptive catalogue mailed free.
Send 4c in stamps for the "ENTERPRISING HOUSEKEEPER"—200 recipes.
THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. OF PA., 3d & Dauphin Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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IF YOUR GROCER ATTEMPTS TO SUBSTITUTE AN IMITATION SEND IT BACK NONE SO GOOD.
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EXPRESSAGE PAID.
The most of Suits and Overcoats that we make for this (and all) Mail-Order Tailors at from $30 to $35 are sold by us at from $5.95 to $20, and we pay
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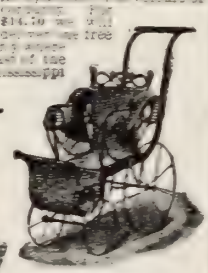

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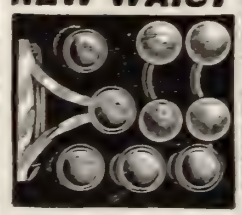

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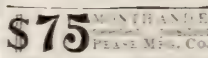

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to try our Sewing Machines. We ship direct from factory to consumer; save agents' profits. 30 days free trial. 125,000 sold. Warranted 20 Years. All attachments free.

$40.00 Arlington for $14.00
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Other Machines at $8, $9 & $11.50
Illustrated catalogue and testimonials free. Write at once for our special freight offer. Address CASH BUYERS' UNION.
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Prev. ack	$557 03
Lillie T Smith	1 00
A friend, Dubuque	10 00
Mrs M F Rantoul	2 00
E J L T. Mva	6 50
D W Hawker	1 50
J Kittel	1 50
Mrs T C Potts	5 00
Mrs Anna Henderson	50
Mrs Louise P Warren	2 00
H Topping	2 00
Cora Roudlard	2 00
H O Draper	5 00
LeRoy H Nash	4 00
Ream Co	4 00
H & B, Bridgewater	1 00
Mrs H Mosher	3 00
Jr C E Soc. 1st Pres Ch, Galena	4 00
Chas Madge	1 00
Moses Holden	1 00
A friend	1 00
Mrs W Wood	10 00
J A W, Tidioute	2 00
Cash, Washington	1 00
Anna E Danish	1 00
Rebecca McGuken	1 00
M C Hiskey	1 00
Annie Zetty	1 00
E C Shields	5 00
—, Carlisle	2 50
Mrs F H Wolfe	1 00
Friends for the Master	5 00
Mrs Geo F Camin	1 00
M G L. Wytheville	1 00
Mrs C B Gough	2 00
Berta Fawsett	50
Jas P Merriam	1 00
Miss Mary A Sherman	50
D C Steiner	25 00
W L Ralston	50
Elnora Joslyn	1 00
Mr & Mrs J B Worth	1 00
W E Seabrook	5 05
A friend of the girls, Speedsville	1 00
J C Bebstock	1 00
A friend	3 00
M A M, Syracuse	1 00
S A Cooper	1 00
Sam'l Lockhart	1 00
C Frank McLaughlin	50
Mrs J C Short	2 00
One in doubt, Millheim	1 00
Henry Butterworth	10 00
W E Harbaugh	5 00
Mrs C S M, Hume	2 50
Jr C E Soc, Exeter	1 50
G A Connolly	2 00
Friends, Lanark	2 00
I H N, Fanhaven	1 00
Mrs G M Richtes	1 00
A H Smith	5 00
W R Buck	2 00
D Gladstone	4 00
H J M, Benzler	5 00
E L Payne	1 50
S E & E M Welch	3 70
Flora Belle	1 00
S Krupp	6 00
Phebe Sanders	2 50
Mary D Rice	2 60
A friend, LaCross	10 00
Jane Bancs	1 00
E C Brown	1 00
Casper Wyke	25
A W McLeran	10
Rachel T Strever	5
A W, Brooklyn	2 00
Mrs F M Driscoll	1 50
Mattie Russell	3 00
R H Roco	5 00
Mrs Ward	5 00
Judith, Putnam	1 00
W S Lowry	1 00
A reader, David City	3 00
Friend	1 00
Mrs Wm Davidson	1 00
S C Burnham	2 00
C A Kefawver	6 00
Total	$797 15

China Flood Sufferers.

Prev. ack	$101 71
In memory of John Gordon Herbert	1 00
Total	$102 71

Door of Hope.

Prev. ack	$27 50
H & B, Bridgewater	1 00
J A W, Tidioute	2 00
Well-wisher, N J	1 00
Mrs Jas H Nichols	1 00
Total	$32 50

Foreign Missions.

Prev. ack	$110 05
Friend, Santa Barbara	2 00
D C Steiner	25 00
Jr C E Soc, Exeter	50
Friends, Lanark	4 00
Total	$141 55

Good Samaritan Home.

Prev. ack	$20 50
J A W, Tidioute	2 00
Mrs J A Hulskamper	2 00
Total	$24 50

Any Good Cause.

Prev. ack	$166 13
Mrs Thos Williams	50
H Topping	1 00
Mrs Lizzie W McNeel	10
Mrs S A Norris	25
A C Bahn	1 00
—, Calhoun	5 00
H R Cliff	3 00
W R Buck	2 00
Fannie Winch Keyes	1 00
Emanuel Winter	2 00
H. Varina	25
Total	$182 23

Bishop Hartzell's Work in Africa.

Prev. ack	$321 62
L L Dickerman	3 00
T W Woodard	7 00
C Frank McLaughlin	1 00
Miss P A Curtis	10 00
A O Snyder	1 00
Total	$343 62

Mrs. Rose H. Lathrop.

Prev. ack	$23 50
In memory of John Gordon Herbert	1 00
Total	$24 50

Jerry McAuley Mission.

Prev. ack	$21 00
H & B, Bridgewater	1 00
D Gladstone	5 00
Total	$27 00

Clinton St. Settlement.

Prev. ack	$81 00
Friend, Lansingburg	1 00
Friend, LaPorte	4 50
B Bradford	9 00
W Colville	1 00
W J Brown	50
Total	$97 00

N. Y. Chinatown Mission

Prev. ack	$18 10
Albert Francis	5 00
Mrs L W Putnam	5 00
Total	$28 10

Porto Rico S. S. Work.

Prev. ack	$502 40
Subr, Dresden	1 00
A L Richardson	16
Joseph Smith	75
E W Oates	6 60
T W Woodard	3 00
I H N	1 00
Subr	1 00
A reader	6 00
M E Appleby	25
C Frank McLaughlin	50
10 per cent. Heislerv'l	1 25
Pleasant Vale S S, Flanagan	2 50
Arthur E Needham	50
M M Riner	50
Anna M Babcock	50
Mrs Mollie Hemmgs	25
Y P S C E, Lakeland	5 57
Horatio Mack	3 00
Jennie M Rockfield	5 00
Total	$541 73

Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Prev. ack	$32 00
H O Draper	5 00
H & B, Bridgewater	1 00
I H N, Manchester	1 00
Mrs L Worth	6 00
10 per cent. Heislerv'l	1 25
Friends, Lanark	2 00
Total	$48 25

Society for the Prev. of Cruelty to Children.

Prev. ack	$10 00
I H N, Birchton	10
A sympathetic friend, Dallas	1 00
Total	$11 10

Nebr. Prairie Church Fund

Prev. ack	$344 40
Mrs M T. Rantoul	2 00
Mrs Van, Middletown	2 00
Lola S Smith	1 00
In Christ's Name, Rockford	2 00
Total	$351 40

Gospel Work in Cuba.

Prev. ack	$94 45
I H N, Manchester	1 00
Total	$95 45

Gospel in Philippines.

Prev. ack	$56 05
I H N, Manchester	1 00
Total	$57 05

School for Syrian Girls.

Prev. ack	$16 00
Mrs J A Miller	50
Mrs R A Harris	1 00
Total	$17 50

Spanish Testament Fund.

Prev ack	$321 75
A constant reader	1 00
Geo W Bruckner	1 00
Mrs J B Goodson	1 00
W B K Johnson	5 00
E A Prose	1 00
Total	$330 75

Florence Mission.

Prev. ack	$35 60
J A W, Tidioute	5 00
Total	$40 60

Miss Reed's Mission to Lepers.

Prev. ack	$22 60
A Subr, Dresden	1 00
Total	$23 60

Anna C. Ruddy's Kindergarten.

Prev. ack	$1 00
John McNab	1 00
Total	$2 00

Lincoln Memorial University

Prev. ack	$145 10
Arthur E Needham	1 00
Horatio Mack	2 00
Total	$148 10

Armenian Fund.

Prev. ack	$286 27
Friend, Lansingburgh	1 00
J S, Gettysburg	22 00
A Subr, Dresden	1 00
Mrs J A Miller	50
10 per cent. Heislervi'l	1 25
Mrs G Brown	5 00
Total	$317 02

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Won't You Trust Him?

CHRIST is now a mighty Saviour;
In our guilty place he stood,
Met the full demands of justice—
Paid our ransom-price with blood.

CHORUS:
Won't you trust him? Won't you trust him?
Won't you trust the Christ who died?
Won't you trust the loving Saviour,
Who God's justice satisfied?

When he saw us sunk in ruin,
To our rescue swift he came,
Trod the wine-press of God's anger,
Bore man's bitter scorn and shame.

Hear to-day his sweet voice calling
Weary souls with sin oppressed;
Hasten to him, sinner, hasten;
He will give you peace and rest.

Though your sins be red like crimson,
If you only to him go,
In his blood you'll find there's cleansing
That will make them white as snow.

Stayner, Ont. —MRS. W. J. KENNEDY.

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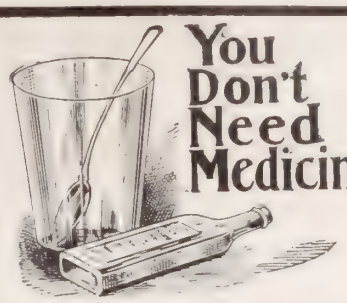

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to dose, deluge and finally derange your stomach. Ten to one if it cures your trouble, the drugs you have taken will bring on another hardly less serious. Why jump from the frying-pan into the fire?

The Electropoise will cure most diseases without medicine, by simply placing the body in condition to receive oxygen enough to purify and keep in health. We say "most diseases," for the Electropoise will not cure everything; but where it fails to cure it will afford relief that you would not knowingly go without.

The Electropoise makes well and keeps well, prevents as well as cures—used once a day will keep the doctor away.

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"Without a doubt the Electropoise has the gift and power to cure multitudes who without it must surely die, and that, too, in early life, or in the very maturity of strength when their untimely death is most difficult of solution." C. COLEGROVE, M.D., Holland, N. Y.

A WISE INVESTMENT.

Greensburg, Pa., April 20, 1899.—I have used an Electropoise for four years. I am confident that during that time it has saved me $300 in drugs and doctor's bills. Yours gratefully, JOHN B. BOTT, C.E.

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Also upon request we will mail a 12-page treatise on rheumatism and its cure.

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to sell the Electropoise in every City, County and State. We give exclusive territory, and want 1,000 live men and women representing us before the first of October. Write at once, as we now have some of the best territory open to applicants.

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The liberal discounts enable each agent to advertise freely and thereby popularize the treatment; thus working up a profitable trade quickly. So few of the instruments sold fail to prove satisfactory that many sales result directly from the recommendation of users to neighbors and friends. This insures easy sales for the active agent.

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DEAR SIR:—In reply to your favor of the 6th inst., would say that I have sold the Electropoise for four years. Have spent upwards of $500 for advertising. I have devoted a part of my time only to the business and find, that after proper instructions, purchasers are always satisfied with the results. This is gratifying and makes the business a pleasant one and tends to increase sales.

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Write at once for terms, stating territory desired, and we will mail you all the necessary information together with our 16-page periodical, *The Electropoise Agent*. Address

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YOUR BOYHOOD DAYS
COME BACK WITH A BUMP

when you look at the original of this "Milking Time." We send it on heavy paper, suitable for framing, for a 2c. cent. stamp. THE FENCE used in this cut is the

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It has never failed to make a complete cure of Hay Fever.
For seventeen years I have suffered intensely with Hay Fever every year. Used every remedy in vain. Warner's Absorbent Cure gave me immediate relief and made a complete cure in one week
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Warner's Absorbent Cure cured me of Asthma in five days. I had suffered for fifteen years. I have had no return. MRS. SARAH GLENN,
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gout, catarrh, uric acid troubles all arise from defective action of the kidneys and digestive organs; the kidneys do not properly remove the waste products. Uric acid and chalky deposits accumulate in the muscles and around the joints.

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regulates the action of the kidneys, dissolves and removes the uric acid and chalky deposits, and reduces inflammation. It does not upset the stomach, and can be taken by the most delicate. Prescribed by many leading physicians.

Regular package $1.00.
Of all druggists or post-free by mail.
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SOLE AGENTS FOR
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The following and many other reliable persons testify that I thoroughly cure Cancer without the knife. Rev. W. H. Sands, Southport, Indiana, whose father was cured eight years ago of long standing face Cancer. Prof. H. McDiarmid, Hiram College, Hiram, Ohio, cured seven years ago. Had undergone several operations before with knife. Address Dr. C. Weber, 121 W. 9th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, for further particulars and free book.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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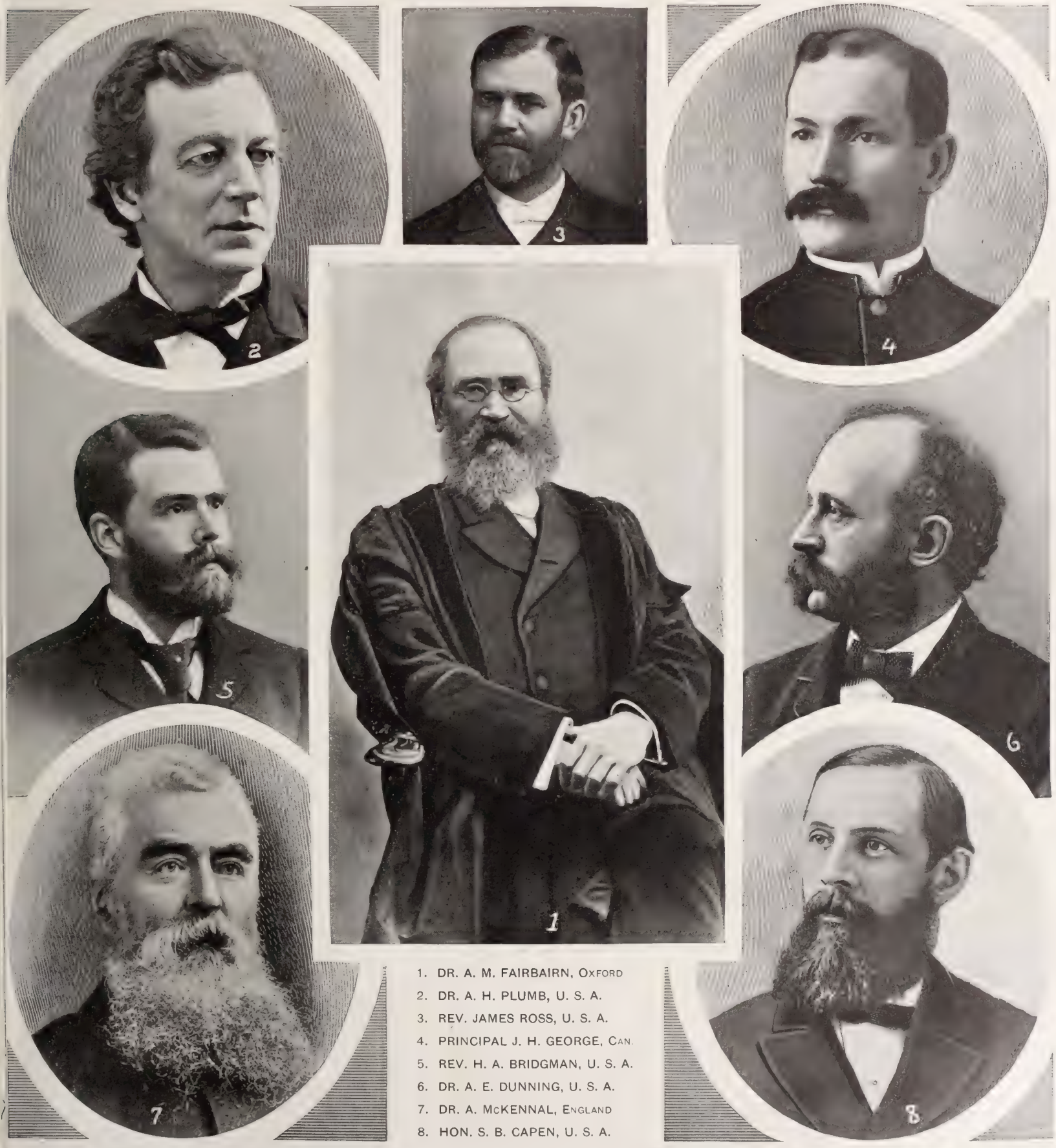

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DELEGATES TO THE INTERNATIONAL CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL IN BOSTON, MASS. (S... [illegible] 709).

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A. S. P., Washington, D. C. 1. Where can I find the hymn beginning "Come ye sinners, poor and

1. In almost any collection of Gospel hymns. In the latest hymnal of the M. E. Church, it is No. 340. 2. Yes. At $1 50

of books in the ancient world, and is variously

It embraced the collected literature of Rome, Greece, India and Egypt. In the time of

nally destroyed in a fire during a siege, but was afterward replaced. When Theodosius the Great burned all the heathen temples, the magnificent temple of Serapeio, containing a large part of the library.

A. D. 391. The literary destruction was completed when the Arabians under Caliph Omar took Alexandria, A. D. 642

The hymn has a singular history, and is a proof of the fact that God

purpose. The writer, Mrs. Adams, was the daughter of a couple who first met in Newgate Jail, England, the father being a political offender. It is said that Mrs. Adams was a Unitarian; but the Trinitarian spirit of the hymn is so evident in every line, that it has been accepted and sung by Christians throughout the world. It was written as a personal experience, and a memorial of answered prayer.

A. S., Bivins, Texas. Why has the Revised Version changed the expression "born of the Spirit" to "begotten of the Spirit" in so many

The word "begotten" more accurately expresses the meaning of the original. The activity of the Spirit antedates the new birth. It is shown in the conviction and the repentance which issues in regeneration. The work of the Spirit commences the new life which eventually is seen of men.

B. E. J. Please advise a young girl who can no longer attend school, but wishes to improve her education, what to read. There is a public library here, where I can obtain any kind of books.

Probably the best plan would be for you to join a Chautauqua or some reading circle, and take their regular course. Desultory reading, without a fixed plan, will accomplish little; whereas a judicious course will improve the mind of any student who pursues it conscientiously.

J. I. R., Tavestock Ont. According to Scripture how should the tenth be given? Are rich and poor under the same obligation?

If you are a Jew, as we suppose, you should follow the law laid down (Lev. 27: 30-33; Deut. 14: 22, etc.). If you are a Christian you have nothing to do with the law of tenths. The Christian is not under law, and is, therefore, not bound to give a tenth, nor is he limited to a tenth. If he has a willing heart and has enough money he will give far more than a tenth. Many give a fifth, and some more. You are free whether you are rich or poor, and are under no obligation but that of your own conscience. The Jew was required to give a tenth, and it must be supposed that the Christian, with his better privileges and greater light, would, when left to himself, give more rather than less, but there is no law.

Apropos of the subject of Bible-reading, Mrs. N. P. A., of Sanford, Me., sends this letter:

I have read the Bible through each year for

to stay me through the day which I find very helpful. I read the New Testament

Sundays only. Reading eighteen

as soon as possible. This method is beneficial and

F. J. W., Milwaukee, Wis. I have a lot of strawberries fully ripe on Sunday morning; they could not be picked the day before on account of rain. What words of Christ do I violate if I

the fourth commandment to gather them on Saturday.

It is clear, according to Christ's teaching, on the Sabbath and no other. If the case you

would be a serious matter to you, and if they could not have been picked Saturday and

COTTON PICKING ON A TEXAS PLANTATION

This photograph presents a scene which is familiar to our Southern readers. In several States the harvesting of the cotton crop in the white fields has already begun.

would be spoiled if left till Monday, then it becomes a necessity to pick them in order to save them. But such a contingency is very unlikely. The probability is that the loss of the berries would have been a mere trifle in your eyes and, therefore, they should have been unhesitatingly sacrificed, rather than be made a cause of Sabbath desecration. Your own conscience will decide whether it was an absolute necessity to pick them or not. The path of Christian duty is clear enough if one chooses to walk in it.

E. J. S., Cambridge, O. Will persons who are unconverted at the second coming of Christ have an opportunity of accepting him then?

It is believed that the number of persons who will be converted then, will exceed all previous records. "A nation will be born in a day." The slaughter described in Revelation, will be of those who are in active rebellion against him. Eventually, the whole world will yield to him and "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess."

M. E. C., Ogden, Ark. 1. Will the heathen who have had no opportunity of accepting Christ all be lost? 2. Is it possible for a man to be saved if he is a Christian, but has not joined a church?

1. It is not for us to limit the mercy of God. We do not know how they can be saved, but God may find a way. In any case, their condition will not be so bad as that of people who have wilfully rejected Christ. The principle laid down by Christ was (Luke 12: 48), "He that knew not and did commit things worthy of stripes shall be beaten with few stripes." Their condition, however, does not rest with us. Our duty is to give them the Gospel, which will do more for them than

merely save them from future punishment. 2.

duty which should be done.

J. W., Bardolph, Ill. Could not the English Gov-

We do not see how it could be done. It

choose to venerate the Brahmins, no legislation can prevent their doing so. Social improvements must come through social knowledge and better conditions.

fourth verse of that chapter? 4. What connec-

1. If it endured to the end of the world, it would be natural to speak of it as never being destroyed. The word never in that case would not extend beyond the general destruc-

in abbreviated form. From Mark's account it appears that Christ declared he did not

"The Major," Dutton, Ont. 1. Ought not the man

13: 44) to have told the owner instead of buying the field? It seems to me our Lord used a

course. 2. Is not a prisoner under sentence of death justified in committing suicide?

1. Our Lord did not sanction the act. He simply pointed out the man's eagerness and determination to secure the treasure. His argument practically was: If a man will sell all that he has in order to buy a field in which he has found a treasure, how much more should a man sacrifice everything to secure the treasure of entrance into the kingdom of heaven. He should forsake all to follow Christ. If I say: "You know how prize-fighters will deny themselves while they are in training, should not you do the same in your spiritual conflicts?" does the remark sanction prize-fighting? 2. No person is justified in committing suicide. If he dies by the hand of the executioner, he

hand, verses 21-31 evidently refer to Christ's second coming. 3. It should have been translated, race or nation. The Jewish race will not have passed away, or become absorbed in other races, till all is fulfilled. 4. The Jews had a great reverence for David, so when they complained to Jesus about his disciples breaking one of their technical laws of the Sabbath, he reminded them how David had set aside a technicality when he was hungry. The rabbis held that a man must not on the Sabbath pull an ear of corn because that would be a kind of reaping, nor must he rub an ear in his hands for that would be a kind of grinding. It was pertinent to the subject, therefore that Christ should remind them of David's violation of a

guilty of self-murder.

L. W., Los Angeles, Calif. 1. Does the Lord

parent. 2. Dewey's victory was the first great decided the war. We know nothing of the concern mentioned in your final question.

mean by

time of the apostles. Other Baptist writers and nearly all non-Baptist writers declare

of definite statement we do not know. 3.

followers were true to him, they would share his unpopularity. If all men spoke

clear proof that he was not living an unworldly life.

have done any other than condemn

Yes, as he told Jesus (John 19:

would have done him no harm for

him for which he had no defence and he would lose his office. He

nance, but he ought to have done

ble for the legal murder.

Canadian Reader. 1. What is meant

1 and 2. Both quotations must be taken as descriptive of the fleeting nature of human joys and the hollowness of worldly honors. 3. The moralist is regarding the sad side of life, and (as in a funeral sermon) speaks of the sorrows and disappointments rather than the joys. But the Christian need not be a pessimist. It is his privilege to take

His heart is filled with the light of Christ's love and cheered with the assurance of immortality. This divine assurance cheers the Christian in every sorrow and affliction, and makes his life a source of cheer and encouragement to others.

L. R. G. Repeat question giving full name and address.

Alice Moss, Fulton, Ky. Yes, if stamps for re-

Mrs. E. T. Y., Danville, Ill. The "g" has the soft pronunciation.

Reader, Emmence, N. J. You can count them

T. M. H., Leslie, Mich. To Superintendent Census Bureau, Washington, D. C.

A. B. C., Jersey City, N. J. No; the express companies will not carry such parcels free.

G. W. R., Bovertown, Pa. We cannot advise you. Write to the *Medical Record*, New York.

R. A. E. and F. F. C., Olpe, Kan. Write to any

laboring in Cuba. A letter to Havana would probably reach him. 2. Two cents.

Young Reader, Woodford, I. T. Your idea is very much like that already put in practical operation by Rev. Mr. Sheldon, Topeka, Kan.

Anna E. W., DesMoines, Ia. We know nothing of the concern mentioned in your letter. You should be careful in dealing with strangers.

L. T. A. O. Questions are not clear and are put at too great length. To register a letter, is one method of insuring safe delivery. We believe the mails, as a rule, are reliable.

Interested Reader, Plainfield, Ia. You will find

in almost all the almanacs issued by the leading newspapers. For very latest information, write to the Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Desolate Days in China

The Poor Old Empire, War-worn and Flood-Swept, Now an Object of Pity to its Neighbors

READERS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will doubtless recall the great flood which swept over a number of Chinese provinces last year, the disastrous effects of which were graphically described in letters received from Rev. Dr. and Mrs. S. M. I. Baldwin, well known American missionaries. U. S. Consul John Fowler, of Chefoo, China, in reply to our request for information, has sent us a letter enclosing several photographs of the flooded districts, which are reproduced on this page These photographs were taken by Dr. Charles Lewis, who is stationed at Shantung, the capital of the province.

From another correspondent, Mr. H. Bruhn, now traveling in the East, we

ON THE YELLOW RIVER

received a most interesting lette dated at Hongkong. He writes:

"There is no doubt that Japan, through her recent war with China, has shown to the world that the army and navy of the latter country are mere figureheads and not to be considered as a means of national protection. Before the war between China and Japan, most people were of the opinion that the Chinese would defend their country with a heroic patriotism, in case they were attacked by a foreign power; but of course this opinion has vanished. The Japanese have demonstrated to the world the utter deficiency of the Chinese army and navy, and have proven furthermore, that there exists no patriotic feeling among the inhabitants of that vast empire.

"The Chinese Government system is a complete failure. The mandarins, who are nominated by the provincial Viceroys to supervise certain districts, accept their respective positions with the view of enriching themselves during the term of their administration at the expense of both the public and the Imperial Government. As an illustration of this statement I will recite only one incident, which is very significant: Just before the outbreak of hostilities between China and Japan, a mandarin ordered, through a well known foreign business house in Hongkong, a large quantity of bogus ammunition, the cartridges to contain only a few grains of powder and the bullets to consist of wood. This so-called ammunition was furnished, and the mandarin in town sold it to the government at a much higher price than he had contracted for, and the government supplied the troops with this bogus ammunition.

"There is a regular system of jobbery in which the representatives of the Imperial Government are interested. The people are taxed to the utmost, in order to fill the pockets of the mandarins, and the people naturally have no friendly inclinations towards the government. This system of continuous robbery kills any

WHERE FAMINE REFUGEES LIVE

feeling of unity and patriotism among the Chinese, and what are the consequences? Hardly was the war with Japan finished, when Russia, always aggressive in the Orient, demanded permission to build her Siberian Railway through Manchuria to Vladivostok, with a branch line through the Siasting peninsula to Port Arthur. France insisted that the Chinese Government should build a railroad from Nanning-Fu to the terminal of the Teukin (French) Railroad on the frontier. These privileges were granted.

A LINE OF REFUGEES' HOMES

"Germany followed next. The murder of two of her missionaries in Shantung was the excuse for acquiring a slice of China, and as soon as the harbor of Kiaschow-Bay, situated near the province in which the murder had been committed, was occupied by a German squadron, the Germans asked for a long lease on that port and surroundings, and the Chinese Government granted this demand.

"Russia was not slow in demanding a lease of Port Arthur, and England, to be on an equal footing, asked for a lease of Wei-hai-wei on the same terms as the German and Russian leases.

"Everything was granted by the Chinese Government, and even when France took possession of a harbor in Kwan-tung, the Chinese did not seriously object. Russia then asked for permission to protect her new railroad lines, now in course of construction from the Siberian frontier to Port Arthur and through Manchuria to Vladivostock, by her own troops; and when the permission was given, a large number of Cossacks were sent to Manchuria, much larger than actually needed for the protection of the railroad lines; and even now it is an open secret that each working man employed by the Russian Government, in the construction of the new railroads in Manchuria, is a discharged soldier, and that large armories are stationed at points along the lines. Russia has without doubt gained a decisive victory in diplomacy over other foreign powers in the Orient.

A PARTIALLY DESTROYED VILLAGE

THE HOANG-HO AT THE SUBSIDENCE OF THE FLOOD

"Japan has long been wanting to take Korea, and if Russia should attempt to invade that empire with her troops, Japan will be her natural rival and adversary. Russia is spending more money in building the great Siberian Railway than she anticipated, and her finances at the present time are not flourishing.

"The resources of China are said to be immense, and it is to be taken as granted that all the ports, now in the possession of foreign powers, will in due course of time open up a vast country, thus establishing important trade for their possessors. The United States has taken no part in this division of the Chinese coast. American interests in China are few so far; but it cannot be doubted that the commercial relations between the United States and China will gradually increase. Even now, there is a keen competition between the Americans and British in cotton piece goods, which were heretofore supplied exclusively by England. In flour and coal-oil the Americans do a larger business than any other nation, although a large Dutch syndicate is now shipping Sumatra coal-oil to China. These two articles comprise the principal American commercial interests in China, but it is evident that within a short time other American manufactures will be sold there.

"There are not more than about 300 Americans living in the various treaty ports of China who are actually engaged in business, while there is constantly a large number of American visitors present. This figure does not, however, include the American missionaries, of whom there is quite a number stationed here. China offers, undoubtedly, good opportunities for American trade, and the sooner the American manufacturers conclude to study the Chinese market and to send out their representatives, thus making the first and only successful step towards a commercial intercourse, the better.

"I have made various inquiries in regard to the relief measures for flood sufferers in China. The U. S. Consul at Foo-chow is in charge of the distribution of the funds sent from the United States for alleviating the sufferings of those people. We hear of an overflow of the Yang-tze-kiang or Yellow River in China every now and then, and in connection therewith, of the death of many people, and the sufferings of a great many more These inundations are due to the fact that the banks or the Yellow River are very low and its mouths not sufficiently deep to give the waters free outlet whenever especially heavy rains cause the river to rise suddenly. The water naturally spreads out over the banks on both sides of the river, overflowing rice fields, and carrying with it huts, houses, and everything within its reach. Many lives are lost during such periods. The poor people, whose rice fields—their only resource—have been destroyed by the cruel floods, have nothing to sustain life, and the sufferings in these stricken districts must be appalling. Although a little rice seed represents only an exceedingly small value, it must be remembered that sometimes millions of people are rendered penniless by these floods, and it naturally costs a great deal of money to supply such a vast number with new seed."

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

EASY DIVORCE

A Sermon by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Matthew 19: 6, . . . What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

THAT there are hundreds and thousands of infelicitous homes in America no one will doubt. If there were only one skeleton in the closet, that might be locked up and abandoned, but in many a home there is a skeleton in the hallway and a skeleton in all the apartments. "Unhappily married" are two words descriptive of many a homestead. It needs no orthodox minister to prove to a badly mated pair that there is a hell: they are there now. Sometimes a grand and gracious woman will be thus incarcerated, and her life will be a crucifixion, as was the case with Mrs. Sigourney, the great poetess and the great soul. Sometimes a consecrated man will be united to a fury, as was John Wesley, or united to a vixen, as was John Milton. Sometimes, and generally, both parties are to blame, and Thomas Carlyle is an intolerable grumbler, and his wife has a pungent retort always ready, and Froude, the historian, pledged to tell the plain truth, has to pull aside the curtain from the lifelong squabble at Craigenputtock, and 5 Cheyne Row.

Some say that for the alleviation of all these domestic disorders of which we hear, easy divorce is a good prescription. God sometimes authorizes divorce as certainly as he authorizes marriage. I have just as much regard for one lawfully divorced as I have for one lawfully married. But you know and I know that wholesale divorce is one of our national scourges. I am not surprised at this when I think of the influences which have been abroad militating against the marriage relation. For many years the platforms of the country rang with talk about a free-love millennium. There were meetings of this kind held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn; Cooper Institute, New York; Tremont Temple, Boston, and all over the land. Some of the women who were most prominent in that movement have since been distinguished for great promiscuosity of affection. Popular themes for such occasions were the tyranny of man, the oppression of the marriage relation, women's rights, and the affinities. Prominent speakers were women with short curls and short dress and very long tongue, everlastingly at war with God because they were created women; while on the platform sat meek men with soft accent and cowed demeanor, apologetic for masculinity, and holding the parasols while the termagant orators went on preaching the gospel of free love. That campaign of about twenty years set more devils into the marriage relation than will be exorcised in the next fifty. Men and women went home from such meetings so permanently confused as to who were their wives and husbands that they never got out of the perplexity, and the criminal and the civil courts tried to disentangle the Iliad of woes, and this one got alimony, and that one got a limited divorce, and this mother kept the children on condition that the father could sometimes come and look at them, and these went into poorhouses, and those went into an insane asylum, and those went into dissolute public life, and all went to destruction. The mightiest war ever made against the marriage institution was that free-love campaign, sometimes under one name and sometimes under another.

Another influence that has warred upon the marriage relation has been polygamy in Utah. That is a stereotyped caricature of the marriage relation, and has poisoned the whole land. You might as well think that you can have an arm in a state of mortification and yet the whole body not be sickened, as to have any Territories or States polygamized and yet the body of the nation not feel the putrefaction. Hear it, good men and women of America, that so long ago as 1862 a law was passed by Congress forbidding polygamy in the Territories and in all the places where they had jurisdiction. Thirty-seven years have passed along and nine administrations. Yet not until the passage of the Edmunds' Law in 1882 was any active policy of polygamic suppression adopted. Armed with all the power of government, and having an army at their disposal, the first brick had not till then been knocked from that fortress of libertinism. Every new President in his inaugural tickled that monster with the straw of condemnation, and every Congress stultified itself in proposing some plan that would not work. Polygamy stood in Utah and in other of the Territories, more entrenched, more brazen, more puissant, more braggart and more internal than at any time in its history. James Buchanan, a much-abused man of his day, did more for the extirpation of this villainy than all the subsequent administrations dared to do up to 1882. Mr. Buchanan sent out an army, and although it was halted in its work, still he accomplished more than the subsequent administrations, which did nothing but talk, talk, talk. Even at this late day, and with the Edmunds' Act in force, the evil has not been wholly extirpated. Polygamy in Utah, though outlawed, is still practised in secret. It has warred against the marriage relation throughout the land. It is impossible to have such an awful sewer of iniquity sending up its miasma, which is wafted by the winds north, south, east, and west, without the whole land being affected by it.

Another influence that has warred against the marriage relation in this country has been a pustulous literature, with its millions of sheets every week choked with stories of domestic wrongs, and infidelities, and massacres, and outrages, until it is a wonder to me that there are any decencies or any common sense left on the subject of marriage. One-half of the news-stands of our great cities reek with the filth.

"Now," say some, "we admit all these evils, and the only way to clear them out or to correct them, is by easy divorce." Well, before we yield to that cry, let us find out how easy it is now. I have looked over the laws of all the States, and I find that while in some States it is easier than in others, in every State it is easy. The State of Illinois, through its legislature, recites a long list of proper causes for divorce, and then closes up by giving to the courts the right to make a decree of divorce in any case where they deem it expedient. After that you are not surprised at the announcement that in one county of the State of Illinois, in one year, there were 833 divorces. If you want to know how easy it is, you have only to look over the records of the States. In Massachusetts, 600 divorces in one year; in Maine, 478 in one year; in Connecticut, 401 divorces in one year; [illegible] in one year; in New England, in one year, 2,113 divorces, and in twenty years in New England, twenty thousand. Is that not easy enough? If the same ratio continue, the ratio of multiplied divorce and multiplied causes of divorce, we are not far from the time when our courts will have to set apart whole days for application, and all you will have to prove against a man, will be that he left his slippers in the middle of the floor, and all you will have to prove against a woman, will be that her husband's overcoat was buttonless. Causes of divorce doubled in England, and doubled in the United States. To show how very easy it is, I have [illegible] Western Reserve, Ohio, the proportion of divorces to marriages celebrated was in one year one to eleven; in Rhode Island, one to thirteen; in Vermont, one to fourteen. Is not that easy enough?

I want you to notice that frequency of divorce always goes along with the dissoluteness of society. Rome for five hundred years had not one case of divorce. Those were her days of glory and virtue. Then the reign of vice began, and divorce became epidemic. If you want to know how rapidly the Empire went down, ask Gibbon. Do you know how the Reign of Terror was introduced in France? By 20,000 cases of divorce in one year in Paris. What we want in this country and in all lands, is that divorce be made more and more difficult. Then people before they enter that relation, will be persuaded that there will probably be no escape from it, except through the door of the sepulchre. Then they will pause on the verge of that relation, until they are fully satisfied that it is best, and that it is right, and that it is happiest. Then we shall have no more marriages in fun. Then men and women will not enter the relation with the idea it is only a trial trip, and if they do not like it they can get out at the first landing. Then this whole question will be taken out of the frivolous into the tremendous, and there will be no more joking about the blossoms in a bride's hair than about the cypress on a coffin.

What we want, is that the Congress of the United States move for the changing the national Constitution, so that a law can be passed which shall be uniform all over the country, and what shall be right in one State, shall be right in all the States, and what is wrong in one State, will be wrong in all the States. How is it now? If a party in the marriage relation gets dissatisfied, it is only necessary to move to another State to achieve liberation from the domestic tie, and divorce is effected so easily, that the first one party knows of it, is by seeing it in the newspaper that Rev. Dr. Somebody a few days or weeks afterward introduced into a new marriage relation a member of the household, who went off on a pleasure excursion to Newport, or a business excursion to Chicago. Married at the bride's house. No cards. There are States of the Union which practically put a premium upon the disintegration of the marriage relation, while there are other States, like the State of New York, which has the pre-eminent idiocy of making marriage lawful at twelve and fourteen years of age.

The Congress of the United States needs to move for a change of the national Constitution, and then to appoint a committee—not made up of single gentlemen, but of men of families, and their families in Washington—who shall prepare a good, honest, righteous, comprehensive, uniform law that will control everything from Sandy Hook to Golden Gate. That will put an end to brokerages in marriage. That will send divorce lawyers into a decent business. That will set people agitated for many years on the question of how they shall get away from each other to planning how they can adjust themselves to the more or less unfavorable circumstances.

More difficult divorce will put an estoppal to a great extent upon marriage as a financial speculation. There are men who go into the relation just as they go into Wall Street to purchase shares. The female to be invited into the partnership of wedlock is utterly unattractive, and in disposition a suppressed Vesuvius. Everybody knows it, but this masculine candidate for matrimonial orders, through the commercial agency or through the county records, finds out how much estate is to be inherited, and he calculates it. He thinks out how long it will be before the old man will die, and whether he can stand the refractory temper until he does die, and then he enters the relation: for he says, "If I cannot stand it, then through the divorce law I will back out." That process is going on all the time, and men enter into the relation without any moral principle, without any affection, and it is as much a matter of stock speculation as anything that was transacted yesterday in Union Pacific, Wabash, [illegible] ing men to reform them. If a young man, by twenty-five years of age or [illegible] years of age, have the habit of strong drink fixed on him, he is as certain [illegible] drunkards' graves as [illegible] train starting out from Grand Central [illegible] from the track. The young man may not reach a drunkard's grave, for something may throw him off the iron track of evil habit; but the probability is that the train that starts to-morrow morning at eight o'clock for Albany will get there, and the probability is that the young man who has the habit of strong drink fixed on him before twenty-five or thirty years of age, will arrive at a drunkard's grave. She knows he drinks, although he tries to hide it by chewing cloves. Everybody knows he drinks. Parents warn, neighbors and friends warn. She will reform him, she will reform him. If she is not successful in the experiment, why then the divorce law will emancipate her, because habitual drunkenness is a cause for divorce in Indiana, Kentucky, Florida, Connecticut, and nearly all the States. So the poor thing goes to the altar a sacrifice. If you will show me the [illegible] struck streets in any city, I will show you the homes of the women who married men to reform them. In one case out of ten thousand it may be a successful experiment. But never saw the successful experiment. But have a rigorous divorce law, and that woman will say, "If I am affianced to that man, it is for life; and if now in the ardor of his young love, I the prize to be won, he will not give up his cups, when he has won the prize, surely he will not give up his cups," and so that woman will say to the man, "Sir, you are already married to the bottle, and you are married to that evil habit, and so you are married twice, and you are a bigamist. Go!"

A rigorous divorce law will also do much to hinder hasty and inconsiderate marriages. Under the impression that one can be easily released, people enter the relation without inquiry and without reflection. Romance and impulse rule the day. Perhaps the only ground for the marriage compact is that she likes his looks, and he admires the graceful way she passes around the ice cream at the picnic! It is all they know about each other. It is all the preparation for it. A man not able to pay his own board bill, with not a dollar in his pocket, will stand at the altar and take the bride's hand, and say, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow!" A woman that could not make a loaf of bread to save her life will swear to love and keep him in sickness and in health. A Christian will marry an atheist, and that always makes conjoined wretchedness: for if a man does not believe there is a God he is neither to be trusted with a dollar nor with your lifelong happiness. Having read much about love in a cottage people brought up in ease will go and starve in a hovel. Runaway matches and elopements, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of one thousand of which mean death and hell, multiplying on all hands. You see them in every day's newspapers.

Our ministers in some regions have no defence such as they have in other regions where the banns must be previously published and an officer of the law must give a certificate that all is right: so clergymen are left defenceless, and unite those who ought never to be united. Perhaps they are too young, or perhaps they are standing already in some domestic compact. By the wreck of ten thousand homes, by the holocaust of ten thousand sacrificed men and women, by the hearthstone of the family which is the cornerstone of the State, and in the name of that God who hath set up the family institution and who hath made the breaking of the marital oath the most appalling of all perjuries, I implore the Congress of

the United States to make some righteous, uniform law for all the States and from ocean to ocean, on this subject of marriage and divorce.

Let me say to all young people, before you give your heart and hand in holy alliance, use all caution; inquire outside as to habits, explore the disposition, scrutinize the taste, question the ancestry and find out the ambitions. Do not take the heroes and the heroines of cheap novels for a model. Do not put your lifetime happiness in the keeping of a man who has a reputation for being a little loose in morals, or in the keeping of a woman who dresses immodestly. Hear it, hear it! The only foundation for happy marriage that ever has been or ever will be, is good character.

Ask the counsel of father and mother in this most important step of your life. They are good advisers. They are the best friends you ever had. They made more sacrifices for you than anyone else ever did, and they will do more to-day for your happiness than any other people. Ask them, and, above all, ask God. I used to smile at John Brown of Haddington because, when he was about to offer his hand and heart in marriage to one who became his lifelong companion, he opened the conversation by saying, "Let us pray." But I have seen so many shipwrecks on the sea of matrimony, I have made up my mind that John Brown of Haddington was right. A union formed in prayer will be a happy union, though sickness pale the cheek, and poverty empty the bread tray, and death open the small graves, and all the path of life be strewn with thorns, from the marriage altar with its wedding march and orange blossoms clear on down to the last farewell at that gate where Isaac and Rebecca, Abraham and Sarah, Adam and Eve parted.

In the "Farm-ballads" our American poet puts into the lips of a repentant husband, after a life of married perturbation, these suggestive words:

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And lying together in silence, perhaps we will agree.
And if ever we meet in heaven, I would not think it queer
If we love each other better because we quarrelled here.

And let me say to those of you who are in happy married union, avoid first quarrels; have no unexplained correspondence with former admirers; cultivate no suspicions; in a moment of bad temper do not rush out and tell the neighbors; do not let any of those gadabouts of society unload in your house their baggage of gab and tittle-tattle; do not make it an invariable rule to stand on your rights; learn how to apologize; do not be so proud, or so stubborn, or so devilish that you will not make up. Remember that the worst domestic misfortunes and bad divorce cases started from little infelicities. Some of the greatest domestic misfortunes and the widest resounding divorce cases have started from little misunderstandings that were allowed to go on and go on until home, and respectability, and religion, and immortal soul went down in the crash.

Fellow-citizens as well as fellow-Christians, let us have a divine rage against anything that wars on the marriage state. Blessed institution! Instead of two arms to fight the battle of life, four. Instead of two eyes to scrutinize the path of life, four. Instead of two shoulders to lift the burden of life, four. Twice the energy, twice the courage, twice the holy ambition, twice the probability of worldly success, twice the prospects of heaven. Into that matrimonial bower God fetches two souls. Outside the bower, room for all contentions, and all bickerings, and all controversies, but inside that bower there is room for only one guest—the angel of love. Let that angel stand at the floral doorway of this Edenic bower with drawn sword to hew down the worst foe of that bower—easy divorce. And for every Paradise lost may there be a Paradise regained. And after we quit our home here may we have a brighter home in heaven, at the windows of which, this moment, are familiar faces watching for our arrival.

Congregationalists From Many Lands

Meeting of the Second International Council of Congregational Churches This Week in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

(See portraits on first page)

THE date of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be a red-letter day in the history of American Congregationalism. It is the day set for the assembling of the International Council at Boston, Mass. Four hundred delegates are expected to be present—two hundred from the United States, one hundred from Great Britain, and one hundred from other parts of the world, including Canada, Norway, Australia and Japan. No such gathering has taken place since 1891, when three hundred delegates assembled at the first International Council, and many American clergymen took part. In some respects the Council was an innovation in the Congregational body. A cardinal principle in Congregationalism is the inherent right of every church to manage its own affairs in its own way, free from the control of any Council, Presbytery or Conference. It is in short the principle of the Republican form of government applied to religion. No bishop or elder or any other authority has the right to appoint or remove a pastor or to interfere in any way with the affairs of an individual church. The same principle is in force in the Baptist and Unitarian denominations and among the Disciples. It was therefore with some misgivings that the English churches in 1831 organized a National Council. But no harm came of the movement, and it proved a distinct advantage in promoting fellowship and drawing the churches into closer relationship. The English example was followed in America in 1865, and

TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, MASS.

arrangements were made for holding a meeting of the Council every third year. Similar movements took place in Canada and Australia, and at these, hospitable welcome was given to members of other National Councils. So much good feeling was manifested toward the visitors, and so much cordiality was felt, that the suggestion of an International Council, made in several meetings, was heartily approved. The assembly, which was under the presidency of the late Dr. R. W. Dale, proved so beneficial and stimulating to all who attended, that the project of holding a second International Council took shape, and the churches of the United States claimed the privilege of being the hosts. The invitation was cordially accepted, and the most distinguished men in the denomination, both clergymen and laymen, have been chosen as delegates, and with them several ladies, whose services in the mission field and in educational institutions give them the right to be heard in such an assembly.

The Council has no disciplinary or legislative functions; it will formulate no creed nor pronounce on any disputed questions of doctrine, nor indict any member for heresy, nor declare any minister superannuated; but will consult on the best methods of advancing Christ's kingdom and discuss practical modes of church work and the best way of exerting an influence on social and public life, in the interest of righteousness. The mutual advantage of such an exchange of ideas is manifest, and is likely to result, as it did in the former council, in increased activity and the adoption of new lines of aggressive work.

On the first page we give portraits of some of the most prominent members of the Council. Dr. Andrew M. Fairbairn, who has the reputation of being one of the most distinguished theologians of Great Britain, is the Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. Dr. Alexander McKennal is another distinguished English delegate. He is pastor of a church at Bowdon, near Manchester, and is a man of wide influence. From Canada comes Principal J. H. George, of Montreal. The American churches are well represented by Dr. R. S. Storrs and Dr. A. J. Lyman of Brooklyn, Dr. Albert E. Dunning, editor of the *Congregationalist*, Rev. Howard A. Bridgman, Rev. James Ross, Rev. Albert H. Plumb, the famous temperance advocate, and the Hon. S. B. Capen, the well-known Sunday School worker, who has served as chairman of the committee of arrangements. The three ladies who will take part in the proceedings are Miss Grace N. Kimball, of Vassar College, the heroine of Van in Armenia, who protected Armenian women and children, at the risk of her own life, from the brutality of the Turkish soldiery; Miss Margaret J. Evans, from Northfield, Minn., and Mrs. E. S. B. Armitage, the sweet hymn-writer of Rawdon, England. The sessions of the Council will be held in the new Tremont Temple, and will continue until September 28. Among the topics to be discussed are: Fundamental Principles in Theology; The Christian Idea of the State; The Church in Social Reform; Tendencies of Modern Education; The Pastoral Function, Congregational and Civic; Obligations and Opportunities of Congregationalism; International Relations and Responsibilities; Message of the Old Testament for To-day; The Distinctive Principles of Christianity; The Religious Motive in Education; The Spiritual Life in Our Churches; Woman's Work in Foreign Missions; Independence and Fellowship; The Holy Spirit in the Churches.

Papers on these and kindred subjects will be read by American clergymen and by the foreign delegates, and in every instance opportunity will be afforded for discussion. In a denomination in which the most unrestricted freedom is allowed to the ministers there will naturally be wide differences of opinion, which will find expression in these discussions. It is not anticipated that any serious divergence will be manifested, and there is reason to believe that every member will recognize the right of every other to the same freedom of utterance that he claims for himself. The subjects of the papers show that the trend of [illegible]

DR. A. J. LYMAN

church is away from the old doctrinal debating grounds in which election, the Divine Sovereignty and foreordination were conspicuous, and is in the direction of practical work, personal consecration and the influence of the Christian on modern life. Even the Higher Criticism, which, if report may be trusted, has affected Congregational ministers more than those of other churches, is not prominent in the programme, though it may come to the front in the debates.

The chairman of the Council will be the Hon. James B. Angell, President of Michigan University. The honor was offered to Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, but under the imperative prohibition of his physicians that eminent clergyman felt it his duty to decline. The chair will, however, be ably filled by Dr. Angell, who is one of the most prominent Congregationalists in this country. He has won laurels as professor, editor, author and diplomat, and is a man of marked ability, profound learning and finished culture. One name which appears on the programme will call up sad associations. A paper on the permanent motive in missionary work was to have been read by the Rev. Charles M. Lamson, D. D., of Hartford, Conn., the Chairman of the American Board of Commissioners on Foreign Missions. As already announced in this journal, Dr. Lamson has been called to his reward since the programme was prepared. His place as speaker on Foreign Missions will be occupied by Dr. R. S. Storrs, who preceded Dr. Lamson in the chairmanship of the Board.

An interesting personality in a New England city is that of Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, England, whose history of the Pilgrim Fathers has made him widely known to American readers. Probably no minister of the Congregational Church in England has won so high a regard from members of his own and other communions by his scholarship and his genial personal qualities. He is sure of a cordial reception on this side the Atlantic. The American members of the Council will have the opportunity of welcoming an old friend in a new guise, in the person of Dr. L. L. D. Bevan, formerly of New York, who comes to the Council as a delegate from Melbourne, Australia, where his preaching and personal influence have made him a power in the colony.

Arrangements have been made for a pilgrimage to historic Salem and to Plymouth, two towns of hallowed association to all Congregationalists. It is fitting that the Council of the Church, which sent to America the Pilgrim Fathers, should honor the memory of those heroic men by paying a reverent visit to the scenes of their sufferings and their triumphs.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Joy in God's House

S. S. Lesson for October 1. Psalm 122
Golden Text, Psalm 122 : 1

THIS psalm is essentially Jewish. It is supposed to have been (in common with Psalms 120-134, which are all entitled "songs of degrees" or "ascents"), sung by the Jewish pilgrims on their way up to the Holy City to keep the annual feasts. "I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with the multitude that kept holy day" (Ps. 42 : 4; see also Isa. 30 : 29). But the spirit of the psalm is the true spirit of worship for all time, and we may therefore learn precious lessons from it.

Why was the Psalmist glad to "go into the house of the Lord?" What did he intend to do there? He would not be alone, others would join him: "Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord." What for? Not to get a little personal joy or comfort, but "for a testimony unto Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." The Psalmist proposes to himself no personal satisfaction, nothing that he can get: his joy is to give thanks to the name of the Lord. This was the testimony of Israel, and this was to him the highest satisfaction. His thoughts were not centred upon himself, but upon his God. "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise, be thankful unto him and bless his name. For the Lord is good, his mercy endureth forever, and his faithfulness unto all generations" (Ps. 100 : 5). The testimony unto Israel was the appreciation of Israel's God.

Such is the spirit of this psalm. There is prayer, but it is unselfish prayer. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem," said the Psalmist, "they shall prosper that love thee." The worshipers prayed, not so much for themselves, their families, their tribes, their cities or homesteads, but for Jerusalem, the beloved city. Why should our prayers be so often selfish? How often it happens that when we pray for others, God gives us the longing of our own hearts! Paul teaches us to pray "for all saints," in the Spirit, at all seasons, with all prayer and supplication, watching thereunto in all perseverance and supplication (Eph. 6 : 18, R. V.).

We Christians are members of one body—the holy body of Christ—as the Jews were members of one nation—the holy nation of Israel. They saw Jerusalem "compact together." If we enter into the true unity of the Spirit, we see more and more how all saints are compact together—inter-dependent with one common life and with interests in common; and the more our hearts are drawn out in prayer for our fellow-members, the more we see how safe our own interests are, for we cannot dissociate them from our great Head and those of the other members. That which touches them touches us; "whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; if one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it" (I. Cor. 12 : 26).

Unity produces assurance. "Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces." This is more than a wish; it is the authoritative declaration of one who has made out his cause with God. It was our Lord to the Samaritan woman, "when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him" (John 4: 23). Thank God, he has some true worshipers who are glad to go up to the house of the Lord; whose hearts are full of holy adoration, who do enter into his gates with thanksgivings, and into his courts with praise. They are a blood-bought people, and they cannot forget they have been redeemed. With them [illegible] attractions meet with no response.

JERUSALEM AS IT IS "BUILDED AS A CITY THAT IS COMPACT TOGETHER"

number of churches go down to the world to borrow attractions which will enable them to fill the churches! Oh, that they knew the power of the Word of God and his Spirit to attract! Honest-minded worldly people see the bait and are disgusted with it. If it is the right thing to go in for amusements, they would rather have them without church patronage, but in the depth of many a heart there is a deep cry for something better. The world knows what its resources are, and is perfectly aware that in the times of testing—of sickness, poverty and death—they want something else than amusement, and the adulterated Christianity of the day cannot give it them: therefore they become sceptics.

Oh, the sin of offering to unsaved souls who are in the world a Christianity which is not separate from the world! Jesus says of his own: "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world" (John 17 : 14–16). Did he exaggerate? "Love not the world," says the beloved disciple, "neither the things which are in the world: if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (I. John 2 : 15). And yet those who profess to teach the love of the Father are offering worldly baits to induce men to come to their churches and worship him whom the world crucified! May not a great deal of the indifference and neglect of public worship in our day be attributable to this very mixture of God and mammon under the name of Christianity?

"The hour cometh and now is," said

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

OUR book of Psalms appeared originally in five parts or volumes. It is easy to see, even now, where each part ended by the Amen, the ascription of praise, or some other words with which the collection was appropriately closed. A reference to the last verses of Psalms 41, 72, 89, 106 and 150 will show that these were respectively the closing Psalms of the five volumes. They do not appear to have been compiled in historical order, for the Psalms attributed to Moses are in the fourth volume, while in the second volume there are Psalms that clearly belong to the period of exile. The principle on which they were divided is still a mystery. Nor is there any reliable clue to the authorship. It is obvious from the contents of some of the Psalms attributed to David that he could not have written them, as they contain allusions to events subsequent to his time. But the authorship is not important. The beauty of their diction and the intense spirituality they express render them suitable, whosoever the author may have been, for use in every age. The majority of them were evidently written to be sung in the temple services. Some of them still bear the musical indications. Thus the fourth is set for Neginoth, that is to be accompanied by stringed instruments: the sixth and twelfth are for Sheminith, that is for bass voices: the forty-sixth for Alamoth, that is for soprano voices: the ninth for Muth-labben, that is, it is to be sung to the tune "Death of the Son": while the introduction of the word "Selah" shows where the voices paused and the instruments played alone, or *vice versa*. In the fifth volume, occur fifteen short hymns which are called "Songs of Degrees." These are 120–134. They appear to have been composed for singing by the pilgrims, on their journey to the capital, at the times of the feasts and to have marked degrees, or stages of their journey. The Psalm appointed for the lesson is one of them and, though attributed to David, shows no signs of his authorship. The temple referred to in the ninth verse was not built in his day: neither had it become a general custom to make pilgrimages to Jerusalem until a later date. The intense love for the city, which the Psalm expresses, seems rather

[illegible] to, when, after a long period of exile, the [illegible] from the various roads leading to Jerusalem the house of the Lord on the hill of Mount Moriah.

[illegible] lated of Wolfang Schuch that when he was arraigned for heresy at St. Hippolyte [illegible] ful faith and supreme indifference to the decision of the court. He had the mind of the Apostle Paul, believing that for [illegible] condemned and executed rather than to live. He would gladly live on to labor for Christ, but if his period of labor [illegible] enter into rest and glory in the presence of Christ. A messenger from the court was finally sent to his cell to tell him that he had been condemned and to warn him to prepare for death. The good man heard the news calmly and, when the messenger had finished, exclaimed: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord."

A similar thought is expressed in the well-known lines of W. Chatterton Dix:

There are, who in some vast cathedral nave
[illegible]

A city that is compact together. Being built on the summit of a hill, with ravines on all sides, it was neces[illegible] for the [illegible] ist probably refers more to the restored walls. To the Oriental mind, the dwelling within an unwalled city was like living in the open country. Now that the breaches were repaired and the wide gaps filled up, the city had the appearance of safety and security. But the walls were really of little protection to them, as they had proved in the past, and were yet to prove in the future. An enemy could make a breach in the walls. Their best protection, if they had only known it, was in so living as to have the favor of God. A great writer describes a fine house where the owner kept valuable plate and was known to have at times large sums of money, but the doors were never locked and there was no armed man to guard the property. Yet no thief ever entered. The owner was known throughout the district as a kind and benevolent man who never heard of a case of sickness or trouble or poverty without relieving it. No one would be mean enough to rob such a man. He had a better protection in the love and reverence of the community than bolts and bars could have given him.

Whither the tribes go up. For four hundreds of years after this hymn was written, people still had the idea that Jerusalem was the place where men ought to worship. But a better idea than this was taught by Christ. The time has come when men have learned that the true worship that is acceptable to God, is not identified with any place, but is dependent on the spirit of the worshiper. In a country house a mother sat weeping one winter night. Her husband came home. "Why these tears?" he asked. But he knew well enough. That day their only son had left his home to take a position in the city and the mother was concerned about his spiritual welfare. "Do not fear," the father said. "He has the love of God in his heart and wheresoever he goes, he will do right. It is not the home nor the church that will protect him now; but his own right principles and God will be with him now just as much as when he was at home."

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. The Psalmist desired that peace might be within her walls. This was a most important thing. In Jerusalem as in the modern church, the real danger lies in home quarrels. There can be no good influence from a church when the members are at variance among themselves.

How the Flood Came to Porto Rico

A Reminiscence of Disaster—Written Expressly for "The Christian Herald"

BY MRS. GUY V. HENRY

AT THE FORD OF THE PORTUGUES RIVER, PONCE

Swollen by the great flood, this river swept many hundreds to death

WE lived in Ponce three months before being ordered to the capital at San Juan. It was more like an American town than any other place on the island, with much of the push and enterprise of our own people. The streets are wide and the "Plaza-Alhambra" is a beautiful open space, with fine, large old trees, a handsome pagoda, and the old cathedral rising in dignity above the beautiful scene at setting sun. I used to drive to the Plaza to see the evening parade and review of the First Kentucky Volunteers, then stationed in Ponce.

Now, it all comes back to memory: the expectant crowd of native citizens, the shabby carriages and restive little ponies, pushing in here and there for a view of the regiment marching up the street, and out from under the low branches of the great mango trees. The band coming on at the head, playing "Old Kentucky Home," as tramp! tramp! the fine-looking fellows swing into line, facing from the street.

The manœuvres over, a hushed silence would fall on the scene, and softly on the air would come the first notes of the "Star Spangled Banner." Every hat was at once doffed by the loyal little Porto Ricans, and with perfect reverence of attitude they stood until the last note of the national air died away in the mountains. With the first note of that now familiar air, their love so new, and yet so true and loyal, is expressed in the beautiful eyes and bared, uplifted heads.

Before the light of the setting has quite died out, we drive out to the Plaza road toward Port-au-Ponce—a straight road beneath wide-spreading mangoes, and great, dark, green-leaved plantains. Many pretty rose-bud, vine embossed, two-storied casas peep out, all green and white, from behind high iron gateways and low-barred iron fences. The late laborers are still at work in the sugar-cane fields; the narrow gauge road, three feet wide, running down between the long rows of sugar-cane; the tiny cars now loading for early dawn. The happy, singing lot of scantily-clothed men and women work on, unmindful of dark days coming all too soon to many of them. Now we pass a dozen homeward-coming, lumbering, creaking ox-carts. Row after row of wretched houses by the roadside, where naked little children played around the corners of the hut, or ran about like little hares and hounds; a happy lot with appetites all whetted for the poor meal of bananas, a bit of sugar-cane and coffee.

The natives do not always stop work at set of sun; though there is no twilight they loiter on and on about the wharfs still busy rolling in and out the many barrels, the bales of hay, all belonging to the Commissary Stores, which all went to make the Port-au-Ponce a place even after nightfall so crowded, so full of life and action, one could scarce believe oneself among the tropics, with its easy-going people.

To-night I drive out to the wharf, and sit gazing out to sea. I remember well the day when the transport *Berlin* brought us near the port, and how for hours we waited while the stevedores worked at the wharf, and the primitive lighters used for carrying U. S. freight from the ships went slowly back and forth, towed by a row boat, West Indian negroes the stevedores, with slim, half-naked figures, black heads and keen bright eyes, in the hot sunshine, or pouring rain, looking always like ants on an ant hill.

* * *

Now all are gone! the busy port all wrecked; the patient, long-suffering stevedores many of them lying dead to-day in the sea. The little children whose bright faces laughed back at our "vacoros tardes," that beautiful evening last November, as we drove homeward from the Plaza, were found in the early morning hour of August eighth beside the same stream. With happy frolic they played, and the shining little bodies full of life were plashing in the stream—the brown-faced mother kneeling upon the banks, all unconscious of the terrible tornado rushing toward them. A sudden darkness fills the air, a sudden whirling, then torrent arose in a moment, and carried them all out to sea, then turned with the meeting of the great swollen rivers Portugues and Canas, and hurled the masses of water back into the streets of Ponce, where the surging, whirling flood, ten feet deep, swept through the very place where the First Kentucky Volunteers had reviewed a few months ago, and where native heads had been uncovered in loyality to the new flag. On the balconies above stand no more the happy girls in dainty gowns, with roses tucked in braided locks, but haggard faces with wild eyes look down on a fearful scene of death and desolation.

Alas the little children, the gentle people, and the old face that was ever at the window on the Plaza road! Where are they? An awful tragedy to a people whose life within a year has passed through such strange ordeals. They now rest helpless in the hands of the American people. Rise up! grand American nation and hold out hands filled with generous giving for these children of our adoption, and of Nature; so like to Nature herself that with smiles, or tears, in sunshine, or in shadow, they will at heart be ever true to us.

MRS. GUY V. HENRY.

* * *

Ponce and vicinity was probably the focus of greatest violence. On the breast of the flood, in which the little river Portugues was completely hidden, whole families were swept away in their frail houses, without having had a moment of warning. In one yard, when the water had receded, were found the bodies of father, mother, daughter and grandmother. In a nearby street, among a pile of drift, were twenty-four bodies of poor peons who had huddled together to perish like rats. Another body was that of a beautiful girl, evidently refined and of good family. Dr. Sidley, an American, living at Ponce in a new and substantial house, stayed indoors until the water was up to his neck. Then he struggled out and was being swept away when someone caught him and placed him in a position of safety.

Eye-witnesses who saw the flood at its height say that the scene was grand and appalling beyond description. House after house swept past toward the sea, the cries of their occupants rising above the sound of the raging torrent. Flashes of lightning illuminated the darkness at frequent intervals, followed by deep-toned thunder. Lamps were hung upon balconies and at windows by the occupants of many houses, and the most heroic efforts were made to rescue those unfortunates who were within reach. The entire city of 30,000 souls was practically under water. Many thought the Last Day had come and shrieked aloud to heaven for mercy in their agony of terror. Others striken dumb with fear and half choked by the flood, were mute, and floated past to death in the swift torrent without uttering a sound. Some were saved on rafts of logs tied together, and others in boats. The entire household of a planter named Quinones, living near the Portugues river some distance above Ponce were swept away—some thirty persons in all.

STEVEDORES AND EMPLOYEES ENGAGED IN THE RELIEF WORK AT SAN JUAN

It is estimated that the number of deaths in the Ponce district alone will exceed 3,000, and that the total loss will be far heavier than was at first supposed.

Relief work among the survivors is proceeding actively, but the supplies thus far received need to be quadrupled in quantity to produce any material benefit. All contributions will be promptly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The following have been received for the relief work in Porto Rico during the week:

Prev. ack	$1,499 28
Adams, Mary	1 00
Allen, Christina B.	1 00
Allen, Miss Ida May	2 50
Allen, Mrs L C	3 00
Asheratt, Hiram	1 00
Allen, Mrs R C	2 00
Allen, Rev R C	50
Allen, S W	1 00
Aten, Hannah	1 00
Aten, Joseph	1 00
Altman, Nora F.	2 00
Baird, Mrs R E	2 00
Baldwin, Mrs C A	50
Ballard, Alpheus. ...	2 00
Baker, Mrs C	1 00
Barker, I J	1 00
Barnitz, Mrs Dora C	50
Barnitz, Margie	50
Beaty, Mrs A H	1 00
Bellinger, Mr & Mrs F J.	2 00
Bennington, Nancy	2 00
Bergen, Mrs M H	3 00
Bergen, S S	1 00
Billeter, J A	25
Black, Mrs C E.	10 00
Blanchard, Lydia L	3 00
Blymyer, Mrs C W.	1 00
Boswell, John C	5 00
Boyd, Henry L	5 00
Bradson, Luisa	25
Brewster, Ella	1 00
Bromagem, Martha	1 00
Brooks, Mrs M A.	1 00
Brown, E R	1 00
Brown, W J	2 00
Browne, Mrs Jessie	40
Buck, W R	2 90
Bush, Mrs Lucy R	1 00
Butler, Mrs R M	1 00
Butler, Virginia	5 00
Byerly, Johnny	10
Calson, Mrs Jno	2 00
Carpenter, Mrs	25
Carpenter, Jos S	5 00
Carpenter, Oscar	05
Carson, M	1 00
Carson, Ralph	25
Cavanagh, John	1 00
Caverly, Mrs A A P.	2 00
Chaffee, D B	1 00
Chann, Mrs K S	1 00
Chrisman, Jno H	1 00
Clark, Mrs C	2 00
Clark, David M	1 00
Clark, Wm	6 00
Comstock, Mrs J T.	50
Conrad, James	05
Cooper, Richard	2 00
Corwin, Mrs J M	1 00
Cox, Mr & Mrs L A	1 50
Craig, Mrs H A	25
Crawford, Mrs S D	1 00
Crittenden, Mrs M E	2 00
Crocker, Mrs A E	1 00
Cronk, J.	1 50
Cross, Mrs Elizabeth.	2 00
Daily, Minnie D	30
Daniels, Mrs C M	2 00
Darling, Mrs F L	1 00
Davis, Mrs F A	2 00
Davis, Mrs Geo P.	2 00
Day, Mrs J S	1 00
Day, Norval	20
Demmler, Wm A.	30 00
Denniston, C W	25
Denny, G W & L A	1 00
Deyo, Mrs Jno H.	1 00
Dickey, J B.	5 00
Dikeman, M A	1 00
Dinsmore, C F	1 00
Domoney, Mrs F...	5 00
Doremus, Mrs S .	1 00
Doss, Mr & Mrs C	3 25
Douglas, Mary A J.	1 00
Drak, E A	1 00
Drake, G G.	1 00
Drape, Jas W.....	1 00
Drury, H M	2 00
Dunton, A F.	2 00
Durfee, J H.....	1 00
Dyer, Mrs Christine F	2 00
Dyke, Mrs John	2 00
Eames, Mrs H F	1 00
Easte, M J W.....	1 00
Edwards, A R G....	1 00
Edwards, W J	1 25
Eifort, J B.....	2 00
Ellis, T G	1 00
Emlet, David E	5 00
Emrick, Mrs Dr E M.	3 00
Ennis, D J	10 00
Fagan, Miss Lizzie	50
Fairchild, Clara	1 00
Falkner, K	2 00
Farrer, Washington	2 00
Fielden, Mrs W G	1 00
Firkins, O W	1 00
Fleharty, J H	25
Ford, Miss E..... ..	2 10
Fox, W A	25
Francis, D E R F ...	5 00
Fry, W H	1 00
Galbreath, Esther	50
Gallwas, Mrs F A	1 00
Gallwas, Mrs & S	2 00
Gerhart, H Minnie	2 00
Gibson, Mrs R	1 00
Gibson, Roy & Victor	25
Goldspohn, W F	1 00
Gorsuch, Mrs & N J..	5 00
Gowan, Mrs Thos....	25
Grant, Mrs S P ...	1 00
Gulson, Mary.....	1 00
Guyer, J S	1 00
Hadley, Mrs E	2 00
Hafner, Mrs Anna A	5 00
Hardie, T	1 00
Harger, Mrs M J	1 00
Harmon, Mrs I R....	1 00
Harrington, G L. ...	5 00
Harris, Belle M	1 00
Hart, P W	25
Harwood, H H	6 00
Hanne, E	5 00
Hay, W	1 00
Hayward, Mrs S T. .	1 00
Hedges, S J	1 00
Heim, Mrs E	2 00
Henrikson, S L.....	3 00
Hill, Arlie	25
Hill, Lois	10
Hill, Mr & Mrs T A..	1 00
Hill, Mrs Thos C...	2 00
Himler, Mr & Mrs E O	4 50
Hirsbrunner, J G .	1 00
Hoag, Jas W	5 00
Hobart, Hannah	1 00
Holden, Mrs L C.	5 00
Holmes, Miss L M	1 00
Holshue, Mary. ...	5 00
Horr, Mrs C B . .	1 00
Howard, C A B.. .	3 00
Howze, John M	1 00
Hudson, C D ..	5 00
Hunter, W H ...	3 00
Hutchinson, J G. .	5 00
Igou, John	2 00
Jackson, J G	2 50
Jamey, A ..	2 00
Jensen, N C	7 00
Johnson, Mr A B	25
Johnson, A, & wife	1 00
Johnson, Charlie	5 00
Johnson, Mrs D M	2 00
Johnston, Mrs A.	1 00
Johnston, J W...	2 00
Jones, Addie.	1 00
Jones, Ben P	5 00
Thompson, John H	1 00
Tillinghast, Mary E	2 00
Tilton, E	5 00
Tubbs, Mr & Mrs	5 00
Tufts, Geo D	2 00
Twiss, Mrs John	1 00
VanNest, Mrs Minnie	2 00
Van Ruschen, Ed ...	6 30
Vetter, Mary	2 00
Vincent, W H	1 00
Vivian, Mrs C E .	1 00
Wakerly, H J ..	1 00
Walker, A R. ..	1 00
Walker, June ...	1 00
Ward, Mrs E B	1 00
Ward, H H	10 00
Ward, John ..	1 00
Warner, Geo I	2 00
Warner, Jane A	1 00
Watt, Geo G	1 00
Weaver, Chas	25
Webster, Robt	1 00
Weightman, W H	3 00
Welch, Mrs H	1 00
Wesbrook, Mr & Mrs	1 00
Whedbee, Annie M	1 00
White, Lewis S	2 00
Wilden, Andrew H	1 00
Wileman, Joseph	1 00
Wilkey, L L	5 00
Williams, J F	2 00
Williams, W J. .. .	1 00
Wilson, Mrs H L	1 00
Wilson, Sadie A...	1 00
Winborough, Celia K	1 00
Winger, A	2 00
Wood, Mrs C J	1 00
Wood, R W	1 00
Wright, James	1 00
Wright, Mrs Mary C	1 00
Young, Mr and Mrs Wm S. .	2 00
Zieman, Chas T ..	2 00
Benjamin, Bridgeport	1 00
Marion and Louise Hartford	3 50
Will Mc, Cheotah,	2 50
B A R S, Wyoma.	1 00
C E O, Crown Point	2 00
D H, Phoenixville	2 00
E A V, Brook's Sta.	1 00
E B O, Amo	1 00
E C H, Sherman ...	1 00
E J G, Dayton	5 00
E M W, Charleston	1 00
E V S, Little Falls	1 00
E W, Lawrence	5 00
F Mc, Montreal....	2 00
H S W, Wheeler	1 00
I P, Westchester	1 00
I C L, M R and P C, Steep Falls	1 00
Mrs J M D and family, Wallkill	5 00
J A W, Tidionte	5 00
J B L, East Virgil.	1 00
J E T, Dunellen	1 00
J K B, Belleville....	5 00
J M B, Winchester	1 00
J R G, Oregonia....	20
L L B, Whitesboro	2 00
L O B, Glen Wilton	2 00
L T C, Woodlake	1 00
L D L, Axton..... .	1 00
L S and family, Chicago	5 00
M L H, Millersville	1 00
M E H, Plainfield...	5 00
M E P, Astoria....	1 00
McG's, Morristown .	3 00
M A C B, Milltown	1 00
M A O, W Phila	1 00
M M B, E Northfield	75
Mrs P C M, Fond du lac	1 00
S, Pompton	2 00
S H, Auburn. . .	3 00
W, Deerfield Center	2 00
W, Lebanon.....	1 00
——, Dunville ..	25
——, Glenbeulah . .	50
——, Hampton	2 00
——, Laingsburg.....	2 00
——, London . .	1 00
—— Masonic Home, Utica	3 00
——, Providence	2 00
—— Roslyn	1 00
—— Three Oaks	6 00
——, Whitefall ..	2 00
——, Winchester	2 00
A friend, Brooklyn .	3 00
Friends, Burlington	2 00
A friend in Canada	1 00
Friend Chagrin Falls	1 00
A friend, Granville	50
Friend, Henrytown..	1 00
Friend, Hunnewell.	1 00
Friends, Janesville	5 00
A friend, Merrillan	1 00
Friend, N C	2 00
Friend, W Ontario	1 00
Friend, Patchogue. .	2 00
A friend, Peru	1 00
Friend, Pittsfield. . .	1 00
Friend, Pukwana	5 00
Friend, Ridgeway .	1 00
A friend, Syracuse	1 00
A friend, Warwick .	1 00
A friend, Westbrook	2 00
Friend, Wolcott .	2 00
I H N, Brockton	1 00
I H N, Cedar Rapids.	25
I H N, Elizabeth .	1 00
I H N, Failsington	2 00
I H N, Fishkill	3 00
I H N, Kirtland .	1 00
I H N, Manchester	50
I H N, Mt Vernon	50 00
I H N, Oshawa....	1 00
I H N, by member of Red Cross, Santa Ana	3 25
In as much, Burlington	1 00
Reader, Atlanta.....	1 00
A Reader, Brooklyn	1 00
A Reader, De Funiah Springs .	2 00
Reader, Freys Bush	1 00
A Reader, Hudson	25
Reader, Mitlintown	1 00
A Reader, Parkman	1 00
A Reader, Warner	1 00
Subscriber, Colonial Beach ..	1 00
Subs'ber, Edgartown	1 00
Subscriber, Myrtle	25
Subscriber, Turin	1 00
Golden Rule Mission	
Circle of Union Ch, Gallitzin	5 25
Union S Sch, Capron	1 87
Y P S C E Lincolnville	1 00
Ji C F Prairie Centre	50
Christian, Atlanta .	5 00
Methusaieh, Boston	10 00
For Christ's sake	
Essex	5 00
Avon Rickfield Centre	10 00
Conversable Ladies	5 00
Jacksonville Pres Ch.	
Lax	5 00
Prospect Westwood	7 00
The Ladies' Wells Bexley	5 00
Y P S C E, 1st Presb. Ch., Delta	7 50
Total	$2242 50

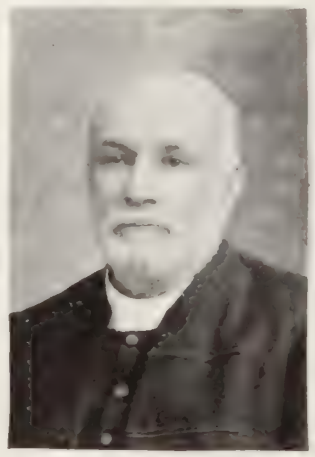
And over 100 others to be acknowledged next week.

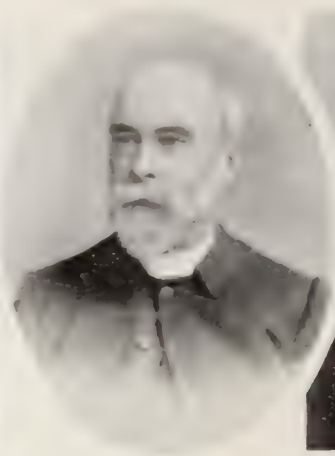
. . . The Presbyterian Family Reunion . . .

Meeting to be Held in Washington, D. C., of Representatives of Churches Holding the Presbyterian System

DR. W. G. BLAIKIE, Edinburgh

DR. WALLACE RADCLIFFE, Washington, D. C.





STATISTICAL tables give a list of twelve churches under the heading, Presbyterian, and there are, besides, three varieties of Dutch Reformed Churches which are practically under the Presbyterian system of church government, making in all fifteen denominations whose differences are of a minor character. All these have appointed delegates who will assemble in Washington, D. C., on September 27, for mutual conference and edification. They will continue in session until October 6, and have the prospect of a most enjoyable and stimulating time. This is the seventh of these family reunions that have been held, and if the list of delegates and the character of the programme may be taken as a guide, it will be one of the most important and beneficial of the series. The American Secretary, Rev. Wm. H. Roberts, D.D., LL.D., on whom has fallen the chief responsibility for this year's family conference, figures that it will represent eighty-six different denominational or national churches found on all the five continents, which churches have a total of members and adherents of about twenty-three millions.

The project of bringing together representatives of this large number of churches had its origin in the mind of the most eminent of Princeton's Presidents, Dr. James McCosh. In a history of the movement compiled for the use of the assembly, Dr. Roberts thus describes the early beginning of the project: "The idea of an organization including the several churches of the Protestant Reformation, was a favorite thought of many of the leading re- [illegible] was embodied in the second Book of Discipline of the Church of Scot- [illegible] and given a definite form in a section reading:

"There is besydes these, an uther mair gener- [illegible] of all nations and [illegible] within the Kirk, [illegible] universall Kirk of [illegible] may be callit properlie the Generall Assemblie or Generall Councell of the haill Kirk of God.

"The Synod of Dort, called by the States General of Holland, and meeting at Dort, 1618–1619, was the first of the ecumenical councils of the Reformed Churches. Invitations were sent to all the Protestant Churches, and the majority of them were represented by delegates, five of whom were from the Church of England. The Westminster Assembly, held in London, England, 1643-1652, was also in part representative of the unity of the Church, for commissioners were appointed or invited to it from the churches of Scotland, Ireland, and New England, as well as of England. That distinguished body was not therefore a local gathering, but has been justly regarded as the first of the ecclesiastical councils of English-speaking Christians. A little after the middle of the nineteenth century, influential Presbyterians in Great Britain and the United States began to suggest the forming of a general organization which should include all the Reformed Churches wherever found. Chief among these were Dr. McCosh, of Princeton and Dr. Blaikie, of the Free Church College, Edinburgh, Scotland. In the year 1870, Dr. McCosh gave expression to his views on the subject in a sermon preached before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., at Philadelphia, Pa. This was the first Assembly of the reunited Old and New School Churches, and the auspicious occasion furthered the suggestions made by him. In his discourse, Dr. McCosh said, 'It has long been a favorite idea of mine that all the Presbyterian Churches may be brought together at a Pan-Presbyterian Council at which each of them might be represented.'"

Dr. McCosh visited England and Ireland in furtherance of the project, and corresponded with representatives of churches in other European lands. Preliminary meetings were held for conference, and finally, on July 3, 1877, the first meeting of delegates was held in Edinburgh. Two hundred and twenty delegates and eighty associates assembled, representing forty-three churches. There "The Alliance of the Reformed churches throughout the world holding the Presbyterian System" was regularly organized, and has since been known as the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance. Meetings have since been held at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1880; Belfast, Ireland, in 1884; London, England, in 1888; Toronto, Canada, in 1892, and Glasgow, Scotland, in 1896.

The objects of the Alliance as defined by itself are "to consider questions of general interest to the Presbyterian community; to seek the welfare of churches, especially such as are weak or persecuted; to gather and disseminate information concerning the kingdom of Christ throughout the world; to commend the Presbyterian system as Scriptural, and as combining simplicity, efficiency and adaptation to all times and conditions; to entertain all subjects directly connected with the work of evangelization, such as the relation of the Christian Church to the evangelization of the world, the distribution of mission work, the combination of church energies, especially in reference to great cities and destitute districts, the training of ministers, the use of the press, colportage, the religious instruction of the young, the sanctification of the Sabbath, systematic beneficence, the suppression of intemperance and other prevailing vices, and the best methods of opposing infidelity and Romanism."

EX-MODERATOR U. S. A.

PRINCIPAL CAVEN, Toronto

PROF. S. D. F. SALMOND, Aberdeen

DR. W. H. ROBERTS, American Secretary

DELEGATES TO THE PAN PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL

The Gospel on the Great Lakes

Miss Emma C. Nason's Christian Work Among the Boatmen of Sault Ste. Marie

MANY readers of this journal are already familiar with the Gospel Mission conducted by Miss Emma C. Nason among the lumbermen and boatmen of the great northern lakes. The mission headquarters are at Sault Ste. Marie. Concerning [illegible] many a hand shake as "the boys" come ashore, that saves them from the "men traps." An invitation to the Mission Hall, where meetings are held every evening, has saved many sailor boys.

"One evening a young boatman from a [illegible] head to foot, was passing the Mission for a saloon. The evangelist stopped him at the door and with a smile and hand shake the boy was won. Later we heard of him at the other end of the lakes working to save others.

"A captain of a Detroit boat was saved from a hardened life by a sermon of Dr. Talmage, found in a package thrown on the boat, and not only wrote at once and thanked the Mission workers, but has attended the meetings whenever his boat stopped long enough. He is one of the Christian captains of the lakes.

"A crippled sailor, who had sailed on all the seas of the world, was an infidel when he was stranded here. A tract given him by an evangelist on the dock brought him to God, and although he had only one hand and that hand had only one finger and thumb, he went to work on the dock and gave in one month over two hundred packages of good reading to other boatmen. The tract costing less than a penny, saved this hardened old sailor and made him a missionary."

It is now ten years since Miss Nason began her missionary labors among the "loggers" and the boatmen. Friends in many States learned of her work and aided her in many ways. She is now assisted by a small army of King's Daughters, Christian Endeavorers and others, and by evangelists, Bible-readers and tract distributors, who gladly cooperate. [illegible] ties of religious literature have been distributed. Miss Nason's work, or [illegible] in the humblest way, has been blessed and prospered, and it is now carried on in six mission houses in the four cities of Ashland, Hurley, West Superior and Sault Ste. Marie. At the latter place, there is a Home for Women and a Men's Mission, both of which have been instrumental in doing much good to a very needy class. Many opportunities for extending her work are presenting themselves, but Miss Nason finds it difficult to continue it as already established. Funds are urgently needed. Contributions may be sent to this office for her.

Famine Waifs in India

RECENT letters from India give cheering news of the progress of the little orphans to whose support the missionaries are applying the funds contributed by our readers. Rev. W. A. Mansell, the Methodist Episcopal missionary at Sitapur, thoughtfully encloses in his letter two photographs of some of the children in his institution, which we reproduce on this page. The one group is of four girls who were saved from the famine and are now in Mr. Mansell's school at Hardoi. The other is a group of boys, also famine waifs, who are taught the art of carpet weaving by a native teacher. Mr. Mansell is thus giving them an industrial training which will enable them to earn a livelihood, as well as teaching them the great truths of Christianity. He writes: "We have been encouraged in the work by a number of beautiful transformations of character among those who have thus been taken in. One of the most earnest and spiritual prayers I ever heard was from Nihali, a young girl who, nine months before had been taken in as the first famine waif at Hardoi, and who, when she came, knew nothing at all of Christianity or religion. Private contributions from Christian friends, and especially the contributions that came through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund, made it possible to help in thousands of cases where, without this help, suffering and death must have been multiplied many fold. Only eternity will reveal how many lives were saved and how much good was done by these Christian contributions. We have now in the district which is in my charge four schools in which we have children who were gathered during the famine: A boys' school at Lucknow, with nearly forty boys; a girls' school at Hardoi, with sixty girls, and two schools at Sitapur—one for boys and one for girls—with eighty and a hundred pupils respectively. What we shall do with them when the fund from which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is now sending us help is exhausted I do not know. I wish some of your readers would adopt a child and pay for his or her support for a year or two. We can board, clothe and educate a child for $18 a year." We print Mr. Mansell's appeal and commend it to our readers.

RESCUED FAMINE GIRLS AT HARDOI, INDIA

REV. W. A. MANSELL'S Ffamine BOYS HAVING A LESSON IN CARPET WEAVING

It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish (Matt. 18: 14).

In Collision with an Iceberg.

A thrilling story of peril at sea was told by the passengers and crew of the Anchor Line steamer *City of Rome*, which arrived at New York from Glasgow, on September 5. The weather being thick, with a drizzling rain, on August 31, the speed of the steamer was reduced to one-quarter of the normal rate. The captain doubled the lookouts and stayed on the bridge the whole day. About five o'clock in the afternoon the fog lifted momentarily and the lookout forward cried out, "Ice dead ahead." The officers say that there was a huge iceberg not more than fifty feet away. It towered up to a great height and was covered with snow. Instantly the order was signalled to the engine room, "full speed astern," and the helm was thrown hard over to sheer the vessel to port to avoid the iceberg. The slow speed at which the vessel was going was greatly in her favor, but she had covered the fifty feet between her and the berg before she felt the backward pull of the propeller. But she was responding to the change of the helm when her bow struck the mountain of ice. There was a crash, a grinding and crunching, and the bow rose about seven feet, with a sideward list that made everything that was loose slide to port. Then she glided off smoothly and gracefully on an even keel. The only damage done was the breaking of the figure-head. As the collision occurred a thousand miles from port and there were 997 souls on board, the accident might have been a very serious one. The passengers were very thankful for their escape and they drew up a series of resolutions expressing their appreciation of the vigilance and the fidelity of the captain and his officers. It is clear that these latter were in no way to blame for the danger. The thermometer which usually indicates the approach of an iceberg had given no warning owing to the general coldness of the weather. It is so in the voyage of life. When the Christian is in a worldly atmosphere, his love and faith are liable to become cool, and he glides into dangerous situations without knowing that his spiritual life is in peril.

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation (Matt. 26: 41).

An Invasion of Butterflies

New Yorkers were astonished a few days ago by the advent of thousands of beautiful large butterflies. They came in clouds and spread themselves all over the city. In the parks they seemed at home, flying from tree to tree, and in the Brooklyn districts where there are trees in the streets they seemed quite happy; but in the busy streets of lower New York and along the water front they appeared to be bewildered and timid. They were chased by the boys, and many flew in at the open windows of offices, where they were caught and impaled. Many alighted on the surface cars, to which they clung with difficulty owing to the current of air. They disappeared almost as suddenly as they came, but where they went to no one knows. They were of a reddish brown hue, their wings marked with black lines. Some of the larger ones measured over four inches across their outstretched wings. Entomologists say that the scientific name of them is the *Danus Plexippus*. Where they came from is a mystery. Some entomologists think they came from the wooded country up the river, while others think the larvae were brought to the city in the bales of hay and were hatched here. Originally this species was found only in this country, but of late it has appeared in Europe and has spread to Asia and northern Africa. Though it can fly a long distance, it is not believed that it could cross the Atlantic. Its trans-Atlantic journey was probably made in the form of larvæ attached to hay or plants, and being hardy, made itself at home wheresover it was hatched. Entomologists believe that in a short time it will be found in every country on the globe. Happily they are not noxious, so no harm can come of their spreading thus insidiously over the world. It would be well if that could be said of everything that is thus unwittingly carried from land to land. There are moral poisons, which, like the germs of disease, are carried unconsciously from one people to another and work havoc wheresoever they appear.

Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump (I. Cor. 5: 6).

A $3,000 Conversation

Among the notable local events chronicled last week by a New York journal, was the fact that the telephone company had a bill for three thousand dollars against a Brooklyn subscriber for long-distance talks. It appears that the Brooklyn man asked to be put in communication with a subscriber in St. Louis, Mo. The talk between the two began at eight o'clock in the evening when the rate is five dollars for the first five minutes and a dollar a minute afterwards. It continued until six o'clock the next morning, when the day rate, which is double those figures, begins. Then the talk stopped, to be resumed at eight o'clock in the evening. For five nights the talk was continued all through the ten hours of the night rate, and on one morning it was carried on two hours at the day rate. In all the two men talked together for fifty-two hours at a cost of $3,116. The reporter of the journal publishing the incident, tried to ascertain the subject of the expensive conversation, but found all the persons who knew it, reticent. It must have been a very important matter to justify so large an expenditure. Probably they expect that the results of the conversation will more than reimburse them. If that principle of reckoning were generally adopted, how much would a man consider a sermon worth to him that was the means of saving his soul?

Albeit I do not say to thee, how thou owest unto me even thine own self besides (Philemon 19).

Telegraphic Warnings

A scientific journal says that, among the propositions brought forward, anent the introduction of wireless telegraph signaling, is that which contemplates the warning of vessels by equipping the shore with a double line of such signals, the outer or warning ones having a range of ten miles, and the inner or danger ones about three miles; thus the whole coast line would be covered with intersecting arcs of electric influence, within which vessels with suitable instruments would be able, even in the thickest fog or the heaviest weather, to obtain information of their whereabouts, their distance from land and the special danger to be avoided. Such a proposal, says a writer in the Providence *Journal*, according to what has already been demonstrated by the wireless telegraph, seems, on its face, quite feasible, and a test in actual practice, on a dangerous coast, would be viewed with interest by all nations. Its value would consist in informing a captain that he was approaching danger. It is presumed that if he knew his danger he would be upon his guard. The presumption is justified in the case of mariners, but unhappily it does not apply to voyagers on the ocean of life. Warnings do not always save men from moral and spiritual shipwreck.

They mocked the messengers of God, and despised his words, and misused his prophets until the wrath of the Lord arose against his people, and there was no remedy (II. Chron. 36: 16).

BRIEF NOTES

The tobacco consumed in Great Britain and Ireland last year was over eighty million pounds, the retail price of which was at least $81,116,905.

The Church Missionary Society has just sent out its two thousand and third European missionary. The one thousandth missionary sailed in 1880.

Dr. Ladd, of Yale University, is proceeding to India to deliver lectures on Christianity on the Haskell foundation, in succession to Dr. Fairbairn. He will lecture in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, and probably in some smaller cities.

A Half-night of Prayer was held at the headquarters of the Salvation Army in New York, on September 14. Its object was to get personal reconsecration for workers and professing Christians for the fall and winter campaign.

The Anti-Semitic movement appears to be on the increase in several European lands. In the Polish province of Lubin the regulations against the Jews are very severe. Any householder renting lodgings to a Jew incurs a fine of twenty-five dollars.

The Moravian Church spent in foreign missionary work during the last fiscal year $380,776, which leaves a deficiency of $59,340. It has in its various fields 403 missionaries and 1,914 native helpers. This does not include its leper asylum in Jerusalem nor its missions in Bohemia and Moravia.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, having concluded his post conference work at Northfield, Mass., is taking a tour through this country and Canada. The remainder of this month he spends at Toronto, Montreal and Rochester, N. Y. In October he will preach in Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, New York and Brooklyn.

Mr. Bramwell Booth, who is next to his father, Gen. Booth, in command of the Salvation Army, estimates that the money that will be needed for the year's work of the Army will not be less than two million three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. He has issued an appeal for help on the ground that the members of the Army are poor.

The death of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, which occurred on the morning of September 12, has caused sincere sorrow in religious circles. Mr. Vanderbilt's interest in the spiritual welfare of railroad men and his generous support of Young Men's Christian Associations have been the means of good to many souls. His death will be a heavy loss to many good causes.

At the Gospel Tent "Glad Tidings" in New York, services have been conducted by the Rev. John Robertson, of Glasgow, and Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. The audiences have been larger than ever. Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, who has general charge of the work, writes that the movement is increasing in force and depth and that the results are truly wonderful.

Hawaii is taking an active interest in the evangelization of the Philippines. Already arrangements have been made for a Hawaiian mission in the island of Mindanao and $[illegible]00 has been raised to inaugurate it. Two brothers named Castino, natives of Guam, but residents of Honolulu for thirty years and highly esteemed in Christian work, have returned to Guam to labor there as missionaries, one of them with his wife and [illegible].

A writer in the *Interior* points out that the conditions in the religious world are precisely those which in philosophy, politics and science have always preceded the appearance of some great leader who has separated the real from the visionary and has proved an epoch-maker. Such a religious leader, he says, will surely appear shortly. Those Christians who are looking for the speedy appearance of Christ will appreciate this remarkable deliverance.

THE WAR CLOUD IN THE TRANSVAAL

British and Boer Armies on the Frontier—The Questions at Issue—Photographs of the Transvaal by a Special Correspondent

FOR the second time within a period of twenty years, the armies of Great Britain and the Boer Republic are confronting each other on the borders of the Transvaal. Ever since the memorable campaign of 1881, there has been a subdued antagonism between the British and the Dutch elements in South Africa, which threatened at any time to assume an acute form. Under the administration of President Paul Kruger, the Transvaal, while materially prosperous, has made little advance in its relations with the great outside world. Its people were apparently satisfied with agriculture and stock raising, and although they possessed a country whose mineral riches made it a second Ophir, they preferred their pastoral lives and crude ways to all the advantages which the full development of their territory would have brought them. They discouraged immigration; but, in these pushing, modern days, it is impossible to shut the doors, even of a little South African state, against enterprising newcomers, and as the British were the most populous and pushing of the Transvaal's neighbors, many of that nationality found their way into the Dutch Republic and opened up business relations with the Boers.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF JOHANNESBURG, TRANSVAAL

It is not necessary here to tell the story of the gradual development of the famous Transvaal mines; of the almost fabulous wealth they disclosed; of the British capital and enterprise that were employed in their development; the concessions that were secured at enormous outlay by the miners, and the excessive burdens, to which they had to submit. The "Uitlanders," as they were denominated by the Boers, were from the first regarded as a prime source of revenue for the Transvaal treasury. As time passed and foreign interests and taxation increased together, the "Uitlanders," now greatly augmented in numbers and constituting a very important part of the population, began an agitation for legislative representation to which they considered they were entitled in view of the fact that they contributed so heavily to the state revenues. Practically everything connected with their mining and other business operations was taxed to the last scruple. Dynamite, largely used in their work, was a monoply in the hands of a Boer company, which charged double prices and divided with a "ring"; railroad freight was set at exorbitant rates, and in many other respects discrimination was made against them. It was even claimed that [illegible] in a Transvaal court.

The position of the "Uitlanders" [illegible] Failing in the effort to secure representation, they demanded to be admitted as citizens, but the laws of the republic were so framed as to postpone almost to a time [illegible] the control of [illegible]. This was the situation when the famous "Jameson raid" took place three years ago, resulting so disastrously to the raiders.

But the recent developments have added new complications. Secretary Chamberlain, in the later diplomatic [illegible] over the Transvaal, under the conventions between the two governments drawn up in 1881 and 1884. He contends that while granting to the Transvaal internal independence, suzerain rights were specifically reserved. Replying, President Kruger repudiates absolutely the claim of suzerainship. He admits Britain's right to protect her subjects, however, and suggests a joint commission to arbitrate all the points at issue, except that of suzerainty, which is denied. To this formal proposition, no answer has yet been received from Mr. Chamberlain, and as the Boer plan includes the appointment of a third or foreign representative on the proposed Arbitration Board, it is unlikely that Mr. Chamberlain will consent. The impression in England seems to be that unless the claim of suzerainty is dropped, the Boers will place such a force in the field as will compel England to have a powerful army to maintain her claims. On the issue of the present dispute, hangs the whole question of British supremacy in South Africa. Both countries are greatly excited over the situation and war feeling runs high. England is preparing to send several regiments from the United Kingdom to Natal, and a number of Indian regiments are already *en route* to the Cape from Simla. It is expected that the Transvaal's available fighting force will not be less than 20,000 strong. Johannesburg is practically deserted by foreigners, in view of the imminence of hostilities, and business is almost at a standstill. At a recent meeting of the Raad (or Lower Parliament), President Kruger arose and solemnly declared "in the presence of the Almighty," that the Transvaal was not and never had been a suzerain of Great Britain. At the same time, he counseled moderation on the part of his associates, and

DIAMOND MINE OWNERS AND KAFFIR WORKMEN

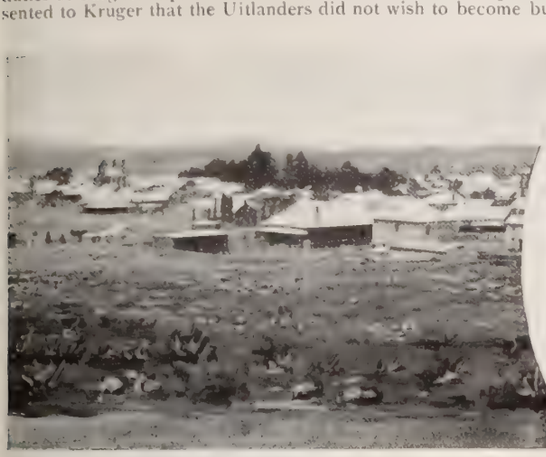
PRESIDENT PAUL KRUGER

WASHING DIAMONDS OUT OF THE BLUE CLAY IN THE MINES

KAFFIR WORKERS AT THE KIMBERLEY MINES

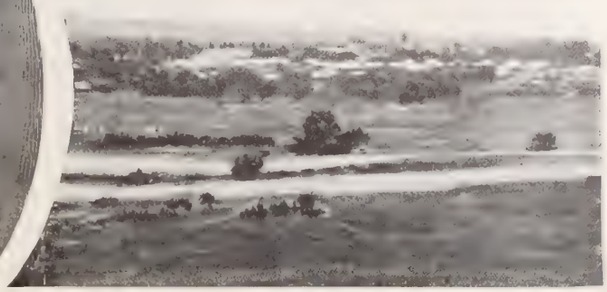
MOUNTED BOER SHARPSHOOTERS

urged them to wait patiently for Mr. Chamberlain's reply. In an interview given to a correspondent at Pretoria, President Kruger has defined the attitude of the Boer government in these words: "The foreigners want all the privileges of citizenship, but they refuse to bear its most important burdens. They protested against being *commandeered* in 1895, though this was a test of their willingness to assume the duties of burghership. Baron Loch, then Governor of Cape Colony, represented to Kruger that the Uitlanders did not wish to become burghers,



BLOEMFONTEIN, ORANGE FREE STATE

HON. CECIL RHODES



PRETORIA, THE CAPITAL OF THE TRANSVAAL

therefore he (Kruger) induced the Raad to exempt them. Later, he invited the Uitlanders to take part in the Malabach campaign, in which the Boers were then engaged, and those Uitlanders who accepted this proposition received full burghership rights." President Kruger further explained that the Convention of 1884 gave the Uitlanders civil rights, but did not confer political rights. He had desired to give them political rights by inducing them to accept military duty, but this almost all refused to do. This statement on the part of the Boer President is supplemented by a declaration from General Joubert, Commander-in-Chief of the Boer forces, that "no concession will be made to the British demands," and that that country must now either recede from her position on the questions at issue with the Transvaal, or she must fight. This firm tone is prevalent among the Boers generally. The debates in the Raad have been exceedingly warlike, and many of the delegates have demanded that, as an answer to the mobilization of British troops on the Transvaal frontier, the Boers should send a strong force to take up a strategic position and be in readiness to strike the first blow. During the recent negotiations, the Boer leaders have been quietly preparing for emergencies. A large force of riflemen have advanced within striking distance of the Pass dividing the Transvaal from Natal. These troops are said to be the best in Joubert's army—all trained sharpshooters—and they have camped a day's march from the Pass, which they can seize in ample time to check the advance of a much larger force from the unprotected plain, and thus hold the frontier against invaders. The presence of the Boers near the Pass has caused a panic in Newcastle, which lies in an exposed position, and the authorities of that town, anticipating trouble, have called for reinforcements to come to their defence.

A recent writer recalls what Livingstone wrote, concerning these Boers, more than fifty years ago. He characterized them as a sober, industrious and hospitable peasantry, but opposed to the introduction of innovations, and particularly to the work of Christian missionaries. He found them antagonistic to English laws because those laws made no distinction between black men and white. Doubtless, there is a great deal to be said in behalf of the Boers also. They have been, for many years, the target of all sorts of bold adventurous schemes and undertakings, and their rich territory has been coveted by so many, that they have naturally, and perhaps excusably, become suspicious of governments and treaties. In the interest of humanity, it is to be hoped that the proposed plan of arbitration will prevail.

MARKET SQUARE, JOHANNESBURG

COMMISSIONER STREET, JOHANNESBURG, LOOKING WEST

A GROUP OF BOER RIFLEMEN ON THE "COMMANDO"

RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

A PUBLIC GATHERING IN A JOHANNESBURG STREET

On the Master's Service

A Story of a Christian Pastor's Tribulations and Comforts In an Unappreciative Parish

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

DEACON [illegible] bath evening, when the pews were thinly filled, nudged Deacon Simpson on the shoulder. "Stop in a minute or two on your way home," he said.

The second deacon nodded. "I'll just leave Marthy in the house," he answered. "and I'll be 'round."

Both deacons were elderly men, the one tall, spare, and grizzled; the other, round, rosy and baldheaded. They had been boys together, and for years had run the affairs of the Black Hill township and the Black Hill church. Nothing went there except as Deacon Baldwin moved and Deacon Simpson seconded it, and the two had sometimes the air of conspirators as they planned, not to say "plotted" together for the best interests of their neighbors. At present the senior deacon was in a mood which might well be called disgruntled. He did not like his pastor, and thought that the church was not being carried on according to business principles, and the present desire uppermost in his mind was to induce Mr. Bancroft to resign—"peaceably, if we can; forcibly, if we must," he said to himself as he weeded his garden, or weighed out sugar and butter for his customers at the country store. "The church doesn't grow." He wagged his head solemnly and thrust out the tip of his tongue a little way, as was his habit when he spoke with conviction.

"Yes, brother," replied Deacon Simpson, "but then the question is, how is it to grow in a place like Black Hill? We've got all the town there is, seems to me."

"We'd ought to draw in the young people from Topping Centre and Windy Heights. Moonlight nights, there'd ought to be courtin' couples drivin' in from ten miles round. Mr. Bancroft just jogs on: he don't announce novelties, and people demand novelties nowadays."

"Seems to me we can't do much while his salary ain't paid up," said Deacon Simpson, anxiously. "We owe him three months now, and winter's coming in, and he can't leave till we've settled accounts."

"Who's talking about his leaving?" said Deacon Baldwin, shifting his ground. "A successful man never has any trouble about salary—the salary's there. The pews bring it in, an' the collections. Mr. Bancroft's got no grit, or he'd get his salary. Did I ever tell you about the time I went to Elsmore to visit my wife's second cousin, and the way the preacher took up the collection that day? No? Then I'll tell you now. Aaron Simpson, and you'll see what I mean when I complain that our minister 's too timorous.

"They'd ben a-shinglin' the roof, and the money hed to be raised to pay the bill. When the sermon and the other exercises was over, the preacher said: 'Now we'll take up the offering. The offering's got to be large this mornin' to pay for repairs to this edifice. The elements used to beat in through the leaks in the sanctuary ceiling, and we had to have the roof fixed; fixing it cost money, and the money 's now due. Brethren, shut the door and pass the plates.'

"The plates were passed and the money was counted. It was not enough. The minister looked firmly down at the congregation. 'Brethren,' he said, 'lock them doors and give me the key. Not a soul leaves here till we have the hull amount necessary. Sing "Saved by Grace," and pass the plates again.'

"The amount was again counted. It was larger than before, but it was not yet enough.

"The preacher rose again in his place, looking very sad and stern, like a father when he's obliged to make a stand with his boys, or a teacher when he's downright mad.

"'Friends,' he said 'the doors are locked, and I've got the key in my pocket. This congregation won't be let to go home till this money for the roof is raised. Your dinners are waiting. Some of you have babies crying at home. Some of you has given till you've felt it, but none of you has been squeezed yet. I tell you this is a case of squeeze. 'Lyddy,' addressing one of the singers, 'step out and give us a solo, while the plates go round the third time. Then we'll all rise and roll out grandly, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."'

"A couple of dudes in the back seat, young men from the city, turned their purses inside out that time, an' the money was raised. What do you think of that? Wasn't he a hustler, Brother Simpson?"

"All I've got to say is that Brother Bancroft couldn't do such a thing, and you wouldn't like it if he could. But I agree with you that he's got into a rut, and a change would be a good thing—perhaps. I've nothing against Mr. Bancroft as a man. He's a fine fellow; personally I like him, but I think somebody else might do better for the Black H[illegible]

It's always a rather sorrowful crisis which has come to the church, when the leading men begin making the above distinction as they describe their feelings.

"Father," called a voice from the bedroom, on the same floor with the sittingroom, in which the two deacons were holding their evening pow-wow, [illegible]

"Well, Mother?"

The Deacon was always a little subdued by his wife.

"If you and Deacon Simpson are goin' to talk much longer, would you mind adjournin' to the parlor?"

"I'm just off," said Deacon Simpson, with a glance at the clock, which was on the eve of striking ten. "We'll continue this subject later on. Marthy 'll be wonderin' what's become of me."

As Deacon Baldwin shut and barred the door, a figure in a white nightdress emerged from the chamber. Mrs. Baldwin had thrust her feet into carpet slippers, and drawn a little checked shawl around her shoulders. She seated herself in a rocker, and looked inquiringly at her husband.

"Wot call have you and Deacon Simpson to be sittin' up so late Sunday nights, pullin' the minister to pieces?"

"I'll not be questioned, Mother."

"I want to know, I say, Robert Baldwin, wot call has Aaron putterin' 'round here so often after prayer-meetin's? I don't like it, an' I won't have it."

"There—there—Lucinda, keep quiet, do. There's no occasion for you to be stirred up. Fact is, we feel as if Mr. Bancroft's period of usefulness was about over, and we're devisin' some easy way of letting him know our opinion."

"I thought as much."

Mrs. Baldwin rose, and turned her face toward her bedroom door. "Put out the lamp, Robert, and go to your bed. You seem to have clean forgot our little Mary, and how good the minister was to her, how he loved her, how she clung to him. No: Robert, say no more to me. I'm goin' to sleep. Good night."

A similar remonstrance was in store for Deacon Simpson when he went home. Whatever the men of the parish might want, the women were solidly for their pastor. He had baptized and administered communion; he had married some of his people, and stood by the sick-beds of others, and everywhere he had brought cheer and comfort and wise counsel. Yet there were those who, because of a deficit in the treasury, easily accounted for in the changed conditions of the place, the fewness of men of means, and the absence of young people, many of whom had sought the city as a better field for earning money, were desirous that the brave and self-denying man of God should leave them. He felt the alienated atmosphere, [illegible] the bread of life to starving souls. The cold weather was approaching, and Mr. Bancroft badly needed a new overcoat, which he could not buy unless his salary was paid. Nevertheless, he resolved to make the old one, thin and threadbare, do, if he could not get another, and day by day he was seen riding his white pony over the hills, stopping at this and the other lonely cabin, and talking to men as they ploughed, or dragged, or sowed, whatever their work might be. To many a weary house-mother his call brought rest and joy; to many a fevered child he carried medicine for the body as for the mind; many a secret was whispered in his ear, and many a feud he healed.

As the malcontent deacons discussed Mr. Bancroft, he was calmly reading his New Testament, by the light of his single luxury, an astral lamp. And this was what he read, before he, too, sought his pillow on the night of our story: "Suffer hardship with me, as a good soldier of Christ Jesus. No soldier on service entangleth himself in the affairs of this life, that he may please him who enrolled him as a soldier."

"Yes, Brother Paul the Apostle," said the modern follower of Jesus, looking up to an invisible heaven, "I, too, belong to your company. I, too, for Christ's sake, can endure hardship. I, too, am a soldier on service." And, far into the night, he mused and prayed.

A group of people were gathered at five o'clock the next day in the store, which was also the Post Office, waiting for the mail. Deacon Baldwin, Deacon Simpson, and half the village were there, when a wild-eyed apparition, in the usual garb of a mountaineer, trousers tucked into high top boots, a wide slouch hat on his head, a man unkempt, and rough as his own hills, rushed in, with haste and fury.

"I want the Holy Ghost man," he cried. "Where does he live? My little Harry is dying. Tell me how to find the Holy Ghost man."

A hush fell for a second or two, as the cry for help smote like a sharp sword across the gossip about Jersey cows, and the patter of town politics. Then, a little maid in a blue cotton frock, and a slatted sunbonnet, looked up, with her violet eyes shining, and her sweet bell-like voice was the man's answer. She stood in the doorway, near the questioner.

"Mr. Bancroft lives over there," pointing with a slender, brown finger, "next to the church. He's our minister."

The next minute, the mountaineer was rapping loudly on the parsonage door. Presently Mr. Bancroft came out, and after a moment's converse, the listeners at the store heard him say:

"All right, Jack, keep up your courage. Tell Harry I'm coming. Maybe he's not so bad as you think, and please God, we'll pull him through. But if not, you and I will trust God."

In the silence of the afternoon the even tones of the minister, though not raised, carried clearly, and many heard them. The man called Jack mounted his horse and galloped madly away, and in five minutes, on his white pony, Mr. Bancroft was racing after him.

"The Holy Ghost man!" "Yes," said the little maid. "My aunt Phebe lives yonder in the hollow, up on Tom, and she says the people 'round there call Mr. Bancroft that, for they think God is all the time with him."

Could those thoughtful people have followed and entered Jack Holcomb's small cabin, they would have seen their pastor, first, as he stooped on reaching the low door, say solemnly:

"Peace be to this house!" Next, on his knees, by Harry's bed he would have uttered a prayer, tender and very simple, to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; just a simple, brief, earnest petition, for the minister always talked to God as a man talks to his friend. Then lifting the gasping and apparently dying lad in his strong arms, they would have seen him bear the child outside under the trees, away from the close and suffocating air, thick with odors of fried food, stale coffee and tobacco, and calling for water from the spring, they would have watched him bathe the child while he administered spoonfuls of hot milk and [illegible] work and the minister could say:

"Harry will do, but you must have open windows all night; I'll be back very early. Please [illegible] ness."

[illegible] to gather into his kind arms that [illegible] pastor sought his home.

In the group at the post office there had been a stranger, a man from a distant city, who had been a witness to the little scene.

"So they call your minister the Holy Ghost man, do they?" he said to Deacon Baldwin.

"Yes," the deacon hesitated, "he ain't [illegible] store by him back there in the mountains. They're a wild, ignorant lot, very poor, and they won't come to hear the Gospel."

"So your pastor carries it to them: that [illegible] over a Sunday and hear him preach. That kind of man ought to have a chance at souls in a bigger place where there are more of them. I shouldn't wonder if you people were poor judges of preaching."

The deacon frowned, but the newcomer was buying a generous bill of goods for a farm which, it seemed, he had lately purchased in the neighborhood, so he deemed it best not to notice the last remark.

But no one was to hear the Holy Ghost man in Black Hill pulpit for many a day. The pony, so sure of foot that she could go anywhere in the dark on the [illegible] stumbled on a loose stone and fell, pitching her rider over her head. She trotted home alone, and those who went to seek the minister found him lying, an unconscious heap, at the foot of one of the [illegible] ing beside him. Whether or not he will again take up his work men cannot now tell, but hillmen and villagers alike are now praying that their Holy Ghost man may be spared to them.

The two deacons wear faces of shame amid the general compassion, and the little maid in her blue cotton frock comes every day to answer the parsonage door and tell sorrowful inquirers what the doctor said on his last visit.

Margaret E. Sangster

The Steele Orphanage Burned

A sad occurrence is reported from Chattanooga, Tenn. On August 3, the Steele Home for Needy Children—an institution with whose work many of our readers are familiar—caught fire and was almost totally destroyed. Mrs. A. S. Steele, the founder of the Home, came to Chattanooga nineteen years ago to help the poor. She felt that something permanent should be done for relieving and training the poor colored children of the city, and she undertook the task herself, devoting to it all her energies and her means. The Home has cared for 674 needy children, fifty-six of whom have married, and 192 have been sent to industrial schools at Mrs. Steele's expense to learn trades. More than 200 are out in homes. There were 157 in the building at the time of the fire, but all escaped safely.

The founder has never had wages or salary for her services. She never solicited aid, yet she has received voluntary gifts from many friends. Mrs. Steele personally knew George Muller, who founded the great orphanage in Bristol, England.

"I ventured to undertake a small work here on his plan," she explained, "and have kept out of debt and received many tokens of friendliness. Had it not been for legacies left me by a few dear friends and relatives, together with my inheritance from my father's estate, it seems as if the work must have stopped. Thus far we have been kept from want."

Mrs. Steele will make an effort to rebuild the Home, and hopes to have the assistance of friends of the work in doing so.

· One · Godly · Woman's · Work ·

Miss Mattie Smith's Pioneer Missionary Labors on Barren Island—A Strange Field, Long Neglected

BARREN ISLAND is a stretch of sandy waste, lying on the fringe of the Atlantic Ocean, off Rockaway, on the Long Island coast. In former years it was a lonely and neglected spot, undesirable for dwellers on

A TYPICAL BARREN ISLAND HOME

account of its exposure to the fury and violence of the Atlantic gales, and the swift currents and eddies that surround it on every side. In late years, it has been used as a site for the reception and destruction of New York City garbage, and this peculiar industry has brought to the island a considerable-sized population, now about 1,500 in all. The island is not only barren in a physical sense, but until a year ago, it was spiritually a desert, for there was neither church nor Sunday School, and the islanders and their children were absolutely without religious privileges.

Early in 1898, Miss Mattie A. Smith, an earnest Christian woman, of Brooklyn, visited the island, her attention having been called to its needs by some one who had already been there, and who had wondered why a place so near to the great metropolis, and almost under the shadow of the City of Churches, should yet be as devoid of church, school or mission as any part of Central Africa. From the time of Miss Smith's first trip to Barren Island, its spiritual development may be dated. She soon succeeded in enlisting the co-operation of Christian friends in the metropolis, and within a few weeks she established an island Sunday School. This was followed by a regular Young People's Meeting at 7 P.M. Sunday, and by Sunday evening Gospel services and Mother's Meetings on Thursday afternoons. The Sunday School now numbers nearly 200. There is an infant-class, which is held in the sitting-room of a poor neighbor's house, and the little tots sit on the floor and listen, rapt and wide-eyed, to the old sweet Gospel story, as it falls from the teacher's lips.

At first, the task of redeeming Barren Island from its condition of spiritual ignorance seemed appalling, especially to a woman. But soon the missionary got on friendly terms with the island population, and found many ready to heartily cooperate in her work. There were five saloons on the island, and drunkenness was prevalent. Two of these have been closed since the missionary work began. The island police have befriended the missionary and aided her in many ways, the Captain attending and even taking a leading part in the Gospel services on Sunday evenings. Profanity used to be a common evil among the people, even children indulging in the most shocking language. This is now disappearing, and where curses and brawls were common, Gospel hymns may now be heard in island homes. All the services are well attended.

In speaking of her work on Barren Island Miss Smith says: "We expect soon to have a sewing school for children; and also teach them to sing. I have succeeded in getting an organ. My heart was touched when I learned that some of the colored people, of which there are a number, offered to help pay for the organ that they might have the privilege of attending the school. I have announced services for the colored people Sunday mornings, at half past ten, and I hope to open a Bible school for the colored children in one of the homes.

"God prepared the hearts of these people for the Gospel," she added devoutly. "There is a hunger for the Word, which nothing but the Holy Spirit could give. Backsliders, who have not been inside of a church for years, have been graciously reclaimed. Some have stopped swearing, drinking and working on the Lord's Day.

"I formed a reading-room, where men working at the factory could congregate. On the tables I put a few books and secular papers—all I had. Next I brought them Bibles, and some religious literature, and all became deeply interested; but they clamor for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I could only supply them with a couple of copies weekly (a gift of friends). These people are hungry for good reading. Indeed, the whole island has been changed by the Gospel, and I feel sure that the Lord will not allow the work to languish."

THE BARREN ISLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL

Among other plans for the development of this island mission work, a church, to be called the Equintada Chapel, is projected and the corner-stone was laid on May 27 last on two lots presented to the mission by Mr. Byron Whitcomb, of Flatlands. The church will have to be raised on piles, to prevent it being floated at high tide, for, like many other buildings on Barren Island, it will no doubt often be at the mercy of the waves. Miss Smith hopes to secure sufficient funds to carry the church structure forward to completion. She has the utmost confidence that the same Divine influence which opened up a way for the mission work on the island, will supply all that is needed for its continuance.

Our photographs on this page afford an idea of the nature of the work carried on by the pioneer missionary and also give a glimpse of the younger generation of Barren Islanders. The Sabbath School pupils were all assembled in the little school-house, dressed in their best, awaiting the photographer's coming, for the occasion was an event in their lives.

From being thriftless and shiftless, the islanders, under the influence of Gospel teaching and Christian example, are becoming orderly and enterprising. Their homes are cleaner and their faces brighter. They greet the kindly missionary with loving words, as she goes on her way and their hearts go out to her all the more because they know that her work is done without expectation of reward.

The Nachtmahl

Sacrament Day Among the Dutch Boers of the Transvaal

IT is a very touching spectacle, the sight of the *Nachtmahl* (night meal), held every three months among the Dutch Boers of South Africa. Bloemfontein, though the capital of Orange Free State is closely allied to the Transvaal, its neighbor, by ties of consanguinity, of sympathy, and of soil. The city boasts an English Episcopal church and a Roman Catholic church, and has its bishopric and cathedral. But the pulse of the people beats toward the spire of the large Dutch church in the centre of the town. It stands in the middle of an open square, or park. While the soft, lustrous moonlight of an African night is falling across the gardens and streams of little Bloemfontein; while the "White House"—the residence of the President of the Orange Free State—is lit up with the meetings consequent upon these rumors of war, a curious scene is going on. From the old red-brick farmhouses far across the plains and hills, the farmers and their families have been on the *trekk* since before dawn, traveling toward the *Nachtmahl*. To *trekk*, in South African parlance is to travel in bullock-wagons.

TEACHERS AND PARENTS

From the door-sill of the old Dutch farm-house, the wagons have started. The travelers wave farewell to the orchard, the clumps of willow trees and the gum trees around the old red building, which looks like an oasis in the spacious *Veld*. The farmer's family wears a serious, wonderful smile upon its lips; they are going onward to the solemn *Nachtmahl*. The family squeezes itself into the old bullock-wagon.

Now, this bullock-wagon of the Transvaal resembles nothing so much as the poke-bonnet of our great-grandmother of daguerreotype remembrances. Provisions can be stowed away in it for a week. Intelligently driven, the bullock-wagon may make thirty miles a day. As it rolls on, with its lazy but steady gait, it passes through the mountain defile and along the dark ravine, clothed with fir trees, through the silences of the South African hill country. The day begins to wear toward sunset, and the colors across the sky record the crimsons of God, as these simple farmer-folk enter the Dutch town to partake of their great solemnity—the Crimson Chalice of the *Nachtmahl*. All over the Transvaal to-night, in its little towns, the same touching scene is going on. In the smaller towns, the farmers' families will occupy little clay houses of scant accommodations for a family's comfort; or else *outspan* on the square itself, around the church's spire.

The "family" that emerges from the bullock-wagon is a quaint one to look upon. The Dutch *vrouws* wear their Sunday clothes, in the shape of a "rappie" (sunbonnet) and a fine calico gown. The farmer who comes to town for the *Nachtmahl* wears a yellow jacket, a flannel shirt, brown vest and trousers, and *schoen* (low shoes). His broad, slouch hat is lined with green. His face is stolid, but shrewd. His whole body expresses splendid physical endurance.

Fires have been kindled all around the church's spire. Groups of these quaint Dutch Boers, men and women, are sitting around the flame, talking of sacred things in the roughest dialect of the world. The solemnity of the *Nachtmahl* is already on their faces. In the black shadows, the oxen are sleeping, and the little children, too, sleeping beside them. It is all very still.

The *Nachtmahl* on the morrow, in the old Dutch church, is a very solemn sight. As the bread and the wine are passed around, the tears of unfettered devotion stay upon the rough cheek of the Dutch farmer. The good *vrouw* is weeping quietly. The children are awed in the sacred silence as they gaze upon it all. The hymn:

"O Sacred Head surrounded
With crown of piercing thorns, . . ."

started by the leader, is taken up in a great wave of devotion that swells through the church. What vows and tears are in its cadences! It unites those shores washed by the Indian Ocean with the home-lands. There is no here, no there! for those who say together "Our Father."

In times of State peril, the *Nachtmahl's* closing hymn is the Dutch version of the grand old

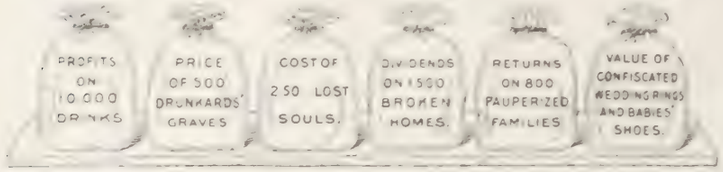
"Ein' feste Burg is unser Gott."

One may almost hear its echo thunder from those stout old lips along the Transvaal to-night. For the State is on the brink of conflict.

LUCY CLEVELAND.

Shall the Saloons Contribute?

An Emphatic "No" From Many Correspondents—The Negative Side of the Great Debate


PROFITS ON 10,000 DRINKS
PRICE OF 500 DRUNKARDS' GRAVES
COST OF 250 LOST SOULS.
DIVIDENDS ON 1500 BROKEN HOMES.
RETURNS ON 800 PAUPERIZED FAMILIES
VALUE OF CONFISCATED WEDDING RINGS AND BABIES' SHOES.

EVERY passing day increases the interest that is felt all over the country in the remarkable discussion now going on in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on the question: "Is a church justified in accepting a gift of money from a saloon-keeper, in aid of its missionary and other spiritual work?" This week, as previously announced, we devote the available space to the letters received from those who hold to the negative side of the discussion. It will be seen that all stations of life and pratically every religious denomination are represented in the letters published below:

W. T. Irons, Alton, Ia., writes:

Our cause is one separate from the world and is strictly pure. God's command to his ancient people was a sacrifice without blemish. Therefore, the church should be free from taking any gift of money from the saloon-keeper and the church will never be spiritually alive and prosperous until it is wholly supported by consecrated means received from consecrated men and women.

W. J. W., Crossville, Ill., writes:

I know of a church which received $100.00 from a saloon-keeper in building their new house, about five years ago, and I believe that church has paid more money to the saloon than they do to their preacher. The preacher says he has often sat on the opposite side of the street and seen his members go in and out of the saloon. He has talked to them about it and preached, but to no purpose, and he is obliged to work at farming and ditching for a living. That saloon man has received his $100.00 back with compound interest.

Elder Joseph Chambers, San Diego, Calif., writes:

My opinion is: God's real church does not accept contaminated social or financial help from the spirit of the world, the flesh or the devil, with his approval. Nothing impure in motive can redeem. His holiness alone does or can save from or destroy sin.

Miss S. J. McG., Medina, O., writes:

I would kindly, but decidedly, decline the proffered gift, for the following reasons: God's people are a peculiar and a holy people, sat apart for his glory (Ex. 19: 5; Deut. 14: 2: 26: 18; Psa. 135: 4; Titus 2: 14; I. Peter 2: 9). As such we have nothing in common with those whose lives are a reproach to God (Matt. 6: 24; I. Cor. 5: 11: 10: 21; Eph. 5: 11; II. Thes. 3: 6, 14). All our offerings to be acceptable, must be without blemish (Lev. 22: 21-25; Deut. 15: 21, 17: 1; Mal. 1: 8, 13, 14). No stranger's offering—that is, one out of Christ—shall be accepted (Ex. 30: 9; Lev. 22: 25; Num. 3: 10: 16: 40; Ezra 4: 1-3; Neh. 2: 20; Psa. 50: 9; Prov. 21: 27: 28: 6). The priest who presumes to offer an unholy offering on God's altar is accursed (Lev. 10: 1-3). But what is directly to the point in this case is, that God has *a special curse for the man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips* (Hab. 2: 15); and his offering is explicitly re-

John W. Ewing, U. S. Treasurer's Office, Washington, D. C., writes:

I would answer no. The Christian church can not in any sense accept contributions from the liquor-saloons and remain true to its exalted station and work of righteousness. 1. Because it would not only be the recipient and beneficiary of "blood-money," but would be guilty of a gross violation of the noble and holy principles of the Christian religion. 2. It would be, in real truth, uniting the pure and holy cause of Christianity to one of the most immoral, degrading, sinful and hell-sanctioned occupations which to-day confronts and antagonizes the elevating trend of Christianity and Christian civilization. 3. Such a relation would be an inexcusable compromise: indeed, it would be a withering calamity to Christ's holy plan of redemption; in fact, it would be a mortal stab to the Christian church, which is the only authorized instrumentality for carrying out our dear Lord's method of salvation. 4. The Christian church should refuse this and all other aid of the devil, not only as a rebuke, but because there is an invaluable principle at stake. Please see Isa. 52: 2; II. Cor. 6: 14-18; Rev. 18: 4, 5. It is the office and absolute duty of the Christian church to not only refuse to be thus unequally yoked to this greatest source of iniquity and prolific cause of intemperance, but she should take a firm stand for God and the Bible, for holiness and

M. A. D., Grosvenordale, Conn., writes:

As to accepting gifts from saloon-keepers for God's work, I would say that I find a most emphatic "No" in a parallel case recorded in Ezra 4: 3, where the chiefs and fathers of Israel reply to the offers made them by the outsiders in these words: "Ye have nothing to do with us to build a house unto our God; but we ourselves together will build unto the Lord God of Israel."

F. G., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

A saloon-keeper's money is presumably part of the proceeds of his business. The church has again and again denounced this business as a work of the devil and declared

to appear legally right. How can the church, after taking this stand, consistently accept part of the saloon-keeper's gains? It simply amounts to saying this: "You are wrong; the curse of God is on your business; you are destroying the bodies and souls of men, etc.—but, notwithstanding, we are willing to share the revenue." If I were a saloon-keeper and a church were to accept my gift and then would dare utter a word of condemnation. I would charge that church with base hypocrisy.

F. J. Schurmann, Lake City, Minn., writes:

No Christian church should touch blood-money; for that is just what saloon money is—wrung out of weak persons for strong drink that eventually leads to the ruin of body and soul.

Mrs. F. I. McC., Sheridan, Mont., writes:

If God is our protector and our defender, why should not we look to him for our support? I think it would be entirely wrong for the devil to be allowed to have any claim upon the church. The saloon-keeper is the follower of Satan and belongs to his realm. If we present a thank-offering to God, without spot or blemish, it must be a consecrated one that God will accept through Christ, not the devil.

D. D. D., Geneva, Fla., writes:

Don't touch it. It is the way that the devil takes to get his foot into the church.

Mrs. Edgar M., Kingston, N. Y., writes:

I am told by men who are called to act as grand jurors that nearly all crimes committed in these times are caused by drinking-beverages that are sold by the saloon. Does not the church represent the home and the nation? and if the saloon is an open enemy to the home and the kingdom of God, how long can the church and nation stand if carried on by

Irving A. C., Gilmanton, N. H., writes:

The saloon is the enemy of the church. Therefore, the saloon-keeper's offer of money to the church is incongruous. Either he is in darkness as to the oppositive nature of church and saloon, or else he has an "axe to grind." He is refusing to accept his gift.

Alfred Lorraine, Buchanan, Mich., writes:

It is merely a bribe. You might as well

bauched the nation with their whiskey tax and license bribes, they now propose to debauch the church. God doesn't want the devil's money.

Miss M. B., Ovid, Mich., writes:

God never voted to legalize the saloon business. Do not insult him, then, by offering him the fruits of the devil's own traffic, even though

church may have voted on the devil's side of the question. Do not solicit for any purpose from a saloon-keeper. The voting part of the church may have helped the curse to its present dimensions, but do not demand any more of perdition by asking for a part of the spoils.

Cornelius R. Small, Fairmount, Ind., writes:

Inasmuch as the church has the power to annihilate the rum curse, but instead, tolerates it, and that an individual or church is nowhere warranted in doing evil that good may come, a

buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity." If we would take the world for Christ, let us, as a church, go clean-handed.

Grace Morse, Royal Oak, Md., sends this, by way of an answer to J. R. N.'s query:

All honor to Tuft's College, Massachusetts. We learn that the trustees of that institution

Boston brewer, on the ground that to accept it would close the mouth of the college on the temperance question.

Reader, Almoral Station, Iowa, writes:

I answer "no," most emphatically. The church is far too much in touch with the world.

Mrs. G. W. Newell, Central City, Neb.:

I have a house to rent not half a square from a saloon building, and often the keeper or bartender has offered me more rent than I asked for the house, to get it. My invariable answer is: "I consider saloon money blood-money, gained by selling to weak human beings that which destroys the soul as well as the body." Therefore I cannot touch it.

W. O. Smith, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes:

The money made by iniquity can never further Christ's kingdom on earth. See II. Cor. 6: 15: "What concord hath Christ with Belial?" Verse 17: "Touch not the unclean thing," etc. O, church of the living God, be true!

L. B. Trotter, Knoxville, Tenn., writes:

I am surprised that a Christian should have to ask the question. How can we fight the saloon and accept assistance from them for any kind of Christian work? The saloon is an enemy to all that is pure and good, and anything offered by them for any kind of church is only for a bribe.

J. M. Shoemaker, Beverly, O., writes:

Romans 14: 23 will answer J. R. N.'s question. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." If there comes into my life as a Christian a question of right and wrong, about which I am doubtful, and I continue to act as though it were right, as long as I am doubtful concerning it I am sinning because my action is not of faith. The moment I am doubtful of a certain course of action, my solemn duty is to cease that action.

H. A. Raub, Bucyrus, O., writes:

Accept no gift of money from a saloon keeper to be used for God's cause. He cannot give anything, only for a bribe, and we cannot accept while he is building the devil's kingdom. "Pray earnestly that you be not deceived. God is not mocked." Let every Christian pray God to drive the saloon from our beloved country.

L. M. Young, Creighton, O., writes:

As the church has no greater enemy than

"price of souls," to carry on her work.

Peter A. Vellia, La Fayette, Ind.:

My

those hard times the only women in town

went to make the

W. C. Locker, Orange, Va., writes:

practice? We

our Lord's kingdom, he can act as his own agent.

Wilbur A. Christy, Kinsman, O., writes:

"What fellowship hath light with darkness, or what concord hath Christ with Belial?" One of the great mistakes of the church in this day is seen in its evident desire to minimize the distinction which its Master always

world—and its apparent readiness to compromise with sinners unrepentant for a share of their ill-gotten gains. Far better that the church do with less money and a higher integrity and fuller dependence upon the power

the purely commercial view of its work and measure everything by the dollar standard, to the dishonor of God and the injury of his cause. Let no one suppose that the saloon-

or regard for a religion that condemns his daily life. It is rather to gain standing and consideration for himself, and to stop the mouth that must, in all faithfulness, spread words of reproof and condemnation.

Mrs. L. H., Aiken, S. C., writes:

"Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity." fourths of all vices and crimes are due directly

temperance. Money obtained by the sale of

Such money would carry God's curse with it if accepted and used in any way for church purposes. There are unclean things enough in the church to-day without allowing the church itself to touch this unclean thing. The saloon-keeper would laugh in derision, and the world's people in general, for they are always watching for inconsistencies in Christian people. A minister said in my hearing not long since, that he had not any conscience in the matter about using the revenue from the liquor dispensary in South Carolina for the purpose of educating their children. Let the Christian people have a conscience in these matters, which is their bounden duty, and stand firm for their Christian principles and not be turned aside for mere worldly gain.

President John Kline, A. M., Keuka Park, N. Y., writes:

The almost universal opinion concerning the liquor traffic is that it is the "Father of Crime."

or support to the whiskey business it is a sin to take it. And if there is any doubt as to the purpose of the gift, we must give the benefit to the church. The real work of the church will stop so long as this Achan is in the camp. The best gift a saloon man can make to the work of the church is to quit his business and to stop voting to perpetuate it.

G. S. Stancliff, Chasm Falls, N. Y., writes:

A man who will run a saloon in this age in Christian America ought not to recognized as a helper in church work. A thousand times no.

Letters opposing the acceptance of the gift have been received from Mrs. J. P. Hillerby, Ill.; W. Purdar, Ark.; S. S. Watkins, Ohio; John F. Templeton, Pa.; R. A. F., Mass.; Mrs. H. G., Kan.; W. Walker, Pa.; Chas. Stewart, Tex.; L. B. Margoly, Ill.; Richard A. Tripp, Mass.; J. B. O., Neb.; Mrs. Wm. P., Ills.; Mrs. Maria G. W., Vt., and many others. As many letters are still coming in, dealing with this question, their publication will be continued in future issues.

· The · Two · Streets ·

TWO streets there are in many towns
A foul one and a fair:
In one, good cheer and peace abound;
In one, a dark despair;
In one, the light of love is shed;
In one, grief's bitter tear;
The name of one of these is "Bread,"
The name of one is "Beer."

In Bread Street there are busy men
And happy homes and wives;
In Beer Street, the degraded den
And sad and broken lives:
In Bread Street, Plenty sings her song
And Labor chants his rhyme;
In Beer street, Want is joined with Wrong
And Idleness with Crime.

O men and mothers, strive to do
All in your power to make
The children shun the ones who brew,
But love the ones who bake!
One street there is their feet should tread,
And one their feet should fear:
The name of one of these is "Bread,"
The name of one is "Beer."

Arlington Heights, Mass. —Nixon Waterman.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

COUNTRY HOMES

How to Make Them Attractive - A Frontier Point of View

THE following extracts from an address recently delivered before the Farmers' Congress, Galveston, Texas, by Mrs. S. E. Buchanan, and kindly forwarded by her to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be of none the less interest to our readers because of its strong, local coloring. The hints will be helpful to conscientious home-makers in other sections, as well as those on rolling prairies and Western timber-lands:

"In rustic home life, there is often lack of social pleasures, because of isolation. Young people have not opportunities for recreation, offered in towns and cities; they become restless and wander away. To avoid this, home should bring ample social and intellectual pleasures; should be made so attractive that their love for it may grow with their growth.

"In home-making, an important consideration is healthfulness; another is the cost, which should never exceed one's purse, for however beautiful situation and structure may be, if the builder cannot pay for it, it becomes, instead of a haven of rest and peace, a carking care. Surroundings never should be uninviting, devoid of shade or flowers. From some homes the broad prairie stretches afar from the doorway to the distant horizon, unbroken by fence or tree; monotony relieved only in spring and summer by crops of wheat, corn and cotton, which rarely fail to bless our land; later on, dead, dun fields accentuate desolateness; again, where timbered lands prevail, underbush with tangle and scant shade, give a forlorn and unkept air. Nature clothes prairies and woodlands with thousands of lovely, fragrant flowers, which tended in our gardens, would gladden the eye, and attune the heart to praise of Him, whose bounty gives them to us. Along our streams and in our forests grow noble trees, which may be grouped around our dwellings.

"In its furnishings, home should have the best we can afford. Every art that will serve to adorn should be skilfully employed, though the material used be simple and inexpensive.

"There should be a sunny, cheery sitting or 'mother's' room, where the family may gather, with comfortable chairs, a lounge, made to rest upon, a table upon which good books and periodicals are found; provided with good lights and in winter, a cheerful fire. Music should enter largely into recreations; its influence is restful and elevating and it is often the medium through which the wild and restless boy, disposed to wander, may be kept at home. Bedrooms should be neatly and cozily furnished: dining room and kitchen should receive thoughtful consideration; here, the mother in the dual roll of mistress and maid, must spend much of her life; here the work, which must go on from dawn till dark, is to be done, with its ceasless round of lighting fires, cooking meals, and washing dishes; here the little ones are initiated into the mysteries of domestic work and given first lessons in helpfulness; comforts and conveniences should abound. Pretty, if cheap table-ware, fresh draperies, that need not be of silk or velvet, and inexpensive furnishings made by nimble, loving fingers can give to each room an aspect of beauty and genuine comfort. Many homes are bare of such, not that they are out of reach of the occupants, but because the value and influence of these 'little useless things,' are ignored. The vine clambering over the house graces the rough logs which make its walls; tall trees bending above the lowly roof, shelter it from sun and rain and add a sense of security; so, within, a cozy corner, a bright picture, a well-made bed, a daintily set table, upon which an appetizing, if simple meal is spread, a loving smile, a gentle word, simple things within themselves, together make the charm and joy of home. These are the aesthetics of domestic work and are as necessary to home life as are the material needs of food and raiment. To the young people growing up in the home every legitimate pleasure should be accorded and every inducement to strengthen the ties of home and home pleasures. And they who build wisely will 'look well to the ways of their household,' and see to it that the greed of gain does not quench the love of the beautiful, and that the temporal does not dominate the spiritual."

AUTUMN THOUGHTS

The little children singing in the fields
Of summer-tide ebbing to autumn days
Recall to us our childhood's happy spring,
Set in time's tender, Indian summer haze;
And prophesy to us of heavenly fields
Where, when life's winter into spring shall bloom,
God's servants evermore shall gladsome be,
Like little children, free from care and gloom.

Some Colonial Table Rules

The citation of a few table rules for children, as collaborated in Miss Earle's *Home Life in Colonial Days*, shows the progress we have made in recognition of child-rights. Children, usually, were to stand, not sit, at table. In some households they stood at a side table, and ran over, trencher in hand, to the big folks' table for their portions. In others, they stood behind their parents, who handed food to them. In some colonial homes, where children might sit at meat, they were to stand until blessing was asked and permission given—which seems wise and mannerly law. "Children must be seen and not heard" was apparently lived up to, for little folks were not to ask for anything on the table. They were not to "look earnestly at another person who was eating," and when "moderately satisfied" must make prompt and orderly exit. Miss Earle writes: "I know of children not fifty years ago, standing at the bountiful table of a Supreme Court Judge," who was a most hospitable entertainer; "each child stood at his own place and had to behave with decorum and eat in entire silence."

One Teacher's Power.

Louise Threete Hodges, a writer and educator says: "Love and kindness are potential agents with most children. A little incident of which I heard regarding a small pupil and her teacher impressed me. A little girl was seated quietly at her mother's side, seemingly engaged in earnest thought. Suddenly looking up, she exclaimed: 'Mamma, Miss ——, calling her teacher's name, 'loves me so much! I wonder what makes her love me so?' This teacher had been signally successful in controlling her classes, seemingly without effort. I had wondered what the secret of her influence over her pupils could be. I wonder no longer."

Victoria at a Festival

The appearance of the aged Queen, surrounded by a number of her children and grandchildren at a lawn party, on the grounds of famous old Carisbrooke Castle, on the heights above the pretty village of Carisbrooke, evoked much interest among our English "cousins." The Queen's daughter, Princess Beatrice, is governor of the Isle of Wight—the second woman governor in the history of the island—and naturally is greatly interested in all that pertains to the pretty little island's welfare. The festival was in aid of funds to restore the outside portion of the handsome parish church in Newport, the corner-stone of which was laid by the Queen's husband in 1854.

Marketing in Cavite

A Kansas soldier, writing from the Philippines, says of his experience during a visit to Cavite:

As we went down the street, Sunday morning appeared to be the market day, for we noticed numbers of native women in front of the markets buying eggs, fish, meats, vegetables, rice, etc. The piece of meat they buy is about the size of one's hand and cut like a steak, and we were told that one of these pieces makes a meal for six or eight people. The women fuss and argue with the Chinamen—who, by the way, have control of the butcher business—as no other women of all the other nations can do. Finally they go away seemingly contented, with their meat in their hands without any wrapping paper on it.

Marketing on the Sabbath is a peculiarity of many Spanish towns—a peculiarity not to be applauded.

Two Little Girls

LITTLE Miss Ready-Girl on the way to school;
Tidy gown and hands and face,
Books and pencils in their place—
She's neat and sweet and cool.

Little Miss Unready-Girl, ne'er in time for school;
Books and pencils out of place,
Towsled hair about her face—
For her, dunce-cap and stool.

Now, whichever will you be,
Little readers dear?
Come quite closely up to me,
Whisper in my ear.

All will be Miss Ready-Girls?
Ah, I thought you would!
Bless your pretty eyes and curls,
Children sweet and good.

MARY JORDAN.

"Giant Hands"

MRS. Rosa Leigh, Batesville, Miss., sends us brief but interesting hints concerning a work she is doing among children. The societies of children organized by her have for their name, "The Giant Hands," and for motto, "The giant hands of God help those who help themselves;" and one problem attacked by the "Giant Hands" is: "How to make papa and mamma happy." Of the history and results of the first society organized, Mrs. Leigh says:

"I started July 6, 1898, with young children—only two or three were over twelve. Our regular work is only in summer—although it might be said that the work of the rest of the year is seeing what good reports can be gotten at school. July 8, 1899, we celebrated our first birthday. On this occasion all the cakes were baked by children. Some little girls, five and seven years old, made cake good enough for a wedding. The boys left their parents enjoying the picnic while they made the ice cream. The nice light bread—and in fact, the greater part of the elegant dinner—was prepared and served by the children. After dinner our 'Giant Hand' band was heard advancing, and through the woods our little boys and girls came marching toward us, bearing our country's flag and rendering patriotic music as they led the way to the school chapel. Pictures lined the walk: embroideries, doll dresses, pillow-cases, shirts, trousers, dresses—all the work of children from six years up to fourteen—were displayed. Recitations and music completed the programme of our novel entertainment, the object of which was the making of big folks happy by little ones. One lady, whose son is a member of our society, writes: 'My little boy—whom once I could not keep at home—will hardly go as far as the hen-house now without my permission.'"

Carelessness

Carelessness, proceeding from indifference to one's duty, is an entirely different affair from what seems to be a sort of constitutional infirmity with hundreds of conscientious and useful people, who can not remember where they put things, and who seem unable to carry in their minds details of what they have done or are to do. If you are training a child, use much discrimination. To correct indifference to one's duty, the moral sense must be developed; to cure the other trouble, cultivate, with patience, tenderness, and in a cheerful, hopeful spirit, the child's self-confidence, habits of memory, of system and order. Recognize every advance it makes in these directions, rather than call attention to failures. "I am so sorry," the writer heard a conscientious young lady sigh, "that mamma didn't train me to habits of system and order. When I room with friends with whom it is second nature to have a place for everything and everything in its place, I almost feel that I would give my college course in exchange for such an education."

Cuba in American Eyes

Impressions during a Recent Visit to the Island

By ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR

ALL the social and industrial conditions of Cuba are rapidly improving. With the American possession has come an assurance of the prevalence of law and order, and of peace and prosperity; and, as a consequence, all forms of business are reviving with a rapidity and certainty as gratifying as they are desirable. The devastated *haciendas*, or plantations, are showing signs of restoration to the prosperity of the most favorable period of the history of the country. Large numbers of cattle are daily landed from ships in the harbor to be sent to different parts of the island. Not fewer, it is said, than 30,000 head of cattle are now contracted for, and will soon be placed on various plantations. The whole spirit of the people is hopeful and their utmost energies are aroused along the lines of industrial endeavor and achievement. The sanitary conditions have improved to a degree surpassing the hopes of even the most enthusiastic Americans. The filth of centuries has been removed from the streets. Spaniards and Cubans alike have had a lesson in cleanliness, and hence of healthfulness, which is as surprising to them as it was necessary to the prosperity of the island. Pavements which had not been seen for generations are now exposed to view, and yards which long were breeding-places of foulest disease, have now been cleansed and fumigated. The whole city has experienced a new life as the result of this regenerative ablution which it has undergone.

THE BROWNING MORRO, AT THE ENTRANCE TO HAVANA HARBOR

It were worth the while of Americans to expend much in treasure and blood, simply to show Spaniards and Cubans the value of sanitation to the success of business and the preservation of life. In laboring thus for the island of Cuba, we are also doing much to preserve the United States from yellow fever and other filth diseases. Cuba has for generations kept parts of our country in a state of chronic alarm. One of the results of our temporary possession will thus bring untold blessings to ourselves as well as to the people of the island of Cuba.

All social conditions are also making marked and favorable progress. Laws have been introduced making marriage valid when performed by proper civil officials or by the ministers of different religious faiths. Under the old regime, the Roman priests were the only persons legally authorized to solemnize the marriage ceremony. In many cases poor Cubans were utterly unable to pay the exorbitant fee which these greedy ecclesiastics demanded. The result was that great numbers of Cubans entered into family relations without any legal marriage ceremony. A similar state of things long existed in Mexico. It is positively affirmed that it would take an average Mexican peon from eight to ten years to save a sum sufficient to pay the priest who should officiate at his marriage. The result was that in Mexico, as in Cuba, the marriage ceremony was dispensed with in great numbers of cases. A new day is dawning morally as well industrially in both these countries; the long night of ecclesiastical tyranny is far spent and the morning of liberty has come.

It is possible that the time has come when we should make arrangements for the redemption of our pledge, both to Cuba and to the world, and withdraw from the island as speedily as possible. We have no desire to violate our solemn pledge in that regard. At the beginning of the war, Congress made its solemn disclaimer not to exercise sovereignty further than to secure the pacification of the island and to establish a stable government. Has that end been attained? That is the real question before us to-day. We have disavowed all intention of annexation, except as it may be desired by Cubans themselves. Pacification is now attained and Cuba, taken as a whole, is as orderly as the United States; the people are docile, obedient, and, as a rule, law-abiding. It is the testimony of all our officials that there is almost no drunkenness and but little lawbreaking of any kind. Is the time near for us to leave Cuba? We must soon decide what course we shall pursue. Are the people capable of governing themselves? That is a question which only time can conclusively answer. If left to themselves, there certainly will be danger of internal revolution, but it seems as if Cuba must make the experiment of establishing a republic.

Candor compels the statement that the Roman Church is in disrepute in Cuba. This is designedly an understatement of the actual facts. It is easy to see how this result is inevitable. The priesthood was almost exclusively composed of Spaniards. If a Cuban became a priest he was sent as speedily as possible to Mexico, Central America, to South America, or somewhere else out of Cuba. It was a settled policy of the Roman Church in Cuba not to run the risk of having Cuban insurgents in the ranks of the priesthood. The church was considered as a department of the government. The priests were mere marrying, christening, and burying machines, as necessary or at least convenient, instruments of social life; and as influential government factors they were tolerated. When war with Spain broke out, many of them abandoned their churches and returned to Spain.

Nominally a Romanist, the Cuban patriot has no religion but patriotism. He is practically an agnostic, and occasionally an avowed atheist. With a superb scorn he speaks of priests and religion as instruments of tyranny and hypocrisy; he sneers at priests as epicene creatures who do not command his respect as manly men or his esteem as moral instructors. The Roman Church has had almost absolute control of Cuba for hundreds of years, and it finds itself now surrounded by openly rebellious and bitterly hostile children. It has not given them public schools nor other facilities for successful competition with Protestant peoples.

There never was a grander opportunity for earnest religious work in any country than is now offered in Cuba. Before all the denominations the hand of God, in marvelous ways, has placed an open door. This door ought speedily to be entered. Plans have already been made by which different denominations can cultivate this great field without encroaching on the territory of one another. Already Methodists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians and Baptists, and perhaps still other denominations, are at work in Havana and in other parts of Cuba.

The writer had the pleasure of preaching on a recent Sunday morning for the Rev. Mr. McDonald, who is conducting services in English in Havana under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He is earnestly studying Spanish, and hopes soon to be able to preach in that tongue. A devout company, including a goodly number of soldiers and some Cubans, were present at the service that morning. The greatest religious work in the city or on the island is that performed by Rev. Alberto J. Diaz, M.D., under the direction of the Southern Baptist Board. It would be difficult to name a greater religious movement in modern times than that of which God has made him the leader. His history is more like a romance of some great heroic period than the sober narration of a religious experience and enterprise at the close of the nineteenth century. Twice exiled from Cuba, once condemned to be shot, the companion of General Shafter at Santiago, the translator of documents between General Shafter and General Toral in connection with the historic surrender, a physician, a preacher, a pastor and a man of affairs, he stands before the world to-day as the Martin Luther and the John Knox of Cuba.

Great credit is due to Generals Brooke, Ludlow and Lee because of their tactful use of their great military power. To the wives also of these generals should be given due honor for their skill in social matters, in removing antipathy and substituting genuine sympathy between Spaniards, Cubans and Americans.

The influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD along social, patriotic and distinctively religious lines was recognized repeatedly by religious workers in Cuba, in their conversations with this writer.

Whatever the final outcome may be as to the relations between Cuba and the United States, it is certain that the long night of Spanish tyranny and despair is ended, and that the morning of Cuban hope and of American civil and religious liberty has dawned.

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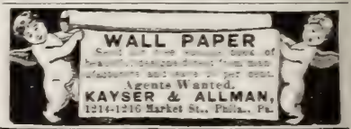

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Dreyfus Condemned

AS was expected by all who read the proceedings of the Court Martial at Rennes, France, the court, by a vote of five to two, pronounced Capt. Dreyfus guilty and sentenced him to imprisonment for ten years. The five years' imprisonment he has already suffered will count as part of the sentence, so if the decision of the court is allowed to stand, he has five years still to serve.

It must not be thought that this second Court Martial has not been useless. It has achieved a result which to Dreyfus ought to be eminently consoling. It has proved his innocence of the charges brought against him. The whole civilized world, outside of France, having read the evidence, refuses to believe in his guilt. It understands, too, the motives which induced his judges to condemn him. They were officers, sworn to obey the Generals who were his accusers; their whole military training had rendered them subservient to their military superiors, and in the face of the emphatic declaration of those Generals that the prisoner was guilty, they had not the courage to pronounce him innocent. They knew also what the effect of doing justice might be on their own fortunes. An object lesson had been given them in the fate of Colonel Picquart, who for the sole offence of espousing the cause of Dreyfus had been sent on perilous service, then imprisoned, and finally expelled from the army. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that French officers gave the verdict which their superiors demanded. But this is not justice, and it is justice that must be done.

Apart from the fundamental principle of right and wrong, the interests of the Republic are involved. The evidence made it clear that the offence charged against Dreyfus was committed by some one. Esterhazy was the tool used, but he could not have done his traitorous work without the connivance of some officer much higher in the service than himself. Can France afford to have that man still in command? As soon as it is safe he may resume his treachery to his country, and once again we may hear, after some supreme disaster, the cry, "France is betrayed!" For the sake of the national safety, if not for the sake of the national honor, and because of the eternal principles of right and justice, France is bound to probe this matter to the bottom, at any cost. Otherwise the army, of which she is so proud, will rot to the core, the country will be weak in the day when it faces its enemies, and the God of righteousness will again visit the nation in his wrath.

Thus speaketh the Lord of Hosts. Execute true judgment and show mercy and compassion every man to his brother and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart. But they refused to hearken and pulled away the shoulder and stopped their ears, that they should not hear. Therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of Hosts (Zech. 7: 9-12).

Earnest Belief

"I never read of any men more sincere or more earnest than those priests of Baal at Mount Carmel, those false prophets," writes Mr. D. L. Moody. "They were terribly in earnest.

"Some people say, 'Why, if these men are holding, as you say, error, why should they be so earnest?' Those prophets of Baal were the most earnest men I ever read of. You do not read of men getting so in earnest that they take knives and cut themselves. Look at them leaping upon their altars; hear their cry, 'O Baal! O Baal!' We never hear that kind of prayer now-a-days. They acted like mad men. They were terribly in earnest, yet did God hear their cry? They were all slain.

"Suppose a man said, 'Mr. Moody, I have no faith in you whatever,' don't you think it would grieve me? There is not anything that would wound a man much more than to be told that you do not have any faith in him.

"A great many men say, 'Oh, I have profound reverence and respect for God.' Yes, profound 'respect,' but not 'faith.' Why, it is a downright insult! Suppose a man says, 'Mr. Moody, I have profound respect for you, profound admiration for you, but I do not believe a word you say.' I wouldn't give much for his respect or admiration. I wouldn't give much for his friendship. God wants us to put our faith in him. How it would wound a mother's feelings to hear her children say, 'I do love mamma so much, but I don't believe what she says.' How it would grieve that mother. And that is how many of God's professed children talk."

Books Received

The Jewish Encyclopedia, compiled by able scholars of Hebrew history and literature, past and present under direction of Dr Isidore Singer, managing editor, is to be published at an early date. The work will be one of great value and interest. Full information concerning it can be obtained by addressing the Funk & Wagnalls Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

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By EX-SENATOR JOHN J. INGALLS

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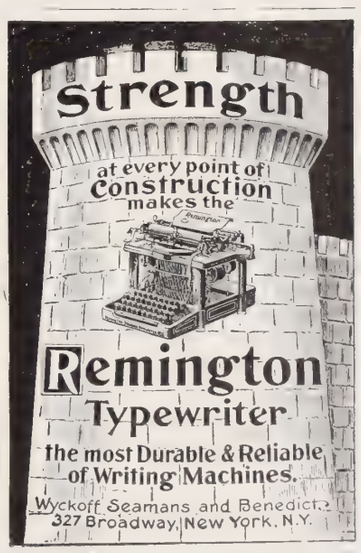

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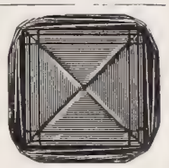

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Domestic Servants

AMELIA E. BARR

A LARGE part of our domestic happiness is dependent upon our domestic service, and yet we take little more account of this "service," than we do of the sun, or the air, or of anything else which it is our heritage to enjoy. If the sun does not shine, we complain; if the air is cold and cutting, we complain; and if we are not served as we wish to be, we also complain: and that without considering what a privilege it is to be served at all, and how much of the comfort of our lives we owe to what we are apt to call its "greatest plagues."

Let us look at the matter in a very common light. We get up in the morning, and find the fire lit and the breakfast spread, the room clean and cheerful, the meat well cooked. We pass from the sleeping chamber to the dining-room, and from the dining-room to the sleeping chamber, and everything is in its right place. Unseen hands have changed disorder into comfort and neatness. All our tastes have been regarded, all our whims consulted. As the day goes on, light, warmth, food and rest are all secured to us without the trouble of stretching out a hand to help ourselves. Yet we are not astonished, we are not even grateful to the agency by which so many comforts are provided for us.

WE are disposed to think—if we think at all on the subject—that we give money for money's worth, and that that is the end of the matter. It is not the end. The servant is doubtless paid for his or her trouble: so is the soldier, and the minister, and the doctor. Are they less worthy of our regard because we pay them for their service? We must bind our domestics to us by some better tie than that of wages.

We will admit that servants are all that they are said to be—that they very seldom have any sense of honor, and that they play the spy at our doors, and do read letters which are not their own. Some of these faults are the natural faults of dependents, and have been inherited through generations of service: others belong to the position, others to their training, or rather their want of training—for it is a fact that household duties are generally regarded as a kind of knowledge, coming by instinct. But all these faults admitted, in what other relationship do we expect to get perfection at twelve dollars a month? In every trade and calling, is not incompetence, rather than efficiency, the rule? How many dressmakers do we try, and have our gowns spoiled? A good dentist is far rarer than a bad one: yea, even the pulpit is not served by a majority of men fit for the office. Our servants, in point of efficiency for their calling, are not worse equipped than our modistes, lawyers, doctors, plumbers, builders, and artisans of many kinds. Good and bad in all of them! In spite of the complaints against the servants of to-day, it can be proved that the great body of them were never more reliable and capable.

THE servant of to-day wants no interference with her private life. She has her own world, her own ideas, her own friends. She does not need to be "directed" or "instructed" or "advised" or "taken-an-interest-in." She feels interference with her dress, or her lovers, or her hours of recreation, to be an impertinence. And this feeling is so just, and so universal, that without "strikes" or "unions," without the influence of either platforms or press, Domestic Service has emancipated itself from all feudal bonds, and gradually put itself on the same plane as mechanical service. Why not? Surely the woman who can cook a good dinner is as important to society as the man who makes the table on which it is served.

Now, we are intelligent enough to understand that the first result of this growing independence is apt to be ignorant self-conceit and over-weening self-importance, showing itself both in offensive manner and speech. They have as yet learned no better way to express their sense of freedom and personal importance. But the better way will come in time: because the placing of service on a commercial basis will sooner or later attract a much higher grade of women.

MANY things have conspired to make the servant of to-day more disrespectful and independent than is quite comfortable to the people who employ them. But these things are the consequences of education and progress, and no good woman would desire to see them altered. Thus, railways have made it easy for them to travel, and if they do not like service in one place, they can for a few dollars go to another. Education also has done its part. Most of our servants can read and write. They are the best patrons of a certain class of newspapers. They read the "want" columns, and can appreciate the lessons they teach, and the advantages they offer. The increase of national wealth has also helped to uplift the servants. People keep larger staffs, and they have individually much less work to do, more time to read, more time to go out and observe. And as a better style of living is also common, servants feel the mental stimulus coming from a richer and more varied diet.

All these things, and others flowing from them, make those who are but partially educated and partially refined, presumptuous and unreasonable, and apt to think too much of themselves. But independence and social freedom step before the fitness for that condition: because the condition is essential for the results: and the results are not realized in one generation. There is besides something provocative of personal assertion in the very air of America. The Irish or Slavonian peasant who has humbly acknowledged his "betters" for half a century without any feeling of wrong, soon learns here that reverence for anything earthly is the most un-American of attitudes—that parents do not exact it, that preachers hardly expect it, and that the very title of Reverend is beginning to be dropped by those who seem to be most worthy of it. Why then should we expect from our servants a respect we do not practice in our own stations?

THERE are a few points which, constantly carried out in every Christian household would quickly revolutionize the servant-girl question.

First: The putting of the contract entirely on a commercial basis. This will make service as honorable as any mechanical, factory or store service, and so attract more sensible and capable women.

Second: Defining absolutely the duties to be performed, and the hours at which service should begin and end. Extra service to receive extra pay.

Third: No personal interference. This of course includes the much-vexed question of "followers." Under the contract indicated the girl would have no more right to have followers when on duty than a carpenter would have to entertain the girl he loved during his eight hours paid work, and a mistress might justly insist that lovers should not interfere with the hours which rightfully belonged to her. But to a kind mistress there would occur many opportunities of lightening this rule, which she would be glad to accept. Every woman wants to be married and to have her own home, however small it may be: and if our cooks and maids share this universal desire, it is no very shameful kicking against our household regulations. A mistress would hardly lose anything by doing in this respect exactly as she would wish to have been done by.

Fourth. If it were possible to enter into yearly engagements, domestic matters would be much more simple and cor- [illegible] the best of each other for a year, they [illegible] and to bear unpleasant things as cheerfully as possible. And bearing soon becomes liking, and the habit of liking is formed: and so month after month passes, and we at least come to feel that the ills we have may be more endurable than those we know nothing about. At any rate, the conditions of service are radically changed. They will never go back: therefore the sooner the new conditions are accepted the sooner we shall receive all the advantages of the new state and bury all the disadvantages of the old one.

Amelia E. Barr

♦

The World's Peace Congress

[illegible]

In bonds of love and peace
[illegible]
And blest its maiden queen,
[illegible]
All it must surely mean,
[illegible]
Shall turn with joy to see
[illegible]
Of peace and liberty;

When [illegible] eld:
When, [illegible] the other greet
When [illegible] learn war no more.'
When, heart to heart, from shore to shore

Millennial joy shall then begin.
[illegible]
And heaven to earth be wed
Then he whose right it is to reign,
Whose kingdom ne'er shall cease.
Shall to this world return again—
Immanuel, Prince of Peace.'

♦

A Life Full of Good Deeds

Horace Mather, of Rathbone, N. Y., who passed away on Aug. 22, was a man of far reaching benevolences. His charities, however, were mainly kept private, for he was one who believed that his left hand should not know what his right hand did. Mr. Mather was an exemplary Christian and had a very wide circle of church friends and social acquaintances in his section of the State, who esteemed him highly. He was eighty-three years old at the time of his death.

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OUR CHURCH

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 1. Psalm 122

MANY people are disposed to regard the division of the church of Christ into so many sects as a serious evil. There is no doubt that injury does result from the separation, and that it is not an ideal condition; but there is no reason why it should do the harm that it is charged with. It must not be forgotten that Christ left no model of organization for a church. Had he done so, or had his apostles defined a system of church government, there would be no denominational differences. We must do those who differ from us the justice of believing that they have no desire more earnest than that of conforming their church organization to the will of its divine Founder. We must therefore conclude that the omission of any explicit plan was due to Christ's intention. It would appear that he wished to leave his people free. He prayed that they might be one, but his idea seems to have been a unity of loyalty and love, rather than a uniformity of doctrine and ritual. This belief, of course, is not held by the Church of Rome, which believes that there is no salvation outside its own borders, nor by the Church of England, which teaches that dissent from its organization is a sin. But the evangelical denominations are coming more generally to a spirit of toleration which recognizes every lover of the Lord as a brother.

When we reflect how much birth and early association have to do with our church affiliation, the duty of toleration becomes obvious. Probably less than one-half the members of any one denomination are what they are from a conviction deliberately reasoned out. The majority are doubtless convinced that their own church is right and has the best system of government, but it is a conviction that has come after church connection and is not the cause of it. Besides this, temperament has much to do with the church affiliation. The Methodist would never be happy in a Presbyterian church; nor would the Presbyterian be content in a Protestant Episcopal church. Yet of all the sermons preached in the evangelical churches, there are very few that would not be acceptable to congregations of other names. The fundamental truths of the Gospel, the essentials of faith, love and loyalty to Christ, are common to them all, and each is entitled to a place in the great army of the Christian commonwealth. Each supplies its worshipers with the conditions for spiritual growth and meets the peculiar needs of those individual souls. It is not so much a merging of the denominations that is needed, as a spirit of loving fellowship between the members of the various denominations. "I do not want the fences removed," said one of the denominational leaders recently. "I want them so lowered that I can shake hands over them with members of other faiths."

While therefore we gladly acknowledge the sincerity and fidelity of Christians of other names, we are justified in having a special affection for our own church and an active regard for its welfare and interests. It is our right and our duty to work for the advance of its cause and to increase its membership. This should not be done by proselyting. The man who persuades a Congregationalist to become a Baptist, or the Methodist to become an Episcopalian, has not done a work nearly so gratifying as he who brings as a recruit to a church the man who did not previously belong to any Church. The latter adds another soldier to Christ's army, while the former simply transfers a soldier from one regiment to another. We may legitimately help our own church by making it hospitable and attractive; by giving it our hearty and cordial support; by advocating its claims; by our regular and punctual attendance on its services; by taking care not to quarrel with our fellow-members and trying to reconcile any members who have quarreled with one another; by abstaining from criticism of the pastor; and by earnest prayer for all its institutions and officers. There is also much that may be done by cooperation. Hitherto ground has been lost and money wasted by duplication of organizations. We may help our own church by cordially uniting with other churches in active work instead of holding aloof or insisting on separate action. Above all, we may help by ourselves leading constant, consecrated lives which will commend our church to the world.

The Open Doors

THE Isles of the Sea are waiting now,
And the fields are ready for the Gospel plow.
The call is for laborers to sow the seed
In every land, whatever their creed.
We cannot tell what the harvest will be;
The work is for all—for you and for me.

The Lord of the vineyard will come in time
To gather the harvest from every clime;
The sowers and reapers will have full share
Of the sheaves to be garnered with loving care
For the Master, who calls us to labor and pray,
To rescue souls perishing day by day.

Soldiers of Christ! The command has gone forth:
March to the East, South, West and North!
The banner is lifted; the bugle is heard—
The summons to battle! Gird on your sword;
Our Captain is with you wherever you go,
And the Spirit will aid you to conquer the foe.

Then gather the gold for the work of the Lord—
The treasures of earth were not given to hoard,
But to spread the glad tidings from shore to shore,
Let it cost what it may—ten millions or more—
And hasten the day when Empire and Throne
To His sceptre shall bow, and His kingdom shall own.

Asbury Park, N. Y. —A. LA FOY.

The Bowery Mission's Work

The following sums have been received, since last acknowledgment, in aid of the spiritual work of the Bowery Mission:

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Baker, Mrs Frank A	3 00	Nash, LeRoy H	4 00
Beaver, Mrs Ernest	50	Nibecker, Mrs E	2 00
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Blake, Nellie V	2 00	Payne, E L	4 00
Burnham, S C	1 00	Schovell, Mrs H G	1 00
Calvelli, Dr G	2 00	Smiley, J M	2 50
Charles, C W	2 00	Smith, Jr, Mr Wm H	1 00
Cooley, Arthur S	1 00	G L C, Lodgepole	5 00
Culbert, Jno C	5 00	H T, Morristown	2 00
Damon, E M	2 00	I A H, Lenox	25
Depew, L S	1 00	J E F, Mill Creek	1 00
Dewitt, Mrs A	3 33	W C, Dunsmith	1 60
Durall, Mrs M B	1 25	Friends for the Cause, Nunda	5 00
Ferris, B K	1 00	I H N, Scranton	25 00
Frick, E H	2 00	For Christ Sake	1 00
Graham, Jamie M	5 00		
Harris, M C	2 00	Total	$1,455 87

Tent-Work in Philadelphia

The Philadelphia summer campaign has proved a decided success. Services were held during the week in five of the tents, and the interest manifested shows the response of the people to these efforts. The attendance at each tent was from 3,000 to 4,000. Meetings for children were held, at which there was an average attendance of 2,000 persons.

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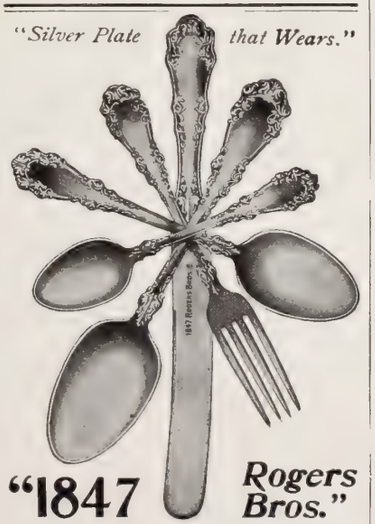

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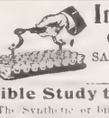

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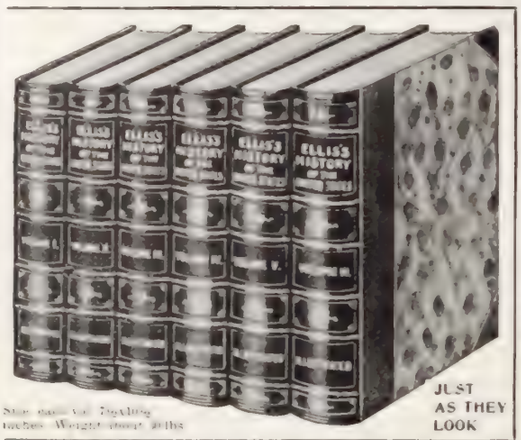

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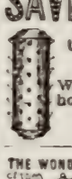

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OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

dining-room, and a small bed-room.

n seen entering a

a. What was

mper, a

s of the to wo-men. The Civil War also

n camp-beds, this line. The intro been having effect i for nurses.

Hospital, New York City; Illinois Training St. Luke's Hospital, St. Paul, Minn., and a number of others.

members are a detriment to any con-

gregation, and if they happen to be officers of the church, their example cannot fail to become a spiritual stumbling-block. "Subscriber"

to very many people at different times in

letters inquiring as to the peculiar costume worn by Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, as

pressed to know why the young Queen was

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The Avenue of Fame, which extended north and south of the City Hall on Broad Street to Cherry

It was perhaps a mistake on the side of the

of August 6, in the midst of the sovereigns of

C. B., Reading, Pa. Is it right for a Christian to rent his property for Sunday business, such as

house, when he can scarcely get a tenant for

We cannot judge the actions of others, but can only refer our correspondent to the com

not do any work," etc., the prohibition extending to everything under our control. Works that are of necessity or of mercy alone may be excepted; all others must be regarded as

The question is so absurd, that we imagine

Such a step would, in most cases, be considered equivalent to deserting your own church and would very likely call for explanation.

Reader, Newburgh, N. Y. Is there not a contradic-

Two suggestions in the way of explanation

nature imparted by Christ at conversion. He

gain control over the whole man, but it is resisted by the flesh and by the remains of the old nature. That divine nature, so im-

The man must resist its influence in order to

verb in the original, which our version renders

would then read: "Whosoever is born of God

"Perplexed," Brooklyn, N. Y. I am at a loss to

weary, hungry, thirsty and actually die. Is it

worlds, must he not have known more about

the Gospels is the report by his hearers of

cient for the purpose the writers had in view. At the same time it is doubtful how much of the Godhead Jesus may voluntarily have laid aside when he became man. Paul says (Phil.

steamship at present is the *Oceanic*, just

Feet.

Mrs. J. T. F., Ohio, writes: "The report of

Saloon League was a terror to

am constrained to believe we must have a much more aggressive organization to

the liquor power."

Constant Reader, Scranton, Pa. Is it absolutely

that Christ was born of a virgin

tial to salvation, though we do not see

as in being; not so much in creed, as

the way to the Christly character is

his teaching and trust in him implicitly

dogmas that you reject

Edith —, Quincy, Ill. I have been

gress by a two-thirds vote. That is what

each individual

is that in each Congres-

letter and other facts in regard to the

given the subject careful attention or

serve to increase the number of sign-

and meetings be held to explain the petition and obtain signatures.

cans are interested in the defeat of Roberts,

church societies and others, as furnishing

Reader, Ky. We do not.

R. O., of N. J. Try *Harpers* and *The Century*.

J. J. W., Berwick, La. We quite agree with you.

T. W. Stewart, Santa Rosa, Calif. We cannot

W. A. B., Dienelm, Calif. We never discuss politics, and

lawyer. The laws on the subject vary in different

"... to go" published in a recent issue of

A. G., Lead Mine, Mo. 1. He was an educated

can find in any American biographical cyclopedia

Help Pouring in for Porto Rico

Many Contributions to the Relief Fund -- A Special Correspondent Describes the Widespread Suffering on the Island

WRECKED BUILDINGS ALONG SHORE AT SAN JUAN

(From Our Special Correspondent)

FROM the circumference to the centre of the island of Porto Rico an appeal arises from almost a million souls for relief. Their condition is worse than the people at home can possibly imagine. The Government and the generous people of the United States have done a great deal to provide for the immediate wants of the starving people, but the work of relief has only begun.

The daily reports received at the headquarters in San Juan from all parts of the island reveal a state of necessity and distress far worse than the conservative dispatches of the Governor-General have indicated. From the interior come the most urgent and distressing appeals from starving people. With the greatest possible energy exercised by the military authorities they are unable, with the supplies and facilities available so far, to reach a vast number of people. Up to the present time something like two million pounds of food, principally rice and beans, have been sent here and distributed.

A conservative estimate of the number of people deprived of labor on account of the storms, and, therefore, of food, **would be five hundred thousand**—half of the population. The present supplies, if distributed to all of these people equally, would give four pounds to a person—a few days' rations. Besides food, these people need clothing. Wrecked and shattered houses, or huts, must be rebuilt and repaired. Bedding and simple furniture should be provided. The writer has seen hundreds of wretched, homeless people huddled together in the public buildings and churches of the towns; and in the country they creep at night under the ruins of their former roofs. He has seen twelve miles out at sea the floating debris carried by raging rivers from the towns and fields of the interior. Last night a piece of wreckage drifted down the Bayamon river to the sea, bearing upon one end a sorrowful-looking dog, and on the other a peasant's cradle. A few days ago, a traveler returning from Humacao, saw floating upon the sea, near the land, a cottage in which at the early hour of dawn a candle was burning. Such sights as these tell the story of ruin.

Thousands of peons are charges upon the towns in the interior. They have no work. The towns cannot help them for the citizens and merchants have all sustained heavy losses. In many places the towns themselves have been completely wiped out of existence. The coffee, sugar, and tobacco crops have been ruined and the owners of them will not be able for some time to begin the work of repair and restoration. It is true that many of these men can be employed upon the roads, but the amount of work of this character to be done by the government here is limited, because of the want of funds and the stringent economy which is being exercised. The condition of the people now demands the most earnest consideration from the government of the United States and a Christian people.

The task to be performed here is a great one. It needs the earnest and active attention of both the military authorities and civil agencies. The people of Porto Rico have a sublime trust in the American people in this their most trying and last time of need. Once enjoying prosperity under the American flag, they will hereafter be self-reliant and self-supporting. They regard with gratitude the efforts of the President, Secretary Root, THE CHRISIAN HERALD, General Henry and others who have lent their aid to them so generously.

The conditions are regarded with the utmost gravity by the military officers. Colonel Hall, the Adjutant General of the Department of Porto Rico, says that it will require thirty thousand rations daily for months. It is not expected that the War Department can supply this.

It is not to be feared that Porto Rico will be a mendicant ever knocking at the door of the Republic. At this day the emblem of Porto Rico—a lamb bearing the device, Faithful Isle—has a pathetic, if not a prophetic significance. During the centuries of Spain's oppression, the island was submissively faithful. In these first days of our own dominion, the lamb would seem to be a sacrifice.

"For God's sake, help us!" was the agonizing message sent to America by a well-known Porto Rican, after the awful hurricane of the eighth of September. To-day that cry re-echoes through the valleys and along the hillsides as Hunger follows in the wake of Storm, and Despair lays its cold hands upon broken hearts

San Juan, Sept. 12. F. H. D.

The following contributions to the Porto Rican relief work have been received:

Prev ack record	$2 239 50
Jones, Davy	1 00
Jones, I H	50
Jones, J R	25
Jordan W F & friends	2 00
Joy, G H	1 00
Kelley, Dr E J	50
Kendall, Mrs A	1 00
Kenrick, Mrs M D	1 00
Kasson, James	5 00
Kimmel, Mrs A M	1 00
Kinney, Lucy A	2 00
Kintighh, W R	5 00
Noble, R W	2 00
Norrell, A B	1 00
Odell, Mrs L R & F I	2 00
Oliwick, H	5 00
Page, Miss Ella W	4 00
Paige, D P	1 00
Parrott, Mrs R	1 00
Paschall, Mrs A W	50
Patterson, Elizabeth	1 00
Pearson, F R	5 00
Peatfield, Hannah M	2 00
Peters, Minnie E	1 00
Peverly, W	25
Smith, Lillie T	1 00
Smith, M E	1 00
Smyth, Joseph	50
Spencer, J	25
Spotter, Mrs L	1 00
Sprouls, T	10 00
Stair, Margaret A	1 00
Steed, Frances	5 00
Stemm, C E	1 00
Stein, C W, Jr	25
Stein, I	25
Stein, G H, Jr	25
Stein, Miss H	50
Stein, Mary A	25
Stein, Miss N	50
Stevens, G D	2 00
Stevenson, Florence	25
Stevenson, G	25
Stevenson, J O	25
Stevenson, Mrs J R	2 00
Stevenson, Mrs M I	1 00
Stevenson, Max	25
Stewart, Rev & Mrs J	2 00
Stratton, Mrs P H	1 00
Stronven, H	1 00
Sullivan, Mrs H A	1 00
Sutton, S	1 00
Swan, Miss F B	50
Swan, Master H	10
Swan, S	25
Taber, Mrs M	2 00
Tayler, Mrs A G	1 00
Taylor, M A	2 00
Taylor, Mrs M	50
Tennison, T O	1 00
Tilman, J W	1 00
Tyndall, Mary J	2 00
Vail, Mrs Dr M & C	1 00
Vandecar, E G	50
Vandecar, T B	2 00
Van Morel, Anne	5 00
Van Raalte, D B K	5 00
Van Vleck, L	1 00
Vannunt, H C	1 00
Vaughen, Mrs H B	2 00
Verdin, Mrs J B	5 00
Via, Mrs C V	1 00
Voorhies, Mrs F L	2 00
Wales, Mrs M E	2 55
Wasson, Anna	1 00
Wasson, Mrs M	1 00
Watkinson, T	1 00
Weaver, Harriet E	2 00
Weed, Mrs	5 00
Westbrook, Mrs M F	1 00
Friend, Centre Brook	2 00
Friend, Chittenango	5 00
Friend, Cincinnati	3 00
Friend, Danville	2 00
Friend, Hallowell	6 00
Friend, Herkimer	25
Friend, Hyattsville	1 00
Friend, Lacona	1 00
Friend, Lake Spa	50
Friend, Mt Holly	1 00
Friend, Newark	1 00
Friend, Odell	5 00
Friend, Ramsey	1 00
Friend, Syracuse	1 00
Friend, Staunton	25
Friend, Tecumseh	50
A friend, Topeka,	1 00
A friend, W	1 00
I H N, Big Rock	1 00
I H N, Carroll Co	1 00
I H N, Cincinnati	1 00
I H N, Lacrosse	1 00
I H N, Loudon	1 00
I H N, Nashville	1 00
I H N, Portland	4 00
Reader, Forest City	10 00
Reader, Hallettsville	1 00
Reader, Morrison	2 00
A Reader, Perth Amboy	1 00
Reader, Vanderbilt	1 00
Sub'r, Boyertown	1 00
A subscriber, B'klyn	1 00
Subscriber, Caledonia	5 00
Subscriber, Chicago	5 00
Sub'r, Choltonville	3 00
A subscriber, Grove-port	1 00
Sub'r, Jeffersonville	1 00
Sub'r, Madison	1 00
A subscriber, Pawtucket	1 00
A subscriber, Preston Hollow	1 00
Subscriber, Westford	1 00
Woman's Miss'y Soc, Hall, M E S S, West Hampton	5 85
Bapt Ch, Cane	5 55
Fairport, Y P S C E	2 00
Y P S C E, LaSalle	2 00
Sunrise S S, Livonia	30
Bethel Presby S S, Lewis	7 00
Union S S, Livonia	50
Whiting, L M	1 50
Williamson, Mrs	25
Wilson, A & B F	2 00
Wood, G M	1 00
Woodward, Mrs F W	2 00
Wray, Alice	5 00
Wright, Mary L	2 00
Yard, C H	1 00
Yates, Mrs B	1 00
Yoder, Mrs W L	2 00
Young, J	5 00
Zuber, H	10
Linda, Sinking Valley	1 00
Mary E, Ransom	5 00
Miriam, Madeline & Virginia, Coupe	1 00
A P W, Phila	3 00
A T R, Rautoul	3 00
Mrs C A F, Harrison	1 00
C A G, Hazleton	5 00
E B, Soarps Wharf	1 00
E J C, Kittanning	1 75
E N, San Jose	5 00
F, Billings	1 00
Mrs F M E, Minneapolis	1 00
Mr & Mrs F R M, Bergen	1 00
H E E, Whitlock	2 00
J E S, Fiskeville	10 00
J M C, Emlenton	2 00
J M T, Woodville	1 00
L B, Avalon	5 00
Mrs L F B, Umont n	1 00
M D F, Harleysville	5 00
M D C K, Bridgeport	1 00
M G M, San Jose	1 00
M H B, Short Beach	1 00
M J	1 00
M P W, Newark	1 00
M T, Bruin	2 00
O R S, Chandlers Valley	25
S A W, Obi	1 00
S F C A V M P, Kennett Sq	6 00
S & H, Silverdale	2 00
Mrs S H C, Hope	75
Mrs W S, Apsley	1 00
Friend, Ann Arbor	5 00
Friend, Blue Mound	2 00
Friend, Broad Brook	2 00
Friend, Brownfield	5 00
C E Soc, N Goodland	2 00
The Hebron Pres Ch, Pittsburg	10 00
Mt. Olivet Pres Ch, Pittsburg	8 00
The Woman's For'n Miss'y Soc Va St Free Meth Ch	6 00
Pres S S, Wylam	3 60
An invalid, Owego	43
Cash, Bairo	50
Child of a King, Hillcrest	1 00
Citizens of Montevideo, Minn	22 65
G D C Club, Wallkill	1 00
Grateful, Chesapeake	2 00
Helper, Homebrook	1 00
In memory of Clara Dorchester	2 00
In memory of my sainted mother, Mary A Small	10 00
In memory of Oliver Solon	1 00
Legion of the Black Cross, Lally	42 00
"Marsh," Sherman Mills	2 50
C O D, Mechanicsb'g	5 00
Osmundson Ner strand	5 00
Mother & Daughter, Mt Vernon	5 00
Mother & two boys, Markerville	2 00
"Rogers," Ark	1 00
St Mary Anne's Parish, North East	7 50
Symvathetic Friends, Coal Harbor	2 00
The Lord's Tenth, Williamantic	1 00
The Ruby Soc'y, Hillcourt	3 00
Two Sisters, Roxbury	5 00
Two Sisters, Wells	3 00
Widow's Mite, Pons	1 00
Reserved Fund	10 00
Sister in Va	1 00
Total	$[illegible] 62

And nearly 150 others to be acknowledged next week.

Buildings almost submerged, the water level with the roofs

A flooded street in Ponce—Water up to the second stories

SCENES IN THE GREAT PORTO RICO FLOODS—PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

LONGEVITY

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Ps. 91: 16: . . . . . With long life will I satisfy him

THROUGH the mistake of its friends, religion has been chiefly associated with sick-beds and graveyards. The whole subject, to many people, is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed, and that religion instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead, should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is sanative, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David, in another part of the Psalm, prays that religion may be dominant, he does not speak of it as a mild sickness, or an emaciation, or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp; he speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations"; while God, in the text, promises longevity to the pious, saying: "With long life will I satisfy him." The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian, there were, at one time in his empire, forty-five people one hundred and thirty-five years old. So far down as the sixteenth century, Peter Zartan died at one hundred and eighty-five years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say the length of life will be increased.

It is said in Isaiah: "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if according to Scripture, the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to three hundred and four hundred and five hundred? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance, and they develop a Frederick Douglass or a Toussaint L'Ouverture. And if the white race shall be brought from under the serfdom of sin, what shall be the body? what shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries, and who can tell what will be the strength of man, and the beauty of woman, and the longevity of all?

My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of long life. I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of our health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often deferred to the realm of whimsicality; but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says: "God has given me this body, and he has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars, or mar its walls, or crumble its pillars, is a God-defying sacrilege." He sees God's caligraphy in every page—anatomical and physiological. He says: "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes." That arm with thirty-two curious bones wielded by forty-six curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy; three hundred and fifty pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour, the heart in twenty-four hours beating 100,000 times, during the twenty-four hours the lungs taking in fifty-seven hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished. The Christian man says to himself: "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties, I insult God and call for dire retribution." Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating ruins his health, is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the Church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection, while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going out on the bridge between New York and Brooklyn, leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you refer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality or to the pastry-cook or to the butcher, or to the baker, or to the apothecary, or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physicial forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment. Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychnined, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in two, and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly!

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the ear? It is the whispering gallery of the soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. What is the hand? An instrument so wonderful that when the Earl of Bridgewater bequeathed in his will $40,000 for treatises to be written on the wisdom, power and goodness of God, Sir Charles Bell, the great English anatomist and surgeon, found his greatest illustration in the construction of the human hand, devoting his whole book to that subject. So wonderful are these bodies that God names his own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is God's eye. His omnipresence—it is God's ear. His omnipotence—it is God's arm. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers. His life-giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—"the government shall be upon his shoulder." A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed, let us be careful not to abuse it. When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of our health, is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly, and drop it on the pavement, and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it, and often let it run down, while you are careful with your watch, and never abuse it, and wind it up just at the same hour every night, and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which will last the longer? Common sense answers. Now, the human body is God's watch. You see the hands of the watch, you see the face of the watch; but the beating of the heart is the ticking of the watch. Be careful and do not let it run down!

Again: I remark that practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it is a protest against dissipations, which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi at thirty-six years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at thirty-eight years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his door was delirium tremens—

[illegible]

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond mid-life, then died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said that his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, the man who by one step of his foot in the centre of Europe shook the earth, killed by a snuff-box! How many people we have known who have not lived out half their days because of their dissipations and indulgences! Now, practical religion is a protest against all dissipations of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion have fallen, professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds, professors of religion have absconded." Yes; but they threw away their religion before they did their morality. If a man on a White Star line steamer bound for Liverpool, in mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowned, is that anything against the White Star line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason for your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man clear through? In the one case, if he had kept to the steamer his body would have been saved; in the other case, if he had kept to his religion his morals would have been saved.

There are aged people who would have been dead twenty-five years ago but for the defences and the equipoise of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries to-day, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain, or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of a Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. That is all the difference between you. If this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of longevity. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again: religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it takes the worry out of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men, it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian he makes over to God not only his affections, but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul—everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy, and when to sell; and if he gain, that is best, and if he lose, that is best.

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency; I am your fast friend. I could fall back on $20,000,000; I can foresee a panic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in thirty of the best monetary institutions of New York; whenever you are in trouble, call on me and I will help you; you can have my money and you can have my influence; here is my hand in pledge for it.' How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say: "I'll do the best I can, and then I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest.

Now more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg and Pekin; and Australia and California are mine; I can foresee a panic a hundred years; I have all the resources of the universe, and I am your fast friend; when you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on me, and I will help; here is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much should that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? Is there not rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this? "Oh," you say, "there is a man who asked God for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and he lost five thousand dollars in it. Explain that." I will. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is going north, and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel plays laterally and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer and I say: "O, manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?" "Well," he says, "I made them to go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go down-stairs and examine the carpets we are turning out in this establishment and you will see." I go down on the other floor and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions, they turn out a beautiful result: and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric an old Scripture passage comes into my mind: "All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not a tonic in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation? One man says he lies, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume, and cannot sleep; but religion comes to him and says, "Man! God is on your side; he will take care of your reputation; if God be for you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If that broker who some years ago in Wall Street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out, if instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol he had taken out a well-read New Testament, there would have been one less suicide.

O nervous and feverish people of the world, try this almighty sedative. You will live twenty-five years longer under its soothing power. It is not chloral that you want, or morphine that you want: it is the gospel of Jesus Christ. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again: practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to become of him. If you get on board a railtrain, you want to know at what depot it is going to stop; if you get on board a ship, you want to know into what harbor it is going to run, and if you should tell me you have no interest in what is to be your future destiny, I would, in as polite a way as I know how, tell you I did not believe you. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence the question almost worried me into ruined health. The anxieties men have upon this subject put together would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying. I want to take the strain off your nerves and the depression off your soul, and I make two or three experiments. Experiment first: When you go out of this world it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say; "my common sense as well as my religion teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment." Experiment the second: When you leave this world you will go into an intermediate state where you can get converted and prepared for heaven. "Impossible," you say; "as the tree falleth, so must it lie, and I cannot postpone

to an intermediate state reformation which ought to have been effected in this state." Experiment the third: There is no future world; when a man dies, that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in another state of being; you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say; "there is something that tells me that death is not the appendix, but the preface to life; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started, and that I shall go on forever; my power to think says 'forever,' my affections say 'forever,' my capacity to enjoy or suffer, 'forever.'"

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted: A mighty One on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned his pale and agonized face toward the heavens and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the expiation. Witness earth and heaven and hell, I am the expiation." And the hammer struck him, and the spears punctured him, and heaven thundered: "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky, and the earth ceased to quiver, and all the colors of the sky began to shift into a rainbow woven out of the falling tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the bloodshedding, and there was blue as of the bruising, and there was green as of the heavenly foliage, and there was orange as of the day dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words: "I was bruised for their iniquities." And along the line of the red I saw the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And along the line of the green I saw the words: "The leaves of the Tree of Life for the healing of the nations." And along the line of the orange I saw the words: "The day-spring from on high hath visited us." And then I saw the storm was over, and the rainbow rose higher and higher until it seemed retreating to another heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill, and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill, it rose upward and upward, "and behold there was a rainbow about the throne." Accept that sacrifice and quit worrying. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth.

Glory be to God for this robust, healthy religion. It will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life. "With long life will I satisfy him."

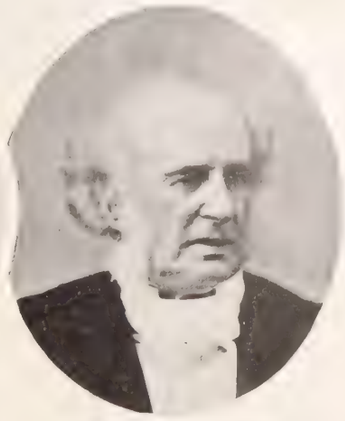
Vanderbilt Philanthropies

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Railroad Magnate and Philanthropist—Friend of Young Men

THE recent death of Cornelius Vanderbilt was cause of deep regret, not only in his family and among his friends, but among many people in humble walks of life, and especially to "railroad boys." Mr. Vanderbilt was a millionaire who did good in the world. In these days of colossal fortunes, many of which have been accumulated as the result of purely speculative gambling or of undertakings that have impoverished widows and orphans, depreciated the products of the farm, wrecked railroads and other large industrial enterprises and cornered the food-stuffs of the world, it is pleasing to reflect that the Vanderbilt millions were honestly made, as well as generously employed. The original basis of Cornelius Vanderbilt's enormous wealth—between $125,000,000 and $150,000,000—was his inheritance from his grandfather, the old "Commodore," an inheritance enlarged by his own extraordinary energy and enterprise. The heads of the Vanderbilt house have been workers from the Commodore, who rowed his boatload of cabbages from Staten Island to the Battery, to the man just dead, who began life as a farmer's son, doing the ordinary chores incidental to such a life, and who made his first wages as messenger in a New York banking house. His grandfather used to say of him: "That boy I can trust. I can tell him something to do, and never have to think of it again. I know that he will do it."

The life of Mr. Vanderbilt has been very fully told by the secular press, and it is solely to that side of his character in which he allowed his philanthropic nature fullest activity and expansion that this article will be confined.

THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT



COMMODORE VANDERBILT

A complete list of his gifts to organized forms of charity, to churches, and to educational and philanthropic enterprises is hardly obtainable, so numerous and widely distributed were they. Besides, he shrank from having his good deeds proclaimed, liking to do his alms literally according to the old command, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," and his benefactions revealed themselves because of a magnitude that could not be hidden. The individual cases of distress he relieved, it is impossible to compute. Among institutions to which he lent his support as active and heavy contributor may be mentioned St. Luke's Hospital, the Vanderbilt Clinic, Sloane Maternity, Hospital for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled, Home for Incurables, Eye and Ear Infirmary, New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men, Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, the Improved Dwelling Association, Seamen's Missionary Society, International Medical Missionary Society, Domestic and Foreign Mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Society of St. Johnland, St. Bartholomew's Mission, and every branch of the Young Men's Christian Association and particularly to the one created for the benefit of railroad men. He was trustee to the General Theological Seminary; trustee (and contributor of $100,000) to the new Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine; donor of $100,000 to Columbia College; and with his wife, his earnest sympathizer and coadjutor in all good works, giver of a million-dollar dormitory to Yale.

The work which perhaps commanded his largest and most enthusiastic activity, was that of the Young Men's Christian Association. The Bowery branch, the Institute branch, and the handsome Fifty-Seventh street building (on ground purchased by his father's legacy) all profited by large benefactions. He was an active member of the International Committee, and spent time, money and talent unstintedly on city, state and continental work. In the railroad branch, of which he was President, he was a pioneer. Desire to throw safeguards around railroad men and save them from temptations of saloon and pool-rooms, stimulated an interest which became instrumental in the extension and expansion of this work along railway lines in many States. The handsome home of the R.Y.M.C.A., near the Grand Central station, built at a cost of over $200,000, he sometimes spoke of as his "monument." He instituted a pension fund for worthy employees, and one of his last acts was to write a letter directing relief of a railroad man's destitute widow. His fixed annual contribution to Y. M. C. A. work aggregated many thousands, and he was ever enlarging it to meet new calls and unexpected difficulties.

Thousands are familiar with the splendid work done for the East Side poor at St. Bartholomew's Parish House. The handsome building and the ground it covers, were given by Mr. Vanderbilt, his wife, and mother, who was a clergyman's daughter. He was buried from St. Bartholomew's Church, of which he had been a member and vestryman for many years.

THE SLOANE MATERNITY HOSPITAL

THE R. Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, N. Y.

CHINESE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

GIRLS' CLUB AT THE PARISH HOUSE

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Haman's Plot Against the Jews

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 8 Esther 3: 1-11
Golden Text, Romans 8: 31

THE world has never loved the Jews. Again and again the fear of the Jews has fallen upon the children of this world, as he promised them it should be if they would hearken to and obey him (Exod. 23: 27); but the "carnal mind" of man is always "enmity against God" (Rom. 8: 7), and therefore against his people. The world always hates the idea of separation. Because Israel was called to be a separate people, the world has been against them. Deeply and repeatedly have the Jews fallen; again and again has judgment come upon them for their sins; but God has never "cast away his people whom he foreknew" (Rom. 11: 1, 2), and he never will. After the return of some 50,000 Jews from Babylonia, at the end of the seventy years' captivity, many Jews still remained behind, and one of these was Mordecai, whose cousin and adopted daughter, Esther, was now the chosen queen of Ahasuerus, or Xerxes, the then king of Persia. The king himself did not know that his queen was Jewish. Esther had not only captivated him, but had won favor with all who knew her (Esther 2: 9, 15, 17). But Esther, like every true child of God, must be put to the proof, and because of her high position and responsibility, she must pass through special tests. It is more than probable that Esther exercised a certain influence over the king, which would certainly be for good; and the enemy of souls, seeing this, had his own plan of counteracting it, by putting in the way of this great king an insidious flatterer, Haman the Agagite, perhaps one of the posterity of that very Agag, the Amalekitish king who, with his people, Saul had failed to destroy.

Haman obtained a great ascendency over the king, and he set his seat above all the princes that were with him (Esther 3: 1); and the king's servants consequently obeyed the royal command to bow down to him and do him reverence. There was one exception, and this was a Jew, probably the most honest and loyal man among them; it was Mordecai. The king owed his life to this man, for he had discovered, and warned the king through Esther the queen, of a conspiracy against his life. If the Jew had had his rights, and the king had rewarded deeds rather than words, the Jew would have been in the place which Haman now occupied. But a man who knows God can wait; and patiently Mordecai waited on until God should take up his cause. The cause of God's people is his cause. "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye" (Zech. 2: 8).

Thus, trusting in his God, Mordecai would not sin against his own conscience in bowing down to a man who was personally unworthy. God's cause was Mordecai's; how then should he bow down before this Agagite without dishonoring his God? He knew the risk he was running, but he knew it was safe to trust God. The king's servants were quick to remark the attitude of the Jew; and after enquiring of him, "Why transgressest thou the king's commandment?" to which he gave them no reply, they busied themselves in drawing Haman's attention to the unbending Jew, to see whether Mordecai's matters would stand, for he had told them that he was a Jew. Perhaps some of the envy and rancor which Daniel's promotion had caused remained among the courtiers. To them it was an unequal contest between two men, but Mordecai, who had his people upon his heart, saw involved the cause of his people's God.

The wrath of Haman was aroused, and the man showed himself in his true colors. He watched the Jew; and when he saw that he made no sign of reverence before him, a deadly hatred of Mordecai took possession of him; and the enemy of souls, whose servant he was, urged him on to a diabolical vengeance, not only against the man who would not do him undeserved honor, but against all his people. The only and unenviable notoriety of Haman was, like that of the present Sultan of Turkey, in his gigantic plans for murdering the people of God. Haman, in his subtlety, did not mention the real cause for which he sought the destruction of the Jews; he, to appear disinterested, put it on quite another ground: their laws were different from all people, and they kept not the king's laws, such was his indictment. It was of the same order as the chief priest's accusation of Jesus, only a pretext without justice or reason; both came from the same source: one can recognize in both the inspiration of the enemy.

"ALL THE KING'S SERVANTS . . . BOWED . . . BUT MORDECAI BOWED NOT"

The unsuspecting king fell into the snare; he gave his ring to Haman, the Jews' enemy, with the words, "The silver is given to thee, the people also, to do with them as it seemeth good to thee"; and every Jew in his great empire, and all their property, was placed at the mercy of this bloodthirsty man. So it seemed. But the man who had been used of God to save the king's life was to be used of God to save his people's lives also. Haman lost no time; for the moment he was supreme, and all the machinery of the government was put in motion by him for the complete extirpation of the Jews, and the confiscation of all their property, to take place at the end of the year. "And the king and Haman sat down to drink; but the city of Shushan was perplexed." The Jews had done nothing to deserve such treatment. Why were they to die? The triumph of the wicked is short. There were mightier agencies at work than Haman dreamed of, and the hosts of wickedness which were behind him, and into whose hands he was playing, trembled, for they do believe (James 2: 19), but Haman neither believed nor trembled.

Men who have faith in God can afford to let things come to extremities. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego knew well what would be the consequence of their refusal to worship the golden image, and so did Daniel know of the consequences of his persistency in worshiping the true and living God. And Mordecai, knowing well that Ahasuerus was so under the influence of Haman, that no human power could deliver either him or his people, had nevertheless an unfailing source. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. 8: 31).

♦

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

WHILE the Jews who had returned to Jerusalem were contending with their enemies, trying to bring order out of chaos, attending the services in their recently completed Temple, and wandering among the ruins of the walls of the city, their brethren, whom they had left behind in Babylon and other cities of the unwieldy Persian empire, were beset by a new and unlooked-for peril. So silent are the secular historians about this trouble that scholars in our own day have suggested that the strange story as it is related in the book of Esther is a pure romance. Luther, himself, ardent as he was in his reverence for the Bible, declared that he would have been glad if it had contained no such book as Esther, which he regarded as useless, if not mischievous. The Jews, however, most certainly believed the book to be veritable history, and to this day they commemorate, by a holiday and a feast, the events it records. Although some of the events appear improbable, and there are difficulties in reconciling its story with known facts, there is no good reason for regarding it as apocryphal. The language of the book, the incidental allusions to Persian customs, the insight it shows of the character of the king, and the sketch it draws of court life, all prove that it was written by some one familiar with life in the Persian capital near the period described. It must also be perceived that if it had been a pure romance, the writer would have been likely to make his work more in accord with other Jewish literature, whereas it occupies a place by itself dissimilar from other productions of Jewish pens. The name of God does not occur in the whole book, and there is no reference to religion in it. In the time of the greatest peril and suspense when we should expect every Jew to be entreating God's interference on behalf of the people, there is no sign that they prayed, and the writer records only that they fasted. The only sign of recognition of God that he gives is the vague remark of Mordecai, that if Esther would not help in the crisis, help would come "from another place." It is certainly astonishing to find among a literature so saturated with religion, as is the Jewish, a book ignoring it so completely as does the book of Esther. It would seem that if an author had been writing fiction and not cold facts, he would not have made his book so unique as this. Scholars have no difficulty in identifying the king, whom our author calls Ahasuerus. His name is Xerxes, the Persian king who led his huge army into Greece and was defeated at Salamis. All that is recorded in secular history makes this story of the book of Esther consistent. Xerxes would have been very likely to act in his court as Ahasuerus is described as acting in Shushan. There is more difficulty in identifying Vashti and Esther. Xerxes had a wife named Amestris, but in the seventh year of his reign, when Esther is said to have been made his queen, Amestris had already borne her husband two sons, who had grown to man's estate and were married. Besides, Amestris was never divorced, and she outlived her husband, so she cannot be identified with either Vashti or Esther. But that fact constitutes no real difficulty in view of the habits of Oriental sultans in general, and Xerxes in particular. The place in the history of the Jewish people, to which the story belongs, is clearly indicated. It is sixty-two years after Zerubbabel led the first return of his countrymen to Palestine under the edict of Cyrus, and sixteen years before Ezra's return under Artaxerxes.

The Agagite. This was evidently a term of opprobrium. The new Grand Vizier was an enemy of the Jews, as hateful to them as Agag had been (I. Sam. 15: 32). When the book of Esther was translated into Greek, the translator called Haman, the Macedonian, because just then the Macedonians were the typical enemies of the Jews. So, though Haman had not the remotest connection with Agag, the Amalekite, he stands pilloried in the history as an Agagite. History revenges the wrongs of the oppressed. The name of Catherine de Medici can never be mentioned without recalling the memory of the massacre of the Huguenots, and so with other famous murderers and high-placed plotters, their names go down from one generation to another as synonyms for cruelty.

Mordecai bowed not. Mordecai held some subordinate place about the court and would naturally be expected to show respect for the highest officer in the empire. It would seem, however, that this bowing was a prostration which implied worship. Mordecai's religious scruples must have been involved, otherwise he would never take a course so certain to bring danger upon him. A well-known writer in putting in striking contrast the character of two of his personages, describes an argument between them on the propriety of taking off the hat on meeting a certain social magnate. "I should do it," says one, "as a matter of courtesy and respect. He expects my homage, and it saves trouble to give it. I care nothing for the man, but it is not any trouble to lift my hat to him." The other replied, "Have you never heard of such a thing as principle?" Mordecai's principles stood in the way. It is not any trouble to lift the hat, but when it implies worship, it becomes serious. Many a man has been ill-treated and in danger of his life in Roman Catholic countries, because he would not uncover his head when the host was being carried in procession through the streets.

They told Haman. There are always mischief-makers around who enjoy causing quarrels. One wonders whether some of these officious creatures, who called Haman's attention to Mordecai's conduct, paid the penalty of their chattering tongues in the subsequent massacre. It is very likely, for they were evidently people about the court, and there the slaughter was great. Eight hundred men in all were killed by the Jews in Shushan alone, and among them were probably some of those who started the trouble. In the French Revolution, at the close of the eighteenth century, the people who did the most mischief were those who went to the courts to denounce their neighbors. Many a noble man and woman would have escaped the guillotine but for these officious people. It is worthy of note that nearly all of those who thus made themselves busy, themselves were denounced, and perished like their victims. A tale-bearer's words, as Solomon says, are as wounds.

THE GOSPEL IN NOVA SCOTIA

A Notable Gathering of Gospel Workers in "Evangeline's Country"

BAY VIEW PARK, WHERE THE CONFERENCE WAS HELD

THE Maritime Conference for Christian workers, recently held in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, was an occasion of unusual interest. It was largely attended by people from the United States and from the interior and maritime provinces of Canada; and England was represented by clergymen present. United States workers were in particularly abundant evidence; among those well known were Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Brooklyn, leader of the Conference, Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey, Supt. of Moody's Bible Institute, Chicago, Rev. Charles E. Hulburt, of Philadelphia, Rev. W. H. Palmer, of Providence, R. I., and Rev. Mr. H. B. Gibbud the rescue missionary worker. One of the results of the Conference is the inauguration in Yarmouth by Mr. Gibbud of a training school for Christian workers.

The address welcoming the visiting brethren was made Tuesday, Aug. 29, in Zion Church, by Rev. Dr. E. D. Millar, in the name of the Churches of Nova Scotia. On the previous Sabbath and on Sundays in September during the Conference, the pulpits of Yarmouth and neighboring hamlets were occupied by visiting ministers. The early morning prayer-meetings in St. John's Presbyterian Church, were interesting features of the Conference; the first was lead by Dr. Torrey, and later ones by Rev. Mr. Hulburt. Forenoon sessions were given chiefly to Bible study; afternoon meetings to consideration of various methods of Christian work; and among the speakers at these were Rev. R. P. McKim, of St. John, New Brunswick, and Evangelist Gale. Miss Ella D. McLarren, from the foreign field, gave instructive accounts of the labors, hardships and opportunities of workers in heathen lands "where the homeliest duties of life, the woodman's axe and the needle of Dorcas may be used in Divine enterprise." Many sermons were given on "Prayer;" the wonders wrought in the life of George Muller, and the establishment of his orphanages were cited as illustrations of the power of prayer. "The Holy Spirit," "The Power of the Bible," and "Acquaintance with God" were other topics of evangelical discourses. The singing was under direction of Evangelist W. S. Martin. Open-air meetings were held in front of the post office, at the Coast Railway station and other places. While the regular evening services were usually at some church in Yarmouth, the morning and afternoon sessions were held at Bay View Park, through the hospitality of the owner, Hon. L. E. Baker, President of the Yarmouth S. S. Co., a gentleman who is in hearty accord with evangelical Christian work, and who lends his labor and influence to many humanitarian and religious enterprises. He is a liberal contributor to Yarmouth's excellent Old Ladies' Home, and the public library is his gift. On the stanch ship *Yarmouth* the writer was interested to note that the evening's music was of a sacred character. The saloon or "social hall" made a quaint and homelike picture, with the piano in the center, and members of the ship's company and passengers sitting and standing around, singing sweet old Gospel songs, and contributing in various little acts of courtesy and kindness to the appearance of a family circle. On deck a little group of young lads and lassies had been observed singing; and once mariners on any passing ship might have heard these beautiful words of Charles Wesley floating over the waves:

Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine.
The prosperous and pretty town

little steamer plies back and forth hourly.

Nova Scotia is a place of kind hearts and generous hands, ever ready to extend cordial welcome to brothers from "the States," large numbers of whom yearly seek its pleasant shores in the summer months. The representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was made to feel more than at home, on ship and ashore. Especially was this the case when readers of the paper gave the warm greeting of old friends. Particularly, too, was it so when a lady exclaimed: "Tell us about the Children's Home. I have a friend at Nyack, who writes me about that beautiful work!"

of Yarmouth, next to Halifax in population, is of particular interest as being the nearest gateway for people of the United States to quaint and beautiful Nova Scotia, the "Acadie" of Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline." A day's journey from Yarmouth is Grand Pre, once the home of Evangeline. A considerable number of Micmac Indians—the island's early possessors—are still included in its population; and here and there, over streams abounding in fish, the Micmac's canoe still glides; and here and there his tent is pitched as of old, although, for the most part, he lives in houses and is civilized and Christianized. Hundreds of years before Columbus discovered America, Northern Europeans, it is claimed, must have visited the spot where Yarmouth now stands, as the inscription in dotted runes on the old Norse stone (which anybody in Yarmouth will show you) testifies; but they did not bide; and about 1761, Massachusetts men, Sealed Landers, Consider Fuller and others settled here; and the town is one of strong New England characteristics. Although numbering only some 10,000 population, it is a place of many churches; it maintains a high grade of morality and temperance. Bay View Park is just across the harbor from the pretty, picturesque town, and a

NICTAUX FALLS, NOVA SCOTIA

HON. L. E. BAKER

A RURAL PICNIC PARTY IN EVANGELINE'S COUNTRY

A CAMP OF MICMAC INDIANS, AT DIGBY, N. S.

Beaten by Moslem Fanatics

A Christian Medical Missionary Assaulted in Persia

DR. Jesse Malik Yonan, a native of Persia, educated in an American medical college and a naturalized citizen of this country, recently returned to Persia. Dr. Yonan is a Christian medical missionary, and many of our readers are already acquainted with his work, having read his letters in these pages. He comes of a Christian family in Persia, which has suffered persecution for the faith.

In a letter just received from Dr. Yonan, dated at Urmiah, July 24, he gives an account of a murderous attack recently made upon him by a fanatical Mohammedan mob. He writes:

"I am just recovering from the effects of an outrage. Last Wednesday, at 5 p. m., I was going together with my servant to dress the leg of a Moslem nobleman (I had amputated it a few days before). To reach his house, I had to cross through one of the toughest parts of the city, inhabited by Sayids (descendants of the Imams). We were passing through the graveyard, which is also the pathway, when a boy of fifteen stood in front, and reviled my religion and the Cross in an awful way. I tried to get rid of the fellow, but did not succeed, and he cried aloud, saying, 'The infidel has killed me.' In an instant I found myself surrounded by a mob. I asked them what I had done, but they would not listen and said I had reviled the Mohammedan faith. I asked, 'Who heard me revile it?' All of them cried, 'I did! I did!' (It is a righteous deed to give false witness against a Christian). They began to beat me with heavy sticks. The mob was increasing, and I was left in their midst like a foot-ball. My servant fled to inform the authorities. Then the mob dragged me in the streets for a long distance, and finally took me to the house of a Sayid prominent in the history of outrages on Christians. Two men ran to the Moslem priest to inform him of the prey they had. A number of these false witnesses told the most outrageous lies, asserting things I had never done."

Fortunately the news came to the ears of the Governor, who had been a patient of Dr. Yonan, and the life of the Christian, which had been at the mercy of the cruel mob, was saved.

Buried Cities Discovered

One of the most distinguished and determined explorers of to-day, is Dr. Sven Anders Hedin, son of Ludwig Hedin, chief architect of Stockholm. He has journeyed through Persia and Mesopotamia, explored Khorasan and Turkestan, and his last and most celebrated expedition was exploring the wastes of Central Asia and the supposed sites of buried cities. While traveling in the waterless Asiatic deserts of Taklamakam (known as "the sand that slayeth"), he had many narrow escapes from death. He discovered in the great desert the remains of buried cities of a date preceding the Mohammedan conquest, and evidently in an advanced state of civilization, presumably Buddhist. In recognition of his contribution to geographical science, the King of Sweden presented Dr. Hedin with the Order of the North Star, and he also received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
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Letters

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Degradation of France

THE civilized world was insulted when the judges in the French court-room convicted Dreyfus on his second trial, which was no trial at all. The nations have stood aghast at the outlawry and ruffianism of the French court-room. Such goings-on of lawyers and witnesses and judges were unprecedented. We see now that it was as thoroughly decided that Dreyfus should be condemned before the case was opened as at its close. The witnesses against the prisoner were allowed to make stump speeches. The attorneys for the defence were indecorously ordered to sit down. The whole scene at times became a bedlam and a riot. The result reached is a moral disaster and a national disgrace. We pity France more than we pity Dreyfus. Human life is short at the longest, but nations have a life of centuries. The wrong to the individual ends in four or five decades, but a national wrong hurts many generations. We still hope through a pardon by President Loubet and through some outside help, or through some strategic escape from endungeonment Dreyfus may soon be free.

There will be no peace in France till he is free. Such a barbarism will somehow be avenged, and the right will triumph. Meanwhile, the sword of France which has been a brilliant sword, the sword of Lafayette and Bonaparte and Marshal Ney is a bespattered sword. The military in their court-martial did this. Spain sank last year to a low level, and France this year sinks quite as low. The President of France by one stroke of his pen can do much to redeem his nation. May eternal justice move him to do the right thing! But the proposed retaliation on the part of other nations by withholding support of the French Exposition next year is a gigantic unwisdom. Such boycotting would be of the devil and would do no good. Such absentation would chiefly punish those who are not to blame. Blot out the Centennial Fair at Paris, and the officers of the French Army who struck down Dreyfus would nevertheless get their pay. The merchants and artists and mechanics and manufacturers of all civilized nations would feel the damage of such retaliation. The hundreds of thousands of dollars voted by Congress for the favorable presentation of American fabrics, and American invention, and American products would be wasted.

The spirit of revenge and bad feeling would be fostered, and the spirit of goodwill buffeted and driven back. No! No! It will be an advantage to all the world to have the exposition at Paris a great success. Let not the malevolence of a perfidious court-martial impede the world's progress. The only way to war successfully against such ignominy as that enacted by the court-martial at Rennes, France, is by establishing complete fairness in our own court-martials, by the illustrious behavior of judges who never disgrace their robes, by annihilation in this country of race-prejudice, by more vehement denunciation by printing-press, and platform, and pulpit of all injustice against Jew, and Gentile, against white, and black, against any race or nationality.

As to where this agitation will end, no one can make any valuable prophecy. Something unexpected will happen. An event will come in upon the French capital as radical, as overpowering as when, on the 2d of December, 1851, Napoleon III. and his escort rode through the Champs Elysee, and constitutional government went down under the hoofs of their horses. The victors in this conflict in the French court-martial are celebrating their Austerlitz. But let them remember that after Austerlitz came Waterloo.

The hero of that scandalous court-room at Rennes, France, was M. Labori. The bullet lodged in his body only made him more earnest and determined and magnificent. Neither Edmund Burke, nor Daniel O'Connell, nor Lord Broughham, nor Rufus Choate, nor Charles O'Conor ever appeared grander in any court-room. This mighty French lawyer brought forensic eloquence to coronation. As long as innocence is to be defended, and righteousness vindicated, and injustice arraigned, and iniquity assailed, and the splendors of great oratory kindled, the name of M. Labori will be honored.

But poor Dreyfus! he has been sacrificed. It is not a question whether he shall suffer. He has already endured martyrdom. The freshest breezes that will ever blow over France cannot give him back steady nerves and mental health. The world can never undo the wrong it has done him. Disimprisonment and restoration to his home, and years of quietude, and plenty, cannot atone for the agony of the last five years.

As we go to press with this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the news comes by cable that Dreyfus has been pardoned, and will immediately be set at liberty.

Significant American Expansion

A SHIP has just sailed from these shores to China, carrying forty locomotives and eighteen steel bridges. And at the opening of the Atbara Bridge, made in Philadelphia, it was kindly said by Lord Kitchener: "The construction of this bridge, I think, may be fairly considered a record achievement. So far as the failure of the efforts to place the construction order in England is concerned, I think it demonstrates that the relation between labor and capital there are not sufficiently well established to give confidence to the capitalist, and to induce him to take the risk of establishing up-to-date workshops that would enable Great Britain to maintain herself as the first constructing nation in the world. But, as England failed, I am delighted that our cousins across the Atlantic stepped in. The bridge is due to their energy, ability, and power to turn out works of magnitude in less time than anybody else. I congratulate the Americans on their success in the erection of a bridge in the heart of Africa. They have shown real grit far from home, in the hottest month of the year, and depending upon the labor of foreigners."

Home, Sweet Home!

A [illegible] ers; and we all know that out of [illegible] sirous of taking on themselves the service [illegible] a fine nature. They who bend the knee only to self, are weaving the shroud of the heart's best affections; and the man or the woman [illegible] unbearable. A wise teacher of the ancient world said: "Give me a single domestic grace and I will turn it into a hundred public vir[illegible]"

One of the greatest charms, then, of that happy period between falling in love and marriage, is the preparation of a home, for home is the anchor of married life. God has not made us to differ in this respect. A pleasant home is the dream and hope of every good man and woman; but no house is a home till it is swept and garnished for our special tastes and necessities; until it contains not only the wherewithal to refresh the body, but also something for the comfort of the heart, the elevation of the mind, and the delight of the [illegible]

If we would fairly estimate the moral power of furniture, let us consider how attached it is possible for us to become to it. There are chairs in our childhood's home that are sacred objects to us—the large, easy one, in which some saint sat patiently waiting for the angels; the little high chair, which was some darling baby's throne, till he "went away one morning"; the low rocker in which mother nursed the whole family of stalwart sons and lovely daughters. Ask any student or writer how much he loves his old desk, with its familiar conveniences. Have they not many a secret between them? Are they not famil[illegible] sorrow? Nothing is more certain than that we do stamp ourselves upon dead matter, and impart to it a kind of life. Is there a more pathetic engraving than that of Dickens' study after his death? Yet no human figure is present. There is nothing but furniture—the desk on which he wrote those wonderful stories, and the empty chair before it. Nothing but the empty chair and the confidential desk to [illegible] they do it!

It is certain, then, that lovers who leave a happy home, have a positive ideal to realize. There is no speculation in their efforts; they know that home is "sweet home." But in all their imaginings, chairs and tables, and carpets, and curtains, must have a conspicuous place. Now, as this life is all we have to front eternity with, nothing that touches it will be of small consequence; for if it is something to the body to have comfortable and pretty surroundings, it is much more to the mind. Is there any one whose feelings and energies are not depressed by a cold, comfortless room? And who does not feel a positive exaltation of spirit in the glow of a bright, prettily furnished apartment?

All rooms open to the public must have a certain air of conventional arrangement, but the private parlor in every home ought to be a room of character and individuality. It should be the very shrine and sanctuary of the Lares and Penates. Here will be placed the young wife's chair and work-basket, and the young husband's sofa, on which he will rest and read the evening paper. As children come, the girls will practise in it, and the boys rig their ships and study their lessons, and mamma look serious over the house-books. In this room the picture papers will lie around, every one's favorite volume be on the table, and the walls will be sacred to the family portraits. In this room the family councils will all be held, and dear invalids nursed back to health. Here the boys will come to say "good-by" when they go away to school or business. Here the girls, in their gay party dresses, come for papa's last bantering [illegible] look of admiration. Oh, this dear, unfashionable, untidy parlor! It is the citadel of the household; it is the heart of the home.

We [illegible] people are very proud and very fond of our Saxon word "home." We sing a great deal about its "sweetness." Some of us make our homes beautiful and homelike, though probably it is only by the sensations of discomfort we experience when we find ourselves in the barren [illegible] the atmosphere of our own home. There is a [illegible] human need. We compel our people to be educated. Can we not persuade them to have [illegible] cheerfulness and comfort and beauty? And [illegible] hold that to "give voice to the love of beauty that does exist in people's hearts, and lead them on to see the connection between good work and natural law and order, is not only to lead them to be artists in the best sense, but [illegible] this care for the adornment of our homes. Over three thousand years ago the "minor arts" received the divine sanction, and were [illegible] further, and say that they were then inspired, or "God-breathed," if never before. "I have [illegible] feel, the son of Uri. . . . And I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship . . . . to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, to set them; and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship . . . . of the embroiderer in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen; and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work."

Is it, then, an idle fancy to suppose that over our humble attempts to make our homes homelike and beautiful there rests a benediction? No!

[illegible] Is the central point from which he measures every

Yes, our homesteads are our golden milestones, and will be, until we come to that eternal city, not made with hands, where

[illegible]

Amelia E. Barr

The Saloon-Keeper's Gift

WHEN our correspondent, J. R. N., of Zanesville, O., sent to [illegible] now famous letter, desiring to be advised as to the acceptance or rejection of the contribution tendered to his church for missionary purposes by a local saloon-keeper, he little dreamed that the inquiry would excite such widespread interest among church people as it has done. No question which has appeared in the columns of any publication, religious or secular, in recent years, has awakened so much discussion.

In submitting the matter to our readers for their opinion we have followed our own precedent, and we are confident that the general result of the debate—now at its height and touching every State and all denominations—will be wholesome and beneficial. For variety of argument, beauty, vigorous characterization and firm adherence to high principle, as well as for exemplification of the broadest and most generous Christianity, the discussion affords the amplest latitude. It is a theme concerning which few can afford to remain silent and passive while the verbal conflict rages with such interest on every side.

NOTICE

The Red Letter New Testament is now out and has been sent to all persons who are entitled to it by virtue of coupon subscriptions sent in during the months of June and July.

If any of our friends, who have inadvertently been slighted, will be good enough to communicate with us in regard to the matter, we will immediately rectify the error.

When writing, please give the names of all the subscribers which you claim.

Largest Vessel Afloat

NEW YORK welcomed on Sept. 13th the largest vessel in the world, on her maiden trip across the Atlantic. For many years past, the steamship companies have been directing their efforts to an increase of speed, and they have reduced the time of the voyage from Queenstown to five days, seven hours and twenty-three minutes, which is the record of the *Lucania* of the Cunard line, the shortest time in which the voyage has been done. A still better record than even this, was made by the German steamship *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, which holds the record for speed of all kinds. But the White Star line determined to build a vessel of another kind, in which speed should not be the chief object sought. They designed the *Oceanic*, which was to be so large and so powerful that it would be unaffected by weather, and would be sure to reach port on schedule time. The result is the largest vessel ever built. The only vessel that approached her in dimensions was the *Great Eastern*, which proved a gigantic failure owing to errors in her construction. She was 691 feet in length; the *Oceanic* is 705 feet 6 inches. The builders of the new vessel followed the lines of the *Majestic* and the *Teutonic* of their own line, which have been proved most suitable for ocean travel. The width therefore of the *Oceanic* is less than that of the *Great Eastern* by fifteen feet, thus decreasing the resistance of the waves. She has seven decks, all plated, and her depth may be imagined from the fact that the Captain's bridge is eighty feet above the keel. The chief difference between her and the older vessel, however is found in the engine-room. The *Great Eastern's* engines had a register of 8,000 horse-power, while the *Oceanic's* engines register 28,000, which make a difference in speed of twenty knots against thirteen and a half. She crossed the ocean from Queenstown in six days, two hours and thirty-seven minutes. The owners, however, insist that it was comfort and regularity that they aimed at, rather than speed, in her construction. She is designed to carry an enormous number of passengers. She can accommodate 410 in the first cabin, 300 in the second cabin and 1,000 in the steerage, which, with a crew of 394, makes 2,104 persons on this floating palace. The passengers who came over in the new vessel speak in glowing terms of the comfort of the voyage. Her shape and vast size combined to render her so steady that the highest waves had no appreciable effect upon her; there was no sense of motion. Passengers who suffer from sea-sickness will be prompt to appreciate this advantage. In making the voyage of life, those who do it under Christ's conduct have an analogous advantage. They are kept serene and undisturbed in the storms they encounter by the way.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee (Isa. 26: 3).

THE WHITE STAR LINE'S STEAMER, "OCEANIC," THE LARGEST SHIP EVER BUILT

News From Star-land

An astonishing discovery is announced by Prof. W. W. Campbell, of the Lick Observatory. This is the fact that the well-known star Polaris, the North Star, is not a single body, but is composed of three suns, two revolving around one another and both revolving around the third. The discovery is one of a long series made by the aid of this wonderful telescope and is the most surprising of all. The telescope had already revealed the fact that Polaris was composed of two stars, each being distinctly visible. An examination of one of them by the aid of the spectroscope, attached to the telescope, showed that every fourth day it gave out a double ray of light. This could only result from the presence of another star, revolving around its companion in a period of four days. No telescope sufficiently powerful to reveal the fact of this doubling is in existence, but the spectroscope's evidence is accepted by astronomers as conclusive proof of the second star being composed of two. Mary Proctor writing on the new discovery to the New York Herald, says: "From this we infer that the Pole Star is a sun, with white, yellow or ruddy rays, while the smaller companion suns are probably green or blue. The Pole Star may glow with a white light, resembling that of our own sun, its rays mingling at times with those of the companion blue or green suns as they rise over the eastern horizon. Here we have a system of three suns, probably illuminating with their rays a retinue of circling worlds and their attendant satellites and ministering to the needs of countless living beings on these planets, for we can scarcely believe that our own planet is the only inhabited atom in space." It seems possible that Christ had this fact in mind when he spoke of the extent of his Father's house.

In my Father's house are many mansions (John 14: 2).

Peary in the Arctic

The *Windward*, the vessel in which Peary went on his Arctic voyage of exploration, has returned, leaving the explorer behind. The vessel was imprisoned for a year in the ice. During that time and after her release, Peary and his sledges made journeys amounting to over 1,500 miles, not counting return over the same track. These long trips were made both for exploration and also to establish caches of supplies along the west side of the channel leading to the north, so that they may be available next Spring and during the time the explorer is engaged in his explorations. These supplies and others that will be added to them will enable Mr. Peary to begin his researches on the north coast of Greenland. He purposes spending the winter in a comfortable house which he has built. He intends to collect more dogs to take the place of those that perished during one of his absences from camp, so that even if the *Windward* does not reach him in time he can proceed by sledges on his way northward. It appears that last season was unusually severe and that has delayed his movements. In one of his journeys his feet were partially frozen and it was necessary to amputate some of his toes. This injury compelled him to turn back before reaching the highest point of latitude attained by Lockwood and Nansen. He has evidently the true explorer's spirit, which is not to be daunted by obstacles or by personal danger, but presses on toward the goal. If men were only as much in earnest in trying to win eternal life and reach the heavenly city, they would never fail.

From the days of John until now, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force (Matt. 11: 12).

Married at Last

A Jersey City, N. J., journal reports a marriage which was originally planned more than two years ago. The date first fixed for it was in the spring of 1897. Cards were issued and all arrangements made. But just before the wedding day, the prospective bride's father died and the invitations had to be recalled and the wedding postponed. When the customary period of mourning had expired, a new date in June, 1898, was fixed. But before the day, the bridegroom was prostrated by severe illness and lingered between life and death for several months. Mainly through the care and attention of his future wife he recovered, and the wedding was fixed for the third time in the spring of this year. But before the day arrived the bride fell ill and for some weeks it seemed probable that those two would never be married. Slowly and painfully she regained her strength and there was some discussion about fixing another day for the ceremony. But the bridegroom would not hear of it. He called a carriage on the first day the physicians would allow the invalid to go out and drove with her to the house of their minister, who speedily pronounced the words that made them one. Instead of sending out invitations to the wedding, which had already been done three times, they notified their friends that it had taken place. They acted wisely at last. If those who contemplate union with Christ would act thus promptly, instead of postponing it to old age, or a period of sickness, or some "more convenient season," many souls would be saved who are now without hope.

Behold now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation (II Cor. 6: 2).

Electrical Immunes

An electrician in New Orleans mentions a fact which he has observed in his own occupation, and of which he is quite sure, though he is unable to explain it. It is that the bodies of men employed in and around electrical plants become to a large degree immune to shocks from live wires. He has seen men receive shocks which would kill any ordinary man, yet apparently suffer little from them. One incident, he mentions in illustration. It was a case in which two men came in contact accidentally with a live wire, and both received, at the same time, precisely the same current. One of them was a helper around a dynamo, and had met with accidents of the same kind, though not so serious an one, before. He was knocked down and stunned by the shock, but was up again and about his work in two minutes, and was apparently none the worse. The other, who was a larger and much stronger man, but a stranger to electrical work, was half an hour before he recovered consciousness, and was ill in bed afterwards for several days. Evidently repeated shocks have a tendency to increase the power of resistance, and it is well for the men who have much to do with electricity that it is so; but in the spiritual world, where the same tendency is observed, the result is deplorable. The man who is not brought to God by affliction is liable to become hardened against him and to die impenitent.

He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy (Prov. 29: 1).

BRIEF NOTES

The educational classes of the West Side Y. M. C. A., in New York, will be arranged on October 2. Young men desiring to make this a profitable winter for study should attend the opening meeting at the rooms, 318 West Fifty-seventh Street, on that day, or send to the Secretary for a prospectus.

The Order of St. Christopher, which has been organized for institutional work, will receive on October 1 ten consecrated young men for the three and a half years' training and service required by the rules of the Brotherhood. For full particulars address the Director, 138 East Fifteenth street, New York.

The Central China Mission of the M. E. Church has a hospital at Nanking. Recently a member of the famous Li family became a patient there. The resident surgeon removed a tumor from his neck. So grateful was the patient for the relief that he made a donation of a thousand dollars to the hospital funds.

An effort is to be made to render permanent the tent work which has been so successful in New York during the summer. A suitable auditorium is being sought in which to hold the meetings during the winter. Mr. Pratt, who has been in charge of them, says that care will be taken to prevent the movement issuing in a church organization, and it will be simply and solely a feeder for the churches.

St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., are becoming a Congregational centre. They now have thirty-three Congregational churches, with an aggregate membership of 6,396, about one-third of the membership of the State. Besides these churches and their Sunday Schools, there are sixteen branch and mission churches working in new fields, among which several give good promise of soon becoming churches.

Mrs. J. Fowler Willing announces the new session of her Training School and Settlement. Its building has been thoroughly renovated, and the prospects are excellent. The Settlement work done by the students is, Mrs. Willing says, of the most hopeful character. The school year lasts from October to June. Applications for admission should be made to Mrs. Willing, 463 West Thirty-second street, New York.

The Baptist Training School for Christian Work at 762 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, has vacancies for students. Six young ladies who have been trained in it have received appointments in the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society; three in the China Inland Mission, five in the Baptist Home Mission Society, and many others in various branches of Christian work. Applications for admission should be made to Mrs. J. N. Cushing, at the school or by letter.

Our Sister Republic and Her People

Social Life and Customs in Mexico—Illustrated With Photographs Taken in that Country Expressly for "The Christian Herald"

MARKET IN AGUAS CALIENTES

MEXICAN AT WORK IN A MAGUEY FIELD

PROBABLY on no other frontier line in the world is the difference in types so pronounced as when one passes the border which divides the United States from Mexico. On the north is a race distinctively European, and with all the customs and culture of a high civilization; on the other is a nation more Indian than white, and with a civilization that is at least a couple of centuries behind that with which we are ourselves familiar. There is a strange blending of races and complexions in Mexico, but no less strange than the contrast between the conditions of the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the hovels and the palaces.

In an article describing the life and conditions of Mexico to-day, Frederick S. Daniel throws some very interesting side-lights upon the people and their surroundings. He says:

"The first glimpse on crossing the Rio Grande begins the enormous difference between the soil and folks on either side of that frontier-line. As the train glides over the short separating bridge, the change is as one of magic. Presto! from wooden houses with enclosed gardens, trees and the high Caucasian types, in short, all that is familiar, the view sweeps to strange 'adobe' mud hovels, immense bare plains, mountain ranges, and few-and-far-between copper-colored beings, wrapped around with blankets, sitting before hovel doors or standing out in the plain, isolated as scarecrows, motionless and stoic-looking, as becomes good Indians. The general aspect is picturesque to an extent unequaled on the continent, but it is infinitely more pleasing in point of landscape attraction than of novelty as to people, dwellings and other artificial surroundings. From the starting border-line commences the ascent of the great 'table land,' extending over a thousand miles in length, shut in on either side by a continuous mountain range, rich with precious metals, and lifted over a mile on the average above the sea-level. From Texas, at its head, to Mexico City and Popocatapetl, at its foot, it comprises the choice portion of the republic in cultivation, settlement and urban growth. This famous plateau is climatically an ideal region for passing the heated months of the summer. The thermometer ranges the year round within a few degrees—highest in summer 70 degrees, lowest in winter 50 degrees. As there is a complete monotone in the people themselves, altogether a cast, build, appearance of special kind, so all their doings and belongings are in thorough unison: the attire and trappings, dismally subdued and dingy, unmistakably match the neutral skin and the serious, melancholy air of the dwellers, in full accord with their taste and affinities. The people have long been molded—stereotyped as it were—and so their dress, ways, life, are similarly set and fixed in unchangeable customs. Fashions there are, but they are all of one sort, traditional, inherited, and nothing in the way of change or currency in this respect is to be expected, because, being sought, it would not be found." Con-

PANORAMA OF THE PALACE CITY OF MEXICO

SIDE-DOOR OF EL CARMEN

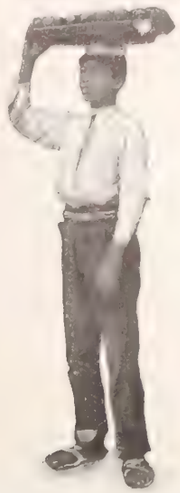
A SCENE ON LA VIGA CANAL, CITY OF MEXICO

THE BISHOP'S PALACE, AT POTOSI

tinuing, the writer touches on the peculiarity of the Mexican costume, especially that worn by the ladies. He says: "There are a few varieties in the styles and dress material worn, but they are exceedingly slight and on the whole do not stray far from the generally accepted pattern and never from the national custom of covering up the feminine head with shawls and the masculine body with blankets, mostly of a dull color, occasionally loudly striped or figured. It may be imagined what a singular look is given to a country where only blanketed men and be-shawled women are visible summer and winter—millions of ambulating blankets and shawls everywhere out of doors, youngsters being similarly arrayed, and with the most ludicrous effects in shading. In addition, a very general and conspicuous feature in the popular attire is its raggedness, or, rather, patchwork of rags, owing to economy, which extracts many years of use out of garments of all kinds, including some very peaked hats of straw and felt and sandals of canvas and leather."

A RUSTIC STORM-COAT

A MEXICAN PEASANT HOUSEWIFE MAKING TORTILLAS



ORANGE-SELLER

One prominent characteristic of Mexican nature, is the aversion to anything in the shape of energetic action in the affairs of every day life. While it is true that the Indo-Latin blood, when raised to the proper pitch, becomes a very torrent of fury, it is equally true that, in its normal condition, it is slow and leisurely in the extreme. This easy-going disposition is an inheritance of many generations standing, and is not to be eradicated in a few years by the introduction of modern ideas in Mexico, nor even by contact with the vigorous, wide-awake and aggressive civilization of the north. It will be a long time before the Mexican will be induced to discard his fixed habit of procrastination, and the calm stolidity with which he views the passage of time and the unhindered flight of golden opportunities. Nevertheless, the day of awakened energies and new natural life and vigor even for Mexico is a certainty of the future.

Our photographs on these two pages afford some glimpses of Mexican life and scenery, but no camera can reproduce the languid charms of the delicious climate, the picturesque simplicity of the people and the singular grace even of the humblest poor. On festal days, the Mexican peasant—except the very poorest of his class—undergoes a more or less complete transformation in dress, and every year, for many days at a time, the chief towns are absorbed in the festivities, which are usually connected with the popular spectacle of a bull-fight. On such occasions, although the native Mexican liquor circulates freely there is far less drunkenness than in most northern countries, for the average native is not addicted to intemperance. As travelers know to their sorrow, the Mexican *menu* is far from appetizing to a foreigner's palate. Except in a few of the very best class of homes and an occasional hotel with pretensions to modern comforts and cuisine, the table is a relic of antiquity and the kitchen is sadly in need of an infusion of modern ideas. In the gardens, however, the Mexican horticulturist proves his claim to rank as a skilled horticulturist. Many of these grounds are beautifully laid out with a variety of tropical plants and flowers in ornamental designs that make a brilliant and attractive display. The public gardens excel in their wealth of luxuriant foliage and richly colored parterres, and their walks are the promenade ground of the fashionables, whose principal occupation seems to be sauntering leisurely in the squares and gardens in the evenings or making social calls—the latter being an exceedingly formal function in all the Mexican cities. Church-going, too, is a fashionable rather than a religious exercise, and the dreary and monotonous service of the Catholic Church in nowise interferes with the chattering and small-talk that go on ceaselessly at such times. Such things as literary societies or intellectual or artistic gatherings are practically unknown outside the capital. Yet in her galleries and museums and private collections Mexico has many of the rarest gems of art, and some of her old buildings are architectural triumphs. There is a universal indifference, too, to the affairs of the outside world.

Still, with all their peculiarities, our Mexican cousins are good neighbors and entertain the friendliest feeling toward the United States. Their trade with this country is growing steadily, and their exports to our markets constitute two-thirds of their country's foreign trade. Railroads are slowly pushing their way, by gradual extension, into the heart of the country, and the fame and richness of their silver mines are a standard attraction for investors from abroad, without whose enterprise they would probably remain undeveloped for all time. Silver is the staple currency of the country, and it is a familiar sight to see bags full of newly minted silver dollars being carried around on the backs of men or mules in the public streets.

THE LITTLE WATER-CARRIER

A GALA-DAY IN THE SUBURBS

A NOVEL WATER-CART

MEXICAN ART CURIOS, ANCIENT AND MODERN

.... Peace or War in the Transvaal? ....

England's Reply Leaves Little Hope for a Pacific Settlement of the Present Troubles—A Correspondent's Interesting Letter

A DAY may precipitate a crisis in the Transvaal and witness the beginning of war between the Boers and the British. Secretary Chamberlain's reply to the Boer government's propositions has been received by the Volksraad at Pretoria, and is practically an ultimatum. President Kruger's government has sent an official response, which gives a firm negative to all the British demands, repudiates suzerainty, and repeats that the Boers are willing to submit the whole question to arbitration. Both in London and at the Cape, war is now considered as exceedingly probable, all the preparations pointing in that direction.

Late advices indicate that the Orange Free State, in the event of war, will be an ally of the Transvaal. A special session of the Orange State Parliament has been called to consider the situation, and prepare for emergencies. Meanwhile a thousand Boers are strengthening the defences at Pretoria.

GENERAL VIEW OF CAPE TOWN

MARKET DAY AT CAPE TOWN

A correspondent in South Africa, who has recently visited the disturbed section, sends the following letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"From the Convention of 1884 until the present time the Transvaal seems to have been actuated by two main purposes:

"First, to shut off the Cape or British Government from the north and to acquire a seaport for as they are now they are an entirely inland state, like Ohio, for instance, in the States—and almost entirely surrounded by British territory.

"Second, to retain all power in the hands of the Dutch burghers, denying all others, of whatever nationality, (Uitlanders), the franchise.

"In the first purpose the Boers have been signally thwarted, largely by the foresight and audacity of Cecil Rhodes. In the second they have been entirely successful. In the Convention of 1884 nothing was said about the franchise for Uitlanders. In the discussions preceding the drawing up of the Convention of 1881 it was stated by Mr. Kruger that nothing more than a 'slight difference' would be made in the treatment of the foreigner in respect to the franchise. As a matter of fact, a Uitlander could obtain burgher rights in five years according to the law in 1882. Then, there were only a few English settlers in the Transvaal. It was discovered that the Witswaterstrand—a ridge forty miles long—contained rich ledges of gold. Then came the rush of fortune-hunters. Millions of dollars' worth of expensive machinery was introduced and the gold output was enormous, jumping by kangaroo hops from 25,000 ounces in 1888 to 200,000 in 1895, to 475,000 ounces to-day.

"By 1890, the foreign population had risen to 48,000. In 1894 Sir Jacobus de Wet, the British agent in the Transvaal, estimated the population as follows: Transvaalers and Orange Free Staters (both Dutch), 70,861: British subjects, 62,509; other foreigners, 15,558. Then follows this significant sentence: 'The present number of registered voters, obtained from official sources, amounts to 18,126.' A large number of those 77,000 Uitlanders had been in the country since 1887, and yet in 1894 not one of them had been granted a voice in the government.

"In the present troubles, the Uitlanders make up a strong case against the Boer government. One of their principal grievances, aside from the withholding of the franchise, is the dynamite concession. Dynamite is absolutely necessary in blasting all along the forty-mile gold reef. When the mines are in full operation they use 250,000 cases per annum. The ordinary cost of dynamite at the edge of the Transvaal is $11.50 per case: but the government granted a concession to a company of Boers who charge $21.50 a case, pocketing $10 on each case: this is divided up among influential individuals—for instance, it is said, one member of the Raad gets five shillings, the government gets ten shillings or $2.50, while the other twenty-five shillings or $6 goes to the other members of the company. In this way $2 [illegible] is absorbed by a direct tax on industry. The railroad administration is another grievance: passenger and freight tariffs are exorbitant. It has been proved that ox-teams can haul freight as cheaply as the railroads under the present tariff.

"The interference with the Supreme Court by the government has also caused grave apprehension. Under a certain law, everything the Volksraad does is constitutional, because it has passed this law to forbid the Supreme Court to pass upon it, and the judges of the Supreme Court can be appointed and dismissed by the President.

"The Boers are really, so far as their independence is concerned, in a very serious position. If they give the ballot to the Uitlanders, who now outnumber them and who will simply pour into the Transvaal from all the surrounding English territory, the government will gradually be taken off their shoulders and out of their hands. They will be voted into retirement. If the Boers do not give the Uitlanders some form of immediate suffrage, England will step in, with diplomacy first, and if that fails, with an imperial army.

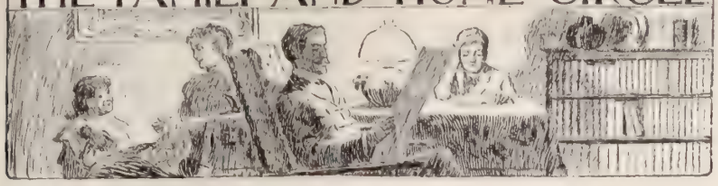
"The Jameson raid aroused the Boers to a realization of their danger. They have spent $10,000,000 since for forts and guns to defend themselves in case of a similar attack. These forts command the gateways of the country and frown down from heights above the principal cities. If the Boers were defeated in the field they would retreat to these granite citadels, turn the great Krupp guns, first against the invaders, and failing to stay them, they would wheel them around, depress their death-dealing muzzles and, to change the figure of another desperate Dutchman, Oom Paul, like a modern William of Orange, would break down the dykes of civilization, and give the Transvaal back to barbarism.

"CHARLES S. MORRIS."

PRITCHARD STREET, JOHANNESBURG

LEADING STREET IN PRETORIA THE BOER CAPITAL

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE



A Floral Peace Jubilee

On Historic Ground — Patriotic Children — Churches and Sunday Schools

CHILDREN and peace, children and patriotism, children and flowers — one always likes to connect these in thought; and in picture they ever make pretty conjunctions. So our readers will be interested in our illustration of one particularly attractive feature of the recent Floral Peace Jubilee at Saratoga Springs. The "Patriotic Children's Float," covered with laurel leaves and white hydrangeas, bore on each side in scarlet immortelles, the words "Children of the American Revolution." Twenty-two lads and lassies, all in white—save for the loyal red, white and blue ribbons on their shoulders—rode in it.

The "Patriotic Children" were, as is ever meet for patriotic children, in eminently good company. First, we must say, that preceding them in parade rode "a Roman soldier, bearing a dove, the emblem of peace." Near them, was the Saratoga Hospital landau, all green leaves and red roses, and bearing four pretty little maids in the regulation white uniforms and caps of nurses; also the Saratoga Home for Children float, gay with golden marigolds. Every one of our little readers would have clapped their hands when the moss-covered "Old Oaken Bucket" came into line, on a float twenty-one feet long, with realistic well and curb, and swinging at the end of a long, quaint sweep flower-garlanded; this particular bucket belonged to the children of the First M. E. Sunday School. "Mizpah," was the name of the Bethesda P. E. Sunday and mission schools' "Chariot of Fire," a coach all covered with crimson gladioli; then there was the white-and-blue flower exhibit of the First Presbyterian Church; the carriage of the Second Presbyterian Church covered with red berries of the mountain ash; the purple and white asters of the First Baptist, and the "true blue" of St. Faith's School. "Hiawatha's Sailing," the public school float, was a canoe decked out with marigolds, an Indian standing in it. Of course, there was a "Liberty Bell," all red, white and blue flowers.

The Floral Association's float was Dewey's flagship *Olympia*, all white flowers and goldenrod, with the Admiral's blue pennant floating from her masts, and on her deck three cute little "jackies," all in white. Business houses, railroad companies and grown folks' societies were on parade in the Floral Peace Jubilee; but, of course, there could be nothing quite so pretty and interesting as the floats in which the children were concerned. Perhaps some of our little readers are members of the Society of the Children of the American Revolution. If so, they know that one of the objects for which, in 1895, this society was created is that the descendants of the heroes and heroines of 1776 may, in every way possible to children, forward the cause of good citizenship and good government, and so contribute to conditions which prevent war. Studying American history, memorializing national hymns, affiliating with all organized bodies of children engaged in good works, helping little foreigners to love their new country, are other lines along which their leaders seek to guide them. The founder of the order and its national president is Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, well known as a friend of children in many ways. The conscientious guide of the Bemis Heights branch is Mrs. George Perkins Lawton. Our little readers who are students of American history know that famous battles of the Revolution were fought on Bemis Heights and near Saratoga Springs. They will be glad that the last engagement there was a "Battle of Flowers," and we are sure that as they grow up they will try to live that Christ life which will hasten the coming of a "Peace Jubilee" when "wars and rumors of wars" shall be no more.

THE PATRIOTIC CHILDREN'S FLOAT AT SARATOGA—MRS. LAWTON, PRESIDENT

A Bi-Centennial Baby

Think of a place where no baby has been born for over two hundred years! "Dear, what an unfortunate place!" our readers, big and little, must exclaim. The place is Balta, one of the far-away Shetland Islands. During the recent herring-fishing season a little baby—the only one for over two centuries—first opened its eyes upon God's beautiful world in the little island. From far and near visitors came to see him; the rosy little man was dowered with hundreds of silver coins from admiring beholders, and the laird of the island sent him a check for £25, English money, which is about $125 in ours. His name is Balta Geddes Polson. Our little readers may find Balta, a mere speck of an island, off the west coast of Unst. Few people live upon it except during the herring-fishing season.

A Mother's Jewels

There they knelt with folded hands and said
Low, soft words in stammering accents sweet;
In the firelight shone their golden hair
And white robes. My darlings looked so fair
With their little bare and rosy feet!
—ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Men as "House-Maids"

A very novel turn in domestic affairs has taken place in Chicago. In hundreds of households men are taking the places of women as help. This came about through the united action of women servants a few months ago, in putting the price of their labor above the reach of ordinary purses. Wives of men not making large incomes had to do all their own cooking, house-cleaning, washing, ironing, door-bell answering, minding the babies, put up school-children's lunches, etc., etc. Of course, one woman can not do all these things; and the outcome of it was that advertisements like this began to fill the columns of Chicago papers: "Wanted—A capable young man as second girl. Must have good references." So, now it is quite the fashion in Chicago to have men and boys as cooks and "maid-of all-work." They are said to be very satisfactory, able to do the work women have done, and to add to it heavier work which women could not do.

Little Florence and the Collie

The story is told that Florence Nightingale's first patient was a wounded shepherd dog. Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, who were very charitable, provided their little girl with delicacies for the sick, which she carried in a little basket at her saddle-bow when accompanying her pastor on his visits to the sick and poor. It was on one of these expeditions that the minister and the child saw an old shepherd, named Roger, trying to collect his sheep without the assistance of his good collie, Cap. "Where is your dog, Roger?" asked the dominie. "Some boys threw stones at him and broke his leg," almost sobbed the shepherd, "an' I'm thinkin' I'd better make an end o' his meesery." Florence ran into the shepherd's hut, knelt beside Cap, patted him with her little hand, and murmured words of pity and kindness. The pastor followed the child, and on examining Cap's injuries found them not so serious as the shepherd feared. Among the things ordered for the collie's relief were hot compresses. These the little girl insisted on applying herself to the afflicted member, and staid beside Cap for several hours wringing cloths out of boiling water and laying them on Cap's leg.

"Don't Lean on Me"

A lady relates this incident from recent experience on a street-car:

Before me stood a tall, beautiful girl, her mother beside her. They looked alike. When the car gave a sudden start the mother stretched her hand toward her daughter, and I was startled to hear the latter say, "Don't lean on me!" The mother stepped back and felt for the strap. Maybe the mother had said to that girl when she was a child, "Don't lean on me!" And, if so, the mother was reaping what she had sowed. "Don't bother me!" "Go away!" is seed, and the harvest from it will be bitter. Do not forget that the tables may be turned.

We would add a word to the young: Don't shake off the old folks, even if in busy, trying times father and mother did not give you all the attention that you wished. The youth of to-day have thousands of advantages their parents and grandparents did not have. "Unto whomsoever much is given, much is required." Fortunately, few young women are so ill-bred and undutiful as to behave like this girl in the street-car.

The Bells of Heaven

ADOWN the heights of glory, hoar and clear,
The wondrous bells of heaven, joyful, ring;
Grand peal on peal, sweep outward far and near
Anthems of praise to the eternal King.

High arching o'er, a radiant bow of light,
Each golden bell a pure and perfect tone,
Each answering to each, in full delight
Of harmony complete, to earth unknown.

Bathed in a living, pulsing sea of sound,
The 'raptured ringers lift the jub'lant voice,
And over all, sweet melody, unbound,
Swells the triumphant theme, "Rejoice! rejoice!"

Sometimes the pilgrim on this lower plain,
Hushing the soul, by earthly turmoil riven;
May catch a faint, sweet, tender, joyous strain,
The far off echoing of the bells of heaven.
Chillicothe, Mo. —LOUISE J. STRONG.

A Sister's Influence

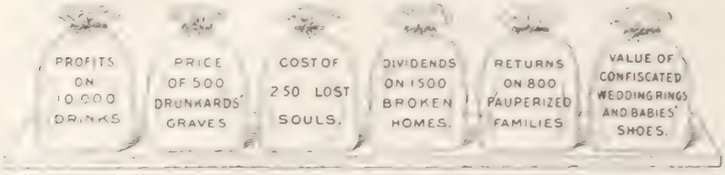
GIRLS, do you know that a sister has a great deal to do in the molding of a brother's character? Do you know that you have much to do with the sort of husband he is going to make, and so, with shaping the happiness or misery of his home? It isn't enough to teach him to just love and respect you—although this you must do—and do it by being admirable and worthy. You have failed in your mission if you do not teach him to reverence all women, as did Christ, who said even to her whom other men would stone: "Go, and sin no more." Teach your brother that he is his sister's keeper, and that his sister is every woman God has made; and that even in the ruined and wandering one, there is a precious soul which his straight walk with God may save. "Oh, Benjie, you hurt me!" the writer once heard a noble sister say to the younger brother who was speaking—not ill—but lightly of a girl friend. "You, sis! why, what have you to do with it? You're all right!" "But you, Benjie? You, my knight, without fear and without reproach! I cannot bear to think that a thoughtless girl's unhappy blunders make mirth for you. When you are not true and knightly to all women, you are not true to mother and me. Every time you help a sister woman to be truer and better, you're paying tribute to mother and me. Every time you fail in this, you cast reproach on us, whose part it has been to teach you how to regard women and how to treat them. Every wayward girl is a wound to womanhood; and every man who helps a girl to be wayward, wounds his father and his sister and his mother."

Odd Marriage Customs

In China, in "good society," the ceremonial is elaborate, although the father has offered his daughter to the father of the groom as "an ugly and ill-favored child;" and the groom's father who has accepted her for his son, describes him as "slothful, indigent, and weak in intellect. The bride's procession, for which even a mandarin must make way, goes to the bridegroom's house, is carried over his threshold, and there the husband beholds for the first time the woman he has married. In Japan the lighting of the bridal torches is a beautiful part of the ceremony. The Persian wedding includes a torchlight procession. An Arab wedding lasts seven days, and after the ceremony the husband sees his wife for the first time. A Moorish wedding is also a seven days' feast. In Turkey, the bride stands behind a screen during part of the ceremony and is first seen by the bridegroom at its conclusion.

Still Discussing the Saloon-keeper's Gift

Many for Uncompromising Rejection, Others for Acceptance, While Still Others Favor a Middle Course in the Matter


PROFITS ON 10,000 DRINKS
PRICE OF 500 DRUNKARDS' GRAVES
COST OF 250 LOST SOULS.
DIVIDENDS ON 1500 BROKEN HOMES.
RETURNS ON 800 PAUPERIZED FAMILIES
VALUE OF CONFISCATED WEDDING RINGS AND BABIES' SHOES.

SHALL a church accept gifts for missionary and other spiritual work from a saloon keeper, is still the uppermost question in the minds of multitudes of God's people, many of them being as yet undecided. More light is shed upon the subject by the letters which appear below:

"A Tithe Man," Westboro, Mass., writes:

The rum-seller gave the money to the church, not to God. If the church give it to God in faith and love, he is well pleased. If the church praised the rum-seller to get the money, and made him feel that his business was right and honorable, they had better hesitate in offering it to God; but if the money was gained by the church in an upright and honorable way, use it. I say, despoil the devil of as much money as possible in right ways.

S. Berkeybile, Altoona, Pa., writes:

I am very much decided against receiving money from saloons or any other such evil traffic to carry on church work. Must the people of God resort to taking money from such evil places as saloons to carry on its work? Can the people of God afford to compromise with the devil by taking money from such a den as the saloon, which has robbed many a poor family of their daily bread and clothing? If the saloon-keeper would do a good act, let him get out of the rum traffic and help save men's souls, instead of ruining them.

M. A. Dunlap, Academy, W. Va., writes:

How much worse is a saloon keeper than a lawyer who is willing to undertake any case, regardless of its justice, if only there be money in it for him? How much worse than the physician who learns just enough of his profession to be permitted to practise, and then spends the rest of his days practising upon the community at large for the money there is in it, when he often does not know enough of anatomy to make a good butcher? How much worse is the saloon-keeper than the merchant who sells shoddy for good, solid goods and split leather for whole stock? How much worse than the minister who preaches for the loaves and fishes, and stays and stays in one place because his living is there, long after his day of usefulness is over, or removes from place to place to secure a better salary, regardless of his ability to serve his Master?

H. Hudson, Saltillo, Pa., writes:

What I want to know is, what the Lord thinks about it. Did he allow the price of a dog in his house (Deut. 23: 18)? The fault was not in the money but the manner in which it was got. What would our Saviour say if he were here as he was once? Not to take the money for the Lord surely is the safe side of the question, when we know how it was got. The money for the dog would be less obnoxious to our Heavenly Father than money that ruins souls.

Florence B. Hyde, Philadelphia, writes:

I think there is one thing which will settle all questions: "Whatever one is in doubt about, don't do." The very fact that we question such a gift, implies a doubt. Let us do nothing but what we know God approves.

Constant Reader, New York, writes:

If we were guided by impulse and inclination we would answer I. R. N.'s question by a simple negative; the saloon traffic is so vile and so injurious to the community that the Christian is naturally repugnant to touching anything associated with it. But there ought to be a logical reason for rejecting a gift that may be made in good faith and as an expression of a desire to make restitution in a measure for wrongs done by the traffic. It is not easy to find a logical reason that will stand the test of examination. One man says "Refuse it, because it is the price of blood." But it is not; it is the price of liquor. Howsoever we may denounce him, the saloon-keeper is a trader. He does not force his commodity on an unwilling public. He is there with his stock of liquors, and when a man enters and asks for it he is supplied. If the people do not want it they need not buy it. All this talk about the saloon-keeper being a murderer and a stealer of women's rings and children's shoes is nonsense. It is the husband and father who does that, and he must not try to transfer his responsibility to the saloon-keeper.

"But the money is tainted." Is it? Suppose the saloon-keeper, whose fifty-dollar bill the church rejects, pays the bill to some good man for a horse, and the good man gives the identical bill to the church: the church would accept it then, and rightly, for there is no taint on the money. Or, suppose the saloon-keeper, dying, leaves his money to his daughter, a pious girl, who gives a sum to the church. It would be rightly accepted, though it was part of the proceeds of the traffic. Or, to come still closer, suppose the saloon-keeper is converted, quits the business and becomes a pious man. What [illegible] liquor traffic. No, the church cannot logically reject the gift on the ground that the money is tainted.

[illegible] church ascertain the motive in any case? Must the usher say as he holds out the plate and a man puts in a gift, "You must furnish a certificate of character before I can accept your money. How did you get your money? What is your motive in giving it? The Lord's money must be clean." Perhaps a man is disposed to put a dime on the plate, but the collector is a man whose respect he desires, so he puts in a dollar, that he may stand well with the collector. Must the church reject the ninety cents on the ground that the motive of the giver was impure?

It seems to me that the only ground for rejecting the gift is that of complicity. That might be avoided by saying to the saloon-keeper: "We are unalterably and uncompromisingly opposed to your business. If you think to buy off our opposition with your money, you are mistaken and you had better not give it. We shall use it to make men Christians, and that will injure your business by depriving you of customers. If, understanding that fact, you still desire to give the money, we will take it." I believe the church will not suffer in any way by accepting a gift from a saloon-keeper if she has made her position clear and kept her skirts free from the taint of complicity.

Miss M. A. Quirk, Cleveland, O., writes:

Is not all saloon-keeper's money the price of blood? A curse rests on it. I do not think we ought to use it even in the church. A blessing cannot be asked upon it.

F. J. Wise, San Antonio, Tex., writes:

The idea that such money is "tainted," has "spot and blemish," that it comes covered with sorrow and suffering, is illiberal and senseless. Nay, it is unchristian, because the injunction to give alms, to bestow charity, and to contribute means to all good work, is obligatory upon all people without regard to the callings and conditions of life. It has long been held by the courts that money has no earmarks. It is the creature of society. Its value is stamped by human governments to answer the necessities of life, and although it may pass through the till of the saloon-keeper, or the hands of the robber, it does not lose its conventional functions. It cannot think and feel, reason or compare, yet it can be the means of doing good or evil. The hand that directs it is the good or guilty agent. Upon the receiver of benefactions rests all the responsibility, and not upon the donor, actuated by holy motives. No man is absolved from doing good. The church cannot discriminate and say, "Your money must be acquired in a certain way, and if it comes from such and such sources, it must be rejected." The saloon keeper's dollar will buy a Bible for the heathen, and bread for the starving, as well as your or my dollar. If money designed for Christian work is to be derived from particular sources, in conformity with popular notions and prejudices, you will exclude the great majority of mankind from exercising charity, having faith, or cherishing hope.

N. L. Cogswell, Cortland, N. Y., writes:

Money received from a saloon-keeper or [illegible] is nothing short of money paid to saloon-keepers for damnation to mankind, and is the price of their blood and price of their souls. How dare you [illegible]?

Mrs. H. Salisbury, Los Angeles, Cal., writes:

Accept it, and in whatever way it is used, the prayer of the church should go with it; also a prayer for the saloon-keeper. In so doing, a double blessing might come from it, where if it was refused no good results could follow.

L. Heaphy, Watertown, N. Y., writes:

It would be decidedly wrong to receive money that has been obtained in a way good Christians condemn. We cannot to-day, any more than we could the time the words were spoken by the Master, "gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles." Can we utilize the gains of evil-doing to put down evil? Saloon-keepers' money to save the world for Christ?

Mrs. C. Gaulin, Wilmington, Del., writes:

It seems to me that the money should be accepted and prayers offered for the giver, and the means used exclusively for temperance work.

Laura M. Walker, Arlington, O. T., writes:

I think it is an honor to help a religious cause. I do not think we owe any honor to Satan or his followers. While we lived in Oklahoma City, a saloon-keeper died. His wife wanted to call in a minister, but the dying man would not let her. He said it would be an insult to God. He said he had eased his conscience with the excuses that donations to churches would at the last day save him, but, he said, "Hell's gates stand wide open to receive me." No deeds of charity he had made would save him.

A. W. Hartman, Bradner, O., writes:

Accept it and press for more, but give it back to the poor it was taken from. The saloon-keeper makes his money largely off the poor and destitute, therefore I believe in distributing it among those from whom it was taken.

M. Gore, Wilmore, Kan., writes:

If it is justifiable to accept the gift of a saloon-keeper, why not connect a saloon with the lecture room of the church and apply the whole profit of the business to the missionary fund, and thus in doing evil, good may come. I would say, "thy money perish with thee."

Jno. R. Mitchell, Baltimore, writes:

It would be entirely proper for a church to accept a gift of money from a saloon-keeper, because it might help undo some of his, and other (devil's) work), and would go as far and accomplish as much, as though given by the most consistent church member.

Rev. W. A. Mount, College Point, N. Y., writes:

Gen. 14: 21-23: "And the King of Sodom (in the question of the saloon-keeper) said unto Abram (who represents the church), 'Give me the souls and take the goods to thyself.' And the church said to the saloon-keeper, 'I have lifted up mine hand unto the Lord, the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth, that I will not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet, and that I will not take anything that is thine, lest thou shouldst say I have made the church rich.'" This attitude gives more liberty to warn others against the saloon-keeper's snare, which would not be the case if one of these traffickers in souls and bodies of men on whom we depended for an offering, sat in the audience.

The saloon-keeper's gift might be offered to the church in as good faith as the King of [illegible] offered to Abram. [illegible] as Abram [illegible] God and gave [illegible] which is [illegible]

Mrs. E. Myer, Kingston, N. Y., writes:

[illegible] Does not the church accept money as gifts from [illegible] to go to a [illegible]

W. H., Toronto, Canada, writes:

When Naaman the Syrian asked the prophet Elisha what he should do when he went into the house of Rimmon to bow down there, the prophet simply said "Go in peace." That is [illegible] any directions on the subject, but left it to his own conscience and God. Now, it would [illegible] and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." It is possible for a saloon-keeper [illegible] give drink to excess, as to be, in measure, a temperance worker, and even to be a God-fearing man, yoked, like righteous Lot, with [illegible] be a sport, or notoriously worldly or a wicked [illegible] Epistle of John we read approvingly of those who went forth in the Lord's work, "taking nothing of the Gentiles." It is said to have been a custom of the late George Muller sometimes to refuse contributions and return money when he had evidence that the contributors needed it to pay their just debts or for their own necessities. But then he did it lovingly, and with all possible courtesy.

Roberts Stevenson, Philadelphia, writes:

If I had the power to do so, I would close every saloon on the earth. But let us be consistent. Would the merchant, the banker, the lawyer or the physician turn down a saloon-keeper who desired to do business with him who paid his money for the value received? I think not. Why, then, should the saloon-keeper's money be any more objectionable to the church? If the great Searcher of hearts should make known his will, and incline such an one to give of what he has made, might it not be the first step toward a change of heart, and an ultimate change of business? Nothing is ever said against the church accepting gifts of money from men who have by their greed and illegitimate methods in business crushed the life out of many small interests—the men who form the trusts, who water the stock of railroads and corporations, and pile up wealth by fleecing innocent victims. Is their money any holier? I say, take the saloon keeper's money, and send him a life member's certificate, framed, requesting it to be hung up, if not in the bar room, in his bed room.

J. M. H., Rutherford, N. J., writes:

We cannot tell what influence has been at work, only our Father above can know that. I know an instance of a man having made a [illegible] His daughter was a great favorite with her young companions. She had attended the Sabbath School of a prominent Episcopal church. One beautiful Easter morning she was a member of a very large confirmation class. Though early in the season, all the church windows were open. While the bishop rested his hand on her head, pronouncing a blessing, a large pure white dove came in one of the front windows, flew the whole length of the church, and alighted on one of the arches just over the head of the girl. The circumstance seemed to affect the young girl's father much, and after a while he thought of giving up selling liquor and working at his trade. But as that change would not support the family in the style they had been used to, his wife over-persuaded him, telling him that if he did not sell liquor somebody else would, and they might just as well have the profits of it as any one. So the poor man banished his good resolve, and sold the vile poison till the day of his death. The party who made this offer of money may not have had watchful, praying, Christian parents, as those of us who have written some answers in regard to accepting the gift of the saloon-keeper. May it not have been the "Dove of Peace" that influenced him to make the offer, that being his first step towards a new life? Let all readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pray for his conversion.

J. C. Hall, Waldo, Fla., writes:

Under no circumstance whatever should the church knowingly accept polluted money, whether it be offered by a saloon-keeper, gambler or brothel-keeper. As soon as the church accepts polluted money she places herself on a level with the source from whence the money came. Who would smite the hand that feeds him? Who would be antagonistic to one who literally supplied his wants? Who has not refused favors from persons to whom they wished to be under no obligation?

A great mass of other correspondence on this subject has been received, and a number of interesting letters will appear next week.

He says: "The Church Cannot Accept"

E. E. Waite, Jamestown, N. Y., writes:

If there ever was a curse on earth, and one that deserves to be exterminated by an outraged people, it is the liquor traffic. A business that makes drunkards, butchers thousands of innocent women and children every year, is the cause of nine-tenths of all the crime, and fills jails, prisons and poor-houses with criminals and inmates, ought to be outlawed from the face of the earth.

I do not believe the church has a right to accept money from saloons, and I would not have any respect for a church that did.

He asks: "Dare the Church Refuse?"

L. A. Copley, Wexford, Mich., writes:

If a saloon-keeper offers money to alleviate the flood suffering, what sane Christian would refuse to take it? To refuse would be to shut the door the Lord has opened to save the lives of his suffering people, and their blood would be upon us. Now, if a saloon-keeper offers money for the support of missionaries in Africa or any dark land, and we refuse to take it, and souls go out of this world into darkness for want of the light that that money might have brought them, who is to blame? The Lord opened the way; we shut the door.

TWELVE VIEWS : : : : : : OF THE CROSS

By DWIGHT L. MOODY

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is privileged to publish a series of unusually able and helpful contributions from the pen of Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the well-known evangelist, the first of which appears in this issue. These are from his latest work, *Notes From My Bible*,* concerning which he writes, in a brief introduction to the reader:

During the course of my reading, I have always tried to gather "nuggets" by the way, and make a note of them on the margin and blank leaves of my Bible. I have found it to be a useful habit, preserving for use many seed-thoughts and apt sayings that otherwise would have escaped my memory.

Notes From My Bible is the harvest of many years' gathering in this direction. The flowers in this book have been culled from many gardens. The arrangement is simple. Over against the text is the thought or illustration. At the beginning of the books and chapters of the Bible is placed whatever has a general reference to that section. A number of miscellaneous outlines are added at the end of Revelation.

Whether you are minister or layman, you will find that you will grow more deeply interested in your Bible day by day if you follow the course of making notes of sayings similar to those contained in this volume, of outline sermons, and of anything that helps to light up some well-known truth and fasten it in the memory. It is a good thing to be ready with new thoughts to present the old truths of the Bible.

. . .

The Yoke of Christ

Matt. 11: 29. The eastern yoke is made for two necks. If Christ is with us, we are blessed. There is no room for a third neck. II. Cor. 6: 14.

The only description of Christ's heart —"lowly."

The burden of law remains eternally the same, but the inspiration of grace enables men to bear it.

Something to do—"Come unto me."
Something to take—His yoke.
Something to leave—Your burden.
Something to find—Rest.

"Learn of me." If the life of Christ be not your pattern, the death of Christ will never be your pardon. What he was by nature, we should be by grace.

V. 30. He that deems the yoke of Christ heavy, will not find his crown easy.

When Christ takes the burden of guilt off a sinner's shoulders, he places the yoke of obedience upon his neck.

Ch. 12: 31. Those who think they have committed the unpardonable sin seldom worry themselves about other sins.

V. 45. If Godly sorrow takes possession of the house, it will quickly shut sin out.

Ch. 13: 23. Understanding the Word with the heart (v. 15) is the result of the Spirit's dealing, and indicates regeneration. I. Cor. 2: 10, 16.

. . .

The Pearl of Price

Ch. 13: 45. The "pearl of great price" is the church. Jesus Christ is the merchantman and gave all to purchase the pearl. Could not pay a higher price. Not "pearls," but the "pearl." Brought from great depths, into changed surroundings, at risk of diver's life; noted for purity: no need of polishing; perfect when found.

The church is the pearl. Believers are "jewels."

Ch. 14: 4. John the Baptist was an uncompromising preacher.

V. 9. The head of John the Baptist was a high price for a few moments' entertainment.

V. 31. "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Peter had enough faith to keep him from drowning but not from doubting.

Ch. 15. The woman's faith overcame his Silence (v. 23); Sovereignty (v. 24); Severity (v. 26).

Ch. 16: 13–17. The answers of opinion and of revelation. Why did Jesus come into the world? I. John 3: 5, 8; John 1: 29; I. Tim. 1: 15; Luke 19: 10; etc.

. . .

What Think Ye of Christ?

Ch. 16: 13. It makes a great difference to men what they think of Jesus.

V. 15. It makes less difference to a man what others think of Jesus than what he thinks.

V. 16. A great confession. }
V. 22. A great collapse. }

V. 22: 23. The devil hates to consider the death of Jesus, knowing that it is so important.

V. 26. The devil gained the whole world and lost his soul. Who would change places with him?

Pleasure, Profit, and Preferment are the wicked man's trinity: and his carnal self is these in unity.

Ch. 17: 2. The law was given with thunderings, lightnings, and darkness. Christ was manifested in glory and peace.

V. 5. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." God here quotes three Old Testament texts:—

a. This is my beloved Son. Ps. 2: 7.
b. In whom I am well pleased. Isa. 42: 1.
c. Hear ye him. Deut. 18: 15.

This was the last time God spoke to men.

He who refuses to hear the voice of Jesus Christ shall never see his face.

Ch. 18: 3. "As little children." Not foolish, not playful; but gentle, obedient, truthful, pure, trusting.

V. 5. The pastor who leads the lambs will be able to lead the sheep. Every time you lay your hand on a child's head, you lay it on his mother's heart.

. . .

The Duties of Wealth

Ch. 18: 7. He that sins is weak; but he that leads others into sin is devilish.

Ch. 19: 21. "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me." It was the force of these words that moved Francis of Assisi to give up the world and become the power he was in the Church.

V. 22. Wealth is no harm, but the inability to give it up is deadly.

V. 23. Christian men often become rich, but rich men seldom become Christians.

V. 28. Now the world judges the godly. Hereafter the godly shall judge the world.

Ch. 20: 27. A humble saint looks most like a citizen of heaven.

Ch. 21: 37. Men would never have known that they would put God to death, unless Christ had been born.

. . .

Holiness and Watchfulness

Ch. 24: 42. The Lord's exhortations to holiness are never based on the fear of death, but on the hope of his return, and its unexpectedness.

We know the duty ("watch"), but not the day.

V. 47. The promotion God gives is not like earthly promotions, wherein the eminence of one excludes that of another —but rather like the diffusion of love in which the more each has, the more there is for all.

V. 49. Unkindness to the Lord's people, and fellowship with the ungodly, are two great marks of hypocrites.

Ch. 25: 15. Many thousands of watchsprings can be made out of a pound of iron. See that you improve faithfully the talent God has given you.

V. 21. Not "well done good and *successful*" servant, but "*faithful*" servant.

God has three kinds of servants in the world: (1) slaves, who serve him from a principle of fear; (2) hirelings, who serve him for the sake of wages; (3) sons, who serve him under the influence of love.

V. 34. The Church was chosen before the foundation of the world. Eph. 1: 4; Titus 1: 2. The Jews (here) "from the foundation of the world."

V. 35. Many love at their tongue's end, but the godly love at their finger's end.

Ch. 26. 20. The Lord's Supper is a memorial of a departed Friend, a prophecy of a returning Friend, and a parable of a present Friend.

V. 56. Christ's circle gradually narrowed down. First, the multitudes left him; then, many so-called disciples; lastly, the twelve.

Ch. 27. Christ's innocence was attested by: Judas, v. 4; Pilate's wife, v. 19; Pilate, v. 24; Herod, Luke 23: 15; Thief, Luke 23: 41; Centurion, Luke 23: 47.

V. 33. On Golgotha there were skulls of all sizes.

V. 35. The soldiers took from Jesus his garments, but he laid aside the robe of flesh of his own will.

. . .

Twelve Views of the Cross

Ch. 27: 36. The soldiers saw in Christ a criminal, with cruelty. The women saw in Christ a benefactor, with sorrow. His mother saw in Christ a son, with anguish. The disciples saw in Christ blighted hopes, with perplexity. The first thief saw in Christ a malefactor, with hardness. The second thief saw in Christ a King, with penitence. The centurion saw in Christ divinity, with conviction. The priests saw in Christ an impostor, with mockery. Angels saw in Christ love, with wonder. Devils saw in Christ the seed of woman, with dismay. Jehovah saw in Christ obedience, with affection. The passers-by saw in Christ nothing, with indifference.

The Cross cannot be explained. To nail our poor theories on that tree but shows how our love has cooled and stiffened and expired.

V. 57. None of the Gospels forget to mention Joseph of Arimathæa.

V. 63. Christ's enemies remembered what his disciples forgot: "We remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, 'After three days, I will rise again.'"

Ch. 28: 19, 20. "Go ye . . . I am with you." In other words, "Come with me to this work."

God had only one Son, and he sent him on a foreign mission.

D. L. Moody

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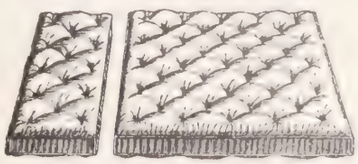

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A PRODIGAL SON

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

CHAPTER I

THE fire on the hearth leaped and glowed, for the evening was chilly, and its pleasant warmth was very welcome. On the table, spread for supper, were biscuits smoking from the oven, a cold roast chicken, a plate of ham thinly sliced, honey, cake, preserves and pickles, and the fragrant aroma of coffee filled the house. The little maid stood behind her mistress' chair, ready to wait on the family after grace had been said, and there was a general air of comfort and festivity about the room and the board. Only, beside Mrs. McDermott's place, at her right hand, there was a vacant chair.

For five years the table had been set every day, with a chair placed for Dave, his plate, his napkin, his knife and fork, just as if he might at any moment come in, and with a merry laugh and a kiss for his little mother, be again the life of the household. For five years his room upstairs had been scrupulously kept in waiting for him, every appointment of the bed and the bureau as he liked them to be, and on any night he would have found a light burning to receive him. In that five years, his mother's face had grown more deeply lined, and her dark hair had become frosted with silver, and her voice had gathered that intensity of vibration, which comes of keeping back one's tears. "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" was the question in the dark background of every hour and day, and never, for an instant, was the tension of anxiety relaxed.

At first, when Dave disappeared, there was the weary following up of clues in every direction; the mother had gone to hospitals, to prisons, to Blackwell's Island, to the Morgue. She had gazed into the sodden features of drowned men; she had looked into ghastly countenances of men stabbed in cruel saloon fights. There was no reason for flight, that any one knew of, at first. After a little, the mother learned that her boy had not left an altogether clean record. She sold part of her patrimony, and paid up Dave's indebtedness to the uttermost farthing. To others, he was Dave Sears, a good, but rather weak fellow, easily led, disposed to bad company, cross and dangerous when drunk, and Dave had been drunk more than once in the last year of his stay at home. But he was never cross with his mother, and, strange as it may seem, she, poor thing, did not know intoxication for the gruesome and vile possession it is, even when she saw it. She was mercifully blinded for a long time. When David went away, he was more to her, in her idolatrous love, than John, who had never given her an uneasy moment; than Robert, who was the mainstay of her house, or than Elizabeth, her only and tenderly loving daughter. Her youngest child, born after his father's death, there had been no limit whatever either to her love for him, or her foolish indulgence of his every whim.

"I wish mother would not put that chair at the table," said Robert one day. "The sight of it keeps her morbid."

"Oh, Bob," answered Elizabeth, "don't say one word. It would break her heart to put it away. Every morning of her life she rises with the feeling that David may come home to-day. She has not given him up. She is sure she will yet see him. Her present thought is that he has gone to the Klondike. Don't disturb her by so much as a hint, Bob."

"Of course I won't. What do you take me for? But, all the same, it is very unwise. I believe Dave is alive, and ashamed to come back, and maybe we'd be ashamed to have him."

"Don't say that, brother. Mother and I are praying for him. I would never be ashamed of my own flesh and blood—never—nor would you. Poor Dave would be a splendid fellow if he could let drink alone. It was social pleasure that tempted him at first. You know how much he was sought after for his brightness and cleverness and his gay wit. Poor Dave!"

[illegible] was a sore point with him that this prodigal should monopolize so much yearning affection from his mother and sister. He knew how to sympathize with the elder brother in the parable. "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends." Others might understand this character and might call this man a churl; not so Robert; in his heart he approved of his position, and thought the prodigal, returning from the far country, had received better treatment than he deserved.

But it was only to Elizabeth that he grumbled, never to his mother, for he worshiped the ground she walked on, and would cheerfully have been trampled on by her little foot to have had the sort of love she lavished on the reprobate absentee brother. In truth, she did appreciate Robert, though he often antagonized her by his brusque manner and curt speech, and she did full justice to his good qualities; but here he was, well fed, well dressed, well groomed and comfortable, with a fine position and a liberal salary. Robert was an object of envy, not of compassion. John, the quiet, scholarly brother, was also well to do, and Elizabeth, who sat in a pretty studio and made artistic photographs and modelled in clay, needed no mother-pity. But [illegible]

Sometimes Mrs. Sears could not stand it in the house for thinking of him. It made her fairly wild. Then she would slip on her hat and coat and walk, walk the streets, up and down, to and fro, till the exercise tired her and the air brought her calmness. And pray? Only God knows how mothers pray, beating the throne itself with their clenched fists, crying out in their agony, forgetting to say, "Thy will be done," till some gentle, watching angel, sent to strengthen them, whispers it in their weary ear, and Christ himself comes to soothe and sustain them. If Hannah, praying God to send her a child, prayed in bitterness of soul, the mothers of the ages, praying for God-sent children gone astray, have far exceeded her. And God answers their petitions, though there are times when the answer is delayed, and though often it comes in a different form from the one they crave and expect.

Mrs. Sears pictured Dave in every depth of destitution of which she could, from her limited knowledge, make an image. But in her most exaggerated dreams she did not realize him as he had become.

As they sat at supper, with the firelight dancing and the lamp lit, and John gravely talking, and Elizabeth flashing a smiling look at him across the table, what would the mother have thought had she known that just outside the window, clinging to the railings, staring in through a crack in the shutters with hungry eyes, was a gaunt, wolf-like man, his threadbare coat buttoned over a collarless neck, his old shoes covering stockingless feet, his matted hair and unkempt beard clinging to a head and face as repulsive as those of the lowest tramp on the roadside. Once, twice, thrice his irresolute hand moved to ring the doorbell, for he saw the empty chair and knew what it meant, but something seemed to pull him back. Robert's clean respectability, Elizabeth's pretty evening frock, his mother's dainty laces, all repelled him.

"They are in heaven," he murmured.

[illegible]

"To err is human." Don't continue the mistake of neglecting your blood. For any disorder in the [illegible]

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A PRODIGAL SON

(Continued from preceding page.)

"and I—oh, my God!—am in hell!" He left the stoop, stumbled down the basement area steps and knocked at the lower door. When the cook came, a big Irish woman with a soft heart for a famished man, he humbly asked her for something to eat, and she brought him a plate full of food and a cup of steaming coffee, and he sat on the lowest step and ate and drank, and when he had finished to the last drop and the last crumb he got up and crept away, leaving platter and cup beside the door, on the mat, and saying "Thank you" in grateful tones as Irish Mary took them from their place. By this time he was again on the side walk, and the cook, struck by a lingering refinement in his voice, sent a blessing after him:

"The saints protect yez, poor bye; yez have seen better days."

Once more he mounted the stoop and looked in on Paradise, but now a rough hand was laid on his arm and a policeman gruffly bade him get a move on him, "you've been around here long enough."

The old policeman had grown stouter and grayer since Dave's absence, but Dave knew him. He turned and looked McIntyre in the eye.

"Don't worry, old man! Don't you know David Sears?"

The rain had begun to fall, and the wind was rising. Elizabeth, seeing nothing of what was going on outside, came to the window and drew the curtains. Then she went to the piano. Faintly to the ears of the men outside came the sound of her silvery voice singing.

"I must get away from here, Mac. I can't listen to her singing. I'm going away—don't keep me," for the policeman was holding fast to him, not roughly now, but lovingly, for he had known Dave from his sunny childhood.

"But, Dave, where would you go, your mother 'll take you in."

"Take in a fiend from hell, and introduce him there! Man I'm not fit for it. I didn't mean to let her see me, I tell you. I didn't mean to come near the house, but I found myself here before I knew it. I came as if I had walked in my sleep! No, McIntyre, I'm going off, and she must not know I'm alive. For the love of God, McIntyre, don't breath it to her."

"What are you going to do then?"

"I don't know—maybe drown myself—maybe go to the place where I belong with the father of lies."

"Faith, if you've no better plan than that, I'll arrist ye before I'll let you go to the river. I'll tell ye something better. Return to your mother, and confess your sin, and make a new start!"

"No, McIntyre, if ever I come back, I'll come as a man should, in open day, not skulking like a vagabond. Sometime I hope I can turn a new leaf. I don't know. I'll not take my life, old friend—no, and I'll not take that dollar. Put it back in your pocket. Shake hands and wish me luck, and promise me, as you fear God, you'll keep my secret. Tell nobody you've seen me, John McIntyre, for the love of heaven."

"I'll promise you, David, but come back, boy, come back all right. May God bless you, my boy."

Dave disappeared in the black night, and the policeman tramped sturdily on his beat.

(To be Continued)

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Perry Brow	25
H Sheldon	1 00
J F Dodd	1 00
Total	$7 25

Red Cross Society.

Mrs E Nibecker	$2 50

Rev. Jos. Norwood.

Prev. ack	$2 00
J A W. Tidioute	4 10
Total	$6 10

Bethesda Home.

Prev. ack	$797 15
Mrs A Bewitt	3 34
A lover & follower of Jesus, Bath	1 00
Clara J Cunningham	1 00
Cash, Washington	1 00
E H Tuck	1 00
Friend, Farmington	1 00
Lillie T Smith	1 00
Geo S Nichols	1 00
LeRoy H Nash	4 00
Arthur S Cooley	1 00
Wm Hastie Smith	1 00
M C Harris	2 00
Mrs H G Scovell	1 00
I H N, Moore's Mill	3 00
Mrs E Nibeckeer	2 50
Friend, Haddonfield	5 00
C W Hucker	15 00
Mrs Frank A Baker	3 00
Mrs Glasgow	1 20
C A Kefauver	6 00
E L Payne	4 00
Friends for the cause, Nunda	5 00
E S Noble	2 00
Friend Danville	15 00
Danetta M Lowe	2 50
Mother, Gassville	3 00
Carrie B Line	2 50
Miss Mary A Sherman	50
H D Dark	10 00
J P. Mass	1 00
Owam Griffiths	2 00
One who knows, Mt Vernon	1 00
M A Kerr	4 00
J Cowle	25
Carrie B Pine	1 00
Kate Bohrer	10 00
Total	$915 11

Mizamaya Redemption Fund

I R Vanderwater	3 00
Isabella F Price	1 00
Mrs M M P. Creston	1 00
J Masquelier	14 40
Miss M S Sanborn	1 00
Mrs H M Northam	2 00
Lulu Pearce	1 00
—, Deedsville	1 00
H M. De Yoe	1 00
Mary R Bryant	3 00
Friend, Clinton	1 00
Mrs A A. Dodge City	1 00
M C M A S, Dodgeville	1 00
Total	$31 40

American Bible Society.

Nat'l Soldiers' Home	$1 00

Miss Reed's Mission to Lepers.

Prev. ack	$23 60
Mrs Elizabeth Hein	5 00
A Northey	5 00
Total	$33 60

Anna C. Ruddy's Kindergarten.

Prev. ack	$2 00
Friend, Lebanon	2 00
J P. Mass	1 00
Total	$5 00

Lincoln Memorial University

Prev. ack	$148 10
H M Bailie	1 00
Total	$149 10

Porto Rico S. S. Work.

Prev. ack	$541 73
H M Bailie	1 00
Cora Roullard	2 00
Union S S, Dist No. 109, Nebr	5 05
Mt Calvary S S, Nebr	7 50
E M Grabb	3 00
Henry Root	1 00
One of the Herald family, Oswego	2 50
Mrs H W & family, Rexie	1 00
C A Creighton	1 00
Emma F States	5 00
A H Fiulot	2 00
G L Hall	1 00
Rachel Tate	1 00
E P K, Lock Haven	50
Total	$575 28

Spanish Testament Fund.

Prev. ack	$330 75
F W Lee	25
—, Lawrenceville	1 00
Mrs M Elliotte	1 00
Total	$333 00

Gospel Work in Cuba.

Prev. ack	$95 45
Mrs L W Putnam	5 00
One of the Herald family	2 50
Total	$102 45

Mayesville Institute.

Prev. ack	$738 25
J A W. Tidioute	4 50
Total	$742 20

WILL YOU TRY IT FREE?

A REAL CURE AT LAST FOR

Asthma, Hayfever, Whooping-Cough, Catarrh.

We want you to try at our expense a new principle of treatment of these diseases found in Dr. Dastoor's **KADI.** It has won the heartiest praise of the most eminent throat and lung specialists in Chicago and New York, because of its unfailing success, and the fact that it contains absolutely no opium, cocaine, or poisonous drugs.

DR DASTOOR'S **Kadi.** PREP'D IN INDIA.

HAS NEVER FAILED TO CURE

the above diseases or Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup and other lung, throat and bronchial troubles. Absolutely no depression or harmful after effect.

KADI is the only known cure for Asthma, the most obstinate of diseases, and the best remedy for Whooping-cough. We have strongest endorsement by well-known specialists whose names are in our booklet.

We have learned by experience so much of the unfailing efficiency of **KADI** that we offer all sufferers **FREE TRIAL** Send 10c. in stamps to pay postage and we will send at once a full-sized bottle of **KADI**, if you promise that after one week's trial you will either return the remaining medicine by mail, or will, if benefited, send us the regular price. $1 50 WRITE TO-DAY, as this offer is limited to 200 bottles.

THE DASTOOR SPECIFIC CO., 524 Broadway, New York.

HARD TO PLEASE

Regarding the Morning Cup.

"Oh how hard it was to part with coffee but the continued trouble with constipation and belching was such that I finally brought myself to leave it off.

Then the question was, what should we use for the morning drink? Tea was worse for us than coffee; chocolate and cocoa we soon tired of; milk was not liked very well, and hot water we could not endure.

About two years ago we struck upon Postum Food Coffee, and have never been without it since. We have seven children. Our baby now eighteen months old would not take milk, so we tried Postum and found she liked it and it agreed with her perfectly. She is today, and has been, one of the healthiest babies in the State. I use about two-thirds Postum and one-third milk and a teaspoon of sugar, and put it into her bottle. If you could have seen her eyes sparkle and hear her say "good" to-day when I gave it to her, you would believe me that she likes it.

If I was matron of an infants' home, every child would be raised on Postum. Many of my friends say, "You are looking so well!" I reply, "I am well; I drink Postum Food Coffee. I have no more trouble with constipation, and know that I owe my good health to God and Postum Food Coffee."

I am writing this letter because I want to tell you how much good the Postum has done us, but if you knew how I shrink from publicity, you would not publish this letter,—at least not over my name.—Milford, O.

Wool Soap

is made from the purest fat—the best grade of pure mutton tallow. It is just the soap

For Toilet and Bath

Swift and Company, Makers, Chicago

103

WANTED—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R-I-P-A-N-S on the package and accept no substitute. R-I-P-A-N-S 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents; may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York.

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On Trial at Our Expense.

YOU can try an IVERS & POND Piano in your own home without risk and at our expense anywhere in the United States where no dealer sells them. Strictly first-class. Require less tuning and prove more durable than any other pianos. 239 purchased by the New England Conservatory of Music, the largest College of Music in the World, and over 500 IVERS & POND Pianos used in two hundred of the leading colleges and institutions of learning in the United States. Catalogue and valuable information mailed free. Old pianos taken in exchange.

Easy Payments.

A small cash payment and monthly payments extending over three years secure one of our pianos. We send pianos for trial in your home, even though you live three thousand miles away, and guarantee satisfaction, or piano is returned to us at our expense for railway freights both ways. A personal letter containing special prices and full description of our easy payment plans free upon application.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO., 135 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

What's the use experimenting on your complexion with lotions, tablets, or cheap powders; use the world's purest,

POZZONI'S
Medicated Complexion Powder.

Pozzoni's removes freckles and blemishes, makes the skin delicately soft, prevents that shiney appearance, contains no lime, zinc, lead, arsenic, or other poisons, so common in cheap imitations. Your toilet goods dealer refunds your money if Pozzoni's is not satisfactory. Sample free; box 50c.

New York. J. A. POZZONI CO. St. Louis.

Work Where Christ Tells You To

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 8. John 21: 1-6

HAPPY is the man who has found his true sphere in life. No lot is more pitiable than that of a man in a business for which he has no adaptability. Parents have no duty more responsible than that of settling for a boy what shall be his work in the world. If they choose unwisely, either their son goes through life manacled, or he separates himself from his uncongenial occupation and enters another without the preparation for its duties that he should have had. Every man has some natural talent which can be used to the best advantage in some particular sphere. In that one he will succeed; in any other he can never pass beyond mediocrity and is very likely to fail. The wise father watches his son's tastes and habits and tries to learn from them the bent of his mind and how his capacities can be best applied. Except in the case of a man so unfortunate as to have a son given up wholly to idleness and pleasure, he will help him to enter the career of his own choice. It is so, too, in the Lord's vineyard. There are many kinds of work needing to be done, and each calls for workers with special qualifications. He who desires to serve Christ must not suppose that he can serve him only in the pulpit or the foreign mission field. His true sphere may be in business, where he can show the graces of the Christian character and furnish the money for Christ's cause, which is as necessary as the laborers.

How is a man to know what his sphere is? It would disappoint many to give the pious, but indefinite answer, "Work where Jesus tells you to." Everyone knows that Jesus does not tell a man where he is to work. If he did, that would end all our difficulties, because there is no Christian young man—and it is with such we have here to do—who would disobey Jesus. Whatsoever Jesus told him to do, he would do and nothing else. Before all else is loyalty. Whether Christ calls us to honorable prominence or to humble obscurity, that is the place for us; but the difficulty is to know where and to what he does call. Many have made mistakes as to that call. As an eminent clergyman, who had much to do with young men who were studying for the ministry, used to quaintly say: "You have no idea how many youths butt their heads against the pulpit and stun themselves for life." Every denomination has among its preachers, in spite of all its precautions, and its examining boards, men who are unfitted for their vocation and who are, in extreme cases, mere cumberers of the ground. They have no spiritual message to give to their hearers, and if they had, would simply be inarticulate in the delivery of it. It is, therefore, possible to mistake ambition, or zeal for service, for a divine call. We are so apt to hear the voice calling us to the duty we wish to perform, that we mistake the inner voice for the voice of God.

It is safe to realize at the outset that for every man there is a work. When a soul comes to Christ, and receives from him his converting and transforming grace, that soul is to be used in his service. It is to be a light and a witness and a beacon. Christ is entitled to its best services. It belongs to him for time as well as for eternity. The consciousness of that fact ought to fill the being, and cause the man to ask anxiously and earnestly, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" When there is this readiness to accept direction, this willingness to be guided, intimation of Christ's will in the matter may be found in surrounding circumstances. Tentative work may be done as a means of learning Christ's will. A young man who thinks he is called to the ministry can give addresses at Sunday Schools and at missions, and can find out from their results whether there is a probability of his filling a larger sphere acceptably. He can have no surer proof of a divine call than that of seeing men converted under his speaking. Indeed, the church of Christ might wisely insist that no man shall enter her ministry until he can show such proof. But if the intimations of Providence are against the ministry, there are many other spheres in which valuable work can be done. In the Sunday School, in the dark places of our great cities, in every country neighborhood there are families who are strangers to Christ. Who can tell how quickly this whole world might be brought to Christ if every Christian in his own business were thoroughly in earnest in trying to serve Christ and win for him the souls within his circle of influence.

The Rock Lichens

SEE on the rocks the lichens grow,
As well when winds of autumn blow
As when the summer sunbeams glow;
In fiercest heat, in deepest snow,
The humble, hardy lichens grow.

No root to strike beneath the ground,
No stalk to cast its shade around;
One wondrous power the lichens bring,
And one alone, the power to cling!
Their mighty grasp thy rude hands mock;
They [illegible] the rock.

A lesson sweet the lichens give:
They teach earth's weak ones how to live;
So let me rest where naught can shock,
And grow by clinging to the Rock.

[illegible] J. WEBER.

Money for Missions

The Home and Foreign Boards of the [illegible] th. The sum of $450,000 is to be equ[illegible] them. It is stated that Mr. B[illegible] satisfied with this disposition [illegible]

The Prudential

The Vital Question

of Life Insurance is before every man who is at the head of a family or has others dependent upon him. A consideration of the policies issued by

The Prudential

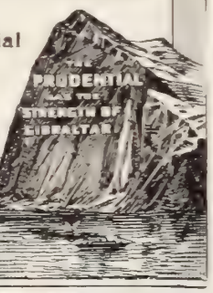
will convince you of their unvarying liberality, their moderate cost, their satisfactory returns and their absolute safety.

Write for information.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

John F. Dryden President

Home Office: Newark, N. J.



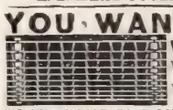
8000 BICYCLES

Overstock. Must be closed out. '98 MODELS $9 to $18. Shopworn and second hand wheels, good as new, $3 to $10. NEW '98 MODELS $11 to $20. Great factory clearing sale. We ship to anyone on approval and trial without a cent in advance.

EARN A BICYCLE by helping us advertise our superb line of models. We give one rider agent in each town FREE USE of sample wheel, to introduce them. *Write at once for our special offer.*

E. B. MEAD CYCLE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

YOU WANT FENCE— WE WANT MONEY.



We will exchange our fence for your money.

We Make an Honest Fence at a reasonable price.

WE SELL DIRECT TO FARMERS AT WHOLESALE PRICE. That saves you the dealer's profit which amounts to a nice thing on a car of fencing. No loose ends can't slip, rattle or unravel. All cross wires interwoven. Prices cut to rock bottom. Get our special discount circulars before you buy. They are Free. ADVANCE FENCE CO., 149 Old St., Peoria, Ill.

OPIUM MORPHINE and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars free. Address Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. R. 5, Lebanon, Ohio.

This cake of soap sent free for a 2-cent stamp

We have prepared 200,000 good-sized sample cakes for readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—all we ask of them is a stamp to pay the postage. We can only afford to make this offer because we know that if you value health and cleanliness you also consider how you get it. Read our statement below—no one else dares to expose the source of soap supplies.

HYOMEI Antiseptic Skin Soap

is a revelation to soap-users, and is made from the FRESH GREEN LEAVES OF THE TASMANIAN BLUE GUM TREE.

For ages you have never given it a thought, but [illegible] the base of all, from the commonest washing to the finest [illegible] combined with an alkali. To be sure, different grades of [illegible] are used, [illegible] medicament of some kind often added, but nine-tenths of every cake of soap made is composed of the above ingredients. In fact, it has always been thought that soap could not be made in any other way, and for this reason no physician has ever recommended the use of any soap for the skin. As a general thing, they are made from cheap fats and grease collected by street scavengers, and thrown out from houses in which all kinds of disease are prevalent; however of late most of the oils used come from incinerating plants now erected near all large cities where is burned the refuse collected from private houses, hotels and restaurants. Thousands of gallons are produced in this way every year, and being too cheap for other uses, is purchased almost exclusively by soap-makers. It is claimed that the heat used destroys all the germs of disease; but the medical profession assert the contrary, and state that the use of cheap soap accounts for most of the blotched and pimpled faces we see daily. One thing, at least, has been proved conclusively—that the dry and scaly skin with which so many persons are troubled is due to the use of alkali in soap. However true this may be, the thought of using such products daily is not a pleasant one, and the discovery of a method by which soap can be made without these dangerous ingredients will be hailed with delight by all.

Hyomei Antiseptic Skin Soap

[illegible] and the first one to be manufactured by the new process. Made from the fresh green leaves of the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree, and containing all its fragrant, well-known healing and antiseptic qualities, this soap will be a revelation to users. As a skin food it has no equal. It acts not only as a cleanser and preventive of disease, but cures all cutaneous affections in a short time. It gives a rich, creamy lather, an invigorating and refreshing odor, and leaves the skin soft, white and velvety.

HYOMEI ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP is sold by all druggists. Price 25c. If your druggist does not keep it, we will send by mail on receipt of price. Don't forget our offer—send 2c stamp for postage and we will mail FREE sample cake.

R. T. BOOTH CO., Ave. D, Ithaca, N. Y.

A Few Of Our SPECIAL BARGAINS

They are the Latest

We send free samples of the skirt and mackintosh

Order either and you will be pleased.

No. 10 — [illegible] Price only.... $9.50

No. 12 — [illegible] with ripple effect, has a soft roll and fastens [illegible] $9.50

No. 14 — [illegible] $7.85

These are all Beautiful

THIS NOVELTY HERRINGBONE COVERT CLOTH MACKINTOSH WILL COST YOU $5.75

THIS FINE ELECTRIC SEAL COLLARETTE WILL COST YOU $8.65

Our Catalogue is ready. Free for the asking.

Samples sent on Application

No. 16 — [illegible] $8.65

No. 18 — [illegible]

$5.75

Ladies' Felt Juliet — [illegible] sizes, 2½ to 8, colors, red or black, made of finest quality felt [illegible] with black fur trimming and fancy black braid embroidered on both colors. Price only.. $1.45 Postage 17c extra. $1.45 BUYS IT.

GRAYDON-PALMER CO., Market and Madison Streets, CHICAGO.

New Red Cross
Currant Plants for sale
At $12.50 per 500
For early planting. Order now. Rural New Yorker says. "Red Cross is the best of all old or new currants for profession. N. Y. Experiment Station says it is large and productive.
We are headquarters for London red raspberry plants. Apple trees for the million; dwarf and standard pear trees to spare at same prices. We offer all small fruits and everything for the orchard, park or garden. Send for our largest and best fruit book and catalogue.
GREEN'S NURSERY CO., Rochester, N.Y.
GREEN'S TREES GROW and are True to Name

Japanese Enamel Finish...

Is especially designed for interior painting and decorative purposes. It produces a rich Enamel Finish and will wear indefinitely. It is the most beautiful and desirable finish known. Manufactured in white and any tint desired. Don't fail to send for sample card to The Taylor Paint & Oil Co., 3rd Berline Ship. N. J.

Our Children's Home Closed

OUR Children's Fresh-Air Home has closed for the season of 1899. In spite of the summer joys that have been given there to our little guests—in fact, because of them—the closing of the Home is always an occasion of sadness. The children are loath to go, and we are loath to part with our little charges. Even the birds in the trees and the late flowers on the hillsides seem to miss the eager, happy throng who helped to make field and woodland merry and gay.

Many hundreds of little ones have been helped this summer, clothed, fed and re-established in health. Besides, we have the comfortable hope and belief that the work done has not only been a benefit to their bodies but to their immortal souls. Life-long impressions have been made upon numbers of the children while they were under our care and subject only to holy Christian influence; invaluable lessons of gentleness, kindness, faith and love have been learned, and many hundreds of tenement homes will be the better and happier because of the lessons. The burdens of hundreds of hard-working

A GROUP OF OUR WAIFS—LAST RAMBLE BY THE HUDSON

tenement mothers have been lightened through our care of the little ones whom we took from their over-crowded and poverty-stricken homes.

The petitions which pious people all over the Union have sent up for these children must surely bear fruit; and we believe that those who have prayed and those who have given to these little ones will reap an abundant reward, in the blessing of Him who said: "Suffer the little ones to come unto me."

Hundreds of letters testify that organized bodies of children and grown people—Christian Endeavors, Epworth Leagues, Sunday School workers and classes—remember the cause of the children of the poor before God's throne.

Jr. C. E. S., Reformed Church, Salina, Pa. $6. Pray it will make two children happy for ten days.—C. E. S., Metuchen, N. J. $4. Trusting God's blessing will rest upon the work.—C. E. S., Fairview, Neb. $1.60. God's blessing upon the children, the Home and the workers.

The following contributions have been received:

Prev ack'd'cr'cted)	$6,733 81
Amidon, Mrs N	5 00
Balderston, Mrs	6 00
Bouainot, Vinnie	50
Buchanan, Mrs S G	2 00
Buchanan, S S	3 00
Chandle, W E	3 00
Christenson, Chris J	50
Coe, A E	10 00
Davenport, J	75
Edwards, A R G	2 00
Forbe, Jessie E	1 00
Foster, Mrs W J	3 00
Godbold, Jos W	3 00
Goff, Lucy	3 00
Griffiths, Owain	2 00
Hair, Ellen & Laura	3 00
Hesson, Mrs J T	3 00
Hill, E R	1 50
Hines, W A	3 00
James, Mrs Jno	1 00
Kerr, M A	4 00
Lewis E L & M W	3 50
McDowell, Mrs Jno	1 00
Madison, Maria C	5 00
March, Luzetta A	2 00
Mitchell, Mrs & Mrs W	2 00
Murray, Mrs T A	10 00
Mansfield, E G Jr.	5 00
Mayo, Mrs A M	1 00
Middlekauff, J A	1 00
Montague, Mrs A S	3 00
Noble, R W	2 00
Northrop, Mrs F	1 00
Nehls, E J	1 00
Norton, Mrs Ada E	50
Olmstead, Harry L	3 00
Peters, Mrs Nettie	3 00
Peterson, Miss Mary	3 00
Pine, Carrie B	1 00
Randolph, Mrs Jas B	2 00
Reichart, Chas	3 00
Reimers, Miss E H	25
Richards, Mrs G C	50
Ritter, Mrs Alfred	10 00
Roe, S	3 00
Schaeffer, Dr C D	3 00
Schmutz, Miss Bertha	18 00
Soe, Mrs Ellen	6 00
Sherman, Miss M A	3 00
Smith, Eva J	3 00
Smith, Jennie	1 00
Stone, Mrs B B	1 00
Sanford, Josie M	3 00
Schenk, I R	50
Smith, Miss Sarah I	9 00
Sumers, A	3 00
Taber, Mrs Mary	9 00
Tate, Rachel	1 00
Troup, Miss A	6 00
True, Mrs R C	3 00
Turner, J T	3 00
Tallmage, Geo Edw	10 00
Thane, Mrs W Y	1 00
Topliff, Mrs E B	3 00
Torrey, Mrs H M	50
Van Nest, Mrs M	2 30
VanSyckel, Mrs Edgar	3 00
Voorhis, Miss N R	5 00
Wade, C W	2 00
Walsh, F VanWorm r	3 00
Warner, E J	5 00
Whitmarsh, Mrs W W	1 25
Woodman, Mrs F	3 00
Netherwood Bap Ch, Salt Point	4 31
Queen St S S, Southingham	3 50
Friend, Danville	10 00
Friend, Jamaica	3 00
Friend, Kansas	3 00
Friend, Kiel	3 00
Friend, Newark	1 00
Friend, Pasadena	1 50
Friend in Jesus, Paymilton	2 00
Two Friends, Etna	1 00
Anon	5 00
Hattie's Offering, O Tailon	24
Laurel Crest Farm, Glen Wild	6 00
Lover of Children, Pantucket	1 00
X & Y, Cedar Rapids	5 00
S M C, Springfield	1 00
S C H, Pantucket	3 00
A M K, Norristown	3 00
A M S, Storm City	2 00
E L H, Cape May	4 00
Amy, Maude & Lou, Dudley	75
H A W, Bristol	3 00
I H N, Coos	1 00
I H N, Norwich,	1 00
J M A, Brownsville	20 00
J R S, Mrs, Pleasantville	1 00
M C C, Virginia City	5 00
H S L, Auburn	5 00
J N S Lavingston Manor	3 00
M & E P, Astoria	3 00
Mrs M J K, Fredonia	1 00
M L V, Harrington Park	3 00
M S, Pittstown	5 00
P V D	50
I H N, Delphos	3 00
I H N, Roanoke	3 00
Cheshire	25
Lebanon	50
Los Angeles	1 00
Williamsport	1 00
Friend, Granville	50
" Thielman	2 00
Subr, Denman	3 00
One who loves the Master, Newport Beach	3 00
Batavia S S No. 8	2 60
W E Soc 1st Con Ch, Sidney	3 00
One much interested	3 00
2 Disciples, Hartford	3 00
Jr C E Soc 1st Meth P Ch, Manasquan	3 50
S S Class of Boys, Petoskey	1 50
Lover of Children, Paxton	2 00
Mother, Dudley	1 00
The Newell Bairns, Fredonia	3 00
Our Little One's Birthday, Mt Dale	5 00
Reader, Sodus	3 00
Well Wisher, De Valles Bluff	6 00
Young Laudies Aux Soc of Bapt Ch, Beaufort	1 00
Widow's Mite, No Brookfield	1 00
Total	$7,143 04

GERMS IN CARPETS cannot be removed by sweeping with an ordinary broom or with a carpet sweeper. These germs are dangerous to the health and bring on disease unless removed

KULMAN'S

ANTISEPTIC BROOM

thoroughly disinfects the carpet and floor, destroys germs, acts as a perfect deodorizer and prolongs the life of the carpet. The disinfecting apparatus does not show, nor alter the appearance of the broom.

Kulman's Antiseptic Broom is for sale at your grocer's for **75c.** If not, send the money and his name to us, and the broom will be sent you, carriage prepaid.

Write for our book, **"Danger in Carpets."** It is free.

ANTISEPTIC BROOM CO.,
27 Williamson St., Savannah, Ga.

If You

are a sufferer from disease in any form—if you have taken drugs and nostrums ad nauseum, you can find certain and permanent cure in the OXYDONOR. This is not faith nor theory, it is an accomplished fact attested to by thousands. This instrument cures all forms of disease, incipient or chronic, in Nature's own manner, by placing the body in a condition that assists in the absorption of oxygen, the great vitalizing force of this element is diffused throughout the system and disease is conquered. It simply cannot exist in an organization that appropriates oxygen in large quantities. The OXYDONOR is small, compact, and by merely applying it during sleep, a complete cure is effected. Send for our book of TRAVELLERS' REPORTS, containing hundreds of letters from clergymen, lawyers, business-men, etc., etc., who have been cured.

REV. THOS. J. OLIVER CURRAN, St. George's Church, 76th St. & Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill., July 8th, 1899, writes:

"I have used the OXYDONOR on myself for Catarrh, Colds, Nervousness and Sleeplessness and found it to work like magic.

"I am positive from what I know it has done for myself and others, that it will do all you claim."

Yours sincerely, THOS. J. OLIVER CURRAN,
(In charge of St. George's Mission)

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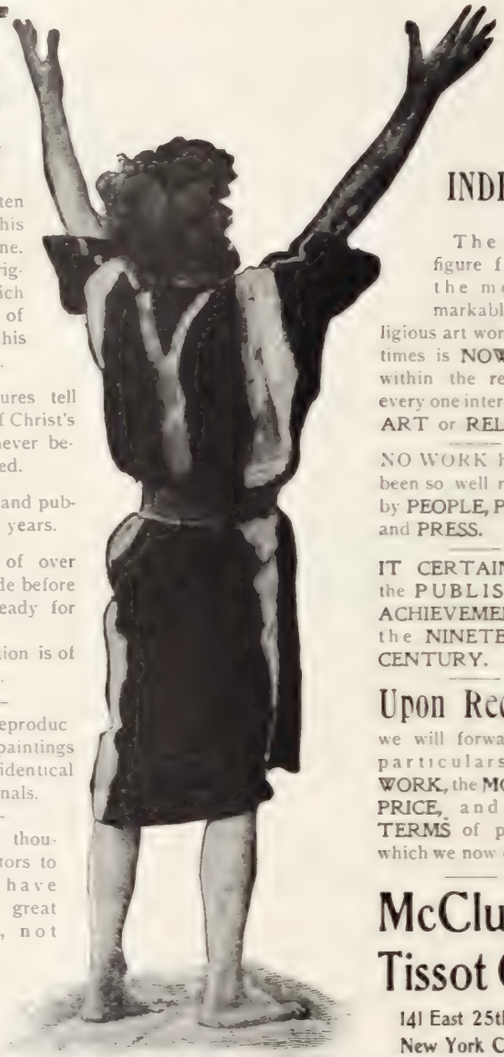

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 40

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 4, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

HIS LATEST AUTHORIZED PORTRAIT. ENGRAVED ESPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON BOARD THE OLYMPIA AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY, AND PRESENTED BY THE ADMIRAL TO THE EDITOR.

Admiral George Dewey, the Hero of Manila Bay

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

M. E. K., Brooklyn, N. Y. Will you, in THE MAIL-BAG, please explain the circumstances of Secretary Seward's purchasing Alaska, and the price he paid for it?

The purchase of Alaska took place in 1867, the price being $7,200,000, and the extent of territory acquired 570,000 square miles. The negotiations were carried through by Secretary Seward in the face of considerable opposition. The facts are stated in all the standard American histories.

Hattie L., Anderson, Ark. What were the miracles said to have been performed by Patrick, the apostle to Ireland?

The story of his "miracles" is largely legendary. Rev. J. Sanderson, D.D., LL.D., in his book on the subject says "there is not the slightest reference in Patrick's own writings to any miracles ever having been wrought by him." Among other unauthenticated stories it is said he raised the dead horse of Daire to life at Tara, he made a dead man speak, he dried up an inundation with fire from his fingers, he kindled a fire with ice, and he changed butter into honey, passed through shut doors, converted flesh into fish, changed a savage king (Coroticus) into a fox, and many more of the same character—all being doubtless the invention of a monkish age which delighted in the supernatural.

T. A. M., Tualatin, Oreg. When men are unwilling to do God's will, are his purposes ever [illegible]

It is impossible to conceive of Omnipotence being thwarted or defeated by anything that mortal man can do. But, even supposing such a thing possible, the question could not be answered, unless God's purpose in the special matter at issue was absolutely known.

Mr. David Ross, missionary at Shathelair, N. S. [illegible]

At the Gospel services in the Northern Woods, a list of 202 names was made a subject of special prayer for the salvation of each.

E. F. V., Newbern, Va. Why did Christ's apostles carry swords?

They had, doubtless, armed themselves in anticipation of violence. Having heard the Master's prediction of approaching events, and knowing that he had already been betrayed and was in momentary danger of seizure, they had evidently prepared themselves for emergencies, being resolved to resist. Besides, there were some among them—probably a majority—who still clung to the belief that Christ's kingdom was to be a material kingdom, won by divinely aided force or stratagem and to be maintained by a display of authority. There is nothing in the Gospel narrative to warrant the inference that all or any of the apostles went about armed as a customary precaution, but rather that they had taken arms to defend the Master against his enemies in the final crisis.

Reader, Groton, N. H. If I should buy a farm and when I received my deed, the old deeds previously given were left with me and on looking them over I found a deed of a piece of land donated to a Christian church for a church site, and said lot was reserved in my deed and I should keep that deed, which was not recorded, while I knew that the trustees who had signed the articles of agreement and taken possession of said lot and built a chapel on it, and had lost the deed and were trying to find it but could not, what claim would the trustees have upon me if I refused to give up the deed to them and took the keys?

Such an act would be fraudulent, and a trained lawyer would probably have little difficulty in proving as much and in securing the property to its rightful owners, the church trustees. Witnesses might be found who were present at the execution of the original deed, now lost. It might require time to prove the case, but it could be done. But, knowing all the facts and recognizing the justice of the claim, it would seem to be the duty of the present holder to transfer the property anew and give the church the title to the land upon which it has built.

J. B., Manor Station, Pa. 1. Did Christ mean himself or did he allude to Nathaniel, when he said: "Behold an Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile"? 2. Also in the case of Peter: "Thou art Peter, and on this Rock will I build my church." Did Christ mean that he would build his church on Peter or on himself? 3. How does the Catholic church harmonize this saying with the claims of the Protestant church?

1. He refered to Nathaniel only. 2. It is generally believed that it was not Peter, but the statement Peter had just made, to which Christ had reference as the foundation of his future church. In the Aramaic or Syro-Chaldaic dialect used in our Lord's time, the words "Peter" and "rock" are identical. 3 Peter, in conjunction with his fellow-disciples, became the founders of the early Christian church. In the broadest sense, therefore, all branches of that church, of whatever denomination, can claim him equally with the Roman church, as their founder. The Papacy was not organized or developed until long generations afterward.

Mrs. A. G., Chicago, Ill. What was the size of [illegible]

The *Monitor* carried two eleven-inch shell guns, each weighing 15,668 pounds. The [illegible] was then called), consisted of ten guns — two seven-inch rifled guns; two six-inch guns and six nine-inch smooth-bore broadside guns.

D. A. R. Can you give any information concerning the ancestors of Mary Ball the mother of George Washington?

[illegible] was daughter of Joseph Ball son of Colonel William Ball, a native of Kent, England, who came with his family to America in 165-, and settled in Lancaster county, Va. Colonel Ball was brother of John Ball, a preacher, in Woodstock, England, noted for his piety and learning. There is said to be evidence that these Balls were descendants of John Ball, the "Mad Preacher" and reformer, who was concerned in the Watt Tyler insurrection and beheaded in 1381, and of whom Green, the historian says, "In his preaching England first listened to the death-knell of feudalism and the declaration of the rights of man;" but we are unable to find the evidence, or to give fuller information concerning the Ball genealogy. You might write to the So. History Association, 933 R. I. Ave., Washington, D.C.

I. E. T., West Salem, Wis. Please tell me who wrote the following:

> I see them on their winding way,
> Above their ranks the moonbeams play,
> And lofty deeds and daring high
> Blend with their notes of victory. (?)

Reginald Heber, the missionary bishop of Calcutta, who wrote "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill," "Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," and many famous hymns. The wording of the verses as lines is not. You will find the poem from [illegible] Blanchard, Philadelphia, and kept in most public libraries. The first two lines you quote begin the poem; the second couplet closes the third stanza. The poem is called "Lines written to a march composed in imitation of a military band." The erroneous arrangement [illegible]

An Old Subscriber, St. Johnsbury, Vt. 1. At what depth may divers work? 2. What is the pres[illegible]

1. It has been stated that one hundred and fifty feet is the safe limit for a diver in diver's dress and helmet; it has also been said that the greatest feat in diving was off the coast of South America, when a diver named Hooper made seven descents to a depth of two hundred and one feet, remaining at one time forty two minutes. In a diving bell, the ordinary depth for working is not we believe, exceeding thirty or forty feet. 2. Seven hundred and twenty pounds.

Martin F., Dayton, O. When and by whom was the epithet, "Sick Man" first applied to Turkey?

It is generally understood that the term was first employed by the Czar Nicholas on the 14th day of January, 1854, in describing the supposed moribund condition of the Turkish [illegible]

M[illegible] used? It is to be supposed that in very [illegible] each party gr[illegible] clan fought for itself.

The use of [illegible] distinguishing garment for soldiery in war, is doubtless very ancient, probably quite as old as military tactics, and grew out of the necessity for instantly recognizing friend, or enemy.

AN INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE.

THE marriage, September 25, in All Saints' Chapel, Newport, Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. Nevins and Rev. Emory H. Porter officiating, of Miss Julia Dent Grant and Prince Michael Cantacuzene, of Russia, is a matter of national interest, the bride being Gen. Ulysses S. Grant's granddaughter and the daughter of Gen. Fred Grant, now on duty in the Philippines. The bridegroom is a lieutenant in the Russian Imperial Guards, and though only twenty-four, is the head of his house, an ancient and honorable one. The wife he sought is not the possessor of wealth, but she is a sweet-tempered, accomplished young woman of fine Christian character. The ceremony was twice performed, the first time according to the form of the Greek Church, as Russian law requires, by Rev. Hotovitsky and Rev. Sivitsky, of New York City. The benignant presence of Gen. Grant's widow added to the interest of the occasion. The marriage of our American girls with foreigners has some excellent features. With American wives and mothers across the water, wars with European countries are more improbable than if we had no American sentiment there.

Protestant, Brooklyn, N. Y. We do not agree with you that "the Protestant always gives in." Besides, the mere acquisition of wealth and title as allies does not add enduring strength to any spiritual or religious cause. Rome is always ready to announce with a flourish the annexation of some weak, wealthy worlding; but the emancipation of those who have emerged from the darkness and bondage and superstition which still envelop that system, into the light of a free and true Christianity is, of course, never discussed by that church or by its organs.

A reader in Florida writes us this letter:

[illegible], FLA.

DEAR EDITOR:—In your paper of September 13, speaking about mosquitoes, the writer says: "In Florida about this time they float about in clouds, so that one runs the gauntlet, covered with veils and muffled over ears and chin and neck, or [illegible] them, and [illegible], and they kill the chickens, settling on the poor frantic things and [illegible] battle of Angora, in 1402, wore uniforms; but there is every reason to believe that the ancients, thousands of years before, equipped their troops in simple uniforms in all their wars.

[illegible] lar section.

Querist, Charlestown, S. C. 1. What is our [illegible]

1. $11,182,149,050. [illegible] 000,000; Russia, $4 [illegible] 300,000,000; German [illegible] Hungary, $2,480,000 [illegible] Spain, $1,800,000,000; [illegible] China, $205,000,000.

Student, Trenton, N. J. [illegible]

It is claimed, in ancient histories, that Anaximander (about 560 B. C.) drew the first map in the form of a disk, and that Democritus of Athens, some three hundred years afterward, made a map of the world in the form of an oblong. Is is, however, more than probable that mariners used some rude form of maps or charts much earlier than those dates. In all likelihood the earliest maps of all were used by the Phoenicians.

[illegible] Ostracism wa[illegible] denunciation in [illegible] as 500 B. C., hav[illegible] by Hippias, the tyrant. People wrote upon snail shells the names of those persons they suspected, and these shells were put in an urn or box and presented to the Senate. That body examined the shells, and he whose name was written most frequently, being judged as under general suspicion as an enemy of the state, was banished. Six thousand votes were needed upon which to base such official action. It will thus be seen that the term ostracism, as used to-day, bears the same interpretation, in a modified sense, as formerly, although the *ostrakon* (shell) is no longer used and the act itself is a social rather than an official one.

C. D. H. [illegible]lle, S. C. 1. [illegible] Manila and [illegible] reach [illegible] 2. When did [illegible]

1 May 21, 1898; captured Ladrones June 21; June 30, with three transports, arrived at Manila; last December she was reported as watching for filibusters in Subig Bay. 2. She is yet in the Philippines, and on September 24, in company with the *Monterey* and the gunboats *Concord* and *Zafiro*, bombarded Olangapo, on Subig Bay, for the purpose of destroying a Krupp cannon in the hands of the insurgents there. The desired end was accomplished.

Mrs. A. S. L., Springfield, O. Is it true, as asserted by one of our leading journals in the State, that the United States, in a majority of its States and Territories labors under a disproportion of the sexes, as compared with European countries? What are the facts?

It is simply undergoing the same experience which every country that is still comparatively young has to undergo. The five U. S. censuses from 1850 to 1890 show an average of fifty-one per cent. males to forty-nine per cent. females in the entire population, while the proportions in foreign countries during the same period were relatively forty-nine per cent. males and fifty-one per cent. females. The excess of males has been continuous in the United States since 1850. Under normal conditions the balance is nearly equal, with the preponderance in favor of the female.

E. H., Brooklyn, N.Y. Write to State Depart[illegible]

Eugene Bryant, Arkansas. Write to Secretary, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for all information.

E. F. Vogl, Newbern, Va., is the possessor of a Martin Luther Bible, printed by Heinrich Ludwig, [illegible]

B. H. C., Silver Creek, N. Y. Write to Secretary, United Charities, Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, New York, for the information.

T. J. F., Ramsay, Tenn. Yes, the tenth legion, connected with the Christian Endeavor Society. If there is no Society in your town, write to headquarters in Boston Mass., and you will receive all particulars.

Constant Reader, Ronceverte Co., Va. We can[illegible] taking such a step, you will find no difficulty in accomplishing your object; but the decision as to the course to be pursued, must rest with yourself.

John W., Cambridge, Neb. The advocacy of sports and the opening of beer gardens on Sunday [illegible] which we are acquainted. It is safe to assert that such suggestions will never be taken seriously. They savor too much of the Parisian Sabbath.

E. Dainty, Allenport, Pa. These legends and folk-tales were collected and translated by Antoine Galland, a French Orientalist, and published in Paris in 1704, and in England about 1830. They are supposed to have been written about 1500 A.D. Not appropriate for a home library, though regarded as a masterpiece of literary work.

. . . Saving Lives in Porto Rico . . .

Gifts and Prayers Still Pouring in for the Relief of the Stricken Islanders—Letters of Sympathy from Many States

PORTO RICO and its afflicted people are not forgotten by benevolent Americans even in these days of jubilation over the return of the nation's greatest naval hero from the far East. This is evident from the many letters that continue to be received, containing contributions to the relief fund that have been consecrated by earnest prayer. Many of these letters are extremely touching, and show how near to the hearts of the writers this great work of Christian charity lies:

L. H. M., writes: "Here is $3 for the hungry Porto Ricans. I wish I could make it $3,000." "May God bless the noble work," is the prayer of Miss E. M. M., Hanover, N. J., in forwarding a gift of $10 from the Hanover Sunday School.

Minnie E. O., Brockton, Mass. ($2), writes:

Our children have been saving their pennies since the first of the year, but they each want to give half of what they have to the poor starving babies of Porto Rico. My husband is only a weekly wage earner, but I'm glad to spare a dollar for the babies.

"He who reads motives can multiply its use," writes J. H. O'N., in forwarding his contribution of $1. Mrs. Helen C. A., Lansing, Mich. ($1), writes: "Lord pity our suffering brothers and bless your efforts to help them." Pansy and Lucy A., Worcester, Mass. ($2), write: "We hasten to send this dollar to help a little. Mother wants us to send one for her also." "Seven Small Cousins" write from Pittsburg, Pa., with $7 "for the many poor children who are suffering in Porto Rico." "May God bless every giver and multiply the gifts!" is the fervent exclamation of Mrs. C. E. P., of Franklinville, N. Y.

A very sweet gift comes from B. F. S., East Rockaway, N. Y. ($1), with these words: "In the name of Jesus I give it, for what he has done for me, and what the Bible says to do unto others. May he add his blessing to it, as he did to the loaves and fishes when he fed the multitude."

M. E. B., Shawhan, Ky. ($5), writes: "You know the Divine One said 'Love one another,' and what is love but to give liberally and upbraid not? And when he gave himself for us, should we not give ourselves for others?"

These are examples of hundreds of other letters in the same earnest and benevolent tone.

Writing from San Juan to Mrs. Guy V. Henry, President of the Colonial Aid Society, U. S. A., Mrs. John Von R. Hoff, President of the Woman's Aid Society of Porto Rico, says:

"The relief work is perfectly systemized, and we are having seven hundred garments made a week now. We are buying and renting machines, paying rents, etc., which our poor women are paying back in work, one-half of their earnings being retained by us. You would be touched by these poor women asking for more clothes, when told they were making garments to be sent where the destitution is so great. Four hundred and thirty-two were given out this morning to be made, by which you may judge how the work is going on. The clothes are all made from unmade material sent in recent boxes from the United States.

"I only hope the dear people at home, who are doing so much for us, will realize the good they are doing, as well as feel fully satisfied with our disposition of their donations."

The following contributions to the relief work have been received:

Prev. ack'd	$2,983 62
Crone, R W	2 00
Cummins, Elizabeth	10 00
Curtis, Laura J	1 00
Cushman, C M	3 00
Deering, Kate L	5 00
DeFord, Mary & Grace	2 00
Delap, J R & fam	3 00
Detroit, S D B	5 00
Dinsmore, Elizabeth	2 00
Dodds, S R	5 00
Dorr, J E	1 00
DuBois, E	50
DuGanne, Mrs F	1 00
Dresser, Helen C	4 00
Eichelberger, M L	1 00
Evans, C P & wife	10 00
Flagler, Mrs J	25
Flulot, Antoni H	1 00
Ford, Mrs Joseph	2 00
Forney, Ruth W	3 00
Frese, F C	1 00
Fyfe, Mrs Ann & fam	2 75
Gardiner, Francis W	3 00
Gardner, J A & fam	2 00
Gardner, Mrs J L & children	1 00
Garrison, Eliza J	2 00
Gault, T O	2 00
Gibbs, N E	1 00
Gillis, Amy	1 00
Godfrey, Mrs S L	1 00
Goff, Jennie Hughes	5 00
Gross, R L	1 00
Grimes, J M	1 00
Grimes, R S	1 00
Griswold, Ralph S	2 00
Gunn, Chas F	1 00
Hadley, S H	1 00
Hafer, Mrs Sarah	1 00
Hains, Ben	1 00
Hall, Wm D	3 00
Hallman, Geo J	2 00
Hanford, Anna J	2 00
Hart, Henry	1 00
Hart, Mrs W F	1 00
Hartman, C C L, Sr	2 00
Hartman, Chas L, Jr	1 00
Hayes, Wm P	5 00
Hemingway, A L	2 00
Henderson, Mrs E	1 00
Henry, Mrs M H	75
Herman, J G	5 00
Herth, Henrietta H	1 00
Higns, Mrs A J	50
Hill, M	1 00
Hoblin, Mrs H G	2 00
Hoersch, Mrs Mary	3 00
Holister, D I	10 00
Holman, Mary E	1 00
Holteamp, Ernst	2 00
Horner, Frederick	2 50
House, I E	5 00
Ide, Mrs Wm	1 00
Jager, Edward W	2 00
Jamison, Miss F C	1 50
Jeffery, Amalie A	1 00
Jenison, Mrs M L	1 00
Johnson, Hans J	1 00
Johnson, P H	1 00
Johnston, R I & wife	2 00
Jones, Mrs W A	1 00
Keach, Mrs E W	10 00
Kerns, Silas	1 00
King, Mrs E E	1 00
King, J A	1 00
Osborne, I	2 00
Osborne, Mrs J P	100 00
Ott, L G	1 00
Oudekirk, Aleatha	50
Oudekirk, Lester	50
Oudekirk, Minnie I	1 00
Parker, Laura S	1 00
Parney, Mrs & Davey Anderson	2 00
Partridge, P S	1 00
Payne, Mrs W O	4 00
Pearce, J L	2 00
Peet, A S	1 00
Perley, M P	10 00
Perry, Hattie	1 00
Perry, Margaret	1 00
Petherbridge, Mrs T	5 00
Pierce, D	5 00
Pierce, Mr & Mrs R B	2 00
Piper, Ida P	1 00
Porter, Mrs N	50
Powell, Mrs H C	2 50
Pratt, Mrs E C	1 00
Pratt, Mrs J I	2 00
Putnam, I L	5 00
Radley, Mrs G	1 00
Reese, Mrs W I	1 00
Ring, John F	5 00
Roberts, E	10 00
Roberts, M E	50
Robertson, Mrs A	1 00
Robinson, J	1 00
Rollis, Mr & Mrs O J	5 00
Romig, Mrs A	2 00
Root, Mr & Mrs S L	1 00
Ryland, Charlotte	10 00
Sands, Mrs E	5 00
Seppelt, M	1 00
Sargent, E & Blanche	2 00
Sawyer, Philip	1 00
Seymour, Miss J	1 50
Seymour, W L	2 50
Sickels, Mrs S S	5 50
Silkett, Miss C	1 00
Simmons, R G	2 00
Simonson, B F	1 00
Smith, B H	1 00
Smith, J B	1 00
Smith, Mrs N	1 00
Smith, Mrs S S	1 00
Smith, Virginia G	1 00
Snow, O L	2 00
Snyder, Rose	5 00
Sorvaag, E	1 00
Stacy, R E	1 00
Stancliff, Mrs S & chil'n	5 00
Stein, G T	1 00
Sterling, E	1 00
Stevens, G H	1 00
Stevenson, Mrs M W	1 00
Stover, F H	5 00
Streng, O D	1 00
Strong, Mrs Harriet	1 50
Stubbs, Ziori	1 00
Stuve, Miss Alice	1 00
Summers, Mrs F A	2 00
Taggart, Chas R	3 00
Tewksbury, Mrs L E	2 00
Throop, Mrs R C	1 50
Todd, Margaret	1 00
Toogood, Mrs A L	1 00
Tourtellot, Mrs E	2 00
Trace, Mrs	2 00
Tress, Mrs R C	3 00
Tribus, Louis L	10 00
Tuck, Mary A	1 75
Upham, Mrs A	1 00
Vander Smissen, C	5 00
Van Doren, A T	2 50
Van Doren, Miss A	1 00
Van Doren, Mrs J H	1 00
Vinton, L P	1 00
Wade, R L	1 00
Waite, Mrs Elihu	1 00
Walbran, Mr J P	2 00
Walker, Mrs C B	1 00
Walker, John	5 00
Waltman, Spedie	1 00
Ward, S M	10
Warner, Lydia C	1 00
Warren, Mrs Belle	1 00
Warren, Mary L	6 75
Wells, H H	20 00
White, Mrs M T	2 00
White, Mrs Ruby	1 00
Whitney, Mrs D	1 00
Willerby, Mrs J P	50
Willerton, Chas H	2 00
Williams, Mrs A J	2 00
Willow, Mrs Ida	1 00
Woodside, Mrs Frank	2 00
Wright, Mrs H & fam	1 00
Wright, L B	1 00
Zimmerman, Mrs J D	1 00
Lyde, Decatur	1 00
William G, Dauphin	1 00
A B, Springfield	1 00
A C P, Erie	1 00
A E M, Summitville	1 00
A F, Louisville	5 00
A H E, Pittsburg	2 00
Mrs A J, Cedarville	5 00
A L H, Kinston	1 00
A M, Lake	1 00
B M, Jefferson	1 00
C A J, Lake Mills	2 00
C D, Rantoul	1 00
C I D, Westfield	1 00
Miss C R, Bklyn	2 00
E A M, Winfield	1 00
E A R, Thorndike	2 00
E I J, St Lawrence	50
E I W, Strykwater	2 00
E M C, Adrian	1 00
E M F, Bloomfield	5 00
F C R, Berlin	1 00
F C W, Tona	1 00
Mrs G A L B, Malpole	1 00
G W, Chicago	1 00
G W W, Grand Forks	1 50
H S E, Lyndonville	5 00
J M H & C A H Coatsegond	2 00
—, Nashville	1 00
—, Newport	1 00
—, Philadelphia	2 00
—, Titusville	10 00
—, Webster	1 00
—, W Somerville	1 00
—, Winsted	1 00
A friend, Allegheny	5 00
A friend, Grand Lodge	50
A friend, Deckertown	2 00
A friend, Grand Lodge	50
A friend, Grove City	1 75
A friend, Holyoke	1 00
A friend, Lake	2 00
A friend, Macon	25
A friend, Middlebury	1 00
A friend, Monroe	5 00
Friends, Morse	5 00
A friend, Oneonta	1 00
A friend, Parkdale Toronto	2 00
A friend, Pendleton	1 00
A friend, Phila	1 00
A friend, Phila	1 00
A friend, Richmond	5 00
A friend, S Manchester	2 00
A friend, Whitman	5 00
Friend B, Ottawa	100 00
Friend, Aye	5 00
Two friends, Elmhurst	2 00
I H N, Abscota	1 00
I H N, Amagansett	1 00
I H N, Boston	10 00
I H N, Clemons	2 00
I H N, Coventry	1 00
I H N, East Tilton	15 00
I H N, Lunsons	1 00
A reader, Ballstons	1 00
A reader, Durand	5 50
A reader, Whitman	3 00
Subscriber, Barnesv'e	1 00
Subscriber, Cleveland	1 00
A subscriber, Wichita	1 00
Subscriber, Wynne Wood	10 00
Members of Cong Ch and others, Easton	6 25
Presby Friends, Lyons	5 50
Presby S S, Almond	5 00
Fairview S S, Elm Creek	2 00
German Zion S S, Henderson	1 75
1st Baptist Ch, Miami	53
Cong S S, N Stonington	3 50
Baptist S S, Sewickley	2 00
Y P C E, Cromwell branch of Westfield society	2 00
C E, Presby Ch, Cassville	2 00
Y P S C E, A F L Soc, Springbrook	3 44
Y P S C E, Turnpike	5 00
"Azalia," Bklyn	1 00
"Beme," New York	1 00
Cash, Washingtn	1 00
A cheerful giver, N Yeity	1 00
For Christ's sake, Floyd	2 00
Citizen, Burlington	1 00
A disciple of Jesus, Pascoag	2 00
Kingsbury, Andrew	2 00
Kingsbury, M & C M	10 00
Koerber, Henry	10 00
Kroupa, Barbara E	1 00
Lance, Mary D	2 00
Lansing, Emma C	4 25
Larson, C O	5 00
Lawson, Mrs M C	1 00
Lee, Eliza J	10 00
Leigh, T F	2 00
Lente, Jas R	1 00
Libby, Mrs L H	1 00
Liersch, F C	2 00
Lovjoy, Francis A	1 00
Low, Jas P	5 00
Lucock, Jean	1 00
Lurton, Mrs James	10 00
Lyon, Herbert Ira	1 00
Lyon, Mrs S A	2 00
McCallum, Mary A	1 00
McCarthey, L	1 00
McClure, W L	5 00
McDonald, James	50
McFate, Robert	1 00
McGee, Dorathy A	1 00
McGee, Lillian C	1 00
McIlveen, Mrs Thos	5 00
McIntosh, Mrs C J	1 00
McKay, Mrs T	5 00
McKee, Mrs M E	1 00
McLean, Mary	1 00
McLinn, M E	1 00
McMillan, Louise	1 00
McMillan, Thos C	1 00
McMurray, D R	1 00
McSparren, Priscilla	25 00
Macomber, Mrs J K	5 00
Marens, P W	1 00
Marsh, Jas M	1 00
Martin, Mrs I	5 00
Mason, M A	5 00
Mead, F D	1 00
Mead, J W	1 00
Miller, Anna May	1 00
Mink, Mrs W S	50
Mitchell, Mr & Mrs W	2 00
Monfort, Mildred	1 00
Monroe, Mr & Mrs M	1 00
Morrison, Mrs C R	1 00
Munson, B	3 00
Nettleton, Mrs A C	1 00
Newman, Mr & Mrs C	5 00
Newton, Mrs Ann	1 00
Nichols, Mrs E P	1 00
Noble, F S	5 00
Norton, Lydia E	2 00
Noyes, Mrs J E	1 00
Nutt, Mrs H	50
Olsen, Mrs C	1 00
Orr, S H	5 00
Ort, Eliza	1 00
J K, Kissimmee	2 00
L A, Kal	1 00
M, Schenectady	2 00
M A E, Holland Pa't	1 00
M A McM, Hightst'n	4 00
Mrs M A W, Deposit	3 00
M F D, Sherman	2 00
Mrs McG, Altona	1 00
M V S W, Thom'ville	2 00
M W, Elkhorn	2 00
P D, N Y City	1 00
R J L, Rock City	2 00
W F E, Fall River	5 00
X Y Z, Easton	5 00
—, Baltimore	1 50
—, Brooklyn	1 00
—, Deedsville	2 00
—, Dover	5 00
—, Gloversville	1 00
—, Goodwin	5 00
—, Harrisburg	1 00
—, Lexington	1 00
—, Los Angeles	1 00
—, New Haven	1 00
—, Mongaup Valley, Enfield Centre	1 00
—, Newport Beach	1 00
—, Truro, N S	1 00
—, Elkhart	5 00
—, Santa Cruz	2 00
—, W New Brighton	1 00
—, Warren	6 00
—, Mansfield	2 00
—, Meredith	5 00
—, Miami	50
Epworthican, Houtzdale	1 00
A few resid'ts, Holt'n	21 00
"God is Love," Shawhan	5 00
Little Helpers, Morristown	3 50
A humble follower of Christ, Coventry	1 00
A humble Christian, Daretown	10 00
In Jesus Name, Allentown	1 00
In Jesus Name, Fogelsville	5 00
In memoriam, A B C, Rutherford	1 00
Lacon, Colo	1 00
Mother and son, Canon City	6 00
Mother and daughter, Preemption	1 00
Old miner, Coal Cent'r	5 00
One of the Redeemed, Portland	1 00
Poor old woman, Morden	1 00
Regate	2 50
Sympathizers, Rockford	1 50
Widow's mite, Springfield	1 00
Total	$84,101.19

And 400 others to be acknowledged next week

PONCE'S RUINED SUBURB

MAIN STREET OF CAYEY, WHERE NEARLY EVERY HOUSE WAS UNROOFED OR GUTTED

A Noble Life-Work Ended

Miss Nancy Elliott, the Children's Friend, Who Spent Thirty-five Years of Her Life Teaching New York City Waifs

THERE is a vacant chair in the school room of the old Five Points Mission. Miss Nancy Elliott, who for thirty-five years had taught the little ones there, died Sept. 7 last, and was laid to rest in the rural cemetery at Kingston, N. Y. Her life was a beautiful one, devoted wholly to the service of others. Deeply impressed by religious truths in her early youth, she engaged in Sunday School work in a quiet Hudson River community. Events brought her to New York. She soon found a chance to build up a Sunday School. For several years she acted as superintendent, and when, one day during the Civil War, a friend and fellow-worker told her of the Five Points Mission, she paid it a visit. The sight of the poor little waifs, many of whom had been gathered from the very gutters of that neighborhood, so filled her heart with pity that she volunteered to teach a class during week days. It soon became a positive delight to instruct the children, to visit them at their squalid homes, and to gently influence their parents into paths of morality and self-help.

THE LATE MISS NANCY ELLIOTT

Miss Elliott, who was possessed of some means, was absorbed in her work. Into every garret and cellar of the surrounding district her sweet sympathy penetrated, leaving behind an influence for good that has borne fruit in a thousand ways. When her little substance had been spent, she lived at the Mission as a teacher and made it her sacred life-work. She passed away at 80, full of years and honors in the Master's service.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

.. HEROES OF THE NAVY ..

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, James 3: 4: . . . . . **Behold also the ships**

If this exclamation was appropriate about eighteen hundred and seventy-two years ago, when it was written concerning [illegible] Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the dry docks for purposes of peace the *Oceanic* of the White Star Line, the *Lucania* of the Cunard Line, the *St. Louis* of the American Line, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* of the North German Lloyd Line, the *Augusta Victoria* of the Hamburg-American Line; and in an age which for purposes of war has launched the screw-sloops like the *Idaho*, the *Shenandoah*, the *Ossipee*, and our ironclads like the *Kalamazoo*, the *Roanoke*, and the *Dunderberg*, and those which have already been buried in the deep, like the *Monitor*, the *Housatonic*, and the *Weehawken*, the tempests ever since sounding a volley over their watery sepulchres; and the *Oregon*, and the *Brooklyn*, and the *Texas*, and the *Olympia*, the *Iowa*, the *Massachusetts*, the *Indiana*, the *New York*, the *Marietta* of the last war, and the scarred veterans of war shipping, like the *Constitution*, or the *Alliance*, or the *Constellation* that have swung into the naval yards to spend their last days, their decks now all silent of the feet that trod them, their rigging all silent of the hands that clung to them, their port holes silent of the brazen throats that once thundered out of them. If in the first century, when war vessels were dependent on the oars that paddled at the side of them for propulsion, my text was suggestive, with how much more emphasis and meaning and overwhelming reminiscence we can cry out, as we see the *Kearsarge* lay across the bows of the *Alabama* and sink it, teaching foreign nations they had better keep their hands off our American fight, or as we see the ram *Albemarle* of the Confederates running out and in the Roanoke, and up and down the coast, throwing everything into confusion as no other craft ever did, pursued by the *Miami*, the *Ceres*, the *Southfield*, the *Sassacus*, the *Mattabesett*, the *Whitehead*, the *Commodore Hull*, the *Louisiana*, the *Minnesota*, and other armed vessels, all trying in vain to catch her, until Captain Cushing, twenty-one years of age, and his men blew her up, himself and only one other escaping, and as I see the flag-ship *Hartford*, and the *Richmond*, and the *Monongahela*, with other gun-boats, sweep past the batteries of Port Hudson, and the Mississippi flows forever free to all Northern and Southern craft, and under the fire of Dewey and his men the Spanish ships at Manila burn or sink, and the fleet rushing out of Santiago harbor are demolished by our guns, and the brave Cervera surrenders, I cry out with a patriotic emotion that I cannot suppress if I would, and would not if I could, "Behold also the ships."

Full justice has been done to the men who at different times fought on the land, but not enough has been said of those who on ship's deck dared and suffered all things. Lord God of the rivers and the sea, help me in this sermon! So, ye admirals, commanders, captains, pilots, gunners, boatswains, sailmakers, surgeons, stokers, messmates and seamen of all names, to use your own parlance, we might as well get under way and stand out to sea. Let all land lubbers go ashore Full speed now! Four bells!

Never since the sea fight of Lepanto, where three hundred royal galleys, manned by fifty thousand warriors, at sunrise, September 6th, 1571, met two hundred and fifty royal galleys, manned by one hundred and twenty thousand men, and in the four hours of battle eight thousand fell on one side, and twenty-five thousand on the other; yea, never since the day when at Actium, thirty-one years before Christ, Augustus with two hundred and sixty ships scattered the two hundred and twenty ships of Mark Anthony, and gained universal dominion as the prize; yea, since the day when at Salamis the twelve hundred galleys of the Persians, manned by five hundred thousand men, were crushed by Greeks with less than a third of that force; yea, never since the time of Noah, the first ship captain, has the world seen such a miraculous creation as that of the American navy in 1861.

There were about two hundred available seamen in all the naval stations and receiving ships, and here and there an old vessel. Yet orders were given to blockade thirty-five hundred miles of sea coast, greater than the whole coast of Europe, and beside that the Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, Mississippi, and other great rivers, covering an extent of two thousand more miles, were to be patrolled. No wonder the whole civilized world burst into guffaws of laughter at the seeming impossibility. But the work was done, done almost immediately, done thoroughly, and done with a speed and consummate skill that eclipsed all the history of naval architecture. What brilliant achievements are suggested by the mere mention of the names of the rear admirals! If all they did should be written, every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. But these names have received the honors due. The most of them went to their graves under the cannonade of all the forts, navy yards, and men-of-war, the flags of all the shipping and capitals at half mast.

I recite to-day the deeds of our naval heroes, many of whom have not yet received appropriate recognition. "Behold also the ships." As we will never know what our national prosperity is worth until we realize what it cost, I recall the unrecited fact that the men of the navy in all our wars ran especial risks. They had not only the human weaponry to contend with, but the tides, the fog, the storm. Not like other ships could they run into harbor at the approach of an equinox, or a cyclone, or a hurricane, because the harbors were hostile. A miscalculation of a tide might leave them on a bar, and a fog might overthrow all the plans of wisest commodore and admiral, and accident might leave them not on the land ready for an ambulance, but at the bottom of the sea, as when in our Civil War the torpedo blew up the *Tecumseh* in Mobile Bay, and nearly all on board perished. They were at the mercy of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, which have no mercy. Such tempests as wrecked the Spanish Armada might any day swoop upon the squadron. No hiding behind the earthworks. No digging in of cavalry spurs at the sound of retreat. Mightier than all the fortresses on all the coasts is the ocean when it bombards a flotilla.

In the cemeteries for Federal and Confederate dead are the bodies of most of those who fell on the land. But where those are who went down in the war vessels will not be known until the sea gives up its dead. The Jack tars knew that

U. S. BATTLESHIP "KEARSARGE," THE NEWEST AND MOST POWERFUL OF OUR WAR-SHIPS

while loving arms might carry the men who fell on the land, and bury them with solemn liturgy, and the honors of war, for the bodies of those who dropped from the ratlines into the sea, or went down with all on board under the stroke of a gun-boat, there remained the shark and the whale and the endless tossing of the sea which cannot rest. Once a year, in the decoration of the graves, those who fell in the land were remembered; but how about the graves of those who went down at sea? Nothing but the archangel's trumpet shall reach their lowly bed. A few of them were gathered into naval cemeteries of the land, and we every year garland the sod that covers them; but who will put flowers on the fallen crew of the exploded *Westfield* and *Shawsheen*, and the sunken *Southfield*, and the *Winfield Scott*? Bullets threatening in front, bombs threatening from above, torpedoes threatening from beneath, and the ocean, with its reputation of six thousand years for shipwreck, lying all around, am I not right in saying it required a special courage for the navy in 1863 as it required especial courage in 1898?

It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel going out through the Narrows, sailors in new rig singing,

> A life on the ocean wave,
> A home on the rolling deep!

the colors gracefully dipping to passing ships, the decks immaculately clean, and [illegible] that ship as it comes out of [illegible] ment, its decks red with human blood, wheel-house gone, the cabins a pile of shattered mirrors and destroyed furniture, [illegible] ed, a hundred pound Whitworth rifle shot having left its mark from port to starboard, the shrouds rent away, ladders splintered and decks ploughed up, and smoke-[illegible] gasp far away from home and kindred, whom they love as much as we love wife and parents and children.

Oh, men of the American Navy returned from Manila, and Santiago, and Havana, as well as those who are survivors of the naval conflicts of 1863 and 1864, men of the Western Gulf squadron, of the Eastern Gulf squadron, of the South Atlantic [illegible] Atlantic squadron, of the Mississippi squadron, of the Pacific squadron, of the West [illegible] Potilla, hear our thanks! Take the benediction of our churches. Accept the hospitalities of the nation. If we had our way, we would get you not only a pension, but a home, and a princely wardrobe and an equipage and a banquet while you live, and after your departure a catafalque and a mausoleum of sculptured marble, with a model of the ship in which you won the day. It is considered a gallant thing when in a naval fight, the flag-ship with its blue ensign goes ahead up a river or into a bay, its admiral standing in the shrouds watching and giving orders. But I have to tell you, O veterans of the American navy! if you are as loyal to Christ as you were to the government, there is a flag-ship sailing ahead of you, of which Christ is the admiral, and he watches from the shrouds, and the heavens are the blue ensign, and he leads you toward the harbor, and all the broadsides of earth and hell cannot damage you, and ye whose garments were once red with your own blood shall have a robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Then strike eight bells! High noon in heaven!

While we are heartily greeting and banquetting the sailor patriots just now returned, we must not forget the veterans of the navy now in marine hospitals, or spending their old days in their own or their children's homesteads. Oh, ye veterans! I charge you bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry from the war times. You are not as stalwart as you would have been but for that nervous strain and for that terrific exposure. Let every ache and pain, instead of depressing, remind you of your fidelity. The sinking of the *Weehawken* off Morris Island, December 6th, 1863, was a mystery. She was not under fire. The sea was not rough. But Admiral Dahlgren, from the deck of the flag steamer *Philadelphia*, saw her gradually sinking, and finally she struck the ground; but the flag still floated above the wave in the sight of the shipping. It was afterward found that she sank from weakness through injuries in previous service. Her plates had been knocked loose in previous times. So you have in nerve, and muscle, and bone, and dimmed eyesight, and difficult hearing, and shortness of breath, many intimations that you are gradually going down. It is the service of many years ago that is telling on you. Be of good cheer. We owe you just as much as though your life blood had gurgled through the scuppers of the ship in the Red River expedition, or as though you had gone down with the *Melville* off Hatteras. Only keep your flag flying, as did the illustrious *Weehawken*. Good cheer, my boys! The memory of man is poor, and all that talk about the country never forgetting those who fought for it is an untruth. It does forget. Witness how the veterans sometimes had to turn the hand organs on the street to get their families a living. Witness how ruthlessly some of them were turned out of office that some bloat

of a politician might take their place. Witness the fact that there is not a man or woman now under forty-five years of age who has any full appreciation of the five years' martyrdom of 1861 to 1865, inclusive. But while men may forget God never forgets. He remembers the swinging hammock. He remembers the forecastle. He remembers the frozen ropes of that January tempest. He remembers the amputation without sufficient ether. He remembers the horrors of that deafening night when forts from both sides belched on you their fury, and the heavens glowed with ascending and descending missiles of death. He remembers it all better than you remember it, and in some shape reward will be given.

Sometimes off the coast of England the royal family have inspected the British navy, manœuvred before them for that purpose. In the Baltic Sea the Czar and Czarina have reviewed the Russian navy. To bring before the American people the debt they owe to the navy, I go out with you on the Atlantic Ocean, where there is plenty of room, and in imagination review the war shipping of our four great conflicts—1776, 1812, 1865 and 1898. Swing into line all ye frigates, ironclads, fire-rafts, gun-boats and men-of-war! There they come, all sail set, and all furnaces in full blast, sheaves of crystal tossing from their cutting prows. That is the *Delaware*, an old Revolutionary craft, commanded by Commodore Decatur. Yonder goes the *Constitution*, Commodore Hull commanding. There is the *Chesapeake*, commanded by Captain Lawrence, whose dying words were: "Don't give up the ship"; and the *Niagara*, of 1812, commanded by Commodore Perry, who wrote on the back of an old letter, resting on his navy cap: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Yonder is the flag-ship *Wabash*, Admiral Dupont commanding; yonder, the flag-ship *Minnesota*, Admiral Goldsborough commanding; yonder, the flag-ship *Philadelphia*, Admiral Dahlgren commanding; yonder, the flag-ship *San Jacinto*, Admiral Bailey commanding; yonder, the flag ship *Black Hawk*, Admiral Porter commanding; yonder, the flag steamer *Benton*, Admiral Foote commanding; yonder, the flag-ship *Hartford*, David G. Farragut commanding; yonder the *Brooklyn*, Rear-Admiral Schley commanding; yonder the *Olympia*, Admiral Dewey commanding; yonder the *Oregon*, Capt. Clarke commanding; yonder the *Texas*, Capt. Philip commanding; yonder the *New York*, Rear-Admiral Sampson commanding; yonder the *Iowa*, Capt. Robley D. Evans commanding.

And now all the squadrons of all departments, from smallest tug-boat to mightiest man-of-war, are in procession, decks and rigging filled with men who on the sea fought for the old flag ever since we were a nation. Grandest fleet the world ever saw! Sail on before all ages! Run up all colors! Ring all the bells! Yea, open all the port-holes! Unlimber the guns and load, and fire one great broadside that shall shake the continents in honor of peace and the eternity of the American Union! But I lift my hand, and the scene has vanished. Many of the ships have dropped under the crystal pavement of the deep, sea-monsters swimming in and out the forsaken cabin, and other old craft have swung into the navy yards, and many of the brave spirits who trod their decks are gone up to the Eternal Fortress, from whose casements and embrasures may we not hope they look down to-day with joy upon a nation in re-united brotherhood?

All those of you who were in naval service during the war of 1865 are now in the afternoon or evening of life. With some of you it is two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock, six o'clock, and it will soon be sundown. While in our Cuban war there were more Christian commanders on sea and land than in any previous conflict, I would revive in your minds the fact that at least two great Admirals of the Civil War were Christians, Foote and Farragut. Had the Christian religion been a cowardly thing they would have had nothing to do with it. In its faith they lived and died. In Brooklyn navy yard Admiral Foote held prayer-meetings and conducted a revival on the receiving ship *North Carolina*, and on Sabbaths, far out at sea, followed the chaplain with religious exhortation. The other Christian Admiral will be honored on earth until the day when the fires from above shall lick up the waters from beneath, and there shall be no more sea.

Oh, while old ocean's breast
Bears a white sail,
And God's soft stars to rest
Guide through the gale
Men will him ne'er forget,
Old heart of oak
Farragut, Farragut—
Thunderbolt stroke!

According to his own statement, Farragut was very loose in his morals in early manhood, and practiced all kinds of sin. One day he was called into the cabin of his father, who was a ship master. His father said, "David, what are you going to be, anyhow?" He answered, "I am going to follow the sea." "Follow the sea," said the father, "and be kicked about the world and die in a foreign hospital?" "No," said David; "I am going to command like you." "No," said the father; "a boy of your habits will never command anything," and his father burst into tears and left the cabin. From that day David Farragut started on a new life.

When in Mobile Bay the monitor *Tecumseh* sank from a torpedo, and the great warship *Brooklyn* that was to lead the squadron turned back, he said he was at a loss to know whether to advance or retreat, and he says, "I prayed, 'O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?' And a voice commanded me, 'Go on,' and I went on." Was there ever a more touching Christian letter than that which he wrote to his wife from his flag-ship *Hartford*? "My dearest wife, I write and leave this letter for you. I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning, if God is my leader, and I hope he is, and in him I place my trust. If he thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to submit to his will in that as all other things. God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me. May his blessings rest upon you and your dear mother."

Cheerful to the end, he said on board the *Tallapoosa* in the last voyage he ever took, "It would be well if I died now in harness." The sublime Episcopal service for the dead was never more appropriately rendered than over his casket, and well did all the forts of New York Harbor thunder as his body was brought to the wharf, and well did the minute guns sound and the bells toll as in a procession having in its ranks the President of the United States and his cabinet, and the mighty men of land and sea, the old admiral was carried amid hundreds of thousands of uncovered heads on Broadway, and laid on his pillow of dust in beautiful Woodlawn, September 30th, amid the pomp of our autumnal forests.

But just as much am I stirred at the scene on war-ship's deck before Santiago last summer, when, the victory gained for our American flag over Spanish oppression, the Captain took off his hat, and all the sailors and soldiers did the same, and silently they offered thanks to Almighty God for what had been accomplished, and when on another ship the soldiers and sailors were cheering as a Spanish vessel sank, and its officers and crews were struggling in the waters, and the Captain of our war-ship cried out, "Don't cheer! The poor fellows are drowning." Prayers on deck! Prayers in the forecastle! Prayers in the cabin! Prayers in the hammocks! Prayers on the look-out at midnight! The battles of that war opened with prayer, were pushed on with prayer, and closed with prayer, and to-day the American nation recalls them with prayer.

We hail with thanks the new generation of naval heroes, those of the year 1898. We are too near their marvelous deeds to fully appreciate them. A century from now poetry, and sculpture and painting and history will do them better justice than we can do them now. A defeat at Manila would have been an infinite disaster. Foreign nations not over-fond of our American institutions would have joined the other side, and the war so many months past would have been raging still, and perhaps a hundred thousand graves would have opened to take down our slain soldiers and sailors. It took this country three years to get over the disaster at Bull Run at the opening of the civil war. How many years it would have required to recover from a defeat at Manila in the opening of the Spanish war I cannot say. God averted the calamity by giving triumph to our navy under Admiral Dewey, whose coming up through the Narrows of New York Harbor day before yesterday was greeted by the nation whose welcoming cheers will not cease to resound until to-morrow; and next day in the Capital of the nation the jeweled sword voted by Congress shall be presented amid booming cannonade, and embannered hosts, and our autumnal nights shall become a conflagration of splendor, but the tramp of these processions, and the flash of that sword, and huzza of that greeting, and the roar of those guns, and the illumination of those nights will be seen and heard as long as a page of American history remains inviolate. Especially let the country boys of America join in these greetings to the returned heroes of Manila. It is their work. The chief character in all the scene is the once country lad, George Dewey. Let the Vermonters come down, and find him older, but the same modest, unassuming almost bashful person that they went to school with and with whom they sported on the play-ground. The honors of all the world cannot spoil him. A few weeks ago at a banquet in England, some of the titled noblemen were affronted because our American minister-plenipotentiary associated the name of Dewey with that of Lord Nelson. As well might we be affronted because the name of Nelson is associated with that of our most renowned Admiral. The one name in all the coming ages will stand as high as the other. So this day, sympathizing with all the festivities and celebrations of the past week, and with all the festivities and celebrations to come this week, let us anew thank God, and those heroes of the American navy who have done such great things for our beloved land. Come aboard the old ship, Zion, ye sailors and soldiers, whether still in the active service or honorably discharged and at home having resumed citizenship. And ye men of the past, your last battle on the seas fought, take from me in God's name, salutation and good cheer. For the few remaining fights with sin and death and hell make ready. Strip your vessel for the fray; hang the sheet chains over the side. Send down the top-gallant masts. Barricade the wheel. Rig in the flying jib-boom. Steer straight for the shining shore, and hear the shout of the great Commander of earth and heaven as he cries from the shrouds, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God." Hosanna! Hosanna!

THE LITTLE CHURCH IN THE GROVE

How a Pioneer Gospel Work in Wisconsin was Begun and How it Has Prospered

PEOPLE who live in the towns and cities have little conception of the privations and inconveniences of life in the newly settled districts of some of our Western states. Not the least among the inconveniences to which dwellers in those distant sections are subjected is the deprivation of church privileges. It may be that a family which has been accustomed to live in the East has lately come to the new district, where it shares with other families all the discomforts of a pioneer experience. There is no school for the little folks within many miles; the preacher's visits are like those of angels, "few and far between." A church is unknown until such time as the residents, having put their heads together for the spiritual good of the little community, decide to make sacrifice for the sake of having a place of worship for themselves. It is to such young and needy neighborhoods that the American Sunday School Union, with its consecrated workers, its Gospel literature and its inspiring record of church and Sunday School planting, comes like a veritable blessing. The story of the founding of many such churches has at different times, in past years, been described in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A typical case of this character is that of the good people of Foskett's Corners, a beautiful grove in a section of Crawford County, the hill country of Wisconsin. They had expressed a desire to have a church, and invited Rev. J. M. Crowell, Missionary Secretary of the American Sunday School Union, and several other gentlemen, to come and help them in the work of organization. After the service an organization was soon effected, twenty-four persons joining the new church on confession of faith. Several had in previous years been members of evangelical churches, but there were not a few who had not been inside of the Lord's house for many years. One who was present on this occasion writes:

A SAW-MILL SUNDAY SCHOOL — THE LITTLE CHURCH AT MAPLE RIDGE

"It was most touching and delightful to see the joy and gladness with which they came to renew their vows of allegiance to their Saviour, and their delight in the prospect of having a church within their reach once more. They seemed like exiles coming home; like wandering sheep glad to get within the fold again."

This organization was only the initial step, however. Now, the good people of that section, encouraged by the workers of the American Sunday School Union, have erected for themselves a pretty little church, which is shown in the photograph on this page. The congregation has doubled in numbers and the whole work is in a flourishing condition. It is under the care of the resident pastors of two denominations, but is kept undenominational. There are well-attended regular weekly prayer-meetings, a Christian Endeavor Society, Women's Societies and a Missionary Band. Such is the story of the founding of the little church in the Wisconsin grove, and it is a type of hundreds of others.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Esther Pleading for Her People

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 15. Esther 8: 3-17
Golden Text, Psalms 37: 5

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE deep grief of Mordecai, his sackcloth, ashes, and exceeding bitter cry, could not escape the notice of queen Esther; her maidens and her chamberlains told her of Mordecai's mourning, and the queen was "exceedingly grieved, and she sent raiment to clothe him and to take away his sackcloth from him, but he received it not." The burden of the Lord and of his people lay on his heart; no human sympathy could help him; help must come "from the Lord, which made heaven and earth" (Ps. 121: 2). But although the posts, which were sent out by Haman to decree the extermination of the Jews, "went forth in haste by the king's command ment; and the decree was given out in Shushan the palace," and though "the city of Shushan was perplexed," yet evidently Esther knew nothing of the matter.

But things had come to a crisis, and Esther could no longer remain in ignorance of the fate awaiting her people. She called "for Hatach, one of the king's chamberlains, whom he had appointed to attend upon her," and charged him to go to Mordecai, to know what this was and why it was.

Mordecai sent the queen by Hatach a copy of the decree against the Jews, and told him to charge her that she should go in unto the king to make supplication unto him, and to make request before him for her people. What! was the cause of the entire people of the Lord in the province of Babylon to rest on her? She shrank back. How could she—how dare she take such a responsibility? Nothing is so crushing as a deep sense of responsibility, when our eyes are open to see what for the souls and for the bodies of men may depend upon us in a critical moment; it would be unendurable if we did not know that the living God were with us. Esther must know that God was on her side, or she would break down under the burden.

It did not cost the queen very much to be gentle, and polite to everyone, but it might cost her life to stand between her husband, the king, and her people. What if she should fail? What if she should lose her life and yet not benefit them? She sent a message to Mordecai by Hatach, to explain the difficulties that lay in the way. It was a known fact, that no woman from the harem dare approach the king uncalled, on pain of death. The inner court of the palace was inaccessible, on account of this command. Only a slight chance of life remained for her who was bold enough to venture: the king might hold out the golden sceptre, which meant life. "But I," said the queen, "have not been called for thirty days." Humanly speaking, the chances were small for Esther. Was she ready to lay down her life for her people? No one else could approach the king: she alone of her race had his favor: everything depended upon her. Would she go forward depending upon God?

Her words were told to Mordecai, and he returned answer. Everything was at stake. Esther must be awakened to the full meaning of the situation. In almost merciless truthfulness Mordecai sent word to Esther, "Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall relief and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place, but thou and thy father's house shall perish." Mordecai knew God. He had committed his way unto the Lord, and he knew that he would bring it to pass (Ps. 37: 5). But how the deliverance would come, and by whom, wou'd depend on Esther rising fully to the occasion. Mordecai was sure in his God, and he could be relentless with the queen. Esther, who art thou? A daughter of Abraham. As such, "who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" A daughter of Abraham lives for her God and for her people. Doubt not thy God, young queen; he calls thee to stand with him in this matter.

And Esther did not disappoint the expectations of Mordecai. Awake at last to the full solemnity of the moment, she called on Mordecai and the Jews in Shushan to solemnize a three days' fast, and she and her maidens would do the same, and thus strengthened, she would take the risk and go in unto the king uncalled. And she said, "If I perish, I perish: I offer my life for my people." Oh, how good it is, in a critical moment, to give time for prayer and reflection! How many a right thing has been spoiled by being done too soon, before God had fully prepared the way! During her three days' fast, Esther had seen how to lay her plans, and that she was not to present her petition at the first moment. So on the third day, Esther put on her royal apparel, and went and stood in the inner court, within sight of the king as he sat upon his throne. Did God give her calm as she stood there with her life in her hand? Surely yes. And the king held out the golden sceptre and said, "What wilt thou?"

Something in the very boldness and confidence of Esther pleased the king. She found favor in his sight, and, holding out the sceptre, which she touched, he said: "What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request?" It shall be given thee, even to the half of my kingdom." And the queen saw that prayer had not been in vain. The God of Israel had been at work, and in the king's answer she had already the pledge of the salvation of the Jews. But God gave her wisdom. While Haman lived, evil would be brewing; this foe must be dealt with. Therefore she made a preliminary request that the king and Haman should come to the banquet which she had prepared for them, and on that occasion her full request should be made.

Haman's success seemed to be at its fullest height: and yet the erect figure of the unbending Mordecai sitting in the king's gate poisoned all his joy. While this man stood in his way and despised him he was mortified: and his ambition could not be wholly satisfied while he boasted to his friends of all his glory, and of the queen's invitation, he said, "All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the king's gate."

"THE ADVERSARY AND ENEMY IS THIS WICKED HAMAN"

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

POETIC retribution so complete as that described in the book of Esther, is not often met with in history. Never did a wicked plot prove a more effective boomerang. It is easy to understand why the book has ever been popular with the Jews. A long experience of relentless persecution, now in one land, now in another, taught them to recognize all the rest of mankind as their enemies. Their history is one of cruel suffering. A story that told how a plot for their utter destruction recoiled on the heads of the plotters, appealed to their natural resentment and in many a dark hour it has shed lurid sunshine on their misery. But it is a shocking story from a Christian standpoint. We read with horror how seventy-five thousand persons, including "little ones and women" were murdered in one day. We may hope that the Greek version of the book, which places the number at fifteen thousand, may have been nearer the truth. Then to read of the Jews after this work of slaughter not regretting the awful necessity which had compelled it, but feasting and rejoicing, produces a feeling of disgust. Even the beautiful young queen, whose courage and devotion excited our admiration when she took her life in her hand to plead for her people, sinks in our esteem, when at the end of the first day's massacre, in reply to the king's offer of further favors, she pleaded for another day of killing. This is a terrible woman whose vindictiveness seems to us unnatural and repulsive. But it must not be forgotten that the slaughter was done in self-defense. The Jews were authorized "to stand for their lives" and to slay those who would assault them. The strife was not of their seeking and they meted out to their enemies only the fate designed for themselves. But one wishes Mordecai had not inserted that phrase in his edict, "both little ones and women." Surely, in a stand for self-defense, it was not necessary to kill them. But the Jew did not profess to love his enemy and he has been so wronged and oppressed almost everywhere, that we cannot wonder at his [illegible] still, the Jews [illegible]

TOMB OF ESTHER AND MORDECAI

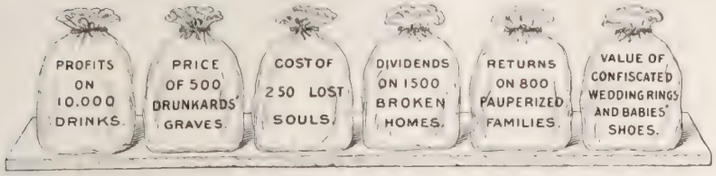
that they were the people of God and therefore we would have been glad if they had set a better example to their neighbors. It was a horrible time in which the deed was done, a period of license and cruelty and misgovernment. We have reason to be thankful that we live in a better age, when Christian principles have humanized and civilized the world.

Esther the Queen and Mordecai the Jew. According to tradition the two are buried together. Mrs. Bishop, the famous traveler, found at Hamadan, in Persia, a very old mausoleum which is reputed to be the resting place of their bodies. It is impossible to verify the legend, but it is believed by the Jews and it is certain that the tomb is an ancient one. A Russian writer tells of an aged Jew who took pity on a poor orphan boy of his own race, and adopted him and educated him. His own sons were angry at the favor shown the little waif and feared that their father would make him a joint heir with themselves. But the father was content with giving him a first-rate education and did not leave him anything in his will. The boy became a physician and not only did he relieve the suffering of his own race, but by curing the governor of the province of a malignant disease, won his favor and secured for the Jews the good-will of the government.

To reverse the letters. Not even the king, absolute as he was, could do this. The order must be carried out and could not be reversed. The only way to undo the mischief was to aid the Jews in defending themselves. It is so in life. Many a man who has done a wrong thing in his youth would give his right hand to undo it, but finds it utterly irremediable. Perhaps it has ruined some loved one, or has caused a death, or has left on his own soul an ineffaceable stain. The letters of past sin cannot be reversed. Young people cannot too early learn the lesson that sin is always loss. God in his mercy may forgive it, but the sinner never loses the stain of it. The writer knew a young man who was a defaulter. He crossed the ocean and in his new home he was converted. His first act was to send back every cent that he had left of his stolen money. Then he worked hard and saved until he had enough to make up the deficiency with interest. This he carried back to his employers whom he had robbed. Having made full restitution, he went to his home to see his father and mother. What was his horror to find his father a paralytic! The shock of his son's shame had caused him to have a stroke and he was then a wreck of what he had been. To see that fine old man, helpless as a child with no hope of recovery, was a bitter punishment to the son in spite of his reform. Those letters of shame and heartfelt sorrow could not be reversed.

The Saloon-keeper's Money

Still More Letters from Interested Readers who Argue for and Against its Acceptance by the Church


PROFITS ON 10,000 DRINKS.
PRICE OF 500 DRUNKARDS' GRAVES.
COST OF 250 LOST SOULS.
DIVIDENDS ON 1500 BROKEN HOMES.
RETURNS ON 800 PAUPERIZED FAMILIES.
VALUE OF CONFISCATED WEDDING RINGS AND BABIES' SHOES.

LETTERS, in almost overwhelming numbers, continue to discuss with intense, prayerful and thoughtful earnestness the question: Shall a church accept a saloon-keeper's money in aid of its spiritual work? From every side the problem is being carefully considered, and we believe that great good will result from this discussion:

J. W. Lockhart, Washington, writes:

We cannot solve each and every problem by an ironclad rule. If the "saloon keeper's gift" is intended to have the effect of "hush-money" on either the pastor or congregation, as it too often is—no. The vilest saloon-keeper is human and may have a soft spot somewhere in his heart, and the gracious acceptance of a gift, proffered under a conviction of sin, might lead to good results, aside from the direct use to which the money could be put. To churlishly refuse a gift so offered would naturally harden the sinner's heart and turn him away from the way of salvation. The responsibility for a lost soul is, in such a case, greater than any church ought to assume.

R. C. Salyer, Colo., writes:

No; if the church accepts the saloon-keeper's gift, it will in a measure make him believe that his business is not so bad as it is made out to be; while, on the other hand, refusal of this gift brings down convict on on him. I believe you will reach his heart quicker by rejection than acceptance. Cain offered an unrighteous offering and it was not accepted of God; Abel offered a holy offering which God accepted. God wants holy offerings.

Elizabeth B. Hadley, Pres. Y.W.C.T.U., Woonsocket, R. I., writes:

A church that maintains its rightful attitude toward the saloon will seldom have occasion to be troubled by contributions from same.

It is only those churches that are silent upon the saloon question that are likely to receive any contribution from the saloon. And for that silence God is holding them responsible.

Lawton E. Singer, Y.M.C.A., Colo., writes:

Jesus taught, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and should we consider this question from that standpoint, instead of saying, "Down with the saloon-keeper," it will put a different aspect on the case. When a saloon-keeper offers money to the church, it shows that there is in his heart a desire to do the right, however feeble, and a faint spark of hope for the future, and to crush it out by flinging his money in his face would not be Christian or Christ-like. The motive that prompts the gift is between God and himself. Show him that while we despise his business, yet we love him and want to get him saved.

Mary A. Baker, New York, writes:

Can the church, with his gift in her hand, tell the saloon-keeper he is keeping a human slaughter house? Years ago, in the office of the manager of a dangerous railroad, a newspaper man, acknowledging a special courtesy, expressed the intention of saying a kind word for the road. The manager replied, "All we want is silence." A journey over the road explained the reply. There were signs of wrecks its entire length. The church that takes money from the saloon-keeper for its work will not want to make aggressive, or be able to make defensive, war against the saloon.

F. C. A., Roseland, N. C., writes:

Yes, without a question of a doubt. The Hebrews spoiled the Egyptians and the spoils were used in building the tabernacle. When the Jews returned from the seventy-years' captivity, they took a large sum of heathen money, which was expended in rebuilding the temple. Did not the Apostles receive the contributions of Ananias? The money he has belongs to the wives and children; shall not the church return it to them if she has the opportunity? Shall the church inquire of every giver: "How was this money obtained."

H. C. Kellogg, Iowa, writes:

Take every dollar he will contribute and pray God to so influence his heart as to give his entire receipts for charitable and Christian work. How can we distinguish between saloon and anti-saloon money? On Saturday night the saloon man pays his grocery bill. On Sunday the grocery man gives it to the Lord for church work. Is there a taint on that money? Should it be rejected? By no means.

H. W. Burton, Texas, writes:

No, it would not be right for a church to accept money from a whiskey-seller: as well accept his whiskey if he offered it.

Mrs. R. A. Sipes, Pennsylvania, writes:

Had the money a voice it would cry out, "Rescue me from the saloon-keepers' till and from the inebriates' fingers." By accepting his gift you may win the saloon-keeper and his household for Christ. Heathen darkness is no greater than the spiritual darkness of a man that will put the cup to his neighbors' lips. The Holy Spirit would say, "Win him from such an occupation if you can. Give him and the world Bibles in exchange for whiskey money."

Stephen Breed, New Hampshire, writes:

I do not see how any man can be engaged in the saloon business and have any interest in the work of the church; hence I conclude that his donations to the church are for the protection of his business, and he expects the church that accepts his gifts not to do anything to retard his sales. I do not see how any church can have any other understanding of such gifts; and if it accepts them, it is bound, by the obligation of honesty it should teach, not to interfere with his business.

A. L. L., Kattellville, N. Y., writes:

No; do not take the saloon-keeper's money. He who required that the sacrifice should be without blemish, would regard such money as an insult.

Mrs. R. A. Stevens, Illinois, writes:

Money is the nation's medium of exchange; it represents energy and industry in the first place, and is not at all responsible for the base uses to which it is often put. Is it wise to refuse to use it in doing good because it has passed through the hands of men who have done evil with it?

W. W. Smith, M.D., Welleston, S. C., writes:

No. Never accept one cent from the saloon for the support of the Gospel. Being very old and near my end, I wish to put on record my name before I go hence. Countenance from the people of God strengthens the rum-seller's cause. I am eighty-six years old and have been engaged in a perpetual war with the whiskey traffic sixty years of that time.

E. B. McPhetridge, Calif., writes:

There are so many questionable sources from which money comes to the church that exclusion is difficult. Money from the saloon is just as effective for a holy purpose as that received from any source. The Salvation Army has worked wonders with money from all sources. I have seen ladies from the Army enter crowded saloons, pass their *War Cries* over the bar, receive their nickels, and with a heartfelt "God bless you!" quietly take their departure, conscientious in the belief that great good would be accomplished in the eyes of God with the petty sums received.

J. M. Davies, M. D., Pennsylvania, writes:

Not a cent of it. It is the price of blood and of immortal souls.

P. H. P., Kansas, writes:

God teaches a lesson through Peter's vision of the sheet "knit together at the four corners" and full of all manner of fowl, beasts and creeping things condemned by Peter, but which the Lord commanded him to kill and eat. Take the saloon-keeper's money out of the evil whence it comes, ask God's blessing on the gift and send it on God's mission. God can cleanse his property.

J. C., York, N. Y., writes:

From Deut. 23: 18 we learn that money obtained from some sources is an abomination to the Lord. Will not money made by the sale of liquor, which has brought men's bodies to a drunkard's grave, and their souls to a drunkard's hell, be an abomination to him? If so, it has no place in his house. The question of expediency has no place here, any more than it has in the keeping of the Ten Commandments.

Mrs. P. S., Washington, N. J., writes:

I do not see why the saloon-keeper's gift cannot be accepted for God's work as well as the store-keeper's, the butcher's and the baker's, for he spends his money at all of the above-mentioned places. God can purify all gifts as well as he can purify us for his work.

T. R. Phillips, Maryland, writes:

You might with the same consistency accept money from any evil source, but in so doing you become a party to the traffic, whatever it may be.

Mrs. L. B. Smade, Ohio, writes:

I cannot see that it is any worse to take money from a saloon-keeper than from a church member who rents a building to a saloon-keeper. The silver and gold is the Lord's, and I believe it is right to rescue as much as possible from wrong and put to right use. The saloon is one end of the chain, the breweries and distilleries another, voters who compose the political parties another. Can one end consistently say to the other: We will have none of you?

A. W. S., Springbrook, N. Y., writes:

All these lost souls lie at the feet of our government, who license the saloon. There is the great sin. We take the license money—the root and branch of this corruption. Is it right to take that money? Cleanse the fountain is my theory.

W. N. Fife, Yuba, Mich., writes:

By all means accept it. Do not close the church doors against any one. Who is responsible for the saloon? Do not the people, church members and all, vote for the men who make our laws? Are we careful in the selection of our law-makers? I wage no war against the individual saloon-keeper, but against the profession or business, which the people, in their respective capacity, have made. Purify the fountain, and the stream will be pure. Christ died for all. Keep the door of his church wide open for all.

T. H. C., Unionville, Ia., writes:

No; a thousand times no! God would not receive nor accept it, and why should his church accept it? Let the church read Rev. 2: 14-16. "The friendship of the world is enmity with God" (James 4: 4).

E. J. M., Canandaigua, N. Y., writes:

If it is wrong to accept money from saloon-keepers, would it not be just as wrong to accept it from any of the manufacturers or any of the brewers, or even the men who make the excise laws and grant the licenses to the saloon men, or even the Government, which protects the liquor traffic? The question is very deep, indeed—too deep for me to judge, but God alone can tell where the blame lies. Drink is a curse on our land.

C. R., Chicago, Ill., writes:

I have never found the liquor business to be any help to evangelize the world, but a great hindrance and a destroyer of the human soul. If we accept his gifts, we mean to say his business is all right, and we are partakers of his wrongdoing.

R. V. Taylor, Tennessee, writes:

In public collections all moneys thrown into the Lord's treasury are received without reference to the contributor. The saloon-keeper's family may be members of the church. Shall we reject the wife's contribution because the husband furnishes money for her church purposes? God's ministers are sometimes entertained in the hospitable family of a saloon keeper. In one instance a saloon-keeper, in bidding adieu to his ministerial guest, left a gold coin in the minister's hand as an expression of his pleasure in entertaining him. Would it not have been wrong to reject it?

Mrs. ——, Milford, Mich., writes:

We are building a new church here, and my husband is one of the trustees. It had been his expressed wish that no saloon-keeper would be asked for money, but one day we were exceedingly astonished, grieved and out of all patience to find that our minister's wife had solicited money from a saloon-keeper. Here is only one side to this question. As Dr. Schauffler lately said: "The church, by taking any and every means to raise money to carry on her work, is making herself a laughing stock for the ungodly."

Mrs. Poston, Lysander, Ohio, writes:

Why is not the saloon-keeper's money just as good as any money when Christian men vote for the traffic?

Subscriber, Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

A few years back, the Presbyterian Hospital, in Philadelphia, was offered by the managers of a charity ball, the sum of three thousand dollars; the offer was declined. They would not accept the money from a source which produced evils which they were trying to ameliorate. Their firmness to principle was shortly rewarded by a much larger sum than they had declined.

Since good from evil
Ne'er can take its rise,
Consider well the source
From which you draw supplies.

A. R. Benham, Cortland, N. Y., writes:

It depends on whether or not a saloon-keeper is doing business with a legal license, given by sanction of said church, or not. If with license, then is not his money as sacred to go into the treasury of the Lord as the money paid in by the church that gave this legal license? But if selling without a license, the motive of the donor is probably no worse than that of other adversaries of Christ.

E. C. Cook, Seneca, Me., writes:

Any church that is true to God and human ity will occupy a place of such pronounced antagonism to the saloon that it will never have that question to decide. Donations from saloon-keepers are usually bribes to the church to hold her peace, and not oppose their work; and the church has accepted such bribes till she has largely lost her power, and needs to hear the word of the Lord, "Touch not the unclean thing."

J. R. N., Stroudsburg, Pa., writes:

Accept the saloon-keeper's money. "Every good and perfect gift cometh down from the Father, etc." The devil does not put it into the hearts of his people to give good gifts to God. There is good in every man's heart and God inspires the saloon-keeper to do the first kindly act, as he does every other sinner. To reject the first evidence of good in a sinful man, no matter what his business may be, will have the tendency to harden his heart toward everything that is good, and drive him away from God. He does not look upon the money, but upon the heart. Accept the sinner's money and leave God to judge.

E. E. M., Cedral, S. L. P., Mex., writes:

If all professing Christians who have the right to vote should cast their ballots against the saloon such a question need not be asked, for there would be no saloon-keeper to offer his money to the church.

Dorothy Deane, Detroit, Mich., writes:

Take it! It is the price of ruined souls and broken hearts! Then let it be used to save other souls from ruin and to "bind up the broken-hearted." Take it, and bombard with it the places of hell from which it came! Take it, and if no blessing attends it from its source, let the prayers of the Christian workers sanctify it to its work of mercy!

The following writers say "no":

Peter Dolf, Michigan; Jas. M. Taggart, Ohio; Mrs. Leah Pittam, Nebraska; E. A. Lorbeer, Florida; Dr. D. M. Breaker, S. Carolina; J. N. McClanahan, Iowa; Martha J. Applegate, California; Frank Sawyer, Illinois; M. E. Ross, Nebraska; D. W. Blackburn, Hillsdale, Wis.; Miss J. Dalrymple, Maryland; H. G. Lyons, Kansas; S. H. Miller, Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth, Connecticut; Marcus M. Chapin, Kansas; Sarah Freeman, Minnesota; Mrs. Isaac Smith, Wisconsin; Henry T. G. Chapman, New York; John Reed, Maryland; Z. Kingsbury, Maryland; Samuel H. Keagy, Altoona, Pa.

These writers, for reasons similar to those that have been given, say "yes," or advise conditional acceptance.

A "Shut-in," Denver, Colo.; M. A. C., Brownville, Neb.; O. W. Beckett, Illinois; J. T. Hannaford, Arkansas; Joseph L. Racey, Missouri; A. C. McCallum, Minnesota; H. A. Sims, Wisconsin; J. Nipe, Florida; M. E. Orsutt, California; R. W. Bulton, New York; P. C. Cratton, New York; Mrs. N. P. Allen, Maine; C. M. Aherd, Tennessee.

Hundreds of additional letters recently received will be noticed in a forthcoming issue.

A Gift That Blinds the Eyes

H. H. Hawley, California, writes:

"A gift blinds the eyes": but the saloon-keeper's gift not only blinds the eyes of the church to her duty with regard to the liquor traffic, but it also hinders the salvation of the donor by soothing his conscience, or worse, by causing him to despise the church for taking his money. Has he not often been heard to say, "I am as good as they are, they take my money?" And do not other ungodly people say the same thing? The simple truth is, no unconverted person is a fit person to have any part in the sacred fellowship of the Israel of God.

Who Shall Judge the Sinner?

F. L. B., Kingfisher, O. T., writes:

All are sinners. Who shall be qualified to judge the sinner who offers his substance for a good work? Shall the passers of the contribution box close a lid upon it or withhold it from a liquor vendor? Shall they be the judges? Let him who is without sin be the only one to accuse or judge. And there are none such. The second building of the temple was with the money furnished by idolators. The exodus from Egypt was assisted by wealth furnished by pagans. Both were God-inspired, and the ultimate effects blessed. May it not yet be so?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,

Consecrated Wealth

WHEN I read the long list of great charities that the late Cornelius Vanderbilt had befriended during his lifetime, I said to myself, that is the way the old bitterness between labor and capital will be sweetened and the war of ages ended. When the people, who toil with hand and foot and shoulder, see that such practical and humanitarian and Christian uses are made of the large accumulations of our great financiers, the world will say, "Good! the more money a man like that makes, the better." Some men are cranks in their benevolences during life, and at the close of it, through "Last Will and Testament," contribute or bequest money to causes that are of comparative little importance. They got some wheels in their head, and those wheels kept buzzing after death in some absurd enterprises. But Mr. Vanderbilt's donations appeal to the common sense and Christian sentiment of all. He provided for the skilful treatment of those who otherwise would be denied skilful surgery, decreed that all possible mercies brood over forsaken motherhood, helped the blind eye to see and the deaf ear to hear, met the inebriate with inducements to reformation, defended the sailors from the temptations of the port, gave crutches to the crippled, appeased the condition of the incurable, and through churches, toiled for the blissful immortality of a great multitude. No one but God knows the full list of that man's benefactions. The story of his kindnesses will make a rattling in many a money-safe, and a rustling in thousands of blank check books. Writing these words before his heirs have gathered to hear his will read, I dare not prophesy how largely this man has provided for the relief of the suffering, and the education of the ignorant, and the reclamation of the wandering, and the saving of the lost. I would not be at all surprised if the unrolling of that important document would sound like the flapping of a wing of one of the apocalyptic angels. But I am not now speaking of anything that may be post-mortem, but of that which was ante-mortem. There is many a man who has kept his money as long as he could keep it, and then when he had to die he has made some charitable institution his legatee. When death met him he practically said, "Well, if I must, I must, and now, Bible Society, you take so many thousand, and Reformatory Institutions, you take so many thousand." The fact is, that if that man had had four or five stout pockets in his shroud, he would have taken all his wealth with him. It seems that often a donation in a "last will and testament" is merely an attempt to bribe the ferryman of the River Styx to land the man in celestial instead of infernal regions. A skinflint when he leaves this world, he expects to be hailed on the other shore as a George Peabody.

Avarice kills more than war. Most men never get enough. There is great excitement in a chase in the fields and many an old hunter's heart has throbbed at the baying of the hounds; but there is one kind of chase that is exhausting and deathful. Many a man with a large fortune behind him has called up all his past dollars as a pack of hounds, to go out with him and hunt up more dollars before he dies. Hark away! the old hunter and all the hounds! Hotter and hotter the chase. Closer on the track and closer on the track, the old man a little ahead and his dollars following on like a pack of hounds. Now they are coming in at the death, the dollar only a little way ahead, and the old man with pale cheek and panting breath, and shrivelled arm clutches for the dollar just as it turns on its track, and missing it, he still pursues and still pursues, until the enchanted dollar plunges into a hole and burrows deeper down and deeper down until the old hunter with both hands takes hold and claws out the dirt from the embankment, burrowing deeper down until, while he is clutching that last dollar, the embankment breaks and the hunter rolls over into his own grave, while a clap of thunder from a clear sky sounds out, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul!"

Before It Opens

VERY soon the next presidential campaign will be here. Some of the most disgraceful years in American history have been the years of presidential election. Charges were made against candidates that were never proven. The entire vocabulary of billingsgate and defamation and scurrility was exhausted. The cartoonists killed Horace Greeley while running for the Chief Magistracy. Circulars covered with pictures of coffins, suggesting the deserters that had been ordered shot by Andrew Jackson, were distributed throughout the land to defeat him for the highest office in the gift of the people. Theodore Frelinghuysen, a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, was derided as the long-faced Presbyterian. Abraham Lincoln, candidate for second election, was represented as the filthy story teller and buffoon. Who will ever forget the print that represented James G. Blaine as tattooed with all infamies. Thomas Paine at such a time writes Washington a letter, and publishes it, saying, "Treacherous in all private friendship, and a hypocrite in public morals, the world will be puzzled to know whether we had better call you an apostate or an imposter, and whether you abandoned good morals or never had any." So, in the majority of national elections, pens, and pencils, and engraver's knives, and slanderous tongues have assailed political aspirants. Will it not be well for us to prepare to dam back these waves of scandal and abuse before they get under full sway? At any rate, will it not be a good thing for us to resolve to have nothing to do with either the language or behavior of those who go into such indecent tirade? Of the three or four possible candidates now in sight, no such attack can be appropriate or truthful. In the coming presidential contest, which is sure to be exciting, let us resolve to be suave, and urbane, and Christian.

More Timely Hints About Cuba

As to Learning the Language — Buying Land — Cautions against Glowing Promises — How Good and Bad Soil is Detected

R

printed in Spanish and study it. You will be surprised to find how natural it then comes. Of course as to talking it nobody can learn to talk a foreign language until he is among the people who speak it and who sound the words as they should be sounded. The Duke of Wellington learned Spanish from an Old Testament which he carried with him. One

book giving the Gospel of St. John in Spanish and English. The Spanish was good, idiomatic Spanish. With one of those Gospels,

learning Spanish than to follow the method of the Duke of Wellington.

Now about the land. A correspondent writes me complaining that the reports of the American military commanders, which have been published in the newspapers, have not helped him because they give such a wide variation in values. Gen. J. H. Wilson, the commander in the central province of Santa Clara, recently reported that the value of sugar lands there ranged from three to six dollars an acre, and the tobacco lands from five to fifty dollars an acre. My correspondent complains that this is too indefinite to be of help to him; but General Wilson naturally could not give details, and the variation he reports is simply that between uncultivated land and land highly cultivated.

Another correspondent writes me that he is puzzled because the American officials' reports do not agree in the least with the prospectuses of the land companies. This does not surprise me. The American officials have to deal with sober facts. The land companies, in writing their prospectuses, give a pretty free rein to the imagination. It is the same in Cuba as in the United States. The man who has land to sell naturally paints it in glowing colors, and the company which has land to sell does even more than that. But the American officials do not say that the soil of Cuba is not infinitely rich. They know that it is, but they want to warn American investors against placing too much confidence in the representations of land companies.

If I were buying land in Cuba, from my knowledge of the country I should stick closely to two or three main points. In the first place I should want to know whether there is good drinking water in the neighborhood. Some parts of the island have a supply from deep running creeks. Others have wells which answer every purpose; but there are portions of the island, especially on the north coast, in which the fresh water supply is deficient. Now, the very first thing that I would inquire about would be whether there was fresh water all the year round. And I would want something beyond the mere statement of an irresponsible land company to reassure me on that point.

There is one infallible sign of a rich soil in Cuba. That is the presence of palm trees. These palm trees are themselves a source of wealth to the island. They answer many useful purposes. Wherever they grow in clumps or groves the soil is apt to be good. There are fine stretches of grazing land which lack the palm trees; but an American who does not know much about the country, and is therefore not fitted to judge of its soil, would do better to stick to the regions in which palms are plentiful.

Again, while looking for the palms, I would beware of the mangroves. The mangrove is a bush which grows in salt water soil along the coast. These swamps are naturally not good for anything else, because salt water soil does not produce sweet potatoes, yams, fruits, coffee, sugar, tobacco, corn and the other products which are the agricultural wealth of Cuba. But sometimes, in a tract of land, part of it turns out to be covered with mangroves. So, when a sea front is offered as an inducement, I would want to know first if it is the unproductive soil of the mangrove.

If I were going to buy land in Cuba, I should buy it with the expectation of getting my money back from the products which could be raised upon it, and not from the hopes of big towns springing up in the neighborhood, and thereby increasing the value three or four hundred fold as some of the prospectuses of the land companies promise. There is less chance for "boom" towns in Cuba than there was a few years ago in the West, but the result would be the same. After the boom was over, the land would have no increased value. So many hopes are held out that a small investment in Cuban lands will

have an idea that a hard-working American

If he promised me, whether he was an individual or a company of individuals, one hundred or two hundred per cent., I should

such great chances of profit for himself. But if he said there was a chance for a fair living and a good return on my investment, I would have more faith in him or his company. But in any event, I would use the same precautions in buying land in Cuba as in the United

CHARLES M. PEPPER.

BRIEF NOTES

The London Sunday School Union is estab-

The death is announced of Professor Bunsen, of Heidelberg, who is said to have been the

barracks in Governor's Island, N. Y., was opened

International Committee made the inaugural

cent.

An invitation to the Congregational Coun-

promised, on behalf of the churches, the most cordial hospitality.

The new Chief of the Winnebago Indians is an Irishman. His Indian name is White Buffalo.

has now been elected chief.

for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The day

The sewing women of Berlin are rejoicing

Emperor William. He purchased one thousand

distributed them among women who were earning a livelihood by their needles.

The American Board has closed its books for the year and finds itself in debt to the sum of

were $662,447, making a total of $732,738. The

campaign was the work of Rev. W. E. Needham.

deeply intent on the vigorous pictures which he drew to illustrate the truths he was enforcing by

Evangelist Arthur Crane, of Plainfield, N. J., who has been conducting Gospel services in South

North October 12. He is now in Abbeville, where his efforts are being signally blessed. On Septem-

First church, Charleston.

Rev. F. B. Meyer reports having met a man in India who told him of a remarkable incident which occurred under his own observation in Delhi. It was that of the conversion of a young man, his father and his grandfather without contact with any missionary, solely from the reading of one copy of the Bible.

Dr. George Adam Smith, the distinguished Biblical scholar of Glasgow, Scotland, has been invited to become pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago. He is at present Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in the Free Church. If he should accept, the General Assembly is likely to have more trouble on its hands.

The average taxation in America has been reckoned as about $8 per head. In an article by M. Pelletan, of the *Economist Francais*, quoted in one of the late consular reports, the taxes in France

The success of the Zionist movement to recover Palestine for the Jews is predicted by Leon Zolotkoff, who was a delegate to the recent conference at Basle Switzerland. At a meeting of three thousand Jews in Chicago on September 23, Mr. Zolotkoff rendered his report. He said that already

turned into gardens and all kinds of vegetables have been grown. Several vineyards have also been put into operation.

Transvaal's War Cloud

TENSION in the relations of Great Britain with the Transvaal approached nearer to the breaking-point during the past week. On the one side, President Kruger withdrew his offer of citizenship to foreigners, who had been in the country for seven years; and, on the other side, Mr. Chamberlain summarily rejected any proposals based on the theory that Transvaal is a sovereign State. He contends that England has never relinquished her claim to suzerainty, which gives her the right to see that justice is done to her citizens in the Transvaal. That claim, the Boers emphatically repudiate, and so a deadlock in the negotiations has been produced, which appears to have no possible solution but war. How serious such a war would be, is evident from the fact that the Orange Free State, which lies between the Transvaal and Cape Colony, has definitely decided to cast in its lot with the Boers. Hitherto the President of that State has urged Mr. Kruger to make concessions which would satisfy the British government; but now that the prospects of war are increased, he has given assurance to the Boers that his country will give them active support. Preparations for the impending conflict are being made on both sides. The British are evidently determined not to repeat the disastrous mistake of 1881, when Sir G. P. Colley and his little force of seven hundred men attempted to hold Majuba Hill against the whole Boer forces. He and his brave troops were annihilated by the Boers, and no attempt was made to restore British prestige. A lesson was learned then, which is bearing fruit now. Men and munitions of war are being poured on a vast scale into South Africa by the British, and the Boers on their side are arming and fortifying their frontiers. A conflict appears inevitable, and so close are the opposing forces and so fierce are the passions aroused on both sides, that a chance shot on either side the frontier may at any moment precipitate it. The situation is all the more deplorable because the questions in dispute are capable of adjustment. Unhappily, arbitration appears in this case to be inapplicable, because the Boers are unwilling to grant the concessions which the British Government regard as the minimum that would be satisfactory. On the one hand, no self-respecting government could permit its citizens to be cheated, oppressed and humiliated as the English citizens have been in the Transvaal. They went there on the explicit assurance of President Kruger that their rights would be protected, that their enterprises would be encouraged and that they would be treated in all respects like the Boer citizens. They invested large sums of money in mining machinery, and they have succeeded in developing the country so that it is now one of the richest of its size in the world. The national treasury, which was bankrupt before their advent, is full to overflowing, yet they are unable to get police protection or the most ordinary sanitary arrangements. Though they outnumber the Boers two to one, and though they pay nine-tenths of the taxes, they are not allowed to have any share in the government, nor any vote in the elections, nor any voice in the disposition of the vast sums they have contributed. It is not surprising that they should ask their government to bring pressure to bear on the Boers to compel them to fulfill the promises under which they settled in the Transvaal. These promises gave them no liberty greater than any intelligent man expects in a civilized state, and it would appear that the Boers might grant the demands made by the foreigners without danger to themselves. On the other hand, the Boers are fearful of losing their independence and are anxious to manage their country without foreign interference. There would, however, have been no objection to their doing so and no discontent if they had kept their promises and dealt righteously with the foreigners who trusted them. That they have not done so is admitted by their best friends, and the present trouble is a penalty on their wrongdoing.

J. H. HOFMEYR, BOER LEADER, CAPE COLONY — MONUMENTS ON BATTLEFIELD OF MAJUBA HILL

In the midst of thee have they dealt by oppression with the stranger (Ezek. 22:7)

Dreyfus Pardoned

Early on the morning of Sept. 20 a carriage drove up near the prison occupied by Captain Dreyfus at Rennes, France. It waited a few minutes and then two men walked to it, entered and were rapidly driven away. They were Dreyfus and his brother Mathieu. They were taken to the railroad station, and traveled thence to Carpentras, where a married sister of Dreyfus has her home. There in retirement the captain is trying to recover his health, which the cruelties practised upon him have seriously undermined. His joy in his freedom was pathetic to witness. For five years he has been a prisoner, never free from close and hostile surveillance. During the greater part of the time he saw nothing but a stretch of sky above the palisade built around his hut. To be free, to see the grass and the trees, to go whither he would without an armed guard at his heels, ready to shoot him at any moment, was a novel experience for him. But the greatest pleasure was the society of his wife and children, who are now restored to him. The bitter drop in his cup of happiness is that he is not vindicated. He owes his freedom to President Loubet, who has pardoned him. To a man conscious of innocence this is a grievous humiliation. It leaves upon him the stigma of being a traitor, which must be hard to bear. He declares that when he has recovered his health he will devote himself to the task of proving his innocence. It may, however, be doubted whether he will get the courts to listen to him. The government, the judges and the army are sick of the case and will be reluctant to reopen it. It was somewhat of a surprise that neither the verdict of the court martial nor the sentence nor the President's pardon caused any of those public disturbances which were predicted. The French people appear to be apathetic on the subject, and a large majority still believe him guilty. On the part of the more intelligent citizens there is, however, a strong conviction of his innocence, and Zola, especially, urges a continued fight until complete vindication is secured. At present it would appear that such a struggle is hopeless, and Dreyfus must be thankful for such relief as he has received from the President.

Saved by a Human Chain

Two boys were saved from death a few days ago on the Palisades, overlooking the Hudson, by a daring act of heroism on the part of two men. A house is being erected on the brow of the Palisades. The six-year-old son of the foreman of the men who are building it, went there with a playmate to see his father. The two boys were cautioned against going too near the edge of the cliff, but they forgot the warning and presently their cries for help reached the workmen's ears. The boys had fallen over, but had landed on a narrow ledge fifteen feet from the top of the cliff. Their position was full of danger, for if they became dizzy they were liable to fall and would be dashed to pieces. The men did not wait to get a ladder or a rope. One of them lay down and twined his legs securely around a large tree. Another crawled cautiously over his companion's body and locked his legs around it. He could then just reach one of the boys and he lifted him up and passed him to other men reaching over to receive him. Then he grasped the other boy and passed him up in the same way. When both boys were safely landed, the lower man climbed back again and pulled his comrade up. Both men were exhausted by the effort, but were highly pleased by their success, and were warmly cheered by all who had seen their daring exploit. Those whose fall has been moral, not physical, are saved in the same way. Men have to go down to them and bring them up by personal effort. Even Christ must humiliate himself and stoop to suffering and shame before he could become a perfect Saviour.

In bringing many sons unto glory to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings (Heb. 2:11)

A Search for Buried Treasure

Claim has been made on the War Department, by the owners of an old mansion in South Carolina, for compensation for damages inflicted by soldiers while in camp last winter. It seems that an old negro told the soldiers a dazzling yarn, full of interesting details, of hidden treasures. They were assured that the former owners of the house, who were very rich, had hidden on the premises, during the civil war, a vast store of gold and silver that had never been found. The house was unoccupied, but contained many articles of value, chiefly on account of their association. The soldiers made expeditions to the old place, sounded the ground for acres around with rods, broke open the house, bored into the walls in hundreds of places, removed bricks from the chimneys, and did $1,000 damage and several hundred dollars worth of hard work, if it had been profitably employed, in trying to verify the negro's fairy tale. But they did not find any hidden treasure. Ministers of the Gospel, who tell men of a heavenly treasure of infinitely greater value, to which they are really entitled, do not find them so ready to listen as were these men to the negro's story. Like the man in the Gospels, they count the treasure in heaven of small account compared with earthly treasure.

Sell all that thou hast and distribute to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. And when he heard this he was very sorrowful (Luke 18:22).

Latent Habits Revealed

A surgeon in Louisiana relates a remarkable incident in a New Orleans journal. He was sent for by a country practitioner to perform an operation. He found the patient a strikingly handsome elderly man with refined, gentlemanly manners. His wife, who was much younger than he, was much distressed, and entreated to be allowed to remain in the room during the operation. Both the surgeon and the patient, however, objected and she was sent away. "As soon as he took the first few inhalations of chloroform," says the surgeon, "I was sincerely glad she was absent, for he became immediately delirious and struggled furiously. Then, to my intense surprise, he poured out a torrent of hideous profanity. I never listened to anything more brutal and shocking, and he kept it up all the time I plied the knife. After the operation was over and he regained his senses he was as quiet and courtly as ever. Later on I learned that he had been a rough river man in his youth and had obtained his education, made his fortune, and married late in life. It was his constant study to overcome his early habit and he had succeeded until his control over himself was removed by the chloroform. Then his evil habit, so long repressed, reasserted its power." The incident shows how imperishable sin is, and the fearful consequences of once yielding to it. Even after so long an interval in which it had been lying dormant, it became active as soon as the controlling influence was suspended. Every man has need to offer the prayer of the Psalmist:

Create in me a clean heart O God; and renew a right spirit within me (Ps. 51:10.)

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man (Ps. 43:1)

NEW YORK'S WELCOME TO ADMIRAL DEWEY, THE HERO OF MANILA—THE

The View is from a Point opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and presents the Arch and Grand Avenue of Sculptured Columns in Noble Perspe

T. MILITARY PAGEANT OF 30,000 MEN IN LINE PASSING THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH

Multitude of Spectators massed on either side as the Parade moves past. Admiral Dewey and Mayor Van Wyck are in an open Coach on the left

Admiral Dewey's Welcome

New York Prepares a Magnificent Demonstration in His Honor—The Entire City En Fete—Imposing Land and Naval Parades

WHEN Admiral Dewey, the [illegible] after facing the dangers of the [illegible] pine climate until [illegible] paired, resolved to return to his native land, he doubtless already had some impression of the character of the reception which his patriotic fellow-countrymen were preparing for his arrival. Never has New York gone into such a fever of patriotic exuberance. Public and private buildings were lavishly and beautifully decorated, and bunting and flags were everywhere. Great guns stood ready to roar a deafening welcome to the *Olympia* and her brave commander and gallant crew, as soon as she was sighted. Surprise and delight were expressed when, on Tuesday morning, Sept. 26, news came that the *Olympia* had been sighted at 5:49 A.M., off Sandy Hook Lightship, two days ahead of the time of her expected arrival.

The official preparations for the reception of the city's distinguished guest were three-fold, including an official reception, a naval parade and a land parade. At the time when this edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD went to press, the programme was as follows:

THURSDAY, Sept. 28. *Olympia* will enter the harbor and join Rear-Admiral Sampson's North Atlantic squadron at Tompkinsville. Official naval and army calls to be made on Admiral Dewey during the day. Red fire to be burned at night along the New Jersey, Staten Island and Long Island coasts.

FRIDAY, Sept. 29. The day of the great Naval Parade. Led by the *Olympia*, the warships *New York*, *Indiana*, *Texas*, *Massachusetts*, *Brooklyn*, *Lancaster*, *Marietta*, *Porter*, *Dupont*, [illegible] *Ericsson*, and a number of torpedo boats and revenue cutters, army transports and hospital ships, constituting the first division, will start at 1 p. m. up the bay and proceed along a fixed course up the Hudson river. The second division or non-naval part of the parade, will consist of a great fleet of steam yachts led by the *Corsair* and the *Erin*.

The third division will include a large fleet of excursion boats. On reaching a point opposite Gen. Grant's tomb at Riverside Park on the Hudson, the *Olympia* will anchor and salute, the Admiral standing on the bridge; meanwhile the other war-ships will anchor south of the *Olympia*. One of the novel features of the naval parade will be the singing by the Arion and Liederkranz Societies, whose united choir of three hundred voices marshalled as a mighty chorus on the emblematical floats, *Peace* and *Victory*, will thus add vocal honors to the general display. The remainder of the procession will then pass the *Olympia* in review, Admiral Dewey standing on the bridge meanwhile. Then, led by the flagship *New York*, the fleet will return, the parade disbanding when it reaches a point in the river off Twenty-third street. In the evening there will be a general display of fireworks under official auspices, and illuminations on all the islands, and the Statue of Liberty. The Brooklyn Bridge will be electrically illuminated with the words "Welcome Dewey," in letters each thirty-five feet in height, the two words together being 400 feet in length. These are the largest electrically illuminated letters that have ever been made up to the present time. 8,000 electric lamps are used in this wonderful display on the Bridge alone. The illuminated war-ships will be a beautiful spectacle in the Bay, the night being made brilliant as noon by the thousands of electric lights which dazzle the eye, while the powerful marine search-lights sweep the neighboring shores in all directions.

SATURDAY, Sept. 30, the day of the land parade, opens with the presentation of a loving-cup to Admiral Dewey at the City Hall by the Mayor and other officials. Here the great sea-fighter, whose ears have been accustomed to the roar of cannon and the shrill rattle of rapid-fire guns, listens to the sweet singing of a large band of school children. The Admiral and guests proceed to Riverside Park, and at 11 A.M. the land parade having formed, the procession will start from One Hundred and Twenty-second street, down Riverside Drive to Seventy-second street, Eighth avenue, Fifty-ninth street, and Fifth avenue to Washington Square. Admiral Dewey rides in the principal carriage with Mayor Van Wyck. At Twenty-fourth street, the Admiral, Mayor, and Committees leave the procession and take the places of honor on the reviewing stand, to witness the magnificent pageant of the parade.

Gen. Roe, in charge of the military arrangements, estimates that 30,000 men march in the parade. First come the mounted police, preceding Gen. Roe and aides; then, led by a band, comes the crew of the *Olympia*, 250 in all; then Admiral Dewey and the Mayor, in a four-horse open carriage, and other guests in open carriages; Admirals Sampson and Schley and 31 officers of the fleet follow, with 2,000 brawny sailors and marines of the North Atlantic squadron marching after; Gov. Roosevelt and staff, with a military escort, come next. Following these are the National Guard, 15,000 strong, the Naval Militia, and a large number of military organizations, representing eighteen other States. A body of veterans of the Spanish-American War, under Col. John Jacob Astor and Major Kieper are next in line, and following these are the Governors of States and other guests in carriages. The parade is expected to last until about 7 P.M., the order of dismissal being given at the Washington Arch, in Washington Square.

The Admiral rests upon Sunday and on Monday leaves for Washington.

Such is the official programme; but it gives only a faint idea of the splendor of the reception which the great metropolis has planned for the hero. For many weeks before the celebration, the work of preparation had been going on, the city having made generous appropriation. Never was New York more beautiful or attractive, with its wealth of decorations than when, thus adorned, it stood ready to greet the nation's hero. From all parts of the surrounding country and even from distant cities, hundreds of thousands of visitors came trooping by train and steamer, until it was estimated that over a million strangers had arrived to mingle in the festivities of the "Dewey Days." Hotels, boarding houses and even private dwellings were crowded with the guests. A centre of attraction was the superb Dewey Triumphal Arch, at the junction of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fourth streets. This is probably the finest and most imposing artistic conception of its kind ever constructed on this side the Atlantic. Its splendid proportions and noble groups of famous naval and military heroes, excite universal admiration. It is shown in the large double-page illustration in this issue, which represents the pageant at the moment of passing under the Arch. In an open carriage in the foreground, the great Admiral can be seen seated alongside of Mayor Van Wyck, the official host. As the cortege drives slowly between the graceful pillars on either side of this grand triumphal arch, it, and passes under the Arch—as noble and imposing in design as any that ever adorned the triumph of a Roman victor—the scene cannot fail to be memorable and historic, and to make a lasting impression upon the minds of the countless multitudes of spectators.

Our Illustrations

As the reception to Admiral Dewey is an event of national interest, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible] on this occasion to give it due pictorial presentation. Our large double page illustration is the work of able artists, aided by photography, and it is a vivid and faithful representation of the parade at the moment when the enthusiastic thousands in the neighborhood of the Dewey Triumphal Arch are welcoming the victor of Manila Bay.

Through the courtesy of the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company, we are enabled to present, on the first page of this issue, the very latest and most authentic portrait of Admiral Dewey, taken by a representative of that company, with the Admiral's permission, on board the warship *Olympia*, at Villefranche. During his return from Manila, the Admiral had been greatly annoyed by interviewers and photographers. Especially at the stopping-places along the Mediterranean had he been made the target for snap-shots, and a large army of "camera fiends" had endeavored, by various devices, to secure surreptitious photographs of the Admiral. Those pictures, taken under many disadvantages, were practically worthless.

It was not until the arrangements were made with the Mutoscope Company, with the Admiral's consent, that a satisfactory and life-like portrait was finally secured. It shows the Admiral as he is in reality—a man of strong, yet not unkindly face, with character and individuality marked in every line. It is the real Dewey, whose indomitable courage and cool self-possession, no less than his fine patriotism, his brilliant seamanship and his rare administrative abilities, have made him a nation's idol. And this is now given to the world for the first time on the first page of this issue. The smaller pictures on this page (also by the Mutoscope Company), are two of a series taken with the electrical machine on the *Olympia's* deck.

Friends of Our Children

The Helpers and the Helped—Results and Promises—The "Good Samaritan"

A [illegible] our Children's Home is over, and [illegible] song and laughter of our little ones, [illegible]

DR. CHRISTIAN E. PETERSEN

[illegible] readers, we are sure, still hold in prayerful, loving thought these children of the [illegible] with us; and will, we know, be glad to share with us acknowledgment and assurance of the good that has been done. The following letters are typical speci[illegible] Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. C. P. Devare, Supt. of the Abigail Free School and Kindergarten, an excellent charity, well known to our readers, writes:

[illegible] for the great help extended [illegible] of our children a ten days' [illegible] HERALD Children's Home. [illegible] readers to call at our school [illegible] hear them talk, you would feel that your labor and sacrifices had not been in [illegible] ripened into fruit and re[illegible] patient care bestowed upon [illegible] of approval upon that which they have been taught while [illegible] saw and heard only that which was good and true. Rest assured that this work and its [illegible]

One mother writes:

I want to thank you for your kindness to my little girls. The outings were certainly a [illegible] as I was out of work this summer, and the children did not have necessary food, and were run down. I have had a hard struggle [illegible] for this great help of which we were so very much in need.

Among the visitors and friends who have particularly endeared themselves to our little folks this summer must be mentioned the resident physician, Dr. Christian E. Petersen, their "Good Samaritan." The doctor, a graduate of the Long Island Medical College, and formerly House Physician and Surgeon at the King's County Charity Hospital, came up to Nyack to pay a visit, with the intention of staying only a few days, but he became so interested that he practically sacrificed a large private practice among wealthy patrons to give to the Children's Home, absolutely free of charge, the advantage of his skill.

The friends who have helped our children by visit, gift, and prayers have been abundantly remembered at the Home this summer in children's petitions offered there; and we believe that the blessing promised to those who cast their "bread upon the waters" shall be theirs.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Our Orphans at Oorfa

Work Among Our Little Armenian Charges Busy Boys and Girls

OUR readers will be particularly interested in these pictures—just received from Oorfa—of our boys and girls there.

Among Oriental cities, Oorfa (anciently called Edessa), seems peculiarly entitled to the prayerful regard of God's people. According to tradition, it was the first city whose king was converted to Christianity: his conversion, following a correspondence with Christ and the apostles. Whether this be legend or truth, it is a fact that Christianity took firm root there at an early date. Oorfa's later troubles are familiar to our readers who succored the persecuted Armenians there, and who readily recall the tragic story of those terrible days, when the people, thinking the sacredness of the place would protect them, sought refuge in the great Armenian church, to which the Kurds, when they came, set fire. Between Moslem guns and Kurdish fire and sword, between five and eight thousand people perished in the Oorfa massacre.

OUR GIRLS MAKING MACARONI

Miss Corinna Shattuck, American missionary and the "heroine of Oorfa," asserting our treaty rights, sheltered and protected hundreds who else had perished, and later began as almoner of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S gifts, the care of multitudes of orphaned little ones. In this work our readers have nobly cooperated, and thus they have a personal interest in these children, our own boys and girls, and their proteges, and they will be pleased to hear of the progress of the work through Miss Shattuck's letter, dated Oorfa, Aug. 22, to the Proprietor of this paper:

Sincere thanks for your letter of June 17, and the check for quarterly pledge of our orphans. But for your generous help long ago, I know not what we could have done. Most of our children are ambitious and studious; some are eager for a course through college, and I shall aid judiciously a worthy few to a start in this direction; but I shall "carry" none of them through college. They will be better men and women for helping themselves. Work of various kinds is regularly carried on by the boys, in addition to which they attend school for morning and afternoon sessions of two hours each. Besides their night work, of stamping, shoemaking and saddlery, our boys have cut the winter stock of wood; they bring the water which comes from a long distance; and during the various repairs and building which gave our more commodious study and dining hall, they did all the carrying of earth and stones. The bringing-in, washing and drying of our wheat for *boulgour* is their work. The enclosed letter, the copy of one written by Kivore, one of our orphans, to Dertah, another, will interest you. Dertah was with us two years, and while scarcely older than our large boys, and quite their companion, was instructor of a class of younger ones in kerchief-stamping; he is now at home, caring for a family of small relations left destitute. Kivore's letter reveals his circumstances:

"My state is very good; I thank God he placed me here. I hear you are serving as cook, and I am glad you find work. I also cook during our vacation, and receive wages."

Women Builders

Three German women in Chicago, says a Western paper, are building a house. "Doing every bit of the work, from digging and cementing the cellar to making mortar and laying the bricks of the walls." It is such a curious, unusual spectacle that the Elston avenue cars stop at Humboldt avenue to let the passengers get off and watch the women at their strange employment. Mrs. Franz Liebegut is the chief builder, and her assistants are her daughters, Marie and Gustie, aged respectively sixteen and eighteen. They are doing work slowly, it is said, but doing it well, as the building, on a stone foundation, is three brick deep, and no laths are used. The builders are reported as "going about their work with as much unconcern as though building a house weren't any more for women to do than washing clothes or baking bread."

Cecil Rhodes' Sister

Groot Schur, the home of Cecil Rhodes, the man who has been so prominently connected with South African affairs, is a beautiful country seat near Cape Town, and is presided over by his sister, Miss Alice Rhodes. The hospitality of Groot Schur is famous. Some years ago people came and went, staying as long as they pleased. This privilege was much abused, and Mr. Rhodes and his sister put limitations upon it. She and her brother are devoted friends and comrades. She is very English in appearance, being fair and blond, but is a thorough African in her understanding of African statecraft and her knowledge of the country. She is healthy, fearless, fond of outdoor occupations and amusements, and takes long rides, gun at hand, over the veldt and through the bush. In her zoological garden at Groot Schur her collection includes a specimen of nearly every wild animal in South Africa. She is very generous and has many friends among the poor.

A Little Stowaway

Four days out from Liverpool they found him, behind some casks. Only nine years old, he was ragged, friendless, with a beautiful face full of innocence and truth to plead for him. "How came you to steal a passage on this ship?" asked the first mate sternly. "My stepfather put me in. He wasn't able to keep me or pay my way to Halifax, where my aunt lives. I want to go to her." The mate, often deceived by stowaways, doubted the story and believed some of his crew had a hand in the matter. "I will hang you to the yardarm in ten minutes, if you don't tell the truth," he said to frighten the child, and stood with his watch in his hand. Pale, tearful, with not a friend to stand by him, the boy listened to the tick-tick of the swift minutes. "I'll say what he wants me to say," Fear whispered. "Only two minutes to live," cried the mate; "speak the truth and save your life, boy." "May I pray?" asked the child, looking up into the hard man's face. With permission, he knelt and said the Lord's prayer his dead mother had taught him and asked God to take him to heaven. Hardened sailors were sobbing; tears sprang to the mate's eyes, and he caught the boy up in his arms. From that time the little fellow whom nobody owned was everybody's boy. He had made friends and a place for himself through the rich legacy his mother had left him—character and the Lord's prayer.

Hold ye to prayer and truth, laddies,
These be riches the best,
They rust not from youth to old age, laddies,
They shine in the home of the blest.

OUR BOYS AT DINNER

Home Weddings

A QUIET home wedding, conducted informally, may be a very pleasant occasion, especially if the few friends invited are known to one another. It has been my good fortune to attend several such weddings lately, and they have seemed to me in better taste than many grander and more ceremonious affairs. Of course, the marriage service itself is always formal and solemn, as befits one of the most important events in life, but the details may always be safely left to individual choice. If the bride is in white, she should wear white gloves, and the groom's gloves must, in that case, be white also. If she wears a traveling dress, or a pretty gown of silk or wool, suitable for church or calling, she may have pearl colored or gray gloves, and the groom's should correspond with them in hue. I myself dislike to see gloves worn during a marriage service by the contracting parties, and prefer to see that the hands then clasped for life should be ungloved.

It is quite proper, for a small wedding, to dispense with engraved cards of invitation. The bride should then herself write the invitations to the marriage, selecting nice white note paper for the purpose. She may say, "Dear So and So," supplying the name of Aunt, Cousin or Friend, "Will you honor me by your presence at my wedding, on such a day and hour, at such a place. I am to be married to Mr. ——, and we will both be very happy to receive your congratulations then." Or, if she does not like this, see may use any other style agreeable to her. One is sensible, and not singular, who avoids useless expense, and does as one pleases at the time of her marriage, when, if ever, a young woman is entitled to her own sweet will and way.

An English Child on America

Sometimes by the babbling tongue of a child who mispronounces a word he has heard, a happy suggestion is conveyed. Our little English cousins across the water have been talking much about us lately. An English paper tells this:

Little Mary, aged five years, was greatly interested in the story of the Good Samaritan as related by her Sunday School teacher. Upon her return home she gave her mother a vivid account of the selfishness of the priest and the Levite. "But," added she, "by and by a good American came by, and he very soon helped the poor man out of trouble."

Would it not be a blessed thing if we could win and hold among the nations the title of "America, the Good Samaritan."

The Universal Home

The usual large influx of autumnal visitors to New York has been enlarged by the Dewey reception; with houses full and room and board not easy to secure, the stranger of limited means felt more than the ordinary loneliness of the visitor to a great and busy city—where one sees no familiar faces, and streets and customs are puzzling problems. "I am so thankful," a gentle-faced woman was heard to whisper to her neighbor (a stranger, like herself) at a boarding-house table, "for the open churches. I stole into old Trinity to-day, off hurrying, noisy Broadway, and I just knelt down and felt at home in God's house and cried with joy for the pure rest of it." A young woman in the same house returned from evening service at the Church of the Ascension, with flowers in her hand. "Why!" she said, "Wasn't it lovely for them—people I don't know—to put these flowers in my hand. After services are over the ushers give away all the flowers on the altar. There's a sad-eyed girl here, who talks to nobody; I'm going to give her some of my flowers. Thank God for the church that makes home everywhere!"

Our Mission at Cairo

Where Americans Tell the Gospel Story to Egyptian Natives—A Beautiful Christian Work

A BIBLE READING AT THE AMERICAN MISSION, TANTAH, EGYPT

THE energy of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum in the Gordon College undertaking is being fully matched by the American Mission in Egypt, which has just set about the establishment of a school for boys. Hon. Thomas Skelton Harrison, United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General at the court of the Khedive, is now in this country, and is exerting himself to bring to the attention of our people the needs and the merits of the American Mission.

The mission-building, adjoining the Esbekieh Garden, stands on ground purchased from the Khedive Ismail. Hundreds of native girls are daily instructed in English, French, Arabic, and the various branches of a common school education. Then the Mission has branch schools throughout Egypt—at Keneh and other places. This institution exists primarily to propagate Christianity throughout Egypt. Its official head is Rev. Wm. Harvey, D.D., who, with his wife, founded it thirty-five years ago. Dr. and Mrs. Harvey have, from that day to this, remained the guiding spirits, and under them they have a band of devoted men and women: Dr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Watson, Dr. and Mrs. John Giffen, Miss Anna Y. Thompson, and others.

The girls' school at Cairo is under the direction of Miss Keil. All the missionaries and teachers are Americans. They are sent out from the United States for a seven-year period, at the end of which they come home on an eighteen months' leave of absence. The remarkable success of the Mission is due to hard work. When a young missionary arrives he puts in five hours a day at Arabic. He is not deemed an accepted member of the staff until he has a perfect mastery of the language.

The church in the mission building at Cairo is very large, and so arranged that half of it can be curtained off, down the centre aisle. This separates the native men from the native women, the latter being completely concealed, in deference to the Egyptian idea in such matters. Arabic services are held every Sunday morning and English services every Sunday afternoon. The large Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sabbath afternoon. Most interesting of all the services is the Thursday evening prayer-meeting, at which Arab men and women, English, Americans, civilians, soldiers crowd into Dr. Harvey's parlor, often barely able to find room, notwithstanding the large size of the apartment and its plethora of chairs and couches. Off in that corner, near the window, sit a half dozen kilted troopers of the Queen's own Cameron Highlanders, their flaming tartans contrasting vividly with the chocolate countenances and tasselled *tarbouches* of the young Mohammedans near them. Bibles and hymn books are distributed. At half-past eight Dr. Harvey opens the meeting. The young Mohammedans are all attention.

It should not be supposed that the mission is attempting a work of supererogation in its projected school for boys, simply because Lord Kitchener has founded the Gordon College. Viscount Cromer, in his report to Parliament, just issued, quotes Lord Kitchener thus: "The main lines of what, I hope, will be achieved by the college, is to give the most practical, useful education possible to the boys for their future in the Soudan." And to this Viscount Cromer adds: "I ought perhaps to explain that the use of the word college in connection with this institution, is possibly somewhat misleading, inasmuch as it conveys the idea that a more ambitious programme will be adopted than, for the time being, at all events, will be the case." The English, then, are undertaking a boys' school for the Soudan, while the Americans will create a boys' school for Egypt. There can be no overlapping, which is why Viscount Cromer gives the Americans, as well as his own countrymen, all sympathy and encouragement. The late Lady Cromer, indeed, taught a class of girls at the American mission for some years.

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The Silver Anniversary

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union to Celebrate, at Seattle, Wash., the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of its Organization

AMONG the conventions of this fall, one of the most interesting is that to be held on October 20th, at Seattle, Washington, to celebrate the twenty fifth anniversary of the organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Delegates are expected from fifty-four different auxiliary States and five Territorial Unions, besides those from the District of Columbia and Hawaii. They will represent the largest Society in the world, ever organized, that is composed exclusively of women and conducted by them. It has a local union in over ten thousand cities and a union in every State and Territory of the country. The delegates from the East with those from Minnesota and other States in that longitude are to assemble in Chicago on Friday evening Oct. 13, where a special white ribbon train will be made up for them and decorated within and without. In this they will be conveyed, without change, to their distant destination. Only one break is to be made on the journey and that out of respect for the religious scruples of the delegates. When the white-ribbon train reaches Fargo, N. D., on Saturday evening Oct. 14, it will be held until after midnight on Sunday, so that there may be no traveling on the Lord's Day.

The First Presbyterian Church of Seattle has been placed at the disposal of the delegates for their meetings, which are to continue until Wednesday, Oct. 25. On Sunday, Oct. 22, special meetings conducted by prominent delegates will be held in various churches of the city, and the assembly will be distributed according to denominational lines. The Union is distinctly Christian, but not denominational, so there will be few churches in Seattle without a representative contingent on that day. During the sessions there will be a morning prayer-meeting every day from eight to nine o'clock, and a conference of departments to follow it every morning. On *Friday*, the opening day, the President, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens will deliver her annual address, and in the afternoon Mrs. M. S. D. Fry, the Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. Helen M. Barker, the Treasurer, will read their annual reports. On Friday evening addresses of welcome will be made by the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, and representatives of the religious and temperance bodies, to which the orators of the Union will reply. *Saturday* is to be the grand celebration day, when the events of the quarter century and the triumphs of the Union will be reviewed. On *Monday* the critical question of the affiliated interests will be discussed, and the subject of The Temple, if not ruled out by the President, will come up for renewed consideration. *Tuesday* will be devoted to short addresses by delegates on the work of the Union, and topics relating thereto, especially to suggestions of spheres of labor and social movements to which the Union may legitimately lend its powerful aid. *Wednesday* will be devoted to speaking of the same general character, but less formally. The speakers of Tuesday having been required to state the subjects of their addresses in advance and to be prepared with elaborate presentation of them. Wednesday's speakers will have more liberty and may be expected to review the proceedings of the convention and relieve over-burdened minds of opinions which seem important to the speakers, if not to the Convention. One important duty to be performed at the business meeting will be the election of delegates to the convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which will be held in Edinburgh, Scotland, in June next. Special arrangements have been made for musical harmony. The Juanita Glee Club of twelve young ladies will be on the white ribbon train to enliven the journey with their famous songs, and on arrival at Seattle, Mrs. Boole, president of the New York, W. C. T. U., will take charge of the musical arrangements, and will have on hand a chorus of five hundred trained voices from Seattle and the neighborhood to render convention songs. This is the first time Seattle has entertained a national convention, and the city has shown its appreciation of the honor by voting $500 for the expenses, and the citizens have manifested their hospitality by raising $1,500 more.

The President of the Union, whose portrait appears on this page, is Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens. She is a native of Maine, and has been identified with the movement since 1875. In that year the State W. C. T. U. was founded, and Mrs. Stevens was elected Treasurer. Her energy and devotion to the cause were so conspicuous that, three years later, when the office of President fell vacant, she was elected and has been unanimously re-elected every year since. She was also prominent in the national organization and on the death of Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Stevens, who had been for many years her chosen friend and colleague, became her successor as President of the National W. C. T. U. Mrs. M. S. D. Fry, the Corresponding Secretary, was born at Burlington, Ohio, and is the wife of a Methodist Episcopal minister. She has occupied several important offices in the educational world, and a few years ago was made Professor of English Literature in the University of Minnesota. In 1894 she became President of the W. C. T. U. of that State, and last year was elected Corresponding Secretary in the National organization. Miss Anna A. Gordon, the Vice-President, has been familiar with the work almost from the beginning. She was private secretary to Miss Frances E. Willard, during that lady's long career of service, and was her constant companion and fellow-laborer. Miss Willard appointed her her literary executor, and she undertook the work of preparing her biography.

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And many others. During the coming year, Miss WARNER's story "Fresh Air" will be completed. This will be followed by a charming short story, "The Shale Pickers," by Mr. W. EDGAR SIMPSON.

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FOLLOWING ··· AFTER JESUS

By DWIGHT L. MOODY*

Christ in the House

MARK 2:1. If Christ is in the house, your neighbors will soon know it.

V. 3. Four men thought it worth while to bring one man to Christ

V. 4. They thought it more important to get to Christ than to have an orderly meeting.

V. 5. Christ saw not their "perseverance" or "ingenuity," but their "faith."

Christ's coming awakens hope, effort: brings pardon, power; calls forth praise.

V. 6. A new religion provoked opposition. Formality versus Will of God.

V. 17. Christ, the Great Physician. How do we know when people are sick in mind? in body? in soul? What is the medicine? Prisons, hospitals, etc. Who are sick in soul? Isa. 1:6; I. John 1:7.

Ch. 4:5. Devils prayed and Jesus answered. A wicked man prayed and Jesus answered. A believing woman prayed, and Jesus answered. All asked for something, and all got it. Three very bad cases—devils, disease, death—beyond the reach of man (for man had tried and failed), cured by Christ. Note the testimony of the evil spirit to Christ: saw him afar off: ran and worshiped: confessed his divinity: dreaded his indignation.

V. 2. Satan as a master is bad: his work worse: his wages worst of all.

Christ the Physician

Ch. 4:22. It was his daughter's trouble that drove the ruler to Jesus.

Ch. 5:23. "My daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her that she may be healed: and she shall live." A short prayer, and to the point.

V. 35. "Thy daughter is dead." A great part of the business of preachers to-day is to contradict this statement. Thy daughter, thy son, is *not* dead. Instead of ceasing to pray, be more urgent and earnest than ever.

Ch. 6:20. "Herod feared John . . . and did many things." Had he feared God, he would have done everything. Herod was once a hopeful case (Mark 12:34), but the sin of adultery kept him back. It was the price of his soul.

Christ the Teacher

Ch. 6:31. "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." There is progress in a Christian's life when he may not seem to be going ahead. Like a canal-boat in a lock, when it stands still but is rising all the time.

V. 37. "Give ye them to eat." Christ uses us and our resources.

V. 41. "Christ gave them to his disciples to set before them." Go and distribute.

Ch. 7:24. "He could not be hid." As it is with the head, so it is with the members. Matt. 5:14.

V. 29. The Syrophœnician woman did what the lawyers and scribes could not do—she entangled Jesus.

Ch. 8:34. You cannot follow *after* Jesus, until you have first come *to* him.

V. 36. He who sins for profit shall not profit by his sins.

V. 38. We are most ashamed of Jesus when he has most cause to be ashamed of us.

Jesus Only

Ch. 9:8. Jesus only.
V. 34. Man only.

Jesus alone on the mount of transfiguration, and alone on the mount of suffering.

The Christian Life: "On the mountaintop" (v. 2)—Spiritual, communion, occupied with Jesus. "In the plain" (v. 9)—Practical, conflict, occupied for Jesus.

Once it was the blessing—now it is the Lord
[illegible]
Once I sought for healing—now the Healer own:
[illegible]
trust:
[illegible]
says:
Once 'twas constant asking—now 'tis ceaseless praise;
Once it was my working—his it hence shall be:
Once I tried to use him—now he uses me:
[illegible]
One:
[illegible]

Ch. 9:20. Like a bad tenant, the devil tried to do as much harm as he could when he got notice to quit.

Ch. 10:21. Jesus's first look was one of love: "Jesus beholding him loved him." V. 21.

Jesus's second look was one of sorrow. "Jesus looked round about," and said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." V. 23.

Jesus's third look was one of hope: "Jesus looking upon them saith, With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible." V. 27.

"One thing thou lackest." One leak can sink a ship, one sin destroy the sinner.

Rewards and Treasures

Ch. 10:22. Men read the Old Testament story of earthly prosperity held out as a reward for well-doing, and the New Testament disclosure of heavenly joys beyond the highest earthly possessions, and they say they would like to have the Old Testament rewards in this world, and the New Testament treasures for the next world. The call of the Master comes in to decide for one or the other: not both.

Ch. 10:33. Jesus proclaimed his coming sacrifice: hence he did not die a mere martyr's death.

V. 45. Jesus gave his life a ransom for many.

Jesus gave himself for me. Gal. 2:20.

Ch. 15:21. Rutherford speaks of the sweet burdensomeness of Christ's cross. It is such a burden as wings to a bird or sails to a ship—it carries one forward to the desired haven.

*"Notes from My Bible," by D. L. Moody; [illegible] The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

A PECULIAR REMEDY

Something About the New Discovery for Curing Dyspepsia.

[From Mr. [illegible]]

The Rev. F. I. Bell, a highly esteemed minister residing in Weedsport, Cayuga Co., N. Y., in a recent letter writes as follows: "There has never been anything that I have taken that has relieved the Dyspepsia from which I have suffered for ten years except the new remedy called Stuart's Dyspepsia-Tablets. Since taking them I have had no distress at all after eating and again after long years can sleep well. Rev. F. I. Bell, Weedsport, N. Y., formerly Idalia, Colo."

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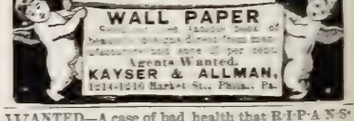

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Lost Opportunities

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 15

Jer. 8: 20; Matt. 23: 37-39; Heb. 12: 17

MORE distress has probably been caused by the passages selected for the Topic and similar passages scattered through the Bible, than by any other warnings and threats. Unwise preachers have made the matter worse, by intimating that there is a dead line in spiritual experience, beyond which, if a man go, God will never forgive him. This is to be deplored for many reasons, but chiefly because it tends to a kind of recklessness. A man is apt, when he is convinced that there is no pardon for him, to listen to the suggestion that he cannot make his situation worse by proceeding further in sin. It ought to be clearly understood, once for all, that God has drawn no such dead line. The suggestion that he has, is based on Christ's reference to the sin against the Holy Ghost, and even in that case, and supposing that the sin can be committed in our time—which is very doubtful—it would appear that the dead line is drawn by the man himself, rather than that God draws it. The character of God, as it is drawn in the Bible, is one of infinite compassion, love and mercy. He is represented as yearning to forgive, eager to see signs of repentance in his creatures and rejoicing with them in reconciliation. It is a libel upon him to represent him as ever rejecting a sincere cry for pardon

But are there not some who are excluded from his presence? Are there not cases utterly hopeless? We cannot deny it, but it is not because the door of God's mercy is closed. That remains open to the very last. The obstacles which make a case hopeless are the conditions of entrance. God will not receive a man in his sins. It would be unreasonable to expect him to do so. If a notorious burglar, a counterfeiter, or a man of foul language proposed to visit a family in which there were growing sons and daughters, we should not blame the father if, having regard for his own family, he declined to receive such a visitor. If the man would quit his evil ways and express his determination to lead a clean life, the case would be different. He might be received, but such a change would be indispensable. That is the condition God imposes; and he goes further than the supposed father would go, for he accepts the pledge of reform before reformation has actually taken place. He does so in order to aid the sinner in the process. All that the sinner has to do is to forswear his sins, and to plead the promise of Christ of divine help, and to submit himself to divine treatment. He is then received as a child of God, and the process of cleansing commences. He must, of course, observe the rules of the household; but this, if he is sincere in his desire to become a member of it, he will be glad to do, not only to prove his sincerity, but to enjoy the advantages of training so that he may be worthy of the dignity conferred upon him.

Thus the dead line is of his own drawing. The opportunity is always open to him, but the older he gets, and the more steeped in sin he is, and the more potent his habits, the less prospect there is of his qualifying himself for admission to the family. Every time there is an impulse in his mind to submit to the conditions and to go to God for pardon his opportunity is pressed upon him. Every time that he neglects it, or wilfully puts it from him, there is a lost opportunity, which by a natural law turns into an obstacle. He acquires the habit of rejecting opportunities, which is one of the most insidious and dangerous of habits. Finally the man's case does become hopeless, because he becomes incapable of breaking the chain that binds him. The opportunity remains open, and it is the same opportunity which was offered to him at the beginning of his career, and it has the same conditions attached to it, but he gradually loses his power to fulfil them, and gradually loses his desire to become a child of God. That is the dead line and the only one. It is a condition to be dreaded beyond any conceivable fate. How common it is, few people realize. Many are on their way to it who have no idea of their danger. Every time they smother an impulse to accept God's invitation, every time they turn their back on virtue and go back to their sin, they make another advance on the road leading to this fatal end. Few, if any, deliberately choose that fate. It comes upon them insensibly and tightens its hold every time an opportunity is lost.

Russia's Change of Calendar

THE nineteenth century closes, says the *Scientific American*, with the year 1900. Immediately after midnight, therefore, of Dec. 31, 1900, is when the twentieth century begins. In other words, it begins with the first second of the first hour of the first day of January, 1901. Several announcements are made of changes to be inaugurated with the opening of the new century. The first of importance is that Russia will adopt the Gregorian calendar. This will be done by omitting thirteen days, the amount of error that will have accumulated after the close of February, 1900. The Russians will then write Jan. 1, 1901, instead of Dec. 19, 1900, or rather, instead of both, according to the dual system now in vogue in that country and in Greece. The other important announcement is that it is not at all unlikely that the astronomical day, which now begins at noon of the civil day, will begin with the civil day, at midnight. The present method of having the astronomical day to begin twelve hours after the beginning of the civil day, is apt to be confusing. On the other hand, to have the former begin at midnight, just when astronomers are often busiest, will be to them somewhat inconvenient.

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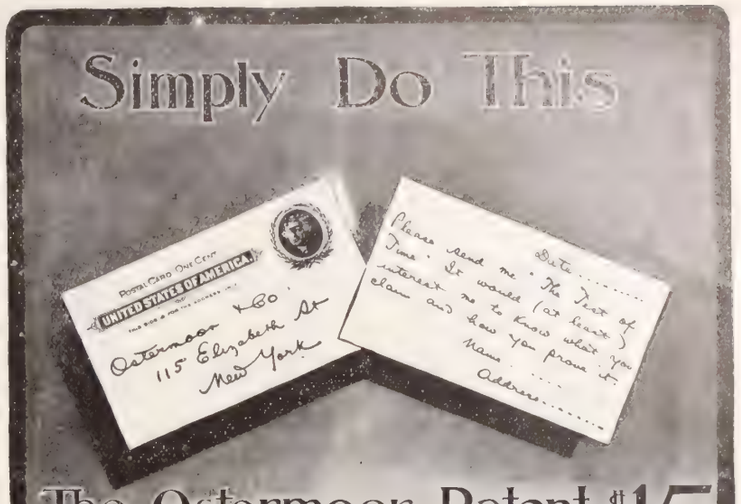
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Prayer

THE camel at the close of day,
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off,
And rest to gain.

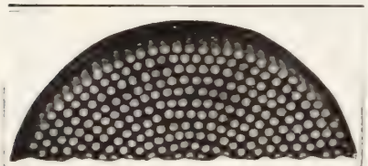
My soul, thou, too, shouldst to thy knees
When daylight draweth to a close,
And let thy Master lift the load
And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou to-morrow meet
With all to-morrow's work to do,
If thou, thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

If thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn,
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that he no load too great

Y. M. C. A. Work at Manila

[illegible] the Young Men's Christian Association at Manila, Philippine Islands, reports encouraging results from its recent work. During July there were very severe rains. During this time one of the secretaries was prostrated by malarial fever, being ill for two weeks. The Association will make an effort to secure some more suitable place from the government authorities than that now being used. They have secured a good place at San Fernando, the largest city outside of Manila occupied by our troops. The Association building will therefore be the headquarters for Christian work in that vicinity. "Increased supplies of literature are needed," the secretaries write. "We could use ten times the amount we have thus far secured. Friends in the States could be of great assistance if they would furnish literature in such quantities as would enable us to supply the different camps, and also the transports which carry our soldiers home. At the new naval station at Cavite we are getting work started. Bible classes have been begun already, and the work promises to be very helpful."



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By

Hon. Thomas B. Reed

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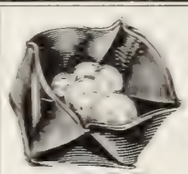

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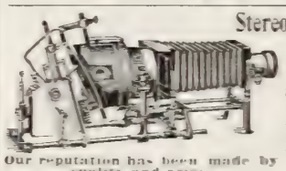

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A Song for Our Fleets*

A SONG for our fleets—our iron fleets
Of grim and savage beauty,
That plow their way through fields of spray,
To follow a nations duty!
The winds may blow and the waves may flow,
And stars may hide their faces,
But little we reck; our stars o'er deck
Still glitter within their places!

Let never a one who gazes on
This pageant calm but splendid
Doubt that our coasts from hostile hosts
Will gallantly be defended!
A desperate foe may wish us woe;
But what is their petty knavery
Against the right, when backed with might,
And Anglo Saxon bravery?

A song for our fleeets—our gallant fleets,
'Neath flags of glory flying,
That carry the aid, so long delayed,
To those that are crushed and dying!
And flames may glow, and blood may flow;
But still, with a stern endeavor,
We'll rule the main, and lash foul Spain
From our Western World forever!

WILL CARLETON.

A Child's Influence†

IN the beginning of this century, a Welsh girl was in a Sunday School. Her parents were very poor, and had no Bible of their own, nor had any of their neighbors. The nearest Bible was at a house some miles away, over the hills, and this faithful little girl was in the habit of walking there and back to learn her Sunday School text. One Sunday, she could not repeat her text, and, when questioned by the minister, she said: "Please, sir, the weather was very bad." "Very true," said the minister, "but what had that to do with your learning your verse?" Then he found out how scarce the Bibles were. He was deeply moved, and he went up to London, and proposed to some friends that a society be formed to print Bibles in Welsh for the poor. One of his hearers said: "Why not start a Bible Society for the world?" The grand idea was carried out, and the London Bible Society sends out its Bibles by the millions to all the world. Yet it all began by a little girl at Bala walking miles each week to learn her Sabbath School lesson. God honored her fidelity, and used it; and he will use yours, if you are faithful, in ways you do not dream of.

While we are about it, we will tell of another little girl whose influence will be felt as long as time shall last. Less than half a century ago, a Sunday School superintendent in Jacksonville, Illinois, asked each one to bring a new scholar to the school the next Sunday. Little Mary Paxton went home, and asked her father to come to Sabbath School. He was nearly forty years old, and so ignorant that he could not read. He was rough in appearance, and rude in speech. He hated the church, and despised Sunday Schools and religion and everything good. But he loved his little Mary, and when she took him by the hand he did not resist. He went to Sabbath School, and was led to Christ. He then learned to read for Christ's sake, and he finally came to be a Sunday School evangelist. He founded fifteen hundred Sunday Schools, into which seventy thousand children were gathered, and out of which sprang one hundred churches. When little Mary was leading her father to Sunday School, she was leading a train of thousands up the shining way that leads to God. It may seem a small thing for a Christian boy or girl to be always in the pew to cheer the pastor while he preaches, and to be always in the Sabbath School with a knowledge of the lesson, and to be helpfully present in at least one prayer-meeting every week. But just such simple, faithful service as that is keeping alive the Christian church.

* From *War-Time Echoes*, a collection of patriotic poems by J. H. Brownlee, pp. 209, Werner Co., Chicago, publishers.

† From *Food for Lambs*, by Rev. A. M. Hills; 202 pp., cloth. M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, O., pub'r.

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Experience With the Berry.

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"I could not drink tea and had tried everything else, even Postum, but put it by at the first trial, because it was tasteless.

"Forced to it again, I determined to see if it could not be made palatable and found at once that when I followed directions and boiled it long enough, that I not only liked it but gave it to my husband for several days without his finding it out. I have the name of making splendid coffee, and we always used the best, but of late I have given Postum to guests many times in place of coffee and have never been detected yet.

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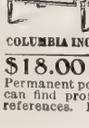

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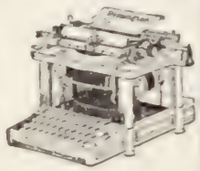

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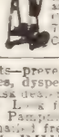

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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"I Pray that in my Old Age I may be Spared the Pain of Another War."—VICTORIA "The Transvaal will Neither Begin a War nor Take Any Step that may Result in War."—KRUGER

THE TRANSVAAL CONFLICT PORTRAITS OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRESIDENT KRÜGER

1. Boer Farmers "Trekking" in the Transvaal. 2. A British Soldier. 3. A Boer Sharpshooter. 4. Pretoria, the Capital of the Transvaal. *(See page 766)*

The Crisis in the Transvaal

Preparations for a Gigantic Struggle Being Made by the British and the Boers —Generals who will take Command

A BOER MILITARY PICKET ON THE TRANSVAAL-NATAL FRONTIER

NEWS from both the Transvaal and London during the week is of a warlike character. The dispatches are concerned less with the questions in dispute than with the strategic points occupied by the two armies. A speech by the Duke of Devonshire, an influential member of the British Cabinet, delivered on September 30, indicates the British attitude. He intimated that the latest dispatches to the Transvaal did not contain proposals, but demands. The latter word has an imperative, peremptory tone which implies an acute stage in the negotiations. The Duke did not say what the demands were, but a prominent journal, which is usually well informed, says that they include—first, franchise for aliens after five years residence; second, municipal self-government for Johannesburg, where the largest number of aliens reside; third, a judicature independent of the president and parliament; fourth, the abolition of the dynamite policy; fifth, the removal of the fort dominating Johannesburg, and, sixth, English to be taught in the schools which the aliens support. There appears to be nothing unreasonable in these demands, but as the Boers have rejected terms much more favorable, there is no ground for hope that they will accept these. It is evident, too, that the Boers resent the tone more than the matter of the English proposals. It assumes a right to interfere in the internal affairs of the Transvaal, which they are resolved never to concede. They contend that the Transvaal is an independent sovereign state which they have the right to govern in their own way. The British, on the other hand, contend that England is its suzerain, and as such has the right to insist on honest, impartial government. Mr. Chamberlain, who, as Secretary for the Colonies, is the spokesman for England in the negotiations, points out that the Transvaal cannot be a sovereign state, because the treaty of 1881 and the revised treaty of 1884, by which the state was constituted, expressly stipulates that the Transvaal shall make no treaty with any government except its neighbor, the Orange Free State, without first submitting it to the approval of the English Government. It is not asserted that the Transvaal has violated that stipulation, but it is quoted to prove that the country is not absolutely independent. If the claim of suzerainty is once admitted, the English attitude is justified, because a suzerain has the right to control the policy of its vassal.

The question of suzerainty, while really the basis of the English claim, has been kept in the background in the negotiations and Mr. Chamberlain has tried to convince the Boers that the best way of avoiding its being brought to the test of force is to grant the English demands. If, he says, the Boers would grant the franchise to foreigners, with a fair representation in the Volksraad, or Boer Parliament, the foreigners would be able to make their grievances known and take measures to secure redress. This would obviate the necessity for English interference, because her subjects in the Transvaal would then be able to protect their own interests by constitutional methods. This, however, the Boers steadfastly refuse to grant. They are evidently afraid that if the foreigners once obtained a share in the government, their numbers and wealth would soon give them a controlling influence and the Boers would find themselves in a minority in their own Parliament. Besides this, they contend that the foreigners are unwilling to abjure their allegiance to their Queen and thus they would be an undesirable addition to the constituency. It is nevertheless a fact that the Boer government gave an explicit pledge when the state was constituted that foreigners should be treated on equal terms with the Burghers and this pledge has not been kept.

MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE TROUBLE IN SOUTH AFRICA

Both sides have now assumed that further negotiation is useless, and are merely preparing to put the dispute to the test of the sword. The Boers have taken up a position only two miles from the Natal frontier, and are prepared, at short notice, to cross the border by the old war trail of Laing's Nek. General Joubert, who was victorious over the British forces eighteen years ago, is once more in command, and has much difficulty in holding back his men, who are eager for the fray. So little do the rank and file know of the power of their antagonist that they talk freely of what will be done when the British forces are routed, and many of them boast that the next step will be for Oom Paul, as they familiarly call President Kruger, to take England. It now seems clear that the Transvaal will have the active assistance of the Orange Free State, though it is by no means sure that the sixty thousand men, that the Boers expect from that source, will be furnished. The best judges believe that not more than ten thousand will be willing to leave their farms and fight for their Boer kinsmen. The easy victory which the Boers achieved over Sir George Colley at Majuba Hill, and the prompt repulse of the Jameson raiders a few months ago, has evidently produced in their minds a confidence, which their best friends, who know how much larger is the force England intends putting in the field, are unable to disturb.

The British, on their side, are rapidly preparing for the conflict which now appears inevitable. In addition to the troops now in Natal and Cape Colony, an army corps of infantry, cavalry, and artillery comprising thirty-one thousand men is now ready for transport to the front, and the steamship companies have placed their vessels at the disposal of the government to convey them thither. Other forces from India, Malta, and Egypt are already on their way, so that in a few weeks, at furthest, England will have an army of nearly fifty thousand men ready to begin the conflict. General Sir Redvers Buller, who is known as one of England's most famous fighters, has been appointed to the supreme command

Lieut.-Gen. Sir F. W. E. Forestier-Walker and Major-Gen. Sir Charles Stewart White, who are both in command of British troops in Natal

toria, but several hard fought battles will have to be fought before that strongly fortified town can be approached. There is a general impression that the Boers will assume the offensive either by invading Natal or by attacking the British forces in Zululand. In the latter contingency, the blacks would have to be reckoned with, and it is not certain whether they would help the Boers or the British.

A suggestion has found its way into print, that may eventually prove a solution to all the difficulties and, at the last moment, avert a war from which the best

allied racially and politically with the Transvaal, shall annex that state. The two states together would have so many Dutchmen in the combined Volksraad that they could afford to give the most liberal franchise to the aliens without fear of being outnumbered. There would then arise no question of suzerainty, and the two states combined would have a strength that neither now possesses. That such a project would relieve the Transvaal of its difficulties is obvious, but there is little expectation of the Boers accepting it. So long as they believe themselves capable of maintaining their independence against England, they will be little likely to share their wealth with their impoverished neighbor, or to consent to lose the political power and the rich prizes that the control of the Transvaal brings them, even though both might go to men of their own race. Should they be defeated at the beginning of the war, that solution might prove more attractive, as it would obviously be more congenial to become a member of the Dutch federation than to have their country become an English colony.

Every day brings nearer the probability of a conflict, and possibly before these lines are in the hands of our readers the opening guns may have been fired. Mr. Conyngham Greene, the English representative, is, however, still at Pretoria, and so long as he remains diplomatic negotiations may be resumed. It is certain that both Queen Victoria and President Kruger are decidedly averse to war. The Queen has written to Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands a personal letter, deploring the turn events have taken and assuring her that she has "gone to the utmost limit of her constitutional power in her endeavor to secure peace." President Kruger, on his side, is reported to have said that he "would neither declare war nor begin war." The danger consists in the fact that the opposing forces do not share the reluctance of their chiefs. The British are eager to retrieve the reverses they suffered at the hands of the Boers eighteen years ago, and the Boers have that contempt for a foe that they have once beaten which victory so often produces. The two forces face one another on the southwestern border of the Transvaal, and are eager for the conflict to begin. Sentries have been doubled along the frontier line and pickets have been placed at all exposed points. The towns on both sides the border are deserted except by soldiers, and all signs of an immediate outbreak of hostilities are present. Meanwhile prayer goes up from Christian hearts everywhere that even yet the conflict may be averted.

A Famous Negro University

Wilberforce, where Many Great Educators of the Negro Race have been Trained—The Urgent Needs of a Worthy Institution

A GROUP OF WILBERFORCE TEACHERS

1. Miss Roberts, Art and Elementary. 2. Prof. Shorter Mathematics 3. Miss Clark, Science. 4. W. S. Scarborough, Vice Pres. 5. Prof. Prioleau, Theology. 6. Anna H. Jones, Principal. 7. T. H. Jackson, Theology.

THE story of the leading American college for the education of teachers of the negro race is one that is full of interest to all who have the welfare of that race at heart. It is of the highest importance to the nation that the education of the colored population should not be neglected, and none are so fitted to teach them as those who, belonging to their own race, have the keenest sympathy with them in the long struggle for enlightenment and progress which they have undergone.

Wilberforce University is situated in Greene County, Ohio, three and a half miles from Xenia, the county-seat, midway between Columbus and Cincinnati. Its location is favorable to the purposes for which it is designed—the education of the negro. Xenia is the "black belt" of the North; it was once the "underground railroad," and has a large percentage of colored people who came hither before and during the war. Then, too, it is not far from Kentucky. The University was incorporated in 1856, and passed into the possession and under the control of colored men in 1863, when Bishop Daniel A. Payne, himself a negro, purchased the property in the name of the African M. E. Church for $10,000. He was its first president after its purchase. Its finances are controlled by a board of trustees, who delegate their authority to an executive board of nine members. This board transacts generally the business of the University.

The principal funds that were early received by the institution were a bequest of $10,000 from Secretary Salmon P. Chase, for endowment; $10,000 from the Avery estate, for endowment; $6,000 from the American Unitarian Association; $18,000 from the Society of Collegiate and Theological Education in the West; $2,300 from the A. I. Powers' estate, and $5,000 from Mrs. Monroe, of Cleveland, O., for scholarships. The endowment fund is about $30,000, yielding an income of about $1,500. The A. M. E. Church contributes about $2,000 annually. The friends of the negro race—those interested in its elevation and education—contribute from time to time sufficient funds to help keep the school in operation. The entire expenses (about $15,000), are never all met at one time, so that the institution is constantly hampered and pressed for funds. The amount received from tuition and incidentals is small, as a large number of those students attending school are either beneficiaries or work their way through. They are poor, but deserving.

There are six departments: Preparatory, college, theological, musical, normal and industrial. A number of the pupils are from the South. Much stress, therefore, is laid upon the work done in the normal and industrial departments, as a majority of the graduates go South to labor among their own people. Booker T. Washington has from time to time employed graduates from this arm of the University to teach at Tuskegee. They have always proved faithful and successful. In Texas alone, there are several colonies of Wilberforce graduates employed as teachers. They are in demand in this State, and a Wilberforce diploma is regarded as equivalent to an examination, and is accepted instead of the usual examination tests. There are many of its graduates in the "black belts" of the South, laboring in various fields—generally teaching and preaching—striving to elevate their race. They are doing a good work—one of self sacrifice and devotion—such as their training at Wilberforce University fits them for. Could the life-work or the men and women trained at this University be given to the world, it would make a chapter that would more than justify every dollar contributed, every prayer offered and every longing of the heart of its well-wishers in its behalf.

Wilberforce—named after the great humanitarian, William Wilberforce—was founded in the fear of God and for the good of humanity. God's hand has guided all its past; His promises will make sure the contributions of the benevolent in the years that are to come.

Bishop B. W. Arnett, D. D., well-known throughout the country from his connection with the Christian Endeavor Society, and one of its trustees, was educated at Wilberforce. Miss Hallie Q. Brown, now laboring abroad in the interest of temperance in Great Britain, was a Wilberforce student. Rev. Dr. I. M. Burgan, President Paul Quinn College, Waco, Texas, was educated here. The Rev. G. W. Prioleau, D. D., chaplain of the Ninth Cavalry, is also a graduate of Wilberforce. Its President, Dr. S. T. Mitchell, is another graduate, class '73. Many other names might be mentioned, but it is unnecessary as it is easily inferred from what has been said what becomes of the Wilberforce graduates.

Over six thousand students have been enrolled since the establishment of the University. These represent many parts of the globe, including Haiti, Bermuda and Trinidad. Last year there were represented twenty-five states, aside from Canada, Jamaica and South Africa. At present there are eleven students from Africa, and others are coming. In this field alone Wilberforce is doing more than any other negro institution in America. From all departments there have gone forth over three hundred graduates, and more than that number from the industrial courses. At its recent commencement there was graduated a class of fifty-nine, from all courses.

From the first Tuesday in September to the third Thursday in June—the educational year—there is an average attendance of 300 students. The Normal Teacher's course is three years and the full course four years. Among the students there are some who are too poor to pay the very modest fees, and these are accepted on partial payment in money and part in labor. They work on the farm in the intervals of study and class attendance. If the means at the disposal of the University permitted, many more poor deserving students of this class could be assisted in the manner indicated. There is no greater need than that of means to help the hundreds who, in the midst of poverty and want, are pleading every year for intellectual light. Hundreds are turned away annually because of the lack of means.

There are other pressing needs also. A boys' dormitory building is necessary, also a chapel for religious worship, and a fund for additional scholarships and increased endowment.

The present buildings consist of four brick structures and a number of frame ones. The latter, however, have passed their day of usefulness, and will be torn down as soon as means are available for erecting new ones. There are about 6,000 volumes in the library.

To meet the more urgent demands made upon the meagre resources of the institution there is a pressing need of $5,000, and the conductors have asked all who are interested in the educational progress and elevation of the colored people to assist them in meeting the present emergency.

O'NEIL HALL, WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY—PRESIDENT S. T. MITCHELL, LL.D.

Wilberforce is non-sectarian. Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists and other denominations are represented in its classes, and its faculty is composed of all the leading orthodox denominations. Its charter prohibits all discrimination on account of race, color or creed among either its trustees, faculty or students. Its present officers are: Rev. S. T. Mitchell, LL.D., president; Prof. W. S. Scarborough, LL.D., a graduate of Oberlin College, vice-president; Rev. Horace Talbert, A.M., an alumnus of the college, secretary, and Rev. J. P. Maxwell, treasurer.

The average annual expense of a student at Wilberforce is about one hundred dollars. This includes tuition, incidentals, room-rent and board. In no case need the amount be more than one hundred and twenty-five dollars per year for a student.

The university has a military department, under the direct supervision of Lieut. Charles Young, First Lieutenant Ninth Cavalry—the only negro West Point graduate now in the service. He was specially detailed by the War Department by order of the President of the United States.

A Pastor-Evangelist

How a Washington Minister Combines the Evangelistic with the Pastoral Commission

SERVANTS of Christ fulfil their duties best when they hold themselves entirely at his disposal to go and do any kind of work that needs doing. Sometimes there is a reluctance to engage in any labor outside the well-defined limits of a certain sphere, and often there is a feeling that certain kinds of effort are beneath the dignity of a regularly ordained pastor. The church suffers when such a disposition becomes prevalent, and it prospers best when the leaders are like the great missionary Apostle who in the best sense was ready to be made all things to all men if by any means he might save some. A man of this spirit is Rev. E. Hez Swem, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, of Washington, D.C. Mr. Swem has a church of nearly eight hundred members and has consequently abundant pastoral occupation; but he finds time to help his brother ministers in Washington and other cities, and his church encourages him in his free labors outside its fold. Mr. Swem has found that the promise is fulfilled to him that they who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. Some of his most effective sermons have been preached after a long series of revival meetings, when every one would have supposed that his chief need was that of rest. As our Lord said that his meat and drink was to do the will of Him who sent him, so his followers learn that there is no stimulus like that of helping in the winning of souls, and that the joy of bringing men to the feet of the Master gives renewed vigor to the worker.

REV. E. HEZ SWEM

Mr. Swem is a native of Indiana, the son of a well-known physician. He was educated in the public schools of his native town, whence he proceeded to De Pauw University. In his boyhood his powers of declamation suggested to his family and friends the probability of his becoming successful on the stage. He was himself attracted by the delights and honors of that career; but his conversion changed his point of view, and he willingly renounced the career of an actor for the higher joy of winning souls to Christ. He took a theological course in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and afterwards made a tour of Bible lands. He has been pastor of his present church for fifteen years, during which his congregation and church membership has largely increased in spite of his frequent absences from the pulpit on evangelistic work. About six years ago it became necessary to build a more commodious church building, which would hold the crowds attracted by his preaching.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

... The Hornet's Mission ...

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Deut. 7: 20: . . . . . The Lord thy God will send the hornet

It seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grain fields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato-beetle, seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's Ark as the door was opened.

In my text, the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree-branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering, we were struck with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and twenty of them alighting on one man will produce certain death.

The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. "The Lord sent the hornet."

My friends, when we are assaulted by great Behemoths of trouble, we become chivalric, and we assault them; we get on the high mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and, if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But, alas, for these insectile annoyances of life—these foes too small to shoot—these things without any avoirdupois weight—the gnats and the midges and the flies and the wasps and the hornets! In other words, it is the small stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organization. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy; but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a little nervous; that's all!" The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyances, opens the door for the hornet. The fact is, that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons, of whom I speak, have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering, and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin, and retail it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh, too—outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects, into another land; but, after a while, she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and instead of giving her common-sense consolation, what did they do? Read the book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said, "Is this Naomi?" as much as to say, "How awful bad you do look!" When I entered the ministry, I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, many times a year I was asked if I had not consumption; and, passing through the room, I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "A-ah! not long for this world!" I resolved in those times, that I never, in any conversation, would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest-field of discouragement. Some day you greet them with a hilarious "good morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet."

It is astonishing how some people prefer to write and to say disagreeable things. That was the case when Henry M. Stanley returned after his magnificent exploit of finding David Livingstone. When Mr. Stanley stood before the savants of Europe, and many of the small critics of the day, under pretence of getting geographical information, put to him most insolent questions, he folded his arms and refused to answer. At the very time when you would suppose all decent men would have applauded the heroism of the man, there were those to hiss. "The Lord sent the hornet." And when afterward that man sat down on the western coast of Africa, sick and worn out, with perhaps the grandest achievement of the age in the way of geographical discovery, there were small critics all over the world to buzz and buzz, and caricature and deride him, and when after a while he got the London papers, as he opened them out flew the hornet. When I see that there are so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me: "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said, "Yes." He said: "No use, no use; man's a failure."

The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of local physical trouble, which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it is a sick-headache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some occasion of mirth, or sociality, or usefulness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead, in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it; but just at the time when you want your intellect clearest, and your disposition brightest, you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service, and to keep it, is one of the great questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogance and inconsiderateness of employers, but, whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say, "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in, asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through the 24th of September, 1869, and the panics of 1873 and of 1893 without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the undersselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store-confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment; but you wanted to please somebody else.

It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these every-day annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant; but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

I have noticed in the history of some of my congregation that their annoyances are multiplying, and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of twenty thousand wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God, to-day I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalist tells us they are very important in the world's economy; they kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere. And I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul, and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to cultivate our patience. In the gymnasium you find upright parallel bars with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand and he begins to climb, one inch at a time, or two inches, and getting his strength cultivated, reaches after a while the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultivated in fair weather. Patience is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable, and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to cultivate it is when you are lied about, and sick and half dead.

"Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well-to-do man I would be patient, too." You might as well say, "If it were not for this water I would swim," or, "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the cartridge." When you stand chin deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out across the great headlands of Christian attainment, so as to "know Christ and the power of his resurrection, and to have fellowship with his sufferings."

Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is, whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken, or his eyesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him; while the vast majority of people take the thing piecemeal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course, in piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw; better ten fly blisters than an amputation; better twenty squalls than one cyclone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy and homeopathy, but in this matter of trouble I like homeopathic doses—small pellets of annoyance rather than some knock down dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet. If you have a bank, you would a great deal rather that fifty men would come in with checks less than a hundred dollars than to have two depositors come in the same day, each wanting his ten thousand dollars. In this latter case you cough and look down to the floor and you look up to the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all-staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for succor, and for deliverance from impatience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town, and threatened the lives of the population; and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him—followed him to the banks of the Weser, and then he blew a blast and they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course, this is a fable; but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the Gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life, and play them down into the depths forever.

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi," or his "Heart of the Andes"? I suppose about fifty thousand touches. I hear the canvas saying, "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church, "I know how to make a painting; it will take fifty thousand of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these ten thousand annoyances which, under God, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke—click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way; I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiselling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come, and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no; God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little vexations, until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for men.

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will

kill a grain field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances, that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting, and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of store-houses. Catherine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus, by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be careful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul unarraigned. Compel them to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a six-penny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of a most infinitesimal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better.

Our national government, when it wanted money, did not think it belittling to put a tax on pins, and a tax on buckles, and a tax on shoes. The individual taxes do not amount to much, but in the aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you, O Christian man, put a high tariff on every annoyance and vexation that comes through your soul. This might not amount to much, in single cases, but in the aggregate it would be a great revenue of spiritual strength and satisfaction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle; and if you have the grace of God in your heart, you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. The earth has been strewn with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyances. O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale. If I had my way with you I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you a splendid mansion, the beds covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horses, and your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live a hundred and fifty years, and you should not have a single pain or a single ache until the last breath.

Polycarp was condemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The fagots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard; the flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defence, and a canopy of blessing. God is going to fulfil to you the blessings and the promises, as he did to Polycarp. "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand; but you shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

The Nation Honors Dewey

After the Magnificent New York Pageant, He Reviews a Military Parade in Washington and is Invited to Other Cities—Echoes of the Celebration

AFTER a season of patriotic ecstacy, New York has doffed her dress of brilliant bunting, the million and a half visitors who crowded her streets and filled her hotels have disappeared, and the great demonstration in honor of Admiral Dewey is a thing of the past. While it lasted, it afforded such a sensation as the metropolis has rarely experienced. What with the splendors of naval and land parades, the incessant roaring of great guns, the multitude of glittering uniforms, the dense crowds of jubilant sightseers on every corner, and the general holiday aspect of everybody and everything, the big city fairly abandoned itself to the spirit of admiration to the bravery of the crews who had served under him, and to whom he attributed, as much as to his own efforts, the results that had been achieved.

In the widest sense, New York's demonstration in Admiral Dewey's honor was non-political and non-partisan. It was a tribute to the hero himself, and incidentally to his gallant crew. Had he permitted it, enthusiastic and generous hearted people would have loaded him with rich gifts as evidence of their admiration of the man. As it was, every appropriate token that patriotic hearts could devise was thrust upon him. Flowers were piled upon the *Olympia's* deck, and her commander's cabin was like a fragrant rose-garden. Some of the gifts were unique. One enthusiastic admirer gave him a young lion cub, which instantly became a pet. Another gift was a beautiful and costly loving cup of silver and gold. Flags, vases, floral horseshoes, an album containing the printed records of his the "Dewey days" and celebrated to its heart's content. As for the gallant Admiral himself he bore the social ordeal with remarkable fortitude and good-nature. Hardly an hour of the twenty-four could he call his own while the festivities lasted. From daylight till long after dark he graciously surrendered to the demands made upon his time and attention without a murmur, save possibly when he diplomatically cut short the dry formal addresses which many would fain have delivered before him. Even while his big ship, the *Olympia*, was overrun with visitors, he stood the test with impregnable good-nature and thereby achieved a reputation as a courteous naval host that is second only to his fame as the victor of Manila Bay. For many years to come, thousands will tell of their visit to the great Admiral.

Admiral Dewey was simply astounded at the magnificence of the reception, both by sea and land. "I seem dazed at it all," he said, on reviewing the military procession, and he added modestly: "It is beyond my comprehension why all this superb spectacle should have been gotten up in my honor. I seem to be a mere spectator instead of the object of this tremendous ovation. I have done nothing more than my duty—nothing that any other officer of the navy would not have done had he been in my place." Repeatedly he referred with genuine adgallant deeds gathered from a hundred publications, a silver service for his use on board,—these are only a few of the many reminders he possesses of the hearty admiration of the metropolis and its people.

Nowhere was the enthusiasm more pronounced than among the young folks. Dewey has indeed become the hero of the children. At seventy-second street and Central Park West there was a great gathering of several thousand school children, the juveniles being massed artistically on a sloping platform so that the living letters DEWEY, composed of hundreds of little girls in white dresses stood out in bold relief against a living background of youngsters in dark clothes. At 102nd street there was another gathering of children. The great Admiral bowed to the little ones and appeared to be greatly pleased at their presence in the demonstration.

The two allegorical floats, "Peace" and "Victory," were greatly admired, and although they had been hastily constructed, and were insecure owing to the high winds and the roughness of the water, they attracted much enthusiasm from the fleet and the crowds of spectators.

Some of the statistics connected with the celebration are instructive, and show it to have been without a parallel in many respects. Over 1,000 vessels of various descriptions were in line at the Naval Parade, which was viewed by nearly 2,000,000 spectators along shore in the city and its suburbs, and on the islands, and probably 50,000 afloat. The land parade was witnessed by the greatest gathering ever known in New York, variously estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,500,000, and probably even much larger, since the entire population, together with over a million strangers, seemed to be crowded along the line of march. It is believed that, including city appropriations, all expenditures by citizens and strangers, hotel bills, traveling fares, illuminations and decorations and other charges, a total exceeding $20,000,000 was expended in the metropolis during the "Dewey days." The Admiral's ship, the *Olympia*, had over 9,000 visitors—5,000 in a single day.

Thoroughly fatigued after the pageant on Saturday, the Admiral declined all further hospitalities. On Sunday he rested. The two days' ordeal had worn him completely out, and he wisely heeded the protest of exhausted nature.

On Monday he went to Washington by special train, to be the central figure in another great military ovation, and where, after being welcomed by the President and reviewing two parades, he would be presented with the splendid sword voted to him by Congress. Chicago, Philadelphia and other cities are each eagerly urging him to give them the honor of a visit; but Admiral Dewey is diplomatic, and satisfies all without making definite promises. He will, however, undoubtedly accept some of these very cordial invitations at a convenient hereafter.

One of the very prettiest features of Admiral Dewey's welcome was the serenade rendered on the night of the 28th, while the *Olympia* lay at anchor off Staten Island, by the People's Choral Union, two thousand strong (and all working people), on the boats *Warwick* and *Mount Hope*. As the singers neared the *Olympia*, they began the Alleluia Chorus from Handel's "Messiah"—bass singers in the extreme bow, sopranos on the port side, altos on the starboard, tenors amidship, each answering to each, sang out the noble words, "Alleluia! alleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and he shall reign forever and ever." As the words died away, a salute thundered from the *Olympia*, and the "jackies" shouted applause. Then, after more singing, Ambrose Phipps, president of the Choral Union, went up on the *Olympia's* quarter-deck, and singers presented the Admiral with a great bunch of red roses.

The superb Dewey Memorial Arch, which was shown in the beautiful two-page illustration in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, has been—next to the Admiral himself, and his warship—the greatest centre of attraction. Vandals have already begun to deface it, chipping off pieces of the sides to carry away as souvenirs. It is proposed to reproduce the arch in granite and marble in Central Park, in order that it may be made a permanent attraction.

CROWDED EXCURSION BOATS

THE NAVAL PARADE, AS VIEWED FROM RIVERSIDE DRIVE

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Ezra's Journey to Jerusalem

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 22. Ezra 8: 21 32

Golden Text, Ezra 8: 22

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

A MAN of great piety and learning was Ezra: a priest descended in a direct line from Aaron, having a reputation as a scribe of the law of God, well known to the reigning king of Persia, Artaxerxes, who calls him "the scribe, even the scribe of the words of the commandments of the Lord, and of his statutes to Israel" (7: 11). Ezra was a Bible student after God's own heart: for he learned not only intellectually, but he "set his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it, and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments" (Ezra 7: 6, 10). Daniel had done the same, and his heart had longed for the return of his people from captivity. Zechariah and Joshua, the high priests, and Haggai, the prophet, had all the same burden upon them; just as Jeremiah at the commencement of the captivity, and Ezekiel through a considerable part of it. All three men had felt deeply the shame and disgrace of God's people under the judgments which had come upon them. Perhaps the deepest grief which Ezra had was that Cyrus had made it possible for all who would to return to the land which God had given to their fathers, and that only about fifty thousand had cared to avail themselves of the opportunity. God's people had learned to be at home among the heathen!

Thus Ezra was stirred up to make a request of the king for a second return of Israel out of Babylonia: "and the king granted him all his request, according to the hand of the Lord His God upon him" (Ezra 7: 6). The hand of the Lord gives "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over" (Luke 6: 38), just as Christ says men also shall give to them who give. The king had learned to respect the Word of God. In his written decree he says to Ezra, "Thou art sent of the king and his seven counsellors to inquire concerning Judah and Jerusalem, according to the law of thy God which is in thine hand:" and it is wonderful how this king of a heathen land recognizes the God of Israel. He and his counsellors "freely offered" silver and gold, and caused a free-will offering of the people (the Jews) and of the priests, offering willingly for the house of their God, which is in Jerusalem (verses 15, 16); this provision to be for offerings upon the altar of God in Jerusalem, and the remainder of the money "do ye after the will of your God." He gives vessels "... for the service of the house of thy God, ... the God of Jerusalem."

And, moreover, the treasurers beyond the river were commanded to give supplies up to a hundred talents of silver, a hundred measures of wheat, a hundred bottles of oil, and salt, without prescribing how much. There is no stint in this decree: "Whatsoever is commanded by the God of Heaven [not only the God of Jerusalem] let it be done exactly for the house of the God of heaven, for why should there be wrath against the realm of the king and his house?" We are reminded of the king of Nineveh in the days of Jonah. Again, the king remitted all taxes, "tribute, custom or toll," which might be imposed upon any who should serve in the cause of the Lord (v. 23), and then the decree closes with an earnest exhortation to Ezra himself to appoint as magistrates and judges "all such as know the laws of thy God, and teach ye him that knoweth not." And yet more, the king makes common cause with God in his laws: "Whosoever will not do the law of thy God and the law of the king, let judgment be executed upon him," etc.

How came it that this king was brought [illegible] nezzar, Cyrus, and Darius brought to fear God? In answer to the prayers of his believing children to whom his cause was dear. Ezra tells us nothing of his own prayers, but he breaks forth into praise for the answer. "Blessed be the Lord, the God of our fathers, which hath put such a thing as this in the king's heart, to beautify the house of the Lord, which is in Jerusalem; and hath extended mercy unto me before the king and his counsellors, and before all the king's mighty princes. And I was strengthened according to the hand of the Lord my God upon me, and I gathered together out of Israel chief men to go up with me." For the king had commanded that all who were minded of their own free will should go up to Jerusalem with him (v. 13). Blessed is the man who has more to say of God's answers than of his prayers!

A company was thus gathered, and the rendezvous where they were to gather was "the river that runneth to Ahava," and "there we encamped three days" (8: 15). On reviewing the company Ezra discovered that none of the Levites were with them. Therefore, before proceeding with their journey, Ezra sent for some of the Levites whom he knew, "who were teachers." These were necessary, for Ezra had no mind to do a merely superficial work: his heart was set upon making the Word of God the guide of his people as it was his own guide. Did he pray about this matter? Surely, when he says, "And according to the good hand of our God upon us," there lies the secret that he expected teachers not so much through the earnestness of his appeal to them, as through his appeal to God for them. And accordingly "they brought us a man of discretion, of the sons of Mahli, the son of Levi, the son of Israel," and thirty-eight more; also two hundred and twenty of the Nethinim to the service of the house of the Lord.

Now that the company was gathered, should they not press on without losing time? The greatest loss of time to a child of God is to be uncertain about his will. "Let us run with patience" (Heb. 12: 1), patience which waits for direction. To Ezra it was economy of time to publish a fast "... that we might humble ourselves before our God, to seek of him a straight way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance." What was the trouble? The journey was dangerous: they might fall into the hands of their enemies. So Ezra says, "For I was ashamed to ask of the king a band of soldiers and horsemen to help us against the enemy in the way, because we had spoken unto the king, saying, The hand of our God is upon all who seek him for good; but his power and his wrath is against all that forsake him."

This is the true consistency of a man of God. He can bear witness of God to the king, and he fully believed in and counted on this protection, but he does not therefore presume. Knowing that God is on his side, he does not therefore say, "It is all right; no harm can happen to us; but he seeks the face of God. For this, moreover—*i. e.*, what he has already promised—will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them" (Ezek. 36: 37). We can never be too dependent upon our God; we are never in a position in which prayer is unnecessary. "So we fasted and besought our God for this; and he was entreated of us." Had Ezra an intimation that they were heard? We believe it was so.

Now that matters were settled with God, he was ready for the business arrangements with man. As in the early church men who were of good report, full of the spirit of wisdom, were chosen as deacons (Acts 6: 3), so now Ezra separated twelve of the chief of the priests to take charge of the treasure which had been committed to them, saying, "Ye are holy unto the Lord; the vessels are holy; and the silver and the gold are a free-will offering unto the Lord God of your fathers. Watch ye and keep them."

ORIENTAL TRAVELERS STARTING ON A DESERT JOURNEY

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

SIXTY years had passed, leaving no record of the proceedings of the little colony in Palestine. A large number of Jews remained in Babylon and other parts of the Persian empire. They evidently prospered, and with their prosperity there was a toning up of the religious spirit. But for that fact they would have been absorbed. Their existence as a separate people depended on their religion. They had leisure for study and they appeared to have had facilities in the schools of the empire. Learning had made great strides in Babylon, as we know from the terra cotta tablets recently unearthed. The Jews would be likely to make the most of the opportunities and they appear to have paid special attention to their own annals. After the murder of Xerxes, the Ahasuerus of Esther, there was a period of disturbance, but finally his youngest son, Artaxerxes, succeeded in establishing himself on the throne. His greatest difficulty was with Egypt, which had risen in rebellion and menaced the western portion of the empire. Following the policy of Cyrus and Darius, Artaxerxes seems to have conceived the idea of establishing in Palestine a colony which would resist the Egyptian inroads, and no better material for such a colony could be found than the original people of the country. Accordingly, Artaxerxes renewed the offer of freedom made by Cyrus to the Jewish captives, and gave them permission to return to their own land. He was so interested in the project that he entered fully into the arrangements. A leader was needed, and there was one ready to his hand, in all respects suited to the purpose. We judge from the personal tone of the edict issued by Artaxerxes, that he was already acquainted with Ezra and had full confidence in him. Ezra deserved this confidence. He was a man of profound learning and if, as is almost certain, he was the author of the two books of Chronicles, he was a man of marked literary ability. He was also descended in direct line from Aaron, the first high-priest, which would give him prestige in the eyes of the Jews. Him, [illegible] structed him to gather such of his countrymen as were willing to return, and lead them to Jerusalem. The king probably [illegible] actually occurred. The people were comfortable in Babylon; they would have to leave their possessions, give up their business, undertake a long and dangerous journey and at the end would find an impoverished colony, which had deteriorated in the distant abode. Ezra's following could not have been more than seven thousand persons and it was only by a strong personal appeal that he could get any Levites to join the company. He gathered them at a place which he calls Ahava, probably the modern Hit, and there inaugurated the expedition with a three days' fast. The direct route to Palestine was westward, across the desert, a distance of five hundred and twenty miles, but it would be difficult to take such a caravan over a waterless tract and besides, they would be liable to attacks from the Bedouin robbers. As they carried a quantity of gold vessels and precious metals worth about four million dollars, the gifts of the king, of the Babylonian people and of the Jews who did not go, it was necessary first of all, to consider which route promised the greatest safety. Ezra seems to have proceeded northward for a considerable distance to Balis, and then to have turned westward along the caravan route to Damascus, where he would turn southward to reach Jerusalem. This route was not far from a thousand miles, and the journey occupied four months. It was safely accomplished, and in the month of July B. C. 458, he arrived in [illegible]

[illegible] This [illegible] It is easy to see that Ezra appreciated the perils of the journey, and the most natural course would have been to ask for an armed escort, which the king would surely have granted. But then would not the king have drawn the conclusion that Ezra was not so confident of divine protection as he had represented himself as being? During the early part of George Muller's career, he was often urged to appeal to the public for funds to carry on his or- [illegible] that there were rich men who would undoubtedly help him if they knew that he had several hundred orphans depending upon him, and not enough food for the next day. His reply was always the same. He would make no appeal to anyone but to God, because his work was started with the avowed object of proving that God would provide for those who trusted in him, and to appeal to men would imply a doubt of God's provision. Therefore all through his long career, even when food and money were both exhausted, no man knew of the strait and God always furnished the table in time.

[illegible] beginning an enterprise so full of danger. There is no merit in fasting, except as it is an expression of humility and desire for communion with God. It is not every man in the high position of leader of a great enterprise who would like to propose inauguration by a season of devotion. Carlyle draws a vivid picture of such a scene in the English Parliament in the time of the revolution under Cromwell. Five hundred English gentlemen having taken the oath as members of Parliament fell down on their knees in the House to ask divine direction. They needed such help in a marked degree.

He delivered us. Ezra doubtless took all the precautions he could in getting his caravan safely through to Palestine, but he takes no credit for it. He says God delivered them. That man is wise who sees God in all the events of life. He is not relieved of the duty of exertion or caution, but he is conscious of the protecting hand over him. Oliver Cromwell's instructions to his troops were, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Jacob W., Louisville, Ky. Had the United States a public debt a hundred years ago? If so, what was the amount?

In 1789 our government began, under the Constitution, with a foreign debt of $15,000,000 and a domestic debt of $42,000,000. It then assumed the debts of the States, amounting to $22,000,000, which they had contracted during the War of the Revolution. This combined debt was funded, and in 1796 the total national liability was $83,800,000. In 1799, a century ago, it may have been a few millions less, but it rose shortly thereafter on account of the Louisiana purchase.

Reader, Tallahassee, Fla. What is the average daily volume of business of the New York Clearing House?

The average is about $130,000,000 per day, and it has occasionally run up as high as $165,000,000 in one day.

S. S., Paterson, N. J. Is the Greek myth of Deukalion founded on the Hebrew story of the flood? What are the points of similarity?

There are so many variants of the flood found in different parts of the globe that the story may be said to be well nigh universal, and all have certain features in common. According to the ancient Greek myth, Zeus, perceiving the sinfulness of the world, determined to exterminate man. Deukalion, the son of Prometheus, dwelling in the highlands of Phthia, had been warned by his father of the approaching deluge and had prepared an ark in which he now placed Pyrrha, his wife, and an ample store of food. The flood lasted nine days and all mankind save those in the ark and a few persons who found shelter on the summit of the highest mountains, perished. Deukalion's vessel alighted on Mount Parnassus. He lamented the destruction of the race and Zeus instructed him to "cast the bones of his mother behind him." Deukalion flung stones behind him, which changed into men, and Pyrrha did likewise, those she threw being transformed into women, and so the earth was repeopled.

J. N. D. L., Travis S. C. What is the reason for beginning the word "Filipinos" with an F, and having in it only one p, when "Philippines," the name of the islands, begins with Ph and has pp in it?

The former is the Spanish form of spelling the word, and, by general consent, is employed in referring to the natives, while the English spelling is adopted in referring to the islands.

Christian, Philadelphia. When a person gives a tenth of his income to the Lord, ought he to give it to the church and let them divide it for the different causes, or would it be right for him to divide it as he thought best?

While there is nothing to prevent a person being the administrator of his own gifts, it is generally agreed that the wisest way, and that which is most likely to produce substantial and permanent results, is to employ the regularly organized channels. The church has its organization so perfected that in a majority of cases it is capable of doing more good with a given amount than would be possible in the case of an individual administrator. It has all the machinery for educational, missionary, evangelistic and benevolent work ready to hand, with tried and experienced men at the head of every branch and thoroughly familiar with every field of effort. It is quite clear that the individual who ignores such advantages and acts independently, while he may do well, misses the valuable aid which the use of the church's facilities and wider experience would give.

Miss J. Adolphson, of the Gospel Mission, 211 South Main street, Burlington, Ia., writes us that an effort is being made by a number of Christian people in that city to establish a much-needed Rescue Home for unfortunate girls. Any reader interested in the work may communicate with her at the address given.

O. W. S., Chicopee, Mass. Apropos of the sermon in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on "Divorce," I find this emphatic comment in a Springfield daily, and I judge that 20,000 divorces in New England in twenty years is very near the mark. I trust that your appeal to Congress will not fall of reasonable response.

The correspondent encloses a newspaper clipping which shows shows that a Massachusetts judge in opening court, found fifty divorce cases awaiting trial, besides new suits ready to go on the calendar.

M. A. M., Rapid City, S. Dak. We do not think the writer of the slip you send has any clear views on the subject—certainly none that can be helpful even in the smallest degree, to the enquiring soul.

Inquirer, New York City. What was the custom among the ancient nations in reckoning the beginning and ending of the day?

The Chaldeans, Persians and Syrians reckoned daybreak or sunrise as the beginning of the day; the Chinese, like ourselves, began their day at the moment of midnight; the Hebrews reckoned theirs from evening to evening—a method which is in accord with the Mosaic story of the Creation, where the natural night precedes the morning. Tacitus states that the ancient Germans reckoned by nights instead of by days. The Romans designed the time between sunrise and sunset as "the natural day," and the whole twenty four hours as the "civil day," beginning and ending at midnight.

John L. M., Rhinebeck, N. Y. How must I proceed in order to learn all about a Civil Service examination?

If for Departmental Service or the Government Printing Office, address the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., making formal application for the blanks required to enable you to apply for the particular examination at which you desire to appear, and also ask for information as to date and place of holding it. If for the Custom House, address the Secretary, Board of Civil Service Examiners, Custom House, in that particular city and state, and if for Post office or Internal Revenue Service, address Secretary of the appropriate Board of Examiners, in each case mentioning the Custom House, Post office or Internal Revenue office at which the applicant wishes appointment.

Wm. McL., Indianapolis, Ind. Without raising the question whether or not the work was one of necessity, are there any well authenticated cases of Sunday labor, outside the cities, being punished by law in the United States?

Yes; there have been several. In Arkansas, a man was indicted for cutting his wheat on Sunday. The court held that the "husbandman should look forward to the ripening of his grain as an event which must happen, and should make such timely provision for the harvest as not to violate the Sabbath. This is a duty enjoined alike upon the poor and the rich." Still, although the Sunday laws are variously construed in different states—some being more rigid in their enforcement than others—we think that these laws are rarely if ever enforced without regard to the essential point whether the labor complained of, was a work of "necessity or mercy." In some states, hauling fruit and harvesting crops, under exceptional circumstances, are excluded.

M. D. W., Kiowa, Kans. If we are nowhere in the Bible commanded to keep the first day of the week holy, how can business or pleasure be Sabbath desecration?

Because the day is set apart for religious observance. We keep that day in celebration of the resurrection of Christ from the dead, and we ought to devote it to his service. One day in seven is little enough to give to the concerns of the soul, which are more important than the concerns of the body.

E. F. Vogl. The ancient German flag, or national colors, were black, red and gold. In what century did Germany adopt these colors, and in what century did she discard them for the present national colors?

In Hulme's *Flags of the World* the following information is given in regard to the German national colors: In 1867, on the establishment of the North German confederation, at the conclusion of the Austro-Prussian campaign, the king of Prussia sanctioned a proposal for a flag common to all. The decree says: "The confederate flag, henceforth solely to bear the qualification of the national flag, and as such to be used exclusively on the merchant marine of the confederacy, shall be composed of three equilateral stripes horizontally arranged, the color of the top one being black, the middle stripe white, and the bottom stripe red." On the inclusion of other German states and the formation of the German Empire, the same flag was retained. "Up to 1867," says Hulme, "no German national flag had ever flown on the ocean, as the various states and five cities had their special colors of merely local value." Some of these special colors were, we believe, black, white, red and gold.

M. E. S., Lorado, Ark. In a recent sermon preached here a minister said that there was not a criminal in the penitentiary who had been baptized. If that was true of our local penitentiary, is it true of others?

It is not. There are plenty of criminals in the various penitentiaries who were baptized in their infancy. If such a fact as the minister stated applied to all our penal institutions, the coincidence would be extraordinary. We should have to conclude that there was some preventive virtue in the ordinance which kept men from crime. As a matter of fact, those who practice infant baptism, with few exceptions, regard it as simply an act of dedication, and do not expect from it any magical or supernatural results.

M. S. W., Elkhart, Ind. 1. What are we to understand by "water" in John 3: 5? 2. What advantage over the chapter-by-chapter method is there in the International Sunday School Lessons?

1. The passage is a difficult one: but the most reasonable explanation is that Jesus, talking with a Jewish ruler who was familiar with the [illegible] to Judaism, used it as an illustration of the fact that even a Jew must begin a new life before he entered the kingdom of God. Just as the Gentile by the water of baptism, administered when he became a proselyte, began life as a Jew, so the Jew must enter into the kingdom by a formal act of confession. 2. The only advantage [illegible] Bible truth in a course of [illegible] is the average length of a child's attendance in Sunday School. The chapter-by-chapter method would not take him half through the Bible in seven years.

M. S. A., Appleton, Wis. If a person promises to marry another and [illegible] the discovery that he does not really love his fiancee and then breaks the engagement, ought he to change his mind again and renew the engagement if he learns that owing to the breaking of the engagement the other is suffering physically or morally?

We think there is nothing that can justify a loveless marriage. It is far better to break an engagement than to go on to marriage when there is reason to believe that a mistake has been made. If the couple are unsuited to each other, if during courtship one discovers traits of character in the other that will lead to quarrels, it is an imperative duty to break the engagement. Of course, it should be done with the utmost kindness, and no effort should be spared to prevent the act causing unnecessary pain or disgrace. A person who is suffering physically or morally through the breaking of an engagement would probably not be cured by marriage, and would be likely to suffer still more in a union brought about solely by pity or compassion.

W. G., Brooklyn, N. Y. In your answer to "Perplexed" you appear to assume that Christ was equal with God. Do you really believe that he was?

The doctrine of the Trinity is full of difficulty. Nevertheless, it is certainly the doctrine taught in the Gospel of John, in the Epistles of Paul, and by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews. We do not see how anyone can hold those books as we have them to be divinely true, while he denies the doctrine of the Trinity. As to the relation of the three Beings, no clear idea can be conceived by the human mind. The Jews drew the inference from Christ's words that he claimed equality with God (John 5: 18): "Said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God." When Jesus answered the charge, he did not tell them that their inference was untrue. Again in John 14: 9, in reply to Philip's request that Christ would show them the Father, Christ answers: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Yet in the same chapter (ver. 28), Christ explicitly says, "My Father is greater than I." The whole Christian system seems to us to turn upon the Incarnation—God becoming flesh, taking upon him the human form. Otherwise the death of Christ upon the Cross was merely martyrdom. The essence of the Atonement consists in the Divine dying for men. The Epistle to the Hebrews (1: 3) describes Christ as being the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person, upholding all things by the word of his power. Whether in the days of his flesh Christ was equal with God may be disputed, seeing that he laid aside his Godhead to become man: but we see no reason for questioning his essential divinity.

F., Berwick, Calif. No.

Robert J., Salemsburg, Kan. California and New Mexico.

A Reader, Perkasie, Pa. Training School for Nurses, Waltham, Mass.

Mrs. O. D. E., Ithaca, N. Y. Write to American Bible Society, New York.

Constant Subscriber, Stockholm, Wis. Write to the Congressman from your district.

Reader, Northville, N. Y. We have no information upon which to base comparisons.

Mrs. R. C. Morris, Washington, D. C. Address her care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Sarah Allen, Janesville. Address the papers for the soldiers in care of Y. M. C. A. tent, Manila, Philippines. Should be prepaid.

G. Conable, Brooklyn, N. Y. We believe a majority of those in charge are professedly Christian. To name names might be considered invidious.

Subscriber, Racine, Wis. They cannot make a charge for any longer time than that for which you subscribed, especially as you refused to accept it longer.

Miss Helen C., Brockton, Can. No, and never will; we do not discuss plays. Re[illegible] book upon which the play is founded it a grotesque distortion of the character it assumes to represent.

Mrs. Maria M. Reints, Freeport, Ill., is the possessor of a very old Dutch Bible, dated 1618 and 1619. It is in perfect order, large, heavy brass corners, and was printed in Amsterdam by Van Zal and Van Ravenstein.

K. F. A., Winchester, Ind. We think that a letter of inquiry to the Presbyterian Hospital, New York city, giving your full name and address, might bring you desired information. It is preferable, however, to ask information of some institution in your own state.

THE GLITTERING PALACE OF SALT, JUST COMPLETED AT SALT LAKE CITY

A PALACE of salt, dazzling as snow, has just been erected in Salt Lake City, Utah. This architectural marvel covers about eight acres, and is modeled after the design of the World's Fair buildings in Chicago. The salt was applied to the wooden structure by a spray, the water of the Great Salt Lake, which is twenty-five per cent. salt, being used, with the addition of a certain chemical which renders the quickly solidifying salt impervious to water. Seen from the interior, the structure appears like a palace of crystal rock. The building encloses a square one hundred and sixty feet square, and is in the shape of an octagon, surmounted by a dome, relieved by tall, square towers, one hundred and thirty feet in height. Around the palace are to be walks, a lake and a fountain, inclosing open spaces ornamented by trees, shrubs and flowers. The building will not melt under the action of the elements; it will not burn nor fall down with age, but will be enduring as though of stone. It will be used for the purpose of a permanent Utah exhibition of minerals and other products, and also as an auditorium.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR

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Not Providing for Her Own

A WOMAN in Baltimore, leaving bequests to many church institutions to the amount of $50,000, while her four children are wholly unprovided for. In the enthusiasm of benevolence for institutions, a reasonable degree of which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD warmly approves, we should remember the words of inspiration: "He that provideth not for his own has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." There may be reasons entirely satisfactory why a person's relatives should be largely omitted. They may be unfit to control property; they may be already well provided for. But it sometimes happens that by neglecting one's relatives a burden is left for individuals not relatives, or for the community itself, which is wholly unreasonable and inequitable. Christianity requires of us that we be sure first to regard the claims of our own flesh and blood. It is true that the Saviour says of his followers: "Behold, my mother, my sister and my brothers." But on the cross he said to the favorite disciple: "Son, behold thy mother." He does not counsel us to forget kindred after the flesh, but to honor them and care for them. Of this he shows an example, even when himself dying. And we should be suspicious of any so-called ecclesiastical counsel which goes counter to his own practice.

A Chance for American Artists

NOTHING was more apparent and wonderful, at the Columbus Exposition in Chicago, than the art genius of those who laid out the grounds and arranged, created and decorated the structures. An opportunity for another display of American genius is to be given at the coming exposition in Paris, where the United States building, entrance, dome, and committee rooms are to be treated artistically by American artists. Commissions are to be assigned to seven painters, who are to have entire charge of the mural decorations of this building. Most of this work can be done in this country. Of course, the appropriate subjects will be American; some of them, doubtless, of recent date. It has been suggested that the dome in the Capitol at Washington be now completed by commemorating Admiral Dewey's triumph at Manila. This would not be inappropriate; but, it need not prevent seizing upon similar subjects for the Paris Exposition. Or, if subjects more irenic were preferred, they might be found in some of the recent triumphs of Peace, for example, that at the Hague, which though quietly achieved, may yet prove to be a world triumph.

American Schools in Turkey

THE complaint that American schools in Turkey provide the children with new ideas of civil and religious liberty, and that these are inconsistent with their Turkish environment, doubtless, is in some part the truth. It is of the property of light to shine. There is a world-progress in these directions. American schools are *sui generis*. American history can not be taught in them, nor anywhere else on the face of the earth, without exercising a leavening power. And while in Turkey, thus far the restlessness of the Armenians does not seem traceable to such institutions, the habit of inquiry and independed thinking which they awaken, must indirectly tend that way.

During the colonial period in this country, all the people were reading law. Trevelyan says that Edmund Burke claimed that more copies of Blackstone were imported, than were sold in Great Britain. This was what made the tax on tea so offensive. George III. undertook to retain it, for the sake of the principle; the Colonies would have none of it for the same reason. The presence of a larger number of American vessels of traffic and intercourse in the waters of the Orient can not fail to awaken new interest and remark respecting our form of Government. If the peoples of the Sultan are set off on new trains of thought, and if especially the school-children are guided indirectly into Republican predilections, it can not seem strange; nor will it be contrary to our Saviour's words: "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword."

American Asiatic Associations

ONE result of making this country Asiatic in its interests is the organization in all the great Oriental cities of American Asiatic Associations. These associations are for the purpose of guarding American interests in the Orient. This is done by instituting branches of one great organization with headquarters in New York, Peking, Hong Kong, Japan, the Philippines, where interchange of thought on the part of representative Americans may be had, a kind of international exchange for the protection and promotion of American interests.

That we can solve all our new and complicated problems, civil and commercial, without such associations, seems unlikely. We need to be in touch with all world centres, and ready to meet all world-obligations. There is a Japanese outlook and a Chinese outlook, as well as a Philippine outlook. The great hand of Providence is moving upon the board of destiny, and it becomes Americans to study the meaning of every move.

THE world itself will grow old and die. The stars will burn down in their sockets and expire. The sun, like a spark struck from an anvil, will flash and go out. The winds will utter their last whisper and the ocean heave its last groan, but you and I will live forever! Gigantic immortal. Mighty to suffer or enjoy. Mighty to love or hate. Mighty to soar or sink. Then what will be to us the store, the shop, the office, the applause of the world, the scorn of our enemies, the things that lifted us up and the things that pressed us down?

The Sick Ship

M [illegible] to a lonely little bay on the north [illegible] crafts. She was quite alone in the still, secluded place into which she had sailed, with [illegible] announced her return home, and without any fluttering flag to express her own joy and grat[illegible] and her captain and sailors walked sadly [illegible] down even into the dark recesses that touched [illegible] of oak, and shaking their heads with a mourn[illegible] her lighter wood between their fingers.

"You may as well sail her into deep water and sink her," they said to the captain. "She is eaten clean through with dry-rot. Nothing [illegible]

Now, this dry-rot is precisely the same [illegible] garments. Then, as now, the reddish patches [illegible] something like a spider's web. These threads grow closer and thicker, until they form a substance of a yellowish-white color and roundish shape, from one inch to eight or nine inches in diameter, and hundreds of them ooze through the interstices of the floors and walls in any house or ship infected by them. When fully matured, they produce immense numbers of rusty seeds, which are diffused through the atmosphere and are ever ready to germinate where moisture, warmth, [illegible] rot spreads with amazing rapidity; even extending from the wood-work of a house to the [illegible] the bricks and stones, reducing all to a mouldering state. Professor Burnet says: "I knew a house in which dry-rot gained admittance and which, during the four years we rented it, had the parlors twice wainscoted and a new flight of stairs, the dry-rot having rendered it unsafe to go from the ground floor to the bedrooms. Every precaution was taken to remove infected timbers when the new work was done, yet the dry-rot so rapidly gained strength that the house had to be pulled down. Some of my books bear mournful impressions of its ruthless hand; and others were so much affected that the leaves were like tinder, and when the volumes were opened they fell out in dust to fragments." And if we consider with this testimony the fact that in the war between England and Russia, the ships in the Crimea suffered more from dry-rot than from all the fire, shot, and shells of the enemy, we may have some idea of the terrible nature of this leprous fungi, which only needs to be shut up in close, badly-ventilated places, to spread like wildfire.

All Scripture is given for our welfare and information, and the minute care which God takes for the physical health and cleanliness of his people, renders the chapters in Leviticus concerning this plague full of instruction for us. There is a wonderful connection between cleanliness and godliness. Physical [illegible] homes that endure it. Filthy sights and filthy smells deaden and harden the heart. If the tabernacle of our God is to be with us, then we must heed his solemn announcement "The Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy [illegible] enemies before thee, therefore shall thy camp [illegible]

[illegible] is united to humanity. God is not far off. He dwells in the pure heart, and the pure heart [illegible] hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart." "He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; he shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; his eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

[illegible] spiritual and physical, that we can say, "It is [illegible] until it falls to earth again, but yet even here, [illegible] Christ has redeemed us, both spiritually and physically; and that we are "waiting for the [illegible] bodies."

[illegible] then keep sacred to God that inner shrine of the soul, hidden from the nearest and dearest earthly friend. Not defiling our hands or gar[illegible] us; and the mystic ladder, binding the seen and the unseen, is set up again in our hearts; so that even in this life, we may hope, in some [illegible] Lord, and to stand in his holy place."

Amelia E. Barr

BRIEF NOTES

[illegible] in China. Dr. Griffith John has baptized more than [illegible]

The highest spot on the earth inhabited by [illegible] Thibet where twenty-one monks live at an altitude [illegible]

In one field in China nearly seven thousand natives have "enrolled themselves as learners," and they are entirely dependent on the native preachers for instruction.

It is said that the first missionary contri[illegible] religion in the colony of Virginia.

Rev. John C. Paton's reports for the past [illegible] bership.

[illegible] town of France which has only forty inhabitants, [illegible] and one is a hundred years old.

[illegible] declares that the greatest national peril to France is alcoholism, especially among the women. In [illegible]

[illegible] know I have not much sense," he said, "so I must [illegible]

The Woman's Union Prayer Meeting of [illegible] Oct. 5 at 12:30 a. m., in the chapel of the Second [illegible] dred and Twenty-third street. Miss S. R. Kendall, [illegible]

John Livingstone, brother of Dr. Living[illegible] [illegible] ence until the Doctor's death.

A German sociologist who is interested in [illegible] woman named Kola Jourke, who was an habitual drunkard. Her descendants now number 709, of [illegible]

[illegible] were converted. They at once began to work for [illegible] the last Sunday of the meetings they took two men in who stayed to the after-meeting. One of the policemen remarked that there was more hope in taking men to such meetings than in locking them up.

Rev. J. J. Munro, chaplain of the Tombs [illegible] on a week day.

[illegible] the language. A Moravian missionary named [illegible] Bible into Tibetan, and has prepared a lexicon of [illegible] He tried to enter the country to preach and being [illegible]

Earthquake In India

CABLE dispatches from Calcutta report a destructive earthquake, accompanied by floods and extensive landslides at Darjeeling in the lower Himalayas on September 24. Over a hundred persons are reported to have been killed in Darjeeling alone, and more than two hundred in the immediate neighborhood The destruction of crops, too, has been very disastrous. In one district one thousand acres of tea are a total loss. A sad story is told of the destruction of a school conducted by American ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was the Ida Villa branch of the Calcutta institution. At the first shock of earthquake there was a landslide which endangered the building. Miss Stahl immediately took the strongest of the children and tried to climb the mountain. They succeeded in reaching a level path, but the night was so dark, the torrents of rain so heavy, and the earthquake shocks so terrifying, that the children were completely unnerved, and Miss Stahl took them back to the trembling building. Miss Reid and Miss Soundry subsequently made another attempt to save the children, but on their way up the mountain there was another landslide which carried away the children. The teachers escaped. During their absence another landslide destroyed the school, and only one inmate survived the wreck. Darjeeling is a convalescent station for invalids, many of whom it is feared must have perished. It is sad to read of such calamities befalling children and invalids. Time was when they would have been regarded as a judgment from God. Happily, in these days, we have a better view of them, and while we know that there is no immunity for the good in the accidents of life, we can be sure that the Apostle was justified in his confidence·

That the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed (Rom. 8: 17).

An Explorer's Despair

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* had an interview a few day's ago with Nansen, the Arctic explorer, who is attending the Geographical Congress in Berlin. He was asked his opinion as to the prospects of success of the present polar expeditions and those planned. He said they would doubtless increase the sum of human knowledge, but he did not believe the poles would be reached in the present state of human capacity, equipment and technical means, all of which are wholly imperfect. The Arctic explorer added that the poles will probably not be reached, even if international cooperation is practically and systematically carried out, as looks likely, as the result of the present geographical congress. The explorer said that he did not intend to venture into the Arctic again, unless some expedition was planned with better equipment and more advantages than any that had yet attempted to reach the pole. How many have come to the same conclusion about reaching heaven when they die! Happy he who realizing that no man can attain it by his own strength, avails himself of the divine help which Christ gives to all who seek it.

He is able also to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by him (Heb. 7: 25).

Married at the Barge Office

Among the passengers on the Thingvalla steamer *Norge*, which arrived recently in New York from Copenhagen, was a light-haired girl of twenty years who could not speak English. The captain said that when the steamer was well out to sea the steward had found the girl in one of the cabins. She had no ticket and apparently did not know that one was required. She said she wanted to come to her lover, who was in America. The vessel was too far away to send her back, so the captain brought her over and turned her over to the immigration inspectors. On being questioned, she gave her lover's name and address in Brooklyn. She said that since his departure for America a few months ago she had been very unhappy, and had made up her mind to follow him. Hearing that the *Norge* was coming to America, she had gone on board and concealed herself until it started. Her lover was sent for and informed of the girl's arrival. He seemed embarrassed, and became serious when told that the girl would have to pay a fine of ten dollars for coming as a stowaway. He went out, however, and borrowed the ten dollars, with which he paid the fine. He proposed taking the girl to the home of his married sister until she could find employment, but the immigration officers refused to consent to that arrangement and told him that the girl must be sent back unless he married her at once. A clergyman was then sent for and the marriage was solemnized. The couple went away looking very happy. The girl must have had great love for her lover, as well as confidence in him, to take such means to get to him. If men only acted so towards Christ, who deserves in infinitely greater degree their love and confidence, how happy they would be!

DARJEELING, INDIA, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest (Matt. 11: 28).

To Flood the Desert

A scientific journal says that two vast schemes, combining the geographical and commercial, on a magnificent scale, are now being discussed. One of these is the reconversion of the great Sahara desert in Africa, which was once an inland sea, to its former state. It is believed that a canal sixty miles long, connecting the Atlantic with the immense depression which runs close up to the coast nearly midway between the twentieth and thirtieth parallels of latitude, would solve the problem. The water would not, of course, cover the entire surface of the desert. Here and there portions would remain above sea level, these becoming the islands of the new Sahara ocean. Another proposed enterprise in this line is that which has in contemplation the submersion of the Yuma desert in southern California, and this plan, if carried out, will involve a tract of absolutely uninhabitable territory comprising nearly thirteen thousand square miles, and the greater portion of which lies between five hundred and one thousand feet below sea level. Prodigious as are these plans, modern engineering science views their realization as among the possibilities of the future. How far future none can yet tell; but we know that in the golden age predicted by the prophets, if not before, such changes will take place:

I will open rivers in high places. I will make the wilderness a pool of water (Isa. 41: 18).

Fire to Purge Sin

A strange attempt to commit suicide was made recently in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. One of the park keepers in making his rounds saw flames among some bushes. He made his way to the spot to see what was burning, and was horrified to see lying on the ground writhing in agony the body of a man, enveloped in flames. He took off his coat and threw it over the blazing form, but the man threw it off and rose to his knees, seeking to catch hold of him. He evaded him, and grasping the coat again, threw it on the blaze, and again it was thrown off. The guard, perceiving that he had to deal with a madman, shouted for help, and a milk man who was passing responded. He had in his wagon a rubber blanket, which he procured and threw over the crazed man, and he and the guard held it down until the flames were put out. The man, terribly burned and then unconscious, was put in an ambulance and sent to the German hospital. On the way he recovered consciousness and asked why he was not allowed to die. The odor of oil was noticed, and being asked what caused it, the would-be suicide said he was the most sinful man in the world and he had determined to purge his sins by fire. He had purchased a gallon of kerosene oil, which he had poured over his clothes and then ignited them. Only fire, he thought, could purge his sin. He appeared to be in fair circumstances, being well dressed and having money in his pocket. At times, too, he spoke intelligently, like an educated man. It is thought that his burns will prove fatal. It is evident that the man was demented, otherwise he would have known that a man cannot purge himself of sin by self-inflicted suffering. Nothing can remove that stain but the blood of Christ which changes a man's nature so that love to God and man pervades his whole being and he becomes like God.

DARJEELING BAZAAR

Though I give my body to be burned and have not love, it profiteth me nothing (I. Cor. 13: 3).

Bitten by a Snake

An employee of a telephone company, while at work digging postholes near Haverstraw, N. Y., last week, had an encounter with a copperhead which came near ending fatally for him. He had put some of his tools in a cavity between two rocks, and when he was leaving work he reached down between the rocks to get them. He drew his hand back quickly with an exclamation. He thought he had spiked it on a thorn, but, looking down, he saw a large copperhead snake, and realized that it was that which had hurt his hand. He searched around and found a club and some large stones, and soon had the satisfaction of killing the snake. But his hand was badly swollen, and was of a purplish hue. He tied a handkerchief tightly around his arm, and went as quickly as he could to a doctor. The doctor cauterized the wound and administered a dose of strychnine. On removing the bandage the swelling spread up to the neck with marked discoloration. During the night he was delirious, and the doctor was summoned. He administered quieting medicines, and at intervals a dose of stimulant to keep up the heart's action. All through the night the man was in danger of succumbing to the snake poison, but in the morning the crisis was passed, the swelling subsided, and the patient gradually recovered. The doctor said that had the man been less physically strong he must have died, for an unusually large quantity of poison had been injected into his system. His prompt action in applying an improvised tourniquet and getting quick medical assistance had alone saved him. Unhappily when men have the poison of sin in their souls, they are seldom so prompt in taking remedial measures, though the need for them is greater, and a sure cure is within reach.

Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered? (Jer. 8: 22).

His Secret Dead with Him

A convict died on Sept. 29 in the penitentiary at Kingston, Quebec. He had committed a murder, and was sentenced to be hanged, but there were extenuating circumstances in his case, and his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. In prison, his conduct won the good will of all the wardens and officers. His manner was singularly gentle and refined and he had evidently received an excellent education. After a few months, his health began to suffer, and visitors to the prison interested themselves in his behalf. The lawyer who had been his counsel at his trial, went to see him, and finding him so weak and ill, applied to the Minister of Justice for a pardon. It would have been granted, if the prisoner would have disclosed his identity. He acknowledged that the name he had given at his trial was not his proper name, but he steadfastly refused to tell his name, or tell anything about his family. He said they occupied a high position in society and he would not disgrace them by disclosing his identity. Even when informed that there was no other obstacle in the way of receiving a pardon, he held his peace and said he would rather die in prison than reveal his secret. As he was so firm, nothing could be done for him and he is now dead, having kept his secret to the last His consideration for his relatives was creditable to him, but it cost him his life. Unhappily, there are many who lose eternal life through a similar obstinacy which is not creditable to them. Though they know the conditions on which it may be had, they will not accept them.

Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life (John 5: 40).

· AMERICAN · PROGRESS · IN · THE · PHILIPPINES ·

A Full account of the Conditions Around Manila, Written for "The Christian Herald" by a Special Correspondent

THESE FIGURES ARE TYPICAL OF THE VARIOUS GRADES OF SOCIAL LIFE IN OUR NEW COLONIES

MANILA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1899.—Notwithstanding the rainy season in the Philippine Islands, there have been several aggressive movements by the American troops in the vicinity of Manila since the rains began. These movements can be enumerated as follows: The taking of Calamba and Los Banos on the southern shore of Laguna de Bay by General Hall; the occupation for the third time of the town of San Matea, ten miles northeast of Manila, by General Young, and the recent advance north from San Fernando resulting in the occupation of Angeles and other smaller towns by troops under command of General MacArthur.

Theoretically, all territory taken from the enemy and held by us is advantageous to our cause. We still hold Angeles and Calamba and Los Banos, and as peacefully as the insurgents before us. It is said these towns have certain strategic advantages. But it is impossible to operate in Luzon on a big scale during the rainy season; besides, we have not enough men to operate on a big scale, or to follow up advantages.

Angeles is a town some nine miles north of San Fernando, and on the railroad line running from Manila to Dagupan, 120 miles to the north. Former rebel territory extending from five to seven miles about San Fernando is now occupied by our troops. Here we have rested, waiting for the reconstruction of the railroad from San Fernando. The railroad from Manila has been a most valuable aid in the provisioning of the troops stationed along its line. The Americans hold it from Manila to Angeles, and the Filipinos are in control of the balance, from there to Dagupan, on the Gulf of Lingayen. In this respect, their end of the road has been of as much service to them as ours has been to us, and as we drive them from it, progressing northward, the insurgents tear up the rails and hide them, burn sleepers, and destroy bridges. So we find this means of transportation impaired and are obliged to spend much time in its repair and even reconstruction. Such is the case between San Fernando and Angeles; between three and four miles of the road were destroyed and Chinese laborers are now at work repairing it. The only alternatives to railroad transportation are crude carts drawn by water buffalo a most unsatisfactory and slow method of provisioning an army. Pack mule trains would be of inestimable advantage their value in transporting army stores was demonstrated in Cuba, before Santiago, and they would be equally valuable here. Aguinaldo's present headquarters are asserted to be at Tarlac, a town on the railroad about thirty miles north of Angeles. At this point, the Filipino general, his staff and his civil administrators, are awaiting the expected American advance. Gapan, a town in the mountains, east of Tarlac, has been selected as his next point of retreat when occasion so requires. At least such is the information brought to our lines by a

A RICH TAGALOG FAMILY IN LUZON

SULU CHIEFS OF MINDANAO

TAGALOGS BRINGING MILK TO MANILA

INDIANS TRAVELING ON CARIBOU

INDIAN DWELLING IN ALBAY, LUZON

Spanish prisoner recently escaped from the Filipinos, and from the same source of information comes the statement that the insurgents have had trouble with their end of the railroad. Heavy rains have washed out the roadbed, and between Dagupan and up to this date General Wheeler has not been assigned to any command. The arrival of the promised reinforcements from the United States, due here between now and the end of the rainy season, will create new army divisions, and General

TAGALOG FAMILY, TONDO

NEGRITOS OF MARIOCLES SHOOTING FISH

TINGUIANES OF AEEA, LUZON

and Angeles there are two gaps, a total of twenty miles, which are impassable for trains and over which goods and passengers have to be ferried in canoes or drawn in buffalo carts. Such, in a few words, is what has been done since the rains. It is interesting to consider the extent and position of the American military lines around Manila to-day. If one draws a line from Caloocan, four miles north of Manila, to Pasig, seven miles east, and from Pasig to Pasay, four miles south of here, this line will give a very fair idea of the American territory surrounding this city. This includes the Pasig River from here to Laguna de Bay and the pumping station seven miles to the east. Outside of these lines are the Filipinos, in what numbers we do not exactly know, but they are there and hold the land. Following south from Pasay along Manila Bay to Cavite, there are several small towns, namely, Paranaque, Las Pinas, Bacoor and Cavite, and the strip of land they occupy is held by us. Four miles south of Bacoor and about fifteen from Manila is Imus, which, with the road leading to it from Bacoor, is in our possession. The rebels occupy Santa Cruz, San Francisco, San Nicolas and Muting, all in the vicinity of Imus, as well as all territory further south.

Our most northern point is Angeles, forty-seven miles from Manila; but from Caloocan we hold the railroad to Angeles and a few towns close to the track, and nothing more. The insurgents occasionally get in at night and tear up this railroad and dig holes in the road bed, thereby causing delay to our trains; but they do not wait for our soldiers to come out and catch them at their energetic work of destruction. So we hold about sixty miles north and south of Manila, and, with the exception of the vicinities of Manila and San Fernando, this line is a narrow ribbon, varying in width from the distance between rails to two or three miles. Generals Schwan and Wheeler have recently arrived in Manila. General Schwan has taken up his duties as chief of staff to General Otis, Wheeler may be put in command of one of these. Here in Manila we have every promise of an active and aggressive campaign with the new troops beginning as soon as the rainy season is over, and there are no signs of the advent of peace before the rebels have been thoroughly whipped into submission. Spaniards long resident of these islands do not believe the Filipinos will surrender until the last trench has been taken and the last scattered bands of Malays, still asserting they are fighting us for liberty and independence, are driven into the mountains where we cannot follow. Liberty and independence they have always claimed as their watchwords. Just what their understanding of these words may be we do not know, but to them they signify an ideal for which they are crying by thousands. We know nothing of their ability for self-government and the maintenance of law and order because we are in utter ignorance of their character, their abilities and their nature. The Filipinos are as well organized and led to-day as they were six months ago, and these months of hostilities have taught them many things in the art of warfare. To all appearances, peace will only come to these islands when our army of occupation will have vanquished and scattered the army of Filipinos who persistently and fanatically oppose us, with liberty, as they understand the term, as their watchword.

HAROLD MARTIN.

TINGUIANES HUNTERS, LUZON

NEGRITO HUNTERS, LUZON

Spiritual work among our troops is progressing at the Soldiers' Institute, established some time ago by Mr. and Mrs. Prautch, at No. 6 Plaza de Goiti, just across the Escalta Bridge from the Postoffice. *Freedom*, an "American paper for the American soldier," published at Manila, describes among the attractions of the Institute a reading and writing room, where good literature is provided and stationery furnished free; also baths and a dressing room, where our heroes from the front who have a day in town can come and wash and brush up. A Sunday School and interesting temperance and Gospel meetings are leading features.

TINGUIANES OF ABRA, LUZON

CANNIBALS OF CARBALLO

AETAS FROM MARIOCLES, LUZON

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Wandering Villages

The Indian Hunters of the Prairies—The Woman's Life—School and Missionary Work

IT is the time of year when Indians are returning from summer hunts on the prairies to towns and settlements, where they can trade their antelope and deer-skins for blankets, sugar, tea, and too often, alas! for fire-water. A visit to an Indian camp on the prairies and participation in an Indian buffalo hunt have been described as interesting and exciting experiences. Among the Blood Indians of Montana some very peculiar hunting laws have long been in existence. A hunter may go alone to shoot deer, elk or other small game, their meat being considered essential to existence; but if buffalo are discovered, he who goes forth alone to kill does so under penalty of confiscation and death. Appointed watchers, always on the lookout for herds, make report when one is sighted, camp-criers spread the news, hunters on their ponies assemble at the chief's lodge, and at a signal are off and away like the whirlwind. After them follow the women on slower ponies, with a string of boys and pack animals behind them, their work being to dress the buffalo and see that it reaches the village. Sometimes, while the women are engaged in skinning and cutting up the beasts, a party from a hostile tribe will swoop down upon them and begin to shoot them and carry off the game; the hunters, hearing the noise, rush to the rescue, and there is a general, often desperate fight. On the prairies even now similar scenes sometimes occur. The women are always with the wandering villages that follow in the track of the big and little game of the prairies. They are experts in handling the skins, in making new lodges, moccasins and various other things, and, of course, they do all the cooking and menial labor. Sometimes one finds a village where all the lodges are new and white and clean, and they present a cheerful and picturesque appearance; but they are usually dingy, and the life within is repellant to our ideas of cleanliness and comfort. On their way from the summer hunt to the towns, the Indians fold their tents, travel a day's journey and set them up at night in a new place.

Missionary work and the Government's Indian School system are doing much for the red man. Statistics show remarkable development of this system. In 1877 the appropriation for it was twenty thousand dollars, and less than four thousand Indian children were taught; the present outlay is $2,500,000, and over twenty-five thousand scholars are enrolled. Our readers are familiar with the American Sunday School Union's good work for the Indian.

♦

Work for the Aged

In every home, life should be made as sweet and as full of development and helpfulness to the aged as the young. Devise little occupations for the old folks when they begin to feel that they are being "laid on the shelf." A lot of patchwork pieces were donated to a mission in New York City, and the workers did not know what to do with them until some one said, "Let's take them to an old ladies' home." This was done. Christmas came, and with it, lo! a lot of warm quilts to give to those in need; and the old ladies were so happy to think they were able to do and to give. "Papa will you keep my household accounts for me?" said a daughter to an aged father, who could only sit in a paralytic's chair, and moan that he was no use. He gladly accepted the task, and the mutual benefit was great. There are many ways. Let us study this matter.

♦

Clean Lips

Who of us has not at some time heard a volume of angry, evil, coarse words bubbling from the lips of some neatly attired little boy? And who, hearing, has not thought: "If his parents had taught him that it was more important to keep his soul than his body clean, this thing would not be possible?" Speaking or hearing angry, coarse or profane words is worse pollution than playing in the dirt or throwing mud. Let the father, as well as the mother, bend prayerful energy to teaching little ones the beauty of clean lips that can speak no evil and that are ever free from guile.

♦

The Letter Home

When you are off on your business or pleasure trip, don't forget the letter to home-folks. The letter to those we leave behind, in the quiet places where our presence is missed, is a graceful courtesy that becomes us well and that is worth the time it takes; more than that, it is a kindness always appreciated. It costs so little to write a letter, and everybody appreciates it. If we value opportunities for showing kindnesses, we should eagerly seize those which our journeys from home present to remind the dear ones there that we think of them, and that no new faces and no distractions of any kind whatever can make us forget our own. Letters need not be long or labored—a line or two will suffice, if we have good reason for brevity—but they can always be frequent and loving. Don't crowd your troubles into them; but try and make them as cheerful and encouraging as you possibly can.

♦

A King's Fun

The Spanish king is kind-hearted, fond of his mother and sisters, and possessed of a spirit of fun which not even Spanish etiquette can crush. This story is told of him: "The little king had read aloud this sentence: 'She possessed in the highest degree the distinguished manners and grace of speech inherent in princesses,' and to his tutor's amazement remarked, 'That writer don't know much about courts.' 'Why do you say that sire?' 'Well look at that pair of princesses.' One of his royal sisters, evidently dreadfully hot and sleepy, was sprawling over her desk, whilst the other, unable to solve a problem, was rubbing her eyes and looking dazed. His Majesty tugged the hair of one and pinched the arm of another princess, evoking some very strong and familiar terms of sisterly reprobation. 'There are the distinguished manners and grace of speech for you' he exclaimed, recruiting triumphantly the tutor."

♦

Blinded Warblers

A reader in Iowa, asks us to reprint from a clipping she encloses, the following sad little incident hoping "ladies [illegible] THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible] induced not to wear birds on their hats any more."

[illegible] Florence a lady came [illegible] those birds sing, O, such mournful notes!" [illegible] cages, and these birds were all blind; they had had their eyes put out. In the night the owners take them outside the city and hang the cages in trees. The trees are then all smeared with tar. These birds keep up their pitiful singing, and other birds are attracted to the cage, and they get stuck on the tar, and then they are caught and their eyes put out. And these birds are killed and sent to America for ladies to wear on their bonnets."

♦

Little Guardian Angels

Little feet that run to do our bidding,
Little hands in childish service free,
Dear are you unto the loving Master—
Glad to bless you will the Master be.
Children can be messengers of Jesus,
Cheer the lonely, wipe the falling tear,
Bless our days with laughter and with loving—
Children can be guardian angels here.

—Mary Jackson

INDIAN CAMP LIFE, ON THE PRAIRIES IN MONTANA

A Mission and a Marriage

By T. G. Levings, [illegible] in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible]

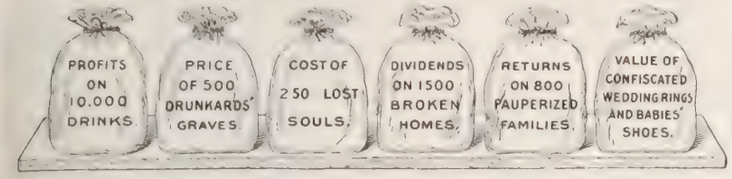
MIN THU, THE [illegible] KAREN MISSIONARIES

interesting letters from Tharrawaddy, [illegible] concerning the labors of Miss Sarah J. Higby, the devoted Gospel worker there, with a picture of two Karen girls, now Christian missionaries through Miss Higby's instrumentality. Mrs. Levings supplied the means to carry one of these girls, Min Thu, through the Baptist College at Rangoon, where Min Thu was the only girl student and the guest of Prof. and Mrs. Gilmore. She has received many bright and grateful letters from her *protegee*, who has studied diligently to prepare herself to speak the Word of Christ to the women of her race. A pretty story of love and marriage is interwoven in the following sober [illegible] of missionary toil and [illegible].

Min Thu was recently married to Shin Yan, the son of a faithful pastor at Moulmein, and her [illegible] assistant in Miss Higby's school. He had long loved her, and when he secured the position of choir leader and teacher in the Mission School at Moulmein he wanted Min Thu to help him. Though this marriage brings disappointment to Miss Higby, who has been raising Min Thu up to help her, she rejoices because it will not take Min Thu out of missionary work. The burden at Tharrawaddy is a heavy one: the station is lonely; the mission is built of thatch and bamboo; food is scarce; water has to be brought a mile; the heat is oppressive. Miss Higby's worth is well known: her services have been sought by stations where conditions are better. To friends asking, "Why do you stay at such a place?" her answer has been: "There is no one else to come here; so I stay to help these people, comforting myself with the thought that the Master wants me here." She has been thirty years in Burma; it is ten years since she visited America. Four years ago, when she went to Tharrawaddy, she found a small school of sixteen boys; last year there were 125 pupils of both sexes, and many applicants are turned away for want of room. The little church had twenty members; it now has a hundred, and members going out from it are doing evangelical work in other towns. The fortitude, faith and courage that have been required to build up such a work at this lonely and desolate missionary outpost, can hardly be measured.

Plea for the Drunkard's Wife and Children

Readers Urge Rejection of the Saloon-Keeper's Money for Their Sakes Others Advocate Its Application to their Relief


PROFITS ON 10,000 DRINKS.
PRICE OF 500 DRUNKARDS' GRAVES.
COST OF 250 LOST SOULS.
DIVIDENDS ON 1500 BROKEN HOMES.
RETURNS ON 800 PAUPERIZED FAMILIES.
VALUE OF CONFISCATED WEDDING RINGS AND BABIES' SHOES.

THE following letters, on the all-absorbing topic, "Shall a Church Accept the Saloon-Keeper's Money in Aid of Its Spiritual Work?" are representative of a large number received. It will be seen that in this particular group of letters there is uniformity of opinion on one point, viz., that the saloon-keeper's money represents the unutterable wrongs and sufferings of helpless women and children, as well as the debasement of man "made in God's image."

Mrs. Samuel Willson, New Jersey, writes:

If I were to accept that saloon-keeper's gift I would not use it for church or missionary work; but I would take it and give it to the wives and little ones who have been robbed by this same saloon-keeper, for in my opinion it belongs to them and no one else.

J. F., Markdale, Canada, writes:

No; saloon money is worse than stolen money. If a man steals another's money he does not injure his body or soul. If he gives another liquor for it he not only gets his brother's money, but helps to make his children paupers, his wife a maniac, himself a fool and a candidate for a drunkard's grave.

Mrs. Geo. W., Addison, Vt., writes:

Take it, and give it to the drunkard's wife and children who surely need it; but do not use it for church work.

John Brunner, Pa., writes:

The traffic affects innocent wives and helpless children of inebriates. Money amassed in this way from men whose families are in constant anguish and poverty is certainly blood-money. Never take it for the furtherance of God's kingdom, because money made through the liquor traffic cannot carry a Divine blessing. We have ample proof in the Bible that money coming from an evil source should not be used to promote any Christian work.

Mrs. L. M. McKnight, Kan., writes:

My mother, who is nearly eighty-two years old, suggests that the money contributed by saloon-keepers be used as a fund for the support or help of drunkards' families.

Miss C. M. Crandall, Pa., writes:

The saloon-keeper knows very well what he is doing, when he so willingly donates money to the churches. When a remonstrance against the saloon is passed around to the church members to sign, few, if any, will sign it (although they are not in favor of the saloon) because the saloon-keeper contributes so generously to the church. While they are accepting the money with the hope of saving the souls of the saloon-keeper and his family, he is selling the poison that is hurling hundreds and thousands of souls to destruction. If the churches and Christian people of this country ever expect to put down the cause of intemperance, they will not be bribed by accepting money from the saloons. The farmer and mechanic earn their money honestly, and by hard labor; the saloon-keeper gets his money by taking the bread from their mouths, the clothes from their backs, and the happiness and comfort from the homes of numberless women and children, giving in exchange the poison that is filling their lives with sorrow and care, and their ears with profane and vile language.

E. M. H., Jeffersonville, O., writes:

Take it; it may be the means of clothing some ragged child whose father has spent his money at the saloon. Thank the giver kindly, tell him that Christ loves his soul, and, if he will hear you, say that you hope that he will ask God to help him to change his business; convince him of the many bitter tears shed by broken-hearted women; the many hungry, barefooted and ragged children that are caused by the liquor traffic. Don't snub him with the assertion that it is blood-money; God may have led him to give.

J. L. O., Berea, Neb., writes:

It is a shame that after the saloon-keeper has killed, robbed and destroyed happy homes, he is permitted to offer his money to the church in the hope that he will make friends enough thereby to sustain and continue him in his evil business.

Rev. J. A. Caskey, Illinois, writes:

If the saloon-keeper has money to give, let him give it back to those whom he has robbed, or help to bury those he destroys in his nefarious business, and let the church keep her hands pure from the saloon-keeper's guilt.

Charles Fletcher, Indiana, writes:

Go to that desolate home, see the fatherless children, see that broken-hearted wife, look into the drunkard's face, which was made in God's own image, but now without intelligence; watch the staggering drunkard, hear his curses. Thus seeing how the saloon-keeper gets his money, you will never say, "Put that money into church work." The church that uses it cannot prosper.

V. A. S., Johnstown, Ohio, writes:

Take and use it for the good of suffering humanity, but never cease to condemn the whiskey traffic.

E. M. F., Cedargrove, Va., writes:

Do not use blood-money, the price of ruined homes, for the advancement of the cause of Christ; but if any church supports a saloon-keeper and his business it is not inconsistent to accept his money.

R. S., Spadra, Calif., writes:

By all means take all you can get to feed and clothe those who have in various ways been made to suffer from this, the greatest curse in the world.

Mrs. Ruth S., Alabama, writes:

There is a man here in Alabama whose name should be legion, there are so many in the world like him; he lives on a small farm in a little log cabin; has a wife and several small children. Almost every Saturday he picks up chickens, eggs, and anything he can sell, carries them to town, and in less than two hours every cent of the money is in the rum-seller's till, while the poor wife and children are at home crying for the food and clothes that money would have bought. Use money like that for church work? No!

Mary E. N. Luther, New York, writes:

Yes. If the saloon-keeper offered it to the drunkard's family you would all say, Take it. He won't do that, but he will give it to the church, and the church can be an agent to return it to them as seems best—in building churches, schools or orphan homes, of which they have the benefit. As to the question of blood-money: What have we worth having that was not bought with blood? First, Christ gave his blood for us all; second, our fathers gave their blood for our country, this land of liberty; our boys gave their blood for humanity's sake in Cuba; our boys are giving their blood to-day to better other lands. Uncle Sam and all his money were bought with blood. Take it; it is Uncle Sam's good, honest money; it makes no difference who has handled it.

L. C. Bunker, Indiana, writes:

Accept all such donations and feed the hungry, clothe the naked and shelter the homeless.

B. G. G., Lynchburg, Va., writes:

The money cannot bear with it a curse nor detract from the comfort of the benefited ones. If the saloon-keeper saw homes rendered comfortable and happy by this gift, he might be softened and might remember that he had made more sorrow and broken more hearts than his gifts could ever heal, and so be led to abandon his destructive business.

Wm. H. Thomas, Maryland, writes:

Let us not accept money which belongs to the despoiled wives and helpless children of our land. Our churches are working very hard to save men from punishment in another life; but the whiskey traffic and its mountain of misery and sins here they hardly notice. There are thousands of mothers, wives, sisters and children standing at the church door to-day pleading with the church to save their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons from whiskey; they have no other friend to help them, none other to apply to. Let the church do something practical to stop the whiskey traffic.

G. C. S., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

I can see no harm in a church accepting money from a liquor dealer, provided such moneys can be distributed among the families who suffer through this awful curse.

Mrs. G. H. H., Little Silver, N. J., writes:

Do not accept any money from the saloon keeper, as it encourages him in his sin of selling liquor; and, besides, that money may have caused a great deal of sorrow and suffering, perhaps murder, in some home. Just ask yourself the question, "What would Jesus do?"

Hundreds of other letters received will be considered in a later issue

How to Use the Gift

I. L., Glendale, Ariz., writes:

This money is the price of lives and souls. It represents the tears of starving widows and children. In a moral sense it is ill-gotten wealth. But if the widows and orphans have been oppressed and men debased until they became beasts instead of men, in order that this money might flow into the saloon-keeper's till, the saloon-keeper has no moral right to it. Take it; and restore it for the benefit and uplifting of those from whom it was wrung. It is blood-money, but the stain is upon the whiskey seller, not upon the money.

The Gift Not Desired

J. L., Patterson, Cal., writes:

No. It is the price of broken homes; aching and bleeding hearts; lives of shame; nameless, pauperized families helpless, unheeded and unknown; and "confiscated wedding rings, babies' shoes," virtue—everything that is good and just and true. The grave of manhood, the tears of women and children, the silent anguish of countless victims who suffer untold agony with patience and heroism cry, No! If your house were on fire or your family assailed by a murderous foe, would you quietly compound with the incendiary or assassin?

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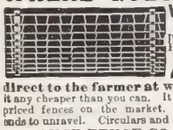

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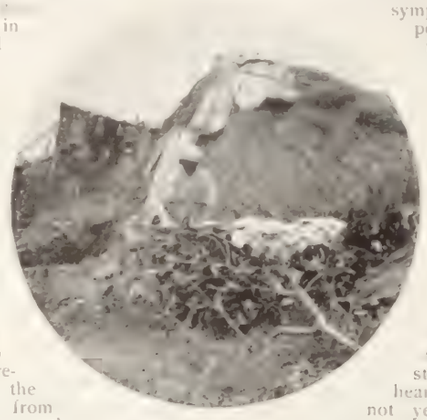
SYMPATHY FOR PORTO RICO

All Helping to Stem the Tide of Suffering Among the Unfortunate Islanders — General Davis Makes Another Appeal

WITH characteristic promptness and generosity, the American people have responded to the call in behalf of the [illegible] multitudes in Porto Rico, and life-saving consignments of food are now going forward to San Juan with encouraging regularity. Gen. Davis and his aids are directing the relief work with energy and [illegible] cannot fail to produce good results; but, as the following letter from the general shows, the suffering alleviated by the means thus far placed at his disposal, is small compared with what might be accomplished if the supplies were more abundant. He writes to the Secretary of the Relief Committee in New York City:



[illegible]

[illegible] Dept. Relief Expn.,
SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

"As you know, I asked for food, clothing and medicines, and your Association has nobly met its share of these demands. But as generous as it has been, I venture to ask that it will continue to give generously until these people are safely through a very critical period. The fruit and most of the food crop of the Island are totally destroyed. Upon these, as you well know, the people subsist, living from hand to mouth, and without these there is nothing intrinsic in Porto Rico, nor any food reserve upon which they can live until a new crop is produced. Neither have they the means of purchasing food, even were it here in abundance. I believe that the great problem to be solved is more a question of food than anything else, and to supply this every effort should be bent. The human animal can live here with very little clothing and shelter: but without food there can only be one result.

"If my conclusions as to the extent of the destruction of food supplies be correct, the stress of hunger will be an increasing one from this forward for many weeks, and we must prepare to feed not less than **a quarter of a million people,** before the earth can again bring forth fresh supplies. What this means is shown by a simple mathematical demonstration, summed up in the question: At the rate of one pound of food a day, per person, how many pounds of food would it take to feed 250,000 persons 119 days?"

Gen. Davis, continuing, explains that the food needed consists of rice, beans and codfish or bacon—the cheapest kind, but good and sound. He closes by urging that the needs of these destitute people be brought fully to the attention of the sympathetic American people. In view of this most outspoken appeal from Gen. Davis, who as director of the relief work on the field, is best qualified to judge of the situation and its needs, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will urge those of its readers and their friends who [illegible] stricken islanders at heart, and who have not yet contributed, to send in their offerings. The sufferers have the strongest claims on us for aid. "They gave themselves into our keeping; they came to us with words and deeds of loyalty, and with love for the American flag and all it stands for." This is the language of those who know the people of Porto Rico. We cannot in this emergency, abandon the people to death by starvation.

All contributions will be promptly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The following have been received in aid of the relief work in Porto Rico:

[illegible]	$4 100 19
Adams, Mrs H C	1 00
Adams, Miss Mary A	5 00
Allen, G T	3 00
[illegible]	4 00
Ames, Mrs W B	1 00
Andrews, John B	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
Ashton, Chas D	5 00
Bailey, Joseph	1 00
Baird, J E	10 00
Baldwin, Mr & Mrs	2 00
Baldwin, Mrs H	1 00
Baldwin, Ida H	50
Baltimore, Bettie	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	5 00
Bartlett, Mrs Mattie	1 00
Benedict, Mrs C P	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Bevan, E J	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Bevan, F A	2 00
Bask, F M	1 00
Bloomhall, J	1 00
Boggan, Lulu C	2 00
[illegible]	1 00
Broadhead, Lemina C	50
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	2 00
Calhoun, S A	1 00
Calley, D S	6 00
Carlisle, Ruth	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
Carrel, Mrs R	1 00
Carruth, Louis	5 00
Carter, E J	1 00
Chase, John H	50
[illegible]	1 00
Church, E P	1 00
Clark, Geo B	1 00
Clark, Mrs J C	5 00
Claxton, Frances	1 00
Crawford, Miss M t	2 00
Claxton, Fred	1 00
Claxton, I	5 00
Claxton, Lillian	1 00
Cochrane, Mrs Jennie	5 00
Cock, Mrs H W	1 00
Cole, Mrs Alex G	1 00
Colton, Mrs F M	1 00
[illegible] Mrs Julia E	1 00
Cook, Pansy	50
[illegible] M S	1 00
Cornforth, Keith	50
Cornic, P F	2 00
Cox, Miss C J	2 50
Craig, Mrs R J	1 00
[illegible] H I	3 00
Carleton, Mrs H M	5 00
Carpenter, Dr E S	25
Carpenter, Mrs G S	1 00
Carpenter, M M	1 00
Carrier, M H & son, Lester	2 00
Church, C M	3 00
[illegible] Mr B P	1 00
Clark, Marshall	50
Clegg, Mrs Clara A	5 00
Cobb, Mrs J C	5 00
Holley, William	[illegible]
Hooker, D G	1 00
Horn, Mrs J D	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
House, J E	2 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Johnson, Alice	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Jordan, Hattie H	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	5 00
[illegible]	2 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Knight, Mrs & Mrs I A & Mrs I Darby	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	1 25
[illegible]	65
Kurau, Mary L	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Larue, Lydia	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Lathrop, Mrs Lucy	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Lillie, Mrs R M	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
McMurray, Lucretia	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
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[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Little, S W	2 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Lybarger, R M	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Magill, Mrs S	[illegible]
Martin, J T	[illegible]
May, C E	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
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[illegible]

The American Church in Paris

A Visit to an Interesting and Consecrated Spot in the Busy French Capital

TO one who is a stranger in Paris and who loves to visit the Lord's house, there can be no greater contrast than that found between the formal and stately services of the Russian Church and the simple style and order of service of the American Church. The order of service was invocation, responsive readings from a Psalm, the three hymns and earnest and thoughtful sermon on "Strict Obedience to God's Will." The large congregation joined in singing before the benediction the hymn beginning,

Crown his head with endless blessings
Who in God the Father's Name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.

The simple, yet ample and stately church, the solemn service, and the expressed faith in the eternal realities was most tranquilizing and reassuring. The organist of the American Church in Paris is M. Fidele Koenig, while the quartette choir—which rendered an exquisite anthem—is conducted by M. Reginald Gesling. The services during the past summer were conducted, in the absence of Pastor Dr. Thurber, by the Rev. C. P. H. Nason, D.D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Germantown, Penn. Dr. Thurber, meanwhile, preaching to the Germantown congregation. The American Church in Paris was founded in 1857 as an undenominational evangelical agency for the propagation of the simple Gospel, and in 1867 was reorganized on the basis of the International Evangelical Alliance. Situated in the heart of Paris, thousands have here been helped and saved. Among the successful preachers have been the Rev. A. F. Beard, D.D., and Drs. Kirk, Seeley, McClintock, Sunderland, Longlace and the present much-loved pastor, Rev. Dr. E. G. Thurber.

REV. DR. E. G. THURBER REV. C. P. H. NASON

It is proposed to make an effort to secure funds for endowing a church house with appointments for Sunday School, devotional meetings, benevolent work, library, reading rooms and a pastor's residence. It will cost at least $100,000, of which sum $50,000 has already been raised.

In connection with the American Church is a beautiful mortuary chamber, with round stained windows in the ceiling, and walls and pillars of marble and mosaic. It was the gift of Mrs. Leland Stanford, in memory of her son, who died suddenly in Paris. In a coffin on the marble table lay the latest victim of a runaway on the Champs Elysees. She was a young American student, unknown and friendless in the great city. She was taken to a hospital, and when she died her remains were received in the mortuary chamber, where they await the coming of friends from America. So to the living and the dead the church is carrying on a good Samaritan work.

W. J. PECK.

Our Children's Home

A lack of space has prevented the acknowledgment of many of the generous gifts received, some of which follow. The hot summer has gone, but the good done by helpers of our fresh-air work abides. Many little ones are healthier, happier and better for it all the year round. The following contributions have been received, and other names will appear later:

Prescott	$7 14 61	Hutchinson J G	5 00
Bliss Mamie & Ruth	1 00	Jackson Mary	1 00
Brewster Ella	1 00	McEwen Nannie	1 00
Chamberlin Mrs J W	3 00	Muhlenberg J W	3 00
Comstock, Mrs J T	50	Muir, Miss M E	3 00
Dewitt Mrs A	10 00	Parker Mrs L & friends	4 00
Fleming Mrs R B	3 50	Parrott, Mrs R	1 00
Hughes, Sarah L	1 00	Total	$7,180 04

Jewish Colonies in Palestine

IN a recent issue of the *Jewish Chronicle* of London, there appears a most interesting report of an address delivered by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Wilson, at a public meeting of the Jewish Workingmen's Club, held in that city. He told of a tour he had made to the various agricultural colonies in the Holy Land. Among other things, he said:

"The first place that I went to was the Agricultural School near Jafta. Mikveh Israel is one of the oldest establishments of its kind in Palestine, and is doing very good work indeed. About 250 pupils attend the school. They are there for five years, during which time they are given thoroughly practical instruction, not only in reading, writing, arithmetic and languages, but also in agriculture. They work in the morning until dinner time, entirely in the field as agricultural laborers, and the afternoon is spent in the school. During the last two years of their stay more time is devoted to instruction in the school than in the field. The languages taught are Hebrew, French, Arabic and a little Turkish. The managers of the Jewish colonies in Palestine have decided that the medium of communication between Jews in Palestine shall in the future be Hebrew.

"The next colony I visited was that founded by Baron Edmond de Rothschild—'Rishon le Zion.' The colony is now one of the sights of Palestine. The whole ground is covered with vineyards, orchards and orange groves, and a great deal of barley is grown in the neighborhood. Another feature of the place is the manufacture of scents, a large area of land having been set apart for the cultivation of geraniums, and I saw the process of distilling conducted with great success while I was there.

"The colony which interested me most of all was Ekron. The horticultural part of the colony is managed by an educated Roumanian Jew, one of the most able men I met in Palestine. Water is everywhere raised by steam mills, by or pumping apparatus, and in some instances by the old-fashioned wheel system. The whole estate is a perfect garden.

"The next colony visited was Petach Tikvah. This colony was, at first, a comparative failure, owing to the prevalence of malaria, but the colonists planted an enormous quantity of eucalyptus trees, and that seems to have nullified the disastrous effects of the malarious winds that come from the neighboring marshes, and the colony is now healthy and flourishing.

"The next colony visited, Zichron Jacob, is very thriving. But, unfortunately the vines failed a few years ago, and the ground had to be replanted with other fruit trees, which are now growing. The colony made perhaps one of the best roads in Palestine. I visited Rosh Pinah, north of the Sea of Galilee. The colonists have made of the valley a garden.

"Before the Jewish colonists came to Palestine, the land there was lying waste. In a few years' time a great many of the Jewish colonies will be entirely self-supporting."

"He that is warm thinks all so." Thousands are "cold" in that they do not understand the glow of health. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives all who take it the warmth of perfect health.

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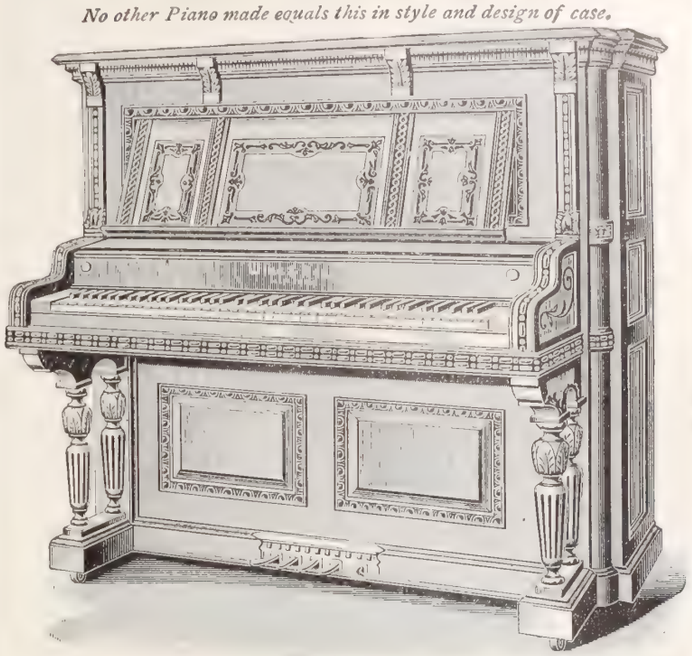

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DESCRIPTION OF STYLE 29.

7⅓ octaves.

Double lever, grand repeating action.

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The scale is the same as in grand pianos, with the largest size of sound board and strings of greatest length, thus giving the greatest volume and power of tone.

Case.—Double veneered inside and outside.

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Keys.—Of best ivory and ebony.

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Tone.—The one great object for which a piano is made is its tone. The Wing Piano possesses magnificent tone qualities, durability, sweetness, richness, power, singing quality and evenness.

Action.—The Wing action is patterned after the perfected double lever grand repeating action, to secure the greatest *strength* and *power* and greatest *repeating qualities*. Every note acts instantaneously and recovers promptly, ready for the *repeat*, so that after a note is played the same note may be sounded again immediately without taking the finger from key.

Improvements.—Wing Pianos have the following improvements, viz.: "Built up" wrest plank construction. "Dovetail" top and bottom frame case construction. Full metal plate, with metal depression bar and metal supports for key bed. Improved noiseless direct motion pedal action. Improved practice attachment. Full length duet music desk. Carved panels. Instrumental attachment.

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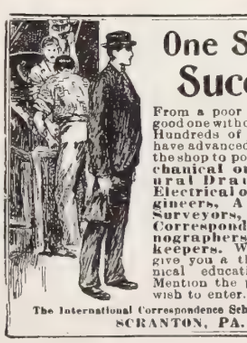

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The New Minister*

As the keen dark eyes of the minister swept over the faces of the congregation, he recognized many among the older men and women, but the young people and the children, most of them, had changed beyond his recognition in the years of his absence. After a brief solemn invocation he announced the hymn and a young woman stepped forward and took a seat before the little old-fashioned melodeon. Fortunately the hymn was an old familiar one in which all who could sing at all could join, for there was no choir and no leader. The minister himself could sing, however, and his strong voice rang out and kept the laggards up to time and tune; and nobody suspecting how rasping to his nerves was the wheezy squeaking instrument. The people were so used to that melodeon, and few of them had ever listened to the grand harmonies of a fine church organ played by a skilled hand.

When the preliminary part of the service was over and the minister announced his text, Sepha drew a long breath and lifted eager eyes to the face above the pulpit. A strange thrill passed over her; it seemed to her that a fresh page of life was to be opened to her that day.

But now there was a noisy stir and a rustle all over the room—the scraping of heavy boots on the bare floor as their wearers settled into comfortable positions for listening—a cough here and there, and the dull thud of a hymn-book that had slipped from a child's uncertain grasp. The minister began to speak.

No such sermon as that had ever before been heard from that pulpit. From the beginning it held the close attention of all who were old enough to understand it. Never before had the rough big boys in the back seats sat in hushed silence as they did that day, and even the lightest and most careless of the girls forbore to whisper or giggle; while old-time critics forgot to criticise then. They listened one and all with an absorbed attention, anxious to lose no word.

"An unselfish life—a life filled with loving ministry to others—this is the true, the really happy life—the only life worth living." Such was the theme of the young minister that morning, and he ended with those ringing words of the great preacher who knew so well how to reach the hearts of men: "'Do you ask what you can do? Let Christ tell you that there is nothing that a man rests upon in the present moment—that he thinks of as he looks back upon it when it has sunk into the past, with any satisfaction—except some service to his fellowman, some strengthening and helping of a human soul. Then take your place in the great army of God, and go forward, having something to do with the work that he is doing in the world."

♦

The Decadence of Religion†

NOR on personal life was the influence of religion any more potent than in social life. Not a day but crimes, most atrocious and unnatural, were presented in every paper in every city. Not a day but marriage vows were scoffed at. Not a day but the sad story of poverty was rehearsed. Not a day but the wail of suffering, the sob of neglect, the sigh of despair rose heavenwards, discordant sounds to make the very angels weep.

It was the same with business life. Religion was of slight or no account. Men lied in business. Precautions were necessary for every transaction. Lawyers throve. Gigantic financial schemes crushed the weak, robbed the widow and took from the fatherless the investments which the bread-winner had made in his lifetime. Business failures, redolent with fraud, became no more startling, by reason of their frequency. Neighborhoods were rendered unsavory by immoral houses, whose tenants by bribery closed the very eyes which should have checked them, and who by proving the police rotten, bound the very hands which should have uprooted them. There was a spirit of unrest everywhere. The spirit of novelty moved every mind. Worse than all was the spirit of rejection of salutary safeguards—such as home life made happy by parental example and parental interest in children; school life made promising by heart training as well as by brain training; college life made vigorous by the inculcation of the doctrine of duty and self-sacrifice. Thinkers wondered at the immorality of so many even among the rich, marvelled at the ignorance of more, and trembled at the viciousness of yet others. Preachers preached, missionaries were sent abroad to convert savages, while souls at home needed ministration—needed to be saved. Bibles were printed but not read. The working classes in their attitude to the rich, and the rich in their attitude to the poor, showed little humility, less consideration, and, least of all, any sufficient consciousness of duty! In all towns, narrow alleys and dingy tenements were filled with homes on whose hearths the flowers of religion, sympathy, love, friendship and beauty never grew, never flourished, for they were never planted. This sad picture is actual fact, and an unexaggerated statement of society toward and at the close of the nineteenth century, and for half the twentieth.

I do not mean to say that religion was wholly powerless, but it was certainly generally subservient to personal interest. By some it was not noticed, except with a shrug. By others it was a subject for jest. For all, it was so far practically of no force that all business transactions were fenced in with precautions, as I have before remarked—a fact testifying how little a man's spoken word was taken, how little a man trusted his brother. The devil was such a power in the world that lawyers were necessary, for they had to guard their clients against him, and sometimes they were his agents.

Religious likes and dislikes were entertained, and fed by various sects, which fact did not fail to bring religion into disrepute. Above all, religion was practically of such little force that in all Christian countries the institutions of conscription and standing armies, navies and militia gave the lie to peace and goodwill on earth.

♦

My Mother's Bible

IT is old and stained with time,
It is much the worse for wear,
But I prize it as her choicest legacy.
'Twas her friend when in her prime,
'Twas her stay in years of care:
Mother's Bible is a precious thing to me.

O how oft she sat alone
With it open on her knee, [years.
When her soul was lonesome in her widowed
Other comfort had she none,
But the Bible seemed to be [tears.
Quite enough to calm her heart and dry her

And the babies left behind
When her dear one fell asleep
Oft she gathered in the evening by her side,
And she told them God was kind—
That the helpless he would keep,
And that orphans 'neath his wings might safely hide.

Then from that dear book she read
Of the home prepared above,
Of the life that may be had for just a look;
And our hearts she gently led,
'Till like her we learned to love
Christ as Saviour and the Bible as his book.

It is old and stained with years;
Many pages now are torn,
And it has no beauty left that men can see;
But it dried my mother's tears,
Cheered her heart when so forlorn,
And it is the dearest thing on earth to me.

Noank, Conn. W. C. MARTIN.

*From *A Village Contest*, by I. T. Thurston; pp. 329. cloth, illustrated, price $1.25. A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, publishers.

†From *Looking Ahead*, by Rabbi H. Pereira Mendes. A remarkably able book in which the writer gives a forecast of religious, social and political conditions in the twentieth century. Pp. 381, cloth binding. F. Tennyson Neely, New York, Chicago and London, publisher.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHANCE

For a Bright Man to Secure a Steady Position the Year Around In His Own Home

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We are the largest tailors in America. We make to measure over 300,000 suits annually. We occupy [illegible] of the largest business blocks in Chicago. We refer to the Corn Exchange National Bank in Chicago, any express or railroad company in Chicago, or any resident of this city. We buy our cloth direct from the largest European and American mills, we operate the most extensive and economic custom tailoring plant in existence, and we reduce the price of made-to-measure suits and overcoats to from $5.00 to $18.00 (mostly $5.00 to $10.00), prices so low that nearly everybody will be glad to have their garments made to measure, and will give our agent their orders.

We will furnish a good agent a large and handsomely bound book containing large cloth samples of our entire line of suits, pantaloons, overcoats, etc., a book which costs us several dollars; also fine colored fashion plates, tape measure, business cards, stationery, advertising matter and a rubber stamp with name and address and pad complete, also an instruction book, which makes it easy for anyone to take orders and conduct a profitable business. We will also furnish net confidential price list. Agent can take orders and send them to us and we will make the garments within five days and send direct to agent's customer by express, C. O. D., subject to examination and approval, collect the agent's full selling price, and every week we will send the agent our check for all his profit. The agent need collect no money and deliver no goods—simply go on taking orders at a liberal profit. We deliver the goods, collect all the money and every week promptly send him in one round check his full profit for the week, and nearly all our agents get a check from us of at least $40.00 every week of the year.

We will make no charge for the book and complete outfit, but, as the outfit costs us several dollars, it is necessary to protect ourselves against anyone who would impose upon us by sending for the outfit with no intention of working, but merely out of idle curiosity; therefore we will ask as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the reader who decides to take up this work, that he cut this article out and mail to us, with the understanding that the big book and complete outfit will be sent to him by express, he to pay the express agent $1.00 and express charges for the outfit, with the distinct understanding that we will refund the $1.00 as soon as his orders have amounted to $25.00, which amount of orders he can take the very first day.

Don't compare this with any catchy offers made to get your $1.00. The genuineness of our offer and our reliability are proven by the bank reference referred to above, or you can easily find out by writing to anyone in Chicago to call on us.

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They are the Latest

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We send free samples of the skirt and mackintosh

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An Old Time Missionary

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 22. Jonah 3: 1-10

HEROISM in the highest degree is required of the true missionary. The Christian Church has never appreciated the fact as it should. These men who have left home and friends and all the comforts of civilization to go out to heathen lands to preach Christ, are men to be proud of. We honor the victorious general who has added territory to the national domain, and we erect arches of triumph in his honor and greet him with huzza and great processions; but after all he does not compare with the missionary in the qualities of true heroism. The man to whom the call comes to missionary service knows that a life of toil and danger is before him. He must go into a land where all is hostile to his principles. He settles down in some unknown district where there is not a soul that he knows. He must painfully acquire a difficult and barbarous dialect, and gradually make acquaintances and tell them the story of the Cross. He has to teach them the very opposite of all they believe and admire. He must get them to give up fighting, give up polygamy, give up all their vices and lead clean lives. After long years of labor he succeeds in getting a few adherents, some of whom inevitably relapse into barbarism. It is hard work, discouraging work, full of difficulty and disappointment. During a lifetime of such service he is shut out from all that, to a refined, educated man, makes life worth living. An occasional letter or newspaper tells him of what is going on in the world he has left. If he is sick, there is no doctor within call; if he is depressed, there are no friends to cheer him. And what is his reward? A beggarly stipend which is not one-tenth of the sum he could earn in his own land, and at the end, death among strangers and an unknown grave. But he adds another field to the Master's kingdom: he knows that the seed he is sowing will come to harvest, even if he does not reap it, and that multitudes will yet be brought, through his labors, out of darkness into light. Surely an heroic life, unselfish, brave, consecrated—a life that will win the glorious "Well done, good and faithful servant," from the all-seeing Lord whom he serves.

Most unfortunate is the choice of a type for the topic. Is this an old-time missionary? Jonah is called to go to Nineveh and reprove the people for their wickedness. At first he tries to evade the duty, and, with the ignorant notion that God is merely a tribal Deity, whose dominions do not extend beyond Palestine, he sets out for Tarshish to escape conscription. When he is brought back and once more confronted with his duty, he performs it in a savage, bitter fashion. He declares that in forty days the city shall be overthrown, and, when he delivered the message, he takes up a position outside that he may witness the destruction he has predicted. There is no concern in his heart for the many teeming thousands of women and children who are to perish. But, meanwhile, the people have repented and have cried to God, who is more magnanimous than his prophet, and God averts the impending calamity. Does the prophet rejoice? No, he is more concerned about his own reputation as a prophet, than about all the lives which must have been sacrificed if his prophecy had been fulfilled. So he complains of God for not executing his threat. He intimates that it is an unthankful business to serve One who does not stand by his messenger. We leave Jonah chagrined and angry, bitterly complaining of God, and in his vexation wishing himself dead.

What a contrast is all this to the life of the missionary. To call Jonah an old-time missionary is an insult to the brave, noble, self-renouncing men who go forth with a religion of love to save the heathen; who lay down their lives that men who know not Christ may be won to him. They are men who love those to whom they go, who care nothing for themselves, and who have no desire in life, no hope in all their labor, but that of seeing men delivered from evil and made children of God. They must face dangers of climate, perils from natives who misunderstand their work and must live under most depressing conditions, their only hope that of saving souls and extending their Master's kingdom.

When I Went Out to Glean

WHEN I went out to glean
The field was brown and bare,
But as I worked I found
My sheath was always there.

When I went out to glean
There was so little light;
But soon the sun rose high
And made the shadows bright.

When I went out to glean
I thought the field so small,
But lo! it grew and grew
Beyond my ken, or call.

Thanks, Ancient Giver, thanks!
Thine handmaiden has seen
How kind thou art to those,
Who in thy fields go glean.

Lord of the Harvest, grant
That at the last I bring
My sheaves all ripe and full,
To thy Ingathering.

—AMELIA E. BARR.

A Providential Journey

Mr. D. L. Moody relates the following concerning himself: "A short time ago I needed $500 for a church purpose. I had no idea where I could get the money, but I felt confident that if the Lord wanted me to have the money he would send it to me. One morning I felt impressed to take a railroad journey. I boarded the train. The conductor came along and asked for my ticket. I told him I had none. 'Where are you going?' 'I do not know.' 'Don't know?' 'No.' I felt in my pockets, took out all the change I had, and said 'Take me as far as that money will carry me.' In an hour or so the train stopped at a little station, and the conductor told me this was as far as my money would take me. I alighted. It was a place where I had never been before. I stood on the platform wondering what I should do, when a gentleman came up to me and said, 'Is this Mr. Moody?' 'Yes.' 'Well, sir, I want you to take this money and use it for the Lord's work.' I counted the money. There was just $500."

The Flood Sufferers

Since our last acknowledgment, the following sums have been received in aid of the sufferers by the floods in the Brazos river, Texas:

Prev. ack	$166 30	Mrs S L Apple	1 00
Hiram F Clark	6 00	Mrs E Wilkinson	3 00
Friend, Lonsdale	1 00	Geo E Klink	2 00
The Lord's Tenth, Springfield	2 00	E Tilton	4 00
Mrs E S Wallers	5 00	M E B. Shawhan	1 00
David B Gladfelter	1 00	M E Torrey	3 00
Friend of Jesus	5 00	M Crews	50
Andrew Sack	1 00	Mr & Mrs C K Davis	2 00
L F T, Washington	1 00	John Anderson	1 50
W F Hicks	5 00	E G. T. Allentown	15 00
—, New Lisbon	5 00	Maggie J McFadden	5 00
R W Jones	5 00	Subr, Lanark	2 00
Subr, Haverhill	1 00	Friend, Bucyrus	10 00
—, Auburn	1 00	J Kuhn	1 00
Mr & Mrs Gillespie	10 00	Overt Brownsey	5 00
Wm Stone	5 00	R P Church Flackv'e	10 16
Friend to the needy, Merrillan	1 00	E F Nehls	1 00
Mrs Elizabeth Cross	2 00	J P. Mass	1 00
Mrs Frank Woodside	2 00	Rev Saml Riddogh	1 00
Friends-Summerville	10 05	Miss Sue E Goodwin	1 00
King's Daughter	5 00	Jane Reyser	2 00
—, Jordan	25	C V Kintner	1 00
FPP, Wadham's Mills	1 25	—, National Soldier's Home, Va	2 00
Dr J F Herbert	5 00	—, Glenbeulah	50
P C Vawter	2 00	Mr & Mrs Hogarth	1 00
Mrs G C Richards	50	Brownie, Bar Harbor	1 00
N C Jensen	5 00	— Lathrop	5 00
Friend, Santa Barbara	2 00	—, Week's Mills	1 00
A M Edwards	1 00	Will Mc, Ind T	2 50
Mrs Julia Allegre	5 00	Total	$348 51

The Gospel in Porto Rico

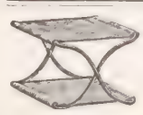
One of the brightest features of the Porto Rican relief movement is the opportunity it affords of showing to those simple, untaught islanders, the love and sympathy for suffering humanity which the Gospel of Jesus Christ kindles in the hearts of his followers. America will mean to them hereafter much more than before the flood and famine visited them, and the kindness that is now extended to them in their time of need will assuredly make them the more eager to accept a Gospel which is brought to them with hearts and hands "full of blessings." United States Consul, Philip G. Hanna, speaking on the subject to the writer, said:

"The Porto Ricans are talking a great deal of the Gospel as illustrated by the United States—'the religion of Uncle Sam,' they sometimes call it. It is different from anything they have known. Religion in the Island has been neglected sadly. This is illustrated by a remark of Chaplain Sherman of the United States army, attached to Gen. Fred Grant's staff. He said it was 'a Catholic country without any religion.' The people are not to be held responsible for their bitterness against religion. They have learned to look upon the priesthood as a class of Spanish officials who had but little more interest in the welfare of the people morally than had the officers of the Spanish army or navy. Already they are forming high ideas of American Christianity. It not only appeals to their hearts, but to their bodies as well. It not only means to make better men and women out of them, but teaches them to become better providers for their families, and places the means within their reach to lift themselves and families above the position of brutes to which they had almost fallen. I believe there is no country in the world so opposed to the Gospel, in its broadest sense and application, as this group of islands. I have met all the church dignitaries who have visited Porto Rico, and have tried, in a friendly way, to impress them with the importance of working together, to show the people that while there are various methods of bringing about the same results, there is but one Christianity."

What One Tract Did

WHAT may be accomplished by even the smallest effort in a spiritual direction is beautifully illustrated in the following incident related by Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, for thirty-seven years a missionary in India, among the Telugus: "Near forty years ago a tract, called 'Spiritual Teaching,' written by Dr. H. M. Scudder, found its way into a Telugu village seventy-five miles northwest of my station in India. It fell into the hands of one of the headmen of the village. He was a high caste man of noted probity of character. He read it, and then reread it with more attention. It was the first he had heard of any other religion than Hindooism. He read the tract to his wife and little boys, and told them it was so good it must be true. He read it to his neighbors, and some of them also accepted its teachings. At last he heard of a missionary who taught similar doctrines some seventy miles away; he went on foot across the hills. He found him, told him what he had learned from the little tract, and asked if it were true, and if he knew about the God who had given his own Son to save us from our sins. He went back and brought his family with him to hear more of this wonderful news. They were all baptized by the missionary, and he placed his children in the mission school there to be educated, that they might help to make known the glad tidings to his countrymen. In 1861 I buried the old patriarch in a Christian's grave. He was a man of strong faith and much prayer; he spent his last breath in sending up shouts of praise to his Saviour for sending this tract to his village, and through it saving him from his sins.

"Two of his sons have since been laboring as preachers of the Gospel. The elder was for a long time native preacher of the church at Palmaner. In 1884 I stood by his death-bed. After his funeral, a prominent Hindoo said to me: 'Sir, he was a man who never ceased to tell others of his Saviour. When he was sick in your hospital, one of my family was also a patient in the same ward, and I was there a great deal. Every day, and often during the day, he would gather groups of the patients and their friends around him, and read to them from his Bible, and talk to them of the love of Jesus. He was a good man, and we Hindus mourn over his loss.' This was accomplished by that one tract which found its way all alone in that distant Hindu village."



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New I. D. SEAT

This little accommodation seat placed on the seat of any vehicle increases its carrying capacity **one-third** without the least discomfort. No cramping or crowding. Requires no fastening. Folds up when not in use. Desirable for children; will hold heavy persons. Sensible cheap, needed in every conveyance for emergency or regular use. If not sold by your dealer will be sent postpaid anywhere upon receipt of the following prices; Tapestry Brussels seat, **$1.30**; Velvet seat, **$1.55**; Nickel seat **$2.30**. Circulars free.

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30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. This handsome couch and down pillow will be sent FREE on thirty days' trial to all responsible purchasers who will send us their freight address at once, as satisfactory reference as to their responsibility. After thirty days' trial the couch alone is worth every cent of $20. If not all you expected return to us at our expense. We cannot do more than this to show our belief in the quality and price of our goods. We have couches at all prices. Of our $9.75 couch we sold over 10,000 last year. A postal card will secure our new fall and winter catalogue of couches and upholstered furniture. Established 1857.

PILLOW FREE WITH COUCH.

C. LOUIS SCHULTZE'S SONS, 1051-1053 Milwaukee Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

CHAPTER II.

FINDING AN ANCHORAGE

HARE-FOOTED boy of eleven, clothed in rags and tatters, and with the grime and dirt of a long tramp visible in his thin face, and slouching figure, Dave Sears stood at the door of a Dakota farm house. The man of the house looked him over, heard him ask for work, considered. He had a shrewd but not a hard expression, this Western farmer.

"You've seen hard times, my friend," he said at last. "Will you work if I give it to you? I'm too poor to pay you wages just now, but I'll give you a home till you get into better shape. If you'll close with that offer, come right in."

"I'll close with that offer, gratefully, sir. It's years since I've had a home."

"Mother!" called the farmer. A sallow-faced woman, wrinkled and brown, but with pleasant eyes and a kind look, came to the door with a skillet in her hand. She was getting a meal and something was in the oven. Dave smelled it.

"Here's a young man I've engaged to help on the farm. Can we take him in? And make him one of us?"

"That we can," she said cheerily. "The first thing, honey, will be to give you a place to wash, and the next you must have a square meal; you look fairly beat out. I'm glad you've happened along. Father's been needing a hand the worst way, but we're poor, and we can't hire help. I felt sure, though, that the Lord would send us a man, and he's done it. The Lord never went back on Jim and me, and he won't do it now."

She indicated a basin at the back lean-to, and handed him a clean towel.

"There's soap there," she said. "And when dinner's over you can go to the loft, and you'll find a good bed, and have the place to yourself. Jim and I sleep downstairs. We're all alone; have been for six years since our baby died."

They sat down to a good dinner—boiled corned beef and cabbage, potatoes, apple sauce. It was plain that there was plenty of it. The tramp had not tasted such fare nor sat at such a table for many months. Before the first mouthful was taken the farmer bowed his head and said reverently:

"Bless, O Lord, this refreshment to our use, and us to thy service. Bless, O Lord, the friend within our gates, and grant us thy peace. For Christ's sake. Amen."

In that Amen Dave Sears joined.

The work was hard, but he went at it with a will. After the desultory life he had led, his muscles were weak, and he had very little facility; but he tried with all his might. It was so good to be clean, to have whole clean clothes on, for the farmer's wife found an old coarse suit of her husband's and burned the remnants that Dave had on when he came; it was so comfortable to have three meals a day. Only, after a fortnight, the demon within him, quiescent for a time, awoke and clamored and tugged and tore at him, even as in our Lord's day the demons rent their poor victims. He was beside himself with restlessness.

"Dave," said the keen-eyed farmer, watching him intently, "you've been a drinking man, I see."

"I have," said Dave.

"And the desire for the cursed stuff is in ye now. Well, my lad, there's not a drop of it to be had here, nor within five miles of this house, and if you will ask the Lord's help, he and you and I will fight the thing together, and I'll bet on the Lord Jesus and Jim Burnham against you and whiskey. What do you say? Will you try it?"

"I hate the stuff as I hate poison, Mr. Burnham. It's ruined me, body and soul. It's broken my mother's heart. It's killed my career. I'm what I am because of it, but I'm afraid it's too strong for me!"

"Certainly it's too strong for you! But nothing can frustrate God. Is there anything too hard for the Lord? Down on your knees here in the furrow, and we'll pray against the whiskey, and for the man he means you to be."

To the end of his life David Sears will remember Mr. Burnham's prayer that day. Above them the blue sky, around them the wide, treeless fields, standing near the patient, uncomprehending mules. God does not turn a deaf ear to such a cry for help. David rose ready to take the first step toward a new manhood.

"It's time to go home," said the farmer. "Mother's got an extra good dinner for us to-day."

So she had; and the coffee she made for David was extra strong and hot. She took a hand, too, on the side of the Lord Jesus and Jim Burnham. It was the sword of the Lord and of Gideon over again, and the battle they waged was for a man's deliverance from the bondage of a cruel appetite.

"They've started a Sunday School at the Corners," said the farmer one Sunday morning, and I suppose 'twouldn't hurt us to ride over and help them. What say, David?"

"I can't be any help that I know of."

"Well, you can't hinder things. Lend a hand—won't you, my boy?"

But David held back. It required some persuasion to get him started. Mrs. Burnham did it. She laid her hand on his forehead; it was a broad, smooth brow, winning and clear, now that his hair was cut and parted in the middle, as his mother used to comb it.

"Come, Davy," she said, "you and I can lead the singin'."

"If I had shoes," he answered falteringly.

"Oh! if that's all," she replied, "I can fix you up. When my Cousin Rueben was here visiting, he left a good pair of shoes—land o'Goshen, he left a lot of clothes an' I forgot them, for they didn't fit father. You can have them, Dave, as well as not. Rueben's never coming

(Continued on next page).

CAUGHT A NURSE.

Didn't Know Old King Coffee Had Her.

"The duties of professional nurses call them among a great many different people, and it is surprising to know how many are suffering from the use of coffee, which is the primary cause of the majority of many nervous disorders. My own experience has been such that I feel that I can speak with some knowledge of the subject.

"For about ten years I was afflicted with a severe nervous disorder, which was so great that sleep became an unknown thing to me without the use of opiates. I was a confirmed coffee drinker at this time, but had never thought that had anything to do with the difficulty.

"After coming to Chicago to live I was told by an acquaintance, who had been a similar sufferer from nervousness, that he discovered it was caused by the use of coffee, and when he made that discovery, gave up the coffee and took up the use of Postum Food Coffee and was completely restored. His argument sounded so logical, I was determined to make the experiment, and to my surprise, upon leaving off the coffee habit I commenced to improve. This improvement has continued until now I am in complete health and sleep well and naturally. I always advise patients suffering from nervous trouble to abandon the use of coffee and use Postum, for I know what I am talking about on that subject.

"Occasionally private families do not prepare Postum well, that is, they fail to allow a sufficient amount of time for boiling. It requires more boiling than coffee, but the care well repays, for the beverage is delightful to the taste and wonderfully nourishing." Maggie F. Church, No. 2 E. 33d Place, Chicago, Ill.

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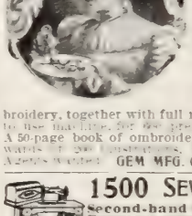

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A PRODIGAL SON

(Continued from preceding page)

back after them." So he was fitted out in comfort.

A home missionary, one of those heroes of the faith who count not their lives dear for the sake of the Gospel, took the lonely district as part of his parish. He gave a cordial welcome to Dave, and Mr. Burnham and himself were already acquainted. The minister was about Dave's age, and he at once recognized in the man one who had been educated, and had possessed some early advantages. He did not need to be told much of the past: living in that community he had met more than a few who had left the East and cut loose from old associations, either because they were discouraged or dissipated, or unable to hold their own. There was a winning quality in Dave's manner, and, now that he had found friends, and was assured of assistance, there was in him a new confidence, which was very pleasing. The missionary liked him from the start, and gave him the cordial hand of a comrade.

"I tell you, Mr. ——" he hesitated.

"Call me Dave, if you please. Never mind my other name."

"Dave, then, let it be. A fellow, I was going to say, needs friends in this world, and there's one Friend he can't be without. Dave, do you know the Lord?"

"I know about him, Mr. Elmore." "That's good. But you've got to go farther. You've got to know him. Then you'll be safe, and strong, and sure to go ahead all right Dave, I must have you for Jesus."

CLAUDE HANSBURG COOK
The Boy Preacher

The two had many talks. The weeks wore away. Season followed season. Still, Dave, earning no money, but climbing back bit by bit, step by step, to a clean, brave manhood remained in the Burnham home and worked as if he had been their own son.

"He's left a good mother somewhere," said Mrs. Burnham. "I wish she knew how he's getting on. But he's as close as a clam. He never mentions his people."

"Give him time, dear," the farmer would answer. "He's safer here, for a while, and he's stepping to the light. He'll never be really safe till he comes out on the Lord's side, 'till he's washed and made whole."

From the barn came the sound of Dave's singing as he went about his evening chores:

"I've found a Friend, oh! such a friend!
He loved me ere I knew him."

"Maybe he's yielded all to Jesus now. I must run out and ask him."

She came back with a shining face.

"Yes, Jim, the Lord's opened his eyes. Dave's a new man in Christ Jesus. Praise the Lord!"

. . .

"Dave!" It was the minister calling from the gate.

"I'm coming," shouted Dave.

"I want you to drive to the postoffice with me. I've heard that a box of books has been sent from New York, and it will be a Godsend. We're just starved for something to read, and from what I've heard, this is a nice lot of volumes for everybody. Let me read you what Dr. Ebbenhurst writes."

"But," looking attentively at him, "something has happened to you, my friend. What is it? I never saw you so glad before!"

David answered him solemnly, "I have reason to be glad. I've surrendered to your Saviour. Henceforth he is my Master and my Friend, and by his grace I'll serve him, better than I've served the devil, as sure as my name is David Sears."

(To be concluded).

Lancaster's Door of Hope

Lancaster, Pa., is soon to have a Door of Hope—a refuge for friendless and unfortunate women—in which a rescue work similar to that conducted at other Doors of Hope in different cities will be carried on. Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, of New York, the founder of the first Door of Hope, cooperating with Rev. Charles T. Knox, of Lancaster, has organized an auxiliary committee of thirty Christian ladies, who will give valuable aid in the work. Miss Addie T. Briscoe, an experienced mission worker, will be the matron. There is promise of cordial support for such a movement in Lancaster.

A Boy Preacher's Visit

CHURCH circles in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere have been much interested in the visit of Claude Hansburg Cooke, the "Boy Preacher of Manchester," better known as "Jack Cooke," now here from England. He is twelve years old, and has received very little education, but it is asserted that he has astonished many by his clear, simple talks on religious topics. Often he has confounded inquirers and surprised his audiences with the acuteness of his replies. His talks are all impromptu. His audiences are asked to suggest any subject within the Bible. His face lights up as he speaks, and his ideas, though crudely expressed, are full of knowledge and a certain childish eloquence, quickly and distinctly spoken, and which captivates his hearers. A large audience gathered at the Sunday Breakfast Association in Philadelphia recently to hear him. He has been used in revival work in England, and since arriving has addressed audiences in a number of cities.

Up to two years ago Claude was a very reserved and retiring little fellow who did not show in any way that he would be different from other lads of similar surroundings and position. It was found, however, that he had become possessed of a certain inner knowledge, which was a source of wonder to all who knew him. Shortly after the discovery, the boy was taken out to deliver addresses at religious meetings, which his father conducted, and soon afterward he took up evangelistic work as his vocation.

Among those who have testified to the young speaker's usefulness in Gospel meetings in the United States are: Rev. J. J. Wicker, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. Mr. Heebner, St. John's M. E. Church; Rev. F. A. Lloyd, Baptist Church; Rev. J. M. Palmer, the Superintendent of Bethany Church Sunday School, and others.

WORKING ON BRAINS.

Food Specialist Brings out a Novelty

A food expert at Battle Creek, Mich., connected with the Postum Cereal Co., Lim., has produced a food especially intended for rebuilding the brain. It is a well known fact among physicians that examination of perspiration and urine will tell whether the individual has been actively using the brain or not.

Brain work exhausts the phosphates which appear in the excreta above mentioned. Administration of inorganic phosphorus or phosphates does not readily supply the waste, for nature demands that phosphates be made up and blended in food which she furnishes. Advantage has been taken of this knowledge and a scientific selection of part of the grain has been made, and these have been put through mechanical processes parallel to the processes through which food is passed in its management by the human digestive organs. Therefore the new food is not only ready to serve without cooking, but it has passed through the process where the starches have been changed to grape-sugar, and that with the proteids, organic phosphates, etc., are at once ready to be quickly absorbed and turned to use in vitalizing and nourishing the parts of the body like brain, solar plexus, and the delicate nerve centers.

The new food has been given the name of Grape-Nuts, and far from being a "Crank's Food," "Invalid's Food," or anything of that sort, it is a crisp, sweet novelty, charming to the athlete, brain worker, epicure, or invalid.

Grape-Nuts can be had of grocers, and a trial dish for breakfast will be found a pleasant experience.

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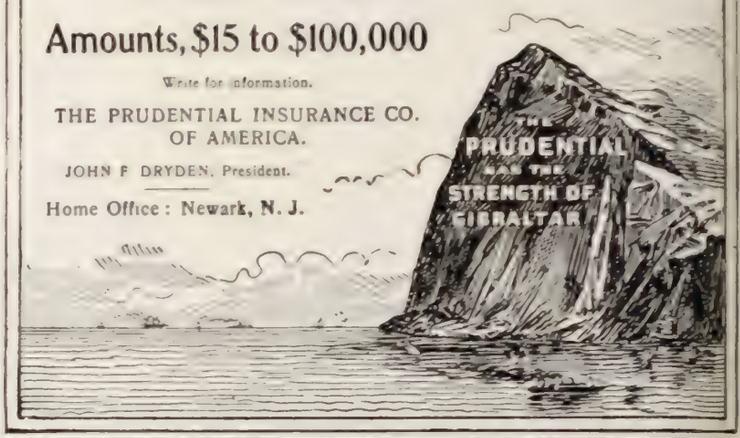

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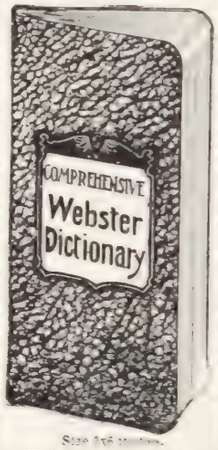

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A [illegible] shows the plural forms of all the nouns. A [illegible] 5000 [illegible] difficult words; [illegible] a [illegible] cannot be "Columbian Word-Builder."

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 22—NUMBER 42

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 18, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

PRESIDENT KRÜGER PREACHING TO A BOER CONGREGATION IN PRETORIA

The Boer statesman is a powerful preacher, simple and straightforward rather than eloquent, and has a remarkable acquaintance with Scripture.—*(See Page 791)*

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Helen M., Passaic, N. J. In many of the sermons I hear and in not a few of the books I read Jesus Christ is spoken of as though he were the equal of God, the Creator and Father of us all. To me this is confusing and so I write to THE MAIL-BAG, which is a constant and reliable source of enlightenment, to ask whether such an assertion has any warrant in the Scriptures. Does Jesus anywhere claim to be the equal of God? In speaking to his disciples or to the multitudes, does he not rather point out clearly that there is but one God, who is omnipotent, and does he not tell them to pray to God for the forgiveness of sins, and that whatsoever they ask in his (Jesus') name it would be granted? In his own prayers, rendered in the Gospels does he not acknowledge the divine authority of the Father, and even himself offer up a petition to the Father? This being the case, are our writers and preachers right in asserting that Jesus is the equal of God?

[illegible] truth—has asked a question which we believe [illegible] satisfactorily. We accordingly submit the question to them, and invite all who feel able to answer the direct question she propounds to do so, making the replies in all cases as brief as possible. The answers will be published in THE MAIL-BAG.

Inquirer, Scranton, Pa. What are the mystical Nine, five and three—which are the *diapason*, *diapente* and *diatrion* of the Greeks. Nine is a trinity of trinities, and the representative of plural perfection.

Reader, New York City. In a recent book, Rev. Madison C. Peters, of this city, asserts that the Jew has been maligned in the portraiture of *Shylock*, and that his character was the reverse of what Shakespeare asserted. Is there any evidence in support of such an assertion?

It is related by Gregory Leti, an ancient writer, in his "Life of Sextus V," that a Venetian merchant named Secchi, having heard that Drake, the English commander, had captured and plundered San Domingo, sent to inform a Jewish money-lender, named Caneda. The latter discredited the news, and offered to sacrifice a pound of his own flesh if it were true. The news was confirmed, and Secchi demanded of the Jew the pound of flesh. The matter was referred to Sextus, who told Secchi he might take it but must take neither more nor less on pain of losing his own life. Dr. Peters' statement, therefore, has the appearance of being well founded.

Otto S., Fandon, Ill. What sex should ladies address first in speaking to an audience?

It is customary everywhere on public occasions where there is speechmaking, to first address the ladies, and we believe this custom is followed even when the speaker is a woman.

Subscriber, Lima, O. Where did the United States get the name "Uncle Sam," and when was it first used?

It is said that during the Revolutionary war, the commissary department sacks and boxes and the soldier's blankets, etc., were stamped U. S. (indicating that they were the property of the government), and that the soldiers, in joke, declared that the initials stood for "Uncle Sam." This is said to have been the origin of the phrase.

R. McA., Trenton, N. J. What is meant by a "Loving Cup." I mean like that which was presented by the City of New York to Admiral Dewey?

Originally it was a large cup which was passed from hand to hand at state banquets and city feasts. It is said to have been introduced by Margaret Atheling, wife of a British king, in order to induce her guests to remain still longer at table. Afterward, when the custom of drinking at feasts had become greatly modified, the "Loving Cup" was one in which two persons pledged friendship for each other. Nowadays, it has lost the old-time significance and is simply a token of affectionate regard, presented to an individual. In the present instance it was an expression of New York's admiration for Dewey's heroism and its love of the man himself.

Subscriber, Scottsville, Va. Will the person who wrote in regard to adopting a child, please send full name and address to THE CHRISTIAN [illegible]

Mrs. J. S., Bath, Pa. Will you be kind enough to tell me who Susan Coolidge is or was?

"Susan Coolidge" is the pen-name of Sarah Chauncey Woolsey, writer of poems and prose articles for periodicals, and author of a number of good and popular books for young people, as *The Barberry Bush and Other Stories About Girls*; *What Katy Did*, etc. She was born in Cleveland, and lives now, we believe, at Newport, R. I.

Laura N., Burlington, Vt. It is contended by some here that the Deweys are of Dutch descent. Can you inform us accurately on this point?

They are descended from an old English family, the Deawys, of Kent. This, we believe, is the claim of the family itself, and the same experience, everyone has so much to be thankful for that praise springs from the heart to the lips naturally. Certainly you should join in singing these hymns, and if your own experience has not yet reached that exalted standard, then pray and strive that it may do so. 2. This is a question frequently asked. It is certainly desirable to have the choir composed of professing Christians, but not always practicable for various reasons. On the other hand, the selection as choir singers of persons who, as the letter suggests, lead notoriously objectionable lives, is a thing [illegible]

E. B., Lind, Wis. In what year did Wm. Morgan, [illegible]

Young Lady, Bowling Green, Ky. 1. In giving your age, is it correct to state what it was at your last birthday, or what it will be at your next? If your last birthday, say, was nine months ago, is it permissible to put your age at [illegible] are you obliged to tell him? 3. On what day next year does the census begin?

1. To be quite accurate, one should say, "I am so many years, months and days old." Except for an inscription on a tombstone, we would hardly conceive of an occasion demanding such a strict statement. Your last birthday, we think, should govern the count; you might not live till your next. Director Merriam, in preparing questions for the next census, declares that the question in reference to age, shall not be as formerly, "How old are you?" but "How old were you on your last birthday?" as being the form that would bring the most accurate information. 2. There is no law compelling answer. Such a law could not be enforced, for some people do not know their ages. You can refuse, too, on the ground that your age is "private business." It might be wiser, however, to answer. The census-taker, to complete his poll, has to supply your supposed age; he might suppose it to be greater than it is—especially if you are dis[illegible] should be recognized as conclusive. The family motto, too, is the ancient motto of the Kentish house of the same name.

We have already received many hundreds of letters in answer to J. R. N.'s question regarding the acceptance or rejection, by a church, of saloon money. The correspondence on this subject will close next week.

Reader, Mount Forest, Ont. 1. Should I join in singing a hymn which is not my experience, such as "Beulah Land as on Thy Highest," etc., when my experience is very poor? 2. Is it right to have any but professing Christians in the choir, especially those who are known to be the reverse, and who openly violate the laws of morality?

1. It is always a privilege to join in the service of praise, and although all may not have [illegible] *The Chapel of the Hermit*.

[illegible] tobacco. This is a question which troubles me a great deal and I wish you could give me your opinion on it.

We [illegible] him that thinketh it sin, it is sin. (See Rom. 14: 14). If your conscience condemns, follow [illegible] quickly as possible.

[illegible] all the family names originated?

Surnames originated in different countries, and with different nations in various ways. [illegible] names handed down from father to sons—was introduced into England from Normandy at the time of the Conquest. Normans usually [illegible] they lived, as for instance, Robert of Belleville, who, through dropping the "of," would come to be known as Robert Belleville, a name that he would carry with him wherever he went and transmit to his sons. A man might take such a name as Atbrook from his propinquity to a small stream; in the same way, river, well, spring, mountain, etc., might come to be [illegible] "Brown," "White" etc., acquired by reason of some personal peculiarity; also names derived from occupations, as Smith, Carpenter, Forester, Sadler, etc., would come to be recognized as surnames. Other patronymics came about in this way: John's son, Richard would come to be called Richard Johnson, to distinguish him from William's son, Richard, who would, [illegible] son. Tribal names have also become surnames.

Apropos of the Peace Memorial to the Czar Mrs. L. C. Sneed, Centralia, Mo., sends us an original poem on "The Peace Battle," *i. e.*, the Conference at The Hague, one verse of [illegible]

Thou of this century art the crowning deed.
Unknown in any century past:
Oh, let us with our Father plead
That this may ever last.

H. B., Blocksburg, Cal. 1. What is meant by the [illegible]

1. The exodus of the Boers from Cape Colony, 1834-6, in search of a locality where there would be no English, and where they could establish a government in which the English would have no voice. A large number of the Dutch (or Boers) of Cape Colony, sold their farms, mostly at a sacrifice, and set out to find a "Promised Land," which their leaders thought would be on the banks of the Nile, but that river was never reached. 2. The first party of ninety-eight, among whom were sixteen women and sixty-four children, under Louis Trichard and Johannes Kensberg, crossed the Orange River and began their long and weary pilgrimage which ended not at the Nile, but among the mud huts at Lourenzo, Marquez, whence twenty-eight (all that remained of the original ninety-eight) were carried by sea to Natal, where they found a Boer settlement composed of other trekers, under a Boer government established by Peter Retief, the noted Boer leader.

Ethel A., Athens, O. We have no information on the subject.

Miss M. E. F., Germantown, Pa. As now practised, it is largely in the hands of charlatans, and is practically a humbug, kept up to make money and delude the simple and credulous.

Inquirer, Reading, Pa. We would advise you to be careful about trusting charlatans, who under the name and guise of divine healers, merely seek to impose upon unsuspecting victims.

Mrs. J. L. S., Martinsville, Va. Being almost a "Shut-in," I seldom get to church, so I read your sermons instead. In my library I have a bound volume of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The piece of olive wood given to subscribers years ago is still kept as a memento, and is so carefully kept that there is not a scratch on it.

Mrs. M. R. S., Chicago, Ill. 1. Conditions in Cuba at present do not warrant such interference. 2. Well equipped steamers and sailing vessels carry from twenty to fifty gallons of fresh oil in bags for calming the waves in stormy weather. 3. Consult a lawyer. 4. We cannot advise you. 5. Both have been honored, but Dewey, having won the first victory, is accorded the highest honor.

Reader, New York City. [illegible] THE MAIL-BAG of Sept. 27th, a letter from Quincy, Ill., outlining a plan for an anti-polygamy petition. I beg to inform your readers that such a petition is in actual circulation over the United States. It is under the care of the National Anti-polygamy League, with headquarters in New York. The secretary is Miss Grace Cutter, 15 Spruce street, New York. It is proposed to obtain 5,000,000 signatures before [illegible] rapidly less in which it is to be accomplished. Consequently, anyone who feels the seriousness of the situation, can assist greatly by sending to that lady for petition blanks.

PRESENTATION OF THE NATION'S GIFT TO ADMIRAL DEWEY

This picture, taken expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, shows one of the most impressive ceremonials that ever occurred in Washington—the presentation to Admiral Dewey, on October 3d, of the magnificent $10,000 sword voted to him by Congress as the "gift of the Nation, in memory of the victory at Manila Bay." The presentation took place on a platform extension of the central steps of the east front of the Capitol, in the presence of a vast and enthusiastic assembly of people, and a distinguished company of National and State officials, soldiers and seamen—among whom were captains of the Manila fleet and the sailors of the *Olympia*. Secretary Long made the presentation speech and President McKinley handed the sword to the Admiral, who received it with profound emotion. Prayer was led by Rev. Frank Bristol, the President's pastor; benediction was pronounced by the aged Cardinal Gibbons.

THE GOSPEL IN HOP FIELDS.

UNTIL within the last few years Madison and Oneida counties in the central part of New York State have been the market makers for the entire hop product of this country. It is a beautiful sight to see acres of ground covered with hop-poles, from which trail the green hop vines.

The calendar may speak of the "four seasons," but here there is but one, the "hop season." Everything points forward or looks backward to this important time of the year, which lasts about a month. Engagements, marriages, renting of farms, payment of debts, etc., are all adjusted to the "hop season."

When the crop is ripe it has to be harvested at once, so thousands of pickers are required. There are two general classes—home and foreign pickers. The home pickers are those living in the immediate neighborhood, and are quiet, respectable people. This is true of many who are classed as foreign pickers, but the majority of them are from the slums of neighboring cities. Of late years there has been an increasing number belonging to the "hoboe" class. In one field we met three men who had "stolen" their way across the continent on the railroads, and were to return, after hop picking, in the same fashion. One was from California, one from New Mexico and the third from Texas. Large bodies of these tramps congregate in the neighborhood of the villages, living in swamps and the woods for a month before the season opens. They beg and steal their food, and are a menace to the farmers, who pay tribute in the shape of vegetables and chickens. From Syracuse and Utica thousands of men, women and children go, and each year whole families make this their annual outing. The people are herded in cars like cattle, and the doors are locked on the drunken, fighting mob.

To many the hop-picking time is a season when they can lay aside all restraints and do as they please. A man, now a Christian minister but formerly a drunkard, told the writer that for years he went annually to the hop-fields to indulge in sin. Said he, "One is there thrown in company with hundreds of others, with every opportunity for sin. In a few weeks they separate, and no one is held responsible for his sin. They are not likely to meet again, and no one knows who you are, nor where you come from." Every evening "hop-digs" are held—(these are dancing assemblies). The pickers gather from neighboring farms in one of the large barns, or in one of the village hotels, where drink can be procured and spend the night in carousing.

Young girls stand at the hop-box, side by side with hardened toughs, and have to listen to their vile jests, and are subject to their attentions.

The pickers go into the yard in the early morning and work till sunset, stopping only for a hasty meal at noon. They work at a box covered with an awning to protect them from the sun. This box is divided into four compartments, holding seven bushels each. The "pole-pullers" cut the vines about a foot from the ground, and place the pole, with its trailing vines, across the end of these boxes. Around each box from four to eight work. When the box is full they cry "hop-sack," and the man in charge of the yard empties the box, giving the picker a check, which is cashed at the end of the season. The pickers get from twenty to thirty cents a box, and an expert picker can fill four or five of these boxes in a day.

Religion is at low ebb in all this section

A GROUP OF HOP-PICKERS WHO HAVE JUST FINISHED A YARD—A COOL ALLEY

There are many deserted churches, and those that are still alive are having a struggle for existence. In England Gospel work has been carried on among the hop-pickers for the last thirty years. Rev. J. J. Kendon, of Goudhurst, established a mission in his own neighborhood and got some missionaries from London to help him. The work spread until it is now carried on over an area of thirty miles in circumference.

Nearly ten years ago the attention of Mr. H. B. Gibbud, then engaged in Christian work in Syracuse, N. Y., was called to the needy field in our own country, and each year since, with one exception, he has made some effort to reach these people with the Gospel. The first few years the effort was small. One or two workers went into the fields picking hops, and doing what they could to influence their fellow-workers for Christ. For the past few years a Gospel wagon has made an annual trip of about two hundred miles through the region. Lasting good has been done, many have been converted, and the whole section has felt the influence of the work.

There were four regular workers, Mr. J. E. Hendsey, Rev. Wm. Newton, Mr. Wm. Bourne, of Pawtucket, R. I., and H. B. Gibbud, of Springfield, Mass. Rev. Mr. Gaston spent a few days in the work. Some of the ministers in the locality and Mr. Morse, the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Waterville, assisted. The workers, with their folding organ and Gospel trumpets, and bags full of tracts, would start out in the morning, drive to a field, and then go from box to box giving out tracts and religious literature, speaking a personal word of exhortation, and, if possible, holding a short song service in the fields. At the noon hour, services were held at the farmhouse while pickers were eating their dinner; thus the day was spent driving from yard to yard—holding roadside meetings, and giving the Gospel to all who were met. Evening meetings were held in the hop barns, at the corner in the village street, or in one of the church buildings. Large numbers would gather at these meetings. Eighty-seven such services were held with a total attendance of 9,257. Thirty requests were made for prayer. It meant much for a man to ask prayers in the midst of his rude comrades. Twenty-two professed conversion. Over seventy five thousand tracts were distributed.

The work is supported by voluntary contributions. It is a hard field in many ways. From some from whom the workers might have expected better things they received harsh treatment, while from the hardest characters, they received invariably the best attention, and even courtesy. In some cases personal violence was threatened, but none was harmed. At one evening service, while the workers were engaged in presenting the Gospel, some one stole the horse and wagon. They were not found till next day, and then only after a vigorous search.

Some of the meetings in the barns were very interesting; from fifty to seventy five would gather. Rough boards were used as seats, and the audiences would be composed of men, women and children, the men smoking. In one place a fire had been built in a small stove, and around it were gathered a lot of "tramps" hardened in sin. When we entered, a group of young boys and girls were gathered around, listening to their stories of travel on the road. When the service began, the men upstairs began to pound hard on the floor, but soon all became quiet. A number requested prayer, one young girl yielding herself to Christ.

At some meetings we could hear the cries of "Here come the Gospel hoboes," and our ears were often greeted with vile jests and jeers, ending with a string of terrible oaths. The workers warned them solemnly of coming judgment, gave them tracts, and before they left, succeeded in quieting them down, to listen to the story of the Cross. One yard had about sixty pickers, most of them were quite aged men and women, and the rest young boys and girls. These old people blasphemed in a shocking manner. The owner of one of the fields came angrily to the roadside. He was a fine-looking man, wealthy, a prominent citizen, yet with hatred to Christ and His messengers, declared he wanted nothing to do with Christ, and called us all sorts of names, to all of which we replied pleasantly, at the same time preaching Christ, and warning him of his sin and the consequences. We dealt faithfully with him, and at last he became quiet, and, later on, presented us with some fruit as we drove by. At our open-air meetings in the village we had over a thousand present the first night. The second night our service was interrupted by the police on the complaint of an elder of one of the churches, because it drew a crowd near his store. The next day a saloon-keeper offered us permission to hold the meeting in front of his place, and while the service was in progress sent out a request for us to sing "Where is my wandering boy?" With our Gospel trumpets, we made the message ring out through the village streets. Men in the saloons left the bar and crowded around.

Night is falling on the fields. Only brown dried vines ready to be burned up remain. The hop pickers are many of them picking their way over railroad ties toward their homes, having spent their earnings at the village saloon in riotous living. The saloon-keeper slaps his well-filled pocket, and can live for the rest of the year on his gleanings from the hop-pickers. The Gospel worker, weary with labor returns home praying that the seed sown by the wayside, on the stony ground and amid the thorns, may yet spring up and bear fruit.

PICKERS AT THE HOP BOX

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

... The Deer Hunt ...

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Psalm 42 : 1 : . . . . . | As the hart panteth after the water brooks

DAVID, who must some time have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal, called in my text the hart, is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Syria, in Bible times, there were whole pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says: "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's track" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes, washed them as clean as the sky.

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged, and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after!" Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize, plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming harriers.

David says to himself: "Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me: I am chased, their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David, "that hunted deer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation, escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Some of you have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on you. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Once while there talking with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off, and supposed they were on the track of a deer, I said to the hunter in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh yes, Mister: you see they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance, they lift their antlers and snuff the breeze and start for Racquet or Loon or Saranac: and we get into our cedar-shell boat or stand by the 'runway' with rifle loaded ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much—its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle, and his cheek glow, and his respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bowstrings, its antlers putting handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horns, used as a restorative, its name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. By putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems done, ascending into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. It is velocity embodied. Timidity impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle and bone and color and attitude and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows, or a living bolt shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the hounds, or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot.

It is a splendid appearance, that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge, to drink among the lily-pads, and, with its sharp-edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue, and eyes swimming in death, the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in anywise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happen to know, at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharp-muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all-devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them: they depreciated you and you depreciated them: or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them: or you have had a bereavement, and instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement: you charge on the doctors who have failed to effect a cure: or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred: or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and scold, and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily charge on the neuralgia or the laryngitis or the ague or the sick headache. The fact is, you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation, and slaking your thirst, and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the Gospel, and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of harriers.

Sometime ago I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters: "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered, "A deer hurt him," and I saw he had a great swollen paw and a battered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers: you might damage their business, you might worry them into ill-health, you might hurt them as much as they hurt you: but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God look down and moor their shadows. Do not turn back, but go ahead. The deer will accomplish more with its swift feet than with its horns.

There are whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty lakes: and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's Word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes: each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green banks: and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God": "Thou shall make them drink of the rivers of Thy pleasures": "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world: and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn round and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns: and a proverb in the far East tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune, to go and find where the deer shed his horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers: be as wise as next spring will be the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns!

But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, it were asked that all who had been badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare, "We have always done the best we could, and tried to be useful, and why we become the victims of malignment, or invalidism, or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you not know that the finer a deer, and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur, and broken hoofs, and an obliterated eye, and a limping gait, the hunters would have said, "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides enclose the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the bank of rills so clear they seem to have dropped out of heaven, and the stamp of its foot defies the jack-shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their neck in the rapids. So if there were no noble stuff in your make-up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed: but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing. Therefore sarcasm draws on you its "finest bead": therefore the world goes gunning for you with its best Winchester breech-loader. Highest compliment is it to your talent, or your virtue, or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest Being the world ever saw had set after him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvarean massacre. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble, [illegible] and [illegible]. Many who have done [illegible] have had such a tough time of it that all their pleasure in [illegible] next world and they would, if they could, express their own feelings in the words of [illegible] at the close of [illegible] life, "Would I [illegible] to live her life over again

Would you be young again?
So would not I.
[illegible]
All but at rest on shore.
[illegible]
Heavenward, away.

Yes: for some people in this world there seems no let up. They are pursued from youth to manhood, and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds, and the Earl of Yarborough's hounds, and the Duke of Rutland's hounds. But all of them put together do not equal in number or speed or power to hunt down, the great kennel of hounds of which Sin and Trouble are owner and master.

But [illegible] pursued of trouble and annoyance and pain and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot, if you would triumph, or a throne, if you want to be crowned, or a lake, if you would slake your thirst—yea, a chain of three lakes—G-o-d, the One for whom David longed, and the One whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge, and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Schroon Lake, and try to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass, as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep and high and broad and immense and infinite and eternal than God. His comfort, why, it embosoms all distress. His arm, it wrenches off all bondage: his hand, it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement, it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future, and all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever.

For him I thirst: for his grace I beg: on his promise I build my all. Without him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far as it goes: but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate, or, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my [illegible], blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a comfortable livelihood, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down among my kindred and friends, some already gone, and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my friend and ever present help, I should be wretched and terror-struck. But I want more of him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind, and soul, I can cry out: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Through Jesus Christ make this God your God, and you can withstand anything and everything, and that which affrights others will inspire you. As in time of earthquake, when an old Christian woman was asked whether she was scared, answered: "No: I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world," or as in a financial panic, when a Christian merchant was asked if he did not fear he would break, answered: "Yes, I shall break when the fiftieth Psalm breaks

in the fifteenth verse: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." O Christian men and women, pursued of annoyances and exasperations, remember that this hunt, whether a still hunt or a hunt in full cry, will soon be over.

We are told in Revelations 22: 15: "Without are dogs," by which I conclude there is a whole kennel of hounds outside the gate of heaven, or, as when a master goes in a door, his dog lies on the steps waiting for him to come out, so the troubles of this life may follow us to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs!" I have seen dogs, and owned dogs, that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watch-dogs who are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places, and for years have been the only protection of wife and child; some of the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flock from going too near the precipice; and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the painter, has made immortal, would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow; the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon, lest, in removing the cancer, he too much hurt the poor woman whom the dog felt bound to protect; and dogs that we caressed in our childhood days, or that in later time laid down on the rug in seeming sympathy when our homes were desolated. I say, if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar, and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in, it would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that have chased and torn and lacerated the world; yea, all that now bite or worry or tear to pieces, shall be prohibited. "Without are dogs!" No place there for harsh critics or back-biters, or despoilers of the reputation of others! Down with you to the kennels of darkness and despair! The hart has reached the eternal water brooks, and the panting of the long chase is quieted in still pastures, and "there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount."

Oh, when some of you get there, it will be like what a hunter tells of when he was pushing his canoe far up north in the winter, and amid the ice-floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human beings: He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked the rifle ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe, and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him, found out where he had lived, and took him to his home, and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him; and as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung, and guns were discharged, and banquets spread, and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn, and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of heaven to spread the banquet, and the bell-men to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the chalices click at the feast, and the bells clang from the turrets, it will be a scene so uplifting, I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. And now do you not think the prayer in Solomon's Song, where he compared Christ to a reindeer in the night, would make an exquisitely appropriate peroration to my sermon: "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether"?

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it: and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

France's Picturesque Missions

Some on Rivers and Others on Land, But All Zealous in Winning Souls to Christ

IT is strange that a pleasure-loving people like the French take their religion so gloomily. The mission halls of Paris and their services are not so bright as those of London or New York: the congregations are devout and solemn, but they seem to lack that brightness and cheer which are so often observed in English-speaking lands. This is apparent from views of the mission people. At the Rue National is a hall which seats 220 persons. M. D'Aubigne, who has charge of the work, has used lately a lantern lecture for the Sunday School, and thus more than doubled the attendance. A Christian Endeavor Society is connected with this mission, and is accomplishing much good. The mission hall at Rochefort seats 170. The pastor is M. J. Duleman. Grandmothers and grandchildren join in singing the sweet songs of Immanuel. The congregations at these meetings are made up chiefly of the French working class. Here the children seem happier than in Paris, and the meeting goes on with zest and power. Artisans, workmen from the arsenal, soldiers and all classes are to be found represented in the mission congregations. Many of the children have very happy and pleasing faces.

The same is true of the mission at La Rochelle, whose popular and painstaking pastor is M. de Richemond. Among others, a dramatic artist often came to the meetings, and finally accepted and confessed Christ. Many children join regularly in the services here.

At Nantes the Conferences Populaires Mission Hall has connected with it a reading-room, where many come regularly. Temperance meetings are held, and a specialty has been made of limelight pictures in illustrating Bible truths, as this method draws larger congregations. Mr. E. Leubra says that the work at historic Nantes is taking deeper root, and that numbers are confessing Christ and coming to communion.

It is hard to give the Gospel to the people in rural regions. Some earnest efforts have been made in France to reach the frugal, hard-working agriculturists. One mission is known as "The Good Messenger," and has sent the Gospel over many waterways. For six years this house-boat, with iron hull and flat bottom, has been busily engaged in this work. It has cabins for the captain, the pastor and a caretaker; the roof is of zinc, and in winter the boat is heated by hot-water pipes, and is as comfortable as any church. It attracts much attention as it floats from place to place, now on the River Seine, again on the Yonne—a sort of Noah's ark, a floating church, but used by ever-changing congregations. The preacher's family is always on board, and help in the meetings.

In the French provinces evangelical meetings are held, with many services at Ajaccio, Angers, Bethune, Bordeaux, Beziers, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Calais, Cholet, Marseilles, Montpelier, Nice, and in many other towns. Sometimes the congregations dwindle, and then the halls are closed and the work is taken elsewhere. It is still a "pioneering work," according to the most successful pastors. A difficulty is found in renting halls. Music is a prime factor in the meetings. The French love music, and quickly pick up the new hymns, and hum them in the streets and while at work. "Oh, Think of the Home Over There," in a French version, at the close of a meeting, is as touching as when sung by English lips and in English, and heavenly spells of thought and feeling linger as long.

A MISSION DOORWAY—TYPICAL AUDIENCE IN A PARIS MISSION

Missions in France are now emphasizing the social purity principles so much needed in Paris, where the social evil is prominent. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," is a watchword often used as a motto and text, and not without results.

Again, the missions are conscience centres, awakening keen moral perceptions. They call for a halt in the political crisis They believe that God's voice must and will be heard by the French statesmen, and that religion must have a larger part in the France of the future.

REV. W. J. PECK.

* * *

Among the famous Christian missions in France which will long be remembered and whose influence will last through generations, are the McAll Missions and the Belleville Mission founded by Mlle. de Boren. These have made an ineffaceable impression upon thousands of hearts throughout the republic, and have led multitudes to Christ.

The World's Oldest Poem

Composed in Egypt in Honor of a King who Lived Many Centuries Before Moses

IN a recent issue the London *Standard* gives these most important details of a recent "find" by Prof. Flinders Petrie, in Egypt:

Near to the pyramid at Illahun, Prof. Petrie found during his explorations in 1888-1890 the extensive town occupied by the workmen employed by Usertesen II. in building his pyramid and other public works. In the office where the records of the town were kept, Prof. Petrie discovered a large number of papyri. The gem of the collection is a royal ode, or hymn of welcome addressed to Usertesen III., apparently by the people of the Fayoum. The poem to Usertesen III., is written in a hieratic hand upon a papyrus measuring forty-six inches in length and twelve in width, and consisted, when complete, of six stanzas of ten lines each. Its value lies in its being certainly the oldest poem in the world, many centuries before the time of Moses; and also in the wonderful way in which it describes, in most figurative language, the great work that the king had done in the Egyptian Empire

Homage to thee our Horus divine of beings!
Protecting the land and widening its boundaries,
Enclosing the two lands within the compass of his hands and seizing the nations in his grasp.
The tongue of his Majesty bindeth Nubia, his utterances put to flight the Bedouin.
Sole one of youthful vigor, guarding his frontier: suffering not his subjects to faint, but causing all the people to repose unto daylight.
As to his trained youth, in their slumbers, his heart [illegible] is their protection.
His decrees have formed his boundaries his word maketh strong the two regions.

Twice joyful are the gods thou hast established their offerings.
Twice joyful are thy forefathers thou hast increased their portions.
Twice joyful is Egypt in thy strong arm: thou hast protected the ancient *regime*.
Twice joyful are the people in thy policy, thy mighty spirit hath taken upon itself their welfare.
Twice joyful are thy paid young troops, thou hast made them to prosper.
Twice joyful are thy veterans: thou hast made them to renew their youth.

Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a dike damming the stream in its water floods
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a cool shelter, letting every man repose unto daylight.
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were an asylum; delivering the frightened one from his enemy.
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a verdant shade and cool place in the time of harvest.
Twice great is the lord of his city: he is as it were a corner warm and dry in time of winter.
Twice great is the lord of his city, he is as it were a rock barring the blast in the time of tempest.

The closing lines are:

He hath come: he hath made the people of Egypt to live: he hath destroyed its afflictions.
He hath come: he hath made the men and women to live: and hath opened the throat (voice?) of the captives.
He hath come: we nurture one: we bury our aged ones (in peace).

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Psalms of Deliverance

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 29. Ps. 85 and 126

Golden Text, Psalm 126 : 5

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

BOTH of our Psalms to-day refer to the deliverance of God's people from captivity. "Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob." "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like unto them that dream." This latter Psalm, is one of the "songs of ascents," believed by many to have been sung by the "remnant" on their way back to Jerusalem from the seventy years' captivity in Babylon. Both of these Psalms ascribe deliverance to God alone; no trace is found in either of them that the writers attribute any merit to themselves or to their fellow-exiles. Lord, thou hast been favorable to thy land. Because thou art faithful to us, not because we are faithful to thee, we are delivered. The captivity had done its work upon those "whose heart stirred them up," and "who were minded of their own free will to go to Jerusalem" (Ezra 1 : 5; 8 : 13). They had learned the lesson which is so prominently brought out in the prayers of Ezra 9, Neh. 9 and Daniel 9, of their own deep sin as a nation, and of God's righteousness in bringing them into judgment. And now they can sing, "Lord, thou hast been favorable unto thy land; thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob."

But where did deliverance begin? In remission of sin. "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord," many years before the captivity: "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1 : 18). But Israel had repudiated all conviction of sin. "I am innocent;" "I have not sinned," he said (Jer. 2 : 35); and it needed all the humiliation of the captivity to bring even a remnant of the people of the Lord to see and to acknowledge their sinfulness. But the goodness of God leadeth to repentance (Rom. 2 : 4), and it was his goodness in thinking upon them in their captivity and low estate which broke the hearts of the returning exiles. They do not sing of their own good resolutions, but of God's great grace: "Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people: thou hast covered all their sin; thou hast taken away all thy wrath; thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger" (R.V.). It is a complete justification of God in his dealings with them. This is true worship.

Although this Psalm is historic, and treats of God's relations to Israel, yet all the Psalms are world-wide in their application, and suitable to all generations. We, too, have our times of captivity. Paul was a prisoner, hindered from preaching the Gospel, but he neither pitied himself nor grumbled at his lot. Believing that "all things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8 : 28), he turned his prison into a place from whence light and life should flow forth. Calling himself "the prisoner of the Lord" (Eph. 4 . 1), he sent up prayers in the Spirit for "all saints," and wrote his valuable contributions to the Scriptures of truth, which have preached the Gospel ever since. Few men who are at liberty were so free in spirit as was Paul in his prison. Grace, of which he was such a witness, turned his captivity. He saw neither the Roman tyrant nor other instruments. Citizen of heaven that he was, and sitting with Christ in heavenly places, he saw God, and dealt with God in all things. Thus his captivity, which would have been an unendurable trial, became his glory, and God turned his captivity while he was yet captive.

We can never escape our captivity to circumstances, to physical weakness, or to the power of our surroundings, until all is set completely right with God and with man. As long as we have a conscience which is not thoroughly cleansed from sin, we are still in captivity to an uneasy conscience. As long as our relations with our fellow-creatures are not thoroughly adjusted by God, we are still in captivity; hard words will still pain us and insults will still move us to indignation. But when all is clear between God and us, when we are not only wholly forgiven, but our will is wholly yielded to God in regard to man as in all else, then we cease to think of or feel anything which is directed against us, but only that which touches our God. We are the prisoners of the Lord; our suffering is in fellowship with Christ; our captivity is turned, and we are like them that dream. The things of earth are seen in their littleness and their temporary duration; hindrances, physical weakness and all impossibilities are his affairs, and not ours. The captives of earth, while still on earth, are citizens of heaven.

The Psalmist has learned God's wisdom while in captivity. "Thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger; turn us, O God of our salvation." He has learned that God's favor, their deliverance from captivity, his free pardon, and the cessation of his wrath, does not ensure the continuance of faithfulness on their part or of favor on his. He feels the deep need of a radical change in them: "Turn us, O God of our salvation" . . . "Wilt thou not quicken us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?" O the danger of rejoicing in deliverance rather than in him who delivers! And this of itself manifests an element of corruption; it is a piety which will not last. "Turn us," yes; turn us, O Lord, from ourselves to thyself; to see all in thee, to have all in thee, to be all in thee, and then to believe God does answer our prayer—such is becoming those whom God has blest with all spiritual blessings, in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus (Eph. 1 : 3). The Psalmist knew how often Israel had turned back and failed to continue because their spirit was not steadfast with God, therefore he prayed, "Turn us."

But this was not to be a vain, unanswered prayer: the writer was dealing directly with his God, and, like Habakkuk, who stood upon his watch-tower "to see what he will speak with me" (Hab. 2 : 1), so the Psalmist here says, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak; for he will speak." This he was sure of. "He will speak peace unto his people." He knew it before he prayed, and it was therefore that he did pray. "He will speak peace unto his people, to his saints;" but their responsibilities will not cease when he has turned them, but "let them not turn again unto folly." "Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him." Yes; so nigh. God is so near to all who seek him. His nearness is a continual wonder to all who truly seek him. That he should be willing to commune with such as we are; he, the high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity (Isa. 57 : 15) is a never-ending source of wonder. He is nigh "that glory may dwell in our land;" the glory of the presence of God, which went up from the temple before the captivity because of Judah's sin, but which will return when Christ shall "reign in Mount Zion."

"SHALL COME AGAIN WITH REJOICING, BRINGING HIS SHEAVES WITH HIM."

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

PUBLIC feeling, at the period in the history of the Jews to which our studies have brought us, is mirrored in the two Psalms selected for the lesson. It is not certain that they were written at that time, but their contents suggest the thought that they may have been, and there is no other period to which they so well apply. The author of the Psalms looks backward as well as forward in voicing the emotions of the time then present. The transition in the Eighty-fifth Psalm comes between the third and fourth verses. The meaning becomes clear if we accept Wellhausen's suggestion that a line is missing from our version, which may have formed part of the original or may have been indicated by a pause in the music. It would make the verses run thus: "Thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thy anger [In the bygone days of distress, we said] Turn us O God of our salvation." etc. One other emendation, by the same author in the same Psalm, makes the poet's meaning clearer. It is in the last verse, which runs: "Righteousness shall go before him, and shall set us in the way of his steps." Wellhausen's suggestion is: "Righteousness blossoms up before him and welfare in the print of his feet." We can understand how the people could sing both Psalms with deep feeling as an expression of their inmost thoughts. Their release and return from captivity was a matter for devout thankfulness and rejoicing: but as they looked around at the heaps of ruins in their beloved city and met the frowns of the stranger who was occupying estates once in possession of their own families, their hearts must have been full of sadness. So in their songs, joy and sorrow are mingled, and as they sang praises to God, whose favor they are again enjoying, they cannot forget that he is a God whose hand has been laid upon them in chastisement, nor the fact that their sins as a nation abundantly justified the punishment from which they are still smarting.

Thou hast covered all their sin. The story is told of a youth who stole a large sum from his employers and fled the country. He went from city to city in Canada, hiding himself and feeling every time he went on the street that some policeman would seize him and carry him back to endless punishment. One day he saw in a newspaper, an advertisement, evidently written by his father, urging him to come home, or at least write to his afflicted parents. He did write, and in a few days received a letter from his father telling him that he had made restitution to the young man's employers, and that he might come home safely. He went back and received a glad welcome. But it was not in his old home. His father had sold that and all his furniture to make good his son's defalcation. There was not a word of reproach from the parents, but when the young man saw what they had suffered and how much they had given up for his sake, his heart was broken. His sin was covered, but at what a cost! So we read "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

We were like them that dream. They could not believe that such good fortune had happened to them as that Cyrus should permit them to return to their homes. Livy, the historian, relates that after Flaminius had defeated the Macedonians, a herald was sent to the Greeks who were assembled at the Isthmian games, to announce that the Romans would permit them to retain their liberties. The Greeks looked at one another in amazement, unable to believe their own ears, and one asked another if he had heard aright. Every one supposed it was a dream. Finally, the herald was called back and asked to repeat his proclamation. When it was evident that the good news was true, such a shout of joy was raised as had never been heard in Greece before. The magnanimity of the conquerors astonished every one. When a sinner realizes the enormity of his transgressions, he is frequently overcome by despair, but when he learns that God for Christ's sake forgives him, it seems too good to be true and his joy is indescribable.

Our land shall yield her increase. Dr. Vincent describes a luxuriant hot house in the garden of one of his friends. There was a beautiful vine covering the roof, the grapes on which were wonderfully large and luscious. His friend said: "This is the first year these vines have borne so plentifully. My new gardener would not have anything to do with the vines unless I gave him permission to cut them down to the stock. I did so, and for two years we had no grapes, but this is the result." Affliction is like this cutting and pruning. It fulfils its purpose when it produces fruit to God from the new life.

The Lord hath done great things for us. But the process is often painful. The way God makes us better, holier and more useful is by putting us through an ordeal of sorrow. The price of steel is about twenty dollars a ton: but when that steel is passed through the fiercest heat and has been hammered and hardened by various processes so as to fit it for fine wires, hair-springs and instruments of extreme delicacy, it is much more valuable. Steel of this character, when it is fully prepared for such uses, is sold at the rate of over two million dollars a ton. It is made out of the ordinary metal, but its value is enhanced by the processes through which it has passed.

Bringing his sheaves with him. That is the day of glory and of rejoicing, but it is rendered possible only by those previous days of toil and self-denial. Two workmen were laying aside their saws and planes. "Robert," said one of them, "I am going to take Sophie for a ride this evening. Come with us and bring Mary. We will have a good time." Robert shook his head. "I am working on some plans every evening now," he said. "I do not mean to be married till I have a house of my own, and if these plans win the prize, as I hope, it will be a good start for me." His friend said he should be sorry to spend his evenings in that dull way; a little pleasure now and then brightened a man's life. So he went his way and enjoyed himself, and Robert went to his drawing. A few months later Robert resigned from the workshop to become the architect of a new building at a high salary. 'What luck!" his friend said. It was not luck, but the fruit of many a night of study and toil.

Armed Hosts in the Transvaal

British and Boer Forces Face to Face, and a Clash Momentarily Expected
Final Efforts for Peace—It May Be a Sanguinary War of Races

"A GREAT armed camp" would be a fitting description of the Transvaal-Natal border at the present moment. On the northern side of the mountain chain, which forms the frontier, are the Boer armies, chiefly cavalry, well-equipped and reported as eager for active service. Their strength is variously estimated at from 12,000 to 20,000 men. In the main camp at Zandfontein there are 8,000 men. Joubert, the victorious veteran of many wars, is in supreme command, and he has been able thus far, though not without difficulty, to restrain his Boer troopers from occupying the mountain passes and invading Natal. On the southern side of the range at Ladysmith, anxiously awaiting reinforcements now on the way, are the British troops, under General Symons. Inferior in numbers at present, they will soon be much stronger than the Boer force, though the latter, when supplemented by the Orange Free State contingent, will have considerably over 30,000 men in the field. Seven British troopships have already reached Durban, and over 9,000 men have been disembarked and added to the troops stationed at Pietermaritzburg, Ladysmith and Newcastle. To these will shortly be added over 20,000 troops of all branches now on the way in transports from England, with 20,000 to 30,000 more to follow. Britain is pouring a vast military equipment into the field. It is reported that seventy troopships will be engaged in carrying her soldiers to the port nearest to the probable theatre of war. Added to these are the Natal contingent, and the troops from Australia, the whole combined force representing, when fully assembled, an army of not less than 70,000 troops, under the command of Gen. Sir Redvers Buller.

A WARLIKE BOER AND HIS TEN SONS

MARKET DAY IN JOHANNESBURG

THE PRINCIPAL FORTRESS OF JOHANNESBURG

It is not surprising, in view of such formidable preparations, that a condition akin to panic should have seized upon the non-combatant population on both sides of the border. The towns on either side are depopulated, save for the military; farms and grazing grounds are deserted, and Boer and Natal people alike have transferred their women, their children and their movable belongings to safe quarters, distant from the scene of expected hostilities.

Despatches from Pretoria represent the Boers as confident of winning successes at the opening of the war, and of being able to clear the country of the British, as far as Durban. Military trains heavily laden with supplies and packed with enthusiastic Boer troops, are constantly going to the frontier. The general feeling is that the Boers will perish to a man, rather than surrender their independence. It is even said that President Kruger, though now an old man, has announced his desire to do military service in defence of the republic. There have been rumors of shortness of forage among the Boer troopers on the border, and it was even stated, in late telegrams, that the breakup of the Boer camps, owing to the impossibility of obtaining supplies and forage, was impending; but those statements have not been verified. On the other hand, it was stated at the beginning of the present troubles, that both at Pretoria and Johannesburg, the government had laid in abundant stores of all kinds, in anticipation of such a contingency, and were fully prepared. The cause of the rumored break-up is probably to be found in the fact that in order to check the impetuosity of his troops, and to prevent the possibility of parties of armed Boers from invading Natal and thus precipitating the war, Gen. Joubert ordered the advance corps to fall back from a point not far from Laing's Nek to their original base near Sandspruit, a movement which seems to have been misinterpreted. At the same time, the Boer leaders are understood to have complete plans in readiness for an immediate advance to the frontier whenever such a step becomes necessary.

That such an order will eventually be issued seems to be everywhere expected. The plan is believed to contemplate a forward movement by some fifteen thousand troops under Joubert in person, from a point between Standerton and Volksrust, the burghers from the Orange Free State cooperating, and the two columns converging on Ladysmith, should the British continue to occupy that place in force.

There is still a lingering hope in both countries that, even at the last moment, active conflict may be averted and some compromise arranged. Peace advocates urge, with considerable reason, that no better cause exists for beginning war at the present moment than existed six months ago. The Liberal leaders in England strongly oppose war, and Parliament will be by no means a unit upon the subject. Many foresee a struggle in which not only British and Boers, but all the native races of South Africa—the Basutos, Bhamangwatos, Bechuanas, Zulus and Kaffirs—may be involved, and a vast territory, now comparatively prosperous and progressive, may be made a desolate waste. It is undeniable that there is a partial revulsion of feeling in England, and that, brought face to face with

MAJUBA HILL

The scene of the English defeat in the last Boer war

imminent conflict, the country is perhaps more disposed to listen thoughtfully to the admonitions and warnings of the peace party, than it was a week ago, when, on the occasion of Queen Victoria issuing an imperial order calling out the national reserves, twenty-five thousand strong, the war-like spirit ran exceedingly high.

But the whole situation is so critical, at this writing, that even before this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches its readers, the conflict may have actually begun. It is hardly probable that the present strain can long endure without breaking. Meanwhile offers of mediation continue. President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, has tendered his services as mediator, although there is little likelihood of the offer being accepted. President Kruger has again declared to the Volksraad that war is wholly unnecessary, and it is evident that, notwithstanding its enthusiastic military preparations, the Transvaal would gladly welcome peace. The good little Queen of Holland is indefatigable in her efforts for peace. Several European powers are evidently interested, and it would not be surprising if the covenant of the Hague Conference afforded a legitimate pretext, even at this late stage, for friendly interposition in the South African trouble with a view to averting a needless sacrifice of human life.

GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER

President Kruger at Church

The illustration on the first page of this issue presents a scene which, though strange to others, is not unfamiliar to dwellers in the Transvaal. President Kruger, besides being the political head of the State, is also to a certain extent the spiritual father of his people, and occasionally officiates in the pulpit. His sermons are of the nature of simple addresses or homilies without much grace of rhetoric, but abounding in common sense and with a deep vein of spiritual truth underlying them. To the simple burghers, the preaching of "Oom Paul" has far more charm and potency than are to be found in the eloquent phrases and rounded periods of more polished pulpit orators of the modern school.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR

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... Broadway, New York.

Hundreds of Dreyfus Cases

THERE is great need of more use of the pardoning power. In all the prisons there are men and women who ought never to have been put there, or once incarcerated, having suffered enough, ought to be set free. What was seen in the large and resounding Dreyfus case is seen on a smaller scale every day. Communities get prejudiced, juries get prejudiced, newspapers get prejudiced, and the innocent are arrested and condemned. The defendant cannot get his witnesses into the court-room, or he has incompetent attorney, or the arraigned man was caught in a conjunction of circumstances for which he was in no wise responsible. After the public pulses are calmed, petitions for the sufferer's pardon ought to pour into the room of Governor or President. While Grover Cleveland was Governor of New York State, he called my attention to two large packages of applications for pardon lying on his table. I had just before then, at the funeral of Gov. Alexander H. Stephens, in Georgia, heard of his wonderful pardoning procivities, and I rehearsed them to Governor Cleveland, and I thought the rehearsal had some effect when, a few days after, I saw a long list of men whom the Governor had pardoned. New York State had at one time a Governor who boasted that he had never pardoned any one. I was glad to see him sink out of public consideration and go into private life. Recognizing the impertection of jury trial, the pardoning power was given by law to Governors and Presidents, and that power ought oftener to be used. We speak in gladness and reverence of a pardoning God, and I cannot think of anything more admirable than a pardoning Governor or a pardoning President I believe there are hundreds and thousands of men and women in jails to-day who ought to be set free. That would be a sublime and Christ-like mission, to go through the penitentiaries of America and find out those who were unrighteously imprisoned, and those who, though guilty, ought because of the alleviating circumstances be now liberated. Such an angel of mercy might run against sharp criticisms, and be roughly jostled, but he would win the approval of Him who said, "I was in prison and ye visited me." I had a Bible class for several years in a penitentiary, and once a week I confronted hundreds of the incarcerated, and I was constantly made acquainted with cases of awful injustice, where the man behind the bars was as innocent as any man who walked the streets. There are hundreds of Dreyfus cases

Mothers, Sweethearts and Wives

ADMIRAL Dewey attributes the bravery and heroism of the young ... sweethearts and wives. "It is the thought of these," he says, "which sends men up to the guns; it is the approbation of those at home that helps men win battles in the war. If it were not for these, there would be fewer heroes." This is all sound as a nut. And this is another argument for pure and noble women: women, who not only lead the world in beauty, but who send letters of sympathy and love to the men at the front; and who do not forget them and the cause they represent, when they daily kneel in prayer to the God of Battles.

Indeed, everything noble and heroic in youth, is rooted in the home, and fed from the home. It is while the young man reads and dreams in his early days of what he will be and do, to be honored and loved by his nearest and dearest ones, that he forms aspirations and purposes and hopes, which eventually make him a hero, whether on the deck of a warship, or the ship that sails with him as a foreign missionary to carry the Gospel to other lands. For it is the same kind of stuff that goes into the Admiral who wins the plaudits of a nation, and the messenger of the Cross, to whom it is said at last, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." It was a wonderful time, when the Metropolis of the New World rose up and called Admiral Dewey blessed. But heaven is to show greater wonders than this, when the nations of them that are saved walk in the light of it, and when the great Captain comes with his reward with him, and gives to every man according as his work has been.

The Population of Heaven

WE have seen a curious estimate by an ingenious ... culated how long the world is going to last and how many people there are in each generation, and then sums up the whole matter and says he thinks there will be twenty-seven trillion of souls in glory. We have no faith in his estimate. We simply take the plain announcement of the Bible—it is "a multitude that no man can number." Every few years, in this country, we take a census of the population, and it is very easy to tell how many people there are in a city or in a nation: but who shall give the census of the great nation of the saved? It is quite easy to tell how many people there are in the different denominations of Christians—how many Baptists, and Methodists, and Episcopalians, and Presbyterians—of all the denominations of Christians we could make an estimate. Suppose they were gathered in one great audience-room, how overwhelming the spectacle! But it would give no idea of the great audience-room of heaven, the multitudes that bow down and that lift up their hosanna. Why, they come from all chapels, from all cathedrals, from all sects, from all ages: they who prayed in splendid liturgy, and those who, in broken sentences, uttered the wish of broken hearts, from Grace Church and Sailor's Bethel, from under shapeless rafters and high-sprung arch—an innumerable host.

One of the most impressive things we have looked upon was an army while we were standing upon a hillside. You see forty or fifty thousand men pass along. You can hardly imagine the impression if you have not actually felt it. But you may take all the armies that this earth has ever seen, and put them in one great array, and then on some swift steed you may ride along the line and review the troops; and that accumulated host from all ages seems like a half-formed regiment compared with the great army of the redeemed.

But now let us take the field-glass of St. John and look off upon the hosts of heaven—thousands of thousands, ten thousand times ten thousand, one hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousand of thousands, until we put down the field glass and cry out, "We cannot estimate it." You may tax your imagination, and torture your ingenuity and break down your powers of calculation in attempting to express the multitudes of the released from earth and the enraptured of heaven, and talk of hundreds of hundreds, of thousands of thousands, of millions of trillions, of quadrillions of quadrillions, of quintillions of quintillions, until your head aches and your heart faints, and, exhausted and overwhelmed, you exclaim, "We cannot count them or mention their number—'a great multitude that no man can number.'"

Female Athletics

A LADY physician, writing for the *Nineteenth Century*, claims that the present excessive tendency of women to athletics is destined to destroy her womanly beauty. If she wants to grow up muscular and rigid like a boy, let her go on with the cycle and golf and the gymnasium as her brothers use it. But if she aspires to female grace and beauty of form and development, let her hesitate.

How much there may be of wisdom in this counsel, it may be difficult for the unprofessional to state. If to be at ease in the drawing-room be the height of woman's aspiration, perhaps not a little. There is this, however, to be borne in mind. In the Colonial period and in the Revolutionary period, woman had little athletic culture besides horse-back riding and house-work. She had large families. It is a question whether the peasant woman in European countries, especially in Germany, does not make the best mother and the best wife. And it is notorious that her life is one prolonged struggle with athletics of the house and field, and that though she may gather some degree of physical coarseness in the battle, she is to be regarded as thrice victorious.

The Future of the Philippines

UP to the advent of Dewey, the Philippines had little knowledge of the new nation, now attempting to impress upon them a Christian civilization. For Christian it will be, despite the present sounding of cannon, and the garments rolled in blood. All great changes like that about to be inaugurated in the Philippine Islands have begun with the cost of life. If there is a better way, it has not yet been discovered. We could not wrest Cuba from the bloody tyranny of Spain without the destruction of the *Maine*, without the storming of San Juan.

Till Dewey came, the Philippines knew nothing of Americans, save now and then an American as a curiosity. They threshed their rice in a hollowed log and *backed* their sugar cane to the nearest ... Here is the open door. The transforma... commerce, of export and import. The proportions of such commerce, we can hardly conjecture.

To-day ... who have already elected to remain there It is one way Providence takes to colonize those islands, and everyone of those Americans has his eye-teeth cut and his eyes wide open. Only a few months ago little was known there about wheat flour Soon it will be a staple of commerce. All people of foreign birth will demand it. It will cease to be ... houses and be furnished by Americans. Americans will be in demand everywhere. American ingenuity and pluck and activity will take the lead. This is just as sure as anything else in the future. These changes and improvements will take time; but they will come. They are on the way, they are at the door

In Next Week's Issue will Appear the Opening Chapters of

. . . A NEW SERIAL STORY . . .

. . . Of Absorbing Interest to Old and Young. All should Read It

BRIEF NOTES

... W. F. ... has ... Mission Society.

... Evangelical Alliance, for the United States, in succession to Dr. Josiah Strong.

... *In His Steps*, has been translated into French ... Italian edition is now being prepared.

... received from the estate of the late Mrs. B. A. Benedict, of Pawtucket, R. I., the sum of $55,000, to be added to the endowment fund of Benedict College, Columbia, S. C.

... of the Rev. G. W. Neely, of Clemmonsville, N. C., who was held in much respect in the district wherein he resided. He was the father of Mr. F. Tennyson Neely, the well-known publisher.

Col. J. G. Hallimond, who has been secretary of the Volunteers of America for the last three years, has been elected secretary of the Industrial Christian Alliance, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the recent resignation of Mr. Arthur W. Milbury.

Kano in the Central Soudan, the great rendezvous for the Mohammedans, of Western Africa, who are about to make pilgrimage to Mecca, has been chosen as the headquarters of the ... tian work in the Soudan.

... at Stockholm is a Bible. In weight and size alone it ... writing, and each page falls but one inch short of being a yard in length. The width of the leaves is twenty inches.

The Rev. Dr Powers, secretary of the American Church Missionary Society, has issued a highly encouraging report, in which he states that the receipts for the last fiscal year show an increase of almost 250 per cent. Nearly $79,000 ... and $47,000 expended leaving a balance of about $40,000.

It is rumored that the committee on marriage and divorce, appointed by the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has decided to recommend the adoption of a canon forbidding clergymen of that church to perform marriage service, in any case in which one of the parties to the marriage is a divorced person. This will apply even when the divorced person is the one who has been wronged.

The Moravian Missionary Society is embarrassed by the legacy of Mr. J. J. Morton, of a million dollars. The testator stipulated that it should be spent in founding new stations. This can be done, but there is no provision for maintaining them after they have been founded. Unless the Moravians receive liberal help, they may have to abandon some old stations to take care of the new ones.

A London clergyman has adopted a novel method of increasing his Sunday evening congregations. A sheet is stretched between two pillars in the churchyard and stereopticon pictures of scenes from the life of Christ are thrown upon it. The Vicar briefly explains each picture with appropriate lessons. At the conclusion of the exhibition, the spectators are invited to attend the evening service in the church and nearly all of them accept.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, whose sermons at Northfield this summer were greatly blessed, will hold services in New York this month. He will preach at the Broadway Tabernacle, Saturday, October 21, at 8 P. M., to ministers only: on Sunday, October 22, in the same place at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M., and in the evening in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, where he will also preach on Monday, October 23, and Tuesday, October 24 at 4 P. M. and 8 P. M.

Civil War in Venezuela

CARACAS, the capital of Venezuela, is in danger of falling into the hands of the forces that the government calls "rebels." Technically they deserve the name, because they are in arms against the recognized government, but so extensive and orderly is the movement they are engaged in that it promises to end in revolution. Its leader is Gen. Cipriano Castro, who was recently a candidate for the governorship of a province, but was defeated, mainly, it is said, through the influence of the President of Venezuela, Gen. Andrade. With him is Gen. Hernandez, who was the unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency when Andrade was elected. On the way to join these two, is Gen. Velutini, who has been until lately a strenuous supporter of the government. He was a personal friend of Andrade, as he had been of President Crespo, but when Andrade took measures that Velutini deemed unconstitutional, he declared he would not be a party to such measures, and left the country. While he was staying in New York President Andrade wrote him, telling him to consider himself an exile. Velutini, incensed by Andrade's letter promptly joined the revolutionary party, and has sailed for Venezuela with a cargo of arms to take part in the struggle. Our government has made an offer of mediation. It has sent the *Detroit* under the command of Capt. Hemphill to Curacoa, and, chiefly through his efforts, the revolutionary army was halted fifty-five miles from Caracas, and an armistice was arranged. Gen. Castro said that he wished to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, and would be glad to engage the Government troops outside the capital, or to listen to terms of peace. Efforts are now being made to that end. It is evident, however, that a large section of the country has lost confidence in President Andrade. His chief offence appears to have been an attempt at the practice we know as "gerrymandering." He tried to rearrange the areas of the several states in the interest of his party, and it was this attempt which brought the discontent with his government to a head. Capt. Hemphill reports his opinion that nothing can avert a renewal of the conflict but the abdication of President Andrade. Whether he will make such a sacrifice to bring peace to his unhappy country is doubtful. He appears to be a man like those of whom the Psalmist complained:

Shall the throne of wickedness have fellowship with thee who frameth mischief by a law (Ps. 94: 20).

A Race With Fire

The Mallory Line steamer *Leona*, which reached her dock in New York a few days ago, had an anxious time on her voyage from Galveston, Tex. She was laden with cotton, wool and tobacco. Three days before her arrival the smell of smoke was detected and there could be little doubt as to the cause. Her cargo was on fire. The hatches were promptly battened down and all speed was made to port. She had barely entered her dock and discharged her eighteen passengers when flames burst from her forward compartment. The fireboats were summoned and poured a continuous stream of water into her hold. The fire, however, continued to burn, the plates of the vessel became red hot and she heeled over on her side. More fireboats were sent for and soon ten lines of hose were pouring water on the burning cargo. It is matter for congratulation that the fire did not start earlier, otherwise she might have perished at sea and many lives must have been sacrificed. Her captain and crew, doubtless, suffered horrible anxiety during the race to port, not knowing whether the fire could be kept under control until the voyage was over. There are some voyagers on the ocean of life who suffer similar anxiety. Old habits and evil passions are constantly striving to gain the mastery, and only by the grace of God are kept under control. The time will come when, the struggle over, a safe entrance into the eternal haven is assured and the conflict will end in victory.

I keep under my body and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway (I Cor. 9. 27).

A Dying Girl's Charge

A girl who died at Paterson, N. J., on October 3, made a charge against the matron of a school which may involve that lady in a trial for manslaughter. The child was an inmate of the State Industrial School for Girls, at Trenton, N. J., the management of which was recently investigated by a Commission. She alleged in an ante-mortem statement that one day she was charged with infringing one of the rules of the school. The matron had seized her by the throat and dragged her into the corridor where she threw her down. A stout woman came to the matron's help and sat upon the girl, while the matron beat her with a strap. A strait-jacket was then put upon her, and she was taken to a dark, bare room, known as "the dungeon," where she was kept for forty-eight hours, and fed on bread and water. If the child's statement is true, the matron may receive a sentence which will be exemplary. The child probably seemed to her a friendless creature who might be illused with impunity; but it is never safe to injure the most helpless of God's creatures while he rules the world.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven (Matt. 18:10).

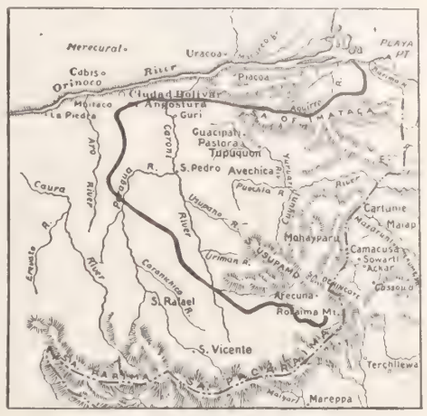
A Hero in the Mine

A wonderful story of heroism is reported by the Salt Lake, Utah, *Herald*. A man was working at the top of a mine when a cry was raised that the mine was on fire. The miners were called out and the order was given to shut off the air to stop the flames. But it was found that one man was still in the mine unconscious of his danger. To shut off the air would be to cause that man's death, yet unless it was shut off, the flames would spread and he would be burned to death. In this dilemma, Heber Franklin, the miner who was at work at the top of the mine, volunteered to go down and fetch him out. He was warned that it was a most dangerous undertaking. He might have to go through fire, and as there was powder in the mine he might be blown to pieces. But he insisted on going. The suspense while he was below was painful. At last the signal was given to haul up, and to the joy of all Franklin came up safe, with the man he had rescued. We are all thrilled by such a deed of daring; but how many listen to the story of him who to save us from a worse fate gave his life as a sacrifice!

He saw there was no man and wondered that there was no intercessor: therefore his own arm brought salvation (Isa. 63: 5).

A Triumph of Arbitration

The dispute which has for sixty years been a source of trouble between Great Britain and Venezuela, has at last been decided by a court of arbitration in Paris. It will be remembered that this dispute at one time threatened to involve the United States, and for some weeks brought the United States into an attitude which might have involved war. The trouble arose out of a question as to the true boundaries of British Guiana in South America and Venezuela. There was a large section of land which neither country deemed of much value lying between the two countries. English subjects settled upon it and developed it. Venezuela paid little attention to it until its value was enormously increased. It then declared that it was a part of Venezuela, and insisted on taking possession of it and imposing taxes on the settlers. The British Government, after long negotiation, proposed to enforce its claim to the territory by military occupation. But President Cleveland, in December, 1895, championed the claim of Venezuela, and advised Congress to insist on the dispute being submitted to arbitration. Congress gave him full power to deal with the question, and, finally, England consented to accept arbitration. Two judges were to be appointed by England and two by Venezuela. These four to select a fifth. Venezuela chose two American judges, Chief Justice Fuller and Associate Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, and retained ex-President Harrison as counsel. England appointed two of her own judges to represent her on the tribunal and the four so selected chose Professor Martens, a distinguished Russian jurist and an authority on international law, as the fifth member of the commission. The court assembled on June 15, and on October 3 it rendered its decision, which was unanimous. It is not altogether satisfactory to either party. Our map on this page shows that while Venezuela and Great Britain claimed territory that the commission does not award to them, each party gains more than its rival would concede. England fails to obtain Point Barima and the control of the mouth of the Orinoco River, which she strongly insisted belonged to her, and Venezuela fails to obtain the zone stretching to the Essequibo, which she claimed. Outsiders, however, regard the settlement as an equitable one and the boundary settled by the Commission as rational and easily understood, as it follows well-marked geographical lines. Its chief interest, however, is in the fact that it is another proof that war may be avoided by arbitration. It becomes another precedent, which we may hope will be followed more and more frequently, until that happy time predicted by the prophets shall come, when Christ himself will reign and all questions will be submitted to his judgment.



THE VENEZUELAN AWARD

—— England's Claim. —·—·— New Boundary.

CARACAS THE CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA

He shall judge among many people: and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more (Micah 4: 3).

A Town's Responsibility

A curious claim on the municipality of Dunellen, N. J., has been made by one of its citizens, and there is some doubt in legal minds as to the liability involved. The citizen in question has lost a number of chickens, the value of which he estimates at six dollars. They were killed, according to the contention of their owner, by a big cat, owned by one of his neighbors. This cat, he alleges, prowls around his premises every night, and has found some way of getting into the outhouse in which his chickens roost. The ordinary course of proceedings would have been to sue the owner of the cat, but the citizen insists that the municipality is under obligation to protect his property, and as it has failed in that duty, so far as his chickens are concerned, he claims compensation for his loss. The lawyers and the courts will have to decide whether the municipality is liable, but the dispute is of interest because of the principle involved. It is that neglect of a recognized duty is in the nature of an offence. This is often overlooked. Many a man will claim that he has done no harm and that he has a good moral character, but if he has failed to do that which he ought to have done, he will stand condemned in the final judgment.

These ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone (Luke 11.42).

A Y. M. C. A. Pioneer Worker Tells of the Almost Magical Growth of Dawson City and Skagway

OUR ALASKAN WONDERLAN

CHURCH AT BONNET, BUILT OF SLABS

NOTWITHSTANDING the many exaggerated accounts that are made about Alaska and the Klondike, it is still claimed as one of the wonderlands of the country. The conditions there are constantly changing, but the social and civilized side of life is now assuming a more permanent form every day. Scientists claim that the climate is growing milder each year, and it is possible that some day, after all, Alaska may afford homes for a great population.

Social progress is largely due to the influence of the churches and other forms of Christian effort that have been carried on since the breaking out of the first excitement over the gold discoveries. The churches and missionaries are doing a very aggressive work; but, notwithstanding this fact, there is no field in the world where there is greater need of workers than in this great Northwest. As in all mining communities, everything in Alaska is run after the "wide-open" fashion, and gambling dens and other places of vice predominate. In speaking of the Northwest country, of life on the trail and of the evil influences of gambling and other vices, it hardly seems possible that in two short years, notwithstanding such influences, such wonderful progress could have been attained. Skagway in August, 1897, was represented by a few tents erected on the beach; but the great rush which followed soon developed the place, until it has now become a city of about five thousand inhabitants, with five churches, a Y. M. C. A., a railroad, a Salvation Army headquarters, public schools, a college, fire department, water-works, electric light plant, and other features that pertain to a well-conducted town.

THE CITY OF SKAGWAY AS IT IS TO-DAY

What has been said of Skagway can also be said in larger measure of Dawson which has a population of twenty thousand, with at least twenty thousand more within the immediate vicinity, and is fast assuming permanent aspects. Sanitary methods in Dawson have lately been adopted, and there is now very little sickness. A fire limit has been established, and no tents or "shacks" are allowed within the district. The town is now putting in a water system, by which it is designed to heat the water to boiling point and force it through the pipes, so that a hot water supply may be maintained, if possible throughout the cold weather.

A PRAYER MEETING IN CAMP NEAR ATLIN

Travel from Skagway to Dawson in the summer season is no longer a hardship, but a source of enjoyment. Thousands of tourists during the last season have availed themselves of this opportunity. One can make this trip in the summer months with all the comforts of modern travel.

With reference to the religious work now going on in Alaska and the Northwest, it is conducted in an aggressive form, adapted to the peculiar need of the field. The work of the Y. M. C. A. seems to be especially suited to the Northwestern country. Sixteen months ago, Mr. W. A. Reid undertook to open up the Association work, establishing it first at Skagway. He reached New York City a few days direct from the Klondike, and the photographs on these two pages, as well as the information in this article, are kindly furnished by him for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. Although the work in Skagway for the first six months was conducted in a tent, over 25,000 visitors were entertained, and during this short period more than 5,000 letters were sent out by the men to their homes. The building was constantly thronged day and night, and was often kept open till after midnight. Entertainments, lectures, public debates, Gospel meetings and Bible classes were conducted, and the men enjoyed gratuitously the full benefit of the Association. The work soon found earnest support and is now being maintained by those in the local field. During the first few months, much hardship was experienced by Mr. Reid, the founder of this work. The weather was arctic and the water-mains were frozen during eight weeks of the ice-

THE FIRST Y. M. C. A. HEA

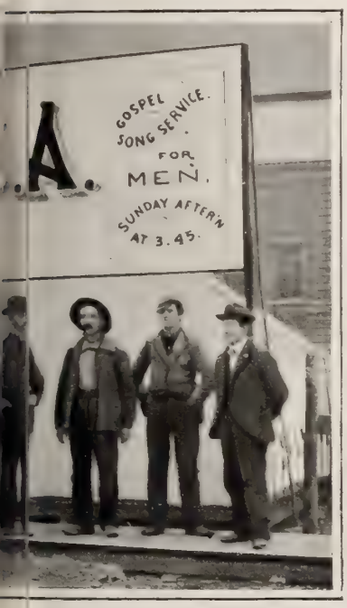
DAWSON CITY, WHICH HAS SPRUNG INTO EXISTENCE WHOLLY WI[TH]

D ITS MARVELOUS CITIES

Social Life in the New Territory—Many Reports of Cheering Progress of Christian Work There

RSAGO ITS SITE WAS A WILDERNESS

ter weather, so that there was little or no fire protection. Oftentimes it was necessary to sleep with one's clothing on and to be ready to vacate the premises at a moment's notice. Hot fires had to be kept up to prevent freezing. As many as three times in a single day, the tent in which the Association was conducted caught fire. Mr. Reid, before returning from the Northwest, organized an Arctic Committee for the extension of the work throughout Alaska and the Northwest territories. The work at Skagway will be placed in charge of an experienced man, and Mr. Reid will devote his time to its extension as Field Secretary. Supplies have been shipped into Dawson, and the Y. M. C. A. work will be established there this winter. To secure a hall will necessitate an expense of $200 to $300 a month. There is no organized religious effort now going on in Dawson, which can take the place of the Y. M. C. A. The few churches are far from the business centre, where most of the men are massed. There, as in Skagway, however, the churches have done noble work. A church, with reading-room attachments, has recently been established at Bennett by a Presbyterian missionary. Mr. Grant, the Presbyterian missionary in Dawson, who lately resigned, deserves credit for what he has accomplished. It was largely through his efforts that the Dawson City Hospital was established. Over $165,000 have been expended in work done within its walls. Dr. Grant, too, has been untiring in his efforts to maintain this beneficent institution.



IER IN THE KLONDIKE

THE HOSPITAL AT DAWSON. IT COST OVER $30,000

In the return trip to the Klondike, it will be necessary for Mr. Reid to travel over the ice, as the Yukon River freezes up early in the season. This will involve a trip of something like six hundred miles over the fields of blinding ice and the treacherous snow.

The prevailing impression that the rough element predominates in Alaska and the Northwest, Mr. Reid assures us, is decidedly a wrong one. The most intelligent class control to-day in Skagway and in Dawson. One would find an average audience quite as critical perhaps as could be found in many places in the East. There are many men of good family and fine education who have gone up there in quest of gold, and failing to gratify this hope, they have, in many cases, taken up the duties of a common laborer.

As the Klondike has not yet put on the social polish of older communities, it is rather blunt in speech, and has a habit of calling things by somewhat unique names, more accurate, perhaps, than graceful. One unsavory locality in Dawson is known as Liarsville, another as Profanity Hill, and others bear similarly picturesque appellations. Frequently the community is startled by wild stories of unheard-of happenings, and the spreading of such canards seems to be a pastime peculiar to the country and the climate. Those reports are circulated for the sake of the excitement they afford, and probably without malice. As there is no communication with the outside world during several months each year, the mining communities feeling themselves isolated, resort to this method of creating excitement. With the increase in population and the growth of railroad facilities, these odd traits will soon disappear. Every season brings Alaska nearer to civilization, and soon the going to that region, once regarded as "bleak and inhospitable," will lose its terrors, and life in the interior will become very much like what it now is elsewhere in the same latitude. From Seattle to Skagway by steamer, from Skagway to Bennett by rail and from Bennett down to Dawson again by steamer is the present method of travel in the Klondike. In the open season there is no longer any privation to be endured in making the trip; it is probably quite as pleasant and enjoyable as any ordinary tourist could desire. In winter, however, all this is changed. Then the only method of travel is over the ice by means of dog-sleds, or, as is more common, on foot—which is termed, in that country, "mushing." The hardships of life on the trail can hardly be exaggerated.

Y. M. C. A. HALL AND DINING-ROOM, SKAGWAY

Y ARS—THE MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL THE MINING CAMPS

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Child Work For Animals

Our Animal Protective League—A New Society Which Has Many Child Members

UR Animal Protective League is the name of an Association recently organized with headquarters at 105 East [illegible] street, [illegible]. The officers of the society are Mrs. Myles Standish, President, W. H. Tolman, Vice-President, Mrs. John Greenough, Secretary, Henry Whitney Munroe, Treasurer, and Henry E. Howland, Counsel. Upon its advisory board appear in addition to these well-known names, those of Mrs. Francis Dana Winslow, George Hamilton Dean, and Alexander M. Hadden. The pledge which every applicant for enrollment must make is this: "I hereby promise that, as far as in my power lies, I will prevent all cruelty to dumb animals, and will aid and succor those that are weak and helpless." One object of the League is the education of all children in the care, protection and kindly treatment of animals. "This does not imply," says Mrs. Standish, "that childhood's school curriculum is to be enlarged. Far from it. Almost all children are interested in animals, and instruction can be made so pleasant and health-giving as to be really recreation. We shall have picture talks, illustrated by lantern slides, upon such subjects as city animals, city birds, park animals and birds, animals in art and history, the horse, the cow, and other domestic animals; the animal in fable; animal sagacity; Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, etc. Then, we will have pretty illustrated leaflets giving true stories about animals.

"What we regard as a very important feature will be practical object lessons in the care and treatment of animals. For instance, a pretty stuffed pony is used in teaching children how to harness and handle a horse properly. Children in large numbers are joining the League." Sub-divisions of the League are auxiliaries and chapters. Ten children form a chapter. The children themselves get up the chapters; two or more become interested and enlist others. Mothers and fathers are drawn into the movement, and organize auxiliaries. Parents see that the League work makes the children more humane, not only to animals, but to each other, and that it entertains and occupies them wholesomely; so they are very glad to take turns in lending a room for chapter meetings. Another feature of league work particularly emphasized by its promoters will be farmers' auxiliaries and chapters. The object of these will be to show the farmer how to care for his beasts in such a way as to get the very best value out of them and their labor. Expert veterinary surgeons will be employed to address the meetings, and lantern slides will be used. Drivers' auxiliaries will receive special encouragement and attention. The League takes the position that cruelty to animals is oftener than otherwise the result of ignorance rather than hardness of heart. One of the ways in which the New York children are showing the League's influence is in bringing stray and starving cats to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which puts destitute, decrepit and unclaimed beasts to a painless death.

♦

Wanted—a Grandmamma

A little three-year-old laddie who had gone with his papa and mamma from an Eastern to a Western home, sadly missed his grandmamma, and one day his mother, who had been too busy in the new home to give usual attention to the small man, saw him make a hole in the ground and put an old daguerreotype of his grandmamma therein. "Why, what are you doing, baby?" she asked. "I fought," he said, with a quivering lip and a world of pent up loneliness and homesickness in his voice as he tried to explain, "maybe if I planted it anozzer grandma'd grow."

♦

The Daily Prayer

It should be a delight—from which we cannot withhold ourselves—and not a burdensome task. If prayer is irksome to you, try this plan: Think of prayer as a little quiet talk with a dear loving Father, who listens to every word; who will help you even in the smallest matters, to carry life's cares bravely and happily; ask his blessing, knowing he will give it; and then as the day wears along, and strength is given and little pleasures bloom up along your path, think, "My loving Father remembers me." Think, when trials great or small come, "My Father is helping me. I can overcome." When seeming failures oppress, take heart and think, "My Father can lift me up and He will." All through the day, keep sending loving, trustful thoughts towards the Father who loves and fails not. Try this, and see if the habit of prayer does not grow upon you; and if you do not come to regard it as life's sweetest, most helpful privilege.

♦

A Kindly Knight

Sir Thomas Lipton, who has received such a warm welcome to America, has a well-remembered claim upon our kind regard. His check for $10,000 for the relief of our soldiers from Cuba last year is not easily forgotten. A thousand of it went, we believe, to the Irvington Auxiliary, of which Miss Gould was the guiding spirit, and some of it doubtless helped THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S boys at Camp Jewett. Sir Thomas did not inherit his title; he won it worthily, for he was knighted by England's good queen in recognition of his public benefactions. At the time of the Diamond Jubilee the Princess of Wales wanted to give a dinner in honor of the event to all the poor of London; she was in despair because subscriptions did not come in fast enough for this purpose; Thomas Lipton heard that the plan was about to fall through, and sent in his check for $125,000. Next, he gave $500,000 to found eating-houses for London's poor; his charities have been numberless. Thirty-six years ago, a ragged little blue-eyed boy on the dock at Glasgow, he said to himself that he would own ships some day. He worked early and late, cheerily and intelligently; was ever an honest, sober, and kind-hearted lad. Little Tommy Lipton he was called then; now as the queen's knight, he is just as simple and kind-hearted, and so cheery that his friends call him "the merry millionaire."

♦

The Queen and the Peasant

Good Queen Margaret, the "Pearl of Italy," is an energetic mountain climber, and, when rambling with ladies of her suite, has been known to get so far ahead as to be out of sight. On one of these occasions the Queen lost her way, was hungry and tired, and, seeing a peasant's hut, decided to wait there until her ladies came up. She knocked at the door and was answered by an old peasant woman, whom she asked for rest and refreshment. "Come in, my dear, and welcome," the kindly old peasant said. The Queen entered and insisted on helping her hostess prepare the simple meal of milk and bread. When the belated attendants reached the cottage they found the Queen and the old woman gossiping and eating with all the freedom of old friends, and it was not until some days later, when a handsome present arrived at the cottage, that the woman learned how she had entertained her Queen.

♦

The "New Woman"

The following bit of news goes to show that the "new woman," so called, is the same woman the world has known for a long time. At the approaching State fair in Georgia, there is to be a very extensive exhibit of woman's work; and note is being taken of the fact that a very large number of the articles entered represent the handicraft of "new women"—that is club-women, presidents of free kindergarten associations, history classes, hospital auxiliaries, Florence Crittenton homes, and so on; also, that the State and City Federation of Women's Clubs have, through hard work and unremitting organized effort, secured the unusually large concessions granted, as well as the excellent collection of articles to be displayed, their idea being to make the exhibit thoroughly practical, broad in its scope, and including every sort of work done by women. Among the articles which the Atlanta City Federation sends as handiwork of its own members are: an artistically trimmed hat, a well-darned stocking, embroideries, drawn-work, hemstitching, jellies, fruit-cake and fresh bread, every article representing some club-woman's industrial and domestic "fad."

FISHERWOMEN OF GRANVILLE, NORMANDY

"The Little Boy in Blue"

I [illegible]

And then I hear two lips repeat:
"I 'oves, I so 'oves you,
[illegible]
"I 'oves, I so 'oves you,
To 'ittle Boy in Blue!"

[illegible]
So freely given me!
And O, sweet words of childish glee:
[illegible]
Tause oo're so tind, so ood and tind
[illegible]
[illegible]
There summers do their vigils keep,
And winds of winter rave,
And still I hear this broken stave:
"I 'oves, I so 'oves you,
Tause oo're so tind, so ood and tind
To 'ittle Boy in Blue!"

—ARTHUR E. SMITH

♦

Fisherwomen

EVERY traveler through European countries notes the fact that women as well as men are "toilers of the sea." On the Cornish coast, the coasts of Norway, Sweden and almost every country with a water front, sturdy, industrious women may be seen handling boats, mending nets and bearing off to market great baskets full of the shinny, scaly treasures of the deep. The fish-wives of Holland are familiar in picture, song and story. Almost as well known are the fisherwomen of Granville, Normandy, who are noted for beauty, industry and courage. Blackburn, the writer, describes one thus:

[illegible] a Norman maiden, about eighteen years old, without shoes or stockings; a picture of health and beauty, bronzed by the sun; she is not strictly handsome, and she may be very [illegible] she [illegible] and happiness is a part of her nature. [illegible] a smile [illegible] and now at eight o'clock on this summer's morning, she sits down on the rocks, makes a quick breakfast of potage, plumes herself a little and commences knitting.

These fisherwomen are cool and daring "boatmen," can drive good bargains in the market place, where they call their wares in "shrill unpronounceable ejaculations," while they greet the purchaser with winning smiles, they make good wives and mothers.

If we except Alaska, our country has practically no fisherwomen. Last summer, Boston papers called attention to the anomaly of "a lone fisherwoman" who, day after day sat on the end of an East Boston wharf, watching the line—the only woman among the many men who ply this trade along Boston wharves. Passengers on the ferries watched her curiously; her fellow fishermen treated her with kindness and respect; and a reporter interviewing her discovered that she liked her occupation, that it helped her support her children, and that her neighbors were her principal customers. Alaskan squaws are often expert fisherwomen. In some sections of the Territory fishing is very easy work, as for instance in the neighborhood of Cook's Inlet, where candlefish are so abundant that the squaws catch great quantities of them by dipping a basket into the water.

♦

A Princess's Pets

At Sandringham Palace, the home of the Prince of Wales, is a dove-cote, where a number of beautiful white doves are kept. Whether these pretty birds are preening their feathers on their little tree or nestling in their boxes, they are ever ready to welcome their mistress, the princess, on her frequent visits. Some are special pets, and perch on her shoulders or hover around her for food in the prettiest way. The dove-house is glass-roofed, so that even in winter its white inhabitants may flutter in sunshine, while protected from severe cold.

A PRODIGAL SON

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

(Concluded)

CHAPTER III.

ELIZABETH SEARS. From her brother David. January 1, 18—.

The books had been unpacked, and as the cover came off the box, Mrs. Burnham ad sung the doxology, "Praise God, om whom all blessing flow!" Jim Burnam, his face alight with eager joy, had andled book after book; the minister ad said a word of prayer over them—or, oh! the untold good they would do the simple households, barren of intelctual food, to which they were going ke veritable messengers from above. hey were for children and grown folks like. Some were especially designed or the minister; some were stories; oth rs travels, and books of biography were ot wanting. Over a child's picture-book David lingered longest, finally burying is head in his hands, and breaking into ard and painful sobs. The three gath red around him.

"Why, Dave—Davy!" remonstrated Irs. Burnham. Then she saw the titleage of the little book, the round, careful hildish script, the boy's present to his ster. The very sight of it had opened he flood-gates of memory, and carried he young man, as nothing else could, ack to the days of his sweet innocence id blessedness, when he was still a little hild at home. He calmed himself by a reat effort.

"I gave Elizabeth that book the year was eight and she was ten. She must e dead, mother must be dead, or else ey never would have let the book go. went with mother to buy it for her." e broke down again.

"David," said the minister, "I don't ee this as you do. The little book, I ncy, was sent forth at a venture into the orld's wide desert, as Noah's dove was nt out of the ark. I feel sure your other is alive and longing for you, and at your sister sent this book in the px, thinking that, among the thousand ossibilities of life, it might get to your nds, as it has. David Sears, write to our mother this night."

"I vowed never to go home penniless id a burden," said David, slowly.

"You are not a burden," answered Mr. urnham, "and from this time on you rall not be penniless. I will pay you ages. Others who can afford it will be ry glad to pay you more than I. But is isn't the question, David. You are ot Satan's bond-slave any longer; you e Christ's freedman. Your mother ould know the good news. Think; she oes not even know you are living."

"It's hard enough," Mrs. Burnham lded, "for me to go to my boy's grave id plant flowers on it, and think how he s under the sod asleep; but it would ve been harder had he grown up and ot lost, and gone off where I couldn't id him."

"David," said the minister, "I don't ow under what provocation, or fear, or you left your home, but I'm sure your ty is plain. Write to the old folks and t them know."

"There are Mother and Elizabeth and y brothers. Father died before I was rn."

"Then he sees you from above, and ows all about it. Maybe God allowed m to be the guiding angel who brought u here. Who knows? But write to our mother, David, and we'll drive to the ostoffice and send the letter off to-night."

* * *

The prodigal did not go home, but me came to the prodigal. As swiftly steam could bring them, traveling by ght and by day, the mother and Elizath were whirled across the great conent, never stopping nor resting until e mother's arms were around her boy, r head gathered to his breast. The two women arrived in the twilight one evening, and they thought they had never known silence and remoteness till they drove mile after mile from the station and found at last Mr. Burnham's far-off homestead. They remained that night, and were made as comfortable as Mrs. Burnham's means would allow, and the next morning the minister came and told them he would escort them to a house where they could find board.

"You will go home with us, my boy?" said Mrs. Sears, pleadingly.

"Mother, darling"—the boy's voice was very low, but it had an accent of firmness new to it—"I cannot go to New York yet. My place is here. Here I have begun a new life. Till I am stronger, I must stay away from my old associations. Then, too, I must earn enough to pay up what you paid for me. Drink made me a brute; it made me a thief. I must wait. One of these days I will come home, but not yet."

The mother's heart ached, yet she knew David was right. She urged him no more, but her worn face was sweet with a great illumination when Elizabeth said, as firmly as David himself: "I shall take you home, dearest mother, and then I'll come back and stay with David. We'll have a little cabin here together, and I'll take care of him for you. No, brother, you need not oppose me. I shall carry out my plan. I have always had my own way, and you must not be the first to break into the established order of things."

"Mother, I must tell you every single thing," said her boy at last. "I was once on the very doorstep, and I could not go in. Mary gave me something to eat from the kitchen table. You musn't cry, mother," for at these tidings Mrs. Sears was overwhelmed; her tears flowed.

"Then," said Elizabeth, "I know the night. It was a year ago. We felt there was something unusual. We looked up and down the street, but nobody was there except old McIntyre, and, when I said to him that he kept faithful watch, he said: 'Aye, aye, Miss Elizabeth; but the angels keeps faithfuller.' He's a queer old fellow."

David did not betray McIntyre.

His mother did not rest until she had sent to the nearest town and procured for him what she thought a decent amount of wearing apparel—underclothing, stockings, trousers, coats, shoes, hats—all a man could wish; and since neither money nor clothing could be offered to Mr. Burnham, she sent for the two articles his wife had most eagerly craved—a cabinet organ and a sewing machine—and the Burnhams were as pleased as two children when these helps to family life arrived and were set in their places.

Elizabeth fulfilled her intention. She escorted her mother home, but she came flying back, and for two years there was nothing that a farmer's wife needed to do, which a farmer's sister did not learn. She had a pony, and soon the widely-scattered neighbors grew accustomed to the sight of her speeding about on its back; she taught in the little Sunday School, cheering and comforting everyone.

"Sister," said her brother at last, "I think we will go home to our mother. I can trust God to keep me now, and I feel that I can do more for Him there than here. Besides mother wants us; she misses you; she needs me. Let us turn our backs on Dakota, and do Christ's work in New York."

Elizabeth hesitated; she blushed; she was about to speak, but Dave did not notice any confusion. Having resolved to go, he was impatient to be in motion.

"I will go with you, dear," she said. "It will be a joyful home-going. And I do want to see my mother."

But long after the fatted calf had been killed, and the great delight of the home-returned prodigal was over, long after they had grown used to seeing David in the vacant chair, and to hearing him whistle and sing about the house, Elizabeth was observed to feel a peculiar interest in the visits of the postman. Thick letters came to her weekly, and she spent much time in writing, and one day there was much bustle in the house, for a friend was expected, a real guest of honor.

"Dear," said the mother, "I never expected to see you marry a minister, much less a home missionary."

"The unexpected is always happening mamsie."

"If you could have chosen somebody at home!"

"There wasn't the right somebody here, mother. There couldn't have been any other somebody half so good."

David smiled. As the soul of another David had been knit to the soul of Jonathan, was his to his Dakota comrade and brother. It seemed to him a beautiful circumstance, that his sister should marry his dearest friend.

[THE END.]

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NEW YORK
JOHN WANAMAKER

Temperance Workers in Conference

The Great Convention This Week of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Seattle, Washington

IN this journal, on October 4, we gave a brief sketch of the preparations for the forthcoming convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union at Seattle, with portraits of the president, vice-president and corresponding secretary. These conventions are always deeply interesting, and exercise a wide influence; but this year is a special anniversary of exceptional significance, as it is a kind of silver wedding anniversary, marking the twenty-fifth commemoration of the organization of the Union.

MRS. FRANCES J. BEAUCHAMP

The event the convention celebrates was, like nearly all mighty events, almost unnoticed at its occurrence. It grew out of a conference of "crusaders" at Chautauqua, N. Y., in August, 1874. "Mother" Stewart, of Springfield, O.; Mrs. George Carpenter, of Washington Court House, O.; "Mother" Thompson, of Hillsboro, O., and other devoted women of Ohio had demonstrated to the world how much power there was in the hands of consecrated women thoroughly and heartily united against the curse of the home. By their appeals to saloon keepers and their pleadings with the men who patronized the saloon, a wave of temperance reform swept through two hundred and fifty towns and villages, closing the saloons, pledging inebriates to sobriety and bringing into the kingdom of God multitudes whom the liquor habit had excluded. During the fall and winter of 1873 this great movement had been going forward, and woman was tasting the first fruits of her victory over the enemy who has done more than any other to render her lot a misery. In December, 1873, the women of Fredonia, N. Y., banded together, with Mrs. Esther McNeil at their head, for a work in their town like that in Ohio, and gave their organization the name, destined to become famous the world over, of Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Many workers were gathered together at Chautauqua, N. Y., at the Sunday School Assembly in August, 1874, who heard with delight the reports of the victories already achieved, and were fired with the idea of greater triumphs that might be accomplished by the same means. It was resolved to call a meeting of women to be held in November at Cleveland, O., to organize women temperance workers on a national basis. The convention was held November 18–20, and a hearty response from all sections was made. The title chosen by the little society of Fredonia, N. Y., was recognized as eminently suitable for the larger organization, was adopted, and the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union was ushered into the world.

MRS. CLARA C. HOFFMAN

The first President was Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, of Philadelphia. Its declaration of principles was duly made and its objects, as stated by the organizers, were: "To form a better public sentiment, reforming the drinking classes, transforming by Divine grace those who are enslaved by alcohol, and securing the entire abolition of the liquor traffic." During the quarter of a century in which it has been in existence, it has done a noble work among the children in Sunday Schools, Loyal Temperance Legions and Kindergartens; its efforts to influence college students and to train and organize young women for a philanthropic life; its evangelistic work for non-churchgoers, for railway employees, soldiers, lumbermen, miners (especially for the drinking men of all classes), all these have proved the breadth of its comprehensiveness and the tirelessness of its zeal. Its efforts to reach the pauper and the prisoner, to establish reformatories and homes for the wretched victims of inebriety and their suffering children, and its temperance Flower Mission, must appeal to every true heart. It also strives to redeem outcast women from a slavery worse than that of chains, and by better laws to secure protection to women and girls from the outrage of brutal or designing men. It has been instrumental in raising the age of consent in nearly every State in the Union, and its influence is being strongly felt in the purification of our literature and art.

The reports of the results achieved by the organization reached other lands in which the liquor evil was doing a work almost as deadly as here, and inquiries as to its methods came from many countries. It was resolved to send out a number of devoted women as missionaries to spread the Temperance Gospel and organize women's work. They were Mary Clement Leavitt, of Massachusetts; Jessie A. Ackermann, of California; Dr. Kate C. Bushnell and Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew, of Illinois; Alice R. Palmer, of Indiana; Mary Allen West, of Illinois; Miss Clara Parrish, of Illinois; and Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Rhode Island. Through their efforts, national unions were organized in several lands, and in November, 1883 an international organization was effected under the title of The World's Woman's Temperance Union. It now represents woman's temperance work in no less than forty nations and has a total membership of more than half a million. It has held four international conventions, the last in Toronto in 1897.

MRS. HELEN M. BARKER

The three officers of the National W. C. T. U., whose portraits are here given are all ladies of singular force of character, eloquent platform speakers and remarkable for administrative ability. Mrs. Clara C. Hoffman was for several years President of the W. C. T. U. of Missouri, where she won the hearty good will and loyal enthusiasm of all the branches. She is the Recording Secretary in the National organization. Mrs. Helen M. Barker, the Treasurer, is of New England parentage. She is a graduate of Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, and was for some years principal of a public school at Oswego, N. Y. As the wife of a clergyman, she entered heartily into religious work and was for eight years Secretary of Foreign Mission work in Western New York. She identified herself with the W. C. T. U. at the beginning and was unanimously elected first President of the Alleghany (N. Y.) County Union. Afterwards she served as President of the State Union of Dakota. In 1893 she was elected Treasurer of the National Union. Mrs. Frances E. Beauchamp, the Assistant Recording Secretary is a native of Kentucky, and was elected President of the Union of that State. She is the youngest officer of the National organization and one of its most efficient workers

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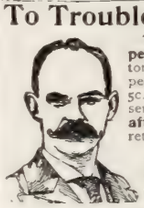

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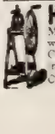

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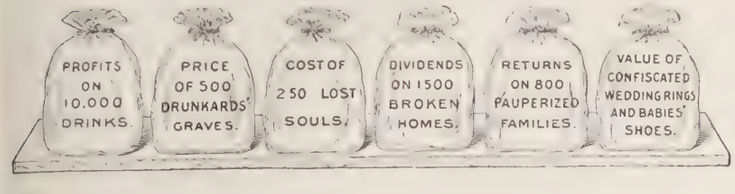
The Saloon-keeper's Gift

Writers Say His Wife and Children Should not be Debarred from Christian Privileges and Opportunities


PROFITS ON 10,000 DRINKS.
PRICE OF 500 DRUNKARDS' GRAVES.
COST OF 250 LOST SOULS.
DIVIDENDS ON 1500 BROKEN HOMES.
RETURNS ON 800 PAUPERIZED FAMILIES.
VALUE OF CONFISCATED WEDDING RINGS AND BABIES' SHOES.

AN almost unreadable supply of letters flow in discussing the question, "Shall a church accept the saloon-keeper's money in aid of its spiritual work?" The problem has been considered from every point of view. Almost every letter received deserves publication, but it would take every page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD many weeks to do this. Last week we gave letters representative of a large number appealing, in the interests of the drunkard's family, for or against acceptance of the gift. This week we make selections from hundreds of letters urging the claims of the rum-seller's wife and children, who are irresponsible for the husband and father's calling, and also of the claim of the rum-seller himself upon the prayers of the church and to the privilege of doing good as God's Spirit prompts him.

J. R. Taylor, ex-saloon keeper, writes:

Through inheritance and environment, it was my misfortune to be a saloon-keeper for fifteen years. When I was converted, the surrender of my saloon meant the overthrow of my other and righteous business. "Can I join the church?" I asked my pastor. "Yes, and keep your case before God in prayer." God soon opened the way for me to quit the accursed traffic. Had church and pastor closed the door on me, I don't know what the result would have been. Apply saloon contributions to the relief of drunkards' families; they belong to them—though all the saloon money in the world would be poor requital for broken nuptial vows, lost love and blasted hopes.

T. B. U., N. Y., writes:

Yes; encourage all to sow all the good seed they can; but let the barkeeper understand that he and his family are wanted more than his money. When he or they come, never remind them of their trespass until they come for membership (Isa. 43: 25; 44: 22; II. Cor. 5: 19; Isa. 1: 18), and then only remind the one presenting himself for membership who is still engaged in the saloon business. The wife and the children should not be discouraged by the church, so long as they themselves do not aid in the business. By kindness we may win the saloon-keeper from the devil's service.

B. C. Hedges, N. Y., writes:

If intended as hush-money, reject it; but consider this case: A saloon-keeper's wife and children attend the church, the wife a good Christian member, the boys and girls members of the Sunday School. The husband and father sees the good the church is doing for his loved ones; he knows he is following a wicked business; but he is grateful to the church, and out of a good motive gives his money. It would be a sin to refuse it.

Saloon Keeper, Chicago, Ill., writes:

Never have I perused a question of religion or morality with as much interest as this. It may be out of the ordinary for a saloon-keeper to write in regard to this, but such am I. Admitting what you assume to be a fact, *i.e.*, that we wilfully sell our own souls to the devil for gain, what right have you, or how could a loving Saviour refuse our aid in spreading Christian influence and saving grace to our brothers? Why accept our children's pennies in the Sunday School, our wives' baskets at the sociable, our daughters' voices in the Christian choir? Do you think because we are saloon-keepers we would like to see churches darkened, Sunday Schools closed, Christian work, help and influence destroyed? Go and ask the meanest saloon-keeper, and get your answer. We may feel guilt, and by thus giving to the Lord be doing the bidding of conscience, which with God may be the widow's mite.

Saloon-Keeper, Bismarck, Pa., writes:

Be consistent and take the money which we give you, and, when you think it a sin to sell whiskey, just say so at the polls, in legislatures and courts, and, like all other law-abiding citizens, we will cease to be your agents, and your question is settled forever.

Mrs. P. C. Roberts, Kan., writes:

I think you should accept it. We have a saloon-keeper in our little town who has three children, regular attendants at our Sabbath School, and never failing to bring their pennies If we should refuse to take their pennies, how very bad the guiltless little ones would feel! I think if we refuse the father's gift we must refuse the children's, for both gifts come through his hands.

Cassius B. Bechtel, Mich., writes:

This money may be offered in memory of a Christian home or mother. Whatever the motive, it would be a sin not to accept it, and make it do good instead of doing evil.

James F. Griffin, Kan., writes:

Years ago when we had open saloons in Topeka, the wife and daughter of a saloon keeper, members of our church, were regular contributors to its expenses, by the envelope system. It was my duty at that time to receive such collections, and I felt that it would have been unkind and unchristian for me to throw out their envelopes. But one day the saloon-keeper met me on the street and said that if I would call at his saloon he would give me some money for the church. I declined. I think my action was right in both instances.

E. P., Montrose, Col., writes:

Are we, as teachers in the Sabbath School, to refuse the pennies that the saloon-keepers' children bring to us as their Sabbath day offering? Can we, as Christian workers, wound the heart of the saloon-keeper's wife (who may be struggling for a better life) by refusing her gifts?

Mrs. G. R. A., Pa., writes:

There are very many ladies who have no other money furnished by their husbands who would be glad to help the church. I have been placed for many years where no other money but that paid over a bar in hotel or saloon comes into my hands. I have paid pew rent and other church expenses with it. I am glad it never was refused.

Mrs. H. P. Wheelock, N. J., writes:

A liquor seller rents a pew and members of his family are seated there every Sabbath. Shall we refuse his money, and thus virtually shut out his family from the sanctuary?

Annie Romaine, N. Y., writes:

The saloon-keeper may have children who attend the Sunday School. Surely no one would commit an act that would drive them from the house of God.

C. W. Sibley, Illinois, writes:

For years I collected the offerings for a pioneer church, receiving among other contributions those of the saloon-keeper and his patrons. The saloon-keeper's offering came through his wife and children. How could the church refuse it?

A. Clark, N. Y., writes:

The saloon-keeper's children attend Sunday School. Should not their pennies be taken as well as those of other children? Should the saloon-keeper's wife and daughter be shut out from a share in all Christian work?

Joseph Wylie, S. C., writes:

I have fought rum and saloons for many years. While I hate them both, yet as a Christian I am not to hate the saloon-keeper. He may have a very pious wife, a liberal contributor to the church of her choice. Probably every member of her church knows that these contributions come through the husband direct from the saloon. The wife may be the means of saving her husband, and turning him from evil ways. Christians should treat kindly, even the chiefest sinners.

Thos. H. Merritt, N. Y., writes:

In a small village a woman who has run a saloon for many years, rented and paid for a pew in our church, went to church herself, taking her four children; the children were all converted, joined the church and are living Christian lives. She paid her pew rent with saloon money. Had the church refused her a pew four souls no doubt would have been lost. We should watch and pray, instead of calling down fire on the saloon-keeper's head

H. A. H., State College, Pa., writes:

If the motive that prompts the saloon-keeper's gift is purely a desire to help the spread of the Gospel, then it is right to accept it; but if it is from a desire to please some church member who may go in and take a drink, or sign a petition for license, it is wrong. Pray for the saloonkeeper's family as well as the drunkard's

A great number of letters await acknowledgment in a later issue.

THE MUSE OF BROTHERHOOD

By Edwin Markham

Author of "The Man with the Hoe"

This is one of the few really great poems that the closing years of the century have produced. In it Mr. Markham voices a healthy optimism that is even more impressive and convincing than the notes of hopelessness and despair that characterized "The Man with the Hoe." At the same time he nobly sets forth the principles of that universal brotherhood which says: **"I am Religion by her deeper name."**

This poem appears exclusively in

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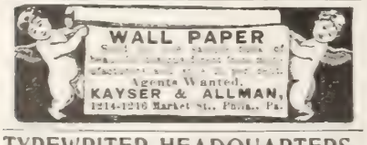

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Stewards and Prodigals

By Dwight L. Moody

The Uses of Wealth

MR. MOODY'S notes on the Bible never fail to interest readers, but in those given below, dealing with Christ's illustrations as recorded in Luke's Gospel, the evangelist is more than usually interesting and instructive in his comments.

Luke 12:13. Even under Christ there were inattentive listeners.

V. 15. A double caution against greed. Whenever Jesus spoke of wealth, he spoke in words of warning.

V. 16. The anathema of the rich fool is not against riches, but against selfishness: against the mammon-worship which dethrones Jehovah.

Notice in this parable: *a.* The false conception of life. *b.* Forgetfulness of divine providence. *c.* Denial of man's stewardship. *d.* Neglect of true self providence, laying up treasure in heaven.

Ch. 12:20. "Thou fool!" God's epitaph over this man. The world would have said,—"Here lies so-and so, a good man, kind to the poor," etc. Why a fool? Because he thought he could fill his soul with the food his body enjoyed. The soul cannot eat and drink like the body. His soul was pining and starving in spiritual penury.

V. 37. "Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh, shall find *watching*." "Watching"—conduct governed by the constant expectation of the Lord's return.

Ch. 14:11. Where humility is the corner stone, glory shall be the top-stone. V. 17. "Say to them that were bidden, *Come*." V. 21. "*Bring in* hither the poor," etc. V. 23. "*Compel* them to come in."

V. 23. Religion a banquet. Sometimes by theological wisdom, by church architecture, by our conduct, *we* compel people to stay away from the feast.

The Returning Prodigal

Ch. 15. First parable—one lost in one hundred: Second parable—one lost in ten: Third parable—one lost in two. First parable—Christ seeking the sheep: Second parable—the Holy Spirit seeking the lost sinner: inside "the house" (v. 8), that is, the church: Third parable—the Father receiving the returning prodigal.

Ch. 15:2. "This man"—human, yet divine. "Receiveth sinners"—His mission, the mark by which his enemies distinguished him.

V. 11. Contrast the story of Joseph and his father with that of the prodigal son and his father.

V. 12. This young man had a fortune in his hand—not in his head or heart. Any fool can squander the former kind of fortune: but not the latter.

V. 13. The farthest a Christian can get from heaven is the world.

Vs. 14:16. The devil has never had a famine of husks. There are always plenty of husks, and plenty of swine to eat them.

V. 17. The prodigal might have said his father was the richest man in Judea, but no one would have believed him. The testimony of many Christians is not accepted by the world because of their spiritual poverty.

A Fatherly Welcome

V. 20. God was *in a hurry* to welcome the returning prodigal. Eyes, heart, feet, hands, and lips—all engaged to welcome the wanderer. The father saw him, had compassion, ran to him, embraced him, kissed him, clothed him, feasted him, rejoiced with him. The backslider was missed from the family circle.

V. 22. The Robe of righteousness. Ring of assurance. Shoes of peace (Eph. 6:15). Under the Law, God said, "Put off thy shoes" (Ex. 3:5). Under Grace, "Put on him the best robe" (v. 22).

V. 24. A sort of revival to which the elder brother objected.

V. 29. No enjoyment with his father: only with his friends. Six things about the prodigal son: His condition—"in want" (v. 14). His conviction—"came to himself" (v. 17). His confidence—"I will arise" (v. 18). His confession—"I have sinned" (v. 18). His contrition—"no more worthy" (v. 19). His conversion—"He arose and came" (v. 20).

Turning Points

Turning points in his life: Sick of home (vs. 12, 13). Homesick (vs. 17–19). Home (vs. 20–24). Sequel (vs. 25–32).

Six cases of men "afar off" from God: The prodigal (Ch. 15:13). The rich man (Ch. 16:23). The ten lepers (Ch. 17:12). The Publican (Ch. 18:13). The beggar (Ch. 18:40). Peter (Ch. 22:54).

Ch. 10:20. In only one parable did Jesus use a proper name—Lazarus. In only four miracles do we know the names of those benefited—Mary Magdalene, Jairus, Malchus, Bartimæus. When you step out of your self-contained residence, be sure you do not stumble over some Lazarus into hell.

V. 24. It is better to beg bread on earth (as Lazarus) than water in hell (as Dives).

Different Ideas about Prayer

THERE is a new kind of philosphy nowadays writes Mr. Moody, which teaches that it is a very healthy exercise to pray, because it teaches us submision. God doesn't change in His plans for us; we won't get anything more by asking, but then just ask; it is healthy exercise! A mother in New York has lost track of her boy. She is wandering around the streets seeking for him. You know that the boy is dead, but still you tell her to keep on seeking—it is a healthy exercise. What downright mockery!

Suppose that in the dead of winter, when the thermometer is down at zero, a man who has been stuck for twenty-four hours in a drift manages to get to my house at midnight, and rings the bell. I go to the window, and say: "Who is there?"

"Mr. ——. I have been in a snow-bank twenty-four hours, and I am dying. Won't you help me?"

"Well," I say, "I have a fixed rule never to open my door until morning, but you just keep on knocking; it will do you good; it is a healthy exercise."

That is a fair illustration of the way some people would have us look at prayer, Christ said. "Ask, and ye shall receive."

During the war a man came to me at Nashville, a great, big six-footer, and he was shaking all over and crying like a baby. I thought he must have delirium tremens. He pulled out an old, soiled letter and said: "Chaplain, read that."

It was a letter from his sister, saying that every night as the sun went down she fell on her knees and prayed God to save her brother. The soldier said: "Chaplain, I have been in a number of battles, and have been before the cannon's mouth without trembling a bit; but the moment I read that letter I began to shake. I suppose that I am the meanest wretch in the whole Cumberland Army."

I took a copy of the letter and went to another division of the army, thirty miles away. The next day I got up before the men and read it, and told how that man had been saved in answer to the prayers of his sister six hundred miles away.

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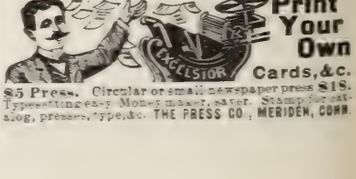
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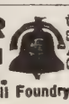

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(Written for "The Christian Herald")

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You came to us with all your hopes,
With all your trials, griefs and fears,
We'll take you in our loving arms,
We'll wipe away your bitter tears;
We will not leave you now to die,
We will not spurn your helpless cry.

Fair daughter! you are now our own;
You gave yourself to us, and so
We'll take your tired, trembling hand
And all the way we'll with you go
Our love for you shall be secure,
While we're permitted to endure.

Chickasaw, Iowa. DAVID W. HINE.

These verses fitly describe the feeling of sympathy toward the poor Porto Ricans which prevails throughout Christian America, and which is now finding expression in the consecrated gifts of food and clothing that are being sent from our seaports to that island.

It is unquestionable, however, that there is still a very large number of our people who do not thoroughly comprehend the great needs of Porto Rico and who cannot understand why our Government does not undertake the work of relief. This is very clearly explained in a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Mr. William R. Corwine, Secretary of the Central Porto Rican Relief Fund, appointed by the United States Government. He writes:

So far as action by the Government is concerned, there is no provision of law under which relief work of this character can be done. The treaty with Spain provides specifically that the status of Porto Rico must be fixed by Congress. The President and his advisers have held, and in this position they have been indorsed by some of the best legal talent of the United States, that under the wording of the clause in the treaty which directly affects Porto Rico, nothing can be done in the way of changing the conditions as they exist on that island, and the conditions existing between that island and the United States, without action by Congress. Congress will not convene until December. It will probably be several months after that before the subject can be threshed out sufficiently to allow proper laws to be enacted.

I visited Porto Rico for the purpose of making an investigation of the conditions there. I found that the coffee crop was only from sixty to sixty-five per cent. of the normal, and the tobacco crop about one-third of the normal. General Guy V. Henry, U. S. A., who was the Governor-General of the island, had attempted to ameliorate the suffering that had followed these conditions, by giving employment to these men upon the roads. While I was there there were some 15,000 men thus employed, each receiving fifty centavos a day, equivalent to about thirty cents of our money. The period of idleness had produced a great amount of destitution. There had been organized in San Juan, Porto Rico, what is known as the Woman's Aid Society of Porto Rico, with Mrs. Guy V. Henry as president. Mrs. Henry had the cooperation of the wives of many of the Army and Navy officers stationed there and the wives of some of the best Porto Ricans, all of whom were working with her to relieve this suffering. When General Henry was ordered home, in May, on sick-leave, Mrs. Dr. John Van Rennsalaer Hoff, wife of Major Hoff, U. S. A., Surgeon-General, succeeded Mrs. Henry as president. On the return of General Henry and Mrs. Henry to their own country there was organized here what is known as the Colonial Aid Society of the United States to cooperate with the Woman's Aid Society of San Juan. Mrs. Guy V. Henry was elected president of the Colonial Aid Society, the other officers being: Miss Anna Rhodes, vice-president; Mrs. Janvier Le Duc, secretary; Mrs. Horace See, treasurer. A committee of members of the Merchants' Association was formed to cooperate with her and Mrs. Hoff, the following gentlemen being on the committee: Duncan D. Chaplin, chairman; S. Cristy Mead, treasurer; William R. Corwine, secretary; John C. Eames and H. D. Lockwood.

As a result of a meeting held at the Merchants' Association in July, at which this committee was originally appointed, the charitable work was begun and was being carried on with considerable degree of success when the cyclone destroyed the crops, many of the homes and business buildings in the island of Porto Rico.

The Secretary of War, the Hon. Elihu Root, jumped into the breach and at once ordered that the Government buy, and the Government vessels transport, such supplies as might be asked for by Brigadier-General George W. Davis, Governor-General of Porto Rico. The Committee of the Merchants' Association offered to cooperate with the Secretary of War, and at his request a large committee of business men was formed, of which Governor Roosevelt became the chairman and the writer the secretary. This committee bent its efforts towards cooperating with the War Department and General Davis. A number of committees had sprung up in different localities and the Secretary of War, finding that there was no communication between these committees and no uniformity of action, appointed the following named gentlemen as the Central Porto Rican Relief Committee, for the purpose of taking charge of the funds donated through these various committees, making the purchases of goods that were required, and attending to the shipments:

Cornelius N. Bliss, Ex-Secretary Interior, Chairman. William R. Corwine, the Merchants' Association of New York, Secretary. Brig.-General Guy V. Henry, U. S. A., formerly Governor-Gen. of Porto Rico. Right Rev. James H. Blenk, Bishop of Porto Rico. Hon. Warner Van Norden, Treasurer, President National Bank of North America, New York. Hon. Randolph Guggenheimer, President of the Council, Greater New York. Hon. William T. Malster, Mayor of Baltimore, Md. Hon. Josiah Quincy Mayor of Boston Mass.

Meanwhile, the main or Central Porto Rican Relief Committee has been buying rice and beans to the extent of 350 tons a week. These purchases have been through bids obtained in the market. They have been purchased at the lowest possible price. In addition to this, the committee is now filling a very large order for medical supplies called for by Dr. Hoff, as being immediately necessary on the island. These last named supplies will practically exhaust the amount of money at the control of the Central Porto Rican Relief Committee.

The Secretary of War has done his share and is continuing to do it. He must, however, trust to Congress to reimburse the War Department for the money which has been used in this way. It is but just to him that the people should help him all they possibly can.

WILLIAM R. CORWINE.

In his latest report, Gen. Davis, writing from San Juan, says:

You will recall that my original estimate of the number of sufferers was 250,000. The report shows a number considerably in excess of this. Every effort is being made to prevent the misuse of relief supplies and the pauperization of the people through them. Assure the people at home, that, as near as it is possible to reach that result, every bean will go to those for whom they intend it.

People at home should be made to understand that the destitute here, whom they are trying to save from starvation, are a primitive race. They live in huts of bark and thatch upon the simplest (chiefly vegetable) food, and the mildness of the climate permits of the lightest of clothing. They are a semi-starved race, the off-spring of generations of semi-starved ancestors, without vitality or reserve force, and ready to die of starvation at the least provocation. Ours is a question of food more than anything else, and the simplest kind of food; we need a thousand tons of it every week and if it comes in the shape of beans (preferably red), rice, and cod-fish or bacon, it will be most acceptable to these poor people.

These contributions have been received in aid of the Porto Rico relief work:

Prev ack	$4 633 36	Philips Mr & Mrs D	10 00
Adams, Mrs E B	1 00	Peterson, Mrs C R	1 00
Adams, Mrs Pauline	1 00	Phillipp, Mrs Wm	2 00
Adell, L T	2 50	Pittillo, Mrs	1 00
Akeson, Anna	1 00	Pollock, Mrs E A	2 00
Andrews, H G	2 00	Post, Henry	1 00
Arrowood, Mrs W S	1 00	Powelson, Lizzie	50
Au, Nettie	1 00	Pratt, Mrs M H	1 00
Baack, H J	1 00	Price, Jerry	50
Babbitt, Ailse	1 00	Provost, Mr & Mrs F S	1 00
Baker, Albert	2 00	Radcliffe, Samuel	1 00
Baker, Doras	1 00	Reamer, C J L	5 00
Barnes, Mrs D J	2 00	Reed, Mrs A C	5 00
Bates, J N	1 00	Reed, J J	5 00
Beach, Chas A	10 00	Relander, Pearl	10
Beach J M	5 00	Reseigh, J N	1 00
Beagle, Malvin	1 00	Reuling, Miss Ella	3 00
Beamer, Mrs W S	2 00	Rice, Mrs Helen C	1 00
Beggs, James	1 00	Riddle, Chas T	05
Betts, Edward	30	Rigdon, Jonathan	1 00
Betts, Mr & Mrs T G	2 50	Riley, W P	25
Betts, Wayren	20	Ringer, Isabel	1 00
Biddulph, John Thos	5 00	Ringer, Jonas	1 00
Birkemeier, F	29 75	Roberts, James S	1 00
Bispham, Mrs N C	1 00	Roberts, John S	1 00
Blair, Mrs Eliza A	1 00	Rogan, Jas F	2 00
Blair, R R	25	Rohrer, Mr & Mrs J	1 00
Blauvelt, C D	5 00	Rood, A	1 00
Bragg, Mr & Mrs F H	75	Rose, G R & C L	6 00
Brandel, Margrite	1 00	Ruch, C & family	5 00
Brandel, Millie F	25	Runyon, G L	1 50
Brandt, Annie	1 00	Sampson, Mary A	1 00
Brandt, Daniel	1 00	Sebald F	4 00
Brandt, Mrs M E	1 00	Sheldon, A	2 00
Brandt, Miss Madel'e	10 00	Sherratt, J	1 00
Brooker, M A	1 00	Shorey, Julia R	1 00
Brown, N S	50	Shove, H	5 00
Bunting, S A	1 00	Smith, Mr & Mrs C C	1 00
Burtless, Mrs A L	1 00	Smith, Mrs F F	1 00
Bush, Louisa	25	Smith, G K	5 00
Bush, Martha	25	Smith, Maria E	1 00
Butler, C F	1 00	Spillmann, G L	1 00
Gorsline, Mary F	1 00	Squires, Mrs S B	1 00
Owens & Owens	5 00	Squires, Mrs S W	2 00
Owens, Mrs W H	1 00	Squires S W	5 00
Parker, J S	1 00	Stanglland, Mabel	1 20
Patterson, D G	50	Stearns, Mrs A I	1 00
Peterson, P L	5 00	Total	$4,844 46

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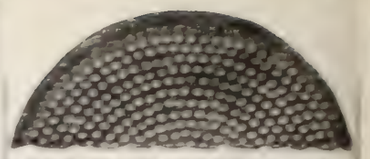

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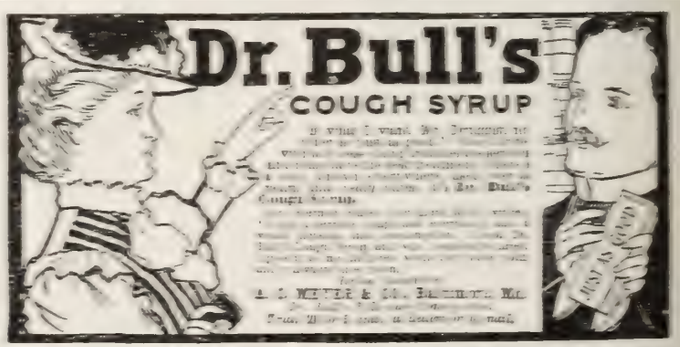

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Giving a Measure of Love

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 29. Mark 12: 41-44.

WHEN a boy makes a present to his father or mother, what does it represent? It may be some trifle that they could easily buy for themselves, or it may be something utterly useless to them, but how do they regard it? They do not value it by its cost, nor by its beauty, or useful ness; the value to them is in the love that it indicates. If they learn that their son has saved his pocket-money to purchase it; if he has gone without some toy that he wanted in order that he may have the money wherewith to buy the present; or if he has done some work to earn the money that he chooses to spend in this way—any of those considerations are taken into account in their estimate of the gift. Then, on the other hand, if there are indications that the present is made with the idea that the child will gain by giving the present; if he expects that his parents will be influenced by it to grant some indulgence, or to give him some greater thing that he wants, that too would be taken into account. The acceptable gift is one that is disinterested, one that indicates love, and one that is the result of self-denial. All that we know of God teaches us to apply the same principles to our gifts to his cause. We cannot suppose that he needs them; but we are sure that he accepts them with pleasure, when the motive is right.

One of the most beautiful incidents in the Gospels is that of the woman who broke the alabaster box of ointment over Christ's feet (John 12: 3-8). The disciples knowing well the simplicity of their Master's life, were unable to under stand such an act. To Judas, especially, it seemed wasteful to use a luxury worth fifty dollars in this way. Better he thought have sold it and given the money to the poor; but Christ had no reproof to utter. We cannot imagine that he cared for the ointment, or the perfume, but he cared very much for the love that thought nothing too good for him. Everything he said about giving, has the same underlying principle. Even a cup of cold water given out of love of him, would not lose its reward. The poor widow who gives only two mites, is commended because her gift involved self-denial. In picturing the last judgment (Matt. 25: 31-46) the gifts were taken into account. They were not given to him; they were given to other men; but the motive being love of him, he appropriates them. He is beautifully considerate, too. The gift is not estimated by its intrinsic values, but by its relation to our ability. The largest gifts are not the best gifts. The pauper and the millionaire are on the same level in the matter of giving. Indeed, the poor man is able to give more generously than the millionaire, because the millionaire cannot give so as to feel the pinch of the gift, while the poor man may not be able to give one dollar without denying himself. Thus, the principle takes no account of tenths, does not worry as to whether this or that gift should be counted into the tenth, but prompts gifts of which the only measure is love of Jesus. Does a man love him with all his heart? Then he will give freely to his cause, that he may be pleased and that other men may know him. Does a man love himself? Then he will give grudgingly, lest his gift may diminish his own pleasures. There is no compulsion, but most surely the gift is a measure of the love there is to Christ in the soul.

Our New Money

The new series of greenbacks, soon to be issued by the government, will be of very different design from those now in use. The reason for the change is that the paper money now in circulation has not been satisfactory from the standpoint of convenience, as seen by bank officers and clerks. In many of the "art notes," the denominational figures are obscured in the attempt to make them decorative. In the new issue they will be large and plain, so as to render counting easy. About half the surface of the new bills will be left blank, in order to show the fibres of the paper better, and because this arrangement brings out the engraved designs more vividly and clearly. One trouble with the "art notes" is that their designs confuse the eye, making it easier for a counterfeit to pass. The new money is almost severely plain. An eagle with outspread wings is the principal ornament of the face of the one dollar silver certificate, a portrait of Lincoln being engraved beneath it. The figure 1 and the treasury seal are in bright blue, and both seal and denominational number will be of this color. The two dollar certificate has a head of Washington. The Treasury people say that the value of the portrait as a safeguard against counterfeiting lies in the fact that we are all more familiar with human faces than with other objects.

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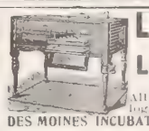

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

RELIGIOUS DEVOTEES IN JAPAN ON A PILGRIMAGE TO FUJIYAMA, THE "HOLY MOUNTAIN"

(SEE PAGE (811)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

At the request of many friends who have not yet been heard, the saloon money controversy will be continued until all sides to the discussion have been fairly presented, after which decision will be pronounced by competent judges of high standing.

Mrs. D. C. M., Fairfield, Neb. I have 12mo and 8vo. books, which are the same size. Are sheets of paper all the same size? If so, why are the 12mo. and 8vo. books identical in size?

No; sheets are in different "regular" sizes, according to requirements. "Octavo," as generally used by publishers, refers to a book measuring 6 x 9 1-2 in., the technical name of which would be Medium 8vo. There are also recognized in the United States, Cap 8vo., [illegible] 8vo. referred to a sheet folded in eight leaves, or books made of sheets so folded. Twelvemo. (or 12mo., as sometimes written), refers to a book measuring 4 3-4 x 7 3-4 in., the cut page or leaf measuring 4 1-2 x 7 1-2 in. It originally meant a volume having twelve leaves to a sheet, but is now always printed sixteen or thirty-two pages to a sheet.

Emma B., Wylam, Ala. Is there any Scripture which says that the prayer of the wicked availeth nothing?

See Prov. 15: 8; 28: 9 and other passages. Also the passage which declares that the prayers of the righteous availeth much (see Jas. 5: 16). By logical implication it can be read to mean that the prayers of the wicked are unavailing.

Mrs. G. T. W., Eulalie, Texas. Is it right for people who have to work hard for a living to give to the support of home preachers enough to keep their families from work? Ought not their children to work the same as ours?

There are various ways of working, besides performing actual manual labor. If a pastor (who no doubt earns every dollar of salary he receives, unless he be a rare exception), decides to economize and make personal sacrifice in order that he may educate his children, and fit them for beneficent careers, we think he should be helped instead of being made uncomfortable by adverse criticism. If, however, he is bringing up his children in idle habits criticism may be warranted; but it is not probable.

Readers of this journal who are interested in the anti-Mormon movement would do well to write to the League for Social Service, 150 East Twenty-second street, New York City, for the series of six pamphlets on the subject prepared under the superintendency of Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong. The price is ten cents.

Keene R., McCormick Seminary, Chicago, Ill. A [illegible] among friends of temperance by a ruling of Attorney-General Griggs regarding army canteens, in which he annulled an act of Congress suppressing canteens. At the time you remember, certain army officers wrote letters indorsing the canteens, which influenced the Attorney in his decision. At the meeting of the Chicago Presbytery the other day, resolutions were introduced condemning the Attorney-General and beseeching the President to interfere and sustain Congress. Can you give me any information as to the grounds of justification of the act?

We take pleasure in referring the writer of this letter, and all others interested in the canteen question, to Rev. W. F. Crafts, Reform Bureau, 210 Delaware avenue, Washington, D. C., who will supply all information.

E. W. G., Zanesville, O. 1. I am interested in city mission work here. How is mission work conducted in general? 2. How are the leaders appointed? Are they elected by a vote of those present? 3. Is the Bowery Mission an organized body? 4. Is it best to let a mission run [illegible] and supported by free-will offerings. 2. The leader may be the founder or may be chosen by a body of Christian men and women who are interested in the mission and who contribute generously to its support. The leader should have the privilege of choosing his own assistants and should be a thoroughly consecrated Christian of practical experience. 3. The Bowery Mission is an incorporated organization, and is operated under a thorough system. 4. No, organization and method are essential to success.

R. S., Burlington, N. J. No mention is made in our [illegible] the new temple. Was it not in Solomon's temple as it was in the tabernacle? What became of it?

It was put in Solomon's Temple (see II Chron. 5: 2). When that temple was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, no mention is made of [illegible] and has bad taste. We do not think that the passages in question forbid the wearing of such ornaments, but rather that they encourage people to seek graces of character which are much better. 2. It is well to avoid offending the weak brother, but he must not rule society. There is a limit to concessions to his scruples. Some of them are very silly and it would be better to get him to take more sensible views than to yield to him.

D. D., Maine. 1. Can you tell me what became of [illegible] no vegetation grows now along the vista on [illegible] I have heard that it is so.

1. There are various legends and traditions [illegible] *Pilati*, an apocryphal work still extant, contains some of these. One tradition is to the effect that the Emperor Tiberius, alarmed at the universal darkness which had suddenly fallen on his empire upon the day of the crucifixion, summoned Pilate to Rome to answer for having caused it. Pilate was condemned to death, but pleaded ignorance as his excuse. His wife died at the moment of his execution. Another tradition is that Tiberius, having heard of Christ's miracles, wrote to Pilate bidding him send Jesus to Rome. Pilate was compelled to confess that he had crucified him, and was thrown into prison and committed suicide. Earth and sea refused to receive his body, and it was repeatedly cast up, finally being sunk in a pool at Lucerne, under the shadow of Mount Pilatus. Josephus, the Jewish historian (in *Antiquities*, 18 ch. 4: 1), states authoritatively that Pilate [illegible] Empire

[illegible] friend says:

[illegible] book then study it chapter by chapter [illegible] all, to pray that the Holy Spirit may enable you to live what you learn.

[illegible] but the hints above shown may easily and profitably be followed and amplified by any diligent Bible student.

[illegible] tained whether Christ was so baptized?

King James was not so baptized, but his example is of no value. You do not suppose that he had anything to do with [illegible] bears his name, do you? A Baptist would tell you that Christ [illegible] would tell you that he was not. No one knows, for certain. If you place any value on the mode of baptism, by all means obey [illegible] but see to it that you seek above all things, the baptism of the [illegible] greater moment.

[illegible] plant, or to learn it by deriving an electrical engineering educa[illegible]

If you have the opportunity, we would strongly advise you to get the practical training afforded in an engineering college as a basis for the actual work to come later. You will then have a better chance to rise in your chosen profession than if you began without the prelim nary training.

[illegible] States to foreign missions last year, and which denomination gave most?

The total amount given was $5,158,114. The Methodist Episcopal Church (North and South), stands at the head, with $1,501,167. Next is the Presbyterian (North and South), with $981,580. Next, the Baptists (North and South), with $906,723. Then the Congregationalists with $687,200. The Protestant Episcopal Church next with $280,969.

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Mrs. C. A. R., Winne, Nev. We do not discuss local or sectional politics.

Mrs. Y., Mineral Wells, Tex. Why not bring it to the attention of the proper parties?

Miss Sophia E. H., Busnnell, Ill. Write to Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Manila, Philippines.

James L., New Kensington, Pa. We do not consider the apprehensions well founded.

L. E. S., Elkhana, Pa. Address Mr. Cutter, Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, New York.

Constant Reader, Lancaster, Pa. There is no reason why you should not join the church.

N. L. B., Sing Sing, N. Y. In our issue of Oct. 4, the debt of France should have read $0,250,000,000.

Temperance, Pa. 1. Address National Temper[illegible] [illegible] Press Club, New York.

Subscriber, Shelbyville, Ind. What you ask would occupy more space than we can afford to give. See a good American encyclopedia.

P. B., Delphos, O. The lecturer was wholly misinformed. We hold no such views, and he has evidently misunderstood what he read.

Several Inquirers. You are still in time for sending signatures to the Mammoth Memorial to the Czar. All should write their names in ink.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to the Civil Service Bureau, Washington, D. C., or apply to the Congressman from your district.

S. L. R., Oswego, N. Y. Regarding all contributions of clothing for Porto Rican sufferers write to Porto Rico Relief Committee, Lite Building, New York.

Harass, Fultonville, N. Y. 1. If avenues of promotion are absolutely closed, the wisest course is to await an opportunity for making a favorable change. 2. Such a person is clearly unfitted for the position, which is one that ought to be a model and an encouragement to others.

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the ark. It may have been destroyed with the temple, or, as many believe, it was hidden by the priests before the temple was taken, and as those who knew its hiding-place were killed, it was never found. It is not likely that Nebuchadnezzar carried it to Babylon with the gold flagons, etc. If he had, it would have been mentioned. It has never been found. The Jews have a tradition that the test by which their expected Messiah will be known, is his ability to disclose the hiding-place of the ark.

Christian, Fulton, N. Y. 1. In view of the Apostolic instructions as to dress, (I. Timothy 2: 9 and I. Peter 3: 3), are not Christian ladies doing wrong in wearing gold ornaments? 2. Is it not a duty in order to avoid offending our weak brother, who believes it is wrong to wear them to discard all such ornaments?

1. Under the old dispensation, minute instructions were given as to dress, the color, the fringes, etc. Both Peter and Paul, in the passages you quote, seem to be concerned, as Christ was, rather with the heart than the garments. The ornaments they desired to see were piety, a loving, quiet spirit, and earnest devotion to the Lord. They did not wish people to give their minds to outward adornment. It was not so much the gold ornaments that they objected to, as the spirit which would lead the women to put them on.

Reader, Newbern, Va. I am writing a synopsis of the history of Germany and wish to know in about what century the colors black, red and gold were adopted for the German national flag, when they were discarded, and when the present national colors were adopted? Also, what was the design of the ancient German flag?

We are indebted to Mr. Arthur List, of New York city, for the information below, in reply to "Reader's" letter.

Black, red and gold were the colors of the official German flag for a short time. These colors had been originally used for the flag of the Burschenschatten only, and when in 1832 the Burschenschaften were persecuted, their colors came into disfavor. But the importance they received through this, was the reason that the liberal German patriots recognized black, red and gold as the national colors and that standard led them to victory in the movement of 1848. The two-headed imperial eagle with the inscription "Deutscher Bund" was accepted as the coat-of-arms for the "Bund" by act of Parliament March 9th, 1848, and the colors, black, red and gold became the colors of the "Bund." This period of the German colors came to an end when the "Bund" was dissolved. In some states even the complained against him to Vitellius, president of Syria, who sent Pilate to Rome to answer to Caligula, the successor of Tiberius, and he soon afterward killed himself. The scene of this act is uncertain. 2. No; the immediate vicinity is now and always has been rocky and sterile.

Boer Hosts Invade Natal

Cape Colony also Invaded—Fierce Fighting with the British Garrison at Mafeking —Kimberley Besieged—Passes and Border Towns Occupied by the Boers

WAR between Great Britain and the Transvaal Republic has begun in earnest. All diplomatic negotiations terminated with the promulgation of an ultimatum by the Boer government, demanding that

PRESIDENT STEYN
OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

the British forces on the border be withdrawn, and that the transportation of troops from England be immediately suspended. Even in this final message, which called for an immediate answer, there was a last word in favor of a peaceful settlement of the quarrel by arbitration; but the strain to which both sides had been subjected was now too severe to be relaxed. Great Britain's reply was a curt rejection of the Boer ultimatum, which it treated as a practical proclamation of hostilities. Immediately thereafter formal declarations of war were issued, first by the Transvaal, next by Her Majesty's government, and lastly by the Orange Free State, the Transvaal's ally, and hostile operations along the border quickly followed.

As far as can be learned, in the absence of accurate telegraphic information, the situation at the opening of hostilities was as follows: The forces of the Boers were under several generals, the main body, under Gen. Joubert, being in "laager" in a valley of the Drakensberg mountains, and numbering probably 8,000. Other detachments, advantageously posted in the range and commanding the passes, brought up the Transvaal aggregate to some 20,000 troops, chiefly cavalry and artillery. The troops of the Orange Free State—about 15,000, under Gen. Cronje, but divided into three separate commands—were in readiness to cross the frontier into Natal simultaneously with the Boer movement, and also to operate against Cape Colony and the British Protectorate in Bechuanaland.

The main body of the British in Natal, 15,000 strong, are encamped at Ladysmith, a central and strongly fortified position, the Commander-in-Chief being Gen. Sir George Stewart White, with Gen. Sir William Penn Symons and Gen. Sir Archibald Hunter as aids in the conduct of the campaign. This force, which has 32 guns, is steadily being augmented by the fresh troops arriving at Durban on transports. Owing to the disparity of numbers between the Boers and British, the latter are conducting a strictly defensive campaign, awaiting the arrival of Gen. Sir Redvers Buller and the great army now on the way from England.

On the other hand, the Boer compaign is a thoroughly aggressive one. It is evident that the plans of the allied burgher armies have been well laid and are being skilfully and expeditiously executed. They are apparently operating in three great divisions, which are moving in gradually converging lines from widely separated passes in the Drakensberg to the heart of Natal. Generals Joubert and Cronje have doubtless carefully planned, long before the war opened, the movements which have given them within a week the control of all the leading frontier passes, and the occupation of several of the border towns and villages which may later prove to be strategically important. They are reported to have cut off all railway communications around Kimberly, the centre of the great diamond industry, which Cecil Rhodes, who chose it as his place of refuge during the war, declared to be "as safe as Piccadilly," and the present indications point to an early attack on that city by the Free State Boers in force.

BRITISH ARTILLERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

Railroad and telegraphic communication on the west and southwest borders of Natal have been rendered useless, and Boer pickets have penetrated so far eastward in Natal that it is believed their plans may contemplate cutting railroad connections between Durban and the British camp at Ladysmith, thus preventing reinforcements from coming to General White's army. With the British, everything now depends upon the speedy arrival of these reinforcements, their present forces being wholly inadequate for an aggressive movement or to protect the border from further invasion. While the position cannot in any sense be called critical, it is at least serious, and the remarkable activity displayed by the Boer allies promises to still further increase the difficulties of the problem which the famous English general will have to face when he arrives, by which time the allies may have secured the strong strategic position in Natal for which they are now apparently striving.

Thus far the fighting, except in a single locality, has been of the nature of mere skirmishes or exchanges of shots between the outposts. At the British frontier post of Mafeking, Lieut.-Col. Baden-Powell and a small force of artillery and cavalry had entrenched themselves and prepared for a Boer attack which is said to have been repeatedly renewed and repulsed with considerable loss on either side. The exact strength of Baden-Powell's force is not known, but is probably little short of 1,200, while the attacking troops are over 3,500 in number. An effort will be made to send through a relief column to the beleaguered garrison.

A SCENE IN WEST STREET, DURBAN

In the north, the Transvaal troops have occupied Laing's Nek, Ingogo, Newcastle, Spitzkop, Rotha's Pass, Van Reenen's Pass, and a few stations along the British side of the frontier. Their advance is characterized by a strict regard for the lives and property of non-combatants, and the peaceful residents of towns and villages in the path of the army are notified that they will not be molested and that all forage and supplies needed by the Boers will be paid for. Panic has thus been averted. No attempt has been made by the burghers to force a pitched battle with the British, although the latter have sent out a strong flying column from Ladysmith westward in the direction of Van Reenen's Pass expecting an encounter.

Naturally, the greatest interest, at this stage of the war, centres around Mafeking, where the little garrison may ere this have surrendered or been crushed by General Cronje's superior forces and heavier artillery. An armed train carrying fifteen men, two field guns and a load of ammunition, and proceeding from Vryburg to Mafeking, was wrecked by the Boers who tore up the tracks, and shelled the cars. The fate of the military convoy is uncertain. Kimberley is now besieged by over 6,000 burghers, and is surrounded on all sides, the Boer commanders having expressed a determination to capture Cecil Rhodes, dead or alive, as he is held to be primarily responsible for the war. Should an attack in force be made on Kimberley soon, it would probably succeed, as reinforcements could not reach it in time, all railroad communications being destroyed and the strongest British military station, Modder Bridge, being twenty-five miles distant from the south.

TRANSPORTS AND FREIGHTERS AT DURBAN HARBOR

TRANSVAAL ARTILLERY PRACTICING

The young American author of "Oom Paul's People," Mr. Howard C. Hillegas, just returned from the Transvaal, informs THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that when in their camps the Boers hold religious festivals every morning and night, believing that their cause is supported by the Almighty. "The Lord directs every bullet to go to the enemy's heart" was the recent remark of President Kruger.

Missionary interests during the conflict are being looked after by the American Consul, Mr. Macrum, who has also undertaken to represent British diplomatic interests at Pretoria. There are comparatively few foreign missions in the Transvaal, the majority of the South African stations being located in the outlying territories of Rhodesia, but there are several mission churches in the two republics attended by blacks.

NOTES OF THE WAR

It is reported that the Boer government has offered to pay $25,000 for Cecil Rhodes, "dead or alive."

Gen. Sir Redvers Buller is said to have remarked before leaving England that he hoped to "eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria."

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

. . . The Strong Swimmer . . .

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Isaiah 25 : 11: . . . . . "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands."

IN the summer season, multitudes of people wade into the ponds and lakes and rivers and seas, to dive or float or swim. In a world the most of which is water, all men and women should learn to swim. Some of you have learned the side stroke, introduced by George Pewters in 1850, each stroke of that kind carrying the swimmer a distance of six feet, and some of you may use the overhand stroke, invented by Gardener, the expert who by it won the 500 yard championship in Manchester in 1862, the swimmer by that stroke carrying his arm in the air for a more lengthened reach, and some of you may tread the water as though you had been made to walk the sea, but most of you usually take what is called the breast-stroke, placing the hands with the backs upward, about five inches under the water, the inside of the wrists touching the breast, then pushing the arms forward coincident with the stroke of the feet struck out to the greatest width possible, and you thus unconsciously illustrate the meaning of my text: "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand all day on the bank of a river in the broiling sun, and fling out your line, and catch nothing, while an expert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock, and, in a place where no fisherman has been for ten years, throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why we ministers of the Gospel need always be fishing in the same stream, and preaching from the same texts that other people preach from. I cannot understand the policy of the minister who, in Blackfriars, London, Eng., every week for thirty years preached from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an exhilaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated: and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's Word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote Scripture, they quote the old passages that everyone has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, so that the church to-day is ignorant of three-fourths of the Bible.

You go into the Louvre at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out your friend says to you, "Did you see that Rembrandt?" "No." "Did you see that Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Titian?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Well," says your friend, "then you did not see the Louvre." Now, my friends, I think we are too much apt to confine ourselves to one of the great corridors of Scripture truth, and so much so that there is not one person out of a million who has ever noticed the all-suggestive and powerful picture in the words of my text.

This text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down iniquity and save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and many-sided. Most of you know how to swim. Some of you learned it in the city school, where this art is taught: some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house: some of you since you came to manhood or womanhood, while summering on the beach of the sea. It is a good thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will, after a while, perhaps, have to help others.

I do not know anything more stirring or sublime than to see some man like Norman McKenzie leaping from the ship *Madras* into the sea to save Charles Turner, who had dropped from the royal yard while trying to loosen the sail, bringing him back to the deck amid the huzzas of the passengers and crew. If a man has not enthusiasm enough to cheer in such circumstances, he deserves himself to drop into the sea and have no one help him. The Royal Humane Society of England was established in 1774, its object to applaud and reward those who should pluck up life from the deep. Any one who has performed such a deed of daring has all the particulars of that bravery recorded in a public record, and on his breast a medal done in blue and gold and bronze, anchor and monogram and inscription, telling to future generations the bravery of the man or woman who saved some one from drowning. But if it is such a worthy thing to save a body from the deep, I ask you if it is not a worthier thing to save an immortal soul? And you shall see, this hour, the Son of God step forth for this achievement. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

In order to understand the full force of this figure, you need to realize that our race is in a sinking condition. You sometimes hear people talking of what they consider the most beautiful words in our language. One man says it is "home," another man says it is the word "mother," another says it is the word "Jesus": but I tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the word most angry and baleful, the word saturated with the most trouble, the word that accounts for all the loathsomeness and the pang and the outrage and the harrowing: and that word is "sin." You spell it with three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of everything bad in the universe. Sin is a sibilant word. You cannot pronounce it without giving the siss of the flame or the hiss of the serpent. Sin! and then if you add three letters to that word it describes every one of us by nature—sinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionally, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bible declares it. Hark! It thunders two claps: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says, our own conscience affirms.

Sin is leprosy, sin is paralysis, sin is a consumption, sin is pollution, sin is death. Give it a fair chance, and it will swamp you and me, body, mind, and soul, forever. In this world it only gives a faint intimation of its virulence. You see a patient in the first stages of typhoid fever. The cheek is somewhat flushed, the hands somewhat hot, preceded by a slight chill. "Why," you say, "typhoid fever does not seem to be much of a disease." But wait until the patient has been six weeks under it, and all his energies have been wrung out, and he is too weak to lift his little finger, and his intellect gone, then you see the full havoc of the disease. Now sin in this world is an ailment which is only in its first stages: but let it get under full way and it is an all consuming typhoid. Oh, if we could see our unpardoned sins as God sees them, our teeth would chatter and our knees would knock together, and our respiration would be choked, and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven they are bearing down on you and you are sinking—sinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from everything that is good and blessed.

Then what do we want? A swimmer! A strong swimmer! A swift swimmer! And, blessed be God! in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth stretcheth forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes to rescue anyone he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us he shook off the sandals of heaven, and his feet were free, and then he stepped down into the wave of our transgressions, and it came up over his wounded feet, and it came above the spear-stab in his side—aye, it dashed to the lacerated temple, the high-water mark of his anguish. Then, rising above the flood, "He stretched forth his hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

If you have ever watched a swimmer, you notice that his whole body is brought into play. The arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is thrown back to escape strangulation, the whole body is in propulsion. And when Christ sprang into the deep to save us, he threw his entire nature into it—all his godhead, his omniscience, his goodness, his love, his omnipotence—head, heart, eyes, hands, feet. We were far out on the sea, and so deep down in the waves, and so far out from the shore, that nothing short of an entire God could save us. Christ leaped out for our rescue, saying, "Lo! I come to do thy will," and all the surges of human and satanic hate beat against him, and those who watched him from the gates of heaven feared he would go down under the wave, and instead of saving others would himself perish; but, putting his breast to the foam, and shaking the surf from his locks, he came on and on, until he is now within the reach of every one here. Eye omniscient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent! Mighty to save, even unto the uttermost.

If you have lived much by the water, you notice also that if any one is going out to the rescue of the drowning he must be independent, self-reliant, able to go alone. There may be a time when he must spring out to save one, and he cannot get a life-boat, and if he goes out and has not strength enough to bear himself up, and bear another up, he will sink, and instead of dragging one corpse out of the billows you will have two to drag out. When Christ sprang out into the sea to deliver us, he had no life-buoy. His Father did not help him. Alone in the wine press! Alone in the pang! Alone in the darkness! Alone on the mountain! Alone in the sea! Oh, if he saves us he shall have all the credit, for "there was none to help." No oar! No wing! No ladder! When Nathaniel Lyon fell in the battle charge in front of his troops, he had a whole army to cheer him. When Marshal Ney sprang into the contest and plunged in the spurs till the horse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help." "All forsook him and fled." Oh, it was not a flotilla that sailed down and saved us. It was not a cluster of gondolas that came over the wave. It was one Person independent and alone, "spreading out his hands among us as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim!"

Behold, then, the spectacle of a drowning soul and Christ the swimmer. I believe it was in 1848, when there were six English soldiers of the Fifth Fusiliers who were hanging to a capsized boat—a boat that had been upset by a squall three miles from shore. It was in the night, but one man swam mightily for the beach, guided by the dark mountains that lifted their top through the night. He came to the beach. He found a shoreman that consented to go with him and save the other men, and they put out. It was some time before they could find the place where the men were, but after awhile they heard their cry: "Help, help!" and they bore down to them, and they saved them and brought them to shore. Oh that this moment our cry might be lifted long, loud, and shrill, till Christ the swimmer shall come and take us lest we drop a thousand fathoms under!

The world has had strong swimmers [illegible] greatest among them Matthew Webb, [illegible] He leaped from the deck of the *Ru*[illegible] the Channel, [illegible] wonder the passengers subscribed for him a large reward and the Royal Humane Society of London decorated him with honors. A mighty swimmer was he. By [illegible] wall Pier to Gravesend Pier, eighteen miles, and from Dover to Calais, thirty-[illegible] drowned at last in our Niagara's whirlpool. But the strong swimmer of my text put out alone to swim a wrathier sea and for vaster distance, even from world to world, to save us who were swamped in guilt and woe, and brought us to the shore of safety, although he at last went down into the whirlpool of human and [illegible]

New modes have been invented for res-[illegible] drowning soul. In 1785 Lionel Lukin, a London coach-builder, fitted up a Norway yawl as a life-boat and called it the *Unsubmergible*, and that has been improved upon, until from all the coasts of the round world perfect life-boats are ready to put out for the relief of marine disasters. In sixteen years the French Society [illegible] life-boats and gun apparatus, saved 2,129 lives. The German Association for the Rescue of Life from Shipwreck, the [illegible] National Life-boat Institution and the United States Life-saving Service have done a work beyond the power of statistics to commemorate. What rocket-lines and sling life-buoys and tally-boards and mortars and hammocks and cork mattresses and life-saving stations filled with machinery for saving the bodies of the drowning! But let me here and now make it plain that there has been no new way invented for the moral and eternal rescue of a struggling soul. Five hundred attempts at such contrivance have been made, but all of them dead failures. Hear it! "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" than the name of Jesus. The mighty swimmer of my text comes down off the beach of heaven and through the breakers, comes buffeted and bruised, and reddening the waves from his own lacerations, he cries: "Lay hold of my arm! Put your head on my shoulder! Hear the beating of my loving heart. Be ye saved, for I am God, and there is no other!"

I want to persuade you to lay hold of this strong swimmer. "No," you say: "it is always disastrous for a drowning man to lay hold of a swimmer." There is not a river or lake but has a calamity resultant from the fact that when a strong swimmer went out to save a sinking [illegible] the drowning man clutched him, threw his arms around him, pinioned his [illegible] and they both went down together. When you are saving a man in the water, you do not want to come up by his face: you want to come up by his back. You do not want him to hold you, while you take hold of him. But, blessed be God! Jesus Christ is so strong a swimmer, he comes not to our back, but to our face, and he asks us to throw around him the arms of our love, and then promises to take us to the beach: and he will do it. Do not trust that plank of good works. Do not trust that shivered spar of your own righteousness. Christ only can give you safe transportation. Turn your face upon him, as the dying martyr did in olden times when he cried out: "None but Christ! None but Christ!" Jesus has taken millions to the land, and he is willing to take you there. Oh, what hardness to thrust him back, when he has been swimming all the way from the throne of God, where you are now, and is ready to swim all the way back again, taking your redeemed spirit.

I have sometimes thought what a spectacle the ocean bed will present when in the last day the water is all drawn off. It will be a line of wrecks from beach to beach. There is where the harpooners went down. There is where the line of battle-ships went down. There is where the merchantmen went down. There is where the steamers went down—a long line of wrecks from beach to beach.

What a spectacle in the last day, when the water is drawn off! But oh, how much more solemn if we had an eye to see the spiritual wrecks and the places where they foundered. You would find thousands along our roads and streets. Christ came down in their awful catastrophe, putting out for their souls, "spreading forth his hands as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim;" but they thrust him in the sore heart, and they smote his fair cheek and the storm and darkness swallowed them up. I ask you to lay hold of this Christ and lay hold of him now. You will sink without him. From horizon to horizon not one sail in sight. Only one strong swimmer, with head flung back and arms outspread.

I hear many saying, "Well, I would like to be a Christian. I am going to work to become a Christian." My brother, you begin wrong. When a man is drowning, and a strong swimmer comes out to help him, he says to him: "Now be quiet. Put your arm on my arm or on my shoulder, but don't struggle, don't try to help yourself, and I'll take you ashore. The more you struggle and the more you try to help yourself, the more you impede me. Now be quiet, and I'll take you ashore." When Christ, the strong swimmer, comes out to save a soul, the sinner says: "That's right. I am glad to see Christ, and I am going to help him in the work of my redemption. I am going to pray more, and that will help him; and I am going to weep extravagantly over my sins, and that will help him." No, it will not. Stop your doing. Christ will do all or none. You cannot lift an ounce, you cannot move an inch, in this matter of your redemption.

This is the difficulty which keeps thousands of souls out of the kingdom of heaven. It is because they cannot consent to let Jesus Christ begin and complete the work of their redemption. "Why," you say, "then is there nothing for me to do?" Only one thing have you to do, and that is to lay hold of Christ and let him achieve your salvation, and achieve it all. I do not know whether I make the matter plain or not. I simply want to show you that a man cannot save himself, but that the Almighty Son of God can do it, and will do it if you ask him. Oh, fling your two arms — the arm of your trust and the arm of your love — around this omnipotent swimmer of the Cross.

Have you ever stood by and seen some one under process of resuscitation after long submergence? The strong swimmer has put him on the beach after a struggle in the waters. To excite breathing in the almost lifeless body what manipulation, what friction of the cold limbs, what artificial movement of the lungs, what breath of the rescuer blown into the mouth of the rescued. And when breathing begins, and after awhile the slight respiration becomes the deep sigh, and the eyes open, and the blue lips take on a smile, what rejoicing, what clapping of hands all up and down the beach, what congratulation for the strong swimmer and for all who helped in the restoration! What shouting of "He lives! He lives!" Like this is the gladness when a soul that has been submerged in sin and sorrow is "coming to." What desire on the part of all to help, and, when under the breath of God, and under the manipulation by the wounded hands of Christ, the life-eternal of the soul begins to show itself—all through the ranks of spectators, terrestrial and celestial, goes the cry "He lives! Rejoice, for the dead is alive again!" May the living Christ this moment put out for your rescue, "spreading his hands in the midst of you, as a swimmer spreadeth his hands to swim!"

An Uplift for Chicago's Toilers

The Social Settlement at Gad's Hill, and what it is Accomplishing

A GROUP OF WEE KINDERGARTEN TOTS

GAD'S Hill Social Settlement, Twenty-second and Robey streets, Chicago, presents an almost phenomenal instance of growth along a line of humanitarian activity which has become popular and effective in many cities. The settlement occupies the whole building in which the work began in 1898, meetings of twenty-four clubs and classes, with the kindergarten, constituting the regular weekly programme, while a fresh-air work on lines somewhat similar to that of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at Nyack, is among its summer agencies for helping the poor. Gad's Hill, as our readers familiar with Chicago are aware, is a great manufacturing district, the site of extensive lumber-yards, and hence the abode of a vast population of laboring people. To the industrious and thrifty, as well as to the destitute and erring, the opportunities afforded by the Settlement have been a great boon.

THE BUILDING WHERE THE WORK IS CONDUCTED

While the settlement is on strictly non-sectarian lines, religious influence and teaching are marked characteristics, and the Sunday afternoon Gospel song-service is one of the most attractive features. The kindergarten is a very large one, and through its system of study and play, furnishes pleasure and helpfulness to many little lives which would otherwise lack such sunshine. The weekly Mothers' Meeting, with its varied programme of short talks on subjects helpful to mothers—the home, art and travel—varied with a musical entertainment; a social hour; a short trip to the Art Institute or other place of interest, brings not only a delightful rest time to many weary hands, but supplies opportunities for improvement to a class sometimes overlooked in these days when child-culture is absorbing—as it should—such a tremendous amount of public attention. The gymnasium, a feature "after a boy's own heart," draws the boys and young men together in numerous evening clubs under the careful supervision of conscientious directors; and after the business and literary hour is over, the time is devoted to physical training. The workers believe in the boys, and are giving earnest attention to ways and means of helping them to noble ideals of industry, temperance, and to a just conception of the responsibilities of American citizenship.

The girls' kitchengarden is as picturesque and interesting as possible. Its object is to teach the girls the rudiments of housework in a bright, cheerful way, by showing them the easiest and best methods of doing things that make home attractive and comfortable. Fire-building, care of the stove, cooking, table-setting, dish-washing, bed-making, dusting, laundry, etc., comprises the very excellent curriculum. The girls' sewing class is likewise effective in imparting a practical knowledge of a commonplace but most helpful art. For both boys and girls there are classes in elocution, drawing and modeling, chorus singing and instrumental music. The Loyal Legion has many boy and girl members who meet during the week for scientific study of intemperance, its effects and prevention. Acquaintance with parents, coming about through relationship with the boys and girls, make the workers welcome visitors in the homes of the neighborhood; many calls are made, and flowers and reading matter distributed weekly. Medical attendance is provided free to many families, a nurse secured in needy cases, and food and clothing sent to those in distress. The penny savings bank is fast teaching the boys and girls lessons which will be effective in guarding them against extremes which require charitable aid. During the past year 500 subscribers deposited a large sum. The Young Ladies' Club, Men's Club, Mandolin Club, and various other clubs and classes organized for the object of combined pleasure and improvement, are delightful social features.

The financial support of the Settlement is dependant upon the voluntary contributions of a few friends, chiefly among business men and philanthropic citizens of the community who realize that the fitting of a boy for good citizenship is a wiser and cheaper task for municipality and State than caring for him later as a criminal.

This flourishing institution had a modest beginning in the work of one woman, who found, in helping the poor and unfortunate, balm for a great sorrow. Mrs. E. P. Martin, President of the Settlement, married at twenty, became a widow at twenty-three, through an accident which killed her husband, and upon recovering from the shock, began her work, especially seeking to help childhood and youth, through education along temperance, industrial, educational and patriotic lines. The first meetings were held at Lincoln Street M. E. Church. Her earliest co-worker, the present Secretary of the Association, was Mrs. Hettie Peary French, who began a similar ministry in St. Pius' Catholic Church. Thus a Protestant and Romanist, friends from childhood, labored with one mind and a common purpose to uplift humanity.

Their work enlarged so rapidly that they had to rent a building in which meetings could be held every day in the week, and the lumbermen and factory owners, recognizing the value of this work and seeing that it gave them an opportunity of helping their employees and the community, responded liberally. The work being Christian but non-sectarian, patriotic but non-partisan, appealed to all, offending none, and full public sympathy has been with it from the start. The W. C. T. U. and the Young People's C. T. U. were the organizations under whose auspices the first rooms were rented, the first clubs and classes formed and the government charter obtained, the object, as then stated, being "to make a pleasant meeting place for young men, many of whom live in boarding houses in this manufacturing district, and for the boys of this thickly settled section."

HOUSEWIFELY LESSONS IN THE KITCHENGARDEN CLASS

AN AUTUMNAL OUTING FOR THE SETTLEMENT BOYS

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Nehemiah's Prayer

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 5. Neh., 1: 1-11. Golden Text, Neh., 1: 11.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE failure of God's people in Babylon to return as a nation from the land of their captivity, in spite of the free permission granted to them by King Cyrus: the fact that only a comparatively small number found themselves strangers in "the city of confusion" (Isa. 24: 10): the city which had been from its commencement the centre of rebellion against God, shows how little the Jews, as a people, understood their calling. And they never will until they shall "look on him whom they have pierced" (Zech. 12: 12), and understand how they have sinned in rejecting the King of the Jews, who would have fulfilled to them the numberless promises made to them in Old Testament Scriptures of their final pre-eminence, wealth, and power, when Christ shall indeed "sit upon" the throne of his father David, and the kingdom shall indeed be "restored to Israel." The hindrance was, and still is, the unwillingness of the people to recognize their sin. God cannot pass over sin as though it were not. If he reasons with his creature man, it must first be on the question of sin. Until this is settled and put away, through the one sacrifice of Jesus Christ, God must still be a stranger to those whom he loves.

There were, in all the times of such declension in Israel, some who understood, and who took God's side. These men were always ready to confess the sin of their people. Moses, Joshua, David, Elijah, Daniel, and Ezra, too, were men who confessed their sins, and the sin of their people. Ezra's prayer (Ezra 10) is one long, humble, confession, especially of the present form of sin among the people—the lack of separation from the heathen. He took the lowest place, and said, "I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God, for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our guiltiness is grown unto the heavens"; and he acknowledges the justice of all God's judgments upon them as a people. Then he recognizes just what the return from captivity meant: "Now for a little moment grace hath been showed from the Lord our God to leave us a remnant to escape, to give us a nail in his holy place, that our Lord may lighten our eyes, and give us a little reviving in our bondage." It was, in fact, through the return of this remnant from the captivity that there was found when Christ was born a Zacharias and Elizabeth, a John the Baptist, a Simeon, an Anna, a little group which spake of redemption in Jerusalem, and who, amid the universal rejection, recognized Jesus as the Messiah.

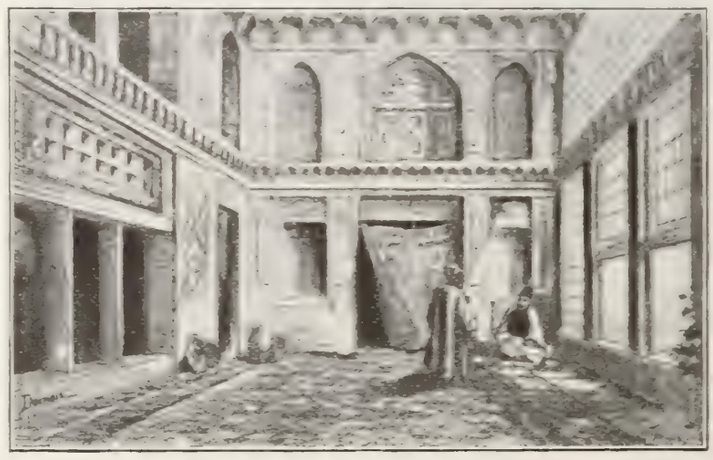
Ezra's ministry prepared the way for Nehemiah's. Ezra was still living. God had greatly used him. The temple had been rebuilt, the sacrifices restored, and a witness for God had been again set up in the land of his fathers. But the condition of the people was far from what it should have been. The prophet Haggai had had a burden from the Lord about the selfishness, love of ease and earthly gain, which characterized the people of the Lord (Hag. 1: 6–11); and the consequence was that God had again allowed judgment to fall upon his people.

Nehemiah was cup-bearer to King Artaxerxes, and in the twentieth year of his reign news came through Hanani, one of the Jews who had recently come from Jerusalem, that the remnant that were left of the captivity there were in great affliction and reproach: the wall of Jerusalem, also, was broken down, and the gates burned with fire.

Had God forgotten to be gracious? Or had his people's unfaithfulness brought down his anger upon them? In any case, Nehemiah, the man of God, found his heart stirred to its depths. He had a government position, was in comfort, honor, and respect among the Jews and their conquerors, and he was honored and respected at court. But all this could avail him nothing while his people were in trouble. The cause of God and his people lay near to his heart. "When I heard these words, I sat down and wept and mourned certain days, and I fasted and prayed before the God of heaven." God had prepared the heart of this man; he was not absorbed with his own things; there was room in his heart for the afflictions of his people. It is only unselfish people whom God can use as his reformers. And such were rare in the Old Testament times! Alas, alas! although it is written for us in these days, "Christ died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again" (II. Cor. 5: 15), yet how selfishness prevails even among Christians, and how [illegible] God takes precedence of every personal consideration!

Nehemiah took the matter to the Lord; his heart was burdened, and he unburdened it to him who alone could understand, who alone could help. He did not first think of some plan how he might influence the king and so obtain help for his people. He believed from his heart that God was to be trusted, and thus he dealt first-hand with him. And Nehemiah did not make request without first of all confessing sin. This is the true foundation for all prayer. Unless we take our true place, confessing that we are utterly unworthy, having in ourselves no rightful claim for anything, we come to God in a character which does not belong to us. In the first place, he remembered to whom he was speaking: "I beseech thee, O Lord, the God of heaven, the great and terrible God [God's majesty] that keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments"—his faithfulness. He was coming to a God who had power to help: he was coming to one who was wont to help—a covenant-keeping God.

And now his petition: "Let thine ear now be attentive, and thine eyes open unto the prayer of thy servant, which I pray before thee day and night." His was a burden which knew no times and seasons; he would not put it off. It was a prayer "for the children of Israel, thy servants, while I confess the sins of the children of Israel which we have sinned against thee: yea, I and my father's house have sinned." Here was one important point: the petitioner took his own share in the sins of his people. And then, taking up Lev. 26: 33-40, he justified God in his judgment upon them, but for that very reason pleaded with assurance the Word of God (Lev. 26: 40–45; Deut. 30: 1–6), in the very words of these scriptures. God cannot deny himself, and Nehemiah knew that he was heard. He had laid hold of God by his character, and by his promises.



INTERIOR OF A PERSIAN PALACE

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

HISTORY is silent about the thirteen years which elapsed after [illegible] governor of Judea and instituted his reforms. That they were years of trouble and disaster for the little colony in Jerusalem, may be inferred from the report which Hanani brought to his brother at the Persian court. Evidently Ezra was no longer governor, the surrounding people were hostile, and the Arabs encamped near Jerusalem [illegible] plunder with impunity those who entered or left the city. This was probably due to the machinations of the Samaritan people, who had succeeded in prejudicing Artaxerxes against his Jewish subjects. Even the building and repairs had ceased, chiefly, we may suppose, because of the withdrawal of the royal favor, without which Ezra could not obtain the money and building material which the king's edict permitted him to draw from the royal domains. It was a sorrowful story that Hanani told to Nehemiah, who was serving at Susa, in the capacity of cup-bearer to the king. That office was not one of exalted rank, but it was coveted because it afforded opportunity for reaching the king's ear and winning his favor. Nehemiah was evidently a Jew who had adapted himself to the customs of the people around the palace. His very language shows that he had identified himself with them. He does not speak of God as the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but by the title "God of Heaven," which was the Persian way of speaking of Ormazd. But his heart was with his people. He was deeply afflicted when he heard of the miserable condition of the Jewish colony in Jerusalem. He reflected that his ancestors were buried there and that as long as the walls of the city were thrown down, it was possible for those graves to be desecrated, which, to a Jew, was something very revolting. He grieved, therefore; but it was not idle grief. He turned, first of all, to prayer, and then prepared himself to address the king.

PERSIAN PLATTER

I was the king's cupbearer. The later kings of Persia had departed from the simple habits of Cyrus and Darius and had surrounded themselves with court [illegible] difficulty to approach the king. Only specially [illegible] presence, and at the royal repasts the king had a table to himself. It was the cupbearer's duty to serve at this table, to [illegible] jeweled bowl, and after tasting it, to it to his master. The cupbearer also served as a personal attendant at other [illegible] admission of unauthorized visitors. He was thus in a position to hold familiar intercourse [illegible] providential circumstance that at that [illegible] patriotic a man as Nehemiah held the office.

The gates thereof are [illegible] Whether Hanani was referring to recent calamity, or whether [illegible] destruction under Nebuchadnezzar [illegible] been disasters of recent date, which Nehemiah did not know of, and the condition of the people was worse than he had supposed. When [illegible] sin against God, as the Jews did, they must suffer, and it is so still. It is the [illegible] it leaves the sinner exposed to the attacks of the enemy. The gates of his soul are no longer a protection to him. When a young man begins to drink and to go [illegible] bad company, he soon falls a [illegible] other vices: poverty comes upon him, [illegible] he is very liable to steal. It is the beginning of sin that opens the gate to temptation. A jail chaplain making his rounds was surprised at one of the prisoners addressing him by name. "How do you know me?" he asked. "I do not remember ever seeing you before." The prisoner replied: "No, you are not likely to [illegible] but we were at college together," and he mentioned his real name. "How did you sink to this?" the chaplain asked. "Oh, by gradual steps. After the first false step, I was a slave, tied and bound, and there was no escape."

I will scatter you abroad. That warning had been fulfilled, and the same warning has been fulfilled since. There is no land under the sun where the Jews are not to be found. People without a country, a nation without a home. A pathetic story is told of a Jew in Russia, who was driven out about twelve years ago. He was a steady, hard-working young man with a wife and two children. He sold his furniture and effects for a small sum, and set out to walk to the nearest post-[illegible] his wife carrying one child, and he the other. They traveled from place to place, economizing their slender store of [illegible] but at last it was all gone, and weary and footsore they went into a deserted cattle-shed to spend the night. One of those terrible Russian storms came on, burying the shed in snow. When at last a road was cut through it, all four were found dead of cold and starvation.

Yet will I gather them. There is a condition attached: "If ye turn unto me and keep my commandments." That is the way of blessing for the Gentile as well as the Jew. A Christian lady in New York saw among the prisoners in a police court a girl whose parents were among the most respectable people in her own native village. She went to them and pleaded for her daughter. The father replied, "Yes, I will forgive her gladly, if she will ask it and promise to amend her life. I cannot have her at home to corrupt her sisters, but if she will stop drinking and quit her evil ways she may come back. I will never reproach her, nor make any difference in my treatment of her from the other children." The lady returned to New York and sought the girl to give her the glad message. But to her surprise, the girl would not return. She had grown to love her sins, and by her own obstinacy excluded herself from her father's house. So it is with every sinner. It is he who shuts himself out of heaven.

INDIA'S GRATEFUL CHILDREN

How the Orphans and Famine Children are Being Fed, Clothed, and Educated Through the Generosity of our Readers

IN acknowledging the quarterly remittances sent by this journal, from the residue of the famine fund, to the missionaries who are supporting and educating the orphans in India, encouraging reports are given of the progress of the little waifs. The wisdom of the course adopted for the disposal of the balance of this fund, so generously contributed by our readers, is abundantly proved by the letters of the missionaries. It is clear that they are, as we foresaw, beginning to feel the financial strain of the Christlike work they undertook in the stress of the famine. Their hearts melted as they saw bright boys and girls reduced to skeletons by hunger, and certain, if uncared for, to perish miserably in a few days or weeks. At that time the funds contributed by Christians in America and other lands were sufficient to provide for these needy guests; but now the famine funds are exhausted, and it is difficult to find food and clothing for the children. Yet it would be very painful to turn them out of the refuges to which they were admitted. They have proved so grateful, so anxious to learn, so intelligent, and in so many cases have pleaded to be received into the Christian church, that to abandon them now would be almost a crime. Besides, as most of them have lost their parents and have not yet acquired the power to earn their own livelihood, many would undoubtedly starve to death. The missionaries therefore eagerly welcome the day when the regular quarterly remittance from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD arrives, and some admit that when it came the treasury was almost empty. It is evident that had it not been for the foresight which doled out this fund in instalments, there are many orphanages and schools, where stern necessity would have compelled a reduction of the number of dependent children. With the utmost economy and scrupulous care, it requires a considerable sum to feed such families as some of the missionaries have received. In the orphanages of the Society of Friends alone, six hundred children are now sheltered, over and above the normal number, every one of the six hundred waifs received during those awful months of famine. Mr. Joseph Taylor, the superintendent, writes: "Those who have contributed to the fund may rest assured that they have been the means of rescuing a large number of lives from a lingering death by starvation, and of mitigating the sufferings of many others who were not actually reduced to that state. It is a great pleasure to see the children, who came to us in such a weak and wretched condition, now healthy and happy and enjoying life. Thirty-six boys and eighteen girls have already made public profession of their faith in Christ." Mr. Taylor gratefully acknowledges that the largest contribution to the fund which enabled the society to do this great work came from the fund raised by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

JESSI DAR, A RESCUED CHILD WIFE

Mrs. Ada Lee of Calcutta writes: "We are very grateful for this continued help, and wish you could visit us and see the work you are doing through us. What rejoices my heart the most is the change God has wrought in the hearts and lives of these children. Some of the older girls whom we took in at the very beginning of the famine were not only saved from severe suffering, and probably death or that moral ruin which is worse than death, but have been saved for eternity. They have made such wonderful progress that some of them are already helping as Christian teachers in our mission schools and others are preparing for that duty." Mrs. Lee sends in her letter the photograph of one of her charges, which we reproduce at the beginning of this article. The girl was the most pitiable of all natives of India, a child-widow. She had been actually sold to a horrible servitude, when she ran away and appealed to Mrs. Lee to shelter and protect her. She is now one of the brightest and most intelligent girls in the institution. Another picture on this page, that of "cleaning the new-comers," is also from Mrs. Lee's orphanage. It is a memento of the famine days when daily large numbers came, in a state of dreadful neglect, to be transformed into clean, decent Christian girls.

HINDOO WAIFS IN MRS. ADA LEE'S SCHOOL IN CALCUTTA—YELLANDU SCHOOLHOUSE, INDIA

An interesting work, in which this journal has helped, is that of Rev. C. B. Ward, who is laboring at Yellandu, in the dominions of the Nizam of Hyderabad. Mr. Ward's interest in the orphans was manifested from the outset of the famine, and he has undertaken a work which shows how strong is his faith in the God of the fatherless and the widow. Mr. Ward has testified his gratitude to this journal for the aid rendered him by calling one of his pioneer institutions THE CHRISTIAN HERALD MISSION. He has happily been able to get employment for his boys as fast as they were ready for work in the Hyderabad Deccan Company's workshops, which are in close proximity to his station. He also secured from the Nizam, at a nominal rent, a large section of land which through neglect had become jungle, and he has been able to partially clear this and cultivate it, with such help as could be given by his orphans and the village people who were in danger of starving. Work of this kind is so obviously of public utility that the people who have been employed really feel that they have been paid for developing their own property, and so they have not been pauperized by the help afforded them. Bishop J. M. Thoburn, who was indefatigable throughout the time of India's appalling suffering, has a general oversight of Mr. Ward's work.

Pandita Ramabai also sends cheering accounts of progess in her homes. She has still nearly four hundred girls dependent upon her. Of these a large proportion of the older ones have already become Christians and have received Christian baptism. The younger ones are learning earnestly and Ramabai believes that they too will become Christians. The fame of her institutions has spread throughout India, and numbers of girls are fleeing from lives of misery in distant cities to find a refuge with her. The help rendered her from the funds contributed by our readers have enabled her to receive many who otherwise must have been refused admittance. One very pitiful case was that of a girl only nine years of age, who had, according to Hindoo custom, been married in her sixth year. But the boy to whom she was married died, and the girl thus widowed was turned out of her home. It was two years before she was able to reach Ramabai's institution at Sharada Sadan. The institution was full, but the pathetic pleading of the little widow touched Ramabai's sympathetic heart, and to her intense delight she was received. The farm Ramabai has cultivated at Kedegaun is at last becoming a source of help and it also proved a valuable aid for the convalescents.

Died in Service

MISS GERTRUDE L. WHEELER, formerly of Bridgeport, Conn., died at Naples, Italy, September 21st, on her return from missionary work in British East Africa.

THE LATE MISS G. L. WHEELER

She had been in Africa but a few months and was engaged in work of a pioneer character. Her station was some 350 miles in the interior. Returning from the interior by the way of Mombasa, where smallpox was quite prevalent, she contracted that disease before taking the steamer for Naples. She was taken from the steamer at Naples quite sick and sent to the hospital, where she died four days afterward. She was buried in the cemetery at Naples. Miss Wheeler went to Africa under the auspices of the Christian Unity Association, whose headquarters are at Hawleyville, Conn., Rev. W. P. Ray, president. She was born in Monroe, Conn., educated in the South Norwalk and Bridgeport schools, and she first taught school at Thomaston, Conn., and afterward in Bridgeport. In 1893, she entered upon a new work, opening the home in Bridgeport known as the Beulah Home for Friendless Women. For several years she conducted this work successfully, assisted by Miss Alice B. Garrigues, who had been a friend for many years, and also a teacher with her. Miss Wheeler had a large circle of Christian friends and acquaintances in the New England States. She was of a very lovable disposition and wholly devoted to Christian work. In a sense it may be said that her life was laid down for the Master.

Pilgrims in Japan

(See illustration on first page).

FUJIYAMA, the "sacred mountain" of Japan, is the objective point of every pious Buddhist in the Mikado's empire and the Mecca of innumerable pilgrimages. At a great distance, its immense bulk and gigantic height are visible, dwarfing all other altitudes, and, on coming nearer, the pilgrim who aims to ascend may well be appalled by the task before him. After climbing to Muriyama, the highest inhabited spot on the mountain, and resting there awhile, the real ascent is begun. Priests and mountaineers serve as guides and porters. To the summit of the mountain is almost a two days' climb, the height of the crater being 13,997 feet and the highest peak 14,177 feet. Japanese pilgrims who make the ascent from religious motives, robe themselves in white garments, which are stamped with queer-looking mystic symbols and figures of idols by men who make such stamping a business. A peculiar blessing is superstitiously believed to be conferred by the gods on those who ascend from motives of piety. Tradition assigns these pilgrimages to a very ancient date. A saint who was the reputed founder of the Shinto religion—Japan's oldest faith—dwelt on the mountain, and after his death his spirit continues to give health and good fortune to those who honor his memory and visit his shrine.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR
B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Yoked Together

ATTEMPTS have been made in various directions to prove that marriage is a mere civil contract. Away with such a notion! Marriage is a Paradisaical, six-thousand year old, divine institution, and all the laws since Blackstone or before Blackstone cannot appropriately marry two hearts unless the Lord Almighty had first married them. All this makes sensible people look upon marriage as an important step. Instead of being lassoed by a curl, or trading hearts in a philopena, they realize that between cradle and grave the most tremendous place is the marriage altar, and that while before that altar the twain stand with joined hands, between them stands, all unseen, either the white-winged angel of blessing or the horned and hoofed and fire-nostrilled gorgon of despair. Applaud therefore all honest marriages and frown upon everything that would put them to ridicule. Have nothing to do with those slushy pamphlets and books which tell how impossible men met impossible women, got into impossible difficulties, and with impossible results and villainy went unwhipped, and virtue fell dead. The fact is that many of the young married people of this day get their heads so filled with the false and sentimental notions in regard to the plain, serious, old-fashioned institution of marriage they are unfit for the common duties of life. There she goes, lounging around the house with a twenty-five cent novel over her arm, her slippers run down at the heel, the furniture undusted and the socks undarned, and everything from cellar to garret in domestic chaos. Go home and gather up all that French stuff and pitch it into the kitchen grate. The best way for us to honor the marriage institution, of which we have heard so much, is for us who are now in that relation to faithfully perform all our duties, not taking easy offense from each other, remembering that hasty words and hasty actions sometimes are not a matter of the heart, but merely a matter of the nerves.

National Economy

NEVER has there been in the history of the United States such a reckless expenditure of public funds, and the rate of taxation will soon reach a higher point than ever before. It is astounding how the money of the people is being voted away. Not only are those of large means subjected to severe taxation, but the man who owns not a dollar suffers also indirectly. First, the tax assessment strikes the capitalist; then the capitalist puts that tax upon the rent he asks for the house occupied or upon the price of the goods sold. There is not a man or woman in America who buys a pound of sugar or a yard of cloth or a loaf of bread that does not feel the influence of taxation, and all the people have a right to be heard on the subject of national economy. At the ballot-box and wherever you have influence, uphold those who are trying to stop useless expenditure, either city, state or national. With such a climate, such a soil, and such rivers to turn the factory wheel, and such wealth of mines being disgorged, and such multiplied resources of accumulation far greater than those offered to any other nation under heaven, it ought to be easy, very easy, in this country to make a living, and a good living, while now for multitudes it is very hard work. But all recuperation and all betterment, will directly or indirectly come from the saturation of the people with wholesome religious influences.

High-toned morals means for a nation temporal prosperity. Godliness is profitable in the life that now is as well as for that which is to come. When individuals are made right nations will be right. Perhaps some do not know how the Americans came to be called Brother Jonathan. George Washington, having been made Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Revolution, went to Massachusetts to organize his forces. It was an awful time of perplexity. Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut, and Washington had great confidence in his ability and patriotism, and said to his officers: "Let us consult Brother Jonathan." Again and again during the war was Jonathan Trumbull advised with, and it got to be a byword among the troops and among the officers: "Let us consult Brother Jonathan," and so that became the sobriquet of the American. This idea of brotherhood, bestowed by the first President of the United States is the gospel idea when a man shall learn everywhere that his fellow man is a brother—that will make perfect individual life, perfect social life, perfect national life. I saw in one of the gardens at Poughkeepsie, on a high bank, spelled out in large letters of flowers that might be seen at a great distance, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Over all our hearts, over all this land may there be written in letters of eternal bloom that Christmas cantata.

An Unwilling Heir

MR. JAMES EADS HOW has become heir to a million of dollars. Mr. How springs from a distinguished family in St. Louis. His grandfather, John Eads, was the great architect who built the Eads Bridge in that city, and the well-known quays in New Orleans. His father, J. F. How, Esq., was Vice-President of the Wabash Railway. The eccentric personage who has now become heir to this large sum of money, has always declined to take the social position to which he is entitled, and preferred to support himself as an humble laborer. He is now thirty years old. Since coming into possession of this property, Mr. How has in vain sought some one to take charge of it, and distribute it where it will do the most good. He has offered $100,000 of it to Mayor Zeigenhein, of St. Louis, to be used in some charitable enterprise. The offer has been declined.

We look upon the rejection of the responsibility which has come upon Mr. How, as a mistake. Evidently there could be no better man than he, for that duty. "To him that hath shall be given." It is not having money that honors Mr. How, so much as his simplicity and sincerity, and his sympathy with the Son of Man, who knew not where to lay his head. At a period when social and industrial questions are pressing, and [illegible] who have little sympathy with the working classes, it seems to us a mistake for [illegible] of his father's and his grandfather's industry and ability, to give anybody else his chance to attempt a readjustment of some of the social and industrial inequalities of the age. No mayor of St. Louis could do this better than James Eads How himself.

The Saloon Money Controversy

AS many hundreds of letters continue to be received in reply to J. R. N's question regarding the acceptance or rejection of saloon money by a church, it has been decided, at the urgent request of many subscribers, to continue the open discussion for sometime longer, in order to permit all having definite views on the subject to be heard. When both sides have been fully represented, the whole subject will be submitted to five competent judges, whose duty will be to review the points presented in the voluminous correspondence and announce decision on the merits. It is possible that there may be a dissenting opinion, but in any event the controversy and its judicial outcome is one that cannot fail to be helpful to many thousands of interested readers and to "make for righteousness." It is one which none having the spiritual welfare of the church at heart should fail to read.

Quit Growling

ANOTHER winter is coming on, and we hear the evil prophecy already rising on the air—we hear it everywhere. We will give our prophecy on this coming winter. It will be the easiest winter we ever had, either in one way or the other. If it be severe in temperature, then we believe there will be such Christian beneficence that the poor will not suffer more than they ever have before. They will not suffer so much. We do not believe the people of this country will ever commit outrages and riot and murder for the sake of getting bread. But lugubrosity of tone and face keeps people down. Now we will make a contract. If the people of the United States for one week will talk cheerfully, we will open all the manufactories: we will give employment to all the unoccupied men and women: we will make a lively market for your real estate that is eating you up with taxes: we will stop the long processions on the way to the poor-house and the penitentiary, and we will spread a plentiful table from Maine to California and from Oregon to Sandy Hook, and the whole land shall carol and thunder with the national jubilee.

But says some one: "I will take that contract: but we cannot hope to affect the whole nation." Yes, you can. Representing as you do all professions, all trades and all occupations, if you resolve never again to utter a dolorous word about the money markets, but by manner and by voice and by wit and caricature and, above all, by faith in God, to try to scatter the pervading gloom, do you not believe the influence would be instantaneous and widespread? For the sake of the poor and for the sake of the unemployed, quit growling.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

"A Joy to Every One"

What Three Eminent Christian Leaders Say of the Red Letter New Testament

[illegible] in red, [illegible]
Red Letter New Testament.
[illegible] for a traveler, that I commend your enterprise without stint.
[illegible] Very sincerely yours,
D. L. Moody.

[illegible]
No. 700 Park Avenue.
My Dear Sir,—
[illegible] **Red Letter New Testament.** [illegible] a long time have I been more attracted to any [illegible] Your plan of [illegible] adopted the beautiful little volume for my own private devotional use. Hoping that it may have great influence in calling attention [illegible] I remain, Gratefully yours,
[illegible]

[illegible]
A. F. Schauffler, D.D., Vice Pres.
New York, Oct. 2, 1899.
My Dear Dr. Klopsch,—
[illegible] **Red Letter New Testament.** Really, it is capitally done, and I shall make constant use of it. If I had had this book last year it would have saved me much labor, for I needed to know exactly how many words of our Lord are recorded in each of the four Gospels, and I counted them straight through, but if I had had your **Red Letter Edition**, the counting could have been much more quickly done. The book is a capital one for teachers to use, and is so convenient [illegible] will be a joy to every one who loves the Word of God. With many renewed thanks, I remain, Yours very sincerely,
A. T. Schauffler

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BRIEF NOTES

The preachers chosen to serve at Harvard [illegible]

[illegible] China to Japan, there are sixty-two towns and villages [illegible] of native churches.

Methodist soldiers in the British Army are organizing systematic work for the Twentieth Century [illegible] of five hundred dollars.

Dr. I. T. Gracey reports that young Chinamen desiring an up-to-date education are now going to Japanese colleges instead of coming to this country or going to Europe.

The chairman-elect of the Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, is Mr. Edmund [illegible] third time that a layman has been elected for the office.

A significant fact, stated by a writer in the *Independent*, is that the Pope keeps the bulk of his fortune at Rothschild's London Bank. It is noteworthy that he should entrust it to a Jew in a Protestant country.

The receipts of the Ashleydown Orphanages [illegible] years ago, were last year $149,380. They are now [illegible] who strictly adheres to Mr. Muller's principles.

Several delegates to the International Congregational Council have asked that emphatic contradiction be given to the charge made by Dr. Withrow, that there was no reading of the Bible at the sessions of the Council. They say there is not an atom of truth in the charge.

The Luther League, the young people's society of the Lutheran Church, reports a membership of nearly seventy thousand. Its object, like that of the Christian Endeavor Society, is to retain in the Church young people who, after confirmation, are liable to drift away.

The gift of a church by an India potentate is announced. The Rajah of Chamba has made over to the Scotch Presbyterian Missionary Society a handsome building for its use. The significant fact is that the Rajah is not a Christian, but he has been present occasionally at missionary services.

Statistics presented to the Utah Methodist Episcopal Conference, show that in twenty-eight churches of various denominations, the number of members who were formerly Mormons is seventeen per cent. The number of Christians who have become Mormons is less than a half of one per cent.

Karnak's Fallen Columns

NEWS comes from Egypt that nine of the great columns in the wonderful temple of Karnak, have fallen. The catastrophe was not unexpected, for recent visitors have noticed that they were far out of the perpendicular and it was not possible to effectively shore them up, though the attempt was made. They were huge columns sixty-two feet high and thirty-six feet in circumference at the base. They were erected by Seti I. and were therefore new when Moses was born, and he doubtless often walked among them. Hatasu, the daughter of the princess who rescued him from the river, aided in beautifying and enriching the temple, of which they formed part, and she built another temple in the immediate neighborhood. The chief pillars were twelve in number and they were surrounded by one hundred and twenty two, which though somewhat smaller, are gigantic. These latter were arranged in seven lines, forming imposing avenues. In front of them were two immense courts formed by other pillars. At each entrance, was a gigantic statue of Rameses II., the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites On the south side of the temple was another approach lined with a double row of sphinxes. Enclosed in the magnificent group of columns is a still older building, of inferior architecture erected by Osertesen I. who belonged to the dynasty, one of whose members was the patron of Joseph. The temple formed part of ancient Thebes and must have been its chief edifice. Its remains have been the wonder of the world, even in their desolation. The fall of these nine pillars only adds to the ruin among which they have so long stood. So has the word of the Hebrew prophet, spoken when Egypt was at the summit of her power, been fulfilled:

I will make the land waste and all that is therein . . . . I will also destroy the idols and I will cause their images to cease (Ezek. 30:12).

A Fire Put Out With Wine

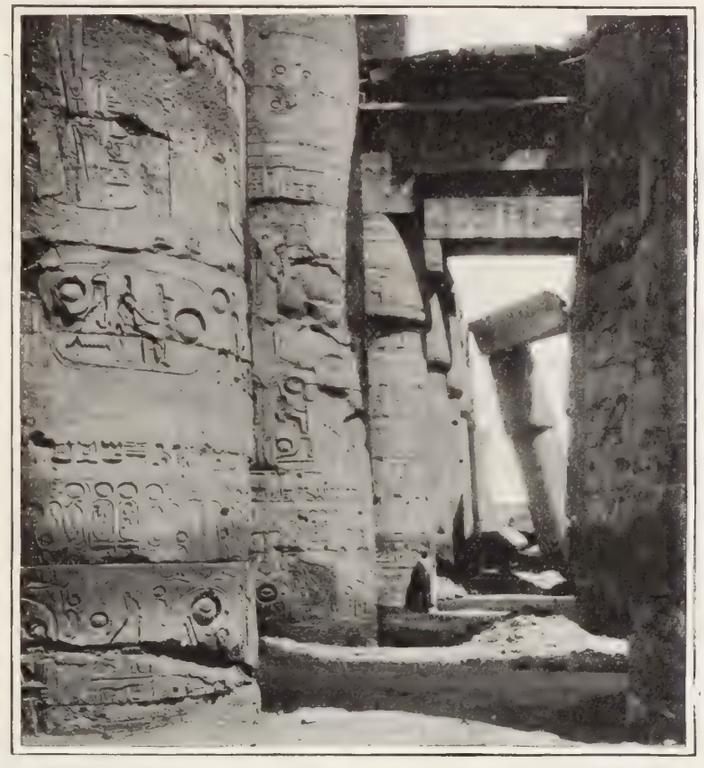
California journals report the prevalence of forest fires in that State. Last week there was one burning on the slope of Mount Tamalpais, opposite San Francisco, which destroyed many pretty suburban homes near Mill Valley. Large numbers of young society men turned out to help the firemen, and worked with a will to save the menaced homes. Several times the fire was thought to be extinguished, but a high wind rose and fanned the smouldering fragments into flame. In the Santa Cruz mountains a large fire broke out which destroyed property worth a quarter million dollars. It was approaching a large vinery, which appeared to be doomed. The proprietors attached a large suction pipe to their tanks and used the wine in them to fight the approaching fire. They succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but at a great cost. The wine thrown on the fire would have been sold for four thousand dollars; but the owners are quite satisfied, since it saved buildings and vines worth ten times that amount. For once, it seems, wine did good service. It would require, however, a great deal more benefit than that it did in this case to atone for all the misery it has caused in the world.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine (Prov. 23:29).

A Romantic Marriage

A press dispatch from Matteawan, N.J., on Oct. 10, announces a marriage which had a strange prelude. Among the patients in the General Hospital there, was a man who had sustained an injury to his feet. It was a bad case and for some days it seemed inevitable that an amputation would be needed. During the weeks that he lay suffering, his chief comfort was in the visits of a lady who came regularly to read to the patients and bring them good cheer. She was very popular in the hospital and those who had known her a long time, said that an early disappointment in love had clouded all her life. She was over fifty years old and had never married. Her kindness won the heart of the patient with the injured feet and he grew confidential with her. Finally he told her all his history, and to their mutual surprise, they discovered that he was the lover who had been alienated from her in their youthful days. As both were free to marry, their long-standing quarrel was easily settled and, as soon as the patient was able to walk, they went out and were married. Probably they would have ended their lives without reconciliation and union, if there had not been suffering on one side and sympathy on the other. Many a soul has been brought into eternal union with Christ by like means. Affliction often brings precious results.

No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby (Heb. 12:11).



THE GREAT TEMPLE OF KARNAK, EGYPT

To Fathom an Old Mystery

The Geographical Congress, at its recent sessions in Berlin, adopted a resolution inviting international cooperation in the search for traces of Dr. Ludwig Leichardt who disappeared nearly twenty-one years ago. Dr. Leichardt was an enthusiastic scientific explorer whose learning and enterprise won him world-wide fame. He gave years to the exploration and geological study of New South Wales, and the book he wrote on his work in that colony made him well known before he started on his first great inland journey. For sixteen months he and seven comrades tramped through inner Australia, depending upon the country for their food, though nothing was known about its resources. In this journey, over 3,000 miles long, he traversed the inner part of Queensland, passing from the temperate zone to the torrid zone. He wrote a book describing his journey and before it was off the press the restless explorer started on the undertaking from which he never returned. His purpose was to cross the Australian desert from east to west. It was to be the first trans-continental journey, and he started with hope from Moreton. He was never heard from again. Reports came that some articles known to have been in his possession had been seen among the tribes of the Northwest, but no authentic intelligence of him was ever received. It is now proposed to make a systematic effort to penetrate the mystery. How glad we would be if it were possible to penetrate that still deeper mystery which is continually falling all around us at every newly opened grave. Even the Bible tells us little, but while it does not satisfy our curiosity it gives us assurances for our comfort.

Let not your heart be troubled. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you (John 14:1-2).

A Dangerous Counterfeit

Thousands of dollars in counterfeit fifty-cent pieces have been put in circulation during the past few weeks in New York and Brooklyn. The bad fifty-cent pieces are of the kind that have given the United States authorities so much trouble for the last two or three years in New Orleans and the South. They are made of silver of the standard fineness and correct weight, stamped in close imitation of the genuine, and have the same value as bullion that the genuine coin has. These are the features which make the counterfeit so dangerous. With silver at its present price the coiners can afford to put in the proper weight and quality of metal and do good work, and still make a handsome profit. Even the experts have found but one mark by which the bad coins can be distinguished from good ones. This is to be found on the reverse or eagle side. Above the eagle is a group of thirteen stars arranged between the eagle's head and the "*E. pluribus unum*" scroll, which he carries, and the inscription, "United States of America," which runs around the coin. In the genuine fifty-cent pieces the stars are kept well clear of the letters, while in the counterfeit the stars are larger and the fifth one in the upper row, counting from the left, has a point which just touches the final letter "s" in "States." It is obvious that the coin is all the more dangerous for having so much silver in it, which gives it the same weight and appearance as the genuine coin. It is so in the matter of character. There are many persons so moral, so kind and good that they are highly esteemed in society; but if they have not been made children of God through Christ, they will be rejected in the judgment, in spite of their estimable qualities.

Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name done many wonderful works? and then will I profess unto them, I never knew you, depart from me (Matt. 7:22).

An Architect in a Hole

A difficulty between an electrical company and a government architect has involved a singular conflict at Camden, N. J. The Federal Government is erecting a new post office in that city which will cost $225,000. The handsome building has right in front of it an unsightly pole supporting a large number of heavy power wires. The architect tried in vain to induce the company to remove the pole, which obstructed the view of his work. He therefore had the curb so rounded as to leave the pole in the carriage-way. This is a violation of the local laws, so the municipality directed its removal. Thereupon men were sent to put the pole on federal property. They dug a hole six feet deep to receive it, and they paid no attention to the remonstrances of the special officer who warned them off. They roughly pushed him aside and were about to put the pole in the hole when the architect jumped in. Several men tried to pull him out of the hole, but he remained firmly fixed and refused to be hauled out. When a man laid hands on him he had him arrested for assault, and one after another ten men went to jail on that charge. The architect staid in the hole for an hour, at the end of which time the company called their men off, and he climbed out. The architect is evidently a brave man, for if the unscrupulous men who were trying to fix the pole, had persisted, he would have been killed. Not every man would have dared to interpose his own body in resistance of wrong. It is that which enlists our admiration and love for the means by which our salvation was wrought. Christ did not draw back even when he knew that his life would be sacrificed.

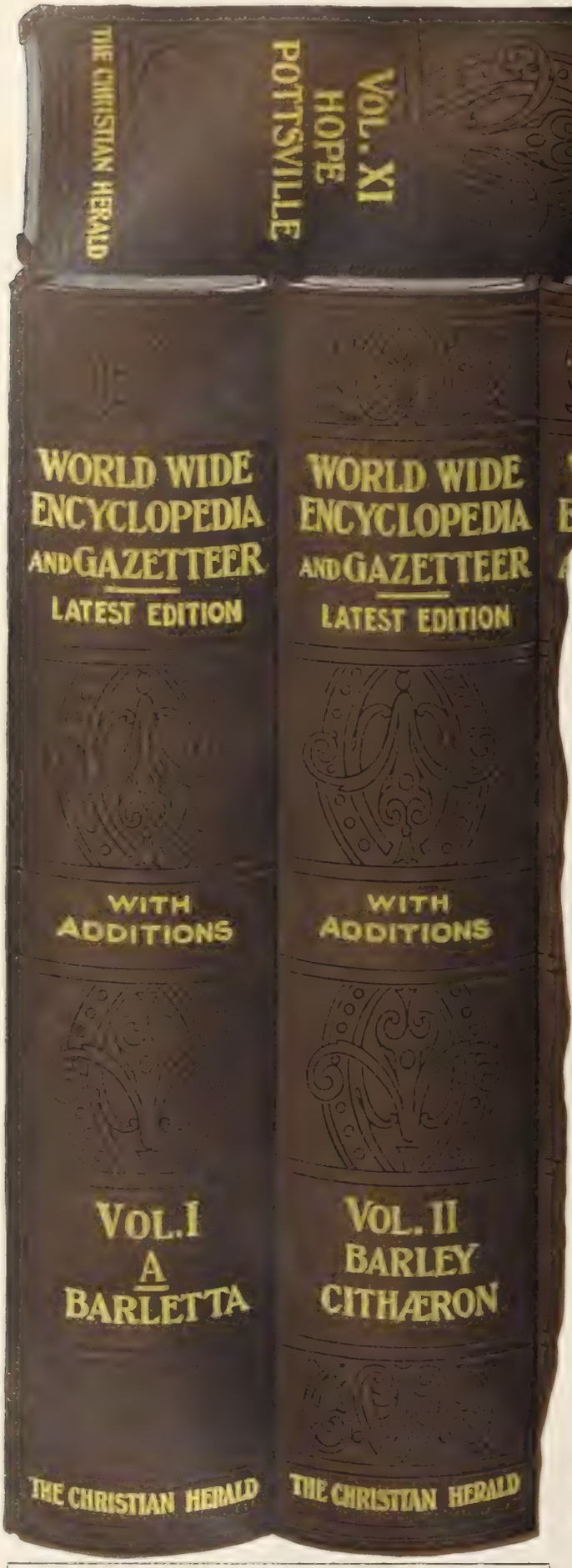
I am the good Shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep (John 10:11).

A Curious Election

One of the strangest votes by ballot on record is reported in a press dispatch from a hamlet in South Carolina. There has of late been some illegal liquor selling in the hamlet, and some visitors have made a temporary stay there whose habits were not conducive to order and morality. A few days ago a meeting was called in a public building to which every white man in the town received an invitation. A chairman and secretary were elected and the meeting was regularly organized. Then the secretary stated the business by putting the following question: "If you conscientiously believe there are any person or persons whose presence is contaminating to the moral and social atmosphere of this community, then write his or their names on a piece of paper, fold, and deposit in ballot box. On the contrary, if you conscientiously do not believe there are any such person or persons in the community, then so write it." A box was opened, ballots were distributed, and managers were appointed. The voting proceeded silently, and there were no threats or abusive talk. After the votes were examined the secretary informed the meeting that one of the men there present had been duly elected by a large majority. His fellow townsmen had declared by their votes that his presence was contaminating, etc. It would accordingly be good for the town and incidentally for his own health if he went elsewhere. The man so notified began his preparations for leaving promptly and within forty-eight hours was on his way out of town. The people of the town had waited until mischief was done before they took action; but the time is coming when such an edict will be issued against every unrighteous man by an infallible Judge who sees the evil in the heart before it takes form in open sin.

And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats (Matt. 25:32).

A Liberal Education Now Placed Within Easy Reach



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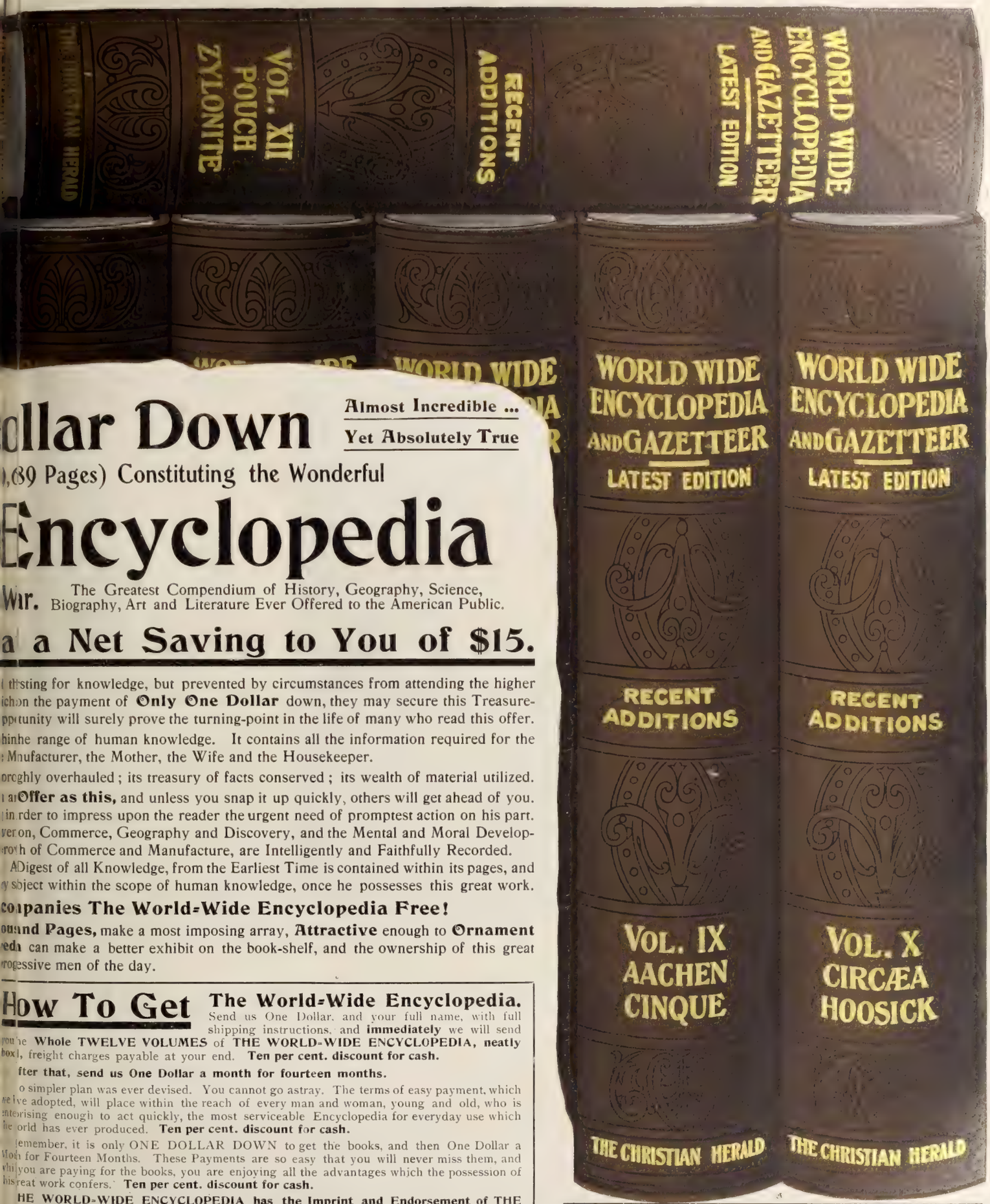

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THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Big Sisters and Brothers

Their Duties to the Little Ones—How One Sister Entertained a Caller

OUR picture might doubtless be taken as almost a photograph of just such jolly rides as make merry many homes into which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes. We read that a famous English king once "played horse" to a little Prince of Wales, and when his prime minister, or some other official, called on State affairs, laughingly requested the visitor to wait a moment until his son had taken one more turn around the room. So, big folks and little folks who "play horse" are not without distinguished precedent.

The writer once heard a young gentleman—a "regular society swell"—ask a pretty maiden, at whose home he was calling, as to how she danced some particular figure of the German. "I don't know how to dance," she said, a shadow flitting over her face—for she was not indifferent to the questioner, and she felt that the admission would be a detraction in his eyes. "But," she added brightly, to cover the awkward pause that followed, "I can 'play horse' and 'ring-a-rosy,' and 'Lift up the gates as high as the sky and let King George and his army pass by.'" "How I would like to know those plays!" laughed her caller. "There is no reason why you should suffer in ignorance," was the smiling retort, as she ran out of the room, to return with a merry troop of small brothers and sisters, all eager to impart instruction. "Join hands!" was the merry cry, and soon the parlor was ringing with the chorus, "All around the mulberry bush." "I don't know when I've had so much fun," declared the "society man," wiping his brow when the game was over. When nurse came in to say that "it was really time for the children to go to bed," the baby brother was curled up asleep on his big sister's shoulder; two little sisters, leaning on her knee, looked up in her face; the eyes of a small lass and laddie, established on the knee of the caller, were turned in the same direction, and the gaze of the caller seemed magnetized, too. "Sister dear," as the little ones called her, after telling Hans Andersen's beautiful story of "The Twelve Swans," was giving the history of "Little Samuel," from *The Children of the Bible*, in response to an encore. Is anybody surprised to hear that there was a wedding in that house before a great while?

It is a fact that big brothers and sisters help "raise the little ones;" they are quite as responsible as father and mother for the future of the younger members of the family. The boys and girls who grow up with their eyes fixed upon Bessie and John, and to whom Bessie and John are often heroes and heroines, will model their lives upon Bessie's and John's. Bessie and John, by living straight and true, and being jolly and companionable with the little folks, will be doing that work in the home that God sent them to do. Remember, young people, that the duty and privilege of training children does not wait upon the time when you have a home of your own; you will be better prepared for the duties of parenthood if you take the course of study and practice that God provides for you in your father's and mother's house and in the Sunday School.

♦

A Pretty Game

Write on bits of cardboard such words as "A loving heart," "Gold," "Truth," "Silver," "A new dress," "Kind words," "A nice hat," "A smiling face," "A story book," "Kind deeds," "A necklace," "Pretty ways," and so on. Then let each child select a card, naming the thing he or she most desires. If a child wishes something that is not on a card, let him or her make out such a card. When all have drawn, ask each child to state the advantages that will accrue to him or her as the result of the choice made, supposing that the card represents the object itself.

♦

The Lapland "Baby Carriage"

The Lapland baby's "coach of state" is not a perambulator on wheels, such as our American babies have, but a very queer-looking birch-bark basket. The basket is shaped like a sofa pillow, and fastened like an envelope, with a little open place at one end for the baby to get his breath through. Sometimes these baskets are quite pretty and ornamental. The baby, bundled in downy skins, fastened up in his birch bark envelope, and thus swung on to his mother's back, takes his airing when she goes abroad to help skin seals and bring walrus meat home.

♦

Which is Best?

In friendly chat one asked of me,
"Which is best?"
A scowling face, an angry pout,
A bitter word, a jealous doubt,
A heart's unrest;
Or gentle trust through long, dark days,
When clouds obscure the sun's bright rays?

—ELIZABETH FRY PAUL.

♦

Philippine Camp Life

A bright letter, written by a soldier from "Camp in Trenches, near Pasay, P. I.," to *Freedom*, the American paper published at Manila, gives a graphic picture of how our boys live in camp. He says of the "goo-goos," as he calls the Filipinos, who were bushwacking around [illegible] especially after tattoo has sounded and the stillness of the night has settled down upon us, [illegible] call almost note for note. A few nights ago [illegible] with a genuine Tagalog yell, and pleasantries of all sorts were exchanged. It is hard to get up at 4.45 A. M., but we do it. The caribou of A and E Company vamoosed the other night into unknown regions, and no sooner had the companies gotten new ones than the old ones turned up in the possession of some gooseys. The last performance of one of the new caribous was to tear down the road and upset cart, water-cans, Chino and all. [illegible] pleasant ways and ever ready helping hand.

It is a comfort to know that at the Soldiers' Institute, Manila, our boys find Christian influences as well as home comforts when they come from the trenches for a day in town.

♦

Women's Work at the Paris Fair

The Paris Fair Committee, of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is arranging for an excellent exhibit, in the French Capital next year, of work accomplished by American women and particularly of work accomplished by club-women, such as vacation schools, play-grounds, street-cleaning and—it is to be hoped—working-women's homes, photographs being used in demonstration. Mrs. Tod Helmuth is chairman, and Miss Anna Maxwell Jones, Secretary of the Committee. Mrs. W. B. Lowe, President of the Federation, lately stopped in New York, on her return from France, to confer with the Committee. She says: "There is the greatest interest among the women in Paris to see what the American club-women are doing." The Federation will charter a steamer of its own to carry several hundred American women over next year, and there is to be a big international convention of women, at which German, English, Dutch, French, Russian and Italian housewives, teachers, writers and artists will confer about ways and means of improving public and private manners and morals. Domestic science and the servant question will receive large attention.

A MERRY PAIR OF COMRADES

Where are the Flowers?

WHERE are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
In brighter light and softer air, a beauteous [illegible]?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle [illegible]
Are lying in their lovely beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the briar rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
[illegible]
And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their [illegible]
[illegible]
And twinkle in the smoky lights the waters of the rill,
[illegible]
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

—BRYANT.

♦

City and Farm Wives

BY way of advice to overworked city women, Mrs. William King, a well-known writer, and busy Sunday School and missionary worker, says:

For good, wholesome, genuine rest, give me a visit to some hospitable, roomy home. To wake in the early morning and look out on a quiet farmyard is the most restful feeling one can experience. Persons living in the country get so accustomed to these scenes that they are like a great many other blessings. We become so use to receiving them that we don't realize that they are new every morning, and so it is with [illegible] things that most impress a city visitor are nothing to them.

For the farm-wife an occasional little trip to the city, when her husband goes to sell his crop and buy winter supplies, is adviseable. This periodical sojourn of the farm-wife in the city, and of the city woman in the country, makes each acquainted with the joys and hardships of the other, keeps each from falling into nets, and broadens the vision of each. Each will borrow from the other some bit of knowledge or quality of character that will enable and help her to keep her home better. The time for the city woman's annual visit to the city has passed—if we except Thanksgiving, when so many city folks flock to the farmstead. But during Fall and the early Winter, a farmer usually takes his trip to town, and we suggest to him, the children and "mother" herself, that a little sum of money be set aside, if possible, for "mother" to go with "father." It will be a good investment; "mother" will come back better qualified to carry another year's work along cheerily and intelligently. If husband and children urge the trip, Mother, take it; do not let a false economy intertere; it is to their interest, as well as your own, that you brush up against the outside world now and then, and see how other wives and mothers do things.

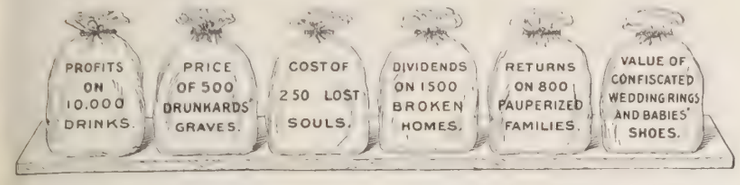
♦

"Tattling"

This is one of the ugliest and most mischievous of habits, and one of the hardest to break, but it is not difficult to prevent. Guard your child against it as you would against smallpox. Nip "tale-telling" in the bud. "Mamma, I heard Kitty tell teacher a lie. I wouldn't tell a lie," your child says. You answer: "I know you wouldn't, my dear," and you are confirming your child in Pharisaism as well as tale-bearing. Say simply: "I am sorry to hear you say so," and change the subject, or add: "Has my little daughter heard anybody say anything pretty to-day?" and you do your child a double service. Reporting a matter in which your knowledge may be preventive or helpful is a different affair. "How can I teach my child to distinguish?" you ask. By cultivating the spirit of loving-kindness and teaching him that speech is God's gift, to be used for the help and not the injury of our fellows.

The Saloon-Keeper's Money

What Preachers, Lawyers, and Missionaries Say about Its Acceptance — A Reformed Drunkard's Verdict


PROFITS ON 10,000 DRINKS.
PRICE OF 500 DRUNKARDS' GRAVES.
COST OF 250 LOST SOULS.
DIVIDENDS ON 1500 BROKEN HOMES.
RETURNS ON 800 PAUPERIZED FAMILIES.
VALUE OF CONFISCATED WEDDING RINGS AND BABIES' SHOES.

No Compromise

SHALL we take the sin-stained earnings,
Won by treachery and wrong,
Though it be a licensed evil,
Bold and confident and strong?
Shall we use the gold that glitters
With its mocking, baleful light?
Shall we sacrifice for money
All our principles of right?

When their cry goes up to heaven,
From the children in our land,
Can we take the price of birthrights
From the liquor-dealer's hand?

Can our church, in league with Satan,
Sharing in the spoiler's fee,
Holding gains derived from evil,
Teach a spotless purity?

No! O, no! The cry repeated
Echoed o'er and o'er again.
Our fair church for one short moment
Must not bear so foul a stain.
Right and justice, love and mercy,—
Brave and fearless in the fight,
Make no compromise with evil,
Stand for purity and right!

Boy's Club. MRS. EDWIN N. NORTHROP
Worcester, Mass.

OUT of a flood of able and interesting letters upon the question: "Shall the Church accept the saloon keeper's money in aid of its spiritual work?" we publish the following selections from a number which might be called "expert testimony," since they are for the most part the verdict of preachers, lawyers, temperance and Prohibition workers. Other letters will appear next week.

Wm. F. Round, Brother Director Order of St. Christopher, College Point, N. Y., writes:

It has been decided that the Order of St. Christopher will not take such money. It can't afford the risk!

W. D., Justice of Peace, Calif., writes:

The cause of Christ would not be benefited thereby. I know from experience, in criminal cases of felony, that at least three-fourths of them originate in saloon drinking. Still, we must win the saloon-keeper for Christ.

Rev. T. J. L., D.D., First Presbyterian Church, California, writes:

It might be perfectly proper to accept a voluntary contribution, but it would be wrong to solicit contributions.

H. J. C., Attorney-at-law, N. Y., writes:

Let the church put itself under no obligation whatever to the saloon.

L. B., A Superintendent of W. C. T. U. prison and jail work and work among railway employees, writes:

It would be no worse to accept money made by murder and robbery. If the devil helps to carry on the church work I think he will have his share of the profits.

Wm. Woods, Texas, writes:

If proclaimed or advertised it is all wrong Given according to scriptural injunction, "Let not thy right hand," etc., would obviously settle the question at once, for all givers, saloon-keepers included.

Geo. Hoffman, Sec. State Central Committee of Pennsylvania Prohibition Party, Bryn Mawr, writes:

I believe the fact that "tainted" money has been received in the past is largely responsible for the lack of aggressiveness on moral questions which exists in the church to-day. The acceptance of such money by a church having large financial burdens, does wonders to hinder its influence in a community. Let the church of God not be forced to seal its lips by receiving subscriptions from saloon-keepers.

Rev. W. A. Hutchinson, Colo., writes:

If he gives money and the church accepts it as "hush money," it is wrong. I have known saloon-keepers who were helped by permitting them to give, but always with the understanding that the church would not be "hushed."

D. B. R., "A reformed drunkard," writes:

No. I have never known an instance where the saloon-keeper's money was received by churches and benevolent societies that it did not create respect for him and his business.

Mrs. D. A. Price, Texas, writes:

If there were no saloons, the drug stores sell the whiskey just the same. If we exclude the saloon-keepers' money we must exclude the druggists'.

Dr. H. A. Reid, Pasadena, Wis., writes:

There can be no excuse, reason or argument framed in favor or in defense of accepting saloon money for church uses, that will not apply just as well to the gambler's, blackmailer's or counterfeiter's money. Some urge that these pursuits have been outlawed, while the saloon has not. Yes; but the church—all branches of it—has declared the saloon and the whole liquor trade to be the most infamous, God-defying, body and soul destroying pursuit ever licensed in our country. The church has morally outlawed it as a crime against God and humanity, if possible more heinous than the others, because it is a breeder of them all. Hence the moral obloquy of accepting money from saloon profits has its own scarlet shame, besides that of all the other outlawries added to it.

J. W. McL., Bridgetown, N. S., writes:

"If all good thoughts, all holy desires," come from God, to whom all "the silver and the gold" belong, surely it must be right to use in his service what belongs to him—when he prompts the giving. We cannot limit his power. Pray for the giver.

D. M. Gillespie, Pres. Christian Cooperative Association., Kansas, writes:

It is no worse and no better to accept money from a saloon-keeper than from men engaged in other nefarious callings. If the saloon-keeper or gambler sees fit to attend church and cast in a contribution when the basket is passed, the sin—if there is any—would be his, not the church's. It is wrong to solicit his aid.

C. T. P., Notary Public, N. J., writes:

Put me down no; I hope with a vast majority.

W. S. C., Atchison, Kan., writes:

Here, where I am known as a Prohibitionist and where I have had some experience in helping the destitute, I must testify to the generous help given by the families of the local saloon-keepers, and also to the excellent moral and religious influence of several families whose bread-winners are saloon-keepers. The dram-shop is bad, but how much worse than the men who patronize it or vote to legalize it? The drift of nearly all the arguments seems to blame the saloon-keeper, and the principles of self-control and personal responsibility seems to be lost sight of. The real fact is we are all responsible for this evil and we can not shove the whole burden on to the saloon-keeper's shoulder.

N. J. Thomas, Indiana, writes:

Suppose a mother has her boy killed by the saloon-keeper's traffic. The saloon-keeper comes to her and says, "My business killed your son, but I will give you money." Will that mother accept the money? I think not. She would sooner spend her life in the almshouse.

H. C. Underhill, N. Y., writes:

The motive, not the source of the gift, nor the past or present occupation of the donor, was Christ's test—e. g., the widow's mite, the benevolence of the good Samaritan (Luke 10: 30), and the anointing of Jesus by the Magdalene, who was a sinner (Luke 7: 39). Christ never raised questions as to the past or present life of the donor or as to the source of the gift, nor refused gifts on that account. He took dinners from publicans and sinners (Matt. 9: 10; Luke 5: 25; Mark 2: 10); and self-righteous Pharisees (Luke 7: 39); from men like Zaccheus, and hospitality from Samaritans (John 9: 10), and perhaps from heathen Gentiles (Luke 7: 2-8), and a colt from a man who apparently was no disciple and certainly was an unwilling giver (Luke 19: 31). The apostle did the same, not inquiring the source of the gift —e. g., the division and enjoyment of goods in common (Acts 2: 44; Acts. 4: 34-37), and the Centurion, Cornelius, to whom, though a Roman and outwardly a heathen, Peter said: "Thy alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God."

A Subscriber, Enders, Ark., writes:

In accepting the saloon-keeper's money let him know that God will bless him in giving according to the motive that prompts him. As some of the friends have said, it is blood-money—the fruit of heartaches and anguish, broken homes and life-time suffering. I for one have experienced this. May God so move the heart of the saloon-keeper that his giving may be one step towards his reformation.

This letter is signed Henry Root, M.D., E. B. Murray, "a one-time victim"; and A. Williamson, Elder Presbyterian Church:

Is it not true that "the receiver is as bad as the thief"? Is not the liquor-seller a thief of bread from children, their clothing, shelter, and the very home itself? Should the church or Y. M. C. A. ask for or accept a share of the stolen profits? No; forever no!

Mrs. Nettie E. Myers, Ia., writes:

No, no—a thousand times no! The woes, heartaches, the hunger and cold of desolate wives and little children cry "No!"

Mr. Moody Denies a Story

In the October 11th issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there appeared a paragraph under the caption: "A Providential Journey," which was reprinted from a usually reliable English contemporary. It related an experience which happened to Mr. D. L. Moody while he was engaged in securing a certain sum of money for a benevolent object, and how he finally realized his wish in a remarkable manner during a railroad journey. We now learn from Mr. Moody that the anecdote is without the slightest foundation. It was evidently the manufacture of some unscrupulous sensation-monger, and to permit it to stand uncontradicted would be unjust to Mr. Moody as well as to our own readers.

Quieting vs. Irritating Food

Try Grape-Nuts

"Chinese dogs are taught to subsist upon boiled rice with a little milk, and become so placid that they will not even bark," says Dr. Oswald.

This seems to demonstrate the fact that a largely vegetable diet inclines to quiet the nervous system, where, on the contrary, a diet composed largely of flesh is ultimately irritating, particularly to one confined mostly to mental work.

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...THE...
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The editor of the New Albany (Ind.) Medical Herald recently published an article on Rheumatism in which he said:

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THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

CHAPTER I.

MAY AND DEATH.

IF there is a time when the place of a man's abode seems to him cheerless and unattractive, it is when it is neither a new home nor an old one, when the charm of novelty has had time to wear off, and the charm of association has not had time to grow: when the possibilities that seem always to be latent in a strange place have been tested and found to be but limited after all, and no soothing influence of habit and custom has yet asserted itself.

It was at such a stage in his affairs that Douglas Lingard had arrived, and consequently it was with a somewhat depressed and jaundiced eye that he surveyed the picturesque farmstead of Highashes, in which he had taken up his quarters with some satisfaction rather more than a month before.

"I WILL BE UP AGAIN," SAID THE YOUNG MAN QUIETLY.

He was still aware that it was picturesque: indeed, it was even more so than it had been, for April had just blossomed into May. But he knew now that it was lonely, or rather that he himself was so, and that he had possibly made a mistake in setting himself so far from his comrades, although he had told himself a month ago that he saw quite enough of them in working hours.

Far below him in the valley he could see, like a little scar upon the face of the landscape, the half finished embankment which marked the progress of the railway line upon the construction of this portion of which he and four or five other young civil engineers were employed. A couple of miles farther away was the faint smoky blur which indicated the little country town where the others had elected to find lodgings.

They were not bad fellows, all more or less gentlemanly; one officially his superior, and the others ranking as equals or subordinates; but Douglas Lingard, though he got on fairly well with them all, had not felt much drawn to any of them, or to the dull little town whose mild attractions they had voted better fun than the country.

A mile on this side of the uncompleted line, and looking almost at his feet, though in reality nearly a mile distant by the steep winding road, was the village of Sudbrook, where he had first looked for quarters, but had failed to find any one who could and would receive him.

The young man leisurely surveyed the wide and, on the whole, fair and smiling prospect; then turned and looked at the small farm house, a modest building of brown-gray stone, only distinguished from many others of the kind by a large bay-window projecting from the middle of the front and carried up to the second story, and by the ivy that muffled it from the ground to the eaves.

"It was that window that brought me here!" he thought, and with a little twist of the lips, half rueful and half amused. "Well! if it does not prove to be enough in itself to enliven existence, I can always change it for the wild excitements of Castleford."

And upon that, thrusting his hands into his pockets to make sure that he was provided with a book in each of them, Douglas Lingard set out to employ the leisure of his Saturday afternoon in a long walk of exploration.

In one sense he had little reason to care very much in what kind of place he found himself for it could only be for him a temporary abode. In three years at most that part of the G. W. X. line upon which he was employed would be finished, and he would have to seek work elsewhere. But even a home for two years may be something to one who has no other: and Douglas Lingard had the "domestic instincts" rather strongly developed: he would have liked to feel himself growing fond of Sudbrook village and Highashes Farm, even though he had no permanent ties to link his lot with them.

The peaceful English landscape was very beautiful in his eyes; if he was dull it was not because he desired change of scene, but because he had had too much of it—because during the latter half of his six-and-twenty years he had been flung from pillar to post.

It seemed a sort of irony of fate that such a man should have at that moment a grammar and phrase-book in his pocket, and be doggedly striving in his leisure hours to give himself a working knowledge of more than one foreign language, with a view, when his present work should be over, to laying railroads in wild lands beyond the sea.

But that was really an outcome of the same longings, a step towards the realization of his favorite dream, according to which he was to make money enough to return to his native land and buy a place of his own, however small, and have at last a settled home, and neighbors, and responsibilities, and all the little homely trivial blessed details that make up so many men's lives.

(Continued on next page)

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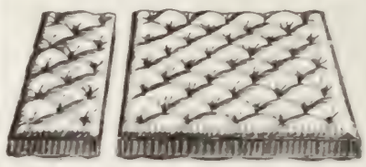

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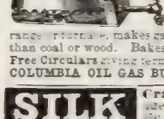

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The Touchstone

(Continued from preceding page)

Some men carry a prophecy of failure written, as it were, upon their foreheads, but Douglas Lingard was not one of them. His figure was strong and well knit, as could be seen even as he moved somewhat listlessly and slouchingly along the quiet, lonely road, studying alternately his phrase-book and his Spanish grammar. And though close-cut dark hair, green-gray eyes, straight nose and clean-shaven, firmly-closed lips are not striking features by which to identify any one when enumerated in a passport, yet as this young man combined them they seemed to betoken that he was both a strong man, as men go, and a gentleman, as that word ought to be understood.

But if he had not the look of a failure, neither had he quite the look of a successful man, or at least of a man who had been successful so far. He looked as though some trouble or disappointment might have partly quenched the animal spirits proper to six-and-twenty, and have made hope less easy, though without weakening resolve. And, indeed, there had been a time when his modest ambition had seemed many years nearer being realized than it was at present; and when a man's chief object in life is linked with the memory of a disappointment, and what he conceives to be a wrong, it is apt to impart a slight but permanent flavor of bitterness to his cup.

Douglas Lingard was not so dull as to be giving all his attention to the construction of the Spanish language, with the beauty of the May afternoon wooing him on every side. The special charm of that hilly pastoral country through which he was passing is its infinite variety, and every time he raised his eyes to look round him they were greeted by some fresh combination of wooded hill and green valley—small, quaintly shaped fields where the young lambs were playing—winding sandy road alternately bordered by tall hedgerows and crumbling lichen-covered dry stone walls, and strips of plantation dark with sombre firs and white in patches with wild cherry blossoms.

Another such road struck presently into this that he was pursuing, and as he looked up to decide whether he should turn aside or keep straight on, he saw before him a little hamlet, about half the size of Sudbrook, which was itself one of the smallest of villages.

This, he thought, would no doubt be Brentwood, the little place that he had seen indicated on the ordnance map to the west of Sudbrook, and through its narrow street he allowed his aimless feet to take him, walking blindly—as we all do—towards his fate.

Standing before one of the humblest of the humble little dwellings of brownish gray stone was an object which is always ugly and repulsive looking, but there was doubly so, in contrast with the fresh young life of nature opening all around. It was a hearse, of that particularly objectionable variety which looks like some huge black beetle, by reason of its having a receptacle for the coffin in front, to represent the thorax, and behind, as an enormous abdomen, the mourning coach, which economically conveys four relatives of the deceased.

One glance told Douglas Lingard that this monument of bad taste and pagan sentiment was at present empty, and at the same time he perceived that this was not quite an ordinary village funeral.

Two or three women stood at their doors, looking out, their children thrust behind them, and apparently by force prevented from running out into the road. The other houses were closed, as far as could be seen, door and window, and not a soul was moving in the road.

The two men who were in charge of the hearse stood, one on either side of the horses, staring straight before them with an aggressively wooden expression, or rather lack of expression. One was short and red-faced, one tall and cadaverous-looking, but they were for the moment wonderfully alike in their evident determination to hear nothing, see nothing, and do nothing, until further orders.

Curiosity made the new-comer linger for a moment, and in that moment the cottage door opened, and there came out—a young lady.

She was not in mourning; indeed to Douglas Lingard's ignorant masculine perception, she seemed to be wearing very much the reverse of mourning, as she stood by the grim black side of the hearse, though in fact her garb was only that natural to a well-dressed young woman on a bright spring afternoon.

Her eyes were full of tears, with indignant flashes lightning through them, and, her lips apart, she seemed ready to appeal to anybody and everybody, and the larger the audience the better. Finding no audience but the undertaker's assistants, who looked far less responsive than their horses, and a strange young man, she naturally and breathlessly addressed the latter.

"Is it not dreadful—disgraceful?" she said, and even in her eagerness her voice was hushed and low. "There is a poor man lying dead in there, and these men will not help to put him into his coffin—they are afraid. The funeral was to be at three, and it is nearly four now; they were more than an hour late in coming, and now they will do nothing."

Douglas Lingard glanced from the stolid countenances of the men—which somehow suggested that they might have been seeking for Dutch courage on the way—to the quivering features of the lady, and then through the open door into the cottage room, where three women in black were standing.

"Why are they afraid?" he asked.

"It was smallpox!" she answered, dropping her voice still lower. "The poor wife has been ill, too, or she and I would have done it. I have told those women that I would help any of them, but they say we cannot do it without a man. I suppose they are afraid, too."

"I will help you," said the young man quietly.

The lady—she was only a girl, as girls are reckoned nowadays, being, perhaps, a year or two younger than Lingard himself—started and looked at him, as if for the first time recognizing his existence as a stranger, and flushed and grew pale.

"Oh!" she said. "Are you sure? Do you think that you ought?"

"Some one must do it, and I give you my word that there is no reason why I should not. It is no use talking to these——"

He did not finish the sentence, but it sounded as though he had said "these things."

The young lady still stood as if irresolute, with wide questioning eyes, not making way for him to enter; but as he added, "Don't you think we had better lose no more time?" she started and moved back into the little kitchen into which he followed her.

A sickly-looking woman sat by the fire, holding on her knee a baby which was evidently not many days old. Her tears flowed freely as she bent over its little pinched face, and the three black-clothed women looked at each other, or at the floor rather than at her, and had nothing to say to her.

Douglas Lingard laid his hat upon the table and turned to the lady.

"Surely you might be spared," he said. "One of these good women will show me what to do, and help me if necessary. It is not fit for you——"

The good women looked ashamed of themselves, but not particularly ready to respond, and the girl broke in, still with that same hushed eagerness:

"No! I could not bear to think that I had brought you into it unless I took my share of the risk. And they have their children to think of. Will you come this way?"

She opened a door that led into a larger room behind the kitchen—the only other room that the cottage could boast. The woman had dragged in the light roughly-finished coffin, and had left it on the floor; and on the bed lay the poor relics of mortality that now were a terror and a difficulty to the living.

They had been decently straightened and clothed for burial, as the young man saw with relief and some surprise.

His companion answered his look:

"The woman who—does these things—was here the day he died. But she was taken ill yesterday, and that has helped to frighten people, though of course it cannot be caused by this. And these poor things are almost strangers here."

(To be Continued).

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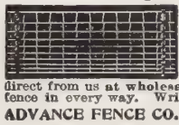

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In Women's Lives

About Sunday Dinners—Housewifely Cares—Choosing a Life-Partner—A Little Maid of Six

HERE is a leaf from one woman's notebook. For several years it was necessary for her having cooked one dinner at twelve o'clock, to make ready a second meal of the same kind at 5.30, and also to prepare and put up a substantial luncheon at the latter hour. She says:

It had to be began at four o'clock, and it came hardest on Sunday, for I was tired after church and Sunday School. Every day I would have to take off my afternoon dress and go into the kitchen: if callers came, I was worried for fear they would stay too long. If I went out, I had to make haste to be at home in time. Finally I concluded to put away my rebellious thoughts and call myself a mechanic. After I had settled on this plan, I thought that it was very disagreeable to use a machine which was always out of order, and I therefore made up my mind, if I must be a machine, I would be a good one. Then when the hour came I went right on about that dinner, and got it in as good style as I was capable of. It sometimes takes years to learn patience under trials, but, if we ask Him, He will help us over the hard places.

When I read this letter, I said to myself: "I would have taken my callers right into my kitchen and let them sit there and chat while I went on with my work. Then, I think, by means of a large apron with a bib and shoulder-straps, or with a regular blue-checked overall, I would have protected my afternoon dress. The lady did wisely to think of herself as a machine, but she might equally have regarded the home as the machine and herself as its pulse, its prime minister, its queen. A home queen cannot be better employed than in managing for the comfort and health of the home people, and if some man going to night work, as I suppose was the case here, needs a late dinner and a dainty luncheon, what kinder thing than for the lady of the house—the loaf giver—to make it appetizing and nice for him. Not "machine," dear woman, but "queen" I call you.

THE same correspondent who is, I am persuaded, a pattern housewife, gives us some good advice about the washing of dishes. Her method is to get all pots, pans and cooking utensils out of the way before the family sits down to a meal. As soon as a dish is cooked, she takes it from the pot or pan, sets it ready for the table in a warm place, and gives that utensil a very thorough cleansing, taking care to have plenty of hot water and soap, a wire dish cloth, and a very clean scouring cloth.

For the table dishes, a long shelf and three big pans are recommended. Take the glass and silver first, then the pitchers and teacups, then the plates. Wash everything very clean on both sides in hot suds, then set them to drain, resting them on one side. Wash each piece separately, and be very particular that your towels are immaculate.

In short, give time and attention to the task: have system, and do not slight your work. Thus you can make drudgery divine.

FROM dish-washing to love-making is only a step, and here is a letter from a young gentleman who loves and wants to marry a lady several years older than himself. Well, why should he not, if she is willing? The essentials for happy marriage are similarity of taste, congenial disposition and Christian principle. I may add that there ought to be a firm basis of health and vigor, and that persons aware that they have any physical or moral taint should not marry. If you know that you have epilepsy or scrofula, or a tendency to insanity, it is not right—it is a crime for you to take the risk of marrying and transmitting these deplorable conditions to another generation. In the intimacy of wedded life there is room for great joy and for great sorrow, so that people should not rush with headlong haste into a state which ought to be regarded as sacred. Be sure you are right in your choice, then trust in God, and have no fears. A woman's seniority in the way of age often enables her to understand a man's needs, and seems to endow her with the tact and gentleness which hold a husband's heart. Many very happy marriages are formed in which there is disparity of age and in which the wife is the elder. Persons are as old as they feel, and some people of both sexes are more mature at twenty-five than others are at forty. There is no arbitrary rule about choosing a partner for life, but one should reflect that it is for life, not for a few months or years. In marriage, each should help the other to develop whatever is best and noblest in character.

I SUPPOSE if I were teaching a little maid of six to read, I should begin by making her familiar with the alphabet, and should proceed to training her in spelling in the old-fashioned way. The newer method is to show a child a word, like "cat" or "horse" or "will-o'-the-wisp" or "pansy," and treating the word as if it were a picture, let the little learner acquire it by comparison with others. In this way a child learns to read before mastering the alphabet, and reads before she spells. It seems a quick and easy method enough, and the results are good, but to women brought up on spelling-books and grammars—Brown's at that, and Mr. Elligott's and Sanders'—it has somehow an air of witch-work. By all means let your lassie be six, or even seven, before she attacks reading and arithmetic. Do not force her little brain. From what you say, dear Mother Matilda, your small woman child is uncommonly bright and precocious, and should be restrained from too rapid growth, not hurried forward. The most brilliant young woman I ever knew at college had not learned her letters when she was nine years old; but when she began to acquire, the process was like the growth of Jack's famous bean stalk.

A DEAR Western reader writes to ask how she may be delivered from chronic discontent with her lot. She pines for her old home, her old friends and her former surroundings. "Sometimes I feel as if I should fly, just to get away from these vast levels of green, and hear the sound of the sea once more. But if I should go back, my girl friends would be married and gone; my old clothes, good enough in this place, would be out of date, and I'd look like Mrs. Noah, and the hard life I've had would have set its mark on me. Perhaps I'm well enough where I am, but I'm homesick."

There are tears between the lines in this letter. I want to put my arms around you and comfort you this minute. Never mind about the old clothes; come back for a visit if you can spare the money, and if your family can spare you. Homesickness is a bitter sort of misery when it tugs at the heart. Who cares how you look? Mother and sisters will soon fix you up, and fit you out with anything necessary, and the old, well-remembered beat of the surf on the shore will lull you to sleep, and the years will drop away and you will feel young again. And then this strange thing will happen: You will want to go home, with another sort of home longing; you will be just as anxious to see the ranch again as now you are to leave it, and you will carry back a set of fresh impressions and of new ideas, which will last you many a day. There is no medicine like change of scene.

Margaret E. Sangster

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A New Name

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 5.

Gen. 32:24-29; Rev. 2:17.

STRANGE and mysterious as were the events of that momentous night by the brook, they have a typical connection with the struggle in the life of every man who has been stirred with an ambition to live a life higher than the mere animal. We cannot understand how Jacob could have wrestled with the angel, but we know well enough that there are forces in our own souls and in our surroundings with which we have to contend, and that we are unable in our own strength to overcome them. We go forth to the new life as Jacob was going into Canaan, with plans arranged according to the best wisdom we can summon to our aid, but we have to learn, as he learned, that there is a strength superior to our own, which we must have in order to win the victory. Every man has his own enemy, some special obstruction, peculiar to himself, which bars his path to the higher levels. With one it may be a craving for intoxicants; with another a strongly sensual nature; with another a love of money; with another a desire for popularity; with another a passion for gambling; with another idleness and love of ease and so on through a long list of antagonists, one of which, like Bunyan's Appolyon, strides across the way and opposes all advance.

Looking down from his throne in heaven upon the poor struggling people whom his voice had called into the conflict, Christ is filled with pity for them and to encourage them to strive, he gives this promise of a new name. In monarchical countries this figure is well understood. Louis Napoleon made his general Duke of Magenta, the English Government made its general Lord Napier of Magdala, conferring on them a new name which commemorated the achievement for which they were honored. The new name which Christ gives commemorates a victory. It is given to him that overcometh. No one may know what our battle is; the closest of our companions may have no idea that underneath the calm exterior we have schooled ourselves to show to the world, there is going on a conflict for life or death, a fierce, bitter struggle which taxes all our strength and skill. But Christ knows, and the name he will give to us, if victorious, is the name of that struggle, and it will be a name "which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it." In the darkness and loneliness the battle may be fought, but it is not unobserved by Him who has called us to the conflict, and when we overcome he looks down with a smile of approval, and we cease to be ordinary men in his sight. We are ennobled and the title of our nobility is, victor over—some enemy whom we can name. Does not this give strength to the arm and courage to the drooping spirit? The battle is no longer the dull, sordid, common wrestle that wears the life away; it rises to the dignity of a celestial combat in which we have the sympathy of the Son of God.

With such encouragement, who is there that will not enlist in this war? To every young man and young woman the voice comes from the skies, offering a reward to him that overcometh. To the poor servant wearily sweeping and dusting who has to overcome her impatience and her quick temper; to the workman who has to pass a saloon on his way home and knows what a struggle it will require; to the business man whose competitors are pressing him so hard and who knows that he could win if he adopted their tactics; to every man trying to rise out of the mire and become a son of God the voice comes promising the reward which is to him that overcometh. It is like the Victoria Cross, the most coveted decoration that the English soldier can win, which is denied to the most illustrious nobles of the land, but is conferred on the humblest man who in some conflict shows personal valor. So Christ gives to the victor in his service the white stone on which his new name is written.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST'S

College Man's Number

This week's issue—date of October 28.
Handsome Colored Cover; 32 pages.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH

The Spirit of the North is a Columbia story. It chronicles the adventures of an ill-assorted trio of professors (a young man, a young woman, and a cantankerous old lady) who penetrate the unexplored wilderness of British America. They meet with a series of strange adventures, and encounter that hostile Spirit of the North which ever resents the endeavors of men to fathom her secrets. **By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS**

THE GREAT COLLEGE-CIRCUS FIGHT

The author of Princeton Stories and The Stolen Story here tells the tale of a famous hand-to-hand encounter between Princeton students and the cowboys of a passing Wild-West Show, and records the exploits of the Captain of the Eleven, who stayed out of the fight but was in at the finish. **By Jesse Lynch Williams**

THE COLLEGE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS

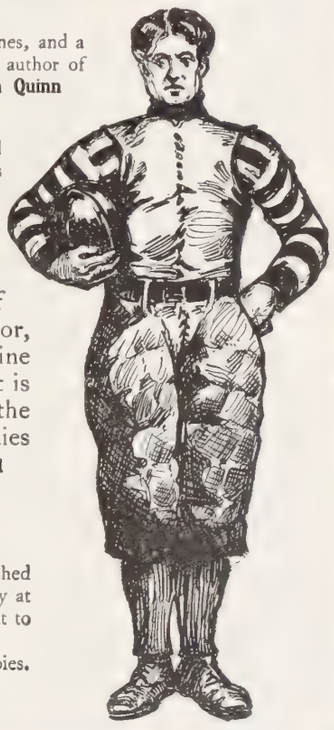
An informing and entertaining sketch of things as they were in our American Colleges when the century was young and the leading American University was but one-tenth of its present size. **By Thomas Wentworth Higginson**

THE LAST FIVE YARDS

This is the cleverly-told romance of a broken engagement, some broken bones, and a Pennsylvania football victory that sets all right. It is from the pen of the author of Pennsylvania Stories. **By Arthur Hobson Quinn**

IN TRAINING TO BE ADMIRALS

Some humorous reminiscences of student days at the United States Naval Academy, with personal anecdotes of men who have since become famous naval officers, told by a graduate. **By Cyrus Townsend Brady**



Prince Protococoff and the Press Club

In this little comedy of Cambridge student life the author of Harvard Episodes has produced a story whose irresistible humor, keen satire and accurate portrayal of University Types combine to set up a new standard of excellence in College Fiction. It is the story of a mythical club, invented by a practical joker for the purpose of luring a visiting lion away from the hospitalities of a *bona-fide* association. **By Charles Macomb Flandrau**

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

"To-morrow in Cuba"*

MR. PEPPER has put in permanent form the result of several years spent in Cuba. His volume (now in press) covers a wide range of topics, as it analyzes the political, social and industrial conditions in the island bearing on the future government. The key to the [illegible] is found in the author's statement of his belief that the people are chiefly interested in seeing the civilization of the church, the home and the school prevail in Cuba. The prospects that this will be so and the conditions under which it must be brought about form the framework of the various chapters. Mr. Pepper gives under the title of "Chapters from Yesterday" an historic review of the revolutionary movements in Cuba, and of the effort to implant the system of autonomy when it became clear that Spain could not conquer the insurgents and that the insurgents could not drive the Spanish troops from the island. In this historical sketch interesting glimpses are afforded of Gomez, Maceo, and other insurgent leaders, as well as of Campos, Weyler and Blanco, the captain-generals who were charged with upholding Spanish authority. Incidental glimpses are also given of General Fitzhugh Lee and the American officials.

The book also deals with the Spanish colony and the probable attitude of the Spaniards who remain in Cuba. An interesting chapter is devoted to the colored race. Mr. Pepper writes in praise of what was done for the African race under Spanish civilization. He describes the industrial and political position of the negroes and gives them much credit for their progress in industry and agriculture. He is hopeful of their future in the surroundings under which such progress has been made.

For American readers who have an idea of going to Cuba, the most useful chapters will probably be those which relate to the resources of the island and its internal development. He has condensed his views on these subjects in a clear way without going into details, which would be of little value to those who are not already familiar with Cuba. He describes the sugar industry, its advantages and drawbacks, and reiterates his frequently expressed opinion that it is not one in which Americans with small capital can engage for years to come. He lays more stress on the fact that the soil of Cuba offers openings for every kind of agriculture—general farming, grazing, raising fruits and nuts, coffee culture, tobacco cultivation, and a great variety of the lesser agricultural occupations. Tobacco cultivation, he thinks, is sure to be increased, and he also lays stress on the prospect of coffee culture, which at one time was a profitable business in all parts of the island, and which he believes will be revived. He describes briefly the opportunities in mining and in the timber lands. While he gives importance to the building of railroads as a means of internal development, he also points out that the construction of public roads is one of the earliest public necessities, and that in time the coasting trade and the merchant marine will become very important.

In an appendix on trade prospects, Mr. Pepper gives information which is supplementary to the chapters on sugar and tobacco, and which is based on official statements of the American authorities. The purpose of this is to show just what openings there are for trade between the United States and Cuba by telling what articles the Cubans buy and what they sell. The exports from Cuba include sugar, tobacco, cigars, rice, honey, molasses, wax, sponges, fruits and nuts and minerals. The imports, which are many, are given in detail, and the countries from which they come. Mr. Pepper recites the geographical and other reasons which make the United States the natural market for the tropical products of Cuba. He also indicates his belief that the list of imports into Cuba, after a time, will cease to include much from European countries, and will be almost entirely from the United States.

What the author thinks about the development of the resources of the island and the openings for Americans are indicated in these chapters, but they are also outlined in a chapter on immigration. In this he tells of the great commercial metropolis which Havana will one day become. Its commercial greatness will be based on the products of the soil, and, therefore, it is of agriculture that he treats so prominently. The point of this chapter is that various industrial and commercial enterprises cannot be expected to spring up until the population is found which shall till the fields. This is in line with what he says elsewhere about small farming. Mr. Pepper gives the ground for his belief that farm laborers from the United States, hired hands, will not see much in Cuba to attract them. By this he means the farm labor that is paid daily or monthly wages, and which itself has no stake in the soil that is cultivated. He makes it clear, that in his opinion, the present chances in Cuba are for the small capitalists and the small land owners. He is positive in his conclusions that there is a better fate in store for Cuba than to be simply one vast sugar plantation, and he thinks that Americans will do best in general farming of all kinds, at least for the present.

Mr. Pepper discusses the political conditions and the prospects with much frankness. He says that, in his opinion, the Americans who succeed in Cuba will be those who know how to speak the Spanish language, and he indicates other points in which he thinks Latin civilization will prevail, though modified and improved by American contact and example. He speaks approvingly of what has been done under American military rule, and has good words to say of the faithfulness with which the American officials have discharged their trust. Nevertheless, he advocates an early change to civil government. Mr. Pepper says that his own views on these subjects, and especially on annexation, differ from those held by the majority of Americans in Cuba. Apparently, he thinks there is room for difference of opinion. The undertone of his book might be summed up in the statement that he does not expect the Cubans to be displaced from the island by any inrush of Americans, but he believes there will be openings for Americans, and that this American leaven will be of great benefit to the island, both industrially and politically.

* From *To-morrow in Cuba*, by Charles M. Pepper; a volume of timely interest to all American readers; now in press; about 400 pp.; price $2. [illegible]

The Gospel Tent Closed

The Gospel Tent services in New York, after one hundred services, are now concluded. Evangelist S. Hartwell Pratt, who has had charge of them, hopes to resume his work among the churches during the fall and winter. Any church needing a revival may address him at 348 W. 55th St., N.Y. city

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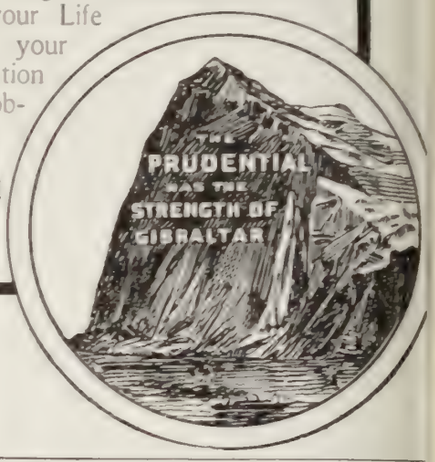

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Days of Sorrow in Porto Rico

Conditions in the Storm-Swept Island Far Worse Than Reported—Consul Hanna's Appeal

THE worst is not over in Porto Rico. Indeed, it may well be feared that the period of direst suffering has not yet been reached. In a letter from Consul-General Hanna (now in Des Moines, Ia.), just received, he gives this gloomy picture of the situation:

From what I learn from every port of Porto Rico, the state of affairs is much worse than our people in the States know anything about. The half of their sorrows have not been told. Many of the best families of refined, educated people are about on the starving point, as well as thousands of the lower classes. Our people must continue to help them for several months to come. If we do not, God will go back on us. We now have a chance to make a most favorable impression on a people who never cried for help before, and who will probably never need our help again. This island, under American rule, will soon make all its people prosperous and they will look back with thankful hearts to the time of their need, when their new mother came so quickly to the rescue and lifted them out of their sorrowful state.

Every state in the Union should send a 1,000 ton load of food to Porto Rico, and they should send it *now*, for they are starving. I hope you will keep the matter before the American people. God will bless you in your grand work and the people of that fair island will rise up and bless you.

PHILIP C. HANNA.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Sunday School work on the island is progressing, notwithstanding the many difficulties it has met, as the following letter shows:

INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE, Y. M. C. A., }
NEW YORK, Oct. 7. }

DEAR MR. KLOPSCH:—Advices just received from Porto Rico indicate a new interest in the Sunday School work. The services have been moved from the theatre to a more central point. On Sunday, Sept. 24, the school was in better shape than ever before, and the principal need now is a Sunday School missionary who will visit among the people and pay direct attention to the Sunday School and nothing else. F. L. SMITH.

The following contributions to the Porto Rican relief work have been received:

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C T B, Oneida	3 00
E A F, Fountain City	1 00
E A M, Woodview	2 00
E B, Brighton	10
Mrs E L H, Panama	2 00
E L H, Proctorsville	1 00
E W, Dartford	1 00
Miss I, Miss G G, Mrs M W, Miss Cornelia & Mrs C N Y City	3 00
F V, Oakland	1 00
G M M, Manset	1 00
H O S, Lakeport	1 00
I F, Halifax	1 00
Mrs I H S, Zurich	50
J D S, Chelsea	1 00
J S H, Brooklyn	1 00
L, Montrose	1 00
Mrs L A G, Ocean Grove	1 00
L M A, Evansville	2 00
M A S & J W W, Clinton	2 00
M F B, Axtell	1 00
M J H, Albany	1 00
M R L, Washington	1 50
M S W, Lawrence	3 00
O J S, E Texas	2 00
P, Princeton	2 00
P O M C, La Fayette	1 00
S, Scranton	25 00
Mrs S E P, Larned	1 00
S J W, Hubbardston	1 00
Mr & Mrs T E, Annon	2 00
W S S, W Berne	1 00
W T, Guthrie Center	5 00
—, Beddow	1 00
—, Big Rapids	5 00
—, Brampton	1 00
—, Brooklyn	100
—, Carolina	1 00
—, Harrisburg	1 00
—, Little Genesee	5 00
—, N Y City	1 00
—, Norfolk	1 00
Pageville	3 00
—, Providence	2 00
—, Rantoul	1 00
—, Reeds Ferry	1 00
—, Stockport	1 00
—, Suplee	1 00
Friend, Bay City	1 00
" Binghamton	5 00
Friend, Boisswain	1 00
Friend, Bristol	5 00
" Daretown	1 00
" Galesburg	1 00
" Galion	1 00
" Hudson	2 00
" Ingram	1 00
" Kensington	2 00
" Lyons Farms	2 00
" N Y City	1 00
" Osceola	5 20
" Otsego	1 00
" So Saginaw	1 00
Friends, South Lee	4 50
" Templeton	2 15
" Terryville	5 00
" Maine	15 00
Friend, Warwick	1 00
" Waterbury	1 00
" Wellsboro	2 00
I H N, Bellows Falls	1 00
" Last Tilton	15 00
" Essex	2 00
" Manhattan	10 00
In Jesus' Name, Knox Point	50
Inasmuch C M, Bethlehem	1 00
Reader, Oak Park	2 00
" Perry Center	2 00
Subscriber, Readville Station	1 00
In Loving Ch, Berea	5 00
M E S S, Binghamton	8 30
M E S S, Thornton	2 75
Walnut Valley Baptist Ch, Pawnee Rock	6 15
Cong Ch, W Andover	2 48
S S Class Ref Church, Canajoharie	1 05
Mrs Hill's S S Class, Cold Water	1 75
Pres S S, Beckerville	1 00
Strickland SS, Fowler	3 00
Cornish Con S S, Gibbon	2 17
1 Pres Ch S S, Glasca	3 00
Mrs W Sawyer's S S	
1 Con Ch, Harvard	2 50
Prairie Centre S S, Hensington	4 00
Miss C Heath's S S, Hollidaysburg	1 25
Chat Boys Tonl Ch S S, Peoria	10 00
Sweet Water Un S S, Sunnyside	6 00
Sweetwater Un SS & YPSCE, Sunnyside	11 00
SS1 Presech, W Newton	10 00
Bethel Presby S S Lewis	2 00
Y P U S Bapt ch, Belvidere	1 45
Mem Y P Alliance of the Evan Assn, Bath Ch, Botzum	7 00
Jr League, Clarkson	2 60
E L M E Ch Crooksville	2 80
YPSCE, Bapt Ch, Haddonfield	5 00
Tompkins L, Hobart	7 00
Ladies Aid Soc, S E Riga	5 00
JrC E S, Cong Ch, Old Orchard	2 00
E Leagr, Quincy	1 00
Mt Pleasant Missy Soc, Raymilton	1 00
"Jos" 2 Bapt Ch, Stillwater	5 25
Mem of E Vincennes	1 00
C E S 1 Pres Ch, W Newton	5 00
Anon, Pa	5 00
Cash, Americus	2 50
Mem of the Prince of Peace, Balto	1 00
Follower of Jesus, Glenmore	1 00
In memo of Albert Ellis, Jasper	1 00
Jersey	5 00
4 of God's little chil'n, Los Angeles	1 00
Servant, Nepaug	1 00
"Cow Boy," Newdale	5 00
The Master's Steward, Norwich	1 00
3 sympns, Rosston	2 50
Sympr, S Merrimack	3 00
Total	$5,788 49

Over 500 others to be acknowledged later.

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I am fully convinced that coffee is very largely responsible for the greater part of all stomach, intestinal and liver troubles from which people suffer. I am now 58 years old, and my health has so much improved that I do as much work as I ever did, and with as much comfort. I can conscientiously attribute it chiefly to the use of Postum Cereal Food Coffee. There are several friends who have had valuable experience with the leaving off of coffee and the use of Postum Food Coffee. It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to help humanity to understand that the general cause of sickness is, I consider, very largely attributable to mistakes in the use of food and drink." Rev. J. A. Flickinger, Pastor of the Lutheran Church, Ray's Hill, Pa. Grocer's sell Postum Coffee, and Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., make it at Battle Creek, Mich.

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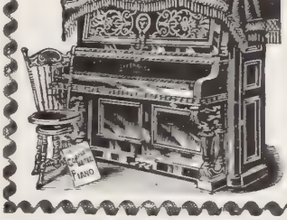

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THE particulars of The Companion's offer to new subscribers are given below, but it is impossible to enumerate here all the good things in store for those who read The Companion during 1900. We shall be glad to send to any address on receipt of a postal-card request, our Illustrated Announcement Number, containing a full prospectus of the new volume.

* * *

Among the two hundred contributors especially engaged for the 1900 volume of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION will be:

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A Highland Industry

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Some Experiences of a Bandmaster.

Gen. "JOE" WHEELER,
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S. A. NELSON,
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The Companion Calendar

for 1900 is embellished with three figure pieces, exquisitely lithographed in twelve colors from original designs painted expressly for The Companion. This Calendar is

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Those who Subscribe Now, *sending $1.75, the price of a year's subscription, with this slip or the name of this periodical, will receive all the issues of The Youth's Companion for the remaining weeks of 1899 FREE from the time of subscription, and then all the issues for the 52 weeks of the new year, until January 1, 1901. This offer includes the gift of the New Companion Calendar for 1900—done in twelve lithographic printings and gold. It is sold to non-subscribers for 50 cents.* FF 96

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 1, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

A True Christian Endeavor Knight

John Willis Baer, the Leader of a Great Army of Consecrated Workers, and His Life of Christian Service

WHEN the history of the Christian Endeavor movement—one of the grandest and most beneficent of the passing century—comes to be fully written, the name of John Willis Baer will stand out foremost among a host of illustrious Knights of the Cross as that of the ideal Endeavorer, whose splendid example no less than his brilliant teaching, has been the means of influencing thousands of young men and women and lifting them to a higher plane of spiritual living. His is a most interesting personality, and in presenting the story of his career to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we are yielding obedience to a widespread demand, besides fulfilling a pleasant and agreeable duty.

Concerning men who are much in the public eye, the average reader is usually well-informed, but Mr. Baer is an exception to this almost universal rule. Modest and unassuming, he has rather preferred to exert his influence and employ his powers in an inconspicuous way than to grasp at the prominence which his fine qualities as a leader and organizer are everywhere accorded. This very trait has endeared him to Endeavorers all over the Union. They appreciate his intense earnestness in the cause, and admire the abilities he has shown at times when a true leader was needed. They have been swayed by his enthusiasm and held charmed by the magnetism of his eloquence and the logic of his appeals. Probably no man who has ever come under the Christian Endeavor banner has thrown himself with such full consecration into the cause.

USED BY THE COURTESY OF REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

JOHN WILLIS BAER, GEN. SECRETARY UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

It was in a log cabin, on a farm near Rochester, Minn., on March 2, 1861, that John Willis Baer first saw the light. His parentage was humble. When he was two months old the family moved to Cleveland, O., where the years of childhood were passed. He received a good, plain education, attending grammar and high school. At twenty he returned to Minnesota, and there had his first business experience. After a two years' residence in Cedar Rapids, he engaged in newspaper work, becoming the business manager of a weekly publication. He married a daughter of Mr. G. W. VanDusen, a leading grain dealer of the Northwest, and some time later took a position in the employ of the VanDusen Elevator Company. While in this service he acquired a most valuable business training. The concern had connections in over one hundred cities and towns in Minnesota, and North and South Dakota, and this wide experience in its employ stood him in good service in later years. The great turning-point in Mr. Baer's life—his conversion—occurred before his marriage and was largely due to the instrumentality of the lady who afterward became his wife. The couple have three children living: George, aged nine; Francis, aged six, and Mildred, a little tot of two.

It was in his old home church—the First Presbyterian Church of Rochester, Minn., that Mr. Baer became actively interested in Christian Endeavor work. He was the organizer and first President of the Rochester local Christian Endeavor Union, and at its meetings he first met Dr. Clark, who was his guest. Six months after that meeting, the young Endeavorer, whose energy and enthusiasm had impressed the visitor, received an invitation to become General Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

It was an honor wholly unexpected. After careful thought and prayer, Mr. Baer decided to accept, and he accordingly gave up his business, with its prospects and associations, and for the last ten years has devoted his time, energies and abilities to Endeavor work. He has visited, organized and conducted conventions in every state, territory and province in all America and has made frequent trips across the Atlantic. Every year he travels thousands of miles, and addresses countless multitudes of people on Endeavor topics. An important branch of his work is the conserving of Association interests at headquarters. There he not only acts as the right hand of Dr. Clark, but he has charge of the vast mail that is received daily. It may be said with truth that Mr. Baer has his fingers upon every wire that leads from the centre of the Society to its uttermost limit, and is familiar with all its workings, even to the minutest detail. No one has ever been more successful than he in overcoming the friction and reconciling the differences that occasionally arise in the branches of a great organization, and his tact and agreeableness are everywhere recognized. Endowed with a deep spirituality, the evangelistic and missionary features of his Endeavor work appeal

(Continued on page 827).

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

AS fully explained on another page of this issue, no more contributions for Porto Rican relief work will be received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD after November 15, the United States Government having decided to make a liberal appropriation for public works on the island, which will afford labor for all the able-bodied, and thus permanently relieve the distress.

M. Z., Meadows, Ill. Who were the wiser, the men who shouted or the men who wept at the laying of the foundation stone of the new temple? (Ezra. 3: 12, 13).

We do not know that either were particularly wise. It was natural emotion in both cases and we do not see why one man would not have been consistent in doing both. He might rejoice that the nation was to have a temple at all, while he might regret that it was not to be so fine a building as the one that was destroyed.

Dr. A. C. V., Menominee, Mich. In your October 4th MAIL BAG, replying to "J. B., Manor Station, Pa.," you say: "It is generally believed that it was not Peter, but the statement Peter made, to which Christ had reference as the foundation of his future Church," etc. Were "Peter" and "Rock" at that time, or are they now, exactly "identical"? Upon looking up the Greek text, you will find that the word for "Peter" is in the masculine gender, while the word for "Rock" is neuter. Now, if we say that Christ meant "Peter," the statement is then untrue, for the gender of one word must agree with the other. On the other hand, if we say that Christ meant the mere "confession" or "statement" to be the foundation, then that destroys the personal element, "Thou art Peter." And is not the right view and meaning something like this: the confession in Peter, and neither one apart from the other? He certainly did speak the whole utterance, as equal in emphasis and authority. Your MAIL-BAG is of great interest and immense value.

The precise meaning of the expression is doubtful, but the interpretation we gave is that which many eminent commentators hold, including among others Pearson, Hammond, Bengel, Rosenmuller, Schleusner, Bloomfield and Kuinol.

Many friends in different states have written us concerning the famous Symposium, "What think ye of Christ?" which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some time ago. One of our readers in Linden, Md., writes:

In your recent list of our Christian statesmen, I did not observe the name of the man who bought and provided the food and clothing for the naval soldiers in the recent war with Spain. I refer to Admiral Edwin Stewart (retired), who for nine years was Chief of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts of the Navy Department, upon whose efficient management the purchase and proper inspection of the food and clothing of the Navy depended. If the writer (a deacon in a Presbyterian Church) now possesses Christian principles, some of them originated with the Bible class teachings Sundays, and Christian example week days, of this God-fearing government official when stationed in Washington as a Naval Officer, thirty years ago.

Mrs. N. J. G., Orange, Mass. 1. What was the Queen of Sheba's name? 2. How is Captain Coughlin's name pronounced; also Roosevelt and Cervera?

1. Balkis, according to the legendary accounts. 2. Koflin, Ros-e-velt, Ther-vay-ra.

Ellehart. 1. If spiritual life is one of progression and growth, how will a mother know her child that died in its infancy thirty years ago? 2. Are not these foreign marriages contrary to the commands of God? He forbade his people giving their children to other nations in marriage.

1. The question is one which it is impossible to answer in this life; but there is no doubt in the mind of the Christian that identity will be preserved in the spiritual world, and therefore that recognition will be possible. The fact that Christ was recognized by his disciples after death and in the spirit form, makes it clear that identity is not to be destroyed. 2. The prohibition to which you refer was given to prevent the Israelites from intermarrying with the heathen and idolaters and from contracting alliances with nations whose sins were notorious. It would seem to have no modern application, in the sense which you imply.

Constant Reader, N. C. 1. What effect has chewing tobacco on the system, if any? 2. Where can a history of the Christian martyrs under Queen Mary's reign be had? 3. From a moral standpoint, what would constitute a necessity to call for manual labor to be done on the Sabbath (or Sunday)? 4. If it is a violation of the moral law, who is the more criminal, the workman or the man (or party) who ordered the work to be done?

1. It is a filthy habit and wholly inexcusable. It dulls the intellect, injures the stomach, vitiates the blood, and in most cases acts as a mild narcotic, limiting the natural energies. 2. See *Fox's Book of Martyrs*. 3. Saving crops or animals in imminent peril, or in any case in which delay would involve unforeseen financial disaster or great physical danger. 4. It depends wholly on the circumstances.

S. D. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. Which of the two offices is considered the highest in the gift of the people, Governor of New York or Vice-President of the United States, both of which were held by Mr. L. P. Morton?

The Vice-President has the higher office, being next to the President, and in certain contingencies, assuming Presidential duties and authority. At the same time, he has an office of less responsibility and influence than that of Governor of New York, except in the event of the death or disability of the National Executive.

G. A. V., New Orleans, La. Are such games as chess, checkers, base-ball, etc., fit for Christians to play?

As they are games of skill, not of chance, we see nothing improper in them. Recreation is a necessity, and every one is entitled to take it in the form that best suits him, providing it does not interfere with his duties nor compromise his Christian character.

Fanny V. G., Bath, N.Y. 1. Has Roberts, the polygamist, a seat in Congress? 2. Please explain what the Transvaal, of South Africa, means.

1. He has been elected to Congress, but as he is an avowed polygamist and acting in violation of the constitution of his State, it is believed that the House will be justified in exercising its prerogative of expulsion, according to the plan pointed out by Senator Edmunds, the author of the Anti-polygamy statute. 2. It means literally "beyond the Vaal"—the latter being one of the several streams separating the Boer republic from the Orange Free State on the south.

Milton S. K., East Stroudsburg, Pa. Would it be proper for a contractor and builder, who is a professing Christian, to take the contract to build a large brewery in a town where laborers are numerous and labor scarce, considering that about forty men would be given employment for, say, four months?

This is wholly a matter for the individual conscience to decide. If conscience disapproves, don't build it. At the same time, we have seen churches transformed into theatres and rumshops, and gambling hells into Gospel missions.

P. S. N., Inavale, Neb. I am not clear about the meaning of James 2: 10. How can a man who has broken only one commandment be guilty of breaking all?

He is not guilty of breaking all. But he can no longer claim innocence. If he has broken one command he must take his place as a sinner, just as surely as if he had broken all. His guilt is not the same, but he must plead for mercy as a sinner, though only one command be broken.

Y. A. S., Franconia, N. H. Is it right to repeat a page of some author's writings at a young people's meeting without mentioning the author's name?

There is no absolute need to give the author's name, and sometimes it may be impossible. But the quotatation should always be given as a quotation, and not as if it were the speaker's own composition.

From Coamo, Porto Rico, Mr. Florencio Santiago writes:

The country highly appreciates all that the Relief Committee and the papers are doing. The circulating money is very small, and it is necessary that the planters should be helped, that they may put their plantations in condition to raise good crops again. In that way few rations would be needed for the indigent, as the planters would employ the workmen who now come for rations.

Reader, Wickenburg, Ariz. Why is the outlandish name of "Boer" given to the South African Dutch?

"Boer" simply means farmer, or agriculturist, and is the name applied to the Dutch colonists at the Cape of Good Hope who are farmers or cattle raisers. It is not, as some have supposed, a term of derision.

Constant Reader.——, N. Y. I have been guilty of sins which are not known. I have sincerely repented of them, but I am told by an evangelist who has been preaching in our town that unless I confess them publicly they will be brought up in judgment against me. Is that true?

We do not believe it for a moment. There is no need in our opinion for a public confession. If you have wronged any one and are able to make restitution, that ought to be done, but we do not believe that any benefit would accrue to you, or to the persons who would hear you, from making a confession. It might be that your confession would do irreparable injury to persons which you ought to protect. It certainly would in the circumstances you describe in your letter. If you made such a confession as you have made to us, you would do a cruel and shameful thing. Confess your sins to God, repent of them, ask him to forgive you for Christ's sake and be at peace. Do not let any man persuade you to confess such things in public. (See Isa. 1: 18. Ezek. 18: 21, 22. Matt. 6: 14, 15. I. John 1: 7, 9).

Mrs. A. M., Lexington, Ky. How often in former wars have the losers met the victors at the table? Kindly give the facts in the case.

The latest Boer historian, Mr. Howard C. Hillegas, in his book entitled *Oom Paul's People*, gives these statistics:

Battles	Men Engaged		Casualties	
	British.	Boer.	British.	Boer.
Laing's Nek	4,0[illegible]	5[illegible]	150	24
[illegible]	2,0[illegible]	2[illegible]	14[illegible]	17
[illegible]	9[illegible]	12[illegible]	2[illegible]	5
[illegible]	2,0[illegible]	2[illegible]	120	1
Jameson raid . . .	6[illegible]	4[illegible]	100	5

It should be explained that Mr. Hillegas' figures, especially those relative to the numbers at Majuba Hill, disagree with previous authorities, who place the Boer strength much larger—probably 1,500.

Perplexed, Kamona, Kan. Is not the doctrine of salvation by faith in Christ a mere dodging of responsibility? Why should God accept and pardon a sinner on account of something another person has done?

We are not justified in asking why, or how, in this case. We find that God declares that it is so and we ought, knowing that we deserve punishment, to be thankful to be saved on any conditions. Suppose a father has a servant who does some outrageous thing and that servant runs away to escape punishment. His master pursues him determined to punish him, but does not find him. Suppose that the master has a son whom he dearly loves, and that son falls ill and dying, says to his father: "I have tried to save that servant of yours who ran away. He is very sorry for what he did and I pity him and love him. Will you grant me, as my last request, for my sake, pardon for him?" The father in such a case would do anything to please his dying son and he promises that if the servant will come and ask to be forgiven for the sake of that son, he shall be forgiven. What would you think of that servant if he refused to avail himself of that offer and objected to the conditions as "a dodging of responsibility?"

Reader, Spencer, Wis. A neighbor of mine contends that ministers in our day are recreant to their duty in not preaching more about eternal punishment. I contend that they are right in dwelling more upon the love of God. Which of us is right?

It is the duty of the minister to preach "the whole counsel of God." He ought to warn sinners of the consequences of their sins; but he has to take into account the tendency of human nature. Few men can be scared into the kingdom of Christ. They may be won by dwelling on the love of God which is seen in Christ. After all, the great business of the preacher is to win souls, and if he finds that he can win more by emphasizing the loving side of the divine character, he is justified in making that prominent in his teaching. But he should not neglect the warning, and should always make it clear that while God loves the sinner, he hates sin, and will punish it if the sinner does not repent and quit. God saves men from their sins. He does not save men that they may go on sinning with impunity.

Reader, South Bethlehem, Pa. In Kings. 185,000. In Chronicles. 1.100.000 and 470,000.

E. J. P., Girard, Kansas. He can give counsel and advice, but can make no motion and has no vote in committee.

R. Lubbers, Emden, Ill. 1. About $950,000,000. 2. It can only be liquidated by economy in administrative expenditures. 3. Certainly not. 4. Yes, it is Sabbath desecration.

H. B., Sawmsville, Va. Mr. Moody's idea was, doubtless to distinguish between saving faith in Christ and the faith that rests upon forms and ceremonies and man-made creeds.

Mrs. Robert E. L., Westport, Conn. 1. Address her, 101 East Sixty-first street, New York. 2. Address the Bethesda, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Anxious American, Paterson, N. J. Apply at Navy Yard, New York, or at any recruiting station. There is one at Third avenue and Eighth street, New York.

J. M. C., Harrisburg, Pa. It dated from the intervention resolution adopted by Congress. Any good almanac for 1899 will give you all the chronology of the war.

S. E. J., Washington, D. C. A mural painting is a painting upon a wall, whereas a fresco (which has a florid, decorative style of its own) may be on a wall or ceiling or other part of a hall or chamber.

A COUNCIL WITH THE REDSKINS AT A WESTERN INDIAN AGENCY

This photograph is taken on the day set for hearing complaints at a border agency. The chiefs are their own spokesmen. The agent is both civil judge and administrator.

A True Christian Endeavor Knight

(Continued from first page)

with especial force to Mr. Baer. He believes that all that has been accomplished in the past eighteen years of its history is only the beginning of its usefulness—a foreshadowing of the greater work God has designed for the Christian Endeavor movement—if it remains true to its sacred principles. An optimist always, as a Christian should be, Mr. Baer sees the brighter side of things and his cheerfulness and confidence are contagious and produce the most agreeable results. On a convention platform, facing a great audience, he is at his best, and heart and soul speak in every tone and gesture. It is a saying of his own that "I never make an address without going at it as though I might never have another chance to speak for God." His style of address is wholly his own, and there is probably no other Endeavor speaker at the great gatherings who uses the same simple, direct, straightforward heart-to-heart manner with which Mr. Baer, discarding conventional forms, impresses his auditors. Into everything he says or does he puts something of his own peculiar personality—whether receiving a caller at headquarters, or answering a letter, or arranging a national convention.

The drink traffic and its train of evils, Mr. Baer holds in abhorrence, and he never loses an opportunity of doing work on temperance lines. Five times he has been urged to accept the Prohibitionist nomination for Governor in Massachusetts, and this year he was nominated in direct opposition to his expressed wish, and refused to allow his name to stand. He is no political place-seeker and believes that he can do his most efficient work against intemperance from the public platform and in the press. Heartily in favor of clean politics, he holds that no one so wholly devoted to Christian Endeavor work as he is should run for office on any ticket.

At the famous annual gatherings at Northfield, Mr. Baer is in great request as a speaker, and his evangelistic spirit has been welcomed as an ally by such leaders as Mr. Moody, Rev. F. B. Meyer and Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. It is a common remark of his that Dr. Clark, Mr. Meyer and Dr. Chapman have influenced his life more than any other men he has ever known.

Mr. Baer, while a very young man, sustained a serious injury to his knee, which necessitated a surgical operation. It was during this crisis, and while he lay in a hospital, that the light of Divine truth entered his life and he came closer to God. The death of his son, Willis, occurring six years ago, also produced a deep impression and drew him still nearer to the Cross. His sorrowings have been keen, but they have always borne the sweetest spiritual fruit. There came a time, not so long ago, when, under the pressure of overwork and worry, he broke down temporarily; but a long rest brought complete recuperation and he is now in splendid health. His life is more intense than ever. He is inspired with "the Divine passion for souls," and, firmly believing that the Church of Christ is God's greatest institution on earth, he is joyfully devoting his life to its service. Success has not changed him, except in that it has broadened his nature, and made him more generous than most men in his attitude toward others. He has a difficult place to fill—one in which he is watched by millions of young and old; but a rare judgment, borne of experience, keeps him free from entangling alliances and from being diverted from the straight path along which his duty lies. He is wholly in love with his chosen work and this complete and unselfish devotion is the secret of the inspiration he awakens in others. His home life is simple and beautiful and he has often said of his life's partner, to whom he owes so much of joy and blessing, that without her aid and encouragement, he could really have accomplished but little.

Such are the character and surroundings of the man who seems to have been providentially chosen as a leader of the thoughtful and spiritually-minded young men and women of our Union. Mr. Baer is still in his young manhood, and under Divine blessing he has yet before him the best years of his life in which to labor with voice and pen for the advancement of the Master's kingdom. Some of the ablest and brightest productions of his pen will hereafter appear in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to which he will be a regular contributor during the coming year, the first of his articles appearing in an early issue.

GEORGE V. BAER AND FRANCIS S. BAER — SECRETARY BAER IN HIS OFFICE — MRS. JOHN WILLIS BAER

THE GREAT C. E. CHORUS OF 4,000 VOICES ON THE CAPITOL STEPS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

On this memorable occasion President Clark and Secretary Baer were together on the stand from which Perry Foote led the chorus, which was accompanied by the Marine Band. This gathering was a picturesque and impressive feature of the C. E. Convention. Rarely has the Nation's capital heard such music as was made by those many tuneful voices.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A Strange Ceremonial

Jews and Christians Uniting in the Consecration of a Jewish Temple at El Paso

AT the consecration of the new Jewish Temple in El Paso, Tex., which took place recently, a very remarkable scene occurred, which will not soon be forgotten by the large audience who attended the ceremonies. Besides the Jewish pastor, Rabbi Oscar Cohen, there were present and assisting in the service, three Christian clergymen, viz: Rev. M. C. Martin, the Episcopal Rector, Rev. H. W. Moore, of the Presbyterian Church, of El Paso, and A. M. Lumkin, Pastor of the First M. E. Church, of El Paso.

Their presence was a significant indication of the fact that, in that part of the world at least, the old lines which had so often stood as barriers between the races, had been broken down, and that the followers of Moses and of Christ could meet at least on the common level of human brotherhood, and on the same platform. It was, moreover, a striking testimony to the fact that in this country more than anywhere else on the globe does genuine equality and religious freedom exist, allowing men to worship the Almighty according to the dictates of their own consciences.

From an El Paso paper we learn that the three Christian clergymen named occupied the rostrum on which the pulpit stands, and took part in the ceremonies. The interior of the new temple was beautifully decorated, and the audience not only filled it throughout, but even the vestibule was crowded. Rabbi Cohen opened the exercises with a simple, yet beautiful prayer, after which Rev. Mr. Lumpkin read from I. Kings, 8: 22-53. Then came the presentation of the key of the edifice to the president of the Mt. Sinai Society. Miss Annie Stolaroff, a young girl, made the presentation in a short speech; after which another young lady presented the president with a Bible, in the name of the congregation. The president, Mr. Krakauer, then addressed the congregation in a congratulatory speech, reviewing the history of the church. When he had concluded, a beautiful model of the ark, standing upon the pulpit, was opened and the scrolls of the Mosaic law deposited therein with solemn ceremonies, after which a lamp was trimmed and lighted and set on its stand. According to the Jewish custom, this lamp will remain continually lighted while the temple endures.

In the course of a noteworthy address, Rev. H. W. Moore, the Presbyterian clergyman, said: "We meet in the spirit of love to-day, and our hearts with yours are full of good-will. I am especially glad for the scene, when the brethren of other denominations, and men and women of other churches, can come here in the true spirit of brotherhood. We rejoice with you. In speaking for my own church, I believe I speak for the other Christian denominations when I say, 'Pray God's blessing upon you every one.' We have long wished with you that this day might come, when you would have a temple in which you could meet and worship God, and have to lead you beside the green pastures and still waters, a true servant of God. It is true, we differ in some things in our beliefs; but let us never forget the common standing-ground there is for us all. Malachi has said so beautifully: 'Have we not one father? Has not one God created us?' We all have the same pain, the same sickness, the same sorrow, the same hopes, and the same joys. We sincerely pray to arrive at the same beautiful heaven. The co-operation of the good is essential for the city's true life. In social, educational and philanthropic work too, we can cooperate. Above all things, let each see the good in the other, and remember we are brothers.

"It has often been a matter of comment that the relation between the Jewish and Christian population of our city has been so cordial. That this may continue, is our prayer. It is as it should be. The New Testament says, 'He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen'? I am glad we are getting to understand one another religiously. I cannot help but feel that so long as Judaism and Christianity stand so far aloof, each will continue to ascribe to the other all the vices of its most unworthy representatives. When they meet, and learn to know one another better, they will find a great common standing-ground, judging each by its best. Then each can have for the other the highest respect and good will. And so to-day, in this spirit, we meet you in this temple of God, and we pray that once more the Spirit of God may descend and dwell among you in your life to-day, as it did among the holy men, and the prophets of the olden times, lighting the world, as it did for them, with the radiance of the skies, and so make known to this community the faith, the love, the hope, the victory that is in you."

The fraternal feeling existing between the two races of different religions has been deepened and strengthened by this incident, which has been very widely commented upon throughout the State.

... ANGELOLOGY ...

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Judges 13: 19: . . . . And the angel did wondrously

FIRE built on a rock. Manoah and his wife had there kindled the flames for sacrifice in praise of God, and in honor of a guest whom they supposed to be a man. But, as the flame rose higher and higher, their stranger guest stepped into the flame and by one red leap ascended into the skies. Then they knew that he was an angel of the Lord. "The angel did wondrously."

Two hundred and forty-eight times does the Bible refer to the angels, yet I never heard or read a sermon on Angelology. The whole subject is relegated to the realm mythical, weird, spectral and unknown. Such adjournment is unscriptural and wicked. Of their life, their character, their habits, their actions, their velocities, the Bible gives us full-length portraits, and why this prolonged and absolute silence concerning them? Angelology is my theme.

There are two nations of angels, and they are hostile to each other; the nation of good angels and the nation of bad angels. Of the former I chiefly speak today. Their capital, their headquarters, their grand rendezvous, is heaven, but their empire is the universe. They are a distinct race of creatures. No human being can ever join their confraternity. The little child who in the Sabbath School sings, "I want to be an angel," will never have her wish gratified. They are superhuman; but they are of different grades and ranks, not all on the same level, or the same height. They have their superiors and inferiors and equals. I propose no guessing on this subject, but take the Bible for my only authority. Plato, the philosopher, guessed and divided angels into super-celestial, celestial and sub-celestial. Dionysius, the Areopagite, guessed and divided them into three classes—the supreme, the middle and the last—and each of these into three other classes, making nine in all. Philo said that the angels were related to God, as the rays to the sun. Fulgentius said that they were composed of body and spirit. Clement said they were incorporeal. Augustine said that they had been in danger of falling, but now are beyond being tempted. But the only authority on this subject, that I respect, says they are divided into Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, Powers. Their commander-in-chief is Michael. Daniel called him Michael, St. John called him Michael. These supernal beings are more thoroughly organized than any army that ever marched. They are swifter than any cyclone that ever swept the sea. They are more radiant than any morning that ever came down the sky. They have more to do with your destiny and mine than any being in the universe except God. May the Angel of the New Covenant, who is the Lord Jesus, open our eyes, and touch our tongue, and rouse our soul, while we speak of their deathlessness, their intelligence, their numbers, their strength, their achievements.

Yes, deathless. They had a cradle, but will never have a grave. The Lord remembers when they were born, but no one shall ever see their eye extinguished, or their momentum slow up, or their existence terminate. Yes, deathless are these wonderful creatures of whom I speak. They will see world after world go out, but there shall be no fading of their own brilliance. Yea, after the last world has taken its last flight, they will be ready for the widest circuit through immensity. Awake, agile, multipotent, deathless, immortal!

A further characteristic of these radiant folk is intelligence. The woman of Tekoah was right when she spoke to King David of the wisdom of an angel. We mortals take in what little we know through eye and ear and nostril and touch; but those beings have no physical encasement and hence they are all senses. They take it in at all points. They absorb it. They gather it up without any hinderment. No need of literature for them! The letters of their books are stars. The dashes of their books are meteors. The words of their books are constellations. The paragraphs of their books are galaxies. The pictures of their books are sunrises, and sunsets, and midnight auroras, and the Conqueror on the white horse with the moon under his feet. Their library is an open universe. No need of telescope to see something millions of miles away, for instantly they are there to inspect and explore it. All astronomies, all geologies, all botanies, all philosophies at their feet. What an opportunity for intelligence is theirs! What facilities for knowing everything and knowing it right away!

There is only one thing that puts them to their wit's end, and the Bible says they have to study that. They have been studying it all through the ages, and yet I warrant they have not fully grasped it—the wonders of Redemption. These wonders are so high, so deep, so grand, so stupendous, so magnificent that even the intelligence of angelhood is confounded before it. The apostle says, "Which things the angels desire to look into." That is a subject that excites inquisitiveness on their part. That is a theme that strains their faculties to the utmost. That is higher than they can climb, deeper than they can dive. They have a desire for something too big for their comprehension. "Which things the angels desire to look into." But that does not discredit their intelligence. No one but God himself can fully understand the wonders of Redemption. If all heaven should study it for fifty eternities they would get no further than the A B C of that inexhaustible subject. But nearly all other realms of knowledge they have ransacked and explored and compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the last line of the last page of the last volume of investigation. And what delights me most is that all their intelligence is to be at our disposal, and, coming into their presence, they will tell us in five minutes more than we can learn by one hundred years of earthly surmising.

A further characteristic of these immortals is their velocity. This the Bible puts sometimes under the figure of wings, sometimes under the figure of a flowing garment, sometimes under the figure of naked feet. As these superhumans are without bodies these expressions are of course figurative, and mean swiftness. The Bible tells us that Daniel was praying, and Gabriel flew from heaven and touched him before he got up from his knees. How far, then, did the angel Gabriel have to fly in those moments of Daniel's prayer? Heaven is thought to be the centre of the universe. Our sun and its planets only the rim of the wheel of worlds. In a moment the angel Gabriel flew from that centre to this periphery. Jesus told Peter he could instantly have sixty thousand angels present if he called for them. What foot of antelope or wing of albatross could equal that velocity. Angelic beings are bodiless and have no limitation. God may with his finger point down to some world in trouble on the outmost limits of creation, and instantly an angelic cohort is there to help it. Or some celestial may be standing at the furthermost outpost of immensity, and God may say "Come!" and instantly it is in his bosom. Abraham, Elijah, Hagar, Joshua, Gideon, Manoah, Paul, St. John, could tell of their unhindered locomotion. The red feet of summer lightning are slow compared with their hegiras. This doubles up and compresses infinitudes into infinitesimals.

Another remark I have to make concerning these illustrious immortals is that they are multitudinous. Their census has never been taken and no one but God knows how many they are, but all the Bible accounts suggest their immense numbers. Companies of them, regiments of them, armies of them, mountain-tops haloed by them, skies populous with them. John speaks of angels and other beings round the throne as ten thousand times ten thousand. Now, according to my calculation, ten thousand times ten thousand are one hundred million. But these are only the angels in one place. David counted twenty thousand of them rolling down the sky in chariots. When God came away from the riven rocks of Mount Sinai, the Bible says he had the companionship of ten thousand angels. I think they are in every battle, in every exigency, at every birth, at every pillow, at every hour, at every moment. The earth full of them. The heavens full of them. They outnumber the human race in this world. They outnumber ransomed spirits in glory. When Abraham had his knife uplifted to slay Isaac, it was an angel who arrested the stroke, crying, "Abraham! Abraham!" It was a stairway of angels that Jacob saw while pillowed in the wilderness. We are told an angel led the hosts of Israelites out of Egyptian serfdom. It was an angel that showed Hagar the fountain where she filled the bottle for the lad. It was an angel that took Lot out of doomed Sodom. It was an angel that shut up the mouth of the hungry monsters when Daniel was thrown into the caverns. It was an angel that fed Elijah under the juniper tree. It was an angel that announced to Mary the approaching nativity. They were angels that chanted when Christ was born. It was an angel that strengthened our Saviour in his agony. It was an angel that encouraged Paul in the Mediterranean shipwreck. It was an angel that burst open the prison, gate after gate, until Peter was liberated. It was an angel that stirred the Pool of Siloam where the sick were healed. It was an angel that John saw flying through the midst of heaven, and an angel with foot planted on the sea, and an angel that opened the book, and an angel that sounded the trumpet, and an angel that thrust in the sickle, and an angel that poured out the vials, and an angel standing in the sun. It will be an angel with uplifted hand, swearing that Time shall be no longer. In the great final harvest of the world, the reapers are the angels. Yea, the Lord shall be revealed from heaven with mighty angels. Oh, the numbers and the might and the glory of these supernals! Fleets of them! Squadrons of them! Host beyond host! Rank above rank! Millions on millions! And all on our side if we will have them.

This leads me to speak of the offices of these supernals. To defend, to cheer, to rescue, to escort, to give victory to the right, and overthrow the wrong: that is their business. Just as alert to-day and efficient as when in Bible times they spread wing, or unsheathed sword, or rocked down penitentiaries, or filled the mountains with horses of fire hitched to chariots of fire and driven by reinsmen of fire. They have turned your steps a hundred times, and you knew it not. You were on the way to do some wrong thing, and they changed your course. They brought some thought of Christian parentage, or of loyalty to your own home, and that arrested you. They arranged that some one should meet you at that crisis, and propose something honorable and elevating, or they took from your pocket some ticket to evil amusement, a ticket that you never found. It was an angel of God, and perhaps the very one that guided you to this service, and that now waits to report some holy impression to be made upon your soul, tarrying with one foot upon the door-step of your immortal spirit, and the other foot lifted for ascent into the skies. By some prayer detain him until he can tell of a repentant and ransomed soul! Or you were some time [illegible] with trouble, bereavement, persecution, bankruptcy, sickness, and all manner of troubles beating their discords in your heart and life. You gave up; you said: "I cannot stand it any longer. I believe I will take my life. Where is the rail-train, or the deep wave, or the precipice that will end this torment of earthly existence?" But suddenly your mind brightened. Courage came surging into your heart like oceanic tides. You said: God is on my side, and all these adversities he can make turn out for my good." Suddenly you felt a peace, a deep peace, the peace of God that passeth all understanding. What made the change? A sweet, and mighty, and comforting angel of the Lord met you. That was all.

What an incentive to purity and righteousness is this doctrine that we are continually under angelic observation! Eyes ever on you, so that the most secret misdeed is committed in the midst of an audience of immortals. No door so bolted, no darkness so Cimmerian, as to hinder that supernal eyesight. Not critical eyesight, not jealous eyesight, not baleful eyesight, but friendly eyesight, sympathetic eyesight, helpful eyesight. Confidential clerk of store, with great responsibility on your shoulder, and no one to applaud your work when you do it well, and sick with the world's ingratitude, think of the angels in the counting-room raptured at your fidelity! Mother of household, stitching, mending, cooking, dusting, planning, up half the night, or all night, with the sick child, day in and day out, year in and year out, worn with the monotony of a life that no one seems to care for, think of the angels in the nursery, angels in all the rooms of your toiling, angels about the sick cradle, and all in spmpathy!

Railroad engineer, with hundreds of lives hanging on your wrist, standing amid the cinders and the smutch, rounding the sharp curve, and by appalling declivity, discharged and disgraced if you make a mistake, but not one word of approval if you take all the trains in safety for ten years, think of the angels by the throttle-valve, angels by the roaring furnace of the engine, angels looking from the overhanging crag, angels bracing the racing wheels off the precipice, angels when you mount the thunderbolt of a train, and angels when you dismount! Can you not hear them, louder than the jamming of the car-coupling, louder than the bell at the crossing, louder than the whistle that sounds like the scream of a flying fiend—the angelic voices saying, "You did it well; you did it well"? If I often speak of engineers, it is because I ride so much with them. I always accept their invitation to join them on their locomotive, and among them are some of the grandest men alive.

Men and women of all circumstances, only partly appreciated, or not appreciated at all, never feel lonely again or unregarded again! Angels all around; angels to approve, angels to help, angels to remember. Yea, while all the good angels are friends of the good, there is one special angel your body-guard. This idea, until this present study of angelogy, I supposed to be fanciful, but I find it clearly stated in the Bible. When the disciples were praying for Peter's deliverance from prison, and he appeared at the door of the prayer-meeting, they could not believe it was Peter. They said, "It is his angel." So these disciples, in special nearness to Christ, evidently believed that every worthy soul has an angel. Jesus said of his followers, "Their angels behold the face of my Father." Elsewhere it is said, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Angel-shielded, angel-protected, angel-guarded, angel-canopied, art thou! No wonder that Charles Wesley hymned these words:

> Which of the petty kings of earth
> Can boast a guard like ours,
> Encircled from our second birth
> With all the heavenly powers?

Valerius and Rufinus were put to death for Christ's sake in the year 287, and after the day when their bodies had been whipped and pounded into a jelly, in the night in prison, and before the next day when they were to be executed, they both thought they saw angels standing with two glittering crowns, saying, "Be of

good cheer, valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ! a little more of battle and then these crowns are yours." And I am glad to know that before many of those who have passed through great sufferings in this life some angel of God has held a blazing coronet of eternal reward. Yea, we are to have such a guardian angel to take us upward when our work is done. You know, we are told an angel conducted Lazarus to Abraham's bosom. That shows that none shall be so poor in dying he cannot afford angelic escort. It would be a long way to go alone, and up paths we have never trod, and amid blazing worlds swinging in unimaginable momentum, out and on through such distances and across such infinitudes of space, we should shudder at the thought of going alone. But the angelic escort will come to your languishing pillow or the place of your fatal accident, and say: "Hail, immortal one! All is well; God hath sent me to take you home." And, without tremor or slightest sense of peril, you will away and upward, further on and further on, until after awhile heaven heaves in sight, and the rumble of chariot wheels and the roll of mighty harmonies are heard in the distance, and nearer you come, and nearer still, until the brightness is like many mornings suffused into one, and the gates lift, and you are inside the amethystine walls and on the banks of the jasper sea, forever safe, forever free, forever well, forever rested, forever united, forever happy. Mothers, do not think your little children go alone when they quit this world. Out of your arms into angelic arms; out of sickness into health; out of the cradle into a Saviour's bosom. Not an instant will the darlings be alone between the two kisses—the last kiss of earth and the first kiss of heaven. "Now, angels, do your work!" cried an expiring Christian.

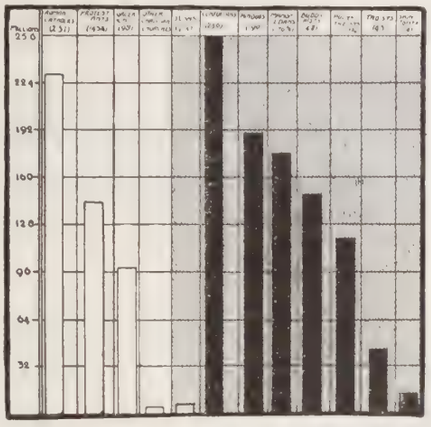
Yes, a guardian angel for each one of you. Put yourself now in accord with him. When he suggests the right, follow it; when he warns you against the wrong, shun it. Sent forth from God to help you in this great battle against sin and death, accept his deliverance. When tempted to a feeling of loneliness and disheartenment, appropriate the promise, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them." Oh, I am so glad that the spaces between here and heaven are thronged with these supernaturals taking tidings home, bringing messages here, rolling back obstacles from our path and giving us defense; for terrific are the forces who dispute our way, and if the nation of the good angels is on our side, the nation of bad angels is on the other. Paul had it right when he said, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." In that awful fight may God send us mighty angelic reinforcement! We want all their wings on our side, all their swords on our side, all their chariots on our side.

Thank God that those who are for us are mightier than those who are against us! And that thought makes me jubilant as to the final triumph. Belgium, you know, was the battle-ground of England and France. Yea, Belgium more than once was the battle-ground of opposing nations. It so happens that this world is the Belgium or battle-ground between the angelic nations, good and bad. Michael, the commander-in-chief on one side; Lucifer, as Byron calls him, or Mephistopheles, as Goethe calls him, or Satan, as the Bible calls him, the commander-in-chief on the other side. All pure angelhood under the one leadership, and all abandoned angelhood under the other leadership. Many a skirmish have the two armies had, but the great and decisive battle is yet to be fought. Either from our earthly homes or down from our supernal residences, may we come in on the right side; for on that side are God and heaven and victory. Meanwhile the battle is being set in array; and the forces celestial and demoniacal are confronting each other. Hear the boom of the great cannonade already opened! Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, Dominations, Principalities and Powers are beginning to ride down their foes, and until the work is completed, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon!"

THE WORLD COMING ∴ ∴ TO CHRIST

One-third of its Population Now Acknowledge Him as Lord and Saviour

"IS the world growing better or worse?" is a question frequently asked and not always satisfactorily answered. It has been contended by a certain class of very earnest, but hardly very hopeful Christians, that spirituality is retrograding and that instead of the church of Christ making progress in the conversion of the world, infidelity, heathenism and even paganism are more than holding their own; that, despite the efforts of the thousands of consecrated workers in the foreign field, the increase of the heathen more than keeps pace with the progress of the Christian population.



1. PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH OF THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD

Statistics, however, show a wholly different condition of affairs and demonstrate that the Lord is greatly blessing the efforts made for the advancement of his kingdom. In the following article, prepared for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by Harold Macfarlane, a high statistical authority in England, presents facts which cannot fail to lend confidence and enthusiasm to God's people everywhere who are daily praying "Thy kingdom come," and working for the evangelization of the world.

. . .

"The number of countries in which census returns are made at intervals by no means coincides with the number of nationalities into which the world's population is divided; it therefore necessarily follows that the varying estimates compiled by the learned societies and distinguished savants, can only be accepted as approximate; but that there is no serious divergence of opinion—in view of the magnitude of the figures—can be seen at a glance by a comparison of the following statements:

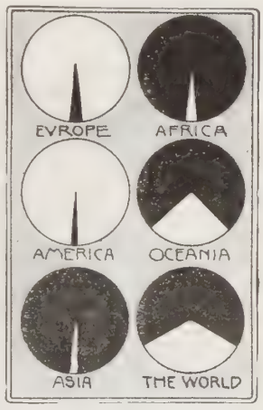
M. FOURNIER DE FLAIX.	
Christians, . . .	477,080,158
Non-Christians, . . .	952,602,041
Total, . . .	1,429,682,199
FROM MEYER'S "KONVERSATION-LEXICON"	
Christians, . . .	448,000,000
Non-Christians, . . .	1,004,000,000
Total, . . .	1,452,000,000
AMERICAN STATISTICAL SOCIETY	
Christians, . . .	472,090,000
Non-Christians, . . .	948,400,000
Total, . . .	1,420,490,000

"Messrs. Wagner and Supan estimated the earth's population at 1,479,729,400 and Ravenstein at 1,487,900,000, but for the purpose of this article the Christian population is taken at 477,220,000, and non-Christians at 952,650,000, which are practically the figures supplied by M. de Flaix.

"In Fig. 1, the heights of the columns, which are all drawn to the same scale, show how the members of the different religions of the world compare in numbers one with another. The Confucians among the heathen and the Church of Rome amongst Christians claim the greatest number of followers, whilst the community of Jews (excepting divers minor Christian sects) have the fewest adherents; indeed, there is only one Jew to every sixty-eight Christians in the world, and only one of the chosen race to over one hundred and thirty heathen.

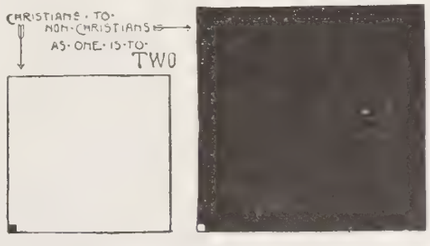
"A glance at the four white columns that represent the Christians on this earth, and at the seven black columns representing the heathen, is sufficient to show that the latter greatly outnumber the former. In Fig. 2, where the black square is drawn in proportion to the millions of non-Christians and the white in proportion to the Christian army, the statement is made that the non-Christians are twice as many as the Christians. This is practically the case, but if we require absolute accuracy, the proportion (according to M. de Flaix's estimate) is as 1.99673 is to 1. The small squares drawn at the left-hand bottom corner of each figure each represent one million (1,000,000) souls; when we compare them to the great squares of which they, representing so much, form so small a part, we get some idea of the magnitude of the earth's population. It may be of interest to point out that if portrayed on the black square the population of England (31,000,000) would be represented by a white strip down one of its sides having the same depth as the small square in the corner.

"When compared with the non-Christian millions, the millions of Christians throughout the world make but a poor show, but when the right-hand square is obliterated, and we glance at the small square representing a million Christians, and compare it with the large white square four hundred and seventy-seven times as great, we can appreciate the magnitude of Christ's army—an army large enough, if its members stood shoulder to shoulder (the attitude of all good Christians), to present a living bulwark over 135,000 miles in length, or sufficient to encircle the earth at the equator more than five times.



3. THE GOSPEL'S PROGRESS

"In Fig. 3 is portrayed the proportion of Christians and non-Christians in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Oceania and (combining them all into a single figure and thereby obtaining the result illustrated in another manner in Fig. 2) the world. In this diagram the portion of the circle that appears white represents the Christian population of the continent portrayed, the black portion being drawn in proportion to the number of non-Christian inhabitants: a glance at the diagram will reveal the fact that Europe and America have almost their exact antithesis in Africa and Asia.



2 CHRISTIANS AND NON CHRISTIANS

In every 100 people of Europe there are 96.3 Christians and 3.7 non-Christians.

In every 100 people of Africa there are 3.3 Christians and 96.7 non-Christians.

In every 100 people of America there are 99 Christians and 1 non-Christian.

In every 100 people of Asia there are 1.625 Christians and 98.375 non-Christians.

In every 100 people of Oceania there are 25.5 Christians and 74.5 non-Christians.

A final calculation, however, treats of the English-speaking people of the earth, who number more than one-twelfth of the world's population only. Of the English-speaking races almost a quarter (23¼ in every 100) are Episcopalians; three-twentieths (15 in every 100) are Methodists; one-eighth (12½ in every 100) are of the Church of Rome; a tenth are Presbyterians; three-fortieths (7½ in every 100) are Baptists; one-twentieth are Congregationalists; Lutherans claim 2¼ per cent.; Unitarians 2 per cent., whilst 13½ per cent. are unclassified. There is still 4¼ per cent. of the English-speaking population to account for, but they, alas! are religionless."

My Station

My place is not amid the battle's brunt,
Where charging lines are pressing hard the fight;
For others is reserved the surging front—
To them 'tis given to storm the gun-crowned height.

The Captain of the host assigns to me
A post to guard unseen by public eye;
And though unknown my weary watch may be,
I'll stand my ground, or like a soldier die.

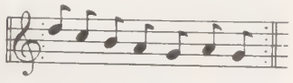
Detroit, Mich. GEORGE F. UNIDE.

Music from a Piece of Coal

ONE whose heart is open for the reception of the lessons nature is ever seeking to impart, need never go hungry for intellectual and spiritual food. Here art and science seem to play in a realm without mete or bound. And though we are prone to suggest that things chance to turn out thus and so, we should do well to check this tendency with the reflection that God's laws are unchangeable and certain in their operation, interlocked like the links of a chain, each one dependent upon and strengthening every other one in the cooperative whole.

Most observant persons have, at one time or another, noticed some strange coincidences, as unusual occurrences are commonly called. Under no circumstances are these phenomena mere happenings, but they are the creatures of God's harmonious laws. The writer was once eye-witness and ear witness, too, of a little natural musical serenade that was a truly remarkable example of coincidences, whose effect might be compared to that of a miniature calliope or pipe-organ. At the time alluded to, the writer occupied a rather capacious sleeping-room, whose mode of architecture left windows and doors and floor so unmistakably ventilated that he was compelled to keep a brisk coal fire going in the large open grate at one end of the room in order to maintain a bearable temperature, for the winter weather was hovering somewhere below the zero mark.

Soft or bituminous coal was the fuel used. Now, those who have had some experience with this sort of fuel, may have taken notice how it sometimes gets heated to a waxy consistency, in which state gas collects in the interior of the block of coal, until it acquires sufficient force to open up a vent, through which the gas escapes with little puffs and reports, as if from a diminutive volcano. In the instance under consideration, those puffs were so adjusted that, as sometimes occurs, they resulted in musical notes, forming a pretty little melody from the gamut, as follows:



While the pitch may have been higher than indicated, the order of intervals and the relative length of the various notes, proceeding from that pasty mass of coal, were as represented, as nearly as a fairly trained musical ear could distinguish. This little strain was repeated many times, gradually faster and faster, until the order was broken up, and the fairy serenade had almost wrought the observer into an ecstacy of delight. Truly may we say of our God, as sang the Israelitish bard, "Thou art the God that doest wonders."

Chicago, Ill. JAMES W. HIZER

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Rebuilding the Walls . . . of Jerusalem

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 12. Neh. 4 : 7-18
Golden Text, Matt. 26 : 41.

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

GOD made his servant Nehemiah to be an inspiration to the rulers and the people of the Jews. These very men whose indifference first, and then whose discouragement, had allowed them to leave the broken-down walls of Jerusalem without making any attempt to repair them, were now ready to put all their heart into the work. It was portioned out between the different families, but "above the horse gate repaired the priests, every one over against his own house, and Zadok, the son of Immer, over against his house" (Neh. 3 : 28). Oh, how good it would be if every teacher of the Gospel would make strong the wall between the church and the world in the regulations of his own house and family! The life of a preacher has far more power for good or for evil than all the sermons which he preaches.

The devil never permits—and God suffers it—that any work of the Lord, be it the building of walls or the building up of believers, or be it soul winning, shall go on without continual tests of faith and patience. If we understand our God, we do not fret and worry over these apparent hindrances; we do not count it as "a strange thing" which happens to us (I. Pet. 4 : 12) when our God lets us pass one examination after another in his school. We know that he has the whole plan before him. He sees the end from the beginning, and has a purpose to carry out which is far beyond the small conceptions which we may form. He could do by a word all which he permits us to do for him; but he cannot, consistently with the dignity of man, who is called to be made partaker of the divine nature, force the will of one of his creatures, or give them by miracle the knowledge of himself, which is eternal life, and which is learned in recognizing him in all things according to his Word. Old Testament men—*i. e.*, some special Old Testament men—learned to understand God, and that they might do so, were subjected to many and special tests, that they might learn to have to do with God in everything.

Thus it came to pass that Nehemiah and the rulers, priests and people were subjected to the most tantalizing interference and harass on the part of their enemies. The descendants of those colonists whom Shalmanezer had planted in the land of Israel were jealous of anything which might restore the prosperity of Jerusalem. Sanballat was one of these, and he, with his allies, Tobiah the Ammonite, the Arabians and the Ashdodites, sought, by one means after another, to hinder the building of the wall. Their first attempt was by mocking. "What do these feeble Jews? Will they fortify themselves? Will they sacrifice? Will they make an end in a day? Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of rubbish, seeing they are burned?" said Sanballat. And Tobiah added, "Even that which they build, if a fox go up, he shall break down their stone wall" (Neh. 4 : 1-3). There is in the human heart, by nature, an instinctive desire to retaliate—to reply to cutting, wounding words such as these. But when Christ in us has shown us our true place at the cross, we can no longer be hurt by mockery, however unjust it may seem; for what we may not deserve from man, we know we do deserve from God, and it shuts our mouths. It is not "a strange thing which has happened to us."

Nehemiah understood how to trust his God, and without replying one word to the enemies, he turned over his cause into the hands of God: "Hear, O God, for we are despised." His prayer was, indeed, an Old Testament prayer, but it was a righteous one, and a prayer of faith.

The next attempt to stop the building of the wall was by a general conspiracy of the enemies to come and fight against Jerusalem, and stop the building of the wall, as previously the building of the temple had been made to cease, "by force and power" (Ezra 4 : 23). Again God was their refuge: "But we made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night, because of them." This did Nehemiah: Instead of pitying himself, and so giving way to discouragement, he kept his eyes wide open to all the manœuvres of his foes, that he might trust them implicitly in detail to his God.

"SO BUILT WE THE WALL AND ALL THE WALL WAS JOINED TOGETHER"

All things seemed to be against him: "Without were fightings, within were fears," as with Paul (II. Cor. 6 : 5). "Within, Judah said, the strength of the bearers of burdens—the coolies—is decayed, and there is much rubbish, so that we are not able to build the wall." But the man of faith saw in this an occasion to make prayer unto God, who could build the wall. Without "our adversaries said, They shall not know, neither see, until we come into the midst of them, and slay them, and cause the work to cease." Who told this to Nehemiah? In any case, the Lord heard prayer, and by some means apprised his servant of the enemies' tactics. Once before, in the time of Elisha, the king of Syria was surprised that a man of God, from whom God did not hide things, could tell the king of Israel the words which he, the king of Syria, spoke in the greatest secrecy, in his bedchamber (II. Kings 6 : 12). Then the Jews which dwelt around them looked upon their case as hopeless. In their eyes the cause of the builders was a lost one, and they advised them to come out to them in the country, and this ten different times.

But Nehemiah did not look to probabilities and possibilities: "I looked, and rose up, and said to the nobles and to the rest of the people, Be not ye afraid of them: remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your houses." And God justified his servant who trusted him. "It came to pass that when our enemies heard that it was known unto us, and that God had brought their counsel to naught, that we returned, all of us, to the wall, every one to his work."

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

BETWEEN the period of this lesson and that of last week there is an interval of about six months, which is full of interest. Nehemiah's prayer is answered, but only through intense activity and constant vigilance in the face of opposition. Nehemiah's genius was administrative, and a really good administrator is one of the rarest as well as the most useful of men. Ezra, with all his learning and high principle, was lacking in this quality with which Nehemiah was so richly endowed. We see in Nehemiah the man of affairs, energetic, far-sighted, vigilant, tactful. How far the queen helped him in getting permission to go to Jerusalem and rebuild its walls he does not say, but his mention of her sitting by her husband when he urged his petition is not without significance. History tells us that her name was Damaspia. A definite leave of absence was accorded, letters of authority were granted and an escort provided, for Nehemiah was to go out as governor of Judea. The journey appears to have occupied about three months, which would include a stay at Damascus, where Nehemiah would have to present his letters to Megabyzus, who, as governor of Syria, would be his official superior. Thence to Jerusalem would be a twelve days' journey, as a detour would have to be made to avoid [illegible] understood the character of the difficulties with which he would have to contend. These were twofold. There was the inertia of the Jews in Jerusalem who must be stirred up to rebuild the walls; and there was the hatred of Sanballat the governor of Samaria who might be relied on to thwart Nehemiah's project by fair means or foul, if it was possible. It is deeply interesting to read how the sagacious man went to work. Without telling friend or foe of his purpose, he made a personal examination of the walls, choosing the night as the safest and most secret time for his expedition. When, the next day, he met the leaders of his people in conference, he was thus prepared by personal knowledge, to deal with the subject. His plans were fully prepared. Every man was to do his share in the work and every one was to repair that portion of the wall nearest his own home. Thus the worker would have a personal interest in seeing that the wall at that point was well and solidly built. That point settled, preparations must be made to deal with the enemy who would be sure to come. So the workmen were armed and sentinels were set to watch. So well was the work done and so effective the watch, that Sanballat's marauding troops did not venture to attack, and all his plots miscarried. In fifty-two days from the beginning of the work, all the holes were filled and the wall was once again strong and firm. Nothing was needed but to finish the gates and put them in place. Nehemiah does not say much about his share, but his incidental mention of the fact that he never took off his clothes during the seven weeks, shows what an anxious and vigilant time it must have been for him. All this care and activity, taken in connection with the prayer he offered at the beginning, is very noteworthy. His prayer shows that he relied on God wholly; but he did not neglect anything that would secure success. The combination of faith with intelligent effort is very suggestive.

Judah said. What Judah said was a complaint and an assurance that they were not able to do the work. In the next verse there is an account of what the adversaries said. Still farther on is the report of the Jews who had come from other parts of Palestine to help. All three reports were of the same purport, discouraging in the extreme. Nehemiah must have been a man of great courage and tenacity of purpose to proceed; but he did proceed, and he achieved his purpose. This is the kind of man who does succeed. When George Stephenson, the engineer, was proposing to construct the first line of railroad he was opposed by the owners of the property through which the line was to run; he was opposed by the owners of stage coaches. Then the men of science came and proved that the whole thing was impracticable. They showed that by scientific law the wheels of the engine would turn round and round, but the locomotive would not move. But Stephenson would not be discouraged, and in the end he triumphed.

We made our prayer unto our God and set a watch. That is the true kind of piety. The man who prays and does not set a watch is a fanatic and he is liable to come to grief. The man who sets a watch and does not pray is irreligious and loses the help that God places within his reach. Æsop tells a fable of a wagoner, who was driving a heavy load along a very muddy way. At last he came to a part of the road where the wheels sank deep in the mire. So the wagoner threw down his whip and knelt down and prayed to Hercules the strong: "O Hercules, help me in this my hour of distress." Hercules appeared to him and said: "I am come at thy request. Now, don't sprawl there, but get up and put thy shoulder to the wheel." A modern illustration of the same truth is that of two school-girls. One of them who often failed, asked the other who could always say her lessons, how it was that she succeeded. The other replied that she asked God to help her. A few days afterwards they met again and the first girl complained that she continued to fail though she had asked divine help. "Did you study the lesson thoroughly?" her friend asked. "Oh no," said the child, "I did not suppose it was necessary to study if I asked God to help me." God does not dispense with our efforts but he is ready to bless them and prosper them.

. . . In the Great Hurricane's Heart . . .

The Signal Officer at Mayaguez Describes the most Terrible Night in Porto Rico's History

SCHOONER "VASCO" AGROUND

DISTRIBUTING RELIEF AT MAYAGUEZ

WRECK OF SCHOONER "DICHOZA"

FROM ex-U. S. Consul Badrena, now signal officer at the important port of Mayaguez, Porto Rico, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received the first actual description of the great hurricane by which thousands of islanders perished. It will be read with pathetic interest, since it presents a picture of such awful desolation and suffering as is seldom witnessed even in tropical lands, where great storms are not infrequent.

"The work of relief in Porto Rico is conducted in a truly practical way. There are two committees: one of men, who see that the relief goes to the right parties, and another of ladies, who have in charge the investigation of cases where relief is needed, and where the sufferers rather conceal their condition than apply for aid. Last week over 10,000 rations were distributed in this city. At Anasco, for the same week, the rations reached 21,410, and at Maricao 5,067. For Cabo-Rojo, Sabana Grande and las Marias, in this district, a long file of wagons start from here every seven days with provisions for the sufferers.

. . .

"I represent in this port the Weather Bureau, and on the 7th, at 2 P. M., I received information by wire that a hurricane was approaching from Dominica, and an order to display the hurricane signal. My attention was directed to the shipping in port, and I prevailed on the masters that they should not sail. By midnight signs of a hurricane were already evident. I had little sleep, keeping the records of the falling needle. Early in the morning it was plain that the hurricane was already on the island, coming from E.S.E.

"At 9.15 A.M., after sending my last telegraphic message to San Juan, the first gusts of wind were felt, and by 9.45 the telegraphic office was blown down. From that time to 12.15 P.M. the havoc was indescribable,—trees uprooted, houses unroofed, walls falling down and iron roofing flying about like so many missiles. The wind apparently blew from all sides. Store-houses were blown off balloon-like, and fell entirely demolished. Palms were wrung from the soil and fell down in heaps. The barometer fell thirty lines, a point I had never before seen it reach, and it looked as if the end of the world was to come. My house, already partly unroofed, seemed as though ready to give way and bury us all under the debris.

. . .

"Calm, dead calm, followed, which, to the uninitiated, appeared as though the storm had come to an end. To me, a look at the barometer showed that the vortex was passing at that moment over the city. Time 12.45 P. M. I hurried to learn the fate of the shipping and to warn all that the second and more terrible part was to begin. I found that the schooner *Concepcion* had struck the S. S. *Gyller*, and was broken to pieces and washed away. Of the one hundred and seventy-eight emigrants on board, only two were missed, a woman and a child.

"The calm lasted an hour; 1.45 P.M. and it began to blow again. The wind came this second time from the S.W. and kept on blowing until the last gusts came from the S.E. The hurricane had lasted eight hours. Then darkness came, and with the darkness, new horrors. Rain! rain! It fell in heavy sheets incessantly. Rest was needed, but it was impossible to obtain it. After 1 A.M. the river, in mighty flood, kept the people awake and flying from their homes in search of new places of safety. Trees, telegraph poles, small houses and all sorts of furniture were passing in the current at full speed.

. . .

"The news that reached us from the country was simply appalling. What the storm had left the flood took, carrying cattle and whole families to the sea. Communication with the nearest town was out of the question. The railway was demolished and the rails twisted like threads.

"Next forenoon sad tidings came that the little hamlet called La Vega had been carried away by the water. The school of La Vega was under the direction of my brother-in-law, who had a large family of eight children. The hamlet was near the juncture of two rivers. The inhabitants, surprised by the swollen appearance of the flood, remained in their houses trusting that the water would not reach their abodes. There was a raise of nearly ten meters, and all at once, the houses, already full of water, began to give way, knocking one another to pieces, and throwing the inmates into the current. When my brother-in-law came to his senses, he found that his wife and two of the children had disappeared. The alcalde had lost his whole family, except one little boy. Forty perished; of that number but eight were found, the torrent having carried them thirty miles. Next day we were asked by the authorities if we wished to identify the bodies that had been recovered. My wife and I started for the spot. My sister-in-law was a tall, fine-looking woman with long blonde hair, and by these signs we were enabled to recognize her. She was clasping in a last embrace her youngest son.

"This far-reaching calamity has brought with it the everlasting love of the Porto Ricans for their American countrymen.

"M. BADRENA, Late U. S. Consul."

Mayaguez Porto Rico.

GIVING OUT RELIEF SUPPLIES TO THE SUFFERERS AT BAYAMON

A HOUSE WITH SECOND STORY FRONT BLOWN OFF

A WRECKED SUMMER RESORT AT MAYAGUEZ

THE MARKET-PLACE, MAYAGUEZ

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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To Relieve Porto Rico

AFTER months of suffering, the result of the recent flood and cyclone, the people of Porto Rico, who have for many weeks past been kept alive mainly through the generosity of America, are at last to be substantially, and it is hoped permanently, relieved by the United States Government. It is learned upon reliable authority that the Government will very shortly make **a Large Appropriation of Money for Public Works on the Island,** and thus meet all the requirements of the case by means of the grandest sort of charity, viz., honest and profitable labor for all. This beneficent measure will bring immediate relief to the sick, the feeble and the aged, as well as to the strong and able bodied.

In view of this cheering prospect, which will doubtless soon be realized, it will no longer be necessary to make appeal to private benevolence to support the destitute throughout the island. It is understood that the new measure of relief will go into operation within the next few weeks. The Relief Fund has been the means, under Divine blessing, of saving many lives and of lifting the dark cloud of starvation from a multitude of Porto Rican homes. Especially has it been a boon to the thousands of hapless and helpless women and children who, deprived of their natural protectors and with none to care for them, must have perished miserably had not the generous hand of American charity been extended to them in their time of distress. This class, together with the sick and those who were rendered incapable through injuries sustained in the great storm, have been the special care of those who had charge of the distribution of the funds raised through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the good friends who contributed for this worthy cause, besides the consciousness of having performed a sacred duty promptly and cheerfully, have earned the undying gratitude of the mothers and children of our new island colony and of its people generally. **On and After November 15th no Further Contributions Will be Received by "The Christian Herald" for Porto Rican Relief, and the Fund, Having Accomplished Its Purpose, as Far as the Efforts of Our Readers are Concerned, Will be Closed.**

It is with pleasure that we have to report excellent progress in the Sunday School work established at San Juan by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This promising spiritual work, in which our readers have taken an active interest and towards whose support many of them have contributed, has multiplied, and the labors of those in charge of it are already proving fruitful. With the kind cooperation of Mr. Frank L. Smith, representative of the International Y. M. C. A., at San Juan, the school was established last fall and it has grown beyond all expectation. Hundreds of Porto Rican children now come regularly to the classes on Sunday, and the teachers report a deep and growing interest in spiritual things among the scholars. Testaments in Spanish and English are used and the beautiful Gospel hymns that are familiar in our own churches and Sunday Schools are sung by sweet young native voices, to words that seem to fit themselves to the melodies. Nor is the influence of the Sunday School confined to the children, for many parents who probably never before heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ preached, are being awakened and the missionary meetings in San Juan and vicinity are greatly helped in consequence. With a view to extending the Sunday School work and to found schools at other available localities throughout the island THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has commissioned Rev. James Jamieson, an experienced and consecrated teacher, to proceed to Porto Rico and assume charge of this work. Dr. Jamieson is now on his way to San Juan. He will keep our readers fully informed of the progress made and of the opportunities the island affords as a field for Sunday School effort. That his task is an extensive one may well be understood when it is remembered that our Sunday School at San Juan is **the only one in Porto Rico** at the present time. Tens of thousands of little lambs to be folded, and as yet without a shepherd! This is the special work which, begun before the cyclone and the subsequent suffering visited the island, now invites our earnest effort. We hope to interest many of our readers in this labor of love among the little children of Porto Rico, and we ask them to join with us in holding up the hands of the workers by their prayers and their offerings.

Colonial History Revived

IT is a remarkable coincidence that with our new burden of colonial responsibility should come a wholesome epidemic of colonial literature. Some very remarkable books have lately been written, which open up afresh the manner of colonial life just previous to the Revolutionary period and during the same. These volumes are calculated to inspire a spirit of heroism in the young people of this generation. They show what it costs to plant free institutions, and what they are worth. They depict life in Mother England, as well as in the colonies. Remarkable among these productions is *Richard Carvel*, a book whose pages are redolent of colonial life in Maryland, and give us also pictures taken from civil and fashionable life in London, while there are in it fictitious characters full of vigor and beauty and international incidents of the most stirring nature, taken from the lives of such statesmen as Charles Fox and such naval heroes as John Paul Jones. The book has enough history to make it instructive and enough fictitious matter to make it fascinating to the young, while it is very appropriate to the present period.

The Expansion of the United States in the Turkish Empire

IN the public prints in Austria there is much discussion of the apparent disposition of the United States to extend its influence in Turkey. This is indicated by the effort to elevate the United States Legation to an Embassy. This step means, so these Austrian papers think, that this Government has a distinct purpose to figure in the circle of the Great Powers as never before, and to secure to itself a fair share of the business advantages of the East. The new line of steamers between New York and Constantinople, the frequency of American vessels in Turkish waters, the fact that more than a million kilograms of American flour have recently been imported there, and that the United States is establishing commercial agencies in Southern and Central Russia, all point in the same direction.

We have confidence enough in our national principles and administration to believe that these changes will benefit the East, as well as will be of material advantage to the nation itself. It is almost certain that the presence of American vessels in Turkish waters several years ago would have prevented the bloody massacre of Armenians and the needless destruction in battle of thousands of Greeks. Everywhere our flag flies, the idea of man as a freeman is emphasized. The most conservative old-world systems will be liberalized by our presence, while our Ambassadors at other Courts will be loyal to the best American instincts and aspirations.

Party Of Good Morals

IT is evident to all sensible observers, that American affairs are being Divinely supervised. But the trouble is we have no God in American politics. We have a devil; yea, a whole gang of demons. The devil of office-seeking, the devil of fraud, the devil of injustice, the devil of wastefulness, but no God. We have plenty of gin and plenty of old rye, and plenty of schnapps and plenty of city and state and national swindle, but no God. I am far from wanting to see a union of Church and State in this country, but I would like to see a party that would recognize openly and above board and without disguise and without cant, the God in whose name Columbus took possession of this country and in whose name Washington achieved our independence and in whose name so many blessings have come to us—the God of our great harvest fields, the God who protected our American armies in 1776 and 1812 and 1864, the God of our peaceful and beloved homes. Blessed be His glorious name forever! "Oh," says some one, "that would not be fair to put a recognition of God in the platform of a political party when there are so many people who do not believe in a God." Well, there are a great many people who do not believe in the sanctity of the family relation, a great many people who do not believe in the rights of property, a great many people who do not believe in any style of government—people who would rob and steal and murder. Do you refuse to make laws against criminals because there are criminals? Will you refuse to recognize God in governmental affairs because there are men who do not believe in a God? Your political parties come on with a preamble and they say, "Whereas this and whereas that," and it is simply a hash of old political hacks. There is overwhelming victory to that party which shall come and have enough courage to say in a preamble, "Whereas, this nation has been blessed of God as no other nation has been—blessed in the harvests, blessed in its civilization, blessed in its protection against foreign enemies: therefore, we, in convention assembled, acknowledge His goodness and pray for the continuance of His mercy, and in the name of God we now set up our banners." A party that has the strength to say that in such a preamble followed by commonsensical and righteous resolutions as to what you will do for the agricultural, the commercial, the manufacturing, the mining, the literary, the artistic, the moral interests of this country, will sweep the whole land from [illegible] Among the magnificent men in our city, state and national councils there are men who could lead forth in a movement like that if they only would. I could call them [illegible] north, south, east and west, with enough talent and with enough good character to marshal a movement in which the moral idea shall be the dominant one over all others, and then you will see the Gehenna of modern politics plowed under. I wait for the formation of such a party. I wait for the coming of such a man. Where is this Joshua? We are as a nation on the way either to reformation or destruction. A flight of doves discovered to Columbus the direction of the land. We shall come to new and regenerated America by a flight of prayers. We need in our homes, in our churches, in our schools, the principles of pure patriotism inculcated. We want to live the rest of our lives in a city and national atmosphere cleansed of all moral contamination and the dust of our graves untouched by the feet of the demagogue and the despoiler. God save the cities! God save the nation!

BRIEF NOTES

[illegible]

A Professorship on Temperance and the [illegible] by a bequest of the late Rev. George F. Clark, of [illegible]

[illegible] New York and one or two other large cities in the Northern States.

Evangelist William E. Geil has concluded his services in the Bushwick Ave. Baptist Church, Brooklyn. The pastor, Rev. T. J. Whittaker, writes [illegible] accept remuneration for his services.

Rev. J. T. Wills, D.D., formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Greenwich, Conn., is prepared to assist pastors in special services during the fall and winter. Dr. Wills has had a very successful season in Great Britain and has just returned full of energy for work on this side. [illegible] West Fortysecond Street, New York.

Pastor Chiniquy's last work, about which many subscribers have written us, is practically an autobiography. It describes his labors since quitting the Church of Rome, now forty years ago. It was substantially complete at the time of Father Chiniquy's death, and has been prepared for the press by his son-in-law, Dr. J. L. Morin, of Montreal. The Revell Company, of New York, are the [illegible]

The "Protestant Missionary Directory of [illegible] aries in India as 436, showing a decrease of 17: [illegible] smaller bodies, make up a total of 2,797, being an [illegible]

At the Alliance Convention in New York on Sunday, Oct. 15, Rev. A. B. Simpson made his annual appeal for funds to carry on the foreign missionary work of the Alliance. The amount given, including cash and pledges, was sixty-four thousand dollars. This brings the total collected at the [illegible] A large portion of this amount consists of pledges to be redeemed within a year.

It may be hoped that the words of Bishop Lawrence addressed to the International Congrega[illegible] by the bishops of his communion in England. He expressed his great satisfaction in the fact of the church in the United States being free from state support and state control. It may comfort English brethren to know that the disendowment and disestablishment they so much dread is not so disastrous a thing as they suppose.

The Christian Endeavor Society and the Epworth League of Elmira, N. Y., have had a week of special meetings, conducted by Don. O. Shelton, of New York. Fully thirteen hundred young people attended these meetings. [illegible] Mr. Shelton gave a short talk on the best methods of studying the Bible. This was followed by the study of some one of the Epistles. The societies speak highly of the benefits derived from the meetings. Mr. Shelton is now holding similar conventions with the Young People's Societies in Illinois.

The Sunday School Association has now seven different meetings every week in New York city for teachers, at which the lesson for the ensuing Sunday is taught. They are: Broadway Tabernacle, Saturday [illegible] which is for the primary department; Broome St. Tabernacle, Monday; Collegiate Reformed Church, 123d St., Tuesday; Olivet Memorial Church, Thursday; [illegible] 42d St. and Third Ave., Friday; and Presbyterian [illegible] 53d St. and Madison Ave., Friday. Dr. A. F. Schauffler, Rev. A. J. Kerr and J. W. Miles are among the leaders.

The Boer Defeat in Natal

FOR weeks past, two hemispheres have been watching with keen interest the conflict between the British and the Boers in Natal, where the burgher invasion of the colony had been conducted with so much energy and in such overwhelming force that it threatened to overrun the entire territory and cut off communication between the main British camp at Ladysmith and the port of Durban, its only source of reinforcement. Matters were looking ominous for the British forces. Joubert, the veteran Boer commander, with two large columns threatened them on the north, and the Orange Free State troops were advancing from the westward, either force being equal in point of numbers to the British army under Gen. White's command. The latter had placed a strong body of troops at Glencoe, north of Ladysmith, hoping to impede the Boer advance and to prevent the junction of the two burgher armies. There were, besides, several commandos operating at various points, destroying railroad lines and otherwise harassing the British, making the position of the defenders still more uncertain and insecure. Suddenly, on Oct. 20, came the news that an important battle had been fought at Glencoe, which entirely changed the aspect of affairs. The British force at Glencoe, four thousand strong, under Gen. Sir William Penn Symons, was attacked by a Boer column of nine thousand Transvaal burghers under Gen. Joubert. The latter occupied a commanding position on Smith Hill, overlooking the British camp. Soon a furious artillery duel was in progress, the Boer shells falling short, while the British guns were served with deadly accuracy. General Symons himself led a forward movement against the Boer position, and after a stubborn fight, the British infantry, under cover of a heavy artillery fire, swarmed up the hill and drove the enemy from their guns after a fierce hand-to-hand struggle. The carnage was terrible. Before the summit of the hill was reached, Gen. Symons fell mortally wounded in the stomach. Men were dropping on all sides. The Boers rallied, but their assailants charged with the bayonet, and then began a panic and flight, accompanied by fearful slaughter. British cavalry, which had swept around the base of the hill, flanked the fugitives and an artillery battery mowed them down at short range. It is estimated that 1000 burghers fell in the engagement. The British troops too, lost heavily, 41 being killed and 173 wounded. Ten officers were among the dead and 20 were wounded. The heaviest losses were among the King's Rifles and Dublin Fusiliers, who led the charge and captured the Boer guns. Another engagement of almost equal importance took place on Oct. 21st, at Elandslaagle, between Ladysmith and Glencoe, where a strong Boer position on a rocky hill was shelled by British artillery and carried by an infantry attack after desperate fighting. Gen. Jan Kock and Piet Joubert (Gen. Joubert's nephew) were among the prisoners taken. These reverses, while they may not materially affect the plans of the burgher commanders, will probably delay the projected attack on Ladysmith. Some time must elapse before the British reinforcements, under Gen. Sir Redvers Buller, can reach Africa, and many battles may be fought in the interval. The fate of both Kimberley and Mafeking may be decided before either can be relieved. In any event, the struggle will not close until thousands of human lives have been sacrificed. Britain's jubilation is mingled with the lamentations of those who have been bereaved, and many a burgher homestead across the Vaal mourns the loss of those who will return no more. Grievous, indeed, is this horrible strife. The church has need to pray for the speedy coming of that day which the ancient seer assures us will yet come:

He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth; he breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire. Be still and know that I am God (Ps. 46: 9).

MARKET-SQUARE AT KIMBERLEY—GEN. SIR R. BULLER, BRITISH COMMANDER

THE CAMP AT LADYSMITH, BRITAIN'S MILITARY CENTRE IN NATAL

A Peculiar Explosion

The tenants of a large tenement house in Brooklyn, N. Y., had a panic on Thursday of last week. A man who occupies one of the nests of apartments is a foreigner who, as a boy, had some experience in a wine-growing country. He bought a quantity of grapes early in the week, intending to make wine with them. Then he brought in an empty whiskey barrel which he purchased at a nearby saloon. It was tightly sealed up, but before putting in the grape juice he drew the bung and thrust a lighted taper in. Neither he nor his wife and children knew just what occurred after that. The barrel was empty, as he supposed, but he had not taken into account the gases that are generated in a barrel which has held whiskey, when it is closed and allowed to stand. The other tenants heard a terrific explosion, their windows were shattered and the walls trembled. When they went to the apartment whence the noise proceeded, they found the man and his wife lying unconscious on the floor and the children with their faces bruised crying bitterly. An ambulance was summoned, but the surgeon who came was able to dress the man's wounds and restore the other members of the family without taking them to the hospital. The accident proves how powerful and destructive an agent whiskey is. It does not often take this way of demonstrating the fact; but its ordinary way of injuring a man and wrecking his home is quite as effectual and still more disastrous:

Thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not (Prov. 23: 34).

The Trophy of the Yachts

Intensely gratifying to national pride is the result of the contest of the yachts this year for the famous cup. It was admitted on all hands that the *Shamrock*, which Sir Thomas Lipton brought from England to try to win back the cup, was the best boat ever entered for the contest. Never before in the forty-eight years that the United States has held the cup, did it seem so likely to lose it. But the American boat *Columbia* proved in at least two of the three races a better sailor. In the third race the *Shamrock's* mast snapped and she was disabled, so, according to previous agreement, her rival went over the course alone, The arrangement was that there were to be five races, but, as the *Columbia* won three consecutively, there was no need for the other two contests. So America keeps the cup for this year that she won so gallantly on August 22, 1851. Before that time the cup had scarcely been heard of outside of yachting circles. It had, however, been offered as a prize to be competed for by the yachts of all nations. Every year it had been won easily by the English Royal Yacht Squadron, but in that year a yacht named the *America*, smaller than many of her competitors, was sent from this country. The course was around the Isle of Wight, and, though her captain and crew were unfamiliar with the intricate channels, the *America* came in 20 minutes ahead of the English yachts. Queen Victoria witnessed the victory, and gracefully acknowledged that the race was fairly won. The cup was brought to America in triumph, and since then, in spite of all efforts to win it back, our yachtsmen have kept it. Enormous sums have been spent in England in building boats that would be sure to win, but in every instance the American builders have turned out a better yacht than the challenger, and have succeeded in beating their rival. The interest and enthusiasm displayed on both sides of the Atlantic in the contest shows that the same spirit survives that existed in the time of the Olympic games which the Apostle Paul describes so graphically, and which he used as an illustration of the struggle of the Christian life. Unhappily, there is in our day the same need to wish that Christians put into their spiritual effort the same energy and indomitable spirit that the sportsmen show.

THE AMERICA CUP

Know ye not that they who run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain (I. Cor. 9: 24).

Juvenile Voyagers

The novel sight of three boys and a girl each wearing a tag like a package of merchandise attracted notice in New York one day last week. They were three boys and a girl, the eldest only eleven years old and the youngest three years. They were being taken to the dock of the German Lloyd Steamship Company, where the big steamer *Friederich der Grosse* lay ready for sailing. They were taken on board and placed in charge of the stewardess. A reporter who questioned that official, learned that they were the children of a dry-goods merchant on Long Island, who was sending them to relatives in England. The children's mother died recently, and they were helpless without her care. After one or two experiments, the bereaved father decided to place them all under the charge of some members of his deceased wife's family in England. As he was unable to go with them, and fearing lest here or in Southampton, where they would leave the steamer, they might stray, he had attached a tag to each of them bearing the child's name and destination. How thankful many parents would be if there were some such way of providing for their children reaching the right destination at the end of the journey through the world Children cannot be tagged for that journey, but their safety is assured if the parents will take the prescribed course at thebeginning.

Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it (Prov. 22: 6).

Quaint Little Guam,

THE BEAUTIFUL MID-PACIFIC ISLET PHOTOGRAPHED AN

THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR ROAD ALONG THE SEA-BEACH AT GUAM

A NAVAL OFFICER'S LETTER FROM OUR SMALLEST COLONY

THE smallest of our newly won colonies has at last swung into *de facto* existence, and to-day the starry flag floats securely over a stable and well-organized government in our Pacific stronghold. Perhaps it is a bit premature to call it a stronghold as yet, for the plans for its defense are hardly matured; yet, with the battalion of 125 marines that guards the shore, and with the heavy battery of the U. S. S. *Yosemite* frowning from the harbor, Guam could now give a far different account of herself than she did in her ludicrous capture in June, 1898. Some day the fine harbor of San Luis d'Apra will doubtless be surrounded by strong batteries and the narrow entrance heavily mined, thus forming a safe and smooth shelter for our Pacific fleet and a pleasant coaling station and resting place in the long, long stretch of sea that extends from our possessions in Hawaii to our rich Philippine colonies.

So far, the people of the United States know but little of their midget colony of Guam, and I fancy they are more prone to regard it as a target for humorous invention than for serious consideration. This idea will soon be dispelled by the reports that the U. S. S. *Yosemite* is now sending home. The little island of Guam is twenty-six miles long and from three to five miles in width, and has about eight thousand inhabitants. Of these the greater part are natives, of Tagalo descent, their ancestors having come from the Philippines at a comparatively recent date. The original inhabitants were nearly all extirpated by the newcomers, and there is very little of the aboriginal stock left. They were called Chamorros, and were a peaceable and intelligent race, far superior to most of the Pacific island people, and possessing a written and spoken language, which survives, mixed with a large infusion of Spanish words, to this day. In spite of the long Spanish regime of over 250 years of settlement, remarkably little Spanish is spoken, and in fact English is quite as common. This last fact is due to the custom followed by the old-time whaling ships, of making Guam a place of rest and recruitment for their crews.

THE VILLAGE OF ASAN, A TYPE OF MANY OTHER VILLAGES IN GUAM

While this practice was not at all conducive to elevating the moral standard of the island, its influence was very marked upon the life, speech, and racial characteristics of the population. In appearance, the natives of Guam are of medium stature, with good figures, both men and women. Their hair is straight and black, but not so porcupine-like as that of the Filipinos. Their skin is of a brown color; their cheek bones are apt to be prominent and their noses sunken. Their costume is like that worn by the Filipinos: for the men, a white jacket or shirt, buttoning in front and hanging loose, with cotton trousers and a straw hat; for the women, a white undergarment and a fancy colored cotton skirt. The women never wear hats, and very rarely shoes or slippers. On gala days an elaborate jacket or bodice of *pina* cloth is worn. I have seen groups so attired gathered together during the afternoons in front of the *local* or mayor of the small village of Soumaye, on the harbor, where the *Yosemite* is lying.

All the islanders are Christians of the Roman Catholic faith, but their Christianity is neither deep nor fervent. Nearly all of the church-going is done by the women, and though not a vicious or depraved race, nor at all unchristian in their practices, yet they have very little depth of religious devotion or feeling. The Church, to them, is more a matter of ceremonial, of processions, of *fiestas*, than anything else. Each little village, however, has its own small stone church, though there is not always a *padre* to attend to its services; and each village has, in its principal street, a wooden cross with a rough stone base. Incidentally, I must apologize to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the poor quality of my pictures. Those who have ever tried to do photographic work in the heat of the tropics with no dark-room, no running water, no ice-water, and after one's paper and films have undergone a torrid journey of 14,000 miles, will be able to appreciate my difficulty and will know that under such circumstances a film is more fickle than the fancy of a coquette.

The principal church at Agana, the capital of the island, is a commodious structure with a tile and galvanized iron roof. In the tower is a chime of bells, whose notes are of the most distressingly cracked variety. Outside on a small battery [illegible] the island that tolls for the island's joys and griefs, for the arrival of a vessel or for the burial of the dead. The future residence of the governor of Guam, Captain Richard P. Leary, U. S. N., is on the large plaza at Agana, surrounded by the other government buildings, which are all quite commodious and well built. The palace or government house is a large and well-ventilated building of two stories, with wide balconies and a tiled roof. The first floor contains the offices for the administration of the government, and the second, airy and spacious, with hard-wood floors, is the residence of the governor. Nearby are the barracks, arsenal, jail, school and church, all substantial buildings, worthy of no special mention except that they serve their purpose well, though the jail seems very insecure, viewed from an American standpoint. It is rarely necessary to make use of it, for among these well-behaved people there is but little crime. The road from Piti, where is the landing from th[illegible] to Agana the capital, is about five miles long and abounds in beautiful views a[illegible] villages. The native houses are built of wood or wattled bamboo, and have s[illegible] made of a very heavy thatch that is absolutely impervious to the heavy tropical [illegible] which is so marked a feature of the otherwise delightful climate of the island. Th[illegible] by reason of this same rainfall, are all raised on posts from the ground, and [illegible] houses is the shady lounging place of the pigs and chickens that every fam[illegible] to possess. The road winds close along the sea and is constructed of the gro[illegible] rock, and is generally in excellent condition, quite smooth enough to furnish a very pleasant bicycle ride, and there are, in fact, already upon the island a few wheels. Transportation generally is of a very primitive nature. I send you pictures of two contrasting turn-outs. One is the governor's private carriage, and the other the usual type of native cart, drawn by a bullock and having wheels of solid wood tired with a [illegible] strip of iron. The island has many quaint sights and [illegible] scenery, and I see fields of excellent promise for pen and camera, which I hope to be able to lay before you in my next letter. At this moment the navy transport *Solace* is preparing to take her departure for the United States, and if I wish to lay before you these few impressions I must defer further description until later, for communication with the Isle of Guam is rare and most irregular, depending on the movements of Uncle Sam's ships-of-war, for merchant steamers from the commercial nations of the world rarely or never appear in this lonely and little visited part of the Pacific.

AN OF[illegible]

A G[illegible]

CHAS. L. POOR, *Ensign, U. S.*

U. S. S. "Yosemite," Isle of Guam, Sept. 10, 1899.

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OUR PEACEFUL VICTORY OVER THE SULTAN OF JOL

(From a Special Correspondent)

MANILA, AUG. 26, 1899.—Within the last few days we have won a victory th[illegible] islands without one shot fired; we have acquired territory and the rights of sov[illegible] and have promised the prot[illegible] our flag in return therefor. [illegible] tact, patience, diplomacy and [illegible] words of one man we have [illegible] the South in five weeks wh[illegible] thousand fighting men have n[illegible] in Luzon in six months. Fi[illegible] ago General Bates started up[illegible] sion to the Sultan of Jolo (pr[illegible] Ho-lo), and he has just retur[illegible] port his efforts have been su[illegible]

The Sultan of Jolo is the [illegible] head of the various tribes [illegible] inhabiting the Jolo archipela[illegible] lection of some 140 islands [illegible] that constitute a considerabl[illegible] of the Philippine group. Th[illegible] of these islands is Mindanao, [illegible] 000 square miles, and the res[illegible] the Sultan is on the island [illegible] thirty-seven miles long by twe[illegible] with an estimated population [illegible] This group is sometimes [illegible] Sulu archipelago. It is the m[illegible] and its climate is the bes[illegible] Eastern possessions.

The Moros are Mohamme[illegible] their Sultan has recently m[illegible]

AN OLD CHURCH AT AGANA, STILL SUBSTANTIAL AND IN GOOD CONDITION

st of all Our Colonies

EN FOR THE FIRST TIME, BY AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER

N IN GUAM

grimage to Mecca. Under him are several chiefs, or *dattos*, who, while dutifully recognizing him as their religious chief and leader, do not grant him the same position concerning matters material. Two of his *dattos* are even now considering revolt against him, and it is said the Sultan's religious standing is the only thing which holds them back from active revolt. Spain never controlled these islands: she maintained a few isolated garrisons throughout the group, and collected duties at one or two ports only. She has not collected taxes there for over twenty years, and her rule and the recognition of her sovereignty were only nominal, and were obtained by the payment of yearly sums to the Sultan and his *dattos*. The Sultan drew a salary of 2,400 Mexican dollars a year, and, with the sums paid to his chiefs, amounting to 6,000 Mexican dollars a year, our predecessor in these islands acquired a passive acceptance of her flag. The Spaniards seldom ventured beyond

e w s of their garrisons or the confines of the towns where they lived. The Moros e fice fighters, proud and self respecting. They have been pirates and looters and eir ternal feuds have been many. They have no affiliation with the Tagalogs of Luzon; ey a a distinct race, and to gain their good will and control was a difficult task.

Gieral Bates was absent upon his mission for five weeks. On August 20th an agreent is signed by himself, representing the United States, and the Sultan, the main ints f which follow: The sovereignty of the United States over the group is recogzed no man to be persecuted on account of his religion; the United States to occupy and control such points in the archipelago of Jolo as public interests seem to demand; any person can purchase land by obtaining the consent of the Sultan; the introduction of firearms is forbidden; piracy is to be suppressed; the courts of the United States shall have jurisdiction in all cases except of Moro against Moro; the United States will guard the Sultan and his people against foreign imposition. We allow religious freedom, and this pleased the Moros; Spain strove always, with practically no success, to force upon them the religion of Rome, and this continually promoted friction and ill feeling. Our toleration in this matter will do much to preserve concord and confidence between ourselves and the latest foreigners who have come under the Stars and Stripes. During the negotiations which resulted as herein set down, the Sultan was stubborn and crafty, and held out long for points impossible for our representative to concede. For instance, the Sultan wanted his flag to fly above the Stars and Stripes. General Bates replied that the gunboat in the harbor and the troops in the town were there for his (the Sultan's) protection; that should his vessels flying our flag sail to foreign ports they would be

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otecd and respected as American ships. Our representative was firm, business-like d cl r in his statements and arguments, and the Sultan was tactfully led away from this wel s from all his other impossible contentions.

Tis is the latest American victory in the Philippines; it was won by patience, tact d diomacy.

Wen the Filipino commissioners came to Manila last May to treat with our Peace mmsioners for an honorable cessation of hostilities, they expressed themselves as well aseswith the form of government we drafted for them. They considered it liberal d we inclined to accept it. "But e trouble lies here," said Senor Gonzo, secretary to the Filipino Com ssio "your commissioners say they ll do us and so for us, but they also l us neir proposals are dependent on subsequent ratification by your ngres; if your Congress accepts se conditions well and good, but theylo not, where are we, the Filios? You practically ask us to surrender, n exchange for promises of ure forms and benefits which, you l us, ay or may not be kept, beise o one can tell what your ngres will do. Do you wonder degne to consider such negotiaons?" said Mr. Gonzago in concluding the conversation.

t is elieved by many men in these ands hat if a properly empowered mmission were appointed by the esid t to negotiate with the Filio leders, we could gain by tact l lomacy as satisfactory and no e a victory in Luzon as Gen l s has just won for us in Jolo.

HAROLD MARTIN.

THE PRIVATE CARRIAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF GUAM

THE ROYAL PALACE AT AGANA, ISLE OF GUAM

KOREAN "DEVIL-WORSHIPERS" WON TO CHRIST

THROUGH the kindness of relatives in Bay City, Mich., we are permitted to make this interesting extract from a letter received from Rev. James S. Gale, missionary at Wonsan, Korea, descriptive of the progress of Christian work in that place:

WONSAN, KOREA, Feb. 27th.

Twice now I have been back and round this underside of the globe on which we live, but find nothing to rest the heart and soul but the glad news, so old, yet always new, that Jesus lives and will soon appear to reign. I have just come through a two weeks' session of Bible study. The class was composed of sixty members, all packed into a little room, twelve by eighteen and five feet high, but we had a glorious time. There were men from scattered parts of the country, some from Pukchung, three hundred miles further north, who walked all the way. I went in the morning at nine and remained till ten at night among these people. Some who sat nearest my elbow came from homes in Wonsan where smallpox is now raging. A young man, called Pyun, came to me to say that Jesus was his Saviour and he would follow. I asked him if he would bow with me and tell Jesus so in prayer. He bowed and prayed so earnestly that I was convinced he was safely in the fold. The classes went on. Newcomers constantly came, among them a young merchant who had called before and had said, in a sneering way, that "there was no use in this doctrine; that he had looked at the Gospel but there was no sense in it." His face was full of contempt and bitterness. How hopeless he seemed to me; but he sat and listened and came again and again, earnest and almost fierce in his desire to get at the truth. At last the joy unspeakable and full of glory came over him, and when he prayed it was with many tears that Jesus would take him. Others came; more and more were interested daily. Among the number came one, like Nicodemus, a ruler among them, with long beard and long silk coat and cap, denoting rank. He was in the inquirer's place in the evening, full of trouble. "Could he be saved?" he asked. I told him to ask Jesus, and his prayer was one of the most touching I have ever heard. "Lord Jesus," he said, "take me, vile as I am; alas, what shall I say? there are no words, it is the first time, Lord, in all my life. Thou knowest, though I can't say it; forgive me; that is all."

WOODEN CROSS FOUND IN MANY OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS

Here he broke down. All the powers in Korea could not break down a man like that; he would rather die. Yet here he was, like a little child; and all the class looked on in wonder, for to see him humbled was a marvel.

When people here become Christians they usually burn up all their devil-worship objects, but they never let me see them, for they seem ashamed to show them to a foreigner. Last night, however, in the meeting, Mr. Kim sa Kyum said before all the people: "I have decided to follow Jesus, whether I live or die. He is my Saviour. Now, what shall I do with my implements of devil-worship that fill my house?" It was a question addressed to me and I was to answer; so I said, "Give them to me, and they will be a witness to my people at home of a house cleaned out and Jesus let in."

He at once said he would. Next morning, I looked out and there was a pouring rain, snow still on the ground and the roads muddy, but with thick boots and overcoat, I started out, determined to get to Mr. Kim sa Kyum's and see if he was still willing to give up these objects. I took a few native friends with me and we gathered in his home. He was quiet and undemonstrative, so I read I. Cor. 10, translating it into Korean, and then we had prayer.

After prayer, the man told his story and then he called to some one in another apartment, and had the objects of devil-worship brought in and they were wrapped up and given to me and as I now write they stand bundled up just as he gave them.

This is the first time that I ever saw the objects that they consider dearer than life. Nicodemus' conversion has been one of the greatest wonders I have ever seen in Korea. What rejoicing there is to-night in the church and there will be, too, in heaven over him who has come in.

JAS. M. GALE.

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Home Life in the Transvaal

Oom Paul's Wife—The Kruger Cottage—A Boer's House and Farm

AN American who recently visited President Kruger wrote: "As he closed our interview, Mr. Kruger went across the hall into a low-ceilinged white-washed room and leaned for a moment over a placid-faced motherly little woman seated in a rocking-chair mending stockings.

She got Mr. Kruger's hat, escorted him to the front door, and then went back to her knitting. She has been his constant helpmate through all the years of his public life, and their affection seems to have grown with each succeeding year." They have had sixteen children, seven of whom are living. The girls are comfortably married to worthy burghers, in and around Pretoria, and the boys take an active interest in the army. One of them is the President's secretary. The Kruger home is a little, white, two-story cottage, half-covered with morning-glory vines.

As a rule the Boer farmer does not like near neighbors, and the average description of Boer farmsteads does not call up so pretty a picture as Oom Paul's cottage. What is usually told suggests that the burghers and their *vrouws* left a large proportion of the typical Dutch neatness and thrift behind them in Holland. The ordinary dwelling of the veldt, reached over bad roads in the shackling looking vehicles employed in the Dutch Republic, is a low stone building, possibly with a roof of corrugated iron: the *stoep*, or veranda, is a raised causeway built of stones, and covered with earth beaten hard. This is the farmer's lounging place. The cattle-kraal, built of stones and partly thatched, also a paddock or two, is usually in the rear. A few lean mules, a pair of oxen, and barking dogs complete the picture. "Two black boys named 'Sunday' and 'Shilling' came to take charge of our horses," writes an Englishman who visited such a dwelling, "and we were ushered in by the back entrance through the kitchen." On a stout cord across the kitchen, pieces of meat are usually hanging: when dried they make the *biltong* which Boers put to such good use in protracted journeys and in warfare. The long narrow dining-room contains a deal table, a few wooden chairs, a cushioned box doing duty as couch, a small harmonium perhaps, and one or two little cupboards under the bottom shelves of which motherly hens are comfortably sitting on a nest of eggs; and although this is the parlor as well as dining-room, chickens and ducks walk in and out at pleasure. At night, the croaking of many frogs from the duck-pond breaks the stillness, and disturbs or soothes the sleeper according to his taste for such music. Breakfast consists of bread, butter, fried *biltong*, and tea or coffee. Boer coffee is said to be a dreadful concoction in which ground mealies predominate over coffee-beans. Oom Paul's coffee ought to be unexceptional; his salary is $35,000 a year, with $1,500 for coffee. The typical Boer home has never a library; the Bible is, however, always in evidence. This devotion to God's Word is commended, but the narrowness which excludes all other literature is hardly in keeping with the spirit of the Good Book, in which God commended Solomon for desiring wisdom above all gifts.

MRS. KRUGER, WIFE OF PRESIDENT PAUL KRUGER

Naughty Children

"You're a naughty, naughty boy!" "You're a bad, bad girl!" are words which should never be uttered to any child. They tend to humiliate or to anger him, and to confirm him in that of which they accuse him. Besides, an occasional, or more than occasional naughty deed does not justify the charge of naughty character; a child realizes the injustice, and presently thinks—and possibly says: "I don't get credit for being anything but naughty—I'll be naughty." A better plan is to say: "Dear, you're too nice a child to do a naughty thing," and then divert his thoughts by song or story or pretty game and turn them into nobler and happier channels.

Mrs. Roosevelt and the "Mothers"

Mrs. Roosevelt, a devoted mother herself, added to the interest of the recent convention at Albany of the New York Assembly of Mothers. The reception at the Governor's mansion was a very pleasant feature of the affair. The Assembly Chamber of the Capitol building was placed at the disposition of the "Mothers," and morning sessions were held there, while evening meetings were held at the Second Presbyterian Church. Mrs. David O. Mears, President of the Assembly, is a minister's wife and director of the Mothers' Association (founded 1833) of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Albany. Among many able speakers who addressed the Assembly were: Mrs. T. W. Birney, President National Congress of Mothers; Mrs. Harris, President New York Mothers' Club; Mrs. Rebekah Kohut, President Jewish Council of Women; Hon. Charles R. Skinner, State Superintendent Public Instruction; Dr. Merrill, State Superintendent of Kindergartens; Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, representing the King's Daughters, and Dr. Luther Gulick, Director Chautauqua School for Parents. The Mothers' Assemblies and Clubs are doing a great work for childhood and parenthood.

Our Dumb Servants

Of course, children, it pays us to be kind and nice to the horses and cows, the hens and the chickens. Have you ever stopped to think what excellent servants they are to us, how badly we would get along without them, and how little we pay them? They carry our burdens, furnish us with food—really give up their lives for us. Let us try to be kind to Dobbin and Bossy, the calves, and the hen and her chicks. Take the fowls and consider how much they do for us. The feathers that make our downy pillows is their gift, and their eggs supply our table with dainty and nutritious food, and the sick with often the only nourishment they can take. A recent market report stated that there were 168,000,000 eggs in Chicago—one city only. Think of how many people were fed thereby, and then go out in the yard and give Mrs. Hen and her chicks some crumbs, and, if it is your particular task to feed your mamma's poultry, be regular and faithful about it. And, if papa trusts you to feed the horse or the cow, do not be forgetful.

The Queen's Donkey

Our little readers have doubtless seen pictures of Queen Victoria in her favorite equipage, the little low donkey carriage, in which she rides around the grounds of Windsor Castle, and outside, too, sometimes, to visit the sick and poor. Perhaps they will be interested to hear that Her Majesty has received from Lord Kitchener, in Egypt, the present of a new donkey, a large Arabian, very kind and gentle. When he was coming over the children on the ship took great delight in him. He in turn seemed to enjoy their society and to be on the lookout for his little friends when his keeper brought him out of his stall and walked him around the ship for exercise. They all took rides on his back, and Mr. Donkey appeared to like giving them that pleasure. There was rivalry among the children to see who would be allowed to give Mr. Donkey some tidbits or perform other courtesies for him. The caressing pats he received could not be counted, and it is doubtful if he can be made much happier at Windsor Castle.

Little Kindnesses

You [illegible] the while,
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred
And so for the word and its silent prayer

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A lift in kindness given;
And won a heart for heaven;
And so for the help you proffered there
You'll reap a joy sometime—somewhere.

—[illegible]

Books for Children

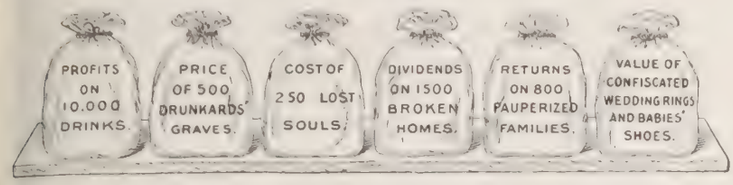
THE following letter, typical of [illegible] voices with unusual pathos:

"For three years I have been living without a wife and trying as best I could to raise my little children for usefulness and for heaven. I read the Bible to them; at night always pray with and teach them the Lord's [illegible] anxious to raise my boys up right, but sad experience teaches me that a mother is the one to train children. I miss my wife so much, and my children miss her too. She was so kind and good. My boy of nine, the eldest, goes to Sunday School and reads well. What books should I select for him to read? And what books should I read to my children? I want books that will interest them and make them better and nobler and give them a love for reading. They enjoy the Family and Home Circle stories in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD very much. I want books that are as good and interesting." We are glad to consider and to answer this question, not only for the benefit of the writer, but of many parents similarly perplexed. Almost every public library keeps a carefully selected list of books for children, embracing Bible stories, history, and stories of travel and adventure. The Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, has a peculiarly good list. Librarians, too, are usually very kind in supplying information. The National Congress of Mothers has done particularly commendable work in this direction. Their list of children's books is continually being enlarged; and every book is interesting and of sterling worth. Lists can be purchased at a nominal cost (five cents), by addressing the secretary, Mrs. E. R. Weeks, Kansas City, Mo. We believe, too, that the "Mothers" supply a little circulating library of children's books.

A TRANSVAAL FARMER

The Saloon-keeper's Money

Old and Young Seeking to Solve the Problem that Agitates the Church


PROFITS ON 10,000 DRINKS.
PRICE OF 500 DRUNKARDS' GRAVES.
COST OF 250 LOST SOULS.
DIVIDENDS ON 1500 BROKEN HOMES.
RETURNS ON 800 PAUPERIZED FAMILIES.
VALUE OF CONFISCATED WEDDING RINGS AND BABIES' SHOES.

Gifts for the Altar

WHO, pray, acceptably offers,
Thinkest thou, gifts unto God?
Wealth from the rich man's coffers
Is often the price of blood—
Wrung from weary ones toiling
For only a pittance a day—
Grime from the by-ways soiling
Weak ones, through want gone astray.

Wrung from the heart of a mother,
The price of a daughter's shame,
Stained by the blood of a brother,
Offered to God in Christ's name!
How dare we lay on the altar
Money thus tainted by sin!
Well may we all shrink and falter
Until we're made pure within.

Down through the ages clear ringing
Comes still the message to-day:
"As gifts to the altar thou'rt bringing,
Remember while yet on the way
If thou holdest aught 'gainst thy brother,
Or he holdeth aught against thee,
Be reconciled one to another,
Bring then thy gifts unto me."

If from his ill-gotten treasure
The rum-seller offers a gift,
Take from his o'erflowing measure
And fallen ones help to uplift.
Who votes for the sale, votes for drinking,
And theirs is blood-money, I claim;
They will answer to God, I am thinking,
With the rum-seller bearing the blame.

—P. F. M.

THE question, "Shall a church accept the saloon-keeper's money in aid of its spiritual work?" continues to receive the prayerful attention of our readers. One of the most hopeful and helpful signs of this discussion is that young men—and young men representatives of large bodies of young men—are speaking. Y. M. C. A. leaders have spoken, and it will be seen from our first letter this week that college boys are becoming interested. That the wives, the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and even the saloon-keepers of our land are giving such intelligent, earnest attention to this question, is we believe, a promise that the days of the saloon are numbered.

College Boy (for many college boys) Lancaster, Pa., writes:

The gold and silver of the Egyptian taskmasters was blood-money and was used for the adornment of the tabernacle, the construction of the ark of the covenant, the golden candlestick, and the vessels of the sanctuary. Church boards of finance are not regularly constituted courts of inquiry for determining whether donors secure their monies by strictly moral means. Acts of charity, deeds of philanthropy, may be performed even by a Samaritan, and we should not hinder them in their good works. So long as churches have liquor-handling and liquor-consuming members they should expect contributions from such members. Churches accept gifts from monopoly promoters and trust magnates who freeze out small competitors, purchase up and dismantle rival plants, reduce wages, put men out of employment, and, in short, drive weak men, economically involved, to drink. Such money is blood-money equally with that of the saloon-keeper.

A Brother in Christ, Epworth Praying Band, Drakesville, Ia., writes:

Let us not be contaminated by the devil's filthy lucre, for what Christian will dare to handle money that has been gained at the cost of many precious souls? Every cent means a drop of the life blood of a fellow man created after God's own image.

A. F. Hart, Illinois, writes:

The money that passes through the saloon-keeper's hands is just as lawful and holy as a Christian vote can make it. All that is written proves the saloon, not the money, to be bad. If there were a mad dog in camp, the soldiers would not write the best way to cure the bitten, but they would kill the dog. Kill the saloon.

Frank L. Stine, Maryland, writes:

No statement in God's Word will justify the church's acceptance. Would it not be inconsistent for the church to accept money which is the price of domestic and national peace, of the happiness of the home, of the purity of our sons and daughters, and of eternal life itself?

Mrs. E. R. F., Neilsville, Wis., writes:

Take all the money they give and use in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and educating them to cast their ballots for the right, and the saloon will be a thing of the past, and the drunkard will be known no more.

M. S. B., Mass., writes:

The church can not accept it for spiritual work, but it might say: "We will take all you will give us and apply it to feed some of the starving women and children who suffer through your nefarious business."

Mrs. E. E. H., Schenectady, N. Y., writes:

If you had a son who was being ruined by liquor, would you want the money he spent in the saloon for foreign missions, while your son goes to perdition?

E. D. C., Potter Hollow, N. Y., writes:

What would Jesus do? He ate with publicans and sinners. Do we read anywhere that he refused their gifts? We can never know how much of what is cast into the treasury is the wages of sin; but, if any feel competent to judge, "let him that is without sin" be the first to refuse the gift; otherwise accept it, and pray that the heart may follow.

Alice Newell, Washington, writes:

My conscience would not allow me to take money from the saloon-keeper for the church; but if I were soliciting funds for the building of a home for orphan children, or children who are worse than orphans, whose father spends his earnings in the saloon, then my conscience would allow me to take all the money I could possibly grind out of the saloon-keeper.

Seth Brubaker, Bellaire, Pa., writes:

My advice would be to take the money offered by the saloon-keeper as a church fund, and apply it to the good cause. If the saloon-keeper sows to the wind when he contributes to the church, only the harvest will tell.

Mrs. Anna Ballinger, Mich., writes:

I do not think the gift of a saloon-keeper should be accepted for Christ's work. Some may say, "Why, the money is just as it ever was!" That may be, but just think how many little ones are nearly starving, and the many sad hearts because of the saloon. We know how saloon money is obtained; to use it for God's church is wrong.

Charles D. Linskill, Pa., writes:

With the understanding that the church will oppose his business, receive the money and spend it to benefit the poor wives and children of the men who drink.

Mrs. E. M., Williston, Fla., writes:

No. The saloon is an open enemy to the home and to the kingdom of God. It has destroyed the souls and bodies of men, and wrecked many once happy and prosperous homes, made many a broken-hearted mother and wife, and caused many poor little children to be left destitute and without a kind father's love and protection.

B. S. Norton, Monticello, N. Y., writes:

Take the money and buy a Potter's Field. Any one who votes to sustain the liquor traffic is as guilty of the blood of souls as the saloon-keeper.

J. A. D., Salisbury, N. C., writes:

The spirit of Christianity and the teachings of Christ are opposed to the saloon and everything connected with it.

F. C. M., of Denver, Colo., writes:

If a liquor-dealer will give to the church to relieve those upon whom he has helped to bring sickness or poverty, why not take his money to relieve distress.

C. Journell, West Virginia, writes:

No. If a saloon-keeper wants to do right, he should quit his unholy business, and return the money, so far as possible, to his injured patrons.

Mrs. J. R. W., Fields, O., writes:

Undoubtedly the money was gotten by "putting the bottle to his neighbor's lips," and there are none who do not know either by experience or observation the home-ruining effects of this demon—Rum. It is blood-money, defiled, as I believe the mind and conscience of him who proffers it are defiled. Say to him, as did Peter: "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent, therefore, of this thy wickedness; and pray God if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee: For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." If your prayers have been in earnest God may cause his heart to be touched, and he will answer, as did Simon: "Pray ye to the Lord for me, that none of these things which ye have spoken come upon me."

M. P. Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

I cannot understand why thoroughly practical Christianity does not see in an instant that it is perfectly right to accept any amount of money the saloon-keeper offers, and to put it to any good use. The idea that the saloon-keeper's money is corrupted or "tainted," and should not therefore be used to aid in getting souls saved, or to better the condition of those whom the same money has before helped to degrade, seems very narrow. The saloon-keeper's money is perfectly innocent, and just as pure as though it had never entered the saloon. It is legal tender just the same, and still bears its *E. pluribus Unum* and its "In God We Trust." Some have also written that the money ought not to be accepted because it is offered by one who is engaged in wrong-doing, and who is a great sinner. But who has any more right to sacrifice an offer to the cause of God than the blackest of sinners? For whom did Christ sacrifice or offer his own precious life but for the blackest sinners? Were I a minister of the Gospel, I should thankfully receive the saloon-keeper's offerings, giving him to understand that his gift would be used to overthrow the saloon.

A reader, Kimberly, Minn., writes:

No. It is the price of blood; it is the fruit of robbing helpless women and children; its making caused poverty and broken homes.

W. W. Kirke, Flagstaff, Ariz., writes:

I cannot see any difference between the money the saloon-keeper or his customer gives. Either is blood-money. The saloon-keeper pays his taxes and his business is protected by Christian votes. Let God be his judge; take every dollar he will give and use it for extending church work.

F. W. K., Railroad Agent, Maine, writes:

It is no worse for the church to accept money from a saloon-keeper for spiritual work than it is for Christian people to use their votes to further the liquor traffic. Do not accept the money; have more faith in God.

M. Parker, Lincoln, Neb., writes:

I would accept the saloon-keeper's gift with the definite understanding that the money was not to go into any church fund, but to be used expressly to relieve the parties who have suffered by his diabolical business.

Mrs. Z. Pearce, Missouri, writes:

No church can think it right to do anything encouraging the saloon-keeper who takes the last dime from a drunkard, while the drunkard's wife struggles as best she can to earn a living for herself, for him, and for his children.

J. A. Whitner, Millgrove, Pa., writes:

It all depends upon what spiritual condition the church is in. If the minister is a model man, upheld by true Christian officers who are aiming to make and keep the church pure in the sight of God, why it is a sin to receive money which they know was obtained by selling whiskey to our brethren; but if the church is in partnership with the saloon, then the church can accept such money.

L. R., Munnee, Ill., writes:

I think it right to use all the money for good that we can get honestly.

W. Barneby, Mullen, Neb., writes:

The devil offered Christ a gift—something that did not justly belong to him. Perhaps Satan did not have quite as good a claim on his possessions as the bloated saloon-keeper, who deals out damnation to fill his coffers, and robs thousands of their hard-earned rewards, making homes desolate and filling our land with crime, squalor and death. With a view of obtaining favor from the church, they offer a kind of "hush money." They can have no other motive.

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THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

CHAPTER II.

THE COST OF SERVICE

THIS was only the second time that Douglas Lingard had ever looked upon death. He remembered that first time, as he steeled himself to go quietly and quickly through what had to be done. His impulse was to thrust the girl aside and do all himself, but she would not have it so; and, indeed, her strength was needed once or twice to supplement his, for the dead man had been tall and largely made. Now and then he took a covert glance at her, but though the color had faded from her cheek she looked calm and steady, and more awed than nervous or afraid.

AS HE ENTERED THE HOUSE, MRS. TOLMINSON CALLED TO HIM

As for himself, he had that dreamlike unreal feeling that comes to us sometimes in totally unlooked-for circumstances—the feeling that he had been through it all before, and that it was not possible that it should really be taking place now.

It was all so frightfully incongruous: the poor homely room, and the shining coffin resting, where he had lifted it, on two broken-backed chairs; and the girl in her bright delicate dress, bending over the poor disfigured corpse and reverently adjusting the covering over the cold pulseless breast.

The pity and the awe of her face seemed to the young man who was watching to lift the whole pitiful scene out of squalor and the shadow of death into a far different region; but none the less he instantly interposed, and half entreated, half commanded her to stand back. The coffin-lid was soon laid in its place, and the screws put in, firmly if somewhat clumsily: and then he threw open the door and strode into the kitchen.

"Those men are going to help to carry it out, or I will know the reason why!" he said, and the women stood aside to make way for him.

Apparently the undertaker's men were not afraid of infection being conveyed through pinewood planks, for they sulkily lent themselves to carry out the coffin and place it in the hearse. Douglas Lingard helping them. As he turned from the final effort that placed it safely inside, he found the young lady at his elbow.

"I cannot thank you properly," she said. "I can't think what we should have done if it had not been for you. I do hope no harm will come of it to you! What are you going to do now?"

"I may as well walk after that thing," said the young man, with a gesture towards the hearse, and flushing a little before the frank eager gratitude of her look. "The burial is down at Sudbrook, is it not? I should just like to see that those fellows deliver their charge there decently and respectfully, for they don't seem to me to be quite to be trusted."

"That will indeed be very good, it will complete your kindness. But [illegible] take the breeziest walk I can find before going home. And my landlady at Highashes has no family, and to judge by appearance is safe from small-pox in her own person. And what about you?"

"I must go back to the poor wife. She is not fit to be left alone, and I must see what can be done for her."

"But surely you ought not to stay in that infected atmosphere? What will your friends say?"

He eyed her rather wistfully, as though he would have been glad to be one of the friends who had a right to remonstrate and interfere.

"I shall take every precaution. I am not one of the people who catch things," she answered hurriedly; and at that moment the hearse began slowly to move on, the black-clad women having bestowed themselves in the hinder part of it, with handkerchiefs raised to their faces.

Douglas Lingard lifted his hat, and turned to follow the clumsy vehicle, and the girl went back into the cottage, pausing an instant on the threshold to look after that moving blackness that seemed a blot upon the glory of the bright spring day.

If there is danger that brave men fear, and may be pardoned for fearing, it is infection.

As young Lingard went on his way he felt a little cold in spite of the May sun-

(Continued on following page).

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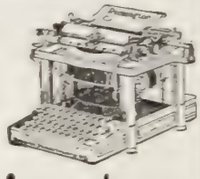

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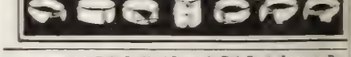

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The Touchstone

(Continued from preceding page)

shine. His real sober self was not afraid, but he knew there was a traitor in his heart that would be afraid at times, that would give him sudden groundless qualms, and creeping sensations that were more of disgust than of terror. He wished that he knew how long smallpox took to "incubate," and that he could somehow sleep through that time, whatever it was, and only wake to know for certain whether anything was to come of this day's work or not.

And yet—and he was surprised at himself as he realized this—he was not sorry for what had happened. He did not wish that he had taken another road, and not stumbled upon Brentwood hamlet and the little tragedy that was being enacted there.

Life had suddenly become interesting, and anything is better than lack of interest. There was hardly any perilous service that could have been asked of him that he would not have more gladly rendered; but when he remembered those tearful, indignant eyes, and the slender hands with their appealing gesture, he could not wish that they had found no one to respond to them. And then, he bethought himself of his comrades, good, honest fellows all, and owned that they were men, that none of them would have done less than he had done—and, somehow, was distinctly glad that he and not they had been on the spot to be asked.

The young man did as he had promised, and after he had seen the white-robed clergyman meet the sad little procession at the gate he turned off up the valley, and found the lonely pool where the brook had been dammed for a mill that was now a ruin, and stripped, and took a plunge or two in the brown ice-cold water, which did not seem yet to have lost its winter chill.

Then he warmed himself by a brisk climb to the top of the long hill on the side of which Highashes Farm nestled, and walked along its ridge from end to end, and looked down upon Brentwood in the hollow, and wondered whether she was still there, and where she lived. And then at last turned homewards, having little enough in the way of Spanish phrases to show for his afternoon's work.

As he walked down the bare stone-floored passage that led from the front door of the farmhouse to the bow-windowed "parlor," his landlady, a tall, gaunt, good-tempered woman, deeply marked by small-pox, called to him unceremoniously from her kitchen, where she was busy with her sewing.

"There's a note for you in yonder, Mr. Lingard," she said, "from"—and then followed a name or names that her lodger could not catch: and knowing by experience the difficulty of following Mrs. Tomlinson's dialect when she became at all prolix, he judged it better to pass on, and let the note itself tell him by whom it was written.

It told him nothing of the kind, except so far as he could guess, and his guess could supply neither habitation nor name. It was written on a rough piece of paper, folded without any envelope, and with no direction on the outside. Inside was written in pencil, in a remarkably clear and delicate hand:

"There is one thing I thought of directly you were gone. Have you been vaccinated lately? If not, I hope you will see about it at once. I ought perhaps to apologize for writing this, but I cannot help feeling that it is as much my business as yours, and I know that men are apt to be neglectful of such things. Please attend to it at once, for my sake as well as your own, for I feel more and more that I incurred a great responsibility this afternoon, and perhaps I did wrong."

"C. H."

"Who did you say left this note?" asked Mr. Lingard, when presently his landlady brought in his dinner.

"Miss Ceelie left it at the door herself. Well!—I should say Miss Celia Hamerton, I suppose. I forgot you wouldn't know all about her, being a stranger. She's Miss Hamerton, right enough, and her father used to be the Squire there at Sudbrook; they lived at the Hall in his lifetime. But nobody about here ever thinks to call her anything but our Miss Ceelie."

Mrs. Tomlinson's account was not very clear, but the situation was soon brought more impressively to Lingard's attention. The young lady whom Mrs. Tomlinson familiarly called Miss Ceelie was too anxious about the possible results of the service Lingard had rendered her, to be satisfied with sending a letter. She determined to send a messenger to see that the young man took the precaution she had suggested. This, of course, involved finding a suitable messenger. That was her next business and she went about it with her usual directness.

"Martin," she said, put by that book and listen to me for a minute. I want you to help me. I have been too busy, as usual, and I am afraid I may have done harm!"

The man to whom Celia Hamerton spoke lifted from his book a face sufficiently like her own to proclaim him as probably her brother. Both had brown hair, delicate complexions, and eyes of the color of mid-Atlantic on a windy morning, and whether that is grey or blue let artists decide. The man's eyes were habitually dreamy, and occasionally vivacious, while for his sister the description would simply need to be reversed; and the nameless something that in his face betokened mind in her's suggested spirit.

It used to be the custom in describing a heroine to say, "She was not beautiful, but——," and then followed a catalogue of charms, half of which would have made the fortune of a fashionable beauty. I might describe my heroine after that fashion, with a difference. She was not beautiful, but a great many people thought her so—children, to wit, and old folks and poor folks, and all that were desolate and oppressed. If the question of ladies' charms was still to be settled by ordeal of battle, and Celia Hamerton's admirers had been allowed to take the field in force they would have been a motley and pathetic crew, but they would certainly have been victorious by sheer weight of numbers.

Her brother looked at her now with a teasing, affectionate smile, as though not prepared to think very seriously of any harm that she might have done; and as for her, though she looked anxious and disturbed, there was an occasional gleam in her eyes that seemed to show that she was one of the few women who can see something humorous in their own distress.

Very briefly she recounted from her own point of view what has already been told from Douglas Lingard's; then added, meditatively,

"I suppose whoever I could have caught just then I should dragged into it, without respect of persons. But I am glad it was a gentleman, and not a working man with a large family."

"Are you sure he was a gentleman?"

"Quite, in every sense of the word. And, if you will not laugh at me, Martin, for jumping to a conclusion, I think he must be a good man! He was so—so respectful, somehow. Not only to me—that's nothing—but to Poverty and Death."

"I am very glad he was, considering that you laid yourself under a sort of obligation to him. But what do you want me to do?"

"To go and see him, of course, and find out whether he has taken proper care, and has been vaccinated, and all that. And then you can call again later and bring me word whether he is all right. You need not be stupid, Martin!"

"You think so? Well! I will even do as I am bid, though it seems a quaint proceeding to call upon a total stranger for the purpose of asking him if he has been vaccinated!"

"Lately, Martin! It is of no use unless it has been done lately—since he has been grown up. And if not, you must just make him see about it!"

"I hope he is small, and not muscularly developed! What is his name, by the way?"

"Mrs. Tomlinson says his name is Lingard. I was told that he lodges with her at Highashes, and she says that he is one of the engineers on the new railway."

"He is a long way from his work, then. I was at school with some Lingards—two brothers—but I don't fancy they would either of them be earning their bread in a modest way, or lodging in a place like Highashes. Though, for that matter, it is hard to say nowadays what any of us may come to."

(To be Continued)

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He was a great manufacturer. He said, "Mr. Moody, I am very reticent; I don't know that I could do that."

I said, "Perhaps you can help him; I wish you would speak to him."

He sat down beside the young man and found him to be a workingman. He said that every Saturday noon when he was paid off and went home to get his dinner, a terrible thirst for strong drink came on him, and that by Monday all his wages were drunk up.

This gentleman asked: "What time do you get your dinner?"

He told him. The next Saturday afternoon that great manufacturer was there, and spent the whole afternoon with him. The next Saturday he came again, and he kept at it until he got that man away from the power of strong drink. That is a good way to confess Christ. If you can't do it with your lips, you can do it in some way. Watch for opportunities to let the world know on whose side you stand.

The Best of All

A Jewish rabbi once asked his scholars what was the best thing a man could have in order to keep him in the straight path. One said a good disposition; another, a good companion; another said wisdom was the best thing he could desire. At last a scholar replied that he thought a good heart was best of all.

"True," said the rabbi. "You have comprehended all that the others have said; for he that hath a good heart will be of a good disposition, and a good companion, and a wise man. Let every one, therefore, cultivate a sincerity and uprightness of heart at all times, and it will save him an abundance of sorrow."

We need to make the prayer of David: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

The Leap in the Garden

I was standing with a dear friend at his garden gate one evening, when two little children came by. As they approached us he said to me: "Watch the difference in those two boys."

Taking one of them in his arms he stood him on the gatepost, and stepping back he folded his arms and called to the little fellow to jump. In an instant the boy sprang toward him and was caught in his arms. Then turning to the second boy he tried the same experiment. But in the second case it was different. The child trembled and refused to move. My friend held out his arms and tried to induce the child to trust to his strength, but nothing could move him. At last my friend had to lift him down from the post and let him go.

"What makes such a difference in the two?" I asked.

My friend smiled and said, "The first is my own boy and knows me; but the other is a stranger's child whom I have never seen before."

There was all the difference. My friend was equally able to prevent both from falling, but the difference was in the boys themselves. The first had assurance in his father's ability and acted upon it, while the second, although he might have believed in the ability to save him from harm, would not put his belief into action.

So it is with us. We hesitate to trust ourselves to that loving One whose plans for us are far higher than any we have ourselves made. He, too, with outstretched arms, calls us, and would we but listen to his voice we would hear that invitation and promise of assurance as he gave it of old.

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Training for Housekeeping—Thoroughness—Large Families

SOME of you may not agree with me, but observation of a rather wide order has led me to the conclusion that it does no harm for a growing girl to intermit a year in her school life, when about fourteen or fifteen, taking that time to learn from her mother a good many things which she ought to know about housekeeping. When she is older, at college perhaps, she will have no leisure for domestic economy, and whatever her station in life, an acquaintance with cooking and fine laundry work and the management of a household, will help her to adorn it in her future career. A woman can direct only when she knows how herself, and we shall have better servants in this land of ours when we have better equipped mistresses.

If a woman understands housework and has some personal idea of its demands, she will not be unjust in her requirements. A maid is often expected to do more in one day than flesh and blood can compass; this would not be the case if the lady who hires her were familiar with the work and its details. In certain lines of manufacturing business the proprietor's son, anticipating entrance on the business and success in enlarging it and increasing its emoluments, begins on the lowest round of the ladder, serves an apprenticeship in every branch, and thereafter meets his employees on equal terms, and knows what he may expect of them, and what he is justified in asking. He becomes an intelligent head of affairs by a process of careful and practical education, often hard, but always worth having. A housekeeper should have a similar novitiate; it would be largely to her advantage. Our German friends understand this, and every young German girl receives domestic training.

. . .

SPEAKING of thoroughness in doing housework reminds me that I have been meaning for weeks past to talk about fastening one's thread. If only the seamstress would be careful about that last stitch! Do you ever find your skirt braid ripping and binding itself into a treacherous loop to catch your unwary foot, or your pocket hole gaping, or the braid which trims your gown giving way, or a hook and eye coming off, all because the person who did the sewing was too hasty in her finishing?

Of course it is harder to rip out carefully stitched seams, when it comes to making over one's gown, but that does not count. One must just take her time then. I saw last autumn a beautiful piece of work, done by the fair hands of a lady, who had turned her father's coat. She had ripped it all apart, sponged, pressed and cleaned it, then made it over, and turned it out a fine new garment. The only thing which really bothered her was the doing over of the buttonholes.

. . .

WHY be sorry for the woman with a large family? She is better off than the childless woman, or than the mother of one child. I drove by a little farmhouse not long ago where there were twelve children of assorted sizes; I saw eight of them standing in a row beside the garden fence. The living was plain, but they all looked sturdy and rosy, and most of them went to school, and two or three older ones went to work and were earning something to help their parents. In the country a large family has plenty of space to grow; in a crowded tenement in town one must feel regret at the starved and stunted specimens one sees. But American families are, as a general thing, so very small among the well-to-do classes that children lose the opportunity of being self-denying and amiable and of educating one another; also of having rarely good times, as those do who are set in large families.

Margaret E. Sangster

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In the N. Y. Medical Journal of July 22d.

Dr. John V. Shoemaker, M.D., L.L.D., *Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, etc.*

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Living Bread

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 12. John 6:26-35

WE are not surprised to learn that Christ's hearers werepuzzled by his description of himself as bread. The Mass in the Roman Catholic church to this day, is an evidence that even now men do not understand his words. How can Christ give us his flesh to eat? Yet there are expressions in common use that may help us to understand his meaning. We speak of an enthusiast in music as "drinking in" some sublime rendering of a master's composition. We speak of a man "devouring" a book, meaning his delight in it, his mastery of it. Everyone knows what is meant by a man thoroughly "digesting" an argument. It is possible to take some theory or doctrine so thoroughly into our lives as to make us a living embodiment of that doctrine. That one phrase, "blessed is drudgery" has been to many a poor toiler such a motto as to transform and glorify his life, giving him strength and support such as food gives to the enfeebled body. All our strength does not come from material things. There are thoughts and motives and suggestions that stimulate and invigorate men to do and endure, as certainly as food builds up the body. The sight of his flag to a soldier, the thought of wife and children to a weary toiler, brings stimulus to new effort and imparts fresh strength for greater exertion. So, Christ says that he is the bread which sustains the life of his people.

This idea of Christ as bread, gives the key-note of Christianity. It is not a system of doctrines to be believed, nor a series of facts to be grasped; it is Christ living in his people. When the poor, weak victim of sin describes his struggles to lead a good life and recounts his failures, philosophy abandons hope of his reformation; but Christianity takes hold with confidence. He is told that the Divine nature which Christ imparts, gives him the strength that he needs and he finds that it is so. Trusting in Christ, he gains power that he never had before. His enemy quails before this new force and after a few defeats ceases to trouble him. It is so with natures untouched by grosser forms of evil. The gentle, virtuous nature becomes purer, higher, stronger, both to do and to bear. Thus Christ is in the world to-day. Is there trouble, or distress, or poverty, or hunger? Christ in his people takes measures for relief and comfort. It is his impulse, his example, his prompting, that operates in every good work. Seeing what he was when he was here, admiring and loving him, desiring to be such as he was we become transformed into his image. As the bread, eaten, becomes our own and its strength becomes ours, renewing the wasted tissue and sustaining life, so Christ's nature comes to be ours and we live his life, doing his work, having his principles. This is being a Christian. It is not what we believe, nor what we do, but it is what we are, that makes us Christians.

It is Christ incarnate that makes the Christian life possible. But for the incarnation we would not have known God any better than the patriarchs and prophets knew him. But we have seen how God would act in human form. We know what the divine life in humanity is like. We have seen in Christ its moral beauty, its purity, its benignity, its gentleness, its sweet reasonableness. As we look and wonder and admire, Christ bids us feed on him, take him into our lives, and assures us that we may become like him. Believing in him, trusting ourselves to him, we receive his nature and have his strength for service. The mystery remains, but we become familiar with it by experience. By prayer, by obedience, by earnest effort, we find that the power is received, and so, like our Lord, we have meat to eat that the world knows not of. This explains the mystery of many a life. We see a sufferer lie helpless year after year, yet keeping a spirit full of patience and peace. We see a man so weighed down with trials and sorrows that we wonder his heart does not break under the burden, yet going on courageously and cheerfully to his daily duty. It is not in human nature to do this; but Christ can do it, and he does.

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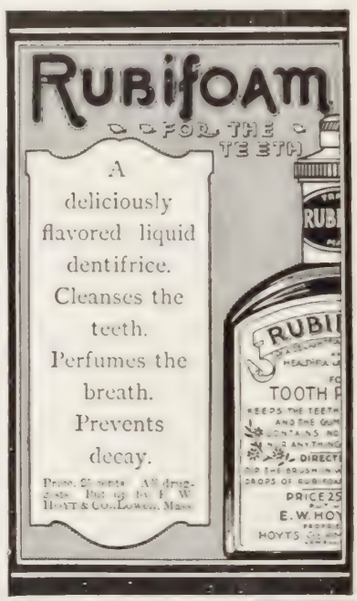

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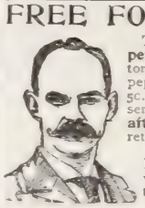

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A Few Plain Facts on the Curability of Consumption, Asthma and Bronchitis

BY DR. ROBERT HUNTER

I have made the lungs a specialty for nearly fifty years, and know by experience that Consumption is curable in all stages. By this I do not mean that it is curable in every case, for in some the patient's constitution is so bad and broken down that no healing power is left in the body. But treated in its early stages, fully 95 per cent. recover under antiseptic medicated air inhalations.

All medical colleges now admit that Consumption is Curable, but differ as wide as the poles as to its proper treatment. Since 1891, when Koch's Lymph was heralded by the profession as the long looked for *panacea* for Consumption (but which proved to be the most murderous quackery that ever disgraced the annals of medicine), general physicians have had no treatment beyond palliation and the temporary relief of symptoms. Patients have been practically left by them to die of the disease without any attempt to save them by curative treatment.

It would be invidious for me, as a physician, to make these statements, had I not before me absolute proof of their truth in the testimony of many prominent physicians, given only a few weeks ago before a special committee of the New York State Senate and published in its report. I was gratified at this endorsement of my treatment which I introduced nearly fifty years ago and am still applying with great success in thousands of cases of Consumption and other lung diseases. It is the only treatment that ever cured true Consumption. By it I have rescued hundreds in the last stage of Consumption, and given up as hopeless, who are alive to-day to bear grateful testimony to their restoration to health by my treatment. No stronger proof of the relief of any disease exists than I have shown of that of Consumption by my antiseptic air inhalations. The records of my office are always open to inspection and hundreds of patients are willing to be referred to.

But the mere act of *inhaling some fragrant nostrum*, is not what I mean by inhalation treatment. The remedies must be adapted to the disease and condition of each patient. The physician must have thorough knowledge of medicines, be able to detect the different forms of lung disease and have experience in the action of inhaled remedies on the lungs or he cannot apply it with success.

Consumption, to have the same chance of relief as other diseases, must be treated in its early stage, before serious injury has been done to the lung structures. Almost every case is seen in this stage by the patient's family physician, and if he knew the remedies to use, their strength, and how to apply them to the lungs, there would be few deaths by Consumption.

But what possible chance has anyone afflicted with Consumption, under the care of physicians who never cured a case in their whole professional career, who confess that they have no curative treatment of their own, and no confidence in anything they can do for the disease? What moral right have they to treat Consumption at all, or to permit their patients to believe they are striving to cure them when all they are doing is but a wretched system of palliation of symptoms?

Here is the real cause of this wide-spread mortality of Consumption. People die of it because general physicians do not know its proper treatment and are wholly incompetent to cope with it. Before they can do so they must be taught the principals of medical science which govern the treatment of all local diseases, and acting under them, must discover, as I did, the remedies which, when locally applied to the lungs, will kill their germs and heal the ravages they have made in that organ.

I have given to the world, in my Antiseptic Medicated Air Treatment, an invaluable check to the disease, when applied before mortal lesions have taken place. It is a treatment which places Consumption among other curable local diseases. By it, healing and germicidal remedies are brought into direct contact with the internal surfaces of the nose, throat, larynx, air tubes and cells of the lungs. It soothes the mucous lining of the breathing organs, arrests irritation and prevents inflamation, while the antiseptics destroy the germ life on which the disease depends.

A few cases are as good as a thousand that I might refer to, write to any of them. A personal letter from them may be the means of saving your life.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. L. A. Peer, 179 Washington Street, Newark, N. J., states that seven years ago, while living in Hackettstown, N. Y., he had an oppressive feeling in his throat, and, upon spitting, found that it was blood. This was the first intimation he had that anything was the matter with his lungs. After this he suffered with pains in his left lung, and continued to spit blood. After he moved to Newark he had the grippe badly, which left his lung in a very weak condition, and had hemorrhages frequently. In a short space of time he had 27 hemorrhages, and his condition was critical. He became terribly emaciated, his weight dropping from 170 to 130 pounds. He had great difficulty in breathing and was unable to leave his bed because of weakness. His doctor gave him little encouragement, and pronounced it a case for the worst. Hearing Dr. Hunter had opened an office in New York, he engaged treatment for Mr. Peer. From the start he began to improve. His breathing became freer, the hemorrhages ceased, although weak, his appetite returned, enabling his former plump self to be built up, and after he was able to come over to Dr. Hunter's office, on a few days after he commenced treatment. Mr. Peer now weighs 185 pounds and is feeling entirely well, and ascribes that Dr. Hunter's treatment was the only that saved his life.

Edward J. Raynor, with Ward & Co., Carriage Makers, Newark, N. J., says: I was a hemorrhagic Sufferer, and almost a wreck when I took care of I had to discontinue after frequent hemorrhages and getting home from work in a carriage. I coughed up blood, pieces and had fever and night sweats and was brought to my bed from which I never expected to rise again. I am now strong and able to do my work with the same degree of strength as ever. I have gained my flesh back, and can eat and sleep as well as ever. From being a perfect wreck I have been rebuilt by Dr Hunter's medicated air inhalations. Any one who wishes further particulars of my experience of this wonderful treatment, can write or call on me. I know I owe my life to it, and believe no one suffer ought to know of it.

In order to obtain Dr. Hunter's book, "The Lungs and Their Diseases," free, it is necessary to mention this paper, and address Dr. Robert Hunter Association, 117 W. 42d St., New York.

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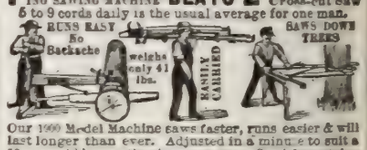

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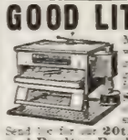

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WHEN Srimati's young husband arrived at the conclusion that stones could not be gods (nay, in their hideousness, not even symbols of the Godhead), he took refuge in the Vedanta as preached by Keshub Chunder Sen. This was a bold step. But when he told his young wife what had happened to him, and explained to her his reasons, serious as the consequences of such a step were in India, she, as a faithful and devoted wife, at once followed his example.

They might easily have kept up an appearance of orthodoxy, while holding in their hearts those simple, pure and enlightened convictions. The temptation was great, but they resisted. The families to which she and her husband belonged occupied a highly respected position in Hindoo society, which in India is fortunately quite compatible with extreme poverty. Much as both she and her husband had been loved and respected before, they were now despised, avoided, excommunicated. Even the allowance which they received from their family was ordered to be reduced to a minimum, and in order to fit himself to earn an independent livelihood, the husband had to enter as a student in one of the Government colleges, while his little wife had to look after their small household. Soon there came a new trial. Her husband's father, who had renounced his son when he joined Keshub Chunder Sen's church, died broken-hearted, and the duty of performing the funeral rites fell upon his son. To neglect to perform these rites is considered something awful, because it is supposed to deprive the departed of all hope of eternal life. The son was quite ready to perform all that was essential in such rites, but he declared he would never take part in any of the usual idolatrous ceremonies. In spite of the prayers of his relatives and the protestations of the whole village, he would not yield. He fled the very night that the funeral ceremony was to take place, accompanied again by no one except his brave little wife. Thereupon his father's brothers stopped all allowances due to him, and he was left with eight rupees per month to support his wife and mother. Srimati, however, managed with this small pittance, to maintain not only herself and her husband, but her husband's mother also, who had become insane, his little sister and a nurse.

The rest of their lives was not very eventful. The husband, after a time, secured a small income; but their life was always a struggle. Srimati, blessed with healthy children, thought she had all that her heart desired, though she deeply felt the unkindness of her relatives. Her servants loved her and would never leave her, and when her husband complained of certain irregularities in the household and thought she was too lenient to her maids, she would but sigh and say: "Why should I lose patience, and thereby my peace of mind? Is it not better that I should suffer a little by their conduct than that they should be unhappy?" Her love of her children was most ardent. Yet her highest desire was always the happiness of her husband. She twined round him, as her friends used to say, like a creeper, but it was often the creeper that had to give strength to him and uphold him in his many trials and unfulfilled aspirations. Religion was the never-failing support for both of them, and their conversation constantly turned on their unseen life here and hereafter.

*From *Auld Lang Syne*. A series of charming sketches of persons in India by Rt. Hon. Professor Max Muller. The girl in this story was married according to the custom in India at nine years of age to a boy of twelve. Pp. 298; Price $2; Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Ave., New York.

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The Stolen Baby, Marion Clarke. A touching, true and thrilling story of to-day. By Alice Hallowell, author of *Forget-me-not*, etc. This pretty booklet, in artistic tinted and gold covers, gives a full account of the loss and recovery of Baby Clarke. Pp. 50; price 50c.; for sale at all book-dealers, and may be had from the authoress direct by addressing Miss Alice Hallowell, 7- West Thirtieth street, New York.

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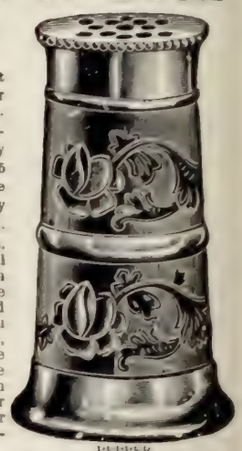

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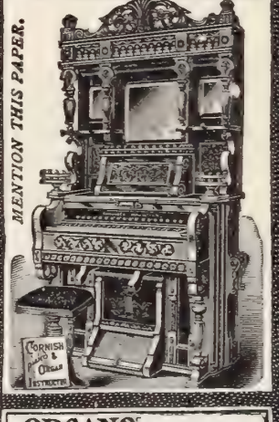

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SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. and we'll **send Free** a sample of this beautiful Cheviot and our big book of cloth samples of **other suits from $6.95 up and overcoats from $5.95 up,** or send us your Height, Weight, Chest, Waist and Crotch measure with **$1.00 deposit** and we'll express the suit to you C.O.D., **subject to examination;** examine it carefully, **try it on,** see that it **fits perfect,** then pay the express agent the balance **$4.95** and expressage, only after you find it exactly as represented, a perfect fit and far better than others best $10.00 suits. **Send today quick for suit or free sample book.**

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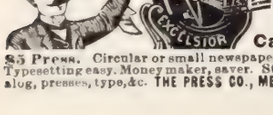

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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At the Cradle of Protestantism

A Graceful Gothic Church Being Erected at Spires, in Germany, as a Memorial of the Birth of Protestantism

A PROJECT which has an interest for every person who glories in the name of Protestant, is now in process of realization in Germany. It is the erection in the town of Spires, on the Rhine, of a church as a memorial of the intrepid protest made in that town, three hundred and seventy years ago, by a few determined Christian men against an attempt to rob them of religious liberty. That protest was so brave a thing to make and was so expressive of Christian principle that it became of world-wide interest, and the men who identified themselves with the heroes who made it, came to be called Protestants—a name by which men who resist the claims of the Pope have been called ever since.

The church is now finished as far as the roof. The tower and graceful spire included in the plan have yet to be built. It stands on an elevated site in a central situation. The design is Gothic. It was selected from among plans of forty-five of the most eminent architects in Germany who competed for the honor of designing this representative church of the world's Protestantism. The material used is a solid yellow-gray sandstone. The memorial hall is thirty-five feet square by sixty feet high. The choir of the auditorium is lighted by five beautiful windows, the gift of the Emperor. In the central window is the figure of Christ. Near the entrance, stands a bronze statue of Luther, nine feet high above its granite base. It represents the great reformer with right hand extended, resisting all restraint of conscience while with his left hand he clasps the Bible to his heart. On the floor at his feet in mosaic, are his famous words uttered before the Diet of Worms: "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise, God helping me." Near his statue, on pillars, are the statues of the princes who made the protest which the church commemorates, each statue the contribution of the descendants of the respective princes. An organ, one of the finest in Germany, the contribution of the Protestant choirs of Europe, will stand over the entrance opposite the chancel. The beautiful building will cost two million marks (about $500,000). Contributions aggregating more than half the amount have already been received from the people of Germany, from the Emperor down to the simplest peasant, and from the Protestant people of Europe. The town of Spires alone gave one-fifth of the total cost. An enthusiastic desire has been manifested everywhere to make the edifice a worthy memorial of the momentous event it is designed to celebrate.

THE CATHEDRAL OF SPIRES

"PROTESTATIO"

("I protest")—From the celebrated heroic painting, depicting the spirit of Protestantism

THE "OLD GATE" OF SPIRES

That event is one of the most memorable in the history of Christendom. We of the nineteenth century, secure in the religious liberties our fathers won for us, cannot realize the emotions which agitated Spires in the year 1529. The potent Emperor Charles V. had summoned the representatives of all the states of the German empire to meet in Diet in Spires, on February 21. The meaning of this convocation was all too obvious. The Emperor had made friends with the Pope. Three years previous, there had been a Diet at Spires, but the Pope and the Emperor were then at issue, and Charles needed the support of the princes who were friends of Luther, to help him in a campaign in Italy. He would not therefore at that time require them to prosecute the reformers in their dominions. Knowing

(Continued on page 547).

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

D. S. E., Baroda, Mich. How did Ezra and his company travel from Babylon to Jerusalem? What mode of conveyance was there?

Though no mention is made of it we should suppose they were as well supplied as the preceding company who made the same journey under Zerubbabel. They had camels, horses, mules and asses (see Ezra 2 : 66, 67).

A. E. R., Thomastown, O. 1. What is the meaning of the expression in Matt. 20 16, "For many are called, but few chosen?" I do not see its connection with the parable. 2. What is the cutting off of the right hand, etc., in Matt. 18 :8?

1. There does not appear to be any connection. The words have probably been inserted by mistake in this place. They are not in the oldest copies of the Gospel and the revisers omitted them from the revised version. They occur in Matt. 22 :14 where they are appropriate. There the invitation is freely given—many are called, but when those who are called do not comply with the conditions, they are not accepted. There are some who despise the provision made for them, as did the man who preferred his own garment to that provided for him by the king, and propose to enter heaven by virtue of their own righteousness and not as sinners justified by Christ, and these are not chosen, or accepted. 2. That no sacrifice is too great to make to gain eternal life. If money or a habit or an association precious as a right hand or a right eye is an obstacle, it is better to give it up, painful as it may be to do [illegible] to lose the soul.

L. V., Binghamton, N. Y. I have been under the influence of a wicked person and have been led to do things I deeply regret. My mind is burdened with grief that I cannot shake off. What can I do to end my suffering?

Perhaps it is not well that you should end it. If you have done wrong are you not willing to bear the sorrow that has resulted from your wrongdoing? Do not be impatient under your suffering, but consider how much you have deserved it. But your first duty is to go humbly before God and confess your sin; tell him how sorry you are; make no excuses for yourself, but ask him, for Christ's sake, to forgive you. If you are sincere he will surely do so. The fact that he has done so, which you cannot doubt, seeing that he has promised it, will be a great comfort to you. Perhaps the suffering may not immediately pass away. It may remain with you to make you careful in the future. To the end of his life Peter could not think of his denial of Christ without sorrow, though he knew he was forgiven. It is said of him, "When he thought thereon he wept."

C. D. R., Newton, Ill. If the Apostles were converted before Pentecost, why did Christ say to [illegible] strengthen thy brethren?"

The revised version renders the passage: "When thou hast turned again, stablish thy brethren." We cannot suppose that after Peter's fall, he needed conversion in the sense in which we use the word. He needed repentance and restoration. His words, his actions, and the intense devotion he had previously shown to Christ, all indicated a man already converted. He fell under temptation as Christ had foreseen, but it was a backsliding which Christ forgave. At Pentecost their experience was not conversion, but an enduement of power for service, notably the power of speaking foreign tongues.

G. V. R., Dover, N. C. When you advised a certain inquirer to the Mail Bag to follow the dictates of his own conscience, had you forgotten that the conscience is sometimes seared or defiled? Do you consider conscience always a safe guide?

Conscience is capable of wrongly directing a man, as it did the Apostle Paul, who said (Acts 26 : 9), "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus." The conscience needs to be informed and freed from prejudice, but its voice is supreme. If a man is intent on doing right he must obey his conscience, for it is the function of conscience to tell him what is right. Would you have the man do what he believes to be wrong? There is no better course for any man who is in a difficulty to take than to pray for enlightenment, to get all the available information on the subject, to carefully consider all the circumstances and then follow the dictates of his conscience, or, in other words, to do the thing he honestly thinks he ought to do.

Mrs. R. C. B., Milton, Ore. 1. Was Esther a Jewess? 2. Who is the character spoken of in Heb. 7, as Melchisedec?

Yes; she was of the tribe of Benjamin and her uncle was one of the principal persons among the Jews. She, however, kept her nationality a secret from the king. 2. This sentence is explained by commentators to imply that Melchisedec was a monarch of [illegible]

"[illegible] has gathered to listen to the words that drop from the Master's lips. The lame are there and the sick, the disconsolate and the bereaved, and the mothers with tender little children. In the background stand [illegible] fully the artist has caught the meaning of the incident which he has portrayed on canvas.

[illegible] genealogy, yet a man who, although even his father and mother were unknown to the world, was so distinguished by his virtues, and the purity of his character that he was divinely con[illegible] of honor paid under the primitive system. The name, *Malchi* means "king," and *Tzedek*, "righteousness." The phrase "beginning of days nor end of life," refers to the fact that neither the beginning nor the conclusion of his career is anywhere recorded.

We have not yet heard from the last of the old Bibles. Mr. S. Edgar, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes:

I have in my possession a Bible Dictionary, English, published in 1503, and a Latin and Greek Dictionary published in 1610, also a large book giving the history of the Book of Job, published in 1656.

Mrs. G. A. D., Augusta, Ga. What was the origin of the Mohammedan standard?

The crescent (not the horsetail) is the Mohammedan standard. It was the ancient ensign of Byzantium (now Constantinople), and was adopted by the city from the fact that the crescent moon, on one occasion, by its sudden brilliant emergence from behind a [illegible] enemies and thus saved the city. The Sultans adopted it as their standard after the capture [illegible]

D. K., Maine. 1. Can you tell [illegible] Pilate after he judged Jesus? 2. Does Matt. [illegible]

1. Josephus, the Jewish historian, states that Pilate was summoned to Rome to answer before the Emperor a political complaint made against him by the Samaritans, and that he afterwards killed himself. Beyond this, all [illegible]

[illegible] which none can advise, since it deals with the secrets of the heart which none but God and yourselves may know. A cheerful resolution [illegible] may go very far toward brightening things [illegible] 55 :12). 2. It referred to the scribe, of course.

J. H. [illegible] creditors? Is it a Christian's duty to give needy creditors? That is if he has money to do [illegible]

If you owe a debt and have the money to pay it, the money is not yours. You have no right to give it to the Lord, since it is not yours to give, but another's. To use it for the church is to rob your creditors, which you cannot do with divine approval. No church [illegible] Christian's duty to give freely of his own means to the church, but not of the means of his creditors. The law declares invalid any transfer of means by a bankrupt within a certain period before insolvency, establishing the principle that the resources then in his hands were not his own but his creditors', and that to divert these resources to any other quarter would be an act of absolute dishonesty.

Mrs. A. Mc——, Oleta, Cal. A preacher said recently, referring to the promise (Luke 12 : 12), "The Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say," that it was now [illegible]

We cannot see that it is. The promise was made by Christ to a number of uneducated men who were liable to be suddenly called upon to address educated and cultivated audiences. They would naturally feel doubtful of their ability, and Christ gave them this comforting assurance. But he did not promise that the power should be perpetual after the necessity for it had passed away. It is obvious to every person who has heard many sermons, that the preacher who has studied [illegible] preach upon it, is more likely to benefit his audience than one who trusts to the impulse of the moment.

Mary D. [illegible] nurses, and was first sug[illegible] [illegible] be wrong to let some one else us[illegible]

It would be decidedly in bad ta[illegible] unless the giver could first be [illegible] notified that you regretted you [illegible] it personally. You should not [illegible] other without the giver's permiss[illegible]

Mrs. W. W., [illegible]sota, N. H. A Chr[illegible] [illegible] Year [illegible] [illegible]: but a few years ago a [illegible] [illegible] sight. If the stock be non-ta[illegible] able or if the bank pays the tax, he will be none the worse off for making the inquiry.

A. B. C., Livingstonville, N. Y. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

PROTESTANTISM'S :: :: MEMORIAL CHURCH

(Continued from first page)

how repugnant to them such a duty would be, he contented himself with obtaining their military aid and left them to do as they chose about religion. They therefore passed a resolution permitting each prince to follow his own inclination in tolerating or suppressing the followers of Luther. But in 1529 the Emperor was relieved of his anxieties about his enemies in Italy, and it was shrewdly suspected that he had bought his peace by pledges to the Pope that he would use all his influence in the Diet to exterminate heresy.

The worst fears were confirmed. Early in the proceedings of the Diet an announcement was made by the representative of the Emperor that inasmuch as the decision of the previous Diet had led to much divergence in matters of religion, the Emperor had annulled it. So arrogant a declaration at once aroused the indignation of the princes, but the Emperor had already disarmed the opposition of some by bribes and of others by threats. The friends of the Reformation were in a hopeless minority. The majority passed a decree forbidding any new reforms, forbidding the dissemination of the reformed doctrine, and forbidding any Roman Catholic embracing the Lutheran creed. Immediately the six evangelical princes who were thus required to suppress the new faith and the representatives of the cities which had adopted it, retired to an adjoining chamber to consult on their course. They were unanimous in their determination to resist the decree. A solemn protest was drawn up explaining their position, asserting their loyalty to the Emperor and the Diet in all secular matters, but insisting on their right to freedom in matters of religion. After stating in respectful terms their reasons for opposing the decree, the protest proceeded: "For these reasons we earnestly entreat you to weigh carefully our grievances and our motives. If you do not yield to our request, we protest by these presents, before God who will one day be our judge, as well before all men, that we, for us and our people, neither consent, nor adhere in any manner whatsoever to the proposed decree, in anything that is contrary to God, to his holy Word, to our right conscience, to the salvation of our souls, and to the former decree of Spires." "Thus," says the historian D'Aubigne, "spoke out the courageous men whom all men henceforward denominated Protestants." The famous document was signed by all present, and was taken into the Diet and handed to King Ferdinand, who presided. As he refused to receive it, it was laid on the table, and the Protestants quitted the hall.

The protest was presented on April 20, 1529. On the following Sunday, April 25, the chancellors of the princes, with the representatives of the cities, met in the Retscher palace, in Spires, with notaries, and there solemnly ratified the document and exchanged copies of it for publication in the various states. They clasped hands in a solemn farewell, each conscious of the peril of the step he had taken. They knew that in thus defying the strongest forces of Europe they were braving relentless foes who might send them to the stake; but they had acted under a stern sense of duty and had committed the result to God. "Posterity," says the historian, "dating from this epoch the definitive formation of Protestantism, has hailed in the protest of Spires one of the greatest movements that has ever been recorded in history."

DR. ALBERT BEYSCHLAG—THE NEW MEMORIAL CHURCH AT SPIRES

The church is now in process of erection being finished up to the roof

This is the event that Protestants, the world over, are celebrating by the erection of the church at Spires. It is believed that the Protestants of the United States would wish to have their share in thus honoring the intrepid men who nobly risked their lives in the cause of religious liberty. A delegate from the Commissioners who have charge of the undertaking, Rev. Albert Beyschlag, has accordingly been sent to America authorized to receive contributions toward the cost of completing the church. It is estimated that one hundred thousand dollars will be needed, and it is hoped that men who prize their freedom of conscience as American Protestants do, will show their gratitude for the blessings they enjoy by contributing the whole amount. The church will then be speedily finished and will stand as practical evidence that in the nineteenth century the principles for which the heroes of the sixteenth century contended are still dear. Contributions may be sent to Rev. Albert Beyschlag, 235 Harrison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Future of the Philippines

FROM an American representing large business interests, and now visiting the Philippines, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a letter which throws considerable light on the situation there. His statements are those of an experienced observer, and while we may not fully endorse his proposed methods of dealing with the natives after the manner of the great military colonial powers of Europe, there is much in his letter that deserves consideration.

"The Filipinos, if left to themselves, would soon be in a much worse state than they have ever experienced in the past, for, like all other branches of the Malay race, they are not fit to govern themselves. England or Germany would be delighted to get a chance to control the islands, and especially the former. Through her long experience with native tribes in the Orient, she would presumably, within a short time, be absolute mistress of the situation. The policy of England has always been to first subdue the natives, and then treat them as liberally as possible, giving them all the privileges of education and civilization generally, under the protection of the British administration.

"The native of the Orient, and especially the Filipino, will not willingly submit to a foreign government, unless he is shown that such a government is fully able to hold its own. This is the only argument that carries any weight with a Filipino, and it is altogether useless to attempt to flatter him, as we did, with a view of thus winning him over to our side. He will simply laugh at such kindness. The only way of putting a quick and absolute end to the present trouble in the Philippines is to send a number of troops large enough to garrison any points which may be taken. We need at least 100,000 soldiers in the islands, including those already there. Once in control we must proceed to establish order, and to do so successfully, it would undoubtedly be advisable to follow the methods employed by England in India or Egypt. In Manila we are now allowing the Filipino judges to form the civil courts and preside over them. That the findings of such a court are not absolutely impartial, can easily be foreseen. Every American civilian in Manila expresses but one opinion on this matter.

"The Philippine Islands offer splendid opportunities for American trade. There is hemp, rice, sugar and coffee in abundance, not to speak of the mineral resources of the country, which are said to be enormous. Timber is to be found on nearly all of the islands; the fertile soil produces grain, vegetables and fruits of all kinds; in fact, the islands constitute a wealthy possession. The principal export business has heretofore been done by English and German firms, who established themselves in the principal ports under the Spanish rule. The central market for all Philippine products is London. This state of affairs gives English and German competitors naturally a great advantage, but there is no doubt that New York will become the Philippine export market in time. To do this we must pursue the course adopted by the commercial representatives of the above mentioned nations. Our American business houses, interested in the trade with the islands, should establish branch houses at the principal ports, which buy or exchange the Philippine products for American merchandise. An American bank of New York should establish a branch at Manila with agencies or subbranches at the smaller ports. At present only London exchange is obtainable in Manila. This having been accomplished, American capital will be invested in other enterprises in the islands, and American interests will gradually increase on a sound and solid basis.

All this takes time, however, and immediate commercially beneficial results need not be expected from the possession of the islands, but there is no doubt that under our protection American business houses will prosper in the Philippines, and that American capital will find an advantageous field for investment there, if our government guarantees its protection. The United States government, by a wise and conservative administration of the islands, will be fully repaid for its expenditures by collecting taxes and revenues, which these wealthy countries can well afford to pay."

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF SPIRES-ON-THE-RHINE

Imprisoned in Turkey

This letter from a reader in Eastern Europe, states a not unfamiliar experience, and shows an example of the manner in which American citizens have frequently been treated in the Sultan's dominions:

Editor "Christian Herald"

DEAR SIR: On the 15th of September a certain American citizen sailed from Varna for Constantinople, on his way to Greece where he is engaged in missionary work. When he reached Constantinople the Turkish police seized him, and after a thorough examination of him and all his things, without finding anything of a suspicious character, they told him, "You are a *jena adam*" (bad man), and put him into prison among some robbers and murderers. He protested against such unjust treatment and wanted to be taken to the American consul, but was told that that would never take place. They took away from him his American passport and threatened to send him into exile. They would have surely done it, had he not succeeded in sending word to the Bible depot and then to the American consul, who, two days later, took him out of prison and sent him away from Constantinople. He was in prison seven days. Is it not about time for the American government to take the necessary steps to put a stop to such Turkish barbarity?

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

. . . Many Rooms in Heaven . . .

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, John 14: 2: . . . . . In my Father's house are many rooms

THERE is a bottle of medicine that is a cure-all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered heaven as an alterative, a stimulant and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that though now they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says, "In my Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room; that is George's room; that is Henry's room; that is Flora's room; that is Mary's room, and the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world, and build their own homes; and the daughters are married, or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and seated by the evening stand, they say: "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further by, and some of the children are unfortunate, and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them, and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full.

Millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first he lived alone in that great house, but after awhile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many-roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets, and worship with them in the temple, and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, heaven will be so large that if one wants an entire room to himself or herself, it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be twelve thousand furlongs, and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 948 sextillion, 988 quintillion cubic feet; and then reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets, and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over five trillion rooms, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read, the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is, that most people in this world are crowded, and though out on a vast prairie or in a mountain district people may have more room than they want, in most cases it is house built close to house, and the streets are crowded, and the cradle is crowded by other cradles, and the graves crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the richest luxuries of many people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of unhindered and uncramped room. And I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only seventeen feet by sixteen, it should be larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, St. James, or Winter Palace. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardsman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception-room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception-room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greets all new-comers. He redeemed them, and he has the right to the first embrace on arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about him, or talked about him, or sang about him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime, will it be, just for one second to see him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival, or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio are a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of his appearance in that reception-room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you, and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggars all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul. The soul and Jesus.

But now into that reception-room pour the glorified kinsfolk. Enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them! So radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name; they greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception-room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant, though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say: "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, my lost friend, are we here together?" What scenes in that reception-room of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace, David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son; Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospelized; and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception-room. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is the throne room. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war, one eventide in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people, I found myself being closely inspected by the governmental officials, who, from my complexion, judged me to be a German, and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanation in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel, and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and, if so, how much more the throne room! A dazzling place is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who ever saw the throne room of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chalices, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne room of Charles Immanuel of Sardinia, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy! But the throne room of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throne rooms that ever saw sceptre wave, or crown glitter, or foreign ambassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and cowering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." You see we are princes and princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Amsterdam, or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant woman seeking the prophet for her child's cure; but it will be found out after awhile who we are when we get into the throne room. Aye! we need not wait until then. We may by prayer and song and spiritual uplifting this moment enter the throne room. O king, live forever! We touch the sceptre and prostrate ourselves at thy feet.

The crowns of the royal family of this world are tossed about from generation to generation, and from family to family. There are men comparatively young in Berlin who have seen the crown on three emperors. But wherever the coronets of this world rise or fall, they are destined to meet in one place. And I look and see them coming from north and south and east and west, the Spanish crown, the Italian crown, the English crown, the Turkish crown, the Russian crown, the Persian crown, aye, all the crowns from [illegible] while I watch and wonder, they are all flung in rain of diamonds around the pierced feet.

[illegible]

Oh that throne room of Christ! "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other [illegible] music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian choristers and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords, and no music in the land of complete harmony? I cannot give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in heaven. I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller, dying at Beaufort, S. C., said "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the windows?" In that music room of our Father's house, you will some day meet the old masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose; and James Montgomery, and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy; and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand"; and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light:" and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week, but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay thirty-six years; and side by side Augustus Toplady, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calvinists; and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a song maker as he was great as a preacher and the author of *The Village Hymns;* and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle; and many who were passionately fond of music but could make none themselves. The poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna, and the poorest players there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh, that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David the psalmist's fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red Sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four and twenty elders chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings! whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans, and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany case, or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kins-folk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh no: everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian, and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth we would consider it a domestic disaster if they stayed children, and so we rejoice at their growth

here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house, we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured; while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If forty or forty-five or fifty years be the apex of physical and mental life on earth, then the heavenly childhood will advance to that, and the heavenly old age will retreat to that. When we join them in that family room we shall have much to tell them. We shall want to know of them, right away, such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when we lost our property, and sympathize with us? Did you know we had that awful sickness? Were you hovering anywhere around us when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you celebrate the hour of our conversion? And then, whether they know it or not, we will tell them all. But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them. Ten years on earth may be very eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in heaven? If in that family room of our Father's house we have so much to tell them of what we have passed through since we parted, how much more thrilling and arousing that which they have to tell us of what they have passed through since we parted. Surely that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our Father's house. What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry! "Let me open a window," said an humble Christian servant to Lady Raffles, who, because of the death of her child, had shut herself up in a dark room, and refused to see anyone. "You have been many days in this dark room. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and instead of leaving him in this world till he should be worn with trouble, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty! Leave off weeping, and let me open a window." So to-day I am trying to open upon the darkness of earthly separation the windows and doors and rooms of the heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

How would it do for my sermon to leave you in that family room to-day? I am sure there is no room in which you would rather stay than in the enraptured circle of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture-galleries penciled not with earthly art but by some process unknown in this world, preserving for the next world the brightest and most stupendous scenes of human history. And there may be lines and forms of earthly beauty preserved for heavenly inspection in something whiter, and chaster, and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought. Rooms beside rooms. Rooms over rooms. Large rooms, majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us, if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it, it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way, and Christ is the way; and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door; and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying, yet immortal, child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysoprasus is nothing, illumined panels of sunrise and sunset nothing, the aurora of the northern heavens nothing, compared with the splendor with which I have garnitured them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hilltops the old family homestead?"

"In my father's house are many rooms."

A Real "Old Folks' Day"

Vineland, N. J., Holds a Unique Celebration—Aged Christians Honored

OCCASIONALLY the public hears of gatherings of old folks, where the total number does not exceed a dozen persons, who have passed the seventieth mile stone, but a gathering of over seventy men and women who fulfill these conditions is exceedingly rare. Such an affair recently took place at the First Presbyterian Church, of Vineland, N. J.

Sometime ago, Rev. David H. King, the pastor, suggested to lay aside a day for special services, to be called "Old Folks' Day." When the services opened, Dr. King addressed over four hundred people over fifty years old, among them being sixty-three septuagenarians, twenty-two octogenarians and one centenarian.

Prizes were awarded to the three eldest, and souvenirs to such others as fulfilled the conditions, which governed the services in respect to age. Seats for those advanced in life were reserved near the pulpit. As each septuagenarian reached the church, he or she was assisted to her place. They came in twos and threes and in groups of half dozens or more; some in carriages, some afoot; some in invalid chairs, others on crutches. The body of the church soon began to fill. Friends and relations of the aged participants gathered in great numbers. The aisles were soon crowded with chairs, and the whole building was packed.

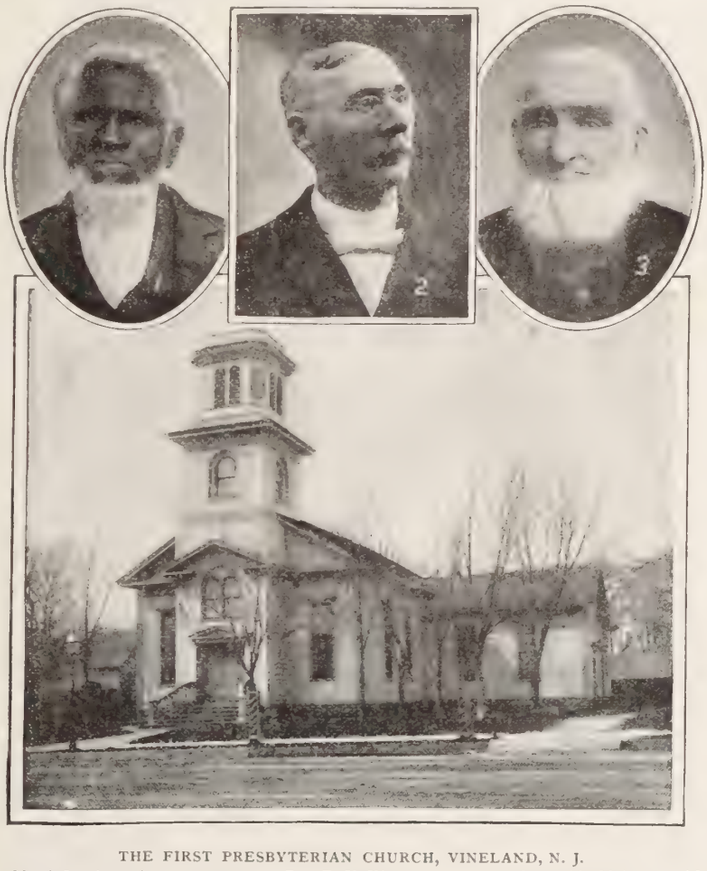
The services opened with the hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," followed by the reading of the Scriptures, after which Rev. George A. Hubble, seventy-five years old, led in prayer. He was followed by the Rev. O. O. Campbell, an octogenarian, who sang a solo which was greatly appreciated. Dr. King then preached a short sermon, taking for his text the seventeenth and eighteenth verses of the seventy-first Psalm.

The old folks were visibly affected as the speaker dwelt on childhood days. The pastor closed with a fervent appeal to all to be ready for the Master when he should call. At the conclusion of the sermon, "Psalms of Victory" was sung, the old folks all joining in the chorus. Then followed the distribution of the prizes. March Lamb, a colored resident of 102 years, proudly bore off the first, and James MacMahon, aged 89, took second. Third honors were won by Mrs. James Hay Bell, aged 89.

March Lamb, the oldest of all, ascribed his long life to total abstinence from whiskey and tobacco and to walking constantly in the fear of the Lord. He was born a slave on the plantation of Joseph Walston, at Elizabeth City, N. C. At the age of 15 he was thrilled by the preparation of the War of 1812, and ran away to enlist, but was captured and brought back by his master. When the troops left for the Mexican War he was again disappointed in his efforts to enlist. When the fight for freedom of his race was inaugurated he joined the Union Army and fought bravely under General Reynolds.

Mr. MacMahon, the second prize-winner, is 89 years and 8 months old, was born in Northumberland County, Pa., and belongs to the same family as did former President of France, Marshal MacMahon. The third, Mrs. Jane Hay Bell, was born in Scotland and came to Vineland in 1866. She is the mother of ten children. The other octogenarians were: Martha Pancoast, 88; S. B. Clough, 87; Margaret White, 82; Sarah Roselle, 82; Mrs. Barnet, 80; Ella Bartram, 83; J. S. Sanborn, 80; S. C. Robbins, 82; Herman Everett, 85; A. R. Byram, 88; W. A. Jolly, 91; James Fuarey, 81; Esther Hargis, 80; Hannah Marston, 84; Sarah J. Ruddell, 81; Portia Gage, 86; and Kelsia J. Worden, 87.

So great was the success of the old folks' day that hereafter it will be celebrated as an annual event. The Rev. Dr. King has occupied his present charge for the past twelve years, coming here from Lonacoming, Maryland, in 1887. His first pastoral work was done in Punxsatawney, from 1874 to 1880.



THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, VINELAND, N. J.

1 March Lamb, aged 102 2. Rev. D. H. King 3. James MacMahon, aged 89

The Home Sunshine Calendar For 1900

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We have expended **many thousands of dollars** on this enterprise, and now we shall **give** these lovely Calendars away to the **wide-awake people** who send in their **renewals** or New Subscriptions during the **present month.**

You lose nothing by so doing, for if you renew before your time is up the date on the tab of your wrapper is advanced a whole year—not from the time of your renewal, but from the date on which it would expire. For instance, if your subscription runs out Jan. 1, 1900, and you send your renewal NOW, your subscription will be extended to Jan. 1, 1901, just as though you had waited until the last moment.

Our mail in December is often over **ten thousand letters a day,** and rushed work is never quite so accurately done as it should be; and to avoid the necessity for rush work, we hold out to our friends these beautiful and costly calendars as an inducement to help us and to help themselves by starting in early and sending their subscriptions in **November.**

Please do not lose sight of this fact: We **cannot** give **Calendars** for subscription postmarked **after November 30,** and we cannot afford to send more than the one hundred thousand now made up. It seems an enormous quantity, but when you consider that there will be about **three hundred thousand renewals,** you will readily perceive that to make absolutely sure of one **you must act promptly.**

You will find these lovely Calendars as beautiful as any you ever saw—twelve rich colors on each of the six superb and perfectly charming pictures. Each parcel is carefully done up, so that it will not suffer damage in the mails, and is delivered to you free, **just because you were prompt.**

Every year we are compelled to disappoint friends who put off ordering some premium they very much desire until the stock is exhausted, and when we refund their money expressing our regrets that we cannot supply the required article, they usually order some other premium, but beg us if at all possible to secure a copy of their first choice. And we do try very hard to please them, but, of course, we cannot supply what we have not got.

Now, about **new** subscribers. They get the paper **free from date to the end of this year,** and if the subscription is mailed before November 30 **they also will receive a calendar—if any are left.**

No calendars sold and no calendars given away to anybody, except as above. Every one of these beautiful calendars is **reserved exclusively for "Christian Herald" subscribers.**

As these calendars are a gift of the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to wide-awake, prompt subscribers, they do not affect your right to take the fullest advantage of our **wonderful Premium Offers published elsewhere.**

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Public Reading of Scriptures

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 12. Neh. 8: 1-12

Golden Text, Neh. 8: 3

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE Persian king, Artaxerxes, as we have already seen, had been much impressed by Ezra, "the scribe of the law of the God of heaven" (Ezra 7: 12), and had charged him to "teach him that knoweth them not" "the laws of thy God." For he knew that Ezra had "set his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it, and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments" (Ezra 7: 25, 10). This Ezra had surely done, both personally and through the "teachers" whom he had brought with him from Babylon. Meanwhile, in spite of all the opposition of their enemies, the wall of Jerusalem was completed by the returned exiles, and the mission of Nehemiah, for which the king had given him leave of absence, was drawing to a close. The time of the feast of tabernacles was at hand—the feast of the seventh month. The beginning of the revival of Ezra and Nehemiah had been in the seventh month, when Jeshua and Zerubbabel had rebuilt the altar, and offered burnt offerings (Ezra 3: 1-6); and now the completion of this external work should be celebrated also in conjunction with the feast of tabernacles.

The teaching of Ezra and his helpers was beginning to bear fruit. "When the seventh month was come, the children of Israel were in their cities, and all the people gathered themselves together as one man into the street that was before the water gate; and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Israel." The love of the Scriptures was in the hearts of the people. Ezra had not now to overcome the indifference and ignorance of the people about the Scriptures. Oh, the joy that it must have been to Ezra and Nehemiah when they saw that the Word of God was precious to the people, and that they valued it thus! Any awakening in which the Word of God does not take a prominent place is void of the elements of duration: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not pass away." Eloquence may accomplish great triumphs for an hour, and stir up strongly the emotions of men, but such impressions as it produces have no durability. "Prophecies" and "knowledge," even theological knowledge, must be "done away"; and "tongues" "shall cease," "but the Word of the Lord abideth forever." The Word of the Lord is "able" to make "wise unto salvation"; it is the "sword of the Spirit," with which alone the tempter can be vanquished, even by the Christ of God.

There is, thank God, in these days in which we are living, in the midst of all the pervading sin, and the departing fear of, and reverence for, God, a little flock which are intent upon studying the Scriptures. The Bible schools, in this time, are a precious indication of a deep, solid awakening to their "high calling" among the true children of the living God. He has here and there raised up, not scribes of the law, but teachers of the Gospel, and especially of that which Paul calls "my Gospel," which was not taught him by man, but by "revelation of Jesus Christ," and which is distinct from "the Gospel" of I. Corinthians 15: 1-4, and which he "also received." Paul's Gospel was "the mystery which hath been kept in silence through times eternal." The mystery of the Church, Christ in you, partakership of the Divine nature, not of the world, such is Paul's Gospel, and such is being shown in the Scriptures to-day.

"Ezra the priest brought the law before the congregation, both men and women, and all that could hear with understanding (all the children who were sufficiently advanced) upon the first day of the seventh month." It was an open-air gathering, in "the broad place that was before the water-gate," and it was a prolonged sitting from daybreak till noon, at least six hours, the people sitting, probably on the ground, through all those hours. A spirit of hearing was upon the people: they could not, as we can now, each have his or her own Bible in hand. Printing had not been invented till long after, and the roll of the book was all in manuscript and very bulky and costly; but "the ears of the people were unto the book of the law." They had begun to find out what a treasure they had, in that "to them was committed the oracles of God."

The meeting commenced with the opening of the book, and, in token of respect, the whole audience arose; God was to speak to them. Before venturing to read his word, Ezra "blessed the Lord, the great God. And all the people answered, Amen, Amen, with the lifting up of their hands; and they bowed their heads, and worshiped the Lord with their faces to the ground." But the teachers and Levites must have catechised the people after the reading; they "caused the people to understand the law." The Word of God was not to go in at one ear and out at the other: they must take it in, and know their responsibility towards it. God has never made known his truth to man that it may be to him simply a matter of learning just like any human knowledge, and remain only in the understanding. While we have the light we are to believe in the light, that we may be sons of light.

There was no going in and out of this gathering: "the people stood [or remained] in their place," rivetted to the spot through reverence for God, and through the interest they had in his Word. "And they read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly, and they gave the sense, so that they understood the reading." This is the essence of true preaching: it is not a discourse for which a text is chosen haphazard to suit the thoughts of some preacher.

The word itself did its work: it went home to the people: it always will when those who read it believe and understand it themselves. The people yielded before the Word of God: "all the people wept when they heard the words of the law:" they knew that they had come short, terribly short, of the requirements of a holy God. But Nehemiah, Ezra, and the Levites said to them: "This day is holy unto the Lord your God; mourn not, nor weep." And they encouraged them to keep the day as a feast. "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto him for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto the Lord. Neither be ye grieved, for the joy of the Lord is your strength." True, indeed, they were faulty, but the grace of God which had delivered them from captivity, restored them to their own land, rebuilt their temple, accepted their offerings, and led them to love his long-neglected Word, must not be ignored. A holy day is a day on which we appreciate God, and therefore praise him. There is more real holiness in a praising spirit which rejoices in God always, than in one which is always mourning over failures; in the former case the eye is on God, and his grace, which delivers us from sin; in the latter, on ourselves and our unworthiness. In this latter there is not profit to man and no glory to God.

PULPIT STILL STANDING ON THE SITE OF THE TEMPLE IN JERUSALEM

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

WHEN the walls of the city were finished, there would naturally be a meeting to rejoice over the completion of the stupendous work. Nehemiah having foreseen this, seems to have sent for Ezra, who was in retirement in Babylon or elsewhere, disappointed and dispirited over the failure of his reforming work. Nehemiah, more a man of affairs than Ezra, perceived that this was a more appropriate time than any that had preceded it for a reformation. The people were elated over the restored defenses, a new feeling of security was prevalent, and they were in the mood to listen to the teaching of their duty. So Ezra comes and brings the sacred scroll containing the law. We judge from the character of the passages read and the effects on the people that this scroll contained the first five books of the Bible as we have them. Ezra read the law to the people, but it was necessary to have men go among them to explain the passages read. This fact and their grief at finding how, unconsciously, they had disobeyed the law, show that they were quite unfamiliar with it. Indeed, they do not appear to have known of its existence. Perhaps it had been in a fragmentary condition, and was now for the first time codified and put in regular order by Ezra. There are indications in some of the earlier books of editorial work which bears a striking resemblance to the literary style of the hand which produced the Chronicles and the book of Ezra. In any case, it is evident that these people gathered together in the open square by the water gate now learned for the first time the provisions of the law and the penalties for its transgression. Their distress when they heard them was deep and sincere. But Nehemiah and Ezra did not wish the people to expend their emotions in idle grief. They reminded them that this was a time of feasting and holiday-making, and bade them dry their tears and enjoy themselves. Afterwards the popular sorrow was turned to practical account by getting their sig-

[illegible] pledged them to a reformation of life. The advantage of this course is obvious. [illegible] change of conduct and a resolve to serve God in the future.

To bring the book of the law. It was [illegible] hear what their duty was. It was an intimation that when they knew it, they would obey. Mr. J. R. Green, the historian, says that the change in the character of the English nation dating from the middle of Elizabeth's reign, was essentially a moral change. The nation became new, an entirely different kind of people. [illegible] ing. The literary and social effects were remarkable, but they were nothing in comparison with the moral effects. A new conception of duty, a new estimate of right and wrong, a sense of justice and right spread through every class. From that time forward men felt their responsibility and when the crisis came in the time of Charles I., Cromwell's Ironsides showed what conscience could do.

Both men and women. This marked a transition in the Jewish life. Before this, women had been regarded as subject creatures who were expected to obey their husbands and to have no share in religious life. Now the book of the law was read to them, too. Libanius, the ancient rhetorician, exclaimed in astonishment, "What women these Christians have!" His surprise was called forth by the conduct of Anthusa, who, left a widow with one son refused the offers of marriage that her charms and wealth attracted and devoted her life to the education of her son Chrysostom. The sacrifice was well repaid in the eminence he attained. In treating woman as the equal of man and giving her the advantages of education the church has learned that she is capable of great things and of angelic service. But it is to the Bible alone that she owes the opportunity; no other religion has placed it within her reach.

Mourn not nor weep. A well-known writer tells the story of a child who wilfully broke a vase which had been his mother's treasured possession since her girlhood. Her sisters were visiting the house at the time, and the boy's conduct was discussed among them that night. They arrived at the conclusion that the child ought to be severely beaten, to teach him the evil of mischievous propensities. One sister said: "He should be whipped until he cries and cries bitterly, otherwise he will go on breaking things." The father was told the decision of the family council, but he did not agree with it. He took his boy aside the next morning and said: "Poor mamma! She is grieving about her broken vase. Let us go around to the store and see if we can get her another." The boy, who really regretted his act, was glad of the proposal. Father and son went to the store together and they fixed on a vase that was as near like the broken one as they could find. But the price was high and the father said he could not afford it. The boy was very sorrowful, but he slipped away to his home and presently returned with his most treasured toy, an expensive gift of some friend of the family, which he valued above all his boyish possessions. "Papa," he said, "we will sell this and then we can buy mamma her vase." "Are you really willing to let this go, my son?" The boy said, "Oh, yes: you know papa I broke the vase and I want her to know I am sorry." The boy was clasped in his father's arms. He had learned more than he knew.

Nehemiah, who is the Tirshatha. That is, the Governor appointed by the king. He was concerned for the moral welfare of the people, and it seems to have been he who arranged this meeting. One of the greatest statesmen of our time said that if all existing laws were abrogated, and all parliaments, legislatures and congresses abolished, and every judge and President, and person in authority were relegated to private life, he would not be afraid to live in such a society, if every man and woman would read the Bible and promise to be guided by its rules. There would be anarchy for a time, but no one would suffer wrong, and in the end there would be stable and just government. There is no security for person and property so reliable as a properly educated conscience intent on pleasing God.

Rescuing the Fallen Ones

"Applied Christianity" as Illustrated in the Work of the Boston Industrial Home—A Helping Hand for the Criminal and the Despairing

ONLY a short trolley ride from Tremont Temple, Boston, one enters an institution that is practically solving, for many at least, the question of practical Christian philanthropy. It is the Boston Industrial School, where only those who show a disposition to industry are welcomed or allowed to remain. No matter how badly broken in health, morals or spirit a man may be, he is never turned away from its doors if he only shows a desire to be industrious and to better himself. The man who has broken down through dissipation or who is fresh from the prisons, there finds a welcome and a chance to work his way to better things. For a number of years the Boston Industrial Home has provided a refuge for homeless men and women, but in a way to continually foster their independence and self-respect. It is an unsectarian institution, thoroughly evangelical in its religious work. Gospel meetings are announced on the bulletin boards in front of the chapel for Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings, and a noon prayer meeting, family prayer and song service on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Concerts and entertainments are given once a week.

CHOPPING THE KINDLINGS

The moving spirit in the Home is Mr. T. D. Roberts, whose excellent qualities fit him for the work, in which he believes with all his heart. He is a native of Cornwall, England, and as a lad was apprenticed to a ship-builder, but having a natural fondness for horses, he became a professional jockey, which avocation he followed till the time of his conversion. Then he gave up the race track and its life, but not his love of horses. He felt that he had an urgent mission. He wrote to a young lady to whom he was engaged, telling her of his change of heart and purpose, and adding that they "could not be married till she was also a Christian." Her conversion soon followed. Mrs. Roberts entered with zest into the Home at its beginning, in 1888, and has since endeared herself to all by her sweetness and sincerity. Their united joy has been to see men and women reclaimed and brought back to self-respect.

Mr. O. C. Elliott, the assistant superintendent, took pains to show the writer the workings of the home. There is a comfortable chapel in which Mr. Roberts preaches the Gospel. One hundred and fifty will fill the chapel, and not only Home folks, but people in the neighborhood attend. Not far off is heard the buzz of the saws in the wood and kindling department. The support of the Home depends largely on the selling of kindling and coal. Two wheelbarrows full make a task, and pay for a meal or a night's lodging. The bathrooms are fitted up with porcelain tubs and supplied with towels and nightgowns, for the Home directors believe that cleanliness is next to godliness and therefore everything is very neat and tidy.

When a man comes in late at night, though very poor, he is not turned away, but is welcomed and taken to the bath where he has a thorough cleansing. His clothes are hung in a steam chest in the fumigating room. He is given a night gown provided by the Home, and taken to the dormitory. The sleeping rooms are the pink of neatness. A hundred men are provided with beds each night.

In the reading-room, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and other papers lie on the tables for the use of the inmates. In the dining-hall also, care and cleanliness are everywhere apparent.

The Women's Department is separate, but is conducted with equal care and thoroughness, being provided with spacious and well lighted reading-room, sewing-room, bathing and washing facilities and a free employment bureau. Thirty women can be accommodated and many a prodigal has been rescued from a life of sin, and taught "the better way." Girls dismissed in court or having been in prison are welcomed here and kept till homes can be found for them.

Last year the Home sheltered 534 men and 383 women, most of whom had been discharged from penal institutions, a fact not generally known. There is no difference shown them. The past is buried and the aim of the Home is to build up new life and character. Many young men and women who have led sinful lives have been helped and sent back to their homes. Several hundreds signed the temperance pledge last year and began to lead sober and industrious lives through the influence of the Home.

The work has out-grown its accommodations and additional rooms and endowments are needed. "The Industrial Home," remarked a visitor to the place, "fights three great enemies of the race—dirt, debt and the devil. It makes the victim clean, develops the spirit of independent manhood, and brings Christian influences to bear upon all. Men are taken from the gutter to the bath tub, to the workshop, to the chapel and to God. It is a place where their interests for both worlds are looked after."

IN THE INDUSTRIAL HOME READING-ROOM

"It is just the kind of help that many need in their struggle for getting on in the world," said Mr. Elliott, the assistant superintendent. This is borne out by many of the testimonies. "I had forfeited the respect and confidence of friends and relatives by my disgraceful drunkenness," said one man. "To-day, by the grace of God, I am a sober, Christian man, holding a position of trust and responsibility, and having the confidence of my employer. Thank God for the Industrial Home and for the helping influences of those sturdy young Christians known as the Home Rescue Band.

T. D. ROBERTS *Superintendent* MRS. ROBERTS O. C. ELLIOTT *Assistant Superintendent*

The evangelical ministers of Boston endorse the work cordially, and many of them are in close touch with it, some being among its officers. The late Rev. A. J. Gordon was a former president, and rejoiced in its uplifting of men to higher and better life.

Mr. Roberts, the superintendent, aided in founding the Calvary Industrial Home, New Haven, Conn.; the Mill Workers Rescue Mission, Omaha; Industrial Homes in San Francisco and Salt Lake City; and also the "Welcome Home" in Albany, N. Y. He has had a rich and varied experience in humanitarian and soul-winning work, and the staff with which he has surrounded himself are all zealous and consecrated men, devoted to the welfare of the unfortunate class among whom they are laboring. Mr. Roberts has the warm cooperation of pastors of all denominations, and while he aims that the Home shall be self-supporting, he trusts that God's people will not fail him in the present effort to increase its usefulness by helping to win back to society and morality more men and women, instead of permitting them to sink deeper and still deeper into the mire.

Mr. Roberts is deserving of all the aid that Christian men and women can render. W. J. P.

EXTERIOR OF THE HOME

Lincoln Memorial University

GEN. O. O. HOWARD, the gallant Christian hero, who is working heroically for the success of the Lincoln Memorial University project, writes us as follows:

Through your subscribers and contributors I have received toward our great enterprise at Cumberland Gap, which we love to call "Lincoln Memorial," several generous amounts. The first instalment, coming in small sums, amounted to $110.00; the second instalment, $15.00; the third instalment, $29.10, the fourth instalment $4.00 and the fifth, sent in by your own special generosity as an advance, $100.00. The total paid is $258.10. Doubtless many other small sums have been sent me more directly in consequence of the publication in your valuable paper. Our group of schools are in good condition and last year showed on the rolls about two hundred and thirty pupils. We furnished work for the boys, that is, for many of them, on the farm, which, you will remember, embraces some five hundred acres of good land, a large proportion being under cultivation; also in making and preparing roads, policing grounds, putting up fences, etc. Other industries are being organized this term for the young men.

The girls have also had work more or less extended which can now be further systematized as our means to effect this come in. It costs about $500.00 a month, over and above what we bring in by the farm and by tuition, to run the institution. We have seven regular teachers and a secretary and treasurer to pay besides a few other essential employees. As you will remember, the grand plant of the University had mortgages which, interest included, with other dues, was in the neighborhood of $15,000. Since that statement we have been able to reduce our indebtedness to a sum inside of $5,000. This sum comes due the 23d of November next. I have secured subscriptions enough to cover this amount, and other subscriptions, contingent upon the whole indebtedness being paid, but several of the largest subscribers asked us to postpone their payments, and one or two are unable to pay, so that I beg of you and through you of your generous patrons and subscribers to come to our rescue. I feel sure I can secure beyond the present plant a good endowment the moment our mortgages are fully paid, because large donors insist on this condition. They say: "We shall be sure of your success when your plant is clear of all indebtedness." Now, as this is in my judgment the last work of my life, I ask my Christian friends whom you reach to send me the means which are so immediately and so imperatively needed. It being a great undertaking in behalf of mountain boys and girls, I ask it in the name of the great Master whom we love and serve.

Sincerely yours,

O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General U. S. Army (Retired);
Managing-Director L. M. U.

CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are already familiar with Gen. Howard's noble work in aid of the Lincoln Memorial University. It is a project that is greatly needed, and which cannot fail to be of far-reaching benefit. Any contributions sent to us for the Memorial University will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and duly forwarded to General Howard.

The Criminal Side of Life in Our Great Cities

Scenes and Incidents in Metropolitan Police Stations and Behind the Bars in our Great Prisons

A POLICE PATROL WAGON

POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MULBERRY ST.—THE "MARBLE PALACE"

THE "BRIDGE OF SIGHS"

LITTLE is known among honest and God-fearing people at large of that darker side of existence, common to all great cities, which connects the lives of erring men and women—and, alas! of children, also—with criminal courts and prison cells. Upon officers of the law, station-house matrons, rescue workers and prison missionaries alone devolves sad and intimate acquaintance with the processes by which our fellow-beings, who have become a menace to the public, are made its charges, whether they will or no. As in essentials the police and prison system of great cities is practically the same, a sketch of that of the Metropolis of the New World will give some idea of all.

The largest percentage of crimes and misdemeanors occur at night, when drunkards, gamblers, thieves and pickpockets—the unhappy and the evil members of society who sleep by day and wake by night—are abroad, crazed with rum or intent on prey; and it is the night platoons of police who turn out from the various precincts to patrol the city from six P. M. till midnight and from midnight till six in the morning who make most arrests; and it is between these hours that the police patrol wagons are in greatest requisition for the conveyance of offenders who are unable, or violently unwilling, to make the journey afoot under the arresting officer's escort. Prisoners are carried to the various precincts in which the offence occurs, held there over night, and arraigned the following morning in the nearest magistrate's court in that judicial district; and are dismissed, bailed, fined, or committed for short terms of imprisonment in some of the city's institutions on Blackwell's Island, at his discretion, in such cases as are simply made-out for drunkenness or disorderly conduct. If held by the magistrate for more serious crime, prisoners are transferred to the Tombs, there to await the action of the various branches of the higher courts (the Grand Jury, Special and General Sessions), according to the grade of the crime charged. Along the "Bridge of Sighs," which connects the Criminal Court and the Prison, the prisoner goes to trial. If convicted, he is transferred from the Tombs prison to some one of the many penal institutions throughout the State, there to serve out the sentence imposed by the court. Thus, every serious offender against the law is, for a time at least, a guest (albeit an unwilling one), within the "grim gray walls" of this historic prison, which has been for so many years the "criminal clearing house," so to speak, of the great Metropolis. Therefore, the records of the Tombs would be the criminological index of New York City. To Warden James J. Hagan, THE CHRISTIAN

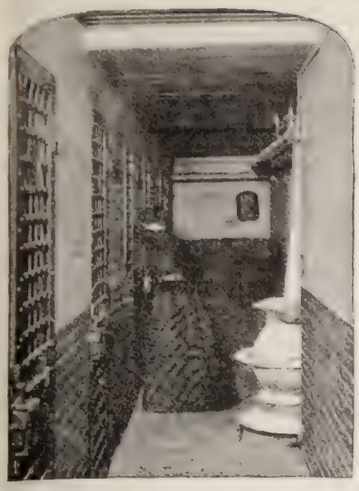
A PRISON STORE-ROOM

A CORRIDOR IN THE COURT-HOUSE PRISON, 54TH ST. AND 8TH AVE.

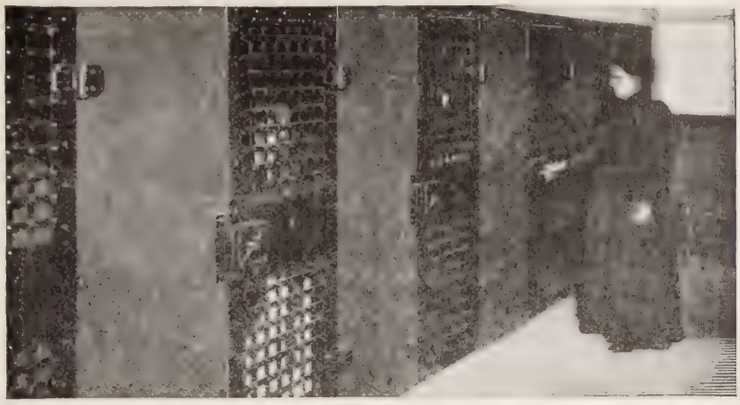
IN THE PRISON CORRIDOR

A MIDNIGHT ARREST IN TENDERLOIN PRECINCT—THE PRISONER A WOMAN

ARRAIGNED AT THE SERGEANT'S DESK IN ELDRIDGE STREET STATION



A GRIEF-STRICKEN OFFENDER



MATRON LOCKING IN THE WOMEN PRISONERS

A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD CRIMINAL

HERALD is indebted for the following statistics and information supplied to its representative. The daily average of prisoners received at the Tombs from October 1898 to October 1899 was 388, the total number of prisoners for this period being 16,490, of whom 13,996 were males, 2,494 females; 7,025 of these prisoners (5,441 males, 1,584 females) were transferred to other institutions, and 9,423 were discharged. These figures show a decrease in crime of from ten to fifteen per cent. over previous years. It is to be hoped that this condition in the Metropolis is a faithful reflex of the moral status of our entire country, of which it is the representative city. In the Tombs but two prisoners have died during the past year; these were suicides; a fact which speaks well for the sanitary condition of the prison and the intelligent and kindly administration of the warden. Prison routine is as follows: Breakfast 7 to 7:30; prisoners "make up" their cells by eight; exercise of various divisions from eight to ten. At ten the warden's tour of inspection, which includes every cell, begins. Prisoners, whose rooms are tidy, are rewarded with an extra hour's exercise. "They all try to earn this reward," says the warden; "when they fail, it is usually because they do not know how to tidy a room, and under our system many prisoners show great improvement. Pathetic decorative attempts are made, and you would be surprised to see how many CHRISTIAN HERALD pictures are cut out and pasted on the walls of these cells." From 10:30 to 12, and 12:30 to 2 are hours when friends and relatives, with proper permits, may see the prisoners. Twelve is dinner hour; supper is at 4:30; all lights out by 10. There is a school-room for boy prisoners, and they also have a chapel, in which Sabbath and a number of week-day services are held by different denominations. The good work which is conducted by Tombs Chaplain Munro, and the Gospel Mission to the Tombs (organized over twenty-two years ago) is familiar to our readers. Surely such servants of the Master may hope to hear his commendation, "I was in prison and ye came unto me." Of a different but equal interest with the Tombs is Police Headquarters (the "Marble Palace" of justice, as policemen nicknamed it years ago), on Mulberry street.

THE OLD TOMBS PRISON

CORRIDOR, WOMEN'S PRISON, TOMBS

THE "BLACK MARIA" AT TOMBS ENTRANCE

A visitor to any of the prisons in our leading cities cannot fail to be deeply touched by the youth of many of the inmates, who are apparently novices in crime. Some are mere lads, who through evil companionships or the lack of Christian influences at home have been led into the paths of sin, and have begun a career whose ending will be dark indeed, unless the light of God's truth and love reaches their hearts meanwhile. In the women's prisons one sees young girls whose possible future it is difficult to contemplate without a shudder. To bring the Gospel of Jesus, with its comfort and helpfulness, to such unfortunates is the office of the prison mission worker, and there is no needier field for such work than in the prisons of New York City.

WOMEN'S PRISON, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND

FORMING LINE FOR MIDNIGHT ROLL-CALL
Typical scene in a New York Station House

MEN'S PRISON, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

F. J. FERNIE, G. B. SANDISON,
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Great Britain and the Transvaal

WE do not like to see the mother-country go to war with any country; least of all, with a Republic, trying to illustrate republicanism in South Africa. Certainly, the Boers have some admirable traits. They are brave, independent, and doubtless will fight for their territory. If Great Britain has made up her mind to absorb that country for the sake of the gold mines, it is on the principle that might makes right. Certainly, we are fighting no such battle in the Philippines. The Boers are maintaining a republican form of government, the Filipinos are rejecting the one this country offers them. If Great Britain conquers she will certainly take possession in the interest of the British Empire. Possibly this might result in a better government than the present, possibly not. Possibly the Boers would submit and accept the situation. It may be there would be a prolonged period of war, and great waste of life and money, even after a nominal conquest. The ease with which the contending parties in our Civil War laid down arms and resumed amicable relations was almost unprecedented. Could it be expected between the conquered Boers and Great Britain? But Great Britain may not conquer. She is far away from her base of supplies. In a long struggle she is not sure of the sympathies of the world. Her *cause of war* does not seem a perfectly clear one. Fighting may not clarify it.

Recognition of Sin in Preaching

DR. WATSON, of Birkenhead, England, a member of the Pan-Presbyterian, lately in session in Washington City, preached twice. It was edifying preaching. The style was rather after the homiletic; meditative, as against the logical. But the most striking feature of the preaching was the clear admission of the great fact of human sinfulness, and present and urgent need of a Saviour. The man's exhortations seemed to come from a sense of his own needs, and from the fact that he had experienced a supply of those needs. He besought sinners in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. Now, if we mistake not, this is the source of true power in preaching. You may heal a man of a disease without his knowing the fact or the nature of the disease, but no sin-sick soul was ever cured without admitting the fact of his sickness, without seeking the balm of Gilead and the Physician there. And the man who preaches to men as though he had found the true remedy for sin, and commends it from his own experience, is sure to have a candid hearing.

The Beauty of the Hills

THE Psalmist says, "The strength of the hills is his also." The hills of Palestine are rugged and strong and topped with the dark green of the cedar. The hills of New England are now clothed with autumnal beauty, such as the Psalmist never dreamed of. No one who has never seen the maples and the elms and the sumach in autumnal array can understand the glory of New England hills. The brilliant colors, too, are so attempered to each other, as only a skillful artist could attemper them. Nature does it! The great artist of Nature, who makes the glory of the sunrise and the sunset, does it. We do not wonder that the Green Mountain Boys were ready to fight for the beauty of their hills. We do not wonder at the battle of Bennington.

The Whistling Yankee Boy

WE like the whistling boy. We like to fall in behind him as we go down the street. He has as many tunes as the mocking bird. If it is Monday morning, the Sunday School tunes follow him. If it is after the Dewey parade, the last thing from Sousa. It is the young folks who set the standard in music. The great composer may sigh in vain for recognition until comes the whistling boy and girl at the piano, then his success is assured. If whistling is any index, American boys are full of music. Alone as he drives the cows to pasture or rides the horses to water, or goes on errands, the boy takes up the burden of the latest air and makes his ways melodious. It is not to keep his courage up, as the old proverb implies, it is to communicate his superabundant life to others; it is to bubble over as does the fountain. And these airs go about as by some vocal infection, until every other boy has added them to his catalogue of accomplishments.

Tramps Abroad

THERE are men who try to escape their community obligations. A book has lately been published by The Century Company entitled "Tramping with Tramps." The author, just for curiosity's sake and love of sheer adventure, has tramped pretty well over South ern Europe, spent considerable time in Siberia and Central Asia, and lived two or three years among American outcasts.

A tramp is a man who is determined not to meet his social obligations. He is without employment, without citizenship, without home. God says, "Thou shalt not steal!" God says, "In the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou eat bread." God says, "He that provideth not for his own, has denied the faith, is worse than an infidel." In God's economy, there is no honest return for work without honest work. You will find the tramp class in all kinds of institutions. There are those who are a great deal more anxious as to how much money they can get in the University, than as to how they can do something for self-support. One dollar that a man earns is of great deal more value to him than ten dollars that are given. The tramp is a social shirk. He denies that he belongs to society, to community; that he owes any man anything. The debt is all to him. He leaves his wife to provide for herself, his children to the care of charity. He says he is not of the body politic, the family human, or of God, the faithful Creator.

The Boys Who Go Wrong

THE parable of "The Prodigal Son" merely as a sketch of life—apart from all religious interest—has a perrenial charm for all classes of readers. No other sinner, no other penitent, has ever come so close to the popular heart. For no other experience is so universal. It relates to millions of homes, and fathers and mothers all over Christendom read it the most touching history of their own lives. For there are comparatively few family flocks however well tended" who are without the familiar black sheep of sermon and parable of song and story.

Now, as regards the boys who go wrong, there is no doubt that a large majority are driven wrong by mismanagement, misapprehension and even by the undirected excess of good qualities, inherent in the lad himself. For this is the great mystery of life, that the good and the bad in human nature is so interwoven that wherever any good quality is in excess, it is found to involve bad consequences; thus generosity becomes extravagance, bravery fool-hardiness, carefulness grows to miserliness, courtesy to servility, etc., etc. The great point to remember is that souls are as variable as faces, no two in any family are alike; no two require, for their highest good, the self same treatment.

If a father has two sons, one may be naturally of the same disposition as the elder brother in the parable. He may enjoy his studies, enjoy saving his money, enjoy stepping from school into his father's business and be in all respects what parents call a good son. The other is perhaps a bright, eager lad who is always last in his class, who does not pass his college examination; who will not take the least interest in the family money making machine. Do what he will, the father can not make this boy after his own image.

What must he do then? Just take the boy as he is and make the best and highest of what he is, and of what he has. Say he wants adventure, let him have it in a legitimate way. Send him off to sea, or to a far country with love and blessing; and tell him you expect great things of him there, and it is very likely he will do all you expect and turn out eventually a better, a greater and a richer man than yourself. Many very fine natures have this wild tang in them, and if boys like to wander off in the woods, or into the mountains; if they like to fish and hunt, and wheel and walk and ride, they ought not be compelled to steal away to do these things. That condition turns what is innocent and lawful into what is sinful and dangerous. When their daily tasks are done, they should be allowed to satisfy their nature; sent off with a smile, and some interest taken in their pursuits when they come back. Boys that like good times in the woods and on the water, have often a great deal of good in them. It may not be our kind of good, but it is good in its own kind, and perhaps far better for that particular boy than the sort we would change it for.

Children are not things we can choose a pattern for, and then turn them out by that pattern. Each little child has a soul of its own. Far in the eternal mind of God our boys' souls had a place from everlasting. Before the world was they lay there with God's goodness around them and were the object of a distinct, trancending, unfathomable love. And all thoughtful parents must have noticed that each little child lives in a world of its own, and holds its own secret thoughts that we can never fathom. They are our children after the flesh, they are God's children from everlasting after the spirit, and are only committed to our care for their higher development.

* * *

Then let us be afraid to deal imprudently and unkindly with them; for if we are determined to make our children after our own image we may make cruel mistakes. Consider how very seldom a really great man in any way resembles his earthly father. Of course we have Solomon's advice to train up a child in the way he should go; and it is very good advice, but we must be sure we choose the right way for that particular boy, and not think more of the "way" than of the boy. If a boy wants to go into the navy, why send him into the pulpit? That would not be the way he should go to make a good man or a successful man of him. Nature has fitted him to handle cables and sails and to set his face against the elements, and she has not fitted him for a student. To compel him to be a student then is to lay a burden on the lad's brains we would be ashamed to lay on his back.

Most parents have pet theories about bringing up children, but half a dozen girls and boys knock all theories to pieces. They find out that they can not make them fit their children's natures; and then if they are wise and kind, they abandon all attempts to do so. For boys cannot be "broken" as wild horses are; they cannot even sometimes be "trained" to think as their parents do, to pray as they do, to believe as they do, to like the things that they do, or to be willing to walk in the "way" they think the best way. But with such precedent before them, they may consider the "way" of the good man who brought up such noble Sons as Norman and Dora Macleod. He evidently saw that he had "a charge to keep" over two souls whose withdrawal intellect he might lead, but could not compel; and this is the testimony these sons bear of his training. "Our father taught us by things—truth and love. He made no fuss about trifling failings and omissions. That is he did not make their home "a house of bondage." It was a pleasant place where the individuality was respected, and where true and love ruled.

* * *

It is worth while considering, also, that the boys that go wrong are generally the best beloved of the household. Their mothers hold them closest, their sisters and aunts hide their faults and stand by them in all emergencies, and very often the sweetest and best girls in their circle choose them before all others, and love them with a love that change not. For women divine the good, the grace the natural sweetness of these often misunderstood natures, they feel that they are worthy though they do not understand how to use them; and however far off they wander, they call them home. For in their heart lives that blessed parable which Jesus spoke for the comfort of the households of the whole world and so

> Their place is kept and it will wait
> Ready for them to fill it soon or late.

These poor boys may even get as low down as the swine troughs, and eat there the husk that the mistakes of others and their own unbridled will have brought them to, but just as surely as they are prayed for at home, there will come to them in some blessed hour the desire to go back home, and the faith to believe

> All I could never be,
> All men ignored in me
> This I was worth to God.

And when this thought becomes an individual faith they will arise, each one, and go to the Father in heaven, and their fathers on earth and they will receive love and pardon. How indeed, shall parents dare to refuse it? Are we not all parents and children—the sons and daughters of one heavenly father. Therefore this is the charge to every parent whose dear ones, for any cause, are estranged or "far off."

> The human soul that crieth at thy gates,
> Is thine own self that for admission waits
> Rise, let it in!

Amelia E. Barr

BRIEF NOTES

IMPORTANT NOTICE

We beg to inform our readers that any typographical defects or faults of alignment of the type, which the last printing of the presses employed in the production of the colored inserts in this and other issues, may disclose in the specimen pages of the Red Letter New Testament, do **not** in any case appear in the book itself, which is absolutely free from any of these imperfections.

The American Volunteers, of whom Ballington Booth is leader, have decided to dispense with the drum in future, in their processions. They have found that it has been a fruitful source of difficulty with the municipal authorities.

Oberlin College, O., has both a Y. M. C. A. and a Y. W. C. A. They extend a hearty welcome to students and will mail a student's handbook to any address on receipt of an applicatiou enclosing postage. Address F. B Emery, Oberlin, O.

The new secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church is Dr. Arthur S. Lloyd, of Norfolk, Va. He brings to the office a wide experience of mission work and a character for indefatigable energy.

The new president of the American Board of Foreign Missions is Mr. S. B. Capen, of Boston, Mass. He is a direct descendant of John Alden and of Bernard Capen. He is fifty-seven years of age and is a partner in a business house in Boston. His election is a genuine surprise to those members of the Board who are not Bostonians.

The Week of Prayer for young men appointed by the American International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, is November 12-18. This will be observed throughout the world. The key-note topic is Our Service its Defects; its Conditions and the needed Grace. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing The International Committee, 3 West 29th St., New York City.

The French people are enjoying the sport of bull-baiting. At a recent exhibition of the sport at Enghien the infuriated bull leaped the barriers, and landing among the spectators caused a general stampede. As there was a way open to the country the bull took it, much to the relief of the people. Prince Henry of Orleans was conspicuous among the aristocratic spectators. The French Republic seems bent on showing by significant signs which way it is going.

Mr. Moody, addressing an audience in Chicago, recently said, in reference to faith-healing Christian Science, etc.: "God heals, and heals through medicine. If I were sick I should get the best doctor in Chicago, trust to him and trust to the Lord to work through him. The doctors have done wonders as their knowledge has grown. They have reduced the danger of death in diseases that once slew all they touched, and, if God helps them, will yet find a way to stop the ravages of other terrors." Mr. Moody further expresses the opinion that "the doctors are doing a work second only to that of the ministers who save the soul.

A Christian Soldier Dead

GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, who passed away in New York City on October 27, after a short attack of pneumonia, leaves behind him the record of a brave officer and an admirable Christian character. He was born at Fort Smith, Ark., in 1839, graduated from West Point in 1861, served through the Civil War with distinction and was afterward in command at various frontier posts on the Yellowstone and Rio Grande, where he had a long record of active service, operating against the Sioux, the Apaches and other Indian tribes. He was repeatedly wounded in border wars with the red men, and his splendid courage no less than his ability as a military leader was rewarded with high honors and well-deserved promotion. At the opening of our war with Spain, he was appointed a Brigadier-General and with his command was assigned to Porto Rico, where on peace being assured, he succeeded Gen. Brooke as Military Governor. His administration of the island's affairs was universally commended. He governed with wisdom and clemency, and exercised a rare consideration for the conquered people, winning their love by his kindness and the Christian sympathy he showed for the poorer classes, who were the objects of his personal solicitude. To the relief work, which was rendered necessary by the widespread suffering among the island peasantry, he gave valuable encouragement, a course in which he was ably aided by his excellent wife, who was one of the founders of the Women's Relief Association, in which a number of influential American and Porto Rican ladies were actively interested with her. Through their united efforts much good was accomplished. Gen. Henry carried his Christianity into his everyday life, and even his military orders gave evidence of his zeal for the moral as well as the material welfare of those under his official charge. "It was to be the 'white man's burden.'" he explained, "to lift these people to a higher plane, to teach them the best ways of the white man, and thus to be better men and women for God's work." He believed that the future prosperity and happiness of the island and its people depended upon its government being conducted upon the lines of honesty, justice and morality, and with a view to spiritual emancipation and enlightenment, as well as to the development of its natural resources. His last written message on the subject addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contained these characteristic words: "We are to teach them righteousness, and that honesty, and not dishonesty, is the best policy. This is what expansion means to the white man; non-expansion means a failure to carry out God's kingdom on this earth." The loss of such a man at this juncture is very sad. He evidently felt that he had received such a commission as that of God's ancient leader.

After the wisdom of thy God that is in thine hand, set magistrates and judges who may judge the people, such as know the laws of thy God: and teach ye them that know them not (Ezra 7:25).

♣

The Situation in Natal

Costly to both sides, as was the battle at Glencoe, described in this journal last week, it appears to have failed to bring the advantage to the victors that was expected. The Boers, reinforced, returned to their position, and Major Yule, who succeeded General Symons in command of the British, determined to abandon Glencoe and Dundee and fall back on Ladysmith. It was evidently the design of the Boers, by getting between Dundee and Ladysmith, to separate the victors at Glencoe from the main body of the British army under General White. To defeat this strategy, Major Yule quitted Dundee precipitately, leaving behind him many of his stores and all his wounded, among whom was General Symons, who died the following day. It is a marvel that the Boers did not attack the force on its long march to Ladysmith. Not to do so, argues an oversight on the part of the Boers, or a slowness of movement which is unusual with them. Major Yule succeeded in reaching Ladysmith in safety. On Oct. 29, the two divisions were resting there, about fifteen thousand strong The Boers, estimated at from seventeen to twenty thousand, were massed in front about four miles away, and on both sides of the British position. It is expected that a terrible battle will occur when the Boers make the attack which they appear to be contemplating. They do not usually fight in the open if they can avoid it; but if Gen. White remains on the defensive, they may decide to risk an open battle, as their aim is evidently to crush him before the reinforcements arrive, which are now on their way under Sir Redvers Buller. A reconnoisance in force on Sunday evening, Oct. 29, showed that the Boers were not only superior in numbers, but had artillery of longer range than the British, and were planning to capture the camp. A deplorable fact just disclosed is that this war might have been averted but for a suppression on the part of Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor of Cape Colony. It is now asserted that President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, sent him a despatch for transmission to England, in which Mr. Steyn stated that he was authorized by the Transvaal to give satisfactory assurances to England on the question of suzerainty. Sir Alfred Milner did not forward the dispatch. If he had done so, and the assurances had really been satisfactory, it is probable that there would have been no war. Now, the war with its accumulation of horrors will go on and both nations will have to mourn for the dead, the widows, and the fatherless; for war has not changed its character since the day the prophet uttered his warning:

Thy men shall fall by the sword and thy mighty in the war (Isa. 3:25).

♣

Illuminated Nests

A curious fact in natural history is reported by a scientific journal. It relates to the baya bird which is found in India. This little creature builds a very ingenious nest of two rooms, constructed with wonderful skill and protected by remarkable contrivances from the bird's natural enemies, the tree snakes and other reptiles. "The most curious thing about the baya bird, however, is that it lights its nest by sticking fireflies on its side with clay or soft mud." There seems to be little doubt of the fact. Dr. Buchanan says: "At night, each of the habitations is lighted up by a firefly stuck on the top with a piece of clay. Sometimes there are three or four fireflies, and their blaze in the little cells dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often destroy the young of these birds." Perhaps other animals are scared off by the baya bird's electric light, since a writer in *Nature* records this curious observation: "I have been informed on authority that the Indian bottle bird protects his nest at night by sticking several of these glow beetles around the entrance by means of clay; and only a few days back an intimate friend of my own was watching three rats on a roof rafter of his bungalow, when a glowfly lodged very close to them; the rats immediately scampered off." The instinct of self-preservation has taught the bird that its enemies dread the light, and it makes practical use of the knowledge. The Christian is not always so wise. Though his most formidable enemies are the powers of darkness, he does not always follow the apostle's advice.

Let us put on the armor of light (Rom. 13:12).

♣

Cars Held by Wasps

An accommodation train from New Haven, Conn., for New York, had to be broken up on account of wasps on Oct. 14. It was only a few miles out of New Haven when a few wasps were noticed buzzing around. Not much heed was given to them at first, but as their number increased they began to annoy the passengers. Then it was noticed that they were coming out in swarms from behind the chandeliers in the two rear cars. The men struck at them with their hats and umbrellas, but the few that were killed made no appreciable difference to the swarm. The women went out on the platforms while an effort was made to clear the cars. The number of the pests seemed to increase, so all the passengers crowded into the smoking-car, which the wasps did not enter. Two cars were left to them entirely. Passengers who ventured in were stung, and promptly returned to their refuge in the smoking-car. On reaching Stamford, Conn., the train was sidetracked and the two infested cars were taken off and others substituted to complete the journey. It seemed an insignificant cause for men quitting the train and all the trouble of substituting cars; but no one likes to be stung by a wasp. If people were as prompt to quit places where they are liable to receive moral injury as they are to quit places in which they are in danger of physical hurt, many might be saved from ruin.

THE LATE GEN. GUY V. HENRY

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away (Prov. 4:14).

♣

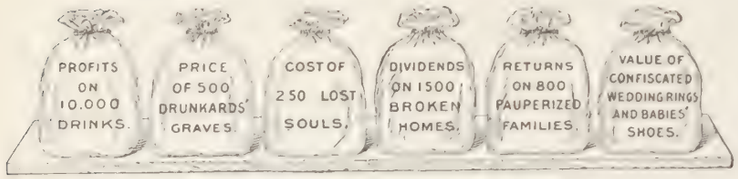
Brothers Reunited

A singular meeting took place in the Muhlenberg Hospital, Plainfield, N. J., a few days ago. A man was brought there who was injured by the falling of a piece of iron, while he was working on the new bridge that is being erected in Somerset County by the Berlin Bridge Company. He has been slowly recovering from his hurt and is on the way to convalescence. During his sickness, there was a firemen's parade in the town, which attracted visitors from other neighborhoods. Among the visitors was a man from Princeton, whose name was the same as that of the injured man. He met an acquaintance and spent an hour talking over old times. In the course of conversation, the accident at the bridge was mentioned by the resident of Plainfield, who said that when he heard the name of the injured man, he at first thought it must be his friend who was hurt. The Princeton man was interested in the strange coincidence, and went to the hospital to find out who the man was who bore his name. To his surprise, he found that it was a brother whom he had not seen for many years, not indeed since his youth, when he went to Texas and dropped out of the knowledge of his relatives. Such romantic reunions do not often occur, but there are many in our hospitals and poor-houses and in homes of poverty and affliction who bear the name of Christian. If all who bear that name would seek them out, they, too, might recognize their brothers in Christ and have the joy and reward of performing a brother's duty to them.

Whosoever shall give you a cup of cold water to drink, in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you he shall not lose his reward (Mark 9:41).

THE MARKET SQUARE OF BLOEMFONTEIN, THE ORANGE FREE STATE CAPITAL

The Saloon-keeper's Money


PROFITS ON 10,000 DRINKS.
PRICE OF 500 DRUNKARDS' GRAVES.
COST OF 250 LOST SOULS.
DIVIDENDS ON 1500 BROKEN HOMES.
RETURNS ON 800 PAUPERIZED FAMILIES.
VALUE OF CONFISCATED WEDDING RINGS AND BABIES' SHOES.

Our Readers Still Weighing the Problem of the Church's Acceptance or Non-Acceptance

"SHALL the Church accept the saloon-keeper's money in aid of spiritual work?" continues to absorb the attention of our readers. Many of the correspondents from whose letters we make extracts assert the belief that this controversy is wielding a strong influence for the destruction of the liquor traffic. On one point, all correspondents—even the saloon-keepers who have written us—agree, however they may differ on others; that point is, that the saloon itself is an unmitigated evil.

Sunday School Supt., Toronto, Can., writes:

How can we? The guide for giving—"as God hath prospered him," "Heartly as unto thy Lord," "Provide things honest"—cannot fit the saloon-keeper's case. The drunkard's children often cannot come to Sunday School unless the church provides them with clothing. They often have not food or fuel unless the church provides them. The church and school using various means to promote temperance among the children, annuls its influence by accepting gifts which embody the earnings of intemperate parents.

A "Brother Editor," R. I., writes:

Who's is the church? To whom dedicated? If the Lord's, why are we asked to judge when there is a distinct command, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Let the saloon-keeper alone; make no promises to countenance his business in return for his religious gifts, and restrict him not in such giving as the Lord may impress upon him. I would they might cast in their all, for it has been taken from those made in the image of the Lord and for whom our Saviour died. "Let him that is without sin," as the Saviour said, "cast the first stone." I cannot! Can you? We certainly have a right to prescribe by law the business of the usurer, saloon owner and keeper, gambler and every other class of sinners, but we have no right to limit them in spiritual services or gifts, if I read my Bible correctly.

J. K., King's Daughter, W. Va., writes:

If the saloon-keeper has love for the lost souls, it will be seen in hatred for his past life and turning from it unto Christ. The love which prompts a gift to save will not continue to destroy, because such love is born of God.

A. J. H. M., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

Churches, as I understand it, are to save sinners. The just man does not need to be saved. It would be very poor policy if, while trying to save a sinner, you first insult him by refusing to accept his money, which was given honestly and with good intention. There is more joy in heaven over one sinner being converted, than over ninety-nine just men who do not need conversion. Then shall we hesitate doing our duty because the sinner is a saloon keeper?

J. K., Jamestown, N. Y., writes:

The church of Christ is the good Samaritan. Jesus did not teach that the Samaritan was to be reimbursed by thieves. Liquor dealers are the thieves who rob man of all that is best in him, leaving him literally naked, and spiritually, not half but wholly, dead in trespasses and sins. The truth is, all the money that all the liquor dealers in the world have gained could not redeem a single soul of the many millions the infernal traffic has destroyed.

A. M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

Yes, accept the money, and I pray God that with it may be given the heart of the giver to his God. Who knows but that the saloon-keeper in his gift may come to the blessed Jesus? Again, perhaps, with God's help, the man will bring others to the Master in telling them of his gift.

Mrs. M. A. W., Ludlow, Vt., writes:

I can think of only one thing that could justify the church in receiving money from a saloon-keeper. If the rum-seller would pour his rum into the ditch and quit the business forever, and wanted to become a good Christian, then his gift might be used to aid the widows and orphans he has helped to make, and perhaps God's blessing might go with it.

R. J. Han, Ala., writes:

If the saloon-keeper feels duty bound to contribute to the keeping up of church expenses, his gift should be accepted as a contribution to a common cause. The altar sanctifies the gift.

Mary S. Hilliard, Pa., writes:

The woman who came to the Saviour in the Pharisee's house, came to be pardoned of her sins; her gift was the gift of repentance; but the saloon-keeper's gift is to obtain favor with the church that he may more openly extend his traffic with human souls.

Mrs. Emily Goodsell, Ind., writes:

His gift may be the means of bringing the saloon-keeper nearer to the church and God's people. By refusing it we may drive him further into sin.

Chas. A. Bowles, Texas., writes:

No; it is inconsistent. I have heard saloon-keepers say: "My money they want, but they will run down my business."

E. J. M., Artell, Neb., writes:

For conscience' sake we will not ask why he gave the money to the church; but charity covers a multitude of sins; and we will presume that God has stirred a longing within his heart for some better thing than he knows. Can the church accept his money as a gift? Nay, but as a debt.

Township Clerk, Ohio, writes:

Would it be right for a church to accept money from a murderer, who obtained his money by murder? and isn't a saloon-keeper worse than a murderer, for while the former kills the body, the latter destroys both soul and body?

Annie Court, a grandmother, writes:

Wicked persons have been permitted to aid in the accomplishment of some of the most important events in local history. Cruel men nailed to the cross God's own dear son and by his death a lost world was redeemed from a broken law. Those sinful men, by so doing dishonored themselves and shocked the whole world by the terrible deed, yet it lessened not the merits of Christ's atoning blood. On the same principle God can sanctify the saloon keeper's money to sacred uses without honoring or upholding the saloon-keeper. If a saloon-keeper's hand defiles money, a Christian's hand can purify it. Accept it with distinct understanding that it is to be used as a means for suppressing the liquor traffic.

Jane Sandys, Pennsylvania, writes:

If the silver and gold are the Lord's, then he can send them through unquestionable channels for the support of his work. No true Christian will resort to doubtful methods of getting money to carry on God's work. Money as a circulating medium may get into the church indirectly from the saloon, but the church is not responsible for that. If I buy an article knowing it to have been stolen, I am as bad as the thief. If, however, I buy a stolen article not knowing it to have been stolen, I do no wrong.

Charles P. Lang, Pastor, Ia., writes:

Few are engaged in the evil traffic who have not some good in them. When the saloon-keeper contributes to work which is in open conflict with his business, take it. It will help him and the church; and it may be given from a pure, benevolent motive. Reject it when it is given to bribe the church to silence.

Mrs. M. H. Sharpe, Missouri, writes:

Upon the principle of restitution, the question of the disposal of the saloon-keeper's donation can very readily be solved. The families of the drinkers should receive the money.

T. G. Wallace, Iowa, writes:

Take all he offers with the understanding that it is to be returned as nearly as possible to those to whom it belongs—the drunkard's wife and children.

Mrs. J. M. Allen, New York, writes:

We should not deny the saloon-keeper the right or privilege to do a good act if he so desires. We have no right to judge.

Saloon Hater, Portland, N. Dak., writes:

No; take no saloon money. Win saloon-keepers to Christ by living Christ. Stand firm for right; give them cause to respect Christ and his followers. We are partners to their crime if we partake of their ill-gotten gains. We lose the chance of winning them when we accept their aid, for they lose respect for the cause we represent.

Arthur H. E., Mo., writes:

Among any thousand men in each state who keep saloons, possibly not one appears upon any church membership roll, while quite a number of their wives and children attend church and Sunday School and contribute to each. Among a thousand names of the owners of property where these saloons are located, you will open your eyes to find many names appearing on the church membership roll. Which of the two classes is the worst saloon man, and whose contribution is the more questionable? The drug stores are large distributors of whisky, and that mostly on the Sabbath day. Will you reject the druggists' contribution? Take all contributions; thank God for turning them from the current of evil to that which is good.

John McWhite, Md., writes:

Accept the gift and turn the power thus obtained against the saloon, not the keeper, and I believe that we have every right as a Church to expect God's blessing on all involved.

Rev. Job Bass, Chaplain Kings County Penitentiary, writes:

I am an old man and have had much to do in church and missionary work and have never known or heard of a liquor seller voluntarily and unsolicitedly giving to any Protestant Christian cause. Should we ask money from them? Is their calling an honest one? If not honest, then dishonest. What says the word of God? "Thou shalt not be partaker with a thief." Under the former dispensation nothing unholy or unclean should be brought to His altar. I wish dear Brother John Wyburn, the Superintendent of your Bowery Mission, would tell us if the liquor dealers in the Bowery are tumbling over each other to help in the reclamation of the drunkards. No, they know that the Church of God, if true to her mission, is their enemy, and they are not fools enough to offer aid to the enemy.

Men Prowl Because Uneasy—Peace Comes with Good Food—Try Grape-Nuts—Sold by Grocers

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"Animal food, unless mixed with at least four-fifths of vegetable products, is apt to produce irritable temper and chronic restlessness. Wherever experiments have succeeded in accustoming horses to a diet of flesh food, the results were attested by torn bridles and smashed stable doors. Carnivorous men begin to prowl to ease the feeling of gastric discomfort, and if deprived of that remedy, become fretful and vindictive, especially when the causes of nervous derangements have been complicated by other stimulants," writes Dr. Felix Oswald.

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Grape-Nuts made of wheat and barley, most skillfully blended and manufactured, furnish a food fully and perfectly cooked, and supplies the highest form of nourishment combined with delicious flavor. Grape-Nuts are sold by all first-class grocers, and made at Battle Creek, Mich., by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.

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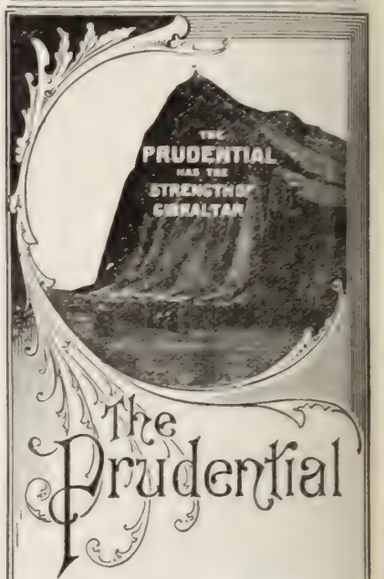

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Christianity in Business

"COMMERCIAL men" are a class whose active life, full of incessant change, might naturally be expected to make them unsettled and even careless in religious matters. That this view is not justified by the actual facts, however, is shown by the following letter which comes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from a friend in Baltimore, Md.:

"Knowing your interest in all branches of Christ's work, and especially that which Christ has blessed, I enclose a card which explains itself. "The Commercial Circle" started in a very small way less than a year ago. Six men connected with a large corporation, deeply conscious of the need of shining Christians in everyday life in their own offices, agreed to meet at a private house and ask God to suggest some practical method by which they could shine and cause others to shine for Christ in the every day business, and right on the spot where they were. God was very manifest at the meeting. All were blessed, energized and filled with a determination to do their utmost. They met several weeks later in the Sunday School room of one of the churches, and the heart-to-heart devotion was accompanied by the Holy Spirit to a degree rarely experienced.

"The Circle can now be found in almost every line of business in Baltimore, the predominating number possibly being in the banks; but when you think of clerks, merchants, lawyers, traveling men, etc., all praying daily to God for one another, you must know there is a marked difference in their Christian experience. It is no small matter to be under the daily prayers of 'The Commercial Circle.'

"What is good for Baltimore, will be of great blessing in other cities. There should be a 'Commercial Circle' in every town and city in the United States, and any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who is interested, may write to Mr. H. C. Greene, 1324 McCulloh street, Baltimore, who will furnish any information desired."

The cards issued by this circle of Christian traveling men is unique and practical. Their example should stimulate the formation of Circles elsewhere.

A Boon to the Prisoners

We frequently receive letters from prison chaplains in different parts of the Union, and the following extract from such a letter is a sample of many others that are written in the same strain:

HOBOKEN, Pa., October 17.

Dear Sir:—We are in receipt of three packages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which are greatly appreciated by us, and those with whom we labor. There is no religious paper in which the prisoners take so much interest. We make our limited supply go as far as possible by passing them from cell to cell, until the papers are worn out by usage. We trust you will still continue to remember us in this way. Men will read, while incarcerated in prison, and this is our opportunity to bring before their minds the delights and advantages of a better life. D. R. IMBRIE,
Chaplain, Allegheny County Workhouse.

Weep Not

Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well (II. Kings 4:26).

WEEP not for him, who in life's early morning,
While yet its dew-drops sparkled on his way,
Passed from this changing world to meet the dawning
Of an unshadowed and eternal day.

Weep not for those to whom the race is ended,
Ere yet begun the weariness and strife,
Whose earthly joy and hopes of heaven have blended
Before they knew the bitterness of life.

But weep for those, the sad and broken-hearted,
Who bend above a loved and smitten one,
Who mourns another light of home departed
Which for a season on their pathway shone.

And yet, beyond the grave that light is shining,
And they have now an added treasure there
Which they may hail with rapture when awaking,
Its full and perfect blessedness to share.

—E. A. H.

BLAINE'S FIGHT FOR THE PRESIDENCY

Narrated by the statesman's intimate friend, Colonel A. K. McClure. This paper is supplementary to the story of "Blaine's Life Tragedy," as recently told by ex-Senator Ingalls in the POST.

By Colonel A. K. McClure

In this week's number of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(OF PHILADELPHIA)

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By W. A. FRASER

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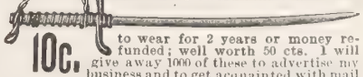

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THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

CHAPTER III.

IN HOSPITABLE HANDS

THERE was a world of meaning in the sigh which accompanied Martin Hamerton's words. It was, however, the easy sigh of a man who has suffered a reverse of fortune that does not materially affect his happiness, and his sister looked at him with a pity rather disproportionate to his need of it.

When a man loses, through no fault of his own, the money and position that he was brought up to expect, and faces his reverses cheerfully in his own neighborhood, among the old friends of his family, he will generally, whatever the cynics may say, meet with a good deal of respectful sympathy. Every one was sorry for Martin Hamerton, and considered that he did nobly not to be discontented and rebellious; and yet the life that he was now leading was perhaps quite as much to his taste as that which might have been his.

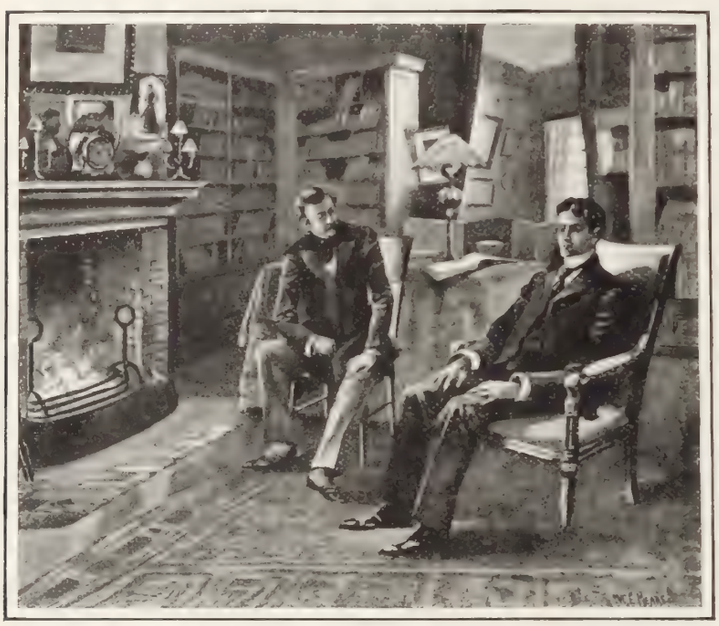
"Squire" Hamerton—perhaps the last owner of Sudbrook Hall to whom any one would ever accord that title—the father of Martin and Celia, had felt the pinch of agricultural depression, like so many other country gentlemen. He had tried—also like many men—to repair his fallen fortunes in many ways that had proved even more disastrous; and when he died, some years before the opening of this story, his affairs had been found in such a state that there was nothing for it but to sell the Hall and the land at once.

No one suffered but his children; his debts were all paid, though his son and daughter were left very slenderly provided for; and they, having, like Sir Lucius O'Trigger, the family honor and the family pictures still remaining, with all that those things signify, were not at all unhappy.

Martin had always wanted to "take up literature," as his neighbors called it, and unlimited leisure for reading and writing suited him better than the busy idleness of a country gentleman's life, with its many calls upon time and patience.

As for his sister, she dwelt among her own people, and in a girlish light-hearted fashion "mothered" Sudbrook and Burntwood and half-a-dozen tiny hamlets besides. If she had less to give than formerly, they never let her feel that she was less welcome; and the only trouble in her life was the knowledge that Martin had a hankering after a flat in some quaint Continental town, and might before long insist upon going abroad for a time and taking her with him. Meanwhile he had had a book to finish, and then another—modest ventures that hitherto had brought little fame and less money; and so for the present they remained in the little "Dower House" which they had reserved to themselves when the rest of the property was sold.

On the Sunday following that eventful Saturday, Miss Hamerton could not but glance anxiously round the church to see whether Mrs. Tomlinson's lodger had put in an appearance. But there were only the familiar village faces, and Mr. Alderdyce, the present owner of the Hall, in the big chancel pew, which he had in vain tried to persuade its former occupants to share with him.



DOUGLAS LINGARD'S HOST LOOKED AT HIM DOUBTFULLY

Young men were not always very regular in attendance at church, thought the girl, half regretfully. At any rate, this one could not have caught the smallpox yet. But she was relieved, after dismissing her class of boys that afternoon, to see her brother return from the mission on which she had sent him with a smiling face.

"You are obeyed, O queen!" he said, as he flung himself into his chair, and took his cup of tea from her hand. "I have seen the individual, and he has not been vaccinated since his infancy, to the best of his remembrance, but he solemnly engages to be operated upon to-morrow. And he did not kick me out for interfering in his concerns; not merely because I am the brother of my sister, but because we are old schoolfellows, after all."

"I wish he had gone to the doctor last night—he would if he had had any sense," murmured Celia, discontentedly. "Then he is one of the two brothers you were speaking of?"

"Yes; Lingard minor, familiarly known as Earl Douglas, or Earl. He says his brother is in London. I did not see very much of them; they only came to H—— from somewhere else a year before I left. But they were nice, quiet fellows, with a reputation for having awful tempers, which somehow made them very popular."

(Continued on next page)

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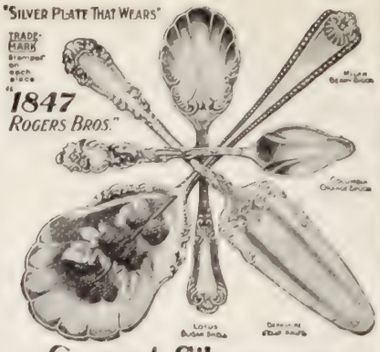

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Consumption, Bronchitis and Bronchial Asthma

Diseases which Cause Almost as Many Deaths as Consumption

BY DR. POTTET HUNTER

A cold settling on the chest or grippe that goes down to the lungs produces bronchitis and when it has continued for several months it becomes *chronic* bronchitis.

There is at first only trifling cough in the morning with slight chill, followed by a sense of feverishness toward evening. Working rapidly or going upstairs cause shortness of breath with a general sense of tightness and oppression in the chest.

As the disease advances the patient begins to raise yellow, or greenish-yellow matter; has hectic fever and night-sweats and loses in flesh and strength. Even this point unless arrested by treatment, it goes on rapidly, soon exhausts the vitality and causes death with symptoms closely resembling consumption and yet not consumption at all.

By careful observation extending through many years, I am confident that fully *two-fifths* of all the deaths charged to consumption are really deaths by chronic bronchitis. On examining the sputum and the tissues of the lungs in these cases, we find neither tubercles nor the bacilli germs that are always present in consumption.

This is a most important fact, for bronchitis is much easier to cure than consumption, every case being curable if properly treated. It is only a seated, chronic inflammation of the mucous lining of the air tubes, and at the worst is as certainly curable in the lungs as such inflammation in any other part of the body.

Consumptive bronchitis is not curable by medicine given by the stomach, nor by those hyperdermically injected, for they never reach its seat. It is only by the direct application of medicines to the lining of the bronchial tubes in the lungs that cure is ever effected. The disease is not in the stomach, nor in the blood, but in the lining of the lungs, and *there the remedies must be applied.*

Before I introduced this local treatment of the lungs, all these chronicc bronchial cases were fatal. The patient either died of exhaustion produced by the filling up of the tubes with muco-purulent matter or the bronchial disease ended in consumption.

The treatment of all lung diseases was formerly a disgrace to the medical profession. Because physicians could not cut open the lungs to get at the seat of the disease, nor reach it by pouring medicines down the wind-pipe, without causing strangulation, they gave up the effort altogether and contented themselves with dosing the stomach by *cough mixtures, tonics and opiates* to stiffle the symptoms, and then when death came, as it always did, accounted for it by calling the disease *incurable.*

Nothing but a direct application of healing medicines, antiseptics and germicides to the very seat of the disease will affect the cure of this or any other lung case, and they can be applied only by inhailing them in a gaseous state. The lungs constitute an air cavity and can be reached medicinally only by medicated air. This treatment was discovered, perfected and first successfully applied by me. It is the only natural, scientific and common-sense treatment ever applied for the cure of bronchial and consumptive diseases. If it fails, nothing else could possibly succeed. But it never does fail, unless mortal injury to the lung structures has taken place before it is applied.

"During the past 50 years I have treated many thousands of cases, and, owing to the very large increase in my practice, I have associated with me my son, Dr. E. W. Hunter, under the name of Dr. Robert Hunter Association."

"This arrangement will give me more time to consider the case of my many patients by relieving me of a great number of details involved in the care of a large practice, and is prompted by my desire to do everything possible to benefit and cure each patient under my care."

A few cases are as good as a thousand that we might refer to, Write to any of them. A personal letter from them may be the means of saving your life.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. L. A. Peer, 179 Washington Street, Newark N. J., states that seven years ago, while living in Hackettstown, N. Y., he had an oppressive feeling in his throat, and, upon spitting, found that it was blood. This was the first intimation he had that anything was the matter with his lungs. After this he suffered with pains in his left lung, and continued to spit blood. After he moved to Newark he had the grippe badly, which left his lung in a very weak condition, and had hemorrhages frequently. In a short space of time he had 27 hemorrhages, and his condition was critical. He became terribly emaciated, his weight dropping from 170 to 120 pounds. He had great difficulty in breathing and was unable to leave his bed because of weakness. His doctor gave him little encouragement, and it seemed as if he must die. Hearing of Dr. Hunter, his sister-in-law came to New York and engaged treatment for Mr. Peer. From the start he began to improve. His breathing became freer, the hemorrhages ceased altogether, and, to the surprise of everyone, especially his former physicians, he was able to come over to Dr. Hunter's office in a few weeks after he commenced treatment. Mr. Peer now weighs 164½ pounds and is feeling comparatively well, and claims that Dr. Hunter's treatment was the thing that saved his life.

Edward J. Raynor, with Walsh & Co., Confectioners, Newark, N. J.:—"I was a foreman in Seabury & Johnson's when I took sick. I had hemorrhage after hemorrhage and utterly broke down in health, coughed up lumps, yellow matter, had fever and night-sweats, and was brought to my bed from which I never expected to rise again. I am now strong and able to do my work, all shortness of breath is gone, I have gained my flesh back, and can eat and sleep as well as ever. From being a perfect wreck I have been rebuilt by Dr. Hunter's medicated air inhalations. Any one who wishes further particulars of my experience of this wonderful treatment, can write or call on me. I know I owe my life to it, and believe all who suffer ought to know of it."

In order to obtain Dr. Hunter's book, "The Lungs and Their Diseases," free, it is necessary to mention this paper, and address Dr. Robert Hunter Association, 117 W. 45th street, New York.

THE TOUCHSTONE

(Continued from preceding page)

"Boys are queer creatures! What was the charm of the bad tempers?"

"The excitement of the chance of seeing an ebullition, I suppose. Not that we often saw one. You remember that young tutor I told you about—Ashburton?"

"Yes—the one who was so good, was he not?"

"Well, the Lingards were among the chaps that he got hold of. They worshipped him, and did every single thing he told them, and I think he taught them to keep a very tight hand on themselves. I remember his saying once that they were too much alike to quarrel without frightful risk; and I remember, too, the abrupt way they used to shut up and try not to begin a dispute with one another. But Lingard major was the most silent fellow in the school, and went by the name of Mumps."

"I think they sound interesting. Why didn't you ask this one to tea?"

"I did; and he will come next Sunday, probably. He could not to-day—I forget why—letters to write, I think. Give your poor brother more tea, Miss Cecile; don't form designs on wandering young men."

The girl smiled, as little moved by the charge as though she had been really the queen that her brother sometimes called her. She was no coquette, and she knew nothing of Love with the capital letter, while of love with a small l, or affectionate admiration, she was used to plenty. She meant to extend her friendship to Douglas Lingard if—as seemed likely—he proved himself worthy of the privilege; and she did not doubt that he would accept it in the spirit in which it was offered, and with due gratitude.

But the young man did not appear on the following Sunday either at church or at the Dower House, and Celia could not help feeling a little surprised and anxious, though she agreed with her brother that there was no need to look him up again at present.

But when a second Sunday passed without a sign of him she exerted that influence over her brother that most men's "womenkind" can exert when they please, and Martin Hamerton supposed that of his own initiative he resolved to walk up to Highashes and make sure that all was right with the fellow.

On the Monday evening, therefore, he went, and came back looking grave and perplexed.

"I don't quite know whether things are wrong," he said, in answer to his sister's eager inquiry. "They certainly aren't altogether right. Lingard went and was vaccinated, as he promised me, but it didn't seem to 'take.' He let it go till last Friday, and then thought he had better try again. Now, it may be taking properly, but he does really seem to be more seedy than that should account for."

"What does he think himself?" asked Celia, her soft cheek paling a little.

"Oh, he tries to make light of it—says he has never been quite right since he came to Highashes, and that he got a chill down on the line the other day when it was so wet. But I am not sure what he thinks, and he looks very bad."

"What does Mrs. Tomlinson say?"

"Women like that always make the most of things. She complains that he won't eat anything, but I daresay her cookery is not particularly attractive. She had the sense to insist to-day on his seeing the doctor, but she only sent a message to Fosbrook that he was to call when he was up that way."

The brother and sister looked gravely at one another, both evidently considering what was to be done.

Even if Celia had not felt herself responsible for what might have come of her action, they would hardly have felt themselves at liberty to stand aside and do nothing. The old feudal feeling of being more or less responsible for every one in the place, which their father and their father's father had had before them, was not eradicated because they happened to be at the Dower House instead of the Hall. And Martin Hamerton was very tender over the sister who had no one to look to but himself, and tolerably quick to understand her.

"There's only one thing for it," he said after a moment. "I must bring him here. I dare say, as he says, it is only a chill, and he will soon be all right again. But if it should be anything worse, I can look after him, and get him a nurse, and send to his people, wherever they are, better than Mrs. Tomlinson would."

Celia flashed a grateful look at him, and then walked to the window, in the vain attempt to conceal the tears in her eyes.

"Thank you very much, Martin," she said, looking out. "You are always pretty good, but I don't think you were ever quite so good before!"

"Mind!" said her brother as he left the room, "this is simply because he is my old schoolfellow, not because you are responsible or are to blame in any way. No one else is to think so, and you are not to think so either. And I dare say he'll be all right in a day or two."

Martin never told his sister by what arguments he finally overcame Douglas Lingard's extreme unwillingness thus to inflict himself upon comparative strangers, mainly because he was obliged to take precisely the opposite line to that which he had taken with her. The young man only yielded when it was forcibly pointed out to him that Miss Hamerton could not help feeling herself responsible, and that the only way to lessen her anxiety and distress was to allow her, through her brother, to act as she thought best. He had suggested that at worst there was the hospital, but Martin Hamerton flatly declined to further that idea in any way, and as a stranger in the place he would hardly have known where was the nearest hospital, or how to set about gaining admittance to it, even had he possessed his normal amount of energy.

The next difficulty, when a reluctant assent had been given, was as to conveyance; but that Mr. Lingard promptly settled by deciding that he was quite able to walk, and would walk, and that nothing would induce him to enter any vehicle not his own, under the circumstances, even supposing any one had been willing to lend it.

So he did walk, under his host's anxious escort, and if the mile between Highashes and Sudbrook Dower House seemed longer than ever any mile had done before, he did not say so.

But when he was fairly installed in a comfortable little sitting-room with bedroom adjoining—isolated, as he thankfully noted, from the rest of the house by a short passage—with a spark of fire in the grate that even on that bright May evening was pleasant to the chilliness of fever that hung about him, he could not help drawing a long breath of comfort and relief.

Most young men feel themselves excused from "worrying" about their health when there is any one else to do it for them. But most strong men, if they feel ill at all, feel very ill, and are liable at any moment to give up their own case as hopeless, with a ready despondency which at another time they would be the first to laugh at. And it is, no doubt, a dreary thing to feel that no one will know what to do for you unless you tell them, and that if you get worse no one will much care; that you may die without even an acquaintance to say good-bye to, and that the trouble of arranging for your funeral will cause the only grief that any one will feel.

When Douglas Lingard presently lifted his heavy eyes, and saw his host looking at him doubtfully, he was able to speak quite light-heartedly, without any effort, in spite of the racking pain in his temples.

"You must not trouble yourself, and above all, you must not let your sister trouble herself. I do honestly think that I have only got to thank Dr. Jenner's invaluable discovery, and perhaps a chill as well, for this. But if it should be anything else, do make her understand that she is never to think herself to blame. She could not help herself, and she was perfectly and absolutely right."

"It's very good of you to say so," said Martin, but he spoke half abstractedly, for he was thinking.

(To be Continued)

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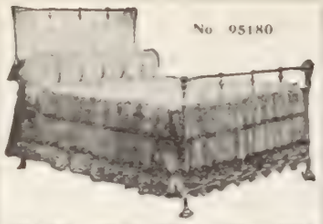

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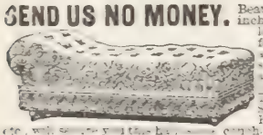

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LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE

* * *

By Margaret E. Sangster

THE little things of life play a very important part in the history of most women. Few of us are permitted to have a share in the great widely known movements of our day. No woman has the chance to rival a great captain or admiral. She does not plan campaigns or command ships; her sphere is rather within the doors of her home, and there she is potential and strong, and her influence will be felt throughout immortality. Sometimes these little pin pricks of daily care hurt and wound like stabs; sometimes the fret of the daily routine wears a woman's patience out, and she breaks down and has nervous prostration. Even such an ever-recurring operation as the washing of the dishes three times a day has been the final straw which made a housekeeper's burden too heavy. The never-ending, still-beginning task of preparing food, serving it and clearing it away is enough to tire out the woman who does her own work, unless she has a good husband and considerate children who are ready to give her their aid. I do not think it beneath any good man's dignity to lighten the load of his wife's housework by bending his own muscles to the task now and then, while surely boys and girls alike should regard it as a real privilege to help mother.

. . .

You have all heard of the lady who rather boasted that she enjoyed poor health, as though invalidism were a thing to be proud of, and also, a thing out of which pleasure might be extracted. Some of us drift into a morbid state in which we do seem to wrest a little complacency out of our disordered nerves, our rebellious stomachs, and our aching heads. The ideal condition for us all, is health, not illness, and as nearly as we can approximate perfection in our bodily condition, we reach the standard our Maker set for us when he sent us into the world. So far as we can discern our blessed Lord when he tarried here had a physical frame exempt from illness; he was weary, but not sick, when he sat by Jacob's well. We, too, must sometimes be very tired; we need seldom, if we observe God's laws, be laid aside by sickness. A physician was the other day called in to attend a sick patient who thought she was threatened with nervous prostration. His advice was that she should dismiss her second servant and do all her upstairs work herself, sweeping, dusting, bed-making, care of the parlor, etc. Practically this is what nine-tenths of our American matrons personally attend to, but Madame was much offended. "You would turn me into a servant?" she said, with an air of resentment. "No," said the doctor, "in three months I would turn you into a well woman. You are suffering from lack of exercise and of interesting occupation. You would be the better for having to do more daily work. You would eat more and sleep better, and think less about yourself."

The obligation of health should so press upon us that we shall avoid unhygienic living, eat nutritious food, and give fine, rich, fried viands a wide berth. The gridiron is superior to the frying pan when the question is one of digestion of well-cooked food.

. . .

UNTIL Chlorinda happened to mention that she was afraid of night air, and only kept her bedroom window a tiny bit ajar, I supposed that everybody had given up that old fright about air hurting one after sundown. There is no other air to breathe at night, and if we do not have our rooms freshened by the current from outside, we must inhale a tainted atmosphere, heavy with our own exhalation. Do not be afraid of night air, and plenty of it, friends. If we could sleep out of doors, we should probably be stronger and less liable to disease.

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New Anecdotes
BY MR. MOODY

Prayers that Prevailed

I REMEMBER when preaching on one occasion to an immense audience in the Agricultural Hall in London, a father and mother were in great distress about their absent son, who had given up God's ways and had wandered from his father's home to the wild bush of Australia. These poor people asked the united prayers of that vast congregation for their son, and I suppose fully 20,000 rose to the mercy seat. It was ascertained afterward that at the very hour those prayers ascended from the audience in London, that young man was riding through the Australian bush to a town, a day's ride from his camp. Something caused him to think of his home and his parents, and as he sat in the saddle, the Spirit of God descended upon him, and he was convicted of sin. Dismounting, he knelt down by his horse's side, and prayed to God for forgiveness, and in a little while he was assured of conversion. When he reached the town, he wrote the good news to his delighted mother, and asked if they would receive him at home. The answer flashed along the cable beneath the ocean:

"Come home at once."

So afraid were they that he might arrive in the night when they were not awake to receive him, that they fastened a big bell to the door, so that all the family would be awakened as he entered.

• • •

A Fatal Delay

When I was a young boy, before I was a Christian, I was in a field one day with a man who was hoeing. He was weeping, and he told me a strange story, which I have never forgotten. When he left home his mother gave him this text: "Seek first the kingdom of God." But he paid no heed to it. He said when he got settled in life, and his ambition to get money was gratified, it would be time enough then to seek the kingdom of God. He went from one village to another, and got nothing to do. When Sunday came he went into a village church, and what was his great surprise to hear the minister give out the text, "Seek first the kingdom of God." The text went down to the bottom of his heart.

He went away from that town, and at the end of a week went into another church, and he heard the minister give out the same text, "Seek first the kingdom of God." He felt sure this time that it was the prayers of his mother, but he said calmly and deliberately:

"No; I will first get wealthy."

He said he went on, and did not go into a church for a few months, but the first place of worship he went into he heard a third minister preaching a sermon from the same text. He tried to stifle his feeling, to get the sermon out of his mind, and resolved that he would keep away from church altogether, and for a few years did keep out of God's house.

"My mother died," he said, "and the text kept coming up in my mind, and I said I will try to become a Christian." The tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued. "I could not; no sermon ever touched me; my heart is as hard as that stone," pointing to one in the field.

I couldn't understand what it was all about; it was fresh to me then. Soon after I went to Boston and was converted, and the first thought that came to me was about this man. When I got back, I asked my mother:

"Is Mr. L—— living in such a place?"

"Didn't I write to you about him?" she asked; "they have taken him to an insane asylum, and to every one who goes there he points with his finger up there and tells him to 'Seek first the kingdom of God.'"

When I got home again my mother told me he was in her house, and I went to see him. I found him in a rocking-chair, with that vacant, idiotic look upon him. Whenever he saw me he pointed at me and said: "Young man, seek first the kingdom of God." Reason was gone, but the text was there.

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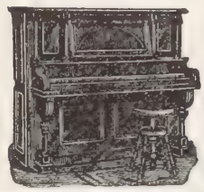

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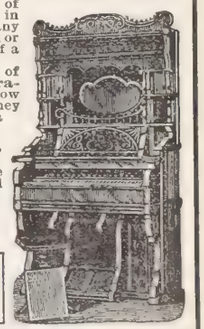

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". . . The greatest contribution made by Science to the entertainment of the world."

It is a difficult thing to do, because it seems simply incredible that in one simple machine which a child can operate there should be combined not only *the pleasure-giving qualities of all kinds of musical instruments*, but the power to reproduce *every other sort of entertainment appealing to the ear*.

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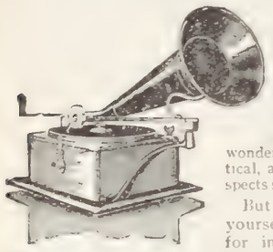

". . . is the way of entertainment for the home, the [illegible] genius of the 19th century has produced [illegible] wonderful, so practical, and in all respects satisfactory."

But judge for yourself. Take, for instance, the following as one of a hundred different programs:

1 Cornet Solo . . . . . "Serenade"
By H. A. Clarke, Cornet Soloist Sousa's Band
2 Song . . . . . "Marching Thro' Georgia"
By John Tyrell
3 Banjo Duet . . . . "Enjoy Yourselves"
4 Xylophone Solo . . . . . "Whistler and His Dog"
5 Recitation . . . . "A Negro Funeral Sermon"
By George Graham
6 Clarinet Solo . . . . . "La Sonambula"
By J. Schueler, Clarinet Soloist Sousa's Band
7 Soprano Solo . . . . "Home, Sweet Home"
By Miss Inez Barbour
8 Trombone Solo . . . "Love Thoughts Waltz"
By Arthur W. Pryor, Trombone Soloist Sousa's Band
9 "A Flag Without a Stain" . . . . . Sousa's Band
10 Orchestra Selection . . . . . "Stars and Stripes Forever"
By the Metropolitan Orchestra
11 "The Crack Regiment" . . . Sousa's Band
12 The Lord's Prayer . . . . . Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage
and AMEN. Pause

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The ear-piercing notes of the fife.
The resonant quality of the xylophone.
The sonorous voice of Chauncey M. Depew.
The staccato utterances of Dr. Talmage.
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. . . Liberty and Love . . .

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 19. Rom. 14:1-23

HOW many church quarrels and personal alienations might be healed by the adoption of the Apostle's principles! He claimed liberty for himself and the right to refrain from exercising his liberty for the sake of others. The difficulties that were perplexing the church at Rome and the difficulties of the other churches of the Apostle's time are no longer an issue, but the principle by which the Apostle solved them may be applied to our own problems with like results. That principle is eternal. It brings all doubtful questions to the test of character. The act itself which seems so harmless to one man and so wrong to another, is not to be condemned in itself, but is to be judged by the character of the doer. There can be no question about the quality of dishonesty, unchastity, mendacity, but there are other lines of conduct about which Christians differ, and these are changing from one generation to another. In our day they are chiefly: the drinking of intoxicants, theatre-going, card-playing, novel-reading, dancing, etc. We believe that if it were possible to submit these questions to the Apostle Paul, as the Roman Christians submitted their problems, his answers would be practically those given in this chapter.

It might be difficult to prove that these things are wrong in themselves. We can conceive of circumstances in which they might be practised innocently and without harmful results. The Apostle would have us first of all, on the one hand, cease to condemn those who indulge in them as wicked, and on the other hand, cease to condemn those who refrain from them as narrow-minded. There must be love on both sides and respect for every man's liberty. Next, there must be no attempt to make one man's rule the law for another. An indulgence that would be injurious to one man may be harmless to another. Every man has the right to govern himself according to his knowledge of his own condition. If I was addicted to liquor before my conversion, I have the right to abstain now, and it is my duty to abstain, but I must not insist on another man abstaining, nor must he compel me to drink. If I find by experience that dancing or card-playing produces in my mind emotions detrimental to my spiritual well-being, it is my duty to abjure them; but I am not to denounce those who indulge in them, nor are they to scoff at my scruples. Individual liberty must be respected.

Having thus cleared the ground of harsh judgment and established the rights of personal liberty, the Apostle gives rules for personal guidance which each may use for his own conduct. If there is any doubt in his mind as to the right of any course of action, the Christian will be wise in refraining from it. He should not run any risks. He must be fully satisfied in his own mind. Another man may say there is no harm in it, but there is harm to any man who sees harm in it. Whatever other men may do, he must refrain. He must not violate the dictates of his own conscience. The man who does what he believes to be wrong is doing wrong; though another man may do the same act innocently because he sees no wrong in it. Then, there is another restriction on his liberty which he should impose. He should consider what may be the effect of what he does upon others. If he can help his weak brother in any way he is bound to do it and on no account must he be the cause of his brother's falling. He may believe that there is no harm in attending the theatre, but if his brother has been an habitual theatre-goer and is striving to break himself of the habit, he will do well to stay away himself lest his example weaken his brother's resolution. If his brother is struggling with the craving for liquor, he should abstain himself that he may encourage his brother in his conflict. So love and sympathy are to be voluntary restrictions self-imposed for the good of others. No man has settled the questions for himself when he has proved that he has the right to these indulgences; we must bear one another's burdens.

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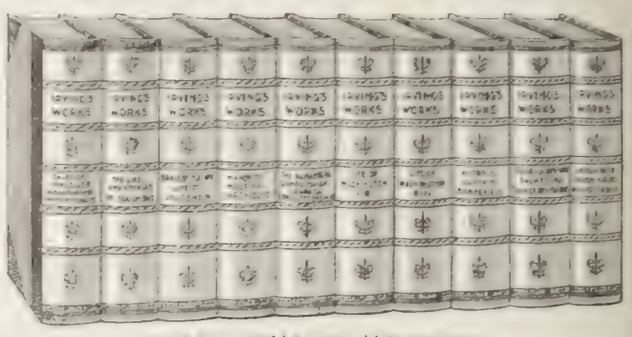

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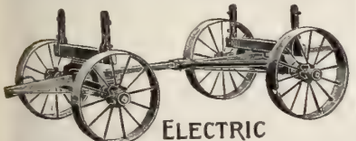

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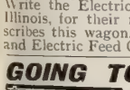

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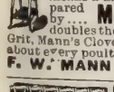

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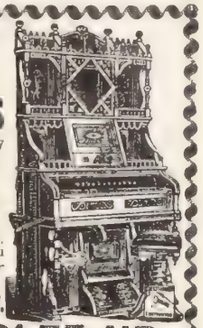

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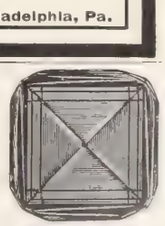

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To Christian Herald Readers.

Several times during the years 1896, 1897, 1898, and the early part of this year we used the back cover of this paper to call your attention to the plan we offer for home-building and investment at Maywood Colony, which is located at Corning, Tehama County, California. Get an upto-date map of California, and you'll find Corning on the west-side branch of the Southern Pacific Railway, 110 miles north of Sacramento. Maywood Colony is separated from the world-famous Stanford vineyard by the Sacramento River, which shows that the colony is in the region of big and good things. Senator Stanford could just as well have set his 4000 acre vineyard in the central or southern part of the state, but he didn't. He planted where he thought results would be best. Just so in locating Maywood

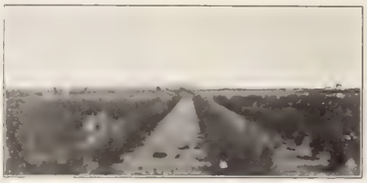
Water melons growing between rows of orange trees at Maywood Colony, California. The melon on wheel, the hand rests weighed 62 pounds.

Colony. We could have started it elsewhere, but as far back as 1891,—the year we laid out the colony,—we saw and appreciated certain conditions at Maywood which, in our judgment, made the location an ideal one for a colony. Time and results have proved that we sized up the situation correctly; for no where else in the big state of California can you raise so good an orchard for so little money as you can at Maywood. Of course you want to know why. All right. In the first place, Maywood is the only colony in California that is located right on a railway and river—thus having the benefit of competitive freight rates between rail and river—in which you can buy first class fruit land—land that is clear and ready for planting at $50 an acre.

In the second place it is the only colony in California that does not have an expensive

Looking south over a section of Maywood Colony, California. About 2,000 acres of orchard in view from this point.

and uncertain irrigation proposition tacked on to it, yet during the fruit season just closed it led all other California colonies in yield; and the fruit excelled in quality, for it commanded the highest prices. And, in the third place, it is the only colony in California where the resident members have organized and incorporated under the laws of the state for the purpose of planting and developing orchards—as well as harvesting the fruit crops—for both resident and non-resident colonists. There is great economy and efficiency in such an organization. N. G Kent, of Corning, is the Secretary. The fact that first-class fruit land can be had at Maywood Colony in lots of 2½, 5, 10 or 20 acres, and that, through the association referred to, the land can be set to trees, and these trees brought to maturity, has made the proposition a taking one for professional men, and for women. Over 1100 people now own



Looking east over a section of Maywood Colony, California. Fruit-cutting sheds in the distance.

Five-year-old peach trees at Maywood Colony, California. These trees bore four tons of fruit to the acre during season of 1899.

land in the colony. Caring for the orchards of absent owners furnishes employment for the resident colonists. Up to the present time we have advised the non resident colonist to hold his position, or keep his business, and be in no hurry to settle at Maywood. We have said that the place was yet young and small, and the opportunity for employment limited. While this sort of advice has resulted in keeping back the population of the colony, we are satisfied that for all hands concerned the plan was the best one. If, during 1896, 1897 or 1898 we had induced two or three hundred of our eastern colonists to have moved to Maywood there surely would have been trouble all around: for during those

Harvesting peaches at Maywood Colony, California. Trees set 22 feet apart and yielded 150 pounds of fruit per tree for season of 1899.

years there was not a great deal of work at the colony—not more than could be done by those already on the ground. With the present year the situation has changed. Not since the beginning of the year have we been able to get help enough for plowing, planting, cultivating, picking, cutting and curing fruit, or for house building. By advertising locally we managed to get help enough to save the colony fruit crop, yet at all times we were short handed. Since July first it has not been possible to get carpenters enough to build houses as they were wanted by new arrivals. We are in position to say that the present demand for help is not only going to continue, but that it is going to increase. Under

Hauling peaches from orchard to dryer at Maywood Colony, California. From this orchard of 40 acres 140,217 pounds were hauled in season of 1899.

these circumstances we feel justified in saying that from now on any able-bodied man who can arrive at Maywood with means enough to buy a lot and build a house—say $1000 or $1200—will have no trouble whatever in making a comfortable living, and at the same time developing an orchard. Those with less money had better advise with us before making the move. We think we shall be able to show that it will be to their advantage to acquire land by our popular installment plan, arranging with the association to start their orchard, and care for it until such time as the owner finds himself in proper shape to move to and occupy his property.

For planting an acre to peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, almonds, figs or nectarines, and properly caring for same the first year, the association charges $35. That is to say, the association will furnish trees of any of the varieties named (trees are set 22 feet apart or up to the acre), plant and cultivate them the first year for $35. Any number of acres at the same rate. The expense of having an orchard cared for after the first year—that is, properly plowed, pruned and cultivated—is $12.50 per acre.

Naturally, you want to know something of the size of the settlement, and of its development. In Maywood there are 18,000 acres, or 1,800 ten-acre farms—farms enough, if placed side by side and in a single row, to make a continuous farm 660 feet wide and 225 miles long. Of colony avenues there are 154 miles. Of fruit trees 360,000 have been planted—enough, if set in a single row, to reach 1,500

Fruit being dried at drying grounds of the Maywood Colonies Fruit Association. Grounds cover 20 acres.

miles. Of people there are now about 1,000, and each week a few more arrive and settle. Men of good judgment tell us that the population of the colony will run up to ten or fifteen thousand in a few years. We don't think it will—don't predict such growth as an inducement to get new settlers. We do believe, however, that in five years from now the population of Maywood Colony will be 5,000. Already the colony is well supplied with school and church facilities. The colony hotel enjoys the reputation of being the best one north of Sacramento, and affords a comfortable and cheap stopping place for those who go to inspect the colony. While houses are under construction, colonists make their home at this hotel, which is about 200 feet west of the depot at Corning. The home office of the colony is just across the street

Depot of the Southern Pacific Railway at Corning, the station for Maywood Colony, California.

from the hotel. By this it will be seen that you can go to the colony, get hotel accommodations, and see Mr. Foster, who is at the home office, without any trouble whatever.

Now, whether you care anything about Maywood Colony or not, there is one thing you can do for us, and we want you to do it. It is this: Don't judge us by the same rule that you do the ordinary "boomer." We don't boom. "Boomers" always get in, and then get out. We came to stay. We have been telling the same story and doing business at the same stand for nine years. We expect to be at the same stand, doing the same kind of business, for another nine years. We deal with the people in such a way that we can live among them. The money we make out of Maywood we don't invest elsewhere, but put it back into improvements at Maywood. We have orchards ourselves at Maywood, and

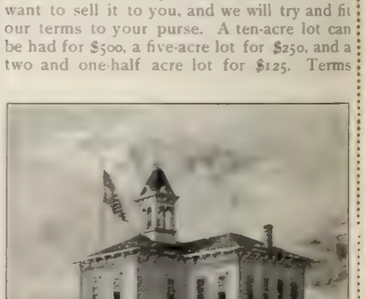
Hotel Maywood, at Corning, California.

Home office of Maywood Colony at Corning, California. Mr. Foster in charge.

make big money out of them. You see, we take the same medicine that we prescribe for others. Just because some friend of yours, or some friend of your friends, has rushed into some wildcat scheme in California and lost his money, it doesn't follow that he will lose if he invests at Maywood. Maywood is called to mind by any county that has ever been developed in California. We will take pleasure in giving to anyone a ten-acre lot in Maywood if they will establish the fact that we have, in any instance, failed to convey perfect title to land in Maywood Colony that has been paid for in full. Furthermore, if any reader of The Christian Herald thinks that we do not give

Methodist Church at Maywood Colony, California. Rev. T. A. Towner is pastor.

perfect title to our colony land, or if any have heard that we do not, we ask that a statement of the case be sent to this paper. Our money could not buy space in this paper if the management did not consider our proposition a fair and honest one. We don't want to be where we have no right to be. Notwithstanding that we have sold about 13,000 acres of land in Maywood, we still have about 5,000 acres of first-class fruit land that can be had in lots to suit. If you want some of it we want to sell it to you, and we will try and fit our terms to your purse. A ten-acre lot can be had for $500, a five-acre lot for $250, and a two and one-half acre lot for $125. Terms



Public school at Maywood Colony, California. Prof. A. W. Glover is principal.

will be such as anyone can meet. Our prospectus, giving a map of the several Maywood Colonies, together with prices, terms and full details, will be sent you FREE upon request.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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ADMIRAL DEWEY'S BRIDE, FORMERLY MRS. MILDRED M. HAZEN (SEE PAGE 873)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Reader, Norwich, Conn. What is the significance of the prediction (Gen. 3: 15) that the seed of the woman would bruise the head of the serpent, but would have his own heel bruised?

That in the conflict with evil, the victor, whom we understand to be Christ, would crush the enemy of the human race, but only at the cost of suffering to himself. It was to be a struggle in which the powers of evil would inflict a wound while in their own death throes.

Student, Brooklyn, N. Y. Who are the children of the kingdom to whom Christ referred (Matt. 8: 11, 12)? Do his words imply that converted persons may be lost?

Christ was evidently referring to the Jews. His remark was called forth by a Roman officer exhibiting more faith in him than had ever been done by a Jew. He therefore warned his Jewish hearers that, although they prided themselves on being children of the kingdom of God, through their descent from Abraham, they might be excluded from the kingdom because of personal unfitness; while others, who could not claim that illustrious pedigree, would be admitted because of their personal fitness. The present application of his words appears to us to be not to converted persons, but to nominal Christians, who have never been converted, but expect to enter heaven because they belong to Christian families, have been baptized and admitted to membership in a Christian church, but have not the spirit of Christ.

Erie W., Waterville, Minn. An editor here states that the Philippine Islands are more civilized than we are, and that they ought to civilize us instead of we them. Is this true?

It is absurd. A considerable part of the population of the Philippines is semi-savage, some wholly so. In the cities there is civilization and education, but even there only to a limited extent. The influence of Spanish rule has been unfavorable to the social and intellectual advancement of the native people.

Troubled One, Oberlin, O. Does not the promise that whatsoever we ask of God in Christ's name hold good now? What am I to think when my prayers are not answered?

God reserves to himself the right to give or withhold the boons for which we pray. It is well that he does so, otherwise we might suffer more than we do. He knows better than we do what would be for our good to receive. As the wise father does not grant every request his child makes, but because he loves the child refuses him things that would be harmful to him, so God does not answer all our prayers. Even so faithful a servant as Paul did not get his thorn in the flesh removed, though he prayed thrice for it (II. Cor. 12: 8). What you are to think when your prayers are not answered is that your heavenly Father has some wise purpose to serve in not granting your petition, and that you should acquiesce in his will, whatever it may be.

D. W. L., Lynn, Ind. There are three ways of delivering lectures: By reading from manuscript, speaking from notes, and without either. Each has its advantages and each its disadvantages. Will it be proper for a lecturer to go before the public and read his lecture and charge ten or fifteen dollars a night?

There is nothing improper about it. A lecture that is delivered from manuscript is very likely in better shape and more instructive than one delivered without manuscript.

Fred. D., Indianapolis, Ind. Does dread of death or a fear of Christ's second coming indicate that one is still outside the fold of safety?

Yes. To the Christian, death is not invested with terrors; he simply regards as the transition to the eternal life the mortal putting on of immortality. Moreover, far from experiencing fear or apprehension at Christ's second coming, he prays for it earnestly and devoutly desires it to be hastened.

M. L., Copenhagen, N. Y. What is the real bone of contention between the English Government and the Boers? The Boers' ultimatum seemed to be very fair.

The British contend that the Transvaal is a suzerainty of Britain, which the Boers deny. In addition to this claim, which is the principal cause of the trouble, there are complaints by the Outlanders of over-taxation, deprivation of franchise, and refusal of political and civil privileges. These the Boers declare their readiness to grant, under certain conditions. Back of all other causes is the determination to secure control of the rich mines at whatever cost. Had there been no mining question, there would have been no Boer war.

Subscriber, Toledo, O. Is the Revised Version of the Bible used in any church or by any large number of individuals? Was it not sacrilegious to produce such a book?

The Revised Version is gradually winning its way into use. It is doing so quite as rapidly as the Authorized Version did. There was a strong prejudice against that version when it was just issued. Probably two generations will pass before the Revised Version comes into general use. We believe no church has adopted it formally, but many preachers read it voluntarily in preference to the old version. It is a more accurate rendering and more in accordance with the most ancient copies of the Scriptures, some of which were not known in 1611 when the former translations were made. There cannot be anything sacrilegious in an attempt to get a better translation than we had before.

Mrs. A. S., Plattsburg, O. Please inform me through the columns of your paper as to who is the author of the following lines:

[illegible]

Wordsworth wrote the verses quoted in his poem, "Lines Upon a Seat in a Yew Tree."

R. A. McC., Germantown, Pa. Did Christ have any sisters or brothers?

The "brothers" of Jesus named in Scripture were James, Joses, Simon, and Judas (See Matt. 12: 46; Matt. 13: 55; John 2: 12 and 7: 3, 5, and 10; Acts 1: 14; Gal. 1: 19; 1 Cor. 9: 5, and Mark 6: 3). They are all named conjointly with the mother of Jesus and with Joseph. There have been many disputations as to whether they were "full" brothers to Jesus, by the same parents, or the sons of Joseph by a former marriage, and therefore half-brothers only, and this view was strongly urged by some of the early Church writers. Still another opinion was that expressed by Jerome, that these were the sons of Mary [illegible] sister (See John 19: 25), as she is distinctly said to have sons named James and Joses (See Acts 1: 13 and Matt. 27: 56). Sisters of [illegible] are mentioned in Mark [illegible] passage is of doubtful authority.

[illegible] version? 2. Is it possible to be entirely sanctified, soul and body, in this life?

1. Conversion is the work of the Holy Spirit. The converted man is in daily need of more grace and it is given in answer to prayer. Conversion is only the beginning of the Christian life. The Holy Spirit is given to impart strength for growth and for service. 2. See I. Thessalonians 5: 23. The apostle would not have prayed for an impossibility.

Anxious, Boston, Mass. I have not had a religious education, but have of late become concerned about my condition after death. I have been to [illegible] with the hope that I might learn how to become a Christian; but their language is technical. Can you tell me what I ought to do?

It would probably disappoint you if we answered in the Scriptural way: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Yet that is the only true answer. Stripped of [illegible] may be described as committing your case to Christ, much as you would commit your case to a physician if you were sick, or your trouble to a lawyer if you were in danger of imprisonment. "Believing on him" is the complete trust you place in him and the profound conviction that he can and will save you. This is the decisive thing, the turning point. That done, several results flow from it. One is sorrow for sin previously committed and a renunciation of it for the future. A second is the endeavor, in the strength that Christ imparts, to follow his example, to cultivate his spirit, and to live his life of purity, holiness and helpfulness. This involves prayer and submission to his will in all things. Then you should join a church to confess him openly. There are other matters that will call for your attention as you go on, but these we have mentioned are the plain, simple duties that you have to do in order to become a Christian.

Schoolboy, Little Rock, Ark. Will you please tell me who said: "Make your work clean and without delays."

Perhaps you refer to this, which was said by Prof. Blackie: "Make clean work and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing; do it and be done with it."

J. L. B., Mount Pleasant, Pa. Are mill workers and factory hands justified in working on the Sabbath day, on the ground that if they refuse they will lose their position?

It is a matter for the individual conscience to decide, under such circumstances. There is no possibility of misunderstanding the divine commandment, which says, "Thou shalt do no work." Yet, in such a case, the moral responsibility would seem to rest chiefly with the employer, who compels his subordinates to labor on Sunday under pain of dismissal, [illegible] day labor the better.

[illegible] tell him what he can or cannot do?

[illegible] ing mistakes by being self-sufficient and rejecting well-meant counsel.

Lucinda S., Slaterville, N. Y. Do you think the [illegible]

Porto Rican annexation came about voluntarily; it was the work of the people themselves. The question of a free government there has never been seriously under discussion. [illegible] significant that it would be powerless to take a very good chance of being annexed by some [illegible] control it will realize the largest measure of self-government, and the benefits of development on moral, educational and commercial lines.

[illegible] and he that gathereth not with me [illegible]

Henry S., Toronto, Ont. A sceptical [illegible] are contradictions in the Bible [illegible] have been only eight years of [illegible]

Two explanations are offered. One, that at the age of eight his father associated him in the government, which was a common practice, and that he was eighteen [illegible] The s[illegible] more probable one is that some copyist mistook the Hebrew character for eighteen, for the one denoting eight, which might easily be done, and other copyists of Chronicles copying from him perpetuated the error. At a time [illegible] by hand, such a mistake might easily be made.

Rev. Zerah C. Collins, the Y. M. C. A. General Secretary for Porto Rico, writing to this journal a few days ago from San Juan, says:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunbeams [illegible] Sunbeams. A visit would be an inspiration to the American friends of the work. It is now in the centre of the city.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Porto Rican Relief Fund is now closed, and no further contributions will be received.

Inquirer. Write to a music publisher.

V. S., North Blenheim, N. Y. See Mark 6: 3.

Mrs. E. L. B., Stevens Point, Wis. Answered in a recent issue.

Chas. G. J. A., Hawk's Park, Fla. You are no doubt quite right.

Mrs. O. D. E., Ithaca, N. Y. Write to American Bible Society, New York.

Belle W., Equinonk, Pa. We do not know to what denomination he belongs.

Mrs. M. C., Mansfield, Pa. It was doubtless copied. She has no such beliefs.

M. E. V., Granton, N. Y. Write to Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, for all information.

Reader, Chesterfield, Va. You will find the information in any good encyclopedia.

Subscriber, Nunda, N. Y. We cannot devote the space to it. See some good almanac.

Mrs. S. F. G., Evansville, N. Y. Address Exchange for Woman's Work, New York City.

A. B. C., Washington, D. C. Write to the Training [illegible] of Nurses, New York City.

Abel T., Ishpeming, Mich. 1. It is wrong if you can do it on other days; otherwise not. 2. Yes.

F. A. Ray, Butler, Ala. No one knows. The knowledge would be worthless if it could be had.

[illegible] of New York State. 2. No, not in the same church.

Pearl B., Beloit, O. Yes, you have a right to make extracts with proper credit, but not to take the article entire.

J. L. B., Weatherford, Tex. Your only source of information must be the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

GATHERING ROSES IN A CALIFORNIA GARDEN IN WINTER

Frost rarely touches the valleys of the Golden State, and though the distant mountains may wear their snowy caps during the winter months, there are no such piercing blasts as are experienced in the East. Our photograph shows a scene in a California garden in midwinter, where the balmy air is laden with the fragrance of flowers, and the whole scene is suggestive of the tropical wealth and exuberant foliage of July rather than December or January.

A Tragedy in India

A Night of Desolation and Heroic Labor :: The Bereaved Missionary Family

IN this journal, on October 11, a brief report, sent by cable, was published of a terrible catastrophe at Darjeeling, India, in which many lives were lost. We have now received by mail from Mr. Benjamin Aitken, of Calcutta, the following graphic story of the calamity. We grieve to learn that Mrs. Ada Lee, whose interesting letter about the orphan children she is sheltering at her institution in Calcutta was published in this journal on October 25, is the chief sufferer. Her six children were in the school which was swept away, and only one was saved alive. Following is Mr. Aitken's story of the calamity:

MISS C. J. STAHL

An appalling catastrophe has taken place at Darjeeling, the great hill sanitarium of Bengal. This place is situated at an elevation of seven thousand feet above sea level, on the southern slopes of the Himalaya mountains, and a twenty-two hours' journey by rail due north of Calcutta. It contains a large population of natives, living in huts and bazaars, and more than a hundred residences of Europeans, both on the lower levels and on the steep hillsides. There are also several first-class schools for European children, who are sent there to be kept out of the trying climate of Calcutta and the plains of Bengal.

On Sunday evening, September 24, a cyclone, accompanied with torrents of rain, struck the "station," as towns like Darjeeling are called in India. It continued all night, and nearly twenty inches of rain fell. Before midnight, houses had begun to collapse in all directions, and the water, soaking into the soil, sent vast avalanches of rocks and earth, mixed with shrubs and trees, rolling down the hillsides with a roar which alarmed all the inhabitants.

The Arcadia Girls' High School stands on a ridge in one of the most popular parts of Darjeeling, and has fifty boarders, besides many day scholars. The lady principal is Miss C. Josephine Stahl, an American, born in Indianola, Iowa. She was a student of Simpson College, Iowa, and of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. She was sent to India in 1892 by the Northwestern Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and was principal of the Calcutta Girls' High School in 1896-99. She took charge of the school at Darjeeling in the spring of the present year.

About half past ten o'clock, when the pupils and teachers were in bed, a part of the building fell in, and Miss Stahl made the girls get up and dress, and took them, with the teachers, through the rain and darkness, to a house called Ida Villa, higher up the ridge. Before long, Arcadia was swept away, and a bank of mud covered the site. The girls were accomodated in the main hall of Ida Villa, and most of them lay down on the floor to sleep. But in little more than an hour afterward a great mass of the hill above came down and covered the house, knocking down one wall, but leaving the roof and the other walls as they were. The inmates were thus shut in and drenched with mud, but not crushed. By desperate efforts a number of the girls were pushed or dragged through the ruin out into the deluge, but the danger of a second avalanche, which would have blotted out the school, increased every moment. Very great difficulty was experienced in keeping the terrified girls in order. There was in the school, staying as a visitor, the wife of the Rev. Frank W. Warne, pastor of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, in Calcutta. This lady, with her daughter, who is one of the senior girls in the school, and two of the teachers, scrambled through a window, and got on the road above and walked three quarters of a mile through the tempest to the Union Church Manse in search of assistance. Two gentlemen immediately set out to get help among the neighbors. In a very short time, six or seven gentlemen were at work on the ruin, and forty-five girls were got out alive and nearly all uninjured. But two sisters, aged nine and three, a third girl, and a little boy were taken out dead. The parents of these children are well known in Calcutta, and much sympathy is felt with them in their bereavement. The boy was a son of the Rev. Herbert Anderson, secretary of the English Baptist Missionary Society—Carey's Society.

The rescuing was a work of danger as well as of indescribable labor. The correspondent of one of the Calcutta daily papers says that several of the gentlemen deserve the Victoria Cross. One of them sank up to his shoulders in the mud, and his companions were nearly sucked in after him. But by spreading a water-proof coat on the ground, they secured sufficient buoyancy to drag him up. The rescued girls were distributed in different houses wherever shelter could be found at that hour, about three in the morning, with the wind still raging and the rain pouring, and the landslides filling the blackness with a continual roar.

But worse remains to be told. The Rev. D. H. Lee and his wife are American Methodist missionaries in Calcutta, Mrs. Ada Lee being well known in America as the writer of the thrilling story of "Chundra Lela." Their six children, Vida, Lois, Wilbur, Herbert, Ada, and Esther, the eldest seventeen and the youngest four or five years of age, were day scholars at "Arcadia," but lived by themselves with a native woman servant, in a house on the steepest part of the hill with a precipitous descent of several thousand feet to the Rungeat river below. During that awful night this house was carried away. All we know yet is that the body of the second girl was found, and that the eldest boy was found alive, though badly injured, but he has died of his injuries since he was saved. The other four children and the native woman may never be seen till the Resurrection Day. In the presence of this most terrible calamity the losses of the other bereaved parents appear light. Friends are not wanting who love Mr. and Mrs. Lee for their own sake, and their work's sake, and their Master's sake; and these are doing all that human friendship can do to impart comfort. But God is the real comforter, and surely not often have a father and mother stood in deeper need of the prayers of all who have access to the Throne of Mercy.

Mr. Lee's children were a dear and precious family, generous, kind and helpful. One by one they had given their hearts to God, and, as it seems now by a gracious Providence, their recent letters to their parents in Calcutta were inspired by a growing experience of their Heavenly Father's faithfulness.

The loss of native life has been very great, not only in Darjeeling, but on the tea estates which cover the lower hills for miles all round. A very well-known village of 200 inhabitants, situated some distance below the house occupied by the Lee children, has been overwhelmed. Besides the ten children mentioned, the only Europeans reported lost are three gentlemen who were upset in a boat cross-

VIDA LEE AND LOIS LEE — HERBERT AND WILBUR — ESTHER AND ADA

THE LEE CHILDREN, ALL OF WHOM PERISHED AT DARJEELING

ing a stream. But the station of Darjeeling is a wreck; houses, gardens and whole hillsides gone in all directions; the roads are impassable, the water pipes and gas pipes torn out of the earth and broken, and the telegraph destroyed. The mountain railway, too, is breached in many places, so that people cannot leave Darjeeling, nor their friends in Calcutta go up to them. The mails are being sent by foot runners by a way fifty miles round about. News comes to Calcutta slowly and irregularly, and the relatives of the children at school are in a state of distraction. A telegram just received says that, according to what Wilbur Lee said, when the six children found that escape was impossible, they were gathered together to pray by the eldest girl, and were on their knees when the house was swept down the declivity. Another large girls' school, the Diocesan, was completely wrecked, but the children were all rescued without loss of life.

The funeral of the five children took place on Tuesday morning, and was a very impressive scene. The highest government officers at Darjeeling were present, and the procession was a mile long. Every exertion is being made to attend to the hundreds of wounded natives.

Admiral Dewey Wedded

AFTER Mrs. McKinley, our First Lady of the Land, no woman commands just now such a large share of patriotic interest and warm good wishes from the American public as the lady whom Admiral Dewey recently and suddenly announced in characteristic fashion, as his prospective bride. To a delegation of Tennesseeans who had called to extend him an invitation to be present in Nashville on the occasion of the return of the First Tennessee regiment from Manila, the Admiral in declining, said that he "had just gained the consent of the most charming woman in the world to be Mrs. Dewey," and could not well leave Washington immediately; upon which the importunities of the delegation were turned to congratulations.

In her recent visit to New York, where she purchased an American outfit, Mrs. Mildred Hazen, the bride-elect, was amusingly reminded of public interest in herself by admiring small boys who impeded her way when she walked under the Dewey Arch with the Admiral.

The Admiral has known the woman of his choice for many years. He met her first when she visited Washington as Miss Mildred McLean, daughter of the late Washington McLean, of Cincinnati, Ohio; and the acquaintance continued after she was the wife and widow of Brigadier-General Hazen, who died some twelve years ago. Prior to Dewey's sailing on the eastern trip that made him famous, Dame Rumor began to talk of a probable engagement between the pair who seemed well worthy of each other; later, whispers of a mysterious picture which held the place of honor in Dewey's cabin on the Olympia, and of cablegrams which came from foreign ports to Mrs. Washington McLean's house, while the Admiral was making his long journey home, seemed to confirm the first report. Then, when the people offered him a house in Washington, he accepted it promptly, said he wanted one already built; and as soon as it was selected he moved into it at once, and informed the public that, as quickly as he could win her consent, an American woman should grace it as his wife. Mrs. Hazen is well known and much loved in Washington; and is the sister of John R. McLean, late Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio and sister-in-law of Gen. Ludlow, Governor of Havana. Of her two children, one died in infancy; the other, a son about twenty-three years old, about eighteen months ago. She has lived of late years with her mother, between whom and herself a lovely comradeship exists. The Admiral's first wife, the daughter of a former Governor of Vermont, died in 1872; he has one son, George, who lives in New York. The Admiral is a member of the P. E. Church, and his bride is a Roman Catholic.

The Dewey home, No. 1747 Rhode Island avenue, is a substantial four-story brick building with brown-stone trimmings. It stands on a terrace, has a cheerful bay-window and a pyramidal tower. The large hall is wainscotted in oak, and has an open fireplace. The handsome and spacious parlor, divided into two rooms by fluted pillars, the big dining-room furnished in brown leather and mahogany, and the living and guest-rooms all wear a hospitable and home-like look. The servants' rooms are cheerful and comfortable. There is an admirable kitchen, laundry and store-room; the butler's pantry overlooks a well-sodded little lawn, forty feet deep. A suggestion made by the Admiral to the committee which had the presentation of the home in charge, was that the dining-room should be somewhat commodious as he meant to welcome many friends to his board. Mrs. Hazen's inclinations were also influential in the selection of the establishment; and since she, as well as her gallant sailor, is hospitably minded, we may be sure that their dwelling will be the centre of benefits and happiness to many beside themselves. The wedding occurred Nov. 9 in St. Paul's Church, Washington, D. C. The earnest good wishes of thousands will follow Mrs. Dewey and her husband into the sanctuary of that home which love of the American people has provided for the greatest naval hero of the age, who showed himself in war as wise and humane as he was brave.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

.. SETTLED IN HEAVEN ..

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Psalms 119: 89: . . . . . Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven

THIS world has been in process of change ever since it was created. Mountains born, mountains dying, and they have both cradle and grave. Once this planet was all fluid, and no being, such as you or I have ever seen, could have lived on it a minute. Our hemisphere turns its face to the sun, and then turns its back. The axis of the earth's revolution has shifted. The earth's centre of gravity is changed. Once flowers grew in the Arctic and there was snow in the Tropic. There has been a re-distribution of land and sea, the land crumbling into the sea, the sea swallowing the land. Ice and fire have fought for the possession of this planet. The chemical composition of it is different now from what it once was. Volcanoes once terribly alive are dead, not one throb of fiery pulse, not one breath of vapor. The ocean changing its amount of saline qualities. The internal fires of the earth are gradually eating their way to the surfaces. Upheaval and subsidence of vast realms of continent.

Moravians in Greenland have removed their boat poles because the advancing sea submerged them. Linneaus records that in eighty-seven years a great stone was one hundred feet nearer the water than when he wrote. Forests have been buried by the sea, and land that was cultured by farmer's hoe can be touched only by sailor's anchor. Loch Nevis of Scotland and Dingle Bay of Ireland and the fjords of Norway, where pleasure boats now float, were once valleys and glens. Many of the islands of the sea are the tops of sunken mountains. Six thousand miles of the Pacific Ocean are sinking. The diameter of the earth, according to scientific announcement, is one hundred and eighty-nine miles less than it was. The entire configuration of the earth is altered. Hills are denuded of their forests. The frosts and the waters and the air bombard the earth till it surrenders to the assault. The so-called "everlasting hills" do not last. Many railroad companies cease to build iron bridges because the iron has a life of its own, not a vegetable life or an animal life, but a metallic life, and when that life dies the bridge goes down. Oxidation of minerals is only another term for describing their death. Mosses and seaweeds help destroy the rocks they decorate.

The changes of the inanimate earth only symbolize the moral changes. Society ever becomes different for better or worse. Boundary lines between nations are settled until the next war unsettles them. Uncertainty strikes through laws and customs and legislation. The characteristic of this world is that nothing in it is settled. At a time when we hoped that the arbitration planned last summer at The Hague, Holland, would forever [illegible] the sound and [illegible] the gun and [illegible] the horizon the world has on hand two wars which are digging graves for the flower of English and American [illegible]. From the pressure of such geological and social and national and international [illegible] we turn with thanksgiving and exultation to my text, and find that there are things forever settled, for in higher latitudes than we have ever trod.

[illegible] O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.

High up in the sanctuary of the sun at [illegible] there are orbits that nature shall go [illegible] and persistently [illegible] that happens in the realm of spiritual condition and not of earthly environment. [illegible] and the [illegible] or [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

groups filled with gladness, and talking good sense, and rallying each other in pleasantries, and in every possible way forwarding good neighborhood. The social life as perfect as refinement and common sense, and culture, and prosperity, and religion can make it. The earth made better than it was at the start. And all through gospelizing influences, directly or indirectly.

That was an exciting scene after the battle of Bosworth, which was fought between Richard III. and the Earl of Richmond, the King falling and the Earl triumphing, when Lord Stanley brought the crown and handed it to the Earl, seated on horseback, while the dying and the dead of the battle were lying all around. But it is a more thrilling spectacle as we look forward through the centuries and see the last armed and imperial iniquity of the world slain and the crown of universal victory put upon the conqueror on the white horse of the apocalypse, and all nations "hail the power of Jesus' name." That the whole earth will be redeemed is one of the things long ago settled in heaven. Another thing decided in that high place is that all who are adjoined to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off. The old adage says that "Beggars must not be choosers," and the human race in its depleted state had better not be critical of the mode by which God would empalace all of us. I could easily think of a plan more complimentary to our fallen humanity than that which is called the "plan of salvation." If God had allowed us to do part of the work of recovery, and he do the rest; if we could do three-quarters of it and he do the last quarter; if we could accomplish most of it and he just put on the finishing touches, many could look with more complacency upon the projected reinstatement of the human family. No, no! Not one step of our heavenly throne made by earthly carpentry. Not one [illegible] of our eternal rejoicing. Accept all as an unmerited donation from the skies, or we will never have it at all.

O, Christ, come hither and [illegible]! Here are our [illegible]; here are our burdens—lift [illegible]; here are our sorrows—comfort them. We want the Christ of Bartimeus to open our blind eyes, the Christ of Martha to help us in our domestic cares, the Christ of Christ to help us pray, the Christ of Luke Galilee to [illegible] the Christ of Lazarus to [illegible]. Now we trust it is to come through the [illegible] shoulders so long carried the world's woe, and on the forehead [illegible] may be crowned [illegible].

By the bloody sweat of the mountain on which Jesus died, and by the sepulchre where his mutilated body was enclosed in Arimathean crypt, and by the [illegible] where his unmerited disciples [illegible] by the rage of [illegible] and by the [illegible] and omnipotent [illegible] we entreat, we [illegible] for the coming of all those [illegible] was sealed to [illegible] Kingdom [illegible] your head to [illegible] and final [illegible] come to what you have done and [illegible] to live up what he is doing [illegible] and all to work for both worlds. Then you can swing out defiance to all opposition, [illegible] and darkness. The [illegible] to be conquered [illegible]. And [illegible] that [illegible] of [illegible] that [illegible] "having despoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them, openly triumphing," so bringing before us that overwhelming spectacle of a Roman triumph?

When Pompey landed at Brindisi, Italy, returned from his victories, he disbanded the brave men who had fought under him and sent them rejoicing to their homes, and entering Rome his emblazoned chariot was followed by princes in chains from kingdoms he had conquered, and flowers, such as only grew under those Italian skies, strewed the way, and he came under arches inscribed with the names of battlefields on which he had triumphed, and rode by columns which told of the fifteen hundred cities he had destroyed, and the twelve million people he had conquered or slain. Then the banquet was spread, and out of the chalices filled to the brim they drank to the health of the conqueror. Belisarius, the great soldier, returned from his military achievements, and was robed in purple, and in the procession were brought golden thrones and pillars of precious stones, and the furniture of royal feasts, and amid the splendors of kingdoms overcome he was hailed to the hippodrome by shouts such as had seldom rung through the capital. Then also came the convivialities. It was to such scenes that the New Testament refers when it speaks of Christ "having despoiled principalities and powers, he made a show of them, openly triumphing." But, Oh the difference in some respects! The Roman triumph represented arrogance, cruelty, oppression, and wrong, but Christ's triumph meant emancipation and holiness and joy. The former was a procession of groans accompanied by a clank of chains, the other a procession of hosannas by millions set [illegible] free.

The only shackled ones in the procession at Christ's triumph will be Satan and his [illegible] and as our Lord's chariot wheels [illegible] all the abominations of all the [illegible] bound for an eternal captivity. Then will come a feast, to which the [illegible] will be [illegible] with the rare wine of the [illegible]. Upon [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] where the [illegible] crown of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Woes of Intemperance

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 26. Prov. 23: 29-35. Golden Text, Prov. 20: 1

"WHO hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath complaining? Who hath wounds without cause?" (Prov. 23: 29). Ask these questions of any child in the slums of our great cities, and the larger number of these poor little ones will answer, "Father." But why should your father have "woe" more than other people? Why should he have "sorrow"? Why should he have so large a share of "contentions," "complaining," "wounds without cause"? And the child would say "he drinks." Everybody knows it is so, and yet thousands of church-goers, and not a few of those who profess to be true children of God, live, get rich, and obtain a high position, through the manufacture of that maddening drink which fills our slums, our lunatic asylums, our poorhouses, and our graveyards with victims! If they earned their living by propagating smallpox, the bubonic plague, or leprosy, the law would lay hold of them as the murderers of men; but because it is the drink, which adds so largely to the revenue, no hand of justice is laid upon them. Does God approve?

And yet where smallpox, plague, or leprosy cut off their hundreds, the drink cuts off its thousands; the Word of God does not shut out those who die of these diseases from salvation; but "drunkards" shall not "inherit the kingdom of God" (I. Cor. 6: 9-10). Can it be that in Christian lands, men, on the principle of self-preservation, are hindered from harming others by propagating infectious diseases, but they are not hindered from manufacturing that which destroys so many, soul and body, because Government fears to lose revenue, and because the power of the drink traffic is such a potent one as largely to influence politics? Alas! "righteousness," which "exalteth a nation," has yielded to a policy which debases a nation. How can it be otherwise? All the temperance societies, all the influence of popular opinion on this question, which among Christians has undergone a great change for the better the last twenty years, have left the Government as strongly in favor of the drink as ever!

But the poor victims? Yes, and the rich victims, for there are large numbers of the educated classes, men and women, who are slaves to the drink curse—what of them? How few hospitals for drunkards are to be found! How do people become drunkards? One and all by self-indulgence. It is an awful fact that the will which God has committed to his creatures wherewith to choose His will, when it is not yielded to him, but allowed to become our master, subjects those who thus yield to it to the most terrible slavery. Woe to that man whose power over his own will has become paralyzed! Christ "died for all, that they should henceforth live, not unto themselves, but for him which died for them, and rose again" (II. Cor. 5: 15). The self-indulgent, "the drunkard and the glutton," are linked together by the wise man. "Hear thou, my son, and be wise, and guide thine heart in the way. Be not among winebibbers, among gluttonous eaters of flesh, for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty" (Prov. 23: 19-21, R.V.).

Any self-indulgence is a lust of the flesh: eating, drinking, novel reading, needless dress, amusements, tittle-tattle, sight-seeing, boasting, or talking about ourselves; anything and everything in which we seek only our own gratification, is in God's sight as abhorrent as the sin of the poor drunkard. It may not be so disgusting externally, but it is the same tendency in the heart which leads us to indulge ourselves in one way as in another; our tastes may differ, but the principle is the same. And who are we to turn in disgust from a poor, filthy drunkard, when in heart we are doing the same things?

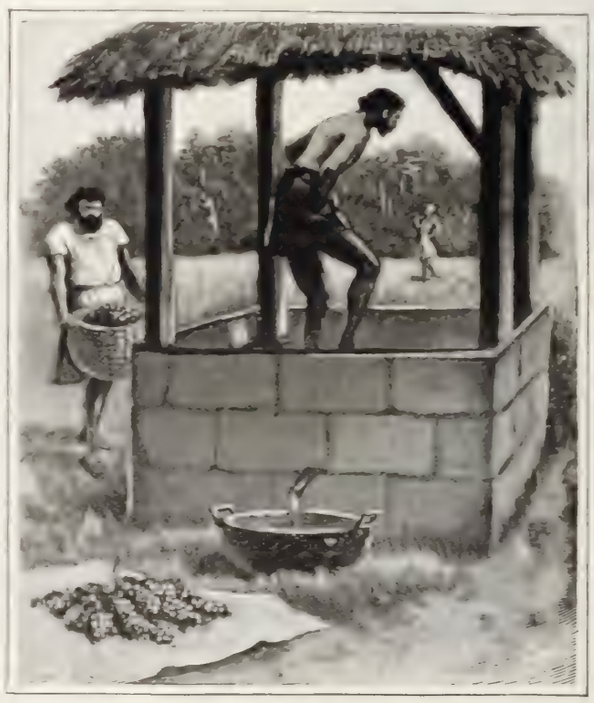
The devil's gospel is, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die" (I. Cor. 15: 32). A word which Paul spoke in irony to the shame of the Corinthians, but with a preface, "If the dead rise not." But the dead shall rise; every poor drunkard, every slave of self, shall awake, "some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." A drunkard, and equally any man or woman who has become a slave to self-indulgence of any kind, has become more or less possessed by the enemy. If we are not possessed by God we are in some degree Satan's slaves. When Eve yielded to self-indulgence, it was at the instigation of the enemy, and he entered in with the bait he had laid for her. Eve did not eat the forbidden fruit to allay hunger, nor yet to gain strength, but only because it pleased her to indulge herself. It was "good for food," "pleasant to the eyes," desirable to make one wise—not necessary, but she would like it—and she fell, and involved a race of beings in her fall!

Therefore, says the wise man, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." This was just what Eve did, she looked upon the fruit, instead of looking away from it up to God. The self-indulgent look at all things in relation to themselves: what they would like, how things suit them, etc. It is dangerous ground: man lost dominion over himself when he lost dominion over the creation, he needs a master, and if he does not yield to God, God's enemy usurps the throne of his being. But this the poor deluded dupes of the enemy cannot see. How often a poor slave of drink says, "I can leave it off when I like: I have complete control of myself," while everyone can see how utterly he has become [illegible].

How are they to be helped, these poor victims? It takes the all-power of God to do it: and he can do it, and does. But the hundreds of thousands who go down into a drunkard's grave make one long for the time when a King shall reign in righteousness, and when revenue shall no longer be received from opium, strong drink, tobacco, or any of those things which tend to demoralize and deteriorate. Meanwhile, a solemn responsibility is upon all of us to throw our influence into the right scale, not only to abstain ourselves for God's sake and the sake of the tempted, but at the same time to walk closely with him about all the details of our own life. This is an age of self-indulgence.

The self-indulgent, and especially drunkards, find themselves at last deceived, but it is too late. Having yielded to the enemy, there is no power to draw back. They cannot see things as they really are: "Thine eyes shall behold strange things." Oh, how awful to be unable to see the truth, or to speak the truth, to be unable longer to discern between truth and falsehood; to declare, "I am not intoxicated: I have not been drinking," at the very moment when the poor frame so grievously sinned against, can no longer bear its weight, and the miserable creature falls all along on the ground! "Thine heart shall utter froward things." Yes; the tongue is the instrument of unrighteousness now. "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging" (Prov. 20: 1), but only because the great mocker Satan is behind it.

And then comes the awful end: Delirium tremens. "Thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast." Oh, the awful, unspeakable horrors of delirium tremens!



ORIENTAL METHOD OF MAKING WINE BY TREADING GRAPES

that water is the best beverage, and that it is to their advantage to have nothing to do with intoxicating drinks, he may save them from a danger that they do not dread. It is to the beginning of the downward career, not the end, that he should direct his efforts. Every child knows that the drunkard is a miserable, despicable creature: what he needs to be told is that it is folly to drink even in moderation of intoxicants and that he would be better in health, purse and morals for abstaining altogether from them.

It biteth like a serpent. Mr. Gough used to tell a fable of a serpent in a circle of fire. A man was passing by and saw it and the snake said to him, "Help me out of my difficulty." "If I do you'll bite me." "Oh no, I won't." "I am afraid to trust you." "Help me out of the fire, or it will consume me and I promise, on my word of honor, I won't bite you." The man took the snake out of the fire and placed it on the ground. Then the snake said, "Now I'll bite you." "But, didn't you promise me you would not?" "Yes, but don't you know it is my nature to bite and I cannot help it?" So it is with the drink. It is its nature to bite: it is its nature to deceive.

I will seek it yet again. The singularity about temperance is that while a man will avoid other things that have done him [illegible] bauch, than he craves more liquor. A worker in one of our missions visited a man who had delirium tremens. The doctor who was attending him seeing a visitor there, called him aside and told him to caution his friend. "If he has [illegible] cians in the world cannot save him." The [illegible] week of his recovery. "I cannot do without it," he said, "and if I knew that I should die to-night, even that knowledge would not keep me from drinking." Infatuation like that could have but one end.

Thine eyes shall behold strange things. (R. V.) No one who has seen a victim of drink in the last stages of his suffering can ever forget the sight. A lawyer in a great city fell under the power of liquor and was prostrated by sickness. His pastor not knowing the cause of his sickness visited him. The sufferer turned to him in an agony of fear. "Keep them off me for mercy's sake," he cried. "Do you not see those slimy snakes writhing on the bed? They keep coming and they are trying to reach me. I see their glittering eye-balls. Oh, keep them off!" The pastor tried to convince him that there were no snakes there. "But I see them," he insisted, "they are all around me." To the sick man they were quite real. His eyes beheld strange [illegible]

Who hath contentions? One of the saddest trials ever recorded is described by an English judge. He says: The charge against the prisoner was murder—the murder of his friend. I never pitied a prisoner so much, but he wanted none of my pity. He clamored for conviction and when I was about to pass sentence he made only one request and that was that an early day be fixed for his execution. The man whom he had killed had been his friend from boyhood. They worked in the same shop and lived in the same boarding-house. One day they went out together to celebrate some holiday and both drank too much. A trivial dispute arose between them which would have been easily adjusted, if they had been sober. But being inflamed with liquor both grew angry. The prisoner went out, armed himself with a bludgeon, and when the other was going home struck him over the head and killed him. When he became sober and was told what he had done, he was overcome with remorse. I never saw greater mental suffering than was imprinted on the young man's face as he stood in the dock and solemnly raising his hand cursed the drink which had caused the crime.

Who hath woe? The woman who marries a man who becomes a drunkard. A couple stood up before a clergyman to be married. The bridegroom leaned over to whisper a few words to the bride. The friends were surprised to see her start back and sink weeping into a seat. She was so hysterical that the wedding ceremony had to be postponed. The bridegroom was asked what he could have said to distress her so much. He replied that it was only a loving word of tender affection and he could not account for her distress. Afterwards the bride explained it. She had once seen him the worse for liquor and she had exacted a promise from him that he would never touch it again. When he whispered to her at the wedding, she smelled liquor on his breath and realized that he had broken his promise. Nothing that he could say or do would induce her to renew the engagement and the sequel showed that she was wise. He married another girl within a year and for a few months behaved himself. But soon he again began drinking. His wife, hoping against hope, tried to reform him, but he broke her heart and ultimately murdered her.

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

ONE of the best services a teacher can render to the children in connection with this lesson is to induce them to abstain from intoxicants in early life. The habit thus formed will be a strong barrier against temptation. None of them ever expects to become a drunkard. They do not suppose that "the woes of intemperance" have anything to do with them, and the teacher will waste his time if he tries to scare them into temperance by depicting those woes. But if he can convince them

THE PREMIER OF THE JEWISH WORLD

Dr. Hermann Adler, the Great Rabbi of the United Congregations of the British Empire, and His World-Wide Influence

TIMES have changed since the law went forth from Jerusalem. The sons of Abraham, scattered throughout the world, no longer look to their ancient capital for leadership or guidance in matter of faith and practice. No high priest, no Sanhedrim now utters the final dictum from the holy city. Dear as its name is to the Jewish heart, tender as are the hallowed associations it calls up in the memory, the Jew no longer turns to Zion for decisions on dubious questions, or for authoritative utterances on the duties of life. He looks rather to the representative of numbers, wealth and influence. In all these qualifications the central power has been gradually changing its seat during the past century. The English-speaking Jew is the foremost of his race. On both sides the Atlantic he is in the front rank of all the Jews of the world in culture, intelligence and energy. So it has come to pass that the real leader of the race, the ecclesiastical head and representative of Judaism, so far as such an office can be said to exist, is the chief rabbi of the United Hebrew Congregations of the British Empire. No other man among the Jewish people has a following so large, so wealthy, so influential as he, and the fact is now recognized not only in England and America, but in Germany, Russia and Oriental lands. He possesses no authority over his race, but everywhere the holder of that office is held in reverence.

THE SYNAGOGUE AT ALDGATE, LONDON

DR. HERMANN ADLER

. . .

The present incumbent of that high office, Dr. Hermann Adler, like his father and predecessor, Dr. Nathan Marcus Adler, is a man eminently fitted by his profound learning and brilliant talents to exercise leadership in the Jewish world. He is not only of the priestly tribe, but is the present head of a family of rabbis, famous through many generations for erudition and piety. The early origin of the family dates from Frankfort, in Germany, where tradition credits the Adlers with descent from the famous Rabbi Simeon, who early in the eleventh century, compiled the *Valkut*, the great treasury of Midrashic literature. Dr. Hermann Adler was born in Hanover, May 29, 1839, whence, in his sixth year, he emigrated with his father to London. He received his early education under Dr. Kalisch, the renowned Biblical scholar, by whom he was prepared to enter the University of London. His career at this institution was exceptionally brilliant. He carried off the first prize for Mental Philosophy and Logic and gained honors in English and Classical Literature. It is an interesting coincidence that in several of the lists of honors his name was bracketted with that of the present Lord Herschell, who became Lord High Chancellor of England and who is also of Jewish descent. In 1859 he matriculated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

. . .

By his father's advice the young student turned his attention to theology. His first sermon was preached at Swansea. A silver goblet presented to him, in memory of that event, he still uses as his "Kiddush Cup." For the purpose of studying the Talmud he entered the University at Prague, where he studied under the famous Rabbi Rapoport and other well-known rabbis, who, when they conferred on him his Rabbinical Diploma, congratulated themselves on having ordained one of the most promising Hebrew students of modern times. In 1862, he entered the University of Leipsic, where he obtained his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Returning to England, in 1864, he was appointed minister of the Bayswater Synagogue, London, and held that post for twenty-seven years. His sermons constituted the principal features of the Sabbath services there, and attracted many persons outside the community of the Jewish faith. His subjects were generally chosen to emphasize the spirituality of the Jewish doctrines and ceremonies, and were often directed to the tragic and striking epochs of Jewish history.

. . .

In 1879, when the health of his father began to fail, Dr. Hermann Adler was appointed his coadjutor, with the title of Delegate Chief Rabbi. In January, 1890, his father died, and it was recognized by all that no succession so suitable could be found as his son Hermann, but he was not formally elected and installed until June, 1891. The delay was chiefly due to an agitation among a certain section of the Jews for a curtailment of the powers of the chief rabbi, and for modifications of the Ritual of the Synagogue; but the agitation fell through, when Dr. Adler, by the firmness of his character, made it clear that he would refuse the office rather than sacrifice any of his principles.

The installation was in every sense a notable ceremony, there being present some, who, nearly fifty years before had witnessed the installation of his father. Dr. Hermann Adler himself was present on that occasion as a child on his mother's knee, a fact which he recalled in his eloquent sermon on his ideal of what a Jewish rabbi and pastor should be. One very interesting part of the ceremony was when the chief rabbi ascended the stairs leading to the Ark, which was hidden behind gold-embroidered curtains, and took from the sacred receptacle a "scroll of the Law," elaborately mantled in silk and velvet and having silver bells, surmounted with golden crowns, which tinkle-tinkled as, attended by the warden of the synagogue and two of the readers, he slowly carried the scroll up the building to the reading desk.

. . .

Dr. Adler takes a strong personal interest in all social, industrial, charitable and educational movements, and has organized a system of visitation among the poor Jews of the East End of London. In his position as chief rabbi he has been brought into contact with many non-Jewish societies, and his tact and diplomacy have made themselves felt in many ways advantageous to his people. He has represented Anglo-Judaism at Berlin and Paris during crises in the history of Israel. In 1881 Dr. Adler drew attention to the persecution of the Jews in Russia by his essay on "Recent Phases of Judæophobia," and was appointed a member of the Mansion House Committee for the relief of the sufferers. In 1885 he visited the Holy Land to inquire into the condition of the Jewish colonies founded there by various philanthropic agencies, and on his return communicated his impressions in a series of lectures.

Dr. Adler has contributed numerous essays to periodical literature, and is the author of several books of a controversial character, including a reply to Dr. Colenso's "Criticism of the Pentateuch," and "Sermons on Passages in the Bible on which Christian Theologians base their Faith." In 1867 Dr. Adler married Rachel, daughter of Mr. S. Joseph, in whom he finds a most excellent helpmate.

. . .

The Great Cathedral Synagogue of the Jews of London, is situated at Duke's Place, Aldgate, and it is here that Dr. Adler chiefly officiates. The hundredth anniversary of the consecration of the building was celebrated in March, 1890, Dr. Adler preaching a special sermon on the occasion. It is the oldest house of worship belonging to the Ashkenazi, or German section of the Jews of London. A Hebrew congregation worshipped on the site soon after the re-admission of the Jews to England in the middle of the seventeenth century. About 1722, a wealthy and pious Israelite, named Moses Hart, built a synagogue here, which he bequeathed to the congregation at his death. In the year 1790 the building was taken down and a larger one erected, toward which Mrs. Judith Levy, a daughter of the founder, contributed $20,000. In 1790 the building was consecrated by the Rev. David Schiff, the then chief rabbi and great uncle of Dr. Hermann Adler. The post of senior warden is occupied by Lord Rothschild, whose family have held the office for three generations.

London, Eng. BAYARD C. DIXON.

DR. ADLER CARRYING THE SACRED SCROLL AT HIS INAUGURATION

The Anti-Mormon Campaign

NOW, when the question is before the public whether an avowed polygamist shall sit among the law-makers of the nation, is the opportune moment to educate the people as to the real character of Mormonism. Two weeks now are worth two years at any other time. A well-planned effort is being made to so educate public opinion as to stop the rapid spread of Mormonism, move Congress to expel Mr. Roberts, and prepare the way for a constitutional amendment which will root out polygamy.

To this end the League for Social Service (105 East 22nd street, New York City), has issued seven Anti-Mormon leaflets, which, to the number of 700,000, it is enabled to offer the Young People's Societies, free of charge, except express age, on condition that they will pledge themselves to distribute the literature systematically. Ten times the above number ought to be circulated. Money is urgently needed for this work. Usually the cost of handling literature, and of postage is much more than that of the literature itself; but with the cooperation of the young people, we are able to place at least 500 pages in the hands of the people for every ten cents received. All persons desiring to aid in this moral campaign by their contributions should send the same to Spencer Trask, 105 E. 22nd street, New York City.

JOSIAH STRONG.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.
Associate Editors.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

The Neglected Sword

THERE is a sword that never wears out. Its edge is never blunted. On its blade no rust ever yet has gathered. It cuts to heal. It smites to save. It kills to make alive. It is the sword of the Spirit. Now is the time when it calls for strong hands and brave hearts to wield it. It has the property of giving skill to the untaught and valor to the once fearful and unbelieving. It can be held by a child and do execution. It may be thrust into the right place, when love directs, and made to flash with the light of its own brightness, even when there is the darkness of an almost despairing eye to trace its pathway to its object.

This sword, however, can do nothing while left in its scabbard. It is for use and not for ornament. Soldiers of Christ, Knights of the Cross, what is the world waiting for? Is it not for aggressive action? The battle-cry is sounding. Bugles are blowing. Trumpets call. The Great Captain gives the word "Forward." The Church has been cold, timid, compromising. Religion has degenerated into a sentiment. It has lost in part the power of conviction. Ministers and newspapers claiming to be orthodox and religious have surrendered to a false liberality. They have yielded up the very ark of salvation to the Philistines. They have mumbled a pleasing rhetoric as a substitute for the old Faith of Calvary. They have betrayed the Master.

Is it not high time, when the land is fainting under its heavy burdens, and the people are lost in the tangled wilderness of worldly disappointment, and corruption reeks in high places and in dark places, to bring back the power of the Bible to bear on the personal character, on family training, on political morals, and on the Church of the Living God?

Clocks Ahead

IN Berne, Switzerland, it was the custom for many years to have the clocks one hour ahead of the real time, and it came from this fact: many years before an army had besieged the city, and they had the stratagem that when the cathedral of that city struck twelve all the forces from all sides should advance. And so they waited for the hour to come. After a while the cathedral tower by mistake struck one instead of twelve, and the surrounding enemy thought they had lost their opportunity, they were an hour short the time. They felt it too late to start, they gave up the stratagem, and the city was saved. And then by public decree, and for many years, in remembrance of that deliverance all the clocks of the city were kept one hour ahead of time.

Christian men and women, set your clocks on, set your clocks on! Better come too early than come too late. "The King's business requires haste!—haste!" If the millennium starts next year there will be six millions of people that it will not touch—six millions of people who will die this year. All the influence we have upon the six million people who will die this year, must be exerted now or not at all. The work with some of them must be within one month, within one week, within one day, within one hour. This may be the hour. Now is the time.

All Must Help

THE Bible declares "If the ear shall say "Because I am not the eyes, I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body?" The illustration used by the Apostle, is a very beautiful and suggestive one. It is taken from what might be called the commonwealth of our physical nature. It is the Gospel of human anatomy. The human body is made up of bones and nerves and muscles, of organs, separate and distinct, but kindred and related; so that while it is an anatomy, which is wonderful, each part has functions to be distinctly fulfilled by itself. The eye is for itself; and yet it is for the ear also. The hand is for itself; and yet it is for the foot also. The eye sees for itself; yet when its safety is endangered, the hand is lifted as by instinct, for its protection. For every other organ and member recognizes the fact that the eye is not for itself alone, but for the body. The man blind is disabled in the whole commonwealth of his being. The foot needs the eye, that it may walk in the light of day. The hand needs the eye, that it may ply a livelihood. It is the hand of the man that can see, which makes wonderful things in art. The other organs may rally to the defence of the man who cannot see; but, in spite of their contributions, they cannot make good his loss.

YOUR GREAT OPPORTUNITY

We hope all our friends who intend to take advantage of the great World Wide Encyclopedia offer, recently published in this paper, will send in their orders at once. Remember it is the best Encyclopedia Revised to 1899, containing all about the Spanish-American War. There are 12 large volumes with nearly 10,000 large pages and nearly 20,000 columns of condensed information, together with 96 admirably executed maps. This work which weighs nearly 40 lbs., sells regularly at $30, but we have cut the price in two and offer it on the instalment plan for $15, one dollar down and one dollar a month for 14 months, or 10 per cent. discount for spot cash.

The World Wide Encyclopedia has the imprint and endorsement of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we vouch for the excellent character of the work throughout. It is admirably illustrated and is in every respect a first-class production.

Every set is accompanied by a "Key to Systematic Study" so that the purchaser may be guided in the study of any subject in art, history, literature, science, discovery, or invention. We send it securely boxed by freight or express but do not prepay charges. You cannot make a mistake in securing this admirable work for your library but you must act promptly. Remember one dollar down secures the immediate delivery of the entire twelve volumes.

The Work of Angels

MILLIONS [illegible]

But in our fear of honoring angels too much, perhaps we have fallen into the error of honoring them too little. Yet, if we believe the Holy Scriptures we must [illegible] that spiritual intelligences move the natural world [illegible] summer and winter, wind and storm, fulfilling His will and Word, and that those events we are apt to ascribe to the weather and to the forces of the elements are really duties done to that God "who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire."

The writers of the gospels, their words and [illegible] men", and certainly we are not told so much about them without a good reason. The knowledge is given to comfort and help us; [illegible] the works of nature and in the lives of men and women is one of the grandest and most encouraging truths revealed unto us. From Genesis to Revelations they are represented as the instruments of God's help, comfort and direction; also of his anger and his chastisement. As soon as man fell they appear, the cherubim being sent with the flaming sword to guard the tree of life. The fiery lava which destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah was the work of the two angels who saved Lot. The hosts of Sennacherib were destroyed by an angel. The pestilence which followed David's faithless numbering of the people was the work of an angel; and how great must have been David's awe and sorrow when, after three days, he lifted up his eyes and saw the angel of the Lord, who had been sent on this message, standing between heaven and earth with a drawn sword in his hand, stretched over Jerusalem! No wonder that the king and the elders fell upon their faces! The pestilence had been terrible while its origin was mysterious; but, oh, how much more terrible when the cause of it was revealed! Again, it was an angel that at Belshazzar's feast wrote his doom on the wall of the banqueting hall; and it was also an angel that, while Herod was making his boastful speech, smote him with dreadful death.

But we read far more frequently of angels bent on works of mercy and help than of anger and of punishment; and how glorious must those days have been, when they came and went among men in the midst of their husbandry, and visibly visited weeping, praying women to console and assist them. Is there anywhere a more moving story than that of Hagar, as it is told to us in the sixteenth and twenty-first chapters of Genesis? In the first instance, the poor, fleeing slave-woman received both counsel and promise, and, full of gratitude, called the name of the Lord, "Thou God seest me." In the second case, when wandering in the wilderness of Beersheba, lost, and perishing with thirst, God heard her cry and sent an angel to show her a well of water and to renew the promise he had previously made her.

I have chosen the history of Hagar to show that God held the slave-woman just as near to his compassion as the Prince Abraham, or the prophet Balaam, or the Apostle Peter. And as I write these words there comes to my remembrance with an irresistible force and clearness some lines I learned many a year ago, written from the verse in the Koran:

"Call him *Compassionate*.
For he is pitiful to small and great."

[illegible]
Beside God's throne, ten myriads on each hand,
Waiting with wings outstretched and watchful eyes
To do their Master's heavenly embassies—
Bearing the word of power from star to star.
[illegible]
And unto these nought is too high or low,
Too mean or mighty, if he wills it so.

The poem is too long to quote entire, but it shows first Gabriel watching by the gates of gold, sent earthward to King Solomon, who had forgotten his evening prayer in his pride at the brave show one thousand swift war horses out of Nisibis made for him. And these are the closing lines of Gabriel's orders:

"Go in
Save thou my servant from such sin:
Also upon the slope of Arafat,
Toileth a yellow ant, who carrieth home
Food for her nest——her worn feet fail:
But thou, make her way naught:
And help her to her people in the cleft of the black rock."

——Silently, Gabriel left
The presence, and prevented the King's sin:
And helped the little ant at entering in."

The history of the heroic age of Israel is a history of the ministrations of angels; and incidentally in this ministration, they show their power over Nature and the animal world. Thus, to save Daniel, they shut the mouths of the lions; and to save the three holy children, they changed the nature of the fiery furnace into which they had been cast. It was also an angel that gave to the pool of Bethesda its healing quality; and why should we doubt that our own medicinal springs are [illegible] to his ascension. In the wilderness they nour[illegible] an earthquake; they lingered in his empty tomb; they went with him when he ascended into heaven again. And in this connection we may notice the significant fact, that angels do [illegible] strengthen the soul under trial.

[illegible] angels, and we are expressly told that their work is to minister unto us. Many a poor, [illegible] dying, knows and feels their presence and sympathy; and many an anxious man, waking when he should sleep, is comforted and counseled, he knows not how. They go before our faces, they prepare our way, they [illegible] when we are utterly worn out with care or suffering, they put us gently to sleep.

Truly "there remaineth a rest" for the children of God, but it is a rest from sin and sorrow, not from holy service. We shall no longer suffer, we shall do his will; joining, [illegible] angel ministers who wait upon those journeying from earth to heaven.

Amelia E. Barr

TIMELY WARNING

IT is very important that subscribers who intend to renew their subscriptions this month in order that they may receive the beautiful Home Sunshine Calendar, offered as a reward for prompt action, should remember that **under no circumstances will any calendars be given for renewals sent in during the month of December.** As stated in our last issue, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has expended many thousands of dollars to prepare this exceptional and especial treat for all who will cooperate with him in his efforts to avoid the customary rush during the month of December, and therefore of course only those who renew in November will be entitled to a copy of the calendar.

One hundred thousand of these calendars have been prepared, but there are three hundred thousand renewals in view, and such of our friends as are looking forward to the possession of this beautiful gift will do well to act very promptly in order to avoid disappointment.

You lose nothing by renewing a little in advance of the date of expiration as printed on the tab of the wrapper, as on receipt of your renewal we simply **extend that date one year** regardless of the date on which your renewal was received.

Ten thousand letters a day is an unusually large mail, yet that is just about the size of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD mail during the month of December under ordinary circumstances. But when our subscribers defer renewing until the last day of their subscription it means a large increase in this mail and the employment of inexperienced help to handle it and consequently unavoidable errors, the subsequent rectification of which entails much needless and expensive correspondence. **If you will help us,** by sending in your subscription **this month,** to distribute the busy season over a longer period of time, we will reward you with the presentation of one of the prettiest calendars you ever saw. This calendar consists of **six egg-shelled card boards,** each one nearly the size of a full CHRISTIAN HERALD page, and each containing a different design printed in **twelve colors** and neatly gathered with a silk ribbon. Altogether, this Calendar is a very pretty wall ornament, the presence of which will lend an additional ray of sunshine to your home. Of course this Calendar is given **only** for **annual** subscriptions for both new subscriptions and renewals. **New** subscribers get the paper **free** to January 1st, 1900.

The Close of a Public Career

SINCERE sympathy was awakened throughout the country on Nov. 1 by the announcement that Vice-President Hobart had definitely and finally retired from public life. So alarming had been the rumors in circulation, for some weeks previously, as to the condition of the Vice-President's health, that this announcement was recognized as ominous of a still more melancholy statement that might be expected in the near future. The gravity of Mr. Hobart's symptoms was first realized about a year ago, when he was preparing to return to Washington, to officiate at the opening of Congress. The physicians who were consulted at that time were able to give him temporary relief, but were aware that their distinguished patient was suffering from a disease of the heart, for which there was no cure. He was, however, able to resume his duties and did not himself realize how critical was his condition. Early this year he suffered from the prevalent malady of grip, which seems to have the power of intensifying any chronic disease that may be lurking about the system. He was, however, in his place in the Senate, at the closing session of Congress, but was then so feeble that his physicians feared he was on the verge of collapse. Various trips to Thomasville, Ga., to Long Branch, N. J., and to Lake Champlain, were undertaken in the hope of reinvigorating his health, but without satisfactory results. He returned to his home in Paterson, N. J., a very sick man. It was useless to keep from him, or from the public, the knowledge of the serious nature of his disease. In view of the fact that his illness might have a fatal termination, at any moment, the authorized statement of his critical condition was given to the press. It contained no word of hope and plainly intimated that even if the efforts to prolong his life were successful, his public career was closed. Mr. Hobart is in his fifty-sixth year and has been for more than thirty years prominent in the legal and political life of New Jersey. His influence in the legislature and in society has been uniformly on the side of clean politics and of honesty and righteousness in government. In Washington, he won the respect of men of all parties in and out of Congress. But the highest as well as the lowest of men, must pass away. Happy is he of whom it may be said when the time of departure comes as of the poet-king:

After he had served his own generation, by the will of God, he fell on sleep (Acts 13:36).

An Aristocratic Laborer

A visitor to a famous steel mill in Massachusetts recently, was much impressed by the appearance and bearing of one of the workmen. He made his acquaintance and induced him to tell his story. He then learned that the young man is the son of one of the most prominent nobles in Sweden. His father is high in favor with the King who has given him special honors and intrusted him with extraordinary functions. His ancestors in every generation for several centuries past, have been illustrious in their country's service. The young man's object in obtaining employment in an American rolling-mill is to gain experience which will fit him to control a large iron and steel business which his father owns. He came here immediately on leaving the University where he graduated with high honors. He expects to remain a full year in Massachusetts, after which he will go to other rolling-mills for further experience. He works hard and the foreman says that he does not shrink from any duty however laborious, and expects no consideration on account of his rank. He lives with the other men and dresses and fares as they do. Perhaps his experience may teach him other things besides the practical methods which he came to learn. It may give him the power of sympathizing with his own employees which he could not have gained in any way but that of becoming a working-man himself. Even our Lord qualified himself for his exalted office in that way.

We have not a high priest who cannot be touched by the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are (Heb. 4:15).

A Treasured Ring

A lady prominent in Washington society always wears a peculiar ring. The fact was a subject of conversation recently and she consented to tell its story which is published in a Washington journal. It appears that nearly forty years ago when her young husband was setting out for the war, she cut off a tress of her hair and took it to a jeweler to be enclosed in a ring. This she gave to her husband on his departure. It never left his finger through the long days of struggle and nights of watching. One day he was carried desperately wounded into the hospital tent. The surgeon saw that the first thing to be done was to amputate his arm, and it must be done quickly. He cut through the sleeve at the shoulder, removed the arm and sent the limb away with the sleeve and gauntlet still on it. When the sufferer recovered consciousness he was told by a friend at his bedside what had been done. In spite of his agony and distress his first thought was of his treasured ring. "Where was it? It must be found." His friend went out and searched for the arm in a ghastly heap of dismembered limbs. At last he found the arm and removing the gauntlet, found the ring, which he took to the sufferer and put it on his only remaing hand. His mind was immediately relieved and he fell asleep. This is the ring that his wife now wears. To her it is endeared by the affection in which her husband held it for her sake. Its intrinsic value is small, but as the symbol of love which was strong even in that trying hour, it is precious beyond price. The Christian has that assurance of love unquenched by suffering in the record of his Saviour's last hours:

Having loved his own who were in the world, he loved them unto the end (John 13:1).

DAVIS AND SANFORD, COPYRIGHTED 1898

GARRET A. HOBART, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

A Test for Gems

A trade journal says that a new use has been found for the Roentgen rays, which have proved so valuable an aid to physicians and surgeons. A diamond merchant in Amsterdam has discovered that they may be applied with excellent results to his wares. The makers of imitation diamonds have become so skilful in the use of highly refracting glass, that they can now produce gems which deceive even experienced jewelers. Their frauds can now be easily detected. The diamond merchant has only to submit any suspected gem to the Roentgen rays to find out whether it is genuine or not. The photograph of a genuine stone under the rays is easily recognizable from that of the best imitation gem that can be made. It is even possible to detect spurious gems without photographing them. If they are suspended between the tube, which is the source of the rays, and a screen, their nature is revealed by the shadow they cast. The rays pass clear through the genuine stone, while they are stopped by the glass of a counterfeit, which casts a dull shadow on the screen. It is so with the heavenly light. The counterfeit Christian is often so like the true that he escapes detection, but it is only the true Christian who, receiving the heavenly light, becomes a light to the world.

All things when they are reproved are made manifest by the light: for everything that is made manifest is light (Eph. 5:13 R. V.).

Wedded with a Rubber Ring

After the adjournment of Magistrate Deuel's Court in New York the other day, a bashful couple presented themselves and asked the justice to marry them. The prescribed questions were duly answered, and as no difficulty presented itself, the ceremony commenced. It proceeded smoothly until the bridegroom was told to place a ring on his bride's finger and say, "With this ring I thee wed." The bridegroom blushingly acknowledged that he had no ring, nor the money to buy one. There was some confusion for a minute or two and it looked as if the ceremony would not be completed. But some one made a whispered suggestion to the justice and he evidently accepted it. At his request one of the clerks of the court produced a rubber-band, which was handed to the bridegroom. This he put on the bride's finger and the usual formula was recited. "This is somewhat unusual," the justice said to the bridegroom afterward. "You must not, however, presume on the elasticity of the ring; the marriage is perfectly valid." It was prudent of the justice to give that caution, for some people think so much of the details of a ceremony that they lose sight of the principles they symbolize. Those who are joined in a living union to Christ, of which marriage is a type, have no need of such a caution. The details of the ceremony which makes their union known to the world, whether that ceremony be confirmation, baptism or admission to church membership, are of trivial importance compared with the power which holds them true to him.

I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies (Hos. 2:19).

An Ungrateful Husband

A prisoner in a New York court last week received an exemplary sentence through a disclosure made by his wife. He had been convicted of petit larceny and was brought before the Recorder for sentence. He was in the midst of a pathetic appeal for leniency on the ground of its being his first offense and having a wife and child dependent upon him, when two women entered the court and addressed the Recorder. The elder said that she married the prisoner five years ago, and had a child four years old. A short time ago he was tried in Judge Newburger's court for thieving and was convicted. The judge, however, in response to her appeal for the prisoner, suspended sentence. As soon as her husband was released he deserted her and went to New Jersey where he married another woman. Her companion in court was the woman he had married, and she corroborated that part of the story. The Recorder imposed the highest penalty the law allows for his crime. Every one feels that the Recorder did right. Such an ungrateful man does not deserve mercy. But what shall be said of the Christian who, having been pardoned through Christ, deserts him and goes back into the world?

For if, after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning (II. Peter 2:20).

BRIEF NOTES

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Porto Rican Relief Fund is now closed, and no further contributions will be received.

The Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has sent out 303 missionaries. Of these seven have died on the field and eleven after their return.

A new outgrowth of the Settlement Movement is the organization of a guild for the care of imbecile children, of whom it is estimated there are in London alone over eight thousand. It is called "The Guild of Compassion."

Rev. F. Langham, who has labored thirty seven years in the Fiji Islands, reports that 44,000 Fijians are fully accredited Church members and that ninety-five per cent. of the population are regular attendants on public worship.

The most productive tree in the world in a pecuniary sense is the sacred tree of Tibet near Lionsar. Its leaves are sold for fifteen thousand dollars a year. Each leaf bears a portrait of Buddha. The pilgrims believe them to be miraculous, but they are stamped on the leaves by the priests.

George Smith, one of the first settlers of Chicago, died recently in London in his ninety-second year. He went west in 1834 and bought a small holding before the city was laid out. He speculated in lumber and increased his possession of land. He was a partner in the first bank ever opened in Chicago. By the year 1857 he was a millionaire and has since resided in London, where he was known as "Chicago Smith."

A Chinese Evangelist, who went to a remote town in the province of Shansi, was surprised to find the two men, accounted the most learned in the town, immediately give him their support and finally declare themselves converts. They informed the Evangelist that several years ago the Gospel of Mark in Chinese came into their hands. They studied it, but there were some things in it they could not understand. They solved their difficulties sufficiently to believe that it came from God and ever since they had paid divine honors to the book. They were thus prepared to accept

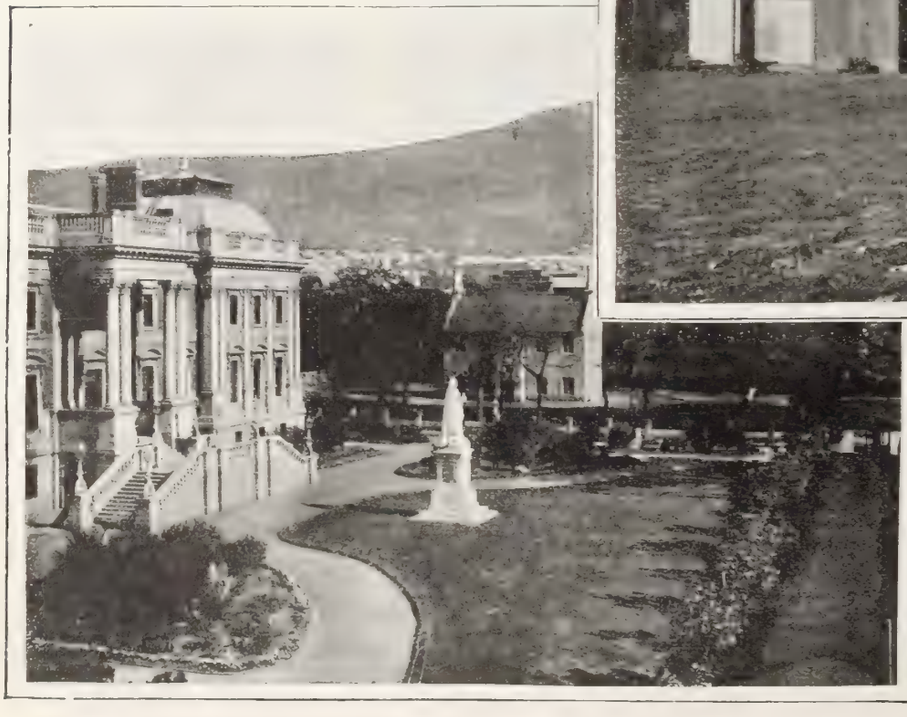
A BRITISH WAR BALLOON

The Great Struggle Betwee

Victorious Burgher Armies Surround Ladysmith and Cut Off Gen. W te's

CONTRARY to the prediction of Gen. Sir Redvers Buller, the British Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, that the war would not prove a serious one, and that he expected to eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria, the campaign has developed features so formidable as to tax even the great military resources of Queen Victoria's empire. Not only have the Boers proved to be thoroughly efficient soldiers in the open as well as in the natural fastnesses of the hills and kopjes of Natal, but their military leaders have shown qualities of generalship and tactical skill that have confused their opponents. At the same time, British pluck has asserted itself in the face of greatly superior numbers, and against an invasion which might well have discouraged a much larger military force than that at the disposal of Gen. Sir Charles White. At Ladysmith (the British military headquarters in Natal), at Kimberley and at Mafeking, a series of desperate encounters between Boers and British has been going on intermittently for many days. Kimberley and Mafeking, though both completely invested by the enemy and practically isolated, still hold out courageously, hoping for substantial reinforcements soon. So determined has been the resistance by the Mafeking garrison under Col. Baden-Powell that General Cronje's Free Staters have suffered heavy losses, without inflicting serious damage on the enemy, as far as can be learned. Ladysmith, however, has been the centre of military interest. After the retreat of the British from Glencoe, and a junction being effected by the troops of General Yule and the main army under General White, preparations for the defence began in earnest. A naval brigade with two fifty-pounders from the British warship *Powerful* arrived from Durban, adding greatly to the strength of the defenders. Meanwhile the Boers under General Joubert in person, gathered in force along the hills overlooking Ladysmith, and big Boer batteries of forty-pounders were placed in commanding positions for shelling the city. General White, on October 29, made a reconnaissance, and quickly discovered that the enemy practically surrounded the city on three sides. He made his dispositions accordingly for an aggressive movement, and on the following morning took out from Ladysmith a brigade of cavalry, two of artillery, a field battery and two brigades of infantry to reconnoitre in force the enemy's position to the north, and, if possible, to capture a certain elevation which the Boers had occupied. On the previous night, a column consisting of a mountain battery, a portion of the Gloucester regiment and six companies of the Royal Irish Fusiliers were dispatched to make a march under cover of darkness and turn the enemy's flank. This right column met with disaster. The mules of the mountain battery stampeded, and the field guns and all the reserve ammunition for the troops were lost. The column was surrounded by a large force of Boers, and although not more than four miles from the Ladysmith camp, it was completely isolated. After a six hours' fight, during which the British troops fought determinedly against overpowering numbers, they were compelled to surrender, many having been killed or wounded and the ammunition being completely exhausted. Ne hundred prisoners were taken by the Boers at Pretoria. The victors treated the and wounded with great huma allowed a messenger to b General White for doc ambulances. The this disaster excit sensation in where Gener was sharp cised. a was eve his r from prem mane would volve Gen. bald pending rival of Buller. verse, wh practically th General White left wing in the r he had planned ag enemy, seems to hav disheartened the defenders smith, although it was state would not affect the safety of the which was still able to hold out unti Encouraged by their success, the burgh now began the investment of Ladysm great vigor. A fierce artillery duel took place between the big Boer forty-pou these were unable to cope with the naval fifty-pounders of the British, wh

THE CITY OF BLOEMFONTEIN



ENTRANCE AND GROUNDS OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN

DUTCH HOUSE AT PAPENDORP

In which the capitulation of the Cape was signed in 1806

lyddite shells, and made frightful havoc in the burgher ranks. Gen Joubert is said to have sent a letter to General White protesting agai the use of lyddite as inhuman and not sanctioned by civilized nati ns; the letter, if sent at all, does not seem to have been heeded. Lyd te high explosive, seven times as powerful as gunpowder, and its prep ratio a secret controlled by Great Britain.

Up to November 4, the total British losses in the war were est ated 2,232 killed and wounded, the Boer losses being probably almo equ The latter, however, hold the larger number of prisoners, the m jority whom are quartered at Pretoria. Boer prisoners held by the Brish at Durban and Pietermaritzburg.

Early in November, the campaign assumed another aspect whi bo ill for the success of General Buller's plans. Although only a w th sand troops of the reinforcing army corps sent from England had rriv and General Buller himself had yet taken no steps looking to a ve sonal command, news came that a large Free State Boer force cros the southern frontier at Nooval's Bridge and invaded Cape stroying bridges and railways, and evidently planning to impede th ma

...er and Briton in South Africa

...ret—Cape Colony Invaded—Will Gen. Buller Retrieve British Disasters?

GEN. SIR REDVERS BULLER

...General Buller's army, if it should attempt to invade the Free State by that route, which he had openly declared to be his purpose. Almost simultaneously came the intelligence that Ladysmith was isolated, the railroad and telegraphs being cut and rendered useless by the Boers south of the fortified camp and that Colenso, a most important point between Ladysmith and the coast and on the railroad to Durban, had been occupied by the Free Staters, which would effectively prevent reinforcements coming to Gen. White's command. While these events were occurring there was an ominous quiet-ness around Ladysmith. All the women and children had already been sent to Durban by the last refugee train that left Ladysmith before the railroad closed, so the defenders felt free to act with greater liberty, their dearnes being safe. The silent Boer batteries were again attacked by the British naval guns and soon a tremendous artillery duel was in progress, under cover of which General White sent a strong force of lancers, hussars, carabineers and riflemen with artillery, under General Yule, around the base of the low hills to attack the Boer camp on Bester's mountain, still more tightly around the invested city, which, it was feared, would soon be short of ammunition for its naval fifty-pounders.

STOCK EXCHANGE AT JOHANNESBURG

Dispatches from Cape Town, Pietermaritzburg and Durban give some hint of the panicky feeling which prevails in British South Africa, in consequence of the Boer successes. In Natal, the merchants are apprehensive that the invaders may overrun the country, and some Cape Town business houses even instructed their representatives to leave Pietermaritzburg, which is now crowded with fugitives from Ladysmith, principally women and children. Another cause of uneasiness is the pro-Boer attitude of the Dutch residents of Cape Colony, who are expected to support the invaders, should the latter develop any considerable strength in that territory. The Free State commandos are in full control of the only means of crossing the Orange River, and it is expected that they will soon reach Naauw Poort, south of Colesburg, one of the most important railroad points in South Africa. With that place in their hands, they could make it exceedingly difficult for any British force to move northward.

Stated in a single paragraph, the campaign stands thus: The invading Boers, acting on the aggressive, have seized or invested practically all the important military points in Rhodesia, Bechuanaland, Cape Colony and Natal adjoining the Transvaal and Free State borders. They have "annexed" parts of Natal and Cape Colony and have destroyed telegraphs, railroad lines and bridges, to impede an enemy's advance at those points. In carrying out this bold programme, however, they have greatly divided their forces and are far from their bases of supplies. The British, up to Nov. 4, still held four important military points: Ladysmith, Kimberly, Mafeking and De Aar, any one of which might be made a centre for aggressive military operations with an increased force. Which to choose and where to begin is the problem that awaits Gen. Buller. If it be true, as reported, that that commander has decided to abandon Stormberg, Rosemead Junction and Naauw Poort, and to form the main British camp at Queenstown, fifty miles further south, this would indicate that his campaign will be far more difficult than he could have foreseen, and that a vast army and abundant stores will be needed, and many months of the hardest kind of campaigning must pass, before even what has been sacrificed in the first twenty-five days of the war, can be fully recovered. This accomplished, there will still remain the herculean task of invading and conquering the Free State and the Transvaal. Conjecture is now rife as to General Buller's probable plan of campaign. Will he enter by East London and Port Elizabeth and gradually work northward from a central camp at Queenstown? Military critics say that it will not be surprising if he discards both plans, as he is known to be a commander fertile in resources. From Kimberley to Bloemfontein, the Free State capital, is a straight line, and it is considered not at all improbable that the veteran soldier, upon whose skill and generalship Britain now relies, may be heard from in that quarter. A resolute struggle, if not the first great battle of the war, may soon take place in the section of which De Aar is the military centre, and where Gen. Buller may prepare to make the initial stand of his campaign.

...BLIC LIBRARY AND MUSEUM AT CAPE TOWN

These are the finest buildings in South Africa.

...to the west of Ladysmith, where there was a large and well-fortified laager. The camp was surprised, shelled by the artillery, and swept by cavalry charges, the burghers sustaining heavy losses in killed and wounded, besides abandoning all their camp equipment.

This success, while encouraging to the defenders, did not materially alter the situation. Soon afterward, Brussels and Berlin newspapers published dispatches (said to have been received from Pretoria direct) announcing that Ladysmith had fallen, that Gen. White had surrendered and 9,000 British prisoners were on the hands of Joubert's victorious troops; and these, although they were quickly discredited in London, gave rise to apprehensions of disaster. It was known that in spite of the repeated repulses of the Boers by White's artillery, which is said to have silenced Joubert's big guns, the burghers invariably reoccupied their old position and even moved closer, drawing the network

THE TOWN HALL OF THE CAPITAL CITY OF PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Youth and Age

A Novel Plan Mutual Helpfulness The Co-operative Spirit

IN a certain home in which the writer was a guest, a peculiar custom was observed. On the wall of the room which she occupied with a daughter of the house hung a little blank book between pretty covers. Before and after saying her prayers, just previous to retiring, Emily looked thoughtfully in the little book and made some entries. The next morning the same thing was repeated, before and after devotions.

"Is that your diary, my dear?" she was asked.

"Yes, and no," said Emily, smiling, submitting the booklet to her friend's inspection.

Under date of the previous day were two pages, one bearing the words: "What can I do to make the home-folks happy?" the other "What have I done to make the home-folks happy?" Items on the first, almost touching in their triviality, ran like this: "Help Kitty to get her lesson. Put fresh flowers on the breakfast table. Mend mamma's gloves for her. Write the letter papa spoke about to Uncle Ned. Tell Bobby a story. Read a chapter in the Bible to Grandpa. Put a fresh cover on Grandma's pillow." Every item was a small task in itself but summed up the total made a record of no inconsiderable accomplishment. Each task performed was checked off. On the opposite page reasons were given why others had been left undone, or modified in performance. One item read: "Let grandpa help Kitty, prompting him a little. Told Bobby the story in grandma's room, and got grandma interested and her mind off her rheumatism." New items were added as: "Went for a walk with Bobby. Had a chestnut-roasting with all the little ones in grandma's room. Drew grandpa's chair up to the fire, and he had a good time, and told us a lot of stories."

"Now," said Emily, laughing, "every one of us has a booklet like that, and we keep strict record and try to make our list longer and better every day. Grandpa and grandma keep their books as carefully as anybody, and you would be surprised to see how full grandma's pages are, though she's bed-ridden. Some items would make you cry, as 'I didn't let anybody know how bad my back hurt,' or 'Bobby was cross and I loved him into being a good boy.' She keeps mamma's house-keeping accounts—which is a very valuable service. Grandpa loves us to sing for him, and that gives us an opportunity of running our lists up. His eyes are poor and so we read to him a good deal, and as he is a scholar, he makes this very pleasant and profitable by explanations and illustrations as we go along. And he knows so many beautiful stories! We have lots of fun, sometimes, comparing our books."

One of the best features of this unique plan was the companionship kept up between old and young. Our picture of youth and age, bending over God's Blessed Book, is the reproduction of a famous painting by a great artist who saw in such companionship a theme for noble effort. To foster in our homes the spirit of comradeship, and the true co-operative spirit which recognizes that the very feeblest can contribute to the sum total of happiness and prosperity, is surely more worthy of a home-keeper's best endeavor than the very greatest of paintings could be of a master's brush.

♦

A Beautiful Marriage Prayer

One of our readers writes us that a few days after his marriage, he and his wife made a point of offering to God this prayer: "May neither of us ever do anything to wound or offend the other," and that it has continued ever since to be a part of his family worship. We believe that the faithful following of this simple little rule would save many a family circle from the storms that shipwreck the home and be a safeguard against the world's ever asking that sad, sad question, "Is marriage a failure?"

♦

Mother and Teacher

If we are ever to have true cooperation between mother and teacher, says Mrs Vesta H. Cassedy, principal of National Park Seminary, the mother must accompany her child not only to but through the school-room door. She must understand the aims of the teacher, must know the reasons for certain methods, permissions and prohibitions. This vital knowledge cannot be gleaned by occasional verbal messages sent through the child, or by sporadic visits to the school-room. We shall never have perfect cooperation between mother and teacher until the mother is clear-sighted enough to acknowledge to the teacher the blemishes in the nature of her child, and the teacher is large-hearted enough to use them in the right diagnosis and proper remedy of mental and moral disease or shortcomings in the child.

♦

Arctic Homes

On King's Island, South of Behring Strait, some adventurous Californians have discovered a new tribe of Indians. They resemble the Eskimos, but are taller and well made, have yellow skin, high cheek bones and small black eyes. The women are as tall and robust as the men, wear no barbarous ornaments, and possess phenomenal strength. One woman, it is reported, carried a stone weighing 750 pounds to her canoe, and a box weighing [illegible] pounds. These people live on fish and dwell in caves bored into the sides of hills, walled up with stones, and reached by tunnel-like ways. It is a weird sight to see these odd dwellings ranged against the hills, sitting one above the other, the topmost maybe overlooking [illegible]

♦

Hindu Child Stories

The Hindus have hundreds of legends about birds, beasts and fowls of the air which interest the little ones. In a high caste home, the "ayah," or nurse, would tell these to her charges, some sitting in her lap, some gathered round her knee, in the fragrant gardens where the bul-buls sing; or in the nursery, not over-tidy, and heavy with the scent of attar-of-roses, and where the firelight from odorous woods falls on rich, dingy rugs and curtains of many colors. The poor children of a village of mud huts will cluster together, under the starry sky, near where their elders sit and gossip around the fire where the evening meal was cooked, and tell each other over and over again, the old, old stories handed down from ages and ages ago. Sometimes, some of the children have been to a mission school or played with a missionary's children, and then the story will be told, in hushed, reverent voices, of a little baby whose coming was announced, although he was in a manger, by a chorus of angels whom shepherds and wise men sought, and over whose humble cradle a new star shone.

READING TO GRANDFATHER—A QUAINT PICTURE OF LONG AGO

♦

Jack, a Dog Hero

Jack Gill is only a Newfoundland, but he deserves the medal of a life-saver all the same, which honor other Newfoundlands and some St. Bernards, we believe, have won and won worthily. With the flames crackling all round him and handicapped by suffocating smoke, Jack saved his mistress and his playmate, her little boy, from being burned to death in their home on Bourne St., Jamaica Plain, near Boston. Mrs. Gill was awakened early one morning by loud barking and vigorous pulling of the bed clothes. She awoke to see smoke and flames near her bed and near the open door. Jack, with the baby between his massive paws. Taking the baby she followed Jack to the street, and a minute after the dog and his charge reached the sidewalk, the house was ablaze from cellar to attic.

Co-Workers with God

THE day is long and the day is [illegible]
We are tired of the [illegible] keeping guard;
[illegible]
Tired of ourselves and of being alone;
Yet all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company.
[illegible]
He takes the sorrow that seems hardest [illegible]
And out of the storm he brings a calm;
And the work that we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for he works, too.
And the days that seem long to live are his—
[illegible]

—[illegible]

♦

Pleasant Home-Sundays

MAKE this day "the pearl of the week." The day "holy unto the Lord" ought to be happy and blessed. Men and women should look back over every Sabbath at home as a day that marked progress in moral and spiritual life. A day is never helpful by being made a day of gloom, a day of enforced repression of youthful spirits, a day of tedious text memorizing. God's Word, like his Sabbath, is too precious to be made distasteful to childhood. How shall we make the home Sabbath pleasant and helpful, and keep it holy? Study your child, and make an effort to interest him on the Sabbath through stories that teach moral and spiritual truths; gather all the little ones about you, and lead them in singing cheerful, hopeful songs, that have ringing, glad choruses. Take the children on woodland rambles, calling their attention to nature's beauties and mysteries—to mosses and lichens, to fallen leaves and acorns that will soon be put to sleep under a blanket of snow, to be waked again when God sends the spring. Teach them to see God, a loving, living Father, in everything. Incidentally, give them texts like "He that waiteth upon the Lord shall renew his strength," and "As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven and . . . watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth." Give the texts as nuggets of gold, as jewels for breastplates, as staffs for the hand, as dew for refreshing, as something to be greatly desired, to be coveted and kept. And teach the little ones the lesson of "the ox in the ditch": lead them every Sunday of their lives into doing something that will cheer, comfort or in some way help somebody that needs help, and to feel that it is a privilege to do such things—that it makes them like Jesus.

♦

Golden Hints for Parents

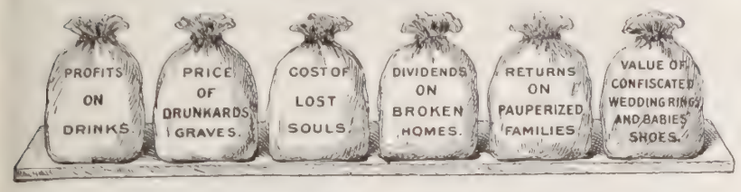
If you correct your child in public, do [illegible] in a way that will not humiliate him—be as careful of his feelings as if he were grown. Never correct in anger. Do not judge hastily. When a misdemeanor is reported, even by an older person, do not condemn the child unheard. Teach politeness in the home, one to another. The small boy appreciates being treated as a little man, who is expected to show deference to mother and sister. Of course, father must set the example. Do not have a set of company manners and another set for home. Teach reverence for the aged, pity for the infirm, kindness to animals. Make Christmas, birthdays, Thanksgiving, Easter, May-day—each and all sweet times to be remembered all through life. Celebration need not be costly; a birthday cake or cookie, a new ribbon, a book, a flower, kisses, good wishes, kindnesses of word and deed, furnish a catalogue from which the poorest can make selection of tributes.

♦

Mothers-in-Law

A reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose word carries weight of experience, since he has been "a son-in law for a number of years," writes: "I have come to the conclusion that the surest way to 'get along' with one's mother-in-law is to pattern one's conduct towards her by the Golden Rule." He adds: "Of course, to insure complete harmony, it is important that mothers-in-law follow the same plan."

The Saloon-keeper's Money


PROFITS ON DRINKS.
PRICE OF DRUNKARDS GRAVES.
COST OF LOST SOULS.
DIVIDENDS ON BROKEN HOMES.
RETURNS ON PAUPERIZED FAMILIES
VALUE OF CONFISCATED WEDDING RINGS AND BABIES' SHOES.

Many Conflicting Opinions in Regard to its Acceptance by the Church

THE interest of our readers in the problem: "Shall the Church accept the saloon-keeper's money in aid of its spiritual work?" seems to increase from week to week, and hundreds of letters from conscientious writers, who take various and opposing views of the question are received daily:

J. B., East Orange, N. J., writes:

No—because all the leading denominations declare in their conventions that the saloon is morally wrong, and the greatest enemy to the progress of the Church of God. Give no room for such reflection to be cast on the Church of Christ by the saloon-keeper as when in a convention of liquor dealers one of the speakers boasted that they were large contributors to the Church. I quote Rev. John Wesley on the saloon: "Those who sell this poison murder men by wholesale; neither does their eye pity nor spare. They drive them to hell like sheep, and what is their gain? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them! The curse of God is in their garden, their wall, their groves; a fire that burns to the northermost hell! Blood, blood is there! The foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou Man of Blood, though thou art clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day—canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven. Therefore thy name shall be rooted out like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul. 'Thy memorial shall perish with thee.'"

Osman E. Ryther, Gen. Sec. Y.M.C.A., Norwich, Conn., writes:

If we refuse this money, we single out one particular sin as so much more heinous than all others as to compel us to draw a sharp line of distinction between it and all others. In the light of the Lord's judgment, who classed sinful desire as the equivalent of the sinful act, I cannot see justification of this. Carried to its logical conclusion, this position means that if we refuse contributions from one non-Christian, we must from all non-Christians. Is the church willing to take that stand and give all worldly people no place in helping to pay its bills? It would be the only consistent one. Our Lord sat and watched the givers as they cast their offerings into the Temple strong box. He apparently saw nothing to condemn, though the rich were giving as well as the poor, and probably hypocrites and sinners as well as saints. The motive of the gift was what appealed to his heart, and what won his commendation should win ours.

Mrs. E. F., Ireton, Ia., writes:

I would not willingly wound the feelings of a saloon-keeper's child, but as to accepting the gift of the saloon-keeper for church work—never! The Lord never opened up the way to heaven through the door of a saloon. A woman who marries a saloon-keeper must share his burden of wrong-doing, and the church should not depart from the path of rectitude to keep from hurting her feelings.

E. B. Ringland, M. D., Illinois, writes:

Under no circumstances would I ask a saloon man for money for church purposes, but if he offers it, I could not refuse it. As the Lord's steward, I would have no right either to refuse to take the money given the Lord, or to give the man back the money that is the Lord's. If, however, the church will sink the spear as deeply into the great dragon, intemperance, as it should, very little, if any, money will be offered by saloon-keepers.

J. O. H. Brown, Atty-at-law, Ga., writes:

God loves the cheerful giver. I firmly believe that giving to God's cause is just as much worshiping God as reading the Bible, attending church or engaging in any other religious exercises. Has the Lord ever called on the sinner for tithes? Can the sinner worship God in spirit and in truth? Can a saloon-keeper, who is certainly engaged in a hellish occupation, give unto the Lord as he has prospered him, in spirit and in truth, humbly and cheerfully? If so, then the church should accept his offering.

Rev. W. L. C., Illinois:

The money is no worse than the giver. Would God refuse the saloon-keeper if he came to him in the right spirit? It seems to me that all such affairs must be decided according to the spirit, for Paul says, "Not of the letter, but of the spirit." If this poor sinner would go to the Father in the right spirit, the atoning blood would cleanse him. If the money is presented in the right spirit and for a good purpose, Christ can cleanse it.

S. A. Bowlby, Tremont, N. S., writes:

There is no wonder that the churches are a laughing stock to the ungodly. We read, "the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." "Make not my Father's house an house of merchandise." If mountains are to be removed with money, take all you can get from saloon-keepers or any other source, as it will all be needed, and even then you will be short of power.

A. M. Waterman, Philadelphia, writes:

I quote this incident from one of our daily exchanges, as it is on the line of your present discussion:

Rev. John P. Snyder, whose little church at Gloucester City was reduced to ashes by an incendiary early last Thursday morning, accepted the offer of Charles Tiffany, and started to hold services in his saloon, at Broadway and Market street, last night. All business at the bar was temporarily suspended while the songs and prayers arose from the sitting room at the rear of the bar, and Tiffany saw that the best of order was preserved.

In view of the fact that this man suspended business for a time, it certainly amounted to a monetary consideration. Who will say that this pastor should have rejected the tender of the rooms by this saloon-keeper? We cannot question but what the motive of the saloon-keeper was to help the church, as he could hardly expect any return in the way of patronage, especially from any converts from among his former customers, should they be brought to see the error of their way through this meeting.

John Carney, Chalk-Talker and Temperance Lecturer, Cisso, Tex., writes:

Never take one dollar from the saloon-keeper or the man who rents his property to the saloon-keeper, or the church member who goes into saloons. There is not one saloon man in a thousand that gives to the church with an honest purpose. I came out from among them. They all make fun of the Church and Christ and his cause.

Rev. W. G. F., Mont., writes:

When right methods are pursued in public, or private solicitation, all money coming into the hands of the solictor, is his, legally and morally. All men and their families are the Lord's; and where protected by Christian government, as in the United States, are under moral obligations to support Christian institutions, which have, in the past, and are still, the means of preserving law and order. See Ezek. 18 and Romans 13.

A Probate Judge, Ohio, writes:

It is wrong for the church, because it would thereby encourage the business; acceptance of his gifts would tend to elevate the saloon-keeper in the estimation of the community; and it would give him a better opinion of himself and his business. By acceptance the church weakens its opposition to the evil which it has been trying to destroy. Acceptance works wrong to the saloon-keeper himself, by leading him to believe that he may merit salvation by good works.

A. T. R., Quincy, Ill., writes:

All gold and silver belongs to the Lord as do also all souls, the souls of the son and daughter of the saloon-keeper as well as the souls of the pastor and his children. Christ came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance; therefore, if we refuse to take the Lord's money when given by those for whom the Saviour died, will not our hands be stained with our brother's blood, whom we have driven from the Sabbath School or sanctuary by refusing to accept the Lord's money which he brings as an offering?

Charles Ribbans, New Jersey, writes:

All glory and honor to the faithful Christian minister reported in your issue of August 30, who, with a large family to support, receiving only a nominal salary, promptly lowered that salary one twelfth rather than accept a saloon keeper's contribution. Were there many examples of such noble sacrifice; the power of the church for good would be increased a hundredfold and the saloon's power would be decreased in like ratio. This traffic but seeks to blunt the conscience of the church by offering a small portion of its ill-gotten returns to further religious work; and, forsooth, to aid the family of some unfortunate drunkard—when for one added one hundred new victims will be found. The saloons are the source of at least 75 per cent. of the misery and crime, yet as Christian men we constantly sanction by our votes this crime of crimes.

Mrs. O. Wright, Ill., writes:

I have no sympathy with the idea that the saloon-keeper's voluntary contribution should not be used for God's glory. I believe God will bless the contribution from the sinner as well as from the saint—according to the motive that prompts the giving: Psalms, 76-10. The Lord will judge the saloon-keeper for the "heart aches" and "broken homes" in his own way.

M. A. B., Devault, Pa., writes:

Will God be pleased for his professing children to ask and accept contributions from those who make their money by the accursed traffic, which has ruined noble and generous fathers, brothers and sons, broken the hearts of wives, mothers and sisters, made beggars of little children, and filled graveyards with the untimely dead? I know that our Father in Heaven can and will take care of his work here on earth, if his children will only trust him. We should not ask money from those engaged in the service of Satan.

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THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

CHAPTER II.

Fraternal Estrangement

THE sick young man talked dreamily, as if the pain throbbing through his temples were confusing his mind. Martin Hamerton perceived this, but he did not wish to leave him until one fact had been ascertained. That was the address of the young man's brother, for if he became worse, Caryl Lingard ought to be notified. Yet he did not like to ask him directly for it. It seemed too plain an intimation that his condition was dangerous and Martin did not want needlessly to alarm him.

"By the way," he said, with somewhat simple diplomacy, "you can't have felt up to writing letters this last day or two. Is there any one I could send a line to—your brother, or any one—who might be expecting to hear?"

"No, thank you," said the young man quietly. "Caryl will not be expecting to hear from me just now. And my uncle is dead—I don't know whether I told you that before."

"HE COULD NOT SEE TO READ OVER WHAT HE HAD WRITTEN."

Martin Hamerton dimly remembered that in their school days the Lingards had had neither father nor mother living, only a rich old uncle, who paid their school bills and gave them a very dull time in the holidays. If he was gone they must be left singularly devoid of relations; and whether Caryl would not expect to hear because he had heard recently, or because he never heard, it was of course impossible to ask. But that last speech did not sound cheerful, somehow, to his kind heart. Martin was glad that he and Celia had pushed the obligation of friendship—if such only it was to be considered—a little further than is usual except on a more intimate acquaintanceship.

When Douglas Lingard was left alone that night, upon his urgent request that his host would go to bed as usual, and no one trouble themselves any further about him, he found himself thinking rapidly and vividly of many things that of late he had usually avoided in thought as far as possible. Martin Hamerton's voice and look brought back their school days, but it was not of Martin that he was thinking.

Once more he seemed to see himself and his brother Caryl—constant companions as far as schoolboy etiquette would allow companionship between those whom three years' difference in age divided—more consciously attached to one another than schoolboy brothers often are, if only because left so alone in the world together. He remembered the occasional storms of passion that rose between them, and seemed for the time to make the whole world lonely and desolate, even while both were red hot with anger.

Then came the young tutor, John Ashburton, a saint and a born leader of men, and bewitched them both, firing them with something of his own ardor. He put life into the childish prayers that they had almost left off repeating, and impressed upon them as an obligation, second only to the fear of God, that they must never, under any provocation, suffer themselves to quarrel with one another.

Well, thought Douglas, wearily, they had not quarreled. Not one angry word had passed between them—Ashburton might be content if he knew—but they were [illegible] all the same. A quarrel might have been made up, but can dead love come to life again? Caryl had gone from first as soon as school days were over, sending Caryl to Oxford and then to the bar, while Douglas stayed another year at school, and then went to London to study civil engineering.

It was not given to either of them to write that kind of letter which is almost more intimate and confidential than personal intercourse, but they kept each other well informed of all their doings, and when they met they took up the old boyish affection where they had left it when they had parted.

Then an opening in India suddenly presented itself for Caryl, through the influence of an old friend of their father's, who had spent most of his life in Calcutta, and was likely to be there for a few years yet. And Caryl went, for a period that was certainly to be three years, and might possibly be five. It was with an ache in his heart that Douglas saw him off, but he did not say so—these are things that young Englishmen, as a rule, do not talk about. And Caryl, with the journey to think of, and a new world at the end of it to look forward to, could not be supposed to be broken-hearted at leaving behind him an old uncle and a young brother.

So the years passed on till three of them were gone, and still there was no talk of old Sir Matthew Frost's return, and consequently no likelihood of Caryl's. During the first part of the time Douglas lived with his uncle, and afterwards, his first employment lying near London, was [illegible]

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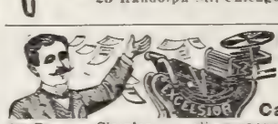

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THE TOUCHSTONE

CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE

able to visit him tolerably often. But gradually the old man became more and more petulant and querulous, until the less his younger nephew went to see him the more chance there seemed to be of peace between them. He had never been very affectionate, and Douglas had never expected him to become so; but the young man had been as patient as could have been expected of youth, not wishing to be at variance with his only relative, and it was with real regret that he finally decided that the only thing for it was to let his uncle alone until he should be sent for.

Then, when four years had gone by, when the old man had become so infirm that it was a question how far he was responsible for his vagaries of temper, Sir Matthew suddenly returned to England, and Caryl with him. And Douglas, going down to the dock to meet them, was aware that it was a stranger who had come back; that it was not for nothing that his brother's letters had grown briefer and colder of late; that this new Caryl with the bronzed face and the quiet businesslike manner did not know what his younger brother had grown into, and did not greatly care to know.

Caryl took up his abode with his uncle, and was made heartily welcome, apparently, by the old man, and by his lady housekeeper and distant relation, Mrs. Locke; and this in itself almost cut him off from Douglas, who had not been made to feel himself welcome in that house for many a day.

Douglas was very unhappy and restless in those days, vexed with himself for being vexed. Of course, he had not wished Caryl to quarrel with their uncle on his account, especially in the state in which the poor old man was now, but somehow he had not expected that Caryl would step quietly into favor, and contentedly leave him out in the cold.

Whoever was to blame for this state of things, it did not last long. Old Mr. Lingard died about three months after his elder nephew came back to England, and when the brothers met at his funeral, Douglas realized with a dreary sort of incredulity that they had not met before for more than six weeks. It was with the same kind of incredulity, only keener, that he listened to the reading of his uncle's will.

There was a very handsome provision for Mrs. Locke, who had been with him for several years, though she was still comparatively a young woman, and legacies to two old servants. Everything else was left to "my nephew, Caryl Lingard," and Douglas Lingard was not even mentioned.

After the first few moments, during which he was schooling himself not to betray any feeling at all, the young man told himself that he had, perhaps, little reason to be surprised, considering his uncle's persistent dislike during the last few years of his life, nor much excuse for disappointment, since it had always been implied rather than promised that the old man's property was to be shared between his two nephews more or less equally.

The surprise and the disappointment had, in truth, another cause, and went deeper. Hardly, now that he saw it with his own eyes, could he believe that Caryl could be so changed as to take what the old man's caprice had given to him without any hesitation, without even a word of regret for the younger brother, who was thus left to the chances of a not very lucrative profession.

For the moment it seemed all unreal to the young man; he could have cried out, have pleaded that there must be some mistake—not in the will, but in Caryl's acceptance of it. Then pride came to his aid, and he said to himself that if others could forget so could he. He went away with hardly another word, but for some little time after he was haunted by the thought that surely Caryl would come or write—that he could not have lost his brother as well as his share of their uncle's fortune.

But there had been neither word nor letter, and time had made the thing seem credible and even comprehensible, and Douglas Lingard had learned to tell himself that he was not the only man in the world whose nearest or dearest did not greatly care about him, or preferred their own interest.

Rather more than a year had passed since his uncle's death, and before this touch of illness and hint of possible danger he had thought that he was learning to be tolerably content in his isolation, and to think of his brother as seldom as his brother thought of him.

But now—with fever quickening all his pulses, with thoughts that would not be kept in control, but were as vivid and as fantastic as dreams, although he knew all the while that he was awake—now things looked different.

Sometimes it seemed to him as though they were boys together again, and he was pleading with Caryl to "make it up" after some quarrel for which both had been to blame; and when, with a start, he realized that they were boys no longer, he still found himself pleading with Caryl, reproaching, entreating, somehow breaking down the wall of estrangement that had risen up between them.

He was weary, and half angry with himself for these persistent fancies, when another took possession of him. He must write to Caryl—now, while he was able. If he should not be very ill after all the letter need not go, but if things should go amiss with him he would like Caryl to know—he hardly knew what.

With some little difficulty he found writing materials, and steadied his hand to hold the pen, and words seemed to come of themselves much more freely than they generally did when he sat down to write a letter. With that touch of fever in his veins he could protest and plead and set forth his own cause as he had never done in speech, and as, at any other time, nothing would have induced him to do on paper.

But presently the throbbing in his temples conquered even his resolve and his excitement. He began to doubt whether he was not writing nonsense, and he could not see to read over what he had written. For a moment he considered whether he should burn it at once, but finally folded it up and thrust it away, putting off the effort till the morrow.

The doctor arrived at the Dower House early the next day, and relieved the minds of all concerned by making light of the fears that they had all secretly been entertaining. At the same time he scolded Douglas Lingard for complicating a thorough and satisfactory "take" in the way of vaccination by a very severe feverish cold, and sternly ordered the young man back to bed, telling him that if he felt extremely ill it was no more than he might have expected and had well deserved.

Douglas was so thankful to learn that he need not expect to bring danger and inconvenience upon his kind hosts by importing small-pox into their house, that he cared little what else happened to him, and contentedly obeyed orders, with such good results that in four days' time he was allowed to get up and return, as a semi-invalid, to ordinary life.

And thus, of course, he fell in love with Celia Hamerton. The announcement sounds abrupt, but indeed the process was as brief as it was thorough, and it would be a mere waste of words to explain at length why a very young man, whose heart under the circumstances must inevitably have been To Let, should love the first gracious feminine vision that crossed his path. If Celia Hamerton had been far less lovable than she was it would probably have made little difference at the time, though in the end the quality and quantity of the affection she inspired might not have been quite the same.

And she for her part helped to bring about the result by her natural interest in the young man, for whose illness she still illogically felt herself responsible and to whom she had besides taken a sincere liking. Celia was no conquering beauty; experience had not led her to suppose that if she smiled upon a man he would immediately fall a victim to her charms, and when she smiled upon this one it was with the intention of making him happy and comfortable, and with an innocent satisfaction in the knowledge that he certainly "liked" her in return.

(To be Continued).

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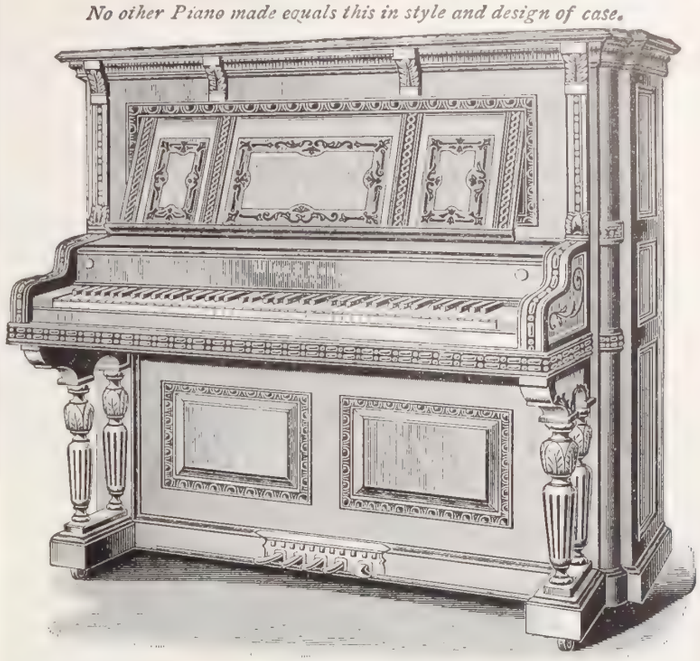

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The Coming Antichrist

Conditions Long Existing and Now Intensified which will Prepare the Way for Him

BY BISHOP DEHILE OF NORWAY *

VAGUE hints are given in various parts of Scripture of the appearance, at some future time, of a strange weird figure, who will be as surely the incarnation of evil as Christ was the incarnation of good. It may be useful to collect from the writings of the Apostle Paul the references to this being, that we may understand the conditions out of which he will arise.

The apostle says that the coming of Christ was really not so near at hand as many taught. There were those who even appealed to him as their authority for the view that Christ's advent was nigh, and some did not hesitate to support this by false epistles which they attributed to him. No; great events must still happen before the Lord's return, and of these events one of the most important was the coming of Antichrist. Paul does not call him by that name; he designates him "the son of perdition," "the man of sin" (II. Thess. 2:3); but the context plainly shows that it is Antichrist he means.

Before Antichrist can appear, however, Paul says humanity must be ripe to receive him; in other words, there must first be a great "falling away,"—that is, a falling away from the faith. But even this falling away cannot come to pass before the restraint on ungodliness has been removed. The chronological order will therefore be: first, that which keeps back the full development of ungodliness will be removed, then the great falling away will take place, and finally Antichrist himself will come as the matured fruit of that falling away.

The Antichristian spirit was already in vigorous activity when the apostle wrote. He himself says, "The mystery of lawlessness doth already work"; but he adds, "only there is one that restraineth now, until he be taken out of the way. And then shall be revealed the lawless one" (Antichrist) (II. Thess. 2:7, 8, R.V.). Now, what is it that restrains the development of ungodliness and thereby also the coming of Antichrist?

The most probable explanation is the ancient one, that it was the Roman emperor, or at least the Roman Empire, that restrained. Antichrist is to appear as a ruler overthrowing all law and order, and that could not happen, they thought, so long as the Roman Empire with its legislation still stood firm.

But if the apostle had mainly the Roman Empire and its judicial system in his mind, that is no reason why the same idea may not be applied to the civil authority and judicial system of all ages. We are even disposed to go a step further, and seek that which restrains in the fundamental moral conceptions that underlie every judicial system and form its necessary basis—we mean the conceptions of right and wrong, duty and responsibility. A judicial system can be overthrown; but so long as those conceptions exist and are respected, it can be restored. On the other hand, if these are abolished, all judicial order and all morality become impossible, and the way is paved at once for the "lawless one," as Antichrist is called in II. Thess. 2:8, R.V.

We believe that the very efforts of anarchists to abolish these fundamental moral conceptions of right and justice and duty and responsibility are the most decided antichristian signs in our day, and it must be confessed that the infidelity of our age, to an unpleasant degree, distinguishes itself in this respect from that of former days; and the worst of all is that the main props of all moral order will have been taken away. There will be no longer any moral law to which appeal can be made by the one who seeks to counteract the religious and moral corruption. Here the words of the Psalmist are very applicable: "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" (Psalm 11:3). Paul calls Antichrist "the lawless one," for his appearance is the natural result of the lawless conditions, from a moral point of view, existing among men, and his task is to break down what is still left of law and order, so that upon the ruins of all law and order he may establish a kingdom where his will shall be the only law. The propaganda of the Anarchists, Nihilists and Communists is therefore a direct preparation of the world for the triumph of this incarnation of evil.

In complete agreement with this name is the sketch that follows of his active operations. He "exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped" (II. Thess. 2:4; Daniel 7:25); he permits worship neither of the true God nor of idols. All former worship of God must be abolished; mankind is to be a *tabula rasa* (a tablet from which all writing has been erased), in order that he may inscribe his name upon it as the object of worship. The apostle proceeds in this line to say that he, "as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." This at once recalls what the prophet Daniel has said of the forerunner of Antichrist—Antiochus Epiphanes—only that it is much stronger, since the real Antichrist in this respect also towers above all types of him in the history of the kingdom of God.

* From his article in *The Prophetic News*, which may be obtained, price six cents, from J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

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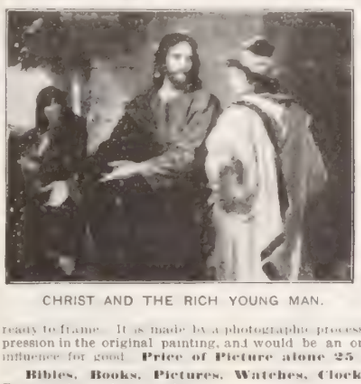

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The Life of a Tree*

THE materials upon which a tree feeds are derived from the soil and the air. The minute hair roots which spring from the rootlets take up water from the ground, and with it various substances which it holds in solution. These are the earthy constituents of the tree, which reappear in the form of ashes when any part of it is burned. The water . . . goes straight from the roots to the leaves, in which a most important process in the feeding of the tree takes place. . . . All plants, like all animals, breathe; and plants, like animals, breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbonic acid gas. This process of respiration or the breathing of the tree goes on both day and night, but it is far less active than the assimilation which takes place only in the light. . . . Wood is made up chiefly of very small tubes or cells of various kinds, which have special uses in the life of the tree. Some conduct water from the roots to the crown, some store away digested food, and others merely strengthen the structure of wood and hold it together. . . . In most trees, like the oaks and pines, the wood becomes darker in color and harder after it has been in the tree for some years. The opening of its cells become so choked that the sap can no longer run through them. From living sapwood, in which growth is going on, it becomes heartwood, which is dead because it has nothing to do with growth. This is why hollow trees may flourish and bear fruit. Since water from the roots rises only in the sapwood, it is easy to kill trees with heartwood by girdling them, provided all the sapwood is cut through. . . . A great many theories have been proposed to account for the rise of water into the tops of tall trees, some of which, as in the big trees of California, may be over 300 feet from the ground. But none of these theories are quite satisfactory, and it must be admitted that we do not yet know how the trees supply their lofty crowns with the water which keeps them alive. . . . The life of a community of trees is an exceedingly interesting one. A forest tree is in many ways as much dependent upon its neighbors for safety and food as are the inhabitants of a town upon one another. A forest tree helps to protect its neighbors against the wind, which might overthrow them, and the sun, which is ready to dry up the soil about their roots or to make sun cracks in their bark by shining too hotly upon it. It enriches the earth in which they stand by the fall of its leaves and twigs, and aids in keeping the air about their crowns and the soil about their roots cooler in summer and warmer in winter than it would be if each tree stood alone. With the others it forms a common canopy under which the seedlings of all the members of this protective union are sheltered in early youth, and through which the beneficent influences of the forest is preserved and extended far beyond the trees themselves.

**A Primer of Forestry.* Part I. The Forest. by Gifford Pinchot Forester. Pp. 89; 130 Illustrations. Bulletin 21, Division of Forestry, U.S. Department of Agriculture.

Books Received

Points for Parliamentarians, a neat little handbook of practical value to debaters. Paper covers; price 10 cents or 15 cents, according to binding. Charles Sheard, Jr., Canton, New York, publisher.

An article by President J. E. Rankin, published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* of July, has been translated into the Japanese language and is published in a Japanese quarterly. The subject of the article is "The influence of the Bible on the Human Intellect."

Christian Ethics. By Prof. William L. Davidson, M.A., LL.D., of the University of Aberdeen. A little treatise of inestimable value to the young Christian. Pp. 144. Price 75 cents. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

The Moral Order of the World in Ancient and Modern Thought, by Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. A series of lectures dealing with Buddhism, Zoroaster's Teaching, the Teaching of the Greek Philosophers etc. Pp. 431. Price $2. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth avenue, N. Y.

Can I Believe in God the Father? The practical argument of the Divine Personality, by Dr. Wm. Newton Clarke. These lectures by so eminent a scholar are specially useful in view of the recent revival of Pantheistic thought. Pp. 215. Price $1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth avenue, New York.

THE RULE OF PUBLIC OPINION

By

HONORABLE THOS. B. REED

In this week's number of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(OF PHILADELPHIA)

The former Speaker of the National House of Representatives contributes to this number the second of his notable papers.

VANCE THOMPSON. This brilliant writer is the author of an out-of-the-way story of a New York newsboy. The Jensen Boy is much like other street urchins of great cities, but occasionally he has unaccountable impulses—which many of us have shared—that lead to results which are almost uncanny. **The Jensen Boy**

W. C. COUP, a pioneer in the circus business in this country, tells some of the funniest of the secrets of the circus. **Freaks and Fakes of the Circus**

ADACHI KINNOSUKÉ, a successful Japanese author, writes, in his own quaint and exotic style, a tale of the Imperial University, at Tokyo. **The Jinrikisha Man**

HAYDEN CARRUTH, a favorite among the Post's humorous writers, is the biographer of a remarkable hen, whose passion for setting extended to lumps of steam coal, brindled doorknobs and red billiard balls. **The Great Setting of Everlasting Hills**

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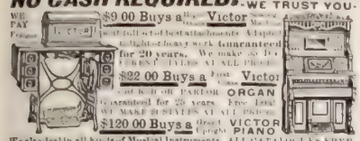

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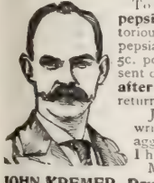

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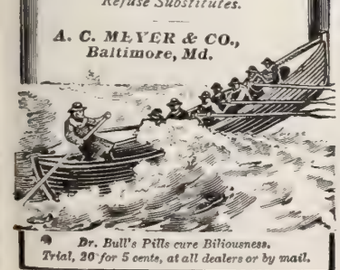

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Return for the Lord's Benefits

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 26. Ps. 116: 12-19

SOME great danger, or terrible distress, appears to have menaced the man who wrote this psalm. We cannot tell what it was: he gives us no clue to its nature, but he gives expression to his feelings on being delivered from it. So the song of a grateful heart remains on record to become the expression of other thankful hearts to the end of time; and his desire that he might pay his vows to the Lord in the presence of all his people, is fulfilled to a degree that he never conceived. It would have been better for the church and the world if such desire had been more prevalent. We hear more of the complaints, the sorrows and apprehensions of God's people than we do of thanks and recognition of deliverances. There is joy and gladness, of course. Every one is glad when some dreaded peril is escaped or some heavy burden is lifted, but how seldom does the joy take the form of renewed consecration and acknowledgment of the divine love and tenderness. It is as if some mariner suddenly finds his ship is going direct upon the rocks, and he foresees as in a flash all the loss of property and life that will ensue. His heart sinks; but at the last moment a turn of the wind or the current causes him to escape, and he draws a deep breath of relief. Does his deliverance lead him simply to talk of his "luck," or does it make him resolve to be more careful of his course in the future? If that question is answered, we know the character of the man.

Our conception of the power and majesty of the Being who rules the universe with its countless worlds and sustains them all by his wisdom and might, forbids the notion of our making any repayment to him of the benefits he confers. He is, far and away, above any little that we can offer as a gift. Those who profess to know his thoughts and his plans, may tell us glibly what he wishes and thinks; but that is a God of their own making, not he who said: "If I were hungry I would not tell thee; for the world is mine and the fulness thereof." But the higher and better conception of God does not relieve us of our duty. A father, no matter how rich he may be, does not despise the few flowers, or the paltry gift that his child has exerted, or denied himself to give him. He recognizes the love that impelled him to make the gift and that makes it precious to him. We can make no return to God for his benefits; but we can prove in numberless ways that we appreciate them and are thankful for them.

What, then, may we do to show that we are grateful? We ought, first of all, to use the blessing for the purpose for which it was given. The life saved from death should be consecrated anew to usefulness; the property acquired should be used in helping others; the children that come to enrich life and brighten the home should be trained to become intelligent and honorable citizens; even the trials and sorrows, which have proved to some of us our best blessings, should make us more sympathetic and helpful. In this way we show our gratitude in the way that our heavenly Father, like an earthly father, approves, because it is putting his gifts to the purpose for which they were designed. It is as the Psalmist says: "taking the cup of salvation." Then there is the duty of verbal acknowledgment. It is right that the world should know that we ascribe our blessings to God. It may be more gratifying to our pride to have it said that we are "self-made men." that we have "carved our own way upward" by our own talents and efforts, but the inner consciousness of help received and of strength imparted, should make us just, and should evoke our praise. So we may offer what the Psalmist calls "a sacrifice of thanksgiving." Besides this, there is so much that can be done to make God known to people who have never heard of him, to those who misconceive his character. There is not an organization formed for this purpose that is not in need of help in service or in money. To render it is surely a way of showing gratitude that God will approve.

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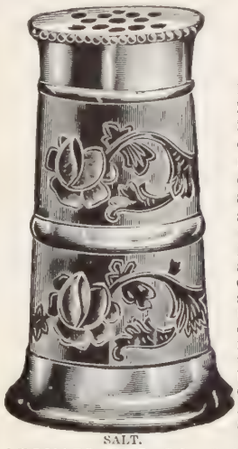

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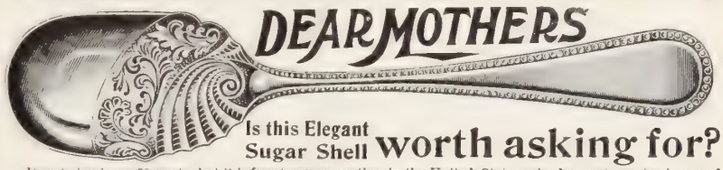

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 22—NUMBER 47

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

GENERAL PIET JOUBERT, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BOER ARMIES

(1) British refugees leaving the Transvaal (2) Majuba Hill (3) A pass in the Drakensberg (4) Ladysmith, the British stronghold now surrounded by the Boers

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

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Do not lose heart. The prophecies will surely be fulfilled. The situation is not entirely gloomy. There is growing up in every land a small body of real Christians—"the remnant," as the prophets called them—who by the right and justice of their principles are making their influence felt. It is a slow process, but it will eventually win its way. The governments of the world go their own way now, but there are indications already that they feel the pressure of the public conscience. The time is not far away when the governments will cease to heed the clamor of the loud-voiced, unthinking rabble, which is generally for war and unchristian policy, and will listen to men of conscience and character, who stand for truth and righteousness.

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[illegible] respected.

[illegible] 1. Our Children's Home is undenominational, to which no denomination can possibly take exception. 2. Only those of the very poorest families are taken—waifs who have no chance of getting an outing and many of whom would perish in the stuffy tenements and alleys of mid-summer, if left there. Many national [illegible] 3. Three dollars covers all expenses, including both ways by street car and steamer, food and shelter, and very often garments and shoes, for they come to us in all stages of ragged dilapidation. Our Home is incorporated.

Marietta M., Rahway, N. J. What is the origin of "Hallowe'en" or "All Hallows Eve"?

When Rome abolished Paganism and be[illegible] converted into a Christian church, and dedicated to the memory of the Christian [illegible] was held on May 1, but in the year 834 it was changed to November 1. "Hallows" is derived from an old Saxon word, "haligan" ("to make holy").

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he asked a question which seems to imply that his motive was of that character. We do not see how such an inference as you suggest can be drawn from the incident, especially as a different system was afterwards adopted. 3. Nothing definite. His sister's son was mentioned Acts 23:16 but only incidentally. We [illegible] not Christians, although even in that passage his "brethren and kinsmen" may have been used to cover the entire Hebrew race.

Mrs. M. G., Mt. Gilead, O. If a person purchases goods of a clerk in a store and hands him in payment a bill larger than the total cost; but the clerk omits to charge for one of the articles and does not notice his mistake, should the purchaser rectify the error?

Yes; if the purchaser be an honest person, he will notify the clerk of the oversight and pay the difference.

H. H., Saltillo, Pa. Should a church make something a condition of membership which Christ did not make a condition of salvation?

Each different denomination has its own special manner of dealing with membership requirements. As a matter of fact, however, if the applicant be sincere in the desire to follow Christ, there are no conditions imposed by the churches that cannot be complied with. No barriers are put in the way. Where the requirements relate to non-essentials (to which some individuals attach undue importance), they are usually asked more as a mat-

A Song that Captured Christendom

The True Story of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and its Famous Author, Professor J. E. Rankin

All the world over, there is probably no song of parting that is so frequently sung at Christian assemblages as the famous benediction hymn, "God be with you till we meet again." It was written by Professor Jeremiah Eames Rankin expressly to furnish the Master's followers with a Christian good-bye. It is sung everywhere around the globe; whatever the latitude, the climate, the complexion, the language, the parting greeting of believers is the same—"God be with you till we meet again." It is not given to every man to see in his own life-time such honor and recognition paid to the product of his pen as Dr. Rankin has received for this hymn. The great camp-meeting assemblies, the world-embracing Woman's Temperance Union, as well as the Societies of Christian Endeavor, have put upon it their approval. It has been translated into all languages, and it is embraced among the numbers of all the late foreign hymn-books. It is, perhaps, as likely to live as the word "good-bye," of which it is but the Christian unfolding.

The first verse of this hymn, then the only one written, was sent to W. G. Tomer, a New Jersey singing-master, to be set to music. Mr. Tomer sent back the music as it now stands, with this exception, that J. W. Bischoff, the organist of Dr. Rankin's congregation and the associate editor of the volume of Gospel melodies in which the hymn first appeared, made certain rhythmical changes and improvements in the arrangement of the chorus. This is Dr. Rankin's remembrance of the facts. He has made special efforts to recall the whole history of the musical part, so happy and so important to the success of the hymn. The music for the hymn has been written for the piano, and also for the organ, with attractive variations, while the words have been beautifully illustrated by Miss Helen F. Strong.

Dr. Rankin has written many other hymns, among them "Long Live America," and "Great Mother over the Sea"; indeed, scarcely a Sunday goes by without the use of some of his compositions in the Howard University chapel. His hymns have been arranged to music by such composers as J. W. Bischoff, W. H. Pontius, O. H. Evans, Rev. Dr. Lorenz, Rev. Dr. Mallary, Rev. S. Morrison, Thoro Harris, and others.

Dr. Rankin is President of Howard University, Washington, D. C. He was born in Thornton, N. H., where his father, Rev. Andrew Rankin, was Home Missionary Pastor of the Congregational Churches in both Campton and Thornton. His parentage on his father's side was Scotch. James Rankin and Margaret Witherspoone, both from Paisley, two of the early settlers of Littleton, N. H., being the first representatives in this country. They were of an enterprising and sturdy race, giving their decided impress, both in church and in civil affairs, to their period. Repeatedly did James Rankin and his sons, General David Rankin and Captain Andrew Rankin, represent that town and the adjoining towns in the State Legislature; while Melinda, the daughter of David, distinguished herself by planting the first Protestant schools for girls in Texas and Mexico, and several of the sisters taught and settled in the West. Dr. Rankin's mother was Lois Eames, daughter of Colonel Jeremiah Eames, whose father was one of the first settlers of Northumberland, N. H. His great grandfather on his mother's side, was Col. William Williams, who was commended to Congress by Ethan Allen, and who commanded a regiment at the Battle of Bennington, and whose praise is spoken by General Stark, in his report. Colonel Williams married Zilpah Wilder, a descendant of Nicholas Wilder, Esq., of Sulham House, near Reading, Berkshire, England, whose heirs still own the estate given him by Henry VII., for military services at Bosworth Field (1485), and five of whose posterity have been rectors of Sulham Church, the present rector being Rev. Henry B. Wilder, D.D. There is an armorial motto which would seem to imply that the valor of the family had been displayed in the taking of walled towns: *Virtuti Moxnia Cedant.*

W. G. TOMER
Composer of the Music

Colonel Williams had seen service in the French and Indian wars, was a member of the Colonial Legislature and secured charters for several Vermont towns, and finally removed to one of the eastern townships of (then) Lower Canada. Dr. Rankin graduated at Middlebury College in 1848, and in 1854 at Andover Theological Seminary. His pastorates have been in Potsdam, N. Y., St. Albans, Vt., Lowell, Mass., Boston, Mass., Washington, D. C., and Orange, N. J. His longest pastorate was in Washington City, where he remained fifteen years, where his audience-room was crowded to the doors, and where his church led in revivals, temperance, human rights, and all practical reforms; and he had among his hearers not less than two score of some of the most distinguished men then in the public service, among whom were Luke Poland, Henry Wilson, James G. Blaine and W. A. Buckingham. Dr. Rankin delivered the memorial address in the Senate Chamber on the death of Vice-President Wilson, and assisted as one of the chaplains when President Garfield was buried from the Capitol. Of his ministry in Washington, Prof. Austin Phelps, of Andover, said it was "the coronation of all his Andover instructors." Among these instructors were Professors E. A. Park, W. G. T. Shedd, and Prof. Phelps himself.

In 1889, Dr. Rankin was unanimously elected President of Howard University, having previously served there as Professor of Pastoral Theology, and as a trustee. During his administration, the number of students has advanced more than fifty per cent., four new buildings have been erected, and several new departments have been established. Every month Dr. Rankin publishes *The Howard Standard*, printed by the students, each number of which contains a sermon of his, especially suited to the wants of young people, delivered in the Andrew Rankin Memorial Chapel, a chapel erected in the memory of his brother, of St. Johnsbury, Vt. He has to-day in press a volume of sermons entitled *Elective Affinity, and Other Sermons for Young Men and Young Women*. Of his sermons Prof. Park, Joseph Cook, LL.D., and Prof. Austin Phelps have all spoken or written in the most appreciative and admiring terms. His literary style is simple, epigrammatic, sententious, and direct.

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE—HOWARD UNIVERSITY

DR. RANKIN AND HIS FAMILY

RANKIN MEMORIAL CHAPEL

Dr. Rankin's teaches daily in Howard University, conducts the mid-day worship there, and exercises a strict but kindly oversight over all departments. The pupils at present number some 700, and are of many nationalities. The institution is partly supported by the Government, and tuition in most of its departments is free. Among its original founders was Gen. O. O. Howard, whose name it bears, and who, with ex-Commissioner Eaton and President Gallaudet, and other distinguished men, is also a trustee. The late Frederick Douglass and B. K. Bruce were also among Dr. Rankin's parishioners and members of the same corporation.

Dr. Rankin's work has not all been in the pulpit, nor in educational circles. He has published a volume of German translations, and has been a regular contributor to the religious press. He has written Scotch poetry, which George Macdonald, the distinguished Scottish author, has pronounced remarkable. One of his poems, "The Babie,"

"Nae shoe to hide her tiny taes,"

has been introduced into Bryant's *Cyclopedia of Poetry*, where it is wrongly attributed to Hugh Miller. Most of these poems are of a domestic character and all are characterized by purity, pathos, and rhythmic beauty.

THE MAIN BUILDING OF HOWARD UNIVERSITY

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

· · · The Coming Sermon · · ·

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Romans 12: 7: . . . . Or ministry, let us wait on our ministerings.

WHILE I was seated on the piazza of a hotel at Lexington, Kentucky, one summer evening, a gentleman asked me, "What do you think of the coming sermon?" I supposed he was asking me in regard to some new discourse of Doctor Cumming, of London, who sometimes preached startling sermons, and I replied, "I have not seen it." But I found out afterward that he meant to ask what I thought would be the characteristics of the coming sermon of the world, the sermons of the future. The word "Cumming" as a noun pronounced the same as the word "Coming" as an adjective. But my mistake suggested to me a very important and practical theme—"The Coming Sermon."

Before the world is converted the style of religious discourse will have to be converted. You might as well go into the modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows, instead of rifles and bomb shells and parks of artillery, as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old styles of exhortation and sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons most adapted to the age in which he lived, but if those sermons were preached now they would divide an audience into two classes—those sound asleep and those wanting to go home.

But there is a discourse of the future—who will preach it I have no idea; in what part of the earth it will be born I have no idea; in which denomination of Christians it will be delivered I cannot guess. That discourse of exhortation may be born in the country meeting-house on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the Oregon, or the Ohio, or the Tombigbee, or the Alabama. The person who shall deliver it may this moment be in a cradle under the shadow of the Sierra Nevadas, or in a New England farm-house, or amid the rice-fields of Southern savannas. Or this moment there may be some young man in one of our theological seminaries, in the junior, or middle, or senior class, shaping that weapon of power. Or there may be coming some new baptism of the Holy Ghost on the churches, so that some of us who now stand in the watch-towers of Zion, waking to a realization of our present inefficiency, may preach it ourselves. That coming discourse may not be fifty years off. And let us pray God that its arrival may be hastened, while I announce to you what I think will be the chief characteristics of that discourse or exhortation when it does arrive, and I want to make my remarks appropriate and suggestive to all classes of Christian workers.

First of all, I remark that that future religious discourse will be full of a living Christ, in contradistinction to didactic technicalities. A discourse may be full of Christ though hardly mentioning his name, and a sermon may be empty of Christ while every sentence is repetitious of his titles. The world wants a living Christ, not a Christ standing at the head of a formal system of theology, but a Christ who means pardon, and sympathy, and condolence, and brotherhood, and life, and heaven. A poor man's Christ. A rich man's Christ. An overworked man's Christ. An invalid's Christ. A farmer's Christ. A merchant's Christ. An artisan's Christ. An every man's Christ.

A symmetrical and fine-worded system of theology is well enough for theological classes, but it has no more business in a pulpit than have the technical phrases of an anatomist or a psychologist or a physician in the sick-room of a patient. The world wants help, immediate and world-uplifting, and it will come through a discourse in which Christ shall walk right down into the immortal soul and take everlasting possession of it, filling it as full of light as is this noonday firmament.

That sermon or exhortation of the future will not deal with men in the threadbare illustrations of Jesus Christ. In that coming address there will be instances of vicarious suffering taken right out of every-day life, for there is not a day when somebody is not dying for others. As the physician saving his diphtheritic patient by sacrificing his own life; as the ship captain going down with his vessel while he is getting his passengers into the life-boat; as the fireman consuming in the burning building while he is taking a child out of a fourth-story window; as in summer the strong swimmer at East Hampton, or Long Branch or Cape May, or Lake George, himself perished trying to rescue the drowning; as the newspaper boy one summer, supporting his mother for some years, his invalid mother, when offered by a gentleman fifty cents to get some special paper, and he got it, and rushed up in his anxiety to deliver it, and was crushed under the wheels of the train, and lay on the grass with only strength enough to say: "Oh, what will become of my poor, sick mother now!" Vicarious suffering—the world is full of it. An engineer said to me on a locomotive in Dakota: "We men seem to be coming to better appreciation than we used to. Did you see that account the other day of an engineer who, to save his passengers, stuck to his place, and when he was found dead in the locomotive, which was upside down, he was found still smiling, his hand on the air-brake?" And as the engineer said it to me, he put his hand on the air-brake to illustrate his meaning, and I looked at him and thought: "You would be just as much a hero in the same crisis." Oh, in that religious discourse of the future there will be living illustrations taken out from every-day life of vicarious suffering—illustrations that will bring to mind the ghastlier sacrifice of Him, who in the high places of the field, on the Cross, fought our battles, and endured our struggle, and died our death. A German sculptor made an image of Christ, and he asked his little child, two years old, who it was, and she said: "That must be some very great man." The sculptor was displeased with the criticism, so he got another block of marble and chiseled away on it two or three years, and then he brought in his little child, four or five years of age, and said to her: "Who do you think that is?" She said: "That must be the one who took little children in his arms and blessed them." Then the sculptor was satisfied. Oh, my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ, but a loving Christ, spreading out his arms of sympathy to press the whole world to his loving heart.

But, I remark again, that the religious discourse of the future will have to be short. Condensation is demanded by the age in which we live. No more need of long introductions and long applications, and so many divisions to a discourse that it may be said to be hydra-headed. In other days men got all their information from the pulpit. There were few books, and there were no newspapers, and there was little travel from place to place, and people would sit and listen two-and-a-half hours to a religious discourse, and "seventeenthly" would find them fresh and chipper. In those days there was enough time for a man to take an hour to warm himself up to the subject and an hour to cool off. But what was a necessity then is a superfluity now. Congregations are full of knowledge from books, from newspapers, from rapid and continuous intercommunication, and long disquisitions of what they know already will not be abided. If a religious teacher cannot compress what he wishes to say to the people in the space of forty-five minutes, better adjourn it to some other day.

The trouble is we preach audiences into a Christian frame, and then we preach them out of it. We forget that every audience has some incapacity of attention, and when that is exhausted he is restless. That accident on the Long Island Railroad, years ago, came from the fact that the brakes were out of order, and when they wanted to stop the train they could not stop, and hence the casualty was terrific. In all religious discourse we want locomotive power and propulsion. We want at the same time stout brakes to let down at the right instant. It is a dismal thing, after a hearer has comprehended the whole subject, to hear a man say: "Now to recapitulate," and "a few words by way of application," and "once more," and "finally," and "now to conclude."

Paul preached until midnight, and Eutychus got sound asleep and fell out of a window and broke his neck. Some would say: "Good for him." I would rather be sympathetic, like Paul, and recuscitate him. That accident is often quoted now in religious circles as a warning against somnolence in church. It is just as much a warning to ministers against prolixity. Eutychus was wrong in his somnolence, but Paul made a mistake when he kept on until midnight. He ought to have stopped at eleven o'clock, and there would have been no accident. If Paul might have gone on to too great length, let all those of us who are now preaching the Gospel remember that there is a limit to religious discourse, or ought to be, and that in our time we have no apostolic power of miracles. Napoleon, in an address of seven minutes, thrilled his army and thrilled Europe. Christ's Sermon on the Mount, the model sermon, was less than eighteen minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electricity scattered all over the sky that strikes, but electricity gathered into a thunderbolt and hurled, and it is not religious truth scattered over and spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and rives its indifference.

When the religious discourse of the future arrives in this land and in the Christian church, the discourse which is to arouse the world and startle the nations and usher in the kingdom, it will be a brief discourse. Hear it, all theological students, all ye just entering upon religious work, all ye men and women who in Sabbath Schools and other departments are toiling for Christ and the salvation of immortals—Brevity! Brevity!

But I remark, also, that the religious discourse of the future of which I speak will be a popular discourse. There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon as though there must be something wrong about it. As these critics are dull themselves, the world gets the impression that a sermon is good in proportion as it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw, and, considering the small number of the world's population, had the largest audience ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People rushed out in the wilderness to hear him, reckless of their physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ that, taking no food with them, they would have fainted and starved had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them. Why did so many people take the truth at Christ's hands? Because they all understood it. He illustrated his subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushel measure, by a handful of salt, by a bird's flight, and by a lily's aroma. All the people knew what he meant, and they flocked to him. And when the religious discourse of the future appears, it will not be Princetonian, not Rochesterian, not Andoverian, not Middletonian, but Olivetic—plain, practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins and sorrows of an auditory.

But when that exhortation or discourse does come there will be a thousand gleaming scimetars to charge on it. There are in so many theological seminaries professors telling young men how to preach, themselves not knowing how, and I am told that if a young man in some of our theological seminaries says anything quaint or thrilling or unique, faculty and students fly at him and set him right, and straighten him out, and smooth him down, and chop him off, until he says everything just as everybody else says it. Oh, when the future religious discourse of the Christian church arrives, all the churches of Christ in our great cities will be thronged. The world wants spontaneity. All who have buried their dead and comfort. All know themselves to be mortal and to be immortal, and they want to hear about the great future. I tell you, the throngs of the people of our great cities who have had no one only thought they could get practical and sympathetic help in a Christian Church, there would not be a street in Washington or New York or any other city which would be passable on the Sabbath day if there were a church on it for all the people would press to that asylum of mercy, that great house of comfort and consolation.

A mother with a dead babe in her arms came to the god Siva, and asked to have her child restored to life. The god Siva said to her: "You go and get a handful of mustard seed from a house in which there has been no sorrow, and in which there has been no death, and I will restore your child to life." So the mother went out, and she went from house to house, and from home to home, looking for a place where there had been no sorrow, and where there had been no death, but she found none. She went back to the god Siva and said: "My mission is a failure; you see I haven't brought the mustard seed; I can't find a place where there has been no sorrow and no death." "Oh," says the god Siva, "understand, your sorrows are no worse than the sorrows of others; we all have our griefs, and all have our heart-breaks."

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.

We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out, and because people do not believe in the truth of God's Word, and all that. They are false reasons. The reason is because our sermons and exhortations are not interesting and practical and helpful. Some one might as well tell the whole truth on this subject, and so I will tell it. The religious discourse of the future, the Gospel sermon to come forth and shake the nations and lift people out of darkness, will be a popular sermon, just for the simple reason that it will meet the woes and the wants and the anxieties of the people.

There are in all our denominations ecclesiastical mummies sitting around to frown upon the fresh young pulpits of America, to try to awe them down, to cry out: "Tut! tut! tut! Sensational!" They stand to-day preaching in churches that hold a thousand people, and there are a hundred persons present, and if they cannot have the world saved in their way, it seems as if they do not want it saved at all.

I do not know but the old way of making ministers of the Gospel is better—a collegiate education and an apprenticeship under the care and home attention of some earnest, aged Christian minister, the young man getting the patriarch's spirit and assisting him in his religious service. Young lawyers study with old lawyers, young physicians with old physicians, and I believe it would be a great help if every young man studying for the Gospel ministry could put himself in the home and heart and sympathy and under the benediction and perpetual presence of a Christian minister.

But, I remark again, the religious discourse of the future will be an awakening sermon. From altar rail to the front door step, under that sermon, an audience will get up and start for heaven. There will be in it many a staccato passage. It will not be a lullaby; it will be a battle charge. Men will drop their sins, for they will feel the hot breath of pursuing retribution on the back of their necks. It will be sympathetic with all the physical distresses as well as the spiritual distresses of the world. Christ not only preached, but he healed paralysis, and he healed epilepsy, and he healed the dumb and the blind and the lepers.

That religious discourse of the future will be an every-day sermon, going right down into every man's life, and it will teach him how to vote, how to bargain, how to plough, how to do any work he is called to do, how to wield trowel and pen

and pencil and yardstick and plane. And it will teach women how to preside over their households, and how to educate their children, and how to imitate Miriam and Esther and Vashti and Eunice, the mother of Timothy, and Mary, the mother of Christ, and those women who, on Northern and Southern battlefields, were mistaken by the wounded for angels of mercy, fresh from the throne of God.

Yes, I have to tell you, the religious discourse of the future will be a reported sermon. If you have any idea that printing was invented simply to print secular books, and stenography and phonography were contrived merely to set forth secular ideas, you are mistaken. The printing-press is to be the great agency of Gospel proclamation. It is high time that good men, instead of denouncing the press, employ it to scatter forth the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The vast majority of people in our cities do not come to church, and nothing but the printed sermon can reach them and call them to pardon and life and peace and heaven.

So I cannot understand the nervousness of some of my brethren of the ministry. When they see a newspaper man coming in they say: "Alas, there is a reporter!" Every added reporter is ten thousand, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand immortal souls added to the auditory. The time will come when all the village, town and city newspapers will reproduce the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and sermons preached on the Sabbath will reverberate all around the world; and, some by type and some by voice, all nations will be evangelized.

The practical bearing of this is upon those who are engaged in Christian work, not only upon theological students and young ministers, but upon all who preach the Gospel, and all who exhort in meetings, and all of you if you are doing your duty. Do you exhort in prayer-meeting? Be short and spirited. Do you teach in Bible-class? Though you have to study every night, be interesting. Study adroitness and use common sense. The most graceful and most beautiful thing on earth is the religion of Jesus Christ, and if you awkwardly present it, it is defamation. We must do our work rapidly, and we must do it effectively. Soon our time for work will be gone.

A dying Christian took out his watch and gave it to a friend, and said: "Take that watch, I have no more use for it; time is at an end for me, and eternity begins." Oh, my friends, when our watch has ticked away for us the last moment, and our clock has struck for us the last hour, may it be found we did our work well, that we did it in the very best way, and whether we preached the Gospel in pulpits, or taught Sabbath-classes, or administered to the sick as physicians, or bargained as merchants, or pleaded the law as attorneys, or were busy as artisans, or husbandmen, we did our wok in such a way that it will stand the test of the judgment. And in the long procession of the redeemed, that march around the throne, may it be found that there are many there brought to God through our instrumentality, and in whose rescue we exult. But let none of us who are still unsaved, wait for that religious discourse of the future! Do not wait for a great steamer of the Cunard or White Star line to take you off the wreck, but hail the first craft, with however low a mast, and however small a hulk, and however poor a rudder, and however weak a captain. Better a disabled schooner that comes up in time, than a full-rigged brig that comes up after you have sunk.

Instead of waiting for that religious discourse of the future—it may be forty, fifty years off—take this plain invitation of a man who, to have given you spiritual eyesight would be glad to be called the spittle by the hand of Christ put on the eyes of a blind man, and who would consider the highest compliment of this service if, at the close five hundred men should start from these doors, saying, "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see."

Swifter than shadows over the plain, quicker than birds in their autumnal flight, hastier than eagles to their prey, hie you to a sympathetic Christ. The orchestras of heaven have strung their instruments to celebrate your rescue,

"And many were the voices around the throne: Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."

To Check the Boer Invasion

General Buller's Efforts to Relieve Ladysmith and Kimberley—Progress of the South African War

DESPATCHES from the seat of war in South Africa uniformly agree that the most important stage of the Boer-British conflict has been reached. General Sir Redvers Buller, on his arrival and assumption of the

GEN. SIR CHARLES F. WHITE

supreme command, decided to divide his forces (less than a fourth of which had reached Africa up to November 13th) into two parts, one to be landed at Durban, for the purpose of recapturing Colenso and restoring communication with the besieged defenders of Ladysmith, and the other for turning back the tide of Boer invasion in Cape Colony and pushing forward to the relief of Kimberley.

For many days Ladysmith has been isolated and without means of communicating with Estcourt or Durban except by carrier pigeons. These faithful winged messengers took despatches through successfully, from which it was gathered that the Boers were making strenuous efforts to capture the city before its defenders could be succored by Buller's advance. Additional batteries of formidable guns had been planted on the heights overlooking the city, and a desultory bombardment was maintained daily. Frequent brilliant sorties by the besieged resulted in keeping back the investing forces to a safe distance, but did no material good otherwise. Provisions were abundant, but it was suspected that ammunition for the British naval guns—the principal dependence of the city—was running painfully short. If ordnance supplies were exhausted, nothing could prevent the city's fall. As the situation was almost desperate, it was Gen. Buller's purpose to make an effort to relieve Gen. White, as the only movement that could save the campaign in Natal from utter failure. On the 13th inst. (according to the delayed despatches) the Boers were believed to be preparing to crush White, and capture or annihilate his force, before Buller's troops could reach him. Failing in this purpose, they themselves were liable to be caught between the two British forces. It was expected that a stand would be made at or near Colenso.

Meanwhile, the campaign in Cape Colony seems to be also nearing a crisis. On Nov. 10th, the British advance had reached Belmont, fifty miles from Kimberley, and a sharp skirmish had taken place with little advantage to either side. Col. Keith Falconer and several other British officers were among the killed and wounded. Gen. Buller is massing troops near De Aar Junction and everything points to an aggressive movement with the object of relieving Kimberley. It is now believed that Buller will have nearly 70,000 troops of all grades under his command before the end of November.

On the Boer side the war is being prosecuted with marked skill and courage. Every contingency is provided for and the plans of Gen. Joubert seem to have shrewdly foreseen many things that have already taken place. This sagacity has resulted in placing obstacles in the way of Buller's advance that will be difficult to overcome. The addition of artillery to the Boer equipment, however, had not apparently given the satisfaction expected. Though efficiently served, it has impaired the mobility of the burgher armies and compelled them to adopt a new style of warfare. Joubert and Cronje, it is said, find themselves embarrassed by their big guns. In the event of a retreat, the "Long Toms" and forty-pounders would have to be sacrificed. Another troublesome matter among the Boers is the commissariat. Food supplies are reported to be short among Joubert's troops in Natal, although pluck and ammunition are plentiful. Indeed, the war has already created semi-famine conditions in both Natal and Cape Colony. Bread and all other articles of food have risen in price in some instances several hundred per cent.

BOERS SIGNALING IN THE NATAL HILLS

Every day's delay of the Boers in making their grand assault on Ladysmith and Kimberley is a gain to the British. Before this reaches our readers the assault in force may have been made on General White's position. Should the British reinforcements now on the way from Durban reach within striking distance in time, the whole aspect of the Natal campaign may be changed. Much reliance is placed upon the quick-firing naval guns, a number of which have been forwarded with a strong detachment of bluejackets from the British warship *Terrible*. An effort is being made to force through food supplies and ammunition, as it is believed that White is short of both. His naval guns may be useless unless this forlorn hope succeeds.

Although Gen. Buller has necessarily diverted a large portion of his command for the relief of Ladysmith, he seems resolved to push ahead on his original line of campaign in the west. On that side, the frontiers of both the Boer republics are comparatively unprotected. There are no mountain ranges, as on the eastern and southern boundaries, and the land is level plain. Should it become necessary the Dutch farmers and burghers will tear up and destroy every bridge and mile of railroad in both Boer republics, rather than allow the British to invade their territory. President Kruger is credited with having said that "if the British won the campaign, it would be at a cost that would stagger humanity." That ominous prediction is now recalled with gloomy foreboding. Meanwhile, Boer strategy has far outrun that of their foes. Every available point of attack has been seized and guarded. Even Zululand, south of Natal, has been invaded by the Transvaal commandos, and is no longer available as an avenue of British attack, which it might have become in certain contingences.

It is now practically assured that there will be no European interference in the South African war. England is taking measures accordingly to place in the field the largest army she has ever mustered for foreign service. Even the Queen's Household Guards are now on the way to Cape Town. Human lives will be poured out like water and the struggle, from present indications, threatens to be a long and sanguinary one.

A Congress of Religions

Outline of the Plan for Holding it in Paris During the Exposition of 1900

THE professors of the University of France, connected with the religious sciences at the Practical School of Higher Education of the Sorbonne, under the patronage of the French government, have undertaken the organization of an international congress on questions belonging to the History of Religions, for the Exposition of 1900. The work of the congress is limited to the scientific study of the history of religions, as it has been developed by the labors of scholars during the past century. The president is M. Albert Reville, of the College de France; the vice-presidents are MM. Alexandre Bertrand, Michel Breal, Maspero, Oppert, and Senart.

The congress will meet from the 3rd to the 6th of September, 1900, forming with four other cognate congresses an uninterrupted series, beginning with psychology on the 17th of August, continuing with prehistoric anthropology, Americanists, and folk-lore until the 16th of September, 1900.

The opening and closing sessions will be held at the Exposition Palais des Congres; the other meetings at the Sorbonne. Communications relating to other questions for the consideration of the congress may also be presented, and may be written in Latin, German (Roman characters), English, or Italian, as well as in French. They must be essentially of an historical character; and, both in papers presented and in the discussions, all dogmatic or denominational polemics are prohibited. The various divisions are as follows:

Section I. Religion of non-civilized peoples; pre-Columbian American Civilizations.

Section II. History of the religions of the Far East (China, Japan, Indo-China, Mongols, Finns).

Section III. History of the religions of Egypt.

Section IV. History of the religions called Semitic.

Section V. History of religions of India and Iran.

Section VI. History of religions of Greece and Rome.

Section VII. Religions of Germans, Clets, Slavs—Prehistoric Archæology of Europe.

Section VIII. History of Christianity.

Correspondence in connection with the congress should be addressed to MM. Jran Reville and Leon Mariller, secretaries of the committee of the Congress of Religions at the Sorbonne, Paris.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Keeping the Sabbath

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 3. Neh. 13: 15-22
Golden Text, Exodus 20: 8

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE [illegible] originally for God. He speaks of "my Sabbaths" (Lev. 19: 3, 30; 26. 2). Death was the penalty to Israel of the breaking his holy Sab- [illegible] and twice in these verses God calls his Sabbaths a sign between him and his people: first a sign "that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you," and secondly, "a sign between me and the children of Israel for ever," in remembrance that in the creation, God "rested and was refreshed." Before the Sabbath was a law to Israel, it was a gift to man. "The Sabbath was made for man"—not for Israel only, and it is remarkable that this word occurs in the Gospel of Mark, who represents the Lord Jesus as the Servant of Jehovah. We should expect in this Gospel of service, that the boon of the day of rest should be spoken of as a gift to man in general. It is as Son of Man, also, that our Lord declares himself Lord of the Sabbath (Mark 2: 28; Luke 6: 5). No other man is Lord over it.

It must have been in the very early times of the Christian Church that the first day of the week, called by the apostle John "the Lord's Day" (Rev. 1: 10), came to be observed in the place of the Jewish Sabbath. The first day of the week, the resurrection day, is mentioned in Acts 20: 7, as the time "when the disciples came together to eat bread;" and in I. Cor. 16: 2, as the day in which the saints should lay by in store, as God prospered them, for the maintenance of the work of the Lord. Adventists are seeking to bring back the use of the seventh day, and to bring Christians under the law of the Sabbath. Thank God, we are "not under law, but under grace" (Rom. 6: 14, R. V.). The observing of "days, and months, and seasons, and years" (Gal. 4: 10), is shown by Paul to be a return to the weak and beggarly rudiments of the faith, and to "be in bondage over again." To those who have entered into his rest there is the ceasing from our own works as God did from his, even in the keeping of Sabbaths as a work of law. But this is not that God's day of rest should be done away; rather that every day should be a Sabbath, while the first day of the week is observed as the Lord's Day.

If the law is written in our hearts, and is not an outward system of rules to us, then we cannot take out of our hearts on Monday that which rules our conduct on Sunday. On the first day of the week we do all as unto the Lord; on the second day likewise. We are privileged, whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do, to do all to the glory of God (I. Cor. 10: 31) every day of the week, and they who would serve God on Sunday and serve themselves the rest of the week, are still under the law of "I must," "I ought," instead of standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free which is "I may, I can serve my God every day, in all I do and think and speak." But while the old law does not bind us to the keeping of the Sabbath, the seventh day, the seventh year, the fiftieth year, yet the keeping of the Lord's Day, is a special grace permitted to us, and always specially owned of God. Those who seek to do away with the holiness of it, the Roman Catholics and Ritualists especially, by making it a day of amusement and self-pleasing, are putting a terrible stumbling-block in the way of the salvation of souls.

It is easy to see how from the beginning national blessing has gone much in union with the keeping of the Sabbath or of the Lord's Day. It was one of the charges which God brought against his people of old: "My Sabbaths they greatly polluted" (Ezekiel 20: 13, 16, 24); "Thou hast despised Mine holy things, and hast profaned My Sabbaths;" "Her priests have . . . hid their eyes from My Sabbaths" (Ezekiel 22: 8, 26). And the seventy years' captivity was a judgment upon the Jews, "until the land enjoyed her Sabbaths, for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath, threescore and ten years."

Nehemiah, in the course of his measures for reform, noticed how much Sabbath desecration prevailed in the land of Judah. To his consternation he saw that some trod their wine-presses and some brought home their harvest on the Sabbath day. Others drove a regular market for all kinds of perishable goods: wine, grapes, figs, etc., which they brought into Jerusalem on the Sabbath day. And Nehemiah testified against them. He found that the Sabbath desecration of the Jews had encouraged fish merchants of Tyre and other merchants to have their merchandise regularly sent in and sold in Jerusalem on the Sabbath. Naturally, where there is no market for goods, there will be no trade: and, finding it was the nobles who encouraged this Sabbath trading, the reformer contended with them: he met them face to face, and put it to them. "What evil thing is this ye do, and profane the Sabbath day? Did not your fathers thus, and did not God bring all this evil upon us, and upon this city? Yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the Sabbath."

Having thus testified to the merchants and borne witness for his God to the nobles who bought their goods, Nehemiah proceeded to take stringent measures to enforce the sanctity of the Sabbath. On the eve of the Sabbath he commanded that the gates should be shut and not reopened until the Sabbath be over, and having, as we have seen, servants of one mind with him, always ready to be interrupted in their ordinary work to help their master in his reforms, he set some of them on patrol over the gates to hinder the entrance of any merchandise whatsoever upon the Sabbath day. The merchants, seeing this would be a loss to them, lodged without the gates, hoping, no doubt, to sell to some of the foot-passengers who might be passing in and out by the postern, while the larger gates remained closed. But the faithful servants reported this to their master. Once or twice the merchants persisted, but Nehemiah came in person and testified against them. "Why lodge ye about the wall? if ye do so again I will lay hands on you." This was effectual and the whole thing was stopped. Thus was the abuse done away.

A MARKET OUTSIDE THE JAFFA GATE OF JERUSALEM

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

UNDER the rule of Nehemiah, as Tirshatha, or Governor of Judea, the reformation described in the lesson of November 19 continued, he and Ezra working together to keep the people true to their pledges and faithful to their God. Ezra now drops out of the history and we read of Zadok as the scribe. As twenty-six years had elapsed since he went to Jerusalem, he was probably dead. At the end of twelve years, dating from his arrival in Jerusalem, in 444, Nehemiah went back to Persia: but not to stay. After an uncertain period, which he describes indefinitely as "certain days," he again obtained leave of absence from Artaxerxes and returned to Jerusalem. As Artaxerxes died in 425 this new leave must have been given before that date, which proves that Nehemiah could not have been more than seven years absent from Jerusalem. Probably it was less than five years. But during the interval great changes had occurred. The custom of foreign marriages had been resumed, the Sabbath had fallen into neglect, and his inveterate enemy, Tobiah, had secured a footing in the city, being lodged in one of the rooms of the Temple itself. We can imagine his disappointment and indignation. His first act was to turn Tobiah out and restore the chamber he had occupied to its legitimate use. He then proceeded to correct other abuses, notably the desecration of the Sabbath.

I will lay hands on you. There was not much ground for complaint against these fishmongers and peddlers of fruit from Tyre. They were not expected to respect the Sabbath. They were in business and as long as the Jews were willing to buy on that day they were ready to sell. It was no concern of theirs whether it was a holy day or not. But when Nehemiah stopped the traffic and showed the Jews how wrong it was, the case was altered. He applied his check at both ends. The Jews must not buy, they were under his orders; but he would take temptation away from them. So he shut the gates on the Sabbath and kept them [illegible]. But the peddlers set up their stalls outside and the Jews, if they were [illegible] could go out at the postern gate and find such a market as is to be found outside the gates of an Oriental city today. So the Governor went out and ordered them off and thus wisely removed temptation from his own people. A police court justice in a town near New York proceeded on the same principle. A Jew was brought before him for keeping his store open on Sunday. He said: "I do not have any regard for your Sabbath. I keep my own Sabbath and I have a right to sell on yours. Christian people come and buy. They don't care and I sell and I don't care." The judge answered: "I am going to make you care by inflicting a fine and if that will not do, I shall follow it with imprisonment. I mean to have the Lord's Day observed in this town and as you say you have Christians for your customers that is the more reason why I should close your store so as to keep temptation out of their way."

I testified against them. The following parable on Sabbath desecration sets the matter in vivid light. A certain great land-owner said to the tenants on his estate: "I am going to give you six acres of my best land for your own. You can till it to suit yourselves and grow on it whatsoever you like best. But there is one condition. I want you to cultivate a piece of ground near my house with some choice seeds that I have imported. They will grow to beautiful trees bearing luscious fruit. This ground is only one acre, but I want it kept exclusively for these particular seeds, and when they have grown and borne fruit the fruit will be for you. This one acre is mine, but you will gain by cultivating it, because you will have the produce." What would be said of those people if they insisted on planting their own growths on that acre, and taking no notice of the kindly plan of their benefactor? That is the way people act who, not content with the six days God gives them, and not caring for the spiritual blessings they would get by keeping the Lord's day, fill it with work or pleasure.

No more on the Sabbath. There are some people now who want to go back to the old Jewish custom and observe the Saturday instead of the Sunday. An Englishman coming to live in this country is surprised to see that people go about their work on Whit Monday as if it was an ordinary day, and when he asks if it is not kept as a holiday here as it is in his country, he is told that no one pays attention to it. But in a few weeks he finds people can keep holiday here as well as they can in England. On the glorious Fourth there is a holiday with emphasis, and he learns that Americans have a good and sufficient reason for celebrating the day, and any school boy can tell him what that reason is. No American citizen with a spark of patriotism in him would vote to go back to Whit Monday as a national holiday, although it is a more ancient festival.

Profaning the Sabbath. A number of boys are invited to visit at a beautiful house in which there are all kinds of pictures and toys and games. One room is fitted up as a gymnasium, with parallel bars and Indian clubs and apparatus. Other rooms are fitted up for other amusements. There is one room, however, that the owner wishes kept to himself. It has sacred associations for him because it was the room of a very dear son. He keeps everything in it just as it used to be in his son's time, and, while he loves to see boys enjoying themselves and having all the fun they want, he does not wish any romping in that room. It would hurt his feelings. There are lovely books and pictures there and fine musical instruments, but any one going into it must behave. How if the boys rushed into that room and carried on their noisiest sports there and made fun of the owner's scruples. That is the conduct of those who profane the Lord's day.

An Appeal From India

Urgent Request for Help Cabled by American Missionaries in India, Who Are in the Midst of Another Famine

STICK DRILL BY FAMINE GIRLS IN MR. HUME'S SCHOOL IN BOMBAY

LETTERS from the missionaries in India for several weeks past have had a sombre tone, especially from those in the northern and northwestern provinces. They told of the total rainfall in some instances, and, in others, of diminished showers. What this meant, they knew only too well. With millions of people dependent entirely on the produce of their small farms, the failure of the harvest, which is the inevitable consequence of deficient moisture, meant suffering for all and starvation for many. It was clear that trouble was ahead when they wrote, but they were still hoping against hope that the longed-for rains though belated, might yet come. Now, however, that hope has vanished. Last week this cable despatch was received by the proprietor of this journal:

AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.
Klopsch, New York:
Famine sore. Help!
MARATHI MISSION.

It is evident that the worst fears are realized. Those three words call up a vivid picture of thousands of people unable to get food. Already the missionaries must be witnessing the harrowing spectacle of men, women and children crazed by hunger piteously pleading for a morsel of bread. Among them are many who have become Christians, for the American Board and the Methodist Episcopal Board and the Presbyterian Board have many zealous missionaries in that section. Some help should be sent to them at once, that they may not be compelled to turn a deaf ear to this agonizing appeal for food. We will gladly arrange to send by cable, **free of cost,** any contributions which may be sent to us by our readers for the relief of the sufferers. Even one dollar may save a life if sent speedily.

The help so nobly rendered by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the famine of 1897, is still bearing fruit. Missionaries in all sections of India report the opening of doors to the Gospel that were closed before, and in the orphanages there are hundreds of children who were rescued from starvation, and are becoming Christians, preparing to carry the religion of Christ into all the towns and villages of the land.

GIRLS IN AMERICAN SCHOOL IN CAWNPORE

A photograph of eight of these famine orphans is reproduced on this page. It is sent by Rev. E. S. Hume, of Byculla, Bombay, in whose school they are. So changed are the children from the miserable waifs they were when they were received, so bright and intelligent and healthy are they, that Mr. Hume thought a picture of this specimen group would be gratifying to the generous Christian people in the United States whose gifts kept the children in life. It represents the girls as they are about to begin the evolution which they call "stick drill," a calisthenic exercise extremely graceful and healthful, practised in the intervals of study. Mr. and Mrs. Hume have one hundred and eighty of these children in their orphanage at Byculla. "Many of them," Mr. Hume says, "have become sincere Christians, and give promise of being useful workers." He is anxious that the people who aided in rescuing them, and are still, through the distribution of the balance of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund, contributing to their support, will not forget them, but will pray for their mental, moral and spiritual welfare.

Already the results of the present scarcity of food in Northern India are being felt in his neighborhood. Mr. Hume was called, a few days before writing his letter, to see a party of eight miserable creatures who had walked all the way from the Deccan, two hundred miles off, to see if any food could be obtained in Bombay. They were hungry, ragged and footsore when they arrived and were directed to the home of the Christian missionary, where, during the great famine, so many victims found succor. After relieving their immediate need, a proposal was made that a bright, intelligent girl, only six years old, should remain in the school. The child was accordingly received and a place found for her in the institution. Her name is Harana. "I wonder," Mr. Hume writes, "whether among your readers there is not some one who would deny himself some luxury that he might support this beautiful little child. We can clothe, feed and educate her for twenty-five dollars a year. We could not refuse to receive her, for Christ bade us feed his lambs."

Another interesting picture which appears on this page is that of three of the girls in the Mary A. Merriman school in Cawnpore. Miss Beach, of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, who is in charge of it during the absence of Miss Lilian Deitrich on furlough in America, writes most hopefully of the girls under her care. "We are greatly indebted to you," she says, "for your continued interest and support. We would ask you to thank your generous readers for us. You and they are often remembered in the prayers we offer, that the Father's blessing may be richly given to those who, in the time of India's sore calamity, gave money and food to the starving people. Our girls know that you are contributing to their support and they are not unthankful. It is difficult for us who see them daily to realize that they are the poor, miserable creatures who came to us in the famine. They have grown so fast, and are so bright and cheerful. Some of the girls assigned to you are now from six to twelve years old. From the photograph I send of three of the girls, you can see how they dress and look."

THE MISSION HOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO—REV. JEE GAM

A Chinese Pioneer . . . . . in Gospel Work

Rev. Jee Gam's Labors for His People—The California Chinese Mission

THE successful work of Rev. Mr. Jee Gam, of the Californian Chinese Mission of San Francisco, among his own people, furnishes a striking illustration of the truth of the oft-made statement that the best missionary to the Chinese is an American Chinese convert. Mr. Jee Gam came to America in 1863 from the province of Kwang-Tung, where he was born fifty-one years ago. He was converted at Oakland, California, while employed in the family of Rev. Dr. George Moar, a Congregational minister, according to his own testimony "through their upright Christian example." In 1870, he with two others similarly converted, "were the first Chinese that joined the English-speaking church east of the Rockies." He was at once drawn into the work of the American Missionary Association as a messenger of Christ to his people, and has been laboring continuously along this line for twenty-nine years, although he was not ordained until 1895. He is now the only ordained Chinese Congregational minister in America. His education, which is remarkably thorough, was acquired under Dr. Moar's supervision. He has seven children, five of whom are missionaries, and his wife is a Christian Chinawoman. He adheres to his queue and national dress because, as he states, "I can reach my people better so."

Mr. Jee Gam was instrumental in the organization of the Hong-kong, now South China mission, of whose excellent work our readers are cognizant. The California Chinese Mission, which is an auxiliary of the American Missionary Association, owes much of its success to his devotion and indefatigable labor. During its twenty-nine years of existence this mission has established forty-two mission-schools, of which twenty are in operation; it has reached more than 80,000 Chinese, and has sent a number of native missionaries to China. To work in California, China and elsewhere its four or five hundred resident members have contributed about $5,000 annually. Of the $1,500 cost of the Mission House bought in 1897, $7,000 have been paid through the help of Sunday Schools, Christian Endeavor Societies, the A. M. A. and the Chinese themselves, many of whom have given a whole month's wages to it. At the International S. C. E. Convention of 1897, the Y. P. C. E. S. of this mission ranked second, and in 1898 third, in the amount given to missions. Its free schools, reading-room and dispensary activities in Canton and South China have been of notable significance, and warrant Mr. Gam's expressed opinion that "the evangelization of the American Chinese means the evangelization of China's millions." With the full endorsement of Rev. Dr. W. C. Pond, who is at the head of the California Chinese mission, and who has devoted many years of his life to its establishment, Mr. Jee Gam is seeking the help of Christian people in lifting the debt of $8,000 still due upon the Mission House. He will doubtless succeed in this undertaking, for it is one that strongly appeals to the sympathy of the Christian public.

The new Mission House is the headquarters for all Chinese Congregational work in China and America at large as well as California. As the centre of various evangelical and social activities, it is of untold helpfulness to the Chinese of San Francisco. The building contains a gymnasium, school-room, library, reception-room, club-room, pastor's study, etc.; besides, there are several rooms which are rented to young Chinamen who want the environment of a Christian home and who are workers in the Mission.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

Associate Editors.

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Letters [illegible]

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How to Fill the Churches

A GOOD deal is being said and written nowadays as to the most efficient method of preaching needed in the pulpit and the best method of filling the pews. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has freely invited pastoral opinion on this subject. Some favor expository preaching, some the didactic, some the homiletic, some even the metaphysical. We suppose what is most efficient depends upon the constitution of the preacher himself. Some do best in hortatory efforts; others, again, are wonderfully successful in the simple exposition of the Scriptures; but whatever the method be, it should have the elements of directness, of simplicity and of pungency. When a preacher has his subject, he should go right at it, as if he meant to hit it. The system of using texts by way of accommodation is a most pernicious one, and it is a false system. We have all heard of the minister who preached from the text, "Topknot, come down," and equally absurd illustrations are being constantly met with. So, too, the element of simplicity is a most necessary one. We once heard a minister—and he was of that abused class, the army chaplains—speak of "landing a finny inhabitant of the briny deep upon the dry and parched earth." What he meant was fishing, only he did not have the sense to say so.

Pungency is another essential element. We want more clear, ringing Anglo-Saxon in the pulpit, and less artificiality of language and voice, which makes the preacher seem to be either an improved automaton or a *vox humana* stop taken out of the organ and set up in the pulpit. This dismal wailing which we sometimes meet with, mixed up with weak metaphor and redundancy of speech, is often put forth as the offspring of culture; but culture does not acknowledge the wayward child. It was with no such uncertain sound that the great Apostle Paul preached the magnificent sermon on Mars Hill, or declared the whole counsel of God all the way from Jerusalem to Rome. Men who employ in preaching a stilted, artificial method never last beyond their little day.

There is still another point: we need more attention to a free, spontaneous oratory. The gestures may be awkward; but let the words burn, let the manner be earnest, and people will come, and the hearers will not be apt to go to sleep. The importance to a preacher of being wide awake in the delivery of a sermon, even if he be liable to the charge of that great bugbear of modern Chadbands, "sensationalism," is well illustrated by an anecdote which Professor Lawson, a theological teacher in England, used to tell of one of his pupils, Andrew Fletcher, who, after completing his theological studies, passed the first two years of his ministry in a colleagueship with his father, a clergyman of Perthshire, Scotland. When the father preached, the listeners were few; when the son discoursed, the house was flooded. The father's sermons elicited no praises; the son's were loudly applauded; whereat the former became jealous and irritable. At length the son borrowed one of his father's sermons, and on the following Sunday preached it from memory with great emphasis and animation. The hearers were louder than ever in praise of the youthful orator, and one worthy remarked, "The old man never in his life preached a sermon that was equal to that!"

So, too, when a friend of Mirabeau complained that the Assembly would not listen to him, that fiery leader asked for his speech, and the next day electrified the Assembly by uttering as his own the words they had refused to hear from another. In either case it was the manner that made all the difference.

This age is a wakening age, a nervous age, a quick age. Men have much to learn and they hear much. The men of to-day are wider awake than their ancestors ever were, and it becomes the successful preacher of to-day to be roused and wide awake. If one of the apostles could leave heaven and drop into some of our churches he would think himself in a first-class dormitory, nor would he be far out of the way. When a house is on fire the alarm comes out as from a clarion. It is some of this wide-awake spirit in manner, in matter, in tone, in voice, in gesture which the pulpit of to-day needs, and without which preaching becomes as lifeless as a stone and as ineffectual as beating the air.

About Idlers

SHUN the companionship of idlers. There are men hanging around every store, and office and shop, who have nothing to do, or act as if they had not. They are apt to come in when the firm is away, and wish to engage you in conversation while you are engaged in your regular employment. Politely suggest to such persons that you have no time to give them during business hours. Nothing would please them so well as to have you renounce your occupation and associate with them. Much of the time they lounge around the doors of engine houses, or after the dining hour stand upon the steps of a fashionable hotel or an elegant restaurant, wishing to give you the idea that that is the place where they dine. But they do not dine there. They are sinking down lower and lower, day by day. Neither by day nor by night have anything to do with the idlers. Before you admit a man into your acquaintance ask him politely, "What do you do for a living?" If he says, "Nothing: I am a gentleman," look out for him. He may have a very soft hand, and very faultless apparel, and have a high-sounding family name, but his touch is death. Before you know it, you will in his presence be ashamed of your work dress. Business will become to you drudgery, and after awhile you will lose your place, and afterward your respectability, and last of all your soul. Idleness is next door to villainy. Thieves, gamblers, burglars, shop-lifters, and assassins are made from the class who have nothing to do. When the police go to hunt up and arrest a culprit they seldom go to look in at the busy factory, or behind the counter where diligent clerks are employed, but they go among the groups of idlers.

During the past few years there has [illegible] Young men have complained that they have little to do. If they have nothing else to do they can read and improve their minds and hearts. These times are not always to continue. Business is waking up, and the superior knowledge that in this interregnum of work you may obtain will be worth fifty thousand dollars of capital. The large fortunes of the next twenty years are having their foundations laid this winter by the young men who are giving themselves to self-improvement.

November 30
THE TIME LIMIT

THE time limit set for the free distribution of our beautiful Home Sunshine Calendars will soon expire. The proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD expended many thousands of dollars on these Calendars as a reward for prompt action on the part of new or renewing subscribers. Our mail in December is about **10,000 letters a day**, and this year it promises to be double that number unless many of our friends send in their subscriptions during the present month. Such an arrangement enables us to have the business handled by experienced help, and many errors which might otherwise occur would be avoided.

We are happy to state that, owing to this offer, tens of thousands are renewing earlier than usual, and we believe that by the end of November fully 100,000 will have sent in their subscriptions, and the usual pressure of December will remain normal.

Never have such ample provisions for the expeditious handling of business been provided as this year, and our subscribers may depend on the most prompt and satisfactory service. A huge supply of premium books have been prepared and packed ready for addresses and shipment; express companies have promised heartiest and speediest cooperation, and the busiest season THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has ever experienced has been wisely anticipated so that every call may be promptly and satisfactorily met.

Still, it is always better to be a little ahead of time in sending your order. Premium books will not suffer by being in your own hands a few weeks earlier, and the express companies will handle the business quicker now, by considerable, than when the holiday pressure is on. And then even the most gigantic preparations are sometimes insufficient; but by sending your subscriptions now you guard against the possibility of disappointment.

As stated in a previous issue, new subscribers get THE CHRISTIAN HERALD free to Jan. 1st, and the sooner their subscriptions are received the greater the advantage they derive, while old subscribers get a year added to their present expiry date. Hence they lose nothing and gain the Calendar. Our Home Sunshine Calendar contains six Eggshelled Cards, each about the size of a full CHRISTIAN HERALD page and each containing a beautiful picture in twelve different colors. On the reverse side of each sheet is a carefully prepared Chronology of the XIX Century for the two months which that particular card represents. Nothing like our Calendar is now on the market, the whole arrangement being the Copyright property of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. If you want any premium sent at Christmas subscribe now and get the Calendar, and we will reserve the premium and ship it any day you may designate. Remember, subscriptions postmarked after Nov. 30 will not be entitled to one of these Calendars. Act to-day as you may forget to-morrow.

* * *

We have been greatly cheered by the many letters of hearty commendation from our subscribers. They nearly all say that they never could do without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We are striving to make this the most attractive paper in the world for Christian people and we believe we are succeeding. A thousand thanks to the many correspondents whose kind words are a source of constant encouragement to us.

BRIEF NOTES

[illegible]

A. T. [illegible]

Dr. [illegible] been [illegible]

[illegible]

by remitting the money.

[illegible] dence they have dug them up from the places where they buried them

[illegible] Nov. 13-19, a meeting was held at noon each day except Saturday and Sunday, in the rooms of the [illegible] William E. Kingsley, Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. [illegible] the leaders on the respective days.

[illegible] Fairmount Baptist Church, at which he has been [illegible] while he preaches. These sermons, like those he delivers and illustrates in his home church in Brooklyn, have proved intensely interesting especially to the young folks.

[illegible] an old family Bible at an auction sale was astonished, on examining his purchase, to find in it [illegible] notes to the amount of $150. On the [illegible] one of the notes there was an inscription [illegible] that the owner had saved the money, and [illegible] no relatives, wished to make the person who [illegible] into the possession of the book her lawful heir.

Mr. [illegible] at Bristol, England, is being carried on by his son-in-law Mr. James Wright and other friends. They [illegible] the sixtieth of the institution. They follow Mr. Muller's rule of making no appeal for funds. Last year they received $145,389. This sum brings the total received since the orphan work commenced to more than five million dollars.

Mrs. [illegible] Armenia, who died in California recently, is gratefully remembered by her former pupils. They relate that once when a band of Turkish soldiers [illegible] sight of it the Turks decamped.

A prominent statistician [illegible] divorce laws are more stringent.

A Christian worker in Brooklyn has organ [illegible] Five Don'ts." The Don'ts referred to, which the [illegible] (save on an ocean voyage) ride in a pub[illegible] ance on Sunday. 3. Don't read a newspaper on Sunday. 4. Don't buy anything on Sunday except [illegible] Sunday.

The General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church now consists of nine Synods, with 1,233 ministers, 2,029 congregations, 352,454 communicants. There are three theological semi[illegible] property worth over $300,000. There are seven colleges with about 2,000 students, eleven orphans' homes, seven hospitals, five homes for the aged, epileptic, etc., four deaconess institutions, and three immigrant missions.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey had a magnificent audience in the Massey Music Hall, Toronto, on the occasion of the opening of the winter campaign of [illegible] years since Mr. Sankey had seen his Toronto friends, and they gave him a hearty welcome. In addition to singing some of his new songs and, by request, several old favorites, he related a number of thrilling incidents associated with the composition and singing of the songs.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has been holding successful meetings in Chicago. The St. James Methodist Episcopal Church was crowded every night, and on November 20 there was a great jubilee [illegible] who have made confession of faith. Dr. Robert McIntyre, the pastor of the church, has had the pleasure of writing to several families in various States to announce the conversion of some wanderer who has been brought to repentance

The Countess Schimmelman expects to be in New York early in December. She spoke 112 [illegible] health is still delicate, she is obliged to restrict her work in New York. She is anxious however to reach as large a number of people as possible, so that she will, in considering invitations to speak, choose the largest and most central locations. Invitations should be addressed to her on the Danish yacht *Duen*, Albany, N. Y.

[illegible] nection with the Memorial Protestant Church at [illegible] on November 8, has met with a cordial welcome in this country. Churches of various denominations [illegible] ranging meetings and forming committees to raise the sum necessary to complete the memorial church. Mr. Louis Tag, treasurer of the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau St., New York, has consented [illegible] the American fund. All contributions should be sent to him.

A Zoological Park . . . . In New York

LATEST of the attractions of New York City, but by no means the least, is the new zoological park, which, after four years of effort, has now been formally opened to the public. It is in the Borough of the Bronx, between Pelham avenue and West Farms. It consists of a beautiful stretch of wooded land three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide. As ex-Governor Levi P. Morton, who presided at the opening ceremony, told his hearers, the place was so singularly well adapted by nature for the purpose, that nothing had to be done but to make paths and erect the suitable buildings. The city government has appropriated $150,000 toward the expenses, and private citizens have given the same amount. With this $300,000 it will be possible to provide pavilions and outdoor cages of the most approved type for a large zoological collection. The most conspicuous features of the park at present are the Bird House and the Reptile House, photographs of which are reproduced on this page. Both are already tenanted. In the Reptile House are 293 snakes, representing thirty-six distinct species, among them a huge python twenty-two feet long and weighing 170 pounds. Their house is large enough to contain trees, so that those snakes which are fond of climbing may enjoy their favorite sport. In the Bird House are storks, penguins and several varieties of water fowl from other lands, besides owls, jays and other home birds. A huge cage is in preparation which will be 175 feet long and eighty feet high, and covering three large trees, in which a large collection of birds will enjoy comparative liberty. In another part of the park are the bear dens, the deer range and the wolf dens, all of which are occupied by the nucleus of collections. In all, there are 843 specimens now in the park, and the number will be increased as rapidly as quarters are prepared for them. The design of the managers has been to present every creature, as near as possible, in its natural conditions, and they believe that the park affords such facilities for executing this design as will enable them to make it the finest resort of its kind in the world. It will doubtless be highly appreciated by students of natural history. To the Christian visitor it will be a reminder of that era, yet to come, which Isaiah foresaw, when these animals will dwell together, not, as in this case, caged and separated by strong barriers to keep them from devouring each other, but sharing with men the gentle influence which is to subdue all ferocity.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid . . . they shall not hurt nor destroy: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord (Isa. 11:6-9).

THE REPTILE HOUSE

THE BIRD HOUSE

THE NEW ZOOLOGICAL PARK IN NEW YORK

Restored through an Injury

A patient in the Willard State Hospital for the Insane, has recovered his reason in an extraordinary way. He has given the attendants a great deal of trouble since he has been in the institution by his mad tricks and violent outbreaks. Three weeks ago he was out with a squad of lunatics for exercise, when he broke away and ran. The attendants were quickly on his track but he outran them. To escape pursuit, he climbed on the Lehigh Valley Railroad bridge and, dropping through, he hung suspended to the ties by his arms. The attendants followed and called to him to hold on, but to avoid capture he let go and fell to the hard roadbed, thirty-five feet below. Several of his bones were broken, but his most serious injury was a compound fracture of the skull. He was carried to the hospital where his hurts were examined. It was necessary to trepan the skull by a new and delicate operation, and after the broken fragments had been removed the patient soon recovered consciousness. The pressure on the brain, which was responsible for his insanity, has been removed with the portions of the fractured skull, and the insane man has now recovered his reason. His case up to that time had been considered practically incurable. Doubtless the doctors, when they examined the injured man's head, pitied him for this new calamity that had befallen him; but it has proved the means of a great blessing to him. So it has been with many who have suffered from aberration of their spiritual faculties. Like the Prodigal "when he came to himself," the wandering Christian often finds that it was an affliction which restored him.

Before I was afflicted I went away: but now have I kept thy word (Ps. 119:67).

Explosive Dust

A scientific journal makes a recent explosion of flour dust in the New England Mills in Chicago, the text of an article explaining the danger of a single spark in a dust-laden atmosphere. It says: "Finely comminuted combustibles of any kind, when mixed with a proper portion of air, form explosives akin to gunpowder. A spark or open flame which heats a few particles of the dust to a high temperature, causes these to combine with the oxygen of the air in which they are suspended, and the flame shoots through the whole mass with explosive rapidity. Flame has been known to travel for twenty feet or more along a draft of air laden with gasoline fumes, and it will do the same with a dust-laden draft. With dust mixtures, as with those of volatile hydrocarbons or illuminating gas, the explosions are most violent when the amount of air in the mixture is just sufficient to supply the oxygen necessary for the perfect combustion of the suspended matter. When these conditions exist, these mixtures have the ability to do more damage to buildings than would be done by the disintegration of an equivalent amount of dynamite or fulminate." This fact should be made widely known, so that the proper precautions may be taken to avoid a catastrophe, in which lives and property may be sacrificed. These precautions are: ventilation that will clear the air of dust; and care that no spark be kindled in the mill. Analogous precautions might well be adopted to prevent the loss of souls. Many a young man has found, to his cost, that in an impure moral atmosphere, a very slight spark of temptation may be his soul's undoing:

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word (Ps. 119:9).

A Romantic Marriage

Cincinnati journals publish the notice of a recent marriage which recalls Tennyson's story of Enoch Arden. Twenty-six years ago a young sailor wooed and won a wife in Kansas. The girl stipulated before the wedding that he should give up a seafaring life. But times grew hard, and there was straitness in the home of the young couple. An opportunity of making a large sum of money by a long voyage was brought to the sailor, and by much persuasion he gained his wife's reluctant consent to his accepting it. After the sailing of his ship from San Francisco she heard from him no more, but news came that the vessel had been wrecked on the coast of Africa. The wife struggled hard to make a livelihood for herself and child, but it was very difficult and she sank into poverty. A life-long neighbor, who had loved her before her marriage, and had kept single for her sake, renewed his suit and she accepted him. To be quite sure that the marriage should be valid she procured a divorce from her first husband on the ground of desertion, but she had no doubt that he was dead. Several years elapsed and then her second husband died. She removed to St. Louis and afterward to Cincinnati. There one day recently she was amazed to receive a visit from her first husband. His vessel had been wrecked as was reported, but it was on a lonely isle of the Pacific. He had swam ashore and had remained there for several years, without seeing a ship, or having any opportunity of communicating with his wife. When he was rescued and returned to America, he made inquiries about his wife. Learning that she had secured a divorce and was living happily with another husband, he would not disclose himself. He settled in Kansas City when he went into business and prospered. But he kept track of his former wife and when he heard that she was a widow, he presented himself and persuaded her to remarry him. She probably did not need much persuasion, for his delicate and magnanimous conduct would naturally enhance the love she originally bore him. It is such conduct that God represents himself as showing toward his people, who have proved untrue to their vows. He does not desert them but disciplines them and woos them, following them with his love and offers of restoration, in the hope that they will renew their allegiance to him.

Then shall she say I will go and return to my first husband; for then was it better with me than now (Hosea 2:7).

A Matron's Intrepidity

A fire in an uptown district in New York revealed the courage of a woman in the face of imminent peril. It was a tenement house of five stories that was burning. All the inmates except one man had retired to rest, for it was two hours after midnight. He was reading by the bedside of his sick sister, a girl twenty years of age who is suffering from a complication of diseases and needs constant attention. The man noticed a smell of smoke and opening the door, saw that the staircase and corridor were dense with it. Realizing that the house was on fire, he opened the window and shouted for help. The only person who heard him was a woman who serves as matron at the neighboring police station. She was returning home from her duties when she heard the man's shout. She immediately turned in an alarm and then ran into the burning building and went upstairs to arouse the tenants. She climbed the stairs from one story to another, rapping on the doors to awaken them, and calling to them to come out. They ran into the street in their night clothes, but the sick girl could not move. Her brother was about to go too, leaving his sister to her fate, when the matron called him back. "Wait," she said, "I will stay with you. This poor girl must not be left." She sat down by the bedside and calmed the sick girl, who was frenzied with the terror caused by the clangor of the fire-alarm bells and the shouts of the people. The matron sat still, unmoved by the excitement inside and outside the house, and her presence was so reassuring that the sick girl actually fell asleep. She was still sleeping when, after the danger was over, the matron took her departure. If it had not been for that calm, courageous woman's company, the sick girl might have died of panic. But so long as that woman was beside her she felt that she was not deserted. It is so that the Christian is supported by the presence of his Lord in all the crises of life.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me (Psalm 23:4).

How to Attract People to Church

Many of our Best Known Pastors Freely Express their Views on the Subject Through "The Christian Herald," and Point out the Remedy for the Universal Decline in Church-going

FREE SALVATION FOR ALL

AMONG the great questions of the day, which take hold of the spiritual part of our lives, is that which relates to the widespread falling off in church attendance. How this evil may be remedied, and the people won back to the worship of the Lord in his temple, is discussed in the group of remarkably interesting letters which appear on these two pages. It is undeniable that in a great majority of our cities, and in rural districts also, the churches are having an uphill fight, and that many a faithful and deserving pastor is disheartened by the steady reduction in the number of his auditors. Wherein lies the fault—with the pulpit or the pew?

Those divines who have written on the subject, being themselves notably successful in spiritual work, may well be able to indicate to others how the church may triumph over worldly attractions and regain its old-time popularity. The letters follow:

REV. W. R. HUNTINGTON

Homely Preaching; No Hair-splitting There is no need for a new Gospel. It seems that a careful study of our Master's method of presenting truth will answer the question, "How to induce people to go to church." Christ preached directly to the needs of his hearers. He never became impatient, or he never would have had so many children about him. He always illustrated freely. He seemed rather to prefer to light up some great truth by a homely parable or story than to confuse his hearers by splitting hairs. He did not read his sermons, but spoke out of an overflowing heart. These are a few points which I believe every young Christian worker, be he layman or theologian, may well consider. They have been of immense practical benefit to some.

Northfield, Mass. D. L. MOODY.

Christ the Magnet I believe in the Holy Ghost and the Gospel. We, in our tabernacle, have no other methods and we have all the people we want. God will draw the people if we look to him and preach Christ. I believe that any minister who preaches that Gospel will have all the congregation he wants. It was the secret of Mr. Spurgeon's power, and every successful minister I know is successful in that way. It's easy to gather a political mob or a congregation by worldly attractions, but how quickly they will disband.

REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

[illegible]

A Pastor should be Spiritual Shepherd Let a minister be selected who fills out in his life and conversation, by the help of God, the ideal man, sound in body and mind, and full of the Holy Spirit. He should combine in his work the two elements required by Almighty God in Holy Scripture: 1. The element of office-bearer for God and the dispenser of the means of grace. 2. The pastoral element, as shepherd under the Good Shepherd [illegible] sheep and is [illegible] them. This relationship of tender care, winning loving response, can only be secured by personal intercourse with all the members of the flock, young and old, rich and poor, and giving special attention to the sick and afflicted and needy, and fatherly devotion to the children. When these two elements, which I may call the priestly and the pastoral, are properly combined and balanced in the minister we have in possession nine-tenths of all that is required to make spiritual work successful in any parish or mission. If the minister has in view permanent results, he will avoid sensational sermons and everything calculated to detract from the dignity and sobriety which befit the service and the solemn interests involved.

GEORGE F. SEYMOUR.

Springfield, Ill. *Bishop of Illinois.*

"THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH"

A Great Revival Needed It is not a question of attracting an audience and filling an individual church at the services. Judging by our own experience, that is an easy thing to do, and can be done without resort to any cheap device. Let the pulpit ring true, and present winsomely the old Gospel of love and hope and life and heaven, and let the pews be filled with Christians whose characters are the translation of that old Gospel into life and action, and the problem of church audiences is solved for the individual church.

But the question is far deeper and more manly, and therefore more Christian, than that of filling an individual church. It is the question of winning the people who attend and the people who do not attend our churches to Christ and to his church. That is spiritual work, and spiritual work can be done only in a spiritual atmosphere, hence the necessity of a revival of religion in our churches. There the work must begin.

REV. J. F. CARSON.

Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.

A Spiritual Revival Needed "New Ideas in Church Work" do not touch me so much as the feeling that there is a decline in spirituality among us. An effort of repentance and faith that will bring it back and give us clear hearts filled with the Divine Spirit will get an "Amen" from me.

O. O. HOWARD.

Washington, D.C. *Major-General, U.S.A.*

Fill the Pulpit Well; Its Pews will Fill Themselves Spurgeon was once asked how the pews of a church could best be filled. He replied: "Fill the pulpit, and you will have no difficulty in filling the pews." It seems to me that tells the whole story. The model church can grow only under the model pastor. REV. C. H. PARKHURST.

Madison Sq. Pres. Church, New York.

Mere Preaching Will Not Draw It is not true that the church has drawn people by mere preaching in any age. Chrysostom was, they say, a great preacher, but it was not his preaching that filled the church. During the past summer the [illegible] York that have been fullest have, in most cases, had no preaching at all. Yet some of these churches were crammed full four times before 12 o'clock Sunday noon. What is the explanation? Why is it that this class of churches is full and the "preaching" churches empty? The explanation is that the former class offers what the people cannot get at home and the people have something to go to church for.

REV. J. F. CARSON

The other unfortunate class offers nothing beyond what the people can get at home, and church-going is therefore needless.

REV. B. F. DECOSTA.

Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York City.

A CHURCH SPIRITUALLY DEAD

The Simple Gospel Is Enough Observation teaches me that no attraction can be offered in the pulpit at all equal to the earnest preaching of the simple Gospel by a man whose soul is on fire with love for his fellow-man and love of God. If we cannot attract the people with the Gospel, "preached in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power," the case is hopeless, and great calamities must fall upon the people until they return to God. But the Gospel so preached will not fail. The people are hungry for it. The largest congregations are found in those churches where Christ is preached intelligently and faithfully to the people. Other attractions may draw for a time, but it is doubtful whether the results at all justify them. The church must quicken her zeal, rekindle her faith, and remember that "nothing conquers but the spirit of Christ."

REV. C. C. MCCABE.

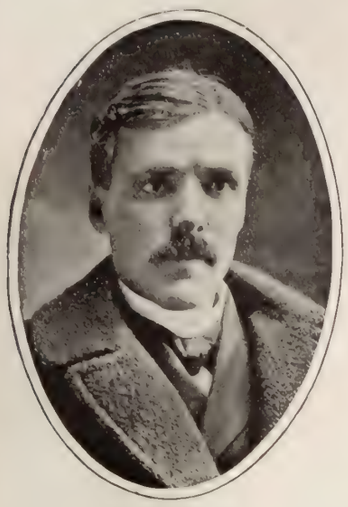
Bishop M. E. Church.

The Church Needs New Energy and New Methods We must recognize the fact that Sunday is the only outing time for a large number of young men shut in stores and offices during the week. These young men have the best elements of character to build upon—they are the class we want to reach and bring into the churches. So I conceived the idea of making special provision for their wheels and giving them special welcome, and the result has been very gratifying. My idea is that if they go wheeling Sunday, why not make church their objective point, rather than a roadhouse or a resort of amusement-seekers?

REV. C. H. PARKHURST

The masses will come when the church wakes up, and gives them the fulness of the Spirit, and the fulness of Christ and the fulness of the Father. When the church works to save sinners under the real power of the Holy Ghost in a natural, straightforward, enthusiastic, businesslike way, there will be no trouble about bringing the people. The church is so wrapped up in modish punctilio, that she prefers good form to glorious salvation. This silly squeamishness should be displaced by as much common sense, direct display of truth, intense, intelligent and persistent effort, as the successful merchant evinces in conducting business. The old-time truth and love must be presented with the new-time energy and illustration. Preachers and people must be willing to sacrifice physical ease, worldly pleasure and present popularity, for the

sake of the ultimate and eternal good of the people. Efforts must be adapted; people must be approached through things



REV. N. D. HILLIS

they are thinking as Jesus approached them. The Gospel must be presented in full sweep at close range and driven home with all the accuracy of science.

REV. JAMES BOYD BRADY.
Grace Church, Worcester, Mass.

. . .

Kindness Will Draw the Multitude The best way to attract people to church is to be kind to them. Kindness is so unusual in a city like New York that it is sensational. Think of a man stopping in the midst of the hurry and self-interest of daily life here to be kind to somebody without expectation of worldly reward—simply to be kind to somebody as a matter of Christian principle! If every church member went about the world being kind to people, it would make a great sensation; it would startle the public; it would begin to revolutionize social conditions and do away with some of the misery in the world. The public would begin to wonder and investigate, and suspect that there was an actual factor for good behind the scenes, the underlying and animating principle of this kindness. And when the public had realized that, more people would come to church to find out about it all, and the plain Gospel of Christ would be sufficient attraction to hold them. Do not mistake me. I would not have Christians kind for the narrow purpose of gaining members for their churches. I would have them be kind because kindness is Christly. I would have them help suffering and relieve poverty for humanity's sake. Disinterestedness is so scarce in a large town that if you stop to perform a kind act you will be sure to make a sensation. Such sensationalism is legitimate. The keynote of such vast organisms as Dr. Russell H. Conwell's church in Philadelphia is sympathy. Church institutionalism is mere organized kindness, and in the long run this will bring people to church.

REV. EDWARD JUDSON.
Memorial Baptist Church, New York.

. . .

All Must Share in the Battle To-day every consideration that makes for the permanence of society asks that every patriot and citizen should formally and publicly unite with some one of the many churches of our city and country. The church has now entered upon one of the most trying periods of all history. The battle is to be fierce, even though the issue is not doubtful. During the Civil War, certain citizens declined to take sides either against slavery or for it, and shame now mantles the cheeks of their children. And when the sunset gun doth boom and the battle end, miserable indeed all those who meet Paul and John, Luther and Livingstone, Milton and Cromwell, the heroes and fathers of yesterday, having had no part in their battle, having received no scar and won no spur, having never sought to correct the weakness of the present church by lending it their example or influence. In this time, when the needs of the church are so many and so important, every patriot and citizen should join not one church, but many. Let the patriot and Christian swear fidelity to conscience and culture. Let him pledge anew his interest to all the forces that make for justice and mercy, for obedience to the citizen man's brother; to Christ, the soul's Saviour; to God, the soul's Father. REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.
Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

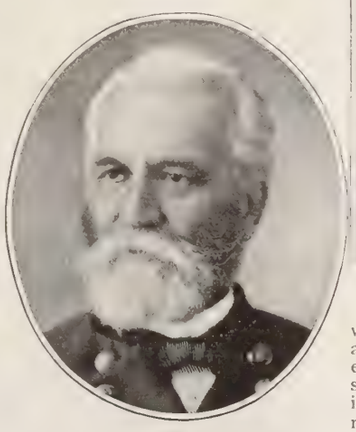
. . .

Plain Gospel, Good Singing, Free Seats The very plainest presentation of the fundamental truths of God's word. There is nothing the people love to hear so well as the Gospel. Carefully trained congregational singing of the very best hymns ever written, set to the best music, led by a choir who thoroughly understand how to lead. Sympathetic pastoral work, largely in the country by the pastor, in the city by men and women chosen because fitted for house to house visiting. Banish all thought from the house of God that it is a place for people to be on dress parade. No private ownership of property in God's house, seats as free as the Gospel.

L. H. COBB.
Secretary Congregational Church Building Society, New York.

. . .

Churches are Too Dignified Fill the pulpits. Sermons, like pudding, must have something in them. Make the sermon a thing of life and beauty. Put something in to glow, brighten, convince, subdue, "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Don't funeralize religion. Don't whine, don't moan. Let us freshen up and get out of the old ruts. Let us surround our pulpits



MAJ.-GEN. O. O. HOWARD

REV. D. H. GREER

with heaven's fire and send our hearers away aroused, saying: "This man is in earnest. We must come and hear him again." Let us stop reading finished essays, choked full of theological terms which nobody understands and I doubt if anybody ever cares for. Let the preachers' be voices and not merely echoes. Why hold gay tournament with the scribes and Pharisees of Judea who have been dust and ashes for eighteen hundred years, and pass by the living scribes and Pharisees who fill our pews and pay our salaries? Hit hard. Don't smooth down stubborn texts to ears polite. Make things plain. Let us have humanity along with our divinity. Let us come down from our high platforms of empty dignity. Our churches have been dignified to death. Don't serve Christianity on ice.

REV. MADISON C. PETERS.
Bloomingdale Church, New York.

. . .

Three Things Needed in Our Churches In my judgment, the only legitimate methods of attracting people to church is to offer them: (a) A reverent, dignified and, at the same time, hearty service of worship; (b) Such preaching as appeals in about equal measure to the intelligence and conscience; (c) In the case of strangers a courteous reception.

New York. REV. W. R. HUNTINGTON.

. . .

Plain Religion in Modern Language There may be a large number of ways to "induce people to go to church," and a good many of them may be legitimate; but the only way I know anything about is to preach plain religion in the language of to-day, and try to make people feel that you really want to help them to be good.

New York City. REV. HENRY VAN DYKE.

. . .

Each Church Must Do its Best It may safely be said that that church will succeed best which does not aim at success, but simply tries as best it can to do the work which it has to do. REV. DAVID H. GREER.
St. Bartholomew's Church, New York.

. . .

The People Must Aid the Pastor A preacher who is attractive will attract. If he preaches what the people find worth hearing, the people willgo to hear him. People who never go to church and do not mean to go, are not likely to be induced to attend by any ordinary pulpit sensationalism and extraordinary pulpit sensationalism is disgusting to people who regularly attend the church. With a good preacher in the pulpit, giving sermons that are interesting, it is possible to induce people to go to church by inviting them as friends, after you have really made their acquaintance and shown some regard for them. This should be the work of the people and not the pastor. It should be done, not on a large scale by one or two, but by all, each one fastening to a single family or one or two families as may be. I know of no other way.

CYRUS NORTHROP.
President University of Minnesota.

. . .

The Church Should Instruct, Not Amuse A clearer and more elementary preaching of Gospel truth in its adaptation to present circumstances and kindly and affectionate ministrations to the people, in the spirit and after the example of our Lord, will sooner or later prevail over the present indifference or hostility to the church. I have no confidence in amateur shows as rivals to the professional show. The work of the church, as I apprehend it, is not to amuse, but to instruct in the way of righteousness,

REV. B. F. DECOSTA

and bring men to life eternal. Its exalted mission will best be accomplished by unswerving faith in God, and in that faith

REV. DR. L. H. COBB

preaching Christ by word and life. It is an insult to souls for whom Christ died to invite them to a show as a substitute for the Gospel.

REV. GEO. WILLIAMSON SMITH.
President Trinity College, Hartford.

. . .

Preach the "Golden Rule" Everywhere No one should weary of hearing the "same old story" of Divine love. One particular need to-day is the preaching of practical or ethical Christianity—the duty of man to man in the community. The "Golden Rule" is sadly neglected everywhere. Class distinctions should be obliterated in God's house, so that the poor in worldly goods may feel at home there. On one occasion, when in the Temple, our Lord quoted these words from Isaiah: "Mine house shall be called the House of Prayer for all people." A church should be open every day in the week for public and private worship. It should be well lighted from without and within.

REV. A. W. MANN.
General Missionary to the Deaf Mutes.

BISHOP McVICAR

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

A FAITHFUL LIFE . . . AND LIGHT

Nancy Rose, the Aged Lighthouse Keeper of Historic Stony Point

AS there are big and little churches, so there are big and little lighthouses. Some that meet the mighty waves of the ocean, just as the big churches meet the dangerous waves of wealth and luxury; and some that warn of treacherous rocks and shallows on the river's peaceful banks.

Of the smaller and latter kind is the lighthouse at Stony Point, N. Y. It first sent its rays across and up and down the Hudson in 1826. In those early days, nine lamps and a silver reflector stood guard over the lives and interests of the men and boats upon this waterway, but now one lamp, in a fine magnifying globe, takes their place. The lighthouse and the cottage in which the keeper lives, are built inside of the ancient fortifications, which were baptized with the blood of patriots and soldiers during the Revolutionary War.

A fitting keeper for this historic spot and light is Mrs. Nancy Rose, great-granddaughter of Jacob Rose, who was with Anthony Wayne when this fort was recaptured in 1779. The morning I visited the lighthouse and its keeper, was one of rare autumnal loveliness. The lighthouse stands white and solid on the hill top, 179 feet above sea level. The keeper's cottage is very pretty, painted white and gray, and surrounded by a picket fence, which incloses a little garden, in season full of red and white and yellow dahlias. Mrs. Rose came forward to meet me with a kindly smile. I found her to be a typical American woman, true even in the small dust of the balance to her public trust, and fulfilling with equal rectitude the no less important duties of Christian mother and housekeeper. In her seventy-fifth year she climbs the steep steps to the lighthouse tower with no uncertain tread, and even in the descent and ascent of the hill to the fog tower, where the fog bell is, she hardly uses her staff. Every Sabbath, summer and winter, she may be seen in her seat in the Presbyterian Church of Stony Point, for as she said: "I love to go up to the house of the Lord, because he has been my help and my stay through all the years of my life."

She led me into a parlor whose windows face the Hudson at one of its most beautiful, though most dangerous points, saying as she placed a chair for me: "I have just finished churning." She was as neat as if she had just finished dressing, and the whole house was exquisitely clean.

"You see," she continued, "the first thing I do in the morning after breakfast is to trim and clean the light." Our family have been keepers nearly ever since the lighthouse was built. Mr. Parkson, my uncle, who was a God-fearing, God-loving man, was keeper for years; upon his death my husband was appointed; when he died, leaving me with seven small children, it was secured for me, and even though it is a Government position, and subject to changes in politics, I have kept my place."

AT MIDNIGHT IN THE LIGHTHOUSE

"Because?" I queried.

"Because I have done my duty," she replied with a smile.

"Do you have to attend to the light at night?" I asked.

"Yes, it must be trimmed every night at twelve regularly. Now that they have the new light it is easy to work, but when they had the nine lamps it was of course more tiresome."

We walked down the hill to the river front to visit the bell-tower. The bell, during a fog, sends its warning note out every fifteen seconds.

"At first," said Mrs. Rose, "it took me an hour and a half to wind up the machinery that rang the bell; but now it is easier because of late improvements." When the fog is very thick, either Mrs. Rose or her son remain all night in the bell-tower. As we walked back to the house I learned of the faithful wife's loving care of the dying husband; and her brave effort to make both ends meet while the children were growing up.

As we stood together looking up at the lighthouse I said to myself: "It is not one of the big lights, but it has never failed the river craft since it was first lighted." Then, as I looked at the firm old hands that had trimmed the light for forty-two years, I thought: "A little light, a brave, loving woman, honored by her townsmen and women, living her duty, she deserves the Apostle's commendation: 'Thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest.'"

LILLIE L. MCKEE

NANCY ROSE'S COTTAGE

Bird-slayers

A regretable sign in the season's millinery is the abundance of feathers employed. The wholesale slaughter of birds is involved, and the probable extermination of several beautiful species. The entire garniture of one very popular turban consists of the breasts of birds. Very becoming are these bands of pearl-like gray or soft, pale brown to rosy faces and shining tresses. Hardly one of the gentle wearers but would bend in pity above a fluttering, blood-bespattered songster fallen at her feet; hardly one but would cry: "Oh, how cruel!" to the sportsman whose gun had brought the winged musician down. Yet, by wearing feathers, approval is set upon a worse thing than the sportsman's gun, which, at least, gives a bird a chance for its life. Trappers and gunners who hunt from mercenary motives are without a sportsman's scruples. With these, whether it be nesting-time or no, birds are slain for the money their lovely raiment brings the slayer. That our Father, who notes the sparrow's fall, may hasten the end of such wretched business is not beneath the dignity of Christian prayer.

Leaving the Old Home

A recent pathetic story relates the case of an aged, hard-working man, who, bereaved of his wife some twenty years ago, had raised his children up with all possible care, sending them to school and training them in pious ways. As soon as his oldest son was of sufficient age to be a help, he went away to live with a rich relative who had taken a fancy to him, leaving his father almost heart-broken, but unwilling to say a single word against his boy, his whole regret seeming to be centred in the one fact, that in his new home, the boy would not be under religious influences. This is an unusual instance, perhaps; but the case is too frequent, we fear, of sons and daughters, who, as soon as they are old enough to be a comfort and a help, forget obligations to those who have provided for them from helpless infancy. It is hardly honest, much less dutiful for the young, not to make some return in kind to those who have given them love, kindness and care. On the other hand, parents may well take a lesson from the fowls of the air, who, by a God-given instinct, push their young out of the nest, that they may learn to fly and that their wings may grow strong. If we hold our children so fast within the home that they never learn to battle or labor for themselves, the home will become a veritable nursery of weaklings.

MRS. NANCY ROSE

You'll Not Regret

You'll not regret, O, busy man,
[illegible]
You'll not regret, my gentleman,
[illegible]
When the one who heard is dead.

You'll not regret, my lady,
That you tenderly forgave,
[illegible]
Lieth quiet in his grave.

You'll not regret, O, mother,
Love and patience you bestow,
When your little lad or lassie
Sleeps beneath the winter's snow.

—M. L. A.

Vacant Organ Seats

VACANT organ seats in our country churches suggest the question, "Are our young girls 'serving God as they have opportunity' in this particular sphere?" In our little church, in a village where there are several accomplished young lady pianists, not one of them can be regularly depended upon to play simple pieces for the Sunday School or church services. They leave this duty—which should be a privilege—to the busy wives, already overburdened with household cares, of our church deacons or elders. Young ladies, sometimes I think a good training for those who are to play on the harps of heaven is the making of music in little country churches and little neglected Sunday Schools. Making music in the home circle is, too, I think, another way of learning how to make music in heaven.

[illegible] L. B. THOMSON

Work of Blind Girls

A very serious industrial problem confronts the blind girl who is left homeless and helpless by the death of her parents and guardians. Even though she graduates a cultured young lady from an educational institution for the blind, the question is most perplexing. Mr. F. E. Cleveland, Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education for the Blind, sends us a letter by General Goodrich, of Hartford, Conn., endorsing the excellent work done by blind girls in the printing department of the Industrial Home for the Blind in Hartford. A bright magazine, *Talks and Tales*, is put forth by the institution at $1 a year, the proceeds being applied to furnishing homes and occupations for the blind. It tells what successful blind people are doing, and shows what they can do. Besides, it carries the Gospel to the blind.

Mr. and Mrs. Wu's Rambles

One of the quaintest and most interesting sights of Washington may be witnessed—if one is an early riser—at about six in the morning, when Mr. Wu, the Chinese minister, his wife, and Mrs. Yung Kwai, his interpreter's wife, are returning from an autumnal exploration of the outskirts of Washington. Mr. Wu is somewhat of a botanist and is very fond of these early rambles with the ladies of his household. The trio wear full national costume, Mrs. Wu and Mrs. Kwai's dress consisting of blue silk tunics reaching below their knees, and wide black silk trousers similar to Mr. Wu's. Mr. Wu's tunic is usually of black silk, and on his little skull cap is the red button which denotes rank. The ladies wear no hats, Mrs. Wu, however, carries an infinitesimal parasol. Their feet are very small. The quaintest part of the whole procession is the wheeled chair, like a baby's perambulator, which Mr. Wu pushes along and in which the ladies ride as they weary of walking.

THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

CHAPTER V.

The Missing Letter

ON the first day when Douglas was allowed to go out of doors, the young man found himself strolling alone up the quiet lane which seemed like an extension of the very small garden of the Dower House, so lonely was it, and so unlikely to be frequented by any one but the friends of the Hamertons.

It was almost a surprise, at that hour in the morning, to meet a stout gray haired gentleman also strolling along, with an air of going nowhere in particular; or quite a surprise when he suddenly came to a stop, and held out his hand with a

"A SIDE DOOR OPENED AND CELIA CAME OUT"

beaming smile of delight and astonishment.

"Bless my soul, Lingard!" he said, "who'd have thought of meeting you in this way? Not that you aren't most welcome, you know!—but you did say you weren't coming till next week—or at least I thought so!"

The blank surprise on the young man's face was gradually reflected upon that of the newcomer.

"Eh? What?—don't it? I beg your pardon," he said. "I took you for a friend of mine."

"My name is Lingard," said Douglas slowly and with something of an effort. "I think—you must have taken me for my brother."

"What! Are you Caryl Lingard's brother? To be sure, I knew he had a brother, but he did not tell me you were down here. Perhaps you have only lately come?"

"I have been here about five weeks."

"Indeed! I wish I had known it. I must have seemed most inhospitable, but it was your brother's fault. We'll scold him for it when he comes down. When I first caught sight of you I made sure he had arrived a week before his time, but of course I can see a difference now. I was just going to ask him if he had been ill, when it dawned upon me that I had mistaken my man."

"Caryl and I were always considered alike," said the young man rather mechanically. He was trying to think. This was evidently an intimate friend of his brother's, whose very name he did not know. How could he hide from this man that Caryl and he had had no communication with each other for more than a year? Surely honesty did not demand that he should let a stranger know that they had quarreled, especially as, strictly speaking, they had not?

A twinge of embarrassment made him, as often happens, a little more talkative than usual.

"I have been fortunate enough to find friends here," he said. "Mr. Hamerton proves to be an old school-fellow of mine—and Caryl's. I have been staying at his house for the last few days. I was out of sorts, and he was good enough to take me in and see me put to rights."

"I am afraid the cure is not quite complete yet," said the other, with a keen glance at the young man's pale face. "Don't let me keep you standing here. I will walk with you, if you care to turn back now toward the Dower House. Yes! they are kind-hearted folks, the Hamertons, and I don't wonder at the people in the place for still looking up to them, or for bearing a little grudge at me for having turned them out of the Hall."

The last words were a relief to Douglas, for they told him at least the name of the man who was speaking to him. He had not been in familiar talk with the Hamertons for the past few days without having learned who was the rich manufacturer who had bought their father's house and land, and, according to his lights, seemed most anxious to be kind and friendly toward them.

"Of course you know that your brother is coming to my house next week," said Mr. Allardyce, as they walked up the lane together. "And you will have heard from him, of course, the story of our first meeting, but how much I owe him, first and last, he will not have told you, for I am sure he never thinks of it himself. I am more thankful than I can say to have made such a friend, to stand by my boy when I'm gone."

He paused as if expecting some comment, but Douglas was silent, loth to pretend to knowledge, or to admit that he did not know what his new acquaintance was talking about.

"We are going to spring a surprise on the county, your brother and I," said the older man briskly, after a moment. "But if he hasn't told you about that yet, I had better not talk about it either, since it mustn't be mentioned to the Hamertons at present, and you might find it awkward if they began asking questions."

Still Douglas did not know to what the other could be alluding, and he asked no question, though he had hardly been attending sufficiently to gather that he was being warned off from a secret. He was beginning to realize the fact that very shortly his brother would appear in this neighborhood—that they must inevitably meet, and either proclaim their estrangement among all these strangers, or profess an affection that they were far from feeling.

He was so deep in unpleasant thoughts that no name but one would have had much chance of catching his ear, but when he came back to the present it was to discover that Mr. Allardyce was jocosely cautioning him not to fall in love with "Miss Ceelie!" "I have told your brother the same thing," he said. "She is not to be had—not to be spared from here at any price. I'm too old, I'm sorry to say, and I suppose my boy Frank is too young, or I declare one or other of us would have to marry her, and keep her to ourselves."

"Insufferable old cad!" thought Douglas, and perhaps would hardly have been able to control himself to walk peaceably beside the great man of the village if at that moment a sudden turn had not brought them upon the gateway of the Dower House.

"Well!" said Mr. Allardyce good-naturedly, "here we are, and I'm sure you have walked far enough for an invalid. Tell Hamerton I couldn't come in this morning. I shall hope to see something of you as soon as you're well again—when your brother comes down, anyway. My best respects to Miss Ceelie."

Douglas turned in at the gate with the very briefest farewell of which courtesy would permit, passed round the house to the sheltered garden at the side of it, and sat down on a bench beneath a group of blossoming lilacs, feeling that the May sunshine had suffered eclipse.

Perhaps because he was still weak and easily shaken out of his self-control, elementary feelings came uppermost and

(Continued on following page).

SURE TO ASK

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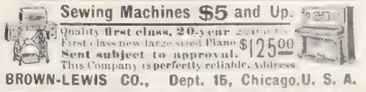

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. . The Touchstone . .

(Continued from last page)

expressed themselves as simply as a child protests dislikes and distrusts that its elders for the most part hide even from themselves.

"I cannot bear that Caryl should come here," he found himself saying passionately under his breath. "I don't hate him now, God knows! but I shall hate him if he comes here . . . . he will fall in love with *her*—that blatant old idiot would put it into his head if it did not come there of itself—and I shall have to look on and see it. . . . I have nothing to offer her. I shall not dare to think that she could ever be anything but my friend: but he will go further than that, and every one will think that he has the right. They will accept him as Martin's schoolmate and my brother, and he will make love to her and win her and marry her, and I shall have to look on!"

A side door opened and Celia came out of the house, standing for an instant with one hand shading her eyes from the sun as they searched the lane and the garden: and then coming across the grass towards him with evident intent to scold him for having stayed out too long.

A grim smile played round Douglas's firmly-closed lips as he realized that he had been marrying this gracious creature in imagination to a man whom as yet she had not so much as seen; but the impression was not to be driven away by common-sense.

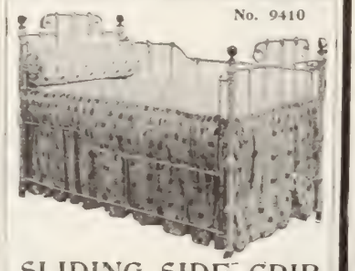
He took Celia's reproof so meekly and spiritlessly that she thought he must be tired indeed, and ordered him indoors to rest; and he obeyed without making excuse to stay and discuss the contents of every flower-bed, and the behavior of the tame doves that haunted the garden, as he would assuredly have done an hour ago.

And as Douglas went something suddenly recalled to his mind that letter which he had written to Caryl on that night when he had felt so unnecessarily and unreasonably ill, and which he had not thought of since. How glad he was now that he had not sent it! Certainly Caryl would not have understood it.

Then it occurred to him to wonder what had become of it. His recollections of that night were of the most confused—had he burnt it, or only meant to do so? He could remember struggling to write, and giving up before he had finished all that he had meant to say, but after that his memory was a blank.

Well, if it was still extant it must be destroyed at once: that was all: and the young man made a thorough search through both the little rooms that were still considered his, and especially among the few personal belongings that had been sent after him from High Ashes. But the letter was not to be found, and he came to the conclusion at last that he had destroyed it, as he dimly remembered having intended to do.

(To be Continued).



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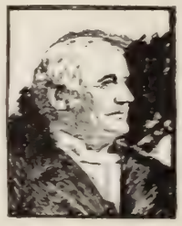

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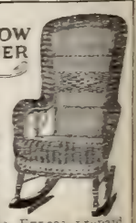

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COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.

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"Curtis, Miss., Sept 1st, 1898. The brace I bought of you two years ago did all you claimed for it. It cured me of the worst forms of illness peculiar to my sex. Before using the Brace I suffered with prolapsus, periodical cramps, inflammation, constipation, headache, and other things of 20 years' standing. I had spent hundreds of dollars for medicines and doctors before trying the Brace.

"Mrs. Susie Woodard."

Send for full information with booklet, mailed free in plain, sealed envelope. Address

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO.,
Box 171 Salina, Kansas

SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION—COMFORTABLE ADJUSTABLE TO ANY FIGURE.

A Youthful Girl Preacher

MELESIN K. SOWLES, a girl of sixteen years, is probably the youngest woman preacher in the world. In June last she preached a sermon at the yearly meeting of the Baptist

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD PREACHER

Church, Honey Creek, Wis., and she has been granted a license to preach at the quarterly meetings of that church. Miss Sowles' home is at Prospect, Wis., where her father is pastor of a Baptist church. She has spoken frequently from her father's pulpit during the summer. Before she was ten years old she evinced a great interest in theology, and it is said that she outlined a sermon without assistance. She is a phenomenon of precocity, and many come long distances to hear her.

Mission Boys Drowned in Alaska

From Kodiak, Alaska, a missionary reader writes us that a sad accident occurred there recently. It was the first fatal accident in the history of the Baptist Orphanage. "Saturday, Sept. 16, our faithful-man-of-all-work, Conrad Egerter, went with four of the mission boys in a boat, about a mile, for a small load of hay. When almost home, a sudden gust of wind capsized the boat. Their calls were heard, but no boat was near and before help could arrive, Conrad and Michael Oustegoff had disappeared. The others clung to the overturned boat and were rescued. The bodies were recovered and the funeral was held in the chapel, Sunday, Sept. 17. Both were good Christian lads."

A Life Saver's Reward

The Life-Saving Department has just awarded to Rasmus S. Midgett, Surfman No. 1, of the Gull Shore Life-Saving Station on the North Carolina Coast, a gold medal for an act of "extreme and heroic daring," which Mr. Kimball, superintendent of our Life-Saving Service says has never been surpassed. Patrolling his beat one night, the surfman found evidences of a wreck, heard voices calling, and running in the direction of the cries, saw a disabled ship close to the shore and on it several people. There was no time to summon help; as the great breakers receded, he shouted to a man to leap forward, caught him and dragged him up on the beach before the next breaker could overtake him. This was repeated until seven men were saved. The remaining three were too exhausted to make the leap but the surfman dragged the half drowned creatures from the wreck and separately rescued them, each journey being at the imminent peril of his life. This is not the first time Surfman No. 1 has distinguished himself. If Christians who are God's life-savers showed one and all such courage and determination in saving men and women from sin, would so many precious souls be lost?

"Pride goeth before a fall." Some people ridicule the idea of disease, neglect health, and their whole system becomes deranged. Do not delay but take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and avoid a fall.

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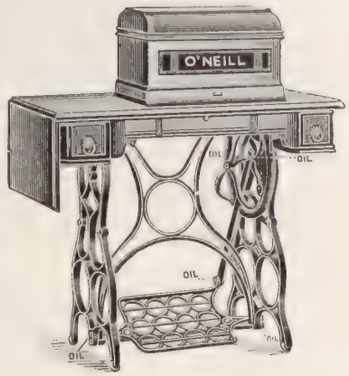

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The "O'Neill" B,	three drawers, nicely finished,	$13.80
The "O'Neill" No. 1,	elegantly finished in Oak or Walnut, 3 drawers,	15.00
The "O'Neill" No. 2,	Oak or Walnut, 5 drawers,	16.80
The "O'Neill" No. 3,	Oak or Walnut, 7 drawers,	17.20
	With Novelty Drop Head,	19.60

A Complete Set of Attachments Goes with Each Machine

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This Machine is Superior in Every Way, and Cheaper in Price than any other sold in New York

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TWO WEEKS' TRIAL FREE

OF THE SLAYTON INSULATION CURE FOR

Rheumatism and Sleeplessness.

Do you suffer with these ailments, or with neuralgia, sciatica, pains in muscles or bones, with nervous weakness or lessened vitality? If so we invite you to make a free trial of our treatment. The great Dr. Brown-Sequard's discovery suggested the method. He proved that in certain conditions of the system there is an excessive and dangerous flow of electricity from the body to the earth, resulting in the above diseases. To stop this flow by insulation is the work of the **Slayton Electric Switch Glass Caster,** and the **Slayton Spun Glass** and **Silk Insole.**

We do not guarantee a cure; but we know that our treatment is daily bringing relief and permanent cure to thousands of cases which seemed desperate. We have hundreds of testimonials from ministers, doctors, lawyers and other persons of highest culture. The following is a fair sample:

FALL RIVER, Mass., June 26, 1899.

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Gentlemen:—After trial of the casters you sent me, I have no excuse for returning them as I am certainly very much improved since putting them on the bed. I have a very peculiar and stubborn case of rheumatism, which has always been worse in summer than in winter. I had already commenced to have the swelling and stiff joints that come on every summer, but after four weeks' use of the casters, the swelling and stiffness is hardly noticeable. Thank you for your liberal treatment in my case. I hope to give you an even better report in the near future.

Very respectfully yours, GEO. E. REED.

FREE TRIAL FOR TWO WEEKS. We will gladly send any one a full set of the SLAYTON ELECTRIC SWITCH CASTERS and SLAYTON INSULATING INSOLES on receipt of 25c. for postage and packing, or separately, 17c. for the Casters and 8c. for the Insoles. Try them for two weeks according to directions. If they do not help you, return them by mail and no charge will be made. If they do help you (and they almost certainly will), send us $3 for the Casters and $2 for the Insoles. These articles can be used separately with great benefit, but to secure the *greatest* relief both should be used. Be sure to state whether Casters are to be placed on iron, brass or wooden bedsteads, and the size of Shoes Insoles are to fit.

THE SLAYTON ELECTRIC CASTER CO., Ltd., 206 HIGH ST., TECUMSEH, MICH.

PAT. DEC. 30, 90.

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The annual Christmas quandary. In the endless maze of the stores you're distracted—don't waste time and patience; just send for a

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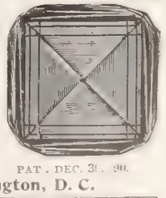
		Calf.	Seal.
No. 011 holds $6.00 in silver	$.25		
" 11 " 6.00	" .40	$.75	$ .90
" 13 x " 10.00	" .50	.90	1.25



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PARIS SILK CO., Box 3045, New York City, N. Y.

The Wise Mother's Way

By Margaret E. Sangster

KATHLEEN called me a few moments ago to look at her jelly. She must have been very busy putting up fruits when the strawberries came, and her pantry shows a goodly row of lucent jars, filled with jams and conserves for use next winter. All through the summer and autumn Kathleen has been on the watch to prepare her fruit when at its best, and to preserve, or sweet pickle it for the days when hungry boys and girls find mother's canned fruits, syrups, and jellies very delicious eating, with mother's home-made bread for their dinners and suppers. In some localities women have proved their business ability by building up a trade in home-made preserves, and not long since I met a bright-eyed and clever girl who was taking orders, from ladies in her neighborhood, for a special kind of marmalade of which she knew the secret, and for which her house was famous, her grandmother and mother having made it before her.

I SAW Elsie's bright little head bobbing under the trees awhile back, and I learned that she was picking fall pippins for her mother, and that the child was to be paid for her labor. That struck me as very fair and sensible, besides being encouraging to the little girl, who has a small bank of her own in which she is saving her pennies. When the amount reaches five dollars, this is to be deposited in the town savings bank for Elsie, and she is to keep on adding to her nest egg as she can, until she is grown up. To inculcate thrift and frugality is an all-important lesson in child training, though we often overlook it, and also to show children the value of small sums, and the way little bits count up into great totals is worth doing by thoughtful parents.

CHILDREN should be taught something besides mere hoarding, for to spend judiciously and to give generously are as much duties as not to waste, and to lay up in store. From earliest years our little men and women should be encouraged by precept and example to devote a certain regular sum, no matter how small, to their church collections and to benevolence. If a mother will give a child an allowance weekly (for, whenever it can be managed, a child ought to have a personal allowance), then, in the proportion of the tenth, a specified weekly amount should be the child's own voluntary contribution to the Sunday School treasury, the fresh-air fund, or to the missionary box. As our children grow older, both girls and boys should be taught that money is a responsibility; scrupulous honesty should be exacted, and if Willie or Maggie overdraws the allowance given either, mother should not hasten to the child's relief. One mother punishes her children when they are naughty, untidy, or rude, by fining them; taking a penny or two from their weekly fund as a penalty for wrongdoing. She says the plan works well. I do not myself like it, but I fear, if discipline were left to me, I should never be very successful, for I am always on the side of the little offenders, and have reached the place in life where I believe in gentleness as much more potential than harshness. Example is better than precept with children.

How to make our children love the Bible? This question comes to me in three letters brought by one mail. They will never love it unless they read it, and they will not form the habit of reading it if it is left to their own discretion. Read the Bible daily with the young people, or let them read aloud to you in course, omitting nothing, reading the Old and the New Testament alike. Encourage in them a familiar knowledge of Bible characters; reward them if they learn verses and recite them by heart. Prompt them to read the Bible through in a given time, and have family prayers daily. Insensibly the dear Book will become a lamp to their feet and a light to their path; its words will be their wealth, and its spirit will guide their lives.

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church purposes. **Church Choirs** **Zobo Bands can play any piece of music in all parts by ear or by note as preferred.**

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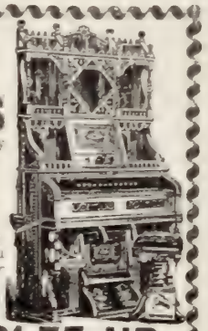

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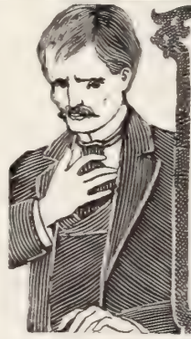

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The Improved Elastic Truss is the only Truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, and it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Comfortable Belts made to reduce corpulency. The use of these belts reduces your size and leaves no room for surplus fat to accumulate. They can be used after any operations. Our goods are not sold by agents or druggists. Send for free pamphlets to the **Improved Elastic Truss Co., 768 Broadway, N. Y.** *Established 18 years.*

WANTED—A case of bad health that RIPANS will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word RIPANS on the package and accept no substitute. RIPANS 10 for 5 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples of one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

DRY BRONCHITIS.

From Dr. Hunter's Lectures on the Progress of Medical Science in Lung Diseases.

[illegible] phlegm, causing great difficulty in breathing.

Of all the forms of [illegible] most [illegible]. In [illegible] says I assume, "fully one-half of the people are found, on careful examination, to have thickening of some portion of the mucous lining of the [illegible] by any [illegible]. In the most [illegible] of lung complaints. From a [illegible] cough: it may be only a trifling coughing spell in the morning; they have a chilly sensation in the [illegible] and toward evening are feverish.

[illegible] always a feeling of more or less tightness and oppression in the chest, which is [illegible] from time to time by coughing up a quantity of the tough jelly like matter before described. Sometimes the cough comes on in paroxysms attended by great oppression and distress, like asthma. On inquiry of a person so affected if he has any lung trouble, he will almost certainly answer, No, and yet during [illegible] will [illegible] has used [illegible] this jelly-like mucus half a dozen times.

Here we have a lung disease which directly tends to consumption, and has most of the symptoms of that disease, and yet is not consumption at all. When it ends fatally, as it often does, an examination of the lungs reveals neither tubercles, ulceration, nor the bacilli of [illegible].

In such cases death generally results from suffocation caused by a sudden attack of congestion, which, supervening on the chronic disease, fills the lungs with viscid mucus that the patient, in his weakened condition, is unable to raise.

Bronchitis is not generally treated with success, because the proper remedies are not applied to the diseased tubes within the lungs. I had the good fortune some years ago to discover and successfully apply a local treatment for this and other lung complaints. I made the air which the patient breathes the carrier of the [illegible] about way through the stomach and general system. I introduce them directly into the air [illegible] and all the danger lies, and I know by ample [illegible] there is for the cure of any form of bronchial or lung diseases.

During the past 56 years I have treated many thousands of cases, and, owing to the very large increase in my practice, I have associated with me my son, Dr. E. W. Hunter, under the name of Dr. Robert Hunter Association.

This arrangement will give me more time to consider the cases of my many patients by relieving me of a great number of details involved in the care of a large practice, and is prompted by my desire to do everything possible to benefit and cure each patient under my care.

A few cases are as good as a thousand that I might refer to, Write to any of them. A personal letter from them may be the means of saving your life.

TESTIMONIALS.

Edward J. Raynor, with Walsh & Co. Confectioners Newark, N. J. — "I was a foreman in Seabury & Johnson's when I took sick. I had hemorrhage after hemorrhage and utterly broke down in health, coughed up lumpy, yellow matter, had fever and night sweats, and was brought to my bed from which I never expected to rise again. I am now strong and able to do my work, all shortness of breath is gone, I have gained my flesh back, and can eat and sleep as well as ever. From being a perfect wreck I have been rebuilt by Dr. Hunter's medicated air inhalations. Any one who wishes further particulars of my experience of this wonderful treatment, can write or call on me. I know I owe my life to it, and believe all who suffer ought to know of it."

In order to obtain Dr. Hunter's book, "The Lungs and Their Diseases," free, it is necessary to mention this paper, and address Dr. Robert Hunter Association, 117 W. 45th street, New York.

My next article will be devoted to the treatment of Bronchial Consumption.

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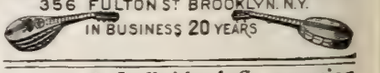

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Dusk Light, Evening Hour
Dairyman's Daughter, The
Down in a Mine
Expectation Corner
Gold Dust
Heart Life
Help's Over Hard Places, Boys
Helps Over Hard Places, Girls
Home Song
Imitation of Christ
Jessica's First Prayer
Jesus Only
John Ploughman's Talk
John Ploughman's Pictures
Kept for the Master's Use
Like Christ
Lane Upon Lane
Little Captain, A
Little Meg's Children
Mark Steadman
Mind and Words of Jesus
Miss Toosie's Mission
New Life and New Heart
Nobody Loves Me
Olive's Story
Peep of Day
Pilgrim's Progress
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WITH NOTES AND INSTRUCTIONS

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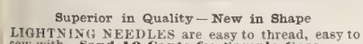

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Agents Wanted to sell Lightning needles in every home. Will be bought nine time of ten. Send for terms, circular, and *free sample.*

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OPIUM MORPHINE and Liquor Habit cured in **10** to **20** days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars free. Address **Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. R. 5, Lebanon, Ohio.**

Gems from New Books

BOY HEROES OF SAN JUAN*

WHEN Lieutenant Ord, at the head of his men, started on the rush up San Juan Hill, there was by his side a boy private from Ohio, who had joined the regiment just before it left for the front. He ran close to Ord until he fell, mortally wounded, a few yards from the summit. Ord heard him give a faint cry, and paused in his rush to say kindly as he saw the dying pallor on the boy's face, "My poor fellow, I can do nothing for you."

"I didn't call you back for anything like that, Lieutenant—I am done for, but I thought you had better take my steel nippers, there may be still another wire fence beyond the hill, and I won't be there to cut it for you."

The boy did not die until he heard the shout of victory; but he never knew that his gallant leader, to whom he had given such unselfish devotion, was lying dead not many yards away.

The third of the trio was even younger, and he, happily, did not die. He was a little flute-player, and was found sitting by the body of Lieutenant Ord, whom he had followed that day with manly daring and devotedness. Another officer came by and scolded him for sitting at a spot which was no place for children, and ordered him back to the hospital.

"I was going back," said the little boy. "I wanted to go back to the hospital and look after Colonel Egbert when he fell wounded, and I was doing no good at the front for my flute is ruined with the mud and the rain. But just as I started back, I heard Mr. Ord say, 'Now, all the boy who's brave, follow me!' and then he rushed ahead. So, all the boys followed him, and as I was lighter, I got further ahead than most." A cavalry colonel, who had just seen his own son die, listened to the little fellow's narrative, and patted him on the back.

**The Rescue of Cuba.* An Episode in the growth of Free Government, by Andrew S. Draper, LL.D., President of the University of Illinois. Pp. 186; 23 illustrations. Publishers, Silver, Burdett & Co., New York City.

Books Received

Yvonne. By Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, author of *How to Be Happy When Married, Daily Bread for Daily Hunger, The Family,* etc. This story of an unhappy home, of Christian forbearance and forgiveness, may convey a lesson to some heedless ones. While illustrating the truth of the text, "The way of the transgressor is hard," it also shows that the righteous receive their reward. Pp. 333. Publishers, Williams & Wilkins Co., Baltimore, Md.

A Bonnie Boy. A Story of Happy Days: by Julia McNair Wright, author of *A Boy of To-day, The House on the Bluff,* etc. A very charming book is this for the entertainment of children. It is thoroughly wholesome. With its pretty binding, attractive illustrations and delightful reading, it will be sure to make happy the little lads and lassies who may receive it as a gift book. Pp. 296; price $1. Published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau St., New York City.

Biographical Sketches of Some Ancient People; by S. M. Burnham, M.A., author of *The Roman's Story* and other works. This book, intended as a sketch of the lives and characters of men who lived in remote antiquity, was written with the object of awakening an interest in the study of Bible characters. Descriptive and historical matter concerning the countries and nations of ancient times is interwoven with the story of their struggles and victories or struggles and failure. Pp. 572; price $2. Publisher, A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

The House That Jack Built. And Other Essays; by Adam Ebey. This booklet makes pleasing and helpful reading for the evening hour around the family fireside. The old and young will appreciate the quaint and wholesome sketches, "Grandma's Loom," "Grandpa's Orchard," and "Auld Lang Syne," which are among the most wholesome and readable of this very entertaining little collection of sketches, essays and poems, which have been "sent forth," the writer says, "to cheer and help everybody, but especially young people." Pp. 86; paper covers. Published by the author at Wawaka, Ind.

Fisherman's Luck, And Some Other Uncertain Things; by Henry Van Dyke, author of "Little Rivers," "The Story of the Other Wise Man," etc. The writer has cast his line not only in the streams and lakes of his own country, but also in those of Canada and Norway, among the mountains and fjords of which latter land he and "Lady Graygown" (to whom the work is dedicated) went on their honeymoon journey. The charm of the angler's art lies not so much in angling as in the close walk with nature and the look through nature up to nature's God that is brought about by rambles in quiet places by sequestered streams. The reader will find, besides good entertainment, much moral and spiritual help in the perusal of this book. The literary style is of that charm and excellence which characterizes all the works of Rev. Dr. Van Dyke. Pp. 247; illustrated; price $2. Publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

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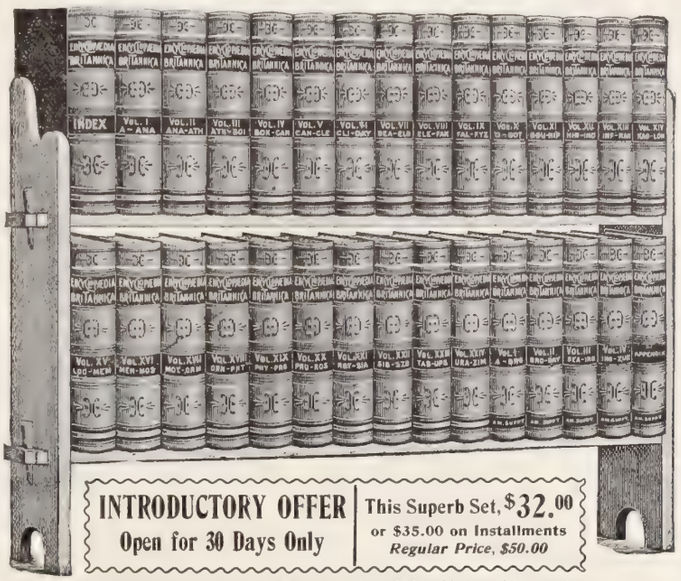

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"SISTER HADLEY, how will I ever get a new pair of shoes?"

The speaker was a beautiful girl about twenty years old, with sky-blue eyes, auburn hair, a lovely complexion and faultless form. She was sitting by the tiny stove in our one room, just after we had come from the Cremorne Mission. Jerry McAuley had tried to show us how to trust God for the simplest things in life.

It was the first year of my conversion and I had no steady employment. My wife and I were doing "light housekeeping;" so light, indeed, that we did not have to hire a go-cart when we moved, as sin and rum had robbed us of all our possessions. But we were very happy and hopeful.

There was ample evidence that Nellie needed a new pair of shoes. Those she wore had been a light, thin pair at best, with the high heel well under the middle of the foot, as is usually the case with shoes worn by girls of the Tenderloin. She had come in the Mission one evening with a girl comrade, both under the influence of drink. The other found a back seat, but as the house was crowded, Nellie wandered up the aisle and finally got a seat near the platform. It was a hot place for a sinner.

Nellie had fallen in sin at her New England home, had fled to this great city and was supported by a wealthy man, who lavished money upon her. She was richly dressed and wore a profusion of diamonds. As the service proceeded she was smitten with a powerful conviction of her sins, and when sinners were invited to come forward she knelt weeping at the altar. Jesus met her there and gave her glorious, instantaneous salvation and cleansing from her sins. Ah, how happy she was! How she smiled! Everybody shook hands with her; all the women kissed her. She stripped herself of her jewelry and gave it to the Mission.

A grand Christian gentleman gave her work in his store on Fourteenth street, at five dollars a week. A convert who lived on the floor under under us gave her board and room at four dollars and a-half a week. She had the munificent sum of fifty cents a week for laundry and the many things a young lady needs. And this is how things were with Nellie, as she sat by our fire.

"Oh, Sister Hadley," she repeated, "how am I going to get a pair of new shoes?"

My wife looked at her with tearful eyes and answered:

"Nellie, ask Jesus for a pair of shoes. He loves you and knows your needs."

She kissed my wife good-night and went down to her room, where she knelt and said:

"Dear Jesus, you know what a bad girl I have been and how you led me in the Cremorne Mission and saved me, and how you found me a job at five dollars a week; and now, dear Jesus, I need a new pair of shoes. Won't you get them for me?"

She jumped into bed and was soon asleep. The next evening as she left the store the gentleman who employed her came up as she was passing out of the door and said:

"Nellie, here is five dollars. It is not your salary; I thought you might need some things."

She tucked the bill in her glove, fairly flew up the street and burst into our room. She threw her arms around Lizzie's neck and kissed her, saying: "Here, Sister Hadley, see my new shoes!" and then produced the new, crisp five dollar bill.

Oh, how glad she was! How she cried and thanked God for remembering even her little needs, and what a good time we all had going out to help Nellie buy her shoes!

S. H. HADLEY.

McAuley Mission, 316 Water St., New York.

The Gospel in France

French Christians are preparing for a Gospel campaign among the visitors to the Paris Exposition next year. They propose to erect a large hall [illegible] the Exposition as possible. Protestant congregations throughout France are being asked to contribute to the building fund.

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Until He Come

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 3. I. Cor. 11: 23-28

SAD it is to think of the various ways in which the simple ordinance of the Lord's Supper has been misunderstood. Christ was so careful, in all his acts and teaching, to keep clear of ceremony and formalism that he must have been sorry to see his followers erect out of this ordinary meal an edifice of misconception. Nothing could have been further from his idea than the magnificence of the Mass in the Roman Catholic Church; nor do we think he would approve the rules and regulations and stipulations with which many Protestant churches fence it around to keep away those who would like to join in it.

The circumstances of its institution were of the most informal, most sociable kind. Jesus, knowing that he was about to die, aware that the malignity of his enemies had reached the culminating point, and disdaining to seek safety from their plots, has the natural pathetic desire to partake once more of the annual national feast with the men who had been his friends and companions for three years past. His desire is fulfilled, and the party sit down in the room hired for the occasion. There was, and still is, a ritual to be observed at the meal. One of the children of a Jewish family is taught to ask the meaning of the meal, and the head of the household explains it to him. Then, as certain customs are observed at intervals of the meal, the child asks why this and that is done, and the head of the household answers in prescribed terms. This was ordered so that the meaning of the customs might never be forgotten, and that every Jew from his childhood should understand that the ceremony of the Passover was full of significance, and should be reminded of the event it was instituted to commemorate. On this occasion, when that stage of the feast was reached when the child was to ask the meaning of unleavened bread being used, and why a cup of wine was solemnly drunk, Christ made a change in the ritual. According to the usual custom, he would have replied to the questions put by the youngest of his disciples by saying that the bread was to remind them of the unleavened bread eaten on that night when the Israelites came out of Egypt, and that the wine represented the covenant in which the people pledged themselves to God. Instead of saying this, Christ gave a new significance to the bread and wine. In future they were to think, when they ate the bread, of his broken body, and when they drank the wine, of the blood which was to be shed for their salvation. He had already told them that he was about to leave them and that he would return, and by this simple ceremony they were to keep alive his memory until he did return.

Many a man conscious of approaching death has had a similar feeling, and has tried to establish some means of keeping alive his memory. Some have identified it with a home, or with some other place. "When you come here remember me." But Christ took a better course than one that would have involved a pilgrimage. "Let those who love me," he said in effect, "come together and eat bread and drink wine in memory of me." Not in a family gathering. Family ties counted for nothing in this case. The one tie that was to bring them together and make them one, was love of him. Those who do not love him, have no right there; those who do love him, ought never to be excluded. Love for him is the one and only title of admission. What that love involves he explained, again and again. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." "If a man love me, he will keep my words." And he taught us how we might test and prove our love, by loving and helping others. So the ceremony was entirely a personal matter. It was not teaching, but a plea for personal love and fidelity. Even the Apostle Paul, in restating the circumstances, directs no restrictions. The man who eats and drinks unworthily receives condemnation in himself. He is there under false pretenses, he knows it and must take the consequences. It is not for the others to exclude him.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

Thanksgiving Number, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Getting Ready for the Thanksgiving Feast

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

to the mental faculties of the operator and sleeper?

and to operate injuriously, in a mental sense, upon the sleeper. As yet, it is only a pseudo-science and is not accepted by professional scientists, being thus left chiefly in the hands of charlatans.

Miss L. L., Lewiston, Mo. What is the salary of the United States soldiers and officers?

A major-general receives $7,500 annually during his first five years of service, a brigadier $5,500. The maximum pay of colonels is $4,500, and of lieutenant-colonels $4,000. Majors receive from $2,500 to $3,500; captains, mounted, from $2,000 to $2,800; captains, not mounted, $1,800 to $2,526. A lieutenant's pay ranges between $1,400 and $2,240. The duration of service has a determining effect upon the salary received by our army officers. A private's pay is $13 a month.

Mrs. J. H. R., Knoxboro, N. Y. Why was the room where the Peace Congress was held at The Hague [illegible]?

The royal family of Holland are of the house of Orange. Frederick Henry, who in the [illegible] built the "House in the Wood" as a gift to his beloved wife, Amalia, was a prince of Orange, and the grandfather of William III. of Holland and England. The "House in the Wood" was finished by Amalia, after her husband's death, as a monument to him, and the beautiful "Orange Hall" was called by her the "Hall of Peace."

L. G. L., Monroe, Wis. 1. What force and effect will the Presidential Thanksgiving proclamation have in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines this month? 2. Do any European nations [illegible] 3. Did Agassiz write anything refuting Darwin's evolution theory?

1. The Presidential proclamation does not render the observance of Thanksgiving compulsory anywhere; and, of course, people in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines who do not choose to unite with us in this annual custom will be at liberty to follow their inclinations. 2. Harvest festivals are very commonly observed in Europe, and returning thanks to God for the blessings of the year is usually a part of the celebration. 3. He did, although he held some things in common with Darwin. Darwin was an agnostic; Agassiz believed in God, the creator of man. For fuller information in regard to his works write to the Museum of Natural History, Cambridge, Mass., which was founded by him.

Mrs. D. A., Norfolk, Va. Professor Dean C. Worcester, of the Philippine Commission (who, prior to the war, spent several years on the islands), declares that our public is not accurately informed as to events there. He defends the American troops on the ground of humanity, and declares that they are really "protecting the peaceably-disposed inhabitants from the depredations of the lawless." Under any conditions, however, the loss of human life is to be deplored.

L. C. D. Whatever your husband may be, he is your children's father, and therefore is entitled to their respect. Lead a consistent Christian life yourself; read the Bible with them daily and pray for and with them, especially at bedtime. Your husband will refrain from sneers if he sees that you are patient and forgiving. And you will have the help of the Holy Spirit if you ask it in confident expectation and strong desire.

R. L. G., Memphis, Ala. 1. How do you pronounce Transvaal? 2. Boer? 3. What are the meanings and derivations of these words? 4. To what religious denomination does Oom Paul belong? 5. Is that the established church in the Transvaal? 6. Did the Dutch or the English first settle in the Transvaal? 7. How long have the Boers had a Republic? 8. What [illegible]

1. Transvaal, with the a as in ah. 2. Bo-er, the o pronounced nearly as oo in cool. 3. Boer means farmer; and Transvaal means "across the Vaal" River which forms the Southern boundary of the South African Republic as the Transvaal was formally named in 1883. 4. The Dutch Reformed Church. 5. Yes. 6. The Dutch, who emigrated to the Transvaal from Cape Colony and Natal. The "Great Trek" as this movement was called began in 1836. 7. The settlements of the four original trekking parties, being far apart, were organized into miniature republics for a time, but in 1864 combined and formed a single republic. For protection against the natives, [illegible] of many Boers to the last step culminated in the [illegible] Republic by a triumvirate composed of Bok, Kruger and Pretorius. Conflict with England followed, and resulted in England's recognition, in 1883, of the practical independence of the South African Republic, under a nominal suzerainty. 8. Traveling from place to place in ox-wagons.

Vera. You state a peculiar and unusual case of moral obliquity. The person of whom you speak, and with whom you necessarily have close relations, is probably a kleptomaniac; in other words her temptation to steal and her yielding to it are the results of a diseased condition of the mind. Apparently she steals without special discrimination or desire to acquire articles or money for her own use. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

. . . THANKSGIVING AT THE FOLLANSBEES . . .

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"THERE 'll be no Thanksgiving here this year. Not in my house." Mr. Follansbee spoke with bitter emphasis, and shook his mane of gray hair like an angry lion. He had been reading his weekly paper beside the fire. The day was cold, and there were scattering flakes of snow; the wind raved in the chimney with a wierd uncanny sound "like a pack of wolves on the forest's edge." Inside of the Follansbee house all was cheerful comfort; the chintz-covered lounge with its heaps of soft cushions, the easy chairs and rockers, the shelves filled with books, and the open piano with the mandolin lying near it, spoke of ease, refinement, and taste. Flowers were blooming in the windows, and there were braided rugs of home manufacture here and there, covering worn places in the carpet. The little daughter, Elsie, was moving to and fro, setting the table for supper. Jim, the son of the house, had just come in from the farm, his cheeks rosy with health, his black eyes dancing with fun.

A ludicrous change came instantly over Jim and Elsie as they heard their father's words. Elsie's delicate face clouded, and tears filled her blue eyes; Jim looked amazed, and incredulous, but neither spoke. They knew their father.

Mrs. Follansbee and her older girls had been conversing in low tones and planning their Thanksgiving dinner, whom to invite, what to do, how to end the evening with a gay gathering of the young people of the neighborhood, and the fierce explosion of Mr. Follansbee, for which they were almost altogether unprepared, took them by surprise. They exchanged glances of dismay.

Mrs. Follansbee, a brisk little brown-haired woman who was not in the least afraid of her big, quick-tempered husband, exclaimed:

"Why Jack! what has come over you? Not keep Thanksgiving! I never heard of such a thing!"

"Mother," said Mr. Follansbee more quietly than he had previously spoken, "I have my reasons: it is sufficient for me to say this. If you wish to know more, I'll tell you in private."

"I am afraid" said Emily, persuasively, "that you are angry with Mr. Dix about the choir, and so you mean to punish us all, and the whole town too. Mr. Dix is obstinate, but so are some of the rest of us. Think better of it, father dear."

"Emily Follansbee," the old gentleman looked at her with keen eyes, "it ill becomes you to take the part of Mr. Dix, particularly after last Sunday. If you are willing to be insulted before the whole congregation, I am not willing to have you; we have never had a Thanksgiving dinner here without inviting the minister. I won't invite him this year, nor go to hear his sermon on Thanksgiving day, and so we'll just omit the whole thing. Another year I hope we'll have another pastor. God send us a man of sense!"

The Follansbee's were a musical family, and in their hands had been the control of the church music, Emily, who had a silvery soprano, leading the women and singing solos frequently. Her voice had been well trained, and it was her father's pride. But Mr. Dix, the pastor, had no ear for music, and preferred congregational singing. In every possible way Mr. Dix had abridged the singing service, and he was now at open war with the choir.

On the Sabbath morning referred to, Mr. Dix, after the performance by the choir of a very elaborate piece, in which Emily Follansbee had sung a particularly fine solo, had risen in the pulpit and said, pointedly:

"The morning concert being over, you may now worship the Lord in the following hymn," announcing it and reading:

"Awake and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb."

The choir, with praiseworthy meekness, had led in the hymn, and the people had joined in, all but Mr. Follansbee, who had taken his hat and stick, and very deliberately had marched down the church aisle and gone home.

"I'll not forgive that man in a hurry, and I'll forbid Emily to enter that loft again," he stormed to himself as he stalked through the quiet streets.

"I'll worship God at home, till Mr. Dix gets through his term here."

Days passed, but Mr. Follansbee grew ever more vehemently wrathful, and the expression of his rage culminated when he heard his wife and the girls discussing their Thanksgiving feast. It should be added that the Follansbee connection was not large, and the gathering at their home was rather of neighbors and friends than of kinsfolk on any great day, like the one impending. Always the pastor and his family, always the bachelor deacon, and the five or six lonely and unattached people in the district—to all of these, Mr. and Mrs. Dix excepted, the change at the Follansbees would mean a disappointment. The Dixes, of course, could stay at home, or could go somewhere else.

"OVER THE THRESHOLD, IN THE ARMS OF MR. FOLLANSBEE"

The girls talked the thing over that night in their own room, Cicely sitting on Emily's bed, and Elsie curling up on a rug at her mother's feet. The mother was one of the girls whenever there was perplexity.

"Father's put his foot down." "Yes, Cicely, but we may coax him to lift it up," said Emily.

"No, he'll not change," the mother remarked positively, "but I'm sure in my own mind that we'll have our good time as we always have had. The Lord will bring it round all right. Why, darlings, if you'll believe me, I'm much more distressed to see father so unforgiving, than to think of going without Thanksgiving dinner. We could have that another week; but he's like a stone, he's so relentless. He won't let you sing again, Emily, while Mr. Dix stays—think of it, for a whole year!"

"Don't worry over that, dear," said the daughter. "I'm sure the Lord knows best. Such a little thing to make such a fuss!"

"The little things do make the worst fusses, as a rule," said Elsie.

"It's as well that we are provisioned against a siege," said Mrs. Follansbee. "We're going to have a regular old-fashioned snow-storm. The Dixes drove over to her mother's this morning. I wouldn't wonder if they had to stay there and couldn't get back for Thanksgiving." This was Friday evening. Thanksgiving was almost a week off.

"Oh!" said Emily, "then we couldn't have meeting on Sunday and everything would come round all right."

"Mr. Dix would try to get through."

"No mortal man could get through the Grey Ravine, in a desperate snow storm."

So they all went to bed.

The next morning the mother's prediction was fulfilled. There was a furious blizzard abroad. Land-marks were obliterated. The white, thick, blinding veil of snow hid every familiar object. With difficulty Mr. Follansbee and James made their way to the barn to feed the horses and cows, and the hens and chickens were brought into the laundry and kept there. Great fires blazed in the Follansbee home, and they were warm and comfortable and as remote from the world as if neighbors lived across the mountains, and not a few rods away.

The absolute stillness of the storm was like death. Indoors, the Follansbees were bright and lively, and their laughter and talk were as merry as usual, except that Mrs. Follansbee was anxious about travelers out in the tempest.

"I do hope Mr. Dix won't try to come back for to-morrow's services," she said. "He'd be lost on Grey's Mountain or in the ravine, as sure as fate."

"I think you may rest easily, Molly," her husband answered. "Anybody would tell him what our storms are. Of course, being from the city, he might not know the danger. We'll just have a good Sunday by ourselves to-morrow, and our morning concert without any trouble."

The day waned and night came early. At four o'clock the snow ceased, but its white high-piled drifts were a dead wall around the house. And the cold was Arctic, a biting, sharp, bitter cold!

"Emily, go to the piano and sing for me," said Mr. Follansbee, at last. "I want some of my old favorites, 'Ben Bolt,' or 'Robin Adair,' or 'Roy's Wife.' Sing something simple and sweet and clear, with a sound of bugles in the night."

"Oh, you romantic old father!" said Emily, smoothing back his hair and kissing him. He was a dear father. Though he had a hot temper, and was not easily managed, his children adored him with all his crotchety ways.

Emily sang, one and another and another of the lovely old Scotch ballads in which there is so much pathos, and so much deathless melody. Suddenly her mother arrested her:

"Hush-sh-sh!"

"What is that?" exclaimed Jim, springing to his feet. His father followed.

"It is somebody calling for help. Some body lost in the snow. There it is again, he's almost wearied out, whoever it is!"

. . .

Baffled, beaten, well nigh frozen stiff, covered with snow, and so exhausted that he fainted as he was carried over the threshold, in the arms of Mr. Follansbee, was borne in Mr. Dix. Nothing had sufficed to keep him from battling over the hills to reach his church, but death had almost clutched him, and but for the Follansbee lights, and Emily's singing, he must have perished.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," quoted Mr. Follansbee to his wife, as after hours of rubbing and wrapping in hot blankets, and giving of hot broth by the spoonful, he left Mr. Dix in a sleep which was restful and not perilous.

"Not that the poor man was my enemy, Molly, but he made me very mad, and that's the plain truth. But if it was foolhardy to cross Grey's Mountain in a blizzard, it was plucky, and I like pluck."

"He is a good man, dear," Mrs. Follansbee answered, "and so good that he sometimes offends us by want of discrimination. It's providential he ever reached our door. An hour more and he must have perished, and his horse as well."

"Well, Molly, I'm thankful he did win to safe quarters. Now I'm tired, and some of your hot coffee will taste good. I'm afraid I'm a cross-grained old husband to you, Mary, but one can't stay cross when one's saved a man's life. I guess you can go right straight ahead and have your Thanksgiving, turkey, cranberry sauce, and all the rest of it."

"It was Emily's heavenly singing that I heard, and that brought me to your door," the minister said later. "Never will the angels' songs above sound sweeter in my ear. I ask your pardon for having made some great mistakes, and, God helping me, Mr. Follansbee, I'll try to listen in a different way, and to see from the other man's standpoint after this. Emily's singing! I shall hear it in my dreams as long as I live!"

The storm cleared away, and by Thanksgiving Day paths were broken and Mrs. Dix was at home. Everybody came to dinner, the Misses Leland, Deacon Brown, Archie Paine, Mr. and Mrs. Dix, and old Mother Antrim. In the evening, there was an old-fashioned merrymaking, with the young folks from far and near playing games and telling stories. But, before the festal part, there was the solemn part, and the church was crowded. Mr. Dix preached and prayed, earnestly and with deep humility. Choir and minister were in accord with love in their faces and understanding in their souls. Emily, in the organ loft, sang a *Te Deum*. And the whole congregation before they left joined rousingly in

Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Mission of the Wheel

A THANKSGIVING SERMON
By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Ezekiel 10: 13 . . . .

As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O Wheel!

NEXT Thursday will, by proclamation of President and Governors, be observed in Thanksgiving for temporal mercies. With what spirit shall we enter upon it? For nearly a year and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if this Thanksgiving week, in Church and homestead, we celebrate the victories of peace: for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field, and mechanic's shop, and author's study, by those who never wore an epaulette or shot a Spaniard or went a hundred miles from their own door-sill. And now I call your attention to the wheel of the text.

Man, a small speck in the universe, was set down in a big world, high mountains rising before him, deep seas arresting his pathway, and wild beasts capable of his destruction; yet he was to conquer. It could not be by physical force, for, compare his arm with the ox's horn and the elephant's tusk, and how weak he is! It could not be by physical speed, for compare him to the antelope's foot and ptarmigan's wing, and how slow he is! It could not be by physical capacity to soar or plunge, for the condor beats him in one direction, and the porpoise in the other. Yet he was to conquer the world. Two eyes, two hands, and two feet were insufficient. He must be reinforced, so God sent the wheel.

Twenty-two times is the wheel mentioned in the Bible. Sometimes, as in Ezekiel, illustrating providential movement; sometimes, as in the Psalms, crushing the bad; sometimes, as in Judges, representing God's charioted progress. The wheel that started in Exodus rolls on through Proverbs, through Isaiah, through Jeremiah, through Daniel, through Nahum, through the centuries—all the time gathering momentum and splendor, until, seeing what it has done for the world's progress and happiness, we clap our hands in thanksgiving, and in the apostrophe of the text, cry, "O Wheel!"

To arouse your gratitude and exalt your praise, I would show you what the wheel has done for the domestic world, for the agricultural world, for the traveling world, for the literary world. "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel!"

In domestic life the wheel has wrought revolution. Behold the sewing machine! It has shattered the housewife's bondage and prolonged woman's life, and added immeasurable advantages. The needle for ages had punctured the eyes and pierced the side, and made terrible massacre. To prepare the garments of a whole household in the spring for summer and in the autumn for winter was an exhausting process. "Stitch! stitch! stitch!" Thomas Hood set it to poetry, but millions of persons have found it agonizing prose.

Slain by the sword, we buried the hero with "Dead March in Saul" and flags at half-mast. Slain by the needle, no one knew it but the household that watched her health giving way. The winter after that the children were ragged and cold and hungry, or in the almshouse. The hand that wielded the needle had forgotten its cunning. Soul and body had parted at the seam. The thimble had dropped from the palsied finger. The thread of life had snapped and let a suffering human life drop into the grave. The spool was all unwound. Her sepulchre was digged, not with sexton's spade, but with a sharper and shorter implement—a needle. Federal and Confederate dead have ornamented graves at Arlington Heights and Richmond and Gettysburg, thousands by thousands; but it will take the archangel's trumpet to find the million graves of the vaster army of women needle slain.

Besides all the sewing done for the household at home, there are hundreds of thousands of sewing women. The tragedy of the needle is the tragedy of hunger and cold and insult and homesickness and suicide—five acts.

But I hear the rush of a wheel. Woman puts on the band and adjusts the instrument, puts her foot on the treadle and begins. Before the whirr and rattle, pleurisies, consumptions, headaches, backaches, heartaches are routed. The needle, once an oppressive tyrant, becomes a cheerful slave. Roll and rumble and roar until the family wardrobe is gathered, and winter is defied, and summer is welcomed, and the ardors and severities of the seasons are overcome.

No wonder that at some of the learned institutions, like the New Jersey State Normal School, and Rutger's Female Institute, and Elmira Female College, acquaintance with the sewing-machine is a requisition, a young lady not being considered educated until she understands it. Winter is coming on, and the household must be warmly clad. The "Last Rose of Summer" will sound better played on a sewing-machine than on a piano. Roll on, O wheel of the sewing-machine! until the last shackled woman of toil shall be emancipated. Roll on!

Secondly, I look into the agricultural world to see what the wheel has accomplished. Look at the stalks of wheat and oats, the one bread for man, the other bread for horses. Coat off, and with a cradle made out of five or six fingers of wood and one of sharp steel, the harvester went across the field, stroke after stroke, perspiration rolling down forehead and cheek and chest, head blistered by the consuming sun, and lip parched by the merciless August air. At noon, the workmen lying half dead under the trees. One of my most painful boyhood memories is that of my father in harvest time reeling from exhaustion over the doorstep, too tired to eat, pale and fainting as he sat down. The grain brought to the barn, the sheaves were unbound and spread on a thrashing-floor, and two men with flails stood opposite each other hour after hour and day after day, pounding the wheat out of the stalk. Two strokes, and then a cessation of sound. Thump! thump! thump! thump! thump! thump! Pounded once and then turned over to be pounded again. Slow, very slow. The hens cackled and clucked by the door, and picked up the loose grains, and the horses, half asleep and dozing over the mangers where the hay had been.

But, hark! to the buzz of wheels in the distance! The farmer has taken his throne on a reaper. He once walked, now he rides. Once worked with arm of flesh, now with arm of iron. He starts at the end of the wheat field, heads his horses to the opposite end of the field, rides on. At the stroke of his iron chariot the gold of the grain is surrendered: the machine rolling this way and rolling that, this way and that, until the work which would have been accomplished in many days is accomplished in a few hours. The grain-field prostrate before the harvesters.

What quick, clean work the wheel of the reaper does make! Soon after, the horses are fastened to the thrashing-machine back of the barn. The iron-toothed cylinders are ready for their prey. The horses start, the unbound wheat is plunged into the vortex, and the broken straw is in one place, and the pure St. Louis wheat is in another place. The driving-wheel strapped, the cylinder humming with terrible velocity, the inexperienced warned off for fear of accident, the ground aquake with the mighty revolution, I stand in awe and thanksgiving at the agricultural conquest, and cry out [illegible]

Can you imagine anything more beautiful than the Sea Island cotton? I take up the unmelted snow in my hand. How beautiful it is! But do you know by what painstaking and tedious toil it passed into anything like practicality? If you examined that cotton you would find it full of seeds. It was a severe process by which the seed was to be extracted from the fibre. Vast populations were leaving the South because they could not make any living out of this product. One pound of green seed-cotton was all that a man could prepare in one day; but Eli Whitney, a Massachusetts Yankee, woke up, got a handful of cotton, and went to constructing a wheel for the parting of the fibre and the seed.

Teeth on cylinders, brushes on cylinders, wheels on wheels. South Carolina gave him $50,000 for his invention, and instead of one man taking a whole day to prepare a pound of cotton for the market, now he may prepare three hundred weight, and the South is enriched, and the commerce of the world is revolutionized, and over eight million bales of cotton were prepared this year: enough to keep at work in this country fourteen million, three hundred thousand spindles, employing two hundred and seventy thousand hands, and enlisting two hundred and eighty-one million, four hundred thousand dollars of capital.

Thank you, Eli Whitney, and L. S. Chichester, of New York, his successor. Above all, thank God for their inventive genius, that has done so much for the prosperity of the world.

Thirdly: I look to see what the wheel has done for the traveling world. No one can tell how many noble and self-sacrificing inventors have been crushed between the coach-wheel and the modern locomotive, between the paddle and the ocean steamer.

I will not enter into the controversy as to whether John Fitch, or Robert Fulton, or Thomas Somerset was the inventor of the steam engine. They all suffered and were martyrs of the wheel, and they shall be honored. John Fitch wrote:

[illegible] time of bringing me into existence. I know of nothing so perplexing and vexatious to a [illegible] boat building. I experienced the former and quit in season, and had I been in my right senses I should undoubtedly have treated the latter in the same manner, but for one man to be teased with both, he must be looked upon as the most unfortunate man in the world.

Surely John Fitch was in a bad predicament. If the steamboat boiler did not blow him up, his wife would! In all ages there are those to prophesy the failure of any useful invention. You do not know what the inventors of the day suffer. When it was proposed to light London with gas, Sir Humphrey Davy, the great philosopher, said that he should as soon think of cutting a slice from the moon and setting it upon a pole to light the city. Through all abuse and carricature Fitch and Fulton went until yonder the wheel is in motion, and the *Clermont*, the first steamboat, is going up the North River, running the distance—hold your breath while I tell you—from New York to Albany in thirty-two hours. But the steamboat wheel multiplied its velocities until the *Lucania* of the Cunard, and the *Majestic* of the White Star line, and the *New York* of the American line, and the *Kaiser Wilhelm* of the North German Lloyd line cross the Atlantic Ocean in six days or less. Communication between the two countries so rapid and so constant, that whereas once those who had been to Europe took on airs for the rest of their mortal lives—and to me for many years the most disagreeable man I could meet was the man who had been to Europe, despising all American pictures and American music and American society, because they had seen European pictures and heard European music and mingled in European society—now a transatlantic voyage is so common that a sensible man would no more boast of it than if he had been to New York or Boston.

All the rivers and lakes and seas have turned white with rage under the smiting of the steamboat wheel. In the phosphorescent wake of it sail the world's commercial prosperities. Through the axle of that wheel nations join hands, and [illegible] Give me your Sheffield knives and Nottingham [illegible] and I will give you all I have to spare, and transatlantic and cisatlantic nations grasp each other's hands in brotherhood.

What a difference between John Fitch's steamboat, sixty feet long, and the *Oceanic*, seven hundred and four feet long! The ocean wheel turns swifter and swifter, filling up the distance between the hemispheres, and hastening the time spoken of in the Book of Revelation, when there shall be no more sea.

While this has been doing on the water, James Watts' wheel has done as much on the land. How well I remember Sanderson's stage-coach, running from New Brunswick to Easton, as he drove through Somerville, New Jersey, turning up to the post office and dropping the mail-bags [illegible] pers: Sanderson himself on the box, six feet two inches, and well proportioned, long lash-whip in his hand, the reins of six horses in the other, the "leaders" lathered along the line of the traces, foam dripping from the bits.

It was the event of the day when the stage came. It was our highest ambition to become a stage-driver. Some of the boys climbed on the great leathern boot of the stage, and those of us who could not get on shouted "Cut behind!" I saw the old stage-driver not long ago, and I expressed to him my surprise that one around whose head I had seen a halo of glory in my boyhood time was only a man like the rest of us. Between Sanderson's stage-coach and a Chicago express train, what a difference! All the great cities of the nation strung on an iron thread of railways!

At Doncaster, England, I saw George Stephenson's first locomotive. If in good repair it could run yet, but because of its make and size it would be the burlesque of all railroaders. Between that rude machine, crawling down the iron track, followed by a clumsy and bouncing train, and one of our Rocky Mountain locomotives, with a village of palace-cars, becoming drawing-rooms by day and princely dormitories by night, what bewitching progress!

See the train move out of one of our great depots for a thousand miles' journey! All aboard. Tickets clipped and baggage checked, and porters attentive to every want. Under tunnels dripping with dampness that never saw the light. Along ledges where an inch off the track would be the difference between a hundred men living and a hundred dead. Full head of steam, and two men in the locomotive charged with all the responsibility of whistle and Westinghouse brake. Clank, clank! go the wheels. Clank, clank! echo the rocks. A city on the wing! Thrilling, startling, sublime, magnificent spectacle—a rail train in lightning procession.

When, years ago, the railroad men "struck" for wages our country was threatened with annihilation, and we realized what the railroad wheel had done for this country. Over one hundred and eighty thousand miles of railroad in the United States. In one year over a billion dollars received from passengers and freight. White Mountains, Alleghany Mountains, Rocky Mountains, Sierra Nevadas bowing to the iron yoke. All the rolling stock of New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania, Michigan Central, Georgia, Great Southern, Union Pacific, and all the other wheels of the tens of thousands of freight cars, wrecking cars, cabooses, drawing-room cars, sleeping-cars, passenger cars, of all the accommodation, express and special trains, started by the wheel of the grotesque locomotive that I saw at Doncaster. For what it has done for all Christendom, I ejaculate in the language of the text, "O wheel!"

While the world has been rolling on the eight wheels of the rail car, or the four wheels of the carriage, or the two wheels of the gig, it was not until 1876, at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, that the miracle of the nineteenth century rolled in—the bicycle. The world could no:

believe its own eyes, and not until quite far on in the eighties were the continents enchanted with the whirling, flashing, dominating spectacle of a machine that was to do so much for the pleasure, the business, the health, and the profit of nations. The world had needed it for 6,000 years. Man's slowness of locomotion was a mystery. Was it of more importance that the reindeer or the eagle rapidly exchanged jungles or crags than that man should get swiftly from place to place? Was the business of the bird or the roebuck more urgent than that of the incarnated immortal? No! At last we have the obliteration of distances by pneumatic tire. At last we have wings. And what has this invention done for woman? The cynics and constitutional growlers would deny her this emancipation, and say: "What better exercise can she have than a broom, or a duster, or a churn, or rocking a cradle, or running up and down stairs, or a walk to church with a prayer book under her arm?" And they rather rejoice to find her disabled with broken pedal or punctured tire half way out to Chevy Chase or Coney Island. But all sensible people who know the tonic of fresh air, and the health in deep respiration, and the awakening of disused muscles, and the exhilaration of velocity, will rejoice that wife, and mother, and daughter may have this new recreation. Indeed, life to so many is a hard grind that I am glad at the arrival of any new mode of healthful recreation. We need have no anxiety about this invasion of the world's stupidity by the vivacious, and laughing, and jubilant wheel, except that we always want it to roll in the right direction—toward place of business, toward good recreation, toward philanthropy, toward usefulness, toward places of divine worship, and never toward immorality or Sabbath desecration. My friend, Will Carleton, said what I like when he wrote:

We claim a great utility that daily must increase;
We claim from inactivity a sensible release:
A constant mental, physical, and moral help we feel,
That bids us turn enthusiasts, and cry, God bless the wheel!

Never yet having mounted one of those rolling wonders, I stand by the wayside, far enough off to avoid being run over, and in amazement and congratulation cry out, in Ezekiel's phraseology of the text, "O wheel!"

Fourthly: I look into the literary world and see what the wheel has accomplished. I am more astounded with this than anything that has preceded. Behold the almost miraculous printing-press. Do you not feel the ground shake with the machinery of the New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Western dailies? Some of us remember when the hand ink-roller was run over the cylinder, and by great haste eight hundred copies of the village newspaper were issued in one day and no lives lost; but invention has crowded invention, and wheel jostled wheel, stereotyping, electrotyping, taking their places, Benjamin Franklin's press giving way to the Lord Stanhope press; and the Washington press, and the Victory press, and the Hoe Perfecting press have been set up. Together with the newspapers come the publication of innumerable books of history, of poetry, of romance, of art, of travel, of biography, of religion, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and Bibles. Some of these presses send forth the most accursed stuff, but the good predominates. Turn on with wider sweep and greater velocity, O wheel! Wheel of light, wheel of civilization, wheel of Christianity, wheel of divine momentum.

On those four wheels—that of the sewing-machine, that of the reaper, that of the railroad locomotive, that of the printing-press—the world has moved up to its present prosperity. I call on you to thank God for the triumphs of machinery as seen in our home comforts and added national grandeur.

At different times in Europe they have tried to get a congress of kings at Berlin, or at Paris, or at St. Petersburg; but it has always been a failure. Only a few kings have come. But we have a convention of all the kings—King Corn, King Cotton, King Rice, King Wheat, King Oats, King Iron, King Coal, King Silver, King Gold, and they all bow before the King of Kings, to whom be all the glory of this year's wonderful production.

Romana Carrea's Thanksgiving

How "Christian Herald" Readers Brought Joy and Gladness Into a Poor Porto Rican Home

"SHE BUILT A RUDE BOOTH OF PALM BRANCHES"

"I KISS your hands," are the closing words of a grateful letter which comes to us from Porto Rico as a Thanksgiving greeting. Romana Carrea, the writer of the letter, is a poor little dark-skinned Porto Rican mother, with two small children. All three lived in San Turce, where Romana, who found life a hard struggle at best, made a brave fight to support her little ones. Her rickety cabin, a small wooden affair, built on leased ground, was to them the dearest spot on earth, because it was home. She worked for the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., and her income from that labor was her main reliance.

But a great calamity was in store for Romana and the children. Along came the dreadful hurricane, tearing up the trees and huge buildings and sweeping away hundreds of unfortunate natives to death, and poor Romana's cabin fell beneath its fury. When the storm had passed, not a trace could be found of the little home nest of the Carrea family. Romana herself was away at work when the hurricane began, and she had left her two children in the care of a sister-in-law in the little house at San Turce. When the storm had lulled sufficiently for Romana to venture out, she hastened home and gazed with speechless terror on the vacant spot where her building had stood. Her children! Had they, too, been swept off by the cruel flood? The thought was agony. But soon she found that a kind Providence had provided shelter for them with an English family, and they were all quickly reunited.

Then Romana took courage. Her dear ones were safe, thank God! and she must again have a roof to cover them. So, with the aid of a few good neighbors, she soon constructed a rude booth of palm branches on the ruins of the old home. This served to shelter them from the sun's heat, but was not sufficient to keep out the tropical rains.

The mails soon brought the news of Romana's misfortune to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and in a short time sufficient money was forwarded from the relief fund to provide the little folks with a better structure than the original and to stock it with some simple comforts.

Of this good fortune, however, Romana at first knew nothing. It came upon her like a great surprise, and when she was told that the good readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would build her a cabin that would keep out the heat and the rains and which would withstand the gales, her eyes opened in wonderment. Surely the good Jesus must have touched their hearts, to be so kind to her, a poor creature, with two little children! It was beyond understanding, and with the thought of it all, her eyes welled up with tears and her lips almost refused to utter the thanks she wanted to speak.

She watched the native workmen as they built the new cabin—really a nice, comfortable and home-like structure, cheap, yet strongly and neatly put together. When they had driven the last nail in the solid, though rude building, Romana and her children took possession. While our friends in the North may not be satisfied with its architectural beauty, the average Porto Rican who works for a living and needs no fireplace in his tropical climate would consider it a very satisfactory dwelling-place, far better than nine-tenths of his friends possess. Still further surprised was Romana to find that the forethought of her new American friends had not only provided her with a home, but had even fitted it up in a simple and inexpensive fashion. To her eyes, it seemed a veritable palace. Romana is now dwelling in the new home, contented and happier than she has ever been. It is her Thanksgiving gift and, from a full heart, she has written this letter to the kind friends who, learning through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of her misfortunes, came to her rescue, and sent to that journal the money which has been the means of giving her so much happiness. The home cost $50, all its simple furnishing included; so it will be seen that a Porto Rican household has been rendered supremely happy by a very small expenditure indeed. Here is Romana's letter; (we give a free translation):

"I have received the present which has been sent to me by the good people in the United States. I give you many thanks for what you have done and many remembrances. I am your affectionate servant who kisses your hands.

"ROMANA CARREA."

ROMANA AND HER CHILDREN IN THEIR NEW HOME

Late reports from San Juan give encouraging accounts of the progress of our Sunday School work. Mr. Collins writes that there is much hope for the children, who are committing the Scriptures to memory and learning the Gospel songs. The old folks are set in their ways, and loath to adopt new ideas and customs; but the next generation will grow up with a training that will fit them for American citizenship. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School is playing an important part in this development of the young.

We shall soon hope to have regular reports from Rev. James Jamieson, who has now arrived at San Juan as the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and who will give his time to the Sunday School work exclusively.

The following contributions in aid of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Sunday School work in Porto Rico have been received:

Porto Rican Sunday School Work

Prev. ack	$590 48	R B Sutphen	3 00
Mrs M B Duvall	1 00	I H N, Evanston	50
Mrs T J Bentley	1 00	Lilla C. Cochrane	1 00
Carrie B Pine	2 00		
I H N, Manchester	1 00	Total	$599 98

Porto Rican Relief Fund

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Porto Rican Relief Fund closed Nov. 15. The contributions below were received previous to the date of closing:

Prev. ack	$5,788 49	Howell, E	1 00
Hall, A L	5 00	Hubbard, Geo D	1 00
Hall, Mrs Harriet	1 00	Hubbel, Mary L	1 00
		Hughes, D D	5 00
		Hunn, Alice	3 00
		Hunn, Emma	2 00
		Hunn, Fred	5 00
		Hunt, B L & mother	40
		Hunt Ida M	60
		Hutchinson, W S	50
		Hyde, Ethel N	1 00
		Idler, Mrs Christina	2 00
		Ingalls, Wm	5 00
		Ink, Mrs W B	1 00
		Jackson, Mrs M L	1 00
		James, Mrs J A	1 00
		Jaycox, Mrs R L	1 00
		Johns, Mrs	25
		Johnson, Miss Ada	2 00
		Johnson, Edw M	2 00
		Johnson, Mrs Orin	25
		Johnson, Victor	2 00
		Johnson, Mrs Walter	25
		Johnston, R A	1 00
		Jones, Mrs C A	1 00
		Jones, D A, Sr	5 00
		Jones, E W, M A & Alva Simpson	40
		Jones, R W	5 00
		Joseph, L V	1 00
		Joseph, Nathan	2 00
		Joslin, Lydia	2 00
		Joss, Mrs Hattie	5 00
		Kelley, Tom	10 00
		Kennedy, Edw A	5 00
		Kennedy, Mrs Sarah	50
		Kenyon, Mr & Mrs M T	5 00
		Kimball, Ethel M	1 00
		Kindermann, H	5 00
		King, Miss B H	2 00
		King, Donald & Ruth	1 00
		King, Mrs E H	2 00
		King, Mrs J L	1 00
		King, Susan B	1 00
		Kiamount, Mrs R C	1 00
		Knapp, Mr	25
		Knapp, N W & wife	3 00
		Knapp, R H	5 00
		Knight, Richard	25
		Korb, Henry	1 00
		Korb, Mrs Henry	1 00
		Kregel, Anna	1 00
		Lambert, J R	1 00
		Lane, Dorothy H & Mille M	2 00
		Langs, Jennie H	1 00
		Lawrence, F	1 00
		Lee, Mrs Elijah	2 00
		Lee, Mrs P W	1 00
		Lehman, Mrs J J	2 00
		Leibold, Jos	27
		Leighton, Andrew	5 00
		Lent, A F	5 00
		Leonard, Hattie M	1 00
		Lerch, O W & family	3 00
		Lewis, Alice B	5 00
		Lewis, Lillian	1 00
		Lindlay, Mrs	20
		Lindsley, Mrs L P	2 00
		Litt el, Frank B	5 00
		Little, Jos T	2 00
		Loomis, Mrs A R	5 00
		Loomis, W I	5 00
		Lotee, H A	3 00
		Lucy, Edward W & Elizabeth W	2 00
		McAllister, Silas	1 00
Hall, Mrs Nelson	1 00	Total	$6,008 86
Hall, Sue	2 00		
Halliday, J C	5 00		
Hallows, A C	50		
Hand, Mrs M L	1 00		
Hanlin, J P & family	5 00		
Hardy, Mrs A S	1 00		
Hargrove, W C	1 00		
Hargrove, Mrs W C	1 00		
Harman, Mrs Mellie	50		
Harrell, Mrs Rosa F	2 00		
Harrison, Ann	50		
Harrison, J	1 00		
Harrison, J W	3 00		
Hawkins, Lydia F	1 00		
Hays, Florence B	1 50		
Heath, Fred	1 00		
Henderson, A G	3 00		
Herrick, A P & A P S	1 00		
Hill, Mrs G C	5 00		
Hill, John B	3 00		
Hillett, Annie	25		
Hills, Cordelia M	1 00		
Hoag, Mrs D G	1 00		
Hobbs, W H	2 00		
Holbrook, J C	1 00		
Holmes, Mrs A	1 00		
Holmes, S	1 00		
Hood, R M	5 00		

And about 1,000 others, to be acknowledged later.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lessons in Giving

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 10. Mal. 1: 6-11; 3: 8-12. Golden Text, II. Cor. 9: 7

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

IT was the law in Israel, a law of which Jacob seemed to have some premonition, that the tenth of all their possessions should be given to the Lord. "Of all that thou shalt give me," said Jacob, just after his vision of the ladder, "I will surely give the tenth unto thee." It became a law in the wilderness, when God said to Moses: "All the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord." Thus particular was God in a dispensation of far less privilege and glory than this dispensation of the Spirit, and of the church, the body of Christ.

What, then, shall we say when believers, who claim to have been born again of the Spirit of God, to be new creatures in Christ Jesus, to have the Son of God and eternal life dwelling in them, yet give the refuse of their time, strength, attention, money to the God of whose very nature they claim to be partakers, and with whose very Spirit they claim to be one? There is a mistake somewhere. Where is it? Are not such mistaken altogether in their claim that they are children of God? Neither John the Baptist nor the Lord Jesus would let pass as children of God any whose lives did not prove them to be so. "Begin not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father," said John, "for God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham: and now is the axe laid unto the root of the trees. Every tree, therefore, which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire" (Luke 3: 8, 9). And the Lord Jesus said to them: "He that is of God heareth God's words: ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God" (John 8: 47).

If the Jews were bound by law to offer the tenth of all their possessions to the Lord, what is consistent in those who have the law written in their hearts, and who, taking the position which Scripture gives them, "crucified with Christ," can say also with Paul, "Not I live, but Christ liveth in me"? How much does the Christ of God value his Father? Just so much does Christ dwelling in our hearts by faith value and honor God. Nothing less than to offer our bodies a living sacrifice is our "reasonable service," our "spiritual worship" (Rom. 12: 1). How, then, can we give ourselves and yet retain anything that is ours? It is not a question of the tenth for us. We are not Jews: we are not under the law. We are members of the body of Christ (I. Cor. 12: 12, 13). Neither can we say that aught of the things which we possess is our own, for all is his and at his disposal, to be given or used as he shall direct.

God appeals to his people of old: "Would you offer to your governor, your prince, what you offer to me? Would you offer at court on earth 'polluted bread,' 'the blind,' 'the lame,' 'the sick,' as a present to King Herod or to any other reigning prince?" Let us enter into judgment with ourselves. Are we offering to God what we would be ashamed to offer to some earthly potentate? Do our ministers, our relatives, the society in which we mix, perhaps too often our own children, exercise claims upon our time, strength, money, etc., which we deny to the living God, who is our very life?

There were among his professed people of old some who sought personal gain in all they did for God. "Who is there even among you that would shut the doors for naught? neither do ye kindle fire on mine altar for naught." Oh, are there not many who look at monetary considerations or at the personal gain in the way of popularity which may accrue to them from the offering of time, strength, money, etc., to the Lord? What does he say to such? "I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of hosts, neither will I accept an offering at your hand." Reader, how many of your offerings have never been accepted by God? How stand your accounts with him? He speaks strong words: "Cursed be the deceiver, which hath in his flock a male, and voweth and sacrificeth unto the Lord a corrupt thing; for I am a great king, and my name is dreadful among the heathen." Cursed, unaccepted offerings!

The time will come when the Jews' Messiah, God's Christ, shall reign on earth. Like a returned lesson, the Jews must go back to their ceremonial worship. The Church will have been caught up to be with Christ (I. Thess. 4: 13-16); and then "from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same," says God, "My name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto me, and a pure offering. Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord as in the days of old, and as in former years." Before this time the Lord must return—must come suddenly to his temple; "And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in rightousness." (See also Zech. 12; 13: 31, 2, 9; Jer. 31: 9; 50: 4, 5).

But what shall we learn from this Scripture? Is it not to let God have his rights with us? "Will a man rob God?" What a question for the living God to ask of those who profess to honor him, and the first of whose prayers is daily, "Hallowed be thy name"! "Ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation." Spoken to Israel, how applicable it is to Christian lands! If all the money spent on intoxicants, tobacco and cigars, theatres and other amusements, were turned into direct offerings to God for missionary work, and for relieving and setting up in useful labor the many unemployed who live from hand to mouth, it would be nothing less than God has a right to expect. He is robbed by this reckless, wicked waste of money over hurtful lusts. Here is the remedy: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, whether I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Systematic giving, self-denying giving, is according to the mind of God. Tithes, the tenth of what we have, may be a minimum—and I have never known one who gave God the tenth without receiving blessings in things temporal and spiritual: and it is certainly true that "he that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly: and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully" (II. Cor. 9: 6): for our Lord has taught us that with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again (Matt. 7: 2). But the Apostle Paul touches the core of the matter when he says, "Let each man do according as he hath purposed in his heart; not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver." The measure of our appreciation of Christ, of our knowledge of his will, and of our faith in him, will alone be the limit of our gifts for his service. And thus the urgent entreaties of men will bias us in no way, but the quietly and surely ascertained will of God. There are people who ask gifts for the work of the Lord, and who try to shame Christians into giving; but this pressure is not according to the will of God.

"BRING YE ALL THE TITHES INTO THE STOREHOUSE"

Lesson Points

Suggestions and Illustrations for the Use of Sunday School Teachers

WHO was Malachi? The question will probably remain forever unanswered. The word Malachi is not a proper name, but is simply a Hebrew word meaning "my messenger." The writer of the book, therefore, was anonymous. He appealed to his people simply as a messenger from God. A careful analysis of his book, however, has led to the discovery of clues to its date. The reference to gifts to the governor, shows that at that time Nehemiah was not governor, because Nehemiah tells us that he did not accept gifts. Other references and allusions show that it must have been written before 445, and probably about 458. The abuses which the prophet denounces, were those that Ezra set himself to extirpate. Its argumentative style, so different from that of the other prophets, is very much after the manner of Ezra, and this fact with other clues, suggests the suspicion that the great scribe was himself the author. Whoever it may have been, he was evidently a disappointed, disheartened man. He complains that the people are making marriages with the heathen; that the priests did their duty perfunctorily and would not do the most trivial work, unless there was to be pay for it; and that the people neglected the services of the temple and failed to provide properly for it. The tithes were not paid, and those who did give, gave the refuse of their flocks and were careless about the ceremonies appointed under the law. All this is deplorable in the prophet's eyes, and he warns his people that God, who has already chastised them, will again lose patience and will come upon them with judgments.

A son honoreth his father. At this time and down to the time of Christ, the Jews were very insistent in claiming God as their Father. That claim was justified [illegible] people who make it must not forget that the relationship calls for special filial duties. [illegible] to give him at least as much honor as a father has the right to expect from his son. A distinguished writer tells the story of a man of singular purity of character, brave and honorable, and proud of his descent from a long line of illustrious statesmen and soldiers. But his son cares nothing for these things, mixes with the lowest and most degraded young men of the town, steals his father's money out of his desk and, finally, after a disgraceful escapade, runs away. The father casts him off for disgracing a stainless name, and the only condition on which he agrees to send him money is that he take a new name and never bear his old one again. The youth agrees and goes his way to live a dissipated life. But his father's brother is not content to have him thus lost. He goes after him, finds him and undertakes his rescue. He does not scold him, but he tells him the story of his great ancestors. After getting the young man interested, he tells him the story of his father's early life, of the sacrifices he made to maintain the honor of the family name, and of the hopes he had built on his son's talents and education. The son had never understood his father before, and he listened to his uncle's recital of the facts with a strangely troubled mind. Finally he sees how ungrateful he has been, and of his own motion offers to go with his uncle to his father and beg his forgiveness.

My name is great among the heathen (R. V.). The future tense of the verb in the Authorized Version completely changes the prophet's meaning, and is not justified. It makes the passage a prediction of the conversion of the heathen, while the prophet was really declaring that, even then, God was honored by the heathen more than by his own people. Recently two missionaries visited a town in China where the Gospel had never been preached. To their astonishment the two most honored and learned men in the town at once gave in their adhesion to Christianity and asked for instruction. Being asked how it was that they had been so easily convinced, they said that one of them had accidentally become possessed of a Gospel of Mark in Chinese. They could not understand some parts of it, but they had studied it, and found that it inculcated the very principles on which they conducted their own lives. They tried to follow it more closely, and for more than a year they had practically been Christians without knowing it.

Will a man rob God? God has a right to offerings. If a man retains all the money he gets to spend it on himself and his family and makes no acknowledgment to God of his obligation to him, he robs God. He applies to his own use money which of right belongs to God. Our own government would not stand such treatment. The government provides police and sanitary appliances and gives the citizen the boon of civilization, and in return it demands that the man pay his taxes, and he does pay them to avoid losing his property. Now God loads us with benefits: the very air we breathe, our own mental and physical powers, are his gift, and if no acknowledgment is made, he would be within his rights if he administered punishment by withdrawing his gifts.

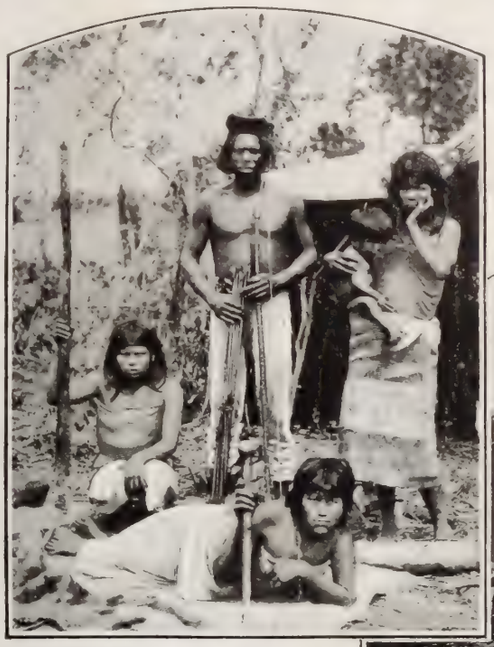
A YOUNG BOLIVIAN SAVAGE

Four Thousand Miles Among Savages

Carrying the Bible to the Strange South American . . . Peoples—Remarkable Journeys Among Wild Forest Tribes

AN AMAZONIAN CHIEF IN WAR DRESS

IN connection with my work, a few words concerning myself and the way God led me into my wide and perilous field of labor may not be amiss. I was born, 1859, in Goteberg, Sweden, and at an early age broke away from my dear mother's arms, and, shipping aboard a merchant vessel, with one of whose owners I was acquainted, began, as an apprentice, learning the art of navigation (with ambition set upon becoming a sea-captain), the wanderings through which the Lord mercifully brought me, and which have by his grace been turned to good account in his service. Twice I suffered shipwreck; once I had to swim for my life; often my lot was cast among evil men, but, in terrific storms, through hardships almost unendurable and dangers imperiling soul and body, I felt the need of my mother's God, and the knowledge that her faithful prayers followed me was inspiration and protection. I visited many countries of Europe; also India, Java, Australia, North and South America, and at last God's providence brought me to the Falkland Islands, where I was converted. On the mainland, where I began to preach, one of my first converts was my own wife, and together we started a sailors' mission, which became a mighty power, also a Spanish mission which has sent forth many branches of Christian work. Spanish is the principal language of civilized South America; but there is a great aboriginal population speaking various languages and dialects of its own.



A TOBAS FAMILY

RANCHOS OF CIVILIZED INDIANS

At this time a desire to carry God's Word to the tribes of the vast and neglected interior of South America took possession of me, and since then over 20,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures, in many languages, have passed through my hands. My travels have covered over 50,000 miles, 3,000 of which I made mule-back and horse-back, and much of it on foot—always carrying my Bibles. To forty-two different nationalities and tribes I have presented the Word of God, and I have reached with the Gospel over one million souls. Six times have I crossed the great Andes; have visited many places where hardly a white man had ever been before, and encountered numerous tribes unknown to the civilized world; and, altogether, my journeyings from Patagonia to the Amazon, and along its tributaries, might be compared to those of Stanley and Livingstone in Darkest Africa. Truly, Darkest Africa is better known to-day than darkest South America, our sister continent. I have journeyed 3,000 miles through the interior without meeting a single Protestant missionary.

Wild, savage tribes there are many, roaming about through the great forests like wild beasts, unclad, untaught, uncared-for, speaking a babble of strange tongues, and practising in pathetic ignorance cruel and revolting customs; yet eager for something better than they know. When among a tribe of Chiquitanos, to whom I was preaching through an interpreter, I said: "The Bible is the Word of God," some wanted to kiss the book and to kiss my hand. A man of seventy years said: "Blessed be God for this good news. It is the first time I have heard it in all my life." A young man, semi-civilized, to whom I gave a Bible, had heard some vague story of a "Book of Life," had been seeking it for three years and received it with unspeakable delight. In Bolivia alone there are over 1,000,000 Indians; in the depths of Brazil 5,000,000 more. And this mighty host are as sheep without a shepherd! In New York you have one preacher to every 600 people; in South America, with its 7,000,000 square miles and 40,000,000 population, we have only about 200 Protestant preachers—one to every 200,000 souls.

The tremendous difficulty of reaching these inland tribes and the dangers attendant furnish explanation of the world's ignorance concerning them. My last journey, covering some 4,000 miles, from Buenos Ayres to the Amazon—a journey that has never been made before by a missionary of the Cross—occupied many months, during which I had no news from family or friends. I went through trackless forests, where deadly serpents hung overhead or crawled under foot. Wild beasts howled around our camp at night and tigers crept almost upon us.

Among the forty-two tribes encountered, the Chiriguanos, Tobas and Sirionos are particularly interesting, since they are typical of many related tribes. The Chiriguanos, numbering 46,000, live under despotic chiefs, and are fierce and shiftless. The garment sometimes worn by those living near semi-civilized tribes is a square of cloth with a hole in the centre for the head. In courtship, the suitor piles wood in front of a girl's door. If her father duplicates the pile he is accepted; otherwise, he must pile wood elsewhere for a wife. Women are abject slaves. The dead are buried under the rancho, in sitting posture. Wailing begins at sunset and lasts till sunrise. In epidemics the sound is horrible—as of a vast number of souls in torment. They have no idols and appear to worship nothing, although they speak of "Timpa," a sort of "Great Spirit," and of "Ana," a demon, and attribute extraordinary powers, such as stopping the rain, causing and curing plagues and raising the dead, to their Brujos (medicine men). Among the Tobas the Brujos are tyrants. The sick and weak, often submissive, it is strange to say, are clubbed to death, and the aged buried alive, the women performing this fearful office as a sacred duty at the command of the Brujos. On a tree by a grave one will see a bunch of fruit hung by a woman who loved the dead, yet who assisted at his execution. The Tobas are magnificent horsemen and throw spears with marvelous accuracy. Through their neighbors, the Guisanais, a semi-civilized tribe, they might be Christianized. I know of an Indian chief who walked 1,000 miles barefoot in search of a missionary for his tribe. The Chiquitanos chief embraced me at parting and wanted to keep me. Among them all, photography was attended with difficulties; even the Chiquitanos distrusted my camera, afraid I would carry "souls" off in my "black box." Slavery exists in connection with the india-rubber trade. Many Indians lose their lives in the forests while looking for the india-rubber milk; and also while shooting the rapids of the Madeira Falls in canoes loaded with rubber. I nearly perished in the Falls.

On the lecture platform and in the religious press I am pleading for the dying millions of South America. I am going back, and I hope to journey again into the heart of South America, carrying my Bibles and preaching through an interpreter wherever possible. My wife is now at work in our little mission at Adrogue, Buenos Ayres, doing all in her power for native children. Here and there, as best we could, we have established little missions all over the continent. We purpose starting an Indian school wherein we may gather children of benighted races, train them up as missionaries and send them back to their people. We also hope to found a school of interpreters, who are greatly needed in the work. In this work, which is one of faith, we are depending wholly upon the kind cooperation of God's people in the United States and elsewhere, and all the material aid they can give us will be gratefully acknowledged. All contributions should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and letters regarding the work may be addressed to the undersigned at Adrogue, F. C. S., Buenos Ayres, South America.

EMILIO OLSSEN.

A GROUP OF SEMI-CIVILIZED SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS

An Unrivaled Picturesque Panorama

A Sunday in France's Beautiful Capital

A Visit to Mission and Evangelistic Centres

IN PARIS AGAIN! Is there any city on earth that so thrills the visitor and entrances him? Coming hither direct from London with its solemn, serious life, its streets crowded with business men who, preoccupied with business cares, hurry along without a smile or a radiant glance—the contrast is startling. Here, everyone seems to be gay, light-hearted, not to say frivolous. The Parisian crowd seems bent on enjoying itself. On the boulevards, in the stores and cafes, around the entrances to the theatres, there are groups of loungers, well dressed and polite, who seem by their manner to have no occupation in life but pleasure. They stroll around as if time with them were one long holiday. Doubtless plenty of work is done in the great city. The clerks in stores, the waiters in the cafes, the cab-drivers and all the other men and women whose business it is to minister to the wants and pleasures of the idle, must have a busy time, and there are artisans and mechanics who, in their own sections of the city, do their share of the work that is needed by a city of two and a half million persons; but even these, when their work is done, insist on their share of the pleasures that are going. I have seen hundreds of them dancing gaily in the squares and open places, as gay and light hearted as the wealthy pleasure-seekers. A merry, laughing, child-like populace it seems to the stranger, on all faces the gaiety that takes no thought for the morrow. It is hard to believe that this frivolous people could become the frenzied mob that, in 1871, burned the magnificent palace of the Tuileries, overturned the Vendome Column, and prepared to destroy the world-famous Cathedral of Notre Dame. Yes, this light-hearted, pleasure-loving people are capable of fierce passions, and perhaps because of their shallowness are more easily fired by the contagion of destructive ferocity. But at present we see no symptom of such ebullitions, and they saunter along the boulevards in the evening, or sit under the trees, drinking, laughing, joking and making merry.

INTERIOR OF A RESCUE MISSION HALL IN PARIS

The Paris of to-day is a very different city from the Paris immortalized by Victor Hugo and the historians of the Great Revolution. Napoleon III. could not have uttered the boast of Augustus that he found the city brick and left it marble, but he could boast of transforming its highways and making it a city of magnificent streets and beautiful thoroughfares. People said of him that when he set Baron Haussman to work to lay out these wonderful avenues, his chief desire was to have long, straight streets that could be swept by his artillery, and to lay them with asphalt so that the Communists might have no granite blocks with which to make their barricades. But, be his motive what it might, the results are here to-day—beautiful, noble and impressive. What a wonderful spectacle, for instance, is the avenue of the Champs Elysees from the immense Place de la Concorde, with its beautiful fountains and its Egyptian Obelisk at one end, to the Triumphal Arch at the other, its outline almost lost in the hazy distance. Noble trees with their overhanging branches line the long stretch of promenade, and overlooking all on each side are the palaces of the aristocracy. Then there is that other glorious avenue which starts as the Boulevard de la Madeleine and, without a turn, becomes the Boulevard of the Capucines, and then the Boulevard of the Italians, but is all one long tree-shaded, mansion-lined thoroughfare. Besides these there is the grand avenue, one of the finest driveways in the world, called the Avenue of the Bois de Boulogne. This roadway, one hundred and forty yards wide and nearly a mile long, is a continuation of the Champs Elysees, beyond the Triumphal Arch. A sidewalk on the one hand for pedestrians and a riding path on the other for equestrians present a scene of gaiety on a sunny afternoon not to be equaled in any capital in the world. To get a general idea of this magnificent city one needs to ascend a tower of the Trocadero palace, 270 feet in height, or to climb to the upper platform of the famous Eiffel tower, 904 feet above ground, the highest building in the world. This extraordinary structure was erected as the supreme effort of the Exposition of 1889, and still stands a conspicuous object in the landscape from every section of the city. From this elevation the whole city is spread out like a map before the spectator. One sees the great cathedral of Notre Dame, with its three great Gothic doors symbolizing the Holy Trinity, and its great circular windows symbolizing eternity, its two great towers and the marvelous tracery of its facade. Most extraordinary of all are the horrible creatures, half human, half bird or beast at its corners, the grotesque products of the sculptor's imagination, which glare down as if in diabolic mockery from the balustrades of the cathedral roof. Conspicuous in the panorama, too, is the graceful column which marks the site of the Bastille, that hoary dungeon of pre-revolutionary days when favorites of royalty could send an enemy to rot in its cells without accusation or trial for the remainder of his life. It was taken by the revolutionists in July,

RUE DE RIVOLI AND TERRACE OF THE TUILERIES GARDEN

PARIS FROM ST. GERVAIS, SHOWING THE SEVEN BRIDGES

CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE IN PARIS

1789, and demolished, and the "Column of July" now commemorates its destruction. From our point of elevation we see also the famous cemetery of Pere-La-Chaise, the last resting place of some of the most illustrious of French citizens. The cemetery occupies 110 acres, and being laid out on the side of a hill, has the appearance of a city of the living, the entrance to the vaults being like tiny houses. Here, too, we descry the dome of the Pantheon, the magnificent mausoleum, in the vaults of which one hundred men famous in French history have been laid to rest. Farther on rises the dome of the Hotel des Invalides, one of the finest buildings ever erected for the shelter of military heroes. It has apartments capable of accommodating five thousand men, though now some five hundred distinguished soldiers are all that are gathered under its roof. Beneath its gilded dome is the sarcophagus in which is the body of the great Napoleon. Conspicuous also is the light, graceful spire of Sainte Chapelle, a beautiful church of the thirteenth century, the most perfect example in Paris of Gothic architecture. Near and far the eye is caught by glittering domes, towers and spires marking the location of the churches and public buildings of this wonderful city, while through it all, flows in graceful curve the river Seine, spanned by its beautiful bridges and alive with craft

M. ALFRED PICARD
President of the Exposition

THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH

M. POUYAER
Director of the Exposition

of all descriptions. It is now Sunday morning. Blessed day of spiritual communion and invigoration! The Christian traveler can never forget it, wheresoever he may be. But there is nothing in the aspect of the Parisian streets to remind him of the fact. The stores and cafes are open all day as usual; I notice that the masons are at work on the great building in the Rue de Rivoli; squads of soldiers are marching here and there; there is the usual throng of carriages on the streets, and all the pleasure resorts are doing a roaring trade. In seeking a church of my own faith I am not successful, so I enter the Church of the Madeleine, one of the most fashionable in the gay city. There is a high altar before me, and on either hand are the boxes for confession. A singularly beautiful interior; but the congregation is sparse, and the priests are droning out their Latin prayers in the most perfunctory fashion. This is not my idea of worship, so I speedily quit the church. Outside there is a mountebank performing his tricks, and I notice that he has a larger crowd to watch him than the priests have within. Their robes are more gorgeous and the music is much finer, but the mountebank seems to be in higher favor.

VIEW OF THE RIVER SEINE AND CITY ISLAND

THE TROCADERO PALACE FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

Nearby, almost in the shadow of the Madeleine, my ear is gladdened by familiar sounds. A few voices are singing one of Mr. Sankey's hymns. I cannot catch the words, but the tune is like a message from home. I soon find the hall whence it comes. It is one of the Mc'All Missions, which have done so much for the poor of Paris. There are not more than a hundred present, but the heartiness of the singing, the earnestness of the preacher, a bright young Frenchman, and the testimony of the workers give the impression of sincerity and purity of worship which I did not get in the ornate service of the Madeleine. I visited also the Salle Rivoli, where a similar service was in progress. The people here had a weary, despondent aspect, as of people with whom life went hard. There were about one hundred and eighty present. Pastor Brown gave an earnest address lasting about ten minutes, and two other speakers gave short addresses, all very simple and pointed. Night after night, the year round, these meetings are held, and the Gospel light is kept burning. It is so little in this great, indifferent, atheistical city that one wonders that the workers are not discouraged; but Christ cheers them by giving them souls as seals to their ministry and they go on in faith and hope. As I left the hall, I met at the door a beautiful college-bred American girl who has consecrated her life to the work of which the Salle Rivoli is the centre. She visits the women and girls in their homes, ministers to them in sickness, comforts them in bereavement, invites them to the meetings and welcomes them at the Salle. She said the work was often discouraging, but there were miracles of grace wrought there and she was glad to go on. I thought as I looked at her that she was breaking the alabaster box of her precious life over the Saviour's feet in that godless city.

One other memorable scene that I witnessed was a meeting on board the *Bon Messager*, the boat which plies on the Seine and other French rivers. Pastor M. Huet and his wife and children live on the boat, and as they go from place to place preaching the Gospel to the river towns, they have won many souls. The boat is becoming well known now, and when it ties up at some wharf in Paris or in country towns a number of people are sure to come on board. There is good singing, a plain presentation of the Gospel and a tract for every visitor. So my Sunday in Paris ended.

W. J. PECK.

A SUNDAY GROUP AT ST. CLOUD

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors.

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Why Not Mediate?

WHY SHOULD not President McKinley mediate? Doubtless he would like to do so. He did not want war in Cuba, he does not want war in the Philippines. He believes in the sweetness of the beatitude: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." But he recognizes the rights of the two parties in arms in South Africa. They have made an appeal to the God of battles. We think they might have settled their differences without bloodshed. But they failed to do so. For President McKinley to offer to mediate between them would imply a judgment adverse to one or both of the parties at strife, which would be construed as unfriendly. If, however, Great Britain, seeing nothing but a long and bloody war before her, should intimate a willingness to submit the case as it now stands, or as it may at any future moment stand, to the judgment of the Powers, and especially to the judgment of the Chief Executive of this nation, and if the Afrikanders should be willing to do the same, this would be precisely what such meetings as that at the Hague were intended to promote.

The "Christian Herald" contains twenty-four pages this week, or four pages more than usual. These additional pages have been provided in order that the extra pressure of our advertising columns might not encroach on the rights of our readers.

Tardy Justice

THE Sultan of Turkey has issued a proclamation to the effect that all wives and families of officials, who were killed during the massacres, shall be pensioned, while the churches, schools and monastries destroyed at the time, shall be rebuilt, and fifty-four prisoners shall be pardoned and set at liberty. It is tardy justice, and does not restore to the Armenians the lives and property sacrificed at that time. But the Sultan fears a stampede of Armenians from his dominions, such a migration being encouraged by their ecclesiastical authorities. It is supposed that this pledge will prevent the threatened exodus.

Matters in Alaska

EX-SECRETARY FOSTER has made a very exhaustive discussion of the boundary question between the United States and Great Britain. It is in the form of a lecture before the National Geographical Society, and has now been issued in their organ. The lecture is accompanied by maps and diagrams and seems to be a strong argument in favor of the American claim. The London papers taunt us with the insincerity of our friendship. If Great Britain would come down from her high horse, admit the justice of our claim, and then propose some material consideration for what she wishes, in the way of a sea-port, doubtless Uncle Sam would treat the matter in a business-like way. Sentiment is one thing and business is another. We are not going to quarrel with the "Great Mother over the Sea," nor are we going to give away for nothing what is ours by purchase from Russia, and what Great Britain has so recognized, until the Klondike gold discovery.

Next week's "Christian Herald" will consist of twenty-eight pages, and the edition will exceed one and a half million copies, weighing 480,000 pounds. Some of our subscribers express the hope that our subscription list for 1900 will contain a million names. If all would make good use of next week's issue it might contain even more.

Final Warning

OUR beautiful Home Sunshine Calendar is evoking universal commendation, and tens of thousands have already found their way into as many happy homes. It pays to make one's home bright and cheerful, and it is truly surprising how much sunshine this bit of bright color, tastefully hung against the wall, diffuses.

We have taken great pains to make this gift to our subscribers as attractive as possible, and it is generally admitted that we have succeeded thoroughly. Next month you will pay a dollar for just such a Calendar as we give free to all who may be kind enough to subscribe or renew in November, and who thus cooperate with us in having our business expeditiously handled by experienced help.

We employ in our office about two hundred clerks to attend to details; but this season promises to excel anything in our previous experience, and we are putting forth this special effort to insure for every subscriber that careful, business-like treatment which must result in satisfaction to all and disappointment to none.

We have no misgivings as to our old subscribers. They know us and cordially appreciate all we are doing, and in response to our request to aid us in the manner proposed would gladly send in their renewals without the special incentive of a beautiful Calendar; but during the year we have taken into our family over 130,000 New Subscribers, and they are the particular ones to whom we make this final urgent appeal to renew their subscriptions before December, in order that they may share all the good things provided for the large family to which we are now catering.

These Home Sunshine Calendars, as already stated in previous issues, consist of six eggshelled cards, each about the size of a page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, beautifully lithographed in twelve colors, each containing a different design, and on the reverse a carefully arranged and accurate chronology of all the important events which have taken place during the Nineteenth Century, in the two months which that particular card may represent.

As this chronology is arranged according to the days of the month, one can tell at a glance just what great things occurred on any particular day, together with the year in which they took place. It is well worth a year's subscription.

Remember that your subscription must be postmarked **November,** and as the last day of this month will be Thanksgiving Day—a legal holiday—it may be necessary that you get your subscription in the mail on Wednesday, the 29th. In order that no one entitled to this Calendar may be disappointed, we have arranged, should our stock run out, to have as many more lithographed as may be needed to supply the demand. Hence if you renew or subscribe in November **you will surely get your Calendar. No disappointment possible.**

The Uprising .. Against Polygamy ..

BY [illegible] our cities, with a singer he was selected to go on a mission to the leading eastern cities. He thus became personally informed of the feeling in eastern centres. He knows the disposition on the part of many to palliate faults; he understands their disposition to sympathize [illegible] He defies the American sentiment to preserve the purity of the home and declares his purpose to sit as a member of the National House of Representatives.

He knows that his followers have elected him as a proclaimed polygamist; that he has by law the majority vote of his Utah constituency and that by the order usual in the organization of the House, the clerk of that body has been required to put his name on the roll of membership. He knows too that if he should thus, without objection being made, take the oath of a member of the House that the House of Representatives has absolute control over all questions affecting its organization and can expel him; but he counts first, upon such a compliance with forms that no technical objection can be raised to his membership; secondly, that the question can be so mixed in partisan politics as to secure to him certain cooperation in his plans; and, third, that there will be a measure of indifference on the part of many to taking any such positive action as that of his expulsion; fourth, familiar with the sympathetic feeling of the American people he and his friends are now trying to create the belief that he is only living with his polygamist wives to save them from suffering. He does not deny that he is a polygamist; he does not repent of it. He does hope with his firm purpose and these several conditions, that no contest will appear against him and that by the employment of eminent legal talent (for which the Mormons would willingly pay largely, if he has to meet the bald question of his expulsion), his appeal to the kind sentiment of the country will accomplish the rest. His friends apparently hope to turn attention away from his practising and teaching polygamy, by concentrating thought upon the idea that he is a very kind-hearted man, and that his polygamy consists only in supporting and saving from poverty and suffering the women who [illegible] marriage.

Mr. Roberts leaves it to be inferred that, if he did not practise polygamy and continue his relations with his two plural wives, they would suffer. There has been a great deal of this sort of talking. Mormons claiming that they are not polygamists if they are not taking new wives, but are only supporting their old "plural wives." This deception can not long deceive the American people. They will see the principle is the same as in cases of bigamy. The correction of any crime involves suffering. In the imperfection of human affairs, the suffering cannot be meted out exactly according to the measure of guilt of the parties involved. The bigamist may support the woman with whom he has committed bigamy, but the law does not tolerate his living with her longer as wife. Nor will any sentiment of kindness in the hearts of the people palliate his doing so. He must forever after obey the law, and all concerned must suffer the consequences.

Mr. Roberts' continuance in polygamy is no less a crime than his first step in it, and the public judgment—and especially the noble women of the country—will rise up to protect the purity of the home, whatever appeal he may make directly or indirectly to their sympathy for his wife number "two" or number "three."

The public expression of sentiment in protection of the purity of the home has been most wide-spread and emphatic. Resolutions have been passed by Presbyteries, Synods, Conferences and Associations all over the country. The religious bodies who have said anything have pronounced against polygamy. The women of the land have been specially active and determined. The stand taken by Miss Helen Gould in her resolution in defense of the American home has been followed by great outbursts of cooperative sentiment.

Mr. Roberts has treated all these as so many paper balls fired at him, which do not bring blood; but he begins to wince as affidavits giving the facts in his case are taken. It is hoped the legal record will be fully made up so far as possible before the assembling of Congress. If it is settled that a polygamist cannot sit in Congress, that will go far towards making it impossible that a polygamist may hold office under the United States. Now the law specifically forbids the admission of polygamists to our country and our immigration officers report that ninety-five per cent. of the Mormons admitted are women.

Washington, D. C. GEN. JOHN EATON.

"Best of All Testaments"

From D. L. Moody

[illegible]

I am delighted with the Red Letter New Testament [illegible] it will do much good [illegible] demand on both sides of the water.

[illegible]
D. L. MOODY.

From Pres. National W. C. T. U.

[illegible]

I heartily thank you for the Red Letter New Testament you so kindly sent me. It is in convenient and handsome form. I shall greatly prize it, for I am sure the work will prove very helpful to all who wish to study the life of our Saviour, and I wish everyone might have a copy of it.

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS.

From Commander Booth Tucker

THE SALVATION ARMY, New York.

I am in receipt of a very handsome copy of your Red Letter New Testament. It certainly seems to me a **splendid idea** which you have hit upon, and trust that it may be more than ever helpful in the glorious cause of salvation. Praying the Lord to abundantly bless you in all your efforts, believe me,

Faithfully yours,
[illegible]

From Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman

FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
New York.

I have just received by your kindness the Red Letter New Testament. I have looked it over carefully, and without any hesitation [illegible] **best thing of the kind ever published.** I shall certainly use it in my work, and have already called the attention of my friends to it. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

BRIEF NOTES

The venerable Bishop William Taylor is passing the closing years of a long and active life [illegible]

A bill has been prepared, and will be introduced in Congress, providing for a number of chap[illegible]

[illegible] during the past year the enrollment of children in the Public Schools aggregated 16,687,643 being an [illegible]

The Pulpit Supply Committee of the Fifth [illegible] chosen Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, of New Court Congregational Church, London, to succeed the late Rev. John Hall.

Evangelistic meetings are being held in the Calvary Baptist Church, Brooklyn. Mr. Phillips Hall, the successful business man evangelist, is assisting the pastor in the preaching, and Mr. Weeden conducts the singing.

We are requested to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums for Mr. Norwood's work in Colombia, South America: Addie Bene[illegible] reported by Miss Norwood, Bucaramanga, $6.00.

The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church is able to report an increase in the total receipts for the fiscal year just closed of $54,754 over the receipts of the previous year. The total amount contributed was $1,230,544.

Prof. George B. Herron has resigned his chair of Applied Christianity in Iowa College at Des Moines, his reason for this step "being that the churches and wealthy men do not support the college because of my interpretation of the teach[illegible]

The Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, D.D., has resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn, where he has served for fifty-three years. Failing health is the cause of this step, which took the congregation by [illegible]

Twelve secretaries, representing the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyte[illegible] have formulated a protest against the recent regulations put in force by the new Japanese min[illegible] in the schools of Japan.

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York, has arranged to visit the Holy Land, and will leave [illegible] for Egypt and Palestine. Dr. Chapman will be accompanied by a large number of fellow-pastors and religious associates.

The venerable Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the veteran founder of Roberts College, Constantinople, is now eighty-eight years of age. He had the joy recently of being present at the ordination of his son, Rev. Christopher R. Hamlin, over the Congregational Church at Canton Centre, Conn., and of offering the ordination prayer.

The Dowager Empress of China, whose power is now supreme in that country, is manifesting her dislike of Christian missions. Under her rule persecution has broken out in several districts. The American Bible Society has received reports [illegible] outrages are reported from other provinces.

Miss [illegible] that men at Woods Holl, in collecting gulls' wings [illegible] the living birds, and then leave the birds to live or die as they may. Speaking of a walk along the [illegible] upon one of those lovely white birds flapping upon the ground, with one or both wings torn off."

The Wrecked Cruiser

DETAILS of the wreck of the United States cruiser *Charleston* indicate that none of the officers were to blame for the catastrophe. The vessel was cruising around the north coast of Luzon, one of the Philippine Islands, on November 7. About six o'clock in the morning she struck a coral reef off the uninhabited island of Font. No such reef is marked on the charts, and it was therefore through no carelessness that the vessel ran upon it. An immediate examination of the hold was made, and it was found that the injury was so serious that there was danger of the vessel foundering, if she should slide off the reef. The bow was well out of the water, but the stern was sunk to within two feet of the upper deck. As a high sea was running, there was a strong probability of the vessel sliding down, stern foremost. No time was lost in abandoning the cruiser. Provisions and arms were quickly put on board the boats and the crew rowed away. A landing was made on a rocky island, but the next day the crew again took to the boats and reached Kaniguan Island. Three days were spent there, and then the launch, with an officer and seven men, started for Manila to secure assistance for the others. They had a hard and perilous voyage, lasting four days, before they fell in with the transport *Aztec*, homeward bound. This vessel towed them to the *Oregon*, which took them on board. The gunboat *Helena* was then provisioned from the *Oregon* and dispatched to Kaniguan Island to bring off the remainder of the *Charleston's* crew. Admiral Watson does not seem to have been sure at the time of sending his dispatch that the cruiser would be a total loss. Should the weather prove favorable, an effort will undoubtedly be made to save some of the stores on board, if not the ship itself. The *Charleston* was launched in 1888 and cost $1,017,500. As is customary when a vessel is lost, an official inquiry will be held to determine the responsibility for the disaster. In this instance it will probably be a mere formality. The captain and his officers cannot be held accountable if, as is stated, the submerged reef is not marked on the charts. That plea can never avail in cases of moral shipwreck. The cause of spiritual disaster is always neglect to study the Bible and to follow its precepts.

For the commandment is a lamp and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life (Prov. 6:23).

Surgical Operation on a Buffalo

Among the animals in the new Zoological Park in New York, is an enormous buffalo which has been sent from Texas. On the railroad journey from his native State he made a determined and persistent attempt to kick out the side of the car. He did not succeed, but hurt himself so badly that when turned loose in the park on his arrival, he was quite lame, and in a few days three large abscesses developed on one of his legs. They grew so much worse that an operation was necessary to save the animal's life. He was caught after a chase and thrown down. Stout rails had been prepared, to which strong ropes had been attached. The buffalo struggled viciously while he was being tied. Several times he regained his feet and broke boards and straps before he was overcome. When at last he was secured, the surgeons quickly performed their work of cleansing the sores and applying antiseptic dressing. After it was over, the buffalo was released and allowed to roam. He appeared to be well pleased with the result and became more tractable. Should there be need for another surgical operation, perhaps the buffalo will not offer such fierce resistance. Having found that the first did him good he may more willingly submit to another. Men, however, are slow to learn the lesson though they have scriptural assurance that afflictions are beneficial.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle (Ps. 32:9).

Telegraphing at Sea

A remarkable test by Signor Marconi's system of telegraphing without wires, took place on his voyage home from New York. When the steamship *St. Paul*, by which he traveled, was sixty-six miles from the English coast, he sent a message asking the latest news from the Transvaal. A short summary of the situation was sent in reply and an announcement of the wreck of the United States cruiser *Charleston*. Signor Marconi then reported to the shore that all was well on board and asked that certain messages from passengers to their friends should be dispatched. One passenger desired to celebrate his arrival by a supper-party, and Signor Marconi asked that the guests whose names and addresses he gave should be notified. By this time the vessel was forty-five miles away, but all the names were correctly received and the invitations forwarded as requested. He made up the news he had received from the shore in the form of a newspaper sheet, copies of which were sold to the passengers for a dollar each, and the proceeds were given to the seamen's fund. That a message should be sent and received without wires, a distance of sixty-six miles, would seem incredible if it were not a fact. It indicates that we are on the verge of discoveries still more wonderful, which will bring the whole world into instant and close communication. It will be well if it suggests also a firmer belief in communication with God who has under his control forces of nature that we, as yet, know nothing of.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth (Ps. 145:18).

Killed while Fighting

A double fatality is reported from Shamokin, Pa. There was a celebration at the adjacent village of Enterprise, on Saturday night. Among the party were two Hungarians who patronized the bar freely In the course of the evening these two men quarreled, and after a great deal of abuse expressed in strong Magyar, had been vented, they determined to fight. They walked down to an open space beside the railroad tracks, and throwing off hats and coats were soon belaboring each other vigorously. In the course of the struggle they strayed on the tracks. While they were there, the night express, which does not stop at Enterprise, approached at a speed of forty miles an hour. The engineer saw the men on the tracks and whistled and put on the brakes, and bade the fireman ring the bell. The men stubbornly stayed on the track, each trying to throw the other, until the train struck them and killed them both. This is not the first time, by many, that men have been so possessed by anger and malignity that they have been heedless of their own safety. In one way or another, evil passions are the cause of destruction to those who cherish them.

He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death (Prov. 8:36).

Forgot His Child

The chambermaid of a hotel in Jersey City, N. J., was astonished, the other morning, to find a little two-year-old girl sitting, fast asleep, on a chair in one of the rooms of the hotel. The child, on being awakened, was too dazed to give an account of herself. She said her papa had brought her there, but could not give his name or residence. Thinking it was another case of child desertion, the police were notified and they took the little girl to headquarters. In the afternoon a worried man called there to ask if anything had been heard of a lost child. The little girl was brought to him and he recognized her instantly and kissed her. He said he had come from a town up the State and had registered at the hotel. He left the child there while he went out to see a friend. He and his friend had several drinks, and when they parted, he set out to find his hotel. But his potations had affected his mind and he could not remember its name. Forgetting all about his child he had gone to another hotel, and not until he awoke in the morning did he remember her. Then he made a thorough search which finally led him to police headquarters. Happily no harm came through his forgetfulness in this instance, but we may hope he will not continue a habit which notoriously leads people to be recreant to their duty, otherwise he may lose not only his child, but his own soul.

For though they may be like tangled thorns, and be drenched as it were in their drink, they shall be devoured utterly as dry stubble (Nahum 1:10, R.V.).

THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "CHARLESTON," WRECKED IN THE PHILIPPINES ON NOV. 7

Afraid of Astronomers

An extraordinary proof of ignorance was given a few days ago by high officials in Peru. Thirty foreigners mainly Germans went to Peru to study the meteoric display expected about the middle of November. They climbed the San Cristobal mountain near Lima carrying telescopes, photographic apparatus and scientific instruments. Some of the citizens of Lima watched the ascent and speculated on the object the men had in climbing the mountain. Various suggestions were made, but the one that found favor with the crowd was that they belonged to a revolutionary party who were plotting the overthrow of the Government. This suspicion was communicated to the mayor and governor of the city, who immediately dispatched a military force to arrest the party. The officers and soldiers reached the summit of the mountain three hours after midnight and found the astronomers with their telescopes mounted and all in readiness to observe the expected shower of meteors. Explanations were made to show the inoffensive nature of the expedition, but the ignorant men were not satisfied. The whole party were arrested and marched back to Lima and the next day were arraigned in court. The judges were as much in ignorance of the scientific phenomenon as were the citizens and soldiers for they sentenced each astronomer to pay a fine. They were glad to escape with that punishment. Among such a people they might have suffered bodily harm. They fared better than Christian missionaries have sometimes done, when they have encountered ignorance and prejudice which always lead to injustice, and were responsible for the worst crime in human history.

Which none of the princes of this world knew: for had they known it they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory (I. Cor. 2:8).

Transvaal Tidings

The week ending November 18 was a week of suspense and anxiety for the public of Great Britain. Scarcely any reliable news was received from the scene of conflict in Natal, and such items as did come, were not of a character to allay apprehension. General White was effectually surrounded in Ladysmith, and the Boers, from the hills all around the camp, were pouring in a perfect hail of shot and shell. No serious attempt appears to have been made to carry the position by assault. It would appear to be the Boer policy to get General White to exhaust his ammunition by answering their fire, and also, if possible, to blow up some of his magazines. As no fresh supplies of ammunition have reached Ladysmith in several weeks, it is generally believed that the Boer policy of waiting has fair prospect of success. British reinforcements are now arriving daily. At the close of the week about 27,000 men had landed. Some of these were dispatched to the relief of Kimberley, which is surrounded and hard pressed, and the remainder sent to Estcourt, to take part in the movement for raising the siege of Ladysmith. The Boers are taking bold and vigorous measures to prevent this relief force reaching General White. They have massed a large force to the north of Estcourt and have destroyed the great bridge over the Tugela river, which flows between Estcourt and Ladysmith. This will make it very difficult for General Buller to reach Ladysmith from the south, while the route from the east is barred by a large Boer force at Helpmakaar. All the Boer camps appear to be thoroughly on the alert and to be managed with remarkable strategic skill. An instance in point is that of an armored train which pushed out from Estcourt toward Colenso on the north. The Boers suffered the train to proceed without molestation, but as soon as it had passed Frere, half way to Colenso, they tore up the rails to prevent its return. When the train, coming back toward Estcourt, reached the obstruction, they fired upon it and there was a sharp engagement, in which the British suffered heavily. About one hundred officers and troopers are missing, including the dead and wounded. Among the missing is Mr. Winston Churchill, son of Lady Randolph Churchill, who behaved with great heroism, working under a hot fire to get the forward part of the train clear of wreckage and safely on its way back to Estcourt. On both sides there have been deeds of valor which compel admiration for the men engaged in this bloody strife. It is deplorable that such men should be killed or maimed. If the statesmen and diplomatists, who are responsible for this conflict, could be forced to witness one of these cruel battles and to visit afterwards the hospitals where the wounded are taken, they might learn a useful lesson, which might make them more reasonable in future negotiations.

From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence even of your lusts? (James 4:1).

THE FAMILY AND HOME CIRCLE

Thanksgiving, Old and New

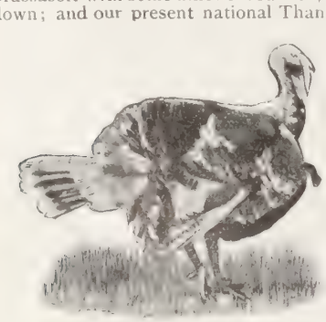
The American Turkey—Thanksgiving in the States, Alaska and the Philippine Islands

OUR illustrations reproduce scenes that are very characteristic of Thanksgiving times. For weeks before the eventful day, the good housewife takes unusual interest in her poultry-yard. To the children when they come home from school, to the hired man and his wife, and even to the neighborly caller, the duck, the chicken, the guinea and the goose selected to grace the Thanksgiving board are fowls of distinction. Of more importance than any of these, however, is the lordly gobler that struts the lawn or reigns in a coop to which choice tid-bits and the best corn are brought for his delectation. Even the "'possum and taters" (which they like so well in Georgia, and of which Frank Stanton, the Southern poet, sings in a way to make anybody hungry), and the nice fat pig (that we like anywhere and that may have a stately garnished dish all to himself and carry a fine red apple in his mouth), must give place to this regal bird which has been king of the board ever since his election at Plymouth, in 1621, when he took precedence of "fine Deere" which Indian guests provided.

He well deserves admiring regard and epicurean honors as he reposes, crisp and brown, with stuffing of chestnut and oysters, on a noble platter, the dish of rich gravy and the tempting red cranberries at hand, wherewith to further flavor the toothsome slices of juicy meat when the skilful knife shall carve them. For one day of the year, turkey rules the world, even the imperial eagle bowing to his superior claims. He ruffles his plumage on magazine covers and in newspaper pages; and even in Europe commands particular regard, for there are American colonies in London, Paris, Munich and other cities who eat Thanksgiving dinners.

There is a vast difference between that first American harvest feast, to which only one hundred and forty persons, including the Indian's "greatest King Massasoit with some ninetie" red men, sat down; and our present national Thanksgiving, in which people of fifty-one States and Territories, and of every clime and many races unite; but the spirit is the same. Our African brother we have long had with us. Then there is the Alaskan Eskimo, the Hawaiian, the Porto Rican and Cuban of the sunny West Indies, and the almond-eyed Filipino of our Pacific islands, who all share, so far as we can make it possible, in the advantages for which we render thanks to God this last day of November, 1899. Already a number of these peoples have taken up the custom, which the little band of Pilgrim Fathers inaugurated so long ago, after their first scant harvest.

While the good New England farmer, when gathering his crop of apples, filially set aside a barrel of his choicest crimson beauties and from his store of golden pumpkins selected the largest that the crisp crust of the immemorial pie might have a royal filling, and while he charged the lads and lassies to save up a goodly supply of butternuts and chestnuts for roasting on Thanksgiving afternoon and evening, our folks in the West Indies and the East have needed to take no such thought, for the nuts and the fruits of the Tropics hung ready for the plucking, and vegetables, more delicious than the humble pumpkin, were in season. Still, many a mother's boy in those South lands will think lovingly of the board at home, of the homely dainties "that mother made," and will yearn for the dear companionship of brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces and cousins and friends, who come from far and near to the dear, old-fashioned Thanksgiving at the blessed country homestead, where everyone felt that the truth indeed was uttered when the gray-haired father or grandfather—or may be, a beloved pastor—pronounced above the bountiful board, the words: "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."



THE BIRD OF HONOR

AMONG THE ARISTOCRATS OF THE FARM YARD

Transvaal Courtship

The prosperous wooer comes a-riding on the finest horse he has: he wears new clothes, and an ostrich feather in his hat. He enters the house, shakes hands with "Tante," the mother, and "Oom," the father, and lastly to his beloved. Oom says "Sitz" (be seated); a bowl of coffee is brought; a few words pass, such as neighborly inquiries after the welfare of the suitor's parents, the cattle, crops, etc. Presently the lover rising, offers to the beloved a little gift of confectionery. If she declines it he rides away, for that means his rejection. But, we will suppose that, blushing and laughing, she takes it. Then the family considerately drop out, leaving the twain to talk matters over without restraint. [illegible] sticking-needle on the wax candle that lights the room, and the wooer endeavors that his visit may not outlast the burning of the candle down to that point.

Mrs. McKinley's Room

Our President's well known devotion to his wife reveals a side of his character which has much endeared him to his people. The pressure of his official duties and cares would have rendered it impossible for him to be with her a great deal, if he had not, by careful forethought, arrangement and division of his labors, managed to perform much of his work in her room. Those portions of his next message to Congress not dictated to a stenographer have been written while near her. Whenever the summarizing of official reports was dropped, and he began to express his own ideas, he went at once to her sitting-room, and thus contrived to spend many moments in her company. His custom of always putting her into her carriage and lifting her from it himself when he could go with her on her airings has frequently evoked pleasant comment. It is well known that our gentle First Lady is an invalid, and that there has been much suffering in her life which has been so full of kindly helpfulness to others; and this fact emphasizes public pleasure in the knowledge that such thoughtful affection waits upon her.

♦

It grieveth God to see his children sad
For his great bounties worship and be glad.

Women at the Ohio Centennial

OHIO women are planning for full representation at the [illegible] Centennial in Toledo [illegible]. Mothers' Clubs and other feminine orders [illegible]

CHOOSING THE FINEST OF THE PUMPKINS

out the Union will be invited to hold conventions in Toledo during the celebration. As for the Department of Domestic Science, that, the ladies hope, will have a building all to itself and receive more intelligent and comprehensive attention than has yet been devoted to this important phase of womanly activity at any previous exposition. Dr. Georgia Merriman, who is spoken of as a probable leader and director, is a well-known church and W. C. T. U. worker, and the only woman ever invited to deliver an address before the Ohio State Board of Agriculture.

♦

Housewifery

There is great cause for congratulation that organized bodies of women are seriously concerning themselves with the servant question. This paper long ago suggested that the only promise of solution lay in this direction, and is therefore particularly pleased with this utterance of the November issue of the official organ of the General Federation of Women's Clubs:

> The girls of the country have been reared almost to a serf[illegible] every conceivable thing except upon matters belonging to the management of a home. Their mothers have left all these things to some possible servant, not pausing to think that in all likelihood the servant would prove utterly incompetent to assume, in a proper manner, the directing of a house. The best domestic is, as a rule, the one whom her employer trains, but a woman herself ignorant of household affairs and especially of cookery, cannot manage or train another. Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, and perhaps other European countries long ago recognized the utility of schools teaching housewifery.

♦

Corn Song

HEAP high the farmer's wintry board!
Heap high the golden corn!
No[illegible] her garners fitlier poured
From out her lavish horn!

Ah! let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod:
Still let us, for his golden corn
Send up our [illegible] to God!—WHITTIER.

♦

"Sweet Thankfulness"

A little girl's papa called her that because she was always bubbling over with gratitude. "It's Thanksgiving Day at our house the whole year round," he would say laughingly. Every home and life would be happier if infused with a like spirit of appreciation. Let us miss no opportunity of returning thanks to our Heavenly Father, to our parents, our kindred and our friends.

THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

CHAPTER VI

Fraternal Greetings

IT seemed to Douglas that the first effect of Caryl's coming, before it ever took place, was to drive himself out of Paradise. Figuratively, because in the half-jealous dread that Mr. Allardyce's words had awakened, he had been compelled to look his own feelings in the face and to admit to himself that he was falling in love with Celia Hamerton while he had neither position nor prospect to offer her. And literally, because, under the circumstances, he felt himself obliged to cut short his stay at the Dower House, which must in any case have soon come to an end, and to go back to his lonely rooms at High Ashes.

Before speaking to Martin Hamerton of his own departure, he mentioned, in as natural a fashion as he could, his meeting with Mr. Allardyce, and the news which that gentleman had told him.

"So he has found you out, has he?" said Martin reflectively. "Now he will begin to shower hospitalities on you as well as the rest of us. He really is not a bad sort, though, and we, for our part, can never refuse him with any comfort, because he is so much afraid that it may be painful to us to see him in our father's place. Moreover, sturdy as he looks, he has some mortal complaint, I believe, and it is always possible that in declining one of his many invitations to dinner one might be refusing a last request."

"How did he make his money?" asked Douglas, feeling that even the pathos of this information could not make him altogether in charity with the man who had warned him not to fall in love with Celia.

"A special kind of chemical manure—I won't attempt to tell you the name of it. He has one son, who is now about nineteen, who will, I suppose, come in for the whole of it, and is expected by his father to be a great man some day. They were away from Sudbrook for six months last year seeing the world, with a tutor to point the morals, for the young man's benefit."

"Do you know—did you ever hear how he made my brother's acquaintance?"

"No. It must have been while they were abroad. Now I come to think of it, there was a rumor of some one whom they fell in with who got young Frank Allardyce out of some scrape into which he had contrived to get himself, in spite of father and tutor. I suppose that must have been Caryl. But it is a strange coincidence that Mr. Allardyce should have met him abroad just at the time when fate was bringing you down into these parts."

"A strange coincidence—and a stroke of great ill luck!" thought Douglas, but naturally could not say so, and consequently felt that he had nothing to say, especially as Celia was sitting near her brother, with silent lips but interested eyes.

But he knew that it was time to take the farewell that he had resolved upon, and in words whose very tameness witnessed to their sincerity he spoke his thanks to his host and hostess for all the kindness that he had met with at the Dower House, and explained that the next day he must leave them.

Martin Hamerton protested with all the warmth of an extremely hospitable soul, and procured the grant of one day more from his guest, mainly because Douglas was hampered in continuing to refuse further kindness by a reason for declining it which he dared not mention.

Celia said very little; no more than courtesy demanded from the mistress of the house; but a man would have been over modest who had failed to see that she was a little sorry that he should go, a little glad that he had consented to stay another day. Douglas could have found it in his heart to cry out to her not to forget him for Caryl—not to share with Caryl the new-born friendship that, such as it was, was his own greatest treasure—but he was not quite crazy yet! What he did was, with smiling lips, but eyes that were earnest and wistful enough, to press Martin to come and see him at High Ashes, and to plead that he might not be quite forgotten when he was no longer interesting as a possible small-pox patient.

To Celia, when he was alone with her the next day, he said almost the same words that he had spoken to the brother and sister together: and how time and blundering they seemed to him! But perhaps Celia understood him not amiss, as his look and tone pointed his meaning, when he spoke of "kindness" and of "never forgetting." The girl was almost nervous, and glad when something happened to break off the conversation. It was nice of him to be so grateful; she liked him all the better for it; but there was something behind it that half frightened her—that she was not ready for, and would not understand.

Douglas saw it and controlled himself—very creditably for a young man in love for the first time. It was too soon to hope to gain a lover; he must not risk losing a friend; and he so behaved himself that he was granted one more day of friendship and tranquility before he went back to the loneliness which, however agitated by doubts and fears, could never now be so uninteresting as it had been till lately.

Only two days later, on returning from work, Douglas found a note awaiting him, at the mere sight of which his heart misgave him. It was as he had expected. Mr. Allardyce, very ceremoniously and in the third person, requested the pleasure of Mr. Douglas Lingard's company at dinner on Thursday in the following week.

"Caryl will be there, of course, by that time," thought the young man, as he wrote his acceptance, in a mood of quiet desperation. "We shall have to meet, I suppose, and as well sooner or later. She will be there, too, no doubt, and so I need not pretend to myself that I would rather keep away."

Reluctance to meet his brother and longing to be again in the same room with Celia were so inextricably blended, however, that Douglas did not really know which predominated, and, perhaps, it was the former that got the upper hand and made him linger on his walk to the Hall on the Thursday evening, so he could be fairly sure of not entering the drawing-room until dinner should be on the point of being served.

Martin Hamerton and Celia were early guests, the young man, for reasons best known to himself, having hurried his sister off with unusual promptitude.

"Here's another old schoolfellow for you to meet," said his host in a gleeful whisper, meeting them at the lower end of the long room. "I haven't told Lingard yet that his brother is coming here to-night. A bit of a pleasant surprise for him, don't you know; and then I shall chaff him a little for not letting me know at once that the young fellow was in the neighborhood."

"Just what I expected!" said Martin Hamerton to himself. "And absolutely unallowable. Social surprises ought to be penal. Now I should like to see a dramatic effect just as much as my good host would, and perhaps rather more; but 'Lingard minor' is too good a fellow to deserve that we should be indulged at his expense."

It was a little strange to see the politely-blank look of a stranger on a face so like that with which the past two weeks had made them so familiar, but when Caryl Lingard recognized his old schoolfellow he warmed up into a cordiality less shy and better expressed than that of his brother. And as they stood talking together, while Mr. Allardyce fidgeted about the room and addressed flowery old-fashioned compliments to Celia, Martin Hamerton quietly and ruthlessly destroyed his hosts chances of a sensational meeting.

Caryl Lingard had been long enough in the world to make it difficult to read in his face any feeling that he did not choose should appear there. He was evidently and naturally interested to hear that his brother was in the neighborhood, but if he was annoyed he did not mean to show it, and he did not trouble himself to profess to be glad.

"Have they quarreled, or only drifted apart?" thought Martin, watching him. "I think I would rather they had quarreled! It is rather sickening to have to believe that life and time of themselves could chill such a love as there was between those two when I saw them last."

"DOUGLAS COULD NOT FAIL TO KNOW HIS UNCLE'S HOUSEKEEPER"

He was forced to believe, however, that there had been no quarrel when presently Douglas was announced, and in the course of his greetings was brought face to face with his brother. Their hands just met, their faces wore the conventional smile that goes with the handshake, and which it needs a special effort, at such a moment, to banish from the lips. Caryl made some obvious remark about the strangeness of their meeting in that particular place, and Douglas answered with some equally unmeaning commonplace.

There was nothing to satisfy the eager student of human nature who was watching them, but Martin set himself to make the most of his evening's opportunities with an expectation of interest and enjoyment that evenings at the Hall did not often afford.

And he saw something that surprised him a good deal, and gave him some food for reflection. Mr. Allardyce was evidently not only very fond of his new young friend, but more—he looked up to him with an admiration and even reverence that mingled oddly with his usual habits of kindly patronage. It was not only the ex-manufacturer's respect for the man of good family, or that which a half-educated elderly man sometimes feels for his juniors who have had all the advantages that he has lacked; but something deeper than either.

"Now, what does this mean?" thought Martin. "Is it possible that Caryl Lingard has turned out the pure, good man that John Ashburton would have liked to make of him?—and if so, how in the world did old Allardyce come to find it out, and to bow down himself before it?"

Douglas Lingard came away not less distraught. The pleasure of meeting Celia had been almost neutralized by the bitterness of being in the same room with Caryl and feeling once more that they two had less than nothing to say to one another. There had been some blissful moments when he and Celia had talked together, saying nothing that the whole room might not have heard, but saying it in the confidential undertones of friendship. But even some of these he had missed, in listening uneasily to catch what Caryl might be talking about. There had been a piquant and delightful strangeness in the sight of Celia in evening dress, with her pretty plump arms and neck milk-white against the ivory-white of her gown, and decked with some of the heirlooms saved from the wreck of the family fortunes. But even this had sometimes been forgotten in the mournful strangeness of the other side of the situation, in the kind of shame with which he watched Mr. Allardyce's behavior to his brother.

Douglas too had seen what Martin Hamerton had noticed, and he too wondered what it meant. How proud it would have made him once to see Caryl so looked up to; and now—how difficult it was not to remember that almost the last time they had met Caryl had been prime favorite with another rich old man!

It was sickening; it made him feel degraded even to have such thoughts and suspicions, and yet how was it possible to help it? How could Caryl be what Mr. Allardyce evidently thought him? And if he was not, why was he taking the trouble to play the part? It seemed to Douglas that he was doomed to stand by and see a subtle spiritual imposture practised upon this kindly, unsuspicious old man, perhaps upon Celia, too, and that he could not say a word to expose it without appearing to be moved by the meanest and most sordid jealousy.

Appearing? Nay, it was true enough; he was jealous even now, before Caryl had shown any sign of giving him further cause.

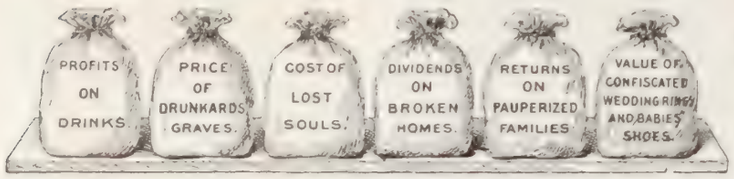
But that there was another side to the question was abruptly borne in upon him about two days after Mr. Allardyce had failed in bringing about the dramatic meeting which his simplicity had devised. This time the meeting really was almost dramatic, but Mr. Allardyce was not there to enjoy it.

Coming home from his work one evening, full of thoughts that, though they were not joyous, made the long miles seem short, the young man came suddenly upon a figure as unexpected as a ghost by daylight. A tall, slender woman, with a thin, rather worn face, and fine dark eyes; a distinctly good-looking face, wreathed just now in a pretty smile.

Douglas could not fail to know his old uncle's late housekeeper and his own cousin, little as he had expected to meet Miss Locke in this neighborhood. But if he had not been a man, and rather a simple one, he could have perceived that the change in her appearance that had come about since they met last, and that vaguely puzzled him, was due to dress much smarter and more girlish than that which she had worn in his uncle's house, and, moreover, that though she professed to be surprised to see him, the lady was not surprised at all, and was, in fact, there for that very purpose.

(To be Continued).

The Saloon-keeper's Money


PROFITS ON DRINKS
PRICE OF DRUNKARDS' GRAVES
COST OF LOST SOULS
DIVIDENDS ON BROKEN HOMES
RETURNS ON PAUPERIZED FAMILIES
VALUE OF CONFISCATED WEDDING RINGS AND BABIES' SHOES

More Letters on the Great National Controversy

THE TWIN BALLOTS

ALONG in November, when chill was the weather,
Two ballots were cast in a box together:
Two ballots were cast in together.
They nestled up close, like brother to brother;
You couldn't tell one of the votes from the other—
You couldn't tell one from the other.

CHORUS: They were both of them rum votes;
They sanctioned the license plan.
But one it was cast by a jolly old brewer,
And one by a Sunday School man.

The Sunday School man—no man could be truer—
Kept busy all summer denouncing the brewer.
But his fervor cooled off with the change in the weather,
And late in the fall they voted together—
In autumn they voted together.

The Sunday School man has always been noted
For fighting saloons—except when he voted—
For temp'rance except when he voted.
He piled up his prayers with holy perfection.
But knocked them all down on the day of election—
But knocked them all down on election.

The foxy old brewer was cheerful and mellow.
Said he: "I admire that Sunday School fellow—
I admire that Sunday School fellow.
He's true to his church; to his party he's truer.
He talks to the Lord, but he votes for the brewer.
He faithfully votes for the brewer."

Oswego, N. Y. —A. P.

COUNTLESS letters from people who have thought, suffered, prayed and striven in the interest of the temperance cause, and, who yet give opposing answers to the question: "Shall the church accept the saloon-keeper's money in aid of its spiritual work?" continue to flood this office. The publication in full of the hundreds fully worthy of public print would fill every page of many issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

The Lord Wants No "Blood-money" Seeing the discussion in your paper concerning retaining gifts of money from saloon-keepers and the ungodly generally, a personal experience might prove helpful if quoted. When waiting upon the Lord definitely for $15,000 for the removal of the mortgage on the Door of Hope, and as definitely taking it by faith with thanksgiving, one morning I was summoned to the sick-bed of a woman who for years had wrecked lives by an infamous business and had acquired quite a fortune, and who desired to present me with $5,000 in cash, with furniture to furnish another Door of Hope.

The evil one whispered: "Answered prayer;" but such a loathing and repugnance came with the suggestion, that I was made to feel that, much as the money might mean toward liquidating our debt, if that offer was accepted, in the sight of God I would be regarded in a measure as a partner in her crime, it being principally "blood-bought" money and wrung out of the lives of poor creatures.

Going to the hospital, in much prayerfulness and as delicately as possible, my reasons were explained to the sufferer, who heard them without offence, as the justice of such a refusal was recognized. Not many moments later I had the joy of helping her accept the forgiveness of Jesus, on the strength of the promise, "Whosoever will call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

In less than two weeks from that date, from a most unexpected source, by the scratch of a pen and without solicitation, $15,000 was presented for the home from one of the Lord's very own—proving to me more forcibly than ever that God was not so poor as to require the devil's possessions to be employed in carrying on his work.

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE.
Founder of the Door of Hope.

Suggests Social Substitute For the Saloon Take the money with thanks. Jesus was the friend of publicans and sinners. Good people condemn the saloon; but so long as there is money in the business the saloon will prosper. I think it a mistake to condemn the owner of a saloon while the United States makes the saloon business honorable. A poor man can go to a saloon, get something to eat and drink for five cents; if he wishes he may sit down and rest awhile. Now, what will any other institution give him for five cents? If he went inside most places to rest an officer would be telephoned for and the man put out. I believe that seventy-five per cent. of the men who enter saloons would not if they could go to some better place. Man is a social being and he will go where he is best entertained; and if the good people would furnish something better than the saloon, it would be but a little while before saloons would be as scarce as stage coaches are alongside of Pennsylvania railroad trains. Until this is done the saloon will flourish because it pays.

Mount Kisco, Pa. GEORGE RUSSELL

Non-Acceptance May Be a Sin Shall we be free from censure if the means are provided us to send the Gospel to those who know it not, and we decline to accept it because it comes through such a channel? Let us take every dollar we can out of the soul-destroying business, and make its influence and power felt in the salvation of souls. Never accept it as a bribe to influence the Church. But unless the giver evidently offers it as such there should be no hesitation in acceptance, and we would be but following the precedent of God's chosen people, the Israelites, and of Christ himself, in acceptance.

Calgary, Canada. W. J. R.

Acceptance Cannot Glorify God We do not glorify the Lord by accepting such money. We are "not to be partakers of other men's sins." God says to such donors: "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee, for the world is mine and the fulness thereof." He desires "first that we give our own selves to him, and then, that "we abound in this grace also."

Knoxville, Tenn. MRS. H. A. D.

A Hard Question; Reject Hush Money If the saloon-keeper gives to the church as a "hush-money" investment—as in my opinion he does in nine cases out of ten—I say a thousand times No! The church cannot afford to receive it. But if the sight of one of his victims—of some drunkard's hapless wife and children—has softened his heart and turned his mind to holier purposes, I say take his gift and use it for church work, or to relieve the distress of drunkards' families. As only the man himself and his God can know his motive in giving, the question is a hard one.

South Deerfield, Mass. O. S. A.

Devote it to Temperance Work If the churches see fit to accept the offering of money from saloon-keepers, it would seem that such offerings should be devoted to one special object—the downfall of the liquor traffic. In that case, figuratively speaking, Satan could be made to work to his own undoing. As soon however as this was understood by the saloon-keepers, I think offerings would cease. Let all churches combine the receipts from saloon-keepers, so far as practicable, and use them to fight the traffic.

A Temperance Home. READER.

Fight the Traffic to the Death The saloon-keeper contributes in taxes to the public school fund. This contribution is coolly accepted by a Christian community. Can the saloon-keepers' money curse the Church and bless the school? Can it be possible that our religion is so elastic that it permits us to tolerate in our civil polity things that we condemn in our Church polity? If evil hands can taint money and if the Church decides to accept money from clean hands only, there will be a multitude of empty pulpits and missionary boxes. When Evil places weapons in the hands of good men and women, sound morals dictate acceptance and use in mitigating the evil. The problem presented by the liquor traffic—an admitted evil—has escaped solution. So long as the evil exists, take all the money taxation wrings from it—take all it will give—and use it in the cause of suffering humanity. Meanwhile, fight the traffic to the death. If your votes and prayers do not agree, disperse of the other.

Telford, Tenn. R. L. PATTON, M.D.

The Saloon Had Swallowed Up Her All Could a mother receive money from the [illegible] was paid to destroy her child, even though it were to procure food for the hungry surviving ones? The account was printed recently of a woman who publicly related her sad story before an audience, met to consider refusing a license to a certain hotel. She recalled to her hearers the time when she had been prosperous and reminded them that the saloon in that hotel had swallowed up her farm, her happiness and the lives of her husband and her three sons, and had left her a wreck. Suppose the keeper of that hotel had made a present to the church in that place of a very handsome pulpit, the admiration of the neighborhood. How could that woman profit by religious service, with that pulpit before her? Could she feel God's special presence there?

[illegible] W. C. FLEETS

What Would Jesus Do? God, not the devil, influences men to give money for Gospel purposes. There are men in the rum business who are not devoid of every good feeling. Circumstances have had to do largely with their being in the business and they are in it to make a living; and probably do not know how to turn their hand to any thing else. While ignorant of salvation and barren of the principles that cause a man to abandon wrong and do right when it costs him his all, yet they look favorably on Gospel effort and are inclined to support it. Shall we crush this disposition? Would Jesus, if he were here? The attitude of the church and church people toward men in the liquor traffic is such that it shuts out all possible chance of helping them to a better life and the breach is constantly widening. The church has lost her hold because she depends on legislation rather than on God.

Mechanicville N. Y. DAVID VINES.

Which Was the Better Way? Is it not right to take spoil from the enemy and use it against him? Now, I will tell an incident that came to my notice some time ago: A captain of the Salvation Army walked along the street, and a saloon-keeper met him and said: "Here is a dollar for you." The captain thanked him and said: "God bless you and cause you to give your heart to Jesus as you gave this dollar to me, and you will never regret it. Would the other way have been better?

Curtiss, Wis. A. K. BERY.

The Saloon is Satan materialized The saloon-keeper's gift formally offered can only be accepted on his repentance and abandonment of the business. His gift merely dropped in the contribution box loses its identity and significance as a saloon keeper's offering. The saloon is Satan materialized; a gift to the Church is in the nature of worship to God; God does not permit Satan to worship him. I was disappointed that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD did not speak out at the start on the saloon-gift question, but I see now that this free discussion will be an immense help to the cause of temperance.

Tennessee F. P. CAMPBELL.

♦♦

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Dishes and Doxologies

Reflections for the Housewives in Busy Thanksgiving Time

"CAN there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" asked Philip of old. Man's answer was, "Come and see." God's answer is, "Yes, the best that ever was. Jesus, of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world."

It is well that Christ was neither born nor brought up in Jerusalem. Had he been, it might have been said that the great city helped to make the glorious Man. Bethlehem could not make Jesus, nor Nazareth by aught in itself produce a Christ. The Redeemer gives glory, but borrows none. His birth in Bethlehem has given undying lustre to the little town and he has bestowed fadeless glory on Nazareth. He is to-day still the Man of Nazareth. We, who are of lowly birth and humble condition and uninspiring environment, should live so as to make the place of our abode the better for our sojourn, if not memorable for our association with it.

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" asks the Christian who wants to honor God and win a crown, but whose life is lowly and narrow, whose sphere of usefulness is the house kitchen, or the office desk, or the single loom in the mill, or other monotonous round of daily toil. To all such comes the heartening assurance that no Nazareth is so constraining, so despised, that even in it the soul may not build up a character and career resplendent for eternity.

"It's one continuous round of washing dishes and setting and removing crockery!" says some one pathetically. "What chance is there to glorify God in that?" Great chance to weave a crown! The dishes of earth may be linked to the doxologies of heaven, and pity it is, if the link is a missing one. The crockery may be the veritable ancestor or forerunner of the crown. In the case mentioned, a few figures showed the appalling aggregate of dishes handled in a year, in a decade, in a lifetime. It looked like queer work for an heir of glory, an unpromising mine when one was seeking gold of Ophir for an enduring diadem.

Yet may the housewife's kitchen prove a good field for the cultivation of patience and perseverance, and these are among the most brilliant jewels of the heavenly crown. Our friend of the dishbowl might have filled a more attractive field, for she is bright and intelligent and a delightful woman.

But if God means her to toil where she is, she will do well to seek to grow in grace there. She can bend her energies resisting the devils of doubt and discontent, while she routs out grease and dirt from fragile kitchenware and learns to pray the prayer that made Gethsemane sublime, that climax of all supplication: "Thy will be done!" Even the Man of Nazareth could not pray better than that or learn a holier resignation.

R. M. O.

Two Books Worth Having

ALTHOUGH not illustrated in the Premium Sheet recently sent out, there are two books which we shall continue to offer as long as the demand continues. One of these books is Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster's incomparable work, **The Art of Home-Making,** which makes earnest friends wherever it goes, and which has helped thousands and tens of thousands of mothers and fathers to make home beautiful and attractive, and has guided them wisely and well in the management of domestic affairs.

The other book is William M. Thayer's great work, **Onward to Fame and Fortune.** Many thousands of men and women, young and old, are everlastingly indebted to its author for helpful advice, inspiration, and practical assistance. None can read this superb volume without being profited and made more useful and valuable to themselves, their employers, their families, and to the world.

These books contain nearly 500 large pages each, and are beautifully bound, profusely illustrated, and just the books for elaborate Holiday gifts. Either of them is sent, all charges prepaid, with a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on receipt of only two dollars.

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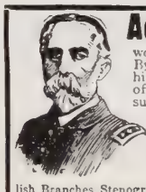

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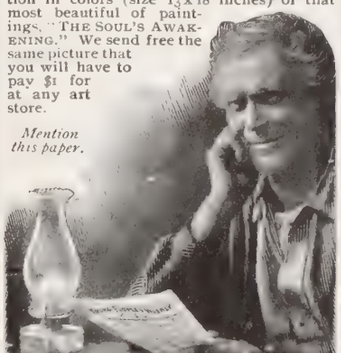

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Songs that Won Souls

TO many beautiful hymns the commendation applies (and surely it is the highest music can merit) that under God's blessing they have been the means of saving men from their sins. How true this is of two familiar Gospel songs, the following incidents attest:

MR. SANKEY, in response to request, related at a recent Northfield convention this story of a memorable occasion on which he sang "The Ninety and Nine," with P. P. Bliss, the author of the beautiful hymn, beside him, praying that it might bring some lost sheep to the fold. Across the Connecticut River, in full view of the church windows and of the out-door platform, where Mr. Moody and the musicians stood, a man who scorned religion sat on his front porch, angry because his family were at the meeting. The wonderful song in the marvelously magnetic voice of the inspired singer floated clear and distinct through the still summer air and over the quiet water. The listener, Mr. Caldwell, afterward testified that that song pierced his heart and converted him. He began to lead a Christian life, and when Mr. Moody started his school work he helped in every way he could. Nine years after his conversion the corner-stone of the new Congregational church was laid, and Mr. Sankey, at Mr. Moody's request, stood upon it and sung "The Ninety and Nine." In one of the Seminary buildings, some distance from the church, Mr. Caldwell lay dying. He said to his wife: "I hear singing; open the window." She did so; and listening to the song that had brought him to Christ he passed into rest.

THE son of excellent Christian parents had been thrown into bad company, and had gone astray; but, with the assistance of his tempters, had hid his weaknesses for so long a time that when the revelation came it was with the force of a crushing blow. He was missed at home: uneasiness followed, and investigation uncovered the sorrowful fact that he was off on an accustomed debauch. The evening of the discovery his mother was to sing in the choir of which she was a member and her husband the leader, the hymn, "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" Putting her public obligations before her sorrows, she was in her place to carry out the programme, and the pent-up anguish of a mother's breaking heart rang forth as she sang the hymn. To the last words came the response:

"Here I am, mother!" And the people saw a young man, convulsed with sobs, making his way with outstretched arms to the choir stairs, down which the mother hurried to fold him to her breast. The organist played "Old Hundred," choir and congregation sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," father, pastor and friends welcomed the penitent, and from that moment a new and a true life began for the reclaimed wanderer.

A Song of Thanks

FOR sowing and reaping, for cold and for heat,
For sweets of the flowers, and gold of the wheat,
For ships in the harbors, for sails on the sea,
O! Father in heaven, our songs rise to thee.

For parents who care for us day by day,
For sisters and brothers, for work and for play,
For dear little babies, so helpless and fair,
O, Father, we send thee our praise and our prayer.

For teachers who guide us so patiently on,
For frolics with mates when our lessons are done,
For shelter and clothing, for every day's food,
We bless thee, our Father, the giver of good.

For peace and for plenty, for freedom, for rest,
For joy in the land from east to the west,
For the dear starry flag, with its red, white and blue,
We thank Thee from hearts that are honest and true.

For waking and sleeping, for blessings to be,
We children would offer our praises to thee:
For God is our Father, and bends from above
To keep the round world in the smile of his love. —MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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The ablest writers of the day contribute to the columns of THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD. It is the international representative of the young people's movement, and you cannot keep informed concerning this important department of church work without consulting its pages.

A list of the well-known writers who have been engaged to contribute to the present volume would fill this page.

The following are a few of the special features: "The Children of the Resurrection," a series of seven splendid articles by Ian Maclaren (Rev. John Watson, D. D.); four brilliant articles on the Essentials of the Christian Life, Grace, Gratitude, Grit, Growth, by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.; three helpful articles on beginning the Christian life, How? Where? When? by Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

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Evangelist Moody's Illness

IN almost every English-speaking land on the globe, the voice of Dwight L. Moody, the greatest of modern evangelists, has been heard proclaiming the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The news of Mr. Moody's illness, therefore, will be received with universal

EVANGELIST D. L. MOODY

regret. For many years, as he admits, he has had a mild form of heart trouble, but it never became specially pronounced until recently. In the middle of November Mr. Moody was in Kansas City, Mo., preaching nightly in Convention Hall, to vast audiences. It had been a remarkable Gospel movement, and it is said that on several occasions the audience numbered 15,000. The strain upon the evangelist was a most unusual one, and it was observed on several occasions at the meetings he spoke with difficulty. At night, after these great meetings he suffered from exhaustion. On Friday, November 17, he was unable to go to the hall. After a brief consultation it was decided that the evangelist should return to his home at Northfield, Mass., which he did, traveling in a special car, in the care of Dr. Schauffler, of Kansas City, and Mr. C. M. Wining. Before leaving, Mr. Moody said to friends that while he felt very weak, he did not consider his condition serious. It is the hope of his physicians that a long rest, with complete abstention from public effort, for a time, may result in restoring Mr. Moody to health. He is naturally strong and rugged and was been wonderfully free from sickness during a long and active career. He is now in his sixty-third year, and God's people everywhere will pray that he may yet be spared to see many years of further service in the Gospel vineyard.

400 Ministers Sang the Chorus

At a recent meeting of Methodist ministers in New York City, Mr. Moody was expected to speak, but could not attend. Mr. Ira D. Sankey, who came in his stead, found about four hundred preachers assembled. "Brethren," Mr. Sankey began, "I have heard that the Gospel is getting too old, and that we need a new Gospel. Now, I am going to do all I can to keep the old Gospel going, and so I will sing about the story that never grows old." And soon the hall was filled with the roll of the organ accompaniment and the music of these words in Mr. Sankey's wonderful voice:

O, tell me the story that never grows old,
The story of One whom the prophets foretold;
The Horn of Salvation, the Sceptre and Star,
The Light in the darkness they saw from afar;
It never grows old, it never grows old.
The story of Jesus will never grow old.

Nearly the whole four hundred ministers took up the chorus, singing it again and again, while those who could not sing shouted, "Glory to God!" and "Hallelujah!" "I'm a Pilgrim," and "The Ninety and Nine," followed. According to Mr. Sankey's November programme, he speaks and sings at Massa Hall, Toronto, Canada; and gives his "Service of Sacred Song" at Rochester, N. Y. He writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "A new field is opening up for me—for which I am devoutly grateful to God. I love to speak and sing of 'the story that never grows old.'"

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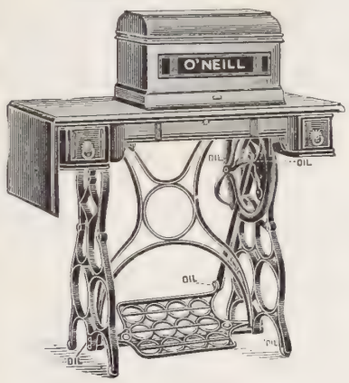

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MRS. STALLYBRASS.

Mr. Stallybrass won a lovely and accomplished young woman to share his arduous and self-denying mission, Sarah, the daughter of Thomas and Sarah Robinson of Stepney, then a suburb of London.

The young couple's wedding journey lasted a year, and extended through six thousand miles. Four weeks were passed on the sea, when they reached St. Petersburg, and journeyed on to Moscow. The Czar, Alexander I., granted them the honor of an interview. Mrs. Stallybrass calls him an "an enlightened and pious monarch," and writes: "In the most friendly and lively manner he conveyed his ideas, and when alluding, as he frequently did, to the prophetical writings relative to the universal spread of the Gospel, his eye and action spoke the language of the genuine Christian." Before they withdrew, and after pledging himself to serve them in every possible way, he added that his ardent prayer should follow them for success in their undertaking.

Letters were given them to officials which opened doors everywhere as they traveled, and they were honored with a special courier as an escort. On their journey they received marked courtesy from priests in various places and from an archbishop. The long journey was made in a kabitka, a closed carriage on runners, traveling often upon frozen rivers.

For sixteen years they labored. Mr. Stallybrass preaching and his wife teaching; but hearers were heedless and pupils fickle. The tribes roved, and the missionaries, following them, shifted their home from Irkootsk to Selingsk, and thence to Khodon. Once, in midwinter, their home was burned to the ground. Two other English couples successively shared their labor. The wife of each missionary ultimately fell a victim to hardship and disease. Six children were born to Mrs. Stallybrass, one of whom died in infancy. While she lived no clear conversion of a native gladdened her heart, though the mission did not lack a witness to God's power in his own time. But discouragement in their work only drove her into closer communion with her divine Master.

The whole Bible was translated into the Mongol tongue and printed, the Old Testament appearing in St. Petersburg in 1840. But about the same time the Holy Synod reversed its former policy of friendliness. The policy of the new government was reactionary. Missionaries were ordered out of the empire, and the printing and circulation of their translation of God's Word forbidden. Mr. Stallybrass and his children returned to England, leaving the remains of their loved ones, his wife included, in a far-off land.

There are many to say to-day, as Judas said of old: "Why this waste?" Was it a waste? A lovely life was spent, like the Master's, seeking the lost; and, like his, with little visible result. Surely it was not a waste. Such heroines of faith are the ointment which the church, like Mary of old, pours forth on the Lord's feet, and the perfume fills the world.

REV. JOHN H. THOMAS.

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Contents of the Nov. and Dec. Numbers:

"IAN MACLAREN: HIS HOME-LIFE IN LIVERPOOL" is a refreshing article, with 14 illustrations of the home surroundings of the author of "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH," especially prepared by a member of our staff who visited Ian Maclaren in his home for the purpose. MRS GESINE LEMCKE, of the Brooklyn Cooking School, furnishes an article on "NEW IDEAS FOR DAINTY BREAKFASTS." "THE MAID OF BOCASSE," a novel of the age of chivalry, is by that close student of French history MISS MAY HALSEY MILLER. GEORGE R KNAPP'S illustrated article tells how the home may be artistically and inexpensively decorated with flowers and plants. The "MEMORIES OF THE RED EAR," a reproduction in colors of J. G. BROWN'S painting, forms the cover of the November number. "THE D LINE," an absorbing story of safe time-locks, by L. T. MEADE and ROBERT EUSTACE. ANNETTA HALLIDAY-ANTONA relates her experiences during a camel-back journey in the Canary Islands, with 5 illustrations. Six reproductions of HARRY ROSELAND'S story-telling pictures. "WASHINGTON'S BATTLE-CHARGERS," by GEN. JAMES GRANT WILSON, is replete with stories of famous horses. The Christmas cover is a delightful portrayal in color of child-life. IAN MACLAREN'S article, "WHEN SCOTCHMEN HAVE THEIR FULL RIGHTS," is one of his most humorous productions. WALDEN FAWCETT'S illustrated contribution, "REALM OF THE WINTER GIRL," treats of winter-life in Montreal. Also 7 Complete Stories, Household Departments and a vast amount of entertaining reading.

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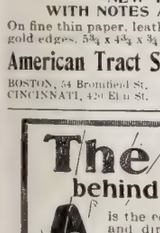

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The Indwelling Presence

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 10. Col. 1: 21-29

ONE of the most common experiences of the Christian worker is that of finding young converts, a few weeks or months after a revival, depressed and discouraged, and in danger of reverting to their old life. Under the preaching of an evangelist a young person may become anxious about his soul's salvation, may pass through a period of distress, and then, grasping the doctrine of salvation by faith, be filled with joy and peace. Afterwards, mixing in the world, resuming business occupations, the new convert loses much of the ecstacy that he felt, and recognizes that he is very much the same kind of man that he was before. He is liable to conclude that there is not so much power in religion as he thought there was, and may turn back to his old way of life disappointed. This is no new experience. Paul's converts did so, as we learn from numerous allusions in his Epistles, and it has been so with newly converted persons ever since. But it need not be so. There is a remedy for such relapses, and this remedy is that which is described in such passages as those associated with the topic—the remedy of "the indwelling presence."

At first sight such an idea seems to savor of the occult and mysterious. We cannot understand how Christ can live in a man; but there are relations in life which may help to make it clear. A young man falls in love with a pure, noble girl. He may have been to vicious resorts, may have enjoyed hearing and telling vile stories, but as he comes from her presence he feels how alien to her pure nature is all that kind of thing and in proportion to his love for her, is his repugnance to everything vicious or degrading. She might never hear of his mixing with his old companions, nor of the pollutions of his life; but he feels that they are degrading to her, that he would be unworthy of her if he stooped to them, and so her influence raises him to a higher level of life. The more her image is enshrined in his heart the less of struggle is there to resist temptation and the more easily does he put it away from him. It is so all through life. There have been men who have loved one of their children so intensely that they have been redeemed from vice by their love. "How can I go home," said one of these, "and feel those dear little arms clasped about my neck and those sweet pure lips kissing my cheek and know that she thinks me the wisest and best of men, if I go to my old haunts and associate with my old vicious companions? I would not take her in my arms after being in the room of a fever stricken man lest I carry infection to her, and it seems to me that moral contagion would be worse."

This is what Christ promises to those who are willing to yield themselves to him. He will dwell in them, will take up his abode in their hearts. No man can change himself; he must have help, and this help Christ stands ready to give. It is this which makes Christianity so different from other religions. It tells us of a divine power within us that can change and purify the life. In that wonderful passage (II. Cor. 3: 18) in which Paul compares men to mirrors reflecting an image, we get the secret of the possession of this presence. It is the contemplation of Christ's character, the admiration for his gentleness and goodness and love and compassion which brings us nearer to him. We bring to him a nature full of evil passions, evil propensities, of mean thoughts and ways, and we see how great is the contrast. But as we dwell on the beauties of his character and long to be like him, we are drawn still closer to him and a new power begins to work in the soul. The evil that was once so pleasant and the sin that was so dear, become repulsive. They are alien to the new nature that is within. Loving and reverencing him we do the things that will please him, so that at last we are able to say, as Paul said, "I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me." Redeemed from sin, emancipated from the power of evil habit, we become like him and his power sustains and develops our spiritual life.

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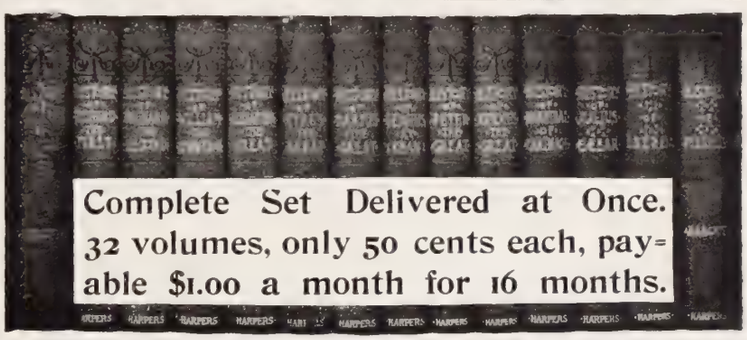

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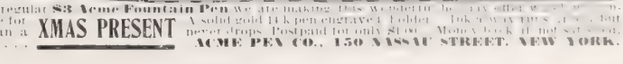

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THE FAMILY PONY

Schools, too far from the homes of most of its attendants to be easily reached by walking, even where the pedestrians are sturdy little frontier folk. In the present instance, a stream known as "Rock Creek" has to be crossed, and the little riders must go quite a round-a-bout journey to do this at the ford, below the twenty-foot falls, above which stones are loose and footing treacherous. The children wear the best attire; their lessons are nicely learned; they have their "Golden Texts" "trippingly on the tongue." Sunday School is the event of the week, and they would not miss it for the world. The American Sunday School Union with whose good work on the frontiers our readers are familiar, have made such a blessing possible to them. As they grow up they will doubtless be members of a flourishing church which had its beginning in the little Sunday School to which old Bess kindly carried all three Sunday after Sunday.

♦

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TANGIER, Morocco, August 13, 1899.
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We are six little American missionary children living among the Moors in Morocco. We feel very sorry for the tenement waifs of New York, and have saved our spending money to send out one poor child to the Home. Herewith twelve shillings in foreign money order. (Signed)

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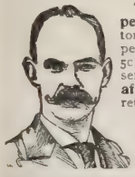

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Books Received

Lady Blanche's Salon. By Lloyd Brice. Pp. 229: Publisher, F. Tennyson Neely, 114 Fifth ave., New York City.

A Primer of Forestry. Part I.—The Forest. By Gifford Pinchot Foester. Bulletin 24, Division of Forestry, United States Department of Agriculture. This little book contains much valuable matter, stated in a clear and interesting manner concerning forestries. It has 130 illustrations. Pp. 89; published by the Government Printing Office Washington, D. C.

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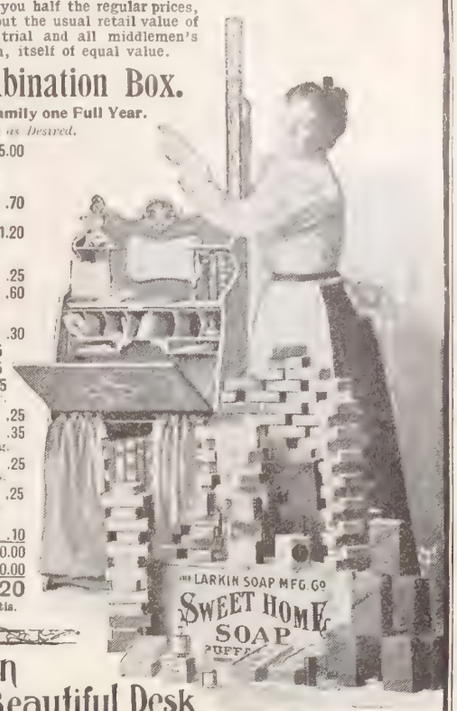
1-4 Doz. Modjeska Complexion Soap. Perfume exquisite. A matchless beautifier.	.60
1-4 Doz. Old English Castile Soap	.30
1-4 Doz. Creme Oatmeal Toilet Soap	.25
1-4 Doz. Elite Glycerine Toilet Soap	.25
1-4 Doz. Borated Tar Soap. Unequalled for washing the hair.	.25
1-4 Doz. Sulphur Soap	.25
1 Bottle, 1 oz., Modjeska Perfume. Delicate, refined, popular, lasting.	.35
1 Jar, 2 ozs., Modjeska Cold Cream. Soothing. Cures chapped hands.	.25
1 Bottle Modjeska Tooth Powder. Preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, sweetens the breath.	.25
1 Stick Witch Hazel Shaving Soap	.10
The Contents, Bought at Retail, Cost	$10.00
The Premium, Worth at Retail	10.00
All for $10. . .	**$20**

You get the premium you select, gratis.



The Larkin Plan GIVES You the Beautiful Desk

The Whole Family supplied with Laundry and Toilet Soaps for a year at Half Price. Sent Subject to Approval and Payment after Thirty Days' Trial.

THE FIRST AWARD OF THE OMAHA EXPOSITION WAS GIVEN THE LARKIN SOAPS.

THE "CHAUTAUQUA" DESK. Solid Oak throughout. Hand-rubbed finish. Very handsome carvings. Beveled plate mirror. Desk is 5 feet high, 2½ feet wide, writing bed 24 inches deep. Drop leaf closes and locks. Brass curtain rod.

It is Wise Economy to Use Good Soap. Our Soaps are sold entirely on their merits, with our guarantee of purity. **Thousands of Families Use Them,** and have for many years, in every locality, many in your vicinity. Ask us for your neighbors' testimonials.

AFTER 30 DAYS' TRIAL, if the purchaser finds all the soaps, etc., of excellent quality and the premium entirely satisfactory and as represented, remit **$10;** if not, notify us goods are subject to our order. We make no charge for what you have used.

If you remit in advance, you will receive in addition a nice present for the lady of the house, and shipment day after order is received. Money refunded promptly if the Box or Premium does not prove all expected. Safe delivery guaranteed. The transaction is not complete until you are satisfied.

☞ Many boys and girls easily earn a "Chautauqua" Desk or other premium free, by dividing the contents of a Combination Box among a few neighbors who readily pay the listed retail prices. This provides the $10.00 needful to pay our bill, and gives the young folks the premium as "a middleman's profit." The wide success of this plan confirms all our claims.

Booklet Handsomely Illustrating Twenty Premiums sent on request.

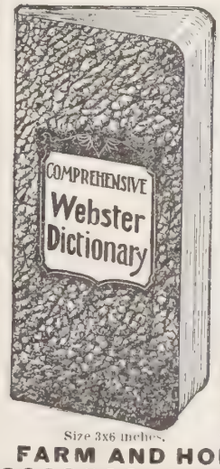
THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO., Larkin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

See Notes Below. **Established 1875.** **Capital, $500,000.**

The Christian Work, New York, says: From personal experience with the Larkin Soap Manufacturing Co. and their premiums, we can recommend them with confidence. Their offer is genuine; the soaps as advertised and the Company reliable.

From *Northwestern Christian Advocate, Chicago:* For the Soaps manufactured by the Larkin Soap Mfg. Co. we have heard many expressions of satisfaction and commendation. Knowing what we do we recommend the Company with confidence.

This Dictionary CONTAINING 50,000 Words FREE.



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12 DEPARTMENTS IN ONE VOLUME.

A work of extraordinary interest to all classes of progressive people. In quality it is unexcelled, even by the great standard works of to-day. In quantity it contains nearly every word in common usage, and fully answers the purpose of at least three out of every four people. Worcester Dictionary has 105,000 words, Century 225,000 and Standard 300,000. These cost from $10 to $60 each. Ours with **50,000 words** may now be had upon terms heretofore unheard of.

A new device shows the **plural forms** of all the **nouns.** Another point sets out about **5000** especially **difficult words;** but the greatest of all achievements in modern dictionary making is the addition of 25,500 words to this dictionary by means of a single page, called the **"Columbian Word-Builder."**

DEPARTMENTS. Besides the Dictionary it also contains twelve departments, as follows: 1. **Abbreviations;** 2. **Pronouncing Dictionary;** 3. **Proper Names;** 4. **Gazetteer of the World;** 5. **Large Cities;** 6. **Parliamentary Rules;** 7. **Business Instructor;** 8. **Social Etiquette;** 9. **Letter Writer;** 10. **Use of Capitals;** 11. **Punctuation;** 12. **Postal Guide.**

It contains 192 pages, handsomely bound in imitation leather covers.

GIVEN AWAY. To introduce **Farm and Home,** our national semi-monthly, which already has a **circulation of 350,000,** into thousands of homes where it is not now taken, we make the following **Remarkable Offer:** The regular price of **Farm and Home** is 50 cents a year, but we will send it to those mentioning this paper, **three months** on trial for **only 10 cents** (in silver or stamps), and without further charge send **"The Comprehensive Webster Dictionary,"** as above described, by mail, postpaid. All accepting this offer will receive our **magnificently illustrated 40-page premium list,** containing over 500 useful articles and some of the most remarkable offers ever made. **Agents wanted everywhere.** Liberal commission for good work. Address all orders to

FARM AND HOME, Springfield, Mass., or Chicago, Ills.

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A $12 Bath Cabinet For Only $5.00

Our New 1902 Style Square Quaker Folding Turkish Bath Cabinet

GUARANTEED TO BE THE BEST OF ALL CABINETS AT

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Engraved from photograph.

Ready for use when received.
No Frame to set up.
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WE HAVE BEEN MAKING GENUINE BATH CABINETS FOR YEARS.

COULD NOT BE BETTER MADE.
MORE CONVENIENT.
MORE DURABLE, MORE HANDSOME.
MORE SATISFACTORY.
IF YOU PAID FOUR TIMES THE PRICE WE ASK FOR IT.

27,000 physicians and 1,000,000 happy users recommend our Cabinet in the highest and strongest terms.

We are the largest manufacturers of Bath Cabinets in the world. Our annual sales 300,000 Cabinets. Value $1,500,000.00. Hundred times more than all other firms.

IT IS THE ONLY GENUINE CABINET MADE.

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UPRIGHTS

DURABLE COVERING MATERIAL, RUBBER LINED TOP.

CURTAINS LARGE ROOMY

INSIDE. Knees arms and body do not touch the sides

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There is no Man, Woman or Child in the World Whom Turkish and Vapor Baths will not Benefit.

pure air one enjoys at home for 3c each, all of the fumed or medicated, if desired. Better and cheaper

SO SIMPLE TO OPERATE.

and lock door, sit down and you enjoy a temperature All done in one minute. open top curtains, cool of gradually while you sponge

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by imitations. We do not make it our business to find number of unreliable, irresponsible concerns who have whatever of the laws of hygiene, and have no regard dangerous to use, on the strength of satisfaction given, and the enormous demand created for our genuine Quaker, and as we have many letters from persons who have bought such goods, are unable to use them, and obliged to throw them away and secure a genuine Cabinet from us, we feel it our duty to warn the public so that no one else may be imposed upon.

If our Cabinet is not the best in every way do not want you to keep it.

Don't use a Cabinet which has no door, no frame.

Remember a wooden frame Cabinet about as valuable as a wooden stove would be. Do not pay $7.50, $12.50 or $15.00 for inferior, bunglesome and incon-

Place your order with us and you have the satisfaction a responsible and reliable firm capital $100,000.00 who know the requirements of a first-class Cabinet, do

Write to-day for full particulars and our valuable book, also testimonials from thousands of wont be deceived or disappointed as we guarantee not just as represented. We ship the same day your DO NOT FAIL TO SEND FOR BOOKLET.

IT IS THE ONLY BATH which PRESERVES PREVENTS Colds Fevers Lagrippe. Disease. CURES bodily ailments. Makes clear skin pure blood strong nerves, clear brain, healthy bodies. Makes you sleep sound. Beautifies complexion.

WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE RESULTS.

it will cure Nervous Troubles Debility, Sleeplessness, Obesity, Lagrippe, Neuralgia.

CURES RHEUMATISM—we have offered for four years a standing reward of $50.00 for a case not relieved. Cures Woman's Troubles, Headache, Gout, Piles, Dropsy, Diabetes, all Blood Skin Diseases, Liver Kidney Troubles.

IT WILL CURE A HARD COLD with one bath.

the Cabinet, if desired, is a

HEAD AND COMPLEXION STEAMING ATTACHMENT

WE SEND IT ON 30 DAYS TRIAL

to be returned at our expense and your money refunded if not just as represented. What could be more fair? We could not afford to have a Cabinet out which was not just as represented and satisfac-

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hol stove, plain directions and valuable formulas and

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN—BIG WAGES. $30.00 to $50.00 weekly

an enormous demand right in your locality. You carry small stock and supply it. Most liberal terms and commissions. Be your own boss. Any energetic man or woman can make $5.00 to $10.00 clear daily.

WRITE FOR OUR NEW PLAN, TERMS ETC., FREE.

The World M'f'g Co., 754 World B'ld'g, Cincinnati, O.

$13.75 FOR XMAS or BIRTHDAY Elegant Gondola Couch $13.75

A HANDSOME PRESENT

It is extra size and extra quality. 6 ft. 3 in. long, 30 in. wide, full Gondola shape,

FREE.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

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Print Your Own Cards, &c.

$5 Press. Circular or newspaper, $18. Type, cards, paper, &c. to do printing for others. Money in it. Rules, press, type, &c. sent. THE PRESS CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

$3.00 to $10.00 a day can be easily made working for us. Steady employment; you furnish their time. A couple hours in the evening will do it. Send for particulars and sample free. B. F. Johnson, 901 E. Main St., Richmond, Virginia.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

It relieves the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

SUN PASTE

STOVE POLISH

A labor saver—quick and easy shiner—polishes brightest, without odor, dust or muss—up-to-date—it's a sunshine!

MADE BY PROPRIETORS OF "RISING SUN STOVE POLISH"

For Both 25 cents For Both

If you are looking for a Great Bargain in Silverware you have never heard of before and find it on this page, here is one of the Greatest Bargains ever offered by any reliable Manufacturer. For 25 cents we will Prepaid Both the Salt and Pepper Shakers. They are Guaranteed Quadruple Silver Plated. Warranted to wear for years. Handsomely and useful as represented in every home or office. If on receipt of the same you do not think or find these the Greatest Bargain you ever saw or heard of, return them at once to us and we will refund you your money. We have been doing business in Chicago since 1868. Any Bank or Express Company in good standing. Our Bargain Silverware Catalogue Sent Free.

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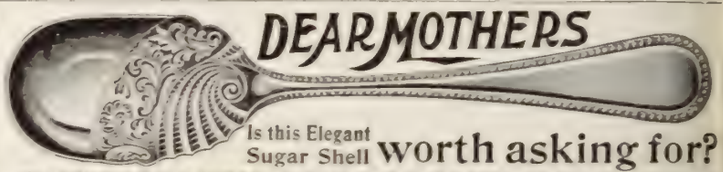

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Its retail value is $1.00 each, but if you will write us at once to the United States who has not received one of our silver spoons. Send your name and address plainly, and we will send you free of charge, one of these handsome Sugar Shells, and tell you how you can get a full set of six, also one of our Beautiful Silver Thimbles, and Souvenir Spoon, Free of charge, as a premium for a little of your spare time. Send your name and address at once, as we can only give away a limited number of these premiums, and they will be sent out in the order in which the letters are received. Write to-day. Address

QUAKER VALLEY MFG. CO., 313 W. Harrison Street, Chicago.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICES

$15.50

IN SPITE OF RECENT ADVANCES IN RAW MATERIAL.

Will buy our beautiful, latest model Arlington Gem Drop Head Sewing Machine possessing all the known

WARRANTED 20 YEARS.

$8.50

A Good High Arm Machine at $9.75.

Our New Ball Bearing Kenwood Sewing Machines are the easiest running machines on earth

$22.00.

$19.00. 50 CENTS DISCOUNT ALLOWED ON ALL MACHINES FOR CASH WITH ORDER.

Address CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 W. Van Buren St., Dept. B-18, CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED FOR "THE STORY OF TWO WARS."

RUPTURE CURED

The Improved Elastic Truss Co., 768 Broadway, N. Y.

SILK REMNANTS FOR CRAZY WORK

PARIS SILK CO., Box 3045, New York City, N. Y.

WANTED—A case of bad health that RIPANS will not benefit. Five cents will buy one. Ten cents will buy a case containing twelve. Nearly one hundred million RIPANS have been sold in the past year

A PREACHER'S DISCOVERY.

Dr. Blosser, the well-known Minister of the Gospel, and catarrh specialist, is the originator of one of the world's most valuable means of curing disease. It is a fact well known among physicians, as well as by sufferers, that while there are many proposed remedies for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., heretofore there has been known no reliable cure.

Dr. Blosser, in his regular practice, had under his care many patients suffering from these diseases, and after trying all the remedies recommended in the medical books, without satisfactory results, he was driven to the necessity of devising an entirely new mode of treatment. He discovered a combination of medical plants, which destroys the germs of the disease and heals the ulcerated mucous membrane, without injury to the most delicate constitution.

Having demonstrated in his practice the wonderful curative properties of this remedy, he publicly announced his discovery, and during the past twenty-five years thousands of helpless sufferers have been cured. He cured one case of 45 years' standing, and others of 15, 20 and 25 years' standing. These facts warrant us in announcing to sufferers the world over that a positive cure has been found for catarrhal diseases.

50,000 Trial Packages FREE.

We have recently given away 100,000 trial packages of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure to persons afflicted with Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness, etc., and now offer another 50,000 trial packages, absolutely free. If the trial package does not impress you favorably, you will have been at no expense. If you wish to give the remedy a more thorough trial at once than the sample affords, inclose us $1.00 for one month's treatment, by mail, postpaid. If you wish a free package, write a letter or postal card to

DR. J. W. BLOSSER & SON, 50 Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Below are Letters from Ministers, Physicians and other Prominent Men, Recommending this Great Remedy:

Prominent Minister Cured Bronchitis and Ulcerated Throat 15 Years' Standing

I had bronchitis and ulcerated sore throat of fifteen years' standing having spent hundreds of dollars for medicine that did not cure me. I use boxes of your Catarrh Cure, used according to directions, cured me sound and well. I have never known it to fail to cure in a single case of nasal catarrh if the afflicted did not stop using the remedy as soon as partial relief was obtained. (Rev.) M. G. MILLIGAN

Choccolocco, Ala.

Note.—Mr. Milligan was cured 12 years ago, and states in a recent letter that he has had no symptoms of the disease since.

Certificate of an Eminent Physician

Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son.

Gentlemen: I tender you my sincere thanks and take great pleasure in recommending your remedy to the profession and to the public as a safe, pleasant and most reliable remedy for catarrh. I have purchased and sent you Catarrh Remedy to several of my friends who suffered very much as I did, and they have reported to me as having received the same good results which attended my own case. I have received many letters during the past year from various sections of the United States asking me as to the certificate I gave you being a genuine one. I have replied to each and have advised them to give the remedy a fair trial, and I believed they would be cured. I have used it in my practice whenever a case presented. I have been cured by your remedy and again tender you my sincere thanks. Very respectfully,

Greensboro, N. C. R. K. GALLOWAY, M. D.

Deafness Cured.

Dear Mr. Blosser: My little boy, now twelve years old, suffered severely for nine years with nasal catarrh, which also impaired his hearing to such an extent that we had serious apprehensions of its entire loss. But we now bless the day when we first saw your Catarrh Cure advertised in the Arkansas Methodist, for our boy has used four boxes of it, and we now rejoice in the happy results of his hearing being perfectly restored, and the nasal trouble, of so many years continuance, which was so severe that the bridge of his nose was eaten through has almost wholly disappeared, so that we can only see slight symptoms of it when he has contracted a severe cold. I heartily commend your remedy to others. Yours truly,

Green Forest, Ark. Rev. D. C. Ross.

Catarrh Cured.

Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs: I received the packages of Catarrh Cure all right. It proved to be much more than you advertised. It cured my wife of a severe case of catarrh. She had tried various remedies, but never found relief until she tried yours. I would advise any sufferer to give your remedy a fair trial. I have recommended it to many of my friends who are troubled in the same way. I remain yours very truly,

East Raymond, Me. HOWARD WITHAM.

Evangelist Cured 18 Years Ago—No Return.

Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen: I was a sufferer from nasal catarrh for twelve years, and it developed into the worst form, impairing my eyesight and injuring my hearing. It also affected my bronchial tubes, serious. My nervous system gave way, unfitting me for the duties of life. By the constant use of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure, I was permanently cured in the year 1881, making eighteen years to-day that I have never had a return of the disease nor have I felt the effects of it. I most heartily recommend to all sufferers Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure as one that cannot be excelled. Fraternally,

Waxahachie, Tex. Rev. J. CARUTHERS, Evangelist.

A Minister of the Gospel Cured of Asthma.

Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, Atlanta, Ga.

I have used five boxes of your Catarrh Cure since last April, when I was suffering almost constantly from asthma. I had paroxysms every night, so that I could neither sleep nor lie down even while taking medicine from our home doctor. Four days after smoking your medicine I began to improve so much that I could lie flat on my back and sleep as well as anybody. I think I am cured of Asthma. I thought before I began using your medicine that my preaching was over, but I now have three regular appointments each 1th monthly. My head has troubled me very little from catarrh; have had less pains in my head than for years. I must speak in highest terms of your medicine. I am recommending it everywhere I go. Yours truly,

Thomaston, Ga. (Rev.) JNO. W. A. WATTER.

Catarrh Cured Permanently.

Dr. J. W. Blosser, City.

Dear Sir: In reply to your favor asking about the permanency of the cure of catarrh effected by your remedy on myself years ago, I will state that there has been no return of the disease, and I am now absolutely free from any affection of the kind. Should I ever have a return of it, I know of nothing that I would resort to with so much confidence as Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure. Yours truly,

Atlanta, Ga. L. A. HAWES, 295 Marietta Street.

A Minister Cured.

Dr. J. W. Blosser, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir and Brother: In 1894 I contracted a severe cold which came near developing into pneumonia. We broke it up, but it left me with nasal catarrh. It continued for nearly two years, growing worse all the time, until it affected my whole system and became really distressing. I then ordered a box of your Catarrh Cure, and before it had all been used I felt I was well, but I continued using it at intervals, until it was used. I have had no further trouble with the disease. I am grateful to God and obliged to you for the remedy and the cure it wrought. I have been well for more than a year. If my testimonial will help some other poor sufferer from this loathsome disease to get cured, I will rejoice. Your brother in Christ,

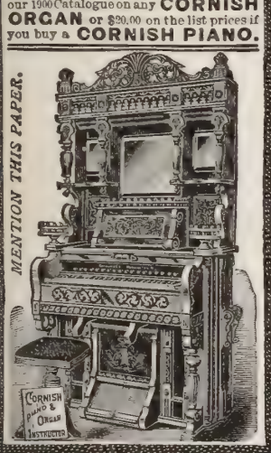
Paris, Tex. (Rev.) C. M. KEITH.

ONE YEAR'S FREE TRIAL

BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH THE CELEBRATED CORNISH AMERICAN PIANOS & ORGANS.

A prompt response to this advertisement will secure a DISCOUNT of $10.00 on the list prices as quoted in our 1900 Catalogue on any **CORNISH ORGAN** or $20.00 on the list prices if you buy a **CORNISH PIANO.**

MENTION THIS PAPER.



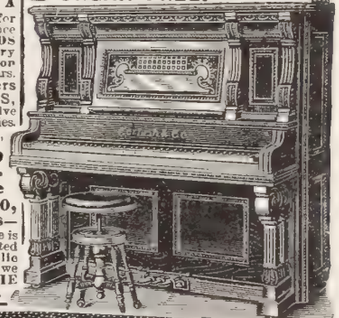
WE WILL ship a Cornish Piano or Cornish Organ anywhere upon the distinct understanding that if it is not satisfactory to purchaser after 12 months' use, we will take it back and refund purchase money, freight charges and six per cent. interest. Thousands have taken advantage of this, **THE ORIGINAL CORNISH PLAN,** of doing business, during the time this really wonderful offer has been in force, and the immediate success of this iron clad guarantee decided us to continue it so that thousands more can participate in its object of **INSURING THE PURCHASER OF A CORNISH PIANO OR A CORNISH ORGAN AGAINST ANY RISK.** It would be impossible for us to make public this offer were it not backed up by the strongest evidence of our absolute responsibility. **THE CORNISH AMERICAN PIANOS AND ORGANS are warranted for twenty-five years and every warrant is a personal guarantee endorsed by a business reputation of fifty years,** and plant and property worth over one million dollars. There are over a Quarter of a Million satisfied purchasers of the CORNISH PIANOS and CORNISH ORGANS, and so great has been the demand for our instruments during the last twelve months that we have just completed very extensive additions to our factories.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS of the WORLD FAMOUS CORNISH PLAN and for a complete description of the instruments made by us, see new Jubilee Catalogue for 1900, HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED in Colors— the most comprehensive musical catalogue in the trade. The frontispiece is a masterly reproduction of an interesting oil painting designed and executed for us by an eminent artist, representing "St. Cecilia and the Angelic Choir." This beautiful catalogue is sent **FREE,** charges prepaid, and we also include our novel reference book **"THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE"** and our latest special offers free. **WRITE TO-DAY.**

REFERENCES.

Our bank, your bank, any bank, or any of the multitude of patrons who have purchased millions of dollars' worth of instruments from us during the past fifty years.

Send for particulars of the Cornish Co-operative Plan, showing how YOU CAN SECURE a CORNISH PIANO or ORGAN FREE.



ORGANS FROM $25.

CORNISH & CO.
ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.
WASHINGTON, N.J.

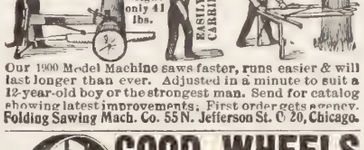
PIANOS FROM $155.

SAWS

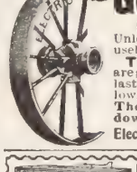
ANY WOOD IN ANY POSITION ON ANY GROUND 4 in. to 5 ft. Through

1 MAN with a FOLDING SAWING MACHINE BEATS 2 MEN with a Cross-cut Saw

5 to 9 cords daily is the usual average for one man.



Our 1900 Model Machine saws faster, runs easier & will last longer than ever. Adjusted in a minute to suit a 12-year-old boy or the strongest man. Send for catalog showing latest improvements. First order gets agency. Folding Sawing Mach. Co. 55 N. Jefferson St. C 20, Chicago.

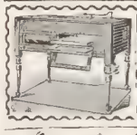


GOOD WHEELS

MAKE A GOOD WAGON.

Unless a wagon has good wheels it is useless. **THE ELECTRIC STEEL WHEELS** are good wheels and they make a wagon last indefinitely. They are made high or low, any width of tire, to fit any skein. They can't get loose, rot or break down. They last always. Catalog free.

Electric Wheel Co., Box 136 Quincy, Ills.



NO BETTER INCUBATORS

at any price than Each is a greater percentage of good eggs with less attention or at less expense. Our catalogue PRINTED IN 5 LANGUAGES tells all about it—contains testimonials, descriptions and prices. Sent for 6c.

DES MOINES INCUBATOR CO., Box 74, Des Moines, Ia.

$5 50 EGG SIZE

A MILLION TESTIMONIALS are not so convincing as the **30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE** we offer on every incubator we make. Every one self-regulating and guaranteed. Over 15,000 BANTAMS in use; hatching 45 to 50 chicks from 50 eggs. Send 4 cents for No. 10 catalog.

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DON'T WORRY

about results in hatching chickens or about the success of the poultry business. Buy **The Petaluma Incubator** and set your mind at rest. It will turn all previous failures into positive success. Regulates perfectly. Hatches 5 chicks to 5 eggs, 50 to 500 eggs. We pay freight in the U.S.

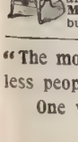
Catalog free. Petaluma Incubator Co. Box 709 Petaluma, Cal.

DON'T BUY AN INCUBATOR

and pay for it before giving it a trial. We will send the celebrated NEW PREMIER INCUBATOR on trial. This evidences our confidence. No simpler machine can be used. Lowest price World's Fair. Also sole manufacturers of Simplicity Incubator. Catalogue and Poultry Helps 5 cts. Book for Poultry Houses etc., 25 cts.

COLUMBIA INCUBATOR CO. 12 Adams St. Delaware City, Del.

LOTS OF EGGS MEANS LOTS OF MONEY.



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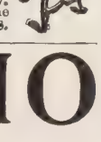

are the difference between profit and loss in the poultry business. **Cut fine, fast and easy. Mann's Clover Cutters, Granite Crystal Grit and Swinging Feed Trays** make the business profitable. Catalogue free. F. W. MANN CO., Box 29 MILFORD, MASS.

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NR 99

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

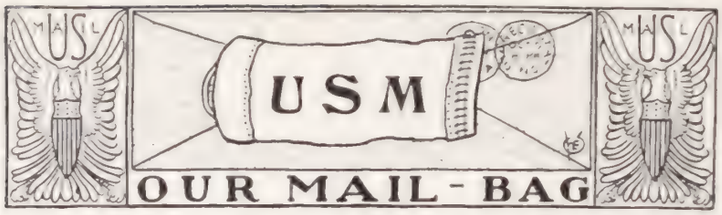
VOL. XXII. NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 6, 1899 No. 7

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date for which they are intended.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you may know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even when stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper.
8. Address all communications intended for this department.

EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG.
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Questions to Be Answered Dec. 20

[illegible]
exerted the greatest influence in behalf of Christianity?
3. What book is next in importance to the Bible?
[illegible]
ble to God for its actions?
[illegible]
him there, am I, as a Christian, justified in trying to kill him?
6. [illegible]
7. [illegible]
or excavation?
8. Does a person who compounds a felony to shield a friend offend God?
9. The Lord's prayer teaches us to pray, "Forgive [illegible] against us." Can a father who dies, deliberately disinheriting his son because of disobedience, himself expect divine forgiveness?
10. How can a million dollars be best expended to accomplish the greatest good?

Questions to Be Answered Dec. 27

1. Who may be justly considered the most important character of the nineteenth century?
2. Is it right to keep the house of God closed all the week, except for services on Sunday and the weekly [illegible]
[illegible]
States?
4. [illegible] the judgment day?
5. What was the religious belief of Abraham Lincoln?
6. Is marriage a help to success in life?
7. [illegible]
8. Which nations have made the greatest advance [illegible] tional and material progress?
9. What is the present rank of France among the nations of the earth?
10. Which was the largest contribution ever made to charity?

Questions to Be Answered Jan. 3

1. What investment of capital do the combined higher [illegible] represent, respectively?
2. Is it wiser to relieve the destitute poor ourselves or to do so through the medium of an organized charity?
3. Who may be considered the leading religious char[illegible]
4. [illegible] the longest?
5. Which is the most deserving of the foreign mission fields at the present time, and why?
6. Ought a Christian to insure his life, or to insure his premises against fire? Is such a course in violation of Christ's injunction to "Take therefore no thought for [illegible]
7. Is there any well-authenticated instance of dreams coming true, or directing the mind and waking energies to any practical results?
8. Ought a man to contribute to the Lord's work when he is in debt, or should he first pay his creditors?
9. Is a Christian woman justified in wearing jewelry, other than her watch and wedding ring?
10. Is there any real reason, physiological or religious, why cousins should not marry?

Questions of the Week

1. What is the Higher Criticism of the Bible, and why is it called Higher?

The ordinary criticism concerns itself with the meaning and significance of Bible texts. The higher criticism goes back of all that and analyzes the books themselves. It is higher in the sense of being more radical. It tries to find out the date of authorship from a comparative study of literary style and the character of the words employed. It also tries to discover by analysis whether the books have been worked over by later editors and how far they are based on earlier records. It is obvious, for instance, that such a passage as Gen. 36: 31, "Before there reigned any king over the children of Israel," was not written by Moses, [illegible] time when some king had reigned over Israel.

2. Was Christ ever mentioned in the ancient editions of the Talmud?

Yes; in the copies of the Hebrew Talmud, written or printed prior to 1631 A. D., the arrest, trial, conviction and crucifixion of Jesus were referred to in that portion known as the Gemara (or Commentary). After 1555 A. D. all Hebrew books, and especially the Talmud, were subjected to rigid censorship, and in 1631 a Hebrew Synod in Poland adopted a resolution to expurgate from the Talmud in future "any passage in which any of the deeds of Jesus of Nazareth are described," and to insert instead, "a circle like this: O."

3. What disaster during the present century has resulted in the greatest loss of life?

The greatest loss of life occasioned by any single disaster was probably that caused by the memorable disaster at the Sunda Islands, in the East Indian archipelago, in 1883, when a frightful eruption of the volcano of Krakatoa occurred, destroying an island of that name and two others, and throwing up several new islands. It is estimated that between 40,000 [illegible]

4. What is the depth of the Atlantic Ocean?

The greatest depth on record is that determined by the steamship *Challenger* in its deep sea soundings 100 miles north of St. Thomas, where 3,875 fathoms were found, or about 4.4 miles.

5. What are the principal points of difference between the Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist, Methodist and Campbellite denominations?

The differences in doctrine are not so pronounced as they formerly were. The Presbyterians and the Methodists were once at the two extremes and, in theory, they are so still, the former holding the Calvinistic system of theology and the latter the Arminian. Calvin, as you may be aware, emphasized the doctrine of election, divine sovereignty and predestination, while Arminius emphasized the [illegible] government in the two denominations is much alike. In the Baptist, Congregational [illegible] body. Each individual church is a little republic, managing its own affairs. Some of the Congregationalists and Baptists are Calvinists, but they now generally lay less stress on those doctrines. The chief point of divergence in their case is on baptism. The Baptists and Campbellites administer the rite by immersion, and only on profession of faith. In the other denominations the rite is administered by sprinkling, or immersion, and at any period, but usually in infancy, as an act of dedication on the part of the parents.

6. What evidence have we that the soul is immortal?

Outside of the Bible, the evidence is meagre. It amounts only to a hope, an idea that it is a credible possibility. There is in every intelligent man a sense that he is something more than mere matter. He speaks of "my body," "my brain," as if he regarded those material parts, as not so much parts of himself, as machinery belonging to him, by which he made himself operative in the world. This universal conception is significant, and counts for something, if not as evidence, at least as presumptive cause, for suspecting an existence independent of the body. There is, besides, a conviction that if this life were the end of all, there would be in man a disappointing [illegible] when the course of [illegible] the father of John t[illegible] course, it is pos[illegible] favor of the end of December in the year B.C. [illegible]

8. Are the verses John 3: 16-21 comments of John or were they spoken by our Lord?

It would need some very cogent reasons to convince us that Christ ended his talk with Nicodemus with the fifteenth verse. The next six verses form so natural a sequence to the earlier verses, and contain truth which Christ would be likely to impart to an inquirer of the type of Nicodemus, that the probabilities are in favor of their being Christ's words. The reasons which Tholuck and others urge for their being the words of John, are not convincing. It is true that such phrases as "the [illegible] are peculiar to John, but he may, and probably did, derive them from Christ. If they had been John's comments, he would surely have [illegible] in the speaker.

9. What was the age of the oldest MS. at the disposal of the Committee on Revision of the Bible?

The most ancient was the Sinaitic manuscript, which is in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. It was found in the Convent of Mount Sinai in 1859. It contains the New Testament and part of the Old. It is in Greek and is believed to have been written 331 A. D. The next in age is the Vatican Manuscript which contains most of the Old Testament in Greek and the New as far as Heb. 19-14 in Hebrew. The third is the Alexandrian Manuscript in the British Museum which is believed to have been written in the fifth century, A. D.

10. What invention, in your opinion, has proved of the greatest advantage to mankind?

[illegible] who could not have been reached otherwise, and has outrun all the missionary agencies. 3. It has done much to raise man from the lowest level, socially and intellectually, and has inspired him with a love and admiration of the beautiful, the heroic and the useful. 4. It is the greatest agency in the world to-day for the advancement of God's kingdom.

MRS. T. DE WITT TALMAGE
From her latest photograph, published by request of many readers of this journal

Miscellaneous Questions

[illegible] all blessings flow?"

They form the concluding verse of a "morning hymn," written nearly 200 years ago by [illegible] is considered a masterpiece of clear and graphic expression, and is doubtless sung more widely by Christian people than any other verse in any language.

W. B. R., Bolivar, Mo. What kind of people are the Boers? Are they Europeans in Africa? Do they use the Bible as we do?

They are Dutch farmers settled in Africa. Many of them were born there, descendants of emigrants from Holland. They are a Bible-reading people. Indeed, one reproach frequently heard against them is that they read no other book, and consequently do not know anything of modern civilization. Mr. Kruger, the President of the Transvaal, has a wonderful knowledge of the Bible and frequently preaches in the Dutch church of Pretoria, the capital of the republic.

[illegible] I am [illegible] tious of rising in the world, but have few opportunities. I do not wish to make sacrifice of home associations, though at times I have been strongly tempted to do so, for the sake of advancement. Can you advise me?

There are thousands of youth of both sexes in your predicament. The question of leaving home and making a start is one which each must decide for himself or herself; and if the home has been a Christian one, the principles there inculcated will go with you and govern your life wherever you go. You might be materially helped, also, by reading [illegible] assist young people in achieving their aim in life. It is the most helpful and inspiring periodical published for American youth. Any of our readers can get a specimen copy of *Success* free by sending address on a postal to the publishers, Cooper Union, New York City.

Reuben, Dayton, O. "Alma mater" means "fostering mother."

Owing to our Premium Announcement in this week's issue, we are compelled to postpone till next week the publication of our Sunday School Lesson page, taking up the International lesson for Dec. 17. This is the first omission of the kind for twenty years. The current instalment of the serial story is omitted for the same reason.

Two hundred copies *Columbia's War for Cuba*, formerly sold at $2.00, are now offered at 60 cents, all charges prepaid, by P. B. Bromfield & Co., 4th Ave. and 9th St., New York.

THE LITTLE LAMBS OF PORTO RICO

BY MAJOR-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, U. S. V.

This Eloquent Plea in Behalf of the Little Children of Porto Rico Was the Last Article Ever Penned by the Distinguished Christian Soldier, Who Was the Warmest Friend of the Island People, and Who Governed Them with a Gentleness and Humane Consideration That Won Their Undying Love. Gen. Henry Sent it to "The Christian Herald" Only a Few Days Before His Death.

PORTO RICO is something over 150 miles long and about 50 miles wide as the crow flies. It is a beautiful landscape with not an ugly spot. The low flatlands run from the sea-coast of the Atlantic Ocean, or the Caribbean Sea, and gradually rise toward the mountain range which extends along the centre of the island. This flat or gradually rising ground extends back about six miles on the south, or Caribbean side, and about ten on the north or Atlantic coast side; and on this land are cultivated tropical plants, bananas, oranges, sugar-cane, pineapples, and fine grasses for feeding the numerous cattle. The mountains are covered with beautiful trees and verdure, and through the many canons flow fine streams of water which in the rainy season become torrents, and carry death and disaster in their progress to the sea.

The emblem of the island is the lamb, and, like the lamb, the people are gentle and easily led. They are anxious to work and not to beg. They came to us loyally, and have given us no trouble, and we should do our best for them. The better class live and dress like ourselves. They have homes well furnished, but lacking those sanitary arrangements and comforts essential to a properly built home, all of which the Latin race do not appreciate as fully as we do. The food of this class is, for the early meal, coffee and bread; for breakfast at noon, coffee, vegetables, eggs, meats, fruits and *dulces*, or sweets. The night meal is about the same. They are great meat-eaters, it being cooked in various ways. The objection to the meat, for an American, is that, having no place to keep beef after being killed, it has to be put in the pot in a hot, quivering condition: and I believe this made many an American soldier ill.

The poorer classes, who are in the immense majority in cities, are packed in the lower parts of buildings like sardines in a box, the conditions most unsanitary, and worse than any of our poorest neighborhoods. The men of this class wear a shirt and trousers, the women a sack and petticoat, the younger children, nature's garb. Their food is the banana, bread, and cod fish, and of the latter large quantities are shipped to the island. The places of living of the poorest in the country are miserable huts or "shacks," made of the bark of trees and matted grasses. Beds are made of poles raised from the ground, and in rainy weather the water inundates the occupants. The Spanish had imposed taxes on everything, so that food was very high, and almost out of the reach of the poor. The absence of meat is shown by the anæmic or bloodless condition and appearance of the poor. Upon rum, which was cheap (only about half a cent a glass), no tax was imposed, and this cheapness was a curse to the island.

THE LATE GEN. GUY V. HENRY

If cleanliness is next to godliness, the Porto Ricans ought to be godly, so far as washing clothes go, for the streams are lined daily by women washing garments. In the use of water they are economical; a glassful suffices for all purposes.

Only about fourteen per cent. can read and write, and while schools existed on paper, practical results, similar to our own, were not found. The children had no amusements; their life was a serious one. A boy worked as soon as he could toddle, and the girls became women or mothers at or near twelve years of age. The natives do not appreciate a joke; they smile, but lack a hearty American laugh. They gamble, and cock-fight. The boys I saw flying kites, with knives at the tail so as to cut the kite-string of others.

The children are bright, and upon their proper education our success will depend. They are the Latin seeds, to be nurtured into American fruit. At Ponce, an assembly of seven hundred children when asked what they wanted for Christmas, staggered us by their quick reply, "**Send us teachers!**" We opened our eyes to what would be expected from the American. It was to be "the white man's burden," to lift these children to a higher plane and teach them the best ways of the white man, and thus to be better men and women for God's work.

The climate is enervating. One loses flesh and cannot work. The siesta, or mid-day rest, is essential, and but for the cool breezes which prevail in summer, the heat would be intolerable. In winter, the thermometer does not go below 70°, and in the months of December, January, February and perhaps March, the climate is superb. With proper facilities, the island will be some day the winter resort for the United States.

As to morals, they are not so bad as might be expected from the tutelage they have been under for hundreds of years; and, as a Porto Rican aptly remarked to me, "There are just as bad people in the United States as we, and they have been taught better ways."

The faith of the gentle people of Porto Rico certainly has been shaken in the Americans by the condition of the island, with a heavy custom tariff, no markets for their crops, and no investment of capital. This faith in improved and better conditions under the American government—as compared with their former one—would have been entirely destroyed but for our generous response in giving prompt aid, by food and money, to the sufferers from the recent tornado; and but for this thousands would have died.

I want to say right here that **the work done by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was grand, and every cent given by its readers was in a noble cause.** When I read in its columns, from time to time, the small amounts given by the poor—"the widow's mite, in Christ's name"—it greatly touched me, and this went further to teach me the real nobility of the gift and its Christian donor than any words of mine can express. As the late Governor-General of Porto Rico, and attached to the people as I am, I gratefully thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and those who contributed in the Christian cause.

One condition which caused trouble was the impossibility, in translating an order, of conveying the idea from English into Spanish. In closing one of my orders enforcing morality of action, I wrote "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." When this came to the translation there was no such word in the Spanish vocabulary as "righteousness" and it was translated "homade" (honesty) or "justicia" (justice). While righteousness includes honesty and justice—the greater the lesser—they do not convey to the American mind "righteousness," or freedom from sin. It is not to be wondered that a nation whose vocabulary does not contain the word "righteousness" should be so remiss in its teachings of others. This is one of our burdens: to teach them righteousness, and that honesty and not dishonesty is the best policy. This is what expansion means to the white man; non-expansion means a failure to carry out God's kingdom on this earth. The customs of four hundred years cannot be changed in as many days, but with a careful official supervision, and the example of the best Americans on the island, the people of Porto Rico will soon be fitted for a proper form of self-government. The better element of the population is as reformed and educated as its corresponding class in the United States, and will be of great assistance in the political and commerical redemption of the island. Governing Porto Rico on these lines, and those of honesty, justice and morality, it is certain that in a few years a successful colonial possession will be ours, and with it, a prosperous, loyal and contented people.

GUY V. HENRY,
Brigadier Gen. U. S. Army; late Maj. Gen. U. S. Vols. and Governor of Porto Rico.

LITTLE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT PHOTOGRAPHER, FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

The New Earth

—OR—

THE WORLD AS IT WILL BE

A New Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text II. Peter 3: 13, ... | A new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness

DOWN in the struggle to make the world better and happier we sometimes get depressed with the obstacles to be overcome and the work to be accomplished. Will it not be a tonic and an inspiration to look at the world as it will be when it has been brought back to paradisaical condition? So let us for a few moments transport ourselves into the future and put ourselves forward in the centuries, and see the world in its rescued and perfected state, as we will see it if in those times we are permitted to revisit this planet, as I am sure we will. We all want to see the world after it has been thoroughly gospelized and all wrongs have been righted. We will want to come back, and we will come back, to look upon the refulgent consummation toward which we have been on larger or smaller scale toiling. Having heard the opening of the orchestra, on whose strings some discords traveled, we will want to hear the last triumphant bar of the perfected oratorio. Having seen the picture as the painter drew its first outlines upon canvas, we will want to see it when it is as complete as Reuben's "Descent from the Cross," or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Having seen the world under the gleam of the star of Bethlehem, we will want to see it when, under the full shining of the Sun of Righteousness, the towers shall strike twelve at noon.

There will be nothing in that coming century of the world's perfection to hinder our terrestrial visit. Our power and velocity of locomotion will have been improved infinitely. It will not take us long to come here, however far off in God's universe heaven may be. The Bible declares that such visitation is going on now. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" Surely, the gates of heaven will not be bolted, after the world is Edenized, so as to hinder the redeemed from descending for a tour of inspection and congratulation and triumph.

The exact date of the world's moral restoration I cannot foretell. It may be that through mighty awakenings it will take place in the middle of the nearby twentieth century. It may be at the opening of the twenty-first century, but it would not be surprising if it took more than one hundred years to correct the ravages of sin which have raged for six thousand years. The chief missionary and evangelistic enterprises were started in this century, and be not dismayed if it takes a couple of centuries to overcome evils that have had full swing for sixty centuries. I take no responsibility in saying on what page of the earthly calendar it will roll in, but God's eternal veracity is sworn to it that it will roll in: and as the redeemed in heaven do as they please, and have all the facilities of transit from world to world, you and I, my hearer or reader, will come and look at what my text calls "A new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

I imagine that we are descending at that period of the world's complete gospelization. There will be no peril in such a descent. Great heights and depths have no alarm for glorified spirits. We can come down through chasms between worlds without growing dizzy, and across the spaces of half a universe without losing our way. Down and farther down we come. As we approach this world we breathe the perfume of illimitable gardens. Floralization that in centuries past was here and there walled in, lest reckless and dishonest hands pluck or despoil it, surges its billows of color across the fields and up the hillsides, and that which was desert blossoms as the rose. All the foreheads of crag crowned with flowers; the feet of the mountains slippered with flowers. Oh! this perfume of the continents, this aroma of hemispheres. As we approach nearer and nearer we hear songs and laughter and hosannas, but not one groan of distress, not one sob of bereavement, not one clank of chain.

Alighted on the redeemed earth, we are first accosted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, who proposes to guide and show us all that we desire to see. Without his guidance we would lose our way, for the world is so much changed from the time when we lived in it. First of all, he points out to us a group of abandoned buildings. We ask this spirit of the twenty-first century, "What are those structures whose walls are falling down and whose gates are rusted on the hinges?" Our escort tells us: "Those were once penitentiaries filled with offenders, but the crime of the world has died out. Theft and arson and fraud and violence have quitted the earth. People have all they want, and why should they appropriate the property of others, even if they had the desire? The marauders, the assassins, the buccaneers, the Herods, the Nana Sahibs, the ruffians, the bandits are dead, or, transformed by the power of the Christian religion, are now upright and beneficent and useful."

After passing on amid columns and statues erected in memory of those who have been mighty for goodness in the world's history, the highest and the most exquisitely sculptured those in honor of such as have been most effectual in saving life or improving life, rather than of those renowned for destroying life, we come upon another group of buildings that must have been transformed from their original shape and adapted to other uses. "What is all this?" we ask our escort. He answers: "Those were almshouses and hospitals, but accuracy in making, and prudence in running, machinery of all sorts have almost abolished the list of casualties, and sobriety and industry have nearly abolished pauperism, so that those buildings, which once were hospitals and almshouses, have been turned into beautiful homes for the less prospered; and if you will look in you will see the poorest table has abundance, and the smallest wardrobe luxury, and the harp, waiting to have its strings thrummed, leaning against the piano, waiting for its keys to be fingered.

"Hospitals and almshouses must have been a necessity once, but they would be useless now. And you see all the swamps have been drained. The sewerage of the great towns has been perfected. And the world's climate is so improved that there are no pneumonias to come out of the cold, or rheumatisms out of the dampness, or fevers out of the heat. Consumptions banished. Pneumonias banished. Diphtheria banished. Ophthalmia banished. Neuralgias banished. As near as I can tell from what I have read, our atmosphere of this century is a mingling of the two months of May and October of the nineteenth century."

But I say to our escort: "Did all this merely happen so? Are all the good here spontaneously good? How did you get the old shipwrecked world afloat again, out of the breakers into the smooth seas?" "No, no," responds our twenty-first century escort. "Do you see those towers? Those are the towers of churches, towers of reformatory institutions, towers of Christian schools. Walk with me, and let us enter some of these temples." We enter, and I find that the music is in the major key, and none of it in the minor. Gloria in Excelsis rising above Gloria in Excelsis. Tremolo stop in the organ not so much used as the trumpet stop. More of Ariel than of Naomi. More chants than dirges. Not a thin song, the words of which no one understands on the lip of a soloist, but mighty harmonies that roll from outside door to chancel and from floor to groined rafter, as though Handel had come out of the eighteenth century into the twenty-first, and had his foot on the organ pedal, and Thomas Hastings had come out of the early part of the nineteenth century into the twenty-first, and were leading the voices. Music that moves the earth and makes heaven listen.

I ask again of the interpreter: "Has death been banished from the world?" The answer is, "No, but people die now only when the physical machinery is worn out, and they realize it is time to go, and that they are certainly and without doubt going into a world where they will be infinitely better off and are to live in a mansion that awaits their immediate occupancy." "But how was all this effected?" I ask our escort. Answer: "By floods of Gospel power. You who lived in the nineteenth century never saw a revival of religion to be compared with what occurred in the latter part of the twentieth and the early part of the twenty-first century. The prophecy has been fulfilled that 'a nation shall be born in a day'; that is, ten or twenty or forty million people converted in twenty-four hours. In our church history we read of the great awakening of 1857, when five hundred thousand souls were saved; but that was only a drop of the coming showers that since then took into the kingdom of God everything between the Atlantic and the Pacific, between the Pyrenees and the Himalayas."

As you and I see in this terrestrial visitation of the coming centuries that the church has, under God, accomplished so much, we ask our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, to show us the different kinds of churches. So we are taken in and out of the churches of different denominations, and we find that they are just as different in the twenty-first century as they were different in the nineteenth, when we worshiped in them. There is unity in them as to the great essentials of salvation. But we enter the Baptist church, and it is baptismal day, and we see the candidates for membership immersed. And we go into a Presbyterian church, and see a group of parents around the baptismal font holding up their children for the christening. And we enter the Episcopal church, and hear the solemn roll of her liturgies, and her ministers are gowned and surpliced. And we enter the Lutheran church, and we hear in the sermon preached the doctrines of the greatest of German reformers. And we go into the Methodist church just in time to sit down at a love feast, and give audible "Amen" when the service stirs us. At least fifty kinds of churches in the twenty-first century, as there were one hundred and fifty different kinds of churches in the nineteenth century.

As in company with our escort we pass down from the heights on which these buildings stand, I see a dismounted cannon planted on the side of the hill, and I go to examine it, and I read the inscription, cut in letters of bronze: "This is the last gun that was fired in the last battle of the last war that will ever be fought. Presented by the last regiment of war just before disbanding. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men." Then I look up, and our escort says: "Do you see that large structure on our right? That was a fortress, but now it is a college, and instead of guns aiming out of the port-holes are looking the students of a higher literature and a wiser science and a grander civilization than the world ever before imagined. And those students are taught by a professorate of men as renowned for piety as for science. Archæologist's hammer, and geologist's crowbar, and chemist's laboratory, and explorer's journey, have joined in a confirmation of the truth of the Holy Scriptures until there is not an unbeliever in all the earth. The astronomer through his telescope has seen the Morning Star of the Redeemer, and the geologist has found the Rock of Ages, and the geometrician has demonstrated that heaven is the city which "lieth four square, and the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

"What!" I say to our escort, "no sceptics? No infidels? No agnostics?" His reply is: "Absolutely none. The last fool who 'said in his heart there is no God' was buried a half century ago, without any liturgical service, although perhaps a quartet of unbelievers may have stood around the casket and sung a verse or two out of the closing of Poe's 'Raven':

"'Prophet still, if bird or devil!
Only this, and nothing more.'"

In response to my question as to what had wrought all this change—obliterated all the evil and fully inaugurated all the good—our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, tells me that gospelization had directly or indirectly done it. It was a practical Gospel that not only changed the heart, but made the man honest. A practical religion, which did not expend all its energy in singing "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," but gave something to make it fly.

The good work was helped on by the fact that it became a general habit among millionaires and multi-millionaires to provide churches and schools and institutions of mercy, not to be built after the testators were dead, but built so that they might be present at the laying of the corner-stone and at the dedication, and leave less inducement for the heirs at law to prove in orphans' court that when the testators made their last will and testament they were crazy. The telegraphic wires in the air, and the cables under the sea, thrill with Christian invitation. Phonographs charged with Gospel sermons stand in every neighborhood. The five thousand million of the world's inhabitants in that century are five thousand million disciples.

"But," I say to our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, "you have shown us much of the world emparadised, but what about international conditions? When we lived on earth it was a century that bled with Marengo, and Chalons, and Lodi-Bridge, and Lucknow, and Solferino, and Leipsic, and Waterloo, and San Juan." Our escort replies: "Come with me to this building of white marble and glittering dome." As we pass up and on we are taken into a room where the mightiest and best representatives of all nations are assembled to settle international controversies. As we enter I hear the presiding officer opening the Council of Arbitration, reading the second chapter of Isaiah: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Questions which in our long-past nineteenth century caused quarrel and bloodshed, as when Germany and France were deciding about Alsace and Lorraine, as when the United States and Spain were deciding about Cuba—such questions in this twenty-first century settled in five minutes, one drop of ink doing more than once could have been accomplished by a river of blood.

"But," I say to our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, and you and I say to each other, "we must go home now, back again to heaven. We have stayed long enough on this terrestrial visitation to see that all the best things foretold in the Scriptures, and which we read during our earthly residence, have come to pass, and all the Davidic, Solomonic and Paulinian and Johannean prophesies have been fulfilled, and that the earth, instead of being a ghastly failure, is the mightiest success in the universe. A star redeemed! A planet rescued! A world saved! It started with a garden, and it is going to close with a garden. What a happiness that we could have seen this old world after it was righted and before it burned, for its internal fires have nearly burned out to the crust, according to the geologist, making it easy for the theologian to believe in the conflagration that the Bible predicts. One element taken from the water and that will burn, and another element taken from the air and that will burn, and surrounding planets will watch this old ship of a world on fire and wonder if all its passengers got safely off. Before that planetary catastrophe, hie us back to heaven. Farewell, spirit of the twenty-first century. Thanks for your guidance! We can stay no longer away from doxologies that never end, in temples never closed, in a day that has no sundown. We must report to the immortals around the throne the transformations we have seen, the victories of truth on land and sea, the hemispheres irradiated, and Christ on the throne of earth, as he is on the throne of heaven."

And now you and I have left our escort as we ascend, for the law of gravitation has no power to detain ascending spirits. Up through immensities, and by stellar and lunar and solar splendors, which cannot

be described by mortal tongue, we rise higher and higher, till we reach the shining gate as it opens for our return, and the questions greet us from all sides: "What is the news? What did you find in that earthly tower? What have you to report in this city of the sun?" Prophetic, apostolic, saintly inquiry. And standing on the steps of the House of Many Mansions, we cry aloud the news: "Hear it, all ye glorified Christian workers of all the past centuries! We found your work was successful, whether on earth you toiled with knitting needle, or rung a trowel on a rising wall, or smote a shoe last, or endowed a university, or swayed a sceptre; whether on earth you gave a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, or at some Pentecost preached three thousand souls into the Kingdom. In that world we have just visited the deserts are all abloom, and the wildernesses are bright with fountains. Sin is extirpated. Crime is reformed. Disease is cured. The race is emancipated. 'The earth is full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea.' 'The redeemed of the Lord have come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.' 'The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Let the harpers of heaven strike the glad tidings from the strings of their harps, and the trumpeters put them in the mouth of their trumpets, and the orchestras roll them into the Grand March of the Eternities, and all the cathedral towers of the great capital of the universe chime them all over heaven."

And now I look up and see the casting down of the bejeweled and radiant crowns at the sacred feet of the enthroned Jesus. Missionary Carey is casting down before those feet the crown of India saved. Missionary Judson is casting down the crown of Burmah saved. Missionary Abeel casting down the crown of China saved. David Livingstone casting down at those feet the crown of Africa saved. Missionary Brainerd casting down the crown of this country's aborigines saved. Souls that went up from all the denominations in America in holy rivalry, seeking which could soonest cast down the crown of this continent at the Saviour's feet, and America saved.

But often you and I who were companions in that expedition from heaven to earth, seated on the green bank of the river that rolls through the paradise of God, will talk over the scenes we witnessed in that parenthesis of heavenly bliss, in that vacation from the skies, in our terrestrial visitation—we who were early residents in the nineteenth century, escorted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, when we saw what my text describes as "a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

* * * * *

Mrs. Crossley's Pious Vow

"The Poor Shall Have Their Share"

By AMELIA E. BARR

Which Blessed Four Generations

AMELIA E. BARR

CHARITY gives itself rich, and I am going to relate the true history of a famous living family to prove this axiom. My story begins nearly one hundred years ago, when a young girl, the daughter of a small farmer in the West Riding of Yorkshire, left her home to make her own living. She obtained a situation with a family in the town of Halifax, where she was cook, kitchen-maid and house-maid, besides milking six cows morning and evening, and spinning in spare minutes great quantities of wool, thirty-six hanks to the pound, an achievement in which few could rival her.

No wonder that John Crossley, an industrious and pious carpet-weaver, coveted her for a wife. The girl's father threatened never to speak to her again if she married him, but she took the matter to the Lord in prayer, and the father relented and the marriage took place. In their humble cottage God reigned, and the man gradually raised himself from one position of trust to another, until finally he thought it safe to rent a small wool mill, with a dwelling house attached, and begin business for himself.

. . .

NOT without great fears and misgivings did the prudent wife and mother take possession of her new home. But she was a woman who fed her soul daily on the Bread of Life, and who was so blessed as to believe, without one doubt, every word in the Holy Bible. So, rising while it was yet night, she entered the yard of her new home before four o'clock in the morning, and kneeling down there, with the steadfast stars and the glorious night angels as her witnesses, she vowed this vow unto the Lord her God:

"If thou, O Lord, do bless us at this place, *the poor shall have a share of it*."

It was no secret vow; her husband and sons were told of it, and one and all they accepted it with her, and the youngest of them, when a Baronet and a Member of Parliament, said publicly on one interesting occasion:

"It is to this vow, made with so much earnestness and kept with so much fidelity, that I attribute my father's great success in business. My mother was always looking how best she could keep her vow."

John Crossley died wealthy and greatly respected, but still occupying the same humble home, and his wife lived on to a green old age in the yard where she had made her vow; nor could her sons induce her to remove to a grander mansion. She had been blessed of her God in that place, and she would not leave it. When she died she gave to her sons the obligation of redeeming her vow, and they solemnly and cheerfully accepted it.

. . .

THEY had begun before their mother's death to build gigantic mills, and to greatly extend their business; and the mother's heart feared, until the eldest, speaking for the rest, said: "Never fear, mother. We are well insured."

"But how, my lads?" she asked.

"I'll show thee," was the reply; and he opened the big family Bible and read aloud: "'Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase: so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst with new wine.' Isn't that 'security' good enough, mother?"

"It is that," she answered confidently, "and I warrant that the Lord will do His part if thou doest thine," she added.

"KNEELING DOWN, WITH THE STARS AND NIGHT ANGELS AS WITNESSES"

And every one of her sons have done their part cheerfully. The town is literally full of the monuments of their generosity and their prosperity. Two handsome, spacious almshouses, built and endowed by two of the brothers, provide, in separate apartments, homes and a comfortable living for the sick and helpless poor. Nearby is a beautiful orphanage, and many streets of workmen's dwelling-houses on the very noblest models, the building of which is due to the brother who raised the orphanage. Their benefactions to their "hands" are beyond recalling in this short paper, for they are continuous and always in the last upward movement of the times. Their gifts to chapels, schools, infirmaries, missions, and religious societies of all kinds can not be counted: but of one of their noblest charities which had an American inception, I must speak.

. . .

SOMETIME in the year 1855 one of Mrs. Crossley's sons, with his family, visited America, and one evening at the close of a day's journey he found himself in a neighborhood of great natural beauty. He went out alone to take a walk, just as the sun was setting, and he saw the whole land flooded with an inconceivable glory. He felt the presence and the goodness of God as he had never before done, and his heart was lifted heavenward on a tide of glad and grateful emotion. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me?" he cried, and this question was quickly followed by another, "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" The answer immediately came into his heart, and in the following sentence I copy his own words:

"Thou canst not bring the many thousands in thy native country to see this beautiful place, but thou canst take it to them. It is possible for thee to so arrange art and nature that they shall be within the walk of every working-man and woman in Halifax; that they may go and take their stroll there after their hard day's work, and be able to get home again without being tired."

This seemed to him a glorious thought, and when he went back to the hotel he asked his wife where, in the Bible, these words were to be found: "The rich and the poor meet together and the Lord is the Maker of them all." He prayed that if this scheme was only an idle thought it might be gone from his mind in the morning; but that if it was wise and practicable, he might have no doubt about it. The morning found him without a doubt; and then without hesitation and in the face of many difficulties he went straight forward to accomplish his design. The result is the magnificent People's Park of Halifax, which at a first cost of $150,000 he gave to the town. Since his death there has been erected, by the people of Halifax, a statue of the donor in the park he gave, and above it are these three noble texts:—

"Let no man seek his own but every man another's wealth."

"Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits."

"The rich and the poor meet together."

For nearly a century, unto the third and fourth generations, the vow made by Mrs. Crossley has been faithfully kept, and the blessing of it has been sure. As she warranted, they have done their part, and God has done His. The little mill has grown to mills covering acres, rising story above story in solid grandeur, and giving employment to at least ten thousand workers. The humble home has become a palace; the simple weaving men legislators and nobles, companions and entertainers of princes; and above all, the very name of Crossley has been made so illustrious by its wise and benevolent owners that it is at this day the synonym for all that is judiciously and magnificently beneficent.

How then has this tremendous work of benevolence been regulated and accomplished for generations without a lapse or or a difficulty? It never could have been done with the prudence and regularity which have marked it but for one grand power: systematic giving; the regular setting apart of a definite portion of their income as the share of the poor. Continually and conscientiously, as their wealth increased, they have decided what portion of it was the share of the poor, and have paid it as faithfully as if it had been a bill for machinery or yarns. And this "storing for God," is the very course enjoined in I. Corinthians 16: 2.

. . .

I WISH to notice particularly one fact with regard to the charities of the Crossley family. They have not been done merely as a duty. They have given themselves, their time and their sympathy as well as their money; for doing our duty to the poor is not charity. Let us remember that the word "duty" is only used in the New Testament twice, but that the words "love" or "charity" may be found on nearly every page. Neither is compassion to be called charity. Charity is an attribute of a good and gracious soul; compassion is an animal instinct, one which, in fact, we share with the animal.

They who give unto the poor, lend unto the Lord, and he has promised to pay them again. If the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD like this divine security; if they believe God will keep his part of the engagement, let them begin at once to "give the poor their share." Often we wonder to see the rapid melting away of great fortunes—the fathers die rich and their sons die poor—but the reason may be found in this fact, the salt of charity was wanting in the money and it did not keep. Old Andrew Fuller has the same thought in another form: "Riches make to themselves wings and fly away. To be sure," he adds, "the men who had charge of the riches did not clip the wings of riches with charity."

The Gift of the Roses.

By Mary C. Francis.

AMID the prevailing joyousness, Paul Harrington walked as miserable as the proverbial skeleton at the feast.

The acrid kernel of his secret inner life seemed to expand until it swelled to his own proportions and absorbed within its substance all softer elements. At last it had come to this. For a year he had vibrated between two forces, and though he knew it not, heaven and hell had contended for him. What he did know was that he loved a woman with a soul as white as new-fallen snow, a woman pure and delicate, yet strong of soul. She loved him also—she had told him so—yet, with that unearthly look of renunciation in her eyes, she had said that unless he could give up the wine cup they must go their separate ways.

"We shall be severed wider than the poles," she had said, "unless we can meet on this common ground. Yes, for your sake, for the sake of what you may be to the world, I would have you conquer this habit and give you up, rather than keep you and know you forever enslaved."

He knew she was a saint, an angel on earth, and knowing this, he went straight-way to that fashionable home where ever another woman, beautiful, daintily sarcastic, airily brilliant, awaited him.

"Ah, you are chilled!" she cried. "Here, take this," and so saying, she would hold out to him that destroyer of men's souls and bodies.

He was only a man, and he drank it. Then, having drank it, he repented and began the struggle all over again. He loved the saint, yet the fair temptress had a certain ascendancy over him, and between the two he wavered until his manhood trembled in the balance.

Evening closed in, and a scented cloud of air poured out of a florist's shop; he paused and looked in.

There they were, side by side in the window, great American beauty roses and chaste, spotless lilies, symbolical of the two women whose influences battled for his life. The roses seemed to beckon, but from the pure hearts of the lilies there seemed to emanate a tender, wistful reproach.

"I will end it all," he said to himself. This cannot go on any longer. The lily-woman is cold, spiritual, and I must have the world and the things of the world. Who knows whether it will make any difference in the end, after all!"

He stepped inside and bought two dozen of the roses, superb, long-stemmed blooms, and as their rich fragrance drifted through his senses, his spirits rose. Yes, he had chosen aright. He drew a card from his pocket and hastily scribbled: "With love. Will see you this evening. Yours forever." He thrust the card deep among the roses. "The address, sir?" queried the attendant.

"Ah, Paul! Lucky that I should find you buying just what I want," said a voice at his elbow. He turned. It was his cousin, a woman who went about bringing into darkened lives gleams of sunshine. "Don't deny it," she continued, laughing. "I am a little short of flowers for my hospital, and to see a man who has nothing to do but spend his money getting just what I should choose is quite too good an opportunity to be missed."

"Right, as usual, cousin," he responded gallantly. Then the old mood of bitterness suddenly possessed him again, and he added gloomily: "I can only hope that the recipient will get more pleasure out of them than I have in buying them."

"Fie, fie, Paul!" cried the woman. "Why will you miss the secret of happiness when you might have it for nothing? Come to the hospital to-morrow and go with me to whoever may be the fortunate one to receive these exquisite roses, and I will show you such joy on a narrow pallet that you will be initiated into the great secret of life—always to find something to be thankful for."

"Thank you; hospitals are not in my line. Not that I do not believe you in a way. But until I have to go there myself and be so fortunate as to have you for my nurse I think I shall choose my club. Are you going up the avenue? I will carry your parcels for you."

"The address, sir?" again asked the waiting attendant.

"St. Mary's Hospital, care of Sister Mercedes," said the woman, in reply to his look. You will send them to-night?"

"Yes, madam," replied the obsequious servitor.

They walked up the avenue together. He had forgotten the card.

"HAD FELL ON HIS KNEES BY THE SIDE OF THE [illegible]"

* * *

It was midnight in St. Mary's Hospital. In one of the cots lay a woman who was a mystery to the officials. She had been brought in late in the afternoon, the victim of a street accident. The hospital [illegible] her over to the tender mercies of the nurse. The beauty and evident refinement of the woman had attracted the attention of Sister Mercedes, and when a quantity of exquisite flowers had come earlier in the evening, she had taken a magnificent [illegible] her senses," she had said.

[illegible] seemed to deepen. About midnight the eyes of the silent occupant of the cot opened and she looked up vaguely. Only a wax taper burned, dimly revealing the watchful figure of Sister Mercedes. The eyes that rested on her were vacant; they held no knowledge in their depths.

The nurse approached her and spoke softly, bearing in her arms the roses. "You are better now. See these flowers. They have been sent you by a friend."

The eyes of the half-awakened patient turned inquiringly upon the roses, and a faint gleam came into them.

"How beautiful," she said slowly. "But I do not understand. Why am I here? Who sent them?"

"Never mind," replied the nurse, gently. "You will soon be well. All you have to do is to look at the flowers and rest."

As she spoke she lifted the fragrant burden closer to her, and out of their glowing, sumptuous hearts there fell a card. The weak fingers of the sick woman felt for it. "Hold the candle for me, please," she said. When she did so the woman gave one look at the name, and cried out faintly, "Ah!" in a voice that thrilled. Then, recovering herself quickly, she grasped the nurse by the sleeve and said: "Oh, send for him—will you not?"

And the nurse, knowing that her patient would recover now, gladly assented, and with tears of joy streaming down her cheeks the unknown pressed the roses tightly to her heart and fell into a light slumber as easily as a child.

The messenger found him in the gray hours of the early morning, as he was returning from his club.

When they permitted him to go to her, after cautioning him not to excite her, he was trembling, for he knew now that she had barely escaped death. He fell on his knees by the side of the cot, not daring to speak; but she smiled and laid her hand on his head.

"I could not keep the engagement with you last evening," she said, with a faint effort to smile; "but will this do as well? I know now that you have made your final resolve."

He lifted a pale face whereon shone the light of a new manhood, and replied: "I thank God that the engagement is kept here. I am not only yours forever," he added, earnestly, "but we will be one, in the purpose of our lives."

* * *

Pretty Feminine Customs

Social Life in the Land of the Chrysanthemum

Quaintest of Costumes

THE Japanese woman has been called "the crown of the charm of the Mikado's empire"—quiet, gentle, undemonstrative, with a pretty propriety of demeanor, a pleasing, smiling face and the heart of a child. Usually she can read and write a little, play the *samisen*, preside at tea-parties, and train flowers. She usually marries quite early. The wife lives in seclusion and is addressed as *O-Ku-Sama* ("the honorable lady of the house"). At the present time the question whether the beautiful native costume—the *kimono* and *hoso-obi* (dress and sash)—shall be superseded by that of the foreigner, is uppermost in the feminine mind. Christianity in recent years has found many adherents among Japanese women.

[illegible] A MORNING GREETING PLAYING AT KOKKWEIKI RESTING BY THE WAYSIDE BRINGING BREAKFAST

Beautiful QUEEN WILHELMINA of Holland, and Her Efforts in Behalf of the World's Peace . .

MRS. BIRD, Mother of the Bowery Boys, and Her Rescue Work Among New York Tenement Children

A ROYAL PEACE ANGEL

A LIFE OF LOYAL SERVICE

IF THERE is one woman in all the world who has come prominently before the eyes of the nations during the year, it has been Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. This young ruler filled the important role of hostess to a gathering without a parallel in modern times and probably the most august assemblage in Europe during the present century. By all accounts, she discharged this function to perfection, her charming manner and fresh, youthful loveliness winning every heart. Possibly there was never a more picturesque function than that in which she welcomed her guests to her capital at The Hague, or that in which she bade them godspeed when the Chinamen, Persian, Japanese, Siamese and Turk vied with American, Briton, Frenchman, Spaniard, Russian and German in honoring a Christian queen. Possibly, too, on these occasions Wilhelmina performed, if unconsciously, a double office; her character and position, her power, intellect and culture, combined with her freedom and gracious hospitality must have been a forceful object lesson to representatives of countries where woman has been virtually a slave.

Queen Wilhelmina has lately supplemented her role of royal entertainer of the Peace Congress in a way that has won universal admiration. Whatever may be said of the sincerity of other monarchs in their protestations, it is at least true of the Queen of Holland that she has proven her belief that "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance." When it became apparent that war in the Transvaal was imminent, she pleaded eloquently and with a royal dignity for the intervention of the great powers who, cold and unheeding, seemed to have forgotten the declarations and resolutions which were passed with such unanimity in the quaint old "House in the Wood." When war was seen to be unavoidable, no one was so energetic as she in making arrangements to help the wounded among her compatriots in the African struggle, her heart naturally going out sympathetically to them. Queen Dowager Emma does not deserve the charge which has been brought against the feminine heads of reigning houses, of being a royal match-maker. There has certainly been no haste in choosing a husband for Wilhelmina, a matter which she has assured her counselors would be within her own discretion.

Holland, however, has too much at stake in the marriage of Queen Wilhelmina not to entertain a lively interest and an influential voice in her selection of a life partner. It has been frequently said that Hollanders think no man, however great a prince, quite good enough for the beloved Queen. Prince William of Wied, her cousin, has been spoken of with most authority as the suitor who, for reasons of state as well as because of his personal worth, would be most acceptable to her subjects as the Queen's Consort, and it has been said that the Queen would be following the dictates of her own heart, as she has said she would, in conferring her hand upon Prince William. Whoever her choice may be, the world hopes that the Prince Consort of Holland will be as helpful to his wife in the furtherance of good works as was the Prince Consort of England to another queen whom all the world reveres.

QUEEN WILHELMINA

Our photograph on this page was procured specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from the royal photographer at Amsterdam, and is, therefore the very latest portrait of Queen Wilhelmina, the "Royal Peace Angel," whose noble efforts in behalf of the abandonment of war have won her the love of God's people everywhere.

MANY of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by their generous gifts, have allied themselves very closely to the work of the East Side Gospel Settlement in Clinton Street, New York. The heart of the Settlement is in its social influence, and the one desire of its founder has been to gain the confidence of the parents of the children, who swarm about the Settlement door day and night. The Home is the one spot where they always find an atmosphere of peace and love. For years our country has permitted an excessive immigration, which has brought to New York the worst element from all the nations of the earth. It is the strong and thrifty who pass on to Western homes; it is generally the sickly, the indolent, the criminal who hide away in the alley ways and courts of our East Side. Here, in dark, smoky rooms, sunless and airless, crowded in with dirt and disease, they rear their large families. Out of these dens come all kinds of vice and misery, which if the same existed in heathen lands would soon be met by a band of missionaries. Our Gospel Settlement is situated in the midst of the most congested district, a never-ceasing throng passing its door day and night; thousands of little waifs continually chasing the patrol wagon or ambulance, and wherever and whenever a crowd gathers, their little tired feet must go.

Unless they are now led by some loving handin to paths of purity these children will soon be on the swift road to destruction. I must tell you where the Gospel Settlement first came into existence. My experience in rescue work had shown me the great need of preventive work, and nearly four years ago I thought perhaps if I were to live in the midst of this East Side world I might sow some seed that would save poor homeless children. I rented two rooms in a crowded tenement in Eldridge street. A young friend who taught the kindergarten in the Bowery Mission made her home with me. Our thought was to investigate the upper stories of our house. Without any delay, we invited everybody from "all sorts and conditions" into our little rooms. The mother, with a big family of little ones, would run up from her dark basement to ask our advice on all occasions of household struggles. One night a tap came on our door, and her face appeared, saying: "Would youse come down and show my boys how to make a prayer before they go to bed, for I'se forgotten my prayers long ago."

Next morning a young woman was taken suddenly ill in a little furnished hall room. I had now seen enough to show me where my life should be spent and, putting my Bible and Gospel songs on my little pine table, I said, "This shall be the beginning of a Gospel Settlement." It was indeed but a grain of mustard seed, but it has become a "tree," in the form of an old-fashioned house, so that the street children come and "lodge in the branches thereof." Our photographer gives you a glimpse of our little back yard, which the children call "Our King's Garden." We have an order of "King's Children" to whom the spot seems the dearest on earth. The young girls in our kindergarten represent a large class in training for domestic work: bed-making, washing, sweeping, setting the family table, etc.

Could our kind friends spend a night in our Settlement they would see how impossible it is to adequately describe it. We need better equipment for our work, and if every reader would send a mite to us through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, our needs would be abundantly supplied.

SARAH J. BIRD.

MRS. BIRD'S TRAINING CLASS FOR DOMESTIC WORKERS

"THE KING'S CHILDREN" IN THE CLINTON ST. SETTLEMENT, NEW YORK

AROUND THE WORLD WITH AUNT SAMANTHA

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I HAD felt, since I first hearn on't, that I ort to go to Paris to the Exposition. I knowed I ort not to hurt the feelin's of France by slightin' 'em. Of course France knew that I had been in the habit of 'tendin'

"DOROTHY WAS A SWEET YOUNG GIRL."

such things, and it wuz no more than nateral for 'em to feel hurt if I didn't pay no attention to their doin's, and I knew that there wuz always enough that stood ready to make trouble, and if I didn't go, to twit 'em on't, and mebby tell 'em I felt above 'em.

Of course I had been out of patience with 'em when France wuz up on trial before Dreyfus and the world, and it beats all how much that jury of thiern made me think of how we used to play funeral at the old Risley schoolhouse. One of the children stretched out on a board as a body, covered with a shawl, and the others mournin' under their ma's long aprons put on for veils.

Good land! France knew Dreyfus wuzn't guilty just as well as we knew the corpse wuzn't dead. And it madded me to hear it go on. I have been dretful provoked at America time and agin, but that never hendered me tendin' her big fairs, etc. But I hated to set off agin on a tower; I hated to like a dog; and I don't spoze that I should have got started at all if it hadn't been for what took place in our family. Our son, Thomas Jefferson, and his wife, Maggie, have been wadin through a sea of trouble. He down with inflamatory rumatiz so a move or jar of any kind, a fly walkin' over the bed-clothes, would most drive him crazy; and she with nervious prostration, brought on I spoze by nussin' her pardner and her youngest boy, Thomas Josiah (called Tommy), through the measles, that had left him that spindlin' and weak-lunged that the doctor said that the only thing that could tone up his system and heal his lungs and save his life would be a long sea voyage. And there could be no waitin' for the Exposition, for he had got to be got away from the cold fall blasts of Jonesville to once. Oh! how I felt when I heard that ultimatum and realized his danger, for Tommy wuz one of my favorites. Grandparents ort not to have favorites, but I spoze they will as long as the world turns on its old axletrys.

He looks as Thomas J. did when he wuz his age and I married his pa and took the child to my heart, and got his image printed there so it won't never rub off through time or eternity. Tommy is like his pa and he hain't like him: he has his pa's old ways of truthfulness and honesty, and deep—why good land! there hain't no tellin' how deep that child is. He has got big gray-blue eyes, with long dark lashes that kinder veil his eyes when he's thinkin': his hair is kinder dark too, about the color his pa's wuz, and waves and crinkles some, and in the crinkles it seems as if there wuz some gold wove into the brown. He has got a sweet mouth, and one that knows how to stay shet too: he hain't much of a talker, only to himself: he'll set and play and talk to himself for hours and hours, and though he's affectionate, he's a independent child: if he wants to know anything the the worst kind he will set and wonder about it the calls it wonner). He will say to himself, "I wonner what that means." And sometimes he will talk to Carabi about it—that is a child of his imagination, a invisible playmate he has always had playin' with him, talkin' to him, and I spoze imaginin' that Carabi replies. I have asked him sometimes, "Who is Carabi. I hearn you talkin' to out in the yard? Where duz he come from! How duz he look?"

He always acts shy about tellin', but if pressed hard he will say, "He looks like Carabi, and he comes from right here," kinder [illegible]

"NEVER WOULD HE STIR ONE STEP"

arms round. But he talks with him by the hour, and I declare it has made me feel fairly pokerish to hear him. But knowin' what strange avenoos open on every side into the mysterious atmosphere about us, the strange ether world that bounds us on every pint of the compass, and not knowin' exactly what natives walk them avenoos, I hain't dasted to poke too much fun at him, and 'tennyrate I spozed if Tommy went a long sea-voyage Carabi would have to go too. But who wuz goin' with Tommy? Thomas J. had got independent rich, and Maggie has come into a large property: they had means enough, but who wuz to go with him? I felt the mantilly of responsibility fallin' on me before it fell, and I groaned in sperit—could I, could I agin tempt the weariness and danger of a long trip abroad, and alone at that? For I tackled Josiah on the subject before Thomas J. importuned me, only with his eyes, sad and beseechin' and eloquent. And Josiah planted himself firm as a rock on his refusal.

Never, never would he stir one step on a long sea-voyage, no indeed! he had had enough of water to last him through his life, he never should set foot on any water deeper than the creek, and that wuzn't over his pumps.

"But I cannot see the child die before my eyes, Josiah, and feel that I might have saved him, and yet am I to part with the pardner of my youth and middle age? Am I to leave you, Josiah?"

"I know not!" sez he wildly, "only I know that I don't set my foot on any ship, or any furren shore agin. When I sung 'hum agin from a furren shore' I meant hum agin for good and all, and here I stay."

"Oh dear me!" I sithed "why is it that the apron strings of Duty are so often made of black crape, but yet I must cling to 'em."

"Well," sez Josiah, "what clingin' I do will be to hum: I don't go dressed up agin for months, and hang round tarvens and deepos, and I couldn't leave the farm anyway."

But his mean wuz wild and haggard: that man worships me. But dear little Tommy wuz pinin away: he must go, and

DOROTHY, MISS MEL[illegible]M AND THE MAID ARRIVE

[illegible] nobody but [illegible] grandma would they trust him, and I knew that Philury and Ury could move right in and take care of everything, and at [illegible] I will try to go. Thomas J., I will try to go way off alone with Tommy and leave your [illegible] here my voice choked up and I hurried out to [illegible] some tears and groans that I wouldn't harrow Thomas J. [illegible]th. But strange, strange are the workin's of Providence! wonderful are the ways them apron strings of Duty will be padded and embroidered, strange to the world's people, but not to them that consider the wonderful material they are made of, and how they float out from that vast atmosphere jest spoke on, that lays all round us full of riches [illegible] glory and [illegible] and [illegible] surprises for them that cling to 'em whether or no. Right at this time, as if our sharp distress had tapped the universe and it run comfort, two relations of Maggie's, on their way home from Paris to San Francisco, stopped to see their relations in Jonesville on their own sides.

Dorothy Snow, Maggie's cousin, wuz a

"HE WAS FILING A SAW TO HIDE HIS GROANS"

sweet young girl, the only child of Adonirum Snow, who left Jonesville poor as a rat, went to Californy and died independent rich. She wuz jest out of school, had been to Paris for a few months to take special studies in music and languages; a relation on her ma's side, a kind of gardeen, travelin' with her. Albina Meechim wuz a maiden lady from choice, so she said and Id'no as I doubted it when I got acquainted with her, for she did seem to have a chronic dislike to man, and havin' passed danger herself her whole mind wuz sot on preventin' Dorothy from marryin'.

They come to Maggie's with a pretty, good natured French maid, not knowin' of the sickness there, and Maggie wouldn't let 'em 'go, as they wuz only goin' to stay a few days. They wuz hurryin' home to San Francisco on account of some bizness that demanded Dorothy's presence there. But they wuz only goin' to stop there a few days, and then goin' to start off on another long sea-voyage clear to China, stoppin' at Hawaii on the way. Warm climate! good for measles! My heart sunk as I hearn 'em tell on't. Here wuz my opportunity to have company for the long sea-voyage. But could I — could I take it? Thomas Jefferson gently approached the subject ag'in. Sez he, "Mother, mebby Tommy's life depends on it, and here is good company from your door." I murmured sunthin' about the expenses of such a trip.

Sez he, "That last case I had will more than pay all expenses for you and Tommy, and father if he will go, and," sez he, "if I can save my boy—" and his voice trembled and he stopped.

"But," I sez, "your father is able to pay for any trip we want to take." And he says, "He won't pay a cent for this." And there it wuz, the way made clear, good company provided from the doorstep. Dorothy slipped her soft little white hand in mine and sez, "Do go, Aunt Samantha. May I call you Auntie?" sez she, as she lifted her sweet voylet eyes to mine. She's as pretty as a pink—white complected, with wavy, golden hair and sweet, rosy lips and cheeks.

And I sez, "Yes, you dear little creater, you may call me aunt in welcome, and we be related in a way," sez I.

Sez Miss Meechim, "We shall consider it a great boon if you go with us. And dear little Tommy, it will add greatly to the pleasure of our trip. We only expected to have three in our company."

"Who is the third?" sez I.

"My nephew, Robert Strong. He has been abroad with us, but had to go directly home to San Francisco to attend to his business before he could go on this long trip; he will join us there. We expect to go to Hawaii and the Philippines, and Japan and China, and perhaps Egypt, and on to the Paris Exposition."

"And that will be just what you will enjoy, mother," sez Thomas J.

Sez I, in a strange axent, "I never laid plans for going to China, but," sez I, "I do feel that I would love to see the Empress, Si Ann. There is sunthin' that the widder Heintong ort to know."

Thomas J. asked me what it wuz, but I gently declined to answer, merely sayin' that it was a matter of duty, and so I told Miss Meechim when she asked about it. She is so big feelin' that it raised me up considerable to think that I had business with a Empress. But I answered her evasive, and agin I giv vent to a low groan, and sez to myself, "Can I let the Pacific Ocean roll between me and Josiah? Will Duty's apron string hold up under the strain, or will it break with me? Will it stretch out clear to China? And oh! will my heart strings that are wrapped completely round that man, will they stretch out the enormous length they will have to and still keep hull?" I knew not. I wuz a prey to overwhelmin' emotions, even as I did up my best nightgowns and sheepshead night-caps and sewed clean lace in the neck and sleeves of my parmetty and gray alpaca and got down my hair trunk, for I knew that I must hang onto that apron string no matter where it carried me to. Waitstill Webb come and made up some things I must have, and as preparations went on my pardner's face grew haggard and wan from day to day, and he acted as if he knew not what he wuz doin'. Why, the day I got down my trunk I see him start for the barn with the accordeon in a pan. He sot out to get milk for the calf. He was nearly wild.

He hadn't been so good to me in over four years. Truly, a threatened absence of female pardners is some like a big mustard poultice applied to the manly breast drawin' out the concealed stores of tenderness and devotion that we know are there all the time, but sometimes kep' hid for years and years.

He urged me to eat more than wuz good for me—rich stuff that I never did eat—and bought me candy, which I sarahuptishly fed to the pup. And he follered me round with footstools, and het the soap stun hotter than wuz good for my feet, and urged me to keep out of drafts.

And one day he sez to me with a anxious face:

"If you do go Samanthy, I wouldn't write about your trip—I am afraid it will be too much for you—I am afraid it will tire your head too much. I know it would mine."

And then I say to him in a tender axent, for his devotion truly touched me:

"There is a difference in heads, Josiah."

But he looked so worried that I most promised him I wouldn't try to write about the trip—oh! how that man loves me, and I him visey versey. And so the days passed, little Tommy peleted pimpin', Thomas J. lookin' more cheerful as he thought his ma wuzn't goin' to fail him, Maggie tryin' to keep up and tend to havin' Tommy's clothes fixed; she hated to have him go, and wanted him to go. She and Thomas J. wuz clingin' to that string, black as a coal, and hash feelin' to our fingers. Miss Meechim and Dorothy wuz as happy as could be. Miss Meechim wuz tall and slim and very genteel, and sandy complected, and she confided her rulin' passion to me the first time I see her for any length of time.

"I want Dorothy to be a bachelor maid," sez she. "I am determined that she shall not marry anyone. And you don't know," sez she fervently, "what a help my nephew, Robert Strong, has been to me in protectin' Dorothy from lovers. I am so thankful that he is going with us on this long trip. He is as good as gold and very rich; but he has wrong ideas about his wealth. He says that he only holds it in trust, and he has built round his big manufactory, just outside of San Francisco, what he calls a City of Justice, where his workmen are as well cared for and happy as he is. That is very wrong, I have told him repeatedly. It is breaking down the Scriptures, which teaches the poor their duty to the rich, and gently admonishes the rich to look down upon and guide the poor. How can the Scriptures be fulfilled if the rich lift up the poor and make them wealthy? I trust that Robert will see his mistake in time, before he makes all his workmen wealthy. But, oh, he is such a help to me in protecting Dorothy from lovers." "How duz he protect her?" sez I.

"Oh, he has such tact. He knows just how opposed I am to matrimony in the abstract and concrete, and he has managed gently but firmly to lead Dorothy away from the dangers about her. Now, he don't care for dancing at all; but there was a young man at home who wuz just winning her heart completely with his dexterity with his heels, as you may say. He was the most graceful dancer and Dorothy dotes on dancing. I told my trouble to Robert, and what should that boy do but make a perfect martyr of himself, and after a few lessons danced so much better that Dorothy wuz turned from her fancy. And

(Continued on page 956)

THE PARTING—"AT THE LAST MINUTE I LEANED OUT OF THE CAR WINDER"

"THE HARD-HEARTED ENGINE SNORTED AND PUFFED, AND WE WUZ OFF"

The . . . Bedtime Hour. . .

AROUND THE EVENING LAMP

CONDUCTED BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Man of the House . .

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE sweetest and dearest time in the whole day comes for mother and child when evening shadows gather, and the little one sits on the mother's lap and with tiny hands folded lisps its "Now I lay me down to sleep." It was with the deepest insight and truest wisdom that our dear Lord said to his disciples, "Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven." What are the characteristics of childhood? One is absolute faith in the parents who care for the family. There may be no money in the pocketbook, no food in the pantry, and the father and mother are worried. Not so the child. Food and clothing have always been forthcoming when wanted, and the child plays as usual. The child lives in the present moment, and has no anxiety about the future. Our blessed Lord bids us emulate the child in this, for he tells us that our Heavenly Father knoweth what things we have need of before we ask him. He who cares for the great worlds swinging in their orbits through the vast spaces can and will care for us, however great our need. Let us behave toward our Father as our little ones do to us.

A CHILD'S love is spontaneous. The little one on the mother's lap has no room in her heart for anything but love. Malice, hate, lack of charity, these are not in the sweet nature of a child. Children are very forgiving. We are impatient with them; we are often unfair; we say "no," when we could say "yes;" we nag them and find fault, and "don't" springs to our lips a hundred times a day. "I have counted," said one lady to another, "the number of times you have said 'don't' this morning, and you may be surprised to know that you have said it eighty times." Think of that! Eighty don't's in one nursery, in one morning, to a group of little children!

As a rule, we resent having "don't" said to us, we grown-up people; but not so must our darling little lads and lasses who are under seven, and whose happiness or misery is entirely in our care. They pardon us, come with their kisses and small arms twined around our necks, no matter how cross and unreasonable we are in our dealings with them.

A little child has no doubt that God is able to take care of it all day long. Then too, a little child remembers prayers and hymns and texts, and they sink into its mind and stay there. The bedtime hour should always belong to the mother. She ought not to forego the pleasure of putting her baby into the crib herself. Her face should brood over the little one before sleep sifts down upon the drowsy eyes. Never one angry word at bedtime! Never a punishment then! It is a blunder; it is almost a crime to weave sorrow into a child's bedtime hour. This is the mother's best opportunity for confidences. She may then listen to her child's story of the day; her boys and girls should tell her everything freely and fearlessly, and she may give them advice and counsel and comfort them, but never punishment. If she will begin to pray with her darlings while they are in the nursery, she will not feel timid about doing this when they are older, and life with its trials and temptations is upon them.

THE old familiar "Now I lay me" should be on every child's lips at bedtime. Then, a child may also say

> Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
> Look upon a little child;
> [illegible]
> [illegible]

or

> Jesus loves me, this I know,
> For the Bible tells me so.
> Little ones to him belong;
> They are weak, but he is strong.

In all the wonderful development of children there is nothing more extraordinary than the mental growth which takes place in the first years. Then, indeed, the mind is wax to receive and marble to retain. It is well that this period should be taken by mothers to impress divine truth on the little hearts, and to store the memory with hymns and words of Scripture, that will be treasured in after years, when those who taught them have long passed from earth.

♦

Courtesy in Home Life

People otherwise well-bred permit themselves an uncommon and unjustifiable degree of license in the intercourse of the home. An observer seated in a little park in a Western city for two afternoon hours said: "I saw husbands join their wives with words of tenderness and deeds of grace that made knightly their farmers' garb. Others came with words so rude and tones so brutal that the park seemed to fade into a forest primeval, where primitive man was sheltered in his savagery."

Politeness or the reverse is largely dependent upon habit. When in the household group we suffer ourselves to speak brusquely, to interrupt each other, to indulge in fits of sulky temper, to scold or to vituperate, we are inflicting a wound on the well-being of the home. A good plan for the easily irritated is to speak as politely to home folks as to strangers.

THE family circle is older than the nation; the home is as old as Eden. A real home, where all dwell together in love and confidence, is a type of heaven. About the style of the home it matters little. Home, sweet home, may be in a palace or in a hut. To be perfect in either there are needed people who love one another, and people who are faithful, true and self-denying. Love makes the home. The happy home is filled with contentment. Children are in it, in training for useful maturity. Middle age is there, bearing brave burdens. Dear aged ones, grandfathers, grandmothers, aunts, cousins, friends are there, and all together, full chorded, they strike the anthem of Home!

♦

Prudence Payson's Catch-All

[illegible]

THE BABY'S EVENING PRAYER

[illegible] would probably arrange to sell your embroidery on favorable terms. Nearly all the large cities now carry on a Woman's Exchange. A small percentage is charged on consignments.

—ELEANOR BROWN B. Your Aunt Prudence Payson would not lose her temper with a child or a servant. She has found out that you gain nothing by a loss of self-control. Never speak when you are angry. Try the effect on yourself of entire silence when you are disturbed. It is very tranquilizing.

—W. T. I quite agree with you that it is very absurd for people to hesitate about marrying simply because the husband is two or three years younger than the wife. A trifling difference of that kind does not constitute disparity. Happiness in the married state depends upon congenial qualities and high principle.

ONE day, not long ago, when the early winter darkness had fallen and there was the hint of a cold storm in the air, I [illegible] just in time to be caught in the great rush of people who crowd our New York trains on the elevated and surface lines, and who cross Brooklyn Bridge in the twilight. We speak of the rush hours with reason. You who dwell in quiet, country homes [illegible] nothing of this tremendous and terrible crowd which packs every city conveyance twice a day; once in the morning, when men and women go to their work, and again in the evening when they are returning to their homes.

The crowd bears all before it. Men push and fight as if they were on a battlefield. As I was borne along, as helpless as a chip in a torrent, this thought came to me about the crowd: that it was made up of individuals, each one of whom had his separate loves and hopes and fears, each one of whom was toiling for dear ones and doing his best to keep up a household fire. Working that the pot may boil, working that the chicks may be fed, working that the wife may have a new bonnet and a new gown, that the boys may go to school, that the mortgage may be lifted, that the family may be respectable and respected, too.

Now, the man of the house has his part, and, to give him credit, he does it very well. How hard men work, how few holidays they have, how unselfish they are. What should women do?

For one thing, they should see that the man of the house is well fed. When he comes home, family worries should not be poured into his ear. Don't tell him how naughty Willie has been nor how fretful Louis is.

A very successful lawyer, who has accumulated a fortune, lately told me that he owed his rise in life to the fact that his wife had kept his household moving so smoothly that his meals had always been on time, and he had never had the least anxiety about her share in the home firm.

SPEAKING of the habit which some wives have of greeting the man of the house with complaints of the children's misdoings, I heard a funny little story the other day. Johnnie had been very disobedient, and finally mamma decided to whip him. She turned to get the switch, but Johnnie not only refused to come for her, but ran away, hiding himself under the great mahogany four poster in the spare bedroom. Mamma could not move the bed, and the little culprit refused to come from under its cover. When papa came home, a little later, his wife said, "Dear, I want you to whip Johnnie. He ran from me, and is in the spare room under the bed. He has been a very naughty little boy, and must be well chastised." "All right, my love," said papa, "I'll settle the young man," and so without further dinner he rushed upstairs and threw open the locked door.

A little voice piped up from the darkness under the bed. "Oh, papa, is she after you, too? Come right in here by me."

Johnnie was not whipped that night.

♦

If You Knew

IF you knew that to-morrow
[illegible]
The loss of the mother, the child or the wife,
You would make to-day sweet
With the fullness complete
Of the love which is best in this troublesome life.

No word of swift anger,
No fau't finding clangor
Would break on the peace of your happy estate.
Each heart you would bless
With a tender caress:
Oh, friend, take the warning, ere yet 'tis too late.

To-day with its dower
Of moment and hour,
Is here in your hands, but a last day must dawn:
Make every day glad,
For you'll wish that you had
When the tale is all told and the last day is gone.

The Christian Herald for 1900!

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for 1900, the closing year of the 19th Century, will, in every sense of the word, surpass its very best efforts in the past.

Dr. Talmage will devote much more time than was heretofore possible to the Editorial Management, and in addition to his usual weekly sermon, he will vigorously discuss Momentous Questions of the Day in his own vivid, terse and epigrammatic style.

Dwight L. Moody, the greatest living Evangelist, will take Bible Characters of old and show how they, if alive to-day, would live and act under 19th Century conditions.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the Queen of American Authors, will consider numerous interesting Head and Heart problems for the exclusive benefit of "her dear CHRISTIAN HERALD readers" in the masterly style for which she is deserved famous.

Margaret E. Sangster, ever popular and universally beloved, will continue her Talks to Mothers and Daughters, and the words of wisdom that flow from her pen will be as manna to their souls.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON

Hon. Selah Merrill, American Consul-General in Jerusalem, will throw new light on affairs in the City of Peace, and report the progress of the Zionist Movement, its relation to the Holy Land, and the bearing on Prophecy of the Return to Palestine of its Ancient People, the Jews.

Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts and his talented wife will handle the Sunday School Lesson in an original, helpful, and peculiarly attractive manner, that cannot fail to invest the subject with new life and increased interest, and to aid every Sunday School worker in its more acceptable presentation.

HON. SELAH MERRILL

Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, the worthy son of a noble father, will take for his subjects various phases of Christian Life and Inspire the Believer to the Higher Attainments, and Stimulate Him to Greater Achievements on Spiritual Lines.

John Willis Baer, the General Secretary of the Society of Christian Endeavor, is preparing for our readers a series of notable articles in connection with the Daily Life and Work of Men and Women who Sway Multitudes and Wield World-wide Influence.

JOHN WILLIS BAER

Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, of the King's Daughters and Sons, known the world over as a leader of the highest order, will contribute a series of articles that will charm the reader and Awaken Aspirations Toward Nobler and Better Things.

Her Grace, the **Countess Schimmelmann, Marion Harland, Harriet Prescott Spofford** and others, will discuss "Young Men Who Make the Best Husbands"; while **Bishop Vincent, Dr. Joseph Parker** and **Rev. Thomas Spurgeon** will consider "Young Women Who Make the Best Wives."

"Josiah Allen's Wife" will take all THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers and their families on a Tour Around the World, stopping for a whole month at the Paris Exposition, and will show them the wonders of the world as only **Aunt Samantha** can do it, and she has planned to have us spend a whole year abroad. We leave by way of San Francisco, spend our Christmas in Honolulu, take in the Philippines, Japan, China, India, Ceylon, Africa, etc., returning November 29th, 1900, Thanksgiving Day, to the best land under the sun, just in time for our Thanksgiving Dinner. The delights of the trip will be greatly enhanced by the presence of a young couple who, before the trip is ended, will enter the state of matrimonial bliss, not forgetting, however, to extend to all readers a cordial invitation to attend the wedding.

Gospel Work, the world over, especially new methods of reaching the masses, will be interestingly and accurately described by Missionaries and Correspondents.

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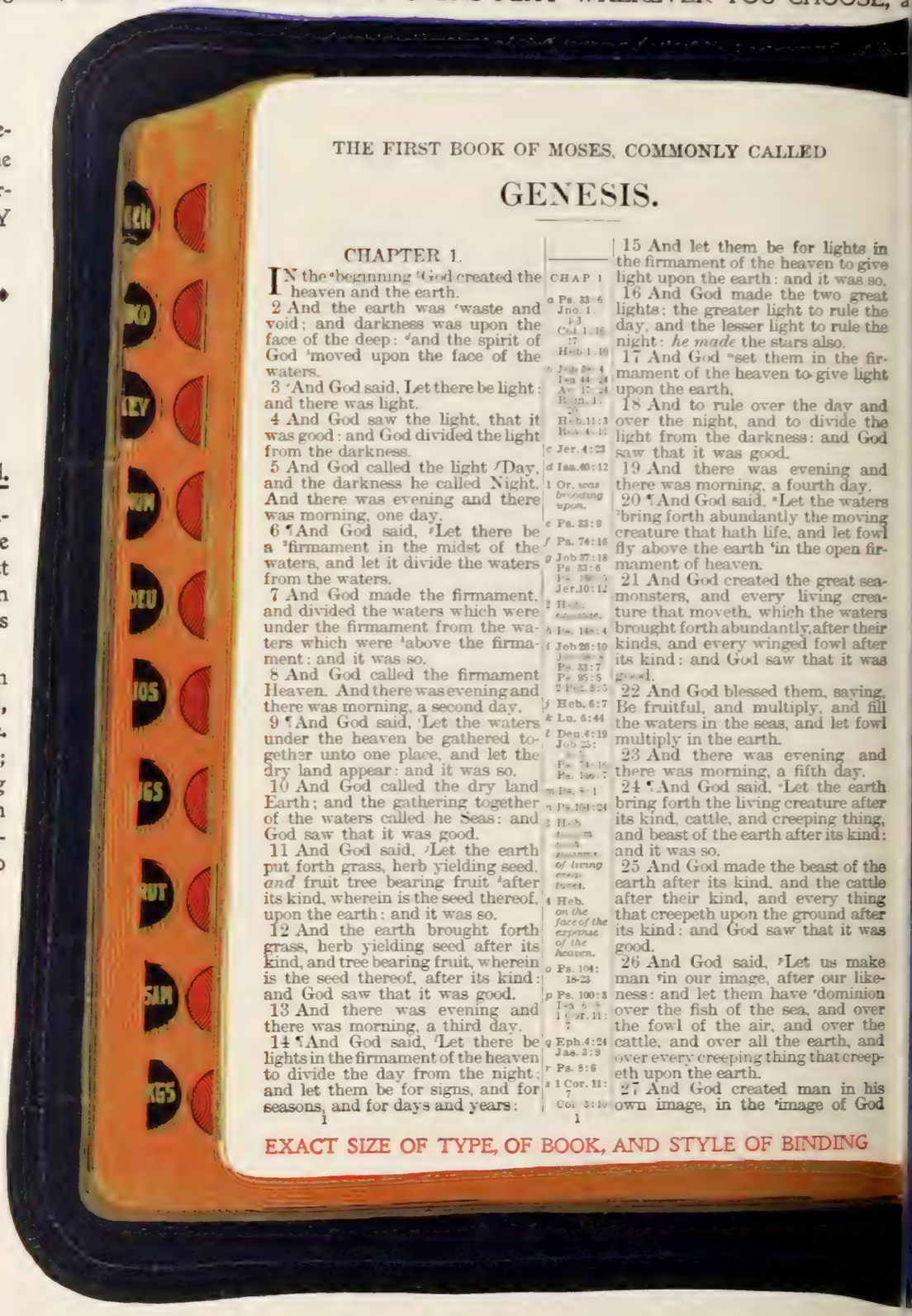

THE FIRST BOOK OF MOSES, COMMONLY CALLED

GENESIS.

CHAPTER 1.

IN the [a]beginning [b]God created the heaven and the earth.
2 And the earth was [c]waste and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep: [d]and the spirit of God [1]moved upon the face of the waters.
3 [e]And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.
4 And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.
5 And God called the light [f]Day, and the darkness he called Night. And there was evening and there was morning, one day.
6 ¶And God said, [g]Let there be a [h]firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.
7 And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were [i]above the firmament: and it was so.
8 And God called the firmament Heaven. And there was evening and there was morning, a second day.
9 ¶And God said, [j]Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.
10 And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good.
11 And God said, [k]Let the earth put forth grass, herb yielding seed, *and* fruit tree bearing fruit [l]after its kind, wherein is the seed thereof, upon the earth: and it was so.
12 And the earth brought forth grass, herb yielding seed after its kind, and tree bearing fruit, wherein is the seed thereof, after its kind: and God saw that it was good.
13 And there was evening and there was morning, a third day.
14 ¶And God said, [m]Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years:
15 And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so.
16 And God made the two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: *he made* the stars also.
17 And God [n]set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth,
18 And to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good.
19 And there was evening and there was morning, a fourth day.
20 ¶And God said, [o]Let the waters [p]bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and let fowl fly above the earth [q]in the open firmament of heaven.
21 And God created the great sea-monsters, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kinds, and every winged fowl after its kind: and God saw that it was good.
22 And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.
23 And there was evening and there was morning, a fifth day.
24 ¶And God said, [r]Let the earth bring forth the living creature after its kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after its kind: and it was so.
25 And God made the beast of the earth after its kind, and the cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the ground after its kind: and God saw that it was good.
26 And God said, [s]Let us make man [t]in our image, after our likeness: and let them have [u]dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.
27 And God created man in his own image, in the [v]image of God

CHAP 1
a Ps. 33:6; Jno. 1:1-3; Col. 1:16, 17; Heb. 1:10
b Job 26:13; Isa. 44:24; Acts 17:24; Rev. 4:11; 10:6; Heb. 11:3; Rev. 4:11
c Jer. 4:23
d Isa. 40:12
1 Or, was brooding upon.
e Ps. 33:9
f Ps. 74:16; Job 37:18; Ps. 33:6; Isa. 40:22; Jer. 10:12
g Heb. expansion.
h Ps. 148:4
i Job 26:10; Ps. 33:7; Ps. 95:5; 2 Pet. 3:5
j Heb. 6:7
k Lu. 6:44
l Deu. 4:19; Job 25:5; Ps. 74:16; Ps. 136:7
m Ps. 8:1
n Ps. 104:24
2 Heb. swarm, abundance of living creatures.
3 Heb. on the face of the expanse of the heaven.
o Ps. 104:18-23
p Ps. 100:3; Isa. 6:3; 1 Cor. 11:7
q Eph. 4:24; Jas. 3:9
r Ps. 8:6
s 1 Cor. 11:7; Col. 3:10

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Authorized Version

For what shall it profit a man, f he shall gain the whole world, nd lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—Mark 8: 36, 37.

A man *that hath* friends must show himself friendly: and there s a friend *that* sticketh closer han a brother.—Proverbs 18: 24.

Blessed *be* the Lord, *who* daily oadeth us *with benefits, even* the God of our salvation.—Ps. 68: 19.

. . . Extol him that rideth upon the heavens.—Psalms 68: 4.

Fools make a mock at sin; but among the righteous *there* s favor.—Proverbs 14: 9.

Authorized Version

. . . All *is* vanity and vexation f spirit.—Ecclesiastes 1: 14.

For thou hast made him a lit- le lower than the angels. —Psalms 8: 5.

. . . *Beware* lest he take thee way with *his* stroke: then a reat ransom cannot deliver hee.—Job 36: 18.

And *that* they may recover hemselves out of the snare of he devil, who are taken captive y him at his will.—II. Timothy 2: 26.

. . . And we hid as it were *our* aces from him; he was despised. —Isaiah 53: 3.

Revised Version

For what doth it profit a man, to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life? For what should a man give in exchange for his life? —Mark 8: 36, 37.

He that maketh many friends *doeth it* to his own destruction: but there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. —Proverbs 18: 24.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burden, even the God who is our salvation. —Psalms 68: 19.

. . . Cast up a highway for him that rideth through the deserts. —Psalms 68: 4.

The foolish make a mock at guilt: but among the upright there is good will.—Proverbs 14: 9.

Revised Version

. . . All is vanity and a striving after wind.—Ecclesiastes 1: 14.

For thou hast made him but little lower than God.—Psalms 8: 5.

. . . Beware lest thou be led away by *thy* sufficiency; neither let the greatness of the ransom turn thee aside.—Job 36: 18.

And they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, having been taken captive by the Lord's servant unto the will of God.—II. Timothy 2: 26.

. . . And as one from whom men hide their face he was despised. —Isaiah 53: 3.

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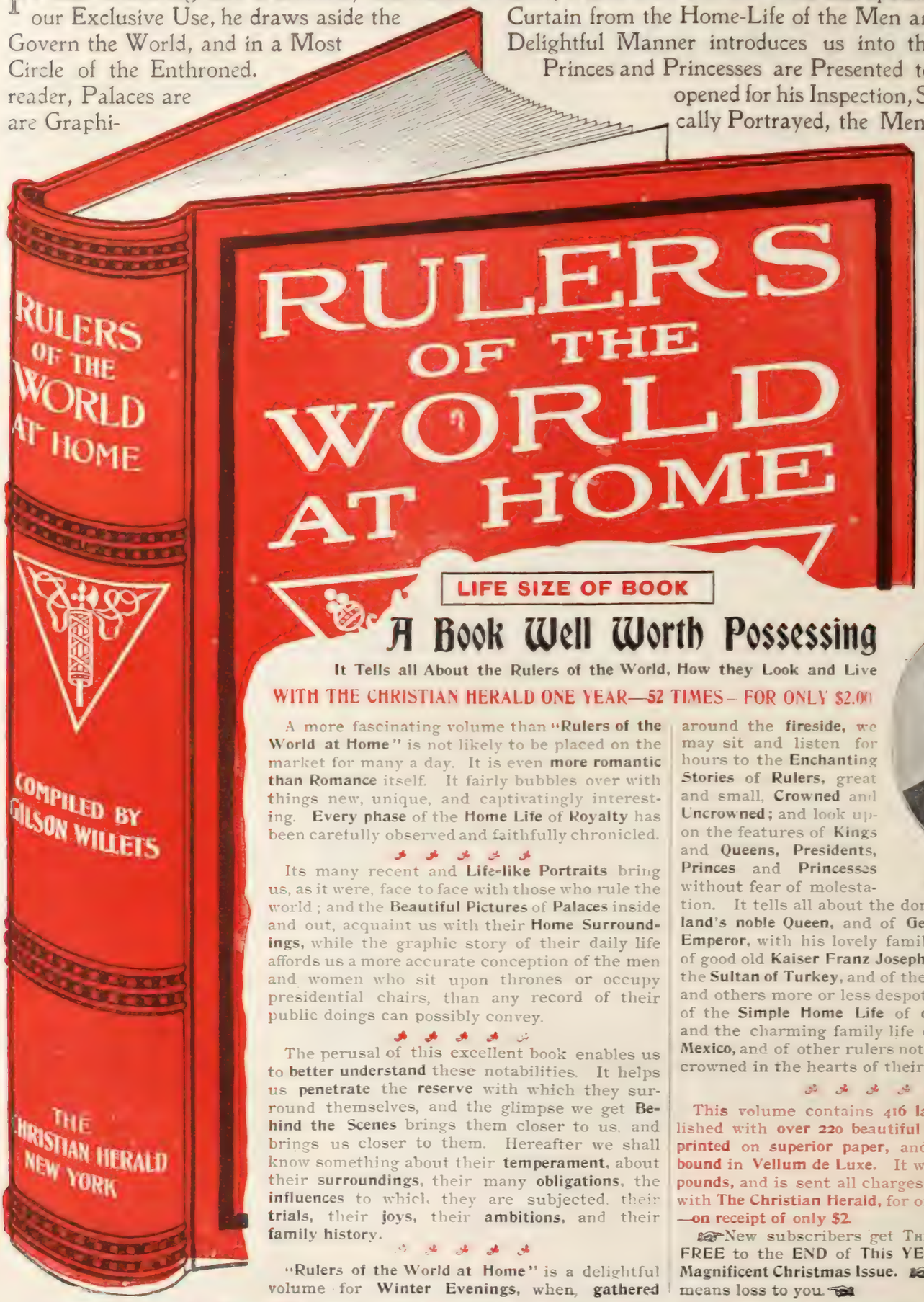

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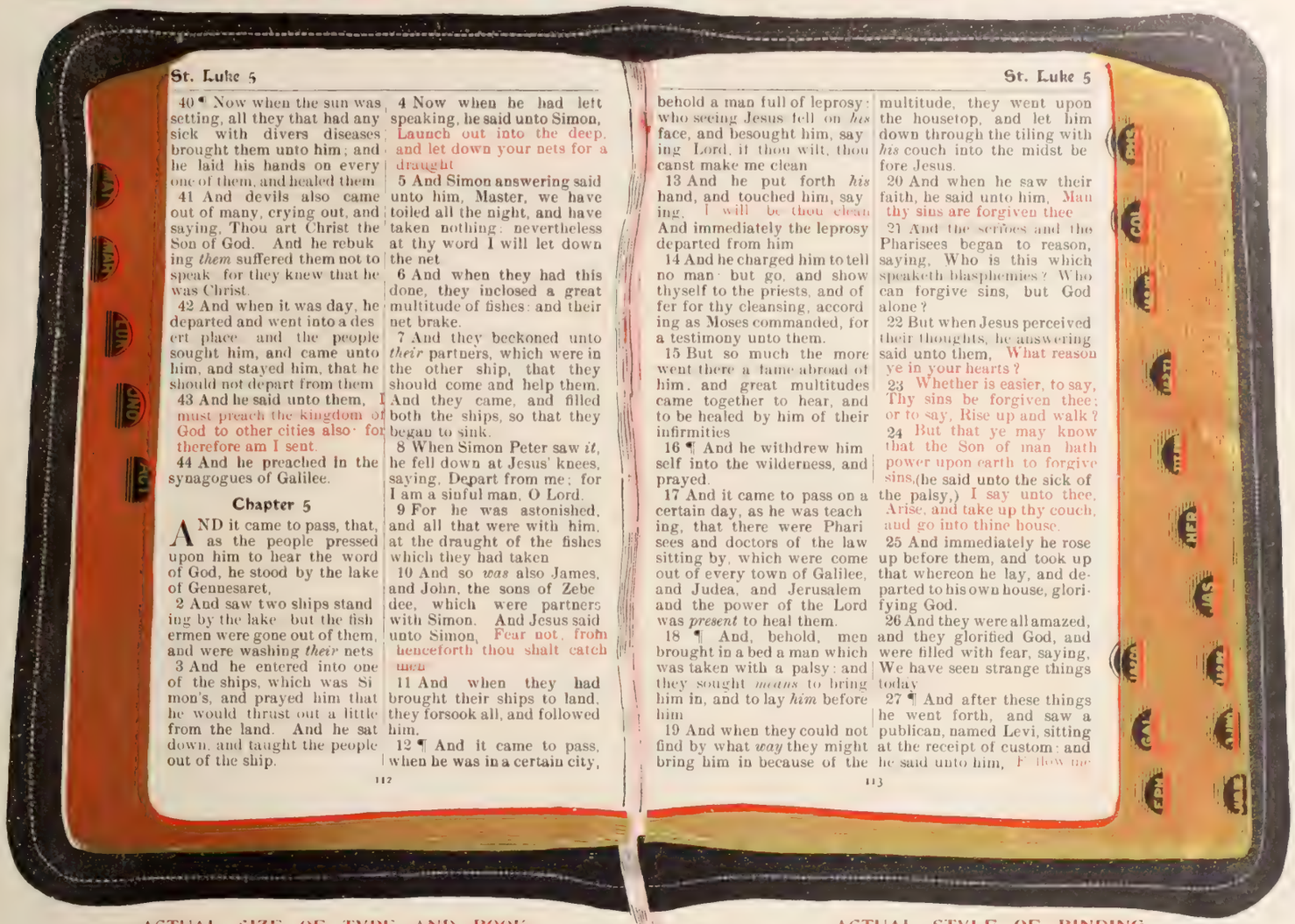
St. Luke 5
40 ¶ Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them
41 And devils also came out of many, crying out, and saying, Thou art Christ the Son of God. And he rebuking *them* suffered them not to speak for they knew that he was Christ.
42 And when it was day, he departed and went into a desert place and the people sought him, and came unto him, and stayed him, that he should not depart from them
43 And he said unto them, I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also for therefore am I sent.
44 And he preached in the synagogues of Galilee.
Chapter 5
AND it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God, he stood by the lake of Gennesaret,
2 And saw two ships standing by the lake but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing *their* nets
3 And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And he sat down, and taught the people out of the ship.
4 Now when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught
5 And Simon answering said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net
6 And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake.
7 And they beckoned unto *their* partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink.
8 When Simon Peter saw *it*, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.
9 For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken
10 And so *was* also James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men
11 And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him.
12 ¶ And it came to pass, when he was in a certain city,
112
St. Luke 5
behold a man full of leprosy: who seeing Jesus fell on *his* face, and besought him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean
13 And he put forth *his* hand, and touched him, saying, I will: be thou clean. And immediately the leprosy departed from him
14 And he charged him to tell no man: but go, and show thyself to the priests, and offer for thy cleansing, according as Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them.
15 But so much the more went there a fame abroad of him: and great multitudes came together to hear, and to be healed by him of their infirmities
16 ¶ And he withdrew himself into the wilderness, and prayed.
17 And it came to pass on a certain day, as he was teaching, that there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, which were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem and the power of the Lord was *present* to heal them.
18 ¶ And, behold, men brought in a bed a man which was taken with a palsy: and they sought *means* to bring him in, and to lay *him* before him
19 And when they could not find by what *way* they might bring him in because of the multitude, they went upon the housetop, and let him down through the tiling with *his* couch into the midst before Jesus.
20 And when he saw their faith, he said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee
21 And the scribes and the Pharisees began to reason, saying, Who is this which speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins, but God alone?
22 But when Jesus perceived their thoughts, he answering said unto them, What reason ye in your hearts?
23 Whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up and walk?
24 But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins, (he said unto the sick of the palsy,) I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go into thine house.
25 And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God.
26 And they were all amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, We have seen strange things today
27 ¶ And after these things he went forth, and saw a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom: and he said unto him, Follow me
113

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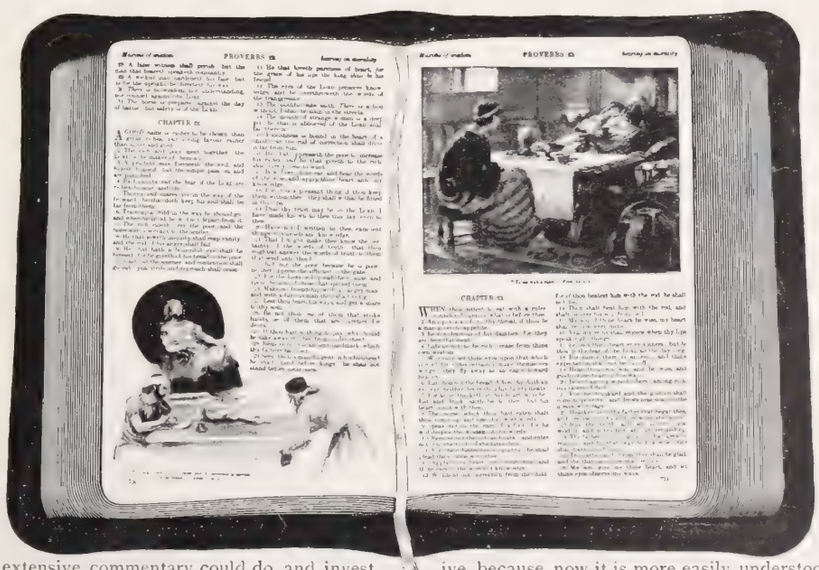

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

T. De Witt Talmage

EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE AND G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors

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The Benediction of Sorrow

EVERYBODY is trying to get rid of sickness and sorrow. In addition to the regular practitioners, we have all sorts of healings and restoratives, some of them physical and more of them metaphysical. The modern study of psychology has opened new avenues of approach to the sick. In spite of all this the typical man is the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with Grief. And it is a suggestive thought, that this Man of Sorrows is the very Man who became sin for us, that we might be the righteousness of God in him.

On the other hand, we should not forget the benediction of sickness and sorrow. It is on a sick bed that a man is brought to reflection. Any sickness may terminate in death. "And after death cometh the judgment." A man in perfect health does not think of death or the judgment. Then, what a multitude of kind offices are fulfilled in the sick-room! There neglected affections are quickened and broken domestic ties are knit anew. It was a father who pleaded with the Great Physician: "Come down ere my child die." It was the Phœnician mother who besought Him he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter.

The Ideal Woman

THE recent study of Esther in the Sunday School Lessons reminds us of the Scripture's ideal woman. She stands for others, pleads for others, takes the burden of others. What Esther did when she took her life in her hand and went in before Ahasuerus, woman does in her lot as woman. In the nursery, in the family, her lot is a vicarious one. In fashionable circles she may try to escape from it, turning over the children to the care of others, treating the sacred duty of maternity as a burden, which she would shift upon foreign servants, who may teach the little ones foreign morals at the same time they are taught foreign letters; and only waking up, when it is too late, to find she has not built up her own home, but left it to go to pieces. But in the country, in the humbler families, where the luxury of many servants cannot be indulged, it is still the mother who cares for the husband and the children alike, and brings up her daughters to be ministering angels. Thank God for the mother who teaches the little ones to pray.

The War Against Polygamy

IT is the duty of every man and woman in this nation—a duty owed to religion, to society, to good government and to the home—to enter a solemn and emphatic protest to Congress against permitting Brigham H. Roberts, the confessed polygamist Congressman-elect from Utah, to occupy a seat among the nation's lawmakers. Congress has the constitutional right to expel any member whose presence is regarded as offensive to that body. The highest living authority on this question—ex-Senator Edmunds of Vermont, the author of the anti-polygamy law—has declared that the House, with the concurrence of two-thirds, may expel a member. The Constitution has imposed no limitation upon this right, which is granted for the sole purpose of protecting the dignity and good name of Congress from reproach.

Tendency to Individualism

THE tendency of American life is to individualism. Therefore, society disintegrates; humanity goes back to its original elements. The question whether man and woman shall keep their marriage vows; whether, having plighted themselves to each other for better, for worse, until death do them part, they shall so far repress their individualism as to live for each other, and for their children, and for society; this is one of the vital questions which confront us in our national future. Is individual man the unit, or is it the family? Is the individual that which the family is for; or is the individual for the family?

We have made very emphatic the rights of man; meaning the individual man, such as Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams. But, were these men raised up for themselves, or for their country? Were they at their best when living for themselves or when living for their country? There is in New York a statue of the young man Hale, who was shot as a spy in the Revolution. His arms are pinioned, ready for the gallows. And on the entablature are engraved his last words: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country." It is giving life for others which ennobles it. The father chopping down trees in the wilderness or working in the harvest field, the mother in the nursery or kitchen, for the family's sake; how much nobler is this than the man at the club-house or the woman in the ball-room; man and woman living for individual interests, individual pleasures, pulling apart from each other, instead of working together to fulfill social relations ordained of God to benefit the race.

An Editorial Reminiscence

A TELEGRAM from Fire Island announced in sight the ocean steamer on which Martin Farquhar Tupper, the distinguished English poet, was a passenger. He had accepted the invitation to be my guest for three months, and a lovelier man never crossed my threshold. Having been a classmate of William E. Gladstone, and a frequent guest of Queen Victoria in her palaces, and having mingled in many scenes of national and international interest, he was to me a constant charm of entertainment. It so happened that I received the telegram concerning his arrival off Fire Island the morning I was to go to Boston to meet an engagement, so that I could not welcome the poet at the steamer's wharf. But taking the midnight train from Boston and returning the next morning I found Mr. Tupper in my house at Brooklyn. He was surrounded by newspapers, tossed here and there, containing accounts of his arrival, and of interviews with our friends, the ever-present reporters. Some of them, not understanding him any better than he understood them, had written him up in a style more irritating than complimentary, and I found the poet in a state of perspiration, consequent upon his perusal of the morning newspapers. As soon as we had greeted each other, he asked what these newspaper articles meant. I assured him that it was only harmless facetiousness, and that a man in America did not amount to much until he had been vigorously rubbed down with a coarse Turkish towel which always improves the circulation. The fact was that notwithstanding his large equipment of mental faculties there was one sense he lacked, and that was pointed out to me by Henry W. Longfellow, in the only conversation I ever had with that great American poet. After he had spoken in admiration of Tupper, Longfellow said, "There is only one thing lacking in Mr. Tupper's make-up and that is a sense of the ludicrous." Sure enough, Mr. Tupper's was a deeply earnest and religious nature and did not see much in the world to laugh at. But what a sceptre of power he wielded for many years through out Christendom, during which time he was quoted more than any living poet.

* * *

At the first appearance of his book some plagiarists made his verses their own. In our private school of five or six boys, presided over by an excellent clergyman, a prize of two volumes was offered for the one who would write the best essay, the prizes, as near as I can recollect, being *Edwards on the Hill* and *Doctor Dick's Theology*. We were very anxious to win them, for summer was coming on and we were in need of some light reading. In great agitation our compositions were handed in after much midnight study. When they were read, Joe carried off the prize as easily as the *Columbia* beat the *Shamrock*. The dear old clergyman who offered the prizes did not hesitate a moment, for Joe's composition was incomparably the best, being distinguished by here and there a sentence that blazed with splendor. His victory was as complete as our chagrin was utter. After school hours I said: "Joe, you did not compose that composition. You stole it. I believe you got those fine sentences from Tupper." Well, that night I spent mostly in reading Tupper, and I discovered the mine from which Joe had dug his treasures. But it was too late to change the possession of the prizes, and never did I own *Edwards on the Hill* or *Doctor Dick's Theology* till I paid for them in hard cash. But I mention this to show how much Tupper had to do with those days. It was Tupper here, there, and everywhere.

* * *

But the scene that I expected to mention when I began this article was witnessed at my home, on an especial night in Brooklyn, while Mr. Tupper was my guest. I had invited twenty or thirty literary men to meet Mr. Tupper at a levee, and among others who came was William C. Bryant, everyone's favorite. I had contrived a plot by which to have both Mr. Tupper and Mr. Bryant read us something from their own poems. Mr. Tupper, who always carried in his pocket some of his writings in small volumes, took out a book, and then brought to sight his large and somewhat clumsy spectacles, and began to read some of his favorite passages. The taking of his spectacles out of the case in which they were lodged, and the right adjustment of them upon his nose was observed by all. He read well, deeply interesting all present, and then closed the book. But now came the effort to put Mr. Bryant gracefully into the unprinted programme. I had taken from my library a collection of poems containing, among others, Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, and had the leaf turned down at the right page. I said:

"Mr. Bryant, we would all like to hear you read *Thanatopsis*: will you oblige us? I have it here in this book upon the table." Mr. Bryant blushed like a girl and said, "I would rather read you anything than my own poetry, but if it will really please you I will read that which you ask for." Mr. Bryant took up the book and stood under the chandelier, about to begin, when Mr. Tupper approached him with the aforesaid spectacles and said: "Here are my spectacles, Mr. Bryant; you cannot read without spectacles." "Oh," said Mr. Bryant, I never use spectacles." "But take them," said Mr. Tupper, "you need them if you are going to read." "No!" said Mr. Bryant broadly smiling, "they would be of no use to me and I want our friends here to understand that I read and do not quote from memory. I could not recall this poem." The fact was that he had composed *Thanatopsis* when he was eighteen years of age and he was at the time of his reading in my house eighty-two or three years old. Mr. Tupper, who was only a little way in the seventies, could not understand how a man in the eighties could read without optical reinforcement, and seemed somewhat perturbed because his offer was declined. But what a tender and expressive reading by Mr. Bryant it was that night! We had all heard *Thanatopsis* quoted again and again, until it seemed a worn-out recitation, and some of us had ourselves murdered it at school; but when Mr. Bryant read it he brought out a new revelation of meaning in his emphasis, and there was in his utterance of the last two lines, which describe a good man's departure from this world, something that seemed the commingling of a mother's hush with the last sob of a storm:

Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE! We beg to inform our readers that any typographical defects or faulty alignment of type which the great speed of the presses, employed in the production of the colored inserts in this issue, may develop in the specimen pages of the Red Letter New Testament, do NOT in any case appear in the book itself, which is absolutely free from any of these imperfections.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

New York's Sky Line

TO THE visitor who has not been in New York before in twenty years, there is no sight more impressive than that he gets from the deck of a Hudson River ferry boat as it crosses from the New Jersey side to the Metropolis. Back of the forest of masts that line the shore, rise, high against the sky, breaking the low line of roofs, the towering buildings familiarly called "sky-scrapers." During the past few years, the *Tribune* building, formerly the most conspicuous object in view, with its well-known clock-tower, has been dwarfed and hidden among edifices which overtop it by many feet. It has been an era of lofty structures in the architectural history of the city. The enormous value of land in the southern section of the city, where it is sold by the foot, combined with the vastly increased demand for accommodation, inevitably suggested the "sky-scraper." Nature having restricted the growth of the city laterally, by surrounding it with water, there was no way of providing the required room for the rapidly developing business interests but in a vertical direction. A man holding a lot in that section of the city, remembering that he owned all below it and above it, proceeded to make the most of his opportunities by digging deep for the foundations of his building and then running it as high as he dare venture, within the limits imposed by the Fire Department. So we now have the Syndicate Building in Park Row with its twenty-nine stories towering 382 feet from the pavement to the top of its tower; the St. Paul Building at Broadway and Ann Street with twenty-six stories, its roof 308 feet above the level of the street; the Tract Society's Building and the American Surety Building, each having twenty-three stories and being 306 feet high; the Pulitzer Building conspicuous with its glittering dome, 375 feet high; the Potter Building at Broadway and Rector Street, twenty stories and 293 feet high, and a score of other office and bank buildings, all over two hundred feet in height and varying from fourteen to twenty stories. They are not, as a rule, particularly beautiful, though some of them have made an effort in that direction, but rear their heads in plain unrelieved ugliness above their neighbors. They are built to afford a maximum of accommodation with a minimum of ground space, and no other objects seem to have entered the minds of the owners and builders than that of turning every inch to account. But they are wonderfully impressive, standing firmly in their unadorned strength, a type of the active business life carried on beneath their roofs, which in New York as in other cities of the nation, has grown so fast and so far. It may be hoped that the city which has become so wealthy, may never forget the God of its founders, nor turn in pride and arrogance to the wickedness which was the ruin of ancient cities, for the God who judged them still rules over man and says to the proudest city, if it becomes wicked, as he said to Babylon:

Thou hast said in thy heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; yet thou shalt be brought down (Isa. 14:13).

The Decaying Obelisk

The condition of the obelisk in Central Park, New York, is again causing a great deal of apprehension. The cracks toward the top have lately become more conspicuous, and it is evident that before long some radical means will have to be adopted, if it is desired to preserve the monument for succeeding generations. Exactly the same kind of trouble is being experienced with regard to Cleopatra's Needle in London. The idea current when the two obelisks were removed from Egypt, that because they had existed in that country for so many centuries without decaying, they could be erected in the open air in New York and London with equal safety, was soon proved to be a mistake. The atmosphere here and in England causes them to crumble. It is probable that it will be found necessary to remove the New York obelisk to the interior of some public building. It is thus evident that the proudest monuments man has ever raised, are dependent for their preservation on atmospheric conditions. The imperceptible action of the air can, it appears, disintegrate the stately memorial the Egyptian monarch doubtless believed would stand to the end of time, and so unless measures are taken, the warning of the prophet may be fulfilled:

Their memorial is perished with them (Ps. 9:6).

A Heroic Shepherd

An incident of the recent blizzard on the ranges of Montana is told by a journal of Helena. It appears that a large sheep owner, near Healy, Butte, employed a man of considerable experience as his shepherd. He was out with the sheep in the "coulee" when the storm came on. He did his utmost to get them into camp, but they were too widely scattered, and he was unable to get them together. Evidently knowing the danger of trying to save them, he went into his tent and wrote a brief note which he left behind him, saying that he was just about to start up the "coulee" after the sheep, although he was almost exhausted. His body was found the next day stretched on the snow. He had followed them a long distance but had perished in trying to bring them into camp. Everyone admires a hero capable of such self-sacrifice, but how few show any appreciation of that self-sacrifice by which eternal salvation was won for them.

I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep (John 10:11).

Introduced to his Family

A citizen of Angelica has had the novel experience of seeing his wife and children for the first time, in his old age. A press dispatch to a New York journal from that place describes the recent celebration of a golden wedding which has attracted general attention. It appears that fifty years ago a girl in Pennsylvania consented to become the wife of a young man who was totally blind. He had been able to see until his seventeenth year, when cataracts began to form over his eyes. Gradually his sight left him and by the time he was twenty he could not see at all. He was twenty-three when he married, and being frugal, a total abstainer from liquor and tobacco, he managed, in spite of his affliction, to make a living. He acquired some land which subsequently proved to be rich in oil. This he sold for a large sum and retired with a competence to enjoy life. Eleven children were born, ten of whom survive. They grew up and married and reared families, but he had never seen their faces. The possibility of a recovery of sight was at last given to the old man. A skillful occulist operated on the darkened eyeballs and then, for the first time in many a long year, the man saw. His first sight of his wife and children and grandchildren was a strange experience. He knew their voices but had never seen their faces. He gathered them all around him recently to celebrate his golden wedding. Few men, if any, have ever had such an experience, but there are many who, looking back to their conversion, can realize something of what he felt. When spiritual light breaks on the dark soul, a new love for all men, especially for other members of the household of faith, springs up, and men who were strangers before, are recognized as brothers in the Lord.

To open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light, that they may receive inheritance among them who are sanctified (Acts 26:18).

A Peculiar Divorce

A remarkable divorce suit has been commenced in the courts of St. Louis, Mo. It is brought by the husband against his wife whom he married at her home in Connecticut. They went to live at the bridegroom's home in St. Louis, but, as he says in his affidavit, his wife "became unutterably and uncontrollably homesick and refused to be comforted." She begged piteously to go home to her family and he finally consented to her return for a brief visit, but as she has written to him declaring that she will never come back to live with him, he has decided to apply for a divorce. He declares that he loves her ardently and would do all in his power to make her happy, but he is fully convinced that she would never be content to live away from her former home. As the wife does not oppose the divorce, it must be inferred that his statement is true. It is a pity that the marriage should ever have taken place. The husband would have saved himself from trouble and chagrin if he had ascertained beforehand whether the girl loved him well enough to leave all her old associations for his sake. In that spiritual marriage to which Christ invites us, that stipulation is explicitly made:

He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me (Matt. 10:37).

Infection in Books

A press dispatch from Albany, N. Y., reports that a warning has been sent to the State Board of Health from Michigan based on a remarkable fatality which has occurred in that State. It appears that the Michigan Board of Health ordered some time ago, the preparation of some statistical tables. This work involved the examination of some old books of records in order to secure the necessary data. Time and again the work was begun but was suspended owing to the illness of the clerk who undertook it. One clerk after another began the work only to fall ill in a short time. Several healthy clerks were employed, but all succumbed and some of them have since died. The disease in all cases was consumption. The singular coincidence led to an investigation. It was learned that the old record was prepared by a consumptive clerk, who had the habit of moistening his fingers with his tongue whenever he turned the leaves of his book. The pages were submitted to a bacteriologist, who pronounced them alive with tubercular bacilli. There was no doubt that the clerks had thus become infected with the disease from handling the consumptive's books. A similar case is reported from Hanover, Germany, and the facts elicited are stated by the Michigan Board in its report as a warning to other public bodies. It is well that such a warning be given. The fact that these deadly bacilli may be inadvertently deposited on the pages of a book, and may infect some one else at a later day, ought to be widely known, so that people may be put on their guard against the danger. But the number of books which may cause their readers to contract the deadly malady is small compared with the number of those which convey moral disease. Against this danger it is important that all readers be warned, for it may cause them to lose their souls. Some of the books issued in our day are so pernicious that their owners might consult their spiritual safety by following the example of the Ephesians:

Many of them brought their books together and burned them before all men (Acts 19:19).

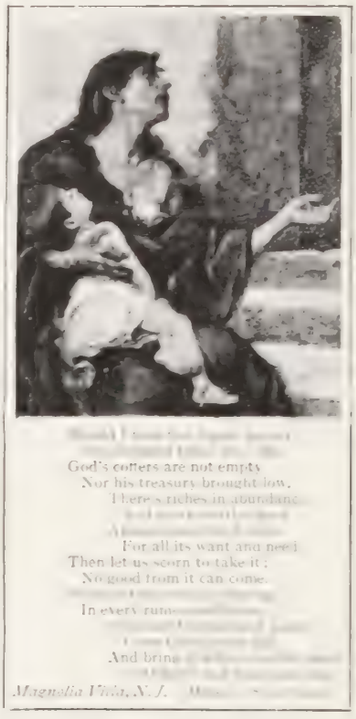
PANORAMA OF CONSPICUOUS BUILDINGS IN THE DOWNTOWN SECTION OF NEW YORK CITY, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A HEIGHT OF 306 FEET

Shall the Church Accept the Saloon-Keeper's Gift?

The Great Controversy which is Now Agitating Our Churches . . .

. . . Both Sides of the Question Heard . . . Through Eloquent Advocates

THE great controversy on the question, "Shall the Church accept the Saloon-keeper's contributions for its spiritual work?" which began in these pages several weeks ago, is now at its height. In the letters published below both sides to the controversy are fairly represented. The discussion, which promises to continue for some time to come, will at its close be submitted to the judgment of a jury of eminent Christian men and women for final decision.



God's coffers are not empty
Nor his treasury brought low,
There's riches in abundance
For all its want and need
Then let us scorn to take it;
No good from it can come.
In every rum
And bring

Magnolia Villa, N. J.

Dedicate it to the Lord's Work The saloon-keepers are asking, "Where is the consistency of church members who, by their ballots, make the selling of liquor in saloons a legal business, then refuse to accept our contributions because our business has contaminated the money?" I believe the saloon is the greatest curse the world has at the present time. But if saloon-keepers have a desire to contribute of their means for spiritual purposes, I say, by all means accept it, and with clean hands and a pure heart dedicate it to the Lord, praying that His blessing may attend it wherever it goes. The great sin lies back of all this by legalizing the saloon. MRS. J. S. HUNT.
Erie, Pa.

A Pastor who Refused Saloon Gifts The writer knows one minister who humbly believes he was led of the Holy Spirit upon one occasion to return $146.65, being money paid on salary and the missions of the church by members running drug stores used as saloons, or renting their property for drug stores where liquor was sold illicitly, or doing a Sunday desecrating business. God used his decisive action to revolutionize the business conduct of one drug store with reference to the sale of liquor as a beverage. This minister never receives a direct gift from the liquor traffic for church work, and thus maintains a clear conscience and a clean record.
[illegible] REV. [illegible]

Saloons That Helped a Sunday School The Sunday School of which I am a member, for a number of years on Children's Day made a contribution to the Sunday School mission fund, generally amounting to from two to four dollars. Finally a lady member of the church and Sunday School, who was a strong, unflinching advocate of temperance, an active, earnest Christian worker, took hold of the work, and visited the saloon-keepers, who gave cheerfully each year. She asked them, and thus raised that contribution to twenty odd dollars, and only one person objected. Now, if that money assisted in establishing Sunday Schools in waste places, and thus spreading the Gospel of Christ, where does the wrong come in? Is it not rather causing the wrath of men to serve and praise Him?
Lawrenceburg, Ind. W. H. BAINBRIDGE.

The Man's Soul the Issue, Not the Money I cannot believe the money has anything to do with the man. Suppose, while the discussion is going on, the saloon keeper should become converted. The man changes, but the money remains the same. Therefore, if the money made while a saloon keeper, is tainted, as some think, it would always remain the same, and the only way he could contribute after his conversion would be to make money from another source for church purposes.
Belfast, Pa. E. J. HENZ.

Old Granny and the Loaf Some years ago, up in what New Yorkers call "Shantytown," there lived alone in a tumble-down shanty a poor old widow, who earned her living by washing for her better-off neighbors. Year by year the shanties, one by one, were torn away to make room for larger buildings, until "old Granny," as the children called her, was left alone, with only a few neighbors around her. Her work, as her neighbors grew less, was taken from her, and many a day poor "old Granny" went hungry. She was a true Christian, and never for a moment doubted that God would not take care of her. So one day, as she was kneeling in prayer, two young boys, hearing her voice outside the shanty, wondered who "old Granny" was talking with. They went and peeped in the window, saw "Granny" kneeling, and heard her say, "Father, give us this day our daily bread." "Oh, Harry," says George, "she's praying for bread, so let's have some fun. I have two pennies and you one, so run down to the store and get a loaf, then I will let it down the chimney on a string; then we will see what she says." Of course Harry hurried to the store and returned with the bread, so George climbed on the roof and silently let it down the chimney. "Old Granny" was still kneeling in prayer, and when she saw the bread dangling in the fireplace, she slowly rose, got the knife, cut the string, and laid the bread down on the bare table. She then knelt again in thanks to the Lord for his goodness. The boys, who had hurried to the window to see "the fun," heard "old Granny" thank the Lord "for sending the bread," thought their joke complete, into the shanty, laughing, and as "old Granny" got up from the floor, told her how they had fooled her. "Granny" first looked at the boys, then at the bread on the table, then she slowly answered: "Well, if the devil did bring it, I know the Lord sent it."

Now, I wonder how many of us are able to say that "old Granny's" theory was not correct? I know there are many who do not think as others do; but when we, as true children of one God, get down on our knees and pray for funds to carry on Christ's work, are we authorized to say which is acceptable and which is not?
Philadelphia, Pa. W. H. THOMPSON.

A Trade that Ruins Souls In accepting the money we encourage a trade that has ruined, is ruining, and will ruin countless precious souls as long as it is allowed to exist. I do not believe that churches supported by money obtained by ruining lives can prosper.
Bath, N. Y. CAROLINE FAULKNER.

A Temperance Woman's View While discussing whether saloon money should be received and paid for church purposes, I would say, I am strictly a temperance woman, and do not believe in the sale of intoxicants, but their money, in my opinion, is as good as any. I do not know why it might not be used as well as money paid by those who have occupied positions as deacons and Sabbath School teachers, when their money has been obtained by wronging the widow and orphan.
Mexico, N. Y. MARY A. BISSELL.

Decide the Question by Prayer I would suggest that we let this matter rest with God as to whether or not it is right to receive money from the saloon-keeper for church purposes, and I would further suggest that all Christians offer up an earnest prayer for this particular saloon-keeper's soul. Remember, Jesus died for sinners, and he teaches us to love our enemies. Some of our greatest workers are sometimes rescued from Satan's strongest forts.
Bayard, Mo. READER.

Can the Church Refuse It? A church should not ask anyone for money, at least outside of its membership. The Bible teaches that Christians should give of their means as they have been prospered, and as a freewill offering. When an offering is laid on God's altar the Church cannot refuse to use it. They should not judge. There are church members who make money by oppressing the widow and orphan. Should we accept their money more readily than the saloon-keepers'? I do not think a saloon-keeper will be seen very often going into a spiritual church to give money.
Aurora, Ill. G. C. HOWE.

The Gift is Blood Money. God says, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and "he that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." Knowing the opposition of the Church of Christ to the soul- and body-destroying agency, the [illegible] stroy that business? Second, knowing that the mission of the Church, among other things, is to benefit the poor, and admitting (as [illegible] hostile to all the interests and welfare of the poor, saloon-keeper choose the better method of assist[illegible] honorable in the sight of God, and then aid the poor by giving, in the true spirit, of his substance? I cannot conceive of any pure motive on his part in offering to Christ's Church a portion of his ill-gotten means. Do not accept any of his blood money until he has surrendered himself and his means into the Lord's hands.
Va. MRS. J. G. TAYLOR.

A Saloon Gift that Was Rejected [illegible] paired. The financial resources were limited, $1,700 was a very heavy burden. The new[illegible] ing property which was leased for a saloon, offered to put in a memorial window. Other donors were connected, so that to decline the gift of the saloon-owner would be a loss of $250 promised. The pastor kindly but firmly declined and alienated the whole amount. The church stood together. Outside sentiment sustained the decision and $760 was given in a few days for the window. That pastor believes that God sanctioned the decision. But he does not want any other pastor to go through such an experience to get the belief. If the illegal saloon-keeper, or any other sinner, will come to my church and let me faithfully preach to him, I will let him pay for his seat or give to current expenses, but I draw the line at a permanent memorial and decline a gift which will perpetuate his name as a benefactor of the Church.
Concord, N. H. REV. I. H. ROBBINS.

A Saloon-keeper who Built a Church The magnificent church I now regularly attend [illegible] occupying a one-story structure. Time developed the town, and incidentally increased considerably the members of the mission, whose structure became very inadequate. Suggestions were made to the effect that they purchase the ground and build a larger structure. How to obtain money to commence operations was the question. One evening, after service, and after the most influential members had offered plans, an old man, never seen there before, respectfully requested the privilege of suggesting a plan. He desired to know the lowest estimate for a suitable place of worship, and being informed, offered to contribute the entire amount on condition that they would not desire to know who he was, which condition they all gladly accepted. Years afterward we were told who he was, and that his business was selling strong drink. In this you will perceive why I suggest acceptation of all contributions.
Philadelphia, Pa. LYDIA JOHNSON.

Take It and Pray With the Giver Suppose the wife and the daughters of the saloon-keeper are members of your church (and they are supported by the saloon), would you refuse their contributions and give them a free pass to heaven, or deny them the blessings of the Church? No; take their offerings and that of the saloon-keeper, and talk and pray with him until he will not only give his money, but himself to God.
Lowell, Mass. A. A. FOSTER.

A Compromise With the Devil [illegible] because their c[illegible] yet if they were anxious to do good would [illegible] entirely clear of any questionable thing is to "Abstain from all appearance of evil." The Church can get along without it, and when it becomes necessary to accept money acquired in an unjust way, knowing it to be so, then she [illegible] ter quit business.
Wilkesbarre, Pa. BYRON C. ALLEN.

The Quaker and the Privateer A certain man, in 1812, owed well known. The debtor had been engaged on board a privateer. Bringing a crony with him as a witness, they called upon the Quaker, by appointment, to liquidate the debt, and as he paid over the amount, remarked that the money had been gained by helping to capture a British vessel upon the high seas, supposing that the conscience of the Quaker would forbid his acceptance of money thus obtained, and having an eyewitness to the legal tender of the money, in case of refusal, he would be released from payment. The Quaker counted the gold carefully, and after locking it in his safe looked complacently at the sailor, remark[illegible] must answer for it." Is not the principle involved in the present controversy identically [illegible]
Narberth, Pa. SYLVESTER J. BAKER.

Would a Barrel of Whiskey be Accepted? Suppose the saloon-keeper should offer a barrel of whiskey. The [illegible] that any church [illegible] is-key.
Cedargrove, Va. J. THEODORE FRIES.

In the Category of Judas The first instance of money accursed in the Christian era was Judas' money when he sold Christ to the priests; and that money even the priests themselves rejected, and it was thrown on the floor, not even allowed to be returned to the Lord's treasury. The saloon-keeper is in the same category—selling Christ. All the money that goes into his till from the sale of intoxicants becomes accursed, and it cannot be returned to the Lord's treasury without bringing its curse with it. The church cannot preach one thing and practise another. If the church militant is to represent heaven on earth (and I believe it should), it has no right to accept or use anything—money or other consideration—coming from a questionable source. Let all the churches follow the admonition of the Bible, given in I. Thess. 5:22: "Abstain from all appearance of evil." Do not accept any money from any wrong source knowingly, nor use it.
Middleburg, Fla. REV. G. R. FRISBEE.

The Saloon is Legal; Take the Gift Yes, by all means take [illegible] keeper for church put[illegible] The people, by their votes, have created and uphold it. The churches hold the balance of ballot power. They can and will crush the saloon power if they consider it an evil. They do not crush it; therefore they consider it worthy and approve it. This makes the saloon a church institution and the saloon-keeper an agent of the church. As the saloon could have no existence without the vote of the church it should pay a very liberal share toward the support of the church and the church should accept the money.
Lodi, Wis. S. W. MERRICK.

Use It for Saving Souls Take it. It might save his soul and thousands of other saloon-[illegible] Take it, for there are thousands of little waifs that might be benefited by it. Take it, for there are thousands of heathen over yonder who would gladly accept the Bread of Life it would buy for them. Take it, and throw it out as a life-line to those lost souls that are [illegible] this world.
[illegible] J. D. [illegible]

..Everyday Heroism..

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON

HEROISM is a thing that hardly needs a definition in words. The best, indeed, the only sure way to know it is to live it, but we can only live out a grand characteristic, like faith or courage or truthfulness, one moment at a time. That is the true process, but it is a slow one, and we do not like to wait to see things grow, either in other people or in ourselves. Yet true heroism is worth knowing wherever we find it. People unacquainted with the real thing experimentally, are apt to confound it with a very cheap imitation that might be called heroics. Yet the two are as unlike as are a silver dollar and a tin one.

GENUINE heroism is always the same thing, though it finds various modes of expression. That wife and mother, Polly McGrail Sampson, who, in order to feed her baby and to care for her sick husband, dared to take a loom in the Paterson mill after the union weavers went on strike, has proved that she knows the difference between heroism and heroics. It meant pluck to dare to take the place, and more to dare to keep it, in the face of personal violence and insult, and letters that threatened her life.

Passing to and fro to her task, abuse and muttered curses were her greetings by the way. Yet she had the courage to go on. Harder test still, she carried all day while at her work the uncertainty as to what might happen in her absence to the helpless ones at home. Yet she had the courage to stay. When they threatened to burn her home, she moved her family to her mother's house. When a delegation of strikers called on her and offered a large sum to leave her work, she had the courage to refuse.

And all this, apparently, without consciousness of special heroism, but with a modesty that does not understand why outside people should write to her and send her encouragement and gifts. On this point she is quoted as saying:

"I can't understand why everybody is so good to me. I haven't done anything to deserve it. All I've done is to try to earn a living and to hold my job. I've succeeded so far, and I intend to keep right at it, so long as I have health and strength. While I have these and a job, I don't need to have folks give me money; but it is pleasant to know, when you've got a hard load to pull, that folks are ready to give you a boost. I can't thank people as I should; I don't know how. But I know how to appreciate kindness, and I can say a good word for them when I say my prayers, just like I do for my man and my baby. That's the best I know how to do."

We know well that instances of heroism like this are only types. The same spirit is astir in many a soul that has not yet found the deed that shall reveal itself to other souls.

* * *

A FEW DAYS ago there was unveiled a monument that had been placed by patriotic women on the grave of Reubena Walworth, a heroine of our war with Spain. For women to rear a monument to her was most beautiful and fitting, but a memorial that could never crumble was reared to her long ago in the hearts of the brave boys she nursed back to life, and in the hearts of the many mothers whose sons she tried in vain to save. Writing of her, one who knew her well said:

"Miss Walworth was a mother-girl, living close to the heart and sharing the life of her mother at an age when girls are apt to care chiefly for the companionship and pleasures of youth. She was a student and an artist, with a nature singularly open to the changing beauty of earth, responsive to the highest in literature and art, yet her heart sprang ever to comfort human suffering. After her first glimpse of its awful reality, as seen in hospital and camp, she put herself at once under training for nurse's duty, and, when at Camp Wikoff, in the helplessness and horror of the first struggles to care for the countless sick, an officer said to her mother: 'We have six hundred men out there in the detention hospital, who need suitable food, ice, nurses—in fact, who need everything,' the girl at once said: 'I am ready to go.'

"'But there is not a woman there, and no other woman to go with you,' urged her mother. 'It cannot be your duty to put yourself in such danger.'

"'It is because there is no other, because the need is so great, that I wish to be there,' she answered. 'I am sure it is my place.'"

* * *

FROM that hour began a patient ministry that never after faltered. She went, realizing that to be shut in with sick and dying was to be shut out from friends and visitors, and even from the sight of her

THE LATE REUBENA WALWORTH

mother's face. Yet she entered upon her work with a spirit so brave and a face so bright that her presence was a benediction at every bedside, and her voice was the only comfort of many a dying boy. And when the contagious ward filled up and there were no volunteer nurses, she again offered to go, and went alone where it meant isolation and danger and possible death. And there she stayed, while a few wasted creatures crept back to life and home, and many more passed away with their dying eyes fixed on her patient face. Through all that dread experience no one ever heard her utter one word that showed a shrinking from her task. When it was over and the "boys" mostly gone away to their homes or to the grave, and the fever began to burn its fiery way into her own life, she owned that she "was tired," but said she only "needed rest."

And when the rest came by the awful road of fever, delirium and thirst, those who loved her best thought to have a quiet funeral in the old family home. But the army was proud to do her honor. The church was decorated as for their soldier dead; and, with soldiers as her escort, to the sound of martial music, they placed her under the drooping flags of her country. They gave her the burial honors that belong to heroes, and crowned her memory with the victor's crown.

* * *

TO FEW of us are given great deeds like this to do, yet everywhere the daily common life is full of heroism. Too many of us need to get into a way of seeking for the best things in others' lives. We are all quick enough to detect the evil things, but we should get new strength to battle with the evil by searching out the world diligently for the good. Out of the millions of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD think, for example, what an army could be gathered of brave souls living out such heroism as has rarely found a chronicler. They are everywhere, fighting loneliness, and poverty, and sickness; in the lodging-houses and boarding houses of great cities, in the stagnation of the dreary country, toiling and suffering that others may suffer less—silent, out of sight, seemingly of small account to God or man.

That we may have our eyes opened to the good, we ask all readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who know or have seen real acts of heroism in daily life to send brief accounts thereof to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, marked "Everyday." Do not copy them out of books, but you may send in addition the names of five living persons whose lives and deeds you consider the most heroic that you have ever known. Send soon, that we may have time to compare lists, and so to find out who are the real heroes and heroines of our own later everyday life.

Trifling with Mercy

JOHN BOARDAN hated all Christians and everything good. He disliked to see people go to churches on Sunday. It annoyed him, and he tried to express his disgust and contempt for them whenever it was possible for him to do so. At times he would work about his house on Sundays, as openly as he dared to in defiance of the laws of the town in which he lived. He would time himself, so as to be very much in evidence about church time. The church-goers would have to see him and feel offended at his actions. Again he would sit in front of his residence and mock and ridicule those whom he knew.

One morning the residents of the place awoke to the dread fact that the Asiatic cholera, that plague of all plagues, had come to their homes. The daily papers contained flaming headlines, reporting the spread of the disease and the names of its victims, and at last the dead could hardly be properly interred, nor the sick suitably attended to.

It was while the scourge was at its worst that John felt its touch and became a changed person. The scowl and frown faded from his face, the blasphemy died on his lips. In their places came the ghastly pallor and the moans and groans of the sick. There was something more than simple physical suffering that caused this change in John. He suddenly realized that he was a very wicked person; that he had led a bad life. His relatives inquired if he did not wish for spiritual advice, and to their great surprise he was very anxious to get it. John implored God Almighty to give him another chance in life, that he might be a different man and yet live a Christian life. He promised to join the little church and do what he could for the Lord's cause.

To the amazement of all, he grew better. The disease left him and once more he became well and strong. As soon, however, as he realized that he was out of danger, the great anxiety for reform left him. When he was finally restored to health, he was also cured of his good intentions. Not only did he mock his religious friends, but he jested about his own anxiety for his soul, calling it "down-right foolishness, caused by the weakness due to sickness," etc.

After one such outburst of vilifying remarks, he felt a strange feeling pervading his system, and before long he was in the throes of another attack of the cholera. Again John's religious friends were sent for in a hurry. This time, however, it was against his will. "Do not send for them," he cried, "they can do me no good." "Go home! go away!" he shrieked when they came; "let me alone. It is too late for repentance. I am going to die and I am lost." All attempts at persuasion proved unavailing, and John's unrepentant spirit passed away. He had trifled with God's mercy. Truly, God will not be mocked.

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Around the World with Aunt Samantha

Continued from page 941

one of her suitors had such a melodious voice. he wuz fairly singing his way into her heart, she is so passionately fond of music: and I confided my fears to Robert. and he immediately responded. dear boy. He just practised self-denial again, and commenced singing with her himself, and his sweet. clear tenor voice entirely drowned out the deep basso I had feared. Of course. Robert did it to please me and from principle. I taught him early self-denial and the pleasures of martyrdom. Of course, I never expected that he would carry my teachings to such an extent as he has in his business life. I did not mean it to be more what the Bible calls 'the workings of the spirit.' But he will doubtless feel different as he gets older. And. oh, he is such a help to me with Dorothy. Now. on this trip he knows my fears. and how sedulously I have guarded Dorothy from the tender passion, and it wuz just like him to put his own desires in the background and go with us to help protect her."

"How did you git such dretful fears of marriage?" sez I. "Men are tryin' lots of times. and it takes considerable religion to git along with one without jawin' more or less. But. after all. Id'no what I should do without my pardner—I think the world on him. and have loved to think that I could put out my hand any time and be stayed and comforted by his presence. I should feel dretful lost and wobblin' without him." sez I, with a deep sithe. "though I well know his sects shortcomin's. But I never felt towards 'em as you do. even in my most maddest times. when Josiah had been the tryinest and most provokinest."

"Well," sez she. "my father spent all my mother's money on horse-racin', save a few thousand which he had invested for her. and she felt wuz safe, but he took that to run away with a bally girl. and squandered it all on her and died on the town. My eldest sister's husband beat her with a poker, and throwed her out of a three-story front in San Francisco. and she landin' on a syringea tree wuz saved to git a divorce from him and also from her second and third husbands for cruelty, after which she gave up matrimony and opened a boarding-house. bitter in spirit, but a good calculator. I lived with her when a young girl. and imbibed her dislike for matrimony. which wuz helped further by sad experiences of my own, which is needless to particularize. (I hearn afterwards that she had three disappointments runnin', bein' humbly and poor in purse).

"And now." sez she, "I am as well grounded against matrimony as any woman can be, and my whole energies are aimed on teaching Dorothy the same belief I hold."

"Well." sez I, "your folks have suffered dretful from men and I don't wonder you feel as you do. But what I am a goin' to do to be seperated from my husband durin' this voyage is more than I can tell." And I groaned a deep holler groan.

"Why, I haven't told you half." sez she. "All of my sisters but one had trouble with their husbands. Robert's step-ma wuz the only one who had a good husband, but he died before they'd been married a year. and she follered him in six months, leaving twins. who died also, and I took Robert. to whom I had got attached. to the boarding-house. and took care on him until he wuz sent away to school and college. His pa left plenty of money," sez she. "and a big fortune when he came of age. which he has spent in the foolish way I have told you of. or a great part of it."

Well. at this juncture we wuz interrupted. and didn't resoom the conversation until some days afterwards. though I wuz dretfully interested in the big manufactory of Robert Strong's. that big coworking scheme. (I had hearn Thomas J. commend it warmly).

At last the day come for me to start. I waked up feelin' a strange weight on my heart. I had dremp Philury had sot the soap stun on my chest. But no soap stun wuz ever so hard and heavy as my grief. Josiah and I wuz to be parted! Could it be so? Could I live through it? He wuz out in the wood-house kitchen pretendin' to file a saw. File a saw before breakfast! He took that gratin' job to hide his groans: he wuz weepin': his red eyes betrayed him. Philury got a good breakfast which we couldn't eat. My trunk wuz packed and in the democrat. The neighborin' wimmen brung me warm good-byes and bokays offen their house plants, and sister Sypher sent me some woosted flowers. which I left to home, and some caraway seed to nibble on my tower which I took.

She that wuz Arvilly Lanfeare brought me a bottle of bam made out of the bark of the bam of Gilead tree. to use in case I should get bruised or smashed on the train, and also two pig's bladders blowed up, which she wanted me to wear constant on the water to help me float. She had painted on one of 'em the Jonesville meetin'-house. thinkin', I spoze. the steeple might bring lofty thoughts to me in hurrycains or cyclones. And on the other one she had painted in big letters the title of the book she is agent for—*The Twin Crimes of America: Intemperance and Greed!* I thought it wuz real cunning in Arvilly to combine so beautifully kindness and business. There is so much in advertising. They looked real well. but I didn't see how I wuz goin' to wear 'em over my bask waist. Arvilly said she wanted to go with me the worst kind. Says she:

"I hain't felt so much like goin' anywhere sense I deserted." (Arvilly did enlist in the Cuban army. and deserted. and they couldn't touch her for it—of which more anon.)

And I sez to her: "I wish you could go. Arvilly: I believe it would do you good after what you have went through."

Well. the last minute come and Ury took us to the train. Josiah went with me. but he couldn't have driv no more than a mournin' weed could.

I parted with the children. and—oh! it wuz a hard wrench on my heart to part with Thomas J.: took pale little Tommy in my arms. like pullin' out his pa's heart-strings—and his ma's. too—and at last the deepo wuz reached.

As we went in we see old Miss Burpy from 'way back of Loontown. She wuz never on the cars before. or see 'em. but she wuz sent for by her oldest boy who lives in the city.

She was settin' in a big rocken'-chair rocken voyolently. and as I went past her she says:

"Have we got to New York yet?"

"Why," sez I "We haint started."

She sez, "I thought I wuz in the convenience now a-travelin'."

"Oh no," I sez, "the conveyance haint come yet, you will heer it screechin' along pretty soon."

Anon we hearn the train thunderin' towards us. I parted with Tirzah Ann and Whitfield, havin' shook hands with Ury before. and all others being parted from. I had to, yes. I had to. bid my beloved pardner adoo. And with a almost breakin' heart clum into the car. Miss Meechim and Dorothy and Aronette having preceeded me before hand. Yes. I left my own Josiah behind me, with his bandanna pressed to his eyes.

Could I leave him? At the last minute I leaned out of the car winder and sez with a choken voice:

"Josiah. if we never meet again on Jonesville sile, remember there is a place where partin's and steam engines are no more."

His face wuz covered with his bandanna. from whence issued deep groans, and I felt I must be calm to boy him up. and I sez:

"Be sure. Josiah, to keep your feet dry. take your cough medicine reglar, go to meetin' stiddy, keep the pumps from freezin'. and may God bless you." sez I.

And then again I busted into tears. The hard-hearted engine snorted and puffed. and we wuz off.

(To be Continued)

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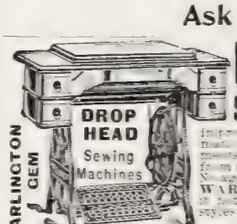

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How My Grandfather Saw General . . Washington

O noble brow, so wise in thought!
O heart, so true! O soul unbought!
O eye, so keen to pierce the night
And guide the "ship of state" aright!
O life, so simple, grand and free,
The humblest still may turn to thee.
O king, uncrowned! O prince of men!
When shall we see thy like again?

The century, just passed away,
Has felt the impress of thy sway,
While youthful hearts have stronger grown
And made thy patriot zeal their own.
In marble hall or lowly cot,
Thy name hath never been forgot.
The world itself is richer, far,
For the clear shining of a star.
And loyal hearts in years to run
Shall turn to thee, O Washington.

* * *

ALL nations, even savage tribes, have their heroes, and we, as Americans, are especially rich in having had great and good men for our leaders. Their names are not only written on the historic page, but are very deeply engraven on the hearts of their countrymen. Foremost among these will ever stand the name of the Father of his Country.

Yet the young people of the present day can hardly understand how large the place and how great the reverence accorded him before the Civil War. He was the hero of the schoolbook, and if the children who used to answer to the catechism "Who was the first man?" "Who was the wisest man?" "Who was the meekest man?" etc., had been asked "Who was the greatest and best man since Bible times?" doubtless the answer would have been promptly given in the words: "George Washington."

My paternal grandfather was a soldier in the Revolution, and may have fought under Washington's command. My maternal grandfather, Elder John Boden, a much younger man, I remember well. It was on the occasion of one of his visits to our house, when we were gathered in the "spare room," with its big fireplace and andirons to hold the great firestick in place, that I remember hearing him tell how, when he was a lad at home in Salem, he saw the great Washington. I remember distinctly his tones as he made this announcement, and the feeling of awe that thrilled me to think he should ever have seen and heard such a wonderful man. As I do not recollect many of the words of his story, I can only tell of the impressions I received of the event.

Washington and his officers, on their beautifully caparisoned horses, were being escorted through the streets by the grateful and admiring citizens. The children, whom he always so kindly noticed, of course had a holiday. The lads removed their caps and made their very best bows in his honor, while the little maids dropped their most graceful "courtesies" beside the way.

General Washington acknowledged the honors paid him in his usual dignified and courtly manner, and then he ordered a man-in-waiting to distribute gingerbread among the crowd of little folks. I do not know whether or not this was the famous "Training ginger-bread" used on "Training Day," when the militia used to meet on military parade. The custom of using ginger-bread at festivals in England dates back to the time of Henry IV., and met with much favor from the people. Among the books that grandfather left us was a *Life of George Washington*, and as he preached or "exhorted" "without money and without price," making shoes and selling simple home-made salve to help pay his way, I know he could not have had much money to invest in books. I think it was the only book, excepting those of a religious nature and perhaps some schoolbooks with their queer old-fashioned s's that looked so much like ff's, which came to us from his small library. He evidently revered those old books and had preserved them with the greatest care. So I think Washington must have been his ideal of a noble and gallant Christian hero.

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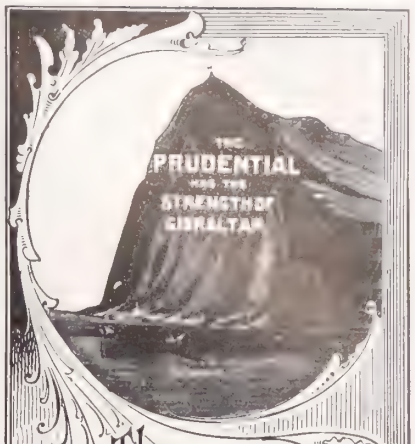

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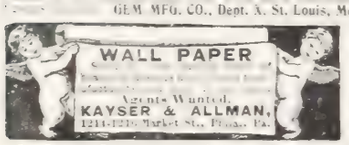

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Old ... Bowery Mission

[illegible]

WHEN the record of humble, unostentatious, self-denying Christian service, rendered in the very lowest levels of human society in our great cities is fully written, the Bowery Mission stands out prominently among the soul-winning agencies of our day and generation. Like a Gospel beacon, founded upon a rock, it has stood bravely nearly a score of years, lighting the wanderers to a haven of safety. It is one of the grandest missionary influences on this continent and each passing year has witnessed the rescue of many human wrecks through its blessed instrumentality.

To the Bowery Mission come the waifs and strays of humanity, in every degree of wretchedness and misery, to hide their degradation and seek encouragement and counsel. They are always welcome. They come at all hours of the day and night, and many a sinner has been brought to the Saviour and there found peace in believing.

Recently a man in great distress came into the superintendent's office. "I have come nearly a hundred miles to see if you can help me," he said. "I am not a Christian. I have often heard of the good work done through the Bowery Mission, and I want you to help me to become a Christian." The tears rolled down his cheeks as he added, "I have annoyed and abused my wife and daughter because they spend so much time in the Church. I have made their lives miserable, and now I am ashamed and unhappy. If I can only find Jesus, seek his forgiveness and atone for my past conduct to my family." Kneeling, he implored God, for His Son's sake, to take him just as he was. He found the peace that the world cannot give, and went to his home with the joy of salvation in his heart.

"Another visitor," said Superintendent Wyburn, "was a woman who, after much hesitation, told me between her sobs the sad story of her only son going astray. 'My heart is breaking,' she said. 'His father talks of turning him away from home; it is almost impossible for me to endure the agony and shame. We have impoverished ourselves to give him a good education. He is a graduate of a medical college, just started in business, but he is a drunkard and we cannot save him. We believe so thoroughly in your prayers, and we want you to pray for our poor boy.'

"'Almost a year ago I found awaiting me a man who began, 'I have been sent to you by Mr. ——, who has promised me work if I can keep sober. I'm a printer, and have lost every position I ever held through drink, and have been a drunkard for twenty years.' I told him the only cure—the way of the Cross—and persuaded him to try it. Lifting his heart to God, he earnestly sought forgiveness. He is now one of the most active workers in an uptown church, and delights in helping others as he himself has been helped. He has already been the means of leading another poor drunkard to the Cross."

The spiritual work of the Bowery Mission is not local. Its influence is felt in every part of the world. Loving and grateful letters are constantly received from converts in other lands who have found Christ in the Bowery Mission. Mr. Colin E——, of London, England, writes: "I shall never forget the Bowery Mission. Tell Dr. Klopsch I pray God may bless him for keeping the light burning on the Bowery, for through it I have been restored to manhood by being brought in touch with Jesus Christ. I am frequently reminded of the night in the Bowery Mission when I gave my heart to God. I have been reunited to my wife and child, and God has wondrously blessed us. My wife and daughter, too, have sought and found forgiveness, and I am sure God dwells in our house."

From India, recently, there came the glad tidings of a reunion of father and son, brought about through the influence of the Bowery Mission, the story being given in a letter by Helen H. Holcomb, a missionary at Jhansi.

At the converts' prayer meeting, held every Saturday night, requests for prayers are read from nearly every state in the Union, and often from foreign countries. Many requests have been answered, and frequently those who have been benefited write expressing thankfulness for the Divine goodness.

Mothers frequently write to the Mission about their sons and daughters who have left their homes in the country to live in the great metropolis. Some of them have run away from home, and the writers plead so earnestly asking the Mission workers to seek for lost ones and tell them of the welcome that awaits if they will only return. In other cases they ask the superintendent to find their children, direct them to some good church and throw around them an influence that will keep them from straying from God. Many lost ones have been found and restored to the dear ones at home.

Every evening the mission services are largely attended, and the earnest testimonies there delivered are a witness of the blessing which God has been pleased to bestow on the humble efforts of the workers. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are welcomed as visitors to the Mission at No. 55 Bowery. Their prayers and support have done much towards furthering the work of the Mission in the past, enabling it to greatly widen its field of spiritual activity, and their cordial co-operation is invited by the management of the Mission in its soul-winning and rescue work during the coming year.

The following sums have been received, since last acknowledgment, in aid of the spiritual work of the Bowery Mission:

[illegible]	$ 174 [illegible]	[illegible]	50
Austin, Mary	10 00	Peet, Abraham S	1 00
Blackwood, Marie R.	10 00	Pine, Carrie B	3 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Burnham, S C	2 00	Reed, Mrs. Julia A	2 00
Dutton, Adell	1 00	Schanwecker, Sarah E	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Estill, Sarah	2 00	Sherer, Mary A	1 00
Ferris, B K	2 00	Smith, Miss Sarah E	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	50
Gensemer, Geo W	15 00	Strain, Ida M	50
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Griffiths, Owa n	2 00	Wood, Mrs W	10 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Gaengerich, S D	1 00	C S C, Phila	25 00
Haines, E S	3 00	I H N, Plainfield	1 00
Harmon, Mrs T R	1 00	L E B, Salem	75
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hatcher, Harold	50	M E M, Baltimore	5 00
Hatcher, Mrs A B	1 50	Mrs F M Allegan	1 00
Howland, Mrs Geo H	1 00	Mrs M J K, Fredonia	50
Jones, Mrs Alida J	3 50	Delaware	1 00
Kerr, M A	4 00	—, Millheim	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Love, Mrs M W & Mrs M D	[illegible]	In memory of Jennie,	[illegible]
McClun, J	1 00	A friend, Athens	23 88
Muilenburg, J W	3 00	A reader, Grand	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Parsons, Mrs I I	[illegible]	Total	$ 871 [illegible]

All contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the spiritual and rescue work of the Bowery Mission will be acknowledged in these columns.

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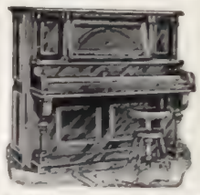

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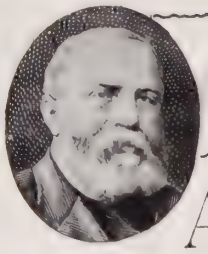

New Anecdotes . .

. . . By Dwight L. Moody

A MINISTER who had lost his child asked another minister to come and preach for him. He came and told how he lived on one side of a river, and felt very little interest in the people on the other side until his daughter was married and went over there to live. Then every morning he went to the window and looked over that river and felt very much concerned about that town and all the people there. "Now," said he, "I think that as this child has crossed another river, heaven will be dearer to my friend than ever it has been before."

. . .

One Good Quality A child once said to his mother: "Mamma, you never speak ill of any one. You would speak well of Satan."

"Well," said the mother, "you might imitate his perseverance."

. . .

God's Searchlight When I was going through the land of Goshen, in Egypt, a few years ago, as I came near the city of Alexandria, I saw the strangest sight I had ever seen. The heavens were lit up with a new kind of light, and there seemed to be flash after flash; I couldn't understand it. I had heard that the Khedive had died, and that a new Khedive was coming into power. I found later that England had sent over some war vessels, and the moment that darkness came on they had turned their searchlights upon that city; it was almost as light as noonday. Every street was lit up, and I do not suppose that ten men could have met in any part of Alexandria without being discovered by that searchlight. May God turn His searchlight upon us, and see if there be any evil way in us!

. . .

All Kinds of Hearts A lady told me once that she was so hard-hearted she couldn't come to Christ.

"Well," I said, "my good woman, it doesn't say 'all ye soft-hearted people come.' Black hearts, vile hearts, hard hearts, soft hearts, all hearts come. Who can soften your hard heart but Himself?"

. . .

Sowing Tares I was at the Paris Exhibition in 1867, and I noticed there a little oil painting, only about a foot square, and the face was the most hideous I have ever seen. On the paper attached to the painting were the words "Sowing the Tares." The face looked more like a demon's than a man's. As he sowed these tares, up came serpents and reptiles, and they were crawling up his body, and all around were woods with wolves and animals prowling in them. I have seen that picture many times since. Ah! the reaping time is coming. If you sow to the flesh you must reap corruption.

. . .

Frozen or Melted? There are two ways of being united—one is by being frozen together, and the other is by being melted together. What Christians need is to be united in brotherly love, and then they may expect to have power.

. . .

The Atheist's Boast In the town of Hanover, in Germany, I am told that there is buried a German countess who denied the existence of God and ridiculed the idea of the resurrection. To show her contempt for Christianity she ordered that on her death her grave should be built of solid masonry and covered by large stones bound together by iron clamps. On this tomb was engraved her defiant challenge that through eternity this tomb should never be disturbed. One day a seed from some tree, either blown by the wind or carried by a bird, became lodged in a small crevice of the tomb, where soon it sprouted and began to grow. And then, as if Nature mocked the haughty infidel, she quietly extended the delicate roots of that seedling under the massive blocks of stone and slowly raised them from their place. Although scarce four generations are passed since that tomb was sealed, that most insignificant seedling has done what God Himself was challenged to accomplish.

. . .

"Oh, Mother!" I knew a child whose mother died so early that she could not remember the mother. She did not have a photograph, and never saw her face; but after she had come to years of understanding, she was taken sick, and when she was dying suddenly her face lit up. She seemed to see her mother, and said: "Oh, mother!"

I think that when I see my Master I shall know him. I have an idea that when I see Moses and the Prophets and the Patriarchs and Apostles, I shall know them. Do you ask how? I don't know.

. . .

The Omitted Word The *London Times* some years ago told the story of a petition that was being circulated for signatures. It was a time of great excitement, and this petition was intended to have great influence in the House of Lords; but there was one word left out. Instead of reading, "We humbly beseech thee," it read, "We beseech thee." So it was ruled out. My friends, if we want to make an appeal to the God of heaven, we must humble ourselves; and if we do humble ourselves before the Lord, we shall not be disappointed.

. . .

Grace in Heels or Heart? A Christian mother said she wanted her son to go to a dancing-school because he was so awkward; she wanted him to be more graceful. Wanted him to get grace in his heels, you see, instead of his heart. After six weeks he had made such poor progress she took him out in disgust and chided him. Said he:

"I'm sorry, mother, I'm so stupid about it, but I can't seem to do any better. You see, it's one of the things I can't pray over."

. . .

Our Faith Not in Man How often we hear a man say: "There is a member of the Church who cheated me out of five dollars, and I am not going to have anything more to do with people who call themselves Christians." But if the man had had faith in Jesus Christ you do not suppose he would have had his faith shattered because some one cheated him out of five dollars, do you? What we want is to have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. If a man has that, he has something he can anchor to, and the anchor will hold; and when the hour of temptation comes to him, and the hour of trial, the man will stand firm. If we are only converted to man, and our faith is in man, we will certainly be disappointed.

God is Good to Me

I lift my heart to-day in praise
To Him who loves me so,
Whose mercy crowneth all my days,
And makes my cup o'erflow.
I have not loved Him as I should—
Yet pitiful is he—
And God, who giveth naught but good,
Oh, He is good to me!

I thank Him for unclouded skies—
For love beyond my ken—
That when my path in shadow lies,
The sunshine comes again.
I thank Him for the hopes fulfilled—
For every answered plea,
That tho' life was not all I willed,
My God is good to me.

I thank Him for the lifted load,
And for the doubts dispelled;
I thank Him for the gift bestowed,
And for the gift withheld.
In all the joys of time and sense,
In largess grand and free,
In sorrow's pitying recompense,
My Lord is good to me.

I go to meet another year,
With faith no doubt shall dim.
God reigneth, and I will not fear,
But trust my way with Him.
Then if that way be bright or dark,
Let peace unshaken be!
And let me, like the soaring lark,
Sing, God is good to me!

Vineland, N. J. —MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

IRREPROACHABLE.

Sometimes it is difficult to know what to give the children as a tit-bit, or what to take when starting for a journey, a picnic, or a spin on the wheel.

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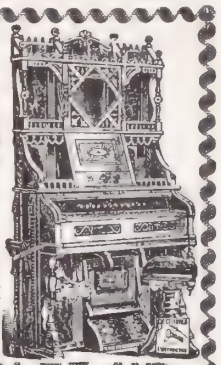

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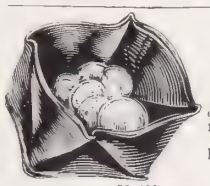

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VOL. XXII.—NO. 50 NEW YORK, DECEMBER 13, 1899 PRICE FIVE CENTS

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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The Three Wise Men and the Star SEE PAGE 963

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mr. S. G. Shroyer, Oklahoma City, writes:

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has just presented to our city $25,000 for a public library. Our people are rejoicing and feel very thankful.

Oakland City is to be congratulated on the gift which we have no doubt is both appreciated and deserved.

Anxious One, New York. Is it possible that impure and wicked thoughts can constitute the sin against the Holy Ghost? Such thoughts come into my mind and I cannot keep them out, and of late, since I have been trying to come to Christ and failing, it has occurred to me that these thoughts may be the sin that Christ said was unpardonable.

There is not the slightest ground for your fear. Whatever the sin against the Holy Ghost was, it was not that. If you read the context to the passage in which that sin is spoken of, you will see that it does not relate to wicked thoughts. You are not responsible for such thoughts entering your mind, but only if you welcome and encourage them. They should be resisted. If you have some subject to which you can turn, a subject that interests you, these intruding thoughts may be expelled by turning to it whenever they arise. A brief prayer, "Cleanse me of secret faults, O Lord," uttered when such thoughts intrude, will frequently cause them to leave you. If you do not dwell on them, they will soon cease to trouble you.

Apropos of a recent inquiry concerning the marriage of cousins, a reader sends this note:

According to the Bible, Isaac and Jacob took their own cousins for wives, and were blessed of God; and if I am not mistaken the marriage of cousins is not condemned anywhere in the Bible. Will you please tell me why the marriage of cousins is looked upon as objectionable by most people nowadays?

The reasons, as we have already stated, are purely physiological. The offspring of intermarriages are apt to be deficient physically or mentally, or both.

J. C., Alma, Wis. If I find a quantity of money that has the appearance of having been lost a long time, and I publish in our county paper requesting the loser to describe and claim the same, and no claimant appears, will that money become mine after a given length of time? How long should I hold it for the loser?

If after every effort has been employed to find the loser, the money is still unclaimed, you may be justified in regarding it as yours to use; but a conscientious person would restore it to its owner, even though he did not appear until years afterward.

Reader, Batemantown, O. 1. Is it right to get up a "box social" or supper of any kind, for the purpose of getting money to meet the expenses of the church? 2. Is it always the best preacher who gets the largest salary?

1. While we believe heartily in the value of sociable relations among church members, affairs of the kind you mention are not calculated to add to the influence or spiritual life of the church. They are un-Biblical and undesirable as a means of promoting the church's best interests. Usually, the less religion there is at a social, the more money will be taken in. There are many very good people, however, who view these things with a more lenient eye. 2. By no means. The *best* is not always the most eloquent or attractive, but he whose heart is filled not with ambition for the world's applause or its rewards, but with divine grace and love for his fellow men and who faithfully gives them the Gospel.

Subscriber, Plessis, N. Y. 1. How large a population has the City of Washington, D. C.? 2. How many churches are there in the city?

1. Between two and three hundred thousand. 2. Nearly two hundred churches.

M. H. C., Hyde Park, Pa. Ours is a union Sunday School. One Protestant denomination is building a church here, and has invited the Sunday School to move up there and continue to run the school the same as heretofore. This is the first church built in our town, and there are not enough scholars to have two schools.

Where a denomination is too weak—numerically or financially, to maintain a separate Sunday School—it is far better to join with some other denomination (holding the same faith), in a union Sunday School, than to go on struggling hopelessly, perhaps to ultimately give up the effort after all.

Schoolgirl, Midway, Va. Please tell me something about the mistletoe. I want to know in what countries it grows; how it came to be used as a Christmas decoration; and why it was sometimes considered a plant of ill-omen.

It grows in the colder parts of Asia, almost everywhere in Europe, and is found in the United States. The American species, however, is not exactly like the European plant. Many ancient peoples considered it sacred. Among the Druids, it was held in peculiarly high regard. They used it in the celebration of their new year. Five days after the new moon the white-robed priests went in stately procession into the forests until they came to the "robur" (sacred tree), upon which mistletoe grew. Two milk-white bulls were tethered to the tree; a priest ascended and released with a golden sickle the mistletoe, which was received in a white mantle beneath. The bulls were sacrificed, and the mistletoe distributed among the people as an antidote against witchcraft, etc. When Christianity prevailed over paganism, the plant, with better significance, was utilized as a Christmas decoration. In Scandinavian mythology it was held as a sacred plant, but since, by an arrow made of it, Balder the Good was slain, it possibly came to be regarded as ominous of evil.

Student, Biddle, N. C. Do you consider it proper, and in keeping with the spirit of his office, for a young unmarried minister of the Gospel to take with him for evening walks or to social entertainments young ladies in his community?

A minister should be careful at all times to do nothing that will detract from the dignity of his office or lessen his influence with his flock. This necessity may sometimes interfere with actions that are wholly innocent in themselves, yet which might be wrongly construed or may be apt to excite gossip. At the same time there is no good reason why he should be deprived of the society of his friends. His own good judgment will tell him what is expedient in such matters. There is unfortunately too great a tendency to undue criticism where a pastor is concerned.

Reader. Is it right for a Christian mother to go to church with her children and cause ill-feeling with the father who will not go, or should she submit to his ways, stay away from church, and keep her children at home out of Sunday School or church society?

It is deplorable that any husband should be so indifferent to his responsibility for the moral and spiritual welfare of his family as to seek to deny them the commonest religious privileges. No husband has a right to do this, and no wife should be subjected to such deprivation. She is bound by the duty she owes to God, even in opposition to her husband.

C. G. A., Valley Crossing, O. Why are citizens of the District of Columbia not allowed to vote for President? What form of government prevails [illegible]?

It is the only portion of the United States which is not under home rule. Its laws are enacted by Congress, and its commissioners and judges appointed by the President, but the people have no voice in the management of public affairs, beyond the privilege of petition and protest. This singular exception was made in order that the functions of the general government at its principal seat, might not be disturbed by the influence or interference of local, state or national politics in the District.

J. T., Jersey City. In what part of the United States [illegible]?

Sunday School work in the United States dates from Dec. 19, 1790, when a meeting was held in Philadelphia to "take into consideration the establishment of Sunday Schools in the city." The persons present were Bishop White, Dr. Benjamin Rush, Dr. William Currie, Thomas Mendenhall, Peter Thompson, Matthew Carey, Thos. P. Cope, Joseph Sharpless and Captain Nathaniel Falconer, and they organized "The Society for the Institution and Support of First-Day or Sunday Schools in the city of Philadelphia, and the Districts of Southwark and Northern Liberties." The purpose was almost wholly educational, benefits being intended for children of parents too poor to pay for their instruction. Primers and spelling-books were used, and Bible texts were memorized, read and copied, as the children had ability. The teachers were salaried. The Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia was the first to adopt the Sunday School as a part of Church work, organizing one in April, 1815. With this innovation, teachers began to serve gratuitously. The idea spread to other States and cities; local and State unions were organized, and finally, in 1824, the American Sunday School Union was established.

NATIVES OF INDIA TAPPING A PALM TREE FOR ITS SAP

Among the various products of the palm is a sap or juice which in some parts of the East is used as a beverage, and also instead of yeast in bread-making. One species of palm yields a juice from which a vile spirituous intoxicating liquor is distilled. The natives, however, are exceedingly temperate, and it is said to be rare to find one who is given to the use of intoxicants. Our photograph shows how even the most graceful of all tropical trees may be put to a degraded use, just as the finest field of wheat or corn may be converted into an agent of physical and spiritual destruction—God's blessings perverted by man to ignoble ends.

To a Host of Inquirers

No; the defects which you have noticed in the advertisements of the Red Letter New Testament do not appear in the Testament itself. It was impossible to obtain from the dozen different printing establishments, who were entrusted with the preparation of our large edition of last week, as careful and accurate presswork as is done on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presses. The Red Letter New Testament itself is printed in our own pressroom, by experienced workmen and under conditions most favorable to accuracy and good workmanship. It has no typographical defects, the alignment of the red and black lines is perfect, and the book is in every sense of the word a truly workmanlike and eminently satisfactory production.

THE FINAL ... OPPORTUNITY

To Get OUR HOME SUNSHINE CALENDAR FOR 1900, with an Exhaustive Chronology of Leading Events of the 19th Century Arranged According to DAYS

A Lovely Holiday Gift

WE have been literally deluged with earnest appeals from renewing and new subscribers, who have seen our beautiful Home Sunshine Calendar on the walls of other homes, to please send them a Calendar. An additional supply has just been received, and on receipt of **ten cents additional**, we will include, so long as the supply may last, a copy of this Calendar, securely packed and prepaid. We cannot send this Calendar to non-subscribers at any price. This provision is made **only** for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family, and the additional ten cents are charged for handling, tubing and postage.

The Home Sunshine Calendar is beautifully lithographed in **Six** Different Copyrighted Designs on Six Eggshelled Art Cards, each nearly as large as a CHRISTIAN HERALD Page, in **twelve** bright, cheerful **Colors**, and on the reverse side of each card is a carefully prepared Chronology of the Leading Events of the 19th Century, for the two months represented by that particular card, arranged according to days—so that each day exhibits at a glance the important events which took place on that date.

Nothing like this Calendar is now on the market. It was specially prepared for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and is secured by copyright against infringement. We make this offer of the Calendar at ten cents additional, as an accommodation to our subscribers, which, we feel sure, they will heartily appreciate.

We are informed by the lithographers that no new orders can be filled before February next. Hence the present supply is positively the limit, and such of our subscribers who may fail to take advantage of this last opportunity, or who may come too late, must acquit us of all blame in the matter. Should your order for the Calendar be received too late, we will **add one month** to your time, giving you **thirteen** months instead of **twelve**, and thus avoid the trouble of refunding the additional ten cents.

Subscribers who have recently renewed without receiving a Calendar, may get one, if so desired, by forwarding **immediately** ten cents. Don't wait. Delay is apt to result in disappointment.

Reader, Krumroy, O. No: we know of none.

I. T., Everett, Mass. Nothing has yet been done.

J. A. C., Reading, Pa. Write to a numismatist.

H. Gilmanton, N. H. Pronounce as in "poor."

John W., Cambridge, Neb. Answered in another issue.

Reader, Williamsport, Ind. Question already answered.

Jane A. M., Shelburne, Vt. Laurence Sterne is the author.

Mrs. S. B. M., Goldsboro, N. C. The author is General Lytle.

A. J. A., Clarendon, N. Y. The matter is one for legal advice.

C. S., Webster City, Ia. Send them to Rev. Mr. Sharp, Kirksville, Mo.

M. P. D., Alumine, Va. Write to the Chief of Police, New York City.

Old Subscriber, Maine. Write to Boston Belting Co., 100 Reade St., N. Y.

Robert W., Lonsdale, R. I. The two continents form a single hemisphere.

L. A., Bourbon, Mo. 1. Yes. 2. You will find it in any good encyclopedia.

Constant Reader, Harrisburg, Pa. Already answered in THE MAIL-BAG.

J. E. T., West Sarem, Wis. 1. No, not now. 2. From November to March.

J. W. M., Altoona, Pa. Already fully explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

To Brighten Syrian Homes

The Ramallah Training School and its Christian Influence.

A Noble Institution which Americans Support

BY HON. SELAH MERRILL

IT is far away from America, high up among the hills of Judea, and in a most delightful and picturesque situation. North, east, and south are billows of mountains; ten miles southeast the suburbs of Jerusalem appear; twenty miles away the vast Plain of Sharon; beyond stretches the coast and the Mediterranean, one hundred miles of which, together with Sharon itself, seems to be lying at our feet. These are not the least of the attractions of which the village of Ramallah has to boast. Yet, except for the situation, the scenery, and the noble educational work going on here, this village of 4,000 souls is not specially unlike hundreds of other towns of Palestine.

A THRESHING FLOOR IN THE VILLAGE OF RAMALLAH

Here, for some years, English and American Friends carried on medical work for the benefit of this and of neighboring villages. It was found that the people were sadly in need of mental and spiritual enlightenment. There are Greek priests in the village, but they are about as dirty as the Arabs. They may know better, but they do not do any better than the ignorant people about them. Their influence does not tend to elevate any one. One woman, who had been under Greek "teaching" all her life, said to the visiting missionary, "We never before heard of any salvation through Jesus."

There are kinds of degradation. Degradation in America would certainly imply intemperance and licentiousness. From these vices the poor people of this country are generally free; but the vices which come more under the head of meanness abound here. Such vices as hatred, revenge, selfishness, lying, cheating, profanity, vile language, and some others have been practised before their eyes from infancy; and, in many cases, strange as it may seem, they are actually taught to the children. The need of the reformatory work that has been attempted here could be illustrated in a great variety of ways.

Martha, the visiting missionary referred to, goes from house to house among the women and children, chiefly among those that are sick, showing them how to wash their bodies—which some of them have not done for five, ten or even twenty years; how to clean their clothing, how to make their beds comfortable—how to take the medicine which is prescribed—it is astonishing how much instruction they need in such simple matters—and how to prepare plain, but nourishing food. In regard to the most ordinary things of life, they are ignorant and utterly helpless. The great majority of the peasant and village people of this country, care for themselves and their children, whether sick or well, just about as they care for the donkeys, who share with them their wretched hovels.

Those whose appreciate Martha's work give her a name which may be translated "The Apostle of Cleanliness." The happy thought occurred to those who were carrying on the medical work, to found a school where young women could be taught how to make homes cleaner and more comfortable in every way and their own lives better. This Training Home, wholly under the care of American teachers and supported entirely by American money, is one of the permanent results. For other permanent results one can point to the changed character of many a native home and to many a young woman who has been lifted up from degradation and ignorance, and whose life has been transformed into one of Christian usefulness.

THE RAMALLAH TRAINING HOME, FROM THE WEST

The buildings erected for the Training Home are the surprise and delight of every American traveler who sees them. Pure air, pure water, and absolute cleanliness were the first things thought of—very difficult ends to secure anywhere in the East.

The girls are taught to be skilful with the needle, making and keeping in repair their own clothes. Each is taught how to serve at table in the neatest and most orderly manner, the proper care of beds and bedrooms, and how to cook. About the Home is a large yard and garden in which the girls have plots of ground which they care for and where they learn to cultivate different sorts of flowers. They have many forms of outdoor recreation which they greatly enjoy. Their schoolroom is a model of neatness and good order; and the earnestness and reverence with which they join in prayer is very touching. No school in America can surpass this one in the solicitude exercised by teachers and managers for the welfare of the pupils; and the girls themselves say, "We try to practise at home what we are taught in school. On the street, when others shout bad words at us, we do not answer back, but say in our hearts, 'God forgive them.'" The girls have a Christian Endeavor Society which they manage entirely by themselves as they do their Peace Society, which corresponds to a literary society in an American school. The spirit pervading this Training Home, whose means allow of there being accommodated only about twenty-six girls in a year, is delightful. Christianity is being lived in the daily lives of the inmates; there is no ostentation, no extravagance; everything is plain, but convenient, comfortable, and substantial; there is gentleness in all that is said or done—kindness always and everywhere. Silently and effectually the idea of the founders is being carried out.

The Friends' Mission carries on in its immediate district seven schools which are taught by graduates of the Training Home. Here over two hundred children, both boys and girls, are taught to read, write, and also to sing; for it is believed that by the singing of Christian hymns some joy and comfort can be introduced into wretched homes. There is a Sunday service at which the attendance is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty souls. Those who wish are allowed to make some request, to state some incident in their daily experience, or to make some comment on what has been said by the leader of the meeting. By their dress many of the men look as though they had been "compelled to come in from the highways and hedges," from work of drudgery and homes of poverty; but their simple, earnest words show that a new and strange light has dawned upon their minds.

Story of the Magi

Gentiles Who Watched for the Lord—Vigil of Centuries—The Star—The Quest

(See First Page Illustration).

WHO were the Magi? Legend and tradition have twined many facts and fancies around these Oriental pilgrims and their guiding star. Both unite in affirming that they were Chaldean or Persian astrologers or astronomers of the day; that they belonged to the ancient order which Zoroaster had founded, for whom Daniel had interceded and over whom he had held the office of "Master" by Nebuchadnezzar's appointment. They had a famous college in Babylon; princes were their students and members of their brotherhood; and thus writers and artists have, with reason, depicted the wise men as kings. Zoroaster had predicted the advent of a great interpreter of God to man, and through association with Daniel and other Israelites they had imbibed the Hebrew Messianic expectations with which the Orient was permeated. On the "star-gazers," who were but one branch of the order, devolved the office of watching the heavens for the celestial herald which should announce the Christ; and the office was hereditary. Night after night, century after century, observations were held on a high and lonely mountain, and generation after generation passed away, saying to its successor, "Be faithful! What if ye should sleep and the star should come and ye should not see it?" One night, the legend tells, three watchers studying the heavens and conversing about those who had watched before them for the star suddenly ceased to speak, and laid their hands upon one another almost fearing to breathe. Their eyes filled with tears of awe and gladness; and at last, as with one voice, they said: "The star!"

The brotherhood were waked; preparations were quickly made, and the pilgrims set forth for Judea, the star guiding. "Who shall he be?" they asked themselves. "A great Prince of course." "Where shall we find him?" "In the King's Palace at the Capital City, Jerusalem!" Thus speculating, they lose sight of the star, and enter Jerusalem asking, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" Herod sets them on the way to Bethlehem. But their hearts are heavy. They humbled themselves before God and prayed for renewal of the beatific vision. How else shall they know the King when they find him? How can they go back to their brethren on the mountain and tell them that the star, the hope of ages, has been lost through the worldliness and unfaithfulness of the Chosen Messengers? Near Bethlehem there is a well called the "Well of the Magi," and the tradition says that one of the Wise Men, athirst and faint, yet drawing water for a weak and footsore traveler, and praying as he drew, saw, at midday, reflected in this well—the star! Joyously, giving thanks to God, and asking counsel of no man, the Magi followed it. When it paused above a stable, they entered, and bowed themselves before the babe in the manger, offering the consecrated tribute, held in trust for ages, to him, born King of the Jews, of whom it was promised: "Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." Balthasar, Melchior and Caspar, tradition names them, one legend saying that they came from different countries, Egypt, Arabia [illegible] Greece.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Forgiveness Before Sundown

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Ephesians 4: 26: . . . . "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

HAT a pillow, embroidered of all colors, hath the dying day! The cradle of clouds from which the sun rises is beautiful enough, but it is surpassed by the many-colored mausoleum in which, at evening, it is buried.

Sunset among the mountains! It almost takes one's breath away to recall the scene. The long shadows stretching over the plain make the glory of the departing light, on the tiptop crags, and struck aslant, through the foliage the more conspicuous. Saffron and gold, purple and crimson commingled. All the castles of cloud in conflagration. Burning Moscows on the sky. Hanging gardens of roses at their deepest blush. Banners of vapor, red as if from carnage, in the battle of the elements. Paul, in prison, remembers some of the gorgeous sunsets among the mountains of Asia Minor, and how he had often seen the towers of Damascus blaze in the close of the Oriental days: and he flashes out that memory in the text when he says, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Sublime all-suggestive duty for people then and people now! Forgiveness before sundown! He who never feels the throb of indignation is imbecile. He who can walk among the injustices of the world inflicted upon himself and others, without flush of cheek, or flash of eye, or agitation of nature, is either in sympathy with wrong or semi-idiotic. When Ananias, the high priest, ordered the constables of the court-room to smite Paul on the mouth, Paul fired up and said: "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." In the sentence immediately before my text, Paul commands the Ephesians: "Be ye angry and sin not." It all depends on what you are mad at and how long the feeling lasts, whether anger is right or wrong. Life is full of exasperations. Saul after David, Succoth after Gideon, Korah after Moses, the Pasquins after Augustus, the Pharisees after Christ, and every one has had his pursuers, and we are swindled, or belied, or misrepresented, or persecuted, or in some way wronged, and the danger is that healthful indignation shall become baleful spite, and that our feelings settle down into a prolonged outpouring of temper displeasing to God and ruinous to ourselves; and hence the important injunction of the text: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Why that limitation to one's anger? Why that period of flaming vapor set to punctuate a flaming disposition? What has the sunset got to do with one's resentful emotions? Was it a haphazard sentiment written by Paul without special significance? No, no! I think of five reasons why we should not let the sun set before our temper.

First: Because twelve hours is long enough to be cross about any wrong inflicted upon us. Nothing is so exhausting to physical health or mental faculty as a protracted indulgence of ill-humor. It racks the nervous system. It hurts the digestion. It heats the blood in brain and heart until the whole body is first overheated and then depressed. Besides that, it sours the disposition, turns one aside from his legitimate work, expends energies that ought to be better employed, and does us more harm than it does our antagonist. Paul gives us a good, wide allowance of time for legitimate denunciation, from six o'clock to six o'clock, but says: "Stop there!" The morning will pass by, and the afternoon will arrive, and the sun will begin to set, and, I beg you, on its blazing hearth throw all your feuds, invectives, and satires.

Other things being equal, the man who preserves good temper will come out ahead. An old writer says that the celebrated John Henderson, of Bristol, England, was at a dining party where political excitement ran high and the debate got angry, and while Henderson was speaking, his opponent, unable to answer his argument, dashed a glass of wine in his face; when the speaker deliberately wiped the liquid from his face and said, "This, sir, is a digression; now, if you please, for the main argument." While worldly philosophy could help but very few to such equipoise of spirit, the grace of God could help any man to such a triumph. "Impossible," you say. "I would have either left the table in anger or have knocked the man down." But I have come to believe that nothing is impossible if God help.

Aye, you will not postpone till sundown forgiveness of enemies if you can realize that their behavior towards you may be put into the catalogue of the "all things" that "work together for good to those that love God." I have had multitudes of friends, but I have found in my own experience that God so arranged it that the greatest opportunities of usefulness that have been opened before me were opened by enemies. So you may harness your antagonists to your best interests and compel them to draw you on to better work and higher character. Suppose, instead of waiting until thirty-two minutes after four this evening, when the sun will set, you transact this glorious work of forgiveness at meridian.

Again: We ought not to let the sun go down on our wrath, because we will sleep better if we are at peace with everybody. Insomnia is getting to be one of the most prevalent of disorders. How few people retire at ten o'clock at night and sleep clear through to six in the morning! To relieve this disorder all narcotics, and sedatives, and morphine, and chloral, and bromide of potassium, and cocaine, and intoxicants are used: but nothing is more important than a quiet spirit if we would win somnolence. I give you an unfailing prescription for wakefulness: spend the evening hours rehearsing your wrongs and the best way of avenging them. Hold a convention of friends on this subject in your parlor or office at eight or nine o'clock. Close the evening by writing a bitter letter expressing your sentiments. Take from the desk or pigeonhole the papers in the case to refresh your mind with your enemy's meanness. Then lie down and wait for the coming of the day, and it will come before sleep comes, or your sleep will be worried quiescence, and, if you take the precaution to lie flat on your back, a frightful nightmare.

Why not put a bound to your animosity? Why let your foes come into the sanctities of your dormitory? Why let those slanderers who have already torn your reputation to pieces or injured your business, bend over your midnight pillow and drive from you one of the greatest blessings that God can offer — sweet, refreshing, all-invigorating sleep? Why not fence out your enemies by the golden bars of the sunset? Why not stand behind the barricade of evening cloud, and say to them: "Thus far and no farther." Many a man and many a woman is having the health of body as well as the health of soul eaten away by a malevolent spirit. I have in time of religious awakening had persons night after night, come into the inquiry room and get no peace of soul. After a while I have bluntly asked them: "Is there not some one against whom you have a hatred that you are not willing to give up?" After a little confusion they have slightly whispered, "Yes." Then I have said: "You will never find peace with God as long as you retain that virulence."

There are hundreds of domestic circles where that which most is needed is the spirit of forgiveness. Brothers apart, and sisters apart, and parents and children apart. Solomon says a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city. Are there not enough sacred memories of your childhood to bring you together? The hour of sundown makes to that family no practical suggestion. Thomas Carlyle, in his biography of Frederick the Great, says the old King was told by the confessor he must be at peace with his enemies if he wanted to enter heaven. Then he said to his wife the Queen: "Write to your brother after I am dead that I forgive him." Roloff, the confessor, said: "Her Majesty had better write him immediately." "No," said the King, "after I am dead: that will be safer." So he let the sun of his earthly existence go down upon his wrath.

Again: We ought not to allow the sun to set before forgiveness takes place, because we might not live to see another day. And what if we should be ushered into the presence of our Maker with a grudge upon our soul? The majority of people depart this life in the night. Between eleven o'clock P. M. and three o'clock A.M. there is something in the atmosphere which relaxes the grip which the body has on the soul, and most of people enter the next world through the shadows of this world.

Shall we then leap over the roseate bank of sunset into the favorite hunting-ground of disease and death, carrying our animosities with us? Who would want to confront his God, against whom we have all done meaner things than anybody has ever done against us, carrying old grudges? On the night of our departure from this life into the next, our one plea will have to be for mercy, and it will have to be offered in the presence of him who has said: "If you forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." What a sorry plight if we stand there hating this one, and hating that one, and wishing that one a damage, and wishing some one else a calamity, and we ourselves needing forgiveness for ten thousand obliquities of heart and life.

"But," says some woman, "there is a horrid creature that has so injured me that rather than make up with her I would die first." Well, sister, you may take your choice, for one or the other it will be—your complete pardon of her, or God's eternal banishment of you. "But," says some man, "that fellow who cheated me out of those goods, or damaged my business credit, or started that lie about me in the newspapers, or by his perfidy broke up my domestic happiness, forgive him I cannot, forgive him I will not." Well brother, take your choice. You will never be at peace with God till you are at peace with man. Feeling as you now do, you would not get so near the harbor of heaven as to see the lightship. Better leave that man with the God who said: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." You may say: "I will make him sweat for that yet; I will make him squirm; I mean to pursue him to the death," but you are damaging yourself more than you damage him, and you are making heaven for your own soul an impossibility. If he will not be reconciled to you, be reconciled to him. In five or six hours it will be sundown. The dahlias will bloom against the western sky. Somewhere between this and that, take a shovel and bury the old quarrel at least six feet deep. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Again: We ought not to allow the passage of the sunset hour before the dismissal of all our affronts, because we may associate the sublimest action of the soul, with the sublimest spectacle in nature. It is a most delightsome thing to have our personal experiences allied with certain subjects. There is a tree or river bank where God first answered your prayer. You will never pass that place or think of that place without thinking of the glorious communion. There was some gate or some room or some garden wall where you were affianced with the companion who has been your chief joy in life. You never speak of that place but with a smile. Some of you have pleasant memories connected with the evening star, or the moon in its first quarter, or with the sunrise, because you saw it just as you were arriving at harbor after a tempestuous voyage. Forever and forever, O hearer, associate the sunset with your magnanimous, out and out, unlimited renunciation of all hatreds and forgiveness of all foes.

I admit it is the most difficult of all graces to practise, and at the start you may make a complete failure, but keep on in the attempt to practise it. Shakespeare wrote ten plays before he reached "Hamlet," and seventeen plays before he reached "Merchant of Venice," and twenty-eight plays before he reached "Macbeth." And gradually you will come from the easier graces to the most difficult. Besides that, it is not a matter of personal determination so much as the laying hold of the almighty arm of God, who will help us to do anything we ought to do. Remember that in all personal controversies the one least to blame will have to take the first step at pacification, if it is ever effected. The contest between Aeschines and Aristippus resounds through history: but Aristippus, who was least to blame, went to Aeschines and said: "Shall we not agree to be friends before we make ourselves the laughing stock of the whole country?" And Aeschines said: "Thou art a far better man than I, for I began the quarrel, but thou hast been the first in healing the breach;" and they were always friends afterwards. So let the one of you that is least to blame take the first step toward reconciliation. The one most in the wrong will never take it.

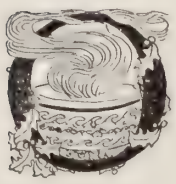
Oh, it makes one feel splendidly to be able by God's help to practise unlimited forgiveness. It improves one's body and soul. It improves the countenance by scattering the gloom and makes you somewhat like God himself. He is omnipotent, and we cannot copy that. He is independent of all the universe, and we cannot copy that. He is creative, and we cannot copy that. He is omnipresent, and we cannot copy that. But he forgives with a broad sweep all faults, and all neglects, and all insults, and all wrong-doings, and in that we may copy him with mighty success. Go harness that sublime action of your soul to the sunset—the hour when the gate of heaven opens to let the day pass into the eternities, and some of the glories escape this way through the brief opening. We talk about the Italian sunsets, and sunset amid the Appenines, and sunset amid the Cordilleras: but I will tell you how you may see a grander sunset than any mere lover of nature ever beheld: that is, by flinging into it all your hatreds and animosities, and let the horses of fire trample them, and the spearmen of fire stab them, and the beach of fire consume them, and the billows of fire overwhelm them.

Again: We should not let the sun go down on our wrath, because it is of little importance what the world says of you or does to you when you have the affluent God of the sunset as your Provider and Defender. If that God of such infinite resources that he can put on the wall of the sky each evening more than the Louvre and Luxemburg galleries all in one, is my God and your God, our Provider and Protector, what is the use of our worrying about any human antagonism? If we are misinterpreted, the God of the many-colored sunset can put the right color on our action. If all the garniture of the western heavens at eventide is but the upholstery of one of the windows of our future home, what small business for us to be chasing enemies! Let not this Sabbath sun go down upon your wrath.

And now, I wish for all of you a beautiful sunset to your earthly existence. With some of you it has been a long day of trouble, and with others of you it will be far from calm. When the sun rose at six o'clock it was the morning of youth, and a fair day was prophesied, but by the time the noonday or middle-life had come, and the clock of your earthly existence had struck twelve, cloud-racks gathered, and tempest bellowed in the track of tempest. But, as the evening of old age approaches, I pray God the skies may brighten and the clouds be piled up into pillars as of celestial temples to which you go, or move as with mounted cohorts come to take you home. And as you sink out of sight below the horizon, may there be a radiance of Christian example lingering long after you are gone, and on the heavens be written in letters of sapphire, and on the waters in letters of opal, and on the hills in letters of emerald: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." So shall the sunset on earth become the sunrise of heaven.

A Great Gospel Singer Gone

Rev. Robert Lowry, Author of "I Need Thee Every Hour," "Where is My Wandering Boy?" and "Shall we Gather at the River?" Passes Away at Plainfield, N. J.



ON Tuesday afternoon, November 28, a company of Christian men and women, many of them from remote cities, met in a pleasant, roomy mansion in Plainfield, N. J., to pay the last tribute of respect to the mortal remains of a very dear friend who had passed away. The Rev. Robert Lowry—over whose flower-covered casket the silent mourners hung as they took a last look of the noble features of the dead—had reached the ripe age of seventy-four when he was called from earth to heaven on November 25. His life work as the most distinguished composer of sacred song our country has ever produced was a remarkable one, and the influence he exercised over the hearts of his fellow men was precious and far-reaching. In the intervals of his musical work, which kept him closely confined to his study, he displayed a bright and genial side that won friends everywhere. By his more immediate associates he was greatly beloved.

The songs by which he will always be most widely known and which are familiar to Christians everywhere are: "Shall We Gather at the River," "I Need Thee Every Hour," and "Where is my Wandering Boy?" With religious assemblies the first is a popular favorite, while the sweet yet sad strains of the last have wooed many a wanderer back from the paths of sin to righteousness. It is sung in every rescue mission in the United States, and is familiar also in Canada and England. On these three Gospel songs alone, Dr. Lowry's fame as a composer might rest secure; although many of his other productions have also attained wide popularity.

At the request of the editor of this journal, Mr. Hubert P. Main, a fellow-composer and for many years an intimate friend of Dr. Lowry, has prepared the review of his career which appears below.

. . .

Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D., the son of Mr. Crozier Lowry, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 12, 1826. He received a common school education. At the age of seventeen years he became a follower of Christ. His parents were members of the Associate Presbyterian Church, but his study of the Scriptures led him to cast in his lot with the Baptists, and, having been baptized by Rev. Geo. B. Ide, D.D., he united with the first Baptist Church in Philadelphia. He at once devoted himself to Christian work, especially in connection with Sunday Schools. Encouraged by Dr. Ide to prepare himself for the work of the Christian ministry, he entered Lewisburg, now Bucknell University, where he was graduated with valedictory honors in 1854. The same year he was ordained and became pastor of the First Baptist Church in Westchester, Pa., where he remained for five years. In 1858 he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Bloomingdale Baptist Church, New York. In 1861 he became pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn. Here he remained until 1869, when he accepted the professorship of *belles-lettres* in his alma mater, together with the pastorate of the Lewisburg Baptist Church. This double service he performed six years, and then removed to Plainfield, N. J.

Here a new church was organized, and Dr. Lowry, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity having been conferred upon him by Lewisburg University, was called to the pastorate of what has since been known as the Park Avenue Baptist Church. In 1880, Dr. Lowry took a rest of four years, and visited Europe. In 1885 he felt that he must have a longer respite, and after nine years of labor with a people to whom he was tenderly attached, he resigned. For a time he traveled in the South and West, and subsequently in Mexico. Reinvigorated in health, he returned to Plainfield, where he resided until his death.

Successful as Dr. Lowry has been as a pastor and preacher, the Christian world knew him better as a writer of hymns and composer of sacred music. On the death of William B. Bradbury, the music publishing business which he had built up in New York was continued by Biglow & Main. The new firm made a proposal to prepare a book for use in Sunday Schools. In 1868 Dr. Lowry edited "Chapel Melodies," with S. J. Vail, and in 1869 "Bright Jewels," with Wm. F. Sherwin and Chester G. Allen, the latter book reaching a sale of 500,000 copies. In 1871 he commenced the series of Sunday School Hymn Books with W. H. Doane, of Cincinnati, O. "Pure Gold" appearing in 1871, "Royal Diadem" in 1873, and "Brightest and Best" in 1875, the sale of which were over 2,000,000 copies. Then followed "Welcome Tidings," with W. H. Doane, Ira D. Sankey and P. P. Bliss in 1877, also by Lowry and Doane, "Fountain of Song," 1877; "Gospel Hymn and Tune Book," 1879; "Good as Gold," 1880; "Our Glad Hosanna," 1882; "Joyful Lays," 1884; "Glad Refrain," 1886; "Bright Array," 1889, and "Royal Hymnal," 1898, with Ira D. Sankey. He also wrote many "Services" for Christmas and Easter; Christmas and Easter Carols.

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my fond'rest care,
Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod;
PHOTO BY PARKINSON, NEW YORK

THE LATE REV. ROBERT LOWRY, THE FAMOUS HYMNOLOGIST

In these various works are many popular hymns composed by Dr. Lowry, among the best known besides "Shall We Gather at the River," 1864, are:

"Shall We Know Each Other There," 1864; "One More Day's Work for Jesus," 1873; *"They Are Going Down the Valley," 1869; *"Weeping Will Not Save Me," 1867; "The Rifted Rock," 1871; *"Where is My Boy To-night," 1877; *"Jesus is My Saviour," 1878; "I Need Thee Every Hour," 1872; "Something for Jesus," 1871; "Chime on," 1860; *"I'll Away to the Sabbath School," 1847; "We're Marching to Zion," 1867; "Follow on," 1880; "Bless Me Now," 1873; "The Mistakes of My Life are Many," 1871; "Blessed River," 1871; "My Life Flows on in Endless Song," 1869; "All the Way My Saviour Leads Me," 1875; "When the Comforter Came," 1875, &c., &c., &c.

Dr. Lowry some years since gave the story of his hymn, "Shall We Gather at the River," as follows:

"One afternoon in July, 1864, when I was pastor of Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., the weather was oppressively hot, and I was lying on a lounge in a state of physical exhaustion. I was almost incapable of bodily exertion, and my imagination began to take to itself wings. Visions of the future passed before me with startling vividness. The imagery of the Apocalypse took the form of a tableau. Brightest of all were the throne, the heavenly river, and the gathering of the Saints. My soul seemed to take new life from that celestial outlook. I began to wonder why the hymn writers had said so much about the 'river of death,' and so little about 'the pure water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.' As I mused the words began to construct themselves. They came first as a question of Christian inquiry, 'Shall We Gather?' Then they broke out in chorus, as an answer of Christian faith, 'Yes, we'll gather.' On this question and answer the hymn developed itself. The music came with the hymn."

In the following spring forty thousand children sang it on their May anniversary parade and in their churches. Then it went everywhere. It was sung in conventions, in churches, in Sunday Schools, and at the bedside of the dying. It crossed the ocean and became known in Great Britain and on the continent. At some of the most distant missionary stations in Asia it was translated and sung. It found its way to the Sandwich Islands and soon encircled the globe. It is probably the one hymn by which its author is best known.

Dr. Lowry leaves a wife and three sons. The latter are all married, and one is pastor of a Baptist church in Rahway, N. J.

*Both words and music by Dr. Lowry. The dates given are generally the year of publication.

BECAUSE HE PROMISES ME

WHEN I must pass through the deep waters so chill,
When sorrow and darkness I see,
I know Christ is with me upholding me still,
Because he promises me.

Chorus—Because he promises me,
Because he promises me;
Whatever o'ertakes me, he never forsakes me,
Because he promises me.

In times of temptation, when Satan entices,
He hears and he answers my plea:
So good is my Saviour, so willing to bless,
Because he promises me.

Whatever my troubles, I come to my Lord;
My help ever-present is he; [all—
I know he will lead me safely through
Because he promises me.

'Tis blessed to know I am safe in his love,
To rest from anxiety free;
To give him my care who careth for me,
Because he promises me.

—MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

Please Do Not Wait

Subscribers, whose term expires with the present month, should not wait for a special expiry notice, but should send in their renewals at once, especially so if they intend to take advantage of any of our unprecedented Premium Offers. We should be sorry to have to disappoint them in the timely delivery of premiums, but as our stock may prove inadequate, owing to the enormous increase of business this season, we cannot guarantee to fill orders that are not sent in promptly. Our subscribers may, however, depend on it that we shall leave no stone unturned to meet their every demand.

The Memorial Church at Spires

A number of contributions in aid of the Memorial Church project at Spires, Germany, have been received. Among the letters are several expressing hearty sympathy with the proposed memorial which will adorn the historic cradle of Protestantism. One of the letters received by Rev. Albert Beyschlag, the representative of the Spires committee, now in this country, says:

Find enclosed a mite towards the Memorial Church—a noble and grand idea to perpetuate the glorious stand and protest of our devoted Christian friends in the cause of truth—for which we can never be sufficiently thankful. Doubtless, your efforts will be crowned with success here, for Americans, too, participate in this great blessing.

New York City. AN INVALID.

This letter from a very young reader is interesting:

I have seen your picture and that of your church in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and as we read what its purpose is and those who it commemorates, my sister and I emptied our little banks, and I spoke to my Sabbath School teacher, and he gave me twenty-five cents. So hoping you will accept our little gift, we enclose $2.25.

Jersey City. LESTER MURRAY (six years old).

These are only a few of many similar letters received by Mr. Beyschlag, whose present address is 235 Harrison street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and who is authorized by the committee to accept contributions for the Memorial Church project.

FOR THE FINAL OPPORTUNITY

To Get OUR HOME SUNSHINE CALENDAR FOR 1900, with an Exhaustive Chronology of Leading Events of the 19th Century Arranged According to DAYS

See Page 962

An Ideal Christmas Present

Is a $30 set of the World-Wide Encyclopedia, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Book Department offers at half price—$15. One dollar down and one dollar a month, or 10 per cent. discount for spot cash. Nothing better, nothing more useful. Ask your pastor how he would like a set for Christmas! Ten thousand large pages, 96 maps. Brought up to date, including the Spanish-American War. Address to-day: The Christian Herald Book Department, Bible House, New York.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Fruits of Right and Wrong

International S. S. Lesson for Dec. 17
Mal. 3 : 13 ; 4-6 Golden Text, Gal. 6 : 7

SOCIETY [illegible] elements which existed in Jerusalem in the days of Ezra and Nehemiah. If such a writer as the author of the book that we know as Malachi, appeared in these closing days of the nineteenth century, he would have the same message to give, with little change of detail. As we explained, in this journal of November 29, the book was probably the work of Ezra, who chose to write anonymously under the title of Malachi or God's messenger. He addresses three kinds of people: The openly wicked, who oppressed the poor, divorced their wives and married heathen women, and acted as if they did not believe any God existed; second, people who kept up the forms of religion, but secretly defrauded God by withholding offerings, and bringing the poorest and least saleable animals for sacrifice; and third, good people who were puzzled by God's apparent indifference to character. These last evidently could not understand how it was that a righteous God allowed the wicked to prosper, and let the good lose by their goodness. Representatives of all three classes might easily be pointed out in our own cities at this day. The writer cautions his readers against presuming on God's silence. He is patient, but he is not indifferent. He knows who is really serving him, and who is merely pretending to serve him. God has not changed. As surely as the harvest is of the same nature as the seed, so will those who live righteously reap the fruits of righteousness. The day was coming, the prophet declared, when God would send a messenger who, like Elijah at Carmel (II. Kings 18: 21-46), would demand that the people declare themselves, and range themselves either on the side of God or of the devil. Perhaps, he hinted, in that day, some of those who were then professing to be longing for such a manifestation, would find it not so agreeable as they supposed; for that coming would try all hearts, and only those who were true to the core, would be able to bear the test that would be applied.

Turn the hearts of the children. The turning was needed, for the children were forgetting the lessons their fathers had learned and were inclined to despise the principles which had been the mainstay of the nation. The result of evil ways is inevitably misery. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." It is a law of nature, which pays no heed to repentance. "I mean to enjoy myself while I am young," said a college graduate, "and when I reach middle age I shall clean up and be a decent, respectable citizen. His room-mate, a young man who had not the other's advantages of fortune and high connections, said: "Better begin with the cleanliness, otherwise some of the dirt may stick." "I shall take care of that," said the other. But no man is able to defy natural law. The two met twenty years later, and the man who had boasted that he would "take care," was prematurely old, suffering from diseases induced by dissipation, and in abject poverty, resulting from gambling. The seed he had sown in his youth had come to the harvest, and as is always the case, the fruits were of the nature of the seed.

It is vain to serve God. A very impatient short-sighted person it must be who comes to that conclusion. As a clergyman once said to an infidel who challenged him to show what rewards had ever come from serving God, or evils from not serving him: "You must not expect that God will settle up accounts with men every Saturday night. An employer may do that because of the necessity of his workmen, but God may be expected to take a longer view." Two young men were working in a country store. One of them was the only son of the proprietor, and the other was a hired clerk. The son became discontented when he saw the money the clerk received at the end of the month. He had never had so much in his pocket to do as he liked with in his life. "Father," he said, "it seems to me Daniel has the better of me, you give me only a little pocket money and see how much money he has to spend." The father looked at his son in surprise. "Do you want to be paid for your services, like Daniel?" he asked. "I thought my boy understood his position better. You are not working for money; you are working to get knowledge and experience. Your reward will be in becoming a good business man, with a thorough knowledge of business methods, so that when this business comes to you, you will know how to manage it and make it a better success than it has ever been." A Christian must not be dissatisfied if God does not pay him for his services in money.

When I make up my jewels. In that charming work of Mr. Ruskin, *Ethics of the Dust*, he points out that crystals have two qualities which go to make up their value. One is their shape and the other is their purity. The shape is determined by the crystal's surroundings, the quick or slow process of cooling, or outward pressure. "But," he says, "it seems as if it had in itself the power of rejecting impurity if it has crystalline life enough. Here is a crystal of quartz, well shaped in its way; but it seems to have been languid and sick at heart; and some milky substance has got into it, and mixed itself up with it, all through. It makes the quartz quite yellow, if you hold it up to the light, and milky blue on the surface. Here is another, broken out of all traceable shape, but as pure as a mountain spring. I like this one best. Purity is in most cases a prior if not a nobler virtue. The crystal must be either dirty or clean. So it is with one's hands and with one's heart—only you can wash your hands without changing them, but not hearts, nor crystals. On the whole, while you are young, it will be as well to take care that your hearts don't want much washing; for they may perhaps need wringing also, when they do." It is a great help to any girl or boy who is striving to resist evil, to remember that the pure soul is as precious to God as one of his jewels.

"WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH THAT SHALL HE REAP"

Christ's Coming Foretold

International S. S. Lesson for Dec. 24.
Isa. 9 : 2-7. Golden Text, Luke 2 : 11.

CLEAR proof is furnished by this passage from Isaiah that Peter was right when he intimated (I. Peter 1:10, 11) that the prophets did not themselves understand the truths that they wrote. They, doubtless, applied a certain meaning to them, but there was a far-reaching significance in the words that they penned, of which they had no conception. In this instance, when King Ahaz replied to Isaiah with the contention that it was useless to look to God for deliverance, seeing that God had not interposed to prevent the invasion, Isaiah consistently urges him not to let go his trust in God. God, he says in effect, still loves and protects his people and would surely show that he did. So certain was this fact, that a young mother might confidently name her child Immanuel, which means, "God with us." The time would come when such a name would express the jubilant feeling of the nation. Then the king would be the representative of God, and his whole policy and principles of government would be based on God's law. The nation would then lose sight of the king and recognize as the real ruler, the Counsellor, the mighty God, the Prince of Peace. No such ruler ever came. Isaiah's ideal was never fulfilled. But when Christ came and proclaimed the Kingdom of God, then his followers began to see that Isaiah's words had a deeper meaning either by Isaiah or by the people to whom he spoke. Such a King has come, not to [illegible] spirituality, and by love." This is no [illegible] is at this day no ruler on earth who has so many subjects as Christ has. There are no subjects so loyal, so devoted as those who have sworn fealty to Him, whose birth in the stable of Bethlehem all Christendom is about to celebrate. Thus, in a better way than Isaiah ever dreamed, his prediction has been fulfilled.

Garments rolled in blood. In that way all the empires of the world have been built up. Alexander, Cæsar, Charles XII., Napoleon—all adopted the same principles to extend their empires. To add a province, they would enter it and fight and kill and destroy, till it was subdued. To this day, the rulers of the world show, by their vast armaments, that they rely on the same methods. But the prophet foresaw a new way, which was not only more beneficent, but more effectual. The kingdom of God, founded on peace and love, would not only be more extensive, but it would do what none of the others had done—it would endure. This is true of the individual soul as it is of the empire. One of the most beautiful of the novelist's creations is that one, so true to nature, of the reformation of a soldier. The man had been punished in every conceivable way, but he would drink and would be guilty of breaches of discipline. Punishment hardened him and made him worse. At last his captain took him aside and tried the effect of a loving talk upon him. The man who had resisted harsh measures, broke down under affection and became a good, brave and distinguished soldier. He was permanently changed by the power of love.

Fuel of fire. The prophet foresaw that in the end all that is evil must perish. It is not in its nature to endure, though it may appear strong and imposing. Thirty years ago the French empire was so brilliant and gay that it dazzled the eyes of all the world. Those who saw the court functions in the palace of Tuilleries marvelled at their magnificence. The Emperor and the Empress, with their young son, walked through the halls amid a host of admiring courtiers, and their power seemed to be enduring. But it was a wicked court in which vice was rampant and the statesmen and generals on whom the state depended were corrupt. When the day of trial came in the conflict with Germany, it was seen that its strength had been eaten away, and like a hollow tree it was swept away by the storm. The secular historian and the Christian observer had no dispute about the cause of the collapse. The judgment of God is against wickedness, but those who did not recognize God in worldly affairs, averred that wickedness brought the empire to its fall.

Unto us a child is born. Who can measure the influence of a little child? The prophet saw this all-conquering everlasting empire starting at a cradle. The weakest and most helpless of all things is a new born babe. But is that helpless creature destitute of power? Ask its father and mother. No power on earth could make them do the things they will do for love of their babe. It ought not to have surprised the world, which for centuries had witnessed this power in its homes, that the conquest of the world should begin with a Divine Child. A rough, stalwart man, who was foremost in every disturbance, who was always ready for a fight and was the terror of the neighborhood, went home one night and found a new born little girl in his home. A new feeling he had never known before filled his heart as she was put in his arms. The next night he did what he had never done before—went straight home from his work without a drink. It was amazing to see the rough man with that babe in his arms and the astonishing thing was that the infant loved him. There was no mistake about it. Its wailing would cease when he took it and it nestled on his shoulder. As it grew older its love for him increased. Every night the little golden haired girl waited for him at his door and he dare not drink lest he do her an injury. He quitted all his evil ways that he might be a true father to his little girl, and it was her influence that took him to the house of God and finally made him a Christian.

In Santa Claus' Workshop

The Making of Toys—How Dollies, Tin Soldiers and Horses Grow . . .

IF there is ever a month in the year when the subject of toys is interesting to big and little, young and old, it is the month of December. Parents, mission workers, preachers, Sunday School teachers, and even ministers of state, presidents of great republics and rulers of European empires have been known to give themselves considerably to the study of dolls, toy engines, wagons, horses and the like during this magic month in which Christmas comes. Nobody more than gray-haired grandmamma finds the problem of bisque, rag or wax babies a lively issue, and her aged fingers busy themselves with a needle, that has not lost its cunning, in fashioning lilliputian costumes out of enchanting scraps of blue and pink silk. As for Miss Toddlekins, no questions seem of so very much importance as those of "blue eyes or brown," "black hair or golden," "eyes that open or shut," "a real natural cry," and power to "say mamma and papa," while Master Toddlekins, her brother, dreams of hobby horses, engines that run of themselves, sailors that climb a string or a pole, and similar marvels in toy construction. Since so many folks, of all sorts and sizes, are thinking about toys at the present moment, a goodly company will doubtless be interested in our pictures, showing some of the things which go on in that world where toys are made—it would be hardly courteous to Master and Miss Toddlekins, Lady Doll and Captain Tinsoldier to call such a place a "factory," would it? In one room, two workmen and a workwoman—or shall we say "three good fairies"?—are endowing numerous vehicles with power of locomotion, and clever hammers make merry music on gay tin coaches and spirited steeds that never break out of harness. In another apartment, the "good fairies" find evident entertainment while painting complexions on funny-looking, baldheaded babies. A whole brigade of benign beings, abundantly provided with glue-pots and other mysteries of their art, are putting the finishing touches on drums, railway coaches, tin horns, and other delights in another corner of the world where toys are made.

Still, toymaking is prosaic work, and our little readers will not be sorry that this is so when we whisper that a host of men and women, boys and girls, earn their living by it. For such good reason they will even suffer the use of the word "factory" in connection with the creation of their doll families and tin batalions. The most of the toys manufactured in the United States are made in New York, particularly the dolls. Until seven years ago there was not a doll made in the United States, except those that were fashioned at individual homes. To-day, they are turned out from factories by the thousand. What is more, they are better dolls than those which come from abroad, and they sell for less money. We make more tin toys in this country than are imported, but in iron toys Germany still holds the lead and furnishes the bulk of our supply. The modern doll is made of a patented composition. This is made in liquid form, and then poured into moulds, the moulds being in the shape of the various parts, which, when put together, form a complete doll. The moulds are allowed to stand for a day, and then they are removed, and what will eventually, perhaps, be the head of a doll has assumed shape. This is only the beginning. The doll in the rough, or rather the parts of it, go from the moulder to the polisher, who uses both an emery wheel and sandpaper, very fine, to bring about that smoothness which all well-made dolls have. Then the head is turned over to another workman, who puts in the eyes and paints on the eyebrows and eyelashes; that is, unless the doll is one of the very expensive kind, when the eyebrows and eyelashes are of real hair. These latter are the luxuries, however, and only a few of them are made. After this the doll heads are turned over to the wig-makers, and the wigs are glued on. Then the doll is put together and sometimes dressed.

In the manufacture of tin toys the process is more mechanical. Machines do much of the work, such as shaping them, putting on the general coloring and embossing them. The hand-work consists of painting the horses, cars and locomotives, putting the two halves of the tin horses together and soldering them, fixing the wheels on carts, wagons and cars, stringing drums, etc.

Fifty per cent. of the employees who do these things are girls, and their wages vary from fifty cents to one dollar a day. They are not paid by the day or week, but by the piece, and the girl who paints the medium-sized tin horse has to paint three gross in a day to make a dollar. The busiest months are June, July, August and September, for in the early part of January, the salesmen start out to sell goods for Christmas.

1. "WHEELING" TOY CARTS, CARS AND LOCOMOTIVES ... 2. GIVING DOLLS A ROSY COMPLEXION ... 3. GIRL WORKERS IN A TOY FACTORY

Found Christ in a Cell

Ben Roberts was born in one of the British Provinces. His father, who was a member of Parliament, was able to give his son a good start in life. Soon after leaving home he came to the United States. Here he led a wild and godless life. After a while he reached "the end of his rope" and wound up in the New York Tombs prison. In his new quarters he had time to think over his past life and it did not take him long to reach the conclusion that thus far he had been a rank failure. He had tried many times to reform and had made good resolutions, but all had failed. He believed he had sinned away the day of grace.

On New Year's day, 1899, during the morning service, while Chaplain Munro and his helpers were on the bridge of the second tier, Roberts dropped on his knees and made a full surrender of himself to his Lord Jesus, and then and there found pardon and peace. His repentance was sincere, for with tears in his eyes he confessed himself a poor ungodly sinner, and from the hour of his surrender took pains to warn those around him, and especially his cell mate, to shun the life which in the end would only bring sorrow and shame. A few days afterwards he sent a letter to Chaplain Munro, in which he said: "Sitting in my cell I am changed from being a sinner to a Christian. In proof of this, through earnest prayer, God has forgiven me my sins, has taken the weight of the sin off me and sent me to work for him, and fight against the devil who caused me to commit the sins that blighted my life. When on New Year's morning, during the services, the words of God's Gospel came upon me, 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool,' I knew that God was speaking to me for the last time. I then asked him in sincere prayer to forgive me my many sins and start me, that New Year's day, 1899, on the road to eternal happiness. God answered me. I felt at once relieved, newly made, in fact, altogether different from my past feelings—as though a sudden brightness came into my soul. I continued to ask God to keep me forever in his own way, praying for strength, grace and guidance in his path of duty. I also thanked God for causing me to be put in prison, that I might have time to reflect on my past life, and choose whether or not I would follow Christ the remainder of my life or follow the devil. Whatever is my fate in the future I know that I am safely anchored in Christ's harbor of eternal rest."

♣ ♣

The Lord a Preferred Creditor

From Mr. John Henderson, of St. Louis, a reader of this journal, comes this letter, relating a personal experience that cannot fail to interest many.

Some ten years ago I was overwhelmed with debt, and saw no hope of ever being able to pay. It was my most earnest desire so to do. For three years I struggled along with my affairs growing worse rather than better. I was offered a position from a gentleman whom I had never seen. This position realized for me an income more than sufficient to make my necessary expenses, and I was greatly troubled about my duty in the premises, whether to pay all to my creditors or give the Lord his share. I finally concluded to give the Lord one-tenth of my gross income first, making him a preferred creditor. This course I have pursued since, and I have been singularly blessed. My income has increased and my debts are paid.

Another Cry From Far-Off India!

Bishop Thoburn Writes of the Present Famine **A Glowing Tribute to "The Christian Herald"**

THE ways of God with individuals and with nations are past finding out. Prosperity comes to one and adversity to another, at times and seasons which are no doubt chosen, but they seem very mysterious to mortals on earth. India has been very sorely afflicted during the past few years. The pestilence which began to make itself felt nearly four years ago continues to spread among the towns and villages, and thus far there seems no prospect of its early abatement. The sore famine of three years ago had given place to better times, copious rains had fallen all over the great empire, and people of all classes had taken new-hearted hope; but the failure of the usual rainy season this year became the signal for another sore visitation of famine. Usually, with the regularity of the clock, the rainy season sets in all over the Indian Peninsula, beginning with the extreme south, in the closing weeks of May, and gradually working northward until it reaches the extreme points of North India in the closing days of June. During three summer months refreshing rain falls almost daily all over the vast region of Southern Asia. These rains bring life and health and beauty to three hundred millions of people and to the very landscape itself.

This year, however, the rains, which are the very life of the people, have failed over large tracts in different parts of the empire. Strangely enough, the worst failure has taken place in the district of Gujarat, on the west coast, in a region where the people had not been afflicted with a famine for one hundred years. It seems probable that this exceptional district will suffer most severely of all during the present visitation. People are reported as already dying. Thousands upon thousands of cattle are being hurried to the jungles of Central India in the hope of finding pasturage enough to save their lives, but already these poor creatures are dropping exhausted by the way and perishing by hundreds daily. Half starved oxen can be purchased for half a dollar apiece. Hungry families, like the hungry cattle, are also seen pursuing their sorrowful way in hopes of finding refuge in some unknown quarter, but in large numbers these poor creatures must simply become exhausted and lie down to die.

In other parts of India, some of them more than a thousand miles distant from Gujarat, the rains have utterly failed, and equal misery seems to stare the people in the face. I mention the one district because my most recent information has come from that quarter, but wherever famine shows its gaunt form the painful story is, in its chief outlines, the same. The highways become covered with people, some of whom are mere walking skeletons, vainly seeking a region where bread can be found, but for the most part wholly without the thought of any special destination in their minds. Beggars are seen everywhere. Children without parents wander on the highways. The spectacle of half-starved human beings is one most painful which is not very strange that missionaries found on the earth. The sight of a skeleton stalking along the highways could hardly be more startling than that of a skeleton which is simply covered with skin and animated by a life which is only another name for weariness and pain. The cry of the orphan, if it could only enter into the ears of all good people in distant lands, would stir the Christian world to such a movement of sympathy and help as has never been witnessed on earth.

Christian Herald" has become known throughout the world as the helper of those who chance to be in sore need.

DISTRIBUTE "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" FAMINE FUND

of India remember that in one form and another **"The Christian Herald" sent Four Hundred Thousand Dollars to aid the famishing millions of India during the recent visitation of famine** in that stricken country. I do not forget that it may seem inconsiderate on the part of our missionaries to ask for more help from those who came so nobly to the rescue only a few years ago, but it is those who have once helped the starving, and who have shown by their generosity that they are followers of Him who "had compassion on the multitude because they had nothing to eat," who are most likely to help in this new emergency. I do not believe that they have become weary in well-doing.

ORPHAN FAMINE GIRLS IN RAMABAI'S INSTITUTION

It is not strange that, as the dark shadow of this impending calamity begins to come over us again, the hearts of all connected with the suffering districts turn towards THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as if prompted by a natural instinct "The

I do not wish to become importunate, and above all I should be sorry a thousand times to leave the impression upon any mind or heart that I have not fully appreciated, in the fullest sense of the word, all that was done by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and by its energetic managers in sending us the magnificent sum which was collected during the recent famine. It is because I appreciate that effort that I venture to appeal once more. In a few weeks I shall be on my way back again to India. It would be more than a joy to me if I could carry with me a message of encouragement and hope from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and from the great army of its enthusiastic supporters. May God move upon the hearts of all who read these lines to do that which shall be acceptable to Him, remembering the special promises which are given to those who not only help the needy everywhere, but particularly in their times of special need.

J. M. THOBURN.

Met Death in Prayer

A MINISTER of the Gospel who is a regular reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sends us the following account of the death of a good man and a prominent physician. Dr. [illegible] F. Cooper, of Anaheim, Cal. Dr. Cooper was a prominent man in his profession, and was at one time connected with many leading hospitals. As a member of [illegible] he was widely known. At the time of his death he was seventy-six years old, and had found it necessary of late to somewhat circumscribe his activities. He appeared in excellent health and spirits, when, on the evening of his death, after he had made his usual professional [illegible] night. At nine the next morning, when his assistant, Dr. Ella B. Goff, came to the office and heard that the doctor had not come down for his breakfast, she was uneasy, went to his room, rapped, received no answer and looked in to perceive the aged physician kneeling by his bed apparently in prayer. She withdrew, not wishing to disturb his devotions. The stillness of the figure, and the peculiar hue of the side of his face exposed, troubled her, however, and she returned to the room to discover that the good old man was dead. If it were left to us all to choose the way in which we would meet "the Angel of Death," is there one who would not say: "While holding communion with God?" We do not believe there is even an infidel but would find comfort in the thought that the dread messenger should find him voicing to his Maker the prayer of simple faith.

A Y. M. C. A. on a Warship

A LETTER received by Mr. F. L. Smith, Naval Secretary of the International Young Men's Christian Association, from Chaplain Helms of the U. S. S. *Brooklyn*, dated Gibraltar, announces that a Young Men's Christian Association is in process of formation on the vessel which will include about all of the officers and men. Chaplain Helms is exceedingly anxious that the tedium of the long three years' cruise may be relieved by ample supplies of current literature, and requests Mr. Smith to forward a supply to Manila by the earliest United States transport. The Chaplain has also organized on board the vessel an excellent band of twelve pieces, and wishes a supply of band music and popular songs. Our readers who wish to make it pleasant for the jackies on board the *Brooklyn* can forward any good religious literature to Mr. Smith, at the Naval Branch, 167 Sands Street, Brooklyn, and he will see that it reaches the proper destination.

China Persecuting Missionaries

ON this page is a picture of Cowloon, the scene of the recent outrages on Christian missionaries. Full details of the attacks have not been received: but it seems clear that the animosity, which was directed chiefly against the French missionaries, was of the usual character. The more educated classes of Chinamen appear to take no part in these attacks; but it is suspected that they are in a large measure responsible for them. There is reason to believe that the ignorant classes are incited to riot by people who know how to work on their prejudices. Charges are made against the missionaries, which are utterly baseless, but which arouse the mob to fury and hatred. In nearly every instance of outrage the open attack is preceded by the circulation of illustrated handbills in which the missionaries are represented as practising barbarous cruelties on Chinese children. This literature does its malign work, and when the time is ripe and the Chinese magistrate is conveniently absent from his post of duty, the mission house is surrounded by an angry mob intent on destruction and murder. Chinese converts suffer with the missionaries and have been known to imperil their own lives in aiding the missionaries to escape. It is now as it was in the days of old:

The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty (Ps. 74: 20).

Slanders Disproved

The doubt implied in a paragraph in this journal on October 18, as to the veracity of the charges against the matron of the State Industrial School for Girls, at Trenton, N. J., appears to have been well-founded. An official investigation of the charges has been made, and it has been proved that the allegations of cruelty referred to, had no foundation in fact. In the one instance in which death occurred, the autopsy showed that the girl had died from natural causes, resulting from her manner of life and that the matron was in no way responsible for the fatality. The majority of the inmates of the institution are sent there for reformatory purposes, and belong to a class whose statements cannot be accepted without corroboration. Some of them appear to have conspired to injure the character of the matron; but she was fortunate in having friends who were able to secure her official vindication. It is evident that now, as in olden time, those who endeavor to reclaim the erring, are likely to be slandered and maligned by the very persons whom they are trying to redeem.

False witnesses did rise up: they laid to my charge things that I knew not; they rewarded me evil for good (Ps. 35: 11).

An Adopted Daughter's Status

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court has handed down a decision in the suit of an adopted daughter for a share in a large estate. The owner of the estate died about three years ago, leaving a will in which he bequeathed all his property to his wife, or in the event of her dying before him, "to her children, share and share alike." His wife did die before he did, so when he died the children were entitled to their inheritance. There were two of them, but there was a third claim, from a lady twenty-five years of age, who had been adopted by the testator in 1875. The adoption had been by a regular legal deed in which it was provided that she should sustain the relation of a daughter to her foster parents and should be clothed, reared and educated in all respects as their own child. The question arose whether under the terms of the will the deed of adoption gave her the right of inheritance. The Appellate Court has now passed on the case by deciding that she is entitled to the same share as if she had been a natural child of the testator. Doubtless, the court's decision is in accordance with the wishes of the lady's foster-father, though it will reduce the portions of his own children. It is a comfort to the Christian that his portion as a child by adoption is similarly secure to him through his Heavenly Father's love to him:

How shall I put thee among the children and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the hosts of nations? And I said, Thou shalt call me my Father and shalt not turn away from me (Jer. 3: 19).

The South African Conflict

Cable dispatches from the seat of war in South Africa show that the Boers are making a desperate and determined struggle to prevent the relief of Ladysmith on the East, and Kimberley on the West. Lord Methuen, who is advancing toward Kimberley has had to fight a battle at every stage of his progress. At Belmont he encountered a stubborn resistance, which was overcome only by hard fighting, in which the British losses were heavy. The Boers made another stand near Graspans. Another battle was fought there, officially called the battle of Enslin. The Boers occupied the hills with long range artillery, with which they opened a murderous fire on the British troops below. Being unable to dislodge them with his artillery, Lord Methuen ordered the infantry to charge. The troops climbed the hills in the face of the deadly fire and drove the Boers from their positions, but were unable to capture their guns. After resting a day to obtain reinforcements and ammunition, Lord Methuen resumed his march and reached the Modder River, twenty-two miles from Kimberley, on November 28. There another fierce battle was fought, which is described by Methuen as one of the most trying in the annals of the British army. His troops fought for ten hours under the blazing sun, without food or water. Eventually a small part of his force succeeded in crossing the river and the Boers retreated to Spytfontein, halfway between the Modder River and Kimberley. Methuen was unable to follow them, as they had partially destroyed the bridge over the river. It will have to be repaired before he can get his guns across, without which it would be madness to go on to Spytfontein, where the Boers occupy a strong position. A decisive battle will probable be fought there. If Methuen is in communication with the garrison at Kimberley, as is reported, the Boers will doubtless be attacked by Methuen in front and Col. Kekewich in the rear. On the Natal side, little progress appears to have been made by the British. The chief obstacle to the advance of the column for the relief of Ladysmith is the Tugela River, which flows between Colenso on the south and Ladysmith on the north. It is reported that the chief bridge over that stream has been destroyed, which will involve a long delay, while repairs are being made. There, too, every step will probably be disputed by the Boer army, and a large force will be needed to protect the long line of communications. There is as yet no sign on either side of yielding or concession, though on both sides the slaughter has been awful. In spite of our boasted civilization and the propagation of the Christian spirit, war has lost none of the hideous cruelty that characterized it when the prophet wrote:

Thy cry hath filled the land: for the mighty hath stumbled against the mighty, and they are both fallen together (Jer. 46: 12).

COWLOON, CHINA, SCENE OF THE RECENT OUTRAGE

Sixty-five Days of Darkness

A thrilling story was told recently by Dr. Frederick Cook of Brooklyn, N.Y., of his journey in the Antarctic. The *Belgica*, on which the exploring party sailed, was in the desolate unknown seas from January 1898 to March 1899, and during more than two months of that period was in total darkness. Dr. Cook exhibited a series of photographs which had been taken during the voyage, showing the weird scenes through which the vessel passed. A dreary monotony characterized all the pictures. In the foreground was the bleak water. In the background were ice peaks over which hung a reddish haze. Other views of this land portrayed groups of penguins, cormorants, specimens of seals, sea lions, and red leopards. Passing on day after day the *Belgica's* explorers found they were traveling through a heretofore undiscovered strait leading to the Pacific. They saw innumerable small islands, and promontories, all sheathed in ice and snow. The vessel was caught in the ice-pack and drifted helplessly for about a year. Finally the crew, with pick and axe, succeeded, after weeks of hard work, in cutting a canal in the ice through which the vessel passed into open water. Dr. Cook describes the region as one of terrible loneliness and oppressive silence, especially dreary during the long period of utter darkness. It is such a region as the patriarch referred to:

He hath compassed the waters with bounds until the day and night come to an end (Job 26: 10).

A Sister Repudiated

The Immigration Commissioners in New York had a curious case to decide in examining the arrivals by the North German Lloyd steamer *Trave* last week. Two passengers, a girl and a young man from Galicia, presented themselves for examination. In reply to the questions, they said they were brother and sister and gave the names, residence and occupation of their parents. Their answers being satisfactory, they were passed, and were leaving the depot when a lady from Brooklyn who had been waiting to meet her sister whom she expected on the *Trave*, met the couple. She immediately greeted the girl as her sister; but the girl replied: "You must be mistaken; I have no sister." The Brooklyn lady, however, persisted and wept bitterly at being repudiated. She called one of the Immigration Inspectors and begged him to interfere. Her story was so clear that the girl was detained at her request. The next day she appeared again, with a photograph of her sister, which was evidently that of the newly arrived immigrant. Then the girl confessed that the young man whom she had claimed as a brother was really her lover. Fearing that she might not be admitted if she told the truth she had tried to pass as his sister and would have succeeded but for the arrival of her sister whose interference she resented. Finally she was allowed to go with her sister. She must have seen then that her prevarication was as useless as it was wicked. There can, however, be no question of her devotion to her lover, since she was ready to repudiate her sister for his sake. Such love as this, without sin, Christ delights to receive from his followers:

He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me (Matt. 10: 37).

COURTESY OF FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Recommended by the Session of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, as successor to the late Dr. John Hall.

BRIEF NOTES

Mr. Chester Birch, the singing evangelist, has been holding successful meetings at Cameron, Mo.

Mr. Loomis, writing from Japan, reports that a famous Buddhist priest named Watanabe, has been converted to Christianity, and is now preaching the Gospel throughout the country.

There are fourteen American missionaries in Syria and twenty-four women, besides the fifteen or more Americans in the college. Protestant missions in Syria were commenced eighty years ago.

An American tourist, who recently visited the house of John Milton, was shown the quaint wooden stools on which the daughters of the poet sat while their father dictated to them the *Paradise Lost*.

The Y. M. C. A. of Cape Town, South Africa, is doing valuable and efficient service in meeting soldiers arriving there for the war and in holding religious services and doing personal work in the camps.

The new moderator of the Scotch Presbyterian General Assembly is Rev. Norman McLeod, D.D. He is the fifth member of his family to hold that high office. His father, uncle and two cousins were among his predecessors.

Rev. L. G. Broughton's services in the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, have been well attended. Dr. A. C. Dixon, the pastor of the church, reports that nearly two hundred persons have resolved to make profession of faith.

The Board of Control of the Epworth League, has elected Dr. Wilbur P. Thirkield, for sixteen years President of Gammon Theological Seminary, at Atlanta, Ga., and Professor of Pastoral Theology in the same institution, as General Sec'y, in the place of Rev. Edwin A. Schell D. D.

THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Douglas Lingard, a young civil engineer, who is superintending the construction of a railroad boards in the country town of High Ashes. There he That lady, the daughter of the late squire of the neighborhood, is then living in a small cottage with her brother Martin, their late father having lost nearly all his money before he died. Miss Hamerton, affectionately known to the villagers as "Miss Ceelie," is a friend to them all. Martin Hamerton recognizes Douglas as an old schoolfellow and gives him a cordial welcome to his cottage. Douglas learns, during his visit, that his brother Caryl, from whom he is estranged, is coming on a visit to Mr. Allardyce, the gentleman who has bought the Hamerton estate and is now squire of the village. The cause of the estrangement between the two brothers is the will of a rich uncle, by whom they were brought up. Douglas fully expected that when their uncle died, he and Caryl would be joint heirs; but the old man left all his property to Caryl. Douglas was not so much surprised at this, the old man being eccentric, as he was at Caryl's accepting the bequest. He thought his brother should have divided with him. But Caryl took the whole and left his brother to earn his own living. Douglas wondered what could have occurred to poison his uncle's mind against him and still more what was the reason that Caryl, who as a boy, loved him tenderly, now did not care to see him. While he pondered on this subject Mrs. Locke, his cousin, and his late uncle's housekeeper, came to the village. From this point, the story proceeds:

CHAPTER VII.

THINKING [illegible] his side. Mrs. Locke professed herself very glad of the meeting with Douglas Lingard, and quite indifferent which way she went.

"I daresay you are surprised to see me here, and no one can be more surprised than I am myself," she said. "But I have been rather out of sorts ever since your poor uncle's death, and the doctor prescribes change and country air. So I thought I might as well look out for country lodgings here as anywhere else. Possibly, I may be able to help Caryl a little; and, at any rate, I shall be at hand to enjoy his triumph when it comes off."

"And what kind of triumph is Caryl expected to achieve?" asked her companion gravely.

"Why! haven't they told you? That dear old Mr. Allardyce does like to make a mystery of it; but, as I tell him, really the more it is talked of now the better. Don't you know that he wants Caryl to stand for this division in this forthcoming election?"

"And does Caryl intend to become a member of Parliament?"

"Why not? Of course, Mr. Allardyce takes all the expense. He wants his son to represent the division eventually, but the young fellow is far too young at present; so in the meantime——"

"In the meantime, Caryl is to be a warming-pan?"

"Hush! That isn't at all a nice way to put it. Caryl gratifies Mr. Allardyce infinitely by allowing himself to be put forward. The old man has the greatest admiration for him, and thinks him likely to make a most valuable member. He will get an entry into Parliament, and a chance of making himself known. And, of course, he will be able to befriend Frank Allardyce, and give him a great deal of help when the right time comes."

"Always supposing that Caryl is willing to retire gracefully, or rather make himself a mere stepping-stone for the young fellow's advancement."

Mrs. Locke turned and looked in the young man's eyes rather oddly.

"Do you think," she said, "that we have any right to suppose that Caryl would not be willing to stand aside, according to agreement, even to the detriment of his own career?"

"It is more than some men would be ready to do," answered Douglas dryly. "Happily, I am not bound to answer for any one."

"You are inclined to be bitter, and under the circumstances I cannot wonder at it," said Mrs. Locke with marked gentleness. "But during the last few months of your uncle's life, you can have no idea how impossible it was to reason with him. I used to try it before, but I had to give it up. He was never really himself after Caryl came back."

Douglas was not prepared to resent the implication that he was thinking of the wrong that seemed to have been done to himself. It was true enough, he had been thinking of it. But another man—one not so thoroughly convinced that least said was soonest mended—might have inquired whether Caryl had ever made the attempt that might have been useless, or why Caryl had not taken the simple and obvious course of himself putting right the wrong that had been done. Instead of which he said after a moment:

"Have you heard what they think of the chances of success in the election?"

"Oh! Mr. Allardyce is very sanguine. Caryl says less—you know he is never a great talker—but he means to try his uttermost, and I think he means to succeed. We must not wonder if he seems a little—a little self-absorbed just now. Ever since he came home I have noticed that he has grown very reserved. I suppose with being so much among strangers, and now, of course, he is very anxious to be settled—prospects in life and career and everything."

"And why is he specially anxious just now?"

"Oh! why is a young man ever specially anxious for the prizes of life? And Caryl is not such a very young man now; it is natural if he begins to think of settling down."

The words were vague enough, but the speaker's tone and manner pointed them, and Douglas's private feelings gave them an even sharper point.

"Caryl can afford to marry, I suppose," he said, after another momentary pause. "I should not have thought he would have found it necessary to become an M. P. in order to get a wife."

"Perhaps the wife may help him toward becoming an M. P.," answered his companion with a little girlish laugh.

Douglas understood the inference. Celia Hamerton's influence was worth a good deal in this district where she was "our Miss Ceelie." He had never heard her express any opinion on politics, but no doubt like other women she would interest herself in the career of the man who was her suitor.

"Are you staying in this neighborhood long?" he asked abruptly.

"I am quite undecided as to my future plans. Probably I shall stay here as long as I am likely to be of any use to Caryl. You and he are my nearest connections now living, and the years I spent with your poor uncle make me feel as though you belong to me and I to you; it is natural that I should like to remain in the neighborhood that holds you both."

The words were kind and so was the glance that went with them. Douglas felt himself ungracious in having no acknowledgment ready, but somehow in old days he had never quite felt that Mrs. Locke—or Cousin Dora, as she preferred to be called—was really fond of him, and he could not now quite grasp the idea.

"I have always felt," she went on, "that you might perhaps be blaming me for the injustice done you in your uncle's will. It did seem as though, being so much with him at the last, I ought to have been able to persuade him to do what was right and reasonable. But the older he grew the more obstinate he was, and the more he resented advice and interference. He had taken that unreasoning dislike to you, and I knew that if I said anything it would most likely only make matters worse; but his will when it was read at last was as great a surprise to me as to you."

She spoke rather breathlessly and hurriedly, but with pauses between, as if willing for the young man to interrupt or question her. But when she came to a definite stop, he only said in a final tone.

"My uncle had a perfect right to do what he chose with his own."

"I don't know! Not altogether, I think. But tell me, did you and Caryl have any quarrel after he got back, or by letter before he came?"

"Certainly not."

"I beg your pardon; perhaps I had no right to ask. But it seemed so strange: I wanted Caryl to go and see you after that day at your uncle's funeral—I could not feel that you had been kindly treated—and he would not, but I could not make out why."

"Caryl was quite right. He and I never quarrel now. But to insure that good result we had better remain apart when there is any burning question, such as a share of an old man's fortune, that might be discussed between us. I had nothing to ask of him, and there was certainly nothing to gain by his making any statement to me."

The young man picked his words carefully as young men will when their hearts are sore and angry and they are striving hard after calmness and dignity. He had a sort of conviction that what he was now saying would be repeated to Caryl, and he was more anxious to appear unmoved than he would have been had he been much older.

"Well, I thought it was a pity and I said all I could. But Caryl is very reserved, you know, even with me."

Douglas made no reply. It was not pleasant to think that Mrs. Locke had, as she implied, pleaded for him with Caryl and pleaded in vain. Perhaps he ought to have thanked her for doing so, but he had not the heart.

"I think I must be turning back now," she said presently. "I am so glad we met. It has been like old times to see you again. I daresay we shall often be meeting now. You must try and let bygones be bygones, and help Caryl with his election."

"Thank you. Good afternoon," said the young man by way of response, just touching the slender, well-gloved hand that she held out to him, and noting with an irrelevant twinge of repulsion what a much younger and better-looking woman she was than he had supposed.

She had left one or two little things to rankle in his mind as he went on his way. That was nothing new. She had always been most kind when he came to see his uncle, and yet he had never left the house without feeling it natural and inevitable that his uncle should not like him, or wondering whether men ever cared to hear from their brothers when half a world lay between them.

He had been walking slowly, suiting his pace to that of his companion, but now he pressed on.

A CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICE AT THE BOWERY MISSION

A Blessed Opportunity

CHRISTMAS is drawing near, and we are making generous preparations to gladden the hearts of the homeless men and women that gather with us in the Bowery Mission throughout the year, but specially on festive occasions. Many of these unfortunates have come from homes in the country, which they left full of hope, with a view to bettering their circumstances in the great bustling city. Disappointed in their hopes and ambitions, they gradually fell, step by step, until to-day no roof shelters them, no friend cheers them, no bright prospect encourages them. Then they turn to us. They have heard that God's people are kind and sympathetic, that God himself invites them, and thus far we have been able to befriend them, in a practical manner; and many a poor soul, destitute and discouraged, has found the Bowery Mission a city of refuge and of rescue. But the number is growing. The stories of great prosperity has this year, more than in any other, resulted in a large influx, and as a result, there are more men and women now on the Bowery than in many a year. They are struggling bravely, many of them, but as yet they have not succeeded: they hope to, and no doubt will. They are too proud to write home, or perhaps they have no home to write to. We are straining every nerve to be really helpful to them, but we need more assistance, and we now appeal to you and to others to come speedily and bountifully to our relief, that we may continue to lend them a helping hand until they are able to help themselves.

With Christmas coming on rapidly, and the increased demands owing to the need of clothing adapted to the colder weather, we feel that unless help comes quickly many must be turned away and but few will be privileged to partake of our Holiday Dinner, which heretofore has always proved a ray of sunshine to desolate hearts. Will **you** not kindly give something toward this most beneficent work? We shall need nearly $2,000—and we shall surely get it, for we are confident that our many friends to whom we so very rarely appeal will not turn us away empty-handed. Give what you can—deal with us as generously as your circumstances will permit—and believe us that God, who knows all things, will according to his promise reward you a hundredfold. Indeed, he will bless you in basket and in store, in body and in soul; and we shall never cease to bear you in grateful remembrance for whatever you may do for the poor, discouraged, homeless men and women of the Bowery. Every remittance will be promptly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and later on, in Heaven (Matt. 25: 40).

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

Conducted by Margaret E. Sangster

IN THE... Shadow of Sorrow

HOME life is made of many experiences, and shadow and shine are mingled in its warp and woof. I think the very saddest hour which ever comes to a family, is that in which serious and possibly fatal illness attacks father or mother. The innocent little ones, as yet too young to fully realize how much they are losing, move about the house with hushed voices and wondering faces. They know there is a great deal amiss, they are forlornly aware that the household machinery is all out of gear, they do not know what to do, they cannot play nor study their lessons, they are wretched and crushed, and there is nobody to comfort them. If a father is taken in his young manhood, the mother has a hard battle before her, to keep the wolf from the door, and bring up her children well, but, with a dauntless courage, and with wonderful adaptability, she usually takes up her heavy burden and carries it on. A man left with a handful of helpless children is more at sea as to how to care for them than is a woman in similar circumstances.

To the pleasant home of Abner Fairchild came one winter's morning, with sudden and terrible alarm, that Messenger whose step across the threshold brings grief and dismay, and the swift pangs of unutterable heartache to those who stay. Often to those who go, he is so gentle and tender that they feel that their Lord has sent them an arrow sharpened with love. Softly he loosens the silver cord, this quiet angel of life everlasting, whom we call death, and in arms of exceeding kindness, he carries them through the golden portals into the city of the King. We cannot hear that minstrelsy, but as they enter in, all "the bells of the city ring for joy," that another of God's dear children has reached home at last.

Mrs. Fairchild had been weak and worn when her baby came, but nobody thought of danger, till the unexpected chill and fever brought the death pang. The good doctor stepped from her chamber to tell her anguish-stricken sister "no human aid can save her." Kneeling beside her bed, her husband was draining to the dregs earth's bitter cup of loss and agony. Her mother, ever unselfish and ever strong in the hour of need, came tenderly to call the little ones in, and even the dog, his mistress' pet, was troubled and seemed to know that a blow was falling. Only the tiny baby, who should never know his mother, was unconscious of the calamity impending.

One day last summer a little laddie of twelve was laid on a bed of pain, and bye and bye his life began to ebb away. "He will go out with the tide," said the watchers, as night wore on, and the clock struck the hours solemnly and sadly.

The child's mother had died in giving him birth. He had never seen her face nor heard her voice. Lovingly his motherless childhood had been tended, and dearest love watched his sinking strength.

"How shall I know my mamma?" he asked in feeble, gasping words. "How shall I know my mamma in heaven?"

"Darling," said one at his side, "never fear. Mothers always know their little boys. She will know you when you get to heaven."

Thus assured and consoled, the little fair soul faded into the eternal day, out of our darkness and tumult into that light and peace.

There will be affection and solicitude in the Fairchild home when the mother is no more, but oh, how deep will be the shadow cast by this grief; how lonesome will the days be for a long, long time!

Dainty Gifts for the Holidays

Gifts which we make ourselves are always very much appreciated by those who receive them. Few women are not pleased with a piece of embroidery: and a pretty centre piece for the table is a present which confers enjoyment for many months. We are not all equally clever and deft in our handling of the needle, but some young ladies attain to skill and grace which lifts embroidery into the same rank with painting. I saw not long ago at a friend's home, a set of doilies embroidered on bolting cloth, which is very sheen and thin—a fabric for the fairies—they were exquisitely delicate and dainty, and while too fine for daily use, were beautiful as a possession.

Of all nice gifts to mother and aunty, nothing surpasses a soft, white shoulder cape. One Christmas, I found one beside my plate at the breakfast table, and a note pinned fast to it, said it came to me with love in every stitch. Don't you suppose I feel happy and warm when I slip that dear shawl around me, and sit down at my desk on a cold morning when the wind is raving outside and a storm is coming fast? The shawl speaks of that inner world of home and love into which storms never penetrate.

Golf stockings make an acceptable present for a golf playing brother. Mittens are useful to the little fellow going to school. The nursery toddler likes a pair of knitted horse reins.

One of the elements of Christmas pleasure is in the mystery with which we invest our gifts. We are planning surprises for our beloved, and our effort is to make the surprise as complete as possible.

I remember my first doll, and the delight with which I held her in my arms; and to-day I am touched at the thought of my busy mother and the hours in which she sat up at night, long after childish heads were safe on their pillows, that the doll's wardrobe might be finished to the last detail of shoes and stockings, and little frilled bonnet and ruffled cape.

A Mother's Tribute

She was four-score years old and over. The sands of her life were almost out, and it seemed very unlikely that she could live many days. I sat at her side and held her thin hand in mine. It was hot and dry. She was suffering a good deal of pain. Rheumatism had laid its vice-like grasp upon her veins. I shall not soon forget the radiant smile she gave me, when I asked her about her son. Her answer was:

"There never was another man so good as my Harry. He sends me a postal card every morning when he is on the road. I always know just where he is. He gets everything he can for me to make me comfortable, and wherever he is Harry has me on his mind. I wish he would marry; he'd make somebody a good husband, but Harry says, 'No, mother, I'll not bring a wife here; you are all I want.' When I'm gone, I hope God will send him a very sweet wife, for he deserves the best God can give."

Our Letter Box

YOUNG AND PUZZLED GIRL. Have nothing whatever to do in the way of friendship with an habitual drinker. If you marry him you will surely be very sorry.

—BERTHA. You must confess your fault to your mother and ask her forgiveness. Then you will be at peace.

—WILLIAM. Do not offer your arm to a lady unless she is old or feeble. A girl prefers to walk beside a man without taking his arm.

—ELLEN JANE. Learn to carve. It is a simple art, and there is no reason why you should sit down helplessly in the presence of your roast when your husband is away from home.

—CHARLES D. A gentleman's visiting card is of oblong shape and very small. White note paper of square shape and moderate size is in the best taste. Avoid anything eccentric and odd in stationery.

—ROSE. Try rubber plants for the corner of your drawing-room. They grow rapidly and require very little care. Do not let your canary bird suffer from the sun. There is such a thing as leaving a poor bird in a blaze of sunlight which he finds uncomfortable.

—W. A. As a rule the question of amusements must be settled by the individual conscience. It is very natural and quite innocent for young people to like parties, but church members should not attend a party on the prayer-meeting night.

—EMILY D. You wish to become a journalist, and think it is easy work. No, my dear, it is hard, unremitting work, by no means easy. You will need pluck and perseverance. Luck has nothing to do with success. Be careful of your spelling and grammar.

Pumpkin Pie

THROUGH sun and shower the pumpkin grew,
When the days were long and the skies were blue.
And it felt quite proud when its giant size
Was such that it carried away the prize,
At the county fair where the people came,
And it bore a ticket, and wore a name.

Alas, for the pumpkin's pride! One day
A boy and his mother took it away.
It was pared and sliced and pounded and stewed,
And the way it was treated was harsh and rude:
It was sprinkled with sugar and seasoned with spice,
And the boy and his mother pronounced it nice.

It was served in a pastry, baked and browned,
And at last on a pantry shelf was found;
And Johnnie, Melissa, Frank and Mabel,
Will see it, a feature, on Sunday's table.
For the pumpkin grew, in sun and shadow,
From green to golden, hour by hour;
Grew round and big 'neath a summer sky,
When snowflakes came to be changed into pie.

"NO HUMAN AID CAN SAVE HER"

WEDDING PREPARATIONS

WE used to fancy that a bride must go to her husband equipped with an outfit large enough to fit her for life in the desert, and for several years. At least a dozen pieces of each set of underclothing, very elaborately made, trimmed with embroidery, fluted, puffed, ruffled, tucked, must go into the bride's wardrobe, and some mothers were not satisfied to send a daughter into the world with less than eighteen of each needed garment. This clothing of the bride is very ancient, and in the forty-fifth psalm, "The King's daughter within the palace is all glorious. Her clothing is inwrought with gold. She shall be led unto the King in broidered work." In Revelation, the mystic writer sees the "New Jerusalem coming down out of Heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband." The happiest times a family ever have are when the joyful preparations are going on to fit the daughter of the house to enter upon her life work in a new home. How many jests and pleasant witticisms, how much merry laughter are entwined with sewing on the wedding raiment.

A girl does not need so much more for her bridal than for her every-day provision, and simplicity is as desirable as elaboration. The materials and fabrics should be fine and dainty. Too much trimming is a superfluity. But a bride's mother should give her a setting out of household linen, of sheets and table napery. If these are worked with the bride's initials they will be a possession of which she may well be proud.

Those who wish to make suitable wedding presents will make no mistake if they send the bride something in linen. A Sunday School class might unite in presenting a dear teacher with a linen chest, or with a table-cloth, napkins, doilies and centre piece. For birthday or holiday gifts nothing surpasses linen. It is exquisite in itself, this product of the flax, which grew in the open fields and knew the sunshine and the dew, and it is the choicest result of the modern loom, often as smooth as satin and as fine spun as if the fairies had woven it. Very few women indeed can resist the fascination of this useful household belonging.

The Hireling and his Wages

One of the evident obligations in life is to pay very promptly all persons who serve us. When the dressmaker sends home the dress, when the carpenter presents his bill, when the man who does odd jobs comes for his money, do not keep these persons waiting. It is much better to do without service than to defer its payment to a season which suits your own convenience.

"WE GOT TO NEW YORK THAT EVENIN' AND I WUZ GLAD"

CHAPTER II.
Our Trip Abroad

AS the the snortin' and skornful actin' engine tore my body away from Jonesville, I sot nearly bathed in tears for some time till I wuz aware that little Tommy wuz weepin' also, frightened I spoze by his grandma's grief, and then I knew that it wuz my duty to compose myself, and I summoned all my fortitude, put my handkerchief in my pocket, and give Tommy a cream cookey, which calmed his worst agony. I then recognized and passed the compliments of the day with Miss Meechim and Dorothy and pretty little Aronette, who wuz puttin' away our wraps and doin' all she could for the comfort of the hull of us. Seein' my agitation, she took Tommy in her arms and told him some stories, good ones, I guess, for they made Tommy stop cryin' and go to laughin', specially as she punctuated the stories with some chocolate drops.

Dorothy looked sweet as a rose and wuz as sweet. Miss Meechim come and sot down by me, but she seemed to me like a furriner. I wuz dwellin' in a fur off realm Miss Meechim had never stepped her foot in, the realm of Wedded Love and Pardner Reminiscences, what did Miss Meechim know of that hallowed clime? What did she know of the grief that wrung my heart? Men wuz to her like shadders: her heart spoke another language.

Thinkin' that it would mebbe git my mind off a little from my idol, I asked her again about Robert Strong's City of Justice: sez I, "It has run in my mind considerable since you spoke on't: I don't think that I ever hearn the name of any place I liked so well, City of Justice! Why the name fairly takes hold of my heart-strings," sez I, "has he made well by his big manufactory?"

"Why, yes, fairly well," sez she, "but he has strange ideas. He says that he don't want to coin a big fortune out of other men's sweat and brains. He wants to march on with the great army of toilers, and not be carried ahead of it on a down bed. He says that he wants to feel that he is wronging no man by amassing wealth out of the half-paid labor of their best years, and that he is satisfied with an equal and reasonable share of the labor and capital invested. He has the best of men in his employ and they are all well-paid and industrious; all well-to-do, able to live well, educate their children well, and have time for some culture and recreation for themselves and their families. I told him that his ideas were utopian, but he says that they have succeeded even better than he expected they would. But there will come a crash some time, I am sure. There must be rich and there must be poor in this world, or the Scriptures will not be fulfilled."

Sez I, "There's no need to be such a vast army of poverty marching on to the almshouse and grave, if it wuzn't for the dram-shop temptin' poor human nater, and the greed of the world, and the cowardice and indifference of the Church of Christ. Enough money is squandered for stuff that degrades and destroys to feed and clothe all the hungry and naked children of the world."

"Oh," sez Miss Meechim, "I don't believe all this talk and clamor about prohibition. My people all drank genteelly, and though of course it was drink that led to the agony and divorces of three of my sisters, and my father's first downfall, yet I have always considered that moderate drinking was genteel. Our family physician always drank genteel, and our clergyman always kept it in his wine cellar, and if people would only exert self control and drink genteel, there would be no danger."

"How duz Robert Strong feel about it?" sez I.

"Oh, he is a fanatic on the subject; he won't employ a man who drinks at all. He says that the city he is founding is a City of Justice, and it is not just for one member of a family to do anything to endanger the safety and happiness of the rest; so on that ground alone he wouldn't brook any drinking in his model city. It is, I must confess, working admirably; there are no very rich ones there, and absolutely no poor ones; he is completely obliterating the barriers that always have, and I believe, always should exist between the rich and the poor. Sez I, 'Robert you are sacreligiously setting aside the Saviour's words, "the poor ye shall always have with you."'

"And he said that there was another verse that our Lord incorporated in his teachings, and the whole of his life-work that he was trying to carry out: 'Do unto others as ye would have them to do unto you.' He said that love and justice was the foundation and cap-stone of our Saviour's life and work and he was trying in his weak way to carry them out in his own life and work. Robert talked well," sez she, "and I must confess that to the outward eye his City of Justice is in a happy and flourishing condition, easy hours of work, happy faces of men, women and children as they work or play or study. It looks well, but as I always tell him, there is a weak spot in it somewhere."

"What duz he say to that?" sez I, dretful interested in the story.

"Why, he says the only weak spot in it is his own incompetence and inability to carry out the Christ idea of love and justice as he wants to."

"I wish I could see that City of Justice," sez I dreamily, for my mind's eye seemed to look up to Robert Strong in reverence and admiration. "Well," sez she, "I must say that it is a beautiful place: it is founded on [illegible] a broad, beautiful, green plain, flashing rivers run through the valley, and back of it rises the mountains."

"[illegible] Jerusalem," sez I.

"Yes, a beautiful clear stream rushes down the mountain side from the melting snow on top, but warmed by the southern sun, as it flows through the fertile land, it is warm and sweet as it reaches Robert's place. And Robert says," continued Miss Meechim, "that that is just how old prejudices and injustices will melt like the cold snow and flow in a healing stream through the world. He talks well, Robert does. And oh, what a help he has been to me with Dorothy!"

"What duz she say about it?" sez I.

"She does not say so, but I believe that she thinks as I do about the infeasibility as well as the intrinsic depravity of disproving the Scriptures."

"Well," sez I, "Robert was right about the mission of our Lord being to extend justice and mercy, and bring the hearts of the world into sweetness, light and love. His whole life was love, self-sacrifice and devotion, a[illegible] believe that Robert is in the right on't."

"Oh, Robert is undoubtedly following his ideas of [illegible] but they clash with mine," sez Miss Meechim, sh[illegible] her head sadly, "and I think he will see his error in ti[illegible]

Here Miss Meechim stooped abruptly to look a[illegible] hensively at a young man that I knew wuz a Jone[illegible] husband and father of twins. He was lookin' admi[illegible] at Dorothy, and like [illegible] em, and Tommy come and set with me agin.

Tommy leaned up aginst me and looked out o[illegible] car window and sez kinder low to himself:

"I wonner what makes the smoke roll and roll [illegible] and feather out the sky, and I wonner what my [illegible] and my mama is doin' and what my grandpa will do-

AT THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT

AUNT SAMANTHA [illegible]

my heart anew, and he begun to kinder whimper [illegible] and Aronette, good little creeter, come up and [illegible] an orange out of the lunch-basket she had.

Well, we got to New York that evenin' and I wuz glad to think that everybody wuz well there, or so as to [illegible] about, for they wuz all there at the deepo, except [illegible] that wuz in the street, but we got safe through the [illegible] and confusion to a big, high tarven, with prices [illegible] as its ruff and flag-pole. Miss Meechim got [illegible] and Dorothy what she called "sweet rooms," this [illegible]

99, BY MARIETTA HOLLEY

in a row, one for each on 'em and a little one for ette. But I d'no as they wuz any sweeter than mine, gh mine cost less and wuz on the back of the house e it wuzn't so noisy. Tommy and I occupied one ; he had a little cot-bed made up for him.

ndeed, I groaned out as I sot me down in a big chair, wuz here, the pardner of my youth and middle age, om Miss Meechim ever looked on wuz so sweet as would be. But alas! he wuz fur away. Jonesville on to my idol and we wuz parted away from each But I went down to supper, which they called din- nd see that Tommy had things for his comfort and nthin myself, for I had to support life, yes, strength o be got to cling to that black string that I had n, and vittles had to supply some of that strength, and my nose is a big one anyway and could accommodate a good many tears.

But I controlled my agony of mind. I walked round with Tommy for a spell and showed him all the beauties of the place, which wuz many, sot down with him for a spell in the big, richly-furnished parlors, but cold and lonesome lookin' after all, for the love-light of home wuz lackin', and looked at the glittering throng passing and repassing; but the wimmen looked fur off to me and the men wuz like shadders, only one man seemed a reality to me, and he wuz small boned and fur away. And then we went to our room. I read to Tommy for a spell out of a good little book I bought, and then hearn him say his prayers, his innocent voice askin' for blessin's from on high for his parents and my own beloved lonely one, and then I tucked him into his little cot and sot down and writ a letter to my dear Josiah, tears dribblin' down onnoticed while I did so.

For we had promised to write to each other every day of our lives, else I could not, could not have borne the seperation, and I also begun a letter to Philury. I laid out to put down things that I wanted her to 'tend to that I thought on from day to day after I got away, and then send it to her bime by. Sez I:

"Philury, be sure and put woolen sheets on Josiah's bed if it grows colder, and heat the soap stun for him and see that he wears his woolen-backed vest, takin' it off if it moderates. Tend to his morals, Philury, men are prone to backslide; start him off reg'lar to meetin', keep clean bandannas in his pocket, let him wear his gingham neckties, he'll cry a good deal and it haint no use to spile his silk ones. Oh, Philury! you won't lose nothin' if you are

OR ENTRAL PARK

A VISIT TO THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY

ous religion and principle supplied the biggest heft. ss Meechim and Aronette wuz in splendid sperits, and e up—dinner went out to the theatre to see a noted y acted, and they asked me to accompany and go n, for I spoze that my looks wuz melancholy and p ted in extreme, Aronette offerin' to take care of m if I wanted to go.

I sez, "No. I have got all the tragedy in my own s that I can 'tend to." And in spite of my cast-iron o ion tears busted out under my eyeleds and trickled w ny nose. They didn't see it, my back wuz turned, good to that dear man. Put salt enough on the pork when you kill, and don't let Josiah eat too much sassage. And so no more to-night, to be resoomed."

The next morning I got two letters from my pardner. He had writ a letter right there in the deepo before he went home, and also another on his arrival there. Agony wuz in every word: oh, how wuz we goin' to bear it!

But I must not make my reader onhappy; no I must harrow them up no more, I must spread the poultice of silence on the deep gaping woond and go on with the sombry history. After breakfast Miss Meechim got a

MISS MEECHIM AND DOROTHY GO SHOPPING

big, handsome carriage, drawed by two prancin' steeds, held in by a man buttoned up to his chin, and invited me to take Tommy and go with her and Dorothy up to the Park, which I did. They wuz eloquent in praises of that beautiful place; the smooth, broad roads, bordered with tall trees, whose slim branches stood out aginst the blue sky like pictures. The crowds of elegant equipages, filled with handsome lookin' folks in galy attire that thronged them roads. The Mall, with its stately beauty, the statutes that lined the way ever and anon. The massive walls of the Museum, the beautiful lake and rivulets, spanned by handsome bridges. It wuz a fair seen, a fair seen, underneath beauty of the rarest kind, and overhead a clear, cloudless sky.

Miss Meechin wuz happy, though she didn't like the admiring male glances at Dorothy's fresh, young beauty, and tried to ward 'em off with her lace-trimmed muff, but couldn't. Tommy wuz in pretty good sperits and didn't look quite so pale as when we left home, and he wonnered at the white statutes, and kinder talked to himself, or to Carabi about 'em, and I kinder gathered from what he said that he thought they wuz ghosts, and I thought that he wuz kinder reassurin' Carabi that they wouldn't hurt him, and he wonnered at the mounted policemen who he took to be soldiers, and at all the beauty with which we wuz surrounded. And I—I kep' as cheerful a face as I could on the outside, but always between me and Beauty, in whatsoever guise it appeared, wuz a bald head, a small-sized figger. Yes, it weighed but little by the steelyards, but it shaddered lovely Central Park, the most beautiful park in the world, and the hull universe for me. But I kep' a calm frame outside; I answered Miss Meechim's remarks mekanically and soothed her nervous apprehensions as well as I could as she glanced fearfully at male admirers by remarkin' in a casual way to her "that New York and the hull world wuz full of pretty women and girls, which made her look calmer, and then I fell in to once with her scheme of drivin' up the long, handsome Boolevard, acrost the long bridge, clear up to the tomb of Our Hero, General Grant.

Hallowed place! dear and precious to the hull country. The place where the ashes lie that wuz once the casket of that brave heart. Good husband, kind father, true friend, great General, grand Hero, sleeping here by the murmuring waters of the stream he loved, in the city of his choice, sleeping sweetly and calmly while the whole world wakes to do him honor and cherish and revere his memory.

I had big emotions here, I always did, and spoze I always shall. But, alas! true it wuz that even over the memory of that matchless Hero riz up in my heart the remembrance of one who wuz never heroic, onheeded and onthought on by his country, but—oh! how dear to me!

"I BEGUN A LETTER TO PHILURY

The memory of his words, often terse and short specially before meal-time, echoed high above the memory of him who talked with Kings and Emperors, ruled armies and hushed the seething battle-cry, and

Continued on page 975

Modern Judaism

Mr. A. Benjamin Describes the Peculiarities of the Social, Religious and Educational Life of the Jew at the Present Day

MANY readers of this journal take a deep interest in the efforts that are being made in New York and other cities for the conversion of the Jews. Few, however, understand what is the attitude of the Jew toward the missionaries who are sent to him, or what is his religious practice now that he has no longer a temple, sacrifices or priests. It has often been observed that he makes no effort analogous to Christian missions to convert other people to his faith, and that while Christians are anxious to persuade Jews to become Christians, the Jew simply goes his own way and never tries to induce a Christian to become a Jew. This disposition explains how it is that so little is known of the Judaism of our day, which necessarily differs in marked degree, both in ritual and observance, from the Judaism of the Old Testament. It will therefore interest many readers to know how the Jew regards his own faith and what measures he takes to perpetuate it. Mr. A. Benjamin, a prominent member of the Jewish community in New York, has given us the following information on these questions:

While the Jew has no machinery or organization for the propagation of his faith, it must not be supposed that he is indifferent to the condition of the world. His method is not to proselyte but to show by his daily life the glory and beauty of his creed. He believes in truth, love, justice, liberty, equality, and fraternity, and his highest aim is to show those qualities in his own life. The Jew who lives up to his creed is anxious to set an example of rectitude, of personal righteousness which shall be a living expression of the purity of his faith. It is not necessary for him to translate his sacred books into foreign languages and send missionaries abroad to preach the truth as he believes it. His books remain in the original language in which they were written by the fathers, the poets and the prophets. Wherever he may be he is taught to read them in that tongue and he is impressed with the duty of making them the guide of his life, so that whoever comes in contact with him shall learn by his conduct the high moral principles which govern him. These men may become Christians in one land or Mohammedans in another. About that the Jew does not concern himself. He is content to have every man who longs after righteousness adopt that faith which in his case conduces to that end.

It is true that this high ideal is not found in every Jewish family. The Jew has often had to live in uncongenial environment, and has brought from the ghetto much that is unsavory and defiling. Some of his religious observances are hidden under the dust of ignorance and evil association, but it is a matter of common observation that when he leaves the ghetto and comes out into the free air of American life, then he cleanses himself and his ceremonies and adapts himself to the better conditions. The gratifying result is that the synagogue in our day so closely resembles a Christian church that there is no obstacle to the Messianic idea of universal brotherhood, but the Christian's insistance that the Jew shall be excluded from the pale of the blessed in this life and the next unless he accepts a dogma, in which he cannot and will not believe.

There are, however, one or two peculiarities of Jewish religious life in which it differs from the church life of the Christian. One of these, which is probably a survival of Oriental origin, is seen in the relation of the rabbi with the ladies of his flock. In the congregation of the synagogue there is none of the pastoral visitation that obtains among Christians. The orthodox rabbi would never be found chatting familiarly with some female member of his congregation in a religious or social gathering, nor would he even stay to greet her on the street. The Talmud emphatically forbids him to gossip with women, and so earnest are its admonitions on the subject, that many a rabbi would shrink from making a pastoral call or seeking, even on religious matters, an interview with a lady not of his own household. This does not imply that the visits of a religious teacher would not be welcome, or that the Jew is so irreligious that he does not desire the society of his rabbi. On the other hand, as Reformed Jews think, it implies that the rabbi's weekly sermon is all that is necessary for the spiritual safety of the members of his flock.

In the matter of education there is also a difference. The Jew expects more from parents than the Christian does in the religious instruction of children. It is the duty of every Jew to see that his children are thoroughly instructed in Judaism, not by sending them to a Sunday School to be taught, but by teaching them himself at home. The pious orthodox Jew, indeed, carries this principle to an extreme. I remember that in my own case I was drilled so thoroughly from morning to night in Rabbinical lore from my fourth to my eighteenth year, that the only time and opportunity left to me for the acquisition of secular knowledge came from a private tutor who spent two hours in the week in teaching me. That system is now generally reversed in America. The Jewish child now attends the public schools and receives a scant two hours of religious instruction. To remedy this defect Hebrew free schools have been established where children are taught in their faith daily after school hours.

I may be permitted a word or two as to the Jewish temperance. Total abstinence as practised among Christians would be impossible among Jews. The Jew is familiar with the taste of strong drink from the cradle to the grave. He tastes it when, only a week old, he is admitted to the Abrahamic Covenant; on the attainment of his religious majority at the age of thirteen, he must sanctify the Sabbath by thrice drinking from the wine cup, and at the prolonged feasts and festivals, notably at Purim, he must always indulge in wine. But, mark you, this is a religious observance. He must pronounce a benediction before and after drinking, and his mind is so directed by religious ideas that he is not in the mood to over-indulgence, and so you never find him in the police courts charged with intoxication. In a word, he is taught temperance, not by abstaining, but by the religious use of the wine-cup. In conclusion, may I say that the Christian has no reason in the Jewish creed or in Jewish conduct for holding aloof from the Jew, who aspires after righteousness.

A. BENJAMIN.

HEART DISEASE

Some Facts Regarding the Rapid Increase of Heart Trouble.

Heart trouble, at least among the Americans [illegible] largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, of poor digestion.

Real organic disease is incurable; but not one case in a hundred of heart trouble is organic.

The close relation between heart trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are [illegible] thic and Pneumogastric.

[illegible] the form of poor digestion which causes gas [illegible] is a feeling of oppression and heaviness in the chest caused by pressure of the distended stomach on the heart and lungs, interfering with their action; hence arises palpitation and short breath.

Poor digestion also poisons the blood, making it thin and watery, which irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible treatment for heart trouble is to improve the digestion and to insure the prompt assimilation of food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at most drug stores, and which contain valuable, harmless, digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form.

It is safe to say that the regular persistent use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at meal time will cure any form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach.

Full sized package of these tablets sold by druggists at 50 cents. Little book on stomach troubles mailed free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

When the Blood

is pale, then your lips and cheeks are pale, your nerves weak, and your whole body greatly debilitated. The doctors say "You have anæmia." There's just one thing you need—something to make the blood rich and red.

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A hearty laugh indicates a degree of good health obtainable through pure blood. As but one person in ten has pure blood, the other nine should purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then they can laugh first, last and all the time, for perfect happiness comes with good health

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure [illegible] and other [illegible] to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

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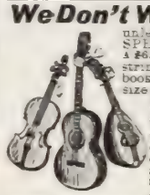

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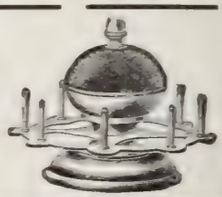

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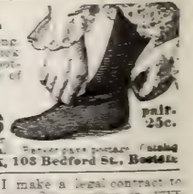

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Around the World with Aunt Samantha

(Continued from page 973.)

the nation's clamor with "Let us have peace."

But I will not agin fall into harrow, or drag my readers there, but will simply state that, in all the seens of beauty and grandeur we looked on that day—and Miss Meechim wanted to see all and everything, from magestick meetin' houses and mansions, bearin' the stamp of millions of dollars, beautiful arches lifted up to heroes and the national honor, even down to the Brooklyn Bridge and the Goddess of Liberty—over all that memory rained supreme.

The Goddess of Liberty holdin' aloft her blazin' torch rousted up the enthusiastick admiration of Dorothy and Miss Meechim. But I thought as I looked on it that she kinder lifted her arm some as I had seen my dear pardner lift his up when he wuz a-fixin' a stove pipe overhead; and that long span uniting New York and Brooklyn only brought to me thoughts of the length and strength of that apron-string to which I clung and must cling even though death ensued.

Well, after a long time of sight-seeing we returned to our hotel, and, after dinner, which they called luncheon, I laid down a spell with Tommy, for I felt indeed tuckered out with my emotions outside and inside. Tommy dropped off to sleep to once like a lamb, and I bein' beat out, lost myself too, and evening wuz almost lettin' down her mantilly spangled with stars, when I woke, Tommy still sleepin' peacefully, every minute bringin' health and strength to him I knew.

Miss Meechim and Dorothy had been to some of the big department stores where you can buy everything under one ruff from a elephant to a tooth-pick, and have a picture gallery and concert throwed in. They had got a big trunk full of things to wear. I wondered what they wanted of 'em when they wuz goin' off on another long journey so soon; but considered that it wuzn't my funeral or my tradin' so said nothin'.

Anon we went down and had a good supper, which they called dinner, after which they went to the opera. Aronette tended to packin' their clothes, and offered to help me pack. But as I told her I hadn't onpacked nothin' but my night-gown and sheeps' head night-cap I could git along with it, specially as sheeps' head night-caps packed easier than full crowned ones.

So I took Tommy out for a little walk on the broad beautiful sidewalks, and it diverted him to see the crowds of handsomely dressed men and women all seemin' to hurry to git to some place right off, and the children who didn't seem to be in any hurry, and in seein' the big carriages roll by, some drawed by prancin' horses, and some by nothin' at all, so fur as we could see, which rousted up Tommy's wonder, and it all diverted him a little and mebby it did me too, and then we retired to our room and had a middlin' good night's rest, though hanted by Jonesville dreams, and the next morning we left for Chicago.

(To be Continued)

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See Page 962

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A Golden Jubilee

A HALF century in the service of the Lord's house is surely a record of unusual and blessed opportunity. How many comforting words a minister of Christ may utter in that time; how many broken hearts he may help to bind up; how many faithful hands he may join in the sacred institution of marriage; how many little ones he may lead to Christ; over how many dear ones does he utter the last prayer when "dust returns to dust"; how many differences which might otherwise sunder kindred or friends does he help to heal, and how many wayward wanderers does he lead back to the Heavenly Father!

The celebration of a golden jubilee of Christian ministry is a golden jubilee, and we give with pleasure the following account which has been sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of how the friends of one servant of God rejoiced with him at such a time.

[illegible] and other counties, representative members of various associations, and many friends beside, was recently held in Savona, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Rev. J. C. Mallory as pastor of Savona Baptist church. Sermons were delivered by the following ministers: Rev. H. W. Barnes, of [illegible]; Rev. C. W. Brooks, of Watkins; Rev. W. F. Benedict, of Prattsburg; and Rev. J. E. Wil[illegible] by the following: Rev. J. S. Brown, of the M.E. [illegible]; Cole, Deacon C. D. Davis, A. F. Burt, Prof. A. D. Miller, of the High School; T. C. Wall, editor of *Reveal*; Rev. D. J. Allen, of How[illegible]; C. Davis, of Bath; Rev. Robert Duncan, of Towlesville; Rev. A. B. Chase, of Cameron; Rev. D. Van Fradenburg, of Bradford. A roll call of the church was conducted on the second day by Rev. L. C. Davis, of Bath. Abundant refreshments were served by the ladies, in Grange Hall. Reminiscences of old time ministers and evangelists, especially of Rev. T. S. Sheardown, one of the pioneers, were given by Rev. C.W. Brooks, of Watkins. A purse of $65, contributed by friends, not members of the church, was presented to the pastor, in a neat speech by Deacon C. E. Cole. The meetings were intensely interesting [illegible].

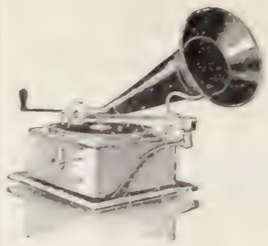
The following letter from Rev. Mr. Mallory to the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be read with interest by many friends of the paper to whom his expressions of appreciation belong equally with ourselves:

[illegible] N. Y. [illegible]

I have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from its beginning, and have all the volumes neatly bound, making a valuable library in itself. I prize THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for its beautiful illustrations, its brilliant editorials, and as containing the cream of Christian literature and intelligence. As our pastorate stands almost alone in our denomination, as to its Providential duration, so THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stands quite alone, among all other papers in its having received and expended over a million dollars in Christian benevolences, feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. It has also placed Teachers' Bibles in many thousand homes. Growing better and better along the years of its past history, may it continue to do so during all the coming years! The Red Letter Testament is the latest and one of the brightest jewels in its coronet.

Deaconesses in the Orient

German deaconesses have now Homes in Jerusalem, Constantinople, Smyrna, Beirut and Alexandria. Their last established Home is the Victoria Hospital in Cairo. According to *Der Kirchenbote*, it has an income of $15,000. It is supplied with [illegible] charge of deaconesses from Kaiserwerth.



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The Log Cabin	Interior
The Primitive Mower	How it is Done

Over 100,000 sold, never at less than $1.50 per copy, now [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

WON AN INDIAN TRIBE TO CHRIST

YEARS ago there lived at Newton, Mass., a Christian family named Henderson. Mary A., a ten-year-old daughter, was a child who had already begun to show rare spiritual traits of character. It is related that one day she decided to induce her schoolmates to become Christians. At recess she said to them: "Why can't we have a prayer-meeting and give our hearts to Jesus?" Her companions were quickly interested. In a loft over the workshop of James Smith, a machinist, one Friday afternoon, the first meeting was held, and the ten-year-old spiritual leader read a few verses from the Bible and prayed.

MRS. SAGATOO

For several weeks these gatherings were continued, and the young hearts were impressed. One day the school-teacher said to Mary:

"How is it the scholars are learning to behave so orderly and quietly? It pleases me very much." One of the children answered: "Oh, don't you know? Little Miss Henderson is having prayer meetings after school hours, and is trying to make us Christians." The teacher turned to Mary and said, "God help you and bless you in doing so much good."

When Mary was about twenty years of age, she became interested in mission work, and was fully converted to the Master's cause. She was soon widely known as a missionary worker in the slums of Boston.

At the Bromfeld street church she met Joseph Cabay, a young educated Indian student from Baldwin University, Ohio, who had come to finish his studies at Harvard. He addressed the congregation and Sunday School, and also preached in various churches. He asked the young mission worker to go to Michigan and give the Gospel to his people, the Chippewas, and, she consenting, the two were married and set out for Michigan. With the tribe she became a great favorite.

Joseph Cabay, the young missionary chief, however, was not destined for long service on earth for the Master he loved so well. He had contracted consumption, and died shortly after returning to Michigan. Before dying he asked his wife to take his place as the head of his people and lead them to Christ. She promised, and a formal ceremony, adopting her as a daughter of the tribe, was performed, the name of Wah-Sash-Kah-Moqua, ("The one whose coming brought light in the darkness") being conferred upon her. After her husband's death the tribe continued to show her the greatest kindness. She afterward married Peter Sagatoo, a cousin of Joseph, he being chosen, according to tribal usage, as the chief's successor. It was explained to her by a Chippewa patriarch that a year after a husband died the nearest relative selected another husband for the widow, and the man selected would take a load of wood to her. If she refused to burn it, still another husband would be selected for her; but if she burned the wood and refused to marry, she would be put to death. "Now," said the patriarch, "you have burned Peter's wood—what are you going to do?" She was surprised and frightened, but conformed to the tribal custom, and they were married.

Mrs. Sagatoo now began to work among the Indians harder than ever. After learning the language, she preached and taught an Indian school among them for many years. Mr. Sagatoo frequently comes to Boston, and his wife, now a mature woman, goes East nearly every year to visit her friends. A fine church has been erected for the Chippewas through her efforts. Nearly the whole tribe in her vicinity has been reclaimed from heathendom and converted to Christianity.

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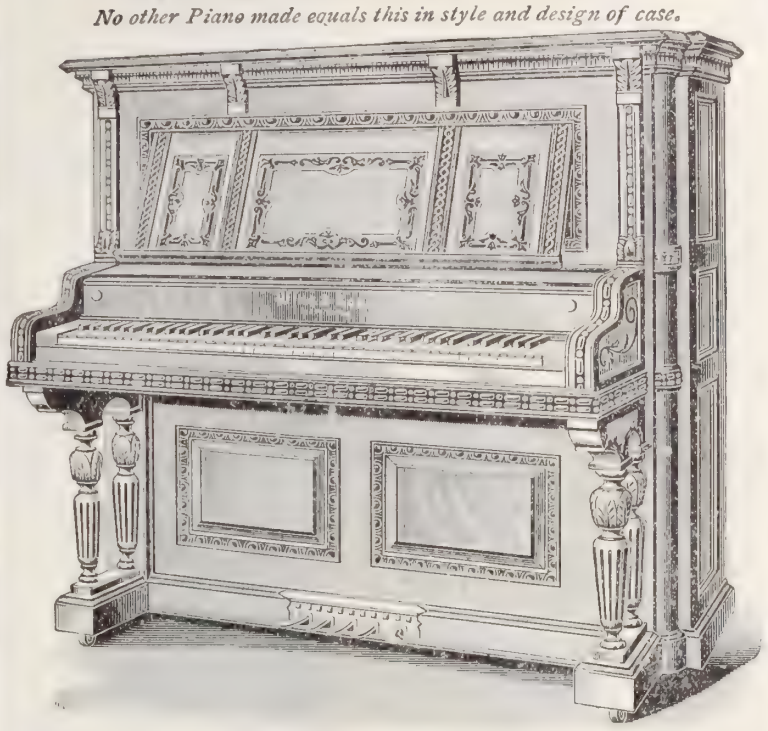

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Our Royal Brother

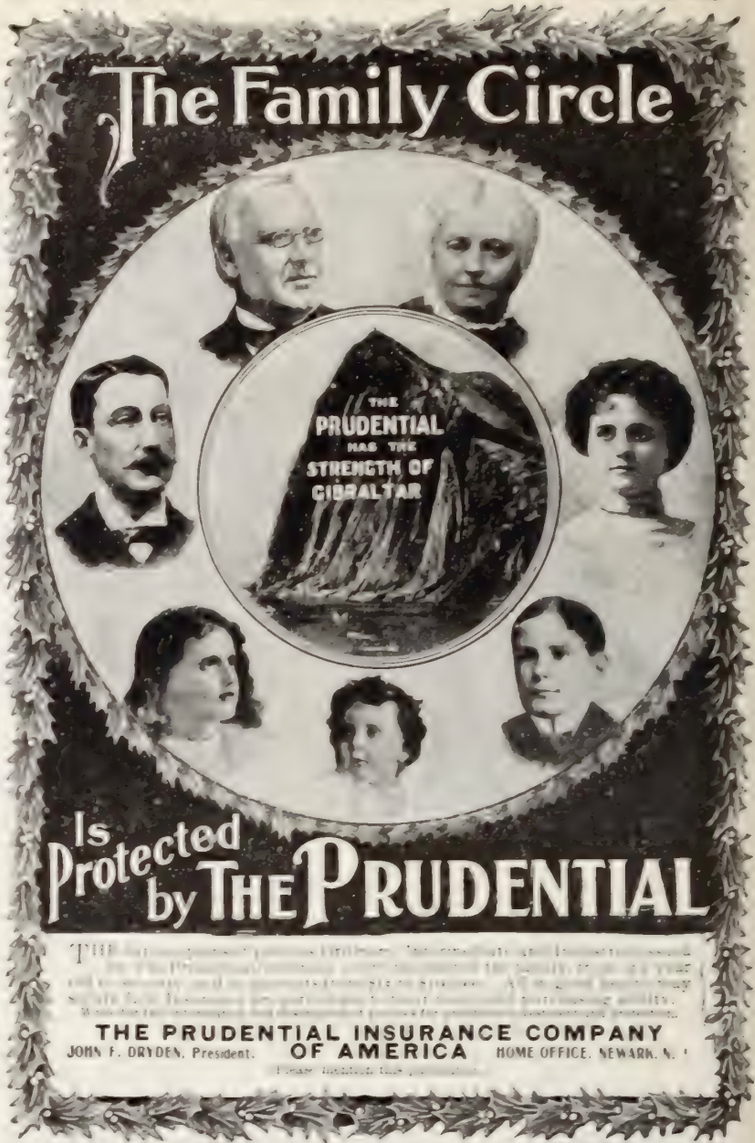
Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 24. Heb. 1:1-9.

WHEN we celebrate the birth of our Lord, we naturally dwell on the human side of his nature. It is difficult to keep in mind the Divinity, as we think of him a helpless babe lying in the manger at Bethlehem. In his after years, healing disease, quieting the raging tempest, feeding the multitude, we recognize the Deity; but in thinking of his infancy, it is his humanity that impresses us. But we cannot conceive of such a manhood, without being prepared to hear that there was a difference of quality in the nature of the Infant. Such a manhood as that of Christ could not have developed in that little Syrian village, unless there had been some supernatural quality to begin with. It was no ordinary babe that lay in the manger. Mysterious as the Incarnation must ever be, inconceivable to the finite mind as is the union of the Divine with the human, the difficulty of believing it is less than that of supposing that the Babe of Bethlehem, who grew to become Jesus of Nazareth, was an ordinary human child. That he was human, there can be no doubt. He called himself the Son of Man, and we see the human physical frailties in many incidental allusions in the Gospels. He knew what hunger and thirst were; he was weary when he sat on the well; he could weep with the mourner and he felt the yearning for human sympathy in the hour of his distress.

Jesus was a man; but what man has there ever been like him? In all the centuries of the world's history, no other man of his quality has been produced. His personal character compels the admiration even of the detractors of Christianity. To this day, the enemies of the Church have no assaults to make on the character of its Founder. Indeed, they pay him the tribute of respect, by reproaching the Church for not being like him. It is an extraordinary thing, too, as eminent writers have pointed out, that his example inspires members of all classes. Kings, statesmen, judges, soldiers, merchants, working men, wives, mothers, children—all seem to see in him some qualities which they appropriate and imitate. Knowing absolutely nothing of such a life as we lead in this nineteenth century; walking from village to village in that far-off Oriental land; with surroundings as different from ours as can be conceived; he yet remains the model for every life; and we can give a man or woman no higher praise than to say, he or she is like Christ. How could a character so universally admired, so eternally admirable, have been produced if there had not been in him a Divinity which permeated and transformed his human nature? It is as Phillips Brooks so aptly says: "As when the sunlight fills a jewel, the jewel throbs and glows with radiance. All its mysterious nature palpitates and burns with clearness. But it is the jewel's self that we see. The sunlight has made us see what it is, not turned it into something different from what it was."

Thus, we are brought to the idea of brotherhood. In Christ we see what this nature of ours is capable of being. As a block of marble may be hewn by some clumsy operator into the semblance of a man, or under the hand of a master may become a statue full of beauty, so human nature full of Divinity becomes a being of glorious loveliness. It is our nature, but how it is transfigured! God was manifest in the flesh. It was as if God had said: "You men undervalue your nature; you do not know what may be made of it; I will show you how transcendently good and beautiful it may become." So we had an Ideal that all men may admire and copy. We could not understand the nature of God. He is a Spirit, and we cannot know what pure spirit is; but when we see Jesus, we see what the nature of God in a human environment can be. This is nearer to us, this is man and he is our Brother. As Matthew Arnold says:

> Was Christ a man like us?
> Ah, let us see, if we can be
> Such men as he!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A TIMELY ACROSTIC

While the great discussion of the saloon keeper's money is going on, this acrostic, forwarded to us by Mr. R. C. Gill, of Washington, D. C., will be read with general appreciation.

Insidious spirit, whose ignoble name
Nature's accomplished sons have borne with shame,
Talents which listening Senates might admire,
Ensnared by thee, are quenched in Moloch's fire.
Man, once the image of his Maker, lies
Prostrate before thee, impotent to rise:
Each power of thought, each high-bred purpose gone;
Reason, disordered, leaves her tottering throne;
And he whose lofty genius might have trod
Nature's sublimest heights to nature's God,
Cursed by thy withering touch and fetid breath,
Ends a dishonored life in shame and death.

Baltimore, Md. J. THOMAS SMITH.

The Bowery Christmas Tree

The Bowery Mission Christmas tree is to the East Side children, who have seen it, the great event of their lives, and stories are told by them of its wonderful possibilities, which seem to listeners very much like fairy tales. As we meet the children in the street, their faces are beaming with the joy of anticipation, and all manner of questions are asked. One little girl hailed me, and told me with a most distressed look on her face that her doll couldn't be hung on the Christmas tree this time for "her head is all boke."

Already eight letters printed by little hands have been given me to send to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, where the Christmas tree grows. Their requests are as varied as they are earnest. For instance, one child asked for a tooth-brush, and said: "We have only one in our family, and everybody uses it, and it's all worn out." We have great hopes for that family! As I was telling a group of children in Hester street about the Christmas tree which would be covered with beautiful gifts, a little girl with a wondering, doubtful look, said:

"This ain't no bluff, is it?"

When I asked her, "What is a bluff?" she replied quickly, "Don't you know it's lies the peoples tells us." It was evident that her little life thus far had been full of disappointment and deceit, and that a promise meant very little to her.

This annual Christmas tree opens up a new world to these little waifs. We do not tell them that a Santa Claus brings these gifts, but that Christ's friends send all this happiness to them; and that he tells them that if they give joy to his little children, it is doing him service. This throws a new light upon the Christmas spirit, and shows them that there are some who find it their pleasure in giving, rather than receiving. We have been asked which we prefer, money or other gifts, and would say the money is more acceptable; for parents or older sisters often tell us that the little ones in the home, when they are saying their evening prayers, ask God to fill some definite want; and if we can buy this one thing to gratify their childish hearts we are really strengthening their faith in prayer, and we are acting as God's agents in giving them their desire. SARAH J. BIRD.

The White Heron's Passing

A "Friend of the Birds" sends us the following, with a request for its reprint: "The scale on which the massacre of the beautiful white heron is being carried on is almost incredible. An idea of it may be gained from the fact that one egret will furnish only one-sixth of an ounce of plumage feathers, and yet at a public sale in London less than a year ago, more than eleven thousand ounces of osprey plumes were offered for sale. This means that more than sixty-six thousand egrett had been put to death for the sake of their plumes, that some fair dame might be more gayly decorated! The most lamentable feature of the slaughter of the beautiful and innocent birds is that the feather's grow at the time when the egrets are nesting. An egret is shot, the few coveted feathers are torn from its back, its body is left to rot on the ground and the young ones perish of starvation. The species must soon become extinct."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(OF PHILADELPHIA)

FOR THIS WEEK

Contains the third paper in Thomas B. Reed's notable series, which is now running in the POST. In this article the former Speaker of the National House will describe in detail some of the most famous breaches of parliamentary discipline that have occurred in the halls of Congress.

Rows in Congress

Mr. Reed's papers on National affairs are an important contribution to our political history. They deal strenuously and authoritatively with certain of the lesser-known phases of public life, and they are fraught with a deep and absorbing interest for every American who would be well informed as to the affairs of the Nation. The busiest man can well afford to devote a half hour to reading Rows in Congress.

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Our Little Namesake

THIS letter from a father and a mother in Iowa (whose hearts have a warm corner for their favorite journal), will be read with interest and appreciation by our friends:

[illegible] herewith a photograph of our little [illegible] be proud to keep the little souvenir for him until he is old enough to value it as he should. [illegible] richest bless- [illegible] each issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, so that [illegible] and carry salvation to many perishing souls. We have been constant readers of it for nearly four years and wonder how we ever got along without it.

Christian Herald Sandell

Yours sincerely,
MR. and MRS. CHAS. SANDELL.

The bright little fellow (whose portrait is here reproduced) is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S first namesake. We hope he may be spared to a gracious and useful manhood, and to deliver by word of mouth the same message which this journal, whose name he bears, has been giving to the world for the last twenty years.

♦

Countess Schimmelmann's Work

Countess Adeline Schimmelmann, founder of the International Mission, who has traveled all over the world in her beautiful yacht, *Duen*, is now in New York City. It was the intention of the Countess, on account of poor health, not to accept any engagements to speak until she had had several months' rest. But she decided to make an exception and speak at the demonstration against the saloon on December 10th, at Carnegie Hall. The Countess will stay in New York for a few months during the coming winter. Her mission work consists in training young sailors and boys, holding Gospel meetings and distributing food to the poor and needy. She [illegible] Gospels and tracts, and holds meetings in lodging houses and sailors' homes. She maintains a Seamen's Home at Rugen for Baltic fishermen; also the mission boat *Taube* for the fishermen and sailors in the Baltic Sea.

♦

Books Received

A Gentleman in Waiting. By Cornelius V. V. [illegible] M. Harrison. Verses. Pp. 90. Publishers, Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, O.

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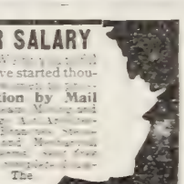

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Of the many forms of Bronchitis, the one most alarming of all is that in which the symptoms closely resemble those of consumption, and hence called consumptive bronchitis, or bronchial consumption. You must not, however, understand from its name that it is really tuberculous in character, or produced by the bacilli which cause true consumption.

In all lung cases, I require a portion of the expectorated matter coughed up by the patient to be brought to me, or sent in a small bottle by express, before giving a definite opinion of the disease. If on examination, I find the tubercle bacilli present, the case is consumption; and if no bacilli—Bronchitis. A large percentage of those who die of a lung disease, supposed to be consumption, are really deaths by chronic bronchitis resembling consumption.

A remarkable instance in verification of this recently occurred. A lady was brought to me in what appeared the last stage of consumption. Her physicians had told her husband that she could not live a week. She had a bad cough, puriform expectorations, night sweats, and was wasted almost to skin and bone. Judging by her symptoms and appearance, it was impossible not to fear that she had come too late. On sounding her chest, however, I was surprised to find no solidification by tubercles, and on examing her sputum a total absence of the bacilli. The history, too, of her sickness revealed that it had followed an attack of whooping cough and grippe. So, although her pulse was 120 a minute, and so feeble as to be hardly perceptible, and the wasting of her body so extreme that she could not stand without support, I did not hesitate to pronounce the disease bronchial, and give it as my opinion that, if we could sustain her strength long enough for remedies to act, she would be saved. She was immediately placed under medicated air treatment, with tonics to impart appetite and digestives to help the enfeebled stomach to transform nourishments into chyle and blood. Within a week she showed signs of amendment. Her progress was necessarily slow, as the healing powers of the body were nearly exhausted before the first inhalation was given, but she gradually acquired more and more strength, and within six weeks was able to take short walks in the open air. She recovered perfectly in about six months, and is alive and well to-day.

This case shows the importance of a correct diagnosis and proper adaptation of the treatment of the conditions to be remedied. Had the true nature of her disease not been discovered just when it was, she would have lost her life through wrong treatment, and been recorded as another death by consumption.

Every form of bronchitis is curable by local antiseptic and healing remedies applied directly to the lungs by medicated air inhalation, but none of them by stomach treatment. The stomach is not the part affected. The air tubes and cells of the lungs are the seat of every bronchial disease, and unless remedies capable of changing their bad secretions and healing the inflamed tubes are applied to them, cure is impossible. To treat bronchial and other lung diseases through the stomach and hold out a hope of cure by that treatment is malpractice, and ought to be punished as a crime against the sick.

(*Signed*) ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.,
117 West 45th Street,
New York.

In order to obtain Dr. Hunter's book, "The Lungs and their Diseases," free, it is necessary to mention this paper, and address Dr. Robert Hunter Association, 117 W. 45th street, New York.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, 327 Broadway, New York

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This band has been organized over a year, and has given many successful concerts, by the M. E. Church Choir and Organist, Mr. C. Diehl, of 125th Street, New York City, as a means of raising money for **church purposes.** They find it a pleasant, profitable variation from routine work, especially valuable in concerts, and of great use in church services. Many **Church Choirs** have these Zobo Bands, and find them of great value. As a means of earning money for church purposes, a "Zobo Concert" invariably draws full houses. **Zobo Bands can play any piece of music in all parts by ear or by note as preferred.**

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CAN BE PLAYED BY ANYONE WHO CAN HUM A TUNE—NO LEARNING. We do away with the long tedious labor of practice. It is the most extraordinary musical instrument ever produced, so constructed that the human voice comes out so wonderfully as to make it melodious beyond all imagination. It seems impossible for it to accomplish so much. It gives you the vocal power of giants, yet its music may be softened to the cooing of a dove, or the thrilling song of the nightingale. It is a money and music making feature for Church Choirs and all other concerts. These instruments open up new possibilities to the **Vocalist,** and develop the vocal cords. The Cornet is an elegant accompaniment to Organ, Piano or any string instrument, and affords unlimited pleasure to the individual, suited for all in and outdoor entertainment.

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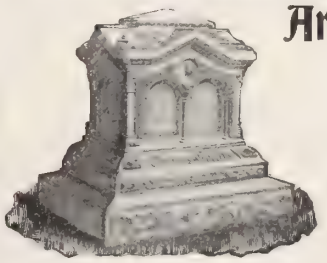

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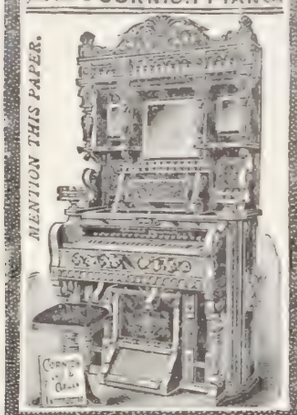

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EUCALOL Cures Catarrh,

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Rev Morrell Mackenzie says

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and the [illegible] kidney troubles, are all largely due to retention of uric acid in the system. Hence the value of a uric acid solvent and diuretic remedy which regulates and stimulates the action of the kidneys.

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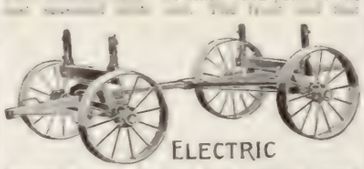

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THE best of all bath cabinets is now sold at maker's prices direct to the user. Sold even lower than the inconvenient affairs that are advertised for this service. A tight, double walled room, rubber coated inside and outside, and fitted with a door. Made so that merely tipping folds it into a six inch space. Handsome, convenient and strong.

The Racine Cabinet is guaranteed to be the best one on the market. We sell on approval, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Sold direct to users at from $5. to $12., express or freight prepaid; alcohol stove, vaporizer and face-steaming attachment included. Send today for our handsome illustrated catalogue, and order from that.

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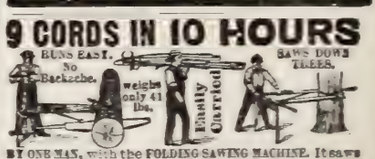

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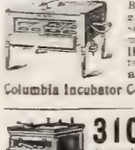

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HENS LAY double the eggs when fed on Green Cut Bone.

MANN'S NEW BONE CUTTERS [illegible] bone in the best and cheapest way. Cut fast. Save [illegible] Many [illegible] Cutters, newest, fastest. $5. & $10. Mann's Swinging Feed Tray and Grit & Oyster Shell Guard make the business profitable. Catalog free. F. W. MANN CO., Box 29 Milford, Mass.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION

BY AN OHIOAN.

A genius of Cincinnati, Ohio, has placed on the market a new Bath Cabinet that is of great interest to every man, woman and child.

This Cabinet is a rubber-walled room, an air-tight enclosure, in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and, with only the head outside, enjoys all the cleansing, curative, beautifying and invigorating effects of the most luxurious Turkish Bath, Hot-Vapor or Medicated Bath at home for three cents each, with no possibility of taking cold or in any weakening the system.

THESE ARE THE BEST OF ALL BATHS, far superior to soap and water; celebrated for producing glowing faces, fair skin, bright eyes, elastic figures, and perfect health to all men and women who make them a weekly habit, and this invention brings them within the reach of the poorest person in the country.

Clouds of hot vapor or medicated vapor surround the entire body, opening the millions of sweat pores, causing profuse perspiration, drawing out of the system all the impure salts, acids and poisonous matter of the blood,

which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, lungs and skin, causing colds, fevers, disease, debility and sluggishness.

Astonishing is the improvement in health, feelings and complexion by the use of this Cabinet, and it seems to us that the long-sought-for method of securing a clear skin, a good complexion, of retaining good health, curing and preventing disease without drugs, has certainly been found.

The makers inform the writer that more than 72,386 of these Cabinets have been sold since August, and showed letters from thousands of users who speak of this Cabinet as giving perfect satisfaction.

Since this invention Bath Tubs have been discarded, for it gives a better bath for all cleansing purposes than soap and water, and, as there are millions of homes without bathing facilities, this would be a good article to get the agency for, as millions will certainly be sold.

All our readers should have one of these Cabinets in their homes. The makers agree to send it on thirty days' trial and refund the money paid for it if not just as represented.

Thousands of remarkable letters have been written the inventors, and to our knowledge persons who were full of drugs and nostrums and had been given up to die were restored to robust health, to the astonishment of their friends and physicians.

Dr. E. M. S. Marble, No. 1433 R. I. Avenue. Washington, D. C., says: "This Cabinet is the best of all, and the only one I could recommend. It should be in use in every home."

Dr. E. L. Eaton, of Topeka, gave up his practice, for he said he could do more good for humanity with this Cabinet than his medicine, and has already sold several hunreds of them.

Congressman John J. Lentz, Mrs. Senator Douglas, Rev. James Thoms, Ph.D., pastor of First Baptist Church, Centerville, Mich.; Rev. R. E. Peale, Una, S. C.; John T. Brown, editor of "Christian Guide;" James M. Hamlin, editor of the "Christian Advocate," and a host of our most eminent people use and recommend it.

John A. Hagan, Richfield, Mo., afflicted fifteen years with rheumatism in its worst form, was cured in six days. Mrs. Anna Woodrum, Thurman, Ia., suffered for sixteen years with Nervous Prostration, Headaches, Indigestion, Kidney Trouble and Female Ills. The best doctors were unable to benefit her. This Cabinet cured her in four weeks, and she says it is a God-sent blessing to every woman.

Mr. L. B. Westbrook, Newton, Ia., afflicted forty-five years, was cured in three weeks of Catarrh, Asthma, Heart and Kidney Troubles. O. P. Freeman, Sparta, O., afflicted seventeen years, unable to walk, was cured of Kidney Troubles, Piles and Rheumatism. Thousands of others write praising this Cabinet.

This invention is known as the "New 1902 Style Square Quaker Folding Bath Cabinet." We find it to be a genuine Cabinet, with a real door; opens wide; handsomely and durably made of the best materials, rubber-lined; has a strong, rigid steel frame; top curtains to open for cooling off; in, fact all the latest improvements, and should certainly last a lifetime.

It folds flat in 1-inch space when not in use; can be easily carried; wheighs but 10 pounds.

IT IS IMPORTANT TO KNOW

That the makers guarantee results and assert positively (as do thousands of users) that this Cabinet will clear the skin, purify and enrich the blood; cure nervousness, weakness, that "tired feeling," and the worst forms of Rheumatism. They offer $50.00 reward for a case not relieved. Cures Women's Troubles, Malaria, Sleeplessnes, Gout, Sciatica, Headaches, Piles, Dropsy, Liver, Kidney and Nervous Troubles.

It cures the worst Cold in one night, and breaks up all symptoms of La Grippe, Fevers, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Tonsolitis, and is really a household necessity, a blessing to every family.

To please the ladies, a Head and Face Steaming Attachment is furnished if desired, which clears the skin, beautifies the complexion, removes pimples, black-heads, eruptions, and is a sure cure for skin diseases, Catarrh and Asthma.

ALL OUR READERS SHOULD

Have one of these remarkable Cabinets. The price is wonderfully low, only $5.00 for Cabinet complete, with heater, formulas and directions. Head Steamer, $1.00 extra, and it is indeed difficult to imagine where one can invest that amount of money in anything else that guarantees so much genuine health.

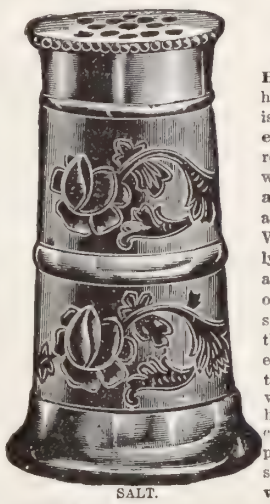
Write to-day to the World Mfg. Co., 935 World Building, Cincinnati, O., who are the only makers, for full information; or, better still, order a Cabinet. You won't be disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet, and will refund your money, after 30 days' use, if not just as represented. We know them to be perfectly reliable, capital $100,000.00, and to ship promptly upon receipt of your remittance.

Don't fail to send for booklet, anyway.

This Cabinet is a wonderful seller for agents, and the firm offers splendid inducements to both men and women upon request, and to our knowledge many are making from $100 to $150 per month and expenses. This is certainly an opportunity not to be neglected.

RISING SUN
STOVE
POLISH
Shine comes quick—looks best and lasts longest—always was and is the best polish—never cakes on the stove.
ALSO IN PASTE FORM—"SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH."

For Both 25 cents For Both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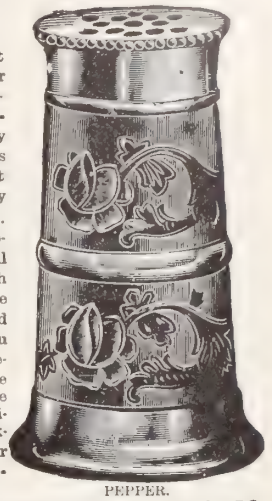
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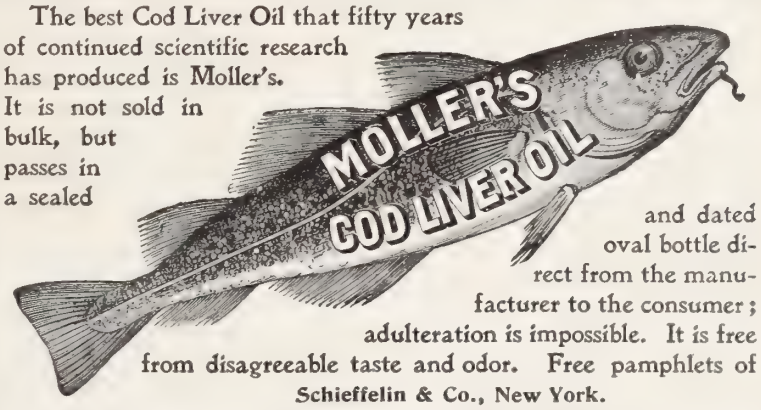

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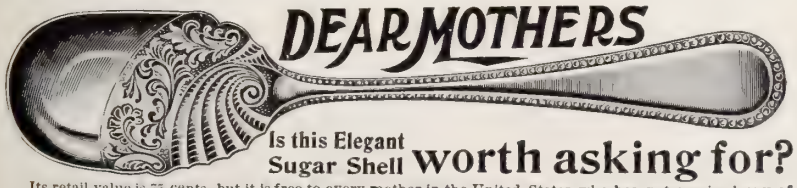
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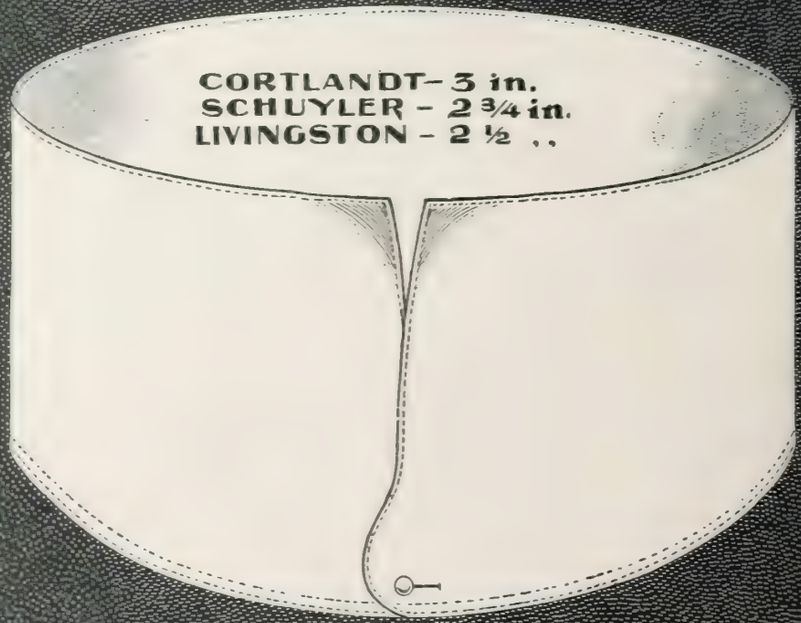

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1899

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Angels' Song at the Manger

"We rejoice in the light, and we echo the song, That comes thro' the night from the heavenly throng.
We shout to the lovely evangel they bring, And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King."

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date for which they are intended.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you may know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the [illegible] not even when stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper.
8. Address all communications intended for this department.

EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald,
[illegible]

Questions to Be Answered Dec. 27

7. Wh[illegible] nineteenth century?
8. Is [illegible] services on Sunday and the weekly prayer meeting?
9. Which is the oldest Protestant [illegible]
10. W[illegible]
11. W[illegible]
12. Is marriage a help to success in [illegible]
13. What event of the nineteenth century must be regarded as having resulted most beneficially to mankind?
14. What nations have made the [illegible]
15. W[illegible] France among the nations of the earth?
16. W[illegible] bution ever made to charity?

Questions to Be Answered Jan. 3

1. What [illegible] learning in the more prominent nations represent, respectively?
2. [illegible] to do so through the medium of an organized charity?
3. Who may be considered the leading religious character of the nineteenth century?
4. Since the beginning of the Christian era, who lived the longest?
5. Which is the most deserving of the foreign mission fields at the present time, and why?
6. Ought a Christian to insure his life, or to insure his premises against fire? Is such a course in violation of Christ's injunction to "Take therefore no thought for the morrow"?
7. [illegible] coming true, or directing the mind and waking energies to any practical results?
8. Ought a man to contribute to the Lord's work when [illegible]
9. Is a Christian woman justified in wearing jewelry, other than her watch and wedding ring?
10. Is there any real reason, physiological or religious, why cousins should not marry?

Questions to Be Answered Jan. 10

1. At what age may a young person be properly ad[illegible]
2. [illegible]
3. [illegible] Battle of Manila Bay?
4. [illegible] elude the pleasure of a walk in the woods, field or garden between services, for those who have no such [illegible]
5. [illegible] State of the Union? if so, in what States and when?
6. [illegible] sure of their moral and spiritual welfare?
7. What five (or seven) hymns in the English language [illegible]
8. [illegible] states?
9. Is the breaking of a solemn engagement of mar[illegible]
10. Is a church justified in holding a fair to raise [illegible]

Questions of the Week

1. What historical event of the nineteenth century is entitled to be considered the greatest, and why?

The Emancipation Proclamation, by Abraham Lincoln, January 1st, 1863, whereby 4,000,000 slaves in America were made free: First, because slavery degrades man, who was made in the image of God, to the level of a beast; second, because no nation can become truly Christian and highly civilized that upholds slavery in its midst, or which sets an example to other nations that must have a morally injurious effect upon them.

2. Since the days of the Apostles, what one man has exerted the greatest influence in behalf of Christianity?

Luther, the apostle of the Reformation, that great turning-point in modern history. That Reformation was a great revolution, intellectual as well as religious, and marks the boundary line between the Middle Ages and the modern period. Deep and loud was the call for regeneration. The clergy, from the papacy down, were corrupt, and the common people were purposely kept in ignorance. In the hour of supreme need, Luther appeared, with his heroic spirit, his organizing genius, his fervent faith. The result of his bold protest and his self-sacrificing toils is seen in that vast and aggressive sisterhood of Protestant churches which exists to-day in all the advanced countries of the world. AMELIA HOYT.

3. What book is next in importance to the Bible?

The book next in importance to the Bible is *The Pilgrim's Progress.* It has pushed its way to the front rank of book-making, and holds its place by the common consent of Christendom throughout the world, for it has been translated into many languages, and has than any other book extant, save the Bible. As an allegory it is true to life; by its charming style it captivates the hearts of its readers, and holds them tenaciously till the Pilgrimage is completed. It appeals to the experience of all alike—to those in the higher walks of life, the rich and the great, the student and the philosopher, as well as to the most lowly. The peasant in his cottage, the laborer and the mechanic, have wept and smiled over its simple eloquence and enchanting pages, as over no other book. It has no peer in the realm of book-making to dispute the first place with it in the estimation of the religious world.

H. STORY.

4. At what age may a child be considered accountable to God for its actions?

No rule can be laid down that would apply in all cases, as much would depend on a child's conception of right and wrong. Some children consciously realize the effect and nature of sin at a much earlier age than do others, and their accountability would, consequently, start at an earlier age. But to state a specific age, applicable to all, is impossible. A child's accountability, speaking broadly, would begin with the dawning of moral consciousness, when it knew itself a sinner in the spiritual sense, and had theoretical knowledge of Christ as a Saviour. R. HOLMES.

5. If a burglar breaks into my house at night and I find him there, am I, as a Christian, justified in trying to kill him?

No, unless he attempts to kill you; then in self-defense you are justified in killing him. You are justified in taking life only to save life; but to save your property you are not justified, for you would not be hired to kill a person for the amount the burglar is after, therefore you are not justified in killing a person to save it. D. MCCONE.

6. Is the taking of human life ever justifiable?

Under the ancient laws, yes; under the Christian law, no. The Christian has no right to destroy that which he is powerless to restore, and the taking of life, except in absolute self-defense or to save the lives of others, while it may be justified by human statute, is in the sight of God a crime which nothing can justify. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay." This is an explicit prohibition against meting out the extreme measure of punishment or revenge. Besides, to usher a soul into eternity unprepared is a responsibility the assumption of which is logically indefensible. GEO. JENNINGS.

7. What is the greatest depth ever reached by bore or excavation?

The deepest excavation in the earth is at Schladebach, near Ketshau, Germany. It is 5,735 feet in depth, and is for geologic research [illegible] deeper. This hole was expensive, as its cost [illegible]

8. Does a person who compounds a felony to shield a friend, offend God?

[illegible] sudden temptation, robs his employer of a sum of money. This a[illegible] least in the State of [illegible] for according to the statute [illegible] any crime is regarded as felo[illegible] able by death or by a term of imprisonment. A friend, we will suppose, in consideration of the fact that it is the boy's first offense, and wishing to save a mother from heart-break, pays the employer a sum sufficient to induce him to waive prosecution. Surely this friendly act can hardly be displeasing to God—the God who bears and forbears with his erring creatures [illegible] judgment is "his strange work." Of course, the criminal ought not for a moment to be allowed to think that money can atone for crime; and should he repeat the offense, it might be as well to let the law take its course.

AMELIA HOYT.

9. The Lord's prayer teaches us to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Can a father who dies, deliberately disinheriting his son because of disobedience, himself expect divine forgiveness?

It is possible for a father to disinherit a son through love for the son. The father, knowing the son to be a spendthrift, who will spend the [illegible] act in disinheriting him, and God will reward the father for a good deed done. But if a father disinherit the son through vindictiveness or because he hates him, he must not expect divine forgiveness, for a father should never cease to love his offspring.

D. MCCONE.

10. How can a million dollars be best expended to accomplish the greatest good?

Much light may be thrown on this question by considering our Lord's final commission: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." [illegible] comparative importance of the various agencies and institutions designed to bless mankind, He evidently thought the evangelization of the world to be the one object of supreme importance. "Go!" but if you cannot go, then with your million, send; send an army of delegates, substitutes, as it were; multiply your own personality a hundred-fold, a thousand-fold. A missionary society is in reality a thousand societies in one; it is a temperance society, an industrial society, a home-making society, an educational society, a Bible society, a peace society, a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, a society for the prevention of cruelty to children, and I know not what besides, for all good things follow in the wake of Christianity. Do not give all to any one mission, but distribute your million among the various missions of the Evangelical churches and thus hasten on the glad millennial days—Messiah's reign of peace. AMELIA HOYT.

A CHRISTMAS MORNING LESSON IN THE SOUTH

Among no people is the anniversary of our Lord's birth more heartily celebrated than among the negroes of the South. Merriment, beginning Christmas eve, is kept up more or less as circumstances permit, till New Year's Day. Pickaninnies are up betimes Christmas morning, hiding in out-of-the-way corners and ready to spring upon white friends, their elders or each other, the greeting: "Christmas gift; give to me!" During the happy season friends interchange visits; little companies of young people gather at hospitable cabins: the banjo is heard: the pine-knot blazes on the hearth: folk-lore stories are told. Of course, the celebration takes on many pious features, and city churches and missions have their special services and their Christmas trees. Such a Christmas observance as our picture illustrates will be witnessed this season in many an humble dwelling in the country. The kind older sister, possibly at home from the college where she is learning to be a teacher, is reading aloud the beautiful Christmas story from the Book of Life: and her young auditors are trying at once to listen and to see the pictures. No one in the group is receiving more comfort from the precious words than the good old "mammy," who surely deserves a portion in the promises of him who said: "I am among you as one that serveth."

In Great Demand

Mrs. Sangster's "Art of Home Making," and Hon. Wm. M. Thayer's "Onward to Fame and Fortune," are growing in popularity, and the demand is at least ten times greater than at any time during the year. Glorious books are these two volumes! and no one will ever regret the investment. We have not the space to describe their contents in this issue, but we will simply say that they contain each over 450 pages, are beautifully illustrated, elaborately bound in rich cloth, and go with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, all charges prepaid, at only $2.00. So far as the contents go the reader will get ten times the value in personal good. You cannot go astray in choosing these two volumes.

Many subscribers have asked us for the photograph of Mrs. Louis Klopsch, wife of the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They will find an accurate picture of her, and her daughter, Mary, in Mrs. Sangster's "Art of Home Making."

A Countess at the Bowery Mission

Countess Schimmelmann Speaks to Unfortunate Men—Prayer, the Wireless Telegraph to God

THE first address made in New York City by the titled evangelist, Countess Adaline Schimmelmann, who has recently come to New York from Chicago, was at the Bowery Mission, to an audience composed principally of earnest, hungry and destitute men. When the Countess' carriage drove up, many who could not find room within the crowded hall, lined up on either side of the entrance, making respectful way for her; baring their heads or touching their ragged caps in homage to the gentle, sweet-faced lady, who had given up rank and wealth to labor for unfortunate and erring men.

COUNTESS SCHIMMELMANN

As she passed up the aisle, care-worn, desperate and weather-beaten faces lit up in pleased response to her kindly glances.

At the platform, Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the beloved "Mother of the Bowery Boys," greeted her with a warm hand-clasp, and introduced her to the assembly as "One who has given up a diadem for Christ." Superintendent J. Greener Hallimond called upon the audience to sing: "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name;" and the old Mission rang with the inspiring hymn. The eyes of hardened men grew moist as they saw standing before them on that platform those two sweet faced, motherly women, each of whom had turned aside from all that the world can give of pleasure, profit and honor, for the love of Christ and in the desire to win from ruin such as themselves. Rarely has such contrasts been seen anywhere as in that mission. On the benches sat a motley crowd: honest workingmen in toil-worn garments; sailors and long-shoremen in a safe haven for awhile at least; men in hard luck, out of work, seeking it, and finding it not; men, who through drink, had lost work, home, friends, kindred, occupation, and faith in themselves, unlettered men and college men; on the platform, the gentle-looking ladies and the superintendent; and behind them, on several tiers of seats, a company of saved men, clothed, and in their right minds, repossessed of home, kindred, work and friends, and devoting whole-souled energy to the salvation of others who are as they were once. Saved men were acting as door-keepers and as ushers.

Countess Schimmelmann said:

"Dear friends, I feel more at home here in your Mission than I have felt anywhere else in all New York. I have talked to such struggling, suffering men as I see here; and I have worked among them on the shores of the Baltic Sea, in foreign cities, and in Chicago. In every one of you, I see my dear brother—a soul for whom Jesus Christ died, a soul precious to God. I know how many of you feel. In your poor tired faces I can see the question: 'If I am precious to God, why am I here, hopeless and forsaken.' My friends, the answer in that text on the wall of your Mission, says. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.' Have you sought that first? My dear brothers, come to my Saviour, Jesus Christ, and all things you need will come to you. I speak of knowledge and from seventeen years of personal experience. Twice have I had a fortune and twice have I given a fortune away to clothe the naked and feed the hungry; I am praying for another that I may use it in the same way. If I receive it, I shall come again bringing gifts in my hands to you who need help so. Seldom have I been so sorry that fortune was not now at my command as when I entered your mission and looked into your faces, Many of you are desperate, many are out of work, many are looking starvation in the face. My friends, you know about the wireless telegraph that has been used in your city. Prayer is the wireless telegraph between your soul and God. Use it, and God will send the answer back. I have tried it, and I know."

She told of her girlhood at her father's castle; her renunciation of a gay life at the Imperial Court of Germany for evangelical work among the sinful and unfortunate; and of how God's voice had called her across the seas to America. When the customary Sunday lunch of coffee and sandwiches was served, she expressed anew her thankfulness that such a work as that of the Bowery Mission was carried on in New York for the benefit of the homeless and hungry.

COUNTESS SCHIMMELMANN AND MRS. BIRD CONDUCTING A "CONVERTS' MEETING" AT THE BOWERY MISSION

The Volunteer Organist

A Notable Gospel Trophy of the Bowery Mission

It was five years ago. Mrs. Bird's Sunday morning meeting in the Bowery Mission was about to commence. The "Mother of the Bowery" had greeted her boys in her usual hearty fashion, but there was a puzzled look upon her kindly face. "Boys," said she, "we are going to sing, but we have no pianist. Is there any one who will volunteer to help us out?" Then there came a pause, followed by a movement in one of the distant seats. Anon, amid many smiles of wonderment and curiosity, a dirty, uncouth, ragged tramp, with unwashed face and a wealth of uncombed, unruly black hair, strode down the aisle and seated himself at the piano. His face bore the hopeless, dejected look so sadly characteristic of Bowery men, until, the tune-book having been placed before him, his fingers fell with a crash upon the chords of the first hymn. Then a new light flashed from his dark eyes; he was no longer an aimless, hopeless tramp; he had suddenly been transported to another world.

Strange music came from the old piano that Sunday morning. It was the sweetest music the old room had ever heard; while in the hymns and choruses such wondrous harmony blended with the voices of the men, such power throbbed through the sub-tone of the stranger's accompaniment, such pathos dwelt on the sad face, to heaven upturned, that the inspiration of that memorable meeting will not soon be forgotten.

Since that day Victor H. Benke has been connected with the Bowery Mission, and for the last five years has been the officially appointed organist. When, through the generosity of the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the great pipe organ was brought from Princeton University and placed in the beautiful Mission. Mr. Benke entered upon a new and delightful field of labor, and his playing, and the singing of the men under his inspiration and direction, have given that peculiar tone to the meetings which distinguishes the Bowery Mission from all other missions.

Victor H. Benke, although his father was a Pole and his mother a Frenchwoman, was born in Austria, the home of so many musicians. While still a young man, he gave way to drinking and dissipation, with the invitable result—loss of position, home and friends. He came to this country in August, 1893, determined to reform, but the effort was in vain, and he fell lower and lower. He spent all his money in the saloons; his restless spirit drove him from one city to another; he went through all the downward stages in the evolution of a tramp. He returned to New York City in 1894. Wandering down the Bowery, sick of life and its burdens, he heard the singing in the Mission and was drawn within its doors, and shortly afterwards realized that not only pardon, but power, would come to him through accepting Christ.

SUPT. J. G. HALLIMOND

The influence of this Bowery Mission trophy has not been confined to the Mission itself. Whenever Mr. Moody comes to Greater New York, Mr. Benke is always selected as his organist and accompanist, while he has acted in a similar capacity at evangelistic meetings in over thirty city churches. As a composer, he will doubtless in the years to come exert a wide-spread influence on evangelistic work.

Fanny Crosby was present in the Bowery Mission when, to Mr. Benke's music, her poem, "God Cares," was first given to the public. The clasped hands of the consecrated poetess, and the tears that fell from her poor blind eyes, as the pathetic words interpreted with such exquisite sweetness by the tune of this once forlorn and friendless tramp fell on her ears, betokened how much she appreciated the efforts of her new expositor, and how well the sentiment behind the song fitted the lives of both poet and composer.

J. G. HALLIMOND,
Superintendent Bowery Mission.

The Mission's New Superintendent

On the evening of November 20th a largely attended meeting was held at the Bowery Mission, and, amid great enthusiasm, the new Superintendent, Mr. J. G. Hallimond, was installed. Many of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have probably met Mr. Hallimond in other spheres of religious activity. He is a thoroughly consecrated, earnest Christian, and has been engaged throughout the whole of his life in aggressive religious work. Nine years ago, he was connected with the great West London Mission, England, of which Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is Superintendent. On his arrival in New York he became private secretary to Commander Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army, and was intimately concerned in the social work of the Army. In 1885 he became assistant to Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, New Jersey, and had charge of the Pilgrim Mission in that town. When, eighteen months later, Ballington Booth launched the Volunteers of America, Mr. Hallimond became National Secretary, and in that capacity visited nearly all the large cities in the Union, establishing and organizing the work and holding meetings in the churches under the auspices of the Volunteer Evangelistic Department. His experience has been such as would pre-eminently qualify him for the practical rescue work that has made the Bowery Mission known throughout the whole world.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Pillars of Smoke

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Solomon's Song 3: 6 . . . Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke?

THE architecture of the [illegible] whether God with his finger curves it into a cloud or rounds it into a dome, or points it in a spire, or spreads it in a wing, or, as in the text, hoists it in a pillar. Watch it winding up from the country farmhouse in the early morning, showing that the pastoral industries have begun; or, see it ascending from the chimneys of the city, telling of the homes fed, the factories turning out valuable fabrics, the printing-presses preparing book and newspaper, and all the ten thousand wheels of work in motion. On a clear day this vapor spoken of mounts with such buoyancy, and spreads such a delicate veil across the sky, and traces such graceful lines of circle and semi-circle, and waves and tosses and sinks and soars and scatters with such affluence of shape and color and suggestiveness that, if you have never noticed it, you are like a man who has all his life lived in Paris and yet never seen the Luxemburg, or all his life in Rome and never seen the Vatican, or all his life at Lockport and never seen Niagara. Forty four times the Bible speaks of the smoke, and it is about time that somebody preached a sermon recognizing this strange, weird, beautiful, elastic, charming, terrific and fascinating vapor. Across the Bible sky floats the smoke of Sinai, the smoke of Sodom, the smoke of Ai, the smoke of the pit, the smoke of the volcanic hills when God touches them, and in my text the glorious Church of God coming up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke.

In the first place, these pillars of smoke in my text indicate the suffering the Church of God has endured. What do I mean by the Church? I mean not a building, not a sect, but those who, in all ages, and all lands, and of all beliefs, love God, and are trying to do right. For many centuries the heavens have been black with the smoke of martyrdom. If set side by side you could girdle the earth with the fires of persecution. Rowland Taylor burned at Hadleigh; Latimer burned at Oxford; John Rogers burned at Smithfield; John Hooper burned at Gloucester; John Huss burned at Constance; Lawrence Saunders burned at Coventry; Joan of Arc burned at Rouen.

Protestants have represented Catholics as having a monopoly of persecutors, but both Protestant and Catholic have practised infamous cruelties. It does seem as if when any one sect got complete dominancy in any land, the devil of persecution and cruelty took possession of that sect. Then see the Catholics after the Huguenots. See the Gentiles after the Jews in Touraine, where a great pit was dug and fires lighted at the bottom of the pit, and one hundred and sixty Jewish victims were consumed. See the Independent Parliament of England, more tyrannical in their treatment of opponents than had been the criminal courts. Persecution against the Baptists by Pædo-Baptists. Persecution of the Established Church against the Methodist Church. Persecution against the Quakers. Persecution against the Presbyterians.

Witness the sufferings of the Waldenses, of the Albigenses, of the Nestorians. Witness St. Bartholomew's massacre. Witness the Duke of Alva driving out of life eighteen thousand Christians. Witness Herod, and Nero, and Decius, and Hildebrand, and Torquemada, and Earl of Montfort. No wonder John Milton put the groans of the martyrs to an immortal tune, writing:

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
[illegible]
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.

The smoke of martyrs' homes and martyrs' bodies if rolling up all at once would have eclipsed the noonday sun, and turned the brightest day the world ever saw into a midnight. "Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke?"

Has persecution ceased? Ask that young man who is trying to be a Christian in a store or factory, where from morning to night he is the butt of all the mean witticisms of unbelieving employees. Ask that wife whose husband makes her tondness for the house of God, and even her kneeling in prayer by the bedside a derision, and is no more fit for her holy companionship than a filthy crow would be fit companion for a robin or a golden oriole. Compromise with the world and surrender to its conventionalities and it may let you alone, but all who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. Be a theatre-going, card-playing, wine-drinking, round-dancing Christian, and you may escape criticism and social pressure. But be an up and down, out and out follower of Christ, and worldling will wink to worldling as he speaks your name, and you will be put in many a dog gerel, and snubbed by those not worthy to blacken your oldest shoes.

For a compromise Christian character an easy time now, but for consecrated behavior, grimace and caricature. For the body, thanks to the God of free America, there are now no swords or fiery stakes, but for the souls of thousands of the good, in a figurative sense, rack and gibbet and Torquemada. The symbol of the domestic and social and private and public suffering of a great multitude of God's dear children, pillars of smoke.

But as I already hinted in the first sentence of this sermon, nothing can be more beautiful than the figures of smoke on a clear sky. You can see what you will in the contour of this volatile vapor: now enchanted castles, now troops of horse men, now bannered procession, now winged couriers, now a black angel of wrath under a spear of the sunshine turned to an angel of light, and now from horizon to horizon the air is a picture gallery filled with masterpieces of which God is the artist, morning clouds of smoke born in the sunrise, and evening clouds of smoke laid in the burnished sepulchres of the sunset.

The beauty of the transfigured smoke is a divine symbol of the beauty of the Church. The fairest of all the fair is she. Do not call those persecutors of whom I spoke, the Church. They are the parasites of the Church, not the Church itself. Her mission is to cover the earth with a supernatural gladness, to open all the prison doors, to balsam all the wounds, to moss all the graves, to burn up the night in the fireplace of a great morning, to change iron handcuffs into diamonded wristlets, to turn the whole race around, and whereas it faced death, commanding it, "Right about face for heaven!" The most beautiful organization the world ever saw or ever will see is the much-maligned church, the friend of all good, the foe of all evil, "fair as the moon and clear as the sun." Beautiful in her Author, beautiful in her mission, the heroine of the centuries, the bride of Christ, the queen of the nations!

Men may desecrate it, or plot its overthrow, as do some in every community whose pride, and hate, and debauchery are reproved by the Ten Commandments which it thunders, and the Sermon on the Mount which it breathes. But it will stand as long as the earth stands, the same unique, and wonder-working, and beatific, and miraculous thing for which God decreed it. Small wits tax their brain to say things that will put her at disadvantage, but many of them will send for its condolence when dying, and their children will be gathered up under its benedictions after the parental curse has been removed. Through her gates will march all the influences for good that shall ever reach our world. Take her membership as a mass, not speaking of the acknowledged exceptions, they are the noblest, grandest, kindest, best men and women of the ages. But for them, the earth would long ago have been a burned out volcano. They have been the salt that has kept the human race from putrefaction insufferable either to human or angelic olfactories.

You lying and hypocritical world, shut up those slanders about the Church of Christ, an institution which, far from being what it ought to be, and never pretending to be perfect, is five hundred times better than any other institution that the world ever saw or ever dreamt of. The highest honor I ever had, and the highest honor I shall ever receive, and the highest honor I ever want, is to have my name on her records as a member. At her altars I repented. At her sacraments I believed. In her service let me die. From her doors let me be buried. O, Church of God! Thou home of the righteous! Thou harbor from tempest! Thou refuge for the weary! Thou lighthouse of many nations! Thou type of heaven! I could kiss thy very dust with ecstasy of affection.

For her my tears shall fall,
[illegible]
To her my toils and cares be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

"Perfumed smoke," says Solomon, in the words following my text. Not like the fumes coughed up from the throat of a steam pipe, or poisoned with the gases of chemical factories, or floating in black wrath from the conflagration of homesteads, or sulphurous from blazing batteries, but sweet as a burning grove of cinnamon, or jungle of sassafras, or the odors of a temple censer. "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense?" Hear it, men and women everywhere, that the advance of the genuine Church of Christ means peace for all nations.

Victor Hugo, in his book, entitled. [illegible] than smoke, but nothing more startling. There are peaceful smokes, and there are evil ones. The thickness and color of a line of smoke make the whole difference between war and peace, between fraternity and hatred. The whole happiness of man, or his complete misery, is sometimes expressed in this thin vapor which the wind scatters at will." The great Frenchman was right; but I go further, and say that as the kingdom of God advances like pillars of smoke, the black volumes belching from batteries of war and pouring out from porthoies of ships will vanish.

A distinguished general of our Civil War told me that Abraham Lincoln proposed to avoid our civil conflict by purchase of all the slaves of the South and setting them free. He calculated what would be a reasonable price for them, and, when the number of millions of dollars that would be required for such a purchase was announced, the proposition was scouted, and the North would not have made the offer, and the South would not have accepted it if made. "But," said my military friend, "the war went on, and just the number of millions of dollars that Mr. Lincoln calculated would have been enough to make a reasonable purchase of all the slaves, were spent in war, besides all the precious lives that were hurled away in the two hundred and fifty battles." In other words, there ought to be, and there will yet be, some other way for men to settle their controversies without butchery.

The church of God will yet become the arbiter of nations. If the world would allow it, it could to-day step in between Germany and France and settle the trouble about Alsace and Lorraine, and between England and her antagonists, and between all the other nations that are flying at each other's throats, and command peace and disband armies, and harness for the plow the war horses now being hitched to ammunition wagons, or saddled for cavalry charge.

I hang on to my Bible, which tells me that the blacksmith's shop shall yet come to its grandest use when the warrior and the husbandman shall enter it side by side, and the soldier shall throw into its bank of fires his sword, and the farmer shall pick it up a ploughshare, and the straightest spear shall be bent into a crook at each end, and then cut in two, and what was one spear shall be two pruning hooks. Down with Moloch and up with Christ! Let no more war horses eat out of the manger where Jesus was born.

Peace! Forever roll off the sky the black pillars of smoke from the Marengos, and Salamancas, and Borodinos, and Sedans, and Gettysburgs of earth! And right after them, roll into the heavens the peaceful vapors from the chimneys of farmhouses and asylums and churches and capitals of Christian nations, and, as the sunlight strikes through these vapors they will write in letters of jet and gold all over the sky from horizon to zenith: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men!"

While thinking of these things I looked out from my window, and the wind was violently blowing. And I saw from many chimneys the smoke tossed in the air, and whirled in great velocity, volume after volume, fold after fold, and carried on the swift wind were the great pillars of smoke. And helped by Solomon in the text, I saw the speed of the church symbolized. Do you realize the momentum the Church of God is under? Why, the smoke of a chimney on the top of Mount Washington, when the wind is blowing sixty miles the hour, is slow as compared [illegible]

Nearly all the missionary movements have been started within the century, and see what one century has done to recover the world from fifty-nine centuries of devastation. What great revivals! What mighty churches! What saved millions!

[illegible] be no infidels left except libertines and harlots and murderers. Millions of Christians where once there were thousands, and thousands where once there were hundreds. What a bright evening this, the evening of the nineteenth century! and the twentieth century which is about to dawn, will, in my opinion, bring universal victory for Christ and the Church, that now is marching on with step double quick, or, if you prefer the figure of the text, is being swept on in the mighty gales of blessing, imposing and grand and majestic and swift, like pillars of smoke.

Oh, come into the Church through Christ the door, a door more glorious than that of the Temple of Hercules, which had two pillars, and one was gold, and the other emerald! Come in to-day! The world you leave behind is a poor world, and it will burn and pass off like pillars of smoke. Whether the final conflagration will start in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, which, in some places, have for many years been burning and eating into the heart of the mountains; or whether it shall begin near the California geysers, or whether from out the furnaces of Cotopaxi, and Vesuvius, and Stromboli, it shall burst forth upon the astonished nations, I make no prophecy; but all geologists tell us that we stand on the lid of a world, the heart of which is a raging, roaring, awful flame, and some day God will let the red monsters out of their imprisonment of centuries, and New York on fire in 1835, and Charleston on fire in 1865, and Chicago on fire in 1872, and Boston on fire in 1873, were only like one spark from a blacksmith's forge as compared with that last universal blaze, which will be seen in other worlds. But gradually the flames will lessen, and the world will become a great living coal, and that will take on ashen hue, and then our ruined planet will begin to smoke, and the mountains will smoke, and the valleys will smoke, and the islands will smoke, and the seas will smoke, and the cities will smoke, and the five continents will be five pillars of smoke. But the black vapors will begin to lessen in height and density, and then will become hardly visible to those who look upon it from the sky galleries, and after a while from just one point there will curl up a thin, solitary vapor, and then even that will vanish, and there will be nothing left except the charred ruins of a burned-out world, the corpse of a dead star, the ashes of an extinguished planet, a fallen pillar of smoke.

But that will not interfere with your investments if you have taken Christ as your Saviour. Secure heaven as your eternal home, and you can look down upon a dismantled, disrupted, and demolished earth without any perturbation.

When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunders shake the earth below,
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

Hunger in India

Thirty Million Natives in Danger of Starvation
Reports from Rev. R. Winsor and Rev. J. E. Abbott

URGENT appeals for help are being made by the missionaries in India. Every mail from that afflicted land brings the most pathetic and thrilling pleas that the people who came to the rescue in the former famine, will once more, for the sake of Christ, save the perishing. Dr. J. E. Abbott, of Bombay, has made a personal call at the office of this journal, to urge the need of the people. Tracing on the map of India, the area in which the famine is pressing most sorely, he showed that it included almost all of the Central provinces, the Berars, North Deccan, and Gujirat in the Bombay Presidency, besides the Southeast and Central Punjab. It also includes the native States in Central and Western India, the large group of native States north of Bombay, Baroda, Indore, and virtually the whole of Rajputana. The population of these States is thirty million persons. Dr. Abbott calls attention to the ominous fact that so early in the famine, emaciated people on the verge of death by starvation are already being met on the public highways, and that children, reduced to mere skeletons, are found deserted of their parents, who fled rather than see them die before their eyes. If in December such sights are witnessed, what may be expected before July, when at the earliest the rains may be looked for? Rev. R. Winsor, the American Board's missionary at Sirur, who is now on furlough in this country, writes: "In a few weeks I return to my field of labor, but I cannot, *I dare not*, go back empty-handed. I remember the scenes of 1897 when, through the generosity of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I was able, as was many another missionary, to meet the hundreds of hungry men, women and children with food in my hands to relieve their immediate necessity and was able to find them work by which their wants were met during the weary weeks of waiting for harvest. We told them then, that the followers of Him whom we preached, had taken compassion on the hungry people and for their love of him had bade us feed them in his name. No sooner will they hear of my return, than in their dire emergency they will crowd around my dwelling, longing, hoping for help. What must I tell them? God forbid that I should have to say to them that I can do nothing for them, that the Christian people of my beloved land have sent them nothing. I could not bear to see the agony of disappointment in their pleading eyes. I believe I shall be spared that heart-breaking experience. I believe that the love of Christ which prompted the munificence of 1897 has not grown cold, but that once again we may have the joy of feeding the starving in Christ's name.

"The question may be asked: 'What is the cause of such widespread calamity? Are the people so improvident that they do not sow their seed at the proper season?' I answer, No—oh, no. I have lived nearly thirty years among these people, and have been astonished at the patience with which, after the failure of a crop, they sow again, and even sell an ox to buy seed to put in the ground. But now and again the monsoon, which brings the rain to the parched ground, fails, and then there is no harvest. It is not the fault of the people. They hope on, sow in faith, and when the rain comes not their hearts break.

"Some may ask, 'Why does not the government provide for such sufferers?' I witnessed the Herculean efforts of the government in 1897, and as an impartial observer I bear the government witness that every official did his utmost, even to risking health and life, in trying to relieve the suffering of the people. I served on the local committee for the relief of the destitute, and I know whereof I speak when I testify to the unsparing devotion of the government to its duties. But the government can do so little in the face of such widespread calamity. Hundreds of miles of irrigating canals have been cut in Bombay and other sections, but where the canals depend on the rains they are dry.

"I am more than ever convinced that the real hope of permanent relief from such calamities lies in industrial education. Anything which will save the people from depending exclusively on the produce of their little holdings for subsistence is a promise of hope. Every boy who becomes a carpenter or a mechanic, or who learns some trade, is raised, to some extent, above the risk that his brother, who tills the soil, must run every year. It is this training which we are giving in our schools. The industrial work that in Providence I had been led to inaugurate and carry on, is a most beneficial one for the training of these youth, and it has been my aim to have this institution furnish employment in such direction and quantity as to make it a financial help right along from year to year. It is successful, as visitors from the United States, and well-known, testify. We need two implements more to complete our plans and purposes to furnish employment, and now, especially to the orphans for whose training we are responsible. These children are increasing in numbers, but with such training as we give them, both in our Christian Vernacular School and Industrial School, we are, with God's blessing, able to give them a good outfit for life.

"And this is the very thing I am asking the readers of this paper to help us do. And more than this which is of immense help to me as a missionary I am enabled, when a heathen comes to me and says he wishes to become a Christian, to say to him, when I find he has no visible means of support, 'here is an opportunity for you, come among our Christians, attend their prayer meetings and religious services, see how they live and at the same time work on our industrial lines and furnish your own bread by these means we supply to you.' "I beg, I pray the readers of this article to send us out with means to help these distressed people. What can be said, what presented, that would lead every single reader to send something, and now let me ask, let me beseech every one who sees this, to take a share in this help. I ask every reader who is able to give one dollar to do it, and to do it immediately, and that every reader who can give no more than fifty cents to give that fifty cents, every one who can give no more than twenty-five cents to give that twenty-five cents and that those who can afford no more than ten cents to send that ten cents. The sums total will be helpful but do please do it immediately and I hope that all will do something."

"These words come to you from an eyewitness; from one who has been among the people nearly thirty years, and who has seen their sorrows and their suffering. I plead with you by the love you bear to Christ, give us the means of saving their lives and may the blessing of Him who said: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto me,' be upon you for ever."

NATIVE BOYS IN REV. R. WINSOR'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT SIRUR, INDIA

Porto Rican Relief Work

In a statement from the Porto Rican General Relief Committee, the following interesting showing of the relief work on that island is given by Mr. W. R. Corwine, Secretary of the Committee:

"The grand total deposited in the National Bank of North America as the official depository of the Central Porto Rican Relief Committee is $81,746.45. Among the largest contributions received by the Relief Committee was:

The Christian Herald	**$16,833**
Catholic Church of the Diocese of New York	5,000
Catholic Church of the Diocese of Philadel'a	3,000
Catholic Church of the Diocese of Baltimore	2,000
Citizens of Chicago	10,000
James Speyer, New York	1,000
City of Davenport, Iowa	1,000
Harvey Fiske & Sons, New York	1,000
City of Buffalo	1,000
Lazard Freres	1,000
Through the Providence *Journal*, R. I.	1,600
H. B. Hollins & Co	1,000
Stock Exchange	1,592
City of Newark	1,331
Citizens of Baltimore	1,089

"The other subscriptions are all under $1,000. WM. R. CORWINE, Sec'y."

The New Secretary

ONE of the most responsible positions in the gift of the Methodist Episcopal Church is that of General Secretary of the Epworth League. It became necessary, through the resignation of Dr. Edwin A. Schell, who has held office since the organization of the League, to elect a successor. The selection of a fit man for the office was a most responsible duty, as the Board of Control upon whom the duty rested, doubtless realized. Its choice appears to have been a remarkably happy one, and in making it the Board has paid a notable tribute to a distinguished teacher. It has elected Professor Wilbur Patterson Thirkield, the Dean of Gammon Theological Seminary at Atlanta, Ga., a man in cordial and hearty sympathy with Epworth League principles and methods, and with young people.

DR. WILBUR P. THIRKIELD
The New Secretary of the Epworth League

Dr. Thirkield has been for sixteen years at the head of the Atlanta institution, and has succeeded in developing its usefulness and gaining for it the respect and confidence of the whole community. He is forty-five years of age, and has retained beyond most men of his years the vigor and energy of youth, and the capacity for understanding young people. His early years were passed at Franklin, O., and when he realized that he was called to the work of the ministry, it was to the Ohio Wesleyan University that he went for an education. He graduated there with honors in 1876, and then proceeded to the Boston University of Theology for his special theological studies. At the conclusion of his course he connected with the Cincinnati Conference, and was at once recognized as one of the most able and brilliant of the new generation of Methodist preachers. He was assigned to an important church in Cincinnati, and entered upon a successful ministry. His work, however, had scarcely begun to bear its full fruit when he was called to the difficult and delicate task which he has so ably performed during the past sixteen years. This was to be the head of the new institution of learning that Elijah Gammon was founding at Atlanta, Ga. Mr. Gammon had erected his building and endowed it, but there were no students nor any definite plans for its development. The founder's hope was that it might be a place of training in which young men of piety and talent, principally of the colored race, might receive such an education as would fit them for the ministry. In calling so young a man as Mr. Thirkield, who was at that time only twenty-nine years of age, to take charge of the work, he showed a confidence in his administrative ability which has been amply justified by the results. There have been more than a hundred graduates, many of whom have brought credit to their college by distinguished work, and all showing the benefits of their college training. In the development of the institution, the extension of its faculty and the guidance of its management, Dr. Thirkield has had the help of a wife peculiarly fitted to be the helpmeet of such a man. She was the daughter of Bishop Gilbert Haven, from whom she has inherited that love of the colored race which characterized her distinguished father.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Review of the Quarter

International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 31. Golden Text, Psalm 103 : 2

HISTORY records few undertakings more interesting than the attempt to re-establish the Jewish people in their old home, after their long exile. More than a century was occupied with the struggle, and at the end of that period the success of the enterprise was still doubtful. Our lessons, during the past quarter, have been concerned with the latter part of this period, and they have shown how numerous and formidable were the difficulties which had to be overcome.

"ALL THE PEOPLE WEPT"

It is a gloomy picture of national life that is drawn by the historians, the psalmist, and the prophet, as we have studied it week by week. The people were divided. By far the larger number remained in Babylon and the other cities of the empire, though they were free to return to their own land. Doubtless, Cyrus expected when he issued his decree in 536 B.C., giving them permission to return, that all, or nearly all, would go back. But only fifty thousand persons—scarcely one-fifth of the exiles—availed themselves of his permission. They had set out full of joy and enthusiasm, and had reached Jerusalem in safety. But once there, the influence of the pervading desolation, or other causes, had produced depression and social deterioration. Seventy-eight years after their departure, another contingent of seventeen hundred persons followed them, under Ezra; but there was no semblance of national existence until 445 B.C., when Nehemiah secured the appointment of governor and went out armed with viceregal authority to set matters in order. It is mainly with his efforts, which were seconded by Ezra, that our lessons for the past quarter have been concerned.

We obtain a glimpse in the two lessons from Esther, of the kind of government under which they had lived during the period of exile. The capricious rule of the autocrat, who was liable, under the influence of some favorite statesman, to issue decrees which would almost exterminate the race, must have rendered their existence one of continual peril. Yet they were preserved and they maintained their separate existence, resisting alike the friendliness which would have absorbed them, and the hostility which would have annihilated them. The Jew in Babylon was becoming the Jew as we know him—a man who could adapt himself to his surroundings and could make for himself a home and a fortune, while maintaining an exclusiveness in his religious and social relations which the people among whom he lived could not penetrate.

It is significant that the people who had returned to Palestine showed less of the national characteristics than those who remained behind. There was less of national vigor, less of religious and moral principle among them, than among the exiles. The movements which successively toned up their moral life, had their origin not among themselves, but in the land of exile. The reformers who were to bring them to a consciousness of their deterioraton and to purge them of the evil that was corrupting their lives, were Ezra and Nehemiah, two men who had retained in exile and amid the enervating influences of foreign life, the religious principle that the Jews in Palestine had lost.

It was the reforming zeal of Ezra which produced the social and religious renovation of the nation, and it was the energy of Nehemiah which stimulated them to the rebuilding of the walls of the ancient city, which were necessary to their safety. But for the public spirit of these two men, the attempt to restore Jewish nationality must have failed. Their work is a remarkable illustration of the power of leaders to influence a whole people to shape the destinies of a nation. But there must have been, beneath all the carelessness and laxity of the people, a soundness of principle and a latent conscientiousness, forming a material on which the reformers could work. In the lesson on "the reading of the law," there are signs of this inbred reverence for righteousness which responded when an appeal was made to it.

"THE HAND OF OUR GOD WAS UPON US AND WE CAME TO JERUSALEM"

Another significant fact in the history of this period is that the political and social reformation was the result of a religious revival. The national decadence was checked and the social corruption healed, not by edicts, so much as by spiritual activity. Nehemiah and Ezra began their movement by recalling them to their allegiance to God. Malachi proceeded on the same lines, inculcating personal religion as the basis for political and civil duty. The times have not changed in that respect. No nation is ever reformed by legislation. The only reform that is genuine and permanent begins in the conversion of individuals.

The silver is given to thee and the people also (Esther 3 : 11). How marvelously the people had been preserved in their exile! It seemed when Haman plotted against them that they must be destroyed, but God delivered them. A singular instance of divine interposition is quoted by a German historian. A certain Chancellor of Bohemia, Joachim, by name, went to Vienna and besought the Emperor Maximilian to grant him a decree of persecution against the Waldenses. The Emperor refused at first, but being long importuned, yielded, and Joachim departed on his fell mission. But on his way home, he had to cross a bridge over the Danube which had long been out of repair. As he and his long retinue passed, one of the arches gave way and Joachim fell into the river. One of his servants, who was with him, held him up, but before they could be rescued, Joachim died. The box containing the decree sank to the bottom of the river and was not found for several months.

I was ashamed to ask of the king (Ezra 8 : 22). Ezra showed more regard for consistency than some men do. There would be danger in their journey to Palestine. A troop of soldiers would be a protection worth having, but if he asked the king for it, the monarch would think, if he did not say, that Ezra did not believe his own doctrine: for he had told the king that God protected those who trusted him. The story is told of a Christian in India who lived in a plague-stricken town, that he resolved to take his departure to a more healthy place. The man who was to drive him to the station was in tears when he came out of the house, and his employer thought that the man was grieving over parting with him. He asked the man why he wept, and the reply was that there was now no hope for the people, since the Christian's God had deserted the town. "Do not think that," said the employer. "God never deserts any town or people." The man asked, "Why, then, is the sahib going away if his God is here?" The question went home, and the Christian remained in the town to help the afflicted people.

Caused them to understand (Nehemiah 8 : 8). Queen Mary met the reproof of Knox with the remark: "You interpret the Scriptures in one way and the Pope and the Cardinals in another: whom shall I believe and who shall be judge?" Knox replied: "You shall believe God, who plainly speaketh in his Word; and further than the Word teacheth you, you shall believe neither the one nor the other—neither the Pope nor the reformers. The Word of God is plain in itself: if there be any obscurity in one place, the Holy Spirit explains it more clearly in other places, so that there can remain no doubt but unto such as are obstinately ignorant." That is the essential principle of Protestantism, and every [illegible] go for direction to his Bible and not close his Bible and look to the priest for instruction and guidance.

Pour you out a blessing. (Mal. 3 : 10). He assures the people that they would lose nothing by paying God what is due him. He would bless them abundantly. This is the lowest kind of motive to appeal to, but there are some people who have no higher motives. Of course, no one in this age would make the naive proposal to God that Jacob made (Gen. 28 : 20–22) in which he practically offered God a commission on all that was given him. But there are some who have an idea of that kind in their hearts. They agree to give because they expect that their gifts will propitiate God and bring them prosperity. That is not the right spirit. God does bless the liberal giver, but he does not enter into a bargain, otherwise there would be no merit in giving. In a widely read story there is an instance in point. It is that of a banker who secured a mortgage on a widow's farm and having her completely in his power, she goes to his house fully expecting that he is about to foreclose and turn her into the street. But to her amazement the banker takes the mortgage and thrusts it into the fire. Then he tells her that the farm is free and clear and when she wants to know the reason of such generosity, he produces a dime carefully wrapped in paper. That dime was given to the banker when he was a poor boy by the widow's husband, whose kind words and little gift had never been forgotten. The giver had never expected any return for his kindness, but his widow received it after many years in more than a thousand fold.

With the other hand held a weapon (Nehemiah 4 : 17). This was for a sudden onslaught, and behind them stood men with spears, shields, bows and the coats of mail, called habergeons, which in a regular pitched battle they might need. Everything was in readiness for fighting while the work went forward. Much of the Christian's work is done in the same way. When a good man is trying to do a good work, there are sure to be some people trying to hinder him. In a recently published story there is an account of a man who took up the case of some poor people whose children had been made ill by drinking bad milk. The man who supplied the milk had strong political influence, and he took advantage of every loophole of the law to keep the case from coming to trial. The champion of the poor people groaned over the delay, but he did more. He studied the law and found a forgotten statute which enabled him by the governor's help to force a trial, and the case was pushed forward on the calendar and justice was done.

"I FASTED AND PRAYED BEFORE GOD"

"HARK TO THE ANGELS SINGING IN HEAVEN: 'TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, ALL GLORY BE GIVEN'"

The Manger in Song and Story

The Babe of Bethlehem

Away in a manger, no crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus lay down his sweet head.
The stars in the heavens looked down where
he lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep in the hay.
The cattle are lowing, the poor baby wakes,
But the little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.

THUS wrote the great reformer, Martin Luther, of a scene and an event that has been the inspiration of the world's spoets, sculptors, and painters for nearly twenty centuries. Truly, no story so pure, so tender, so altogether lovely has ever been told as that of the little Babe of Bethlehem; it bears within itself, as does the whole life of the Master, witness of Divine origin. The Scripture narrative is simplicity itself—it gives not one word more nor less than is needed. To this, where scholarly research has sought in vain to contribute attested facts, poetic tradition has added many a fair and reverent fancy. It is said that Herod, if he had known, might easily have tracked the Holy Family by the Rose of Jericho, that blossomed wherever they went. From the time of the early fathers of the church through medieval history, when crusaders wore her colors and wandering minstrels sang her praises, the influence of the Virgin Mother, the type of pure and pious womanhood, may be traced by

Faire floures of kindlye charitie,
And deeds of knightlye chivalrie,
And all sweete wayes of courtesie.

Easy it was for adulation to run to extremes, and reverence to degenerate into idolatry; especially as the character of Christ was misunderstood, and he was commonly represented as judge rather than intercessor.

. . . .

Mary's parents were deeply pious. We are told that their names were Joachim and Anna, and that Joachim was a Nazarene shepherd; that they gave a third of their substance to the temple, a third to the poor, and kept a third; that they prayed for years to God to give them a child, and when he sent Mary, they dedicated her to his service, as Hannah did Samuel. When at three years of age, they brought her to the temple, it is related:

"Mary was in the temple as if she were a dove that dwelt there, and she received food from the hand of an angel." We are told that she was skilled in spinning, needlework and all womanly industries, and this we may well believe (Prov. 31: 13, 19). She was a student of God's Word, knowing, as a Jewish maiden should, its prophecies, as her song, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," witnesses; prayerful, meditative, devout was the daughter of pious Joachim and Anna. "She must have been used to the converse of angels," they say in Bethlehem, "for she was neither astonished nor frightened when Gabriel appeared." What must have been her thought when told that the honor for which every woman of her race for ages had hoped and prayed was to be hers? She said, with the meekness that characterizes her in sacred history. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

. . . .

"Here, Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary," is the English reading of the Latin inscription on the silver star in the marble floor of the Grotto of the Nativity, at Bethlehem. The inscription may be the literal truth, for the place answers to the description given by Justin Martyr, who was living when St. John died, and who may have talked with the beloved apostle. The Grotto is a natural cave, as were many stables of that time. Its present furnishings, the church standing above it, and the elaborate ceremonials performed here at Christmas seem hardly fitting memorials of an event which in God's ordering was absolutely bare of all worldly pomp and circumstance. We love to think of the manger somewhat as a great artist presented it in a picture, which is reproduced on our front page. The Virgin wears no robes of purple and gold; she is just a mother of the people, the wife of Joseph the carpenter, bending above her first-born. All the glory that surrounds the manger is of the heaven heavenly, and neither Mary nor Joseph see the attendant angels hovering about the divine child. Such a lowly mother as this might well have felt the sentiments Elizabeth Barrett Browning attributes to her in the inspired poem: "Mary to Jesus."

O Centuries, say of me as the Heavenly said:
"Thou art
The blessedest of women!"—blessedest,
Not holiest, not noblest, no high name
Whose height misplaced may pierce me like
a shame
When I sit meek in heaven.

On Christmas eve now, as in Christ's time, Bethlehem's market-place is crowded with camels, asses, shepherds bringing lambs to sell, and with folk who will not find room at the inn. Twenty centuries ago, camels of star-guided Magi kneeled there; and out on the hills were shepherds to whom angels sang of Christ. In many beautiful pictures of the Nativity, patient kine and faithful ass bear part. There may be a significance in the fact that Jesus was "born among the beasts" which some of us have not thought over very deeply. Let us be sure that we are kind to our dumb burden-bearers, for of Jesus and Mary on the night of the nativity it has been written:

The Ox is host in Juda's stall,
And Host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde, her littel Sonne.

Fallen on the Field

Death of Mrs. L. H. Pierson in Japan After Twenty-eight Years of Continuous Service

A BRIEF cable message from Yokohama, Japan, conveys the sad intelligence that a veteran missionary who has labored with marked success for twenty-eight years, has laid down the burden of life and has left a vacant place in the foremost ranks of the Lord's army. Details of her death have not yet been received, but there is no doubt that the call of Christ to her to come and receive her reward was obeyed with the same cheerful alacrity with which she responded to his call to service.

THE LATE MRS. L. H. PIERSON

It was in the year 1871 that the Woman's Union Missionary Society received a letter from Mrs. L. H. Pierson, offering herself as a missionary. In her modest application, she said that she was a graduate of the Rochester Female Academy, to which she had gone from Flint, Mich. She explained that death had robbed her of husband and children and in her young widowhood she desired to consecrate the remainder of her life to Christ's service. She was willing to go to any land in which such services as she could render were needed. The testimonials which she furnished from her pastor, a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, and other Christian friends, showed that she was a woman of remarkable loveliness of character, who had endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact, by her unselfishness and kindly affection. The Society accepted her offer and sent her to Japan to begin a work among the women and girls of that country.

Her first work after acquiring the language was the opening of a girls' school at Yokohama. The Japanese at that time were beginning to appreciate the superiority of Western civilization, and educators for men and boys were cordially welcomed; but the people were apparently unable to comprehend the value of a work for women. Mrs. Pierson, however, soon had a number of little girls under her care and her efforts were so successful that several Japanese ladies came to share in the advantages. None of them were allowed to be under any delusion as to the missionary's object or motives. She was willing to impart secular knowledge, but they all understood that her chief desire was to lead them to Christ. That was a much more difficult matter, for at that time there were penalties prescribed by the government against any native who professed Christianity. But Mrs. Pierson worked on in faith, and she was privileged to live to see the fruits of her labors. Twenty-five years after she opened school, a number of Japanese ladies who had been her pupils in their childhood came to the school to hold festival in celebration of the anniversary. They had become mothers of families and had their own little girls under her care. They acknowledged that much of the secular knowledge they had gained had been forgotten amid their household cares, but the knowledge of Christ that she had inculcated was still their most treasured possession.

Mrs. Pierson had not been content with school teaching. She had visited in the homes of Yokohama and had made periodical journeys, at the cost of much discomfort and with no little peril to life and limb, to the regions beyond the mountains, where she had preached Christ to women who had never heard his name, and had won many souls for him. There are to-day in connection with the Mission a Bible readers' school with one hundred and thirty members and seventeen preaching stations in and around Yokohama, at three of which chapels have been built. Hers was an intensely busy life. "There is so much to do, so many opportunities constantly opening," she wrote, "that I cannot leave even for a visit home." She stayed on, spending and being spent for Christ, until at the close of her twenty-eight years of uninterrupted service, her Master has called his faithful servant to her eternal rest.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK

...The Christmas Song...

Come sing the song of Christmastide
That told a Saviour's birth;
No song in all the world beside
So fits a sin-worn earth.

Ah! never since the world began
Had such sweet sounds been heard:
The news of God's good will to man—
What wonder heaven is stirred!

What wonder that the angels sing,
And shining hosts reply,
When Christ, the world's redeeming King
Is born for man to die!

What wonder that a new-lit Star
The sapphire sky should gem,
To guide the seekers from afar
To Christ of Bethlehem!

R. M. Offord.

IN THE MARKET-PLACE OF BETHLEHEM

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
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The Gifts of the Magi

WITH Christmas joys we Christmas gifts. If what we do for the poor is done to the Lord, and the poor we have always with us, we may share with the Magi the privilege of coming with gold, frankincense and myrrh, and kneeling to our King. The Babe of Bethlehem is also the King of Glory. We are not required to make a long journey from the Orient, asking "Where is He, that is born?" We know where He is. We know that gifts are acceptable to Him. Let us make ourselves happy, as we distribute to the poor, as we have opportunity, and especially to the poor who are of the household of faith.

A Homeless Babe

THE Saviour was born a homeless Babe. He borrowed bedding and a manger from the beasts of the field. No poor child in all the earth, in all the world's history was humbler born. The contrast between the overture of the angels, and the actual advent in that Bethlehem stable, shows how the human and the divine were blended in that advent. Why so humble? He was to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. No poor mother, the earth around, but can see that the Babe of Bethlehem had no better welcome than her own little one. Only a little higher than the beasts of the stall! Only a little lower than the angels!

Plague Marching Westward

THIS enemy that mounts no guns, that has no navies, or sharp-shooters, that marches to no bugle-call, is on the way Westward. It has reached the New York quarantine. In the British dominions in India, its progress has been very destructive. It is to be met only by good food, airy quarters and cleanliness. It is what is called a filth-disease. Grasping landlords should be held to the strictest sanitary regulations.

The dread disease in Bombay, spreads rapidly through rats and fleas. The British troops are forbidden all unsavory quarters. Thus far in that city only two or three genuine Europeans have suffered, and the suffering has been mainly among the poor. In England and Germany precautions against it have been already taken. America is regarded comparatively safe. But vigilance may be needed here; especially in our large cities.

Admiral Dewey's House

NEVER has the world had a more vivid illustration of the vanity and uncertainty of human favor than in the contrast between the uproarious welcome of the hero of Manila at the opening of October and the scurrilous abuse of him at the close of November. Could he have changed so wondrously in seven weeks? No! He is the same man, the same character, the same in looks, the same in reality. But every age has had specimens of the same tendency, now to approve and now to condemn. If we go far enough back, we find the people who greeted Christ with "Hosanna, Hosanna," and soon after shouted, "Away with him; Crucify him!"

When Wellington came back from Waterloo, what arches of triumph, what rendering of martial airs, what banquets, stretching their tables across England; what ovations, what cheers of excited millions! But afterward Wellington did something that displeased the people, and then they stoned his house and tried to kill him, and broke down the fence around his home—the fence that the Duke would not allow during his lifetime to be repaired, because he wished the ruins to remain as a perpetual evidence of the fickleness of the world's opinion.

Our observation has been that the person who gives ten cents towards an object, secular or religious, is apt to reserve the right to do fifty dollars' damage of blame. The unparalleled national welcome given our great Admiral excited enough jealousy among politicians to kindle a very hell of defamation and abuse. One of two things is certain: either many of our American people made fools of themselves in October or are making fools of themselves now.

Let young men decline to make the favor of the world their chief aim. Let them do their whole duty, inspired by desire of practical usefulness and the fulfilment of one's earthly mission, and there will be a "well done" ringing down the sky worth more than the adulation of a hemisphere.

Discipline of Housekeeping

NINE hundred and ninety-nine households out of the thousand are subject to economy — some under more and some under less stress of circumstances. Especially if a man smoke very expensive cigars, and take very costly dinners at the restaurants, he will be severe in demanding domestic economies. That is what kills tens of thousands of women—attempting to make $5 do the work of $7. How the bills come in! The woman is the banker of the household; she is the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk, and there is a panic every few weeks. This thirty years' war against high prices, this perpetual study of economies, this lifelong attempt to keep the outgoes less than the income, exhausts millions of housekeepers.

Oh, my sister, this is part of the divine discipline. If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be to open the front windows and the ravens would fly in with food; and after you had baked fifty times from the barrel in the pantry, the barrel, like the one at Zarephath, would be full; and the shoes of the children would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—forty years. Besides that, this is going to make heaven the more attractive in the contrast. They never hunger there, and consequently there will be none of the nuisances of catering for appetites. And in the land of the white robes they never have to mend anything, and the air in that hill country makes everybody well. There are no rents to pay; every man owns his own house, and a mansion at that. It will not be so great a change for you to have a chariot in heaven if you have been in the habit of riding in this world. It will not be so great a change for you to sit down on the banks of the river of life if in this world you had a country seat; but if you have walked with tired feet in this world, what a glorious change to mount celestial equipages; and if your life on earth was domestic martyrdom, oh, the joy of an eternity in which you shall have nothing to do except what you choose to do!

The Red Letter Testament

FOR the next eighteen months, and until July 1, 1901, the International Sunday School Lessons will be confined to the Life of our Saviour. To know just what he said will be a matter of considerable import. The possessor of a Red Letter New Testament will have no doubts on the subject, for in this work every word the Master uttered is printed in Red, while the balance is all in black. The same type—large and clear-faced—is used throughout, the distinction being only in the color. Hence, whenever a word appears in red, the reader will know that Christ said it.

Thousands of letters full of unstinted praise have been received, and leading clergymen and Sunday School workers have written that they will use it as their "working Testament." It is beautifully printed, absolutely free from errors, and bound more handsomely than any other Testament in existence. Rich American Levant Leather covers it—overlapping so as to protect the edges which are in red and gold—and a Thumb Index facilitates the finding of any particular book.

A special feature of this splendid work is that it has on each page on the upper outside corner in large bold-faced type, the Book and Chapter, so that any particular chapter may be found as readily in this book as any particular page in other books.

Never has a book sprung more quickly into universal popularity, and many people write us that, although never before active Bible readers, they now feel impelled to read the New Testament from cover to cover. The printing cannot be surpassed, and although in our various prospectuses, which were produced on lightning presses in enormous quantities, some of the lines were printed askew, nothing of the kind appears in the Red Letter New Testament itself. There everything is correct, as the book was printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Press Rooms, and over four months' continuous careful work were devoted to its production.

The second edition is now out, and the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offers a reward of five dollars to anyone first discovering any typographical error that may have accidentally been overlooked.

The Red Letter New Testament, although sold at $1.75, is sent all charges prepaid, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for only $2.00, but we cannot guarantee that this offer will be open after December 31.

Will our friends who were instrumental in securing Coupon subscribers please finish their good work by making a personal effort to secure their renewal. A word from you may do the work, and now is the time to speak it.

Mr. Moody's Condition

Evangelist Dwight L. Moody is still quite ill at his home in Northfield, Mass. It is not expected that he will be able to resume platform work for months to come. His physicians who, some time after his seizure, took a favorable view of his condition, have been somewhat disturbed by the evidence of other troubles which have given cause for renewed anxiety. It is still hoped, however, that these may be overcome.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for Mr. Moody's complete recovery, if it be the Divine will.

Advance Announcement

IN next week's issue we shall submit to our readers a proposition concerning THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Concert Organ, especially designed for use at cottage prayer-meetings, and adapted to the requirements of persons who have no musical education, but who would enjoy well-played sacred music at home. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is always on the lookout for pleasant surprises, and this is one of the best we ever arranged for them. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Concert Organ can be accurately played even by a child who has not yet learned the difference between one note and another. In fact, it plays itself, and the music can be repeated over and over again without any intermission whatever. One thousand of these organs have been manufactured for us, and the very first announcement will sell them all. Hence, when the description and terms appear in next week's issue, do not delay but act immediately. The price is absurdly low and the terms are so easy as to bring this marvelously attractive instrument within the reach of even the poorest. This organ will help the cause of sacred music, and it will bring sunshine into many homes, and as it is part of the mission of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to diffuse sunshine and happiness and to make the world brighter and happier, we are as glad of the opportunity to make this offer as our subscribers will be to embrace it. No CHRISTIAN HERALD Concert Organ will be sold outside of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family.

Read this First

To Our Every Coupon Subscriber

DEAR FRIEND:

Last summer we concluded that if people could only see and read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a reasonable length of time, they would soon discover that a religious family paper need not necessarily be dull, heavy and stupid. So we planned to introduce, at great financial sacrifice to ourselves, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD into as many new homes as possible, and succeeded in adding 130,000 to our subscription list. We considered the experiment one well worth trying, and we are happy to say that, even at this early date, the number of renewals already received demonstrates that we made no mistake. We now have a circulation of over 300,000, and every day thousands of new names are being added to our list.

Your own subscription is about to expire, and unless you have already renewed it will cease with the last issue in this month. We are encouraged to believe that our efforts to make a bright, clean, interesting, and exceedingly attractive family paper have met with your approval, and that your prompt renewal will demonstrate that you appreciate the value of clean, pure, literature.

No paper in the world, at the price, can compare with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether viewed from a literary or an artistic standpoint. Religion is not dull, sombre, or gloomy. It irradiates every life with which it comes in contact, it beautifies everything it touches, and it makes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD what it is—the brightest and best paper in the world.

We would esteem it a privilege to have your company for another year, and we feel confident that you will never regret the investment. Never have we perfected more extensive arrangements for the best that selected talent can afford, and a beautiful, healthy, and satisfactory production 52 times during 1900 is absolutely assured.

Please Renew To-day, and thus avoid interruption of the service.

Louis Klopsch

Fighting Still Goes On

NEWS from the seat of war in South Africa shows how desperately the conflict is being waged on both sides. In the West Lord Methuen has succeeded in getting his bridge across the Modder River completed and is transporting his artillery to the northern bank. When that operation is completed, it is assumed that he will resume his march toward Kimberley, which has maintained its resistance to the Boer forces. The garrison there reported at the close of last week that it still had provisions for thirty days. The most formidable obstacle to the relief of the town is at Spuytfontein, where the Boers are reported to occupy an almost impregnable position. As Spuytfontein is about half-way between the Modder and Kimberley, Lord Methuen will probably be compelled to fight a severe battle before reaching the latter place. In the meantime, he is likely to have some difficulty in protecting his communications. Already the Boers have destroyed a section of the railroad in his rear. It was speedily repaired; but the fact that the Boers were able to effect the destruction indicates the necessity of constant vigilance. On the East, Gen. Buller has been preparing for an advance from Frere to Colenso, for the relief of Ladysmith, where Gen. White has succeeded in holding out in spite of severe bombardment. His troops appear to have kept their vigor notwithstanding their long inaction. On December 7 a force made a sortie from the town, on Lombard's Kop, a hill on which the Boers had placed guns that had harassed the garrison. The British force succeeded in destroying three heavy guns and capturing a Maxim. In Cape Colony, Gen. Gatacre, who is in command of the British forces in that district, has met with a reverse. Misled by his guides as to the Boer position and strength, he made an advance toward Stormberg. The Boers were evidently prepared for his coming. He was suddenly assailed by a deadly fire from the front and the right and was compelled to retreat, losing, besides dead and wounded, one gun and six hundred prisoners. It is expected that this repulse will encourage the Boers in Cape Colony to rise against British rule and make common cause with their brethren of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. If such a movement became general, the task the British have undertaken would be greatly complicated and the area of the struggle would be widely extended.

The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water: therefore, leave off contention before it be meddled with (Prov. 17: 14).

Tagged for Recognition

The attention of an officer in the waiting room of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Jersey City, N. J., was called one day recently to a man, who had a piece of white cardboard in the band of his hat. "He has forgotten to remove the price tag," said the passenger who had addressed the officer. "That is not a price tag," said the officer, "wait and you will see what it is for." The passenger waited and watched the man with the tag. In a few minutes the Southern express rolled into the station. Among the passengers who alighted was a young woman who wore a white satin bow conspicuously pinned on her dark clothing. The man with the tag saw her and went to meet her. Her eyes looked up to his hat and seeing the white cardboard, she put out her hand which the man grasped; a few cordial words were uttered and the two walked away together. The officer, who had been looking at them, said such occurrences were common in the station. The two were probably relatives, who had never met before. Frequently people from the South and West who came to visit friends in New York, whom they do not know by sight, adopt such means of identification. When they see on each other the sign previously agreed upon, they know that they are related and they trust one another as kinsmen. The Christian wears no such sign; but his conduct ought to be sufficiently clear for his identification so that when men see his kindness and helpfulness they may know him, as the early followers of Christ were known.

They marvelled and took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus (Acts 4: 13).

A Victim to Science

A medical journal publishes a pathetic story which it has received from its correspondent in Lisbon. He gives details of the death of Dr. Camara Pestana, a famous Portuguese physician who recently died of the plague. He was dissecting the body of a patient who had died from plague, and, in order to extract the virus more thoroughly for analysis, he put aside

ARRIVAL OF BRITISH REINFORCEMENTS AT SIMON'S TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA

his instruments and worked with his fingers. The poison entered his system under the finger nails, and he was struck down with the terrible disease which he was investigating. He was at once moved to an isolated ward set apart for plague sufferers, and there he set himself to study his own case and to record for the benefit of humanity his own symptoms and the course of the disease. He refused to see his brother for fear of infection, and in every way, even in making arrangements for his own funeral, he took precautions to prevent the spread of the plague. His mind and will conquered his bodily sufferings until the very end, and even as he died he was still trying to indicate to those around him the lessons of his own case. He doubtless hoped to escape infection when he performed the autopsy which led to his death; but when he found that he was to be a victim, his concern was for the welfare of others, not for himself. Doubtless the physicians learned from him, while they were watching his case, facts which they could have learned from no other patient, and so may be better able to cure others. Every one admires such devotion, but how few comparatively realize how much humanity owes to Him who voluntarily yielded himself a sacrifice for the world.

He hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him (II. Cor. 5: 21).

Roberts Not Admitted

By an overwhelming majority of more than ten to one, the House of Representatives has decided to investigate the charges against Brigham H. Roberts before admitting him to a seat. Mr. Tayler, of Ohio, led the debate against the admission of the Mormon member. He presented a memorial which he said was signed by more than seven million men and women, against allowing him to take his seat. He proceeded to show by transcripts of the proceedings of the courts of Utah, that in 1889 Mr. Roberts had confessed himself a polygamist and, by affidavits, that since that time he has continued his polygamous relations. These facts, Mr. Tayler contended, showed that Mr. Roberts was ineligible for membership, and he therefore proposed that they should be investigated by a committee of nine members who should render a report before the House to decide whether Mr. Roberts shall be sworn in. The accused man was heard in his own defense, but as he did not categorically deny the charges, the House voted by 302 to 30 to refer his case to the committee, as Mr. Tayler proposed. The Speaker then appointed a committee, of which Mr. Tayler is chairman, with power to summon witnesses and call for papers. It is thought that if Mr. Roberts persists in denying that he still maintains polygamous relations, the committee may have to go to Utah to obtain the evidence to prove or disprove his claim. There is no question as to Mr. Roberts having three wives. He has admitted that fact, but he contends that his offense was condoned by the amnesties which have been issued to such offenders. As, however, these amnesties applied only to polygamists who put away their plural wives and lived with one wife only, the real question is whether Mr. Roberts has complied with that condition. If he

MR. BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS

has not done so he is still under the ban of the law and would be out of his place as a lawmaker. He would be in the position which the apostle condemned as it appeared among the Jews:

Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonorest thou God (Rom. 2: 23)?

Wanted the Flag Saved

A patient in a hospital at Cumberland, Md., recently gave evidence of his love for the flag, at a time when his thoughts might naturally have been engrossed with other matters. He was a sailor, who had met with an accident on the railroad. While on his way to Baltimore to join his ship, his foot had been caught between two cars and badly crushed. He was carried to the hospital, where the injured member was examined by the surgeons. They decided that amputation was necessary. The patient made no objection, but asked them as a special favor to spare the flag. On his leg, just above the crushed foot, was a well-executed tattoo mark, representing the Stars and Stripes. The patient's first words on recovering consciousness, were an inquiry whether the flag had been saved, and when he was told that it had, he seemed consoled for the loss of his foot. There can be no doubt of his patriotism. It would be well if the Christian had always the same concern about his own proof of service to Christ, so that whatsoever was said against him, none would challenge his claim to be his servant.

Henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus (Gal. 6: 17).

A Divorce Set Aside

A Washington (D.C.) journal reports a curious coincidence in one of the law courts of that city. A few days ago, Justice Barnard, sitting in a Court of Equity, set aside a decree he had himself pronounced in the same court, earlier in the week. It appears that a young couple, well known in Washington society, had a dispute. The trouble increased until at last the husband left his home and went to live in Colorado. The wife made no effort to find him, but two years after his departure, applied for a divorce, on the ground of desertion. The evidence was heard and the case stood over for the justice's decision. Then the wife's sister interested herself in the case and succeeded in reconciling the estranged couple. The husband telegraphed to his wife to join him in his new home and she set off at once. The justice, knowing nothing of this reconciliation, pronounced a decree of divorce. But when the decree was published, the lady who had acted as peacemaker acquainted him with the facts and assured him that neither of the parties then desired a divorce. Thereupon the decree was set aside. Few divorce cases have so satisfactory an ending, but as with other quarrels, that is because so few people try to prove themselves worthy of the blessing Christ pronounced on peacemakers.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God (Matt. 5: 9).

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CHAPTER III.

Samantha Visits Chicago

DOROTHY had never seen Niagara Falls or Saratoga, so we went a few milds out of our way that she might see Saratoga's monster hotels, the biggest in the world; and take a drink of the healin' waters of the springs that gushes up so different right by the side of each other, showin' what a rich reservoir the earth is, if we only knew how to tap it, and where.

We didn't stay at Saratoga only over one train; but drove through the broad handsome streets, and walked through beautiful Congress Park, and then away to Niagara Falls.

It wuz a bright moonlight night when we stood on the bridge not far from the tarven where we had our sup—dinner. And Dorothy and Miss Meechim wuz almost speechless with awe and admiration, they said "Oh, how sublime! Oh! how grand!" as they see the enormous body of water sweepin' down that immense distance. The hull waters of the hull chain of Lakes, or inland Seas sweepin' down in one great avalanche of water.

I wanted dretfully to go and see the place where the cunning and wisdom of man has set a trap to ketch the power of that great liquid Geni, who has ruled it over his mighty watery kingdom sence the creation, and I spoze always calculated to: throwin' men about, and drawin' 'em down into its whirlpool jest like forest leaves or blades of grass.

Who would have dremp chainin' down that resistless, mighty force and make it bile tea-kettles; and light babys to their trundle beds, and turn coffee mills, and light up meetin' houses, and draw canal boats and propel long trains of cars. How it roared and took on when the subject wuz first broke to it. But it had to yield, as the twentieth century approached and the millennium drew nigh; men not so very big boned either, but knowin' quite a lot, jest chained that great roarin' obstropulous Geni, and has made it do good work. After rulin' the centuries with a high hand nobody dastin' to go nigh it, it wuz that powerful and awful in its might and magesty, it has been made to serve, jest as the Bible sez:

"He that is mightiest amongst you shall be your servant," or words to that effect.

But it is a sight, I spoze, to see all the performances they had to go through, the hard labor of years and years, to persuade Niagara to do what they had planned for it to do.

But as I say, this great giant is chained by one foot, as it were, and is doin' good day's works, and no knowin' how much more will be put on it to do when the rest of its strength is buckled down to work. All over the great Empire State, mebby, he will have to light the evenin' lamps, and cook the mornin' meals, and bring acrost the continent the food he cooks, and turn the mills that grinds the flour to make the bread he toasts, and sow the wheat that makes the flour. And talk for all the millions of people and play their music for them—I d'no what he won't be made to do, and Josiah don't, but I spoze it is a sight to see the monster trap they built to hold this great Force. We wanted to go there, but hadn't time.

But to resoom backwards a spell. Miss Meechim and Dorothy was perfectly awe-struck to see and hear the Falls, and I didn't wonder.

But I had seen it before with my beloved pardner by my side, and it seemed to me as if Niagara missed him, and its great voice seemed to roar out: "Where is Josiah? Where is Josiah? Why are you here without him? Swish, swash, roar, roar, Where is Josiah? Where? Roar! Where?"

Oh, the emotions I had as I stood there under the cold light of the moon, cold waters rushin' down into a cold tomb; cold as a frog the hull thing seemed, and full of a infinite desolation. But I knew that if Love had stood there by my side, personified ifi a small-sized figger, the hull seen would have bloomed rosy. Yes, as I listened to the awe-struck, admirin' axents of the twain with me, them words of the Poet come back to me: "How the light of the hull life dies when love is gone."

THE FALLS SEEMED TO ROAR: "WHERE IS JOSIAH?"

"Oh," sez Miss Meechim, as we walked back to the tarven, takin' in the sooveneer store on the way, "Oh, what a immense body of water! how tumultous it sweeps down into the abyss below!" I answered mekanically, for I thought of one who wuz also tumultous at times, but after a good meal subsided down into quiet, some as the waters of Niagara did after a spell.

And Dorothy sez, "How the grand triumphal march of the great Lakes, as they hurry oneards towards the ocean, shakes the very earth in their wild haste."

I sez mekanically, "Yes indeed!" but my thoughts wuz of one who had often pranced 'round and tromped, and even kicked in his haste, and shook the woodhouse floor. Ah, how, how could I forgit him.

And at the sooveneer stores, ah, how I wuz reminded of him there! how he had cautioned me aginst buyin' in that very spot: how he had stood by me till he had led me forth empty-handed towards the tarven. Ah well, I tried to shake off my gloom, and Tommy waked up soon after our return (Aronette, good little creeter! had stayed right by him), and we all had a good meal, and then embarked on the sleeping car. I laid Tommy out carefully on the top shelf, and covered him up, and then partially ondressed and stretched my own weary frame on my own shelf and tried to woo the embrace of Morphine, but I could not, so I got up and kinder sot, and took out my pad and writ a little more in my letter to my help.

Sez I, "Philury, if Josiah takes cold, steep some lobely and catnip, half and half: if he won't take it Ury must hold him and you pour it down. Don't sell yourself short of eggs. Josiah loves 'em and they cost high out of season. Don't let the neighbors put upon him because I went off and left him. Give my love to Waitstill Webb and Elder White, give it to 'em simeltaneous and together, tell 'em how much I think on 'em both for the good they're doin'. Tell Aryilly I often think of her and what she has went through and pity her. Give a hen to the widder Gowdey for Christmas. Let Josiah carry it, or no, I guess Ury had better, I am away and folks might talk. The ketch on the outside suller door had better be fixed so it can't blow open. Josiah's thickest socks are in the under draw, and the pieces to mend his overhalls in a calico bag behind the clothespress door. Guard that man like the apples in your eyes, Philury, and you'll be glad bime by. So no more. To be resoomed."

Agin I laid down and tried to sleep: in vain, my thoughts, my heart wuz in Jonesville, so I riz up agin as fur as I could and took my handkerchief pin offen the curtain where I had pinned it and looked at it long and sadly. I hadn't took any picture of Josiah with me. I hadn't but one and wuz afraid I should lose it. He hain't been willin' to be took sence he wuz bald, and I knew that his picture wuz engraved on my heart in deeper lines than any camera or kodak could do it. But I had a handkerchief pin that looked like him, I bought it to the World's Fair, it wuz took of Columbus. You know Columbus wuz a changeable lookin' critter in his pictures, if he looked like all on

DOROTHY AND TOMMY AT THE SPRING

'em he must have been fitty, and Miss Columbus must have had a hard time to git along with him. This looked like Josiah, only with more hair, but I held my thumb over the top, and I could almost hear Josiah speak. I might have had a lock of his hair to wep' over, but my devoted love kep' me from takin' it. I knew that he couldn't afford to spare a hair with winter comin' on. But I felt that I must compose myself, for my restless moves had waked Tommy up. The sullen roar of the wheels underneath me kep' kinder hunchin' me up every little while if I forgot myself for a minute, twittin' me that my pardner had let me go away from him. I almost thought I heard once or twice the echo, Grass Widder! soundin' out under the crunchin' roar and rattle of the wheels, but then I turned right over on my shelf and sez in my agony of spirit: Not that—not grass."

And Tommy called down, "What say, grandma?" And I reached up and took holt of his soft, warm little hand and sez: "Go to sleep, Tommy, grandma is here."

"You said sunthin' about grass, grandma."

And I sez, "How green the grass is in the spring, Tommy, under the orchard trees and in the door-yard. How pretty the sun shines on it and the moonlight, and grandpa is there, Tommy, and Peace and Rest and Happiness, and my heart is there too, Tommy," and I most sobbed the last words.

And Tommy sez, "Hain't your heart here too, grandma? You act as if you wuz 'fraid. You said when I prayed jest now that God would watch over us."

"And he will Tommy, he will take care of us and of all them I love." And leanin' my weary and mournful sperit on that thought, and leanin' hard, I finally dropped off into the arms of Morphine. Well, we reached Chicago with no further coincidence and put up to a big hotel kep' by Mr. and Miss Parmer. It seems that besides all the money I had been provided with, Thomas J. had gin a lot of money to Miss Meechim to use for me if she see me try to stent myself any, and he had gin particular orders that we should go to the same hotels they did and fare jest as well, so they wanted to go to

the tarven kep' by Mr. Parmerses folks, and we did

I felt real kinder mortified to think that I didn't pay no attention to Mr. and Miss Parmer; I didn't see 'em at all whilst I wuz there. But I spoze she wuz busy helpin' her hired girls, it must take a sight of work to cook for such a raft of folks, and it took the most of his time to provide.

She is about as handsome a woman as they make, and is aunt on her own side to she that wuz Julia Grant, a real pretty girl she is, and I wuz glad to think that I happened to see her and the young chap she had just married, Prince Michael—sunthin' or ruther—I can't to save me think of his last name, it sounds some like cantankerous, but hain't that, so I'll call him Prince Michael.

It happened jest right that I passed through the lobby of the tarven (I spoze that it is lobely, but they call it lobby for short), well, I wuz jest passin' through the lobely, leadin' Tommy, and I see that there wuz a big crowd and a excitement ragin', and I asked a bystander what wuz the matter, and she sez, pintin' to a handsome young couple:

"That is Prince Michael C—— I won't say what—and Princess Julia."

Sez I, "You don't say that that is she that wuz Julia Grant?"

"Yes," sez she.

I said not a word back but advanced right towards 'em, a smilin' in warm welcome. The crowd fell back, they recognized the nobility of my mean. My head wuz held up in a sort of a magestic way, my green braize veil hung down one side of my bunnet graceful, the tabs of my mantilly hung most to the floor in front, and my umbrell was grasped in one hand, whilst with the other I held Tommy. The crowd fairly smiled, they admired me so, as I advanced onward, and sez I to 'em both, a holdin' out my hand—a shaking hands with her first:

"I want to wish you joy, lots of it, the best of earth's happiness and a long useful life," sez I, "the hull American nation feels that we have a right to take a warm interest in you, Juley, on account of your grandpa on your own side, and to wish you every blessin' that Heaven can shower down onto your happy heart."

"WHAT SAY, GRANDMA?" TOMMY CALLED

For she did look happy and sweet; anybody could see that she had married the man she loved. And he looked fairly blissful in his glad and proud content. "And you, Prince Michael," sez I, as I shook his hand, "the best wish that I could wish you has come to pass. You have won the heart and hand of a real American princess, a sweet girl who will be a honor to Rushy or any other nation, big or little."

They both bowed and thanked me real sweet and pleasant. A manly good lookin' chap he would have been if he had been Mr. John Smith, from Smith's Corners, and looked just as well and no better because he wuz a prince from Rushy. Sez I, "One by one our sweetest and prettiest girls go over the big waters into the older world and some on 'em hain't used well by them that takes them there, and," sez I, "now I warn you, Prince, that if you don't do well by Juley, not only the hull American nation will be up in arms about it, but you will bring down onto your head the just indignation of Josiah Allen's wife and Josiah."

He looked awe-struck, as well he might, and sez he in a earnest, tender way, "I will do well by her, I promise you, Josiah Allen's wife." And he put out a manly, straightforward hand, which I grasped and said:

"Well, so do. But you're takin' her to a kind of a dangerous place; the air 'round the Rushen throne hain't never been called over and above healthy, and I want you to watch over her like the apples in your eyes, and if you see dynamite and fire-crackers liable to bust out under her feet I want you to take her up and bring her home out of danger."

He looked kinder grave, as if he didn't really like what I had said about Rushy and dynamite. And I see in a minute that I had put the wrong foot forrerd, I ortn't to have said a word against his country, specially when I felt that our own nation had its weak spots—yes, indeed! So I spoke up to once and sez:

"Mebby you think that she wouldn't be out of danger here, mebby you think that our nation is layin' up a lot of dynamite to bust out before long in a conflict between Capital and Labor. I can see," sez I, "the growing luxury and wealth of the few, and the poverty and discontent of the many, and the mistakes of the old world that is being repeated in the new. But," sez I, "Jonesville is a oasis of safety—Labor and Capital has never sot up a conflict on our doorsteps, Josiah works most as hard as his help, and Ury and Philury has the same things to eat we do. You can bring her to Jonesville any time, safety is there and a warm and proud welcome for you both."

He smiled real pleasant, and the bystanders did too; they wuz tickled to see such good manners combined with such a powerful intellect.

And then I turned and sez to her, "Don't you forgit, Juley, when you're in a foreign court with Kings and Zars and Emperors makin' you all day's visits, and walkin' round you with their crowns on, and leanin' on their septers, don't you forgit, not once, that you too come of a royal line, that your grandpa on your own side wuz a king in his own right, and your pa is walkin' right in his pa's footsteps, and the hull American nation is behind you, for you to lean upon if you git tired. Some of our American Princesses and Countesses git dretful tired over here, and though I hope you won't, still you may."

She gently said that she wouldn't forget. She felt deeply every word I had said, and sez I in conclusion:

"If I had mistrusted that I should see you, I should have brought you a nice weddin' present, I have got a bed-quilt that I pieced up myself, flag pattern, red, white and blue. How appropriate it would have been, and I would have loved to had you shown it off in Rushy. It would have looked well for years to have used for your best, or to have thrown it sort o' careless like over your throne when you two sot down on it every day. But it is in Jonesville," sez I, "and can't be helped, and I presoom that you have had bed-quilts gin to you in all patterns, and so good bye, and God bless you," sez I, and parted away from them.

"OH! THE BELLERIN' OF THEM CATTLE"

Well, we all took a long ride round Chicago; Miss Meechim wanted to see the most she could in the shortest time. So we driv through Lincoln Park, so beautiful as to be even worthy of its name, and one or two other beautiful parks and boolevards and Lake Shore drives. And we went at my request to see the Woman's Temperance Building; I had got considerable tired by that time, and, oh, how a woman's tired heart longs for the only true rest, the heart rest of love. As we went up the beautiful, open-work alleviator, I felt, oh, that this thing was swinging me off to Jonesville, acrost the waste of sea and land. But immegiately the thought come "Duty's apron-strings," and I wuz calm agin.

But all the time I wuz there talkin' to them noble wimmen, dear to me because they're tacklin' the most needed work under the heavens, wagin' the most holy war, and tacklin' it without any help as you may say from Uncle Sam, good-natered, shiftless old creeter, well meanin', I believe, but jest led in blinders up and down the earth by the Whiskey Power that controls State and Church to-day, and they may dispute it if they want to, but it is true as the book of Job, and fuller of biles and all other impurities and tribulations than Job ever wuz, and heaven only knows how it is goin' to end.

But to resoom backwards. Lofty and inspirin' wuz the talks I had with Mrs. Stevens and Miss Gordon and Miss Frye, and all the other noble ones on whom it seems as if the shinin' mantilly of the risen Leader has fell, whose names are on the list of temperance here and the Lamb's Book of Life. How our hearts burnt within us, and how the "blest tie that binds," seemd to link us clost together; when, alas! in my soarinest moments, as I looked off with my mind's eye onto a dark world beginnin' to be belted and lightened by the White Ribbon, my heart fell almost below my belt ribbin, as I thought of one who had talked light about my W. T. C. U. doin's, but wuz at heart a believer and a abstainer and a member of the Jonesville Sons of Temperance.

A little later we stood and looked on one of the great grain elevators, histin' up in its strong grip hull fields of wheat and corn at a time. Ah! among all the wonderin' and awe-struck admiration of them about me, how my mind soared off on the dear bald head afar, who had so often sowed the spring and reaped the autumn ears on the hills and dales of Jonesville, sweet land! dear one there, when should I see thee again?

"HISTIN' UP HULL FIELDS O' WHEAT AND CORN"

And as we walked through one of the enormous stock yards, oh! how the bellerin' of them cattle confined there, put me in mind of the choice of my youth and joy of my middle age. Wuz he too bellerin' at that moment, shet up as he wuz by environin' circumstances from her he worshiped.

And so it went on, sad things put me in mind of him and joyful things, all, all speakin' of him, and how, how wuz I to brook the seperation? But I will cease to harrow the reader's tender bosom. Dry your tears, reader, I will proceed onwards.

The next day we sot off for California, via Salt Lake and Denver.

(To be Continued)

The Christian Herald for 1900

Never have we made more elaborate arrangements for the best the land affords than for the coming year. If THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was worth $1.50 a year in the past, it will be worth double the amount in 1900. With a largely increased circulation—now 316,000—we are enabled to give a largely improved paper, and we mean to do it. You cannot afford to be without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for 1900.

Many Views on Saloon Money

PROFITS ON DRINKS
PRICE OF DRUNKARDS GRAVES
COST OF LOST SOULS
DIVIDENDS ON BROKEN HOMES
RETURNS ON PAUPERIZED FAMILIES
VALUE OF CONFISCATED BEDDINGRINGS AND BABIES SHOES

The Problem on the Frontiers—Voices From the Mines and the Cattle-Camps—A "Distress Fund" Discussed

AS WIDE a variety of opinions seem to exist on the all-absorbing question: "Shall the church accept the saloon-keeper's money in aid of its spiritual work?" as exists in the character, culture and occupation of the writers of the hundreds of letters that come to us upon the subject. This discussion has certainly demonstrated the fact that God's people, from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, are thoroughly alive to the importance of the tremendous issues involved in the attitude of the church toward the saloon-keeper.

A Miner's Opinion My life is isolated, and I am somewhat deprived of church advantages, but I'm interested in this question. Listen, men! do not take it. The church's acceptance makes younger men look on rum-sellers as friends of the church. I live among a people generous to a fault and who respond to every appeal; and I see saloon-keepers give, and give freely to good causes. But I think: "Ah, the cost of such gifts to the families of wretched drunkards!" Better is a little from the Lord than much help from the devil. MINER.
Cook's Peak Mining Camp.

What a Cowboy Says Some kind soul remembered us sent us THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and that is how I know of the discussion about saloon money. We have no church or Sunday School here, as we are very few, and people call us toughs; still, I thought you would like to hear what we think about the saloon. We live far from any town. Sometimes we see not a visitor's face in two months. Bacon, coffee and beans are our rations, three times a day. We go to town from this dead place maybe once every three months, and stay over night. Do you think that we want to spend that one night in a church, hearing a preacher tell us how wicked we are? Now, I am a temperance man, though not a prohibitionist, and I like not to make my home in a saloon, but I need something that is bright and cheerful. If you could but see the hunger for good entertainment and good reading matter in our lonely cattle camps, you would better understand the temptation the saloon presents to us. I've seen saloon-keepers do kind things. Last winter, when I was in town, a shivering, barefoot boy walked in front of me. A man clapped him on the shoulder, asked his story, took him into a store, dressed him up and said: "Light out!" That man was a rumseller. You will find among them and among us cowboys some noble hearts—if we are toughs. The money won't hurt the church, and it will help drunkards' widows and orphans, if the church will give it to them.
Sexton, Kan. COWBOY.

Converted the Saloon-keeper When I became pastor in a town, I learned that my predecessor, by not saying much against the saloon, had received two dollars from one of the saloon-keepers. I worked and talked freely against the saloon. I did not get the two dollars. But with another preacher I visited him, and talked about religion and giving up the saloon. He said he had a mother in glory, and when he died he wanted to go there, too. He confessed the saloon was wrong, and said he was going to quit it. He did, inside of four months, preach against the saloon. Do not court their money; but if they offer it freely, accept it and turn it

refuse the saloon-keeper's money, refuse the money of everybody who helps to make the saloon business possible.
Chemawa, Ore. J. B.

Built by Saloon-Keepers and Gamblers In 1856 my father, a built a church in the mines of California that cost $1,500. The money was contributed by saloon-keepers, gamblers and the public generally to defray

resulted in over forty conversions, besides reclaiming many backsliders; over sixty accessions to the church, all told. Was God with him in the work? Such soul-stirring meetings as were held in that church I do not see now. What we do, let us do for the glory of God. How can we reach a man if we insult

though his soul was more precious than a hair-splitting opinion. God permits him to live, "perhaps for a purpose." Take the money and use it in trying to save his soul.
McMinnville, Ore. E. C. HEATH.

Saloon-Keepers Would Abandon the Business I think many saloon-keepers would quit the business if they found their money could not enter into any benevolent enterprise.
Jersey, Ohio. MELLA E. P. WHITEHEAD.

How Shall Most Good Result? Christians, can we do more good with his money than ... doing? If so, accept and use it for the ... or charity and for ... laws

harder than ever. W. A. SWIFT.
St. Clair, Mo. *Presiding Elder.*

As a Personal Question Let ... ally, "Can I ... supported in part by the price of the soul of my father or husband or brother or son?"

A Pagan's Good Example The saloon-keeper's money is no worse than the $132,000,000 of revenue received by the government from the manufacture of spirits and fermented liquors in 18... vast sums anterior to that date ...

THE TWO STREETS

I

TWO streets there are in many towns a foul one and a fair
In one good cheer and peace abound in one a dark despair
In one the light of love is shed in one grief's bitter tear
The name of one of these is Bread the name of one is Beer

II

In Bread Street there are busy men and happy homes and wives
In Beer Street the degraded den and sad and broken lives
In Bread Street, Plenty sings her song and Labor chants his rhyme
In Beer Street Want is joined with Wrong and Idleness with Crime

III

O men and mothers, strive to do all in your power to make
The children shun the ones who brew but love the one who bak.

One street there is their feet should tread
And one their feet should fear:
The name of one of these is "Bread."
The name of one is "Beer."

Christ and the Money-changers When Christ drove the money-changers out of the temple, he did not ask them if it would wound their feelings to go out; he chastised them for wrongdoing. Would the ... made better by our sharing their spoils with them? Would it not encourage them to steal or gamble more? The saloon-keeper ... sympathy. How much feeling has he for the wives and mothers of the men he ...
York, Mont. S. E. D.

Accept the Money to Fight the Traffic I would accept ... We cannot do otherwise and follow in the footsteps of our Master. We are taught in God's Word to hate the sin but love the sinner. I solicited fifteen dollars from three saloon-keepers last year for church work, informing them that it was to be ... I accepted fifty cents on my salary from a saloon-... reason to believe it would have been a spiritual death-blow to this noble Christian woman, and the height of discourtesy on my part to have refused it.
REV. B. E. S.
M. E. Church,
Clinton, Minn.

Buy Out the Saloon-keeper Take it by ... Thanks be to God, we have no saloons in Perry, but any kind of money would be acceptable in our Y. M. C. A. and church work. Nothing will draw a man closer to God than to learn to give cheerfully. We can buy out the penitent saloon-keeper, start him in some honest business, and then, by votes, compel others to give up the business.
W. A. FISH.

His Gift Shows the Church's Weakness Accept the saloon-keeper's money. But the very fact that he is willing to give indicates that the church is not making an aggressive fight against the saloon and kindred wrongs. C. R. KIMBALL.
Aberdeen, S. D.

Question Implies Doubt The very question implies doubt, and the church cannot ... How can any man hope that his little gifts may do good while he continues in his business of death and destruction?
Statesville, N. C. C. M. STEELE.

A Salvation Army Captain Speaks Yes, take all you can get. We often hold our meetings in front of the saloons, in the street, and always denounce the business, not the saloon-keeper. We warn people not to enter the saloons, telling them that that way leads to destruction. Still, some saloon-keepers—not all, by any means—will give their money to help us in our work.
Vancouver, Wash. FRANK S. GILLETTE.
Captain Salvation Army.

Redeem the Money from Evil Use ... but in the evil uses made of it, and the quicker it is restored unto the Lord, if it has been used wrongfully, the better. The sooner it is turned into the Lord's treasury the quicker its ...
Indianapolis, Ind. *Mission Worker.*

Glad of the Discussion ... of the church's relation to the saloon—is being thoroughly considered. I am an old man, but I would fain live to see an impassable barrier between the two.
Branchton, Can. W. TAIT.

How the Rum-Seller Withdrew His Aid I belonged to a Congregational Mission church at Chippewa Lake, Mich. We organized with seven members; the Missionary Society sent us a minister, but we had to try and raise part of his salary. Most of us being poor, we had to solicit help outside the church, and not wishing to miss or favor any, the saloon-keeper was asked to help us, and he gave one dollar a month. So it went on until a temperance wave struck the village, and the good people and the minister did all they could to keep the saloon-keeper from re... made war on the church and cancelled his subscription. Let the church declare war against the traffic and I believe there will be no money coming from the saloon or the church. C. L.
Bullrun, Ore.

Approved One Minister's Acceptance Several years ago, an old and highly respect... if the minister had refused it, that it would ... been like a slap in the face to the saloon-... I any sympathy with the business, but I ... known saloon-keepers that were not ... bad, just as I have known professed ... that were not wholly good.
Ludington, Mich. F. C. EWING.

Pray for the Giver I am an old lady of ... years, an inmate of "H... have been much inter... Christian life. MRS. MELINDA TWADDELL.
Old Ladies' Home, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The amount received from saloon-keepers ...

Total number of drunkards buried during last fiscal year ..... Ten

Enclosed please find our treasurer's check for $5.50, your portion of the Distress Fund.
Duluth, Minn. L. A. M.

The Drunkard's Responsibility I have not seen one word of censure of the men that spend their money at saloons and so starve their families. I think that is as bad a crime as the saloon-keeper's. If you

Saloon Money as Distress Fund Many say: Take it all, and relieve those who have suffered by his business. Suppose one had just buried in a drunkard's grave a brother, father or husband, and a committee comes from the church and says: "We have heard of your sad affliction and have come to offer substantial aid," slip an envelope into your hand and depart. You open it and find

... A Christmas Talk at Home ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

IN my childhood it was not uncommon in Presbyterian households to pass Christmas by as if it were an ordinary day, giving the holiday prominence to the first of January. We kept New Year's Day in our home—my father being a Presbyterian elder—with great ceremony and distinction; having our gifts on New Year's morning, and devoting the entire time from waking to sleeping to a happy domestic festival. I had reached my twelfth birthday before as a family we swung into the Christmas whirl of joy and gladness, and felt in our hearts the intensity of pleasure which is the very core of Christmas. The children did it; for the mother, bless her gentle soul, could never long refuse their reasonable requests; and they convinced her that when the whole world was celebrating the coming of the Christ-Child to this old earth of ours, there was something out of gear when any set of people remained outside the procession. From the time when we began to celebrate Christmas until now, the strange, deep sweetness of it has more and more been growing; more and more is it the wide world's holiday, ushered in with peal of songs and greetings and hand-clasps, with spice and myrrh, and interchange of gifts; while the flame of the Yule-log is lighted on palace hearths and by peasant firesides around the globe.

. . .

I SAY, from the time when we began; not forgetting that the world has been keeping Christmas ever since the early centuries of church life and love. But we live in a very wonderful century and the latter half of it has been marked by an amazing onward march, especially in the advance of Christian missions. The Christmas tapers will twinkle this year in Japan, in Korea, in Bombay, in Madura in Madras, in South Africa, in Northern China; and "Merry Christmas." will be lisped and chanted and shouted in many dialects and tongues, for, thank God! the words of the familiar hymn is being fulfilled in our sight that

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run.

Christmas, annually returning, marks a higher and higher ascension in the onward and upward march of the Master's conquering host.

. . .

THE CORE, the very central meaning of Christmas, is the joy of childhood around the Child of Bethlehem. "Except ye become as little children," said the Lord, "ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." What are the characteristics of children? They are simple-hearted. They take no anxious thought for the morrow. They are loyal. They are forgiving. They are obedient. A small thing gives a child great happiness. A large thing would give him or her no greater joy than a small thing. Your small daughter will be far gladder over her new doll on Christmas morning, your little son will be happier over his new skates, than either would be if assured that a thousand or two dollars had been placed, to roll up interest for them, in the savings bank. For to childhood the doll and the skates are tangible playthings, and childhood time is playtime. Mere money to a child is as valueless as were the sticks and straws which the man with the muck rake heaped together in Bunyan's dream, and the child cares as yet only for what is worth while.

. . .

I ALWAYS feel that we defraud the children of a part of their Christmas joy when we present them with stockings and shoes, overcoats and new frocks, and other articles of necessary daily use as Christmas gifts. Intelligent children understand that their parents will provide food and raiment for them if they can, and so when the number of their presents is augmented by wearing apparel they are brought face to face with a sort of lowered Christmas. We defraud them too, and this in a baser way, when we so train them that their most prominent sentiment about the dear holiday is that it will bring them new possessions. "What did I get?" is not the question which should live in any memory after Christmas has come and gone; but rather, "What did I give?"

The core of Christmas is not alone in the joy of childhood. That is one very beautiful part of it. Another bit of its innermost meaning is in the universal brotherhood of the season, and this grows naturally from our standing closer than ever before about our Elder Brother. The grudging spirit is out of harmony with Christmas songs; the churl must feel especially solitary when everybody else is expressing kindness and gladness, and laughter ripples like the waves of a dancing brook, and each is thinking how he can most please and best satisfy the other.

. . .

WE SHOULD guard against any temptation to selfishness when the keynote of the great swelling carol which the angels taught us first, is wholly unselfish love. Our homes with their Christmas trees, their Christmas dinners, their merry hearted children, their closer drawing together of the dear ones, have Christ in them, the centre and source of our joy. But for Christ there would be no Christmas. It is because he has said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," and we have heard his voice, and opened the door, that our houses are overflowing with love.

The kindred naturally come first; but do not let us forget the lonely and unfriended, the strangers in the pew; the girl away from her people, earning her bread in the shop or the office: the man who cannot afford a journey to his far away home. Every one who has a home should take care that at certain joyful seasons it is for a meal, or for an evening, sufficiently elastic to admit within its charmed circle somebody who is homeless. The homeless people are not all vagrants. Many of them are hard-working men and women, who are the more desolate when joyful times come around, that they have no right to be in them.

The angels ushered in that first gray Christmas morn in Judea. We have read this, and said it so often, that it does not impress us as it should. For

> Still through the cloven skies they come
> With peaceful wings unfurled,
> And still celestial music floats
> O'er all the weary world.

Just fancy what it would be if our eyes were opened, and we saw, in the soft and trembling dawn, over our smoky cities, over our dreaming hills, over our farm steads in their white peace, the sudden unfolding of radiant wings, the bending down of angels in tender brooding care. Suppose our dull ears could hear them again, singing from out the rifted skies: "Glory to God in the Highest!" I believe they are ever near us, these ministers of God. I believe they are always doing his errands, and whenever Jesus shall need them to herald any coming of his to any saint, to any believer, I am sure there are angels waiting to do the Lord's bidding. We must wait to see and to hear, till the day break and the shadows flee away.

The core of Christmas is our sincere acceptance, after all, of the dear Christ who took our flesh upon him and came to Bethlehem and to Calvary. He is always coming to us, though now he dwells beside his Father, and no longer, weary and burdened, walks our earthly ways. In many experiences, in the hour of prayer, in our study of the Word, in our bliss at the altar and the hearth, in our Christmas rejoicing, Jesus comes to us, and we may know of his presence, and have communion with him, for having loved his own, he loves them to the end.

Only they who love the Lord may fully enter into the blessedness of a Merry Christmas.

> Oh Bethlehem! Oh Bethlehem!
> We'll hear thy choirs again.
> 'Glory to God on high! on earth
> Peace and good will to men.'
>
> The countless peoples of the skies
> Shall seize the uplifted song,
> And ages over ages pass
> The tidal psalm along.

"WE FASHION DAINTY RAIMENT"

WE fashion dainty raiment
For the dearest of our band,
Who pledges to her true love soon
Her golden heart and hand.
Pure gold she is, our darling,
Our treasure and our pride;
We fashion dainty raiment
For the wearing of the bride.

A very pearl of girlhood,
So sweet and fair she seems;
Her face is like an angel's,
Her hair with sunlight gleams;
Her foot across the threshold
Brings ever joy and mirth;
She brought her parents blessings
From the hour of her birth.

For her we set our stitches,
So fairy-like and small;
For her we plan and 'broider,
And our tender wishes fall
Like dew upon the garments,
In frill and puff and lace;
Our thoughts of gentlest kindness
In their snowy folds we trace.

We fashion dainty raiment
For the dearest of our band,
Who soon unto her true love
Will plight her heart and hand.
O God go with and bless her,
Our darling and our pride;
God give her every precious gift;
Our sweet and winsome bride.

ALICE MAYNARD.

'Tis Love

'TIS love that makes the world so bright
And takes away life's care;
It plants the blooming roses, too,
On cheeks to make them fair;
And bids the lustre in the eye
To shine with wondrous light,
And drives the coldness from the heart,
To warm it with delight.

It clothes the criticising tongue
With words of mercy sweet,
And little faults will be unseen,
When loving hearts shall meet.
The whole world brighter seems to grow
When love appearing speaks,
And love-warmed hearts find peace and rest
For which mankind e'er seeks.

—MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.
Moorestown, N. J.

Our Letter-Box

—JAMES JONES. A man does not offer his arm to a woman in the daytime, nor when walking with her in the evening, unless she is old or infirm. Of course a husband may always give his arm to his wife. Even married people do not walk arm in arm by daylight at present.

—CHILDLESS MOTHER. Why not adopt a little one? Not to take your own child's place; but to give to a small, homeless baby love, and kindness, and a good home; and to soothe your own heartache and relieve the desolation of your hearth. Think the matter over, and pray for direction.

—AMANDA R. G. A nice dessert, and one which may be made in a hurry, is called "Fruit Surprise." Take oranges, bananas, dates, figs, and citron. Leave the dates whole, cut the other fruit into small pieces and pile in a glass dish, stirring all together with a spoon; sift sugar over it and serve with whipped cream.

—DOROTHY. Your own pretty name would surely suit your baby girl. If you do not wish to repeat it, however, why not call her Gladys, or Margaret, Elizabeth, Frances, Helen, Jessie, or any pretty name. Mary is a beautiful name and always a favorite. I would not give my daughter her grandmother's name if I very much disliked it, but Anne seems to me both stately and sweet.

—JENNIE P. I sympathize with you in the death of your pet. One becomes very much attached to a dog, which is of all animals most companionable. You know Sir Walter Scott's feeling—that the worst of loving a dog was that his life was so short, and it was such a heart-break to lose him. I do hope you will soon have another dog, which will take its place, even if you do not love him as you did the one you write about.

—MOTHER. At present little children are instructed to say Mother and Father rather than Mamma and Papa. Pa and Ma are not in favor. Daddy is, however, promoted to a favorite position among elegant and well-bred people. Mammy the same. Children say, Yes Mother, No Father, rather than Yes Ma'am and No Sir. If a child does not understand [illegible] not "What" when [illegible]

THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

THE ascent of the steep hill was a little trying for a young man just recovering from an illness. Douglas Lingard was obliged to halt to get his breath when he was about half-way to the summit.

Just before him was a traveling tinker's wagon, brought to a standstill by the same cause. It looked a ponderous affair enough with its roof and chimney like a tiny dwelling-house, and the steps by which the owners climbed into it, with various other impedimenta, slung underneath.

The miserable little horse—hardly more than a pony—between the shafts, was manifestly incapable of the task to which it had been set. It stood resting, its sides shaken by its panting breath, its knees bent and its gaunt head hanging forward. A gipsy-looking woman stood beside it, patting and talking to it in encouraging tones; and half-a-dozen ragged children skirmished about the roads.

As the young man came up the woman seemed to decide that it was time to make another effort, and at a word from her the children gathered round the cart and lent their small strength to push it forward, while she for her part clutched the shaft by which she stood and shouted mingled threats and encouragement.

The poor beast did its willing, feeble best, straining against the stony hillside; but gained only about a yard and a half before it was obliged to stop again. At that rate the top of the long hill seemed as far off as the summit of Mount Blanc.

Instinctively Douglas looked round for some man who might be remonstrated with; but if there was a male owner of horse, cart, and family he was not in presence. Douglas turned to the thin, wild-looking woman, and spoke more gently than he would have done to her husband.

"I'm afraid you've got more here than you'll manage."

"I reckon we can do it, if we take our time," she answered, wiping her forehead. "We've got to, anyhow! We're going up over moor to Darley wake, and my master 's to meet us up yonder, and if we're not there as soon as he is, it'll be the worse for all of us."

She gave another half-desperate shout, and the children echoed her like young sea-gulls answering the cry of the old ones. The pony strained and tugged, but the wagon did not move; and Douglas, looking rather ashamed of himself, went 'round behind it and lent the force of his broad shoulders to the pitiful performance.

With his help, and with the fury of encouragement which the woman, seeing his action, threw into her voice and gesture, the procession got started again, and actually moved ten or twelve yards before it came perforce to a stop. A few more such efforts and the top of the hill would be gained, and then, as he knew, there was nothing more in the way of a real ascent in the four miles of winding road that led to Darley village.

Another combined push and strain, and another start was made that carried them another dozen yards. Manlike, Douglas was warming to the task he had begun half-heartedly, and threw all his strength into it, as if credit and living depended upon getting this tinker's equipage to the top of Brentwood Hill.

A man climbed the stile at the top of the high bank and sprang lightly down into the road. Douglas could not turn to look, but he was aware that the newcomer stopped short and then drew nearer, and a well-known voice said, "Gently, Earl! You'll do yourself a mischief."

The tone was so simple and ordinary that it seemed to bridge over the gulf of five years and more. And as he spoke Caryl stepped beside his brother, and without more words began to push also.

Douglas's heart gave a leap. For the moment he pushed on more strenuously than ever, but it was not on that account that he had not breath enough to speak. And by the time the power of speech had come back the instinct of reserve had come also. If Caryl had anything to say he was free to say it. If not, at least for this moment they were friends again.

Their united strength behind the wagon made a good deal of difference to the feeble knees in front of it. It rolled on, slowly indeed and painfully, but still it rolled, and the woman's thin shoulders were no longer bent so low on the shaft at which she still pulled.

"The writ of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals does not run apparently in these wilds?" said Caryl, glancing aside at his brother as their shoulders almost touched.

"So far as I can see, it is the man who should be run in," said Douglas in an undertone, "for cruelty to wife and children as well as beast. But even if he were here one could hardly stop to argue with him half-way up a hill like this."

"Well, no. However, here is the top, and what is to become of your friends, in the next place?"

"They will manage to reach their destination to-night, I think; there are no more hills in their way, at least. Look here! your sleeve has been against the wheel."

Douglas could not well avoid brushing the sandy soil off his brother's coat, and after that brusquely familiar gesture they could do no less than walk on together.

The pony was resting after the exertion of surmounting the crest of the hill, and they passed on and left the little group there, the woman stroking the pony's nose and looking silently after them.

It seemed absolutely necessary to say something, but perhaps neither wished to enter upon any really vital subject. Certainly both began at the same moment to make some obvious remark upon the beauty of the evening, and then both laughed and stopped short. And that instant, turning 'round a bend of the road, they came upon a sight that distracted the attention of the younger brother effectually enough, whatever it might do for the elder.

A little brown-gray stone cottage stood there, close upon the road; only parted from it by a strip of garden about a yard wide, bounded by a low stone wall.

On the flat top of this wall sat Celia Hamerton, with a baby in her arms, and a little child leaning against her knee and playing with some flowers that it seemed to have just laid upon her lap. Behind her stood the buxom young cottage-mother with arms akimbo, looking down with a fond and proud smile.

It was a pretty homely travesty of the lofty vision of more than one great painter of old-time. Caryl, as the two young men paused and lifted their hats, glanced at his brother with a little smile as if to bespeak his appreciation of the resemblance; but Celia turned and quietly put the baby into its mother's arms, and came forward to speak to them; carefully gathering up the somewhat dusty and faded nosegay with which she had been presented.

There are certain commonplaces that come first to the lips, but as Celia spoke them her eyes turned a little wistfully from one to the other, as if asking whether she might attach any special meaning to this meeting of theirs; and it seemed so natural to Douglas that she, who was always in his thoughts, should know what troubled him, that he forgot to wonder how she could have guessed that it was years since they two had walked together.

The tinker's wagon creaked slowly past them as they stood talking, and Caryl asked whether Miss Hamerton was going back to the village, and whether he might accompany her. So after another moment or two they wished Douglas good-night, and strolled down the road together, while he went on alone towards High Ashes. It meant nothing; it was a mere geographical fact that Caryl's way led towards the Dower House and his own in the opposite direction; but it was not soothing to the young man's jealous fancy.

Worrying, however, would do no good, and Douglas had that resource in his work that the busy man always has, of an occupation which keeps the mind from dwelling on a disquieting subject, when there is no practical step to be taken to solve the difficulty. He went about his work industriously, but now and again the thought of Celia would recur.

All unknown to him a discovery had been made in the little Dower House which was working in his interest. It came about one day when Celia was busy with her "houswyfe skep," those little dainty operations that had seemed to Douglas so adorable when he had watched her coming and going amongst them. To the man who longed for a home and had never had one, it seemed the very quintessence of home that pervaded the little Dower House drawing-room, when Celia's soft hands dusted and arranged the pretty trifles that had been her grandmother's, or set a great "beau-foot" in the empty fireplace; and he had much ado not to thank the little housemaid for taking her "afternoon out," when Celia herself carried in the tea.

Grosser tasks being finished, the young mistress of the garden was making potpourri, and the air was full of the musk of roses as she spread out the crimson and pink and creamy petals in a sunny window-seat.

She was singing under her breath as she did so "Go, Lovely Rose," which might have been originally suggested by her occupation; but by the time she reached

(Continued on next page.)

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Diseases which Cause Almost as Many Deaths as Consumption

A cold settling on [illegible]

[illegible] ly trifling cough in the morning, [illegible] feelings, followed by a sense of [illegible] or going upstairs can [illegible] chest.

[illegible] consumption and yet [illegible] tion extending through many years, I am confident that fully *two-fifths* of all the deaths charged to co[illegible] neither tubercles nor the bacilli germs that are [illegible]

This is a most important fact, for bronchitis is [illegible] than consumption, every case [illegible] properly treated. It is only a [illegible] as such inflammation in any other part of the boc[illegible]

Consumptive bronchitis is not curable by medicine given by the stomach, nor by those hyperder- [illegible] is only by the direct [illegible] lining of the bronchi[illegible] is ever effected. The[illegible] nor in the blood, but [illegible] *there the remedies m[illegible]*

Nothing but a direct application of healing medicines, antiseptics and germicides to the very seat of the disease will effect the cure of this or any other lung case, and they [illegible] ing them in a gaseou[illegible] an air cavity and ca[illegible]

perfected and first successfully applied by me. It [illegible] scientific and common-sense [illegible] s. If it fails, nothing else could [illegible]

TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. L. A. Peer, [illegible]

Edward J. Raynor, [illegible] up lumpy, yellow matter, had fever and night sweats, and was brought to my bed from which I never expected to rise again. I am now strong and able to do my work, all shortness of breath is gone, I have gained my flesh back, and can eat and sleep as well as ever. From being a perfect wreck I have been rebuilt by Dr Hunter's [illegible] wishes further particulars of my experience of this wonderful treatment, can write or call on me. I know I owe my life to it, and believe all who suffer ought to know of it."

In order to obtain Dr. Hunter's book, "The Lungs [illegible] this paper, and address Dr. Robert Hunter Associates, 417 W. 45th Street, New York.

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CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE

THE TOUCHSTONE

the last verse "Then die—" came so trippingly off the tongue that it was plain that her thoughts had wandered far away. So, indeed, they had, being now occupied with the school treat, which the old Vicar always left to be arranged by his "right hand," as he called the girl whom he had known and loved from her cradle.

Celia was wondering with a spice of malice, whether there would be any limit to Mr. Allardyce's liberality this year, considering the near approach of the election, and whether it would be quite fair to play upon that and other secondary motives to obtain the loan of the Home Close for the children's games, and other privileges to which the urchins were hardly entitled.

The cogitations came suddenly to an end, and the song with them in the middle of a bar. She had been unfolding some old newspapers, on which to spread her rose-leaves; and folded inside one of them was something that at once attracted her attention.

It was a sheet of letter paper, written closely on three sides in a hand she did not know—a square, peculiar hand, of the kind that is full of character, and yet as legible as print. It did not seem to be a letter, for it had neither opening nor concluding phrase; and Celia had read more than half of it before she came to a name she knew, or anything like a clue to its meaning.

". . . I have held my tongue, I have tried to think I did not care, but it is no use; and I am fool enough to find it hard to believe that you have quite left off caring. There are only us two left in the world; it is not natural that we should be nothing to each other. When you went to India I could have sworn that you did care for me, and I—there was no good in talking, but I thought you knew what it cost me to part. I don't claim to be more constant than other men, but I didn't forget and I can't believe that you forgot either. I wonder sometimes whether anybody said or wrote anything, whether you believed that I had done anything. If it was so, you ought to have told me. We used to be afraid, I know, to thresh out any awkward question; but we are men now, and to quarrel even would have been better than this that we have done, it seems to me. God knows I don't grudge you my uncle's money! I cannot think that he treated me kindly, but if you have held off from me because you think I grudged it, you have done me a greater wrong than even he did. If you get this it will be because I am ill enough to frighten Hamerton into insisting on writing to you. Don't come, even if he asks it. There may be risk. I don't want you to come. But take my word, as you would take it on my death-bed, that I never knowingly said or did or thought anything that should have cost me my brother. If I get over this let us be friends again. If I don't, think of me as you did when we were at school together. I believe I shall know of it——"

That was all. The writing grew larger and less clear towards the end, and the last sentence did not seem to be finished. There were two or three false starts, and then a mark as though the pen had fallen on the paper, and the fourth side of the sheet was blank.

Celia laid it down, and sat deep in thought, absently turning over the rose-leaves with her finger-tips.

She knew now who had written it, though she had not guessed until nearly at the end. And she could guess when it had been written, and why it was so confused and incomplete. What she was wondering was whether it had been forgotten, or whether anything like it had ever been sent, and if so what had been the effect of it.

Celia had been aware of Martin's fancy that there might have been a quarrel between the brothers. She knew now that there had been a quarrel, or an estrangement which was worse. Had this put an end to it? or had the appeal been disregarded or perhaps never really made at all?

Surely, she thought, if Caryl Lingard had read this or anything like it, he would not have met his brother afterwards as she had seen them meet—with a greeting that might serve as being warm enough for two who had never parted, but was ice-cold when regarded as a possible reconciliation.

But no; she remembered that the letter had only been meant to go if Douglas Lingard had found himself really in for a serious illness. Probably when the doctor came and made light of their alarms, he had meant to destroy it and had not been able to find it. And now Fate had brought it into her hands.

Celia folded it carefully, and looked at it doubtfully and avoidingly. It seemed to her that she had seen a part of a man's very soul, something which in existing circumstances he had not meant to reveal to anybody. Generally speaking, one would restore MS. accidentally found to the writer; but it was very evident to her that Douglas Lingard did not want this unfinished letter of his, and she could not give it to him without letting him know that she had—however blamelessly—read what was never meant for her eyes. There was but one other person who had any possible right to it, and that was the person to whom it had been written. Celia felt a great desire to convey it somehow to Caryl Lingard, and was by no means sure that both brothers would not have reason to thank her if she did so. But on the whole she could not feel sure that she had any right to deliver a letter that the writer of it would certainly suppress if it were now in his hands. Nor could she ask advice, even from Martin.

She ended by re-reading the letter, and laying it by amongst her own most private and treasured possessions, making up her mind to write and see whether Irnie would not tell her what to do with it.

Necessarily it affected all her thoughts of Douglas Lingard. Not merely did she think of him far oftener than she would have done but for this find of hers, but she seemed to herself to know him so much better. He had not meant, perhaps, to confide in her, but he had confided the very inmost thought and desire of his heart.

Celia was sorry for the young man; for his lonely lot and his baffled yearnings towards the brother he seemed to have lost; she was interested also, fascinated by a hint of mystery. Was there no explanation but the vulgar and obvious one? was Caryl Lingard simply cold-hearted and self-interested, or had there been some mischief-making, some misunderstanding?

(To be Continued)

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Porto Rico's Children

The Excellent Sunday School Work that is Going on in the Little Island Under Devoted Missionaries

MOST encouraging letters have been received from Rev. Dr. Jamieson, the missionary superintendent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School in Porto Rico. He writes:

"The Herald's Sunday School is in a comparatively flourishing condition and [illegible]

A CLASS IN "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SUNDAY SCHOOL AT SAN JUAN

school is divided into four classes, viz., Miss Hayes, a most zealous worker, class of boys, Miss Dodds' class of girls, the Rev. Dr. McKim's class of Spanish adults, and the Rev. Mr. Young's class of U. S. soldiers. The Rev. Mr. McCormick, the Baptist minister at Rio Piedras, and a man of large experience in the missionary field, takes a deep and kindly interest in the welfare of this Sunday School and Mission station, and does all he can to promote its well-being. Besides THE CHRISTIAN HERALD School there are three others in San Juan, all doing a grand work, viz., the Lutheran, under the supervision of the Rev. Mr. Swenson, the Christian Brethren, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Erwin, and the Episcopal, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Pratt. There is also a good school in Catano, a suburb, in connection with the Lutheran Mission in the capital. In addition to these, there are flourishing Sunday Schools at Rio Piedras, Ponce, and Mayaguez, all doing most efficient work for the good of man and the glory of God.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School is steadily growing in numbers. All over the island the spiritual interests of the people are receiving every attention from the ministers of religion. These devout and godly men and women, who have come here to spend and be spent in behalf of suffering humanity, deserve the praise and thanks of every lover of Jesus Christ.

"Occasionally I meet persons here who take gloomy, pessimistic views of existing conditions and are disposed to ridicule the value of the efforts that are being made to deliver these benighted people from their intellectual and spiritual bondage. When one reflects that from the earliest colonial times the poor people of Porto Rico have been rigorously kept in a state of mental and spiritual slavery, surprise at their present low development seems entirely out of the question."

The first Sunday School in San Juan was organized in December, 1898, by what was known as the Christian Colonial Association. The Baptists have been most energetic in Sunday School work. They have had one Sunday School since May last, two since July and four since September. There are at the present time at least five other Sunday Schools on the island of Porto Rico.

Our photograph shows a class in the new Gospel hall, in which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School is held, in San Juan. Readers will observe the distinctively American style of the auditorium, with its Gospel texts upon the walls, and the arrangement of the seats, indicating that the modern form of evangelistic work is carried on. The class of Porto Rican children gives a very fair index of the general characteristics of the people; and, as in our own land, the American flag holds the place of honor. The little children of Porto Rico are learning to love the flag, and also to love and respect the gentle teachers who are bringing them to the light and knowledge of the blessed Gospel.

These contributions to the Porto Rican Sunday School work have been received:

Previously acknowledged	$599 08
C. M., Somerville	1 00
Linnie B. Larson	2 00
N. C. M., Nunda	1 50
Friends, Topsfield	2 50
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs. L. Frink	50
Mrs. Mary J. Hammond	50
Beth Rust	1 00
C. E. Mission Club, S. Lima	12 25
[illegible]	[illegible]
I. H. N., Haydenville	1 00
Through Miss M. J. Davis	1 00
Total	[illegible]

COFFEE EYES

Diseased and Weak Eyes Helped by Leaving off Coffee

"Father would never let his two daughters drink coffee, so until I was married I never learned to like it. When baby came, some of my lady friends advised me to take up tea and coffee, which I did, on their advice. Shortly after, I became extremely nervous, and my eyes began troubling me. This grew until I could neither read or sew, and the inflammation and pain was great.

"Our good doctor was baffled, and advised a shaded room. For a month I lived in darkness. My appetite failed; yet to keep up I still took the tea and coffee. Finally I went to visit in a family that used Postum Food Coffee instead of common coffee. I began to improve daily, and at the end of four weeks returned home, taking with me a package of Postum, and told the cook to prepare it for breakfast, but not one of us could drink the flat, insipid stuff, as served that morning.

"Suddenly we remembered poor Bridget could not read. I had the Postum prepared then according to directions, and found we could make it as well as my friend had. When the package gave out, it was so far from our ranch to the store, that we began to use some old-fashioned coffee we had in the house. At once my eyes began to inflame and pain. I naturally concluded that coffee was the cause of it; just why or how, no one could say, but I immediately discontinued the coffee, and as soon as some new Postum could be secured, began to use it again.

"This was four years ago, and since that time my eyes have given me no trouble but once; then I visited some friends, and rather than appear fussy, drank coffee whenever they did, anticipating no bad results, for my eyes had been strong so long, but in a day the head began to ache above the eyes and the eyes became bloodshot, and before the end of the week were so bad I was obliged to go home. No temptation since has been enough to make me touch coffee, and whenever I find a listener, I sing the praises of Postum Food Coffee. My father, who had been a coffee-user so many years, died while yet in his prime. 'Stomach and heart trouble,' the doctor said. Poisoned by coffee, I absolutely know." Mrs. Lena Austin, Placerville, Idaho.

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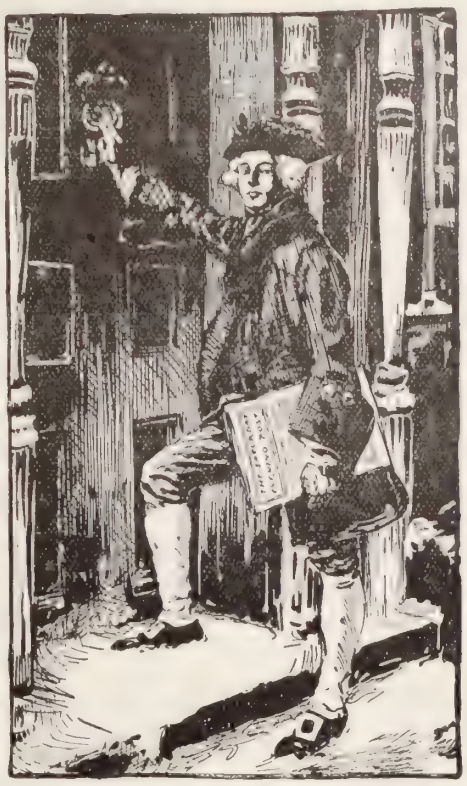
The Heavenly Record

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 31. Rev. 3:1-5.

MEN struggle at a disadvantage when their hearts are oppressed by a sense of loneliness. No matter what the conflict may be, no matter how unambitious the soul engaged in it may be, there is a better prospect of victory if it believe that its courage and valor are recognized by some one. We have a craving for sympathy, a satisfaction in knowing that some one is watching the battle and hoping that we shall be victorious. Mr. Gough used to describe his sensations on the day after he signed the pledge. He wanted a drink that morning worse than he had ever wanted it in his life. He was cold and miserable, and shivered from head to foot. Any doctor would have said he should have a drink—just one, to steady his nerves. But he had solemnly pledged himself never to touch it again. He could not work, could not settle to anything. His whole nature seemed to have turned to one all-consuming thirst. How could he resist? No one knew what he suffered. He must have just one drink. But just then a man whom he knew, shook him by the hand and told him how glad he was to hear that he had signed the pledge last night. "I suppose you are suffering badly this morning," his friend said. "But you will make a brave fight, I am sure. You have a hard lot before you for a day or two, but you will conquer in the end." Mr. Gough said: "Thank God, I think I can, now." That word of kindness and sympathy turned the tide and enabled him to win his battle with his mighty foe.

In the struggle that every man has to make with sin, he has the same need. Very often he is unable to speak of it to his most intimate friend. If he does speak of it, he may be misunderstood, or the difficulty may not be appreciated. His friend, who has not that particular propensity to evil, or not the propensity to the same form of evil, does not realize the intensity of the conflict, cannot see why the temptation should not be easily put aside. He does not know how strong a craving can be. So the poor, weary combatant fights on in darkness and loneliness. To such a man, how comforting is that assurance from One who reads the heart and knows how fierce the conflict is: "I know thy works;" and the certainty that the effort he is making is recorded in heaven! If he holds fast to that consciousness, there is hope of victory. His struggle is no longer solitary, but is carried on under the eye of One who watches it with keen interest and ardent desires for his success.

That is the real benefit that the promise of the record brings. He will, however, miss the benefit if he thinks of the record as a mere registration, a settled and completed transaction, which holds good in all circumstances. A famous writer describes a man who declared that he had never had any doubt of his salvation, after having a dream, in which he saw an open Bible and the words, "Calling and election sure," standing by themselves on the open page. This man afterwards committed grievous sin without compunction, satisfied that no matter what he might do, his name would never be blotted out of the Book of Life. Such a conception of the heavenly record is as false as it is mischievous. The record is a register of daily aspiration, of continuous effort after Christlikeness. It may be marred by faults; there may be failures, backward steps; but it is a record of struggle, in which desire and ardent longing count for something, even when achievement is lacking. To all who are misunderstood and are misjudged, this consolation is given. The real facts are known, the real motives are appreciated and the heavenly record bears witness to the sincerity and intensity of the effort. It is a record such as would not be kept on earth, nor, perhaps such as we ourselves would keep; for Christ has a standard of appreciation of his own. In his description of the final judgment, he represents himself as quoting from it, and rewarding his people for deeds that they had done but had forgotten—deeds of love done to him in the person of his people.



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WHY THE CONFEDERACY FAILED

Toward the end of the Civil War papers containing the plans of campaign, whereby Grant and Sherman were to coöperate, were mysteriously stolen from the War Department at Washington, and a trusted member of the Confederate Secret Service Bureau was deputed to put them into the hands of Jefferson Davis' Cabinet. This daring attempt and how it failed—an almost unknown chapter of history—are the subjects of an intensely interesting short story.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The ex-King's Christmas

THE Christmases of ex-King, or "Citizen" Joseph Bonaparte, at Bordentown, were events that were remembered for a generation. Mother Lucy had heard that ex-King Joseph had in his grand house a very mysterious iron box which was full of Christmas gifts. "Citizen Joseph," said she, "you have an iron box in your house. Is it full of gifts and has it a strange story?"

The children gathered around and Bellemere, the candy-man, stood listening. Said Citizen Joseph:

"If you and the candy-man and the schoolmaster and all the children in the school and out of it will visit me on Christmas night at my house, you shall all be welcome; and I will show you the gifts that I keep in the box."

Christmas eve brought a curious procession to the great mansion: the children, Lady Lucy and Bellemere; with them came the selectmen, the squire's wife, and the minister. Joseph Bonaparte's door seemed to open itself and to receive the rustic visitors. How splendid was the long hall with the solemn portraits and the gleaming gold of its chandeliers! There were great fires in all the rooms.

Mallard brought the box in. "You may open it," said Citizen Joseph to Mallard. The lid flew back. There were gems in the box. They burned. Gems were set in gold that burned. The people present had never dreamed of such beautiful jewels. Joseph Bonaparte lifted a golden star.

"I wore that when I stood by my brother Napoleon in his coronation robes. It was a gift to me; all the jewels were gifts to me—gifts of statesmen, princes, and kings. I well remember that day of the coronation, my friends. We were left alone for a moment—we two brothers who had lovingly wandered the beach together in Corsica—and what do you think the Emperor said to me? He said: 'What would father say if he were to see us now?' I said to Napoleon in those great days: 'The glorious Emperor will never replace to me the Napoleon I so much loved.'

"Napoleon! O Napoleon!"

The children began to cry and even the chin of Lady Lucy began to quiver.

He lifted a crown, a rim of gems, and said: "That was given to me in Spain. Friends, Napoleon gave me the crown of Spain. Here is his letter; let me read a word of it to you:

"'King Charles, by his treaty surrenders the crown of Spain to me. The nation asks for a king. I destine the crown of Spain to you.

'NAPOLEON.'

"Brother Napoleon came to write me: 'You are no longer king of Spain.' It was a letter of reproach. And what, then, were all these jewels? I replied: 'During your whole life I shall be your best friend.' In July, 1815, a courier announced in Paris: 'Our army is overwhelmed. It is night at Waterloo. Armies of men are dead and dying. We know not where the Emperor has gone.' My friends, his heart turned to me. He rode back to Paris and my heart sought his.

"'Brother,' I said to him, 'I offer to you all that I possess.'"

The room was still. The children looked frightened; they were not accustomed to hear such a Christmas call as that.

Playing Santa Claus

LIVINGSTONE had not had such a drive in years. The little form snuggled up against him, closer and closer; and the warm half sentences of childish prattle, as the little girl's imagination wove its fancies, came to him from amid the furs and made him feel as though he had left the earth and were driving in a new world. It was like a dream. Had youth come back? Was it possible?

The sleigh stopped in front of a great long building.

"You have to ring at the side-door at night," said the driver. He appeared to know a good deal about the hospital.

Livingstone sprang out, rang the bell and then stepped back.

"When they open the door you are to do all the talking," he said to Kitty as he lifted her down.

"Who shall I say rang?" she asked.

"Santa Claus's partner."

"No. You are not to mention my name. Remember!"

Before the child could reply the door opened a little way and a porter looked out. "Who's there?" he called to the sleigh, rather overlooking the little figure in the snow.

"Santa Claus's partner," said Kitty.

"What do you want?" He peered out at the sleigh. He was evidently sleepy and a little puzzled. "We don't take in anything at this hour except patients." He looked as though he were about to shut the door, when a woman's voice was heard within speaking to him, and the next moment the door was opened wide and he gave way as a matronly figure came forward and stood in the archway.

"Who is it?" she asked in a very pleasant voice, looking down at the little figure in the snow before her.

"Santa Claus's partner," said Kitty, gazing up at her.

"What do you want, dear?" The voice was even pleasanter.

"To leave some presents for the children."

"What children?"

"All the good children—all the sick children, I mean—all the children," said Kitty.

"Come in," said the matron, and the little figure enveloped in the shaggy cape and hood walked in under the big arch followed by the sleigh, whilst Livingstone withdrew a short distance into the shadow.

It was some time before the doors opened again and Kitty reappeared, but Livingstone did not mind it. It was cold, too, but neither did he mind that. He was warm.

Just then across the town the clocks began to sound the midnight hour, and as they ceased, from somewhere far-away church bells, mellowed by the distance, began to chime the old Christmas hymn:

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Suddenly in the snow before him stood a little figure muffled in a shaggy cape with hood half thrown back. The childish face was uplifted in the moonlight. With lips half parted she too was listening, and for a moment Livingstone could hardly take in that she was real.

"He that is warm thinks all so." Thousands are "cold" in that they do not understand the glow of health. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives all who take it the warmth of perfect health.

OLD POINT COMFORT.

Six-Day Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The first of the 1899-1900 series of personally conducted tours to Old Point Comfort via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Thursday, December 28.

Tickets, including luncheon going trip and one and three-fourths days' board at Old Point Comfort, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold at rate of $15.00 from New York; $13.50 from Trenton; $12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents: Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

**The Bordentown Story-Tellers, or Little Lady Lucy and the Merry Berry Pickers.* By Hezekiah Butterworth. Pp. 251; price $1.25. Publishers, A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

†From *Santa Claus's Partner*, a very neat and interesting book, by Thomas Nelson Page, well bound in cloth and gold, and handsomely illustrated with colored plates; pp. 177, price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York City.

Why Still More?

The use of Van Houten's Cocoa as a daily beverage in family life is continually increasing. Why? The explanation is simple enough. Because the highest Medical Authorities recommend it as a food drink, and because experience teaches that Van Houten's Cocoa ought to be chosen before all other drinks. It is refreshing and strengthening, without the pernicious after-effects peculiar to Tea and Coffee. It is a good nourisher and flesh-former. In addition, Van Houten's Cocoa is not expensive, as a 1-lb. tin will furnish from 100 to 120 cups. You cannot take too much of this healthy, easily-digestible drink; and even after the fullest use, the flavor never palls on the taste, but comes both fresh and refreshing.

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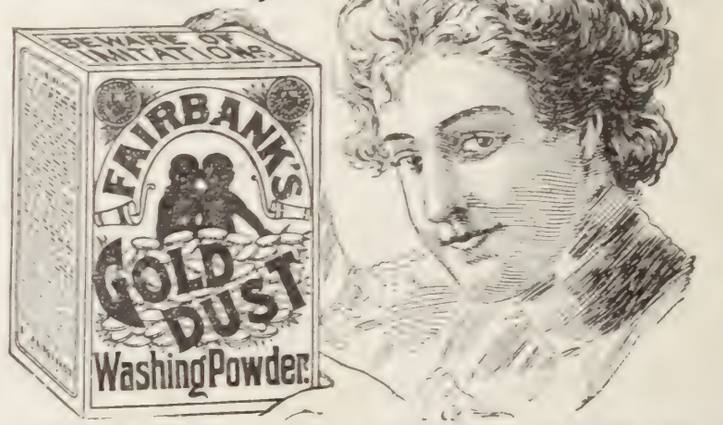
Woman's Best Friend
Dirt's Worst Enemy



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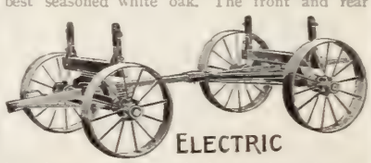
If you want the best low down wagon you should buy the Electric Handy Wagon. It is the best because it is made of the best material; the best broad tired Electric Wheels; best seasoned white hickory axles; all other wood parts of the best seasoned white oak. The front and rear



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hounds are made from the best angle steel, which is neater, stronger and in every way better than wood. Well painted in red and varnished. Extra length of reach and extra long standards supplied without additional cost when requested. This wagon is guaranteed to carry 4000 lbs. anywhere. Write the Electric Wheel Co., Box 136, Quincy, Illinois, for their new catalogue which fully describes this wagon, their famous Electric Wheels and Electric Feed Cookers.

THE "CLEAN CUT" CAKE TIN

prevents cakes from sticking and produces a perfect cake. It is made of best quality tin with a flat, thin knife, securely riveted in center and at ends. Simple and durable. Sample sent prepaid on receipt of 15c. Agents send 6 cents postage for free samples. We are the largest manufacturers of Pure Aluminum, Scotch Granite and Tin Ware in the world. Address Dept. T.

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$3.00 to $10.00 a day can be easily made working for me. People preferred who can furnish their own team. Apprentices must furnish satisfactory reference as to character and standing. B. F. Johnson, 901 E. Main St., Richmond, Virginia.

Our Calendar

NEVER did we make an investment for the benefit of our subscribers that made more friends for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD than when we ordered 100,000 Home Sunshine Calendars. Tens of thousands of letters gratefully acknowledging its receipt have reached us, and we are more glad than words can express that the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family who have thus far taken advantage of our offer are perfectly delighted. One subscriber writes us that he placed it under glass that he may retain it unsoiled "forever." Another says that its bright colors have made the parlor more cheerful and more atttactive.

Everybody is pleased and we are happy. Our new lot is going fast. We charge only ten cents, which just about pays for handling, tubing, and postage. It is only a nominal charge which, of course, will not begin to compensate us. But we delight in contributing to the happiness of our subscribers and we endeavor to take advantage of every reasonable opportunity to bring within their reach real bargains such as this.

The chronology of important events arranged according to days, showing just what took place during the past 100 years on any one day, was a happy idea and cannot be found anywhere else. As each calendar sheet—six in all—represents two months, each sheet has all the important events of the century which occurred during those particular two months on the reverse, and thus the progress of the world can be conveniently followed day by day. Take for instance the ninth day of September. We read on the back of our Home Sunshine Calendar that the following events occurred on that day. Please note that the years run in chronological order:

9 Duchy of Holstein is declared part of Danish monarchy, 1806.
9 Russia, Austria, and Prussia become allied by treaty of Toplitz, 1813.
9 King William IV., of Great Britain, is crowned, 1831.
9 California is admitted into the Union, 1850.
9 New Mexico is organized as a territory, 1850.
9 After storming the Malakoff and Redan, the Allies capture Sebastopol, 1855.
9 Garibaldi proclaims Victor Emanuel King of Italy, 1860.
9 President Johnson proclaims general amnesty, 1867.
9 Great Britain pays United States the "Alabama" claims award, 1873
9 Spain lands 15,000 more troops in Cuba, 1895.
9 Spanish army in Philippines is reinforced, 1896.
9 Joint American and Spanish Military Commission for Porto Rico meets in San Juan, 1898.

And thus the history of events is given for a hundred years day by day. The Chronology is worth dollars—but it goes with the calendar at ten cents **to members of The Christian Herald family exclusively.**

Every one of the six sheets has a different design printed in twelve colors on Eggshelled Cardboard, and each sheet is about the size of a CHRISTIAN HERALD page. The six sheets are neatly gathered with a silk ribbon, as a hanger.

We cannot get another lot until the end of February. Hence, you must positively act immediately if you desire a Calendar. Add 10 cents to your subscription, or 20 cents for two, and should the Calendars be exhausted when your order reaches us, we will extend your subscription one month beyond the term for every ten cents received. Of course we shall send you a postal advising you that you are too late, but this method will avoid the expense and the risk of returning your ten cents, and yet give you full value for the money paid. **Act today and you will be in time.**

A Grand Confession

I remember some meetings being held in a locality where the tide did not rise very quickly, writes Mr. Moody, and bitter and reproachful things were being said about the work. But one day one of the most prominent men in the place rose and said: "I want it to be known that I am a disciple of Jesus Christ, and if there is any odium to be cast on his cause, I am prepared to take my share of it."

It went through the meeting like an electric current, and a blessing came at once to his own soul and to the souls of others.

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Wonderful Results from Gloria Tonic the New Cure for Rheumatism—Cured Many Cases that Doctors and Hospitals Failed to Cure.

Recent Tests on Persons Between 70 and 80 Years Discloses the Wonderful Fact That Aged Persons Are Almost as Quickly Cured as Younger Ones.

A Trial Package of This Marvelous Remedy Free to All Who Will Take the Trouble to Write—Write To-Day, for It Is a Wonderful Remedy.

A man never grows so old that he can get accustomed to the pains of rheumatism. Four old people, whose addresses are given below, went through years of constant suffering until they tried the new remedy, Gloria Tonic. It cured them so completely that they were anxious that their recovery be published in order that other afflicted persons may profit by their good fortune. Owing to their advanced age they considered their condition very critical, especially so after having exhausted every known remedy. They heard of Gloria Tonic, tried it, and the result was glorious indeed as shown by the following extractions from their letters. Mr. John Mesel, of Okarche, Okla., a gentleman of 70, wrote the maker of Gloria Tonic in a recent letter as follows:—"I am 70 years of age, and since using Gloria Tonic I feel healthier than I did for many years for which I am very thankful." Miss Emily Kreuter, of No. 339 North Winchester Ave., Chicago, Ill., expresses herself as follows:—"My mother, who is 75 years of age, was cured through Gloria Tonic after everything else failed." Mr. Michael Muth, of Perrysburg, Ohio, a gentleman 77 years of age, reports equally as favorable, saying:—"My right arm was totally lame, could only sleep two hours a night and expected to remain a cripple. I could not even dress myself, but thanks to the Lord Gloria Tonic cured me completely." Mrs. Catharine Muller, of Meggers, Wis., an old lady of 80, declares that Gloria Tonic cured her when all other remedies failed. This remedy enabled her to plant and work her vegetable garden as in former years. In thousands of other instances the results have been the same. It might interest the readers that Mr. Smith has been a sufferer from rheumatism himself, and by a lucky chance hit upon a combination of drugs which completely cured him after his case had baffled every doctor that treated him. Mr. Smith will send a free trial package to any reader having rheumatism who will send their address. His full address is John A. Smith, 530 Summerfield Church Building, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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FREE: We will ship a Piano or Organ anywhere upon the distinct understanding that if it is not satisfactory to purchaser after twelve months' use, we will take it back.

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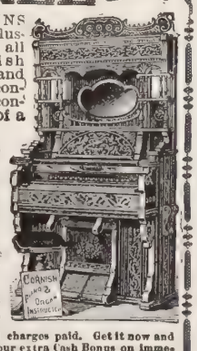

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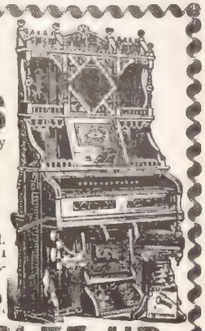

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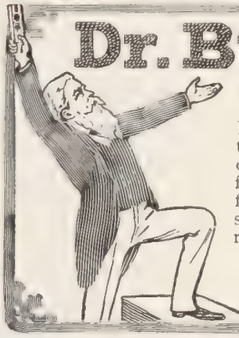

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30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.—This luxurious couch will be sent **free** on 30 days' trial to all entire large purchasers who will send us their freight address and give us satisfactory references as to their responsibility. After thirty days' trial, if not satisfied that the couch is worth every cent of $15.00 or if not all we represent return it to us **at our expense.** We cannot do more than this to show our belief in the quality and price of our goods. We have couches at all prices. A postal card will secure our new catalogue of couches and upholstered furniture. **Established 1857.**

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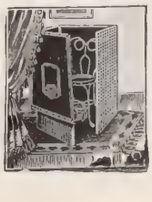

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To Christian Herald Readers:

The 8th of last month, on this page, we told you our story of MAYWOOD COLONY, CALIFORNIA: and, so far as we could, we illustrated and proved the story by the introduction of views made from photographs taken on the Colony. This time others tell their stories. Read and see if their statements do not corroborate our claims.

Edward Cook, of Deadwood, So. Dak., says: I had invested in ten acres before visiting Maywood Colony. There were two features connected with your proposition I wished especially to investigate for myself. The first was in regard to the Fruit Association, the kind of stock planted, and the care given the orchards. The second was, whether fruit could be raised without irrigation. On both points I was fully satisfied. The association seemed to be doing their work honestly and thoroughly. The orchards were as thrifty, and loaded with as fine fruit as I saw in Southern California. I am fully satisfied with my investment, and can heartily endorse your proposition.

M. P. Graves, of Corning, says: Maywood Colony is the liveliest place that I have struck in all my travels, and when you look over the country, it is plain that it is the coming fruit center of California. It makes the eyes of a tenderfoot bulge to see the fruit that went through the colony drier this season.

Prof. John Alcock, of Baltimore, Wis., says: My experience and observation are that the healthfulness of Maywood is most excellent. Nature has bountifully provided two essential elements of good health — pure air and pure water. In many cases the water has cured bad cases of rheumatism and kidney troubles, while the air is exceedingly beneficial for all throat and lung diseases. A friend of mine recently had to leave Wisconsin on account of asthma and an incessant cough. He went to Maywood and inside of a week after getting there the asthma and the cough had both left him. To sum up Maywood Colony in a few words, it is greatly superior to most other parts of California in the productiveness and variety of its fruits, in the richness of its soil, in its health-giving climate, in its beautiful scenery and nearness to mountain resorts, in its school and church privileges, and in the intelligence and excellence of its society.

Rev. W. W. Percival, of Aspen, Colo., says: I visited Maywood during the past summer. Having purchased twenty-two acres of land there some time before, I thought I would go and take a look at it. I found it to be just as represented, and am well pleased with it. While there I contracted with the Fruit Association to plant my land this winter, and I expect in the course of time to make Maywood my future home.

J. R. Russell, with Deering Harvester Co., of Chicago, says: I paid Maywood Colony a visit about two months ago, and after remaining there several days and looking the ground well over there was no doubt left in my mind that Maywood Colony is not only an assured success, but soon will be one of the prettiest and most profitable colonies in California. I found everything just as represented by the owners, Foster & Woodson.

F. W. Waite, of 371 Connecticut St., Buffalo, N. Y., says: Maywood Colony has as fine a climate as can be found anywhere in the state. The soil is of the very best, producing anything that grows in a semi-tropical climate. The religious, social, educational and amusement conditions are much more advanced than in many a place twice the population of Corning. I saw with my own eyes, also made photographs of trees from four to seven years old loaded with fruit which had never been irrigated. I spent the greater part of last July and August on my Western trip, visiting a great many fruit-growing sections from Southern California as far north as Seattle, Wash. After seeing the best sections, I made a second visit to Maywood and selected a piece of land.

J. A. Bennett, Agent C. St. P. M. & O. Ry., Ellsworth, Wis., says: The tree growth and the crop of fruit I saw were simply wonderful, and I found every statement made by Foster & Woodson regarding Maywood Colony was correct in every detail. In fact, what one sees when visiting Maywood far exceeds what is claimed for it. I am well pleased with my lot and its growth of olives. I am of the opinion that in a few years Maywood will be one of the most beautiful spots in California; and the climate is certainly all that heart could desire. I believe as an investment —if properly handled—for fruit raising, the returns will far exceed what its promoters claim for it; and as a home—simply a Garden of Eden with the unlimited privilege of partaking of any and all its delicious varieties of fruit, granted to all the Eves therein, waiving all restrictions and penalties. What more could we desire?

E. T. Eichner, Merchant, Oil City, Pa., says: Since my visit to the Colony in the spring I am very restless here, as I feel sure the proposition has a great future, and I hope to see a population of 10,000 or more in and around Corning; which, by the way, should be "Maywood," and when I move to the Colony I will see to having it changed. I had read of Maywood Colony for a long time before going to see it, and was delighted with the plan of same, but hesitated about investing in a farm "on paper," as, no doubt, hundreds of others are doing to-day. I wish to say here, however, that I was entirely satisfied to put my money into it after a personal investigation, and I think I have as nice a twenty acres as there is in the Colony. Through the courtesy of your people, I visited every portion of the Colony; saw the fruit trees growing and full of fruit,—remarkably so, considering the age of the trees, —and found every statement of F. & W. verified by the actual conditions and results.

Dr. B. G. Arnold, of Downington, Pa., says: I have read the colony literature pretty thoroughly since 1894. Recently I had the pleasure of a trip through California, spending two days on Maywood Colony, and I cannot recall a statement of fact that I did not find absolutely true. I believe Maywood Colony to be an honest proposition throughout, conducted by honest men. The orchards looked as thrifty and fruitful as any I saw in the State.

R. E. Boyns, with Southern Pacific Ry., San Francisco, Cal., says: My visit to Maywood Colony convinced me that the land is worth many times the price asked for it. It is a rich friable garden loam, and there seems to be miles of it in all directions. The rainfall averages twenty-seven inches, making it possible to grow the finest fruit without irrigation, which is a great advantage on account of the quality being so much better. If water is needed, however, a well of from twelve to twenty-five feet will reach it anywhere. Four-year-old orchards last year yielded $110 per acre, and the same orchards this year reached $180. This result has been attained by the expenditure of about $130 per acre, which includes the price of the land, and the care and cultivation of the orchard for four years. There cannot be the slightest doubt in the world about the natural advantages of Maywood Colony. The only other question is: Is the management in honest hands? I am bound to say I believe it is. From a long experience of men and things—including several years practice as a barrister in the largest criminal court in the world—my judgment of Foster & Woodson is that they are not only very honest, but very capable men, and well worthy of any trust that may be reposed in them. I bought some land from them, leaving the selection of it entirely to them, and on personal examination since I have found it to be as good as there is in the Colony, without a waste inch on it.

John Henry, of 3511 Comly St., Philadelphia, says: I was very much taken up with the fine orchards, and the fine fruit grown there without irrigation. I also found everything just as represented in your Advocates. Maywood Colony certainly has a bright future, and I hope to have a share in it. I fully expected to be a resident of the Colony by this time, but circumstances will not permit, as I have not yet succeeded in selling my business here. Just as soon as I can sell you can count me in at Maywood. I have no objection to giving any one interested the benefit of my investigation, for I think a man has a better chance to save money there than he has here.

James Murdock, of Evans, Montana, says: "After spending about a week visiting Maywood last summer, I was so much impressed with the splendid fruit crop, the healthy condition of the trees, the class of people that were resident colonists, and the kindness of Mr. Foster and employees, that I became a Colonist, and intend to make my home there in the near future. Judging from the present conditions, I have not the least hesitation in endorsing your Colony proposition as being one that a man with small means can take up, and in a few years find himself and family in comfortable circumstances, in a good climate, surrounded by desirable neighbors, handy to church, schools, post-office, stores, etc., and will have himself to blame if he is not happy 'under his own vine and fig tree.'"

Hiram Confer, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, says: "I visited Maywood Colony last summer and was well pleased with what I saw. Indeed, so much so, that I came home and immediately put my farm on the market, and would have been there ere this had I succeeded in selling. We further say I [illegible] your Maywood Colony Advocates. We expect to go to Maywood and make it our home as soon as arrangements can be made."

Doctor Frank Dunlap, of Brunswick, [illegible] Maywood Colony the first part of last April, and while there I looked into your proposition. I was so much impressed with it that I made a purchase of ten acres. I [illegible] and in my opinion the town of Corning will be a city of 20,000 people in [illegible]

C. D. Smith, Agent S. P. R. R., Corning Cal., says: "All that is necessary to convince the most skeptical person in the country that Maywood Colony is a success, is a personal inspection. The orchards of four and five years of age are loaded with fruit of good quality—loaded till trees are being wrecked from the load they carry. This [illegible] good for fruit, and that the promoters plant and develop orchards that bear fruit of salable quality. As to the reliability of Foster & Woodson, I have never heard a word against them. Energetic, successful years they have worked diligently, conservatively and squarely, with the result that about 12,000 acres of land, in a contiguous body, have been sold in ten-acre sub-divisions. If success be the reward of merit, then surely a success they are. Their buyers come from every State in the Union, and they even reach buyers in Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, Mexico, Canada and the Hawaiian Islands."

W. R. Bathrick, Court Reporter of Norwalk, Ohio, says: I went to maywood Colony and found that what I had heard and read of it was literally true. The picture has not been overdrawn. I also found that in every instance that came under my observation—where intelligent care, and proper cultivation had been bestowed—orchards were in a thrifty, and, where old enough, in a bearing condition.

1. Pear Orchard. 2. Peach Orchard. 3. Prune Orchard

at Maywood Colony, California

Especially was this true in regard to pears, prunes and peaches. The apricot crop had already been harvested before my visit to Maywood.

To my eye, it made a most enchanting view to look down the long line of shapely, highly cultivated, and perfectly pruned trees in the orchards of apricots, pears, peaches and prunes. My memory yet retains the vivid impress of a glorious living picture viewed from the summit of a hill overlooking the town of Corning—a varied picture with a background of mountains keeping sentinel over the vine-clad and verdant valley at their feet. It was a glorious panorama not soon to be forgotten: and while not as rugged and sublime as other scenes in the state present, it was [illegible] inspiring I saw there.

In short, I was so well pleased with Maywood and its environments that I purchased ten acres of land there, and have had the most of it planted to olives and deciduous fruits. I fully expect to make Maywood my home as soon as practicable.

God's richest blessings be upon Maywood is the prayer of one who is deeply interested in its welfare.

Geo. A. McNeil, of Centralia, Kan., says: "I spent a very pleasant week or ten days in and about Corning and Maywood Colony last summer. I was pleased with Maywood Colony and vicinity; so much so, that I told my folks when I got home that, if spared, I intended to make Corning my future home. I became acquainted with quite a number of the colonists, and found them almost without exception, satisfied and happy. As to the firm of Foster & Woodson I have entire confidence in their responsibility and integrity, and I consider the proposition they offer as liberal as can be made on sound business principles. Since I have seen the Colony, and am acquainted with the workings of the company, I shall own land in Maywood Colony as soon as I can dispose of my interests here."

John Alden, of Cando, No. Dak., says: In reading your Advocate last winter I became very much interested in the settlement at Corning, and while making a trip West this summer, I made it a point to stop off at Corning to see for myself what there was to it. I found it all you represent it to be, and a little more. There is no [illegible] one of the first fruit-producing sections of the United States, and that is saying a good deal. The climate is all you claim for it, and for those wishing to settle where there is perpetual summer, they [illegible]

R. M. Glazbrook, of Las Vegas, New Mexico, says: I went to Corning and went thoroughly over the Colony, and made a very thorough investigation of the whole proposition, and can honestly say that I did not find that Foster & Woodson had misrepresented anything in any manner whatsoever. In fact, things were even more in my favor than they do. I was very agreeably surprised, and I consider one of the best proofs of my satisfaction is that I bought a lot of ten acres before returning home, and have just made arrangements to have it planted this season. I consider any one lucky who gets into Maywood Colony on the ground floor, as it were, for they will, without a doubt, in a few years, reap the benefit of a judicious investment."

W. F. Bartsch, of Corning, Cal., says: I have investigated, and found things just about as represented, and nothing misrepresented. Everything seems favorable to fruit raising; soil is of good quality, and can be adapted for all kinds that grow readily in Southern California. Irrigation for deciduous fruits is not necessary as the water is [illegible] the surface, keeping the soil around the roots moist. There are no insects or pests to kill trees. I bought a beautiful orchard, with trees all five years old, and bearing heavily this season. My candid opinion is that Maywood Colony is a coming success, and if a person does not become a millionaire in several years, one can find a good living, be independent, and have a good climate and community to live in. I found a bright and enterprising lot of people on the Colony, all happy and [illegible] I found a great many homes already there and [illegible] preparations to build.

C. M. Woodland, of Corning, California, says: Standing on one of the [illegible] and looking over the broad, fertile panoramas spread around, one is simply astounded at the vast work that has been accomplished in five short years. Olives almonds, oranges, apricots, peaches, prunes and nectarines in almost [illegible] where five years ago not a house, barn, or tree of any description gladdened the eye; full-grown orchards; half-grown orchards and yearling orchards, houses finished, half-finished, and just [illegible] as far as the eye can see. To-day it is not a question of whether or not peaches can be made profitable, but one that has already been solved, and a question whether the reader can get carpenters to complete his houses. It is not a question with the lumber yard as to whether their sales will pay them enough to warrant their carrying a stock; it is whether they can get enough lumber to supply the demand. It is not a question as to whether there is work for some of us caring for our fruit, but whether we shall be able to secure help enough to gather and care for it as it ripens. It is not a question any longer of whether a man can find work during our pruning, planting, and cultivating season, but whether men, teams and trees enough can be had to do the work. Few even of our own people realize the wonderful work that is going on here. Few have stopped to think of the number of acres covered by the Maywood Colonies, of the amount of fruit raised; of the number of houses built, of the orchards that have been planted; of the number employed on the Colony, and of the amount of money paid out for labor on orchards alone. In the past seventy days there has been an average of one house started each day. We have a beautiful new hotel, large and commodious, but not large enough to accommodate the number of guests constantly arriving, and an annex is to be built at once. The hotel is piped for gas, and is lighted by electricity. We have telephonic connections all over the State. Very many of our private houses are supplied [illegible] Electric power is used for raising water, and for such other purposes as power is needed; and the cost for such lighting and power is very reasonable. You will find no idle men here. Every one who wants to work can usually find work to do. The system here employed has worked [illegible] and it is to be the [illegible] understood that this is not a place for a man to come hunting a job. The work is all for [illegible] and prosperous hire. If more labor is needed the [illegible] is then given a chance. But Maywood County for Maywood Colonists. First last and all the time has been and is the watchword of Foster & Woodson; and the result has been successful beyond the understanding of most of us.

W. A. Fish, County Recorder of Tehama County, Red Bluff, Cal., says: Since 1892 hundreds of deeds have been filed for record in this office by Messrs. Foster & Woodson, covering lots in their several Maywood Colonies, and as yet the first defect in title made by them is to be found. The land of the Maywood Colonies has been transferred but few times since coming from the U. S. Government, and the title to said land is easily traced. My opinion is that no one contemplating the purchase of land in the Maywood Colonies should be deterred by the fear of questionable title. Messrs. Foster & Woodson are fixtures in this county, and their business policy is evidently that which will enable them to continue to enlarge their enterprise indefinitely. Official duties are too onerous to enable me to enter into general correspondence with the inquiring public relative to Maywood Colony, but I cheerfully say that to this land good and perfect titles are made.

Bank of Tehama County, Red Bluff, California, says: For eight years Foster & Woodson, owners of "Maywood Colony," in this county, have carried an account with this bank, and during that time we have attended to many commissions in the way of holding payments in escrow pending the execution and delivery to us of Deeds conveying property in said Colony to Eastern buyers. In all such cases perfect Deeds have been made, and in the mutual interest of Messrs Foster & Woodson and those who would avail themselves of our services, we will, in all cases of cash transactions, receive such remittances, and proceed to secure deeds to such lands as may have been arranged for between the buyer and the sellers. When it is desired that deeds be recorded before being forwarded to the buyer, the recording fee of $1.00 should accompany the purchase price of the property. Our service charge in such transactions is made against the account of Messrs. Foster & Woodson. We say in advance, and positively, too, that our regular banking business precludes the possibility of our entering into general correspondence with the public concerning "Maywood Colony." We can, as before stated, be used only as an agent through which to transact the business specified, but in no other capacity in connection with the "Maywood Colony."

If your health is not good the climate and outdoor life at Maywood may be just what you need. If you're not doing well where you are, Maywood, with its many opportunities for prosperity, may be the place you're looking for. If you'd like to correspond with former residents of the East, but now colonists, write to C. M. Woodland, N. G. Kent, or G. H. Flournoy, all of CORNING, CAL. If you think you'd like to move to or invest in California, yet don't know how to go about it—don't know what such a move costs—send for our prospectus. It arranges the whole plan, and is FREE.

If you care to read up on the fruit industry of California, from the planting of the tree to the sale of the fruit; if you want to learn of the effect of climate on ill-health; if you want to know of the labor or business opportunities in California, you can get all this information, and more, too, in a twice-a-month paper we publish. Send 24 cents in stamps and receive 24 nicely illustrated numbers. WATCH FOR OUR ANNOUNCEMENT IN THIS PAPER OF JAN. 17, 1900.

FOSTER & WOODSON,

Eastern Office, Corner Broadway and 26th St., NEW YORK CITY.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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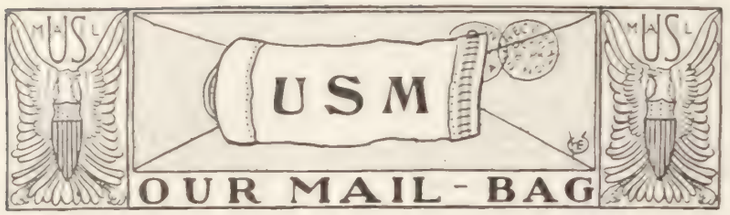
PRICE FIVE CENTS

Returning from the Last Service of the Dying Year

"The winter winds are wearily sighing; Toll ye the church bells, sad and slow; And tread softly and speak low, for the Old Year lies a-dying!"



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date for which they are intended.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even when stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper.
8. Address all communications intended for this department.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Questions to Be Answered Jan. 3

institutions of learning in the more prominent nations

4. Since the beginning of the Christian era, who lived

Christ's injunction to "Take therefore no thought for

7. Is there any well-authenticated instance of dreams

an to contribute to the Lord's work when should he first pay his creditors?

9. Is a Christian woman justified in wearing jewelry, other than her watch and wedding ring?

10. Is there any real reason, physiological or religious,

Questions to Be Answered Jan. 10

1. At what age may a young person be properly admitted to all the privileges of church membership?

2. Is it possible for a backslider to be lost?

tive strength of the Spanish and American fleets at the

4. Should Sabbath observance be so strict as to pre-

5. Has capital punishment been abolished in any

6. May it not be considered as possible for Christian parents to so train their children as to make absolutely sure of their moral and spiritual welfare?

7. What five (or seven) hymns in the English language

8. Name the verse of Scripture which most explicitly states the doctrine of Christ's substitution.

9. Is the breaking of a solemn engagement of mar-

10. Is a church justified in holding a fair to raise money for church purposes?

Questions to Be Answered Jan. 17

1. Is godliness profitable in this life? That is, are the temporal affairs of a righteous man prospered through his

2. Which of America's poets, living or dead, is entitled to be considered her leading bard?

in the United States still in existence?

heard to attend church with her?

Christianity warrant our claiming that the cause of

by reason of service rendered to the public, to be con-

person who has not been converted or who has not pub-

10. What measure passed by our national legislature

Questions of the Week

1. Who may be justly considered the most important character of the nineteenth century?

Abraham Lincoln. Rare, indeed, was the mingling in him of genius and of common sense; wonderful the power of presenting the most difficult thought in phrase so homely, as to make the truth appreciable by all. But he was a man of works as well as words. The Emancipation Proclamation which he issued, sweeping away as it did the institution of American slavery in the United States, after an existence of more than two centuries, was certainly one of the most important documents of modern times.

> The kindly, earnest, brave, far-seeing man:
> Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame;

Thus sings the poet, but thus also must speak the sober, impartial historian. Lincoln seemed the typical American with the royal quality of genius added. Many great men understand only men of their own kind; but Lincoln understood men of all kinds and from every section of the land; seemed himself, as one has said, "to be all men by turns as mood succeeded mood in his strange nature. He came to his national task with a self-trained capacity which no man could match." AMELIA HOYT.

2. Is it right to keep the house of God closed all the week, except for services on Sunday and the weekly prayer meeting?

The location of a church must be considered in deciding whether it should be opened except on Sunday and for the week-night services. The plan of opening a church, situated in a crowded locality, merely as a place for temporary retirement, is a good one, as it offers an opportunity for quiet retreat for weary and

freely than they are. The success of institutional churches where tried, demonstrates the fact that the usefulness of our houses of worship can be extended. In many more of the churches, gatherings not distinctly religious, though certainly not irreligious, could be held with advantage. Given a live pastor and an aggressive church membership, a church building could be made a centre of attraction and usefuln[illegible] least diminishing the spi[illegible] increase true spirituality. D. S. BROWN.

3. Which is the oldest Protestant church in the United States?

On October 15, 1898, a delegation of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which was holding at that time a general convention in the city of Washington, visited the site of the first Protestant Church in America. It was built in the old colony of Jamestown, in 1610, by command of Lord Delaware, of bricks brought from England, and furnished with a bell (likewise from England), the ringing of which, twice a day, admonished the people to address themselves to prayer, in what place soever they might be. Of this building, only the tower remains standing at the present time. This church had been preceded by a barn-like structure of wood, hastily constructed in 1607, by the first settlers, under Sir Walter Raleigh's stout old captain, Christopher Newport, who landed here May 14, 1607. Their first act on landing was to gather under the shelter of an old sail suspended from the trees, a company of one hundred and five souls, and join in a service of thanksgiving, conducted by Rev. Robert Hunt, in accordance with the forms of the English national church. M. E. BEAUCHAMP.

4. What is the status of the dead between death and the Judgment Day?

The statements in the Bible on the subject are not direct or explicit. Any opinion we may form or any doctrine we may hold in the matter must therefore be based on inference. The passage most frequently referred to, is that of Christ's parable of Dives and Lazarus (Luke 16:19-31). This implies that at a time when the brothers of Dives were still alive, and therefore before the resurrection, both Dives and Lazarus were in a state of conscious existence, the one in misery and the other in happiness. It may be doubted, however, whether Christ intended this parable to be accepted literally in all its details; especially as he represents the persons as seeing each other and conversing across "the great gulf." A more direct statement is that of St. Matthew 22:32, where Christ, speaking of the declaration of God that he is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, says that he "is not the God of the dead but of the living;" implying that the three patriarchs were then alive. Paul appears to have had the same belief. In comparing his condition with that on which he expected to enter at death (Phil. 1:23), he says the latter would be "far better." A man so intensely active and energetic as he, would not have regarded it as "far better," if he had expected to lie unconscious in the grave until the resurrection. From all these and other passages, we are, in my opinion, justified in hoping that at death we enter into a state of conscious existence,

[illegible] will be still further developed on that [illegible] scribed in I. Cor. 15:35-45, when God [illegible] l body. J. INFREE.

5. What was the religious belief of Abraham Lincoln?

Although Lincoln lost his mother when he was only nine years old, he had imbibed from her teachings a strong faith in a divine overruling Providence, which served him in good

brother, bidding him tell father "to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity," and adds, "He notes the fall of a sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads, and he will not forget the dying man

his best-known speeches. In the memorable Bateman interview, prior to his inauguration as President, he declared his faith that God hated injustice and slavery, and added, "I know I am right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God." In leaving Springfield to assume the Presidency Lincoln acknowledged the aid of divine providence, and asked his friends to pray that he might have divine assistance in his task. Acknowledgments of God are found in many other speeches. His reliance upon God's guidance and blessing were frequently expressed. A. R. ROBERTS.

6. Is marriage a help to success in life?

Yes. It is a matter of common observation in every grade of society, that the married man is the successful man. By success, I do not mean mere money-getting. Of course, we must start on the basis that one is favorably married. If one seeks social or political preferment, a good wife will be a source of

ways of gambling. If he seeks fame through literature, art, or the kindred vocations, he needs the stimulus of the intuitive mind of a woman. He needs a wife to help him meet the reverses, incident to every success.
G. W. STEPHENSON.

7. What event of the nineteenth century must be regarded as having resulted most beneficially to mankind?

The application of steam to transit on land and water and to manufacturing purposes. There were steam engines prior to the present century, but steam transit was only in the experimental stage when the eighteenth century closed. By the use of steam, distances have been practically diminished, the various parts of the earth have been brought into contiguity, commerce and the arts and sciences have been mightily developed, while the cause of the Gospel has received an impetus pentecostal in its effect. G. C. CRANS.

8. What nations have made the greatest advance, during the present century, in the arts, sciences, and national and material progress?

The United States, Great Britain and Germany. The advance of the United States during the century has been stupendous, and includes increased area, increased commerce and wealth, higher education, literature, science and the arts. Her growth recalls the old prophecy: "A nation shall be born in a day." One important step in advance has been the emancipation of the slaves. Great Britain is a worthy second, and has shown remarkable progress in colonial administration, as well as along the lines credited to the United States. In Germany, scientific study has reached a wonderful stage. During the past few decades Japan has made remarkable progress.
J. HEYWOOD.

9. What is the present rank of France among the nations of the earth?

In art she is easily first; in material prosperity and as regards the diffusion of physical comfort among the people, third, coming after England and the United States; in education and matters of intellectual excellence, the place she occupies is difficult to state. We might perhaps place her third or perhaps fourth in regard to general education among the people, after the United States, Germany and England, and first in rank in that department of literature which, like criticism, consists rather in appreciation than in creation. In natural and applied science, though surpassed in results by the United States and Germany, her position is not to be despised. In military affairs, France, which at the beginning of the century occupied the first place, must now be contented with the third or fourth; while in colonization, if we may judge from Tonquin and Madagascar, her efforts have absolutely failed. H. C. UNDERHILL.

10. Which was the largest contribution ever made to charity?

The gift of ten million dollars, for the purpose of Jewish colonization, made by the late Baron de Hirsch. The aggregate of his gifts for charitable, educational and benevolent purposes generally, exceeds fifty million dollars.
S. HOLMES.

Miscellaneous Questions

humane people generally. The reason for

on o). Kiyam (accent on last syllable and i as before).

No one heeded him or offered him a seat, so he went out and brought in a stone, which he bore up the aisle and placed in front to use as a seat. Thereupon the entire body of worshippers grew ashamed, and, as if by magic, fifty doors opened instantly and as many hymn books and seats were offered. The incident gave character to the sermon that followed.

about the ancestors of Elizabeth Hutchinson,

and how was he educated?

Very little seems to be known further than that she came of a family of linen weavers in Ireland. She and her sisters, a number of whom (and perhaps all) emigrated to this country, were weavers of linen in the "Old Country." They were very industrious and thrifty. "The grandchildren of these Hutch-

the night, and sometimes all night, in order to produce the right quantity of linen." 2. Andrew Jackson's parents were Presbyterians. [illegible] mother sent him to schools taught by clergymen.

Several Readers. The New York *Journal*, great Anti-Polygamy petition against the admission of Roberts, the Mormon Congressman, is nearing completion. The names will

nearly seven million names, collected in every State of the Union. All who desire to aid in this important fight should send in their names and addresses to the *Journal* without delay.

Reader. It is pronounced U-art.

only a few reached the Pacific.

Subscriber, Courtney, Pa. All these inquiries have been answered in previous issues.

A. R. S., Stowe, Vt. All the letters are pro-

Subscriber, Jarvis, Canada. 1. Scotch. 2. Ironmaster. 3. New York City. 4. Irvington, N. Y.

Subscriber, Gonzales, Tex. Write to U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C., for full instructions.

Mrs. M. A. M., Greeley, Neb. 1. Yes. 2. It is tianity.

called and await your opportunity, the Lord will

Reader, Elkhart, Ind. Mrs. Sarah J. Bird's address New York.

Olive D., Lewis, N. Y. 1. Dutch. 2. The control of the gold and diamond mines, primarily. 3. The encyclopedia.

A. S. N., New Phila., Ohio. It is impossible to demonstrate the truth of the supposition. According to the theory of gravitation, the professor's

Mary W. B., Barnet, Vermont. It may not be wrong but it would be very inexpedient and not likely to succeed. The better plan is to try to own reach.

Mrs. C. C. J., Newburgh, Ala. The Greek word, which in Acts 12:4 is translated "Easter," is else-

T. D., Franklin, Mass. "Boer" is pronounced as if spelled "Boor," the "oo" sounding as in "cool."

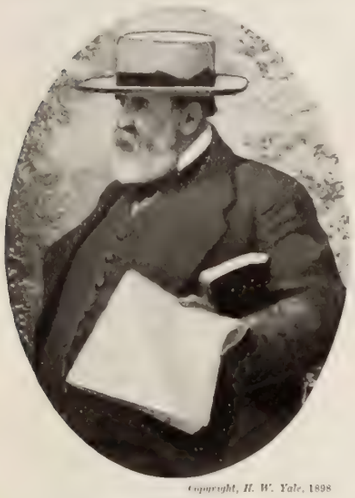
M. E. L., Hannibal, Mo. 1. It is true that for Moses" was written by Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, and first appeared in the Dublin *University*

Mrs. O. J. Hains, Tonganoxie, Kan., writes: "We are trying to get up a library to help interest the members are too poor to give much; and would be glad to receive from a more prosperous Sunday School any good books they have finished using.

A. R. N., Mascot, Tenn. The Armenian Church crept in, obscuring the truth, and lessening the

Evangelist Moody's Illness

The Grand Old Christian an Invalid at His Northfield Home —A Nation's Sympathy



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DWIGHT L. MOODY

His Splendid Lifework for Christ

FIGHTING a brave battle against disease, and bearing all his sufferings with Christian fortitude, Dwight L. Moody, whose lifelong work for the redemption of fallen humanity has won him the love and admiration of countless multitudes, lies upon his sick-bed at East Northfield, Mass. Suddenly attacked by heart trouble in Kansas City, several weeks ago, in the midst of a great spiritual movement which had already resulted in many conversions, the great evangelist's first wish, after the seizure, was to be taken home. Home he went accordingly, by special train and in a physician's charge. He was weak as a child, but bright and hopeful; for there had been a promising rally, and it seemed as though the remarkable vitality of the patient would again be able to throw off the disease, as it had done on several previous occasions, when cardiac troubles manifested themselves. As long ago as 1892, he had known of the presence of heart affection; and though it had been latent, at times it gave unmistakable evidence of danger in the future. Sir Andrew Clark, one of the world's most renowned physicians, had told him that he was suffering from organic heart disease; but the warning passed unheeded. The evangelist had long before wholly given himself to God's work, and the divine "passion for souls," so thoroughly controlled his life, that all considerations of physical comfort or well-being were forgotten. He labored for the Master unceasingly, and with greater love and zeal than ever.

After his return to Northfield invalided, he steadily continued to improve, until the second week in December, when an unfavorable change took place. His physicians were disturbed by the evidences of kidney and stomach trouble, accompanied by a swelling of the lower limbs. This condition, while it undoubtedly caused alarm for a time, was happily overcome, and the patient again began to improve. His physicians and family are greatly encouraged and entertain strong hopes of his ultimate recovery. Meanwhile the prayers of God's people on two continents are ascending to the Throne in his behalf, supplicating for his complete restoration to health, if it be the Divine will.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, thousands of whom have repeatedly heard Mr. Moody's powerful preaching of the Gospel, while all are more or less familiar with the simple, direct and convincing contributions that have appeared from his pen in these pages—will recall with loving appreciation, many passages in the career of the world's greatest evangelist. To no other man in the present century has the spiritual power been given to move the human heart as Dwight L. Moody has done. His labors have been marvelously blessed, and it is probably not an exaggerated estimate to say that, either directly or indirectly, he has been the means of leading **a quarter of a million souls** to Christ! Speaking always from the heart rather than the head, the later "Apostle to the Gentiles" has been wonderfully gifted with sanctified skill to touch the hidden chords of human nature and to arouse the souls of the simple and the indifferent to a realization of the awful actualities of life, death and eternity, heaven and hell, happiness or misery in the hereafter. With a mind well stored with pregnant phraseology and apt illustration, and a style of address that compelled attention, while its terrible earnestness and truthfulness swept aside all adverse criticism, he appealed with equal force to the cultured and the simple. He struck both at individual sins and the vices of society, and his slightest touch reached to the quick, rankling like a barb in the breast of the unbeliever and carrying conviction to the hardened heart. No man could more relentlessly castigate sin and none could open up brighter vistas of hope and spiritual encouragement. Knowing well the way to the Cross, he was a safe guide for others, and to-day a great army of redeemed men and women date the hour of their spiritual birth to the time when they first listened to the Gospel invitation from his lips. During a great part of his career Mr. Moody has associated with himself in his work Ira D. Sankey, whose glorious singing has emphasized the message delivered by the great evangelist. It was in 1871, at a National Y. M. C. A. convention in Indianapolis, that the two first became acquainted. On conferring together, they found that their love of mission work and their desire for extended spiritual usefulness were mutual, and they agreed thereafter to labor in company. Their first great joint work was when they visited England together in 1873, their efforts resulting in bringing over 20,000 souls to the mercy-seat. Since that time they have visited many lands, and almost every American city has heard the earnest preaching of the one and the sweet singing of the other from the same platform. Some of the most fruitful revivals the country has ever witnessed were begun under their united auspices.

Speaking to large and generous audiences, raising vast sums for many philanthropies, coming constantly in touch with men and women of large means, and with eager publishers outbidding each other for the privilege of giving his addresses to the world, it was in the power of Mr. Moody to become a rich man. But he has remained comparatively poor and is so to-day; because, as a faithful steward, he has employed his opportunities wholly for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. Churches, Y. M. C. A's., home and foreign missions, charities, rescue work, educational institutions, and the wide dissemination of religious literature have absorbed his means, and he has been content with the most frugal manner of life. Money to him had but one use and that a consecrated one. The Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, which he founded, has trained, educated and sent forth to the home and foreign mission field a glorious battalion of Christian workers. At East Northfield he has founded, established and maintained a splendid system of institutional education on spiritual lines, which has sent forth hundreds of well-equipped workers to many fields. Northfield has become a religious Mecca, a source of inspiration to Christian workers of all denominations. Its Bible schools, summer conferences and conventions are of world-wide fame, and every year great multitudes of Christian workers there seek and find new power and unction for their future labors.

MR. MOODY'S STUDY AT NORTHFIELD

THE MOODY HOME AT NORTHFIELD

An Evangelistic Visitor

Rev. E. P. Telford Returning to the United States for Gospel Work

REV. E. P. TELFORD

MANY churches in various States will be glad to hear that Evangelist E. P. Telford is now on his way here, to labor for a few months. There were so many invitations sent to him during his former visit that he was unable to accept, that he promised an early return. The exigencies of the work on the other side the Atlantic, however, prevented his coming so soon as he hoped. Mr. Telford was in Bristol for twenty weeks, during which more than three thousand persons made profession of faith. A very successful work was done in Glasgow, where Mr. Telford preached every day for four weeks. The additions to the churches at the close of his stay numbered over one thousand. The Methodist churches of the great manufacturing city of Birmingham, had sent him urgent requests to labor with them, and, as soon as the way was open, Mr. Telford went to that difficult town, the centre of radicalism in politics and scepticism in religion. He conducted meetings for eight successive weeks and the blessing surpassed his most sanguine hopes. The list of converts contained over twelve hundred names. Many missions in less populous centres were held in which earnest and successful work was done. Altogether, the two years which have elapsed since Mr. Telford was among us last, have been a very busy time with him and have resulted in the revival of many churches.

To many of our readers Mr. Telford needs no introduction, but for the benefit of those who have not had the pleasure of hearing him, we may say that he is a typical English evangelist—earnest, vivacious, convincing; a man who knows by long experience how to talk to working men and to press the truth home with power to their hearts and consciences. In the Methodist churches of Great Britain he has done exceedingly valuable work from one end of the country to the other. There are few towns where he has not labored, and where there are not large numbers in the membership of the churches who date their conversion to the time when they listened to his stirring appeals. He has never limited his services to the church buildings. In a mining district he secures permission to descend into the pits to preach to the men in the noon hour; in some localities he has held very successful meetings for weeks in succession in the open air, and one of his greatest in gatherings came from a series of services in a theatre. Mr. Telford begins his work on this side the Atlantic on Dec. 31, in Boston, Mass., where he will hold meetings in various churches. He has promised to visit several other New England cities, after which he goes to Cincinnati to fulfil a long-standing engagement. We sincerely trust that his tour may be blessed of God to the quickening of the churches and the conversion of many souls.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Shadows and Sunshine OF THE CRADLE

A CHRISTMAS SERMON
By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Matt. 1: 17, . . .

So all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations; and from David until the carrying away into Babylon are fourteen generations; and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ are fourteen generations.

FROM what many consider the dullest and most unimportant chapter of the New Testament I take my text, and find it full of practical, startling, and eternal interest. This chapter is the front door of the New Testament, through which all the splendors of evangelism and apostolicity enter. Three times fourteen generations are spoken of in my text; that is, forty-two generations, reaching down to Christ. They all had relation to him. And at least forty-two generations past affect us. If they were good, we feel the result of the goodness. If they were bad, we feel the result of their wickedness. If some were good and some were bad, it is an intermingling influence that puts its mighty hand upon us. And as we feel the effect of at least forty-two generations past, we will in turn influence at least forty-two generations to come, if the world shall last a thousand years. So you see the cradle is more important than the grave.

I propose to show you some of the shadows upon the Christic cradle of Bethlehem, and then the sunshine that poured in upon the pillow of straw. Notice among the shadows on that infant's bed that there was here and there a specimen of dissolute ancestry. Beautiful Ruth his ancestress? Oh, yes! Devout Asa one of his forefathers? Oh, yes! Honest Joseph his father? Oh, yes! Holy Mary his mother? Oh, yes! But in that genealogical table were idolatrous and cruel Ammon and oppressive Rehoboam, and some men whose abominations may not be particularized. So you see bad men may have good descendants. One of the most consecrated men I ever knew was the son of a man who lived and died a blasphemer. In the line of an oppressive Rehoboam comes a gracious and merciful and glorious Christ. Great encouragement for those who had in the forty-two generations that preceded them, however close by or however far back, some instances of pernicious and baleful and corrupt ancestry.

To my amazement, I found in those parts of Australia to which many years ago felons were transported from England, that the percentage of crime was less than in those parts of Australia originally settled by honest men and good women. Some who are now on judicial benches in Australia, and in high governmental position, and in learned and useful professions, and leaders in social life are the grandsons and granddaughters of men and women who were exiled from Great Britian to Australia for arson and theft and assault and fraud and murder. So you see it is possible for the descendants of those who do wrong to do right. Perhaps we make too much of the doctrine of heredity. While those of us who can gratefully turn in our family record to healthful and virtuous pedigree, let not those who have had abhorrent natures in the ancestral line despair of usefulness and happiness and heaven.

Since we are all more or less affected by our ancestry we ought to be patient with those who go wrong, remembering that they may be the victims of unhappy antecedents. How lenient it ought to make us in our judgments of the fallen! Perhaps they had forty-two generations back of them pushing them the wrong way. Five hundred years before they were born there may have been a parentage of iniquity augmented by a corrupt parentage two hundred years ago. Do not blame a man because he cannot swim up the rapids of Niagara. Do not blame a ship captain because he cannot outride a Caribbean whirlwind. The father of this man who does wrong may have been all right and his mother all right, but away back in the centuries there may have started a bad propensity which he now feels. One of the Ten Commandments given on Mount Sinai recognizes the fact that evil may skip a generation, when the commandment speaks of visiting "the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," but says nothing about the second generation; and if evil may skip one generation, why not two and three and four and five generations, making a mighty leap and alighting very hard upon the head and the heart of some poor victim? Better be a little merciful toward the culprit, lest after a while some hereditary evil born in the year sixteen hundred or seventeen hundred, having skipped the centuries, alight just as heavily upon you.

Meanwhile keep carefully your family records. The old place for the family record in the Bible, between the Old and New Testaments, is a most appropriate place. That record, put in such impressive surroundings of chapter, bounded on one side by the prophesies of Malachi, and on the other side by the Gospel of Matthew, will receive stress and sanctity from its position. That record is appropriately bound up with the eternities. Do not simply say in your family record, "Born at such a time and died at such a time," but if there has been among your ancestors some man or woman especially consecrated and useful, make a note of it for the encouragement of the following generations. Two family records of the Bible: the one in Matthew reaching from Abraham to Christ, and the one in Luke beginning with Joseph and reaching back to the garden of Eden, with the sublime statement "which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." I charge you to this duty of keeping the family record by the forty-two generations which are past and the forty-two generations which are to come. It is a good thing—the new habit abroad of seeking for one's pedigree. The old family records hardly ever went back further than the grandfather and grandmother. Not one of us knows anything about our great grandparents, although they may have been indescribably better than their children or grandchildren.

Another shadow on the Christic cradle was that it stood under a depraved king. Herod was at that time ruler, and the complete impersonation of all depravities. It was an unfavorable time for innocence to expect good treatment. So dark was the shadow dropping on the cradle from that iniquitous throne that the peasant mother had to lift her babe out of it and make hasty flight. Depraved habits of those in authority are apt to be copied by subjects, and from the immorals of the Herodic throne I judge of the immorals of a nation. There was a malaria of sin in the air when the infant Christ first breathed it. Thickest shawl could not keep the babe warm when in that wintry month with his mother he became a fugitive.

Historians say that it was at a time of peace that Christ was born, but his birth aroused an antagonism of which the Bethlehem massacre was only a feeble expression. War of the mightiest nation of the earth opened against that cradle! The influence that came forth that night from that surrounding of camels and sheep and oxen challenged the iniquities of all the centuries, and will not cease until it has destroyed them. What a pronunciamento went forth from that black and barbarian throne! practically saying, "Slay all the babes under two years of age, and that wide slaughter will surely include the death of the one child that most threatens my dominion." Awful time was it for the occupant of that cradle! If he escaped the knife of the assassin, then the wild beast's paw, or the bandit's clutch, or the midnight chill between Bethlehem of Judea and Cairo, Egypt, will secure his destruction. All the powers of earth and all the powers of hell bombarded that cradle.

Another shadow upon the cradle was the obscurity of the place. Bethlehem was an obscure village. David, the shepherd boy, had been born there. But after he became general and king he gave it no significance, I think never mentioning it but to ask for a drink of water out of the old well to which he used to go in childhood. The village so small and unimportant that it had to be separated in mind from another Bethlehem then existing, and so was called Bethlehem of Judea. There was a great capital of Jerusalem; there were the fifteen beautiful cities on the beach of Galilee, any of them a good place to be born in; there were great towns famous at that time, but the nativity we to-day celebrate was in a village which Christ intimated had been called by some "the least among the princes of Juda." Christ himself was to make the town famous for all time and all eternity. So heroes in later days by their deeds have given celebrity to neighborhoods that would never otherwise have been heard of beyond the radius of a few hundred miles. What a place for Christ to arrive at and to start from! The hero of the eternities!

O, men and women of Messianic opportunity! why do you not make the place of your nativity memorable for your philanthropies—by the churches you build, the free libraries you open, the colleges you endow? Go back to the village where you were born, as George Peabody went back to Danvers, Mass., and with your wealth bless the neighborhood where in childhood you played, and near by where your father and mother sleep the last sleep. There are scores of such villages in America being generously remembered by prosperous men during life, or helped in their last will and testament, and there are a hundred neighborhoods waiting for such benediction from their prosperous sons. By some such charity invite the Bethlehem angels to come back again, and over the plain house of your nativity ring out the old anthem of "Good will to men." Christ, born in an obscure place, made it so widely known by his self-sacrifices and divine charity that all round the earth the village of Bethlehem has its name woven in garlands, and chanted in Te Deums, and built in houses of prayer.

But it is time we see some of the sunshine breaking through the shadows on that cradle. For we must have jubilance dominate the Christmas festival. That was Walter Scott's opinion when in "Marmion" he wrote:

A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

It was while the peasant and his wife were on a visit for purposes of enrollment that Jesus was born. The Bible translators got the wrong word when they said that Joseph and Mary had gone to Bethlehem to be "taxed." People went no farther then to get taxed than they do now. The effort of most people always has been to escape taxation. Beside that, these two humble folk had nothing to tax. The man's turban that protected his head from the sun was not worth taxing. The woman's sandles which kept her feet from being cut by the limestone rock of which Bethlehem is mostly made up, were not worth taxing. No: the fact is that a proclamation had been made by the emperor that all the people between Great Britain and Parthia, and of those lands included, should go to some appointed place and give their names in, be registered, and announce their loyalty to the Roman emperor. They stood up before the officer of the government and answered the questions: "What is your name? Where were you born? When were you born? Where do you live now? Lift your hand and swear that you will support the empire of Cæsar Augustus." During that patriotic and loyal visit the first cry of the Divine Boy was heard.

They had walked eighty miles over a rough road to give in their names and take the oath of allegiance. Would we walk eighty miles to announce our allegiance to our King, one Jesus? Cæsar Augustus wanted to know by the record on which that man and that woman wrote their names, or had them written, just how many people in his empire he could depend on in case of exigency. How many men would unsheathe sword for the Roman eagle, and how many women could be depended on to take care of the wounded on battle-fields? The trouble is that in the kingdom of Christ we do not know how many can be depended on. There are so many men and women who never give in their names. They serve the Lord on the sly. They do not announce their allegiance to the King who, in the battles to come, will want all his troops. In all our churches there are so many half-and-half disciples, so many one-third espousers. They rather think the Bible is true—at any rate, parts of it—and they hope that somehow Christianity will disenthral the nations. They stay away from church on communion days, and hope when they have lived as long as they can in this world, they can somehow sneak into heaven. O, give in your names! Be registered on the church record down here, and in the Lamb's Book of Life up there. Let all the world know where you stand, if you have to go as far as Joseph and Mary walked, if you have to go eighty miles before you find just the right form of worship and just the right creed. Start in this modern December, as those villagers started in an ancient December, and amid the congratulations of church militant and church triumphant give in your names. It was while Joseph and Mary were on a visit of duty, and obeying a reasonable command of Emperor Augustus that the star pointed to the place of nativity.

Another gleam of sunshine striking through the shadows above that Christic cradle was the fact of a special divine protection. Herod was determined upon the child's destruction. The monster put all his wits together in stratagem for the stopping of that young life just started. He dramatized piety. He suddenly got religious. He would leave his palace, and take chariot, and have steeds whipped up, so that he could kneel at that cradle. We have to smile at what the imperial villain said when he ordered: "Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word, that I may go and worship him also." Dore's picture of the "Massacre of the Innocents" at Herod's command—a picture full of children hurled over walls and dashed against streets, and writhing under assassin's foot—gives us a little impression of the manner in which Herod would have treated the real child if he could once have got his hand on it. But Herod could not find that cradle. All the detectives he sent out failed in the search. Yet it had been pointed out by flashlight from the midnight heavens. All the neighborhood knew about it. The angelic chorus in the cloud had called musical attention to it. No sentinel guarded it with drawn sword, passing up and down by the pillow of that Bethlehem caravansary. Why, then, was it that the cradle was not despoiled of its treasure? Because it was divinely protected. There were wings hovering that mortal eye could not see. There were armed immortals whose brandished sword mortal eye could not follow. There were chariots of the Omnipotent, the rumble of whose wheels only supernaturals could hear. God had started through the cradle to save our world, and nothing could stop him.

You cannot reasonably account for that unhurt cradle, except on the theory of a special, divine protection. And most cradles are likewise defended. Can you understand why so many children, with all the epidemics that assault them, and all their climbing to dangerous heights, and all their perilous experiments with explosives, and their running against horses' hoofs, and daring of trolleys, and carts fast driven, yet, somehow, get through, especially boys of high spirit and that are going to amount to much? I account for their coming through all right, with only a few wounds and bruises, by the fact that they are divinely protected. All your charges of "Don't do this," and "Don't do that," and "Don't go there," seem to amount to nothing. They are the same reckless creatures about whom you are constantly anxious and wondering what is the matter now. Divinely protected! The most of your children would have been dead long ago, but for that. They can go through more perils, and fall from more heights, and stumble into more holes, and cough with more influenzas, and endure more earaches, and suffer with more runrounds, and burn with more fevers, and yet get through not permanently damaged. How many children go through all the accidents

of childhood without an eye dimmed, or a limb fractured, or a finger broken? Every healthy boy is a miracle of divine protection. Be thankful all parents, that it is so; and trust your darlings under what the Book of Ruth calls the "wings of the Almighty." Nearly all cradles pass under six old-fashioned ailments. It always has been so. They may be called by different names, but we all had them, and we got through; and yours, I hope, will get through. Young mothers, be not affrighted. Through the clouds of invalidism hovering over your cradles, catch a little of this sunshine of consolation.

Another gleam of light scattering some of the gloom of that Christic pillow in Bethlehem, was the fact that it was the starting-place of the most wonderful of all careers. Looking at Christ's life from mere worldly standpoints, it was amazing beyond all capacity of pen or tongue or canvas to express. Without taking a year's curriculum in any college, or even a day at any school, yet saying things that the mightest intellects of subsequent days have quoted and tried to expound. Great literary works have for the most part been the result of much elaboration. Edmund Burke re-wrote the conclusion of his speech against Warren Hastings sixteen times. Lord Brougham re-wrote his speech in behalf of Queen Caroline twenty times, but the Sermon on the Mount seemed extemporaneous. Christ was eloquent without ever having studied one of the laws of oratory. He was the greatest orator that ever lived. It was not an eloquence Demosthenic or Ciceronic, or like that of Jean Baptiste Massillon, or like that which William Wirt, himself a great orator, was overcome with in log-cabin meeting-house of Virginia, when the blind preacher cried out in his sermon "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God."

Christ's oratory was unlike anything that went before or came after. Even the criticism of the world said: "Never man spake like this man." Dramatic? Why, he took up a child out of the audience, and set him on a table, and by the embarrassed look of the child taught humility. He sent the prosecutors of a poor, sinful woman, blushing and confounded out of the room by one sentence of sarcasm. Notice his power of emphasis and enunciation when he revealed himself after his resurrection by the peculiar way he pronounced the one word "Mary." His power of look shown by the way Peter, the great Apostle, wilted under it. The Book says: "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter." It was an omnipotent facial expression. He looked upon Peter. Power of distinct utterance, so that everyone could hear. "He opened His mouth, saying." No mumbling and indistinct utterance. He opened his mouth. His voice, which had been developed by open-air speaking, was a resonant and sonorous voice, or he would not have taken the top of the rocks of the Mount of Beatitudes for a pulpit; for that pulpit is so high, as I declare from observation, that no speaker that I have ever known could have from that point made any audience hear one word of a sermon. His power of hyperbole: A camel trying to crowd its hump through the eye of a sewing-woman's needle, and all that learned talk about a gate called the "needle's eye," only belittling the hyperbole. Power of sarcasm: The hypocrites styled by him "the whole who need not a physician." His power of peroration: The crashing of the timbers of the poorly-built house on the beach of the Mediterranean. Power to take advantage of circumstances: When an auditor asked him whether they ought to pay taxes to Cæsar, Christ practically said, "If any gentleman in this audience has in his pocket a Roman penny, I wish he would just hand it up to me;" and some one handed him a penny, such as you can now find in some of the museums, the obverse of it bearing the face of Tiberius, the emperor, and the reverse the words "Pontifex Maximus," the other title of the emperor, and then came the overwhelming answer of Christ: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." Magnetic and epigrammatic this inspired peasant! Useless attempts he declares as "pearls cast before swine." Unimportant results he describes as the attempt to "gather figs of thistles." Allegories! Why, the parables are all allegories, and how he flung them out upon his audiences, whole armfuls of amethysts, and emeralds, and diamonds, and rubies!

But we must not only look at him from a worldly standpoint. How he smote whirlwinds into silence, and made the waves of the sea lie down, and opened doors of light into the midnight of those who had been born blind, and turned deaf ears into galleries of music, and with one touch made the scabs of incurable leprosy fall off, and renewed healthy circulation through severest paralysis, and made the dead girl waken and ask for her mother, and at his crucifixion pulled down the clouds until at twelve o'clock at noon it was as dark as twelve o'clock at night, and starting an influence that will go on until the last desert will grow roses, and the last weak lung make full inhalation of air, and the last case of paresis take healthful brain,

KINDERGARTEN TOTS

and the last illness become rubicund of cheek and robust of chest and bounding of foot, and the last pauper will get his palace, and the last sinner taken unto the warm bosom of a pardoning God! Where did all this start? In that cradle within sound of bleating sheep and bellowing cattle, and amid rough bantering of herdsmen and camel-drivers. What a low place to start for such great heights! O artists! turn your camera obscura on that village of Bethlehem. Take it all in—the wintry skies lowering, the flocks shivering in the chill air, Mary, the pale mother, and Jesus the child. No wonder that Paul Veronese and Cuyp and Rubens and Tintoretto and Correggio and Perugino and Ghirlandajo and Raphael put their best pencils in that scene. Lord God! by thy gracious Spirit, fix that Madonna in all our souls! So these thoughts come in upon us at this gladdest part of the year.

Swing softly, bells, on Christmas moon,
Wake not the King of Glory!
Swing soft and swift across the snow,
The old Judean story.

So I have shown you the shadows and the sunshine of that Christic cradle of Bethlehem. In these Christmas times I realize that there are many cradles under shadows. Oh, the story of empty cradles all up and down the earth, in cabins and in palaces! There are standing in garrets or in store-rooms cradles that will never rock again. "Rachel mourning for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not." But through all the shadows break gleams of sunshine, as the clouds of the Christic cradle were cleft by glorious light. Escaped from the struggles through which we have all passed, and must yet pass, those little ones took heaven at one bound. Instead of an earthly career, it is a heavenly career, with capacities, with velocities, with opportunities beyond our comprehension. Instead of celebrating on earth the Saviour's birth, they stand in the Saviour's presence. Instead of the holiday celebrations of the old homestead, it is to them eternal jubilee, at a table where the angels of God are the cup-bearers, and amid festivities that resound with a laughter and a music and blaze with a brilliance and a glory "that eye hath not seen nor ear heard." No use in wishing them a Merry Christmas, for the merriments of heaven ring out upon them from temples that are always open, amid pleasures that never die. Oh, it is not a dull heaven, but a lively heaven, for there are so many children there. They throng the streets. They look out of the "House of Many Mansions." They stand on the beach to see the fleets cast anchor within the vale. They crowd the gates with greetings when the old folks come in. They clap their hands in an eternal gladness. They dance in an eternal glee. See you not the sunshine that pours into the shadows of that cradle until they are all gone? But shadows have their uses. There must be a background to every picture. Turner always put at least a fleck of cloud on his canvas, and the clouds of earth will be the background to bring out more mightily the brightness of heaven. And will it not be glorious if, after all this scene of earthly vicissitude we meet again in our Father's house and talk over the past in an everlasting holiday. But meanwhile, look out for the cradles. How much they decide for this world and the next! When Wellington was born at Mornington, England, that decided Waterloo and saved Europe. When Handel was born in Halle, Saxony, that decided the oratorios of "Judas Maccabæus," and "Esther," and "Israel in Egypt," and "Jephthah," and "Messiah." When Eli Whitney was born at Westboro, that decided the wealth of all the cotton fields of the South. When Gutenberg was born at Metz, Germany, that decided the libraries of all Christendom. When Clarkson was born in Cambridgeshire, England, that decided the doom of human bondage. When Morse was born at Breed's Hill, Mass., that decided that the lightnings of heaven should become galloping couriers, or stretch a throbbing iron nerve clear under the sea. When Washington was born at Westmoreland, Va., that decided American independence. When Christ was born at Bethlehem, that decided the redemption of the world. Oh, look out for the cradles! May a Bethlehem star of hope point down to each one of them, and every hovering cloud be filled with chanting angels of mercy.

A SEWING CLASS AT MISS CHENEY'S MISSION

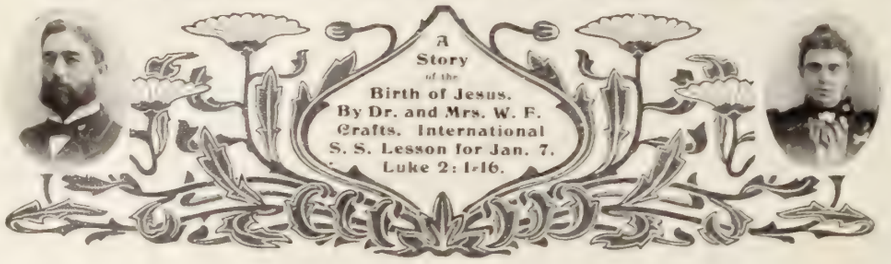
A Light in Little Italy

Miss Cheney's Ministry to Our Foreign-Born Citizens

"LITTLE ITALY" is the name given to that part of New York which lies chiefly between 104th and 116th street, and east of Third avenue. Some 30,000 Italians live here, speaking their own language, adhering to their own customs, and clinging to their old superstitions. Our readers, who are familiar with many of the good works conducted by Christian missionaries for the uplift of "Little Italy," will be pleased to read the following account of another.

Since 1892, Miss Emily H. Cheney has given all her time to the advancement of these people, spiritually, morally and physically. Her work, commencing with a sewing-school, developed gradually the following additional features: A Sunday-School, a regular Sunday service, and mid-week meeting, varied industrial classes, an evening school for girls, under the direction of the Board of Education, and a penny provident fund. Our illustrations are from photographs taken of classes in Miss Cheney's mission hall at 313 E. 111th street, where classes are held weekly. The Italian physicians have become interested in cooperating with existing charities in their efforts for the improvement of sanitary conditions in "Little Italy." A course of lectures on health and good citizenship has been inaugurated. Last summer hundreds of mothers and their sick children were helped to day excursions on board the new St. John's Floating Hospital boat. Besides, the sick and the poor have been visited in their homes; encouragement has been given, work has been secured for the unemployed and needy; many destitute children have been placed in institutions of relief; and clothing, food and literature have been distributed. Different clergymen have kindly opened the doors of their churches, so that the work has always found a resting-place. It is unsectarian, yet none the less spiritual, and its every educational and humanitarian activity is formed with the purpose of leading these strangers within our gates to know Christ as we know him. The work is supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

Fireside Talks About Jesus



Christmas at the Cross Roads

"FARM life has always had its compensations," said Uncle Will, as he finished reading the story of the Bethlehem shepherds to the [illegible] farmers and their families gathered as usual on Sabbath evening for home discussion of the lesson that had been taught in Sabbath Schools all around the world earlier in the day. "American farmers," he continued, "ought generally to learn from those social Oriental shepherds the lesson we have learned at this cross-roads to avoid the unnecessary loneliness of farm life, that drives so many farmers' boys and girls into the moral perils of the cities. One way to do this is by concentrating farmhouses in farm villages, as they do in the Orient and Germany."

At this cross-roads, four farmers had each preempted one hundred and sixty acres of adjoining land, and had built their houses on the four contiguous corners. Three houses had since been added for married sons and daughters. By means of a book club, each book and magazine and paper going the rounds, they were even better supplied with reading than city folks usually are, and had less to attract them from books in the evening, especially in winter.

"In this Bible story," continued Uncle Will, "we find a whole fraternity of shepherds together, as I have seen them in social groups in those same fields, their flocks mingled but not mixed, for when a shepherd calls his own sheep 'they know his voice,' and every one of his flock quickly lifts its head and follows him to the fold or to another field."

Mr. Selah Brown, a rotund farmer who seasoned his farming with humor, said: "Another more remarkable agricultural sociable of Bible times is that plowing bee which Elijah interrupted to call to the ministry Elisha, one of the twelve farmers that were plowing together. The farm has in all ages proved a good preparatory school for the preacher. Those twelve farmers were not hired men, but twelve independent farmers, who, for sociability and protection, lived together and worked together; plowing one farm after another in an order determined by lot. I have heard Uncle Will say that he has seen eighteen farmers plowing together in Samaria, like soldiers keeping step, brightening their toil by telling each other the riddles in which the Oriental delights, and the news, in the absence of newspapers. I have always planned to have these boys of mine work with each other or some others of us, for sociability and stimulus alike. Therefore, they don't take farm work as a dose, but find it a delight. It is not alone the paternal, but also the patriotic and Christian duty of farmers to check this mad rush of country youth to cities, by taking a hint from the usually overlooked sociability of the Bethlehem shepherds."

Divine Voices in Fields and Sky

"This Bethlehem story also reminds us," said Uncle Will, "that God made the country, while Cain made the town. The country has its temptations, especially wherever the city can reach, with its Sunday papers and its Sunday wheels and Sunday trolleys and Sunday excursions, and its Midway street fairs and carnivals; but in the country nearly everything speaks of God, while in the city it is mostly man's work that we see. If the undevout astronomer is mad, not less is the undevout farmer, with every growing plant and animal reminding him of the ever-present Creator. The city manufacturer may easily forget that God is his partner, on whom he must depend for raw material; but not so easily the farmer, who is daily made to feel his dependence on God-given seed and soil and sun and shower. Every rosebush is a burning bush out of which God speaks, and every growing field is holy ground in which God is at work. Every sunrise is a new outburst of that glory of the Lord that drove the night out of Bethlehem's sky."

How the Shepherds Talked

"Mother has been telling me recently," said Mabel, Uncle Will's grandchild of sixteen years, "about the talk of the shepherds of Bethlehem that night before the angel came. How El Nathan, to whom they all looked up as their chief, said: 'This is the very rock where David sat with his harp when he made the shepherd Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and where he translated the starlit sky into that other song, 'The heavens declare the glory of God.' God told him that of his sons should arise the glorious Messiah, who had been called a star because he was to be so glorious and so heavenly in character.

"'Once I heard a rabbi read from the prophet Micah,'" continued El Nathan, "'that Messiah would come from our little Bethlehem, but the priests and doctors think that he must come from great Jerusalem. They are heart-weary of waiting for him. At this very time the sceptre is passing from Judah by a new Roman enrolment. Why does [illegible] come to deliver his people? Am I d[illegible] or is that a new star that has blazed [illegible] denly and is settling down toward the v[illegible] yonder?'"

"Just then it was," said Mabel's brother, Frank, breaking in, "that the Jehovah angel suddenly came on them in a burst of heavenly light that turned midnight into morning and made them fall on their faces in fear."

"Uncle," said Uncle Will, "[illegible] needed to hide his glory in a body like ours. The glory of God always made men afraid. This same 'angel of Jehovah,' often called 'Jehovah,' who seems to have been the Son of God in his Old Testament form, the visible person of God, had at this time come to earth to hide his glory in the babe of Bethlehem, after this one last dazzling revelation of his majesty. When God should become man, then indeed, we should 'fear not.'"

"That reminds me of what I read," said Mrs. [illegible] Will, as his wife was [illegible] called. "How Hector's [illegible] Troy cried out in terror at the approach of its father in his glistening helmet and armor, but sprang into his arms when he laid his weapons by. When we learn that the King Eternal is not only our Father but, in Christ, our brother, our fears flee away, and we lean in our sorrows upon his bosom."

"THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS," NEAR BETHLEHEM

What the Gospel Really Is

Thomas Brown, Selah's son, a youth of fourteen, who was suspected of ambitions for the ministry, said: "Is not the 'good tidings' the angel brought the same as the Gospel? And is not this angel message the first New Testament Gospel? And is it not a joy-bringer? How strange that religion should have ever been thought to be gloomy! It takes away no pleasure that is pleasant to remember. It brings the good times that don't go off with the having." His sister Agnes, just graduated from a musical college, who was sitting at the piano, struck up and all joined in the song:

There is sunshine in my soul to-day
More glorious and bright
Than shines in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light.

"And let us not forget," said Uncle Will, "that the Gospel—that is, the good news—includes not only the pardon through Jesus the Saviour, but protection and direction through Christ the King. The angel proclaimed a 'Saviour' who is also our 'Lord.' The individual is to be saved by his Cross, but society is to be saved by his crown; that is, by the application of his teachings to all our associated life, to the home, the school, the shop, the Church, the State."

"If we would feel what the angel's message really meant to the shepherds," said Rev. Amos Sanders, a preacher, son of a Scotch farmer, who was home for the holidays, "we should translate the angel message, 'Unto you is born a Saviour, which is Messiah Jehovah.' The long-expected Messiah had come, who was none other than the Jehovah who so lovingly visited man in human form in Old Testament times, and who is now to hide himself in a Saviour [illegible] woman, a [illegible] 'sign' or badge is that he is swaddl[illegible] just like every other child, initiated thus into the fraternity of humanity. He differs only in greater lowliness, having only a cattle-trough for his cradle."

"Do you note," said Mrs. Brown, "that it was when the Jehovah angel uttered that climax of Christ's humiliation, the 'manger,' that the angel chorus burst in on his solo with the shout, 'Glory to God in the highest.' For Christ to become lowliest for the sake of service, that was to heaven's public opinion the highest glory. How [illegible] the old ideals of honor as seen in the new words 'minister' and 'public servant' as names [illegible]"

"How strangely mistranslated in the old version," said the preacher, "is the angel's song of 'peace on earth among men of good will.' There is no contradiction in the Christmas motto, rightly translated, to that solemn warning, not to be forgotten even at Christmas time, especially by those revelers who decorate only to desecrate, 'There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.' To wilful sin, even at Christmas time, Christ and true Christians will bring 'not peace but a sword.' We may often fall and fail, but the message is 'peace to men of good will.' 'He that willeth to do his will shall know of the doctrine,' and shall know of his peace. In the words of Browning:

Aspire, break bounds! I say.
Endeavor to be good, and better still.
And best! Success is naught, endeavor's all.

Mrs. Sanders, a sweet-faced Quakeress, said: "When Jesus spoke of bringing not peace but a sword, I do not think he meant duels, whether by individuals or nations. We have learned to go to law in place of personal quarrels, and the same reasons hold for putting law in place of war in national quarrels. Even when the two most Christian nations are at war, I hold to Whittier's faith:

The world may run its old mad way,
With needle gun and ironclad;
But truth at last shall reign;
The cradle song of Christ was never sung in vain.

Bringing Rich and Poor Together

"I cannot forget," said Mr. Sanders, the Scotch farmer, "that all this angel Gospel was revealed to workmen while at their tasks. We are so prone to think that we must wait until we can retire from business, or at least until the work or business of day is over, before we can listen to God. The Psalmist was wont when he said 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.' All through the Bible God talks with busy men at work: to Joseph, Moses and David, shepherding; to Gideon at [illegible] to Peter and Andrew, James and John, at their nets; to Matthew, at the tax office. The monks and [illegible] activities to find God often lose him instead."

"The [illegible]" said Mrs. [illegible] "[illegible] him went the shepherd, but found no glory-lit cave such as the artists picture. They saw in a cattle-[illegible] that by becoming a child of poverty he might win the love of the children, even the children of the poor-[illegible] Gentile magi, wise and powerful, were alike attracted to Christ, who could have said, and every Christian should also be able to say, "earth's every man my friend."

"The magi kneeling before Christ," said the preacher, "which should in our thoughts lie beside the shepherd picture like a companion panel, recalls the remark of Charles Lamb [illegible] a group of friends who had been discussing how they would feel and act if one of the greatest of the dead should appear to them suddenly in flesh and blood. 'And if Christ entered the [illegible] Lamb [illegible] spare entered we should all rise; if He appeared we must kneel.'"

Living Christmas Over Again

"In our day the rich and learned who live for months or years in social settlements among the poor in cordial neighborliness, follow the Christward steps of the wise men; ay, in some human degree, the 'steps' of him who came down from heaven to uplift men. In the words of Edwin Markham:

'Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran:
Make way for [illegible]
[illegible]

"We must, indeed," said Uncle Will, "translate this story into action. In the words of Angelus Silesius (1620):

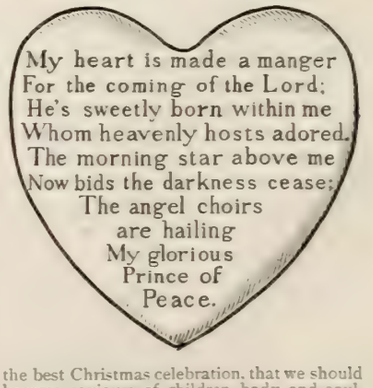
'Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born.
If He's not born in thee thy soul is still forlorn.'"

"Our strong impulse to give at Christmas time," said Mother Manson, "is no doubt a Christ-birth in us. Last year, from immigrants in New York City alone, there went abroad in Christmas week more than a million dollars in more than seventy thousand money orders addressed to kin beyond the sea. When our Christmas gifts go beyond our own family to little ones as poor as Jesus was, we are still more doing it for him and unto him. A touching scene in one family last Christmas was the hanging of a stocking for a little child who had been called from the earthly to the heavenly home. But his memory was kept green by having the remaining brothers and sisters give their gifts just the same as if the dear one were still with them, and then sending the overflowing sock to some needy child, with a note explaining the manner in which it was filled."

Christ, the King of Chronology

January 1, 1900, the first day of the last year of the century, reminds us that every date, and especially a century date, is a mighty argument for the divinity of Christ. No infidel can put in any book any argument against Christ that is not more than answered by the date he must put upon the title-page. Let this new year be indeed a "year of our Lord," not in the Lord's day only, but in every day, every hour, every moment, let us be loyal to the Lord of time and of eternity.

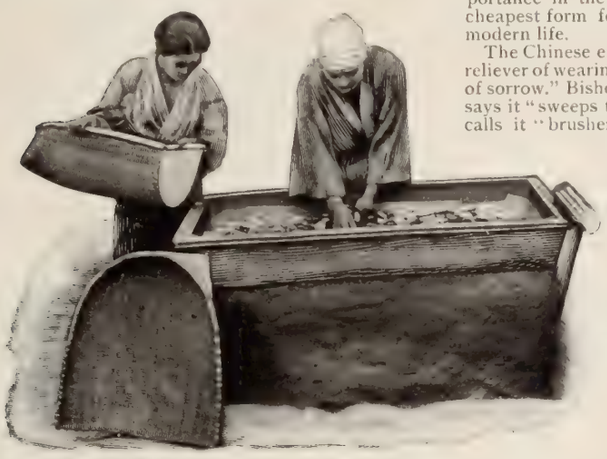
"Let us close with this little heart song to the tune of Webb," said Uncle Will. "Let the child Saviour of Bethlehem suggest as the best Christmas celebration, that we should become saviours of children, body and soul. They can never be safe until they are saved."



The Moral Value of... Tea-... Drinking

BY AMELIA E. BARR

THE singular connection between coffee and the growth of liberal ideas, is not more remarkable than that between tea and theology, and also tea and taxation. This curious union between tea and taxation extends even to the pagan records, for the first notice of it in Chinese literature is that of its taxation A. D. 780.



SIFTING THE NEWLY PICKED TEA

The Dutch East India Company sent their first embassy to the Grand Tartar Cham in 1655, and three years later tea was being sold at the Sultan's head coffee house; but its real history begins with its taxation in 1670, during the reign of Charles II. The tax was then eighteen pence on every gallon made and sold. But inconvenient as it must have been for an excise officer to stand watching the preparation of a gallon of tea, in order to get eighteen pence, this tax continued for seventeen years; then heavy custom dues were substituted, and from 1688 to 1745 was an epoch of excessive taxation on tea. Yet it forced itself into domestic use even when it was sold for thirty shillings a pound. In 1745, the last year of this epoch, England drank only 730,000 pounds of tea; but the duty being then lowered, the next year the consumption reached 2,358,589 pounds. As late as 1806, tea paid an excise of 90 per cent., and yet tea drinking had become so fixed a habit that washerwomen and laborers refused to give it up for any duty.

. . .

THERE is reason for this apparent obstinacy. The laborer did not often buy through the government. Tea which sold in England at twelve shillings a pound, could be bought in Hamburg for twenty pennies a pound, or even less. Smuggling tea was then a profitable business. It was not in human nature to resist 600 per cent., and the smuggler, the seller and the buyer made a three-fold cord of interest not easily managed by the law.

The progress of tea in America was fettered by the same bonds of taxation; and yet it was only a tax of six cents a pound which caused the memorable infusion in Boston harbor. Any other commodity would have done as well "to make room for liberty" but there was a singular fitness in this much-taxed article brewing the cup of retribution.

During its two centuries or more of American life, tea has not found the favor that coffee has done. In the northeastern states it is perhaps the favorite beverage, but in the West it is much less drank than coffee, and as we go South its use constantly diminishes. Still, it requires nearly 100,000,000 of pounds yearly to supply the national tea-pot.

THE virtues of a plant which has won such universal favor in spite of crushing taxation are not by any means negative ones. Liebig proves scientifically that the taste of whole nations for tea and coffee is an infinitely wise instinct, as both supply a principle of vital importance in the easiest and cheapest form for our complex modern life.

The Chinese extol tea as "the reliever of weariness and soother of sorrow." Bishop Huet in 1670 says it "sweeps the brain" and calls it "brusher to the understanding." Dr. Kane speaks gratefully of its unspeakable comfort among Arctic ice, and one of Sydney Smith's charms against melancholy is "to always keep a tea kettle simmering on the hob." This genial soul discovered another merit in a boiling tea-kettle for one evening when taking tea with Mrs. Austin a servant entered the crowded drawingroom with a boiling tea-kettle in his hand. From the steaming kettle the crowd receded on all sides. Mr. Smith among the rest, though he carefully watched the man's progress to the table. "I deciare," he said, "a man who wishes to make his way in life, could do nothing better than go through the world with a boiling tea-kettle in his hand."

It may be safely said that tea has contributed more to the sobriety of nations than the severest laws, or the best moral treatises; and it is certain, that the alliance between coffee and literature is not more close than that between tea and theology. The progress of dissent, especially of Methodism, has been blended with the tea cup; and though there is no intention in this paper to trace the connection between different drinks and dogmas, the fact is one patent to all. Every one has heard of the division of Oxford divines into Arian Tractarian, and Nortwinian Schools, and there are people living who can remember the scornful contempt with which the "three bottle orthodoxy" regarded the Methodist and Independent Church tea meetings. But the theology whose censer is the teapot has now nearly cast out the orthodoxy of the wine cellar.

Tea is the friend of the student, and tea-drinking always accompanies the diffusion of books, and the growth of sedentary habits in a community. Tea drinkers are writers of books, workers at looms, patient watchers of machinery. Tea-drinkers represent the thoughtful, quiet workers of the world, and the tea-table is the kindliest and best beloved of our household altars. The very names of tea and tea-time, stand for whole systems of national industries, and virtues.

Amelia E. Barr

TEA-WEIGHING IN JAPAN

♣

Evangelists on Bicycles

An English exchange relates the following interesting incident: Eighteen ministers of the Wesleyan Church in England repeated an experiment a few weeks ago, which some of them had ventured upon several times in other years. They are all lovers of "the wheel"; they possess an evangelistic spirit; and they desired to mingle the invigoration and recreation of an outing with something like an evangelistic plan and spirit. Under the leadership of the chairman of the district, they made a tour lasting nearly one week, between Sundays, on their wheels, through a delightful rural section of England. By cooperation in advance in certain communities, they were welcomed by the local bicyclists, and a parade was had through the town, ending in the evening hour with a Gospel meeting in the marketplace. To these meetings hundreds of people came, hymn sheets were distributed, the music was inspiring, and the Gospel preaching homely, simple, and direct.

♣

For the "Boys in Blue"

Nearly one thousand soldiers, wearing the blue, keep watch day and night, by storm or shine, at the sea-gate of New York City. They are without home influences and exposed to the temptations of a great city. A committee on Army work of the Y. M. C. A., recently opened in the fort on Governor's Island, a home-like resort with library, games, piano, etc.; and it is much appreciated and liberally patronized. Three evangelistic meetings a week are held; and many soldiers have been encouraged to lead a Christian life. Permission to start a temperance canteen at another point has been secured by the committee. Questions concerning the work will be answered by Secretary H. M. Orne, 3 W. 29th St., New York City.

The Kuzzel-bash Koords

THE Anti-Taurus Mountains, to the north of Harpoot, Armenia, are inhabited by a peculiar race of Koords, called "Kuzzel-bash," or redhead. I never understood the significance of the name. It is not used by the people themselves, as it is a term of reproach. They number, perhaps, 50,000 souls, possibly more. They are divided into tribes, and they owe only a nominal allegiance to the Turkish government. Physically, they are the finest race in the empire. They have not the vices which have made the Turks effeminate; still they are noted brigands. Brigandage is not a crime in their eyes, but something of which to be proud, when it is successful. The most interesting peculiarity of this people is their religion. They are Moslem only in name. They do not accept the Koran, and they do not observe the Moslem prayers, ablutions, pilgrimages and fasts. A people "without a book" hold the lowest rank among Mohammedans, so these Koords claim to have a book; but I have been unable to find a man outside their ranks who has seen it. It is probably a false claim. They undoubtedly had a Christian ancestry. This is the tradition among themselves. They claim to be followers of Ali, son-in-law of Mohammed, but they have told me that this was a name which they used originally for Christ in order to deceive the Turks. There are ruins of churches and monasteries among them, and some of their villages still bear Christian names. There is an organization among them something like a church; that is, the members are carefully chosen; they are excommunicated for serious offences, and they have secret meetings in the evening at which bread and water are passed around—probably as a relic of the communion. Their religious teachers are called Seids. The office is hereditary.

KOORDISH CHIEFS OF HARPOOT

Some of the Kuzzel-bash believe in the transmigration of souls, while others say that at death the soul returns to its original source, that is, God. This means that they are Pantheists. All this means that although they may have had a Christian ancestry, there is nothing of the spirit of Christianity left among them. They are more susceptible to Christian influences than are the Turks, and they have sometimes asked for Christian teachers. This, however, was more in the hope of some political gain than through a desire for the truth; and, besides, the government would resent any attempt to introduce Christianity among them, although if they were to be brought under the influence of the Gospel it would be a great boon to the government itself, for they are a source of constant trouble and anxiety.

The accompanying photograph represents some of the leading men among the Kuzzel-bash. The one on the left is Seid Ibrahim, the most influential religious teacher among the mountains. Our Governor honored him with a gay, heavily embroidered red cloak, in recognition of his promise of allegiance.

HERMAN N. BARNUM.

Harpoot, Turkey.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.
T. DeWitt Talmage
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B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON.
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The Newsboys

THERE is no class of persons, juvenile or adult, in our communities who earn their living more honestly than the newsboys. Many of these boys sell both morning and evening papers. At work at four o'clock in the morning; and at half past three in the morning, by unnatural vigilance, awake themselves, or pulled out sometimes by rough hands. In the dawn of the day standing before the folding-rooms of the great newspaper offices, taking the wet, damp sheets over their arms and against their chests, already shivering with the cold. Around the bleak ferries and up and down the streets on the stormy days, singing as merrily as though it were a Christmas carol; making half a cent on each paper, some of them working fourteen hours for fifty cents; nine thousand of these newsboys applied for aid at the Newsboys' Lodging House, on Park Row, New York, in one year. About 1,000 of these boys laid up in the Savings Bank connected with that institution more than $3,000. But still this great army marches on, hungry, cold, sick, toward an early grave.

There is nothing that so moves my compassion on a cold winter morning as to see one of these newsboys, a fourth clad, newspapers on his arm that he cannot seem to sell, face or hands bleeding from a fall, or rubbing his knee to relieve it from having been hit on the side of a car as some "gentleman" with furs around his neck and gauntlets lined with lamb's wool, shoved him off saying, "You miserable rat!" Yet hawking the papers through the streets—papers full of railroad accidents and factory explosions and steamers foundering at sea in the last storm, and yet saying nothing about that which is to him worse than all the other calamities and all the other disasters, the calamity that he was ever born at all. To-night, at 11 or 12 o'clock, look at these poor fellows for a little while unconscious of all their pains and aches, and all the storms and the darkness, once in a while struggling in their dreams as though some one were trying to take the papers away from them. Standing there, you wonder if it would be right to wish that for their own sakes they might never wake up.

God pity them! They are immortals struggling for bread. Many of these newsboys are not only earning their own livlihood, but are supporting a sick mother or invalid father. When you can afford it, buy their wares and do not begrudge them the money. And in these holiday times, so far as you can, make them happy.

The University a Microcosm

THE University is a microcosm, a world in miniature. Some of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are in a university. You will find it all here; just as it is in the greater world. And here you may learn that self-mastery, that independence of character, that honorable individuality, which will fit you for the larger community, of which this community is the type. Such schools have fostered the virtues and accomplishments of the past. The school you attend is ready to be to you an Alma Mater; a generous and bountiful mother. Take pride in its name and achievements. Make your contribution to its larger and larger successes. Your teachers allow you a sufficiently wide margin for the play of individuality. Be yourselves, your better selves; assured that what you here become, will be of use to your generation. You are a part and parcel of this community. You cannot be dishonorable, without dishonor comes to it. You cannot be noble, without ennobling it.

When Socrates was asked, "Of what country he professed to be a citizen?" he said, "Of the world." You and I cannot say a less thing than that; we cannot say a greater. It is not for men of our period to see visions on the isle of Patmos. It is to help realize the visions seen there by the beloved disciple, when he wrote: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tribe and people." And if men ask, "Who follows in his train?" let us answer, "Here am I, send me." Wherever our lot may be cast, in whatever station, whatsoever our employment or profession, when we go forth, may our day and generation find us girded for our part in the great struggle, which shall give the kingdom to our God and his Christ, that we may reign with him forever!

Sermonic Vocabulary

ONE of the mightiest hindrances to the progress of the Gospel is the usual sermonic vocabulary. It has for the most part been inherited from the ages past. Certain styles of phraseology were adopted by the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which the nineteenth century has appropriated. Why should we put our thoughts for pulpit address in modes of expression belonging to other times? As well adopt for our day the cocked-hat and knee-buckles, and hair twisted into a cue, common in seventeen hundred and seventy-six. Clergymen sprightly, and interesting on platforms, and at literary banquets, and in social circles are often dull in the pulpit. It is a fact that everybody knows, although it may be hazardous to state it, that the phraseology in sermonic delivery is often soporific. People who are troubled with insomnia on Saturday night when they want to sleep, the next morning nod their heads in somnolence at the Sabbath service whenever they want to keep awake.

Some of the greatest efforts of all our lives have been the efforts to keep attentive while seated under some able and learned sermon on "Fore-ordination," and "The eternal generation of the Son." The themes of the Gospel which are the sublimest and most stirring themes in the universe, when put into phraseology which we have heard and read all our lives, act as a lullaby, a religious narcotic, a holy anodyne. What right have we to shut ourselves up to a few hundred words of utterance when out of the more than 114,000 words of our language, we might make an entertaining and a rousing selection? What a glorious legacy Noah Webster left us in his Dictionary, although his friend Trumbull said of him, "Webster has returned and brought with him a very pretty wife. I wish him success; but I doubt in the present decay of business in our profession whether his profits will enable him to keep up the style he sets out with. I fear he will breakfast upon Institutes, dine upon Dissertations, and go to bed supperless." Fortunately the prophecy failed. When with such opulence of words we confine ourselves to a worn-out, threadbare diction, we are like misers who have fifty thousand dollars in bonds and mortgages, and yet live on ten cents a day.

In the whole religious vocabulary, oh, the enfeebled adjectives, and the conjunctions that do not conjoin, and the verbs that fail to express action, and the words that have so long rung through churches and religious circles that they have no power to arrest attention! The most effective ministers of the Gospel in the past would not consent to be bound. When Jonathan Edwards preached his renowned sermon on "The Sinner in the Hands of an Angry God," and Thomas Chalmers his famous sermon on "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection," and Merle d'Aubigne his sermon on "The Three Onlys," and Doctor Candlish his sermon on "The Universal Doom," and John Cumming his sermon on "The Great Tribulation," and Francis Wayland his sermon on "The Moral Dignity of Missions," and George W. Bethune his sermon on "Victory Over Death and the Grave," and Tholuck his sermon on "Christ the Touchstone of Human Hearts," they chose an independent and therefore potent phraseology. Rufus Choate in his profession of the law, used 11,693 unrepeated words: John Milton in literary production, employed 8,000 unrepeated words: Shakespeare in his dramas wielded 15,000 unrepeated words: but the majority of preachers of the Gospel employ less than 3,000.

"Oh!" I hear some one exclaiming, "words are nothing!" My reply is that the Holy Bible is nothing but words inspired, and words under God will yet redeem all nations. What we, the preachers of the Gospel, most need to-day is, first, more Holy Ghost power, and next, an enlarged, and enriched and regenerated vocabulary.

Correspondence that Explains Itself

To the Editor: ST. LOUIS, MO.

Don't you think that your new serial, "Around the World with Aunt Samantha," is [illegible] for your readers to appreciate? The odd spelling and [illegible] of grammar, the queer [illegible], and the rather free-and-easy way the author has of handling matters generally, seem to be out of harmony with the rest of the paper. We who have been accustomed to find so many good things in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD hardly know how to regard "Samantha" and her ways. J. C. R.

We thank you for the frank expression of your opinion. We think, however, that if you will bear with us a little, you will soon find that we have an object in publishing that particular serial. You will find discussed in it questions which, if published on our editorial page or in the ordinary reading columns, would not attract the attention, or make the impression which their discussion in this form will insure. Miss Holley's writings, as a reform agency, have been a great influence in the past. We believe the present serial to be her supreme effort in the interests of temperance, justice, humanity and religion.

But we must not anticipate to such an extent as to eliminate the charm of novelty and surprise. Before many weeks, those of our readers who now differ from us will be inclined to change their views, and all will appreciate "Samantha" as cordially as anything they have ever read.

WORLD-WIDE ENCYCLOPEDIA

SOME years ago we offered 5,000 sets of the World Wide Encyclopedia and hundreds of orders could not be filled. Since then the World Wide Encyclopedia has been enlarged by about 3,000 pages, making nearly 10,000 in all, and brought down to this year, including the Spanish-American War. It has been printed on heavier paper, with larger margins, and put up in twelve Substantial Volumes, beautifully bound in drab T cloth. It is sold elsewhere at thirty dollars, but as we purchased a very large edition on a cash basis, we can afford to cut the price in two, on monthly instalments of one dollar, with ten per cent. off for spot cash. Every set is accompanied by a "Key to Systematic Reading," enabling the possessor to pursue any given course of study.

Abraham Lincoln was a poor boy, but while a rail-splitter he spent his evenings in study and fitted himself for a life that made him immortal.

Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, could not read when he married. His wife taught him, after which he devoted himself to self-culture, becoming a man among men; Governor, Senator, Vice-president and President.

Peter Cooper was a self-made man, as was Hiram Sibley, who left his father's farm destitute of ordinary schooling, but later in life achieved fame and fortune; and Henry Wilson, the Natick cobbler, became Vice-president of the United States.

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BRIEF NOTES

The receipts of the Board of Missions of the Reformed Dutch Church for November were $[illegible] in advance of the corresponding month of last year of $1,086. For the seven months from May 1 to December 1, the total receipts were $37,[illegible], being $[illegible] more than for the same months of 1898.

Rev. Louis Bryde, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, who is laboring in the south of Hunan, China, finding that no one dare rent a house to him, has bought a boat which he has moored to the shore. He preaches as Christ did to the people on the beach, and is heard with attention.

The friends at the Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C., were able to give an excellent dinner on Thanksgiving Day to a number of homeless people. Dr. Talmage sent the managers of the Mission a check for a hundred dollars to pay for the dinner and to aid in the religious work of the Mission.

Madame von Finkelstein Mountford, who was born and brought up in Jerusalem, and who has lectured in all parts of the world, has been giving a series of interesting lectures on "Life and Scenes in Palestine," illustrated by Oriental customs and costumes, before the Art and Science Institute, Brooklyn.

Rev. Thomas Harrison is holding services in St. Louis, Mo. The meetings are held in the Centenary Church, of which Dr. Young is pastor. Among the most enthusiastic of Mr. Harrison's helpers are men and women who were converted under his preaching at a revival held in the same church fourteen years ago.

Rev. Dr. George H. Hepworth, of the New York *Herald*, who is in Utah studying the Mormon problem, announces that polygamy is rampant, that plural wives perjure themselves to save their husbands, believing it a religious duty; and, that in his opinion, the best remedy is an amendment to the constitution of the United States giving jurisdiction to the Federal courts.

In Memory of Washington

IMPOSING ceremonies marked the one hundredth anniversary of the death of George Washington. At Mount Vernon, the President delivered an oration, and elaborate Masonic rites were celebrated at the present tomb and at the tomb in which the body of the First President was originally placed. As Washington was a Freemason of high degree, the Grand Masters of the original thirteen States honored his memory by reciting the quaint ritual with which the death of illustrious members of the Order is commemorated. Later in the day the Order of Red Men held observance. In New York, the celebration centred about St. Paul's church, which Washington usually attended, and the Jumel Mansion, where his headquarters were after the Battle of Harlem Heights. The front of the church was decorated with the national flag and festoons of red, white and blue bunting. Within, the pulpit was wrapped in the Stars and Stripes and the galleries were decked with the Colonial Colors, the flag of the Order of the Cincinnati and of the Sons of the Revolution. The pew in which the Father of his Country used to sit, has been carefully preserved. It was decked with flags which were grouped around the National Coat of Arms. Solemn services were conducted in the church by the rector, assisted by Dr. Dix, rector of Trinity Church, and other eminent clergymen. In the Jumel Mansion, the services were held in the room which had served Washington as a council chamber. Memorial exercises were held also in the public schools of the city and in the chief Masonic lodges. It is well that such an anniversary should be celebrated, so that the rising generation may perceive what is the kind of man whom a whole nation holds in reverent esteem.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance (Ps. 112:6).

Check to British Arms

Not within the memory of the present generation have the people of Great Britain received in one week news of three such disasters as those reported from South Africa. The repulse of Gen. Gatacre, mentioned in these columns last week, was followed by the defeat of Lord Methuen at Magersfontein, and that by a still more humiliating disaster to Gen. Buller's force at the Tugela River. In the case of Lord Methuen, whose object in his march northward, is the relief of the beleaguered town of Kimberley, the disaster appears to have been caused by his underestimating the strength of the Boers' position. They had protected their trenches with barbed wire, to ward off a bayonet charge and they allowed their assailants to approach within rifle range, instead of disclosing their position by artillery fire early in the engagement. The Black Watch, one of the most famous regiments in the British army, led the attack and was supported by the Guards. Both regiments suffered severely, when the Boer riflemen opened fire from the trenches. It was impossible to carry the position by assault, and after an ineffective artillery fire, Methuen retreated to his former position on the Modder River. He lost 963 in killed, wounded and missing, seventy of whom were officers. Among the killed was the famous Gen. Wauchope, an officer greatly beloved, who had won distinction in other campaigns. Gen Buller's repulse at the Tugela was a still heavier disaster. He had selected two places on the river, two miles apart, at which a passage appeared possible. That on the left was attempted first, but it was clear, early in the day, that it was impracticable. The force on the right was then pushed forward; but a blunder at the outset prevented the attempt to cross being made. Col. Long, who commanded the artillery, with which the way was to have been opened, ran his guns to the edge of the river, to bring them into effective range. He was instantly assailed by a deadly fire from riflemen concealed in the river, which killed the horses and drove the men from their guns. A gallant attempt was made to drag the guns back, but the effort involved so fearful a sacrifice of life that Gen. Buller would not allow it to continue. The guns were therefore abandoned to the Boers, and the force withdrew to the position it had occupied before the engagement. The losses in killed, wounded and missing were 1,097 men and eleven guns, one of which had been rendered useless. The disaster increases British anxiety for the safety of Ladysmith, to the relief of which Gen. Buller was marching, when it occurred. Sorrow in Great Britain is intense and a day of humiliation and prayer is to be appointed. Every one, from the Queen to the humblest subject, feels the situation acutely; but as yet there is no disposition manifested to withdraw from the disastrous undertaking. More officers and men are to be sent out, and Lord Roberts, England's greatest Field Marshal, is to have supreme command, with Gen. Kitchener, the hero of the Soudan, as his chief of staff. This means a prolongation of the war and more of the hideous carnage, which is causing anguish and heartbreak in many a home in the Transvaal, as well as in England. Even the men whose blundering diplomacy led to the war and the unthinking multitude who clamored for it, must surely see by this time how horrible a thing war is. The Christians of both lands need to give themselves to prayer to God, who alone can bring the conflict to an end.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth: he breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire (Ps. 46:9).

A Dog Maligned

A New York policeman saved the life of a dog a few days ago, much to the joy of its owner. The policeman, who is a lover of dogs, was stationed near one of the ferries. Among the passengers who had crossed over from Jersey City was a young man who was leading a collie dog by a chain. He had scarcely emerged from the ferry-house, when the dog began to tug at the chain and to froth at the mouth. A crowd gathered around, and some one called out, "Mad dog!" The crowd quickly dispersed, and the policeman came up. The dog was uttering short yelps, snapping viciously and struggling at his chain. His owner said, "I suppose, Officer, you will have to shoot him, though I shall be sorry to lose him." The policeman looked the dog over carefully, and then declared that he was not mad. A pail of water was flung over the animal, and in a few minutes he recovered. "There is not more than one dog in a hundred," said the officer, "that are shot by the police of the city who is really mad. Ninety-nine of them might be saved by such treatment." Doubtless there are some men who have suffered through a similar mistake. When society gets better knowledge, it will cease to administer punishments which makes the wrong-doer a hardened criminal, and adopt remedial measures which will restore him to his place in the world, a reformed man.

Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but let it rather be healed (Heb. 12:13).

An Offer of Pedigrees

A foreign nobleman, now in New York, is said to have come to this country on a curious mission. Under his supervision and with the facilities that his standing in European society gives him, an elaborate history of the noble families of Europe is being prepared. Their origin, their matrimonial alliances, their achievements in politics, war and the church are duly chronicled, and their descendants traced as far as is possible to the present time. The cost of this work is $2,750, but single volumes may be bought for two hundred dollars. The aristocratic compiler is here to trace the American descendants of these families so as to include them in his history. It is currently reported that he has already found numerous purchasers in spite of the extraordinary price of the books. It is a pity that such people do not look forward instead of backward. The honor of having their names inscribed in the record of the noblest family on earth is trivial compared with that honor which God promises to the followers of his Son.

In this rejoice not, but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven (Luke 10:20).

Wicked Wills Upheld

The Surrogate of New York, in admitting a will to probate last week, took occasion to express his regret that his court had no power to prevent such wills as the one then under consideration being executed. He said: "Probate of a will cannot be refused merely because the court considers that the will is absurd, unjust, unnatural, cruel, immoral or improper, and that the testator was wicked or unjust. We have seen many cases of men, miserly, parsimonious, neglectful and perhaps cruel, to those of their own family and household, who expend the money which should be applied to the support and maintenance of the natural objects of their bounty, either in reckless extravagance, dissipation, gambling or illicit relations. And yet we all recognize the fact that a man has an absolute legal right to do what he will with his own property so long as there is no actual violation of the civil or criminal law. The same right may be exercised as to testamentary disposition of the property and the court is bound to respect it even when the wickedness of it is obvious." It is a pity that it should be so, but it will easily be seen that the courts would exceed their rights if they interfered with the rights of the individual. The same principle needs to be recognized in considering the government of God. He does not put a summary end to sin, but allows it to work out its legitimate results that men may see what an evil thing it is.

WASHINGTON'S PEW IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, DECORATED ON DEC. 14

GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER

Though a sinner do evil a hundred times and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God (Eccles. 8:12).

Daring Rescue at a Fire

The presence of mind and undaunted courage of a citizen of New York prevented the death of a woman at a fire last week. She was asleep on the third story of a tenement house, when the cry of fire was raised and she awoke to find her room full of smoke. The fire had started in the basement and had reached the upper floors without being discovered. On opening her door she saw with consternation that the staircase was burning furiously. She ran to the window and opened it. The people in the street below called to her not to jump, as the firemen were coming; but the flames were close behind her and she dare not stay. She climbed out and stood on the sill covering her eyes with her hands. Then the crowd below held their breath in intense emotion. They saw the figure of a man crawling along a narrow ledge which ran underneath the window at which the woman stood. He came from the adjoining house and was going to her rescue. As he put out his hand to help her to the ledge, she fainted and fell forward. Her weight nearly carried them both to the street below, but fortunately, the man's hand caught a projecting rod and steadied him. With his helpless burden on his shoulder he crept cautiously back to his own window where the inmates of the room took hold of the woman and lifted her in, while the crowd cheered the brave man. Everyone honors a man who would thus deliberately imperil his own life to save the life of another, but how few there are who are moved by the story of that divine sacrifice by which the way of escape from eternal death was opened to the whole human race:

I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep (John 10:11).

AROUND THE WORLD WITH AUNT SAMANTHA

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CHAPTER IV.

Samantha Greets Phila Ann

JEST as we left the tarven at Chicago our mail wuz put in our hands, forwarded by the Jonesville postmaster accordin' to promise; but not a word from my pardner, roustin' up my apprehensions afresh. Had his fond heart broken under the too great strain? Had

GETTING READY FOR DEPARTURE

he passed away callin' on my name?

My tears dribbled down onto my dress waist, though I tried to stanch 'em with my snowy linen handkerchief. Tommy's tears, too, begun to fall, seein' which I grabbed holt of Duty's black apron-strings and wuz agin calm on the outside, and handed Tommy a choclate drop (which healed his woond), although on the inside my heart kep' on a seethin' reservoir of agony and forbodin's.

The next day, as I sot in my comfortable easy chair on the car, knittin' a little, tryin' to take my mind offen trouble and Josiah, Tommy wuz settin' by my side, and Miss Meechim and Dorothy nigh by, Aronette, like a little angel of Help, fixin' the cushions under our feet, brushin' the dust offen her mistresse's dresses, or pickin' up my stitches when in my agitation or the jigglin' of the cars I dropped 'em, and a perfect Arabian Night's entertainer to Tommy, who worshiped her, when I hearn a exclamation from Tommy, and the car door shet, and I looked round and see a young man and woman advancin' down the isle. They wuz a bridal couple, that anybody could see. The blessed fact could be seen in their hull personality—dress, demeanor, shinin' new satchels and everything, but I didn't recognize 'em till Tommy sez:

"Oh, grandma, there is Phila Henzy and the man she married!"

Could it be? Yes it wuz Phila Ann Henzy, Philemon Henzy's oldest girl, named for her pa and ma, I knew she wuz married in Loontown the week before. I'd hearn on't, but had never seen the groom, but knew that he wuz a young chap she had met to the World's Fair, and who had courted her more or less ever sence. They seemed real glad to see me, though their manners and smiles and hull demeanors seemed kinder new, somehow, like their clothes. They had hearn from friends in Jonesville that I wuz on my way to California, and they'd been lookin for me. Sez the groom, with a fond look on her:

"I am so glad we found you, for Baby would have been so disappointed if we hadn't met you."

Baby! Phila Ann wuz six feet high if she wuz a inch, but good lookin' in a big sized way. And he wuz barely five feet, and scrawny at that; but a good amiable lookin' young man. But I didn't approve of his callin' her Baby when she could have carried him easy on one arm and not felt it. The Henzys are all big sized, and Ann, her ma, could always clean her upper buttery shelves without gittin' up in a chair, reach right up from the floor.

But he probable had noble qualities if he wuz spindlin' lookin', or she couldn't adore him as she did. Phila Ann jest worshiped him as I could see, and he her, visey versey. Sez she, with a tender look down onto him:

"Yes, I've been tellin' pa how I did hope we should meet you."

Pa! There wuz sunthin' else I didn't approve of; callin' him pa, when the fact that they wuz on their bridal tower wuz stomped on 'em both jest as plain as I ever stomped a pat of butter with clover leaves. But I didn't spoze I could do anything to help or hender, for I realized that they wuz both in a state of delerium or trance. But I meditated further as I looked on, it wouldn't probable last no great lenght of time. The "honeymoon would be clouded over anon or before that. The clouds would clear away agin, no doubt, and the sun of Love shine out permanent if their affection for each other wuz cast-iron and sincere. But the light of this magic moon I knew would never shine on 'em agin. The light of that moon makes things look dretful queer, and casts strange shadders onto things, and folks laugh at it, but no other light is so heavenly bright while it lasts. I think so and so duz Josiah.

"THEY WUZ A BRIDAL COUPLE—THAT ANYBODY COULD SEE"

But to resoom forwards. The groom went somewhere to send a telegram, and Phila sot down by me for a spell, their seat wuz further off but she wanted to talk with me. She wuz real happy and confided in me, and remarked "What a lovely state matrimony is."

And I sez, "Yes indeed! it is, but you hain't got fur enough along in marriage gography to bound the state on all sides as you will in the future."

But she smiled blissful and her eyes looked fur off in rapped delight (the light of that moon shin' full on her) as she said:

"What bliss it is for me to know that I have got sunthin to lean on."

And I thought that it would be sad day for him if she leaned her hull heft, but didn't say so, not knowin' how it would be took.

I inquired all about the neighbors in Jonesville and Zoar and Loontown, and sez I, "I spoze Elder White is still doin' all he can for that meetin' house of hisen in Loontown, and I inquired particular about him, for Ernest White is a young man I set store by. He come from his home in Boston to visit his uncle, the banker, in East Loontown. He wuz right from the German university and college and preachin' school, and he wuz so rich he might have sot down and twiddled his thumbs for the rest of his days. But he had a passion for work—a passion of pity for poor tempted humanity. He wanted to reach down and try to lift up the strugglin' "submerged tenth." He wuz a student and disciple of Ruskin, and felt that he must carry a message of helpfulness and beauty into the starved lives of the poor. And, best of all, he wuz a follower of Jesus, who went about doin' good.

When his rich family found that he would be a clergyman they wanted to git

DOROTHY AND TOMMY

him a big city church, and he might have had twenty, for he wuz smart as a whip, handsome, rich, and jest run after in society. But no: he said there wuz plenty to take those rich fat places: he would work amongst the poor, them who needed him.

East Loontown is a factory village, and the little chapel was standin' empty for want of funds, but twenty saloons wuz booming, full of the operatives, who spent all of their spare time and most of their money there. So Ernest White stayed right there and preached, at first to empty seats and a few old wimmen, but as they got to know him, the best young men and young wimmen went, and he filled their hearts with aspiration and hope and beauty and determination to help the world. Not being contented with what he wuz doing he spent half his time with the factory hands, who wuz driven to work by Want, and harried by the mighty foe, Intemperance. A saloon on every corner and block, our twin American idols, Intemperance and Greed, taking every cent of money from the poor worshipers, to pour into the greedy pockets of the priesthood, the saloon-keepers, brewers, whiskey men and the Government, and all who fatten on the corpse of manhood.

Well, he just threw himself into the work of helping those poor souls, and helping them as he did in sickness and health they got to liking him, so that they wuz willing to go and hear him preach, which was one hard blow to the Demon. The next thing he got all the ministers he could to unite in a Church Union to fight the Liquor Power, and undertaking it in the right way, at the ballot-box, they got it pretty well subdued, and as sane minds begun to reign in healthier bodies, better times come.

Elder White not only preached every Sunday, but kep' his church open every evening of the week, and his boys and girls met there for healthful and innocent amusements. He got a good library, all sorts of good games, music; and had short, interesting lectures and entertainments and his Church of Love rivaled the Idol Temples and drew away its idol worshipers one by one, and besides the ministers, many prominent business men helped him; my son, Thomas J, is forward in

helpin' it along. And they say that besides all the good they're doing, they have good times too, and enjoy themselves first-rate evenings. They don't stay out late—that's another thing Elder White is trying to inculcate into their minds—right living in the way of health as well as morals. Every little while he and somebody else who is fitted for it gives short talks on subjects that will help the boys and girls along in Temperance in all things. The young folks jest worship him, so they say, and I wuz glad to hear right from him. Phila is a worker in his meetin' house, and a active member, and so is her pa and ma, and she said that there wuz no tellin' how much good he had done.

"When he come there," sez she, "there wuz twenty saloons goin' full blast in a village of two thousand inhabitants and the mill operatives wuz spendin' most all they earnt there, leavin' their families to suffer and half starve; but when Elder White opened his Church of Love week day evenin's as well as Sunday, you have no idee what a change there is. There isn't a saloon in the place. He has made his church so pleasant for the young folks that he has drawn away crowds that used to fill the saloons."

"Yes," sez I, "Thomas J. is dretful interested in it; he has gin three lectures there."

"Yes, most all the best citizens have joined the Help Union to fight aginst the Whiskey Power, though" sez Phila, "there is one or two ministers who are afraid of contaminating their religion by politics. They had ruther stand up in their pulpits and preach to a lot of wimmen about the old Jews and the day of Pentacost than take holt and do a man's work in a man's way—the only practical way, grapple with the monster Evil at its lair, where it breeds and fattens—the ballot-box."

"Yes," sez I, "a good many ministers think that they can't descend into the filthy pool of politics. But it hain't reasonable, for how are you a goin' to clean out a filthy place if them that want it clean stand on the bank and hold their noses with one hand, and jester with the other, and quote scripter? And them that don't want it clean are throwin' slime and dirt into it all the time, heapin' up the loathsome filth. Somebody has got to take holt and work as well as pray, if these plague spots and misery breeders are ever purified."

"Well, Elder White is doin' all he can," sez Phila. "He went right to the polls 'lection day and worked all day; for the Whiskey Power wuz all riz up and watchin' and workin' for its life, you may say, bound to draw back into its clutches some of the men that Elder White, with the Lord's help, had saved. They exerted all their influence, liquor run free all day and all the night before, tryin' to brutalize and craze the men into votin' as the Liquor Power dictated. But Elder White knew what they wuz about, and he and all the earnest helpers he could muster used all their power and influence, and the election wuz a triumph for the Right. East Loontown went no-license, and not a saloon curses its streets to-day. North Loontown, where the minister felt that he wuz too good to touch the political pole, went license, and five more filthy pools wuz opened there for his flock to fall into, to breed vile influences that will overpower all the good influence he can possibly bring to bear on the souls committed to his care."

"But," sez I, "he is writin' commentaries on ancient sins, so he won't sense it so much. He's jest carried away with his work."

Sez Phila, "He had better be actin' out a commentary on modern sins. What business has he to be rakin' over the old ashes of Sodom and Gomorrah for bones of antediluvian sinners, and leave his livin' flock to be burnt and choked by the fire and flames of the present volcano of crime, the Liquor System, that belches forth all the time."

"Well, he wuz made so," sez I.

"Well, he had better git down out of the pulpit," sez Phila, "and let some one git up there who can see a sinner right under his nose, and try to drag him out of danger and ruin, and not have to look over a dozen centuries to find him."

"Well, I am thankful for Ernest White, and I have felt that he and Waitstill Webb wuz jest made for each other. He thinks his eyes of her I know. When she went and nursed the factory hands when the typhoid fever broke out he said that 'she wuz like a angel of Mercy.'"

"They said he looked like a angel of Wrath 'lection day," sez Phila. "You know how fair his face is, and how his clear gray eyes seem to look right through you, and through shams and shames of every kind. Well, that day they said that his face fairly shone and he did the work of ten men."

"That is because his heart is pure," sez I, "like that Mr. Gallyhed I heard Thomas J. read about; you know it sez:

"'His strength is as the strength of ten
Because his heart is pure.'

"And oh!" sez I agin, "how I would love to see him and Waitstill Webb married, and happy."

"So would I," sez Phila. "Oh, it is such a beautiful state, matrimony is."

"And he needs a wife," sez I. "You know he wouldn't stay with his uncle but said that he must live with his people who needed him, so he boards there at the Widder Pooler's."

"Yes," sez Phila, "and though she worships him, she had rather any day play the part of Mary than that of Martha—she had rather be sittin' at his feet and learnin' of him—than cookin' good nourishin' food and makin' a clean, sweet home for him. But he don't complain."

"What a companion Waitstill would be for him?" I sez agin.

"Yes," sez Phila, "but I don't believe she will ever marry any one, she looks so sad."

"It seems jest if they wuz made for each other," sez I, "and I know he worships the ground she walks on. But I don't know as she will ever marry any one after what she has went through," and I sithed.

"She would marry," sez Phila warmly, "if she knew what a lovely, lovely state it wuz."

How strange it is that some folks are as soft as putty on some subjects and real cute on others. Phila knew enough on any other subject only jest marriage. But I spozed that her brain would harden up on this subject when she got more familiar with it—they generally do. And the light of that moon I spoke on liquifies common sense and a state, putty soft, ensues; but cold weather hardens putty, and I knew that she would git over it. But even as I methought, Phila sez, "I must go to my seat, pa will be lookin' for me." I see Miss Meechim smotherin' a smile on her lace-edged handkerchief, and Dorothy's eyes kinder laughin' at the idee of a bride callin' her husband "pa."

But the groom returned at jest that minute, and I introduced 'em both to Miss Meechim and Dorothy, and we had quite a good little visit. But anon, the groom mentioned incidentally that they wuz a goin' to live in Salt Lake City.

"Why!" sez I in horrow, "you hain't a goin' to jine the Mormons are you?"

And as I said that I see Miss Meechim kinder git Dorothy behind her, as if to protect her from what might be. But I knew that there wuzn't no danger from the groom's flirtin' with any other female or tryin' to git 'em sealed to him, for quite a spell I knew that he felt himself as much alone with Baby as if them two wuz on a oasis in the middle of the desert of Sarah. I knew that it would be some months before he waked up to the fact of their bein' another woman in the world. And oh, how Phila scoffed at the idee of pa jinin' the Mormons. They had bought part of a store of a Gentile and wuz goin' to be pardners with him and kinder grow up with the country. I felt that they wuz a likely couple and would do well, but rememberin' Dorothy's and Miss Meechim's smiles I reached up and stiddied myself on that apron-string of Duty, and took Phila out one side and advised her not to call her bridegroom pa. Sez I, "You hain't but jest married and it don't look well."

And she said that "Her ma always called her father pa."

"Well," sez I, "if you'll take the advice of a old Jonesvillian and well-wisher, you'll wait till you're a few year's older before you call him pa."

And she sez, lookin' admirin'ly at him, "I spoze I might call him papa."

Well, you can't put sense into a certain bump in anybody's head if it wuzn't made there in the first place there are holler places in heads that you can't fill up, do your best. But oh! how her devoted love to him put me in mind of myself, and how his small sized devotion to her—how it reminded me of him who wuz fur away—and oh, why did I not hear from him! my heart sunk nearly into my shues as I foreboded about it.

"ERNEST WHITE THREW HIMSELF INTO THE WORK OF HELPING THOSE POOR SOULS"

It seemed as if everything brung him up before me, the provisions we had on the dining car wuz good and plenty of 'em, and how they made me think of him, who wuz a good provider. The long, long days and nights of travel, the jar and motion of the cars made me think of him who often wuz restless and oneasy. And even the sand of the desert between Cheyenne and Denver, even that sand brought me fond remembrances of one who wuz sandy complected when in his prime. And oh! when did I not think of him? Christmas had gone by, but how could we celebrate it without a home to set up a Christmas tree, or set out a table with good Jonesville vittles. How I thought on him who made a holiday in my heart by his presence, and always helped me put the leaves in the extension table.

Tommy wanted to hang up his little stockin', and did, hangin' it out like a little red signal of distress over the side of his top shelf, and we filled it with everything good we could git hold on.

Dorothy put in a little silver watch she had bought on her travels, not bigger than a warnut, and Miss Meechim put in some of the toys she had bought for children of her acquaintance. I got a good little picture book for him in Chicago, and a set of Authors, and Aronette gin him two little linen handkerchiefs, hemstitched by herself, and his name, "Tommy," worked in the corners. He wuz real tickled with 'em all. I told Miss Meechim that I had hoped to spend Christmas in Salt Lake City. Knowin' that it wuz a warm climate, I thought that I could have a Christmas tree out doors; I thought tha I could take one of them big pine trees I'd read on, and invite Brigham Young's wives, the hull on 'em, to my party, bein' out doors I thought there would be room for 'em all, poor creeters!

"HE LAID UP AGINST ME AND CRIED"

But Miss Meechim is very cautious, and she said that she wuz afraid that such a party given by folks in my high position might have a tendency to encourage polygamy.

And I said, "I would rather give a dollar bill than do that, and mebbe I had better give it up, for we shant git there in time, anyway."

And so I did, and spent the Christmas holidays on the cars, and tried to keep my heart and mind in a Christmas mood, but don't spoze I did, so many fond recollections and sad forebodin's hanted me as the cars swep' us on, on through the valley of the Platte river on to Denver. Miss Meechim, who is a power on dates, said that Denver wuz five thousand two hundred feet above the sea.

And Tommy wonnered, wonnered who measured it, and if they did it with a yard stick as his ma measured cloth, and then he wonnered if his ma missed her little boy, and then he laid up aginst me and kindered cryed a little, evanescent grief soon soothed.

We stayed in Denver two days, sallyin' out to different points of interest about it, and here I see irrigation carried on, water carried into the channels around the crops and trees some as I've dug little holes round my house-plants to hold water; only of course Denver wuz carryin' it on, on a bigger scale. It is a handsome city with the water of the Platte river brung in and running along in little streams by the curbstones. We rode out to Idaho Springs on a narrer railroad but easy goin', through Clear Creek Canon. I liked the looks of the Springs first-rate (they made me think of Josiah).

All the way we see Chinamen workin' hard and patient, as is their wont, and their long frocks they had on made me think of him I mourned for, and their hair hangin' in long braids down their back. So would *his* hair look if he let it grow.

We had to go a little out of our straight way to visit Salt Lake City but felt that it paid.

(To be Continued.)

Quarter-Millennial Anniversary

Another church has celebrated its quarter-millennial anniversary. It is the Copley Square Church in Boston, Mass. Two large memorial windows were presented in honor of the occasion. One of them was in memory of the late Mr. W. W. Warren, and the other in memory of the ministers who have served the church during the past two hundred and fifty years, the most distinguished of whom was Ralph Waldo Emerson.

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

The Home Princess

WHO should be princess royal in every American home, but the beautiful daughter of the house? There comes a time to every young girl when she plucks a rose of Eden, and wears it in her breast; and that time is when she is sought and returns the loyal love of the prince. The prince may have hard hands and a suit of home-spun cloth; he may work on the farm or in a factory, or instead he may have a great revenue, be a money-king, and fare sumptuously every day. Manhood—not its mere accidental circumstances—is the thing which counts; well did the poet say, "A man's a man for a' that."

Bonny Marion is waiting in happy, though pensive musing for the well-known step on the floor, after the familiar ring at the outer door. Nobody has a step, a voice, a laugh, a look like Jack; and Jack is coming presently. The mandolin is waiting for him, and he will pick it up and play; but the sweetest tune of his life is being softly played now on the chord of a maiden's pure heart.

♦

The Choice of a School

In the old days girls' schools were called seminaries, or academies for young ladies, both of which designations have now gone out of fashion. Though the name is altered, the thing itself remains the same; and among the most important decisions which a mother is called upon to make, is the choice of a school for her daughter, who has reached what may be called the preparatory stage for a high school or college by and by. Notwithstanding the advanced courses open to girls in colleges and the careers which begin there, there is still a place for the unassuming and modest school for girls which is practically this and nothing more.

The best thing such a school ever does for its pupils is not in the initiation it gives in various branches of polite learning, in its thorough teaching of Latin, science or mathematics, but in what it gives girls, as they are growing up, in forming their ideals and showing them some woman's beautiful life. The teacher is more than the school.

IN SELECTING a school for girls, the character of the principal and her associates should first be borne in mind, and the next most important thing is to discover what sort of companions the girl will have. The friendships of life are sometimes begun in the school-room. Our children are very much affected by those with whom they associate on familiar terms. Specially quick to take impressions are girls from thirteen to fifteen with their womanly nature just awaking and the tides of life beginning to rush towards them. They have already received in the early training of the home a certain stamp, but with them nothing is fixed or permanent. Here and there one finds a young girl of marked individuality, born to be a leader, and not too readily influenced by her roommate or the girl next her in the class-room. This is the exceptional girl; the large majority of girls are very easily influenced by example and association. It almost seems at times as if even girlhood shared to-day the lack of earnestness which distinguishes this period, and as if only heedless gayety of youth could be expected of our young girls.

COMPARISONS are invidious and not always trustworthy as indicators of an existing state. Yet who can look back to the records, for instance of that old Ipswich Seminary, which was the predecessor of such great schools as the Emma Willard at Troy, and the school founded by Mary Lyon at South Hadley, to-day world-famed as Mt. Holyoke College, without being convinced that the girls of a former day at a very early age were far more responsible than ours. Doubtless the home training was more rigid and a child grew up from the first with a keener sense of the constant presence of God and of his direct dealings with men, which may account for the difference. The work done in those schools was thorough and fine, and the resultant womanhood which came from them was a vital force in the life of our country. When choosing a school for girls the mother should insist not only on thorough scholarship, but on a refined atmosphere and the continual practice of small courtesies. Manners must not be an extra. A needful requirement in the education of girls is elegance. That ease of good breeding which makes the lady equal to any situation will never be gained unless implanted in the home and the school. In the old days much stress was laid upon polite accomplishments, and the girl was sent to school that she might become proficient upon the piano, or learn to sit gracefully at the harp and draw the tinkling sweetness from its strings. We no longer expect that every girl shall spend precious hours in studying music, when perhaps she has no special aptitude in that direction, and besides, our standards are less easily satisfied than once.

IT IS gratifying to know that the claims of the body will not be neglected and that the girl going to school will be seated day by day at a generous table where the physical life will be nourished, and that instruction in physical culture will be as carefully given as that which belongs to intellectual lines. A completely furnished gymnasium is now found in connection with most girls' schools, and the pupils are not only encouraged, but expected to take regular exercise there. Quite as needful in every college is the provision made in most schools for a silent time every day—a period in which the girl may be by herself and have an opportunity for private devotion. This habit early formed will never leave the woman, and in later years will be her strength and comfort in many a time of need.

♦

Prudence Payson's Catch-All

MRS. J. H. Many thanks for your dear letter and the lovely picture of yourself.

WIDE AWAKE. You would greatly enjoy John Fiske's new book, *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*. I recommend this book, in two volumes, to your book club.

MARGARET DAY asks what presents a girl may receive from a young man. Aunt Prudence thinks that girls like candy, and a man may give a girl a box of that; and flowers if he chooses, and now and then a book. But he may send her no rings, or pins, or trinkets of that sort, and never anything to wear.

BLESS my soul, Melissa Ann, did you suppose you could make pie crust without taking pains? You have to be careful, child, or your pastry will be as heavy as lead. All the good housekeepers will tell you that, and as Aunt Prudence's hand is rather out, she will be glad of some directions from those whose pie crust is just right. Also a good receipt from somebody for old-fashioned and toothsome crullers is in order.

WILLIAM HENRY asks Aunt Prudence how to gain a person's love. Does he mean a child's, or a girl's, or that of another man? The only way I know, William Henry, is to be kind and thoughtful. Do you split the kindling wood for your mother, and see that she has all the water she needs brought in from the well? Do you ever offer to hang out the clothes for her in this cold weather? Do you take your sister's baby up when she cries and walk the floor with her till she goes asleep in your arms? If you do such things as these, William Henry, you need never fear but that you will gain all the love you want in this world.

♦

Good-Morning

The new day begins with a clarion call to duty. Awake, thou that sleepest! Let not the sluggard hug his pillow. There is work to be done, and we must be up and about it.

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve
And press with vigor on.
A heavenly race demands thy zeal
And an immortal crown."

THE HOME PRINCESS

A Chat About Letters

AMONG the graceful courtesies which all those who are habits of congratulation form part of the social service of society. If we hear of a piece of good fortune which has befallen a friend; if an engagement is announced, or somebody's ship comes in laden with treasure, it is quite in order to send a letter of congratulation. It may be couched in formal phrase, or may be quite informal. In either case it is chiefly valuable because it is the medium of a spontaneous expression of regard. To rejoice with those who rejoice is [illegible] and [illegible] only as we [illegible] are days when the first obligation is to go to the house of feasting and take one's place there with every evidence of appreciation and gratitude. The letter of congratulation does not need to be long, but it should be fittingly expressed and go directly to the point.

For instance, you may hear that your friend's son has just taken honors in a college contest, that he has carried off some coveted prize in Latin or mathematics, or has covered himself with glory in a debate with a rival college. The time is one of rare delight to your friend and you will add a leaf to her bouquet by sending a little note telling her that you have noticed the triumph of her son. If his laurels are gained on the athletic field it is equally in order for the friend of the family to send the word of cheer and sympathy in behalf of the young man, whose brilliant success on the football field, or the boat race has won him distinction. Whatever the occasion of a letter of congratulation, it should spring from the heart and should not sound perfunctory.

One of the most desirable accomplishments is to be able always to say the right thing in the right place in the right way, and it may be added, to send it while the news is fresh. The letter which would be appropriate and pleasing if sent to-day may be flat and insipid if delayed for a week, and in a month would be so completely an anachronism that it would have no worth whatever. Most things, if worth the doing should be done properly. Delays are nowhere more dangerous than in the give and take of correspondence.

Akin to the letter of congratulation, though necessarily different, is that of acknowledgment of favors rendered. A bride, for example, must write a personal letter of thanks for every present she receives. If unable to do this before her marriage she must as soon as possible send her acknowledgments after the change of her name. Usually the bride's last writing of her maiden name, or almost the last, is in sending short but appreciative letters to those who contributed to her pleasure on the occasion of her wedding. As we must never be economical of thanks, it is permitted to be effusive in sending one's gratitude for a present. The truly courteous person is very careful to be prompt in response when the matter is one involving the acknowledgment of a gift. If a person has taken any trouble on your account or has incurred any expense, the necessity is incumbent that a letter of acknowledgment shall not only be written, but shall carry the means to reimburse him or her, and it is needless to say this can never be postponed, but must be attended to by the earliest possible mail. Any request of a personal character should be speedily acknowledged and always with grace. A few specimens of the letter of congratulation may be in order:

HAZEL DELL, Orange, N. J.

MY DEAR HELEN: [illegible] your engagement to Mr. Arthur Sinclair arrived this morning and was not entirely a surprise, as I had observed the growing friendship between you. Mr. Sinclair should be a very happy man as he has won a real prize and will be envied by all his acquaintances. From what I know of him I feel sure that you have made a wise choice, and I send you my loving wishes [illegible] happiness in the new relation. Affectionately yours,

ELINOR BROWN.

December fourteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine.

A bride's letter of thanks may read as follows:

MY DEAR MRS. ROBERTSON: How very kind you are to send me the beautiful inlaid writing desk with its dainty and complete furnishing, just what I most wanted. I thank you for it with all my heart, and shall take great pleasure in its use. Jack admires it as much as I do and we both send you our love. Very sincerely yours,

SUSAN ARCHER.

December sixteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine.

A letter of congratulation on the birth of a little child might be written in this way; indeed the following is an exact copy of one which was sent by a courtly lady to a young mother on the birth of her first-born.

MY DEAR JENNIE: I received with great satisfaction the tidings of the arrival of your son in this country. I hope his stay upon our shores may be long and prosperous; that every wind may be full of health and pleasure and that he may have, both now and in days to come, the desire of his heart as you and his father have yours in him.

Affectionately yours, ELIZABETH DIX.

Such a letter is perhaps more ceremonious than it is the fashion to send in these days. A letter of congratulation should always be sent in return for that dainty little snowflake of a card which some mothers send out when a new claimant enters their homes and a new heir arrives to share the fortunes of the family.

Don't Shoot the Old Minister!

A Plea for the Superannuated Veterans of the Pulpit

By Rev. W. H. POPE, New Haven, Conn.

IN ONE of our Western mining towns, in those lawless times when opinions were expressed as freely by bullets as with words, it is said that the organist of a church, as he sat with his back to the audience playing a wheezy old instrument with very uncertain touch, was accustomed to hang on the wall for self-protection a placard containing, not the customary list of hymns but, the following significant words, "Don't shoot the organist; he is doing the best he can." I feel like uttering the same protest to the recent question: "Shall the old minister be shot?" No, don't shoot him. In many cases he is doing the best he can, and that is well enough. In some instances he can do better if the church will give him a more hearty support. In cases where it is really best for him to retire from the pulpit, he can take up other forms of ministry which are less crowded, but which are no less important or less useful.

. . .

Old Age a Variable Quantity Let it be remembered that old age is a variable quantity with ministers. Some are born old and have no youth. Such ought never to enter the ministry. Others whose silver crown suggests three score and ten show no other marks of age, and it would be hard to make their young people believe that they are past middle life. At the close of an address on "Work among Boys and Girls," an aged pastor said to the young minister who gave it, "My friend, I doubt if you will ever live to be an old man." "What do you mean?" was the reply. "I mean," said the veteran, "that one who is so fond of children as you evidently are will never grow old, however long he may live." There was a profound truth in that remark, and many a minister may do much to retain his youth by keeping his heart warm toward his young people. Personally I do not think that ministers grow old so fast as other men because they have so much to do with young people. The Bible intimates that the angels are ministering spirits, but all the angels of whom we have any definite information were "young men." So ministers, who are the "angels of the churches," will tend to keep young if they are true to their ministry and feed the lambs as well as the sheep.

A preacher, passing out of church one Sunday, heard some one say that his sermon was too long. A little piqued at the remark, he repeated it to one of his admirers, and asked if she shared that opinion. "No," said the lady, "I do not think the sermon was long, it only seemed long." It makes but little difference whether a minister is really too old to preach acceptably, or whether he only seems too old; in either case he had better retire gracefully, but not with the feeling of humiliation or even regret, as if his work were done and his usefulness at an end. If God has called him to the ministry his work will never end, though its form may change with changing conditions.

. . .

House to House Ministry Let me quote from a little sketch of what one man did after he was eighty years old. "Father," said his children, "you have done enough already. It is time you gave yourself up to rest. Come, live with us. All we have is yours. But work no more and live no longer by yourself." This was kind and right. The father loved his children and appreciated their offer, but he could not consent to it. For two years more he remained in his own house. Meanwhile, he visited every family, prayed in every house, and talked personally with every man, woman and child of suitable age in a circle of five thousand inhabitants; and many were awakened by his words. He established and maintained a weekly union prayer-meeting, changing from house to house in a circuit as large as he could extend it. And this was the beginning of a revival which embraced all the churches and almost every family in the town in its blessed sweep. And all this after he was eighty years old, and so infirm that his own children thought it unsafe for him to keep up his home and live apart from them.

At eighty-two they prevailed. He closed his house and went to live with his children in a town about forty miles away. Looking around him he saw a population of twenty-five hundred or more, with all the usual church privileges, to be sure, but without any one really in the spirit of Jesus, to care for their souls. So, in the faith of an ever-present Saviour, he filled his pocket with tracts, refreshed his spirit at the foot of the Cross, and started out on foot and alone. Trembling with age he went from house to house, as he had done before in his former abode, until he had entered every home and left his affectionate warnings and supplications upon the ears and the hearts of every soul.

In this instance he was not permitted to see the fruits of his work in a general revival of religion, as in the other. Not, however, because it did not occur, but because he was taken home to heaven before the seed, so abundantly sown by his hand, had ripened into the harvest. His last visit made, his last prayer offered, in the last house of the whole, he went to his daughter's to rest for the night; to enter next day, as he supposed, upon a course of revisiting such families as he thought most needed his services. But his work of going about, like his Master, to do good, was done. He lived many weeks, but went abroad no more.

. . .

The Ministry of Intercession In the sixth chapter of Acts, we read that the apostles appointed seven deacons to look after the business of the church, in order that they might be free for more important matters. "We will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word." Notice that they place prayer before the ministry of the Word, as if it were a matter of even greater importance; and indeed I believe it is. What a sphere of usefulness is this for aged ministers, the ministry of intercession? Suppose a man who could no longer preach acceptably should devote himself to the ministry of prayer. Let him set apart regular hours for it as one would for study. Let him search the Bible to see what things God has to give away, and study the condition of the world to learn what it most needs, and then, in a systematic way, present before God the wants and woes of humanity, and plead the promises in their behalf.

. . .

Just What I Mean About two years ago I received a letter from a retired minister in California, an entire stranger to me, saying that he was praying for me daily, and, in fact, he had missed only one day in a whole year. It appeared that I had helped a pastor in a certain Connecticut town where he was brought up, and thus he came to hear of me, and becoming interested in me as one who was visiting many towns in his native State, he had begun to pray for me daily, and after a year of this kind of fellowship, he wanted a personal acquaintance so that he might know more about my work. Since that time I have received a long letter from him about once in three weeks. He wishes to know all about my work and my appointments for weeks ahead, so that he may pray for me intelligently. He enters into all the details of the work with an interest and sympathy that seem impossible to one whom I have never seen. And such letters! Never in all my life have I received so much inspiration from any living being as I receive from this unseen friend across the continent. He is eighty-five years old. He spends practically all his time in prayer and correspondence. What he is doing for me, he is doing also for many other ministers and missionaries in this and other countries. If others are indebted to him as much as I am, he is laying many people under tremendous obligations, and through their preaching doubtless is winning many souls to Christ. I have a letter from him to-day in which he says, "The Lord is helping me greatly in prayer. The answers become more and more manifest. I am in good health, peaceful, hopeful, happy, as becomes one so near the Father's House. There is glory on the morrow." Has that dear old man passed the dead line? No, and he never will. Though he is no longer able to supply a pulpit regularly, yet he has a ministry far wider, much more needed, and more abundantly useful—the ministry of intercession.

No, brethren; when God called us to the ministry it was not for a period of thirty years or fifty years or even for life. He has called us to an eternal ministry, to an everlasting priesthood; and I fully expect to be preaching the Gospel ten thousand years hence in some of the myriad worlds where they still need to know of the Crucified One.

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"Tom O'Brien the son of a friend who lives on Bridge St., was formerly a pale lad, but since he has been drinking Postum, has a fine color, There is plenty of evidence that Postum actually does 'make red blood,' as the famous trade mark says." Jno. Chambers, 9 Franklin St., Dayton, Ohio.

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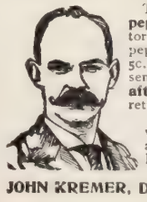

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Gospel in Porto Rico

Native Teachers at Work on the Island Sunday School Progress

IN a letter from an American now in Porto Rico, to Rev. W. J. Peck, of New York City, some interesting facts are related in connection with an independent evangelical mission established in San Juan. The first meetings were held in a little room on Sol Street, and were marked by a simple faith in God for ways and means. The [illegible] was Mr. Joseph

J. W. JARVIS

J. C. P. BROWNE

W. Jarvis, who had associated with him in his work J. C. P. Browne. The latter was able to read and explain the Word in the Spanish language. Soon they were obliged to leave the building on account of the bigotry of the owner. In the hall of the Economical Sociedad they had more room and better attended meetings, and there they began a native Sunday School. The children were mostly Spanish. The teaching was in that language. Bigotry and lack of financial support ultimately closed the mission at San Juan; but a door was opened for them at Sabana Llana, in the district of Rio-Pieras, where Joseph Jarvis is holding Gospel services, Sundays and week nights, and is making a canvass with the Bible and tracts. Mr. Jarvis writes:

A NATIVE FUNERAL IN PORTO RICO

"Spirituality is not lacking in the meetings. We have many precious times of refreshment—this not only at the mercy-seat, but in giving and applying the Word of God to the lost. But who will help in this thing? Who will go up to the help of the Lord."

Rev. James Jameson, Superintendent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School at San Juan, writes that he is arranging to begin work on the same lines in Porta Tierra, a populous section of the capital, in which there are hundreds of neglected children roaming the streets.

♦

Home Sunshine Calendar

THIS is the last week of 1899, and our 1900 Calendar, beautifully lithographed on six eggshelled art cards in twelve different colors, each card almost the size of a "Christian Herald" page, is rapidly being bought up. We charge for handling, tubing and postage only ten cents, and the Calendar is sold exclusively to "Christian Herald" subscribers. The chronology of notable events of the closing century makes the Calendar invaluable. As we are the owners of the copyright, this calendar cannot be secured elsewhere; hence, if you expect to get one you must order before our stock is out. If you are a subscriber, and wish one, enclose ten cents, and if our stock is exhausted we will add a month to your present expiry date and send you a postal to that effect.

♦

Our Concert Roller Organ

FOR home-worship, for cottage prayer-meetings, for country Sunday Schools and for Young People's Meetings there is no other instrument in existence that will give equal satisfaction. Any one can play any tune and repeat it over and over again without interruption, and one tune can be changed to another inside of fifteen seconds. The organ costs only $12 on instalments, or $10 spot cash, and the tunes, which are practically indestructible and in the shape of music box rollers with steel pins, cost only thirty cents each, delivered free. A catalogue of nearly a thousand tunes goes with every instrument. We have only 1,000 organs—and these will go within ten days. The instrument, which weighs about thirty pounds, is shipped by freight, at your expense. Order to-day.

♦

Our New Consul to Mexico

Mr. Philip Hanna, who will be remembered by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as consul to Porto Rico, and who so promptly assisted in organizing the hurricane relief fund last summer, while on his vacation in this country, has been appointed Consul-General of the United States in Northern Mexico. He has already left his Iowa home for the field of his new labors. There are over thirty large cities, each having a local consular representative; in his district, which is thus the largest in point of territory and in commercial importance on the American continent. His headquarters will be in Monterey, Mexico, where the government provides an official residence.

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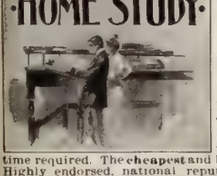

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How the Sav-iour in com-pas-sion, Died to save us from the fall;
And the wel-come of the an-gels When they sang good-will to earth;—
There is hope and con-so-la-tion, Where the mes-sage sweet is heard;
How He came to seek the lost ones, And to bring them to His fold;—
Of the cross on which He suffered,—As by proph-ets seen of old,—
Let us tell it to the wea-ry, And its beau-ties all un-fold;
Let us hast-en to pro-claim it, For the sto-ry *must* be told.
Of His death and res-ur-rec-tion, Let the sto-ry *now* be told.
'Tis the on-ly guide to heav-en, And the sto-ry *must* be told.
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be told,
That Je-sus died for sin-ners lost, The sto-ry must be told.

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Books Received

SELECT NOTES: A commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1900, by F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. Several improvements will be noticed in this well-known annual. One of the most important is a system by which the Authorized and Revised renderings are shown at a glance. This is done by printing the two in small type wherever they diverge. Another improvement is a Lesson plan, which, like a preacher's skeleton notes, supplies the teacher with a framework for his teaching. The comments and suggestions are fully up to the usual high standard of former years. Pp. 368. Price, $1. Published by the W. A. Wilde Company, Boston, Mass.

One of Those Coincidences; and Other Stories. This volume, consisting of eleven complete and exceedingly interesting stories by popular writers, among who n are Count Leo Tolstoi (the famous Russian philanthropist), Julian Hawthorne, Chas. G. D. Roberts, Florence M. Kingsley, Myrta Lockett Avary, and others, give pen-pictures at once pathetic and amusing, of life among Russian *mujhiks*, life among Canadian Indians in 1754, life in Cuba and Porto Rico when the fight was on—of home-coming soldiers and pretty, sick nurses. One of the stories, "Romance of a Tin Roof and a Fire-Escape," in narrating some of the struggles and trials of two young working women in New York City, reveals (as do other stories in the book) conditions that pious readers would heartily wish otherwise. Beautifully illustrated and bound; pp. 315; price $1. Pub. by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

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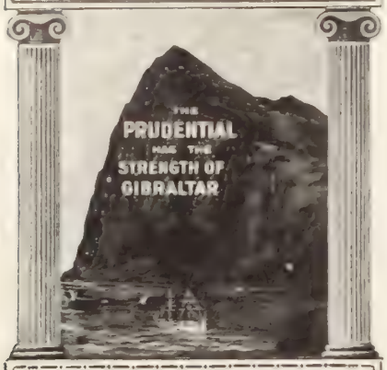

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THE TOUCHSTONE

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CHAPTER IX.

The Political Campaign

POLITICS had been so settled a matter in the neighborhood for many a year that the movement inaugurated by Mr. Allardyce and Caryl Lingard caused more excitement than in other districts which were more accustomed to contests. A Conservative representative had always been elected as a matter of course, the aristocracy in a rural district being all-powerful. But Mr. Allardyce proposed to change all that. He was a Radical and he meant his son to be the Radical member of Parliament for that division of the county: as his son was not old enough to sit in the House of Commons, he would like to have his protege, Caryl Lingard, elected, who would hold the seat for a few sessions and then retire in favor of young Allardyce. That was his programme.

The aristocratic families were amazed at the audacity of such a project. They were not alarmed. They felt sure that the voters would vote, as they and their fathers had done, for the Conservative candidate and they regarded the failure of Mr. Allardyce and Caryl Lingard as a foregone conclusion. Of course, the Conservative candidate and his friends were annoyed at the expense and trouble of the contest; but the majority felt that the excitement would lend a little spice to existence during the rather dull time before the shooting began, and only hoped that this unknown young sprig of a barrister would make a sufficiently good fight of it to warrant a little eagerness.

Mr. Allardyce talked confidently enough in public, though in strict privacy he might admit that it was uphill work at first, and that they might only be paving the way for success on the next opportunity. As for Caryl Lingard, it was not easy to make out what his anticipations were—he was so very reserved, except when actually making a speech at one or other of the small hamlets at which meetings had been arranged; and even at these he said more of what his party intended than of what he himself might hope to do.

In this "Conservative division" there proved to be a good sprinkling of Radicals, who hailed with joy the prospect of a contest, and in almost every cluster of houses some village Hampden was discovered who undertook to canvass his fellows, and bring them to the meetings. Mr. Allardyce attended them all with boyish zeal, and so did his son Frank; and Miss Locke was usually there also; while sometimes the Hamertons were drawn into being present, though Martin declared that a literary man had no business with politics, and Celia professed that they were beyond her understanding.

Only Douglas Lingard, who might so naturally have been heart and soul in the struggle, held aloof from it, as it were perforce. The little world of the county, having its attention called so forcibly to the name of Lingard, could not fail to become aware that while one brother was coming and going, with money and influence at his back, and aimed at no less than a share in the government of the nation, another was not very lucratively employed upon their district railway; and perhaps some people saw something rather anomalous in the position. Douglas saw the anomaly of it himself; and one evening suddenly resolved to conquer his shrinking from the sight of Caryl and the hearing of his affairs, and go to the little cottage meeting that was to be held that night in the hamlet of Brentwood.

The days were still so long, and the work in the fields so pressing, that the meeting had not been called till nine o'clock. The sunlight had departed, and the shades were falling as Douglas entered the hamlet, and looked round for the place of meeting, which was not, so far, indicated by the stream of the audience flowing towards it.

One door was distinguished from the rest by a placard on each side of it; and close by, two half-grown lads waited sheepishly. The young man glanced at the house a second time, and saw with an odd little thrill that it was the house at the door of which he had first met Celia.

"I did not take small-pox then," he said to himself with a half-rueful smile, "but I think I took something harder to cure. And I don't know that I want to have it cured, either."

He was lingering outside, not feeling much drawn to enter, when voices were heard in the road by which he had come—a merry little Babel of talk, as though one detachment of speakers had just been overtaken by another and most welcome contingent.

It was Celia's voice that Douglas first distinguished: fine and delicate like her handwriting, and therefore "carrying" a good way, though she did not speak loud.

"Oh no!" she was saying. "I am not a promising convert: not a convert of any kind! I have no political convictions, and no faith in politicians' promises. I have only come to watch over my people and take care that you and Mr. Allardyce don't delude them with sophistries."

"I wish I could think there would be any one to delude," answered Caryl's soft penetrating tones. "You cannot help being valuable, simply as an addition to our numbers, however unbelieving you may be. Nothing is so hard as to speak to empty benches."

"Not even benches full of sound sleepers? What else can you expect when you convene the men after a long day in the hay?"

"You must blame the wisdom of our rulers, who chose this time for a general election," answered Caryl, while Mr. Allardyce was heard explaining that in most places the hay was already gathered in, only these people here were always so behindhand. And with that they arrived at the place of meeting, and Martin Hamerton recognized Douglas through the twilight, and greeted him cordially but very quietly: and then Mr. Allardyce spied him out, and began to rally him with ponderous jocosity upon having been so remiss that this was actually the first meeting he had graced with his presence. Everybody upon that began to talk at once, and in the next moment Douglas found Celia standing beside him.

"You recognize the house?" she said, under cover of the general buzz.

"Yes . . . I had meant before to ask you what became of the poor woman I saw here—the widow?"

"She is gone back to her own people—near Leeds. Mr. Allardyce was very good: he helped her a great deal. Perhaps it is by way of a reward of virtue that the new tenant turns out to be an ardent Radical, and lends his cottage for to-night's meeting."

"Meeting? Is the audience usually so small?" asked Douglas, glancing round.

"No: but I daresay a few more will appear presently. Village folks are always half-an-hour behind time on these occasions."

"Do they listen?—and seem to comprehend at all?"

"Pretty well. Your brother speaks beautifully: but I could teach him, and so I daresay could you, how to make himself better understanded of the people."

"I suppose Caryl knows how to persuade a jury."

"Yes: but I have taught a class of big boys, and you have directed a gang of workmen, and perhaps we know better than he does what his audience here is likely to understand."

There was a little movement as she spoke. Two or three men had come up, and the candidate and his supporters set them a good example by leaving the cool summer twilight for the warm, dimly-lighted cottage room.

Naturally, Douglas and Celia passed in

(Continued on next page.)

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CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE

THE TOUCHSTONE

together, and by an almost imperceptible gesture she made it evident that she meant him to sit beside her. Mrs. Locke sat down at the back of the room near the door, murmuring something about being cooler there; and after an instant's hesitation Celia drew back from the seat of honor to which Mr. Allardyce was trying to conduct her, and took a seat near the door also, her companion taking the corner of a rickety bench just behind her.

The door that led into the inner room was open, and Douglas could not help watching it, and thinking of the day when he had seen it last, and of Celia's face bent over the open coffin. How different she looked now! Her pretty eyes full of interest and amusement, crossed now and then by a twinkle of playful malice, when the speaker uttered some sentence rather above the heads of his audience. Douglas said to himself that he had loved her ever since that first day; which was, perhaps, not absolutely the case, but quite near enough for a working theory. And now and again, when the speaker made a good point, it was at him she glanced with a quick smile of appreciation, as though confident of his sympathy.

Douglas was not more interested in politics than an intelligent man must needs be, and, seated where he was, there was perhaps no other political orator in England to whom he would have paid the compliment of attention.

But he must listen, since it was Caryl. And he recognized, with what would in other circumstances have been a thrill of gratified pride, that Caryl spoke very well, without glibness and without hesitation, in a simple manly fashion that even an opponent would have found it hard to criticize.

One thing was very noticeable, and that was the distinct confession of high principles and unaccommodating scruples. He was not preaching a sermon—in fact, his remarks were put with so much care to avoid a didactic and hortatory tone that possibly the less educated among his hearers were not very sure what he meant; but Caryl Lingard went a long step beyond the average Parliamentary candidate with his profession that he is not coming forward in his own interest, but in that of his constituents.

Caryl confessed frankly that under certain conditions the ostensible good of a constituency, or even of the country, might have to give way to higher considerations; and he confessed in a gentle matter-of-course fashion, as though equally sure that none of his hearers would wish him to act otherwise, that it would make no difference to his own conduct if they should.

It was so exactly what Douglas himself would have wished to have said if it had been possible for them to change places that he could not help listening with pleasure, oddly dashed with doubt and pain.

Presently there was a pause, while Caryl, who had invited questions, waited to see if any would be put, and Mr. Allardyce looked over the notes of an oration that he intended to make presently, and Frank Allardyce was obviously bursting to deliver one of those boyish, good-natured, stammering repetitions of what they had just heard, by which his father and he hoped that he was training himself to become an eloquent speaker.

Douglas was dreamily wondering what would be the effect if he got up and inquired whether their honorable friend really meant all that he had just said, or whether this night's speech was merely part of an extraordinary clever piece of acting? The room was very dark now; he could only distinguish a face or two here and there, but he could imagine them; the open-mouthed astonishment of the villagers; Mr. Allardyce's stuttering surprise and indignation; Caryl's—but no! he could not imagine what Caryl would say or do, any more than what Celia would think.

A working man got up and began very deliberately to put some question. But before he had uttered six words of circuitous preface another voice broke in, though no one else had risen—a peculiar voice, with a very strong countrified twang which was not quite that of the Brentwood and Sudbrook countryside.

"Tell us what became of all your old uncle's money!" it said.

There was a sort of simultaneous gasp of surprise, almost of dismay. Though this was a political meeting, personalities had not been expected at it, any more than at a dull, decorous, parochial gathering.

Then, after a momentary pause, Caryl rose. He had been pale before, perhaps from the strain of speaking in that close, low-ceiled room, but he was just a shade paler now.

"I do not think," he said, "that that question concerns either my political convictions or my personal character. If the gentleman who spoke will give us any reason why it should be answered now, I will endeavor to satisfy him."

There was another pause. Douglas could hear his own heart beating, and the quick panting breath of some one near him, quick and irregular, like that of some terrified animal; but no one spoke.

Then a sudden impulse brought him to his feet, his face in the dim light looking startlingly like that of his brother, with the same pale tense passion in both.

The rustic audience stared wonderingly from one to the other, but without having opened his lips Douglas sat down again. He had meant to say that it was by no wish of his that this question had been put, and that no word that he had ever said to any one there present could have given rise to it.

And then he remembered that no one there but himself and Caryl knew that he had any interest in a question relating to their uncle's money—he had for the moment forgotten Mrs. Lock—and very characteristically he decided that silence was best; that there was no good in connecting himself in these people's minds with the bombshell that had been flung into the midst.

He felt shaken and wrathful, as though some one had dealt him a heavy blow in the face; he felt as though the insult had been flung at him and not at Caryl; but he was glad that he had been able to control himself sufficiently not to speak.

There was an awkward silence, which no one seemed disposed to break, till Mr. Allardyce rose with an air of a man who feels that some one must do something.

His speech was more labored and less genial than usual, but it passed the time on; and when it was ended, since his son Frank was obviously too excited and indignant to be trusted to speak, and Mr. Lingard would not, the meeting was declared at an end.

Douglas went away by himself in the soft summer darkness, not feeling in the humor for sociability, even could he have hoped that he would be welcomed by the group that had come up from Sudbrook so merrily without him. But, angry and puzzled as he was, he could spare a thought or two to wonder whether Celia and Caryl were walking back together, and whether she was teaching him—as half in jest she had professed that she could teach him—how to talk to the people she loved.

(To be Continued.)

South America's Missionary

Rev. Emilio Olsson, the South American missionary, expects soon to return to his field of Gospel labor among the natives of the "Neglected Continent." He will probably spend the remainder of his life in the service of Christ, in the land where he has already been so wonderfully used by God. From time to time his letters of travel and Gospel work, and describing the progress of his missionary movement, will appear in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. His permanent headquarters will be at Buenos Ayres. Many readers of this journal have already become warmly interested in the work of this self-sacrificing and devoted missionary. It is a work entirely dependent upon faith and supported by the voluntary free-will offerings of those who are interested in the evangelization of the South American races, thousands upon thousands of whom have never yet heard the name of Jesus. All contributions for the Olsson Mission will be received and acknowledged by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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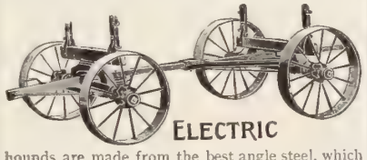

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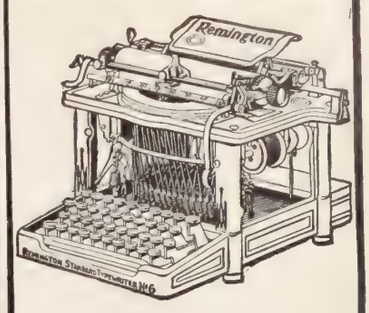

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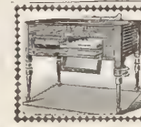

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The Christian Herald in Ceylon

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DEAR EDITOR:

My wife and I unite in expressing our entire satisfaction with the premium Bibles sent; they are perfection. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is eagerly looked for every mail. It is the brightest and most readable paper we get. After the day's work, far away from home, friends, etc., it is a great treat to have this bright paper to read in the mission bungalow in the evening. Yours in Christ,

REV. FRED JAMES MILLER.

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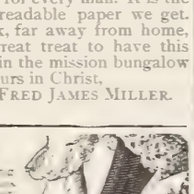

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Prayer that Obtains

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Jan. 7. Luke 11:5-13.

ONE of the most important petitions presented to Christ by his disciples was that which elicited the parable connected with the topic: "Lord teach us to pray." Christ being what he was, the disciples would have been grievously neglectful of their opportunity if they had failed to present that petition. Who could tell them so well as he, how to approach God? Who could explain so clearly as he, the conditions of successful prayer? Whether Christ laid down rules in his answer, that Luke does not report, we can never know; but we do know that the answer given by Luke does not contain conditions which Christ regarded as essential. On other occasions, he mentioned characteristics essential to successful prayer, that are not enforced in this passage of St. Luke's Gospel. From Christ's answer, as it is recorded here, we might infer that only importunity was essential. The man in the parable got his loaves because his friend realized that he would lose a night's rest if he did not give them to him. The inference would be that a man could get anything he wanted by persistence in begging for it. Such an inference we know is false. Every Christian knows by experience that mere persistence in pleading will not be sufficient to bring the blessing.

A petitioner so distinguished as Paul could not get his "thorn in the flesh" removed, though he besought it thrice of the Lord; and Christ himself could not escape "the cup," though he pleaded that it might pass from him. Evidently, God does not resemble the man in the parable, who rose and gave his friend as many loaves as he needed. There are some prayers that will never be answered, howsoever earnestly they are pressed. It is well that it is so, for if it were not, men would often get answers that would be injurious to them. Men must not place faith in their own prayers. People who ask their friends to pray for them, "to pray as they never prayed before," show that they do not understand the character of God. A mere clamoring for a boon, a persevering pressing for it, cannot alone secure it. Every wise father knows that there are times when he ought to refuse requests that his child makes, and not to yield to teasing and coaxing. For his child's own sake, he must say "No," and must persist in his refusal. The physician in a critical case must veto his patient's desire for some food or drink that the patient craves, or some indulgence that he desires. For the patient's own sake he must be firm and turn a deaf ear to his pleading. The Christian may surely place as much confidence in God as the child places in his father and the patient in his physician, and acquiesce in a decision dictated by love as well as by superior wisdom.

If God answered prayer in an audible voice, we should often hear him say, as Christ said to his disciples: "Ye know not what ye ask." The proper attitude of the suppliant is one of complete submission. It is only when Christ's words abide in him and he abides in Christ (John 15:7) that he can be trusted to receive the boons that he asks. When he is in that condition, his prayers are the presentation of requests such as the Father is pleased to grant; and are even then, offered subject to his will. Why, then, it may be asked, should prayer be offered at all, if only such prayers are answered as God approves. But the reply must be that God invites and encourages prayer and expressly promises that he will answer. Besides, the Christian surely does not desire any gift that God, who loves him, would withhold! "The prayer that obtains," is the prayer that is in accord with his will, the prayer of one whose supreme desire is that God's "will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," and whose profound conviction it is that no better condition can ever come to him as an individual, or to the human race as a whole, than the operation of that will. Thus in approaching God, it becomes us to realize his character and to place in him complete and absolute trust.

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The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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[illegible]	$[illegible]
H M M [illegible]	[illegible]
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Total	$4

Foreign Missions.

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
I H N, Troy	50
R K [illegible]	[illegible]
Total	$183 55

Mrs. Rose H. Lathrop.

[illegible]	[illegible]
2 Friends, Long Hill	1 00
Mrs. Neil McVicar	5 00
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[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	$[illegible]

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Prev. ack	$31 00
S R, Local	50
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	$[illegible]

Gospel Work in Philippines.

Prev. ack	$[illegible]
B P, Waupaca	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	$[illegible]

Miss Emma Nason's Missionaries.

Prev. ack	$18 50
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
J A R, Summit	50
[illegible]	[illegible]
Lizzie Ratcliff	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Cash, Paterson	2 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	$50 10

Rev. Jos. Norwood.

[illegible]	$[illegible]
W B Brown	5 00
L M Brigham	5 00
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Rev. Jos. Norwood.

Prev. ack	$6 30
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Miss Anna C. Ruddy

[illegible]	[illegible]
Hattie B Brown	3 00
Total	$8 00

Abanyarra Redemption Fund.

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[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	$[illegible]

Texas Flood Sufferers

Prev. ack	$409 34
O R Wilson	2 00
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Miss Ellen Walker	10
—, Riegelsville	20 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Marina Lane	1 00
Total	$441 [illegible]

Mrs. Almira S. Steele, Home for the Friendless.

[illegible]	[illegible]
H [illegible] W [illegible]	$2 00
Mary McKee	1 00
Total	$3 00

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Prev. ack	$45 60
J A R, Summit	50
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J A W, Telluride	2 50
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A [illegible] and Annex	23 57
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Hattie B Brown	3 00
—, Lansing	2 00
Mrs. C F W [illegible]	25
Carrie B Pine	2 00
L E B, Salem	75
Wm Hastie Smith Jr.	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mary A Sherman	50
M [illegible]	2 00
Martha Borland	3 00
Cash, Paterson	5 00
A Friend, B B	2 00
O W K, Mt Vernon	1 00
Mrs H B Payne	4 00
C M, Somerville	1 00
N [illegible] M [illegible]	2 00
Friends, Topsfield	2 50
S C Burnham	2 00
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Henry Wyse	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs [illegible]	[illegible]
Mrs M Bigelow	2 00
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Mrs A Deeds	1 00
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Wm Luck	1 00
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
E M Logan	[illegible]
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[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
A friend, Monrovia	5
H W M	1 00
Mrs Thos Rowland	[illegible]
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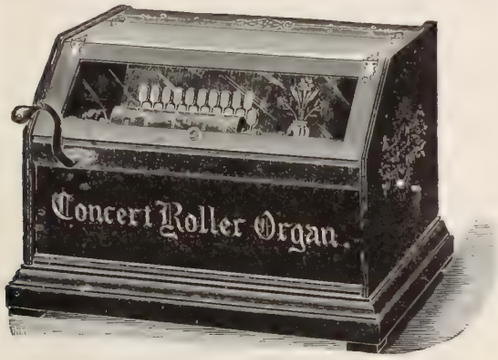

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12 Hold the Fort
13 Just as I am
14 America
15 Antioch
16 O to be over yonder
17 What hast Thou done for me
18 He leadeth me
19 I love to tell the story
20 The home over there
21 Is my name written there
22 Almost Persuaded
23 Where is my boy to-night
24 Bringing in the Sheaves
25 Let the lower lights be burning
26 Only an armor bearer
27 I will sing of my Redeemer
28 He will hide me
29 Pull for the Shore
30 Precious Name
31 Christmas
32 Hark, the herald angels sing
33 Harwell
34 Hendon
35 Manoah
36 Pleyel's Hymn
37 Zion
38 Warwick
39 Abide with me
40 Dennis
41 I hear Thy welcome voice
42 Even me
43 Watchman tell us of the night
44 St. Martin's
45 Federal Street
46 Hursley
47 Mozart
48 Webb
49 Bowen
50 Geneva
51 St. Catherine
52 Luton
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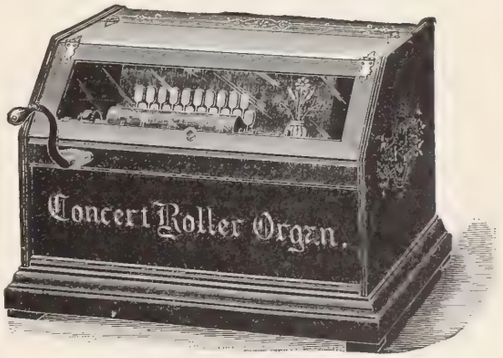
54 Hummel
55 Paradise
56 Wilson
57 Repose
58 In the silent midnight-watches
59 Portuguese Hymn
60 Wellesley
61 Rathbun
62 Come ye disconsolate
63 Belmont
64 Finnish National Hymn
65 What a friend we have in Jesus
66 Church
67 Rock of Ages
68 Sweet Hour of Prayer
69 Beautiful Valley of Eden
70 Greenville
71 Old Hundred
72 Pass me not
73 Jesus, lover of my Soul
78 Beulah Land
79 I'm a Shepherd of the Valley
80 Shall we meet beyond the river
81 We shall meet beyond the river
82 Fisk
83 Mendebras
84 Aletta
85 I am praying for you
86 More love to Thee, O Christ
87 Go bury thy sorrow
88 Whosoever will
89 Softly and tenderly
90 All the way my Saviour leads me
91 Rescue the perishing
92 Follow on
93 Come, Great Deliverer, come
99 Onward go
100 We're marching to Jesus
601 To the work
602 Only a step to Jesus
603 Knocking, Knocking
604 Thy Servant I will be
605 From Heaven I am coming
606 Be Joyful O my soul
607 It is now time
608 Thank Almighty God
609 Carried by the Angels
610 Move Forward
611 Some sweet day
612 Somewhere to-night
613 Wait and murmur not
614 Come, Spirit, come
615 Hiding in the Rock
616 When my Saviour I shall see
617 God be with you
618 Anywhere with Jesus
619 Trust and obey
620 Draw me closer to Thee
621 Seeking for me
622 Lebanon
623 The Garden of the Lord
624 Duane Street
625 Saul
626 Walk in the light
627 Sabbath
628 Balerma
629 Marlow
630 The Prodigal Child
631 Autumn
632 Leighton
633 When Jesus comes
634 Shall we gather at the River
635 Happy day
643 Coming to-day
644 Come to me
645 In the shadow of His Wings
646 Safe to Land
647 Will you meet me
648 The Story Never old
649 Stand on the Rock
650 My Sabbath Home
651 At the Door
652 Little children, you may come



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655 They gather one by one
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